

THE PENNY DIP.

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Price 2 Cents.

LOVE IN BUGTOWN.

**A Much-Loved Maiden--The Adage--
"The Course of True Love Never
runs Smooth"--Verified--A Constant
Change of Lovers and the Trouble it
Causes.**

THE PROLOGUE.

Some two years ago two colored individuals named respectively George and Joe, had the misfortune to fall in love with the same dark damsel, and after each of them making love to her successively for about two months she at last fell a victim to the all-absorbing love of Georgie, who was so delighted at the result of his wooing and a collusion of lips in the bargain, that he jumped and skipped about, finally landing on top of a policeman who had been enjoying the scene at a distance and who also began to jump around, his antics being so far in excess of Georgie's that it brought a blush to his cheek to think, as he said, that any white trash should try and beat him dancing, and before his gal, too. Meanwhile the policeman having ended his performances, and, we suppose, feeling a little bit mad to think that he had been giving a free entertainment and to such an audience, to soothe the pain somewhat he collared the fond lover and after a time succeeded in escorting him to the station, followed by the maledictions both loud and deep of the fair one thus robbed of her adorer. The next morning George was brought up on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, and inspired by the presence of his affianced, he pleaded his case with a grand flourish of arms, winding up with an eloquent speech that would have melted any other heart but his Honor's, who mildly requested \$8.—\$6. for the offence and \$2. for listening to his harangue. The money not being forthcoming, a back-seat was provided in the Black Maria, and he went up to the boarding house for three months.

George being out of the way for such a long time, the fair one was inconsolable and it is said she lost ten pounds of flesh daily; so Joe finding out how matters were, stepped to the front, determined to strike while the iron was hot. Donning his best Sunday-go-to-meeting suit with a large standing-up collar, Joe started from his Villa in Bugtown on a fine Sunday afternoon with the intention of taking the heart of the beauty by storm. He at length arrived at the house, and after carefully wiping the dust from his highly polished plantations, and twisting himself in every considerable form to see if a particle of dust had dared to find rest on his best court-riding suit, at last mustered up courage to ring the door bell; but as it had not been repaired since the last time, he finally had to apply the toe of his boot, which soon brought to the door the object of his visit, who, with a bland smile, invited Joey to enter. He went and was seen no more until about 12 o'clock that night when he departed; and if one might judge by the sound of something which closely resembled a pistol shot, and by the shining face which reflected his happiness, we at once knew another heart had been mended with the old love left out. Meanwhile the three months rolled wearily along and George looking ten per cent. better for the bull head soup and porridge which was the daily diet at his boarding house, at last was allowed to fly with the wings of a dove to his beloved, and receive, as he thought a reward for his unceasing devotion; but, alas! he was received not as he expected, with a holy kiss, but with cold glances, and a "Hallo George! were did you come from? when did you git out; and you look so well on't why didn't yer stay?" all of which sent a cold thrill through the heart of poor Georgie, and he left her a sadder yet wiser man with his mind full of malice against "all gals dat would fool a feller dat way," and vowing that he would put a tin ear on the more fortunate one. But so handsome a maiden could not be satisfied with only one lover, and with all the arts of female love soon trapped two other love stricken youths

one of whom sad to relate, is a brother of her present lover, and now things began to look lively; for after behaving in a way that incites the jealousy of one and causes him to commit an insult upon the other and be sent up, she holds forth no hope for the bruised and battered one by declaring in Court that she loves "Charley" best. "Charley" is another brother, and it would seem that it "runs in families."

THE COMIC TRAGEDY.

Now Bugtown, Portland, is the place where lives this dusky maiden after whom, as she is considered a great beauty, many of the young men of her own persuasion used to seek for the sake of winning even one smile from her full, red lips. But of all the young beaux who worshipped at her shrine, it seems that two (mentioned in the prologue and brothers as well) considered themselves particularly favored suitors.

