

**A Clergyman taken in and done for.**

The boat from Albany landed on the pier, last Tuesday morning, an innocent, unsophisticated clergyman from the western part of the State, who had never been in this city before, and of course knew nothing of the vicious habits of the "elephant." The clergyman stood on the pier, with his carpet-bag in his hand, and a wondrous expression on his mild countenance, when he was espied by a Jehu, who was on the look out for a fare.

"Coach, sir?" says Jehu, touching his hat respectfully, and looking demurely.

"Yes, my friend," the clergyman replied, walking suddenly from his reverie, "I do want a coach."

"All right, sir; come this way," and Jehu seized the carpet-bag, to which its owner clung and was dragged through the crowd to a rickety old machine, which the driver called a coach.

"Where to, sir?" says Jehu.

"To any respectable house—I am a stranger here."

"I'll carry you to the best one in town—the hotel where rooms have been taken for the King of France."

"Bless me," said the clergyman, "is the ex-King of France coming over—I didn't hear of that."

"Expected next steamer, sir—he would have been here before, only he wanted to see if the Queen of England wouldn't want to come along, too."

"Ah," said the clergyman, "we live in exciting times."

"We don't do anything else, sir," said Jehu, as he jumped on the box and applied the whip to his miserable nags.

To what den of thieves the rascally coachman carried our country friend, we cannot say, since the victim was unable to describe the place or its locality to the police. But it was opposite a dirty looking building that he was put down by the driver, who then demanded three dollars for his fare.

"Three dollars!" exclaimed the good clergyman, "why, a neighbor of mine said that the rates were fixed by law, and that I would have to pay only three shillings to ride a mile in the city."

"O, that was before the news of the French revolution came, wages have riz since then, and the law now is for every man to get as much as he can, and keep all he gets, and we go in for that law—we do."

"But, my friend, if I had known that you would have demanded so much, I should have walked."

"Taint safe for strangers to walk in the city—ten to one they'll meet the elephant."

"Meet the elephant—I don't understand you."

By this time, according to the clergyman's account, the knave must have tired of fooling with his victim, for he answered, saucily—

"I can't stop to talk with you—pay me my three dollars, and let me go."

The country gentleman, unsuspecting an hour before of such tricks, yet felt that he was being cheated, and mildly declined to pay the money.

"Then you must go before a magistrate," cried Jehu in a rage.

"Willingly—and if the magistrate says that your charge is right, I will pay it."

"Better pay it now, and you will save the cost of court."

"Costs of court!—will a justice of the peace charge anything for answering a single question?"

"A single question!—if you go to law with me we'll have a regular trial according to the new constitution—I'll have a jury of twelve men, if they can be got, or six any how," answered the hackman.

The clergyman endeavored to compromise with the Jehu, but a new idea had entered into the rascal's head, and he now not only demanded three dollars fare, but extra pay for the delay. The victim concluded to see the magistrate, and he re-entered the hack, and was driven off—where he could not tell: but his description of the scene which followed was ludicrous enough.

"I was introduced to the magistrate, who shook hands with me, asked the hackman what was the nature of the charge, and shook his

head when told that I would not pay three dollars for riding from the steamboat to the hotel. I asked him if the charge was just.

He said that the new constitution was not clear to his apprehension, and that a jury must decide the matter; and he thanked God that under the new constitution the jury were judges of the law and the fact, and didn't care a d—n for all the benches in the Supreme Court.—Then he walked away with the driver, and told me that I must consider myself a prisoner until the case was adjudicated. I asked him for my carpet-bag. He said that the new law did not allow a prisoner to have a carpet-bag or trunk, until the chief of police had examined into the contents—and he asked me for the key to send with the bag to the chief's office, which I gave him.

I waited for more than an hour before a jury was empanelled; when the trial began, the magistrate asked me if I had counsel. I replied no; upon which he said the court would assign me counsel, and a red-faced man who stood in the doorway was told to take charge of my case.

The hackman was examined, and told his story very briefly. Then I was put upon the stand and cross-questioned for two hours.

I was obliged to state where I came from, how old I was, what was the state of my wife's health, how many children I had, if my congregation was large, what salary I had, and whether it was paid monthly or quarterly, whether there had been a revival in the neighborhood during the year, what my opinion of the ship fever was, whether there had been any cases of small-pox in my town, and if all the children had been vaccinated, what works on natural history I had read, and whether I had seen the elephant.

