

was made upon some jute which was supposed to be in the hold and in the act of heating, which, when the temperature rose to only 100°, caused the apparatus to ring the alarm in the captain's cabin, while the indicator denoted "Fire—Hold." The heat was generated upon this occasion by pouring a quantity of warm water upon the jute. The other experiments were made from calorimeters supposed to be placed in various other parts of the ship, the indicator showing in what part of the vessel the fire was generating; and the heat in these cases also being from a tumbler of water heated only to 100°, applied to the several calorimeters.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

**WHY** are people who stutter not to be relied on?—Because they are always breaking their word.

**WHAT** fashionable game are the frogs most fond of?—Croquet (*Croaky*).

**MUSICAL LAW**.—"Bar's Rest." Long Vacation.

**PROVERBIAL**.—The reason why policemen are never run over is, that they are never in the way.

**AN IRISH TOAST**.—The following toast was given at an Irish society's dinner. "Here's to the president of the society, Patrick O'Raferty; and may he live to ate the hen that scratches over his grave!"

**Landlady (deferentially)**.—Mr. Smith, do you not suppose that the first steamboat created much surprise among the fish when it was first launched?

**Smith (certainly)**.—I can't say, marm, whether it did or not.

**Landlady**.—Oh, I thought from the way you eyed the fish before you, that you might acquire some information on that point.

**Smith (the malicious villain)**.—Very likely, marm, very likely; but it's my opinion, marm, that this fish left its native element before steamboats were invented.

The other day, we witnessed the meeting of two hopeful juveniles, both of whom were remarkable for peculiarity of feature.

"Hi, my hearty," shouted one of them the moment they met, "wouldn't yer like to trade off that 'ere squint eye o' yours?"

"Well," said the other, "maybe it would do mighty well to look kinder round the corner o' that 'ere hook nose o' yours?"

The young gentlemen separated without a sigh or a tear.

The more you contract debts the more they expand.

**TABLE OF INTEREST**.—The dinner-table.

In walking, turn your toes outward, but your thoughts inward.

**A CERTAIN** method of keeping eggs from spoiling: eat them while they're fresh.

**WHICH** is the oldest tree known to man?—The elder tree, of course.

**WHAT** flower most resembles a bull's mouth?—A cowslip.

"I WISH you would pay a little attention to your arithmetic," said an anxious man to her careless son. "Well, I do," was the reply; "I pay as little attention to it as possible."

**SHAKSPERE** says that "use strengthens habit." Somebody states he tried the experiment on a coat, but it did not answer at all.

**HOUSEWIFERY**.—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives, now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

**A KNOWING LINGUIST**.—An unsophisticated alderman, on being told that the Italians have no *w* in their language, informed his informant that he "couldn't fool him in that way," and knowingly wanted to know how they could spell wagon, or wealth, or woman, or wine, without a *w*.

**HOW TO STUDY**.—Take nothing for granted which you can verify for yourself. It may be so, or it may not. Investigate, examine, dissect, analyze, and do not rest until you have proved the point. It may consume time in the present, but will save time in the future.

**REPARTEE**.—I once heard Lord, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in that old saying, "As sober as a judge." It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. "It is perfectly true," replied the judge, "as most of those old saws are. They are characteristic, at least; for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as inebriety is the attribute of a man. Thus we say, 'As sober as a judge,' and 'As drunk as a lord.'"

"**WHAT'S** the matter?" said a stranger to a crowd that had surrounded a black fellow, in ante-petroleum days, for the purpose of carrying him on board of a whaling ship. "Matter?—matter enough," exclaimed the victim. "Pressing a poor negro to get oil."

**DISCONSOLATE PARENTS**.—An advertisement appeared in a morning paper a few days ago respecting a young lady who had eloped, which concluded as follows: "She is most earnestly requested to return to her disconsolate parents; but if she does not choose to come home after this explanation, she is earnestly desired to send the key of the tea-chest!"

**AN IRISH** peer, travelling in France with a negro servant, directed him, if questioned on the subject, always to say his master was a Frenchman. He was punctiliously faithful to his orders; but whenever he said "My massa a Frenchman," Sambo always added, "So am I."

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case." "Ah, sir," replied the conscious witness, "but just think of what I didn't say."

**DOUGLAS JERROLD**, while at an evening party, once gave his opinion that an epitaph should not consist of more than two or three words, including the name. The company appeared incredulous, and Jerrold was requested by one of the party (Charles Knight) to give them an example by writing his epitaph. Jerrold took the paper, and immediately wrote "Good (K)night."

On his return from India, Brown was asked how he liked tiger hunting. "It is very good sport as long as you hunt the tiger," he replied; "but if, hard pressed, he sometimes takes it in his head to hunt you, then it has its drawbacks."

