

chair; and, on his master ordering him to drink, he bolted, and he was on the house-top in a twinkling. They called him down. He would not come. His master shook the whip at him. Jack, astride on the ridge-pole, grinned defiance. A gun, of which he was always much afraid, was pointed at this disciple of temperance; he ducked his head, and slipped over to the back of the house—upon which, seeing his predicament, and less afraid apparently of the fire than the fire-water, the monkey leaped at a bound on the chimney-top, and getting down into a flue, held on by his fore-paws. He would rather be singed than drink.—He triumphed, and although his master kept him for twelve years after that, he never could persuade the monkey to taste another drop of whiskey. Rev. Dr. Guthrie's Old Year's Warning.

What Hope Did.

It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease; and the sufferer's frown became a smile—the emblem of peace and endurance. It went to the house of morning—and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs. It laid its hand upon the arm of the poor man which was stretched forth at the command of holy impulse, and saved him from disgrace and ruin. It dwelt in a living thing in the heart of the mother, whose son tarried longer after the promised time of his coming: and has saved her from desolation, and "care that killeth."

It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society, and had led him on to the work that even his enemies praised. It snatched a maiden from the jaws of death, and went with an old man to heaven. No hope? my good brother. Have it—beckon it to your side. Wrestle with it that it may not depart. It may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best—but hope shall lead you over its mountains and sustain you amid billows. Part with all besides—but keep hope.

HOW TO GET A FEATHER BED.—The following extract is from Lover's "Handy Andy":

"In carrying off the small thing of a feather bed, Jake Take, the bold burglar, showed the skill of a practitioner for he descended the stairs backwards. "Backward!" exclaimed Harry Logan, "what was that for?"

"You'll see by and by, said Croggins. "He descended backwards, when suddenly he heard the door opening and a female voice exclaimed: "where are you going with that bed?"

"I am going up stairs with it ma'am," said Jake whose backward position favored his lie, and he began to walk up again.

"Come down," said the lady, "we want no beds here, man."

"Mr Sullivan, ma'am, sent me home with it himself," said Jake.

"Come down, I tell you," said the lady in a rage "there's no Mr Sullivan lives here."

"I beg your pardon, my lady," said Jake—then turning around and marching off with the bed fair and easy.

Well there was a regular shilloo in the house when the thing was found out, and cart ropes wouldn't hold the lady she was in such a rage.

A Man lost.

In the town of N—, some years since, there lived a half-witted personage, who flourished under the euphonious name of Zephaniah Shurtleef. He followed no particular business, but used to roam round as fancy or caprice dictated. In the summer and early in the autumn he was in the habit of going out on berrying excursions, sometimes by the roadside, at other times in some more distant locality. On one of these expeditious, either because his faculties were more than usually clouded, or from some other cause, he was unable to find the way home. A neighbor, of whose presence he was not aware, heard him calling out at the top of his voice in the following amusing strain—

"I'm lost! I'm lost! My name is Zephaniah Shurtleef, and I'm married to Nancy Parker. I'm lost! Come and find me, away down in the huckle-berry pasture—close by the great rock—side of the old oak tree. I'm lost. Come and find me!"

It is needless to say that his pathetic appeal received due attention, and the consort of Nancy Parker was restored to the conjugal embrace.

Courting in the country is altogether a different institution from the city article. In the former place you get rosy lips, sweet cider, Johnny cake and girls made by nature; and in the latter, a collection of starch phrases, formal manners, fine silk great jewelry, and girls got up *secundum artem*.—Always take the rural district when you want to get a good style of calico.

THE MILITARY UNION OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—This event, at which the Duke of Cambridge was present yesterday, was more than a brilliant military manœuvre—it had a political importance, which did not escape the notice of any of the numerous spectators who thronged the Champ de Mars. English uniforms mingling with French uniforms, were for every eye the visible sign of that strict alliance which the same feeling of dignity and civilization, and the same interest has cemented between France and England—an alliance so much the more serious and durable that it does not result from those personal considerations nor from those dynastic affinities which the slightest incident compromises and overturns, but rests on mutual sympathy and on a truly national policy. The presence of the English officers has besides been the occasion of manifestations altogether spontaneous, which attest at the same time the progress and the justice of public opinion. The acclamations which broke out on their passage demonstrated in an undeniable manner that the union of the two nations is not less cordial than that of the governments. There remains at present nothing of the ancient prejudices which aroused such lively and such deplorable passions between England and France. All the classes of society in each of these two great countries are well aware that France and England are, in the whole world, the most worthy and the most disinterested representatives of right, justice, and moral and material progress; that they have the same interests to carry out, and the same interests to defend; that in fine, as their contest have shaken all States, so their alliance confirms the general equilibrium, and guarantees the security of modern nations. The first effort of this new and generous alliance has for its object to protect the rights of Europe against the ambition of Russia, to maintain respect for treaties, to arrest in their invading march the heirs of Attila and of the Huns, and to oppose to the barbarism of the races of the north the impassable barrier of civilization. The armies which march for the support of this noble cause may be proud of their mission; they will obtain not merely that glory of a military character which is sought for on the battle-field—they will also have that still more useful glory which great services merit, rendered to humanity by the triumph of principles which insure universal peace. Such were the sentiments and impressions which yesterday filled every mind on seeing a prince of England by the side of the Emperor of the French, and the superior officers of Great Britain and France confounded in the same ranks, at the same moment when they are about to undertake the supreme struggle of right against iniquity, and of the interest of all against the ambition of a single one.—*Paris Presse, 13th.*

