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Fetching Water From the Well.

Early on a sunny morning, while the lark was singing sweet,
Came, beyond the ancient farm house, sound of lightly-tripping feet.
'Twas a lowly cottage maiden going, why, let young hearts tell,
With her homely pitcher laden, fetching water from the well.
Shadows lay athwart the pathway, all along the quiet lane,
And the breezes of the morning moved them to and fro again.
O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow, passed the maiden of the farm,
With a charmed heart within her, thinking of no ill or harm.
Pleasant, surely, were her musings, for the nodding leaves in vain,
Sought to press their brightening image on her everbusy brain.
Leaves and joyous birds went by her, like a dim, half-walking dream,
And her soul was only conscious of life's gladdest summer gleam.
At the old lane's shady turning lay a well of water bright,
Singing, soft its hallelujahs to the gracious morning light.
Fern leaves, broad and green, bent o'er it where its silver droplets fell,
And the fairies dwelt beside it, in the spotted foxglove bell.
Back she bent the shading fern leaves, dipt the pitcher in the tide,—
Drew it, with the dripping waters flowing o'er its glazed side.
But, before her arm could place it on her shiny, wavy hair,
By her side a youth was standing!—Love rejoiced to see the pair!
Tones of tremulous emotion trailed upon the morning breeze,
Gentle words of heart-devotion whispered 'neath the ancient trees.
But the holy, blessed secrets, it beseemes me not to tell:
Life had met another meaning,—fetching water from the well!
Down the rural lane they sauntered. He the burthened pitcher bore;
She, with dewy eyes down-looking grew more beauteous than before!
When they neared the silent homestead, up he raised the pitcher light;
Like a fitting crown he placed it on her hair of wavelets bright:
Emblems of the coming burdens that for love of him she'd bear,
Calling every burthen blessed, if his love but lighted there!
Then, still wavering benedictions, further—further off he drew,
While his shadow seemed a glory that across the pathway grew.
Now about her household duties silently the maiden went,
And an ever-radient halo with her daily life was bent.
Little knew the aged matron, as her feet like music fell,
What abundant treasure found she, fetching water from the well!

SCENE ON THE OHIO.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

It is a glorious eve—the stream
Without a murmur wanders by,
And on its breast with softened beam,
The sleeping stars so sweetly lie,
'Twould seem as if the tempest's plume
Had swept through woods of tropic bloom,
And scattered down with blossoms bright
To sleep upon the waves to-night.

And see—as hangs the moon aloft,
Her beams come gushing through the air
So mild—so beautifully soft,
That wood and stream seem stirred with pray'r,
And the pure spirit, as it kneels
At Nature's holy altar, feels
Religion's self come floating by
In every beam that cleaves the sky.

There's glory in each cloud and star,
There's beauty in each wave and tree,
And gentle voices from afar
Are borne like angel-minstrelsy;
In such a spot, at such an hour,
My spirit feels a spell of power,
And all beneath, around, above,
Seems earthly bliss and heavenly love.

Oh, Mary, idol of my life,
My heart's young mate, my soul's sweet bride,
Dear soother of my spirit's strife,
I would that thou wast by my side,
And I would kneel on this green sod
In love to thee and praise to God,
And gazing in thy gentle eyes,
Dream but of thee and Paradise.

I see thy name in yon blue sky,
In every sound thy name I hear,
All nature paints it to my eye
And breathes it in my listening ear;
I read it in the moon's sweet beam,
The starlight prints it on the stream,
And wave and breeze and singing bird,
Speak to my soul the blessed word.

☞ A navy surgeon loved to prescribe salt water. He fell overboard one day. "Zounds, Will," said a sailor, "there's the doctor tumbled into his own medicine chest."

THE FORGET-ME NOT.

In 1809, there was, in the 12th regiment of the line, then garrisoned in Strasburg, a sergeant called Pierre Pitois, who came from that half-wild, half-civilized portion of Burgundy known by the name of Morvan, and who was nicknamed by his comrades, Pierre *avale-tout-cru*. He was brave in every sense of the word, and, as they said in the regiment, a "tough customer." Ever the first and the last exposed to the enemy's fire, it was believed that he only loved two things in the world—the smell of gunpowder and the whizzing of cannon-balls. Those who had seen him in the battle-field, as with eager eye, fierce mustache, and distended nostrils, he rushed to the thickest of the fight, were wont to say that slaughter was Pierre's favourite pastime.

