

ABOUT THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Many persons who, in days gone by, have taken a lively interest in the welfare of Messrs. Eng and Chang Bunkers, the celebrated Siamese Twins, may be glad to learn that those gentlemen are well and live at Mount Airy, in this (Surrey) county, surrounded by their wives and children.

Mr. Eng has six, and Mr. Chang five children, all of whom are apt scholars, and remarkably well behaved—manifesting the strongest possible desire to learn their lessons, and secure the good will of their teacher. They all partake strongly of the most refined Siamese cast of countenance, form and manner of deporting themselves—in truth they are a credit to their parents and the community in which they live.

Messrs. Eng and Chang are alike remarkable for their industry and belligerent dispositions. They are strict and thorough going business men, and woe to the unfortunate wight who dares to insult them.

Formerly they resided in Wilkes county, but in consequence of the numerous actions brought against them in the county, they removed into the adjoining county, shortly after which they were fined fifteen dollars and costs at Rockford, the county seat, for splitting a board into splinters over the head of a man who had insulted them.

As regards the supposed sympathy existing between them, it may be stated that their most intimate acquaintances deem them to be entirely independent of everything of the kind, and give this instance to sustain their opinion, that not long since they attended an auction sale of hogs, and bid against each other till they run up the price altogether above the market rates—also, that on one occasion Mr. Eng or Chang was taken ill and took to his bed, where he lay complaining for some time, although his brother scolded him severely all the time for detaining him in bed when he ought to have been attending to the business of their plantation.

On another occasion as they were passing up the road a gentleman inquired of them where they were going—whereupon Mr. Chang replied, "I am going over the Blue Ridge in the stage," and at the same instant, Mr. Eng, looking over his shoulder replied, with an arch smile, "I am going back home to look after our wives and children." When questioned about their mother some time since by an acquaintance, they stated that they had formerly received letters from her, but latterly they had heard no tidings from her, and even if they were to receive letters from her written in the Siamese language they would not be able to read them, as they had forgotten their mother tongue.

They are excellent hands to carry up a corner of a log house, exceeding all their neighbors in cutting saddles and notches in corner logs—both of them wielding the axe with a power and dexterity superior to any of the most expert woodcutters in this wooden country. When they chop or split, they do so double-handed, and in driving a horse, or chastising their negroes, both of them use the lash, without mercy.

A gentleman who purchased a black man a short time ago from them, informed the writer, that he was the "worst whipt nigger he ever saw." They are inveterate smokers and chewers of tobacco—each chewing his own quid and smoking his own pipe; it has been remarked, however, in support of the sympathy supposed to prevail throughout their systems, that as a general rule, when one takes a fresh quid the other does the same. It is generally admitted that there is a marked difference in the systems and temperaments of the gentlemen, and still they almost invariably draw the same inferences from topics submitted to their consideration, and arrive at similar conclusions. Mr. Eng not unfrequently gives serious offence to Mr. Chang, by jesting him about having one more child than he has. When shaving (a sport they are very fond of) one seizes or takes aim and the other it is said pulls the trigger; now if this be true, it would go far to prove the supposed doctrine of sympathy between the brothers, but it is questioned by most of their neighbors.

They readily admit and acknowledge themselves to entertain strong Christian faith or belief, and are regular attendants at church and other religious meetings, where they deport themselves as becomes good citizens of the land of their adoption. They are strong politicians, and take a lively interest in all the elections that occur in their district. As the writer was informed by a lady of Mount Airy, "they are mighty stay-at-home people," rarely if ever going from home unless called away by business.—*Greensboro, (N. C.) Patriot.*

**THIRST IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.**—The use of snow when persons are thirsty does not by any means allay the insatiable desire for water; on the contrary, it appears to be increased in proportion to the quantity used, and the frequency with which it is put into the mouth. For example, a person walking along feels intensely thirsty, and he looks to his feet with coveting eyes; but his good sense and firm resolutions are not to be overcome so easily, and he withdraws the open hand that was to grasp the delicious morsel and convey it into his parching mouth. He has several miles of a journey to accomplish, and his thirst is every moment increasing; he is perspiring profusely, and feels quite hot and oppressed. At length his good resolutions stagger, and he partakes of the smallest particle, which produces a most exhilarating effect; in less than ten minutes he tastes again and again, always increasing the quantity; and in half-an-hour he has a gum-stick of condensed snow, which he masticates with avidity, and replaces with assiduity the moment that it has melted away. But his thirst is not allayed in the slightest degree; he is as hot as ever, and still perspires; his mouth is in flames, and he is driven to the necessity of quenching them with snow, which adds fuel to the fire. The melting snow ceases to please the palate, and it feels like red-hot coals, which, like a fire-braker, he shifts about with his tongue, and swallows without the addition of saliva. He is in despair; but habit has taken the place of his reasoning faculties, and he moves on with languid steps, lamenting the severe fate which forces him to persist in a practice which in an unguarded moment he allowed to begin. "I believe the true cause of such intense thirst is the extreme dryness of the air when the temperature is low.

