

MISCELLANY.

NONSUITING A CREDITOR.

There was a certain lawyer on the Cape a long time ago, the only one in these diggings then, and for aught I know, at present there. He was a man well to do in the world, and what was somewhat surprising in a limb of the law, averse to encourage litigation.

One day a client came to him in a violent rage.

'Look-a-here squire,' said he, 'that ere blasted shoemaker down to Pigeon Cove has gone and sued me for the money I owed him.'

'Did the boots suit you?'

'Oh! yes,—I've got 'em on—fust rate boots.'

'Fair price.'

'Oh yes.'

'Then you owe him money honestly.'

'Course.'

'Well why dont you pay him?'

'Why cause the blasted snob went to sue me, and I want to keep him out of the money if I can.'

'It will cost you something.'

'I dont care a cuss for that. How much do you want to begin with?'

'Oh, ten dollars will do.'

'Is that all? Well here's an X, so go a-head!' said the client; that's the pay in the beginning.'

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker, and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against M.

'Why said he I kept on sending to him till I got tired. I knowed he was able to pay—and I was determined to make him. That's the long and the short of it.'

'There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings—but I think, you'd better take this five dollars and call it square.'

'Certain, Squire, if you say so, and darned glad to get it,' was the answer.

'So the lawyer gave him one V, and kept the other. In a few days the client came along and asked him how he got on with the case.'

'Rapidly!' cried the lawyer; 'we've nonsuited him he'll never trouble you.'

'Jerusalem!' that's great! cried he—I'd rather agin fifty dollars than have had him got the money for them, boots!'—*Spirit of the Times.*

PREDICTIONS OF THIS YEAR.

According to the new Almanac, the year of our Lord, 1848, is to be an eventful one. We extract from said Almanac the following sagacious predictions, which will doubtless be fulfilled:

Through the whole course of the coming year whenever the moon wanes the night will grow dark.

On several occasions during the year, the sun will rise before certain people discover it, and set before they have finished their day's work.

It is quite likely that when there is no business doing many will be heard to complain of hard times, but it is equally certain that all who hang themselves will escape starvation.

If bustles and hoops go out of fashion, a church pew will hold more than three ladies.

If dandies wear their beards, there will be less work for the barbers, and he who wears mustachios will have something to sneeze at.

There will be many eclipses of virtue, some visible others invisible.

Whosoever is in love will think his mistress a perfect angel, and will only find out the truth of his suspicions by getting married.

Many delicate ladies, whom no one would suspect, will be kissed without telling their Ma—a—a—s

There will be more books published than will find purchasers, more bills made than will find payers.

If the incumbent of a fat office should die, there will be a dozen feet ready to step into one pair of shoes.

If a young lady should happen to blush, she will be apt to look red in the face, without the use of paint; if she dreams of a young man three nights in succession, it will be a sign of something; if she dreams of him four times, or have the tooth-ache, it is ten to one she will be a long time in getting either of them out of her head.

Many people will drink more strong liquor than will be necessary to keep them sober, and take more medicine than will be required to the enjoyment of good health.

Dinners and entertainments will be given to those who have enough at home, and the poor will receive much advice gratis, legal, and medical excepted.

The public debts of the repudiating States will hardly be adjusted, and the same fate will very probably attend many private contracts in this latitude.

He who marries this year will run a great risk, especially if he does it in a hurry.

He who steals a match, gives tattlers occasion to gossip, and will be apt to involve himself and pride in disagreeable relations.

There will be a great noise all over the country when it thunders, and a tremendous dust will be kicked up occasionally, by coach horses.

Many young ladies, who hope for it, but little expect it, will be married; and many who confidently anticipate that glorious consummation, will be doomed to wait another year.

Doctor Robertson being left alone, leaned, in deep reflection for a minute or two upon the mantel-piece: he then glanced round the room, and observing another door in it, he walked over, opened it and looked out. It commanded a landing-place upon a back staircase.

'Ha!' said he, as he closed the door, and returned to the fireplace, whistling slowly, and with rather a dismal countenance, a few interrupted staves as he went, he sat down, and after a brief pause exclaimed—

'Poor thing!—poor thing!—it must not rest here. Dear me—dear me—how very strange—I must see her again—it is much better.'

