

VULGAR ARGUMENTS.

At a club, of which Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite and a friend as fierce, of the cause of William the Third, were arguing noisily, and disturbing less excitable conversationalists. At length the Jacobite a brawny Scot, brought his fist down heavily upon the table, and roared at his adversary: "I tell you what it is, sir, I spit upon your King William!" The friend of the Prince of Orange was not to be out mastered by mere lungs. He rose, and roared back to the Jacobite: "And I, sir, spit upon your James the Second!" Jerrold, who had been listening to the uproar in silence, here-upon rang the bell and shouted: "Waiter, spittoons for two!"

WALKING STICK.

An old gentleman accused his servant of having stolen his stick. The man protested perfect innocence. "Why, you know," rejoined his master, "that the stick could never have walked off with itself." "Certainly not, sir, unless it was a *walking stick*."

WALTER RALEIGH.

A lady said to her servant, "Are the pigs fed?" which was heard by Sir Walter Raleigh, who was her guest, and who made the same inquiry of the lady herself. "Sir," said she "*you know best* whether you have had your breakfast."

WANTED A CHANGE.

A waiter called upon a guest at a hotel, at dinner, and asked him "Whether he would have his cup filled again with tea or coffee?" The stranger replied, "If what he had last was coffee he wanted tea, and if tea he wanted coffee; at any rate he wanted a change."

WARM MAN.

A man with a scolding wife, being asked what his occupation was, replied that he kept a *hot house*.

WASTE POWDER.

Dr. Johnson being asked his opinion of the title of a very small volume, remarkable for its pomposity, replied, "That it was similar to placing an eight and forty pounder at the *door of a pig-sty*."

WASTE OF TIME.

An old man of ninety having recovered from a very dangerous illness, his friends congratulated him, and encouraged him to get up. "Alas," said he to them, "it is hardly worth while to *dress* myself again."

WAY OF USING BOOKS.

Sterne used to say, "the most accomplished way of using books is to serve them as some people do lords, learn their *titles* and then *brag* of their acquaintance."

WAY OF THE WORLD.

Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend

To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend
Should his differ from ours on any pretense,
We pity his want both of judgment and sense;

But if he falls into and flatters our plan,
Why, really we think him a sensible man.

WEARING AWAY.

A schoolmaster said to himself, "I am like a *hone*, I sharpen a number of *blades*, but wear myself in doing it."

WEARING STAYS BY A GENTLEMAN.

And why not wear them? tell me if you can,

'Tis but the fair prerogative of a man!

Woman stole his rib; can you then condemn,

That a mere whalebone he should steal from them?

'Tis strange that *satire* all the world bewitches;

Men may wear *stays*, since women wear the breeches.

WEEDING.

A man that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up his weed for her.

WEIGHT OF SIN.

A gentleman weighing a lady, not finding a sufficiency of weight, put his foot into the scale, which soon turned it, when he observed, "Sin weighs heavy." "It does indeed," said the lady, "for one foot weighed me down."

WELL-BRED HORSE.

"How does your new-purchased horse answer?" said the Butcher Cumberland to George Selwin. "I really don't know," replied George, "for I never *asked him a question*."

WELL PAID.

Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV, at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico." "And the partridges, too,"

sire?" Louis, penetrating into the artfulness, replied, "And the partridges, too." The dish was gold.

WELL SAID.

A gentleman, speaking of the happiness of the married state before his daughter, disparagingly said "She who marries does well; but she who does not marry, does better." "Well, then," said the young lady, "I will *do well*; let those who choose *do better*."

WELL SAID.

Some school boys meeting a poor woman driving asses, one of them said to her. Good morning, mother of asses! Good morning my children, was the reply.

WELL TURNED.

On the formation of the Greville administration, Bushe who had the reputation of a warrior, apologized one day for his absence from court, on the ground that he was *cabinet-making*. The chancellor maliciously disclosed the excuse on his return. "Oh! indeed, my lord, that is an occupation in which my friend would distance me, as I was never a *turner* or a *joiner*."

WHAT'S IN A SYLLABLE.

