

TIPPOO SULTAN'S DEATH.—This triumph decided the fate of Tippoo's capital and kingdom. Fresh troops now entered through the breach, where death continued to sweep the streets of the city and walls of the fortress with its desolating arm. Finding further efforts useless, Tippoo withdrew with a few followers towards the inner fort, and, as he passed along slowly, complained of a pain in one of his legs, in which he had once received a wound. Here he was informed that his favourite officer, Meer Gossar, to whom he had sent orders to keep a strict watch, was slain; to which he only replied, "Well, Meer Gossar was never afraid of death." Pursuing his way still onwards to the gate of the fort, he there received a musket-ball in his right side, and passing under the gateway, where his advance was interrupted by the fire of the 12th Light Infantry, he was wounded a second time, the ball entering his side near to the other. His horse having also received a fatal wound, sunk beneath him, and he was now removed to his palanquin, which had been laid at one side of the entrance way. Here, as he lay, a broken hearted and expiring captive at his palace-gate, a passing soldier was attracted by the brilliancy of his girdle, and attempted to pull it away; but the haughty chieftain, summoning all the powers of life that would obey his call, cut at the plunderer, and wounded him in the knee. The savage immediately raised his piece, and discharged its contents into the fevered brain of the Sultan of Mysore."—*Wright's Life of Wellington*

SMART REPLY—A short time ago, as a boy was riding a horse to the fair at Barnsley to sell, he was accosted on entering the town by a sprig of a dealer, who called out in a consequential tone. "Why, Jack, that horse you're riding is badly, look what a white face he's gotten." "Hey," said the lad, breaking off whistling, "an yod hev a white face too, if yod look't through a helter az long az i: hev."

SPEAK TO MAMMA.

When the gentleman comes to the point,
And proposes to Ellen or Char-
Lotte; to cry "My dear man, to be sure!"
Would be going a little too far—
And young ladies can't do it, of course:
So they blush, and say, "Speak to mamma!"
Then the gentleman mounts to his feet,
And, kissing his Ellen or Char-
Lotte, says many adorable things,
Which ain't true, tho' he vows that they are;
And, fixing his hat on his head,
Sets forward to "speak to mamma!"
Who's remarkably soon to be found—
Being up to Miss Ellen or Char-
Lotte, she sits, with her work in her hand,
Alone in the little back-par-
lour, and hopes that that girl won't forget
To remind him to "speak to mamma!"

COMMODORE NAPIER.—Perhaps there is not another man in the world so fit in all respects for the work he has to do as Napier. When he commanded a British frigate, he was always looked upon as a sort of Lord Cochrane run mad; not mad, however, without method; for he is both skilful and calculating; but mad to rush to the cannon's mouth on all occasions, and never so much delighted as when engaged in the turmoil and danger of close action. To a personal appearance highly eccentric, he adds an unceasing activity and untameable enterprise. In the last American war, he and Captain Gordon took their frigates, in spite of a thousand obstacles, up the Potomac, to the town of Alexandria, where they destroyed the national stores, and did immense damage of various kinds. On their return they had to pass close to a point of land which jutted into the river. Here were posted four or five thousand American troops, covered by the brushwood, and these made sure of the two frigates, supposing that they could sweep off the crews by a single volley of their musketry. Gordon and Napier were not so easily caught.—They were quite aware of the trap laid for them. On approaching the point of land the frigates were weighed down on the starboard side, which had the effect of elevating the muzzles of their larboard broad sides; the crew were protected from the musketry by an im-