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Dec 2, 1875.

"PUNCH'S" MERRY-MAKERS.

One of the most notable features in the history of *Punch* is the affectionate relationships which have existed, continuing until the present day, between the contributors. Under Mark Lemon's long reign the most sincere and lasting friendships were founded. One of the pleasantest chapters in Blanchard Jerrold's life of his father is that entitled 'Douglas Jerrold at House,' and it contains an incident characteristic of the hearty spirit of geniality which marked the social and domestic gatherings of the *Punch* men:

Dinner, if there be no visitors, will be at four, In the Summer a cold quarter of lamb and salad and a raspberry tart, with a little French wine in the tent, and a cigar. Then a short nap—forty winks—upon the great sofa in the study; and another long stroll over the lawn, while the young members play bowls and the tea is prepared in the tent. Over the tea-table jokes of all kinds, as at dinner. No friend who may happen to drop in now will make any difference in the circle. Perhaps the fun may be extended to a game or some kind on the lawn. Basting the bear was one evening the rule, on which occasion grave editors and contributors 'basted' one another to their hearts' content. The crowning effort of this memorable evening was a general attempt to go heels over head upon haycocks in the orchard—a feat which vanquished the skill of the laughing host, and left a very stout and very responsible editor, I remember, upon his head, without power to retrieve his natural position. Again, after a dinner party under canvas, the hearty host, with his guests, including Mr. Macready, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Maclise and Mr. John Forster, indulged in a most active game of leap-frog, the backs being requested to turn in any obstrusive two-penny with the real zest of fourteen.

The host was Douglas Jerrold; the stout gentleman, Mr. Mark Lemon.—The little band of *Punch* writers were mostly fond of children. It was Thackeray's delight to 'tip' boys. When Sidney Blanchard was a little fellow, on one of his school holidays Thackeray gave him a dinner at the Garrick, took him to the theater in the evening, and enjoyed himself immensely in the delight of the boy. Leech was never happier than in his pictures of children and their childish humor. Du Maurier is never more at home than when he is delineating some quaint joke in which the children are the actors. Tom Hood was one of the most simple and gentle-minded of poets. Men who love children are invariably good fellows; and in their own homes, or round the *Punch* table, Mark Lemon, Jerrold, Horace Mayhew Leech, Thackeray, Tom Hood, John Tenniel, were simply a party of grown-up boys, full of the freedom and unconventional geniality of youth. In their troubles and in their pleasures they were a happy family. Shirley Brooks dedicated his first novel, in affectionate terms, to Mark and Mary Lemon, in whose unpretending cottage at Crawley much of it was written.

Jerrold was both a humorist and a wit. His wit was of the keenest and most transparent character, like Sidney Smith's wit, like all true wit; for genuine wit is the same all the world over. 'Wit gives you a nod in passing; but with humor you are at home.' You must be on the alert for wit; it flashes, and is gone. 'Take a walk upon an empty stomach,' said the doctor to Sidney Smith. 'Upon whose?' asked the Dean. That is wit. So is Tom Hood's description of a fellow whose hight of folly constituted his own monument:

"A column of fop,
A lighthouse, without any light a-top."

So was Sidney Smith's reply to the churchwardens, when they wanted a wood pavement round St. Paul's: 'Lay your heads together, and the thing is done;' while his remark to a little child who was scratching a tortoise, that it was like scratching the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter, is a fine example of perfect humor.—The wit of Jerrold is often equal to that of the Dean; and many a brilliant saying is attributed to both of them. A score of stories of Jerrold occur to me, though it is too late to add any new ones to the record, for his wit and humor have been carefully collected and published. There are a few good things, however, which will bear repetition. 'Nature has written 'honest man' upon his face,' said a person trying to make interest for his friend, with Jerrold. 'Then Nature must have had a very bad pen,' was the prompt reply. Everybody knows how he revenged himself upon a pompous fop, who had made himself offensively conspicuous at a club dinner where sheep's head was a favorite dish. Pushing his plate aside, the stranger exclaimed, 'Well, I say, sheep's head forever!' 'What egotism!' remarked Jerrold. This, no doubt, led up to a kindred flash of wit on another occasion, at the expense of a literary friend of Jerrold's, who had just ordered 'Some sheep's tail soup, waiter.'—'Ah!' said Jerrold, looking up, and smiling with his great eyes, 'extremes meet sometimes.' There was an old gentleman who drove a very slow pony in a ramshackle gig; and he was anxious one day to pay Jerrold a little special attention. The humorist was on his way to the station from his house. 'Ah, Mr. Jerrold!' said the old gentleman, 'shall I give you a lift? 'No, I thank you,' said Jerrold, 'I am in a hurry.' In the country, on a visit, Jerrold was told, among other gossip, of a young man in the neighborhood, named Ure, who had cruelly jilted his sweetheart. 'Ure seems to be a base 'un,' said Jerrold. At a ball, seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with a very short lady, Jerrold said, 'There's a mile dancing with the milestone.' The author of an epic poem entitled 'A Descent into Hell,' used to worry Jerrold very much. At last the wit grew irritated with the poet, who, coming bounding upon him with the question, 'Ah, Jerrold! have you seen my 'Descent into Hell?' was answered with quick asperity, 'No; I should like to!'

