

UTILITY OF DECISIVE MEASURES.—General Picton, like Otway's Pierre, was a "bold, rough soldier," who stopped at nothing; he was a man whose decisions were as immutable, as his conceptions were quick and effective, in all things relative to the command which he held. While in the Peninsula, an assistant-commissary (commonly called an assistant-commissary-general, the rank of which appointment is equal to a captain's), through very culpable carelessness, once failed in supplying with rations the third division, under General Picton's command, and on his being remonstrated with by one of the principal officers of the division, on account of the deficiency, declared, with an affected consequence unbecoming the subject, that he should not be able to supply the necessary demand for some days. This was reported to the General, who instantly sent for the commissary, and laconically accosted him with, "Do you see that tree, sir?" "Yes General, I do." "Well, if my division be not provided with rations to-morrow by twelve o'clock, I'll hang you on that very tree." The confounded commissary muttered, and retired. The threat was alarming; so he lost not a moment in proceeding at a full gallop to head-quarters, where he presented himself to the Duke of Wellington complaining most emphatically of the threat which General Picton had held out to him. "Did the General say he would hang you, sir?" demanded his grace. "Yes my lord, he did," answered the commissary. "Well sir," returned the Duke, "if he said so, believe me he means to do it, and you have no remedy but to provide the rations." The spur of necessity becomes a marvellous instrument in sharpening a man to activity; and the commissary found it so; for the rations were all up, and ready for delivery by twelve o'clock next day.—*Scrap Book.*

UNCOMMON GOOD SHOT.—The late Sheridan was more celebrated in the senate than in the field. It chanced that he once paid a visit to an old sportsman, and in order to avoid the imputation of being a down-right *ignoramus*, took a gun, and at the dawn of day went in pursuit of game. He was accompanied by a gamekeeper, a true Pat, who lost no opportunity of praising Sheridan's prowess. The first covey rose within a few yards of the statesman's nose, who waited till they were out of harm's way before he fired. Pat immediately observed, "I see you know what a gun is, it's well you wasn't nearer, or them chaps would be sorry you ever came into the country" Sheridan's second shot was not more successful. "Oh," cried Pat, "what an escape. I'll be bound you rumbled some of their feathers." The third shot was as little effective as the former. "Hah," exclaimed the Irishman, although astonished at so palpable a miss. "I'll lay a thirteen you don't come near us to-day. Master was too near you to be pleasant." On they went without a bird in the bag; at last, on their return, Sheridan perceived a covey and unwilling to give them a chance of flight, he resolved to have a fire at them on the ground. He did so; but they all flew away untouched. Pat,

whose excuses were now almost exhausted, still had something to say; and he joyfully exclaimed, looking at Sheridan, "You made them *lave* that any how;" and with this compliment to his sportsman-like qualities, Sheridan closed his morning's amusement laughing heartily at his companion and rewarding him with half a crown for his patience and encouragement.—*Old Scrap Book.*

CLERICAL WIT.—The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entreating the commanding officer of a regiment, at Fort George, to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds. The officer granted the petition, on condition that Mr. Morrison should accord with the first favour he asked, the favour was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen was invited to the christening. Mr. Morrison desired Major —— to hold up the dog. "As I am a minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said Mr. Morrison, "I must proceed accordingly." Major —— said he asked no more. "Well then, Major, I begin with the usual question, 'you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy.'" The Major understood the joke, and threw away the animal. Thus did Mr. Morrison turn the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.—On another occasion, a young officer scoffed at the parade of study to which clergymen assigned their right to remuneration for labour, and he offered to take a bet, he would preach half an hour on any verse or section of a verse in the Old or New Testament. Mr. Morrison took the bet, and pointed out "And the ass opened his mouth, and he spoke." The officer declined employing his eloquence on that text. Mr. Morrison won the wager, and silenced the scorner.—*Mirror.*

ODD WILL.

John Goss, late of Bristol, Mariner, deceased, proved May 19, 1796.

"My executrix to pay, out of the first monies collected, unto my beloved wife, Hester Goss, (if living) the sum of one shilling, which I give her (as a token of my love) that she may buy hazel-nuts, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is with mending the holes in her stockings."

MOUNTAIN ANECDOTE.—A party had lately climbed up the usual track on the *Skiddow*, when a gentleman (a stranger to the rest of the company) who had given frequent *broad hints* of his *superior knowledge*, said to the guide, "Pray can you tell which is the *highest* part of this mountain?" "the *top*, sir," replied the guide.

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