

AN ARKANSAS JUSTICE.

In one of the small towns of the cotton-growing part of Arkansas, the merchants ship cotton for the planters of the back counties, on commission. One of the most respectable merchants of said town—whom we will call Smith received last year eight bales of cotton from one of his customers from a neighboring county Jesse Morriss by name, and gave his receipt therefore. In due time the cotton was sold, and the merchant wrote to Morriss to come and settle their accounts, which he did, and on settlement, it was found that Morriss was still indebted to his merchant sixty-eight dollars—having overdrawn his crop to that amount—for which he gave his note to Smith.

Some months afterward, the note having become due, and remaining unpaid, Smith sent it amongst others, to one Stokely Heflin, a justice of the peace in Morriss's county for collection. The justice accordingly brought suit on it, but before judgment, died; and the said Jesse Morriss was appointed his successor, and took charge of his docket, papers, &c.

In due time his court-day came on. After disposing of several small cases, he reached the case of Smith vs. Morriss and although he was a party to the suit himself, he decided that as his predecessor had commenced the suit, he had as his successor, the right to finish it, and called out—

"Mr. Constable, call the plaintiff"—who of course, was not present: and the case proceeded as follows:

Justice (Morriss).—"I want you all to take notice that I try this case by the strict rules of eternal justice, not the rules that these young lawyers have brought up here to fool honest men out of their rights."

Young Lawyer (modestly looking on).—"I would take the liberty of respectfully suggesting to your honor, that, under the law as laid down by Blackstone and the statutes of Arkansas you are not authorized to try your own case."

Justice (fiercely).—"Blackstone and statutes? Pooh! who cares for them? I know more about this case than Mr. Blackstone or Mr. Statutes either and I'll be d—d if I don't intend to try it, too, or whip every lawyer within the jurisdiction of this hon-orable court."

Lawyer (very modestly retiring, with Blackstone under his arm).—"Well, proceed sir; I have nothing more to say."

Justice (pompously).—"Mr. Constable, notify the crowd that, in this case, Smith has my note for sixty-eight dollars, and I have his receipt for eight bales of cotton, which, at thirty dollars per bale, is two hundred and forty dollars, which I plead as an offset and give judgment against Smith for one hundred and seventy-two dollars and my costs, and Mr. Constable, if you don't collect that amount and have it here before this court forthwith, I'll make you smoke—d'ye hear me?—And Mr. Con'ble, it is also ordered that Jenkins and Jones, who owe Smith fifty dollars each, be garnished and commanded to pay to me on pain of imprisonment for life. Adjourn court, Mr. C."

Wilson (excited).—"Stop! stop! Mr. Court you've not tried my case yet. That same fellow Smith, has sued me for seventy-two dollars."

Justice (meditating).—"Here Wilson, I'll assign you this receipt for a valuable consideration. There's just seventy-two dollars left on it, which you can plead as an offset, and I'll give you judgement against Smith for costs.—Constable adjourn the court sine-day, and bring that bottle under the bench there, down to Squire Higgins tavern; and I can beat any fellow in this crowd at a game of seven up for the best cow and calf in Arkansas! Hurra for Squire Morriss, justice of the peace!"

And thus ended the case in a general treat, but I am glad to say for the credit of the country; that the Circuit Court promptly awarded a writ of certiorari to bring the proceedings up for revision.—M. O. Delta.

THE OLD LADY'S LAST.—Mrs. Partington laments that she shall never be able to "suppress" herself correctly. "Whenever I open my mouth," she says, "I am sure to put my foot in it."

Diamond cut Diamond.

A friend, for some time resident at San Francisco, relates the following incident of which he was an eye witness.

It is the custom with the great gambling establishments to employ stool-pigeons, or decoys to trap the unsuspecting into the loss of whatever money they may have in their possession.

One of this class, we will call him Sharp for want of a better name, prided himself on his success in this line. He was wont to boast that none, once fairly in his clutches, ever escaped scatheless. He was in the habit of lying in wait especially for those who had just returned from the mines laden with the proceeds of many a day's hard labor.

One day, as he was walking through the streets, his watchful eye rested upon an individual in ragged costume, swinging a heavy bag carelessly in his right hand, and who, judging from his demeanor, was far gone in verdancy. "Here's a prize," thought Sharp to himself.

