North Carolina Argus.

CAMERON & FULTON, PUBLISHERS.

This Argus o'er the People's rights doth an eternal vigil keep: No soothing strain of Musio's Son can lull his hundrd eyes to sleep.

New Series.—Vol. II.—No. 52. Fayetteville, N. C., Saturday January 5, 1856. Whole No. 104.

TERMS TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY
JOHN W. CAMERON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Longer ones in proportion.
Advertisers must state the number of insertions they wish; otherwise they will be continued till forbidden, and charged accordingly.

ROCKINGHAM HOTEL.

THE subscriber having rented the above named premises of George B. Wetmore, in the town of Rockingham, for the ensuing year, informs his old friends and the public generally that he will continue to keep a house of entertainment, and will endeavor to please those who favor him with their patronage.
JOHN C. KNIGHT.
Dec. 19, 1855. 102-3
Carolinian copy.

ANDREW J. STEDMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PITTSBOROU GH, N. .
☞ Will attend the County and Superior Courts of Chatham, Moore, and Harnett Counties.
July 14, 1855. 79-tf

JAMES C. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.
Address, Montpelier P. O., Richmond County, N. C.
91-1y

JOHN WINSLOW
Attorney at Law.
Office over Dr. Hinsdale's Drug Store, corner of Hay Street and Market Square,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
February, 1854. 7ly

R. H. SANDFORD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
Office at Dr. Hall's New Building, on Bow Street.
Sept. 1855, 1855-88ly

WM. H. HAIGH,
Attorney at Law.
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
OFFICE ON OLD STREET.
January, 1854. 1-1y.

BENJAMIN R. HUSKE,
ATTORNY AT LAW,
Fayetteville, N. C.
MAY be found at the Office formerly occupied by Walter A. Huske, Esq., on Bow Street.
Will attend the counties of Moore, Cumberland, and Robeson. And obtain Bounty Land and Pensions under the various acts.
March 15, 1855. 63-tf

GILES LEITCH,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Lumberton, Robeson Co., N. C.
January 6, 1855. 52-1y

COOK & JOHNSON,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
English, German, and American Hardware and Cutlery.
January 10, 1854. 1tf

Worth & Utley,
Forwarding and General Commission Merchants,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
J. A. WORTH, JOS. UTLEY.
February 20, 1854. 7tf

HALL & SACKETT,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods
—AND—
Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Straw Goods, and Ready-Made Clothing,
HAY STREET,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
J. H. HALL,
A. E. HALL,
T. M. SACKETT.
January, 1854. 1-1y.

A. M. Campbell,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
GILLESPIE STREET,
Fayetteville, N. C.
Feb'y 10, 1854. 6-Y

D. W. C. BENBOW, D. D. S.,
Graduate of the Baltimore College of
DENTAL SURGERY,
Fayetteville, N. C.
March 23, 1855. 63-tf

Charles Banks,
CONFECTIONER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff,
GREEN STREET,
Fayetteville, N. C.
January 16, 1854. 2-tf

B. B. HOPKINS, ROBERT HULL, WM. H. RYAN, THOS. W. ATKINSON.

Hopkins, Hull & Co.
WHOLESALE
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
No. 258 Baltimore Street,
(Opposite Hanover Street,)
BALTIMORE, MD.
eBruary, 1854. 4-y

W. P. ELLIOTT,
GENERAL COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANT,
Wilmington, N. C.
June 13, 1854. 22-tf

J. C. POE,
DEALER IN
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, and Ready Made Clothing,
Particular attention paid to
LADIES' DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS.
Hay Street, Fayetteville, N. C.
May 25, 1855. 72-tf

T. . & B. G. WORTH,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
Wilmington, N. C.
☞ Usual advances made on consignments.
74-1y-pd

JAMES McPHERSON'S
GENTLEMEN'S
FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT,
Hay Street,
Opposite Fayetteville Bank, in Hotel Building,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
☞ A full assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Umbrellas, Trunks, Yankee Notions, &c., &c.
91-1y

J. S. CARVER,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, groceries, hardware, hats, Boots, Shoes, Straw and Silk Bonnets, and Ready-made Clothing.
Produce taken in Exchange for Goods of almost any kind.
Red Springs, Robeson Co., Dec. 8, 1855. 102-6m.