**HATED BOTH**.—"Did you attend church to-day?" said a planter to his late slave.—"Sartin, sar," was the reply; "What stories were they?"—"Why, he tell the people no man can serve two masters; now dis is de fuss story, kase you see once I serve you my ole massa, and also young Massa John. Den de preacher says he will love de one and hate de odder, while de Lord knows how I hated you boff!"

**CANINE RESEMBLANCE**.—A Boston paper says their townsman, Abel Sniggs, has a dog so closely resembling one belonging to Tom Clegg, that it often happens that Clegg's dog takes himself into Sniggs's house, and does not discover his mistake until informed by the cat.

**DIVERSITY OF TASTE WITH REGARD TO BIRDS**.—The infant delights in crows, but hates the thrush; some lunatics are raven mad; gluttons are fond of swallows; gamblers like pigeons and gulls; thieves go in for a robin; fast men glory in a lark; and every good husband loves his little duck of a wife.

**WOMAN'S WIT**.—"Do let me have your carte de visite," said a dashing belle to a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions. Of course the gentleman was delighted, thinking he had made an impression on the lady's heart, and in a short time the picture was sent. She gave it to the servant with the question, "Would you know the original if he should call?" The servant replied in the affirmative. "Well, when he comes, tell him I am engaged."

"**POOR DICK!**" how sadly he is altered since his marriage!" remarked one friend to another. "Why, yes, of course," replied the other, "directly a man's neck is in the nuptial noose, every one must see that he's a haltered person."

The following is a specimen of Western eloquence:—"Where is Europe compared to America? Nowhar. Where is England? Nowhar. They call England the mistress of the sea, but what makes the sea? The Mississippi makes it, and all we've got to do is to turn the Mississippi into the Mammoth Cave, and the English navy will be foundering in the mud."

**DURING** the stormy days of 1848 two stalwart mobocrats entered the bank of the late Baron Anselm Rothschild, at Frankfort. "You have millions on millions," said they to him, "and we have nothing. You must divide with us."—"Very well," said the baron; "what do you suppose the firm of Rothschild is worth?"—"About forty millions of florins," they replied. "Forty millions, you think, eh?" said the banker. "Now, then, there are forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin a-piece. Here's yours."

**THE MOST ANCIENT INHABITANT**.—The oldest inhabitant of the world has just died, aged 6,000 years—namely, the frog that was dug out of the limestone at Hartlepool, and since been exhibited in the museum of that place. The local poet is going to write an ode to the expiring frog. We regret to hear that he was supposed to have been worried to death by some excursionists who had no respect for age.

**GOING UPON TICK**.—Sheridan sometimes got the worst of the war of wit. He having boasted that in his establishment everything went on "like clock-work," a friend smartly observed, "Ay, ay, the whole goes on tick, I suppose." A repartee which was too true to be pleasant to the improvident wit.

**GENERAL SHERIDAN** is said to be as witty as he is brave, and excessively fond of conundrums. One day he astounded the grave and quiet lieutenant-general by asking him why a grape-vine is like a soldier. Of course, Gen. Grant couldn't begin to guess. "Well," said Phil, "it is because it's *listed* and *trained*, has *ten drills* (tendrils) and *shoots*." The lieutenant-general gazed fixedly for a time upon his favourite officer, then bowed his head upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and quietly remarked, "You'll do." (But General Sheridan "won't do," if he thus steals his jokes from Tom Hood.)

**A TALE** is told of Black John, the last of the Cornish jesters, that, one day, after he had for some time amused the guests, and had drunk his full share of the ale, he fell, or seemed to fall, asleep. Of a sudden he started up with a loud and terrified cry. Questioned as to the cause of his alarm, he said to his master, "Oh, sir, I was in a sog (sleep), and I had such a dreadful dream. I thought I was dead, and I went where the wicked people go."—"Ha, John," said Arscott, of Tetcott, in his grim voice, wide awake for a jest or a tale, "then tell us all about what you heard and saw."—"Well, master, nothing particular."—"Indeed, John!"—"No, sir; things was going on just as they do upon earth—here in Tetcott Hall—the gentlefolks nearest the fire."

**A JUST DECISION**.—One night a judge, a military officer, and a minister, all applied for a lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide which had the best claim of the three. "I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at—," said the officer.—"I have sat as judge twenty years in R—," said the judge.—"With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at M—," said the minister.—"That settles the dispute," said the landlord. "You, Mr. Captain, have lain fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; but the aged pastor has stood five and twenty years, so he certainly has the best right to the bed."

