

Begging on a Grand Scale.

The police in Paris have just arrested a man named S—, who lived in a somewhat luxurious style, and had organized, by means of letters and deception, a system of begging on a large scale. This man, who occupied sumptuous apartments in the quarter St. Honore, had, in various other localities, rooms meekly furnished. As if his business was perfectly legitimate, he kept account books in the most systematical manner. His day books showed—1st, the date of his letter; 2nd, the address of individuals; 3rd, the names he had assumed; 4th, the misfortunes which he had feigned for the purpose of eliciting compassion; 5th, the results of his rogeries.

Another register contained a list of rich and liberal persons, with notes on their parentage, their relations, their habits and the degree of their credulity.

S— could execute successfully different styles of writing, one kind he made use of for ordinary occasions, another when he wrote in the name of the aged and infirm; a third, when his letters related to unfortunate young females; and a fourth when married women were in the question.

He had the art of expressing himself according to the disposition of those addressed. If it happened that one of those persons sent to his address money, he took advantage of it in the following manner.

He dispatched the note to a friend or acquaintance of the writer, with the request that it might be immediately returned to him, as it was a sacred matter. The note was then circulated from hand to hand; as it was authentic, there could be no doubt that the writer was convinced of the reality of the misfortune to which it related, and his or her generosity was theme of praise.

Often, instead of soliciting assistance for himself, he asked it for others, told a skillfully concocted story, assumed an honorable name, and, in order to show his signature for a considerable sum at the head of a subscription list, started for the benefit of the individual whose circumstances he had proposed to alleviate.

Sometimes S— pushed his audacity so far as to carry his letter under one costume, and go for an answer the same day in an entirely different disguise. Although he had often repeated this manoeuvre successfully, either from negligence in disguising sufficiently his person or voice, he was yesterday recognized by the Count—, to whom he had presented himself the second time. The Count concealed his suspicions and warned the police. On S— coming at the time agreed upon, instead of the Count, he found himself in the presence of the officers who arrested him.

Scene in Court.

At about two o'clock on Saturday, the jury in the case of Frederick Loebig, charged with the murder of Mathias Smith, and who had been shut up from about 2 1/2 p. m. of the previous Thursday, came into the court and rendered a verdict of *not guilty*. The scene will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The faithful, affectionate wife of the prisoner, who throughout the trial has never for a moment absented herself, stood weeping and wailing by the side of her husband to hear the result—to her, as to him, an announcement of fearful importance. A breathless silence, broken only by the sobs of this poor woman, reigned throughout the court as the clerk, in a clear and solemn voice, said, "Frederick Loebig, stand and hold up your right hand." The prisoner, pale and agitated, but sustained by his affectionate wife, did as he was directed. The clerk continued, "How say you, is the prisoner guilty of the matter whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty. The result we have stated, and no sooner was it known than the man overpowered by his feelings, sank down in the arms of his affectionate wife, she scarcely knowing what to do—almost beside herself with joy kissed him over and over again; and, as if this were not enough, rushed forward and seizing the hands of the counsel who defended him, bathed them with her tears. Truly has the poet said:

"Oh, woman, lovely woman
Nature made you to temper man,
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,
Eternal love and everlasting faith."

Many of the by-standers—among whom were stern rough men—whose cheeks, perchance had not been wet with tears since childhood, poured forth nature's sinless tribute, and as the prisoner and his wife left the court house, surrounded by their friends, honored their affection by a silent prayer for their future happiness. We do not think there was one present who did not feel the inestimable value of woman's undying love.

Baltimore Sun of Monday.

DEAD HEAD.—We were not a little amused the other evening at witnessing the effort of a country friend of ours, who was a "little by the head," and who was trying to make his way into the Varieties Theatre without the form of a ticket. The door keeper stopped him and asked him for his ticket—"What?" exclaimed our country friend, "a ticket from me—I'm a member of the Press."

"Ah!" said the door keeper, by way of apology, and turning to his book where the "internments" are registered, "what press are you connected with?"

"Why, sir," said our friend, furiously, "one whose circulation is limited at present, owing the failure of the crop—I'm a proprietor of a Cider Press." He was allowed to go in.

"Julius, if a mob of children cost ten dollars, what will a pair come for?"
"Who bought 'em?"
"What yer ask dat for?"
"Cause if my wife bought 'em, I could tell you what they'd come to mighty quick."
"What?"
"Two pot pies and a fricassee."
"Look heah, my oultered fren' don't you come your circumbent jokes on this chile, or he'll broke yer jaw short of yer handle!"

