American Volunteer.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT, RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

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TERMS.

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Poetical.

I WUD KNOT DYE IN WINTUR.

I wud knot dye in wintur,
When whiskey punches flo—
When pooty gals are skating
Our fealds of ice & sno.
When sassadge meet is phrying,
& hickory knuts is thick;
Oh! who cud think ov dyeing,
Or even gettin sick.
Nary time.

I wud knot dye in spring time,
& miss the turnip greans,
& the pooty song ov the leetle frawgs,
& the sky-larks airly shreams;
When the burds begin thar wobbling
& taters 'gin to sprout—
When turkeys go to gobbeling,
I would not then peg out.
Knot by a jugg ful.

I wud knot dye in summer,
& love the gardef sass—
The roste ears and buttermilk—
The kool plase in the grass;
I wud knot dye in summer,
When everything's so hott,
& love the whiskey jeleps—
Oh! kno, I'd rayther knot.
As I knoes on.

I wud knot dye in ortum,
With peeches fit fur eeting,
When the wavy korn is getting wripe.
& kandydates is treeting.
Phor this & other wreasons,
I'de knot dye in the phall,
& sense I've thort it over,
I wud knot dye at all.
By no manner of means.

THE STAR OF LOVE.

There is a star that lights me on
Through life's tumultuous sea;
There is a star I gaze upon
That's all the world to me:
It beams upon me with its light
Wherever I may roam;
It cheers the dark and wintry night,
And shines within my home.

There is a star that o'er me beams,
No matter when or where;
Its influence o'er me mildly streams
In sorrow, pain, or care;
It cheers me in my lonely hours,
When all is dark and drear,
When stormy clouds above me lour,
Or when the sky is clear.

It shines upon my stony path,
It lights me on my way,
It sheds its influence round my hearth,
And soothes me with its ray;
It smiles upon me in my dreams,
When slumbers o'er me creep,
The darkness flees before its beams—
It lulls my soul to sleep.

Oh, 'tis a star the world knows well,
For all have felt its fires,
If breasts and hearts would only tell
The feelings it inspires;
Its beams may pierce the midnight gloom
When all is dark above,
And tears may fall upon our tomb,
Shed by the star of love.

Miscellaneous.

"HIS WIFE'S SISTER."

An elegant and philosophical writer says: "Man's life is only a journey from one fond woman's breast to another." It was probably the object of the author to refer particularly to the mother and wife. As the number of stopping places is not limited, however, I chose to accept the most catholic interpretation. I believe that what the world usually calls 'inconstancy' is only the effort of nature to progress toward perfect affinities. If man in his journey of life stops at a good many ports, it stands to reason that he will acquire a much better knowledge of the world, and will eventually 'lay up' in the best haven. Let me give you a modified illustration of my idea. I have a friend who has been subjective to a theory of purely physical progression. His first and earliest affection was for Curls. He became acquainted at the age of ten years with a set of twelve, large ones at that. This capillary attraction, if I may so term it, was not lasting. A Voice, belonging to another and otherwise plain young woman, next occupied the reverberating chambers of his heart. It was not a fine voice, but it was a positive one, and his was a negative. Now, you see, Curls had a negative voice, and of course two negatives hadn't any attraction. Hence his deflection. Then a Bust attracted his undivided attention. It was followed by Eyes and Mouth, which by an unusual phenomenon occurred in the same individual; they were both positive and my friends mouth and eyes were negatives, proposing to them, but was providentially saved. Hence his new variation. He came very near by the interposition of an Ankle. He flirted with the Ankle for some time, but an ankle not being a regular feature, of course it wasn't lasting. Need I inform the reader that had he met the positive and negative peculiarities combined in one person, he would have fallen in love at once and recognized his affinity. That's what he was looking for. Hence his hesitation, and what the world foolishly calls his 'inconstancy.'

I merely instance this physical illustration as being the most forcible and common. Mental and moral peculiarities are met in the same way, and are much more difficult to combine. Of course there are some exceptions to the above theory. Indistinctive people are an exception. You may take a stick of wood and saw it into a number of pieces, and you shall find no difficulty in fitting any of the pieces together. But take another stick, and break it several times, and you must find the particular adjunct if you wish to join two in one. Now indistinctive people are the sawn blocks; they come naturally together. The broken pieces are men and women of strongly marked opposite characters, with negative and positive dispositions, fitting each other and showing that in the normal state they were one distinct creation. Not unfrequently there is some unnatural matching. A worthy friend of mine, with a smooth, indistinctive surface, married one of the broken pieces; the consequence was obvious; attraction has worn off her salient features, and she has become like him. But when two broken surfaces meet, that don't fit there's trouble and business for the lawyers at once.