To each of these questions my counsel loudly protested, and offered to show from the new constitution that I could not be compelled to answer them. But I told him I would much rather answer them at once, than to lose time in discussion.

Finally the case was given to the jury, after a very long charge from the judge, in which he said that whatever might be their verdict, they must remember that I was a clergyman who had heretofore borne an excellent character, and that I was entitled to the benefit of a doubt, if there was such a thing in the case, which he felt obliged to say he doubted. However, he referred them to the new constitution, and "the whole duty of man," an excellent work as I knew, and then sent them out for consultation.

It was afternoon when the jury came in with a verdict for the plaintiff. The judge ciphered on a slate for a few minutes, and then told me to pay three dollars to the coachman, eleven dollars cost of court, and three dollars counsel fee. My counsel said that I could appeal if I would lodge one hundred dollars with the court as security that I would carry the case up. But I preferred to pay the seventeen dollars, especially as I hadn't the hundred dollars to lodge as security. I was then allowed to depart, the court giving me an order on the chief of police for my carpet-bag.

This was the story of the country clergyman, related with child-like simplicity at the chief's office, where he presented the order for his bag, and was informed that he had been imposed upon. The knaves into whose hands he fell, had amused themselves for nearly an entire day with their victim before they plucked him. —*New York Paper.*

**BENEFITS OF ADVERTISING.**—A man named John Derby, advertised for a wife, and received seventy-five applications. Some of the applicants pressed their claims with so much vigor, that poor John, to get out of the scrape, placed a rope round his neck and hung himself! Poor fellow!

**BRIGHT**—The Pike County (Ill.) Free Press, states that a justice of that county, voted against the new constitution, on the ground that he had taken oath to support the old one!

"Illustrated with cuts," said a young urchin, as he drew his pocket-knife across the leaves of his Grammar. "Illustrated with cuts," reiterated the schoolmaster, as he drew his cane across the back of the young urchin.

**CHURCH BELL(S).**

"Attend your church," the parson cries;  
To church the fair one goes;  
The old go there to close their eyes.  
The young to eye their clothes.

**Dr. Johnson's Pudding.**

Last summer I made an excursion to Scotland, with a view of completing my services of views, and went over the same grounds described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions, and perceiving a storm threaten I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down and partake of a part of a bowl of whiskey-punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew McGregor, a relation of mine; and these hard bottom chairs in which we are now sitting, were years ago filled by the great tourists—Dr. Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the lion and the jackall. Boswell generally preceded the Doctor in search of food. Being much pleased with the cooks of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton, he ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. Elated with good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony.

"My dear sir," said Boswell, out of breath with joy and good news, "I have just bespoke, in a comfortable and clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself we shall make an excellent meal."

Johnson looked pleased—"And I hope," said he, "you have bespoke a pudding."

"Sir, you have your favorite pudding," said the other.

Johnson got off the pony; the poor animal, relieved of the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for a delicious treat. Johnson felt his coat rather wet from the mists of the mountains, went into the kitchen and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire. He sat on a hob near a little boy, who was very busy attending to the meat. Johnson, moreover, did not like in the least the appearance of his head when he shifted the basting ladle from the one hand, the other was never idle, and the doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat, upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day.—Dinner being announced, Boswell exclaimed—

"My dear doctor, here comes the mutton—what a picture—done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown."

The Doctor tittered. After a short grace, Boswell said—

"I suppose I have to carve as usual. What part shall I help you to?"

The doctor replied—"My dear boy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day."

"O dear, this is a great disappointment," said Boswell.

"Say no more, I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding."

Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. "How the gravy runs; what fine flavored fat, so nice and brown, too; ah! sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton."

The meat being removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The Doctor looked joyous; fell eagerly to, and in a few moments nearly finished the whole pudding. And Mr. Boswell said—

"Doctor, while I was carving mutton, you seemed inclined to laugh; pray tell me what tickled your fancy?"

The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried—the Doctor laughed.

"You little filthy, snivelling hound," said Boswell, "when you basted the meat why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?"

"I couldn't sir," said the boy.

"Why couldn't you?" said Boswell.

"Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in."