DANIEL CLARK,
Successor to CLARK & WOODWARD,
HAS just returned from the North, where he has selected one of the best stocks of
READY MADE CLOTHING
Ever offered in this market, and to which he respect fully calls the attention of a discerning public.
N. B. Customers' Clothing made to order, as heretofore, in the best style of the art, and on reasonable terms.
Those gentlemen who wish to adopt the very latest Styles would do well to call in and examine the large and beautiful assortment o SHANGHAIS on hand at thit esta lishment.
September 8, 1855. 7 -t

J. N. Smith,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
DRUGS,
MEDICINES, and CHEMICALS;
Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs,

Varnishes, Window-Glass and Putty, Glass-Ware, Perfumery, Fine Soaps, Fine Tooth and Hair Brushes, Paint Brushes, Field and Garden Seeds, Spices, Snuffs, Surgical Instruments, Patent Medicines, Pure Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Fancy Articles, &c., &c.
Orders from Country Physicians and Merchants respectfully solicited, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed, both in regard to quality and price.
J. N. SMITH,
Oct. 27. 95-tf Druggist.

Book Bindery
R. W. HARDIE, carries on the Book-binding business in the second story of Clark & Woodward's Clothing Emporium, where he will receive and execute binding in any styles desired.
Jan'y 16, 1854. 2-1Y

KIngsbury For Sale.
COL. King the present accupant, being desirous to close up his business, we offer those valuable premises for sale.
Kingsbury is situated at the terminus of the Fayetteville & Raleigh Plank Road, eleven miles from the former place, and within three miles of King's Landing on Cape Fear River. These premises offer more business conveniences and comforts for living, perhaps than any country seat in Cumberland. On them is a neat two-story family mansion, containing seven rooms—a fire place in each, with front and rear piazza and portico, frame kitchen, sleeping apartments for servants, smoke house and dairy, with a prime well of water; and all handsomely enclosed. Also, on the premises are nine other frame buildings, with brick chimneys to each, and rooms sufficient to accommodate from fifty to sixty negroes; a frame Barn 50 by 60 feet, with stalls for forty horses, and rooms to hold 50 tons of forage; Carriage house, Store and Ware house; Water Grist Mill, two Cooper and two Blacksmith's Shops, Wheel Right Shop, Turpentine Sheds, &c.; all within convenient distance of the best Springs of Sandhill Water. All the buildings are new and have been erected within the last four or five years. To these valuable improvements we will add 1,500 acres of Pine Lands, and we will take $3,500 for the whole, which is $1000 less than the cost of the improvements. We have also, on the premises, and now in operation, a Steam Saw and Grist Mill, and Turpentine Distillery, which can be bought cheap.
If the right sort of purchaser presents himself, and wishes a partner in his operations, we will furnish one with sufficient capital to conduct a profitable business.
To a Planter who has $14,000 to invest in real estate and wants the best Plantation on Cape Fear River, with a healthy country seat with all conveniences for living at hand, these premises would be a very desirable attachment to the Ashe Plantation, containing seven hundred acres of the best Cape Fear bottoms, and now in market. These two Estates are connected by a good Ferry Landing and are only three miles apart; and will be sold together or separate. For further particulars apply to T. S. Lutterloh, Esq., or the subscribers.
J. & T. WADDILL.
Fayetteville, Sept. 7. 91-tf

Steam Mill For Sale.
THE Subscriber offers for sale his **Steam Saw Mill**; it has a twenty horse power engine: Circular Saw and fixtures for an upright. The machinery is all in good order for sawing. Any person wishing to buy will do well to call and examine, as a bargain can be had.
D. M. BUIE.
Lumber Bridge, Oct. 13, 1855. 92-3m.