I would like to give you an illustration of another exception, just for its moral: Every story should have a moral or develop some peculiar idea—but how often do we accept the moral. When our surgical friend strips the walls of this once living temple, and lays bare its wonderful internal structure; however irreverent the act, we pardon it for the good that shall accrue to man thereby. But when the novelist, with his little scalpel, cuts into the character of his opposite neighbor, or his dear friend, and exhibits their internal organism, or shows up his own idiosyncrasies, we never recognize ourselves therein. That's quite another affair, of course.

When my friend Dick was about thirty years of age, he had amassed a little fortune. He had flirted a good deal in his time, and was rather a wild young fellow. But under his superficial qualities and manly exterior, there was a large, honest boy's heart.

Whether it had ever been trampled upon or had the impression of some woman's small foot sunk in it, is of little consequence. But I do not think his heart was that kind of primitive formation that hold the relics of bygone days in its cold fossiliferous stratum. If Dick had ever had an "affair de cœur" he had forgotten it. He was what we term *blase;* we—who know nothing about it. Dick did not object to the epithet—he rather liked it, as we all do—and I think he cultivated an *ennuyer* air. If he had any previous erratic experience, it was in the progressive stages I told you of.

At his boarding-house he chanced occasionally to meet a young girl, who seemed to possess many of the attributes he had admired consecutively in others. She was simple and unsophisticated, and supported herself by giving music lessons. With his wholesale admiration of the sex, Dick became interested in her after a fashion. She did not object to his attentions. Miss Mary was flattered and pleased with Dick. And Dick did not exactly love her, for he had doubted the existence of the passion. But he felt it was time to get married. He was getting old. Here was a good chance for him to test his skeptical theory in regard to love. If he really believed there was no such thing he might as well marry *her* as any one. She would undoubtedly make him a good wife. And she was poor, that was the strong lever that stirred the romantic foundation of Dick's heart. He could give her a position. She must love him—he could give her happiness! He could, in short, make a—a—yes, that was it, a—*sacrifice!*

They were married quietly. There were some friends of Dick's present, but the bride was an orphan, and her only relative, a younger sister lived in a distant State. He took her to a rich luxurious home. He felt that he had done the correct and gentlemanly thing in every respect, and when he had led her into the softly carpeted parlor of their fashionable bower, it was with a feeling of placid self-congratulation. The foolish, simple bride threw her arms about her husband's neck and said to him—

"Oh, Dick! how can I thank you?"

Dick was touched and felt an imaginary halo suspend itself over his Olympian brow. There were no transports with Dick. The honeymoon passed quietly and evenly. He had not expected to be extravagantly blissful—his dream, if one had ever fashioned and shaped his inner man, was deceitful, and he knew it. His wife was all to him that he had sought, it seemed—but the possession of her love did not fraught with the strange fascination that he had often conceived in his early days. There was something wanted. He would never let her know it; oh, no, it would spoil his perfect sacrifice. But perhaps it was this consciousness that placed a deeper chasm betwixt his wife's affections and his own. He felt he had another's happiness in his keeping, and he resolved to guard it as preciously as his own. This state of affairs, as you may readily imagine, though very romantic, put him upon a forced and unnatural behavior, which added another million of miles to that awful chasm. And Dick sometimes found himself sitting opposite to her in her comfortable parlor, and wondering if that strange woman was his wife. There was the contour of the face, that had haunted his boyish visions; there was the same soft voice and winning accent—and why wasn't the happier? why wasn't he grateful? what was the meaning of that awful barrier that lay between them? Why was he doing the Spartan business, and all that sort of thing? He would get up at such times and go over to the neat womanly figure, and gaze into her eyes and kiss her red lips, and say, 'are you happy, my dear?' and then she would look back and answer, and would say, 'Are you not, Dick?' Dick would say emphatically, 'Certainly my dear!' with a great deal of unnecessary decision.

