Wit and Humor.

POLICE DOCKET.

A Dubious Case Cleared Up.—Miss Molly Ann Matilda Parsons, hailing from some port in Western Pennsylvania, embarked on the "raging canawl" and came to exhibit her female charms in this city.

Walking quietly along Eighth street, last night, Miss P was arrested by a watchman, and disposed of in unusual till the radious commissioner of Plombus and Mayor Gaipin shoots become visible above the horizon.—

Miss Parsons is a strapping lass, six feet without stockings, for she had none of those incumbrances on her sinewy ankles. She is a maiden well able to take care of her own virtue and modesty, for she has a muscular arm that could smash all the dandy libertines of Philadelphia, should they dare to affront her ma their imperturbence.

Mayor.—Do you know what brought you up here?

Molly Ann.—(With a disdainful look at the little knock-kneed watchman.)—Why I suppose it was some sort of a *man*.

Mayor.—And do you know *why* he brought you up?

Molly Ann.—I do not; unless it was because he wasn't well brought up himself.

Mayor.—He is a gentleman. All the Policemen are gentlemen. (*Laugh among the audience.*) It is suspected that you are a man in disguise.

Molly Ann—A man! What made him think so?

Watchman.—Because you didn't walk like a woman. You stepped it like you'd been used to long legs and pantaloons. Sides, you're not half long enough.

Molly Ann—And you're too short for a man.

Mayor.—How became help that?

Molly Ann.—He might be *stretched*, you know.

Watchman.—It's all owing to my legs.—They are kinda crangled, cos I was sot on 'em too early.

Molly Ann.—And you'll be's sot on 'em, quite a date, as long as you live.

Mayor.—That's not the subject. If you are a woman prove it, and keep less talk.

Molly Ann.—The more talk the better, if I wish to prove my self a woman.

Mayor.—Then you confess that you are not a woman.

Molly Ann.—I confess that I am more of a man than this fellow, (pointing to the watchman,) and half a dozen others that I see about me.

Mayor.—That's enough. Commit him.

Molly Ann—Stay, will you? Send for the captain of the canal boat that I came down in.

The captain was sent for, who swore most positively that Molly Ann was a feminine, and she was honorably acquitted.—*Phila. Mercury.*

☞ YOUNG AMERICA IN PANTALETTES.—Here is a part of a letter received by a friend from a daughter, nine years old, who is now at a boarding school; placed there because she was one of those who know *too much* to stay at home:

"*My Dear Father*—I was very glad to hear from you, and hear you was well; but I was not a bit glad to hear that mother had a baby, because it was a boy. I should be very glad if it were a little girl, but I have lots of brothers ever. Now, I am going to tell you what you ought to name him. I am going to choose a homely name because I don't think boys ought to have pretty names. Boys are squeaking all the time.—You don't have one minute's peace while there is a baby baby in the house; but when you have a baby sister in the house, you never hear it cry. Name him Peter; that is good enough for a boy. You must exercise care in arriving so much about boys; the rest will come so much about boys is because I don't like them."

Do you think she bids fair to be a perfect woman's rights woman?

☞ WONDERFUL CURE.—The following wonderful effect of one of the cure-all patent medicines, advertised so extensively in many of the newspapers of the day, is about the most authenticated account of the remarkable cure which has ever been picked up by a long or [illegible] reporter.

[illegible] Cough, Asthma, Consumption, &c. all [illegible] by the use of one bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, purchased by a friend of the proprietor, of Mr. Sherman, druggist, Broadway, New York. The last stage of consumption, so pronounced by a quarter of a century's experience, is entirely cured by the use of this incomparable medicine. Its superior virtues are unknown to us, but particularly in this most remarkable cure performed by this native remedy, with which we have been delighted, [illegible] Cherry Pectoral, Cathartic Pills, Ague and Fever Cure, Cough Lozenges, Cough Syrup, Cough Candy, Cough Drops, Cough Candy, Cough Drops, Cough Candy, Cough Drops