Floral College
The Subscriber has on hand a general assortment of
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Hardware, Hats, Shoes, Ready-made Clothing, &c.,
Which he will sell low for Cash, or on Time to responsible, prompt-paying customers.
Produce taken in exchange.
C. BLACK.
October 3, 1855. 91-3m

RIO AND JAVA COFFEE,
for sale by
W. H. CARVER.
Nov, 7, 96-tf

Carriage for Sale.
A Second-hand Family Carriage for sale cheap, as good as new.
Apply at the Drug Store of
FOULKES & McRAE.
March 10, 1855. 61-tf

FAYETTEVILLE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
An Abstract of the SECOND ANNUAL REPORT of the President and Directors:

Policies issued past year 524; whole number issued 1233; covering property amounting to $2,126,353 00
Policies canceled and expired, 851,635 66
Amount now insured, $1,274,717 34
Am't of Prem. Notes, 316,333 36
" " " expired & cancel'd, 126,474 03
" " " now on hand, $189,859 33
Increase during last year, $61,275 07

Premium Notes averaging 14.89 per cent. on the amount insured, the actual cost of Insurance during the year averaging less than ½ per cent.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand last report,	$772 89	
" for Premiums renewed,	6,103 28	
" for Policies, Surv's & Trans.	337 50	
" for Rent,	70 00	
		$7,283 67

DISBURSEMENTS.

Cash paid C. H. Sneed, fire loss,	$850 00	
" " Lot & bal. Office build.	1,450 00	
" " Salaries,	1,550 00	
" " State Tax,	100 00	
" " Contingent expenses,	375 62	
" " Premiums returned,	20 65	
		$4,346 27
Balance,		$2,937 40

To wit:

Cash loaned out on Bond and Security, (on demand,)	$2,250 00	
Cash in Bank and in hands of Agents,	687 40	
		$2,937 40

ASSETS.

Cash on interest and in Bank, &c.,	$2,937 40
Rent due,	190 00
Real Estate, paying 12 per cent.,	1,800 00
	$4,927 40
Premium Notes on hand,	189,859 33
Amount Capital to meet any losses,	$194,786 73

In conclusion, the President and Directors congratulate the members and the public on the very fortunate and successful operations of the Company the past year. We have met with no loss since seventh March, 1854, (Sneed's,)—unless it be the case of Stranglaus & Einston, at Kinston, whose Store was blown up—*a very extraordinary case*,—which is still under investigation.

The following Directors were elected for next year:
Geo. McNeill, H. L. Myrover, Chas. Benbow, Henry Lilly, Jas. Kyle, S. W. Tillinghast, S. T. Hawley, T. S. Lutterloh, Wm. McLaurin, N. A. Stedman, J. G. Shepherd, S. J. Hinsdale, D. A. Ray, J. D. Williams, A. A. McKethan, J. H. Cook, A. E. Hall, A. W. Steel, J. G. Cook, of Fayetteville, and R. F. Brown of Wilmington.

OFFICERS:
GEO. McNEILL, President.
C. A. McMILLAN, Secretary.
J. G. SHEPHERD, Attorney.

Executive Committee for the next quarter:
Geo. McNeill, S. W. Tillinghast, Wm. McLaurin.
May 20, 1855. 73-y

NOTICE.
ALL those indebted to us previous to the 1st January will call and settle either by note or cash, and oblige us.
McDONALD & WHALEY.
N. B. A good assortment of **Saddles** and **Harness** always on hand for cash or on time to punctual customers.
Feb. 17, 1855. 58-tf
Observer copy.