MALTA.—*Valetta, Friday, March 24th.*—The inspection of the brigade of Guards, of the 33d Regiment, the 93 Regiment, and of the Rifles, which took place to-day on the Floriana at 12 o'clock was in reality a very imposing review. General Canrobert, General Bosque, General Martimprey, and a number of other officers attached to the French expeditionary columns were present, and expressed to General Ferguson and to Brigadier General Bentinck their complete satisfaction and delight at the splendid appearance of the men, their steadiness in marching, and the perfect discipline of the force. Several French non-commissioned officers and privates were on the ground, and most of them seemed particularly struck by the costume of the 93d Highlanders. The most perfect good feeling pervades the allies. The most sensitive of Frenchmen could see nothing in our covered ensigns to revive the least feeling of bitterness or international hatred. It was pleasant to witness the meeting of two armies which had never yet had a friendly recourte. On the soil of Malta French and English troops here stood for the first time without preparing for the shock of battle, and the cheers which are now ringing from shore to sea, till the rocks re-echo, are no longer ominous of conflict.—When the Christophe Colomb and the Minstrel came in last night, the cheering never ceased as long as there was the smallest pretence for it.—Our bands played "*partant pour la Syrie*," and several French airs, and the bands of our allies returned the compliment with "God Save the Queen"

"This is a pretty time o'night to come skulking home, you drunken brute! Whar you been, eh?" said Mrs. Potts, when she saw Mr. Potts practising at the cork-screw polka on the staircase. "Been—hic—been? Why—hic—ye see, Sal,—hic—Sally, I've been to the—hic—concertance mass—hic—meeting, and I've eat too m-much lemonade." "Eat what?"—"Y-es—hic—eat that, too." At this juncture a heavy squelch announced the downfall of the Potts family.

ELOPEMENT.—Elsworth, if we may believe the Boston papers, has been favored with an elopement that happened and another that was intended. Two wives, as the *Boston Herald* tells the story, had been prevailed upon by fascinating young men, to leave their husbands and fly to the far west, there to seek for happiness and secrecy under a new name. One couple succeeded in getting away, but in consequence of being arrested for debt, the gentleman of the other pair was unable to proceed with his plans. The more successful pair went to Boston, and stoped at the Buffalo House, entering their names as "Robert Casey and wife." Here they had arranged to await the arrival of their friends.

The woman,—so the *Herald* continues,—had with her two young children, neatly dressed, to whom she was much attached. Finding his friend did not arrive, the man began to grow uneasy; his affection for the woman began to grow cold and the tears of the lady only produced sneers. Tuesday afternoon he went out, saying he would soon return, but has not since been seen by the woman. That night was passed by her in loneliness and in tears. Early the next morning the husband arrived, and officer Locke went in search of the missing woman.

The husband expressed his willingness to forgive her this time, if she would promise to "go and sin no more," and when at length she was found his heart melted and he forgave her. He paid the bills at the hotel, which her paramour forgot to settle, and returned again to his home which will once more be made happy by the presence of the one he loves.

Who the hero of this elopement is, remains a mystery. The husband has never seen him, and the wife is not inclined to say much upon the subject. He seems to be a sort of adventurer,—tall, graceful, good-looking, with a taking moustache, and any quantity of breast pins, gold chains and finger rings,—just the sort of a man to run away with a foolish woman. The lady is about thirty years of age, handsome, buxom, and smart enough to run away with a lover, and then obtain forgiveness of her husband.

FRENCHIFIED.—The "gradations of a French newspaper" are curious. When Napoleon escaped from Elba and returned to France, the *Moniteur* announced the events as follows: First announcement—"March, 1815. The Monster has escaped from the place of banishment; he has run away from Elba." Second—"The Corsican dragon (Pogre) has landed at Cape Juan." Third—"The Tiger has shown himself at Gap. The troops are advancing on all sides to arrest his progress. He will conclude his miserable adventure by becoming a wanderer among the mountains; he cannot possibly escape." Fourth—"The monster has really advanced as far as Grenoble; we know not to what treachery to ascribe it." Fifth—"The tyrant is actually at Lyons. Fear and terror seized all at his appearance." Sixth—"The usurper has ventured to approach the capital to within sixty hours march." Seventh—"Bonaparte is advancing by forced marches, but it is impossible he can reach Paris." Eighth—"Napoleon will arrive under the walls of Paris to-morrow." Ninth—"The Emperor Napoleon is at Fontainebleau." Tenth—"Yesterday evening his Majesty the Emperor made his public entry, and arrived at the Tuilleries—nothing can exceed the universal joy."

