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ORIGINAL POETRY.



THE DOCTOR.

BY BOLUS HILLBAGS, M. D.

Three faces wears the Doctor—when first sought,
An angel's and a God's, the cure half wrought;
But when the cure complete, he asks his fee,
The Devil, then, looks less horrible than he.

PART 1st—DOCTOR SENT FOR.
"Come! John, go bring the Doctor, my wife is
taken sick.
Go! bring him in a hurry, be quick, be very
quick!
'Tis raining, hailing, sleet, as fast as e'er it
can,
But he will come despite the storm—oh, yes he
will, good man!"

PART 2d—DOCTOR ARRIVES.
"Ah! here he is, the dear, kind soul—how
quick he heeds the call,
Regardless of the drenching blast, or what
might him befall,
Like a being from realms celestial, a shining,
bright evangel,
He comes with gladness in his looks, the lov-
ing, smiling angel.

PART 3d—DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION.
And my wife's already easy—ah! deepest,
matchless skill!
Dear Doctor, love's pure motions for you my
bosom thrill.
The Doctor is not human, though earth is by
him trod;
He's something supernatural—I believe he is a
god.

SCENE CHANGES—BILL HANDED IN.
But what is this presented? the saucy, dirty
whelp,
He cares not for his patients, but only for him-
self.
If he can only cobble up a long o'erreaching
bill,
He cares not, if his nasty drugs effect a cure,
or kill.

PART 4th—DOCTOR'S BILL.
Dear oh! but he's a wicked dog—I swear by
things eternal,
He's 'scaped from out that dark abode where
dwelleth fiends infernal!
He's a ranting, rank impostor—he's filled with
every evil—
Oh! how I'd love to *enue* him now, the skul-
king, shameless devil.

REFLECTIONS.
'Tis thus the Doctor's visage, chameleon-like,
assumes
Three aspects in his patient's eyes, as before
them up he looms.
His first and second faces are all that's pure
and good,
His third a frightful monster, adorned with Sa-
tan's hood.
Maltreated mortal! luckless wight; self-sacrif-
icing man,
He toils 'midst pain and suffering,—does all
the good he can.
Through day and night, and wet and cold, his
labors never cease,
The pest-house, with its poisonous breath, is
his perpetual lease.

And onward, still, he struggles; his mind is not
at ease,
But ever, where 'tis found or met, he's grap-
pling with disease,
And if for sympathy he looks—does he get it?
No! instead
Is heaped up foulest curses—maledictions on
his head.

And why's it thus? the secret's plain, 'tis not
because they're due;
'Tis not because the Doctor to his patient's
not been true,
But the reason is, that after he's done with
hole and pill,
He hands the mean, ungrateful scamp a whole-
some little bill.

SUPREME JUDGES IN THE OLDEN TIME.
—We learn from the "Annals of Harrisburg,"
a historical work now in press, that during the
time Congress held its sessions at York, Chief
Justice McKean resided at Harrisburg. "He
lived in a substantial one story log house a
short distance above what is now called Locust
street. He wore an immense cocked hat, and
had great deference shown him by the country
people, and the straggling Indians who had
their village a short distance above town.—
When he and the other Judges of the Supreme
Court came to town to hold court, numbers of
the citizens would go out on horseback to meet
them and escort them to town. Sometimes one
or two hundred people would attend on this oc-
casion, and each morning, while the Chief Jus-
tice was in town holding court, the sheriff and
constables escorted him from his lodgings to
the court room. When on the Bench he sat
with his cocked hat on, and was dressed in a
scarlet gown."

**Why can no artist give a correct likeness of
an unmarried lady?
Because she is sure to be Miss-represented.**

Dreaming on Wedding Cake.