WILMINGTON AND Fayetteville Passenger Line.
THE NEW STEAMER "MAGNOLIA" will leave Fayetteville Tuesdays and Fridays at 15 minutes after sunrise, and Wilmington Wednesdays and Saturdays at o'clock. Passage $4.
T. S. LUTTERLOH.
June 14, 1855. 77-tf

To Contractors.
The President and Directors are now ready to receive proposals for constructing the Fayetteville and Albemarle Plank Road between Little's Mills in Richmond County, and Albemarle in Stanly County, and they invite proposals for the following work:—
Section 1st. For constructing the Road from Little's Mills to Clark's Creek, 10 miles.
Sec. 2d. For constructing Road from Clark's Creek to the Pee Dee River, 5 miles.
Sec. 3d. For the construction of a Bridge across Pee Dee River.
Sec. 4th. For the construction of the Road from the Pee Dee River to Albemarle, 8½ miles.
Proposals will be received and considered for the grading and making all necessary side ditches and Culverts from the Pee Dee to Albemarle, omitting planking.
By a resolution of the Stockholders, before the President and Directors can enter into these contracts an individual subscription of $15,000 will have to be made,—it is asked that the friends of the work will submit such bids, either subscribing or guaranteeing that amount as will enable the work at once to go on.
JAS. G. COOK,
Pres't F. & A. P. R. Co.
Oct. 25. 94-tf

Stop the Thief!
STOLE
From my Lot in Richmond County, on Sunday night last,
My HORSE.
Said horse was an iron-gray or brownish color: he had marks of gear on him, and his fore-top cut off very short: he was shod on the fore feet, walked fast, is a good trotter, and would pace; there was a white mark on his back, on the right side, about six or eight inches square; also, a small wart on the right side, a little below the white spot.
The horse was taken by a man calling himself John Campbell, who says he was raised in Pitt county, and has been in this neighborhood about two years: he is a ceoper by trade, and says he has worked in Turpentine all his lifetime; he is a little round-shouldered, has a stout body for a little man, and will not weigh as much as first stated, but about 145 or 150 pounds; has a very mean look, is very fond of negro company, and his conversation has a good deal of the negro mixed with it.
I will pay $10 for the delivery of the horse, or $50 for the thief. If will also reward any person for any information that will lead to the recovery of either.
M. N. CAMPBELL.
Montpelier, Richmond county, N. C.
Sep. 10, 1855. 88-tf
Observer copy.

Carpets.
SHEMWELL & McDONALD
Have now on hand a splendid assortment of Carpets of every description.
October, 1855. 96-tf

HOW PETER BOTHERED THE LAWYERS.

What it was that took me into the court-room of T——, whether unpleasant business or ignoble curiosity, need not be known even unto you, dear reader. The only fact I wish you to understand, is, that I was there, and that while there, it became my fortune to meet once again with my old acquaintance, Peter Mulrooney.

When I entered the court-room, there was quite a mixture of oval Irish and round German faces outside of the iron railing which forms the barrier to encroachments upon the dignity of the bar; and, judging from the broken heads and blackened eyes exhibited by many of the spectators, it was not difficult to surmise that the occasion which had brought them together was to obtain the plaster of the the law for wounds which had lately been received by one of those spirited affairs which warm up so delightfully the old Celtic soul.

But let me describe the scene. Within the railing, and running from it at right angles, were some seven or eight benches, crowded with quite a respectable number of witnesses, consisting of a delicate sprinkling of all nations. Parallel to the benches, but on the opposite side of the court-room, on elevated seats, sat the terrible jury—The central space was occupied by a fair mahogany table, covered with green cloth, around which were seated quite a number of daintily dressed gentlemen, who styled themselves attorneys-at-law. Seated in the centre and rear, on an elevated platform, dominating the humbler desk of the clerk, were a couple of grave elderly gentlemen, with keen eyes and placid faces, whose posts of honor indicated the judicial nature of their functions.