A time came when Dick's wife was not able to visit much, and kept her room a great deal; and Dick learned that this younger sister of her's would visit her, and for certain reasons, the visit would be very opportune; and it was with that strange flutter which the consciousness of a coming event occasions in the breast of the expectant parent, that Dick was sitting by himself in the little library before the fire. Her chair—for she was want to bring her work in and sit with her husband while he read was standing opposite, and her work basket was still upon the table. He was trying to analyze the strange sensations that were thronging upon him, a looking forward to a happier state of being, when it occurred to him that he might assist his reflections by smoking. He drew out his cigar case, bit off the end of a fragment Havana, and looked around for a bit of paper to light it. His eye fell on his wife's basket. There was a white paper sticking out of a chaotic scramble of various colored fragments. He took it up. It seemed to be a letter. He was about replacing it when his eye caught a passage containing his own name.

I have told you that Dick was the soul of honor. If he had known that his wife didn't want him to read the letter, he wouldn't have read it. If he had imagined for a moment that it contained anything he shouldn't read, or any secret of his wife's, he would have sat and blinked at it all day, or perhaps have walked up stairs with it and handed it to her, saying: "My dear, you have left a letter below." I don't know what it is, or who it's from," and would have departed dramatically. But not knowing what it was, you see, he coolly read on, commencing at his name, as I do:

"I am sorry to hear that Dick is not all that you fondly imagined. Don't ask *me*, dear for advice; it is better you should leave all to *time* and your own *tact and judgement.* I think that no one is capable of meditating between a wife's affections and her husband's *even a sister.* I would say that you ought to have weighed all this before you bound yourself to one whom you think is not worthy of your affections; but we cannot recall what is past. No! *indeed!* You say that your Dick has a generous heart, and in this world, dear! you know that this ought to make up for other defects, even if he be *dull* and *stupid!.* (Oh! you should have seen Dick's face at this moment!) Your sacrifice I know was a *great* one, but men cannot appreciate the sacrifices we make! *No; never.* But I will soon be with you, my dearest sister, and perhaps I may be able to do something for you, with this queer being whom you have taken for a husband. Don't think I am hardhearted, or unsisterly, either, if I can't understand feelings. I never saw the man yet that I could whimper over or feel bad about. Good-bye, dear, till I see you, which will be soon!

"Your affectionate sister,
"TIP."

"Dull and stupid! He "dull and stupid!" he, Dick—the delight of select circles! the witty, fascinating, agreeable, gossippy Dick! "Dull and stupid;" and her sacrifice—her "great sacrifice?" What sacrifice? When? How? Where? And this was the return, this was the result of his noble, Roman-like conduct; this was eventuating from his deeply delicate, poletical, gentlemanlike treatment. This was her opinion of him—the opinion of the wife of his bosom, the partner of his joys, the sharer of his wealth, his property—the woman he—no! not loved! "Dull and stupid!" why the woman was a fool, they are both fools! they were hypocrites!—they were ingrates! they were—woman!"

He sank back into his chair. Then he started up and threw the letter in the grate, and carefully replaced his cigar in the basket. Then he burnt his fingers recovering the letter. Then he put his hands upon his head, his elbows upon his knees, and in that position reflected.

He thought he had better not say anything about it. He was in for a sacrifice and the bigger the better. "Ho, there! Bring in some fagots and lay 'em round the stake! Pour on the oil and wine and give the brands another poke! Here's the spectacle of a Christian young husband immolated on the hymenial alter! Hurrah! Fetch on your fagots!"

"Dull and stupid! He liked that!" Well, he'd let them see his dullness and stupidity, hereafter, with a vengence. And the young sister, indeed! A snub nosed, freckled faced, hoydenish thing, with braids and mincing ways, and—daring to talk about him, Dick! the man of the world! the *blase* man, as dull and stupid! Well, he'd, like to have his friend Wobbles, hear that; how he'd laugh! At them? Of course. Certainly at them. But them he'd bettter not say anything about it—on his wife's account.

When he went up to his wife's chamber he made some, trifling, jocular remarks which I regret has not reached me, which had the effect of making his Mary open her eyes in meek astonishment. "Dull and stupid!," thought Dick; "indeed!"

