

trumps. It is by those little anecdotes that the real character of a person is painted. Your stern republican philosophers have seldom been averse to the good things of this world, if they can only obtain them secretly. For instance, Mirabeau, the champion of liberty at the beginning of the Revolution, was so poor, that he was obliged to leave his ring in pledge for his dinner; yet, in a few months, Mirabeau bought an elegant mansion, and purchased Buffon's library, and he had made a bargain with the Court, for £20,000 per month, (500,000 francs) as the price of his going over to royalty, when, happily for his reputation and apotheosis, he died before he had *ratified*.

The great Necker himself, whom his daughter, Madame de Staël, vaunts as the honestest man alive. Necker *generously* undertook to be director general of the finances *gratis*, and his disinterestedness was lauded to the skies; and M. Necker laughed in his sleeve at their simplicity, for he had his agents on the Exchange of Paris, London, and Amsterdam, to job in the Funds under his direction: so much for the pure M. Necker.—This reminds us of an anecdote of the Abbe de St. Pierre. The Abbe had written a phrase, stating, that he never knew a person rise from mediocrity to possess a splendid fortune by honorable means. Madame de Genlis, on a visit to the Abbe, told him, she had discovered an error in his work, and pointed out this passage. Well, madame, and do you know an instance to the contrary? Certainly, my dear friend, M. Necker. Ah! my dear Countess, what would you say if I told you that I had precisely M. Necker in my eye when I wrote that passage?

How different were the "portraits"—Franklin, Mirabeau, and Necker, who died gorged with riches, from our immortal Pitt, who, for twenty years, had all the resources of the British empire at his command, with millions on millions for secret service money at his disposal, and did not leave wherewith to pay for his funeral.

Minimum of Wit.—A Gentleman being asked by a friend, "what it was o'clock?" replied, "Little or nothing." "How so," asked the inquirer, "Why," said the wit, "It is not quite one, and that which is less than one must be little or nothing."

Varieties.

Love's Anxiety.—The curiosity of women, lively at all times, is never so keen, so exacting, and so interested, as in her anxiety to become acquainted with the previous career of her love. She is jealous of all that he has done before she knew him, of every person to whom he has spoken. She will be assured a thousand times that he never loved before, yet she credits the first affirmation. She envies the mother who knew him as a child, even the nurse that may have rocked his cradle.

Half-price.—A witty Hibernian, just arrived in London, and wandering about, perceived a blanket at a shop door, with this inscription on it, "This superior blanket for half price." Pat walked in, and demanded the price. "Just 5s. sir," replied the shopkeeper. "By my sowle, and that's chape enough!" And so, folding the blanket up, and putting it under his arm, he laid down 2s. 6d., and walked off; the shopkeeper intercepted him, and demanded the other 2s. 6d. "Didn't you say, you spalpeen, that the price of the blanket was 5s.? And sure, havn't I given you the half of it? And by 'hat same token, I won't give up my bargain." A scuffle ensued, and Pat was taken to Bow-street; but when there, he pleaded his cause so ably, that the magistrates dismissed the complaint, and advised the shopkeeper never again to ticket his goods at *half price*.

A Strike.—"Lately," says the New York Commercial Advertiser, "in passing through Houston Street, we noticed a well-known boot black, sunning himself by the side of a fence. Knowing his usual industrious habits, we ventured to ask Scip why he was 'holding on' there. 'Oh, Boss,' said he, 'I've struck.' 'Struck!—for what? 'More wages, can't black boots for six pence—Massa Rutta, he ax more for brush—Massa Gossalum raise he price five centum a dozen for box o' blackum—muss have a shillem!' 'Oh, but, Scip. I am an old customer, you won't raise on me. I'll sepd my boots with a six-pence, and do you mind' make them shine like a dollar.' Yes, Boss, I'll brush 'em sixpence worth!' Not doubting but they would be returned in decent order, we were not a little surprised to find them in the hall next morning, one of them shining like a mirror, and the other covered with mud, with a note stating that he intended to assist the chimney-sweeps in their turn out."