

ANECDOTE OF DR. NOTT.

"Ticket! O yes, it's all very well for you to want my ticket, but I want my hat!" replied Beau bristling up.

"Very sorry, sir really. I barely deared to call your attention, and I took the only means in my power," said the conductor.

"You had better use a cane to attract a person's attention next time, and hit him over the head with it if he happens to be looking the other way!" replied the indignant Beau.

"Well, sir, I am ready to apologise to you again, if you wish: I have done so already once," said the disconcerted official.

"Yes, no doubt, but that don't restore my property that's gone."

"Well, sir, I cannot talk any longer; I'll take your ticket, if you please," said the conductor.

"Ticket! Haven't you just knocked it out of the window, hat and all? Do you want to add insult to injury?"

"O! your ticket was in your hat band," suggested the conductor.

"Suppose you stop the train, and go back and see," said the hatless Beau, with indignant scorn depicted on his face.

"Well, sir, I shall pass you free over the road then," replied the conductor, attempting to go on with his duty.

"The price of a ticket," said Beau, "is one dollar; my beaver cost me a V. Your good sense will at once show you that there is a balance of four dollars in my favor at any rate."

The conductor hesitated. Beau looked like a gentleman, to one not perfectly well pasted up in the human face; he was well dressed and his indignation appeared most honest.

"I'll see you after I have collected the tickets," replied the conductor passing on through the car.

Beau sat in silent indignation, frowning at every body until the conductor returned, and came and sat down by his side. Beau, then, in an earnest undertone, that we could only overhear occasionally, talked to the conductor "like a father," and we saw the crest-fallen man of tickets pay the hatless passenger four dollars.

The trick was at once seen through by both my friend and myself, and the next day, over a bottle of wine at the Monument House, Beau told us he was hard up, hadn't a dollar, picked up an old hat at Gadsley's Hotel in Washington, clapped his cap in his pocket, and resolved that the hat should carry him to Baltimore—and it did with four dollars into the bargain!—Flag of Our Union.

SINGULAR IF TRUE.

The following from the Cincinnati Morning Herald, takes the shine off any thing in the "local items" line we have seen for many a day. It is rich, decidedly, and should be preserved as a specimen by reorters:—

"As a gentleman was passing along Fifth-street, he passed a place where some boys were playing marbles. One of them in shooting his marble cleverly put it under the gentleman's foot. The gentleman slipped and stumbled against a lady who was passing, precipitating her along with himself upon a large hog who was examining the gutter geolorically, or debris. The hog frightened out of his propriety, bolted off, and ran between the legs of another gentleman who in falling saw the string of a kite from the hand of a boy. The kite of course fell, and in falling frightened a span of horses attached to a wagon in a ally near by. The horses ran down the ally. A man who was lighting a fire in a carpenter's shop, by which they passed, started up to see what was the matter, and in so doing dropped a lighted match among the shavings. A fire was the consequence. The engines assembled, and in the hurry consequent upon the alarm, a man fell in the track of one of them and had his arm broken which ended the budget of accidents of the day."

QUEST. Is the boy who shot the hog responsible for the consequent damages?

On an evening preceding Thanksgiving, not many years ago, two students left the college with the foul intent of procuring some of the Doctor's fine fat chickens that roosted in a tree adjoining his home. When they arrived at the spot one ascended the tree while the other stood with the bag ready to receive the plunder. It so happened that the Doctor himself had just left his house with the view of securing the same chickens for his Thanksgiving dinner. The rogue under the tree hearing some one approaching, immediately crept away without notifying his companion among the branches. The Doctor came up silently and was immediately saluted from above as follows:— "Are you ready?" "Yes," responded the Doctor, dissembling his voice as much as possible. The other immediately laying hands on the old rooster exclaimed—"Here's old Prex, will you have him?" "Pass him along," was the reply, and he was soon in the Doctor's bag. "Here's Madam Prex," said the all unconscious student, grabbing a fine old hen, "will you have her?" "Yes," again responded the Doctor. "Her's son John, will you have him?" "Here's daughter Sal, take her," and so on until he had got through the Doctor's family and chickens. The old man walked off in one direction with the plunder, while the student well satisfied with his night's work, came down and streaked it for the college. Great was his astonishment to hear from his companion that he had not got any chickens, and if he gave them to any one it must have been to Dr. Nott. Expulsion, fines, and disgrace, were uppermost in their thoughts until the next forenoon, when both received a polite invitation from the President, requesting the pleasure of their company to a Thanksgiving dinner. To decline was impossible, so with hearts full of anxiety for the result they wended their way to the house, where they were pleasantly received by the old gentleman, and with a large party were soon seated around the festive board. After asking a blessing, the Doctor rose from his seat, and taking a carving-knife turned to the rogues and said—"Young gentlemen, here's old Prex, son John, and daughter Sal," touching successively the respective chickens; "to which will you be helped? The mortification of the students may be imagined."