There was some little preparation a week afterward; and one day Dick, coming home, saw some boxes in the hall some mysterious looking bundles laying about, and other signs which seemed to indicate that his wife's sister had arrived. Of course, the recollection of that letter did not tend to awaken lively anticipations of a meeting with the disagreeable "Tip." He thought at first that he would try the dignified and stately, and otherwise impress the young woman with a sense of her previous irreverence. But then he wished to establish a character the opposite of those adjectives which yet swam before his eyes. "Dull and stupid!"—and "dignified and stately" seemed only a hopeless alliteration. He had sent the several up stairs to inform his Mary of his coming, by way of preparing the repentant and humbled Tip for his awful retributive presence. Then he changed his mind and thought of rushing up stairs boisterously. He made a step toward the library door when it was thrown open; two white arms were flung about his neck, to big blue eyes looked into his, while a pair of scarlet lips articulated in rapid accent: "My dear! dear brother!"

Dick was taken aback. He looked down at the beautiful girlish figure, and felt—he, the "blase" man—awkward and embarrassed. His lips syllabled a few commonplaces, but the breath of life seemed to have left him. He could only lead her to a sofa, and stand stand and gaze at her. She was certainly very pretty so like his wife, and yet so unlike.

"Oh, dear! I did so long to see you. Why didn't you come up stairs. I was afraid you were angry at something. You are not at all like Mary's husband. I know, I shall like you. You're my brother, you know, and I never had a brother; and I'm sure I shall love you so much. You don't say anything! Why, what's the matter? Why you look pale! You're sick! Mary! Good gracious!"

Poor Dick! poor, Poor Dick. It was over. He was better now. Yes, he was calm, too—he was all. She was sitting before him, on the very seat his wife had occupied; the same.

contour of features; the same outline; the same figure—but oh! that indefinable expression and this strange feeling and thrilling. The vision of his past life, the dreams of his youth, were looking out of the anxious, pretty glance that met his own. Oh! rash, hasty, inconsiderate fool! He had stopped one step short of perfect affinity. This was his wife's sister! Oh! Heavens! he had married his wife's sister! This was his wife! The sacrifice was complete.

No, not complete! It remained for him to smother the fires of his new passion in the dead ashes of past life. It was at once his torture and his crown to minister to the invalid wants of the real wife of his manhood in company with the fair young ideal wife of his youth. It was his great glory to feel the touch of her warm, soft hand on his brow, when he sometimes sat alone distractedly, groping blindly in the darkness for some clue to lead him away from the pitfalls that beset his path. He could not help seeing that he had awakened a sympathetic interest in "Tip's" young heart—a feeling as yet undefined and holy in its nameless orphan purity. But the sacrifice was not complete.

They were sitting alone in the little library; she sat opposite to him in his wife's chair. He raised his eyes and she drew her chair nearer to him, and in her simple, artless way, asked his forgiveness!

"For what, Tip?"

"Well, never mind; say you'll forgive me. I once thought worse of you than you deserved, and I may have said something to Mary; did she tell you anything?"

Dick could conscientiously wave a negative.

"I've changed my mind since, brother! You're so different. I am sure I know of no one who could make Mary happier than you. I judge so by what I have seen of you and my own feelings, for you know, Mary and I are all that are left of our family. Do you think we are alike? I think that I shall never marry, for I could not find another like Mary's husband."

The artless simplicity and genuine sincerity of poor Tip exorted a groan from Dick.

Instantly she was at his side. "Don't worry, brother, about Mary, she will be better soon. I know how you feel, dear, and it must be a comfort to Mary, to know your sympathy."

How shall I end my story, reader? Shall I say that Tip was again wrong; that Mary did not get better? That she lingered for a while, and striving to bring a feeble, immortal soul into this earthly light, laid down her own dear woman's life, a willing sacrifice upon the alter. Shall I say that Tip and Dick stood by holding her hands, when the first cry of the struggling immortal heralded her way to the home it just had quitted? How that the poor motherless child found a guardian angel in Tip

How else can I marry Dick to his wife's sister?

The Case-Hardened One.

Bill Rigdon, whose exploits down on Red River we have mentioned before, had been drinking some, and contrary to his usual custom, was blowing considerable, and finally he said he could run faster, jump higher, dive deeper, and come out drier, chew more tobacer, drink more whisky, and do more strange, queer, and impossible things, than any man in the crowd, winding up by offering to throw any man or fight a dozen, one at a time, then and there. A tall, cadaverous, fever-and-ague-looking chap got up and said:

"I'm in for that last, stranger. I'm some on a wrestle myself, and I'll try you."

At it they went, and Bill got thrown badly. They then tried jumping, and Bill was euchred again. There was no water near to experiment at diving in, and Bill himself proposed that they should try some whiskey.