One day our friend Pierre addressed a letter to his colonel, in which he asked for leave to go and nurse his old mother, who was dangerously ill.—He added that his father, who was seventy-eight years old, and paralytic, was unable to attend in the least to the wants of his poor wife. He promised to return as soon as the old woman's health was re-established.

The colonel, in reply, sent word to Pierre Pitois, that as the regiment might receive orders to enter the field at any moment, leave of absence was not to be hoped for.

Pierre Pitois made no complaint.

A fortnight elapsed; the colonel received a second letter.

Pierre informed him that his mother had died of grief, in consequence of not having had her son at her side; as a good and tender parent, she would have wished to bestow her last blessing upon him. Pierre again solicited a month's leave of absence. He stated that he could not make know the motive of his request—it was a family secret. He earnestly implored his colonel not to refuse him this favor.

Pierre's second letter had no more success than the first; only the poor fellow's captain said to him—

"Pierre, the colonel has received thy epistle.—He is sorry that thy aged mother is dead, but he cannot grant thee the permission thou hast asked, for to-morrow the regiment quits Strasburg."

"Ha! the regiment leaves Strasburg; and pray, captain, whither is it going?"

"Into Austria; we are going to Vienna, my brave Pitois. We are going to fight the Austrians. Art thou not glad of this? I know thou art; there thou wilt be in thy element, my fine fellow."

Pierre Pitois made no answer: he seemed absorbed in deep meditation. The captain, taking his hand and shaking it vigorously, said—

"I say, art deaf to-day? I tell thee that within a week thou wilt have the good fortune to fight the Austrians, and thou dost not even thank me for the good news! And thou even pretendest not to hear me."

"Oh, yes, captain, I have heard you perfectly, and I thank you heartily for these tidings, which I think excellent."

"That's right."

"And so, captain, there is no means of obtaining this leave of absence?"

"Art mad? Leave on the eve of battle?"

"I forgot that. We are on the eve of battle. At such a time no leave is granted."

"No; nor even asked for?"

"True. No one even asks for it; it would look like cowardice: therefore I shall forbear asking for it again; I shall do without it."

"That will be well."

The next day the 12th regiment entered Germany. The following day Pierre Pitois deserted.

Three months after, whilst the 12 regiment, having reaped in the plains of Wagram a rich harvest of glory, made its triumphal entry into Strasburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously brought back to his corps, by a brigade of gendarmes.

Shortly after, a court-martial was held. Pierre Pitois was accused of having deserted at the very time that his regiment was going to face the enemy.

This court presented an extraordinary aspect. On one side there was the accuser, who said:—

"Pierre Pitois, you, one of the bravest soldiers of the army, on whose breast glitters the star of honor; you, who have never incurred either a punishment or merited a reproach from your officers, it is impossible that you should have deserted your regiment—almost on the eve of battle—without having been impelled by some powerful motive. This motive the court desires to know: for it would rejoice to be enabled, if not to acquit you—for that it cannot, it may not do—but at least to recommend you to the clemency of the Emperor."

On the other hand, the accused answered—

"I have deserted without a reason, without a motive. I do not repent; were it to do again, I would do it. I have deserved to die; condemn me!"

Then came witnesses, who said—"Pierre Pitois has deserted; we know it, but cannot believe it."

Others said—"Pierre Pitois is mad; the court cannot condemn a madman. He should not be sentenced to death, but to confinement in a lunatic asylum."

The latter opinion nearly prevailed; for there was no member of the court who did not look upon the desertion of Pierre Pitois as one of those singularities beyond the reach of human probability, which no one understands, but which every one admits. Nevertheless, the accused appeared so simple, so logical in demanding a conviction; avowing his guilt with such audacious frankness; incessantly repeating that he did not regret it; and the firmness which he exhibited had so much the appearance of bravado, that no loophole was left for clemency. The sentence of death was pronounced.

When the judgment of the court was read to him, Pierre Pitois did not wince. He was strongly urged to sue for mercy, but he refused.

As everybody conjectured that there was some mystery at the bottom of this affair, it was decided that the execution of Pierre Pitois should be delayed. The prisoner was reconducted to his cell: he was informed that, as an especial favor, he was allowed three days to present his petition for pardon; he shrugged his shoulders and made no answer.