Longfellow, the poet, was introduced to one Longworth, and some one noticed the similarity of the first syllable of the names. "Yes," said the poet, "but in this case I fear Pope's line will apply—*worth* makes the man, the want of it the *fellow*."

WHERE THE DEFICIENCY WAS.

A gentleman had a cask of Armenian wine, from which his servant stole a large quantity. When the master perceived the deficiency, he diligently inspected the top of the cask, but could find no trace of an opening. "Look if there be not a hole in the bottom," said a bystander. "Block-head, he replied, do you not see that the deficiency is at the top, and not at the bottom."

WHERE IT CAME FROM.

A lady whose fondness for generous living had given her a flushed face and rubicund nose, consulted Dr. Cheyne. Upon surveying herself in the glass, she exclaimed, "Where, in the name of wonder, doctor, did I get *such a nose* as this?" "Out of the *decanter*, madam," replied the doctor.

WHIG AND TORY.

Whig and Tory scratch and bite,
Just as hungry dogs we see;
Toss a bone 'twixt two, they fight,
Throw a couple, they agree.

WHIST.

Mrs. Bray relates the following of a Devonshire physician, happily named Vial, who was a desperate lover of whist. One evening, in the midst of a deal, the doctor fell off his chair in a fit. Consternation seized on the company. Was he alive or dead? At length he showed signs of life, and, retaining the last fond idea which had possessed him at the moment he fell into the fit, exclaimed, "What is *trumps*?"

WHITFIELD.

Dr. Whitfield was accused of rambling in his discourses, by one of his hearers, to which he replied: "*If you will ramble to the devil, I must ramble after you*."

WHO KNOWS WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

A Roman being about to repudiate his wife, an enraged kinsman asked: "Is not your wife a sensible woman? Is she not a handsome woman? Has she not borne you fine children?" In answering which he slipped off his shoe and asked, "Is not this a very handsome shoe? Is it not nearly new? Is it not well made? How then is it that you know not where it pinches?"

WHOLESALE.

"How shall I sell my horse?" said a certain doctor to a jockey, "his tail came off in less than six hours after I bought him." "Sell him by *wholesale*, for no honorable man will *re-tail* him," was the reply.

WHO'S THE FOOL?

Mr. Sergeant Parry, in illustration of a case, told the following anecdote: Some merchants went to an eastern sovereign and exhibited for sale several fine horses. The king admired them and bought them; he, moreover, gave the merchants a lac of rupees to purchase more horses for him. The king one day, in a sportive humor, ordered the vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked, why? He replied, "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know, and who will never come back." "Ay, but suppose they should come back?" "Then I shall erase *your* name and insert *theirs*."

WHOSE?

Sydney Smith being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" said he.

WHY ARE WOMEN BEARDLESS?

How wisely nature, ordering all below
Forbade a beard on woman's face to grow,
For how could she beshaved (whate'er the skill)

Whose tongue would never let her chin be still?

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

A traveler coming up to an inn door, asked, "Pray, friend, are you the master of this house?" "Yes, sir," answered boniface, "my wife has been dead these three weeks."

WHY WOMEN CATCH COLD.

A writer in one of our medical journals inquires why it is that women are more liable to catch cold than men. Indeed we don't know; but Dr. Hall says that the only way to avoid taking cold, under certain circumstances, is to keep the mouth shut."

WIDE DIFFERENCE.

Rowland Hill rode a great deal, and exercise preserved him in vigorous health. On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed to be always so well, he replied, "My physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

A WIDOW'S DECLARATION.

A widow of suspected reputation, said to a tippler, "would you believe it, sir, during the ten years of my widowhood, I have never felt the least inclination for matrimony." "Would you believe it, madam," replied he, "that since my recollection, I never felt thirst."

WIFE'S AFFECTION.

A butcher who lay upon his death-bed, said to his wife, "my dear, I am not a man for this world, therefore I advise you to marry our man John; he is a lusty, strong fellow, fit for your business." "Oh, dear husband," said she, "never let that trouble you, for John and I have agreed upon that matter already."

WIFE AT FORTY.