A bachelor editor out West, who had re-
ceived from the fair hand of a bride, a piece
of elegant wedding cake to dream on, thus
gives the result of his experiment:

"We put it under the head of our pillow,
shut our eyes sweetly as an infant, blessed with
an easy conscience, and snored prodigiously.
The god of dreams gently touched us, and, in
fact, we were married! Never was a little
editor so happy. It was 'my love,' 'dearest,'
'sweetest,' ringing in our ears every moment.
Oh! that the dream had broken off here. But
no! some evil genius put it into the head of
our ducky to have pudding for dinner just to
please her lord.

In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner.
Well, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge
slice almost obscured from sight the plate be-
fore us.

"My dear," said we, fondly, "did you make
this?"

"Yes love, ain't it nice?"

"Glorious—the best bread pudding I ever
tasted in my life."

"Plum pudding, ducky," suggested my
wife.

"O, no, dearest, bread pudding. I was al-
ways fond of 'em."

"Call that bread pudding?" exclaimed my
wife, with her lips slightly curled with con-
tempt.

"Certainly, my dear—reckon I've had enough
at the Sherwood House to know bread pudding,
my love, by all means!"

"Husband—this is really too bad—plum
pudding is twice as hard to make as bread
pudding, and, and is more expensive, and is a
great deal better. I say this is plum pudding, sir!"
and my pretty wife's brow flushed with excite-
ment.

"My love, my sweet, my dear love," ex-
claimed we soothingly, "do not get angry, I am
sure it is very good, if it is bread pud-
ding."

"You mean, low wretch," fiercely replied my
wife, in a higher tone, "you know it's plum
pudding."

"Then, ma'am, its so meanly put together,
and so badly burned, that the devil himself
wouldn't know it. I tell you, madam, most
distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be
contradicted, that it is bread pudding, and the
worst kind of that!"

"It is plum pudding," shrieked my wife, as
she hurried a glass of claret in my face, the
glass itself tipping the claret from my nose.

"Bread pudding," gasped we, pluck to the
last, and grasping a roasted chicken by the left
leg.

"Plum pudding," rose above the din, as I had
a distinct perception of feeling two plates
smash across my head.

"Bread pudding?" we groaned in a rage,
as the chicken left our hands, flying with swift
wing across the table, landed in madam's bosom.

"Plum pudding," resounded the war-cries from
the enemy, as the gravy dish took us where we
had been depositing the first part of our din-
ner, and a plate of beefs landed upon our
white vest.

"Bread pudding forever!" shouted we in de-
fiance, dodging the soup tureen and falling be-
neath its contents.

"Plum pudding!" yelled the amiable spouse,
as noticing our misfortune, she determined to
keep us down, by piling upon our head the
dishes with no gentle hand. Then, in rapid
succession, followed the wargrics. "Plum
pudding, she shrieked, with every dish.

"Bread pudding!" in smothered tones, came
up from the pile in reply. Then it was "plum
pudding" in rapid succession, the former cry
growing feebler, till, just as I can distinctly
recollect, it had grown to a whisper. "Plum
pudding" resounded like thunder, followed by
a tremendous crash, as my wife leaped upon
the pile with her delicate feet, and commenced
jumping up and down—when, thank heaven,
we awoke and thus saved our life. We shall
never dream on wedding cake again—that's
the moral.

SINGULAR STORY.—The Court Journal has
the following interesting story. A prima dona
of the Royal Italian Opera who has lately
risen to great fame and acquired a first rate
position on these boards, has just been claimed
as his daughter by one of the highest function-
aries of the country. The claimant is posses-
sed of rank, wealth and influence, and though
it was well known in the young lady's family
that the great man in question was in reality
her father, yet no notice of the connection was
taken by him until her successful debut caused
him to feel a pride in his offspring. His anti-
social tastes had prevented him following her
through her musical education, and he was
therefore as much surprised as delighted at
her success. He has just made her an official
offer of recognition and formal adoption, with
the bestowal of his name and wealth, in ad-
dition to the advantage of the magnificent
position to which he would raise her. But she
has surprised him still more by the manner of
her refusal.

