

our people, sir. Your speech, or your voice—I can't rightly tell which—is softer than I have been used to hear. And you don't look, and walk, and behave as if homespun had been all you ever wore." "And is that all?" "You stop to consider, as if you were studying what would please other people; and you do not step so heavy, sir; and you do not swear; and you do not seem to like to give trouble; I can't think, sir, that you have been always used to such as we, hereabouts."

**LOSS OF AN ARM.**—When Nelson visited the Royal Navy Hospital at Yarmouth, after the battle of Copenhagen, he went round the wards, stopped at every bed, and to every man said something kind and cheering. At length, he stopped opposite to a bed on which was lying a sailor who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder-joint. Then the following short dialogue ensued:—

*Nelson*—"Well! Jack, what's the matter with you?"

*Sailor*—"Lost my right arm, your honor."

Nelson paused, looked down at his empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said, playfully: "Well! Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen; cheer up, my brave fellow."

**CONJUGAL AFFECTION.**—A woman from the neighborhood of Granville went into an apothecary's shop the other day, with two prescriptions, one for her husband and the other for her cow. She inquired what was the price of them; and the apothecary replied that it was so much for the man, and so much for the beast. The woman, finding that she had not enough money, reflected for a moment, and said: "Give me, at all events, the medicine for the cow; I can send for my husband's tomorrow."

**ON A ROYAL DEMISE.**—How monarchs die is easily explain'd,

And thus it might upon the tomb be chiselled:

"As long as George the Fourth could reign, he reign'd,

And then he mizzled."

**OUTS AND INS.**—A poor Yankee, on being asked what was the nature of his distress, replied that he had five *outs* and one *in*; to wit, *out* of money, and *out* of clothes, *out* at the heels, and *out* at the toes, *out* of credit, and *in* debt.

**PLAIN TRUTH.**—A town beggar was very importunate with a rich miser, whom he accosted in the following phrase:

"Pray, sir, bestow your charity; good, dear sir, bestow your charity." "Prithee, friend, be quiet," replied the miser, "I have it not."

PHILIP LAWDESHAYNE.

### PECULIAR "EXPOONIN."

Not very many years ago an old Scotch Presbyterian minister, in the neighborhood of Glasgow, whenever he was feeling a little under the weather on the Sabbath day would send word to one or other of the elders to go and officiate for him in the pulpit.

This state of things had gone on for some time, and all of the elders but one had taken their turn in officiating for the pastor.

Sandy McPherson, a large-boned and excitable man, had thus far avoided this, but his turn came at last. The old Dominie was once more out of sorts, and he sent word to Sandy McPherson to go to the Kirk and read a passage of the Holy Scripture and "expoon" it. This was very short notice, but Sandy went away to the Kirk, determined to do his best.

He mounted the pulpit, and chose for his subject the story of David and Goliath. Having read the chapter through, he began thus to speak:

"My dear friends, ye'll kin I'm no muckle guid at expoon'in the Holy Scripture, nevertheless I'll do the best I can. Ye'll ken that in the aulden times, the airmy o' the Philestines came forth in battle array to fight King Saul's airmy, and ye'll ken that the Philestines were a race o' giants, enormous men; the sma'est o' them wad scarce stan' up in the Kirk where we are now assemel'd. An' the great giant Goliath, the biggest man o' them a'—an enormous giant, cleed in armour frae heed tae foot, an' a sword in his