"My notion of a wife at forty," said Jerrold, "is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank note, for two twenties."

WIFE BEATING.

Immediately after Judge Baller gave an opinion, "that a husband was privileged to beat his wife, if the instrument used was wooden and no thicker than his thumb." The ladies of Exeter addressed around robin to the judge, in which they requested to be informed of the exact thickness of his lordship's thumb.

WILBERFORCE.

When Mr. Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother, on which she was saluted with a cry of "Miss Wilberforce forever!" when she pleasantly observed, "I thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you; for, really, I do not wish to be *Miss Wilberforce forever!*"

WILD OATS.

After the first speech made by the younger Pitt in the House of Commons, an old member remarked, "that he apprehended the young gentleman had not sown all his wild oats." To which Mr. Pitt observed, in the course of an elaborate and eloquent rejoinder, "That age has its privileges—the gentleman himself affords an ample illustration, that I yet retain food for geese to pick."

WILKES' READY REPLY.

Luttrell and Wilkes were standing on the Brentford hustings, when Wilkes asked his adversary, privately, whether he thought there were more fools or rogues among the multitude of Wilkites spread out before them. "I'll tell them what you say and put an end to you," said the colonel. But perceiving the threat gave Wilkes no alarm, he added, "Surely you don't mean to say you could stand here an hour after I did so?" "Why, (the answer was,) you would not be alive one instant after." "How so?" "I should merely say it was *a lie* and they'd tear you to pieces in a moment."

WILL.

A woman upon her death-bed, asked liberty of her husband to make a will, in order that she might leave some legacies to her relations. "You have had your will all your life-time," said he, "and now I will have mine."

Jerry, dying intestate, his relatives claimed, Whilst his widow most vilely, his mem'ry defamed.

What!" cries she, "must I suffer because the old knave,

'Without leaving a will, is laid snug in the grave?

'That's no wonder," says one, "for 'tis very well known,

'Since he married, poor man, he'd no will of his own."

WINNING A LOSS.

A swell clerk from London, who was spending an evening in a country inn full of company, and feeling secure in the possession of most money, made the following offer: "I will drop money into a hat with any man in the room. The man who holds out the longest to have the whole and treat the company." "I'll do it, said a farmer. The swell dropped in half a sovereign. The countrymen followed with a sixpence. "Go on," said the swell. "I won't," said the farmer, "take the whole, and treat the company."

WILL AND THE WAY.

At a provincial law society's dinner, the president called upon the senior attorney to give as a toast the person whom he considered the best friend of the profession. "Certainly," was the response, "The man who makes his own will."

WINE.

"I always think," said a reverend guest, "that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner." "Oh, no, sir," replied mine host, "it is the uncertain quantity that does the mischief."

WISE PRECAUTION.

It is related of the great Dr. Clarke, that when in one of his leisure hours he was unbending himself with a few friends, in the most playful and frolicsome manner, he observed Beau Nash approaching, upon which he suddenly stopped; "My boys," said he, "let us be grave, here comes a fool."

WIT.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit, is by politeness, sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us less when exquisitely keen.

A hunchback of Toulouse met a man who had but one eye, very early in the morning. "Good morrow, friend," said the one-eyed man, "you have got your load upon your shoulders very early." "It is so early," replied the hunchback, "that I see you have but one window open."

WITS AGREEING.

When Foote was one day lamenting his growing old, a *pert* young fellow asked him what he would give to be as young as he? "I would be content," cried Foote, "to be as foolish."

WIT AND QUACKERY.

A celebrated quack, while holding forth on a stage of Chelmsford, in order to promote the sale of his medicine, told the people that he came there for their good, and not for want. And then addressing his "Merry Andrew," "Andrew," said he, "do we come here for want?" "No, faith, sir," replied Andrew, "we had enough of that at home."

WIT DEFINED.

Dryden's description of wit is excellent. He says:—

A thousand different shapes wit wears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears;
'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest,
Admir'd with laughter at a feast;
Nor florid talk, which can this title gain,—
The proofs of wit forever must remain.

WIT OF THE BENCH AND BAR.