Now it happened that one of the young gentlemen, the one, too, who supposed himself favored above all others, was told that the other young gentleman was that evening seen going into the home of his lady love. Nothing more was wanting to start the jealous temper of this young man. He set off post haste possessed of the "green-eyed monster," to wreak vengeance upon the man who, he believed, had stolen from him the love of his fair one. On arriving at the house of the young lady, he entered and saw that his hopes of ever living with the fair one he had destined for his own, all his own, were blasted. Seated in the room was the fair damsel and likewise the other dusky lover. With blazing eyes the discarded lover rushed upon the successful one and dealt him

A FIERCE BLOW UPON THE EYE.

Not content with damaging the others optic alone, he proceeded to also affectionately pat his bread-basket by sending two more pile drivers in that direction. The young lady now interfered and received a blow from the infuriated lover. Other hands now interfered and the young gentleman, thinking he had done damage enough, quietly left; and now we come to tragic part of the story. The lady vowed to have revenge, and the next day the young man received a summons to attend at the

PORTLAND POLICE COURT.

At 10 o'clock, sharp, the Court was opened, Judge Tapley presiding. The lover who had received the thrashing was called upon to state his case which he did, declaring that he was sitting with a young lady when the other young gentleman had struck him. "STRUCK ME ONCE IN DE FAWHEAD AND TWICE IN DE STOMACH."

He said affectionately hugging the latter part of his anatomy.

The other young gent was told that if he wished to ask any questions he might do so. Turning to the witness the prisoner asked in tones as gentle as those that an angry bull is said to indulge in, "did you say dat I hit you?" "yes, you did" said the witness, nothing daunted.

"Well, dere, now, you see I didn't," said the prisoner.

"Oh, ask him some questions about how it all occurred," said his Honor; but as merely the same question and reply was gone through the witness was told that he could step down.

The young lady was now called who gave the same evidence as the former witness, with the added intelligence that

HE HAD ALSO STRUCK HER.

"Ah!" said his Honor, "I see how it is; two fellows after the one girl, now, Miss, I want you to tell me candidly which of the two young gentlemen you love best?"

The young lady hesitatingly replied that she did not know, but his Honor showing her the inconsistency of this reply exhorted her to speak without fear. Being thus encouraged she declared that she loved "Chawley" best; but here the proceedings were interrupted by the prisoner declaring he "didn't care for her anyhow." He was told to keep quiet till he heard what his Honor had to say about it. His Honor's address was short and sweet, he said to the prisoner: "you have been found guilty of assault and battery upon this young man, and also with striking this young lady; the only reason assigned is jealousy, my advice, therefore, is don't get jealousy. I give you \$10 or a month in Jail. To which eloquent address the prisoner replied: "Guess I takes de month." The Court then adjourned.

NEWCASTLE.

Great Excitement--Board on the War-path. The High Sheriff raving mad. His Deputy little better.

The other morning Newcastle was thrown in a great state of excitement by telegram from the High Sheriff at Chatham to his Deputy and the Police Magistrate of Newcastle, stating that Bonard the Indian had been seen about 8 miles above this place, the night previous; that he entered a shoemaker's shop and demanded bread; that on being questioned he had fled and taken refuge in a clump of bushes by the way side. In consequence the Deputy was ordered to get a number of men and beat the bushes aforesaid, hoping to find the Indian asleep, and quietly awaiting the Minister of Justice to come and take him to jail. The Deputy accordingly hired two double teams from the livery stable of Mr. R. Grimley, capable of holding about nine persons each, besides a number of private conveyances, and proceeded to beat the bushes in the aforesaid clump. About 2.30 p. m. sixteen men divided into two parties of eight each, one headed by ex-Deputy Sheriff Smallwood of Richibucto, the other by High Constable Cottar, scattered themselves promiscuously along the highway armed with knives, pipes, tobacco, and all other articles necessary for the enjoyment of a peaceful smoke under the bushes. The Deputy meanwhile driving along the road towards Ell-ground urging the men onwards with words of gentle suasion, citing the gallant deeds of the Light Brigade, etc. The men stirred by such martial music threw themselves with a will into the impenetrable mist.