So saying, he called Martha, gave her some general directions about preparing slops, &c., and telling her to attend to these arrangements meanwhile, he once more entered his patient's chamber.

It was fully half an hour afterwards, that Dr. Robertson knocked at Sir Arthur Chadleigh's door.

'Poor little thing!' said he, after a few introductory sentences, exchanged at either side, 'she is seriously indisposed, feverish and very nervous, and I fear, without an immediate prospect of complete recovery. The best thing to be done for her is to keep her from all excitement and agitation; her hours must be early and the fewer visitors she sees the better. In short, I have spoken to her very fully; she is now in possession of my opinion, and appears perfectly disposed to follow my directions implicitly, so there is little else to be done for the present than to permit her to do as she herself shall desire. In the meantime, I will look in from time to time, to see that all goes on well.'

'And pray, Doctor Robertson how soon may we expect her perfect restoration to health,' said Sir Arthur, and with a coarse chuckle he added, 'for egad, if a girl is to marry at all, it won't do to have her locked up long—there's no time like the present, my dear sir, especially in the case of youth and good looks.'

'True, Sir Arthur, very true,' said the medical man; 'but in Miss Chadleigh's case, it would not be safe to undertake her recovery within any limited time—she may possibly be well in a few weeks, and possibly not for a year; it is impossible to predict with certainty; it is one of those doubtful cases, which may go on for a very long time, and which, at the same time, may just as possibly take a good or an ill turn within a fortnight.'

'It's cursed provoking—the dear child!' ejaculated Sir Arthur petulantly, as he thought of Lord Dunganret and his twelve thousand a-year—'what do you say to a week or so in the country?'

'Umph! I proposed that; but she did not like it,' said Doctor Robertson; 'and her disliking it would make the experiment mischievous instead of useful; her nerves are as much effected as her general health; so that we must not contradict her fancies, or irritate her on any account; she must be allowed to choose for herself—except in matters of essential importance: and in those she has good sense enough to refer implicitly to her medical adviser; so I shall look in from time to time and see that matters go on properly, and report progress to you accordingly.'

With these words he took his leave. As Doctor Robertson was in large and fashionable practice, Miss Chadleigh's illness was soon generally known; some said it was merely a ruse to complete the reduction of Lord Dunganret; others, that she was broken-hearted for love of the faithless Captain Jennings; many pitied her, and some few sincerely lamented her absence.

I recollect about this time, strolling into the theatre one evening with two or three acquaintances. We took our places in the back of a box, in the next one to which I observed Jennings. One of my party happened to be acquainted with him, and the following conversation passed between them—a conversation which indirectly threw a light upon some of the darkest passages of his subsequent history—

'I say, Jennings, did you hear the news about the Chadleigh's?'

'No—what news?' he inquired.

'Why young Chadleigh told me, not an hour since, a letter has come from his brother Dick, who we all thought was killed and cut up in India; but far from it, he is perfectly well, and returning home on leave.'

'Good God! how extraordinary!—I really am delighted to hear it!' exclaimed Jennings, growing pale, nevertheless, and looking stunned and alarmed, instead of overjoyed, as his words implied.

'He has quite a tale of wonders to tell about his escapes and all that,' continued his informant; and so rattled on for a time, until the curtain rising, he directed his attention to the stage.

Though Jennings immediately recovered his serenity of countenance, he grew silent, and in a few minutes withdrew from the theatre, leaving in my mind at least, impressions not very favourable to the strength of his affections or the value of his friendship. I did not then know the positive reasons which he had for dreading his young friend's return.

Time wore on—months passed away—still Doctor Robertson responded with gloomy uncertainty, to the inquiries with which he was assailed from all sides; and the general impression began to be, that poor Miss Chadleigh's recovery was becoming at least a very doubtful contingency. Such was the posture of affairs, when your humble servant, who pens these pages, was himself involved in an adventure which it is necessary here to detail.

Finally, there exists little doubt, this will be a 'most wonderful' year, surpassing in interest all that have preceded it. Politicians will make fools of others; and many women with pretty faces will make fools of both.