Upon the reception of the Marquis Lafayette in Philadelphia, during his late visit to this country, Colonel Forest, one of the Revolutionary officers upon being present burst into tears; upon which Judge Peters, who was standing at the side of the Marquis, dryly observed, "Why Tom I took you for a *Forest* tree, but you turn out to be a *weeping* willow."

A lawyer engaged in a case before Judge Peters, tormented a witness so much with questions, that the poor fellow at last cried out for water. "There," said the judge, "I thought you would pump him dry."

Governor Morris, while the surgeons were amputating his leg, observed his servant standing by, weeping. "Tom," said Mr. Morris, "why are you crying there? it is rank hypocrisy—you wish to laugh, as in future you'll have but one shoe to clean instead of two."

Judge Peters being asked to define a captain of a company, said, "it was one man commanded by a hundred others."

Judge Peters sitting alone to hear a law argument, after a very able discussion turned to the counsel and said "the court is divided in opinion."

Judge Peters asked the late J. W. Condy for the loan of a book; the latter said, "with pleasure I will send it to you." "That," said the judge, "will be truly (Condy-sending) condescending."

A lawyer in rising from his chair suddenly, nearly tore off the skirts of his coat. "Now," said he, turning to his friend, "I surely ought not to complain of poverty, as I carry my rents with me." "Yes," replied his friend, "that is true but remember, they are all in a rear (arrear.)"

Upon one occasion Mr. Webster was on his way to attend to his duties at Washington. He was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no traveling companion, and the driver had a sort of a felon look which produced no inconsiderable alarm with the Senator. "I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Mr. Webster, "and had partially succeeded when we reached the woods between Bladensburg and Washington, (a proper place for murder and outrage,) and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me." Just then the driver, turning to me with a gruff voice, asked my name. I gave it to him. "Where are you going?" said he. The reply was, "To Washington. I am a Senator." Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand and exclaimed, "How glad I am; I have been trembling in my seat for the last hour; for when I looked at you, I took you to be a highwayman." Of course both parties were relieved.

At a bar dinner, Mr. Sam Ewing, a lawyer and a great punster, was called upon for a song, and while hesitating, Judge Hopkinson observed, that at the best it would be no great matter, as it would be but Sam (psalm) singing. "Well," replied Ewing, "even that would be better than him (hymn) singing."

WITTY AT HIS OWN EXPENSE.

Sheridan was once asked by a gentleman: "How is it that your name has not an O prefixed to it? Your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious." "No family," replied Sheridan, "has a better right to the O than our family, for in truth we owe everybody."

WITTY THANKSGIVING.

Borham having sent his friend, Sydney Smith, a brace of pheasants, the present

was acknowledged in the following characteristic epistle; "Many thanks, my dear sir, for your kind present of game. If there is a pure and elevated pleasure in this world, it is that of roast pheasant and bread sauce; barn-door fowls for dissenters, but for the real church man, the thirty-nine times articulated clerk, the pheasant, the pheasant."

"Ever yours,

"S. S."

WOMAN A TOUGH ANIMAL.

The constitution of our females must be excellent, says a celebrated physician: "Take an honest ox, and enclose his sides with corsets,—he would labour indeed but it would be for breath."

WOMAN AS SHE SHOULD BE.

A young woman went into a library and asked for "man as he is." "That is out," said the librarian, but we have "woman as she should be."

WOMAN'S TONGUE.

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a cask of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer, he thought the juice extracted from women's tongues, and lions' hearts, for when he drank a bottle of it he could talk forever and fight the devil.

WOMEN.

A Scotch minister contended in the pulpit that women never entered heaven, upon the ground that, as St. John in the Revelation says, "there was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour," it was unreasonable to suppose that women were there, for they could not remain so long without talking.

WONDERFUL CURE.