—*The True Story of Punch.*

HAD BEEN AROUND.—At the City Hall market yesterday while a lady was purchasing a whitefish a man about fifty years old, and a stranger to her, approached and remarked:

'Missus, I have traveled over Europe, Asia, Africa and the Holy Land, I have viewed the Pyramids, sailed on the Nile and fished in the Tiber. Permit me to offer you a word of advice:—Don't cook that fish with the scales on.

'I didn't mean to, sir,' she indignantly replied.

'Very well, missus. I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean fourteen times; ascended the Andes; sailed up the Missouri and down the Mississippi, and tramped across the Great Sahara Desert. Let me say one word more. Cut the head off before you cook it!'

'Do you think I'm a heathen!' she retorted. 'I guess I know how to cook a fish!'

'You may, madam—you may. I have soldiered for Queen Victoria, fought for Uncle Sam, drawn a pension, kept a post office, learned to fiddle and was never sued in my life. I beg your pardon, madam, but let me advise you not to eat the bones of that fish. Some folks eat bones and all, but they sooner or later come to some disreputable end!'

'I'll thank you to mind your own business!' she said as she picked up the fish.

'I have traveled over the smooth prairies,' he replied with the greatest politeness, 'climbed the rocky Mountains, killed Indians, fought grizzlies, suffered and starved and perished, and I leave you with the kindest and most earnest wishes for your future welfare. Also cut off the tail before cooking!

FEEDING THE SICK.—Sad mistakes are made by hundreds of well-meaning folks in their methods of administering nourishment to invalids. It is the custom to keep the delicacies intended to tempt their appetite constantly within their reach. The result is, that instead of feeling any desire for the jellies, broths, &c., thus obtruded upon their notice, the sight of them creates loathing and disgust. Sick people should never be haunted with food in this way. Even persons in health would lose their relish, if condemned to live in a larder, surrounded night and day with all the dainties of the season. If you have anything rare and delicious for your patient, surprise him with it. A pleasant surprise is a good tonic, and you may excite his palate by springing a refreshing rarity upon him unexpectedly. Never hand a sick man a pile of eatables, telling him that you expect him to devour the whole of it. Feed him on the infinitesimal plan, with fairy morsels; and as soon as he has taken what he requires, remove the remainder. In visiting sick rooms, how often one finds bowls of arrowroot and sago, dabs of jelly, cups of beef tea, fragments of dry toast, slices of oranges, and the like, mixed in among black draughts, boxes of pills, plasters, leeches and other abominations of the "healing art." No wonder the pale and languid inmates have no appetite.

A PAIR OF MISERS.—Guy, the founder of the noble hospital in London which bears his name, was a bookseller. He was so complete a pattern of parsimony that the famous miser, Vulture Hopkins, once called upon him to crave a lesson in the art of saving. Being introduced into the parlor, Guy, as it was in the evening, and dark, lighted a candle. Hopkins said: 'Sir, I always thought myself perfect in the art of getting and husbanding money. But as I am informed you far exceed me, I have taken the liberty of waiting upon you, to be satisfied upon that subject.' 'Oh, sir,' said Guy, 'if that be all your business, we can as well talk it over in the dark.' Having thus said, he put out the candle. This was enough for the Vulture. He took his leave at once.

