

A WREATHY SUBJECT.—The Boston Herald gives the following amusing sketch of a Police Court case in that city:

Thomas Brown came to this country in the steerage of a packet ship which arrived from Liverpool last week, and, as he had but a confused idea of the nation which was to receive him as an adopted citizen, his actions, when he landed, were perfectly free and without restraint. England, he imagined, still held full sway over this part of the globe; and the only trouble likely to occur was, when Indians made a descent upon some unprotected town or city, and bore the inhabitants into captivity, or else amused their leisure hours by scalping women and children, and dancing "green corn" jigs.

It is more than probable that Brown has fallen in with a set of wags, since he has been in Boston, who have taken particular pains to get acquainted with his private opinions, and then "sell" him, or, in other words, "run saws."

Last night, Brown was found drunk in the street; and to save his life, and benefit the Commonwealth, the officer took him to the Station House, gave him a comfortable lodging, and then, in the most kindly manner entered complaint against him for being intoxicated.

Thomas was not very prepossessing when he was called upon by the amiable clerk of the court to plead guilty or not guilty to the charge.

"My Lud," said Thomas, straightening himself, and placing one hand on his bosom, "I'm an Hinglish gentleman."

"Do you say guilty or not guilty?" reiterated the clerk, inclined to be slightly irritated.

"Never you mind, young man," replied Thomas, waving his hand toward the venerable clerk, who was so surprised at the words that he forgot himself, and actually smiled—an occurrence that the oldest habitue of the court room never knew him to be guilty of before.

"My Lud," cried Thomas, fixing his eyes on the Judge, "I'm an Hinglish gentleman, and wishes to know why the lef-ficer took me in charge last night. My Lud, if I writes to his Highness Minister at Washington, and tells him of this affair, I would not be responsible for the rage of my Lud Palmerston. I'm a friend, and he knows 'ow to protect the 'onor of us Britons!"

"We have no Luds in this country," said the Judge, mildly; "if you wish to say whether you are guilty or not, the court is ready to hear you."

"No Luds in this country, my Lud—no aristocracy—nothing but bingins and bisters! No wonder you've books written about your nation. Vy, the last time I dined with my Lud Palmerston, ve vero speaking of 'merica, and he told me it was just the place for a man of my talent; and I leave a good business to come to teach you, and vot is the consequence?"

No one replied, excepting an Irish woman up for being a common drunkard; and as she was dozing and thinking about her sentence, she said—

"Six months in the House of Correction."

Thomas looked at the spectators with silent contempt when he laughed, and continued:

"I asked for the offices when I got here, and a man tells me a collector is wanted in the Custom House. I bothered to accept the place, but somebody kicks me out of the building. I was told of a dozen different situations, but, when I went to get 'em, I was laughed at. My Lud, I've been shamefully treated, and I want justice, or the walls of this 'ero building will shake with Hingland's rage, when she hears of it. Remember the fate of Sebas-topol, and tremble for your 'omes!"

The Judge intimated that he was not alarmed, as he knew the revenue cutter was in port, and could afford ample protection to the city against all the fleets which the English would send to revenge his cause.

A fine of \$3 and cost was imposed, and, as he was being taken down stairs, he was begging the officers to let him have paper and pen, for the purpose of "writing to the Hinglish Minister."

EVERY MAN HIS OWN INSURER.—Keep matches in metal boxes, and out of the reach of children.

Wax matches are particularly dangerous, and should be kept out of the way of rats and mice.

Fell fluid or camphene lamps only by daylight, and never near a fire or light.—Far better dispense with them altogether.

Do not deposit coals or wood ashes in wooden vessels, and be sure burning cinders are extinguished before deposited.

Never take a light or ashes under a staircase.

Never take a light to examine a gas meter.

Be careful never to place gas, or other lights, near curtains.

Never take a light into a closet.

Do not read in bed by candle or lamp light.

Place glass shades over gas lights in show windows, and do not crowd goods near them.

No smoking should be permitted in warehouses or barns.

Build all chimneys from the earth.

Stove pipes should be at least four inches from wood work, guarded by tin, and enter substantial brick chimneys horizontally.

Dr. Lander, of Athens, states that from ten to twelve drops of chloroform, in a little water, is an unfeeling remedy to sea-sickness. One dose has been known to give immediate relief.

Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, an English traveler, has a very interesting and vivid sketch of his Central American travels in the May number of Blackwood, in the course of which he thus describes the "grey eyed man" of Nicaragua:

"In stature, Gen. Walker is but little over five feet four. His features are described as coarse and impulsive; his square chin and long jaw denote character, but his lips are full and his mouth is not well formed; his eyes are universally spoken of as the most striking feature in his face,—of a singularly light gray, they are so large and fixed that in a daguerreotype the eyelid is scarcely visible. His manner is remarkably self possessed, and some of his most intimate friends, who have been with him through the most trying scenes of his Nicaraguan experiences, have assured me that under no circumstances have they ever observed him to change countenance, even to laugh, or to alter in the smallest degree his slow and precise mode of dictation. He is at all times taciturn, and when he does speak, it is directly to the point. He manifests a contemptuous indifference to danger, without being reckless, and altogether seems better qualified to inspire confidence and respect among lawless men than to shine in civilized society. He is ascetic in his habits, and his career hitherto has shown him to be utterly careless of acquiring wealth. Highly ambitious, it is but due to him to say that his aspirations, however little in accordance with the moral code in vogue at the present day, are beyond riches; like Louis Napoleon, he has a fixed faith in the star of his destiny, and like him he will doubtless be branded by the civilized nations of Europe as an unprincipled adventurer or a heaven-born hero, according as he fails or succeeds in his daring enterprise."

PLAIN SPEAKING.—The Earl of Oxford, in reply to the application of the Secretary of the Norwich (England) Bible Society that he would preside at their late annual meeting, wrote as follows:

"Sir—I am surprised and annoyed at the contents of your letter; surprised, because my well known character should have exempted me from such an application—and annoyed, because it obliges me to have this communication with you. I have long been addicted to the gaming-table, I have lately taken to the turf, I fear I frequently blaspheme, and I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was well known to you and to your society, notwithstanding which you think me a fit person for your President. May your hypocrisy be forgiven, but I would rather live in the land of sinners, than with such saints. I am, &c., OXFORD."

CUSTOMS OF ARKANSAS.—The following story is told of an old settler in Arkansas. It was probably true when it occurred:

A "stranger" was peacefully trotting his mng along the public highway, when crack went a rifle, and whiz went a ball through the top of the somewhat startled equestrian's hat, who on pulling up and turning round to discover the cause of this rough salutation, beheld "an old settler" with his rifle in his hand and the smoke curling in graceful festoons over his head. The following conversation ensued:

"Stranger!—What in h—ll did you shoot at me for?"

Old Settler, (with a bland smile)—"Excuse me, if you please, stranger. I'm considered powerful quick on trigger, I am, stranger; and as I just noticed you comin' through the timber, I allowed that you war riding my horse Bill. But, now I look closer, I see my Bill ar' whiter about the legs. It's mighty fine day, stranger.—Won't you step to my cabin, just on the far edge of the next clearing, and take a holt? I've got a gourd of as powerful fine whisky as you ever set your beister to."

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