**TOBACCO**.—There are about thirty species of tobacco, all possessing nearly the same properties. It is said the plant was first found in Yucatan. It was taken to Spain, and from thence to Portugal. From Portugal it was carried to different European kingdoms. Snuff-taking commenced in Paris. Catherine de Medicis, whose name has an unpleasant history, from its connection with the massacre of Protestants, being its first patron. Soon after the settlement of America, it became an important article of commerce, and 120 lbs. was the stipend paid for a wife by some of the early settlers of Virginia.

At the conclusion of a play acted by some amateurs of fashion at Drury Lane, Foote presenting himself in the green-room was overwhelmed with reproaches. "Where had he been? Why had he not come sooner? Did he know what had missed?—a performance such as he would never have another opportunity of seeing!" and so on. The mimic bowing humbly, signifying his contrition and disappointment. Then approaching Garrick, he asked in a loud whisper, "What he *seriously* thought of it all!" Garrick, probably to flatter the patrician amateurs, affected a jealousy he was far from feeling, and answered in equally audible tones:—"Think of it! Why I never suffered so much in my whole life!"—"What!" cried Foote. "Ah! I see—for the author. Alas, poor Shakspeare!" The laugh was unanimous against Garrick; and even the noble amateurs joined in it, though not unaffected by the jest.

**BEFORE** his comic fame was established, Weston appeared as a substitute for Shuter in the character of *Sharp*. Shuter's name was in the play-bills, and when Weston appeared, the galleries vociferated "Shuter! Shuter!" The uproar increased, and nothing could be heard but "Shuter!" Taking advantage of a momentary lull, Weston, in his imitatively humorous manner, asked aloud, in a seemingly stupid amazement, and pointing to Mrs. Clive (a favourite actress then in the part of *Kate Fry*), said, "Shoot her! Why should I shoot her! I am sure she plays her part very well."

At the declaration of the poll for South Lancaster, Mr. H. Yates Thompson, the young Liberal candidate, who made a gallant though unsuccessful fight, complained in an amusing way of the violence with which his views and those of his friend Mr. Heywood had been attacked. The Tories had treated them, he said, amidst loud laughter, too much in the manner of an angry old woman the other day at Bury, who followed a gentleman who had made an effective speech for the Liberal candidate, gave him a smart slap in the face, and shrieked, "Church and State, you beggar!"

**A YOUNG** Englishman whilst at Naples was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend. "There," said he, "that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?"—"Take care," said the other, "that man is of the first quality."—"I do not care for his quality," said the Englishman, "I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it."—"Pray," said his friend, "be quiet and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and as he entered, "There," said he, "I have brought you your snuff-box."—"Well how did you obtain it?"—"Why," said the Neapolitan nobleman, "I did not wish to make any noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket off it."

**REFUSING A LIBERAL OFFER**.—At an outpost not far up the country (Kaffirland) resided an officer and his wife. The latter was warned by her husband not to venture alone far from the house; but one day, imprudently going beyond her usual limits, she encountered a wild-looking Kaffir, who took her by the hand, and would be moved by no entreaties to suffer her to depart. He made her sit down, and, untying her bonnet, let down her fair long hair, at which he expressed rapturous admiration. He next took off her gloves, and appeared enchanted with her white hands. How much further he would have carried his investigations it is impossible to say, had not the poor lady been rescued by a party of squaws, who, with jealousy in their looks and gestures, rushed upon the Kaffir, thus giving her the opportunity of escaping to her home. Next morning the lady and her husband were awakened at an early hour by a great chattering under their window; and, on inquiring the cause of the disturbance, the gentleman was accosted by the hero of the previous day, who had been so impressed by the charms of our fair country-woman, that he had come with twelve squaws to make the liberal offer of exchanging them for the gentleman's wife, and was not a little surprised when his generous terms were refused.

**SPIRITUALISM** in England is on its last legs. A little while ago the spirits demanded half a sovereign at the doors; now they are willing to perform first and make the collection afterwards, "leaving it entirely to you," and thankfully receiving the smallest donations. This is even a degree lower than the practice of the gentleman who gave an exhibition of rope-tying on Epsom Downs on the Derby Day, but who declined to begin until he had "clucked in another fourpence to make up two bob."

**A WONDERFUL TREE**.—In the birch wood of Culloden there is a remarkable tree, well worthy of note. Somewhere about thirty years ago a little giant of the forest was blown down in a storm, and fell right across a deep gully or ravine, which it completely spanned, and the top branches took root on the other side. From the parent stem no less than fifteen trees grew up perpendicularly, all in a row; and there they still flourish in all their splendour, while the parent stem evinces no token of decay. Several of the trees are not less than thirty feet high. The tree is a large fir.