☞ A Detroit boy surprised his father the other day by asking:

'Father, do you like mother?'

'Why, yes, of course.'

'And she likes you?'

'Of course she does.'

'Did she ever say so?'

'Many a time, my son.'

'Did she marry you because she loved you?'

'Certainly she did.'

The boy looked the old man over and after a long pause asked: 'Well, was she as near sighted then as now?'

☞ A meteoric stone weighing 90 pounds fell in Missouri last week, striking a darkey square on the head. He seemed to be considerably confused when he got up, and went off muttering: "Ef I knowed for shuah de man who frowed dat brick, den I see whar am de Cibbil Rights ob niggahs."

STONEWALL JA[illegible]

A writer in the [illegible] detailing reminisce[illegible] Jackson, says: A [illegible] who served on the [illegible] P. Hill has recently [illegible] what new versio[illegible] Jackson, which [illegible] While General [illegible] pressing the enemy, [illegible] P. Hill's division was moving in column to their support, and General Hill and his staff rode to the front to assist in relieving the confusion which had necessarily ensued from charging through the thick undergrowth. After the pursuit had ceased and Hill's division was moving forward to relieve Rodes, the enemy opened a very severe fire of artillery from some thirty pieces; and just after this Hill met Jackson in the turnpike and received from him the characteristic order, twice repeated, and with General Jackson's peculiar wave of the hand in the direction indicated: 'Press them and cut them off from the United States Ford.' Hill replied:—'General, I am entirely unacquainted with the topography of this country. Have you an officer who could aid me?' Jackson then directed Captain Boswell, of his staff, to report to Gen. Hill, and he himself rode on down the road through the lines, and about fifty to seventy-five yards in front of them

My informant thinks that there was with Jackson at this time none of his staff, and only one of the signal corps; but it would seem, from our accounts, that he was at least joined soon after by Capt. Wilbourne and Lieut. Morrison, of his staff. The contiguity of the Confederate lines to the Federal lines at this time was shown by the fact that some of Lane's brigade of Hill's corps brought in a Federal colonel, who said that he stepped in front of his lines, and only came a few feet before he found himself in ours. As soon as Gen. Hill saw Jackson ride in front of his lines he felt it his duty, as a subordinate, to join him, and accordingly he also rode forward, accompanied by several of his staff and couriers.

When the firing first begun the party were sitting quietly on their horses, looking [illegible] of the enemy's lines, and [illegible] by the clatter of axes felling timber and other noise indicating their movements. A smattering fire commenced on the right (possibly in response to one from the enemy,) and immediately the brigade in front of which Jackson's party were quietly sitting on their horses opened fire upon them with the most fatal results. The party at this time consisted of General Jackson, who received three terrible wounds in the arm and hand, and whose horse dragged him under the bough of a tree and lacerated his face terribly. Captain Wilbourne and Lieutenant Morrison, who saved himself from being carried into the enemy's lines by his frantic horse by throwing himself to the ground and suffering severe bruises; General Hill, who saved himself by jumping to the ground and lying there till the firing was over; Colonel William H. Palmer, whose horse was killed under him; Captain Forbes, a gallant quartermaster, who was serving as a volunteer aid on Hill's staff, who was instantly killed; Major Conway Howard, whose horse carried him into the enemy's lines; Captain Murray Taylor, whose horse was killed with five bullet wounds; Sergeant Tucker, who was captured, and couriers Muse severely wounded and Saunders killed.