TEMPERANCE GIN.—The Providence Journal mentions that at the recent election in Rhode Island there was a very close contest for selectmen, in consequence of the introduction of the Temperance question. Just before the polls closed, and while the excitement was at the highest, five Anti-Main law voters drove up in a wagon, and the Main law people seeing they were likely to be beaten, resolved on a resort to desperate means for carrying their point—the Liberals of course trusting to the efficacy of their principle alone; and the latter was defeated—for, says the Journal, "the leader of the Main law party stepped forth and offered two gallons of gin to the squad if they would vote his ticket. The offer was accepted, and the two gallons of gin elected a Temperance board of town officers."

We never much admired the church warden's wife who went to church for the first time in her life because her husband was church warden, and being somewhat late, the congregation were getting up from their knees at the time she entered; and she said with a sweet condescending smile, "pray keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen; I think no more of myself than I did before."

On the 20th March eight Egyptian and Turkish steamers left Alexandria, with 6000 Egyptian troops, placed by Abbas Pasha at the disposal of the Sultan.

Promotion.

The Queen of Spain has invested the Virgin Mary with the order of the "Golden Fleece." This is the most singular piece of intelligence we have ever heard; and no doubt the "Queen of Heaven"—as pious Papists call the Virgin Mary—will feel highly honored by the distinction.

In addition to being appointed patroness of Ireland by Her loving worshippers, the Papists of Ireland, this new honor from the good and truly pious Queen of Spain will quite overwhelm the spirit of the Virgin.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose. If the former, the person can see and go straight ahead—if the latter, the head is rather apt to go where it can't see at all. A glass before the eyes is apt to make man a philosopher—one before the mouth will most likely make him a fool. The eye raises one to new heights of glory and things—that longitudinal aperture just under the smellers, sinks corduroy to new depth. Will young gentlemen with weak eye sight and strong spiritual appetites, please chalk it down in their biggest album?

WARLIKE.—The following is a literal translation of a "jeu d'esprit" in a recent number of a Copenhagen newspaper:

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

Of War you'll see the sad realities,
If you don't quit the Principalities.

RUSSIA.

We thank you for your good advice,
And—cross the Danube in a trice!

Mrs. Sprigs will you be helped to a small piece of the truce? "Yes, my dear Mr. Wilkins, I will." "What part would you prefer, my dear Mrs. Sprigs?" "I will have a couple of the wings, a couple of the legs, some of the breast, the side bone, some filling, and a few dumplings—as I feel very unwell to-day!" Wilkins fainted.

A man wrote to his friend abroad, asking him to purchase books. He neglected to execute the commission; but fearing that his friend might be offended, he exclaimed, when next they met, "My dear friend, I never got the letter that you wrote me about the books."

"Pa," said a little seven years old fellow, "you guess our man Ralph is a good Christian?" "How so my son?" "Why pa, I just read in the Bible that the wicked shall not live out half their days, and Ralph says he has lived out ever since he was a boy."

The orator who carried away his audience, affectionately and humanely requested to bring it back as there were 320 mothers in it who left "sucking babies" at home that are liable to want "something" sometime or another, or from that time to an hour and a half.

The census-takers found great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of the girls, a large majority of them being only sixteen. In one family in neighboring county, there were found to be twelve girls between sixteen and eighteen years of age.

The unimproved lands of Oregon are so barren that a surveyor writes:—"I think the United States ought to make Great Britain take it all back of fight. Thank God, we did not get up to 54 40; 40 is bad enough."

OMINOUS.—The London Diogenes says that the tail of the comet has been distinctly observed to consist of nine chords—which is ominous of the approaching thrashing Nicholas will receive.

On one of the country gentlemen (in Parliament saying, "We must return to the food of our ancestors," somebody asked, "What food does he mean?" "Thistles, I suppose," said Tierney.

The difference between a watch and a man is that the winding of one up sets it going, and the same operation performed on the other causes him to stop.

"What are you writing such a big hand for Pat?"

"Why you see my grandmother is deaf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

The Turkish Bulletins speak of the allies of the Sultan. The Russian bulletins are made up of all-lies of the Emperor.

Mrs. Hollyhock was presented with a plate, yesterday. There were beef and potatoes on it. No speeches were made.

"There's a brandy smash," as the wag said when a drunken man fell through a pane of glass.