Wit and Humor.

We find among the "Soda Powders," in the last number of the *Scalpel*, the following humorous sketch:

"SOLIDIFYING THE SCIENCE.

"The discovery had been electrifying Detroit a few more than *galvanic* effects upon the genius of some of his *impressibles*, when Professor —— Wolverine "trying the thing" himself, found he was quite equal to the professor, in setting folks to sleep, and "makin' 'em cut up" afterward; and, accordingly, in the *furor* of his discovery off he went to the country, to lecture and diffuse the new light which had been dispensed to him. His success was tremendous; town and village said there was something in it, until his reputation, as in other cases, begat him enemies. The Wolverine Mesmeriser, after astonishing a hall full, one evening, at some "pig-nusing town" or other, and which bade fair, shortly, to be quite a place, returned to be saved from being arrested in the bar-room by a score of "first citizens," who had then and there congregated, "jest to test the humbug," any how!

"Good evening, *Perfessor*," said one.

"Won't you take a little of the *fluid?*" said another; and this being an evident hit in the way of Mojore, the anti-humbugs proceeded to more serious business.

"*Perfessor*," said the principal speaker, a giant of a fellow, before whose proportions even the huge Magnetizer looked small—"*Perfessor*," said he, biting off the end of a "plug," and tossing it over in his jaws very leisurely, to a few on us here, her jes' concluded to hev you try an experiment, appintin' ourselves a reg'lar constituted committee to report."

The professor begged to appoint a more proper place and hour, &c., or according to the apprehensions of the crowd, evinced the evident desire to make a clean back out.

"*Perfessor*," resumed the *big dog*, "ef we only could, right now, call your Mesmerism a real, gin agent, which means, I s'pose, that it cures things?"

The disciple of the science referred to several cases that proved it which he had been successful in, to say nothing of the spelling lecture upon which he had just concluded his lecture with.

"Yes," said the challenger, "you're death on tech, we know; but can mesmerism cure the rematiz vershe rheumatiz?"

"Inflammatory or chronic?" demanded the professor.

"Wal, stranger, we ain't much given to doctor's bottle names, but we reckon it's 'about the wust kind.'"

This mesmerizer was about to define the difference between inflammatory attacks and local affections, when he was interrupted by the inquisitor, who rather allowed that as far as the location of the disorder went, it had a pre-emption right to the hull critter; and that, furthermore, it was jest expected of him that he should forthwith visit the case, and bid him take up his bed and walk, or he himself would be escorted out of town astride of a rail, with the accompanying ceremonies. This was a dilemma for her hero of which promised a loss to his reputation, but the crowd were solemnly in earnest. Already triumphing in his *detection*, they began to hoot wolfish at him and wise at each other, for Wolverine had nothing left for it but to defy the disciples of mesmer humbug.

"Up and down with a run, and a thunder, and a rush at being caught humbugging, and a yell at individual shares of the American character, and a shake, and a hiss, and a bite, and a scratch, and a howl, and a curse, and a prayer for the preservation of the wicked, and a wish that he would a suffered, and how, so it got said to mesmerize, or something on their rheumatiz! I felt as if I'd been mesmerized a horse, and I *reckon* it must a been the case with the hull crowd, for in about a minute and a half there was a hundred and one fellers a-rubbin' their heads and a feelin' their bones, and a-wonderin' what in thunder was the matter with 'em, and a-lookin' at each other, and a-wonderin' what in thunder was the matter with each other, and a-rubbin' their heads and a-