The world will go round as usual and come back to the place whence it set out, as will many a man who engages in business.

There will be great cry and little wool, both at the shearing of pigs and the meeting of Congress.—*New York Spirit of the Times.*

BREACH OF MARRIAGE PROMISE.—A Mr. Dewitt Clinton Winchell, of Ulster Co. N. Y., brought a suit against Miss Elizabeth Bogart, for a breach of the marriage promise. It appeared in evidence that the parties "kept company with each other," as they call it in the country, for five or six years, and declared their intention to marry, but a man named Chambers determined to cut Winchell out of his intended wife, and pressed his suit so warmly and earnestly, that Miss Bogart consented to have him and to dismiss her first lover. Accordingly she addressed to him the following polite and sympathetic letter, which was read in court:—

'Oh Clinton you ask too much of me that isto answer your letter for my heart shudders at the thought of it an being it is now come I must plainly say you cannot enjoy me as a bride. Oh Clint I hope this will not cause you to ruin yourself. You must endeavour to forget me and also to forgive me for could I have enjoyed my own feelings I never could done as I hav. But I must say that my very heart and soul was tempted out of me day after day till at length I made up my mind to conquer or die, and therefore I must turn you off. I have nothing against you in this world an never will hav for you are a young man in whom I have always placed great confidence and never was afraid to reveal a secret to. There has passed a great deal between us more than there ever will again likely but we dont know what time may bring forth.'

Instead of Mr. Dewitt Clinton Winchell being rejoiced to get rid of a lady who could produce such a choice specimen of orthographic epistolatory correspondance, he wrote the following cool reply;—

'Miss Elizabeth Bogart i received your letter which stated that i must not come again to see you it is nothing more than I expected to hear from you i would say to you that if you would rather have Chambers than me i am willing and have nothing to say the next nuse I expect to hear is that you will be married to mister C but take care that i dont git a wife before you git a man he is one of the slippery boys, never tell him what i say i dont expect these lines will ever reach any ones eyes but yours do these as you have done the rest of the letters Burn them for i have burnt all mine so that there will be no trouble about them i will not date these lines for you did not yours i am going to get married this fall keep dark liz.'

The Jury, on the reading of the above epistle, considered twenty-five dollars sufficient to assuage the wounded feelings of the disconsolate lover to that amount.

DINNERS OF THE GREAT.

The best of dinners are given by Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel; the more elegant *recherche* by Lyndhurst and Brougham? Russel's are good, but plain to a fault; Fox Mule's capital, being highly refined, all the epicure could desire, with a tendency to be jolly; Wellington's quiet, and remarkably few and and select in the guests, the viands and service *recherche* and magnificent. The Sovereign's table is remarkable for the small number of dishes, and especially of the *entremets*. The scarcity of the latter, is stated, attributable to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who like her Majesty, loves plain food and little variety.—*Correspondent of the Chronicle.*

We find the following story adrift in the newspapers, but cannot vouch for its truth. Who can?

In connection with the recent events in Paris, a story is current which, we must confess, is not only, as the poet has it, 'passing,' but surpassing 'wonderful.' At Neuilly, last summer, a certain Dr. B. visiting the Royal Family, was pressed by the King to say if any of those present bore signs of susceptibility to magnetic influence.

'There is one person present,' said the doctor, "who possesses in an extraordinary degree every symptom of this peculiar faculty. Madame la Princess de Joinville would, I am sure, astonish us, would she but submit to the trial.'

The Princess consented, and at a touch, fell into the magnetic sleep, wherein she foretold with the most awful precision—so the story runs—'every event which has happened with such fearful rapidity as to astonish and confound us all. The day, the hour of flight were named; as well as the despoilment of the Tuilleries, the secreting of the diamonds once belonging to the crown of the Emperor, by a person about the Court,' and which, strange to say have been found; and a second catastrophe not far distant, and which concerns the Orleans family alone—'You blame me not,' said Madame Adelaide, 'with whom am I to fly?' 'You will remain calmly and peaceably in France,' replied the sonamoule; at which the King laughed, and said this last prophecy was sufficient to betray the fallacy of the whole, as his sister would be incapable of deserting them in the hour of peril. Adelaide is dead.