

no account be introduced when Irish affairs are under discussion.

Foreign Policy shall be discussed upon iced claret, as the lightest and least heating of beverages.

In deliberation upon University or Ecclesiastical questions the Conservative tables shall be supplied with champagne, and the Liberal boards with choice old port, which will tend to produce that compromise of feeling so desirable upon such occasions.

No member shall be permitted to drink till he has finished his speech—with a view to the probable abridgment of the oration.

When a Minister is asked a question, he shall be bound to answer it—or swallow a glass of salt and water.

Should any Honourable Member so far forget himself, in the excitement of debate, as to throw bottles, he shall be obliged to acknowledge that he committed the outrage in a parliamentary sense.

The allowance for each individual shall be a bottle of wine; but a power shall be vested in the Speaker to license certain gentlemen to drink as much as they please—there being some of them it would be desirable to prevent from remaining on their legs. A similar privilege shall be extended to the Premier, on the principle, "*In vino veritas.*"—*Punch.*

A CUTE LADY.

Lady Browne and I were as usual going to the Duchess of Montrose at seven o'clock. The evening was very dark. In the close lane under the park-pale, and within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure pushed by between the chase and the hedge on my side. I suspected it was a highway-man: and so I found did Lady Browne, for she was speaking and stopped. To divert her fears, I was just going to say—"Is not that the apothecary going to the Duchess?" when I heard a voice cry—"Stop!" and then the figure came back to the chase. I had the presence of mind, before I let down the glass, to take out my watch and stuff it within my waistcoat under my arm. He said—

"Your purses and watches?"

"I have no watch," I replied.

"Then your purse?"

I gave it to him; it had nine guineas. It was so dark that I could not see his hand, but felt him take it. He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said—

"Don't be frightened; I will not hurt you."

"No, you won't frighten the lady," I said.

"No, I give you my word I will do you no hurt," he replied.

Lady Browne gave him her purse, and was going to add her watch; but he said—

"I am much obliged to you; I wish you good night!" pulled off his hat, and rode away.

"Well," said I, "Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it."

"Oh! but I am," said she; "and now I am in terror lest he should return, for I have given him a purse with only bad money, that I carry on purpose."—[*Horace Walpole.*]

A MONKEY'S MEMORY.

Authors generally seem to think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions; but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action. A monkey which was permitted to run free, had frequently seen the men servants in the great country kitchen with its huge fire place, take down a powder-horn that stood on the chimney-piece, and throw a few grains into the fire to make *Jemima* and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug watches his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well-filled powder-horn, perched himself very gingerly on one of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of saucepans, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinct wood fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half way up the chimney.

Before he was blown up he was a snug, trim, well-conditioned monkey as you would wish to see on a summer's day; he came down a carbonated figure, in an avalanche of burning soot. The weight with which he pitched upon the hot ashes, in the midst of the general flare-up aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house, close singed, begrimed, and looking scared and devilish. He recovered with care; but like some other great personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a sadder if not a wiser monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself and was troublesome, you had only to take down a powder horn in his presence and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and chattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

AN IRISHMAN'S PERMIT.—When Major Gen. O'Hara was Governor of St. Lucia, a young man who wanted to marry his aunt, a Madame le Batt, and who had been refused by the priests of the island, unless he could obtain a dispensation from the Pope, applied to the Governor, (naturally supposing him to be as great a man

as his Holiness) for his permission, which was instantly granted, in the following words:—

"The bearer of this has my permission to marry his aunt, or his grandmother, if he chooses.

CHARLES O'HARA,

Major General and Pope."

A GOOD WIFE.—A friend of ours who has been spending a few weeks in the "country," and who visited some of the private dwellings of the rustic inhabitants, tells of a singular man who lives near Brookfield. He is somewhat noted for his odd expressions. He was one day visited by a small party of ladies and gentlemen, who went to hear his "talk." "Now young gentlemen," said he, "I will give you some directions how to tell a good wife: A good wife will be like three things, and she will not be like them. She will be like the snail, who stays at home, and she will not be like the snail, who carries all he has upon his back. She will be like the echo, that speaks when spoken to, and she will not be like the echo, always have the last word. She will be like the town clock, that speaks at the right time, and she will not be like the town clock, heard all over the town."

