

city to reason, but he abandoned the opinion in deference to a single anecdote, related by a friend on whose accuracy he could rely. This gentleman, driven by a storm into a village public house, ordered a fowl to be roasted. Old fashions then prevailed in the south of France, and turnspits were still employed in the place of the modern jack. Neither caresses, threats, nor blows, could make the dog act his part. The gentleman interposed. "Poor dog, indeed!" said the landlord, sharply; "he deserves none of your pity, for these scenes take place every day. Do you know why this pretty fellow refuses to work the spit? It is because he has taken it into his head that he and his partner are to share alike, and it is not his turn." Ampere's informant begged that a servant might be sent to find the other dog, who made no difficulty about performing his task. He was taken out after a while and his refractory partner put in, who began, now that his sense of justice was satisfied, to work with thorough good will, like a squirrel in a cage.

A similar incident was related by M. de Liancourt to the great Arnauld, who with other Port Royalists, had adopted the theory that dogs were automatons and machines, and who, on the strength of this conviction dissected the poor creatures to observe the circulation of the blood, and denied that they felt. "I have two dogs," said the remonstrator against this cruelty, "who turn the spit on alternate days. One of them hid himself, and his partner was about to be put in to turn in his place. He barked and wagged his tail, as a sign to the cook to follow him, went to the garret, pulled out the truant, and worried him. Are these your

machines?" The great Arnauld, mighty in controversy and redoubtable in logic, must have had a latent consciousness that the turnspit had refuted him.—*Arago's account of Ampere.*

### The Way to Cape Ann.

**S**OME forty years ago there lived in Boston a Frenchman, who had been but a short time in the country, and who spoke our language very imperfectly. He had occasion to visit Gloucester, Cape Ann, and in those days there were no railroads, consequently he had to make his journey by some other conveyance. Accordingly he procured a horse and started off on horseback. He found but little difficulty on the road until after he had passed Beverly Bridge, when not knowing which way to turn, he did as any other wise man would have done in such a case, inquire of the first person he met which was the right road. There happened to be a free and easy Yankee passing along just at the time, and our traveller raised his hand to his hat and bowed, as Frenchmen often will do, and thus addressed the Yankee:

"Voulez vous tell me de way to *Keep On!*"

"Well," was the reply, "I don't know any better way you can keep on unless you tie your legs together under the horse."

"Be gar, I no vants to keep on the horse; I vants de place *Keep On!*"

"Oh? you want the place to keep on, do you? Now, down this way, we always think the place to keep on is the saddle; and I guess you're in the right spot."

"You no understand; I no vant de horse nor de saddle; I vants vat you call de *Keep On de Keep On.*"