Wit and Humor.

RIFLES AND PRENTICE OF THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.—Prentice speaks as follows of the Brooks and Burlingame difficulty:

Mr. Burlingame, being challenged by Mr. Brooks, and decided to fight in Canada with rifles. Mr. Brooks confessed himself afraid to go to Canada, and therefore determined not to pursue either Mr. Burlingame or the quarrel. He announces however, that he is willing to accept a challenge from Mr. Burlingame. Evidently he is for getting rid of the rifles. Rifles are bad things.—They make ugly holes in folks. Their balls enter a fellow screw fashion.

The following from the New York *Post*, entitled "Brooks's Canada Song," carries out Prentice's idea poetically. It is good:

To Canada, Brooks was asked to go,
To waste of powder a pound or so,
He sighed, as he answered, No, no, no,
They might take my life on the way, you know.
For, I am afraid, afraid, afraid.
Bully Brooks is afraid.

Those Jersey railroads I can't abide,
'Tis a dangerous thing in the trains to ride.
Each brakeman carries a knife by his side,
They'd cut my throat, and they'd cut it wide;
And I am afraid, afraid, afraid,
Bully Brooks is afraid.

There are savages haunting New York Bay,
To murder strangers that pass that way;
The Quaker Garrison keeps them in pay,
And they kill at least a score a day
And I am afraid, afraid, afraid.
Bully Brooks is afraid.

Beyond New York, in every car,
They keep a supply of feathers and tar;
They dault it on with an iron bar,
And it should be smothered ere I got far:
And I am afraid, afraid, afraid,
Bully Brooks is afraid.

Those dreadful Yankees talk through the nose;
The sound is terrible, goodness knows;
And, when I hear it, a shiver goes
From the crown of my head to the tips of my toes.
For I am afraid, afraid, afraid,
Bully Brooks is afraid.

So, dearest Mr. Burlingame,
I'll stay at home, if 'tis all the same.
And I'll tell the world 'twas a burning shame
That we did not fight, and you're to blame.
For I am afraid, afraid, afraid,
Bully Brooks is afraid.

EXAMINATION OF A DEBTOR.—Mr. Snap, of the firm of Snap, Bustle & Co., is considered a lawyer of great shrewdness. Mr. Snap is some on collecting a debt, and allows that there is not a man in the state sufficiently stocked with brains to get ahead of him in an examination.

Among the gentlemen who failed in 1854, was Mr. Buckram, a dealer in clothing. Buckram Mr. Buckram, a dealer in clothing. Buckram owed, at the time he "caved in," some seven thousand dollars, a large portion of which was due to Bite & Brothers, of New York. Mr. Buckram offered to compromise with Bite & Brothers, by paying forty cents on the dollar. Bite & Brothers refused, and went to law. As Buckram offered no defence, they of course obtained judgment. An execution was issued. It produced nothing, however. If Buckram possessed funds, they were placed where the Sheriff could not get at them.—Mr. Snap reported to Bite & Brothers. Bite & Brothers read the report, and told Snap to bring Buckram before a judge. Mr. Snap did so. The examination came off a short time since, and showed that Mr. Buckram was too old a bird to be caught with chaff.

"Mr. Buckram, have you any money?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars."

"Where is it?"

"In my pocket."

"Will you pay it over on the judgment held against you by Bite & Brothers?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"It is all bad—bills on the old Bank of Ningara."

"Why did you not say so in the first place?"

"Thought you liked exercise."

"Have you any other money?"

"Not a red."

"Any pianos?"

"No, sir."

"Any jewelry?"

"Some."

"What does it consist of?"

"Two brass breastpins and this ring."

"And what is the value of that ring?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars. It's gold, mounted with a diamond."

"And does that belong to you?"

"Yes, sir—to me individually."

"And are you willing to apply that in part payment of Mr. Bite's judgment?"

"Couldn't think of such a thing."

"Why not, sir?"

"It's exempted by the statute."

"Nonsense! No law exempts jewelry."

"You are mistaken, sir."

Here Mr. Snap appealed to the Court. The court decided that the exemption law did not apply to jewelry.

"But how as regards family pictures?" interrogated Mr. Buckram.

"That's a different matter. Family pictures are exempt."

"Well, sir, this is a family picture, framed in gold."

Here Mr. Buckram lifted up a little lid on which the diamond was mounted, and showed to the court a miniature daguerreotype of his wife. The court looked at Mr. Snap, Mr. Snap looked at Mr. Buckram, and Mr. Buckram looked at the court.

"How says your Honor—is that a family portrait?"

"I think it is."

"And being so, it is exempted from execution, is it not?"

"I suppose I must decide so."

"And, having so decided, Mr. Snap, as a matter of course, pays the costs of the examination?"

The Judge said "Yes," and Mr. Snap bit his finger-nails down to carpet-tacks," and wrote in silence for five minutes. He paid costs, left the office, and spoke never a word. He paid costs, left the office, and eight syllables