

An Intelligent Witness.

SCENE.—A court of justice in North Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the court:—May it please your worship, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never before befallen me to be obliged to denounce a breach of the peace so enormous and transcending as the one now claiming your attention. A more barbarous, direful, marked and malicious assault, a more willful, violent, dangerous and murderous battery, and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings as this, which took place over at Captain Rice's, in this county; but you will hear from the witnesses.

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined, and deposed—one, that he heard the noise, but didn't see the fight; another, that he saw the row, but don't know who struck first; and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

Lawyer Chops—I am very sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied so much of your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arose, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly and intelligibly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, chuffy-looking man, a "leetle corned," and took his corporal oath with an air.

Chops—Mr. Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day, at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has been already wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be as compendious and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—Edzactly, giving the lawyer a knowing wink, at the same time clearing his throat. Captain Rice he gin a treet, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife, she moughtn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but, howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife, she mought go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose, he moughtn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that Mose, he was the foreman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass; but, howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose, he mought go.

Chops—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

Witness—Captain Rice, he gin a treet and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife, she moughtn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops—Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife: tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness—Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

Chops—Well, sir, go on.

Witness—Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treet and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife, she moughtn't go—

Chops—There it is again; witness, witness, I say, witness, please to stop.

Witness—Well, sir, what as you want?

Chops—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

Witness—To be sure I do.

Chops—Will you go on and tell it, and nothing else?

Witness—Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treet—

Chops—This is intolerable! May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to me to be trifling with the court.

Court—Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Witness (alarmed)—Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice, he gin a treet, and cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops—I hope that this witness may be ordered into custody.

Court (after deliberating)—Mr. Attorney, the court is of opinion that we can save time by telling the witness to go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness—Yes, gentlemen; well, Captain Rice, he gin a treet; and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife, she moughtn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road and the big swamp was up; but, howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife, she mought go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose, he moughtn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard as how Mose, he was the foreman of the crop and the crop was smartly in the grass; but, howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose, he mought go. So on they goes together, Mose, my wife and cousin Sally Dilliard, and they comes to the big swamp, and the big swamp was up, as I was telling

you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dilliard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walks the log; but my wife, like a fool, waded and, gentlemen, that's the height of what I know about it.

A Mohammedan's description of a Christian Church.

The following is an extract from an alleged translation of Mohammed Pacha's letters on America, published in the *Evening Post*:

"On a sunny morning of the first day of the second week of my sojourn here, I requested my fellow lodger at the St. Nicholas, to conduct me to one of the numerous sanctuaries. He proposed that we should visit the church of the Shining Kaleidoscope, and we went thither. On our entering the sacred edifice, the sexton received us coolly, as if to say, 'What business have you in this establishment?' But when my friend opened his coat and displayed a diamond breast pin of inordinate size, the face of the official blossomed with smiles, and he conducted us to an excellent pew in the central aisle.

My attention was first attracted by the unique decorations of the walls and ceiling. The principal colors used in the work of adornment were light blue, bright yellow, and deep red, each endeavoring to display itself to the best advantage. Their effect, when combined with the other tints of the rainbow, shed through the stained glass windows, was somewhat remarkable; and I observed that a portly lady just behind me had, as the result of the play of light, a green forehead, a blue nose, yellow lips, purple chin, orange hair, and a patch of deep violet over the left eye. Indeed, I had observed no such style of ornamentation anywhere else, except in the brilliant restaurant of Mr. Taylor, of Broadway. Wonderful, oh my Lybian lion, is the power of association—for such was the influence of this painting upon my imagination that I came near asking the usher, who was promenading the aisle, to bring me a lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts, and a vase of iced sherbet.

The services commenced by reading on the part of a person who occupied a room in the rear of the building, and responses from a portion of the congregation. The reader pitched his voice so that it seemed to issue from his toes, and you may judge, therefore, that his intonations were hardly natural, (since he did not stand on his head,) but as it was his office to deal with the supernatural, it may be presumed that such sepulchral utterances were appropriate to the occasion.

Next came a song of praise by four persons in the organ loft. How beautifully they warbled. I was carried straight back to the opera, with its pride and pomp of scenic illusions, intoxicating sounds, brilliant eyes, brilliant jewels, dazzling toilet, immaculate kids. The soprano led off with a splendid staccato passage, in which the notes danced and capered like lambs on a hill side. Then she ceased, and the tenor took up the strain, and prolonged it with clear, trumpet tones. Then he stopped, and the contralto sang a few sweet notes, and, lastly, the basso added his voice to the other, and the whole party commenced a terrific struggle for supremacy in the final fugue. The contest was exciting and the result doubtful for a few moments, but at last the soprano was victorious, ending with a tremendous thrill, which entirely silenced her antagonists. I lifted my hands to applaud. But she checked by my friend, who informed me that however delighted I might be with the performance, I must not express my gratification in the same way that I would at the Academy of Music. Though this distinction seemed to be rather nicely drawn, I of course yielded to the suggestion of his experience."