Hoe's fast press, with eight cylinders, just completed for the Philadelphia Ledger, was put into operation at the establishment of the manufacturers, in New York, last week, when it made between 21,000 and 22,000 impressions per hour.

If The Maine Law question is in agitation in Oregon, and the sober people there are determined to "cast out" the liquor traffic.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.

¶ Mrs. Partington once invited an aged clergyman from the city to take tea with her. On opening the sugar bowl, she discovered a deceased mouse in the premises. In the excitement and frenzy of the moment, she seized a large lump of sugar and flung it behind the back log, while she carefully deposited the mouse in the gentleman's cup. He discovered the mistake as soon as he began to stir the sugar.

¶ "Are those pure canaries?" asked a gentleman of a bird dealer, with whom he was negotiating for a "gilt for his fair." "Yes, sir," said the dealer confidentially, "I raised them ere birds from Canary seed!" It was deemed sufficient proof of their purity.

¶ Why is the east wind like a famous American painter? Because it's Ben West.

¶ Who was the first man that swindled the Greek slave? Hiram Powers. Caus. why—he chiselled her out of a block of marble.

¶ "John, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest, this morning?" "No, sir. If the old hen laid any, she has laid them."

Miss Nancy says, that white folks are "inventing this and inventing that, she wishes to gracious! somebody would invent something for bringing up children, and then she would get married."

**TAILORS D-FENDED.**—A tailor possesses the qualities of nine men combined in one, as will be seen by the following:

1. As an economist, he always cuts his coat according to his cloth.
2. As a gardener, he is careful of his cabbage.
3. As a sailor, he sheers off whenever it is proper.
4. As a play actor, he often brandishes a bare boskin.
5. As a lawyer, he attends many suits.
6. As an executioner, he supplies suspenders and gallowses for many persons.
7. As a cook, he is generally furnished with a warm goose.
8. As a sheriff, he does much sponging.
9. As a rational and scriptural divine, his great aim is to form good habits for the benefit of himself.

¶ Father, are there any boys in Congress?  
"No, my son, why do you ask that question?"  
"Because the paper said the other day that one of the members kicked Mr. Brown's Bill out of the House."

¶ A fellow laboring along the turnpike under a heavy load of inebriety, was asked what made him stagger so, and gave this answer:

"Why—hic—hic—I pays road tax and wants to get the worth of my—hic—money by taking a longer route, that's the reason I walks crosswise. Hic—do you see?"

**CURIOUS LAW SUIT.**—A suit was lately brought in Barnstable county, which grew out of the simple act of shaking hands. The defendant, it appears, seized the hand of the plaintiff to shake it, and in doing so he grasped it so tightly as to crush the bones and thereby cripple it forever. The hand became ulcerated, and many of the bones have been discharged from the wound. The result of the trial is not yet heard from.

¶ A man in Rochester recently paraded the streets with a bow on his shoulders, on which was a printed bill bearing the words—"Waiting for—Smith to pay his board bill." So says the *Utica Gazette*.

¶ A Lawyer was once pleading a case that brought tears into the juror's eyes, and every one gave up the case as gone for the plaintiff. But the opposing counsel arose and said; "May it please the Court—I do not propose in this case to *boer* for water, but—" Here the tears were suddenly dried, laughter ensued, the ridiculousness of the case was exposed, and the defendant cleared.

¶ The arms of a pretty girl wound tight around the neck, are a wonderful curative in case of soar throat. It beats pepper tea all hollow.

¶ You didn't go to Cork to day, Paddy? "Och, no," said Paddy, "I heard a gentleman say there would be an eclipse on the moon here to night, and I staid to see it."

**A GOOD PUN.**—A gentleman asked a punster to pronounce a witicism extempore. The wit requested him to name a subject. The gentleman said, "The King." "The King," replied the wit, "is no subject."

¶ "Mr. Dobson, you thought the defendant was slightly inebriated what made you think so, sir." "Because he persisted in wearing the knot of his neck under his ear, and would have it that the brick house at the corner was trying to jump on his hat." The court allowed that Simpson had partaken of stimulants.

¶ Some poetasters wrote the following:—"Long is that corn that brings no ere; tall is the corn that no cobs leave; big is the sky that never looks yellor; hard is the apple that wret grows meller; but longer, and bluer, and harder, and tall, is my own lady love—my adorable Pöll."—P. S. The author has since died in great agony!

¶ A handsome young girl stepped into a store where a grace young man, who had long been enamored, but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she chattered everything, and at last at said: "I believe you think I'm cheating you."

