

Wine and Whiskey.

"Hear those fellows how they are carousing in that tavern," said a dignified looking man to his friend, as they passed a drinking house a few months ago. "I don't see what our police are good for when they tolerate such riotings."

"Don't be hard on them, Colonel," said the other, "they are only enjoying themselves as we do sometimes."

"As we do?" exclaimed the Colonel; "why you don't insinuate that we have been guilty of such conduct?"

"Do you remember our supper at Tom Soaker's the other night, Colonel?"

"Yes, I do, but what of that?"

"Why, did not we absorb the wine diligently?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Did we not laugh, and shout most merrily?"

"Well, what if we did?"

"Did not some of us go home blue?"

"That may be."

"And did we not carry Hal Sponge to his lodgings, because he was too boozy to walk?"

"Oh hush!"

"Well, Colonel, pray tell me the difference between our party, and the one you would have the police to break up in the tavern?"

"The differences are striking. In the first place *we* drank in a private house, *they* in a public one. Secondly, *we* drank wine, *they* whiskey. Thirdly, *we* were gentlemen and lawyers, *they* are cobblers and tinkers."

"Capital! But Colonel, great as the differences are, I think there is one very strong feature of resemblance—some of our party got drunk and made a noise, and some of their party are drunk and making a noise."

"Close up your nonsense. Do you think winter is set in?"