Mazzini—the Roman Patriot.

The conspirator Mazzini, as he is called, was for thirteen years the marked man of European despotism. Had he dared to set his foot on his native Genoa, or in another spot of land from which he had been exiled, death by the halter or bullet would have been inevitable fate. In Austria, in Russia, or in any other part of Eastern Europe, his capture would have been paid for by pieces of gold. France, Switzerland, and England, were the only countries that could receive the fugitive. Now here, now there, watched, prescribed, feared, he still pursued his design—a wandering myth of insurrection—the very spirit of conspiracy incarnate. Wherever a plot against despotism was going on, there was Mazzini, either in person or by correspondence, sometimes to stir up, at others to repress, and inculcate prudence. Across the Alps and Italy looked at him; young Italians that dared not speak his name, thought of him and prayed for him. At least, neither Switzerland nor France would give an asylum to such a man; England alone could afford him a refuge. For some years accordingly—he was an inhabitant of London—a poor obscure Italian as it seemed, earning a livelihood by literature. The great mass of people he lived amidst knew nothing about him. Sometimes his name would appear in a newspaper coupled with calamity. In a room one person would whisper, "there is Mazzini," and the eye of the person so addressed would rest with more or less of interest, on the slight figure of a man remarkable among a thousand for the burning keenness of his eye and the intense and earnest melancholy of his pale countenance. Of those who knew him more intimately, we never met with one that did not speak of him as a noble and true man, a man of irreproachable rectitude and the most exquisite sensibilities, the very soul of chivalry and honor. Even those who disagreed with him in the very tenor of speculations, and who were disposed to regard him as one misled by a restless enthusiasm that had nothing to do with facts, and the facts would never ac-

knowledge, admired his indestructible magnanimity, and his heroic perseverance. And over such as were at one with him in political faith, his power amounted to absolute fascination. They were never tired of talking of him, of seeing him, of listening to him—they worshipped him with fervor all but religious.

England's Welcome to Kossuth.

Chief of the fallen brave,  
Of the unyielding free,  
Her welcome o'er the wave  
Old England gives to thee—  
On Freedom's chosen shore  
Thy foot shall freely tread;  
On the land that Milton bore—  
On the land where Hampden bled.

We hail thee, gallant Hun;  
We scorn the despot's frown,  
Though Gaul's Republic shun  
The wrath of Austria's crown.  
Tell Kaiser and tell Czar  
Britannic knows no fear—  
Whate'er the fortune of the war,  
Their foe finds honor here.

Then fill, fill high the bowl  
To Kossuth's glorious name—  
The scaffold could not daunt his soul  
The dungeon could not tame.  
Sublime 'gainst monarch's might  
The world saw Kossuth stand,  
For the cause of ancient right,  
For his own loved Fatherland.

What, though by traitor's aid  
The tyrant's won the day  
The heart has not decayed,  
Or the spirit died away.  
We watch for the coming hour,  
We gaze for the destined blow,  
That shall smite the victor's power,  
And lay the oppressors low.

Yes, Scythia's spear shall shiver,  
And Austria's sceptre fall—  
Freely the Magyar's river  
Shall flow by Buda's wall.  
Far o'er the Danube's strand  
The fires of joy shall burn,  
While exults the Magyar's land  
At her exiled chiefs return.

Last Words of Distinguished Men.

Head of the Army.—Napoleon.  
I must sleep now.—Byron.  
It matters little how the head lieth.—Sir Walter Raleigh.  
Kiss me, Hardy.—Lord Nelson.  
Don't give up the ship.—Lawrence.  
Is this your fidelity?—Nero.  
Clasp my hand, my dear friend I die.—Alfieri.  
Give Dayreles a chair.—Lord Chesterfield.  
God preserve the Emperor.—Haydn.  
The artery ceases to beat.—Haller.  
Let the light enter.—Goethe.  
All my possessions for a moment of time.—Queen Elizabeth.  
What! is there no bribing death?—Cardinal Beaufort.  
I have loved my God, my father, and liberty.—Madame de Staël.  
Be serious.—Grotius.  
Into thy hands, O Lord.—Tasso.  
It is small—very small indeed; (clasping her neck)—Anna Boleyn.  
I pray you, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself. (Ascending the scaffold).—Thomas Moore.  
Don't let that awkward squad see over my grave.—Robert Burns.