"My father refused to recognize me while I
was in poverty and obscurity, now that I am
celebrated and rich, I refuse to recognize him.
Let us be strangers to each other.

DIED ON HER KNEES.—Mrs. Catharine Til-
den, wife of Mr. Daniel Jones, of Glenmore,
Kent county Md., died very suddenly, recent-
ly, aged 54. She arose in her usual health,
and before starting for Sabbath School retired
to her private room for her morning devotions,
singing—
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."
And there upon her bended knees she ceased
at once to pray and live.

PHILOPENA.

We believe this pleasant amusement for boys
and girls, and sometimes those of more mature
age, originated in Germany, where it is called
viol bechen, which, as it is spoken, has the
sound of *philippin*, which may have been the
origin of our word, to which we have given a
Latin termination, *pena*, because it infers a
penalty or forfeiture exacted or won by the
fact or management of the winning party.—
With us the thing is managed, however, ex-
cessively clumsy and without skill. A person in
company chances to find a double-meated al-
mond, and hands the half to another, and
says, or rather should say, "Will you eat a phi-
lopena with me? The other may say, 'I am
afraid,' and refus: or may accept one of the
nuts, and eat it at the same time the challeng-
ing party eats the other. Thus they separate;
but when they meet again, the one that can
think to say 'philopena' first to the other wins
the forfeit, and has a right to name what it
shall be. Generally, among children, some
trifle, or among young folks, some little pre-
sent, suitable to the condition of the parties.—
Thus, a young lady who wins a philopena of a
gentleman may immediately add: 'I wear No.
6 kids.' If the parties meet in the street, the
lady may say: 'O, yes, I see you notice that
my parasol is getting old. Well, then, I ac-
cept.' But the gentleman must never allude
to her want of an article, but exercise his
judgment as to what would be acceptable.—
Generally, in our haste to win a philopena, we
forget propriety, and become rude in this land
of thrift and hurry. The thing is far better
and more pleasantly managed in Germany, and
calls into exercise some of the most useful
faculties of the mind. When a couple meet the
next time after having eaten philopena togeth-
er, no advantage is taken of the other until
one of them pronounces the word philopena.—
This is the warning that the sport is to begin.
Let us suppose that a gentleman calls upon a
lady; she invites him to walk in, but at the
same time speaks the talismanic word. If he
accepts the offer to walk in, he is lost, unless
she removes the ban by telling him to go away.
If she asks him to take off his hat, he must re-
solutely keep it on; or if at a table she should
hand him an article which he accepts, she wins
the forfeit. At the same time, he is watch-
ing to catch her off her guard—for the first
acceptance of any offer from the other ends
the game. Both are constantly exercis-
ing their wits to prevent being caught, and the
sport often goes on all the evening. Perhaps
the gentleman brings a little present, saying:
'Knowing that I should lose my philopena, I
have brought it along—here it is.' If she is
caught off her guard by this smooth speech,
she loses, for he immediately claims forfeit. If
neither wins at first meeting, the sport is con-
tinued at the second; and it may happen that
half a dozen parties meet at the same time, all
anxious to win of their philopena partners,
so that the scene often becomes ludicrously
amusing.

How preferable is this German play to our
own. And as the sport derived from philopena
is very innocent and pretty, we commend it
to the young folks of America.—Welcome Vis-
itor.

EARTHQUAKE PANIC IN LONDON.