About three o'clock the Deputy was joined by the police Magistrate and the men were mustered, and under the leadership of such a gallant general again took themselves to the roadside,—at the same time asking the neighbors if they did not think Bonard was concealed in a swamp across the road, and received for answer a wise shake of the head. About three 3:30 part of the men returned home sadder, more tired, if not wiser men—the P. M. slipping over the back of the deputy's waggon about a mile from town, considering it wiser to walk to town after dark. Ex-deputy of Richibucto was last seen sitting on a stump with two stakes in his hand and swearing in his most vehement style that he knew where the Indian was concealed and would not return home till he captured him, some of his men staying a short distance away trying to show him the unreasonableness of his arguments.

About 4.30 the remainder of the wise men returned home thoroughly disgusted, and yet pleased with the absurd rumors floating about concerning noted criminals.

Thus ended a hunt worthy to be remembered in the annals of the criminal procedure in this of the County. Yours, etc., B. WEST.

Lost at sea—The sight of land.—[Turners Falls Reporter.

The author of Helen's Babies has a new volume on canoeing. He ought to be a good authority on the happiness of canoe-bial life.—[Free Press.

What to him was love or hope? What to him was joy or care? He stepped on a plug of Irish soap the girl had left on the topmost stair, and his feet flew out like wild, fierce things, and he stair with a sound like a drum; and the girl below with the scrubbing things, laughed like a fiend to see him come.—[Unknown.

A HUNGARY BARBER.

Thirty-two Plates of Strawberries and Ten Cents Voluntary Contribution.

In a barber shop on Germain street, works a young gentleman, who for the last few months has tried to be very "high toned." He may be seen most any evening loafing around a certain billiard saloon with a three cent cigar in his mouth—which is always open for a drink at somebody else's expense. Last Sunday he appeared on the street wearing a white tie, but the cries of several small boys to "shoot it," "where are you going to preach," etc., had the desired effect, and he returned to his boarding house and took it off, vowing never to wear it again.

One night last week the Maritime Lodge had a Strawberry festival in Good Templars Hall, and the young "Tonsorial Artist," as he wishes to be called, was invited by a friend to be present, as it didn't cost anything to attend. Our young friend resolved to go. He had a terrible mental struggle as to whether he would wear the white tie again or not, but at last concluded to do so; and when his friend called around his shirt front was adorned with that article of dry goods. Mending their way to the hall they give the password and were admitted. After viewing the assembled crowd for a few minutes they seated themselves at a table and ordered some strawberries. After devouring of two dishes of this delicious fruit, the "artists" friend was satisfied and rose from the table leaving our hero engaged on plate number three. His friend left the hall for a short time, and on his return was called to one side by several of the ladies, and informed that the "Tonsorial Artist" was then engaged on the seventeenth plate, and requesting him to ask him to leave the hall or stop eating, as they were afraid there would not be enough strawberries left to go round. However, he somewhat calmed their anxiety by telling them that his friend would probably pay in proportion to the amount of strawberries he had consumed.

As each dish disappeared their hopes arose in proportion, and they began discussing whether they would buy a new organ or build a Lodge Room. After finishing his thirty-second plate of strawberries, he arose from the table and remarked that "he felt like eating some supper after that lunch." After clearing away the remains of the feast, the company seated themselves around the hall and one of the fair ladies being appointed to collect the voluntary subscriptions of those who had shared in the evening's enjoyment, started upon her task. The plate was soon well covered with "coin of the realm," and nothing smaller than a quarter of a dollar could be seen. As she approached the high-toned barber the eyes of the whole company were directed towards him. But what was their astonishment and disappointment on seeing him, after feeling in his pockets for some time, deposit on the plate the munificent sum of ten cents!

We kindly draw a veil over what followed. Suffice it to say that the Maritime Lodge will not buy a new organ or build a Lodge Room this summer, and the high-toned barber will not be invited to any more festivals for a while.

For Correspondence, Mysterious and Otherwise, and other articles of general and local interest see fourth page.

Apple-bees are sure to have a core'em.—[Yonkers Gazette.