Doctor Hill, a notorious wit, physician, and man of letters, having quarreled with the members of the Royal Society, who had refused to admit him as an associate, resolved to avenge himself. At the time that Bishop Berkely had issued his work on the marvelous virtues of tar-water, Hill addressed to their secretary a letter purporting to be from a country surgeon, and reciting the particulars of a cure which he had effected. "A sailor," he wrote "broke his leg, and applied to me for help. I bound together the broken portions, and washed them with the celebrated tar-water; almost immediately the sailor felt the beneficial effects of this remedy, and it was not long before his leg was completely healed." The

letter was read, and discussed at the meetings of the Royal Society, and caused considerable differences of opinion. Papers were written for and against the tar-water and the restored leg; when a second letter arrived from the (pretended) country practitioner: "In my last I omitted to mention that the broken limb of the sailor was a wooden leg."

WONDERFUL SIGHT.

A jolly Jack tar having strayed into Atkins' show at Bartholomew Fair to have a look at the wild beasts was much struck with the sight of a lion and a tiger in the same den. "Why Jack," said he to a messmate who was chewing a quid in silent amazement, "I shouldn't wonder if next year they were to carry about a sailor and a marine living peaceably together!" "Aye," said his married companion, "or a man and his wife."

WONDERFUL UNANIMITY.

Judge Clayton was an honest man, but not a profound lawyer. Soon after he was raised to the Irish bench, he happened to dine in company with counsellor Harwood, celebrated for his fine brogue, his humour, and his legal knowledge. Clayton began to make some observations on the laws of Ireland. "In my country," (England) said he, "the laws are numerous, but then one is always found to be a key to the other. In Ireland it is just the contrary; your laws so perpetually clash with one another, and are so very contradictory, that I protest I don't understand them." "Truly, my lord," cried Harwood, "that is what we all say."

WONDERFUL WOMAN.

When a late Duchess of Bedford was last at Buxton, and then in her eighty-fifth year, it was the medical farce of the day for the faculty to resolve every complaint of whim and caprice into a "shock of the nervous system." Her grace, after inquiring of many of her friends in the room what brought them there, and being generally censured for a nervous complaint, was asked in her turn, "what brought her to Buxton?" "I came only for pleasure," answered the healthy duchess, "for, thank God, I was born before nerves came into fashion."

WOODMAN.

A young man, boasting of his health and constitutional stamina, was asked to what

he chiefly attributed so great a happiness. "To laying in a good foundation, to be sure. I make a point, sir, to eat a great deal every morning." "Then I presume, sir, you usually breakfast in a timber-yard," was the rejoinder.

WOODEN JOKE.

Burke said of Lord Thurlow, "He was a sturdy oak at Westminster, and a willow at St. James'."

WOOLSACK.

Colman and Banister dining one day with Lord Erskine, the ex-chancellor amongst other things, observed that he had about three thousand head of sheep. "I perceive," interrupted Colman, "your Lordship has still an eye to the woolsack."

WORD GIVEN IN SEASON.

Mrs. Powell the actress, was at a court of assize when a young barrister, who rose to make his maiden speech, suddenly stopped short and could not proceed. The lady, feeling for his situation, cried out, as though he had been a young actor on his first appearance. "Somebody give him the word—somebody give him the word!"

WORD TO THE WISE.

Dr. Balguy, a preacher of great celebrity after having preached an excellent discourse at Winchester Cathedral, the text of which was, "All wisdom is sorrow," received the following elegant compliment from Dr. Wharton, then at Winchester School: "If what you advance, dear doctor, be true, That 'wisdom is sorrow,' how wretched are you."

WORDS THAT BURN.

Dr. Robertson observed, that Johnson's jokes were the rebukes of the righteous, described in Scripture as being like excellent oil. "Yes," exclaimed Burke, "oil of vitriol!"

WORKING HIS PASSAGE.

A Paddy applied to work his passage on a canal, and was employed to lead the horses which drew the boat. On arriving at the place of destination he swore that he "would sooner go on foot, than work his passage in America."

WORLD.

The best of all worlds is that we live in, To lend, to spend, to invite, to give in; But to borrow, or beg, or to get a man's own, 'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

WORST OF ALL CRIMES.

An old offender being asked whether he had committed all the crimes laid to his charge? answered, "I have done still worse! I suffered myself to be apprehended."

WORTH THE MONEY.