Dr. Hunter McGuire, in an account of Jackson's last hours, says: About daylight on Sunday morning Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and it was better that he should be prepared for the worst.—He was silent for a moment, and then said: 'It will be infinite gain to be translated to heaven.' He advised his wife in the event of his death to return to her father's house, and added: 'You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father.' He still expressed a hope of his recovery, but requested her, if he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Saviour. He replied: 'Oh, no. You are frightened, my child. Death is not so near. I may yet get well.' She fell over the bed, weeping bitterly, and told him again that the physicians said there was no hope. After a moment's pause he asked her to call me. 'Doctor, Anna informs me that you have told her I am to die to-day; is it so?' When he was answered he turned his eyes towards the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two, as if in intense thought, then replied: 'Very good, very good; it is all right.' He then tried to comfort his almost broken-hearted wife, and told her he had a good deal to say to her, but he was too weak. Col. Pendleton came into the room about one o'clock, and he asked him, 'Who was preaching at headquarters to-day?—When told that the whole army was praying for him he replied, 'Thank God, they are very kind.' He said: 'It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday.' His mind now began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked as if in command upon the field, giving orders in his old way; then the scene shifted, and he was at the mess table in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family.—Occasional intervals of return of his mind would appear, and during one of them I offered him some brandy and water, but he declined it, saying, 'It will only delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind to the last if possible.' About half-past one he was told that he had but two hours to live, and he answered again [illegible] clearly: 'Very good; it is all right.' A few moments before he died he cried out in his delirium: 'Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! 'Pass the infantry to the front rapidly!' 'Tell Major Hawks'—then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said quietly and with an expression as of relief. 'Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the tree,' and then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed from earth to the God who gave it.

MAKING SAUSAGES.—John H. King gives in the "*Germantown Telegraph*" the following recipes for making sausages:

First procure a good machine (which will cost but a few dollars) for cutting sausages instead of doing it by the very tiresome old mode of chopping by hand with cleaver, collect your meat, containing about one fourth fat, as taken from the hog, see that it is free from bone, sinew, gristle, &c., wash in tepid water, but do not soak it; then to every 20 pounds of chopped meat, add

4 ounces of sage,
10 ounces of salt,
1 ¾ ounces of black pepper,
1 heaping tablespoonful of red pepper,
1 ordinary tablespoonful of saltpetre.

As there is no standard of tastes, some may think the seasoning too high, and others the ingredients too few. Every one should, therefore, to secure his own taste, try it before using the recipe upon a large scale. This sausage is improved by age; put in casings and smoke moderately.

Those desiring more flavor of sage and less of pepper, can take to every

20 pounds of meat,
10 ounces of salt,
8 ounces of sage,
1 tablespoonful black pepper.

Stir well with the hand, and pack in tin pans; when full dip a cloth the size of the top of the pan in melted lard and spread over the pans; then turn them together and remove to a cool place.

It is a common way among housekeepers to "cut and try," that is, add a little more pepper and salt, tasting and retasting, and calling in the aid of the palates of others till the thing has too much pepper and salt, and is probably spoiled. The above proportions are simple, easy and good. But should you desire to change to suit one's taste, be cautious in using the seasoning, as it is easy to add, but impossible to take out again; and remember sausages become more salty as they dry.

The other day, when a citizen inquired of a negro deck-hand whom he met on the levee, if a negro by the name of Jones worked on a certain named boat, the black asked, 'Does you mean Lightning Jones?' 'No, I guess not.' 'P'raps you mean Buffalo Jones?' 'No, he is'nt the one.' 'Well, does you mean Big foot Jones?' 'No, it must be another.' Can't be Glass-Eye Jones cant it?'—'No; this Jones has no such name.' 'Is it Turtle-Soup Jones, then?' 'No, that isn't the one.' 'Is it Will Jones, Small Jones, Dick Jones, Sam Jones, or Peaceful Jones?' 'No, none of them.' Well, dat's all de Joneses on dat ar' steamboat, and if none of dem haint de chap, ye'll have to look furder.'

☞ Mr. Curran, one day riding by the country seat of one of the judges, was struck by a group of lovely children whom he perceived playing in the avenue; he stopped to inquire to whom all these fine children belonged; he was answered by the nurse, who had a beautiful infant in her arms, they were the children of Judge ———. "Pray, my good woman, how many of them has he?" "There are twelve playing about inside, and this in my arms is the thirteenth." "Then," said Mr. Curran, "the judge has a full jury, and may proceed to trial whenever he chooses, and the young one will make an excellent *crier*.

☞ When Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was once solicited by a gallant gentleman who lost his sons and fortune fighting for the ingrate (the graceless Charles the Second), to use his influence with the king "*to keep his family from starving*," also urging "*that he had nobody to depend upon but God and his grace.*" The worthy Duke instantly replied: "Your case is desperate, then; you could not have named any two beings who have less interest at court."

