

NEW YORK POLICE REPORT.
PLEASANT NEIGHBORS.

Mrs. Ferrett had a red shawl that was the wonder and glory of the Eighth Ward, and her own particular adoration; but in an unlucky hour she hung the shawl on a line in the yard, for the treble purpose of dislodging the moths, of feasting her own eyes from her back window, and of breaking the envious hearts of her neighbors. We say in an unlucky hour; for oh, horror! while Mrs. Ferrett was yet in the seventh heaven of enjoyment, she was suddenly plunged into the bottomless pit of despair, by the opening of a window in the next room, and the discharge of a whole park of artillery, in the shape of a huge kettle of dirty suds, right over her soul's idol. What Mrs. Ferrett said on the occasion has escaped the records. What she did, was to rush like a house on fire into Mrs. Spratt's apartments, and to seize that lady by the hair of the head, and then the way the Deaf Burke's and Yankee Sullivan's were given and taken, was a thing to make eyes wink and noses tremble; and well indeed might they have done both on the present occasion, for all the eyes and noses engaged in the contest came away covered with laurels; while in addition, half the crockery in the room was smashed to mince meat.

The belligerents were good looking women, notwithstanding their nefarious nasal and optical developments. They were hard at it before the magistrate, when the reporter entered, so that he was only in time for the winding up of the row.

Mrs. Ferret. It cost me twenty dollars and odd shillings. Think of that, your honor!

Mrs. Spratt. It was only a dyed Rob Roy, your honor! But just think of my tea things! To begin, there was my china pot, your honor!

Mrs. Ferrett. Without handle or stopper, your honor!

Mrs. Spratt. And my six cups and saucers, your honor!

Mrs. Ferrett. And not a whole one among them, your honor!

Mrs. Spratt. And my soup tureen, your honor!

Mrs. Ferret. With but one end and no bottom, your honor!

Mrs. Spratt. And then my reputation, your honor!

Mrs. Ferret. Which had more flaws and cracks than all the rest, your honor!

Magistrate. Silence! and let me speak.

Mrs. Spratt. Wait, your honor, until I tell her a bit of my mind. Nancy Ferrett, who borrowed the woman's bellows, and wouldn't return it?

Mrs. Ferrett. Sally Spratt, who took my shirts to make, and pawned the linen?

Mrs. Spratt. Well, at all events, I don't paint my cheeks and pencil my eyebrows!

Mrs. Ferrett. If you don't, you drink as much gin a month as would drown a church steeple!

Mrs. Spratt. If I do, I pay for it; and that's more than you do for your paint!

Mrs. Ferrett. If I don't pay for my paint, I live with my own husband, and that's a hint.

Mrs. Spratt. Spotty, I defy you! Decency, your name's Nancy Spratt!

Mrs. Ferrett. The Devil might as well say, Piety, your name's Beelzebub!

Mrs. Spratt. Worse wouldn't better me.

Mrs. Ferrett. Worse couldn't worsen you.

Mrs. Spratt. Your honor, did you ever hear such a tongue?

Magistrate. Never, but yours! But clear out! Here, watchman, hunt these termagants a mile off, and then leave them to the mercy of their own tongues

as their best punishment.

And the amazons were forthwith furcibly ejected, and by the last accounts were making Kilkenny cuts of each other in a waste lot.

BIRTH-PLACE OF SHAKESPEARE.

From the London Herald.

