

Lang, the bugle boy, lost his arm in storming the breach at Fort Erie.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

There is no more delicate step in life than the operation designated by the elegant phrase I have selected for the title of my present lucubration. Much winding and caution, and previous sounding is necessary when you have a favor to ask of a great man. It is ten chances to one that he takes into his head to consider your request exorbitant, and to make this the pretext for shaking off what he naturally considers a cumbersome appendage to his estate, a man who has a claim upon his good offices. But this hazard is nothing in comparison with the risk you run in laying yourself at the mercy of a young gipsee, more fond of fun and frolic than any thing else in life. Even though she love you with the whole of her little heart, she possesses a flow of spirit and a woman's ready knack of preserving appearances; and tho' her bosom may heave responsive to your stammering tale, she will lure you on with kind complacent looks, until you have told your "pitiful story," and then laugh in your face for you pains.

It is not this either that I meant to express. Men are not cowards, because they see distinctly the danger that lies before them. When a person has sufficient to appreciate its full extent, he has in general either self-possession enough to back out of the scrape, or, if it is inevitable to march with due resignation to his fate. In like manner, it is not that poor Pillgarlick, the lover, has a clear notion (persons in his situation are rarely troubled with clear notions) of what awaits him, but he feels a kind of choking about the neck of his heart, a hang-dog inclination to go backwards instead of forwards, a check, a sudden stop, in all his functions. He knows not how to look, or what to say. His fine plan, arranged with so much happy enthusiasm, when sitting alone in his arm-chair, after a good dinner, and two or three glasses of wine, in the uncertain glimmering of twilight, with his feet upon the fender, proves quite impracticable. Either it has escaped his memory altogether, or the conversation by which he hoped to lead the fair one from different topics to thoughts of a tenderer complexion, and thus, by fine degrees (he watching all the time how she was affected, in order to be sure of his strength, before he makes the plunge,) to insinuate his confession, just at the moment that he knows it will be well received.

The desperate struggles and floundering by which some endeavor to get out of their embarrassment are amusing enough. We remember to have been much delighted the first time we heard the history of the wooing of a noble lord, now no more, narrated. His lordship was a man of talents and enterprise, of

stainless pedigree, and a fair rent-roll, but the veriest slave of bashfulness. Like all timid and quiet men, he was very susceptible and very constant, as long as he was in the habit of seeing the object of his affections daily. He chanced at the beginning of an Edinburgh winter, to lose his heart to Miss —; and as their families were in habits of intimacy, he had frequent opportunities of meeting with her. He gazed and sighed incessantly; a very Dumbiedikes, but that he had a larger allowance of brain; he followed her everywhere; he felt jealous, uncomfortable, savage if she looked even civilly at another; and yet, notwithstanding his stoutest resolutions—notwithstanding the encouragement afforded him by the lady, a woman of sense, who saw what his lordship would be at, esteemed his character, was superior to girlish affection, and made every advance consistent with womanly delicacy—the winter was fast fading into spring, and he had not yet got his mouth opened.—Mamma at last lost all patience, and one day when his lordship was taking his usual lounge in the drawing room, silent, uttering an occasional monosyllable, the good Lady abruptly left the room, and locked the pair in alone.—When his lordship, on essaying to take his leave, discovered the predicament in which he stood, a desperate fit of resolution seized him. Miss — sat being most assiduously over her needle, a deep blush on her cheek.—His lordship advanced towards her, but losing heart by the way, passed in silence to the other end of the room. He returned to charge, but again without effect. At last, nerving himself like one about to spring a powdermine, he stopped before her—"Miss — will you marry me?" "With the greatest pleasure, my lord," was the answer, given in a low, somewhat timid, but unflinching voice, while a deeper crimson suffused the face of the speaker. And a right good wife she made him.

Embarrassing Answer—"Come here, little girl, thou knowest thy Decalogue," said Mrs. Fry to a white-headed chubby-cheeked child, of about nine years of age, "What art thou enjoined by the fourth commandment?" "Murder, ma'am, if you please."

Reply Courtingly.—Mr. H.—, of the town of —, in his young days attended school with two young ladies, by the name of Mary Ann and Patience. One day H. was much puzzled in performing his sums. He went frequently to the master, for assistance, until the master, disliking the frequent interruptions, said to him sternly, "You must have patience." "Why not Mary Ann?" was the instant reply of H.—, He took Mary