There were, in 1750, wild prophecies and
alarming convulsions of nature, such as Eng-
land has yet little known. The first days in
February were as sultry as the hottest days in
June; thunder and lightning were frequent;
and on the eighth of the month the first shock
of an earthquake was felt throughout London
and Westminster. On the same day in the
month the inhabitants were awakened from
their slumbers by their pillows rising, their
beds ringing, and a strange rumbling as of
surface wheels. It was said that Sir Isaac
Newton had foretold that there would be a
great change at this time, and had expressed a
wish that he could live to see the phenomenon.
As the second shock had occurred exactly a
month after the first, it was affirmed that earth-
quakes were now to be periodical in England;
and a mad life-guardsmen prophesied that the
next shock, which was punctually to take place
on the 8th of April, would swallow up the
metropolis. The panic now became general.
On the day before that of the anticipated ca-
lamity, the roads were crowded with carriages
of the fashionable and wealthy, hastening out
of the devoted capital. Seven hundred and
thirty coaches passed Hyde Park Corner that
morning. Women made themselves flannel
wrappers, which they called earthquake gowns,
in order to sit up all night in the open air.—
Not a bed could be procured in Windsor. All
the lanes and fields in the neighborhood of
London were blocked up with carriages, carts
and other vehicles, full of people of all ranks,
waiting with trembling anxiety until the dread-
ed hour had passed. They then returned
laughing and exulting to the town, to resume,
as though their lives would never terminate,
the same pleasures and the same occupations
in which they had for one moment been dis-
turbed.—*Life and Times of Edmund Burke.*

The wind blowing a gale, as I passed the
corner of Winter and Tremont streets, I no-
ticed a crowd of persons looking upward. I
found my old friend, Mr. Brown, in the midst
—all eyes were centered on his observations.
At length a smart Yankee stepped up to him
and asked:
'What is it sir? What is it?'
'Nothing; oh, nothing, my friend—I was
only looking to see how high the wind is.'

Positiveness is one of the most certain marks
of a weak judgment.
Praise not the unworthy, though they roll in
riches.

Dividing a Dead Arch-duchess.

We translate the following curious details
from a German private letter recently received
from Vienna:

"The Hapsburgs (the reigning house of Aus-
tria) while living must be revered; when
dead they must be worshipped. As a proof of
this, let me relate to you what disposition was
made of the body of the Archduchess Margare-
te (whose death was sometime since announ-
ced.) Archduchess Margarete was a pious
and priestly nun, and in the estimation of
most brilliant capitals of Europe, of a drama,
fit only to be performed by barbarians in the
dark ages.

"The Saxon Princess Margaret, wife of the
Archduke Charles, was laid upon a block and
chopped to pieces, in order to send different
parts of the body to various parts of the country.
The chopping up process took place in the
chapel of the Castle, in the presence of the
dead woman's husband. Extended on a red-
draped block lay the naked white corpse, sur-
rounded by priests chanting in Latin, youths
swinging censers, and a number of men armed
with choppers, saws and other instruments.—
First the heart was cut out of the body, en-
closed in a golden case, and placed in an urn. It
was then sent to Rome, to be consecrated by
the Pope, after which it was sent to the Loretto
chapel, and thence returned to Vienna. But
it was not to rest here. Ten cities claimed the
honor of being Homer's birthplace, and six
Austrian bishoprics claimed the privilege of
possessing all, or a part, of the sainted Margare-
te's body. The bishop of Prague would be
content with the arms, the bishop of Salzburg
wishes to obtain the head and shoulders, while
the bishop of Linz anxiously desired to possess
the two middle fingers. The Vienna consistory
was obliged to decide between the claimants,
and the heart was at length forwarded to
the common council of Lyspruck in Tyrol,
accompanied by two autograph letters of the
Archduke Charles—one of which was directed
to the chief of the Jesuits—in which the hope
was expressed that Tyrol, the always faithful,
would for all time cherish the memory of the
Archduchess, who was a saint upon earth."