In the middle of the night preceding the day fixed for his execution, the door of Pierre's prison was gently opened, and a lieutenant of the young guard advanced to the side of the pallet on which the prisoner slept, and after having contemplated him for some time, awoke him. Pierre Pitois stared wildly around, and said—"Ah! the hour is come at last!"

"No, Pierre," answered the other, "the hour is not yet come, but it will soon strike."

"Well, and what do you want?"

"Pierre, thou knowest me not, but I know thee. I have seen thee at Austerlitz, where thou didst behave like a brave man. Since that day, Pierre, I have entertained for thee a sincere and lively esteem. On my arrival yesterday at Strasburg, I heard of thy crime and of thy condemnation.—The gaoler being a relative of mine, I have gained access to thy cell to say to thee,—Pierre, those who are about to die often regret not having by their side a friend to whom they can open their hearts, and intrust the fulfilment of some holy duty. If thou wilt, let me be that friend."

"Thanks, comrade," answered Pierre.

"Hast thou nothing to confide to me?"

"Nothing."

"What! not an adieu for thy betrothed—for thy sister?"

"A betrothed? A sister? I never had either."

"For thy father?"

"He is no more. He died two months ago in my arms."

"For thy mother?"

"For my mother?" said Pierre, whose voice suddenly trembled with emotion—"for my mother? Ah! comrade, pronounce not her name, for that word I have never heard, I have never even whispered it to my heart, without being moved like a child. And at this moment, it seems to me that if I spoke of her———"

"Well?"

"I should weep. And to weep becomes not a man. To weep," he continued in an excited tone,—"to weep when I have only a few hours more to live; ah! that would be weakness?"

"Thou art too severe, comrade. I am possessed of as much firmness as any man, and, nevertheless, I should not be ashamed to shed tears while speaking of my mother."

"Indeed," said Pierre, warmly grasping the hand of the lieutenant; "you are a man and a soldier, and would you not blush to weep?"

"While thinking of my mother? Assuredly not. She is so good, she loves me so much and I love her so dearly in return."

"She loves you? You love her? Oh! then I will tell you all; my heart is full, and must be unburthened; and however strange the sentiments which animate me may appear to you, you will not ridicule them, I am sure. Listen, then, for what you said just now is very true; happy is he who, dying finds a heart in which he can confide. Will you not listen to me. You will not laugh at me!"

"I hear thee, Pierre. The man who is about to die can only excite commiseration and sympathy."

"You must know, then, that since I can remember, there is only one person whom I ever loved—my mother. But her I have loved as man never loved—with all my energy, with all my soul. When a child, I read in her eyes the affection which mine fondly reflected: I divined her thoughts, she knew mine. We were all in all to one another. I have never had either sweetheart or mistress; I have never had any friends.—Therefore, when I was called to serve my country, when I was told that I must leave my mother, I was seized with frantic despair, and declared that even were violence resorted to, they should not tear me alive from her side. With one word, the holy and courageous woman changed all my resolves. 'Pierre,' said she, 'you must depart; I command you.' I knelt down and said to her, 'Mother, I will go.' 'Pierre,' she continued 'thou hast been a good son, and I thank God for it; but there are other duties than those of a son, which a man has to fulfil. Every citizen owes himself to his country; she calls upon thee,—obey!—thou art going to be a soldier; from that moment thy life is no longer thine own, it is thy country's. If her interests demand it, do not hesitate to expose it. If it should be God's will thou shouldst die before me, I should mourn thee with the bitterest anguish of my soul; but I should say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" Go then, and if thou lovest me, do thy duty!' Oh! I have treasured up the words of this holy woman. 'Do thy duty,' she said; a soldier's duty is to obey always and everywhere: always and everywhere I have obeyed. Furthermore, it consits in encountering peril, without hesitation, without reflection; this also have I done. Those who saw me thus heedlesss of the enemy's fire, said, 'There is a brave fellow.' With more reason might they have said 'There is a man who loves his mother!'

"One day a letter reached me, informing me that the poor dear woman was ill. I wished to go to see her; I asked for leave—it was refused. I remembed her last words—'If thou lovest me do thy duty!' I did not murmur. Shortly after, I heard that she was dead. Oh! then I lost all command over myself. At all hazards, regardless of all consequences, I wished to return home. Whence came this lively and irresistible desire once again to behold the spot where my mother had just breathed her last? I will confess it to you; and as you have a mother, as you love her, as she loves you, you will understand me.