"Just from the mines?" inquired he, blandly.

"I reckon I am," was the reply.

"Good luck, I hope."

"Well, rayther; there's some dust in this bag, I reckon."

Sharp, by adroit questioning, ascertained that the stranger's bag contained some twelve hundred dollars worth of dust. Finding him without acquaintances in the city, he kindly volunteered to show him the lions of the place. Of course he soon drew up at the gambling house of which he was the paid agent. The stranger made little objections to playing, though he didn't know a "damned thing about it."

The result was as may be imagined. Sharp rose from the table a winner—his antagonist a ruined man.

The latter was very vociferous in his grief. "What a confounded fool I was to play! Twelve hundred dollars gone in half an hour! and now I haven't got a cent to carry me back to the mines. That comes of gambling. O dear!"

He buried his face in his handkerchief and seemed quite overcome with sorrow.

"Look here," said Sharp, who did not relish such an outcry, "if you won't make such a confounded racket, I'll give you twenty dollars to carry you back to the mines. Come, that's fair, isn't it?"

The stranger acknowledged that it was; he quickly dried up his tears, and pocketing the money, departed.

"That's what I call something of an operation," chuckles Sharp. "Twelve hundred dollars in half an hour isn't to be sneered at."

He lifted the bag, which to his satisfaction seemed very heavy, and prepared to open it.

Conceive his disappointment and rage, when, instead of discovering a large amount of gold-dust, he found it filled with fine shot!

"The cursed swindler! He has cheated me, and worse than all, I gave him twenty dollars for doing it!"

Diligent enquiry was made after the mysterious stranger, but he never again was seen in San Francisco. Sharp pocketed the loss as well as he could, and learned from it the useful lesson that the sharpest are liable to be taken in and done for.

A BROAD HINT.—The Rev. Mr. Johnson was one of those rough, but quaint preachers of a former generation, who was fond of visiting and good living. While seated at the table of a good lady in a neighboring parish, she asked if he took milk in his tea. "Yes, marm, when I can't get cream," was the ready reply.

The above, from a correspondent, reminds us of an anecdote of another clergyman, who was a bit of a humorist. He once took tea with a lady of his parish, who prided herself much upon her nice bread, and was always addicted to the common practice of deprecating her viands to her guests. As she passed the nice warm biscuit to the Rev. gentleman, she said, "they are not very good, she was almost ashamed to offer them," &c. The minister took one, looked at it rather dubiously, and replied, "They are not so good as they might be!" The plate was instantly withdrawn, and with heightened color, the lady exclaimed, "They are good enough for you!" Nothing further was said about the biscuit.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—The New Orleans Delta tells the following story:—

"A young lady, an only daughter of a very fond, devoted and scrupulous father, was sent to a fashionable boarding-house, where she became the companion and room-mate of another young lady, who rejoiced in one of these perversions of masculine names for which some ladies have a great affection; in other words her name was Richardetta, and she was 'commonly known among the girls as Dicky.' Writing to her father, the young lady at this new fashionable school assured him that she was so happy, as she had for a room-mate 'sweet little Dicky H—'."

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "is this a specimen of the morality of your fashionable boarding schools?"—Ordering his carriage, he started immediately for the academy, and on his arrival, asked to be shown into his daughter's room, where he found her sitting very affectionately in the lap of another young lady. The affectionate girl rushed forward to greet the indulgent father who, drawing himself up very frowningly, exclaimed:

"Where is that rascal?"

"Who, papa?"

"That Dickey you wrote about—who is your room-mate?"

"Why, there she is," exclaimed the innocent damsel, throwing her arms around the innocent cause of so much anguish. The hasty old gentleman was perfectly disgusted with himself, and also with the confounded bad taste of giving girls boy's names.

AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.—The following is said to be found in an ancient history of Connecticut:—Soon after the settlement of the town of New Haven, several persons went over to what is now the town of Milford, where, finding the soil very good, they were desirous to effect a settlement. But the premises were in the peaceful possession of the Indians, and some conscientious scruples arose to the propriety of depositing and expelling them. To test the case, a church meeting was called, and the matter was determined by solemn vote of the sacred body. After several speeches had been made in relation to the subject, they proceeded to pass votes; the first was the following: "Voted, that the Earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." This passed in the affirmative, and "Voted, that the earth is given to the saints." This was also determined like the former, nem. con. Thirdly, "Voted, that we are the saints," which passing without a single dissenting voice, the title was considered indisputable, and the Indians were very soon compelled to evacuate the place, and relinquish the possession to the rightful owners."

"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son one morning.

"So I did this morning," replied Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah! what was it, my darling," and his father's hand ran through his offspring's curls.

"Why, I wallopped Jack Edwards till he yelled like thunder; you should just have heard him holler, dad."

"Dad" looked unhappy, while he exclaimed that the precept did not imply a case like that, and concluded mildly with—

"You should not have done that, my child."

"Then he'd wallopped me," retorted Bill.

"Better," expostulated his sire, "for you to have fled from the wrath to come."

"Yes, but,"—argued Bill, by way of a final clincher—"Jack can run twice as fast as I can."

The good man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen, and endeavored to compose himself and a sermon reconciling Practice with Precept.

When you hear a speaker using long-waisted words, and four-story hiflutin generally, make up your mind that nature forgot to put any brains under his hat. Steep words are generally piled up to cover the lack of sense in him who utters them. Short, sharp, crisp words, and good sense, go in the same company, as naturally as girls, nonsense, beaux, and another new bonnet.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

If a small boy is a lad, will two small boys make a ladder?

The man who was driven to distraction has had to walk back.

What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident? Absence of body.

The whole world has taken the place of Rome in granting indulgences to the rich.

HOPE.—A sentiment exhibited in the wag of a dog's tail, when he is waiting for a bone.

The individual who broke the ice with his maiden speech, was drowned by applause.

We often quarrel with the unfortunate to get rid of pitying them.—Vauvenargues.

The fellow who "carried out a project," was obliged to bring it back again.

Did you ever know a person to believe you when you explained how you got a black eye?

Why is the letter S an excellent travelling companion?—Because it can turn any number of miles into smiles.

What powder should a young lady use to keep off a young gentleman from kissing her?—Odonto [Oh! don't oh!].

Talking of the importance of individuals to themselves, Douglas mentioned a letter from a servant maid, in which she says, "I hear it is all over London that I am going to leave my place."

At a time when public affairs were in a very unsettled state, a gentleman who squinted terribly asked Talyrand how things were going on. "Why as you see sir," was the reply.

EVERYBODY'S CREED.

Higgledy-piggledy, scramble and bawl,
Each for himself, and God for us all;
That is the Creed of the world all over—
Rolling millions in dirt, and hundreds in clover.

CONCENTRATED.—We like an editor who "knows his own mind." For example, the Rockland Gazette, reviewing a new work, comes to the point thus:—"We have received a book entitled, 'Arabella, a Tale of Tenderness—The author is a fool.'"

A drunken youth got out of his calculation, and was dozing in the street, when the bells roused him by their ringing for fire. "Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen fourteen!" he cried—"Well, if it isn't later than I ever knew it!"

The genius who went out a-fishing with the north-pole, used Mason & Dixon's line. Finding the pole too long, he cut it off with one of the axes of this earth.

A COOK EXTRAORDINARY. A Lady being in want of a cook, a few days since, published an advertisement in the Ledger, and was waited on by any quantity of Ladies wanting situations. Amongst them was one who on being asked some questions, cut them short with "Never mind about me, Marm, let me see first if the place will suit me then you can inquire about me afterwards."—Bizarre.

A BLUNDER.—The best blunder we have heard for a long time was committed very recently in Richmond, by a negro servant, who had been sent by his mistress to borrow the last Blackwood from a neighbor.

'Misses' compliments, and says will you please to send her the July number of the black bombazine."

A country poet has addressed the following lines "To Laura."

Them charms of yours must soon decay,
With all the joys that youth has brung;
For beauty quickly fades away—
Then go it, lady, while you're young.

A Savannah paper in allusion to Miss Bremer's having called Savannah "the city of gushing springs," says that "the old pumps which are the only fountains in the place, ought to hold up their heads at the compliment and wag their handles."