The doctor gathered up his herculean frame—stood erect—touched the ceiling with his wig—squinted—indeed, looked any way but the right way. At last, with mouth wide open, and none of the smallest, and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath; and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out—

"Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing, and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any man living while you breathe."

When wolves cross a river, they follow one another, directly in a line, the second holding the tail of the first in his mouth; the third, that of the second, and so of the rest.

**ALL SORTS OF THINGS.**

"OUT WEST."—"Out West" is certainly a great country, but there is one little town in "them diggrins" which appears to have been overlooked by English travellers, and which is "all sorts of a stirring place." In one day, they recently had two street fights, hung a man, rode three men out of town on a rail, got up a quarter race, a turkey shooting, a gander pulling, a match dog fight, had preaching by a circus rider, who afterwards run a foot race for apple-jack all round and, as if this was not enough, the judge of the court, after loosing his year's salary at single handed poker, and whipping a person who said he didn't understand the game, went out and helped to lynch his grandfather for hog stealing.

**A POSER.**—We were handsomely "tripped up" in a discussion the other day, with a pretty young Miss of our borough, on the proposed change in ladies' dresses. After putting in our "biggest licks," as we thought, against the contemplated innovation, the young lady very naively knocked the noise out of us by saying, "Ah, if you men would only permit us to adopt the Turkish costume, we in turn would allow you to adopt the Turkish custom of having as many wives as you please." We incontinently threw up our caps in favor of the short skirts and trowsers.—*Carlisle Democrat.*

**LITERAL CONSTRUCTION.**—Mr. Hurd the celebrated teacher of grammar, once on a time at Hopkinton, Mass., set his class to parsing the following lines of Pope:—

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate  
All but the page described," &c.

The word "all," in the second line, had been parsed, when coming to the word "but," and directing his eye to the next pupil, the master said—

"'But'—the next."

No sooner was the word out, than plump went the head of the pupil into the bread-basket of his next neighbor.

"Boo!—hoo!—hoo!" roared the latter, most lustily.

"What are you about there?" said the master to the former.

"I am *butting the next*, sir, as you told me to," replied the former.

How is it they have so many giants born in the British Provinces? We had one big fellow here, some time since, who hailed from there-away, and now we see it stated that one of the babies of Pictou, not five years old, is 4 feet 8 inches high, and weighs over 100 pounds. The British government, having killed off every other kind of business for the Provinces, it may be that our neighbors are turning their attention to giant-making, a species of enterprise that the oppressive acts of the "home" councils cannot affect.—*Boston Carpet-Bag.*

"Hallo, Joe, what makes your nose so red?"

"Friendship!"

"Friendship! Well, how do you make that out?"

"I've got a friend who is very fond of brandy, and as he is too weak to take it strong, I've constituted myself his TASTER."

The Welsh have three warnings from the grave—Thou know, st w) at I was, thou see t what I am, remember w) at thou art to be.

The Parisians have resolved to kill the fattest calf in honor of their Revolution. The banquet will be appropriately held in the *Hotel de Veal.*

**TRUE PHILOSOPHY.**—"What do you mean to do with him?" said a friend of Theodore Hook, alluding to a man who had grossly vilified him. "Do with him?" replied Hook, "why I mean to let him alone most severely."

A Judge once said to a lawyer more remarkable for the number of his words than the sense of his speeches, that he was "very much like necessity!" "How do you make that out?" inquired the loquacious attorney. "Because," said the Judge, "necessity knows no law."

We were much amused with a little boy, upon whom his mother was inflicting personal chastisement—"Give me two or three licks more, mother—I don't think I can behave well yet."

The human heart rises against oppression, and is soothed by gentleness, as the waves of the ocean rise in proportion to the violence of the winds, and sink with breeze into mildness and serenity.

**DEFINITE.**—"Why don't you buy a thing-umbob and what-do-you-call-it your sidewalk every morning, Mr. Jones?" asked one neighbor of another "Because," replied he, "I haint got no what's-his-name to buy it with."

Why are the New York Aristocracy like barbers' poles?

Because when seen in the street they are evidently *stuck up* to be looked at.

Why is the engine of a special train like the letter W?

Because the express is on (*X presses on*) behind.

Why is it no use sending a message by the electric telegraph?

Because after all it must come through the post.