The case, which was already up for hearing, was, as I expected, one of assault and battery.—The facts, as they were dimly elicited, appear to have been these:—The Irish, who were the defendants, had, some short time previous, been invited to wake one Mr. McShane at a short distance in the county, while, on the same evening, the Germans had been out dancing at one of their customary festival balls. These two parties returning homewards somewhere in the small hours, met; and, meeting, fought; but, who began the affray, seemed as difficult of discovery as the philosopher's stone.

Just as I entered, the counsel for the defence was in the act of examining a slip of paper—presently, he said to the clerk—

'Call Peter Mulrooney, if you please."

'What do you expect to prove by him?" said the attorney for the prosecution.

A Good deal that may take you by surprise," rejoinded the other with a smile.

'Ah, I dare say,' said the prosecuting attorney, whom we shall call Mr. Bibulous. 'I dare say the Irish always hang together."

'Speak your sentiments more plainly,' said the other with a laugh; 'perhaps you would rather say should hang together.'

'I don't know,' said Bibulous, who, being of opposite politics to the Irish party in T——, regarded them with no little aversion.

'Peter Mul-rooney!' exclaimed the stentorian crier.

There was no answer beyond a quick shuffling of feet, and an eager whispering, in which a touch of the brogue predominated.

'Si-lence!' shouted the crier. And then he roared out again at the top of his voice—

'Peter Mul-rooney!'

'Whist! ye Omaudin!' said Peter, who had all this time been standing quietly by the side of the other. 'Sure, as I'm not a little gossoon lost in a crowd, there's no nade to bellow afther me like a great bull calf.'

'Why didn't you answer then?' said the crier, sulily.

'Arrah, betther manners to ye!' retorted Peter. 'Would I be afther disturbin' their honors in that dirty way; an' I a gintleman of standin,' as a teacher of the decencies.

'You swear, M. Mulrooney?' said the clerk, offering the book.

'Do you take me for a haythen?' said Peter, indignantly. 'Sure it's not re-pectful to swear in a court of justice.'

'But you must swear,' said the clerk, sharply.

'Did ye'r honors iver hear the likes o' that?' said Peter, appealing to the bench. 'A christian man, an' a decent lookin' man, too, barrin' he has lost his crop of hair entirely—an' put on a quare lookin' thatch'—the clerk wore a wig—'to make me burglariously an' feeloniously swear afore the face of yer honors, an' the gintlemen of the jury, an' the gintlemen of the bar. Oh! by the vartue in me won't let me do that same.'

'Mulrooney,' said one of the judges, striving to repress the quivering about the muscles of his lip—his associate was stuffing a white handkerchief into his mouth—"Mulrooney, you must be aware that it is always neeessary for a witness to take an oath before he can be permitted to give evidence at the bar."

'Sure, sir, I know,' said Peter innocently.

'That is what the clerk requires of you,' continued the judge, who added, with a faint attempt of gravity—"you will also recollect that it is our duty to commit any one to prison for contemptuous behavior in Court."

'Long life to ye'r honor,' said Peter; 'sorra bit I'll disgrace meself by hurtin' the feelins' of any respectable grey-haired gentleman like yerself, or ye'r honor's brother yonder who is aitin' his white handkercher to stop the hunger pain. Deed sir, I'd be takin' great shame to meself if I did.'

'Swear him!" said the judge, nodding hastily to the clerk, and sinking back in his well-cushioned seat.

'Now, Mr. Mulrooney,' said the counsel for his friends, 'tell us what you know about this affair."

Peter's story is a perfect rigmarole. He had been to his friend McShane's wake—he had returned from it—his friends got into trouble with the Germans, but as to how the affray commenced, his memory, clear enough before, became very hazy. All he could recollect was, that sundry of the Irish being soundly pummelled by the Germans, pummelled quite as soundly their antagonists in return.

The cross examination now commenced, and as Peter caught up and repelled every move of the keen-witted attorney, the contest between cultivated sharpness and native shrewdness, became gradually very exciting.

