



The wretch that would a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true born brother,
 Who would set the mob above the Throne,
 May they be hang'd together!

Who will not sing "God save the King,"
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing "God save the King,"
 We'll ne'er forget the People. BURNS.

Friendship.

There are people whose friendship is very like the Welland Canal; that is to say, its repairs cost more than the fee simple is worth.

Mr. H. was recently turned out of office by his political opponents: the next year, having turned his coat, he was reinstated. Some one expressing surprise at Mr. H.'s sudden reinstatement, "Oh," said a wag, "he was only turned out 'during good behaviour.'"

A hungry fellow took up a raw egg, cracked the shell, and was raising it to his mouth, when his ear was saluted by the shrill pipe of an unborn chicken. "You spoke too late," said he, and down went pullet, feathers and all.

The Hatter and the Rustic.—"There are tricks in all trades but ours," as the lawyer said to his client.

An honest rustic went into the shop of a quaker to buy a hat, for which twenty-five shillings was demanded. He offered twenty shillings.

"As I live," said the quaker, I cannot afford it thee at that "price."

"As I live," exclaimed the countryman, "then live more moderately, and be hanged to you."

"Friend," said the Quaker, "thou shalt have the hat for nothing. I have sold hats for twenty years, and my trick has never been found out till now."