

master of the ceremonies and inventor of pleasures at the court of Nero, when he saw that elegant indulgence was giving place to coarse debauchery, perceived at once that his term of favor had ended, and it was time to die. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate the tyrant, and disrobe death of his paraphernalia of terror. Accordingly, he entered a warm bath, and opened his veins, composed verses, jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, disliking the inconveniences and infirmities of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day; but, to oblige his sister, he postponed his departure until three feasts of Ceres were over. He supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and then expired by arrangement. Jerome Carden, a celebrated Italian physician, starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety as to hit the very day and hour foretold. When Rabelais was dying, the Cardinal sent a page to inquire how he was.—Rabelais joked with the envoy until he found his strength declining, and his last moments approaching. He then said, "Tell his eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a great possibility. He is in a snug nest; let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain; the farce is over." When the famous Count De Grammont was reported to be in extremity, the King, Louis XIV., being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent the Marquis de Dangeau to beg of him, for the credit of the court, to die like a good Christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but turning round to his countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety, he said, with a smile, "Countess, take care, or Dangeau will filch from you the credit of my conversion."

A DUELING LESSON.—Two young surgeons of Paris once had a dispute, on some trivial affair, which resulted in a challenge, and the subsequent arrangements for a duel. They reached the ground early in the morning, with their seconds and pistols, and found an old woman there who had a youth by the hand.

"Why are you here?" asked one of the combatants, turning towards the old woman.

"I heard last night from old Pierrie, the boatman, that he had engaged to bring over two young gentlemen this morning, and I felt sure there was to be a duel," answered the female.

"And are you fond of such sights, my good woman?"

"No," she quickly returned; "but on the contrary, I dislike them. Yet I meant to come and see this one. This is my grandson. His father, my son and only child, fell in a duel. Young Luilein is hot and impetuous, and I have feared he might at some time fall into this same error if he was not warned. So I have brought him over here that he might see one friend shoot another, hoping that the scene will effectually cure him of all desire ever to maintain his honour at such fearful expense. You may go on. I will not trouble you."

The two surgeons gazed first upon the old woman and her fair-haired grandchild, and then upon each other. They blushed, and then smiled.

"Shall we give her the lesson?" said one.

"No. We'll give her a better," answered the other.

And they shook hands and went back to the city.

A RECOMMENDATION.—In the town of Galt, O. W., there is a sign protruding from a building on the principal street which read "Heartless & Purseless, Bakers." Some wag of a painter residing thereabouts, erased the comma after "Purseless," and introduced a letter "n" in "Bakers," and it now reads as follows:—"Heartless & Purseless Bankers." If that firm isn't worthy of support, we ain't a judge.

A person named Danger kept a public house on the Huntington road, near Cambridge, England.—On being compelled to quit the house, which was not his own, he built an inn on the opposite side of the road, and caused to be painted beneath the sign:—"Danger from over the way." His successor in the old house restored by inscribing over his door:—"There is no Danger here now."

A few days since a barber offered a reward for instantly removing superfluous hair. Among the answers was one forwarded by a gentleman in Kingston. We give it:—"Undertake to kiss a woman against her will."

GOING TO SEA.—"Bill did you ever go to sea?" "I guess I did. Last year for instance, I went to see a mod-haired gal; but I only called once." "Why so?" "Cause her brother had an unpleasant habit of throwing boot-jacks at people."

A YOUNG LADY DRAWN IN A LOTTERY.—The readers of the Portfolio will remember that an ingenious French lady conceived the idea of disposing of herself in a lottery. Being thirty years old and tired of a maiden life, she decided upon the following plan. She created a lottery of five thousand francs each, the winner of which was to take both the money and the lady. The subscribers were to be all single men, and accepted by herself as competitors, after a personal interview. The subscriptions were placed in the hands of a notary as fast as made, and the drawing was not to take place until the sum of half a million francs was complete.

We now learn from the New York Times that the drawing recently took place in the office of the notary who held the subscription in the presence of two magistrates. A thousand numbers were placed in an urn, the subscribers being numbered in order as their names were inscribed. The urn was thoroughly shaken up, a blind hand was thrust in and No. 499 withdrawn. The happy individual who subscribed No. 499 was a Tunisian General, who had already occupied the public attention by his oriental caprices. But the lady was neither frightened at the turban, nor the beard; nor the religion, nor the harem of the happy barbarian, who hastened to marry her, and to pocket his five hundred thousand francs. The happy couple have left for Tunis, where they will reside.—*Portfolio.*

THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.—The fall of locusts is regarded in some parts of the world as a dreadful scourge, the most unfailing manifestation of the wrath of God. The following description of this terrible affliction is given by Lord Caernarvon in his "Portugal and Gallicia."