"We peasants of Morvan are a simple and credulous people: we have neither the instruction nor the enlightenment which they have in towns, but we have our beleifs, which the townspeople call our superstitions. What signifies the term? Be they superstitions or beliefs, we have them; and able, indeed, would he be who could eradicate them from our minds. You must know that one of the beliefs which has the greatest hold on us, is that which attributes to the first flower which blows on a grave, a virtue which bestows on him who plucks it the certainty of never forgetting the dead, and of never being forgotten by them. With such a dear and delightful belief, death is bereft of its terrors; for death without oblivon is but a calm sleep; it is only ropose after long fatigues.

"I longed to see this flower spring up! I longed to pluck it. I started off. After ten days' long and painful march, I arrived at my mother's grave. The earth seemed to have been recently turned—no flower had sprung up. I waited six weeks, when, at the dawn of a beautiful day a little flower of an azure-blue expanded to my longing eyes. It was one of those flowers to which townspeople give the name of the myosotis; and which we, in the country, call Forget-me-not. In plucking it, I shed tears of joy, for I belived it to be the soul of my mother, who, feeling that I was beside her grave, returned to me in the form of this floweret.

"No ties retained me at home, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave; and having plucked my precious flower, what could I want? I remembered my mother's counsel—'Do thy duty!' I sought out the gendarmes, and said—'I am a deserter, arrest me!'

"Now, I am going to die; and if, as you have assured me, I have in you a friend, I shall die without reget' for you will render me the service which I expected at your hands. This floweret, which I went to pluck on her grave at the peril of my life, is here in this locket, which I wear next my heart. Promise me to see that it is there, in my grave. It is the bond which unites me to my mother; and did I fear that it would be broken, I should die without courage. Say, will you promise to do what I ask?"

"I promise."

"Oh, give me your hand, that I may press it on my heart! You who are so kind to me, I love you; and if God in his omnipotence were to restore me my life, I would devote it to you alone."

They parted. The next morning, Pierre Pitois was led to the place of execution; and just as the fatal sentence had been read, suppressed murmurs, then loud cries, ran through the crowd—"The Emperor! It is the Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

He appeared, dismounted from his horse; and with his short, quick step, walked strait up to the prisoner: "Pierre!" he said.

Pierre looked at him; he seemed as though he were going to speak; but he was struck with an indescribable stupor.

"Pierre," continued the Emperor," recollect the words thou didst speak last night; God does restore thee thy life: devote it not to me, but to France! She also is a good and worthy mother! Love her as thou hast loved the other."

He was gone; and enthusiastic acclamations of affection rent the air.

A few years afterwards, Pierre, then a captain in the old gnard, fell in the battle of Waterloo: and though mortally wounded, still found strenght enough to cry out in a firm voice,—"*Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France! Vive ma mere!*"

Napoleon's Advice to a Young American.

You soon depart for the Western, and I for the Eastern hemisphere. A new career of action is now opened before me, and I hope to unite my name with new and great events, and with the unrivalled greatness of the republic; you go to unite yourself once more with a people among whom I behold at once the simple manners of Rome and the luxury of her decline; where I see the taste, the sensibility and the valour of Sparta, without her discipline. As a citizen of the world, I would address your country in the following language: every man and every nation is ambitious and ambition grows with power, as the blaze of a vertical, sun is the most fierce. Cherish, therefore, a national strength—strengthen your political institutions—remember that armies and navies are of the same use in the world as the police in London or Paris, and soldiers are not made like potters' vessels, in a minute—*cultivate union, or your Empire will be like a colossus of gold, fallen on the earth, broken in pieces, and the prey of foreign and domestic Saracens.* If you are wise, your republic will be permanent; and, perhaps, Washington will be hailed as the founder of a glorious and happy Empire, when the name of Bonaparte shall be obscured by succeeding revolutions.

☞ George Coleman getting out of a hackney coach one night, gave the driver a shilling. "This is a bad shilling, sir," said the driver. "Then it is all right," said George, with his inimitable chckle, "it is all right—yours is a bad coach."

☞ If you want to frighten your hair, just jump from one cake of ice to another with a pair of new boots on.

☞ An evergroen—A man who does not learn from experience.

From the London Leader.

A NEW EMPIRE IN EUROPE.

Austria is astonishing her friends. She outstrips the most sanguine expectations of her reactionary Confederates.