'Well, Mr. Mulrooney,' said the attorney, 'you say you left home in the evening, to assist in observing this national custom of yours. About what time in the evening.'

'Deed, sir,' replied Peter with the utmost simplicity, 'but that bates me to say. 'Twas betwixt and betwane sun-down and moon-rise."

'You are at least sure of that, I suppose,' said the attorney quickly.

'Och, by the powers!' that I am,' said Peter with a keen twinkle of the eye.

'Have you an almanac, Mr. Clerk; pray see at what time the sun set and the moon rose on the 8th of April last.'

'Sun set on the 8th of April, drawled the clerk, in the usual nasal tone, 'at twenty-four minutes past six: moon rose at thirty-seven minutes past eleven."

There was a sudden roar throughout the Court, like the surge of waves upon the sea beach; the face of the prosecuting attorney flushed crimson, while Peter Mulrooney looked the very picture of unconscious innocence.

'You must speak to the point, witness,' said the judge, with all the sharpness he could command.—

'Your answer is impertinent.'

'Truth, ye'r honor,' said Peter, respectfully, 'it's sorry I am for that. Sure, 'tis the thruth I am tellin' by virtue of my oath.'

'What o'clock in the evening was it sir?' said the prosecuting attorney, whose red nose was now getting fiery.

'Sorra bit I know,' said Peter.

'Think; fix upon some daily occurrences for your guide, and tell the jury if it were before or after.'

'Oh!" said Peter, after apparently reflecting a little. 'It was after tay.'

'Ah, now we shall get at it!" said Mr Bibulous triumphantly. 'It was after tea you say. Well, sir, at what hour do you usually take tea?'

'That depends upon convanance,' said Peter, with an air of the most profound thought. 'Sometimes we have tay for dinner, and sometimes we have dinner for tay.'

The attorney looked vexed. 'I want to know your usual hour of taking the evening meal we call tea. Is it four, five, six, seven, or eight o'clock?'

'Yes, sir, that's the thruth," said Peter, nodding his head.

'Which of those hours?" said the attorney, sharply.

'If it 'ud be plasing ye not to be afther bothering a poor boy, I'd be thankful,' said Peter. 'It's little I know about the one hour or the other, we dhrive the tay time up an' down the night so.'

The attorney bit his lips—'Are you married, sir?" said he.

'Oh, but that does be bothering me entirely sure I think so."

'What! don't you know whether you are married or not?"

'Asey—asey if you plase—sure 'tis a throublesome question to answer any way, an' that's no lie. Misthress Biddy Connoly coorted an' married me wanst; but it strikes me I must be a widdy now."

'A widower you mean, I suppose. Your wife is dead then?"

'Who? Biddy Connoly! Truth sir, its my sarious opinion the fat ould woman is presarvin herself for another husband twinty years forenent us."

'You are divorced are you?" said the attorney, looking triumphantly at the jury, as much for you?"

'Divorced! not a bit of it," said Peter, quietly.

'Separated then?"

'That's it!" said Peter, and then bursting out into a low rich laugh, he added, 'Oh by the mortal, but it was glad I was when Michael Connoly cum from his shipwrack, and axed me shoulder of the math'matical dresser."

'When you reached the house of the late McShane what did your party do?"

'Wint in, sir," said Peter, with the utmost simplicity.

'What next?"

'Gave Dinnis McShane as decent a wake as ever was seen out of ould Ireland.'

'Now, Mr. Mulrooney, you have told us you were present when this riot took place. I wish you to state distinctly who began it.'

'I'd like to know, av it please ye,' said Peter, humbly, as he smoothed the crown of his hat. 'I'd like to know av a wise, an' a understandin' jintleman like yerself, if ye can tell me when two dark clouds come thegither, an' strike lightnin', which of the two sthruck first?"

'This is no answer. Clouds cannot be compared with two parties of drunken men.'