"Travelling along the western coast of Africa I once beheld this terrible infliction. These creatures fell in thousands and tens of thousands around us and upon us, on the sands along which we were riding, and on the sea that was beating at our feet, yet we were removed from their more oppressive influence, for a few hundred yards to our right, darkening the air, the great, innumerable host came on slowly and steadily, advancing in a direct line, and in a mighty moving column. The fall of locusts from this central column was so great that when a cow, directly under the line of flight, attempting ineffectually to graze in the field, advanced her mouth to the grass, there rose immediately so dense a swarm, that her head was for a moment almost concealed from sight, and as she moved along, bewildered by this worse than Egyptian plague, clouds of locusts rose up under her feet, visible even at a distance, as clouds of dust when set in motion by the wind on a stormy day. At the extremity of the field I saw the husbandmen bending over their stiffs, and gazing with hopeless eyes upon that host of death, which swept, like a destroying angel over the land, and consigned to ruin all the prospects of the year, for wherever that column winged its flight, beneath its withering influence the golden glories of the harvest perished, and the leafy honors of the forest disappeared. There stood those ruined men, silent and motionless, overwhelmed with the magnitude of their calamity, yet conscious of their utter inability to control it; while farther on, where some woodland lay in the immediate line of the advancing column, heath set on fire and trees kindling into a blaze, testified the general horror of a visitation which the ill-fated inhabitants endeavored to avert by such a frightful remedy. They believed that the smoke arising from the burning forest and ascending into the air, would impede the direct march of the column, throw it into confusion drive the locusts out to sea, and thus deliver the country from their desolating presence."

A FEW HINTS TO BACHELORS.—If you intend to marry—if you think your happiness will be increased and your interest advanced by matrimony—be sure and look where you are going.

Join yourself in union with no woman who is selfish, for she will sacrifice you.—with no one who is fickle for she will become estranged.

Have nought to do with a proud woman, for she will despise you;—nor with an extravagant one, for she will ruin you.

Leave coquette to the fools that flatter around her.

Let her own fireside accommodate a scold.

Come not near a woman who is a slattern, for she will disgust you.

Flee from one who loves scandal, as you would from old Nick himself.

A paper in British India, publishes a letter from a person at Kurnah, who says he is determined to export 120,000 salted rats to China. The Chinese eat rats, and he thinks they may sell. He says he had to pay one pice a dozen, and the salting, gutting, pressing and packing in casks, raises the price to six pice.

ODD ADVERTISEMENTS.—A few years ago some enterprising genius—a Yankee, of course—hit upon a cheap and excellent device to puff his wares. He had his advertisements printed on neat little paper fans, which were given away, used, and of course read at a great rate. Of late the "dodge" has been revived in Paris, and so much were the gay French taken with the humor and originality of the plan that they even purchased them with avidity. They are generally carried round in the theatres, exhibition rooms, concerts, and the like, where of course fans are the most needed. Next to advertising in a paper this is beyond question one of the best means of bringing one's self before the public.

Another curious and noticeable device for impressing on the minds of the public the names and quality of certain goods which has of late become popular in Paris deserves mention. Advertisements are printed or painted on the bottom of soup plates, which are presented to eating-houses, the proprietors of which are very glad to be so cheaply kept in crockery ware. "Buy your coats of St.itch & Co." gradually becomes visible as the *potage* disappears under the spoon of the guest, and try "Snigglefriz's celebrated brandy" is inscribed on the side of the water pitcher.—*Portfolio.*

God, who is liberal in all His other gifts and favours, is sparing in the distribution of time, never allowing us to have two moments at command. He gives but the second as he takes away the first, and leaves us in absolute uncertainty whether the third shall ever be ours or not.

FACETIE.

A man was recently fined in England for cheating himself. He was charged with using a steel-yard that was incorrect. It turned out that the inaccuracy of the steel-yard, which was one used for weighing the coals from the pits, defrauded the man himself, but the sheriff was compelled to fine him.

"Mr. Filkins, you say you know the defendant; what is his character?" "For what, sir—sneering or integrity?" "For integrity, sir." "Well, all that I can say about Jones is, that if he is honest, he's got a queer way of showing it, that's all." "What do you mean by that?" "Just this, that the night before he dines on turkey, somebody's poultry coop is always broken open." "That will do, Mr. Filkins."

A dandy, with a cigar in his mouth, entered a menagerie, when the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth lest he should learn the other monkeys bad habits.

"That man," meaning the Rev John Wesley, said a right reverend bishop to George the Third, "should be silenced, your majesty." "True, my lord, true," rejoined the King, "we'll make a bishop of him, and he'll never preach again."

A sweet young lady of the tender and sympathetic age of ten, on returning from church the other day, threw herself languidly upon a sofa, and exclaimed:—"Really, mamma, I must decline attending church with you in future, unless you can obtain a different pew from that we occupy at present." "Why so?" asked the astonished parent. "Because," replied the incipient coquette, "there is a person in the adjoining pew who stares at me like a pest; and I do assure you, my dear mamma, that I never gave him the slightest encouragement."

