

woods, not without some forebodings on his part that all was not right. He arrived at Watertown, that evening, for his fears had added wings to his feet, and by ten o'clock had seen the individuals he wished, and was ready to return. This he was determined to do so soon as the moon, which arose at one, should furnish a sufficient light to guide thro' the wilderness he was to traverse on his way to the St. Lawrence. As he had mentioned to the landlord his intention of not retiring to rest, he was left alone in his room while the other inmates of the house gradually dispersed all became silent. There were a few coals on the hearth, sufficient to remove the chill of the evening, but not to furnish light to the apartment. The clock had struck twelve; the candle was expiring in the socket, the blaze now becoming almost extinct, and now flashing up with a sudden brilliancy, that revealed the extremity of the long and gloomy chamber. Dimon sat with his feet on the mantelpiece, his head leaning back, his eyes listlessly watching the shadows as they stretched over the walls in the rapid transitions from light to darkness caused by the taper, and with a feeling of impatience, occasionally glancing at the faint streaks of light which in the east denoted the rising moon. Suddenly he heard a shriek and a disturbance behind him; he turned his head and saw a woman struggling in the arms of a man who was evidently meditating some brutal violence. Dimon sprang from his chair, drew the dagger which he always wore, and flew to her rescue. He was about to plunge the dagger to the heart of the villain, when a clear and brilliant flash of light revealed to him the features of his own Annette, and those of the abandoned Frazer.—The desperate plunge of his weapon only met the impassive air, and before he could repeat the blow, the light expired, and all was total darkness and silence. Whether Dimon slept before or not, he was now fully awake—what he had thought of before as an ominous foreboding, was now to him converted into a reality, and seizing his rifle, he hurried from the house with the speed of one bent on an errand of life and death. It was with a strange mixture of hopes and fears, that Dimon pursued his homeward course, stopping not, except to catch hasty glances at the pocket compass he used to guide his steps.

To be Continued.

*Different modes of wearing Hats.*—A man, who had fretted himself into ill health by his anxiety for a cardinal's hat, once asked his friend how he managed to enjoy such excellent health, while he himself was always a detudinarian?

"The reason is," replied the other, "that you wear your hat always in your head, and I have my head always in my hat."—*New-York Mirror.*

*Dialogue between an Irish Innkeeper and an English Gentleman.*

*Englishman.* Holloa, house!

*Innkeeper.* I don't know any of that name.

*Eng.* Are you the master of the inn?

*Inn.* Yes, sir, please your honor, when my wife's from home.

*Eng.* Have you a bill of fare?

*Inn.* Yes, sir, the fair of Molingar and Ballinsale are next week.

*Eng.* So I perceive—how are your beds?

*Inn.* Very well, I thank you sir.

*Eng.* Have you any Mountain?

*Inn.* Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.

*Eng.* I mean a kind of wine.

*Inn.* Yes, sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine [buttermilk] to Burgundy.

*Eng.* Have you any porter?

*Inn.* Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter:—he'll go any where.

*Eng.* No, I mean porter to drink.

*Inn.* O, sir, he'll drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

*Eng.* Have you any fish?

*Inn.* They call me an odd fish.

*Eng.* I think so, I hope you are not a shark.

*Inn.* No sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

*Eng.* Have you any soals?

*Inn.* For boots or shoes, sir?

*Eng.* Psha! Have you any plaice?

*Inn.* No, sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. A.

*Eng.* Have you any wild fowl?

*Inn.* They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

*Eng.* I must see myself.

*Inn.* And welcome, sir, I'll fetch you the looking glass.

LINES ON HIMSELF.

BY TOM WYNNE KING.

I am, perhaps, as you will say,

A very curious creature!

For I am changing every day,

My name, my shape, my nature.

I am Tom King—and so am known,

But is it not provoking?

Whenever I to jest am prone,

They tell me I am *Jo-King*.

Though fat I am as any bull,

With aptitude for sinking—

If I, by chance, seem rather dull,

They swear that I am *Thin-King*.

In figure, I am short and squat,

Yet if, with ladies walking,

I laugh, and chatter "and all that,"

They vow that I am *Tall-King*.

At night they do admit my claim,

When Sol to rest is sinking;

They call me by my proper name,

And really find me *Wynne-King*.

*A good one.*—A French officer quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice of fighting on either side for money, "while we Frenchmen," said he, "fight for honor." "Yes, sir," replied the Swiss, "every one fights for that he most wants."