Not much is positively known of the results of the Dresden Conferences; enough, however, to elicit a universal cry of dismay. Austria proposes to incorporate the whole of her dominions, Hungary, Lombardy, Venice, and all, with the territory of the German Confederacy.

Prussia, Germany, have ceased to exist. There is now only one huge Austria, an empire of Central Europe, extending from the Baltic and German Ocean to the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, and by the great chanel of the Danube to the Black Sea: an empire of seventy to eighty millions of souls, embracing the whole of Germany, one-third of Italy, a large portion of Poland, with perhaps a score of other new, ardent, high-mettled tribes. What was the crown of the Othos of Saxony, what even the triple diadem of Charlemagne, to the new chaplet glittering on the brow of the youthful Kaiser at Vienna?

Yet such was the inevitable finale of the German reaction. The coexistence of Austria and Germany had, since March, 1848, become an impossibility. Germany must either divide and break up Austria, or must be swallowed by it.—Three different proposals were repeatedly made to reconcile the interests of the two states. First, an entire and absolute separation. Then the admission of the *Austro-German* provinces alone into the Germanic Federation. Finally, the incorporation of the whole of Austria, with the exception of her Italian Provinces. Now, Lombardy, Venice, and virtually Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Roman Legations, are to become German.

German nationality thus merges into the Austrian union. Great national interests may reconcile the German people to the loss of political existence; for how long it is difficult to say. Germany abdicates her dignity. Prussia sinks at once into a mere Imperial Lieutenancy. The German Princes become mere puppets, with not even the shadow of the importance of their electoral predecessors.

It is an unparalleled event, big with unfathomable consequences. Russia herself might well be startled at her own work; but it is too late to oppose it. France and England protest; but protests break no man's bones. And, after all, what has Austria done beside acquitting herself of her crushing task! What complaint can France and England prefer against her, if she took advantage of their want of address in securing their own share of the prey? She only bags the game her obliging friends have shot for her. Her allies were mere amateur bunglers. They crushed for the mere pleasure of crushing. So Prussia in Baden and Hesse; so France in Rome. Austria alone has a business-like way of going to work.

But the treaties of 1815?—the balance of power forever hurled at our teeth? Alas! honest men had never ceased to say it: *Delenda est Austria.* That hybride state was the stumbling-block of European progress. Our English diplomatists talked and acted as if the very axis of the earth hung on the imperial mantle of the house of Hapsburg. Austria was "our natural ally," and now it is Austria alone that kicks the beam; Austria, that brings Europe on the very brink of a general war.

For, behold! the new federal compact is scarcely acceded to, and already the new colossal empire thunders at its neighbors' doors. One hundred thousand men gather on the Swiss frontier.—Prussia has a bone to pick with the Diet respecting her high Protectorate of Neufchatel. Austria must needs take upon herself the police of the French and Italian cantons. Masses of troops are equally ready to cross the Ticino. Alas, for Sardinian statutes and Helvetian democracies! The iron tread of barbarism never drew with a more ominous sound.

But woe, above all, to France—distracted, craven France! She may not have to fear the fate of Lombardy or Hungary. But let her look to Prussia! There are depths of humiliation by the side of which the most irreparable reverses are signal trophies. The extinguisher that is now putting out the light of the Great Frederic at the Dresden Conferences has already cast its shade over doating France. France is threatened with something worse than the worst territorial losses. The Dresden scheme would isolate, blot her out, annihilate her.

Nor has she any reason to rely on the incompressible force of the popular element. Matter, we know not for how long a period, has now the advantage over spirit; and France herself powerfully contributed to this dolorous consummation. The Dresden Conferences aim at no establishment of national unities. They build an empire, not a country. It is no question of constituted communities, of coalescing races.

And England? England is faithful to her Venetian policy: rotting in her lagoons—impregnable, yet not invulnerable. The fall of nations around sinks her fathom-deep in her slough of magnificent impotence. Austria and Russia lord it over the Continent. Little hope for Europe, except such as may arise from the quarrels inevitable amongst robbers at the division of the booty.

An England? England, always at her old business—keeps shops for "all nations."

☞ Compositors often grumble at the hardness of their lot. True, their business is always *at a stand!*

☞ "I don't like this telling about what people give to this and that object," said a penurious person; "what I give is *nothing* to nobody."

Young Sir Robert Peel.