SETTING HIM RIGHT.—"I stand," said a western stump orator on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and palsied be mine arm if I forsake 'em!" "You stand on nothing of the kind!" interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand on my boots that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

A BAD ROAD.—"Stranger, which is the road to village?" "There's two roads," responded the fellow. "Well, which is the best?"—"Ain't much difference; both on 'em very bad. Take which you will, afore you've got half-way, you'll wish you'd took to 'ther."

Springings says he always travels with a "sulky"—that is, he always goes with his wife, who contrives to be obstinate and out of humour from the time they leave home till they get where they are going to. The only time she ever smiled, he says, was when he went to jail on her account.

The late Mr. Joseph Bush amused us once with a story told of a brother barrister on the Leicester Circuit. As the coach was about starting, after breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated behind the bar, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by heavens, I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."

"Won't you take half of this poor apple?" said a pretty damsel to a witty strain. "No, I thank you; I would prefer a better half." Eliza blushed, and referred him to her papa.

IRISH ARGUMENT VS. PATHETIC APPEAL.—A lawyer upon a Circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the case of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms, and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect until the opposite lawyer asked the child—"What made him cry?" "He pinched me!" answered the little innocent. The whole Court was convulsed with laughter.

The following royal anecdotes are going the round of the press. The Duchess of Kent found certain biscuits supplied by an Edinburgh baker to be peculiarly nice, and ordered the host of her hotel to continue the supply. On Sunday the landlord found he had none left, and sent for a fresh consignment. The baker indignantly replied he would not serve the Queen herself on Sunday. Mr. Barry represented the case to the Duchess just as it stood, whereupon her royal highness called in person on the baker and ordered twelve dozen biscuits to be sent to her every week. The Queen, to whose ears the story came, gets every week a similar supply. Her majesty, in her walks about Balmoral dropped into the hut of an old Highland widow, and talked very familiarly upon ordinary topics. At last the widow ended—"Ye ne'er say anything about the Queen: I reckon ye're Mrs. Albert herself!" Calling in another bothy, her Majesty found a very aged woman alone at tea.—In the course of chat she observed—"You are very old to be alone." "Oo!" was the reply, "I've walty (plenty) o' folk to take care o' me, but they're a' oot to see the Queen." "Tell them," replied her Majesty, "when they returns that the Queen was oot to see you." Subsequently her Majesty took shelter in the same hut from an evening shower and received a very free but very kindly scold for venturing out so late.

THE DEITY OF INFANCY.—As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep, there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if in pain, she relieves it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is its heaven. The mother is the deity of infancy.

DURATION OF A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.—In Arago's Meteorological Essays, lately published, many latitudes are given where the phenomena of thunder and lightning are unknown; those among the inhabitants of Lima and Peru, for instance, who have never traveled, can from their own experience have no idea of thunder; and they are equally unacquainted with lightning; for even noisless sheet lightnings never appear in the atmosphere of Lower Peru, often moist, but never showing true clouds. Arago sums up his enquiry by saying that the most brilliant and extensive flashes of lightening, which appear to embrace the whole extent of the visible horizon have not duration equal to the thousandth part of a second of time.

STEERING BY STARLIGHT.—A story is told of a "green hand" on board a coasting vessel, who couldn't learn to steer by the mariner's compass. It was a clear starlight night, and the captain told him to head the vessel towards a bright particular star, which he pointed out. This was done, and for a short time all was right; but before long she was veering widely from her true course, and rushing rapidly before the wind.

"Ahoy! there, greenhorn, at the wheel!" roared the excited commander. "Port your helm! What do you mean? Where's the star?"

"Dear Captain," timidly replied the devious helmsman, "keep cool, don't get excited—never mind—I lost that star, but found another, brighter and better than the one you showed me!"

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST.—"Well," said the old lady, the other day, as she was engaged at her knitting work, "I wonder if I ever shall be able to express myself correctly. It seems to me I can never use the right word. Everytime I undertake to say something I make some blunder or other. Whenever I open my mouth I am sure to put my foot in it!"—and she drew a sigh as she spoke, indicating that her mortification was inexpressible.

Counselor Lamb, an old man, when Lord Erskine was at the height of his reputation, was a man of timid manners and nervous temperament, and unusually preoccupied his plea with an apology to the effect. On one occasion when opposed to Erskine, he happened to remark that he felt himself more and more timid as he grew older. "No wonder," replied the witty but relentless barrister, "every one knows that the older a lamb grows, the more sheepish he becomes."

CONDENSED THOUGHTS.—It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous. These are very plain and important truths, too little heeded by gluttons, spendthrifts, book-worms, and hypocrites.