"Had the heart alone been separated from the
body, the chopping up process would soon have
been finished; but the church demanded more.
Hence the Archduke Charles directed the cut-
ting open of his wife's abdomen—which was
done. The intestines were taken out, placed
in copper, silver and golden capsules, and sent
with an autograph letter to the Cathedral of St.
Stephen, where the said intestines were first
exhibited upon the altar, and then buried be-
neath the altar. Hereupon the two middle
fingers were severed from the body, and sent
with another autograph letter to Dresden. All
that remained of the Archduchess was then
wrapped in red velvet, and laid in state on a
catafalque, and ultimately the mutilated corpse
was placed in a coffin and deposited in the im-
perial tomb.—*Evening Post.*

DROP A TEAR.—Many touching incidents of
the loss of the Austria have been related, and
many an eye has been dimmed in their perusal
by the tear of sympathy; but the following is
certainly the most affecting that we have seen.
It was related by one of the rescued:

An English lady who came on board at
Southampton with her husband, had three
children with her, a little girl, about five years
old, a boy about three, and a babe in her arms.
The husband jumped over and as the flames
grew hotter and burned more fiercely, she took
her little girl, kissed her, and threw her into
the water. She then took the boy, a fair healthy
little fellow, embraced him, gave him her
last kiss, and threw him in. He struck on his
back and struggled very hard. Rising to the
surface three separate times, he called out
'Mamma' each time, in the most piteous tones,
then sank to rise no more. The poor woman
then clasped her babe to her breast and jumped
in with it, kissing it repeatedly as they sank
to the bottom.

"George, what does C-A-T spell?"
'Don't know, sir.'
'What does your mother keep to catch mice?'
'Trap, sir.'
'No, no, what animal is very fond of milk?'
'A baby, sir.'
'You dunce, what has scratched your sister's
face?'
'My nails, sir.'
'I am out of all patience. There, do you
see that animal on the fence?'
'Yes, sir.'
'Do you know its name?'
'Yes, sir.'
'Then tell me what C-A-T spells.'
'Kitten, sir.'

BLOODY MASSACRE.—In the engagement
between the reactionist forces and those of
Vidauri in Mexico, 400 of the latter's men
were captured by the former, who, after seeing
them disarmed and taking from them their most
valuable equipments, ordered his second in
command to take them from his sight and do
command to take them as he thought fit. This inhuman
with them as he thought fit. This inhuman
wretch, who placed them in the hands of his
such a course, walked them in a beastly state
of intoxication. They fell upon the captives,
who were entirely defenceless, and a horrible
massacre followed. At the end of the terrible
scene, the lifeless bodies of four hundred hu-
man beings were found stretched upon the
ground, mingled and weltering in their blood,
a patient sacrifice to the holy cause of liberty.

JIM. I know of a new-fashioned unwhitish
to keep out the wet. What is it, Jack? Why
eat a red herring for breakfast, and you will be
dry all day.

How they Gambled in the days of our Grandfathers.

The vice, which, above all others, infested
English society during the greater part of the
eighteenth century, was gaming. Men and
women, the old and the young, beaux and
staple men, peers and apprentices, the learned
and polite, as well as the ignorant and vulgar,
were alike involved in the vortex of play.—
Horse racing, cock fighting, betting of every
description, with the ordinary resources of
cards and dice, were the chief employment of
many, and were tampered with more or less by
almost every person in the higher ranks of
life. The proprietary clubs—White's, Brook's,
Boodle's—were originally instituted to evade
the statute against public gaming houses.—
Every fashionable assembly was a gaming
house. Large balls and routs had not yet
come into vogue. A ball seldom consisted of
more than ten or twelve couples and the prac-
tice of collecting a crowd of fine people to do
nothing is an invention of recent date.

When a lady received company, card tables
were provided for all the guests; and even
where there was dancing, cards formed the
principal part of the entertainment. Games of
skill were seldom played. Brag, crim, basset,
ombre, hazard, commerce, spadille—the very
names of which are hardly known to the pre-
sent generation—furnished the excitement of
play and enabled the people of fashion to win
and lose their money without mental effort.—
Whist was not much in vogue until a later
period, and was far too obscure and slow to suit
the depraved taste which required unadulterated
stimulants. The ordinary stakes at these
mixed assemblies would, at the present day, be
considered high, even at clubs where a robber is
still allowed. The consequences of such
gaming were often still more lamentable than
those which usually attend such practices. It
would happen that a lady lost more than she
would venture to confess to a husband or father.