On the skirts of the county of Warwick, situated on the low meadowy banks of a river, there is a little quiet country town, boasting nothing to attract the attention of the traveler but a fine church and one or two antique buildings, with elaborately carved fronts of wood or stone, in the peaceful streets. There would seem to be little traffic in that place; and the passing traveler, ignorant of the locality, would scarcely cast a second look out of his carriage window. But whisper its name into his ear, and hand in hand with his ignorance his apathy will straightway depart! He will order his horse to be stopped. He will descend from his carriage. He will explore these quiet streets. He will enter more than one of the houses in that quiet little town. He will visit that old church; he will pause reverentially before its monuments. He will carry away with him some notes—perhaps some sketches; and remember what he felt that day to the very close of his life. Indeed, you will seldom fail to see, even in that quiet little town, small groups of people on whose faces and in whose demeanor you will recognize the stranger-stamp. There is something to see in those unfrequented streets, and they have come a long way to see it. What wonder? The town is Stratford-on-Avon! It is the birth-place and the burial-place of William Shakespeare. It is with the former we have to do. There is a humble tenement, not long ago a butcher's shop, in one of the streets of Stratford, over the door of which is a board bearing the inscription—"The Immortal Shakespeare was born in this house." The upper room, which is said to have witnessed the nativity of the poet, is invested with an interest peculiarly its own. The surface of the walls is one great sheet of autographs; including many of the most renowned of modern names; so densely packed together that not a vestige of the original tement of the wall can be seen. Of all the heart-stirring relics which this old country boasts, there is not one so deeply interesting as this; there is not one which we would less willingly suffer to disappear; there is not one in the removal of which by the sacrilegious hand of modern avarice or utilitarianism would inflict a more lasting reproach upon the nation; and yet, the house is to be sold by auction; and may be carried away piecemeal and cut into tobacco-stoppers! The property is now in the possession of a family which cannot longer retain it among themselves; and it is therefore to be thrown into the market. The sale, we understand will take place at the end of some two months from the present time. Among the parties named as the probable purchasers of the hollowed edifice is the corporation of Stratford. But this body is not, we are informed, prepared, perhaps not in a position to exceed a certain outlay; and may therefore fail to grasp the prize. The sum which the property is expected to realize is between two and three thousand pounds. There are, it is stated, American "speculators" in the field, who are willing to go as far as the latter sum; but on this point we have no specific information. The property, however, will go to the highest bidder. An American may carry it off bodily, set it on wheels as a perambulating raree-show, and take the tour of the United States. A Frenchman may purchase the abode of the 'immortal William,' pull it down, and make it into snuff-boxes. A Dutchman may cut it into pipes. A Chinaman into card cases.

LAUGHABLE PRACTICAL JOKE,
AT SARATOGA SPRINGS.

How Herr Alexander offered to put a Man in a Quart Bottle!

The Spirit of the Times contains a letter from Saratoga Springs, which details a funny joke put upon a green horn by the Magician, Alexander. It appears that Alexander, to amuse his neighbors at the table, is in the habit of playing some trifling tricks, such as making their bread disappear, swallowing his knife and fork, squeezing wine out of an old half-smoked cigar, &c., which so astonished a young man at his side that he became a little alarmed. The Magician told him that those tricks were nothing, and that if he would make it an object, he would bet him that he could put him, skin and bones, into a pint bottle!—The young man opened his mouth and eyes simultaneously, said—"Without hurting me, or cutting me up?" "Yes," says Alexander. At which an older man opposite said that he didn't believe he could do it, and would bet him five dollars on it. "Done," says Alexander, "and after dinner I will undertake it."

You must know that Herr owed this person a grudge for having called him a humbug, and now was his opportunity for repaying him. Consequently, dinner being over, he informed me of his plan, and requested my assistance, as well as that of a doctor and lawyer, in case their services should be required.

These latter were soon found, and with three other friends of the Magician's, we proceeded to the stable which had been procured for the purpose, and there shut ourselves in, waiting for the appearance of our subject, who, alas! could not be found. One of the party suggested that the gentleman himself, (whom we shall call Mr. Verdant,) who doubted Alexander's ability to do the thing, should take his place—who consenting, an objection was made by one of Alexander's friends, that the gentleman was much larger than the one on whom the bet was made, and he would not consent; at which the lawyer proposed that a quart bottle be substituted for a pint bottle—to which all agreeing and the terms of the bet being duly recorded and signed by both parties, the Conjuror commenced his preparations by ordering a quart bottle, hammer, pair of pincers, and a charcoal furnace.