An orator at Utica compared John Van Buren to "a whale whose oil would feed the lamps of liberty to all eternity."

"TO RULE THE ROAST."—According to Johnson, it was originally written "roist," which signifies a tumult, and the phrase implies a power to direct the rabble.

What must you do to a tea table to make it fit to eat? Give it up—Why take away the tea (T) and it becomes eatable.

A PUBLICAN.—There is a good deal of character in an anecdote just related to us of "a heathen man and a publican" in a down-eastern region. A party of young men were "making merry in an upper room," when the landlord came up and said: "Gentlemen, I wish you would make a little less noise here, for there is a man below who is very sick."

"Silence like a poultice came
To heal the wounded ear!"

of the sick man for a while, but presently the frolicking was resumed. The landlord came up again, and said: "Gentlemen, I wish you'd make a little less racket: the man down stairs is dying. All was now still; when all at once the door was opened, and Boniface popped in his head to say: "Go ahead now, gentlemen; make as much noise as you like. The man is dead!"—[*Kaickerbocker.*]

GOOD ENGLISH WEATHER.—Do you remember the Wapping sailor in the Mediterranean, who called out to his shipmates one morning, when there happened, after six months' clear weather, to be a slight fog, "Turn out, boys! turn out! Here's weather as is weather; none o' your d—d blue sky!"

The friendship of some people is like our shadow, keeping close while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

EDUCATION.—Man, though born, with a capability for much that is great and exalted, would have scarcely any idea beyond the pleasures of sense, were he left by others to follow his natural inclinations. Education calls forth the latent capability, and creates a taste for refined enjoyment.

JONATHAN'S LAST NOTION.—A paper has been started at Milwaukee, U. S., with the motto, "Devoted to the removal of J. A. Nooman, as postmaster of Milwaukee, and to be continued until the object is effected."

NIGGER WIT.—"Sambo, why is a chimney sweep one ob de happiest men alibe?" "I 'spose, kase he knows de joys ob de fireside." "No, dat ain't it. Do you gub it up? Well, den, kase he's always suited (sooted)."

"IT ARE!"—When a Kentucky judge, some years since was asked by an attorney, upon some strange ruling, "Is that law, your honour?" he replied, "If the Court understand herself, and she thinks she do, it are!"—[*American Paper.*]

NATURAL HISTORY.—At a party where they were reading, "Lallah Rookh," a young lady asked a certain facetious Lord of Sessions, "What is the Bul bul?" "I dinna ken," answered he, "unless it is the male of the Cow cow!" (Scotch pronunciation, *KOO KOO.*)

SACK-RILEGE.—A gentleman, says the Cincinnati Dispatch, who has a warm side for a young lady, was recently making sport of a sack which she wore.

"You had better keep quiet, or I'll give you the sack," said the lady archly.

"I should be most happy," was the gallant's response, "if you will give it to me as it is, with yourself inside of it."

PROFESSIONAL HONOUR.—An astrologer having predicted his death to the very hour, but having lived up to the very time in good health, hung himself for the honour of his profession.

A ROYAL SOT.—A late letter from Mr. Killardet, in New York *Courier des Etats Unis*, contains the following anecdote of the King of Prussia:—"At Berlin, the King of Prussia seeks in drunkenness relief from the troubles of the past, the present and the future. Recently, at the close of a repast, at which the Queen and the Princess were present, he drank a bowl of

punch at one draught, and then placing the bowl upon his head, exclaimed with the gaiety of Silenus and the philosophy of Diogenes: "This is all the Crown that is left to me."

THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.—The House of Coburg held, last week, a meeting at Saxe-Weimar, where the following resolutions were unanimously passed:—

"That the house of Coburg hails with the liveliest satisfaction the election of Prince Louis Buonaparte as President of France, inasmuch as he is single:

"That it is highly probable the Prince will and must, at some future period, marry:

"That it is a most important fact, that the Royal House of Coburg has been in the habit, from time immemorial, of providing, at the shortest notice, all the Courts of Europe with suitable spouses and brides—kings and queens—and that references of the said important fact can easily be given:

"That the royal house of Coburg has not yet provided any Court with a Presidentess, but it would feel the most ineffable pleasure in so doing.

"That the earliest measures be taken to assure his Republican Highness Prince Louis Napoleon of the above resolutions, and that the utmost readiness be displayed by the house of Coburg in assisting him in his matrimonial views."

Portraits, testimonials, pedigrees, valentines, and numerous verses have been already dispatched to the Elysee Bourbon. The most sumptuous wedding dress is in a forward state of readiness.

As with the human countenance, so it is with the face of nature; those who look upon it day by day see not the changes which are there gradually wrought by the hand of time; in the one instance, the fading of the rich bloom and glow of youth and healthful vigour into the sallow hue of age and declining powers, the sinking of the rounded cheek, the waning lustre of the flashing eye, pass unnoticed; and in the other, the fresh and lively green, the delicate perfume, and bracy airs of Spring, give place to the more luxuriant verdure and embowering shade, the brighter sunshine, and the softer gales of Summer; and these, in turn, to the mellow tints, the yet more fervent heat, and luscious perfume of Autumn, which again fade, and die away, and merge into the universal deadness and desolation of Winter, the sepulchre of the year! We do not mark these changes while they are in the process of development, unless we take a retrospective glance, and institute a comparison between things as they are, and as they were; and we are often startled when some circumstance or train of thought carries us back to the past, and memory presents the mind with a faithful picture of what has been—to observe how great an alteration has taken place in ourselves, or our friends, or the scenes amid which we dwell—to note the ravages made by the great destroyer, and to reflect how much nearer we, and all things, are to decay and dissolution.

"Each month is various to present
The world with some development,"

as Tennyson sings, alluding more especially to the growth of knowledge, and consequent power of the human mind, and this is no less true of the outward manifestations of the changes which are constantly going on in nature; but not only is some new development presented every month, and day and hour, but there is also some indication of decay to be perceived, if we do but look with sufficient attention to what is passing around us.

AN INDIAN VERDICT.—John Taison, an Indian native of Connecticut, being found dead on a winter morning, not far from a tavern where he had been drinking freely spirituous liquors the evening before, the Indians immediately assembled a jury of their own tribe, who, after examining the body of the defunct, unanimously agreed, "That the said Taison's death was occasioned by the freezing of a large quantity of water in his body, that had been imprudently mixed with the rum he drank."

"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."—The origin of this proverb is little known. A poor youth, in 1742, applied for alms at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, where nine journeymen were employed, who gave a shilling each to the beggar on hearing his piteous tale of being an orphan and without a home. With this capital the boy purchased fruit and retailed it at a profit; and, from so small a beginning, he in time amassed property sufficient to keep a coach. On that coach he used for a coat of arms nine lozenges, with the motto which gave birth to the proverb.

MUSIC OF NATURE.—Among the Javanese there exists a tradition which relates, that their first idea of music arose from the circumstance of one of their ancestors having heard the air make a melodious sound as it passed through the hollow of a bamboo tube, which happened to be hanging accidentally from a tree. It induced him to imitate it. Thus, perhaps, may be derived the fable that music descended from Heaven. They have a very curious species of Eolian instrument formed of bamboo, very common to some of the Australasian Isles, which emits as well some very fine tones as elicits some most discordant notes.

THE TOILS OF A NEWSPAPER.—Newspaper literature is a link in the great chain of miracles, which prove the greatness of England, and every support should be given to good newspapers. The editors of these papers