The Pittsburgh Gazette.

MEET AND RINK.

Katherine Bell and Katherine Brown,
The prettiest girls in all the town,
Jolly as sand-boys, frightfully nice.
And oh! such elegant clipp.rs on ice:
I can flirt with either in warmer weather,
But when it freezes they come together,
And there's the trouble—oh, guiding Fates!
What shall I do with these Kates—these Kates!

Even at balls I manage it prime,
For you only dance with one at a time:
And Katherine Bell has no chance to frown
At aught that I say to Katherine Brown,
While Katherine Brown can never tell
What it is that I'm saying to Katherine Bell:
But this game at the Rink will be all check-mates,
For while I skate with one Katharine B.,
The other B. will come up on wing,
And then, young fellow, look out for a sting;
For neither of 'em a temper lacks,
And they're just the B.'s to lay on the whacks;
Good at a sell, and high in the rates—
What shall I do with these Kates—these Kates!

I would that we lived in Mormon land,
Then the Rink with its terrors might be blown
And, in fact, I'd run a Rink of my own:
Or luck had made me the Grand Seignior,
From my Trina tea-party I ne'er would stir.
Here goes a copper! Kate Brown, by the Fates!
Kate Bell, get another to fasten your skates!
—*Philadelphia Press.*

EPHEMERIS.

—The heirs of Anneke Jans are at it again.

—Chicago has held an anti-temperance meeting.

—Troy, N. Y., intends to have a velocipede exhibition.

—Jacksonville, Ill., is raising $10,000 for a public library.

—$600 a night, is what Patti charges for singing in Paris.

—New Yorkers can get oyster soup at five cents a bowl.

—A paper called the *Iliad* is published in Homer, Louisiana.

—There are said to be 1,250,000 free masons in the world.

—French doctors say electricity is an antidote for opium poisoning.

—The Pacific Railroad has a station in Utah called Junctionopolis.

—Madame Methua Scheller is still playing at the Salt Lake City theatre.

—Three new public parks are being constructed in Liverpool, England.

—A childrens' Christmas party is to take place at the White House to-night.

—Millions of oranges are said to be rotting on the trees in the Bahama Islands.

—The Parepa-Rosa concert troupe will give concerts in New York and Boston in January.

—New York has produced a white velvet bridal dress trimmed with $7,000 worth of point lace.

—A young man ten years of age has married a young woman of twenty-four. Both are Virginians.

—The English and French Ministers are the guests of Mr. Seward, during the holidays at Auburn.

—Numerous dinners were given to newsboys, boot-blacks, etc., in New York and Philadelphia on Christmas.

—There are eight or ten new railway enterprises in Southern Illinois. At least seven of them are under contract.

—On Christmas morning George Francis Train arrived in New York and made a speech to such Irishmen as met him.

—Impious and irreverant Yale sophomores, hazed Ward Beecher's son and shaved all the hair from the top of his head.

—Eastman Johnson's Young Mother sold in New York for $480. Shocking, isn't it? And she was was all painted, too.—*Boston Post.*

—A rich man in Connecticut has left his daughter half his property in case she is not a Roman Catholic on reaching the age of 25.

—Detroit papers are having their periodical wrangle about circulation. Few papers escape an occasional attack from this distemper.

—Germans and negroes had a desperate fight on Christmas eve, in Newark. Five persons were badly injured, and nine negroes were arrested.

—Gallant General Meade wants to get up a Society of the Army of the Potomac. We know scarcely any one who so well deserves to get all he wants.

—In Philadelphia, the night before Christmas, the family of John M'Donald went to sleep in a close room with a coal fire in a stove. All were suffocated.

—A pet hen picked out a false tooth, in mistake for a kernel of corn, from between the lips of a Stratford lady. Immediate slaughter rescued the incisor.

—The latest style of pantaloons has a small pocket, back of the right side, called the Derringer pocket. Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just—and carries three revolvers.

—We don't believe the illumination on top of the Cathedral spire was as cross as some people expected, or even as cross as those people themselves must have been when thus disappointed.

—It is said that the New York Cruelty to Animals Prevention Society awards the palm to Mr. Bonner, as the most dexterous and humane horseman in the country, from the fact that his trotters are never beaten.—*Exchange.*

—How everybody did seem to enjoy the rink on Christmas. It is such a luxury to a skater, particularly to those old ones who used to depend on the capricious island and be exposed to the piercing blasts which sweep down the river.

—A citizen of Burlington, Vt., it is said, has invented a clock that runs by electricity, and never requires winding. It has only three wheels, no weights or springs, and it is claimed that it has little friction, is not affected by heat, cold, dampness or jarring.

—A Boston writer says of a singer that "her intonation is always pure as gold, and her mastery of the portmente, messare di voce, diatonic and chromatic scales, trills, arpeggiatura, grupetti and saccati is such as to stamp her an artist of high rank and merit."

—The New York *Herald* wants the gentlemen who propose giving a complimentary dinner to Admiral Farragut, to forgo that pleasure, and with the money thus saved purchase De Haas' picture of one of Farragut's glorious achievements, and present that to the old seaking.

—We hear that Mitchell is dead. Mitchell of undying fame. Mitchell upon whose devoted head so many juvenile curses have been hurled. Mitchell who is the child's ideal of a man, that has been every place and knows everything. Mitchell the geography man. Peace to his ashes!