Her creditor was probably a fine gentleman,
or she became indebted to some rich admirer
for the means of discharging her liabilities.—
In either case the debt may be guessed. In
the one case, the result was liquidation on
the old principle of the law merchants, ac-
cording to which there was but one alternative
to payment in pure. In the other, there was
likewise but one mode in which the acknowl-
edgment of obligation by a woman would be
acceptable to a man of the world.—*From
Massy's England during the reign of George
III.*

A PLATFORM.—The Democratic editor of
the *Southern Star*, being sick, has entrusted his
paper to a friend, who is an old-line Whig, and
an incorrigible Know-Nothing. To guard against
any apprehension that the politics of the State
will suffer under his administration, the editor
pro tem, lays down the following platform:

1. We are opposed to spirituous, vinous, and
malt liquors, with, perhaps, a mental reser-
vation in favor of Scotch ale and sherry cobb-
lers.
2. We are opposed to patent medicines, of
whatever nature, from the "Medicamentum
Gratia Probatum," down to "Dr. Hegan's
Alydropper" (Phoebus! what a name!) via
"Goelieck's Matchless Sannative."
3. We are in favor of letting the "Retired
Physician's sands of life" run out.
4. We are in favor of the passage of an act
declaring the Mobile and Ohio railroad naviga-
ble to this place.

Lastly—We are in favor of erinoline under
all circumstances, except in equestrian perfor-
mances.

These principles, we believe, do not conflict
with the political opinions which our friend has
so ably advocated in the columns of the *Star*,
and upon his recovery we will "transmit them
unimpaired" to his keeping.

FEW THEORIES AS TO THE COMET.—Perhaps,
as comets are both luminous and transparent,
and ghosts likewise, according to some ob-
servers, both shine themselves and are also
diaphanous; comets are the ghosts of departed
planets. Natural as well as supernatural sub-
stances, however, both reflect and transmit the
rays of light; and your comet generally has a
tail. Analogies subsist throughout nature.
May not a comet be a planet in the first stage
of its development, a celestial body corres-
ponding to a terrestrial tadpole?—*Punch.*

"Are you a skillful mechanic?"
'Yes, sir.'
'What can you make?'
'Oh, almost anything in my line.'
'Can you make a devil?'
'Certainly—just put up your foot and I will
split it in three seconds. I never saw a chap
in my life that required less alteration.'

A noteworthy marriage took place in Hart-
ford, a few days since, between two persons of
high revolutionary descent, viz: J. Warren
Newcomb, Jr., great-grandson of General Joseph
Warren, and Mary S., youngest daughter
of the late Dr. George Sumner, and great-
daughter of General Israel Putnam.

EGYPTIAN BONDAGE.—Diodorus says, that
among the ancient Egyptians, one of the condi-
tions of all marriage contracts was, "that
the husband should be obedient to his wife."—
We have often heard of Egyptian bondage, but
never knew it had been carried so far as this.

Can he whose sole years for the immortali-
ty of Heaven ever be given up to despair here!
Beyond tumultuous billows, and over moun-
tains wrapped in gloom, is there not a light
striving to cheer the pilgrim and the wayfarer?

A LITERARY OMNIBUS DRIVER.

The New York correspondent of the *Chesley-
ton Courier* relates the following biography of
an omnibus driver, whose acquaintance he made
during a night ride on one of the lines in New
York.

Talking as two people naturally will do,
when journeying together, it was impossible
not to notice that the driver of the car had
seen better days and had pursued very differ-
ent avocations. The comet was blazing away
in the western sky. This furnished a topic of
conversation. Instead of trying to illuminate
the driver on the causes, conditions, and theo-
ries of these curious celestial visitors, I now
learned that he knew more about them than I
did. He went beyond this topic, and began to
discuss meteorology, astronomy generally,
mathematics, &c. His wonderful learning, the
extent and thoroughness of his reading, al-
most bewildered me. But my surprise could
not be imagined, when, in illustration of some
thought, this driver of an avenue car quoted a
line from Virgil. Horace, too, afterwards fur-
nished one or two sententious sayings to this
educated driver.