THE LANCET.

This Montgomery Mart, edited by Johnson J. Hooper, alias Simon Sugar, has the following good one:

A correspondent of ours, writing us the other day, from Loundes county, relates the following anecdote of Judge P—s.
The Judge was holding Loundes circuit court, and suddenly caught the eye of a witness in a trial which was progressing. This man, the Judge thought was making the most degrading grimaces at him, and without a moment's hesitation, he ordered the clerk to enter up a fine of ten dollars against that man, for contempt of court—pointing to the gentleman who carried the expressive physiognomy.

"Why, what's that for Judge?" exclaimed the unfortunate man.

"You're making faces at the court, sir!"
"There you are agin, sir!" Mr. Clerk, enter up another fine of the same amount against this man.

Here our friend, Tom J—, interfered and explained that the person fined, habitually looked as he did now—was a worthy citizen, and never was 'in contempt' in his life.

"Very good, very good, Mr. J—," said the Judge. "Let the fines be remitted; but this Court has a general power to abate nuisances which interfere with its administration of the law. Mr. Sheriff, carry this man at least two hundred yards from the court-house, and see that he doesn't enter it again."

That poor fellow, we should say, had it very badly.

Spirit of the Election.

In the Albany Register we find the following 'Contab' as happily illustrating the position of the various candidates for Governor of New York:

A party of four men met in Broadway, a bout 4 o'clock, yesterday morning, when the following contab ensued:—

"Hello!"

"Hello back agin!"

"Who'd you vote for?"

"Clyron H. Mark; and he banded to you!"

"Who'd you go for?"

"Soratio Heymour, the hop grower's favorite."

"I didn't vote neither of 'em."

"Who did you cast your illainable sufferin' for?"

"For Breene C. Gronson, and hard times!"

"You were all fools, Issy!"

"You do!"

"Yas, I do."

"Why?"

"Because you all voted wrong—that's all!"

"Wrong?"

"Yes, wrong!"

"Who did you vole for, Mr. Wiseman?"

"I voted the Hindoo Pagan Asiatic Hall Columbia Ticket myself. I voted for Aniel Dullman and the Goddess of Liberty. That's the ticket. Hail Columbia and the Constitution!"

And the four worthies went their ways, each satisfied with what he had done.

KNICK-KNACKS.

A LAWYER in Wisconsin has taken out a patent for *filting* mosquito bills!

The man who lost his self-possession recovered it by advertising for it.

A MAN down east has invented a cement to mend family jars.

SCANDAL, like a kite to fly well, depends very much on the length of the tail it has to carry.

He will find himself in a great mistake who either seeks for a friend in a palace, or tries him at a feast.

"There goes a woman with a hat on," said a little dorkie to his companion, as a person had just past them. "It's only a gentleman with a lady's shawl on," replied the other.

PEDAGOGUE.—What does h-a-i-r spell?—Boy—I don't know, sir. Pedagogue—Don't know; what have you got on your head?—Boy—(scratching) guess it's a musketeer bite it itches like all thunder.

"REMEMBER THE POOR."
"When chills December's surely blast
Makes fields and forests bare,
And driving snows, and nipping frosts,
Fill all the winter air,
When all without is chill and cold,
And all within is cheer,
Oh! think of those whose woful lot,
Is cheerless, dark and drear."

MISS CHECKERBERRY, just returned from a fashionable boarding-school, was visiting a country cousin, who becoming emphatic in an assertion made to her city relative concerning some youth in the vicinity, assured her "that it was a fact—nothing but the naked truth." At the bare suggestion, Miss Checkerberry nearly fainted.

A GENTLEMAN having been invited to attend divine service at a fashionable church, the rafters, beams, &c., of which agreeably to modern custom, were left exposed, was asked, "Well, sir, how do you like the looks of our new church?" "Well," said the other, "arter ye git it lathed and plastered, guess it won't be a very unsightly-looking consarn."

ECONOMICAL.—"My lad," said a traveler to a little fellow, whom he met, clothed in pants and small jacket, but without a very necessary article of apparel "my lad, where is your shirt?"

"Mammy's washing it."

"Have you no other?"