QUEER LAKE IN JAVA.—There is a queer lake in Java, which a traveler thus describes: It was, perhaps, hardly half a mile in circumference, situated in a dense forest and surrounded by trees of a giant growth, whose shade it was, most likely, that imparted to it a tint almost deeper than that of the sky, and at the depth of six or seven fathoms, or even more, every object to the smallest particle of weed was seen as distinctly as though held in the hand. It had however another peculiarity, that probably did not apply to the atmosphere of the crater, that the rays struck it in such a way as to give a false position to everything below the surface, and fishes that you thought quite close and immediately under you, would remain not only unharmed but even undismayed, by a dart of your lance, and though you might keep on repeating at each attempt, "I'll have you this time," though, a cool, "Don't you wish?" on the calm countenance of the attacked, after each futile endeavor to carry out the threat, was the invariable response. When a bather was immersed in the lake, you saw nothing of him but his head and feet, reminding you of the figures of Chinese criminals, as displayed on cups and saucers, when you are favored with a front view of the unhappy wretches, resting on their hams with their chins on their knees.

CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—The *Alta California* gives the following receipt for the cure of neuralgia. Half drachm of sal ammonia in an ounce of camphor water, to be taken a tea spoonfull at a dose, and the dose repeated at intervals of five minutes, if the pain be not relieved at once. This is believed to be the most effectual remedy ever discovered for this most painful malady.

FORCE OF GUNPOWDER.—The estimated force of gunpowder, when exploded, is at least 14,750 lbs. on every square inch of surface which confines it.

Politeness.

It is the characteristic by which we at once recognize the real lady or gentleman. It is the pleasant tonic that braces us to bear unexpected disappointment and defeat. In fact, politeness is the oil that allows the wheel of society to turn smoothly and agreeably on its axis. Without it we would be as vessels bound on a distant voyage, uncheered by sunshine, and continually contending against head winds retarding our progress, crushing and grinding the weather beaten hulls of the miserable barks together. Give me a polite refusal rather than a surly compliance, for the latter is more degrading to the sensitive mind than the former, and hardens the heart at once, not allowing a single seed of gratitude to take root and flourish.

Whatever you say, say it politely, and rest assured that if there is any justice or right on your side, no offense can be taken. The polite man always finds, on revisiting where his feet have trod before, bright smiles and kind words to welcome him back. He is ever welcome, for he sows broad cast seeds which we all take to our bosoms as stray sunbeams to cheer us amid the wintry gloom.

Is it not wonderful, when we consider how pleasant and easy it is to be polite, that we meet so many in this world that have as much idea of politeness as hogs under an oak tree when acorns are falling? But such is nevertheless a fact. There are men who actually think that they would lose something by being polite; these are the selfish, miserly ones, whose hearts are wrapped up in bank bills and cased over with yellow gold. Then there are the uneducated, who fancy that rough, overbearing manners make them appear dignified; they are the most harmless, being simply ridiculous.

Also the pedantic, studiously cultivating long hair and majestic silence, with which to astonish fools. But the most destructive animal (I mean that word) is the unfeeling, coarse individual who treats everybody (save when he cringes to gain,) alike; turns coldly away from the imploring eyes of the homeless orphan, or rudely bids pale, hollow-cheeked starvation seek sympathy and food at the poor house. Such men ought to have an island exclusively for themselves; they are not fit to walk the garden of the world; their cold eyes may freeze to death many tender flowers.

It is an undeniable fact that politeness is better cultivated by the softer sex, yet is not universal. Yet, their hearts being more open to kindness, (the mother of politeness) we seldom see a woman, having had the blessings of a sound education, who is not polite. But occasionally, very pretty women, though well educated and perhaps kind at heart, indulge in rudeness; and it is quite a common thing to see would-be-ladies, when piqued or jealous, as rude as uncivilized Indians; and, instead of gaining anything by it, making themselves appear disgusting.

Surely fated as we all are to dwell for but a short time in an ever-changing cold world, we ought, nay it is a duty demanded from us, to be at least polite to each other; for we are as children of misfortune striving to climb the slippery steep to happiness, and should cheer each other on the way.

Pause, therefore, before you are ever rude to any one, consider and weigh well the circumstances, for he whom you slight to-day you may never see to-morrow; and a cold or rude word may add the last drop to overflow a cup of misery.—[Waverley Magazine.]