"Oh, no," said the youngster, "to me you are always fair."  
"Well," whispered the young lady, blushing as she had a slight emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long gawgaining if you were not so dear."

¶ Has a man, asked a prisoner of a magistrate's right to commit a nuisance?  
"No, sir, not even the Mayor."

"Then, sir, I claim my liberty. I was arrested ad nuisance, and as no one has a right to commit me, I move for non-suit."



Ladies' Department.

LOVELY WOMAN.

Oh say not that woman, divine in perfection,  
On earth is so rare to be found,  
There are eyes where a cherub might make his selection,  
And tresses in innocence bound.  
There are looks that could charm the wild beast of the mountain,  
And smiles for a Paradise meet:  
There are hearts that are pure as the stream of yon fountain,  
And lips that n'er utter deceit.

We've Virginia more fair than Italia's flower—  
Lucretias the handmaids of truth—  
With virtue their portion; more rich is the dower,  
When blushes in beauty and youth.  
And when life's stormy sea is tossed troublously over,  
Oh, what do our sorrows remove?  
To friendship we'dy not our peace to recover,  
Our haven a dear woman's love.

Yes! the tongue which delights, all its richness outpouring  
In sweet songs of love breathing joy.  
Sounds for aye in your ear, like the lark in its soaring,  
Whose meedy naught can destroy.  
Then the glances unchanging, unerrant forever,  
Shine bright as the sunbeam of morn;  
E'en adversity fails the dear link to dis sever;  
She laughs the intruder to scorn.

FUN FOR THE DOCTOR.

"Run! tel him to come instantly. Poor Bobby! How he cries! It must be the plum pudding that has disagreed with him! Jane bring Daffy! And if you can't find it in the right hand pantry shell look into the medicine chest for the Preservative. Perhaps the doctor isn't at home, and the medicine will do the child good in the meantime. Quick Jane! If you can't find Daffy or the Preservative, bring the Syrup of Poppies. . . . Ah! you've got Daffy! Now, Jane, a teaspoon!"

You know the opportunity of physicking a baby is not to be missed. Medicine is meant to do children "good," and therefore it ought to be given. If a child cries, run for the doctor. But sometimes doctors are wanted in two or three places at once. So, to provide against that contingency, run to the medicine chest for Daffy, poppies, or calomel. Give one, or all of them. You can watch their effects, and test the powers of the different medicines.

The child cries! It must be ill. Fetch the Elixir! It costs only fifteen-pence a bottle—a real blessing to mothers, ignorant ones, especially. Let any honest individual hint that the child has eaten too much, and the answer is, "Nonsense! What can you know of that? The child is ill. Any one may see that with half an eye. Hand over the bottle and spoon."

"Ah! here comes the doctor!" Here he comes, indeed.— "What is the matter?" "Ah, sir, he cries, and cries, and cries so the poor dear must be ill!" "What has he been eating?" "He has only had some plum-putting, and a very tiny little bit of cake and comfits; and an apple; and—" "Why the child has eaten too much." "Ia, sir, it can't be, his appetite is remarkably small—quite—quite—quite—" "Ah, I see. Well, you must wait till morning. We shall see how he is then." "Wou, sir—Wou? Why, the child's quite ill; he must have some medicine." "The child is ill—that is true; but it is with overgorging; medicine would only make matters worse. Leave nature to relieve herself. He will be better in the morning."—"Won't you give him a little Daffy?" "O, rank poison!"—"What! poison? I have given it to him fifty times, and he has always been the better for it. I have given him some now."—"What! Daffy, plum-putting, comfits, apples, et cetera, et cetera! Why, the child must have the strength of a horse to survive all that!"

Doctors care not always be honest to customers, else they would oftener speak out their minds freely, as this honest, but rather rough doctor did. People will have physic. What else is the use of doctors, but to prescribe physic for people? Mothers think their children are not done just yet to, unless the doctor is wrenching them with black draught and such like. The doctor may give advice about regularity of living, and simplicity of diet; but what does he know of that? Cooks and nurses are much more likely to understand meats—let the doctors stick to physic! He may tell the nurse not to bandage the child tightly, and to avoid pins; but what can he know of child's clothes, or of their proper fastenings? No! there is old Betty, the nurse, who is the standard authority in all such matters. The doctor may tell the mother to give her children exercise, but does not she know better? If they scamper about, won't they spoil their clothes? And if the little things should grow weak, sickly, and disordered, why, then, the order can be given to run for the doctor! If he tells the housewife to ventilate the children's sleeping-room—to open the doors and windows frequently, that the thorough draught may blow through and sweeten the rooms—"O, the children will get their deaths of cold." And if they should then become pale and fragile, weak in the chest, and delicate in the digestion, on the slightest ailment or trouble, then—run for the doctor! They