At the sound of this order, if you could have seen the expression of the victim's face, you would have died with laughter, whereas we were nearly expiring from being obliged to suppress all risibility, as the operator said he could do nothing without there was a perfect stillness. The instruments being procured, the next order was for the gentleman to take off his coat, then his vest, cravat, pantaloons, and boots; but when he was requested to take off his last remaining garment, he hesitated, and I thought "smelt a rat." However, saying that he was in for it, and would go through with it at all hazards, finally stripped to the buff. Here was a scene for a Hogarth, could I but give you an idea of it. Picture in your imagination a stable, large, damp, and dismal, lighted only from the crevices of the doors and windows, which were closed for the sake of privacy, in the centre of which is seated on a stool a figure clad as when first ushered into this breathing world, with a quart bottle before him, on which his eyes occasionally rest when he can take them from the operator. In front of this bottle the Magician is walking to and fro, with the huge pincers in his hand, muttering to himself some incantations, while we form as it were the magic circle around them. An hostler is holding one door, being minus a bar, while a stable boy is looking through

an expression of Mr. Verdant's face, as he follows with his eyes the conjuror, glancing from him to the bottle, and then to the pincers, which look formidable enough in the hands of a man whom you are conscious owes you a grudge, and you may then have a slight idea of the scene I then witnessed.

The subject at last began to get impatient and shake a little from cold or fear, and asked his persecutor how long he intended to keep him there?

"Read the bet," says Mr. Alexander to the lawyer.

Reads—"I, Herr Alexander, agree to put Mr. Verdant into a quart bottle, skin and bones, or forfeit \$5."

"Is that correct, Mr. Verdant?"

"It is," replied the victim.

"Well, then, as the time is not specified, it will keep me at least one hour and forty-five minutes, and as I have not performed the operation for the last two years, it will require that time to compose my mind and arrange my accessories."

At this announcement, up jumps the naked figure like a shot, saying that he'll be d—d if he runs the risk of catching his death of cold for \$5 or 500, and forthwith proceeds to dress himself.

At this we could contain ourselves no longer, and some of the party roared, while the lawyer and doctor tried to compromise the matter and get the Magician to perform it within half an hour. But no use; he said it was impossible, and called upon the umpires to decide who had won. They, like modern Solomon, gave a most righteous decision, viz: that in consideration of the delicate constitution of the subject, his health might have been seriously injured by the exposure, he was somewhat justified in not submitting further; but not sufficiently to annul the bet; and as the other party had not accomplished what he agreed to do, we conscientiously think and hereby recommend that the money in the hands of the stakeholder should be appropriated for champagne, to be drunk this evening at 10 o'clock by all present. To which of course, we all consented, the Magician and his subject shaking hands as token of agreement.

Thus ended the most laughable and ludicrous practical joke it was ever my fortune to witness.

"HERE'S YOUR GOOD HEALTH."

How common a thing it is to see young men standing up at the bar of a rum-hole, their hands grasping a glass of poison, and bobbing their heads to each other like a gang of silly geese, and with "Here's to your good health," swallowing that which steals their own. Just look at the poor wretches! look at their bleared eyes, their swollen features, in which incipient drunkenness is already tracing the lines of his future empire, and hanging out his signals of success.

"Here's your good health." Young man you are a fool! You are ruining your own and your friend's health in your silly and wicked mockery of professing friendship. You are laying the foundation of an appetite that will drag you down in the prime of life to the lowest degradation of which human nature is capable.

"Here's your good health." What would you think of the intellect of the poor slave who, manacled, and scourged and trodden upon, should seize the cup, and with looks of satisfaction, smile upon his fellow slave and toss off a bumper to 'Liberty'?

Johann van Schiehl, Idenhoven, venscaufue. That's only a specimen.