—Two San Francisco policemen tried to arrest a Chinaman. They found it necessary to leave him a moment, and so handcuffed him with his arms each side of a lamp-post. When they returned their prisoner was gone—he had climbed up the post and swung his arms over the top.

—The Toledo *Blade* seems to be wielded by a champion of unprotected females. Thus it slashes the New York *Mail*: "No matter where Miss Olive Logan was born, she is not thirty years old, and we hurl back the insinuation of the base-born Bohemian who first exuded the slur, with contempt and scorn."

—Christmas Eve passed in Philadelphia about as usual, with the exception of the horn-blowing, which the Mayor had ordered his police to suppress. Eighth street was about as jammed as ever with a fun-making, pushing, masked and quaintly costumed crowd, but the presence of an unusual force of policemen seems to have prevented all fights and rows.

—Harvard College, though probably the best endowed college in America, pays its professors so poorly that the alumni have decided to raise half a million dollars by voluntary contributions from graduates and therewith increase the incomes of those learned gentlemen, whom the Boston *Advertiser* speaks of as in "urgent need," and the Boston *Post* declares their condition to be a "clear case of destitution."

—A Michigan preacher is now traveling in Europe and writing letters to a Detroit paper. He is one of those persons whose acute sense of moral propriety is so shocked by the *bare* thought of some of the most valuable and least clothed statues and pictures of foreign collections, that we wonder what can possibly induce them to leave their homes, where they are safe, and go abroad where they are in constant and almost certain danger of being shocked.

—The Boston *Bulletin* has the following:

Letters of credit—Cr.

The office-seekers sign—Sinecure.

The new back-gammon—The Grecian Bend.

When is a cane bottomed chair like a bill? When you re-seat it, of course.

The corrupt associations which prey on the government are called "rings," probably because there is no end to them.

It is an old joke that the "Bridge of Sighs" is of very small size; but, we believe, a new one, that its architects preferred small sighs to a full grown.

Somebody wants to know if we expect a Christmas or New Year's present this year. We have had great expectations, but when people begin to talk of the present, we are generally passed.

There seems to be quite a hue and cry about the admission of a republican representative from Louisiana to Congress. His case has been referred to the committee on elections, and his antecedents are reported to have rather a black look.

"Come in here," said a citizen to his country friend, as they paused opposite a fancy goods store; "come in here and see a statuette."

"See a statue ate?" said Rusticus, "who's going to eat it?"

"Do you believe in specie payment?" inquired Fayn Tart of his friend Dawler.

"Certainly, there was specie pay mant by the United States when they borrowed the money."

"But the money will come hard."

"Just what I want," said Dawler, "I want hard money."

"Well, you have got a hard *looking* currency already," said Fayn Tart, showing a roll of ragged bank notes.

"Yes, but we intend to have a ring to it ere long, sir."

"What, a Treasury ring."

"No, sir; a metalic ring."

"Is that marble?" inquired a gentleman pointing to a bust of Kentucky's great statesman; the other day, in a New York store.

"No sir! that's Clay," promptly replied the dealer.

"Ha! ha! very good, a *model* joke—you take the Democratic newspapers, I perceive; now what material would make a good bust of a Democratic editor?"

"Why, the best Marble in the World, to be sure."

"That may be, for I'm something of a sculptor myself; but then I'm not a Democrat."

"Then sir, the best thing you can do is to 'cut' Marble."

"Thank you for the advice,—I think I had rather cut 'marble' than face 'brick.'"

Robespierre in a New Character.

Nero was a musician; the inventor of the guillotine was a soft-hearted philanthropist, and now Robespierre has turned up a lyric poet. A manuscript in his handwriting and signed with his full name, has just been found among the posthumous papers of the old lawyer in Toulouse. This Robespierrian manuscript contains a tender effusion in verse, of which the following is offered as a free translation:

Twice at least in life there slips
From man's heart a tender truth;
"Mother!" lisp the infant's lips,
"I love thee!" cry the lips of youth.
When the first the mother hears
Loud in joy her heart replies,
While the second oft with tears
Dims a happy maiden's eyes.

Ah, beware, Eliza dear!
This "I love thee" soundeth sweet;
Yet it may be in mine ear
Fonder flattery and deceit.
Who a lover's truth would prove
Needs a deeper skill. Take care!
He that deftest says "I love"
Is too often false as fair.
Who feels least will most appear
Prompt of speech; beware of wit!
To thy heart and not thine ear
Test of lover's truth commit.

MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE.

A NEW YORK report says: The news of the suspension of Messrs. Lathrop, Ludington & Co., was received this morning with surprise mingled with regret. During a period of twenty years, this house has stood among the foremost jobbers in the trade, having passed through the troubles of 1857, and the disturbances incident to the war without even suffering a protest or asking an extension for a single day. Their business for the last eight years has been large, and has been conducted with prudence and commercial sagacity; but the steady falling off of prices, and the aggregated failures of their customers in the West and South, has been too much for them, and they have reluctantly been obliged to suspend. We are informed that a statement of their affairs will be laid before their creditors at the earliest moment.

In Massachusetts they propose to systematize their agricultural fairs, showing at county seats the choice from each town, and at the State exhibition the pick of all the county fairs.