☞ When Adam got tired naming his descendants, and when he got half through, he said: "Let's quit and call the rest Smith."

When a mouse makes its appearance in a ladies' sewing circle, the women with striped stocking on always jump the highest.

A RUSSIAN JESTER.

Jokers, like bills, require names to back them; and it will be found that, in every nation, some one personage, real or mythical, is selected as the lay-figure upon which all popular jests are by common consent displayed. The English have their Joe Miller, the Germans their Schiltburger and their Till Eulenspiegel, the Americans their Colonel Crocket, the Orientals their Nasi-reddin el Khejah, and, in the same way, the chosen godfathers of of Russian humor are Balakireff, the jester, and Marshal Suvoroff. The latter name has long since passed into history; but the former requires some introduction to non-Russian readers. Popular traditions unite in representing Balakireff as the constant attendant of Peter the Great, who figures largely in all the stories attached to the name of this buffoon. Many of these stories are probably the fabrication of a latter age; but a far proportion of them bear marks of authenticity, and, as fair specimens of national humor, are worth quoting.

On one occasion Balakireff begged permission of his imperial master to attach himself to the guard stationed at the palace, and Peter, for the sake of the joke, consented—warning him at the same time that any officer of the guard who happened to lose his sword, or to be absent from his post when summoned, was punished with death. The newly made officer promised to do his best; but the temptation of some good wine sent to his quarters that evening by the Czar, "to moisten his commission," proved too strong for him; and he partook so freely as to become completely "screwed." While he was sleeping off his debauch, Peter stole softly into the soom, and carried off his sword. Balakireff, missing it on awaking, and frightened out of his wits at the probable consequences, could devise no better remedy than to replace the weapon with his own professional sword of lath, the hilt and trappings of which were exactly similar to those of the guardsmen. Thus equipped, he appeared on parade the next morning, confident in the assurance of remaining undetected, if not forced to draw his weapon. But Peter, who had doubtless foreseen this contingency, instantly began storming at one of the men for his untidy appearance, and at length faced round upon Balakireff with the stern order, "Captain Balakireff, draw your sword and cut that sloven down!"

The poor jester, thus brought fairly to bay, laid his hand on the hilt as if to obey, but at the same time exclaimed fervently:

'Merciful heaven! let my sword be turned into wood!'

And, drawing the weapon, he exhibited in very deed a harmless lath.—Even the presence of the Emperior was powerless to check the roar of laughter which followed; and Balakireff was allowed to escape.

The jester's ingenuity occasionally served him in extricating others from trouble as well as himself. A cousin of his, having fallen under the displeasure of the Czar, was about to be executed, and Balakireff presented himself at court to petition for a reprieve. Peter, seeing him enter, and at once divining his errand, shouted to him:

'It's no use in your coming here; I swear that I will not grant what you are going to ask?'

Quick as thought, Balakireff dropped on his knees, and exclaimed:

'Peter Alexeinvitch, I beseech you put that scamp of a cousin of mine to death!'

Peter thus caught in his own trap, had no choice but to laugh, and send a pardon to the offender.

During one of the Czar's Livonian campaigns, a thick fog greatly obstructed the movements of the army. At length a pale, wintry gleam began to show itself through the mist, and two of the Russian officers fell to disputing whether this were the sun or not. Balakireff, happening to pass by at that moment, they appealed to him to decide. 'Is that light yonder the sun, brother?'

'How should I know?' answered the jester; I've never been here before!'

At the end of the same campaign several officers were relating their exploits, when Balakireff stepped among them. 'I've got a story to tell, too,' cried he boastfully; 'a bigger one than any of yours!'

'Let us hear it, then,' answered the officers; and Balakireff began.

'I never liked this way of fighting, all in a crowd together, which they have nowadays; it seems to me more manly for each to stand by himself, and therefore I always went out alone. Now it chanced that one day, while reconnoitering close to the enemy's outposts, I suddenly espied a Swedish soldier lying on the ground just in front of me!—There was not a moment to lose; he might start up and give the alarm. I drew my sword rushed upon him, and at one blow cut off his right foot!'

'You fool!' cried one of the listeners, 'you should rather have cut off his head!' 'So I would,' answered Balakireff, with a grin, 'but somebody had done that already!'