"No other!" exclaimed the urchin in surprise, "would you want a boy to have a thousand shirts?"

As old farmer on west was in the habit every night counting of his live stock to see if any had gone astray. He called to his son—
"John, have you counted the hogs?"
"Yez, sir."

"And the turkeys, cows and sheep?"

"Yez, sir."

"Well then, John, go and wake up the old hen, count her and go to bed!"

HUMORIST'S OILIO.

Barum's Speech on Humbug.

DELIVERED AT STANFORD ON THE OCCASION OF AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

It seems to be a most unfortunate circumstance, that I should be selected to speak on humbug; as looking on the ladies, whose profession it peculiarly is, I find it hard to express myself in their presence. Every thing is humbug; the whole State is humbug, except our Agricultural Society—that alone is not. Humbug is generally defined "deceit or imposition." A bugler who breaks into your house, a forger who cheats you of your property, or a rascal, is not a humbug; a humbug is an impostor; but in my opinion the true meaning of humbug is management—tact—to take an old truth and put it in attractive form.

But no humbug is great without truth at the bottom. The woolly horse was a reality. He was really born with a woolly coat. I bought him in Cincinnati for \$500 and sent him out to Connecticut, but for a long time I doubted what I should do with him, and feared that he would die on my hands. Just at this time, in 1849, Col. Fremont and his party were reported to have been lost among the Rocky Mountains; the public was greatly excited, but shortly news came that he was safe. Now came the chance for the woolly horse.

It was duly announced that after three days' chase upon the borders of the River Gila, an animal had been captured by the quartermaster of Col. Fremont's party, who partook in a singular degree of the nature of the buffalo, antelope and camel. This story was so far true, that I was myself the quartermaster who captured him, and I charged a quarter for the sight. The picture outside the exhibition depicted the animal as jumping over a ledge of rocks; now if the animal had really leaped, as shown in the picture, he must have passed over a space of five miles. To have believed that he could have survived such a leap, would have been the grossest humbug.

But Col. Benton, who understands no humbug but his own, arrested my scheme, and prosecuted me for obtaining money under false pretences, as the horse was not what it professed to be; but I think wrongly, as the people who saw it were satisfied, and they get the worth of their money.

Now the scientific humbug should know the precise moment to act as I did, or the world would never have been blessed with a sight of the woolly horse.

When the woolly horse arrived from Connecticut, he was put in a stable near Lovejoy's Hotel. One of the boarders who came to see him recognized him as an animal he had seen at Bridgeport.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "I have seen that animal before; it is really an extraordinary humbug!" He took up a friend from the same hotel and after he had seen the animal, let him into the secret, and in succession thirty-seven persons were carried up, all of whom took the humbugging in good humor, except the last man.

I have not the vanity to call myself a real scientific humbug. I am only an humble member of the profession.

My ambition to be Prince of Humbugs I will resign, but I hope the public will take the will for the deed: I can assure them that if I had been able to give them all the humbugs I have thought of, they would have been simply satisfied.

Before I went to England with Tom Thumb I had a skeleton prepared from various bones. It was to have been made 18 feet high; it was to have been buried a year or so in Ohio, and then dug up by accident, so that the public might learn that there were giants of old. The price I was to pay the person who proposed to put the skeleton together was to have been \$225.

But finding Tom Thumb more successful than I thought, I sent word not to proceed with the skeleton. My manager, who never thought as highly of the scheme as it deserved, sold the skeleton for \$50 or \$75.

Seven years afterward I received from the South an account of a gigantic skeleton that had been found. Accompanying it were the certificates of scientific and medical men as to the genuineness. The owner asked \$20,000, or \$1,000 a month; I wrote him if he brought it on I would take it if I found it as represented, or would pay his expenses if not; I found it was my own old original humbug come back to me again; of course I refused it, and never heard of it afterward.

The musician who practices the Scotch fiddle has gone into partnership with the dancing-master who teaches St. Vitus's dance.

Write the men have been organizing their Know-Nothings and Pay Nothings societies, the women have been equally on the alert; have two extensive organizations, the Flat Heads and Kiss-me-Quick. The former are known by wearing broad brimmed straw hats, and the latter by wearing a bonnet small enough to leave the lips approachable. The Kiss-me-Quicks are the most numerous.

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JOHN J. BENEDICT
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He asks an examination of the same, and assures that they will be found of the best material. August 26. 15

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June 15, 1854.

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