'I think the answer quite pertanent,' said the attorney for the defence, with a smile, 'for both men and clouds appear to have been charged with the same fluid.'

'Ah, ha!' said Mr. Bibulous, nodding significantly at Peter; 'ah, ha! the man is no fool. I see.'

'I'd be sorry to conthradict yer experience,' said Peter, smoothly; 'an' sure I'd like to return the compliment, but the vartue of the oath.'

'What kind of a piece of road was it where this affray took place,' said the attorney angrily; 'was it straight or crooked?'

'Natherally it was as straight and party a piece of road as ye'd like to look at; but circumstantially, it was as crooked as a jintleman that has lost his timber," said Peter.

'How do you make that out?"

'Sure 'twas the liquor that made the differ.'

'Oh! then, you confess to your party having been drunk."

"It's my sirious opinion that it was them Germans that was batin about like a wrack at say; an' that my frinds behaved themselves like dacent people, but it's not sisy to say."

"When you were at McShane's did you eat and drink?"

"Sure, sir what did we go there for? would ye have us starvin' wid the hunger, on occasion the likes of that?'

"Certainly not—of course, certainly not. Now please to tell the jury what the refreshments consisted of."

"Lashin's of atin and dhrinkin," said Peter boldly.

'Never mind the eating, what kind of drink had you?"

'Poteen!' 'Poteen!" said the lawyer, as if affecting ignorance of the liquor. 'Pray, Mr. Mulrooney, will you oblige me by explaining what poteen is?"

'Arrah," said Peter, slily casting his eyes at the rubicund nose of his questioner, 'as you didn't know?"

The prosecuting attorney, with his obnoxious nasal organ growing redder and redder, turned to the bench and gesticulated vehemently. What he said could not be heard amid the storm of laughter.

'Silence," shouted the crier.

'Witness," said the judge, absolutely snorting in the effort to maintain becoming gravity. 'Witness, this cannot be allowed any longer. What is the reason you evade a direct reply to the question? Answer him; he must be answered."

'Truth, sir, I'll do that thing. The raison! Sure I supposed it was making fun of me he was."

'Why should you suppose that?" said the attorney fiercely.

'Bekase as I looked at yer Vesuvius of a nose, I thought ye must be well acquainted with the crater.'

The judge fell back and exploded; the prosecuting attorney sank into a chair as if a ten pound shot had fallen suddenly upon his head; the auditors were almost purple in the face, and there stood Peter, looking all about him with a sort of enquiring wonder upon his face, still utterly unconscious of any cause for such a mony outbreak.

'Have you done with the witness," inquired the counsel for the defence.

'Let him go," said the attorney sharply. 'I can do nothing with him."

Peter's examination closed. As he left the box, he drew down the corners of his mouth with most sovereign contempt.

'Augh!" he muttered. 'Is 'ud take a dozen little red-noned men to bate Pether Mulrooney, ayther with the tongue or the shilelah, I does be thinkin'.

A GENTEEL BOARDING HOUSE.—A lady correspondent of the New York *Mirror*, furnishes a few glimpses of life it a genteel boarding house:

A very genteel establishment is Mrs. Puffit's—very. One may tell by the manner in which the meals are served. There is no superfluity at Mrs. Puffit's table. The smallest quantity of food is placed symmetrically upon the greatest number of gilt-edged plates. Carver-mended persons, unused to society, might say that there was not enough to eat. But what of that, the silver suit cellars are carved superbly, and the napkins are of the finest quality, and even if the joints of meat have to be very carefully carved to make them 'go round," surely the silver forks and Super glasses are ample compensation for such slight deficiencies.