It was a natural desire, but a very delicate
matter, to learn the history of such a person.
Slowly and timidly the facts came out. He
had been in better circumstances. Though
never a student at any college, he had used every
advantage that offered, and grasped at the
fruits of knowledge wherever they hung in the
garden of his experience. At first, in mercan-
tile business he was swindled by a partner,
and left almost without a penny. He made
another effort, and went on "swimmingly for a
while. In the hour of sunshine he got mar-
ried. The crisis of last fall came, and every-
thing was swept away; and instead of standing
alone upon the desolate shore of life, he had
another to look after and care for, even more
helpless than himself. The thought of his wife
being left to penury and misery bowed him up
to do anything to spare her these afflictions.

There was several kinds of employment at
which he could make a small pittance, though
many of them were precarious. As a driver of
a public ear he was sure of \$1.50 a day, tho'
the business was laborious, and, to him, degra-
ding. But even these objections had no ter-
rors for him when he thought of her whom he
had pledged to protect. And every day, from
eleven o'clock in the morning till twelve o'clock
at night, this accomplished driver is mak-
ing his trips up and down the Sixth avenue,
taking in his five cent fares with the equanimi-
ty of a philosopher. I wonder if the persons
who travel with him ever imagine that the Je-
bu over their heads could instruct them in the
classics, or unfold to them his wonderful stores
of knowledge. This is no romance. The
facts were derived from the driver himself, and
it is another instance of what a man could do,
however low he may be got down in the world,
if he only makes up his mind to conquer or die.

PLEASANT SCENE IN A COURT ROOM.—The
following ludicrous scene took place in a New
York Marine Court, between two gentlemen of
the bar—the one rather fat, and the other rather
small:

Brother Fat—(To the Court.)—I don't care
what Mr. — says; he's only a mosquito, and I
don't mind the sting.
Brother Small—(I beg your pardon, Mr. —,
mosquitoes never sting hogs.)
Brother Fat—(Is it so Mr. —?) then you
had better inform your acquaintances of it, they
will be glad to hear of it.
Brother Small—(Allow me then, Mr. —,
to communicate the fact to you among the
first.)
Here the court, amid a roar of laughter call-
ed the gentlemen to order.

Some of the horse tamers accomplish won-
ders. One of them said the other day:
'Why, I've taught my horse to sit at the
table, and eat boiled rice with a silver fork.'
'Impossible!' said his friend; 'how could a
horse eat rice with a silver fork?'
'Well,' was the reply, 'I didn't mean exactly
a silver fork; it was one of those plated ones—
four dollars a dozen.'

TRUE. It is extraordinary how many de-
fects we can discern in a friend after we have
quarreled with him. The same remark applies
to a woman after she has rejected us.

**Dr. Doune, an old English writer, is the au-
thor of the following epigram:**
'Smagg, the smith, for ale and spice,
Sold his tools—but kept his vice.'

The Mayor of Portsmouth, Va., it is said,
has taken measures for the arrest and fining of
every person, no matter of what rank or con-
dition, who is heard swearing in the streets.

The proof of a pudding is in eating; the
proof of a woman is in making a pudding; and
the proof of a man is in being able to dine with-
out one.

A coquette treats a lover like a bouquet-
carries him about a certain time for amusement
or show, and then quietly picks him to pieces.

You have only yourself to please, said a mar-
ried friend to an old bachelor. Yes, but you
don't know what a difficult task I find it.

INTEGRITY, however rough, is better than
smooth dissimulation.

Love no opportunity of doing a good action,
time is short.