The eldest son and heir of the late Premier. has made a speech in the House of commons, which a correspondent of the New York Commercial says, took the House by surprise, in consequence of the liberalism of its tone with respect to continental affairs, and its denunciation of the despotism of the Roman Catholic power. He is now twenty-nine years of age, and such political knowledge as he possesses has been gained, first as attache to the British embassy at Madrid, and subsequently as secretary of legation in Switzerland. He has therefore, been in positions to become well acquainted with Papal intrigues. In the early part of his speech he referred to the conduct of the French President. The Pope, he said, had been reseated in the "affections" of his people by a sudden and certainly very extraordinary burst of religious zeal on the part of the people of France. It seemed as if the citizen President was desirous of making amends for the Emperor's misconduct, since where the latter was instrumental in establihing republicanism (for instance, the Ligurian, the Cisalpine and and the Parthenopæan,) the former had destroyed the only one he could lay his hands upon, and where the uncle, with much display, had carried off from Rome a Pope beloved by his people, the nephew, at a considerable expense, as it required 30,000 men, carried back to Rome a Pope whose presence the Romans had made arrangements to dispense with.

The close of the speech, too was marked by a still more unequivocal display of sympathy for the oppressed people of Italy and Germany. Sir Robert, alluding to what he had seen in Switzerland in 1847, during the contest of the Protestant cantons against the Jesuits, described it as the mighty struggle of liberty against despotism and intolerance, and said that although imperatively required by the instructions of Lord Palmerston to maintain a neutral position, he could scarcely restrain his feelings when he saw the blood that was shed to resist the reactionists upon that soil "which still affords a last retreat against the despotism of Europe—still preserves intact the hospitable abode of liberty." In conclusion, he avowed his conviction that the recent aggression of the Pope in this country was but the first step in a premeditated and organised system of attack, and that he should, therefore, although he regretted that it had been applied to Ireland, heartily support the measure of Lord John Russell. The speech was warmly applauded throughout, and the burst of cheeing at the end showed that in the existing House of Commons there is an under current of liberalism which if boldly appealed to could be aroused to support a firm and self-reliant government.

Practcal Jokers.

We remember hearing a story of a fellow who roused a venerable doctor, about twelve o'clock one winter's night, and, on his coming to the door, coolly inquired, "Have you lost a knife, Mr. Brown?" "No," growled the victim. "Well, never mind," said the wag, "I thought I'd just call and inquire, for I found one yesterday." We thought that rather cool; but the following story of Neil M'Kinnon, a New York wag, surpasses in impudence anything within recollection. Read and speak for yourself, gentle reader:—When the celebrated "Copenhagen Jackson" was British Minister in America he resided in New-York, and occupied a house in Broadway. Neil one night at a late hour, in company with a bevy of rough-riders, while passing the house, noticed that it was brilliantly illuminated, and that several carriages were waiting at the door. "Holloa!" said our wag, "what's going on at Jackson's?" One of the party remarked that Jackson had a party that evening. "What!" exclaimed Neil," Jackson had a party, and I not invited? I must see to that!" So stepping up to the door, he gave a ring, which brought the servant to the door. "You must call some other time," said the servant, "for he is now engaged at a game of whist, and must not be disturbed." "Don't talk to me that way," said M'Kinnon, "but go directly, and tell the British Minister that I must see him immediately on special business." The servant obeyed, and delivered his message in so impressive a style as to bring Mr. Jackson to the door forthwith. "Well," said Mr. Jackson, "what can be your business with me at this time of night, which is so very urgent?" "Are you Mr. Jackson?" "Yes, sir, I am Mr. Jackson?" "The British Minister?" "Yes, sir." "You have a party here to-night, I perceive, Mr. Jackson?" "Yes, sir, I have a party." "A large party, I presume?" "Yes sir, a large party." "Playing cards, I understand?" "Yes, sir, playing cards." "Oh, well," said Neil, "as I was passing, I merely called to inquire *what's trumps?*"

☞ A quaint old gent, not a hundred miles from here, who is, withal, one of our active, stirring men, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Mr. Jones," said he to him, one morning, "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old boy, "you must have met him, for you could never overtake him."

☞ Southey, who picked up and recorded in his Common Place Book, all manner of facts mentions a dog that went every Sunday to Penbridge church during an entire year that the church was under repair, and passed the proper time in the family pew.

☞ An Irishman, endeavoring to put out a gaslight with his fingers, cried out, "Och, murder, the divil a wick's in it."

☞ A man asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings wrong side outward?

"Because," said he, "there's a hole on the other side."