Things are ca ied by their right names at Mrs Puffit's, too. She never asks any one if she shall help them to a potato; no indeed she requires if she shall "accommodate them to a pomme de terre." Neither does she send a slice of pumkin pie to Mr Glubbins; she says, "Jeems, the pompeon pastry to Mr Glubbins, and Mr Glubbins is forthwith provided with a triangular wedge of that article, nearly the size of his own forefinger, and an immensely large silver fork to eat with. And then it is worth something to see Mrs Puffit preside. She always dresses in black velvet at dinner time, and she has such a pretty juvenile way of shrugging her fat, white shoulders out of her bodice, and so no impression in the display of her pretty arms and glittering bracelets that it is a treat to see her. And then the guests:—they are not at all common-place people at Mrs Puffit's—not by any means. First and foremost there is Mr and Mrs Glubbins, from England, who having of course, had a large fortune and an estate of great magnitude, have come to this country for the purpose of taking notes of the manners and customs of the people. Mr Glubbins, done up in pink and blue cravats, with enormous bows. And there is a maiden lady of some note in the literary world, who has written poetry of the most pathetic description for many years, for the sole purpose of convincing the public generally that she is possessed of a distracted and disconsolate lover, residing at present in Paris unknown. Then there is the Rev. Mr. Pinkman, who has been brought upon pen-cushions, pen-wipers, and other products of fancy fairs, and is only waiting a suitable opportunity to start on a mission to the heathen. Then there is pretty Mrs Barlow, who addresses her husband as "Chy-a-ries love," before company, and hates him in private. The domestic establishment consists of "Jeems," the waiter, and one Irish girl, who is expected to do the work of six women, and sleeps in the coal hole when she sleeps at all.

NEW ENGLAND HUMOR

As a specimen of many examples brought forward in a recent lecture upon the characteristics of New England humor, the Boston Post quotes the following:

"The lecturer was enforcing the idea that the sense of contrast and opposition of idea was often reached through the effect of total and embarrassing disappointment in the expected point of a story. Of this kind, he said, was a question which was once elicited from a grave, matter of fact old man, in the town of Andover, by an animated account of a fire in the neighborhood. As the usual occupants of the bar room were sitting about the fire in the evening, each with his cigar and glass of suspicious looking liquor in his hand, there entered a farmer from the 'North Parish,' with the air of a man who had much on his mind to communicate. 'I'd ought to a been over to the 'North Parish this morning,' said he, 'they was a little the worst fire, I guess, that they've had for twenty year in Essex county. Pettingell's new barn's burnt down, flutter'n Jerusalem. Pettingell, he was off down to Newburyport with a lode o'hay, and they come a white owl and lit there on the end o' the barn. Well, that air wild Irish Paddy he's over there—I don't see no use o'havin' no such good-for-nothin' about round—he went and got out Pettingell's ole king's arm to shoot him, just to please the children, just foolishness. Well, they expectorate o' the waddin' went up into the barn winder, out the hay, every how 'bout half o hour the barn bust out all in a life blaze, burnt up more'n twenty ton o' English hay, and much as sixteen or seventeen cows, and three o' Pettingell's horses—they didn't get out but just one old critter, and he aint good for nothin'—burnt the rest on 'em all up clean. Pettingell, he got some rile in the middle on't; they aint no insurance, and he's most crazy 'bout it; he's been a takin' on wuss than ever I see; I've been up there a tryin' to cheer him up, but he feels dretful bad, I tell jeems.' When this circumstantial narrative was concluded, there was a general silence—the result, probably, of sympathy for Mr. Pettingell, and of speculation, perhaps, upon the singularity of the accident which had led to his loss. After the lapse of several minutes, however, the pause was broken by a dull, frosty-faced old fellow, who had been staring intently at the coals ever since the speaker had finished. Looking up with an, as yet unsatisfied expression of face, he inquired, "*Well, did they kill the owl?*"

Said a distinguished city pastor to a young member of his flock:

"Brother,—we are always pleased to hear you in the prayer meetings, and we hope you will continue to do so; but I would advise you to be as brief as possible, and if the brethren think you are too brief they will tell you of it."