At times Balakireff pushed his waggeries too far, and gave serious offense to his formidable patron. On one of these occasions the enraged Emperor summarily banished him from the court, bidding him 'never to appear on Russian soil again.' The jester disappeared accordingly; but a week had hardly elapsed when Peter standing at his window, espied his disgraced favorite coolly driving a cart past the very gates of the palace. Foreseeing some new jest, he hastened down, and asked with pretended roughness 'How dare you disobey me when I forbade you to show yourself on Russian ground?'

'Hem! disobeyed you,' answered Balakireff, coolly, 'I'm not on Russian ground now.'

'Not on Russian ground?'

'No; this cartload of earth that I am sitting on is Swedish soil. I dug it up in Finland only the other day!'

Peter, who had doubtless begun already to regret the loss of his jester, laughed at the evasion, and restored him to favor. Some Russian writers embellish this story (a German version of which figures in the adventures of Tyll Eulenspiegel) with the addition that Peter, on hearing the remark, answered—'If Finland be Swedish soil now, it shall be Russian before long'—a threat which he was not slow to fulfill.

THE STORY-TELLER OUTDONE.—Those who are in the habit of telling prodigious stories ought to have good memories; but, fortunately, their memories are generally short. Richard Brinsley Sheridan dealt with these mendacious pests in a manner peculiar to himself. He would never allow himself to be outdone by a verbal prodigy. Whenever a monstrous story was told in his presence, he would endeavor to outdo it by one of his own coinage, and consign the narrator to confusion by a falsehood more glaring than his own.—Once in his hearing a sporting adventurer ran on thus: "I was fishing one day, say in a certain cold spring full of delicious trout, and soon caught a large mess. But what was really surprising, not a foot from the cold spring there was one of boiling warter; so that, when you wanted to cook your fish, all you had to do, after hooking them from the cold spring, was to pop them directly into the boiling." The company all expressed astonishment and incredulity at this monstrous assertion, with the exception of Sheridan. "I know," said he, "of a phenomenon yet more surprising: "I was fishing one day, when I came to a place where there were three springs. The first was a cold one stocked with fish, the second a boiling spring, and the third a natural fountain of *melted butter and parsley!*"—"Melted butter and parsley!" exclaimed the first story-teller, "impossible!"

FORTITUDE IN BUSINESS.—Many a man, who would be brave before a cannon's mouth, manifests a lack of courage and fortitude in the ordinary affairs of life.

Discouragement and despair are always unmanly; and this should be borne in mind in times like these.

No matter how you are situated, do the best you can. If you have made mistakes in the past, rectify them in the present, and avoid them in the future. Everybody makes mistakes; therefore do not be disheartened because you have fallen into error, when you reflect that error is common to all.

Look at the future. That is the field for hope and for labor. Only regard the past for the lessons which it teaches. Say to yourself, disaster may come, but despair, never!

Be brave in business as you would be brave in battle. If your efforts in the past have failed, renew and redouble them in the future. Never despair.

☞ As cool a person, under the circumstances as was ever heard of was a young nobleman, who, in a frightful railroad accident, missed his valet. One of the guardians came up to him and said, "My Lord we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Aw, is he?" said the young man with a Dundreary drawl, but still with anxiety depicted on his countenance, "Will you be gwood enough to see in which half he has gwot the key to my carpet bag?"

☞ The other day Sam Bowles went to church in Springfield, Mass., and feeling the affects of his severe editoral labors through the week, went to napping. By and by he was awakened by the preacher, who struck the desk and shouted: "Who shall be able to stand up in the presence of the Lord on that awful day?" And Sam Bowels, rising in his pew, remarked: "Charles Francis Adams is the only man that can do it, and I nominate him for the position."

☞ You inquire, "How can I prevent my little boy from wearing out the knees of his pants?" That problem has been in the market ever since Eve asked Adam about young Cain.—We only know three ways: You can kill the boy, or you can make his pants without any knees; or perhaps the best way would be to get some other little boy, about the same size to wear the knees out, if you have such objections to your own boy's doing it.

☞ Talking of "the blind man eloquent," Roscommon's epigram is one of the best of its kind:

"Milton sought fame:
But fate so crossed it,
By *Love* he gained;
And by *Kingship* he lost it."