THE LIGHT OF A CHEERFUL FACE.—There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continued good-humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor, hope to cling to the sun-illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows.

Ill comes to us as providentially as good—and is a good, if we rightly apply its lessons; why not, then, cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy and of Christianity. What is gained by peevishness and fretfulness—by perverse sadness and sullenness? If we are ill, let us be cheered by the trust that we shall soon be in health; if misfortune befall us, let us be cheerful by hopeful visions of better fortune; if death robs us of the dear ones, let us be cheered by the thought that they are only gone before to the blissful bowers where we shall all meet, to part no more forever.

Cultivate cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful. It will be your consoler in solitude, your passport and commendator in society. You will be more sought after, more trusted and esteemed for your steady cheerfulness. The bad, the vicious, may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

Celestials and Yankees....The Contrast.

One of the missionaries in China shows up the following "they's" and "we's":

The Chinese parents select the wives for their sons, and decide whom their daughters shall marry. Their badge of mourning is white, and their funeral cards are written with blue ink. They mourn for the dead by proxy, and select a burying place for the departed by the aid of one who makes that his profession. We read horizontally; they perpendicularly. We read from left to right; they from right to left. We uncover the head as a mark of respect; they put on their caps. We blackball our boots; they whitewash theirs. We compress the waist; they the feet. We give the place of honor on the right; they on the left. We speak of north-west; they of west-north. We say the needle of the compass points north; they to the south. We shake the hand of a friend in salutation; they shake their own.—We locate the understanding in the brain; they in the belly.

Our officials designate their office or rank by a star on the breast or epaulettes on their shoulders; they by a button on the apex of their caps. We page our books on the top; they on the margin. We print on both sides of the leaf; they upon one. We place our foot-notes at the bottom of the page; they at the top of it. We mark the title of a book on the back of the binding; they on the margin of the leaf. In our libraries, we set our volumes up; they lay theirs down; we keep our wives in the parlor; they keep theirs in the kitchen. We put our daughters to school; they put theirs to service. We propel our canal boats by horses and steam; they pull theirs by men. We take our produce to market by railroad; they take theirs on men's shoulders. We saw lumber and grind flour by steam and water-power; they do it by human muscle. We turn a thousand spindles and fly a hundred shuttles without a single hand to propel; they employ a hand for each. We print by power presses and metal types; they on wooden blocks with a hand-brush. We worship God; they offer incense to the devil.

HUMAN NATURE.—An Eastern paper tells a good anecdote of an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer illustration of that compound of incompatibles called "human nature." It was a Christmas Eve of one of those old-fashioned winters which were so cold.—The old lady put on an extra shawl, and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant: "It's a terrible cold night, Scip. I am afraid my poor neighbor, widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheel-barrow, fill it full of wood; pile on a good load, and tell the good woman to keep herself comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip."

These last orders were duly obeyed, and the old lady was thoroughly warmed, both inside and out. And now the trusty Scip was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again: "Stop, Scip; you need not go now; the weather has moderated."

SEA-MONSTER.—The Hamilton *Bermudian* describes a remarkable fish nearly seventeen feet in length, which swam ashore on that island. The head was like that of a dog, but its most remarkable feature was a beautiful crestal appendage, consisting of eight long spines, of a rich red color, from the top of the head, which the creature had the power to raise or depress at pleasure. They were of irregular lengths—the longest growing from about the center of the top of the head, being three feet in length, and the rest ranging from 18 to 30 inches. The larger number of these appendages were flattened at the extreme end somewhat like the tip of a spear.

SAGACITY OF THE HORSE.—On the night of the 21st ult., Mr. Thomas Green of Lyons, Ill., was thrown from his horse, and his ankle bone broken, leaving him helpless on the road. The horse manifested great concern for his injured rider, going four different times to a neighboring house, and as often returning to him, smelling of him and whinnying on the road, showing so much distress as to induce a gentleman to follow him to where Mr. Green lay on the road, perfectly helpless and liable to be run over in the dark.

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.—A medical report says: "A successful case of transfusion of blood into the veins of a woman was performed lately at Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland. The woman, although in the prime of life, had become so weak from the loss of blood that pulsation was at times imperceptible. The blood of a friend was injected into a vein in one of her arms, and the most cheering results were immediately manifested. She continued to improve rapidly, and at last accounts was considered beyond the reach of danger."

BENEVOLENT.—Down East resides a certain minister. One very cold night he was aroused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at the door.—After some hesitation he went to the window and asked,

"Who's there?"

"A friend."

"What do you want?"

"To stay here all night."

"Well, stay there, then," was the benevolent reply.

—The Governor of Kentucky recommends the Legislature of that State to prohibit by law, under severe penalties, the marriage of cousins.