

should meet no one but their family circle. Their guest arrived shortly before dinner, and being shewn through the dining hall on his way to the drawing room was much disconcerted at seeing a long table laid out for about twenty people. On remonstrating with his host and hostess for having taken him in, as he thought, he was quietly informed that he had been told no more than the truth, for that their family party, when all assembled, only fell short of thirty by one. I believe that John, eighth Lord Elphinstone, and his lady, a daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale, who lived in the latter part of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries, are the pair to whom this story refers; and, though the Scotch peerages make no mention of any such phenomenon in the Elphinstone family, yet I am strongly inclined, from the goodness of the authority from which I derive the tradition, to believe it to be true.--*Notes and Queries.*

REASONS FOR LIKING BRIGHTON.—Papa likes places for such odd reasons. One gentleman likes Brighton, because you come tearing down from town in less time than it takes an omnibus to get from the City to Hampstead. Another, because BRILL's bath is the finest plunge he knows. Another (a selfish, greedy creature,) because he can get a better dinner at the Bedford than his poor dear wife, who is always ill, can give him at Camberwell. Papa likes Brighton because the Parade is, he says, a great shelf on which all sorts of types of past days are put away. I don't pretend to understand all his historical allusions, (though I flatter myself I do know rather more history than little CAPTAIN WELWYN, who objected to go to LADY LINDENBERRY's *bal costume* as *Edward the Black Prince*, because he did not like a character which, he considered, required him to blacken his face,) but it is very amusing to hear papa point out the people who have figured in times gone by. There are old, wicked-looking men, with thin faces, long noses, and quaint hats, who have drunk Regent Punch with KING GEORGE THE FOURTH at the poor Pavilion, and have seen the King make his coats fit in the wonderful manner they did, by snipping off every wrinkle with a pair of scissors, and having the holes fine drawn.--*Punch.*

JOHN NEAL says the eagle "has a contempt for all other birds." The owl, however, is more contemptuous still—he hoots at everything.

AN IOWA FARMER, on being asked if he had ever done much farming before, replied, "No, but last year I farmed considerably behind!"

An Irishman got out of the cars at a railway station for refreshments, and unfortunately the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like mad after the cars; "hould on, ye murtherin ould sthame ingin--ye've got a passenger aboard that's lift behind."

A country paper thus describes the effect of a hurricane: "It shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid villages waste, and overturned a haystack!"