

A BASHFUL MAN.

The Police Court is sometimes enlivened by somewhat whimsical cases, such as the following:—A tall athletic gentleman, connected with one of the Government Departments is brought by two policemen, in company with some of his friends, before his worship, and charged with having shocked public propriety in committing his lusty frame to the waves which “gently swell and sadly flow” upon the strand below Freshwater. Now the generous minded policeman has not the slightest objection that Mr. ——— should pursue the healthful exercise of bathing or swimming from “rosy morn to dewy eve” provided that he does so in some sequestered cove, unexposed to public view; but has a decided objection to his exhibiting his noble proportions within the observance of Halifax's modest but ubiquitous maidens, and with this grave offence he now appears to charge him.

The prisoner denies the accusation altogether. He had been very particular he said in selecting a secluded nook; but the fact was that the confounded policeman not content with worrying her majesty's leige subjects upon *terra firma* pursued and persecuted them even into the “free unbounded ocean.”

S. Mag. “But sir, the policeman was perfectly right in apprehending you if he conceived you were outraging public decency.

Pris. “How could he conceive so? Ah, sir, ‘Conception is a blessing;’ but not as a policeman conceives. (Laughter) I am a peculiarly bashful man—modest even to a fault—even the Opposition allow that—and I do assure you sir, that I am the last man in the world that would outrage decency either publicly or privately. Had I seen a lady coming, I do verily believe that like the heroic youth who did the same in the waters of the Ohio, I also would have drowned myself, and died in a fit of extreme delicacy on the instant. (Great laughter.)

S. Mag. “It would be a little too much to expect you to go to such lengths; but you might have selected some retired locality.

Pris. “And so I did, your worship, so I did, Come down with me now on the cars (I'll pay your fare) and judge for your self. Why Zimmerman might have written upon it, “Solitude is the spot where I sprang into the ‘briny deep.’” (Laughter.) It is really too hard that a gentleman cannot refresh himself with a tumble in the salt sea without being molested by those greatest enemies of the human race, the police! Ah! my beautiful Digby! how often have I stood in the pellucid waters of the enchanting Gut—unencumbered by habiliments of any sort—abandoning myself to the easy and graceful movements of unhefettered nature, *nobody there found fault with me*, or sought to infringe upon my liberty.

The prisoner was proceeding in a strain highly demosthenic, when he was interrupted by the magistrate who told him that they would not enforce the penalty this time if he would promise never again to offend in a similar manner.

Pris. The next time I bathe, your worship, it shall be in a little creek on the Digby shore, where I verily believe three people have not been since the flood. (Laughter.)

The prisoner then bowed gracefully and left the court.

HARRY HALIFAX.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.—The *Baltimorean* says:—“J. B. Rabbitt recently killed a turkey owl measuring 8 inches from tip to tip.” In Nova Scotia these things are reversed—the owls usually kill the rabbits.

Halifax, Sept. 24, 1874.

MR. BANTER,—

Dear Sir:—Are you aware that your speedy dissolution is imminent? If you don't believe it, just read the following from that sweet-scented, “incen-c-breathing” “*Mayflower*,” which blooms in Hollis St., 161, “F. H. B., Editor and Proprietor,” etc., etc.:—

“Both the Editors of “*BANTER*” and “*QUIP*” must really excuse us if we decline to notice their attempts at wit, unless they have the ring of the sterling metal.”

There now. What do you think of that? After all your efforts to make the Editor of *Mayflower* notice you he will not do it. But, what does it mean? Is it because the ridiculous nature of the poem published in the *Mayflower*, “dedicated to George Brown,” was shown up in “*BANTER*”? Oh, Baker, if you have one spark of humanity in your heart, recall those cruel words! You know not what you are doing. If you keep on this way, no paper will be read—none published—but the *Mayflower*. More especially if you employ Thames Darrell to write your poetry for you!

And what would the “M.” Editor call the “ring of the sterling metal”? Is it a continual repetition of the one style of jokes from week to week—aye, a repetition of the very words sometimes? Is it the plagiarizing of jokes? If so, then indeed, has the *Mayflower* the “true ring.” And that “*BANTER*” may never have such a “ring” will always be the prayer of

DARRELL THAMES.

P. S.—The most laughable thing in the last *Mayflower*—the Editor's remarks about “noticing the attempts at wit of “*QUIP*” and “*BANTER*,” especially after *Quip* so admirably showing the striking identity of a piece of “original” poetry which appeared in the *Mayflower* with another which appeared in an American paper.

UNANIMOUS OPINION.—The *Nation* says:—“The press of Halifax—and Halifax cannot complain that for its population it is under-newspapered—seem to have combined with rare and unwonted unanimity in condemning the site which the City Council selected for the proposed City Hall, and the people's opinion seems to have been very fairly represented by the newspapers.” There is also one other thing on which the entire press had also found reason to agree in opinion—viz, on the course and policy pursued by the publishers of *BANTER*. The city press has never yet found occasion to say one word in disparagement of what we have said, and only in one instance [which we freely forgive] ventured to steal a portion of one of our ballads on the victory of Geo. Brown in a boat race, without acknowledgment. This gives us occasion to say that *BANTER* is not copy-righted, either wholly or partially, and is open to criticism and copy, *ad libitum* with the customary credit.

CRICKET.—An exchange says cricket is a base and wicket game, yet it is a game wherein the wicket will never cease from troubling.

BLACKBERRIES CHEAP.—There is a place spoken of in the States where the berries are sold at 25 cents a bucket, but the size of the bucket is not mentioned.

A VENERABLE darkey shuddered as Professor Donaldson recently ascended per balloon into the regions of space; and he remarked that he preferred goin' to heaben some oder way.

FORLORN HOPE.—Croquet maidens are all for lawn.