Sir Robert Walpole having misquoted a passage in Horace, Mr. Pulteney said the honorable gentleman's Latin was as bad as his politics. Sir Robert adhered to his version, and bet his opponent a guinea that he was right, proposing Mr. Harding as arbiter. The bet being accepted, Harding rose, and with ludicrous solemnity, gave his decision against his patron. The guinea was thrown across the house, and when Pulteney stooped to pick it up, he observed, that "it was the first public money he had touched for a long time." After his death the guinea was found wrapped up in a piece of paper on which the circumstance was recorded.

WORST OF TWO EVILS.

Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in king Charles II time, was saying one day to Sir Robert Viner in a melancholy humor: "I am afraid, Sir Robert, I shall die a beggar at last, which is the most terrible thing in the world." "Upon my word, my lord," said Sir Robert, "there is another thing more terrible which you have to apprehend, and that is that you will live a beggar, at the rate you go on."

WORTHY OF CREDIT.

A gentleman was applied to by a crossing-sweeper for charity. The gentleman replied, "I will remember you when I return." "Please your honour," says the man, "I'm ruined by the credit I give in that way."

"WRITE ME DOWN AN ASS."

A very stupid foreman asked a judge how they were to ignore a bill. "Write *ignoramus* for self and fellows on the back of it," said Curran.

WRONG LEG.

Mathews being invited by D'Egville to dine one day with him at Brighton, D'Egville inquired what was Mathew's favorite dish? "A roasted leg of pork, with sage and onions." This was provided; and D'Egville, carving, could not find the stuff. He turned the joint about, but in

vain. Poole was at the table, and in his quiet way said, "Don't make yourself unhappy, D'Egville; perhaps it is in the other leg."

WRITTEN CHARACTER.

George III having purchased a horse, the dealer put into his hands a large sheet of paper completely written over. "What's this?" said his majesty. "The pedigree of the horse, sire, which you have just bought," was the answer. "Take it back, take it back," said the king, laughingly; "it will do very well for the next horse you sell."

YAWNING.

"You are always yawning," said a woman to her husband. "My dear," replied he, "the husband and wife are one, and when I am alone I grow weary."

YANKEE YARN.

Mr. Dickens tells an American story of a young lady, who, being intensely loved by five young men, was advised to jump overboard, and marry the man who jumped in after her. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea head-foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and four lovers were out again, she says to the captain, "What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?" "Take the dry one." And the young lady did, and married him.

YORKE, CHARLES.

When Mr. Charles Yorke was returned a member for the University of Cambridge, about the year 1770, he went round the Senate to thank those who had voted for him. Among the number was a Mr. P., who was proverbial for having the largest and most hideous face that ever was seen. Mr. Yorke, in thanking him said, "sir, I have great reason to be thankful to my friends in general, but confess myself under a particular obligation to you for the very remarkable countenance you have shown me upon this occasion."

YORKSHIRE BULL.

A Yorkshire clergyman, preaching for the Blind Asylum began by gravely remarking, "if all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be"

"YOU'LL GET THERE BEFORE I CAN TELL YOU."

Mr. Neville, formerly a fellow of Jesus college, was distinguished by many innocent singularities, uncommon shyness and stammering of speech, but when he used bad words he could talk fluently. In one of his solitary rambles a countryman met him and inquired the road. "Tu-u-rn," says Neville, "to-to-to," and so on for a minute or two; at last he burst out, "Confound it, man! you'll get there before I can tell you."

DR. YOUNG.

Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, (one of whom he afterwards married,) when the servant came to acquaint him that a gentleman wished to speak with him. As he refused to go, one lady took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the

garden-gate; when finding resistance in vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and spoke the following lines:

"Thus Adam looked, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from Heaven.

Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine is more unkind:

His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

YOUNG IDEA.

Schoolmistress, pointing to the first letter of the alphabet: "Come, now, what is that?" Scholar — "I shan't tell you." Schoolmistress — "You won't! But you must. Come, now, what is it?" Scholar — "I shan't tell you. I didn't come here to teach you, but for you to teach me."