"Wal," said fever andague, "I don't chaw tobaker, but I jist kin drink you dead drunk in an hour."

"Never!" shouted Bill, and they sat down, whiling the time away by playing euchre. Game after game and glass after glass passed, without the least apparent effect upon the stranger, while Bill showed it badly, soon not being able to tell the cards or even to handle them.

At this stage the pale face arose, remarking:

"Wal, I guess as how you're drunk enough, and of you'll make me one drink, I'll mount my pony and be off."

"What'll you have?" said the clerk.

"Got any brandy?"

"Yes."

"Put in a middling dram."

It was done.

"Got any red-eye?"

"Yes."

"Wal, a leetle of that. Any turpentine?"

"Plenty."

"About a spuneful put in. Any red pepper?"

"Yes."

"Shake in some, and now, my boy, if you'll put in a leetle of that aquafortis I see up there, I'll take my drink and be gone."

"My ——," groaned Bill; "I should think you would. I give it up. I'm beat. Don't drink that, stranger, you'll die, sure. I'll never say drink again, I swear I won't. Don't drink it."

Amid the roars of the crowd, the pale gent mount his pony and cantered away.

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.—A pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"What is hope?"

"Hope is the blossom of happiness."

"What is the difference between hope and desire?"

"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"

"A day without yesterday or to morrow—a line that has no end."

"What is time?"

"A line that has two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the grave."

"What is God?"

"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the watch maker of the Universe, the soul of the world."

"Does God reason?"

"Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates—he decides. God is omniscient; He never doubts—He therefore never reasons."

☞ We once heard an old fellow, famous all over the country for his tough yarns, tell *the following.* He was telling what heavy wheat he had seen in New York:

"My father," said he, "once had a field of wheat, the heads of which were so close together that the wild turkeys when they came to eat it, could walk around on the top of it anywhere."

We suggested that the turkeys must have been small ones.

"No sir," continued he, "they were very large ones. I shot one of them, one day, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him, his head dragged in the snow behind me."

"A curious country you must have had, to have snow in harvest time!"

"Well, I declare," said he, looking a little foolish, "*I reckon I've got a part of two storys mixed!*"

☞ An Irishman being recently on trial for some offence, pleaded "not guilty;" and the jury being in the box, the State Solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the court, and said: "Do I understand, yer honor, that Mr. Furkisson is to be witness forenenst me again?" The judge said, drily, "It seems so." "Well, thin, yer honor, I plade guilty, sure an' yer honor plaise; not because I *am* guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer honor's sucking babe, but just on account of saving Misther Furkisson's *soul.*"

A YOUNG HEENAN.—In order to amuse the children on the Sabbath, a lady was engaged recently in reading to them in the Bible, the story of David and Goliah, and coming to a passage in which Goliah so boastingly and defiantly dared the stripling, a little chap, almost in his trowsers, said, "Skip that—skip that—he's only blowin'; I want to know who licked."

☞ A notice of a recent steamboat explosion ends as follows:

"The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid. She was insured for $75,000, and loaded with iron."

☞ The following question will be discussed at the next meeting of the Frogtown Debating Society:—"Which is the happier, a negro at a dance, or a hog in a mud hole?"

☞ The best cure for laziness is sirap oil. It can be had at any shoemaker's shop.

Doing Nothing.

This is an occupation which we might consider quite a general one did we believe the many who make this answer to the question, what are you doing? But really none can truly say he is doing nothing, for if he is not engaged in some useful occupation he must be producing some injury to the community in which he lives. By his example he would inculcate the principle that a person can live without exertion, and so far as this example affects others, he seriously injures his fellows. This doing nothing is the hardest work in the world, and idleness afflicts the individual with poverty and overburdens him with debt. To get clear of the annoyance which these debts cause, and to obviate the influence of this poverty, requires an effort twice as great as would otherwise be expended, clear him from debt, fill his pockets with money, and give him energy to pursue a respectable and lucrative business. There are two classes of young men in this world—those who have parents possessing property, and those who have not. The former are ruined if they do nothing, because they can or will support them in idleness, and the latter must work or become dishonest.—Dishonesty, systematically pursued, is a very laborious occupation, even were it not attended with any risks. But as it is sure finally to ruin him who practices it, it is doubly foolish as well as criminal to resort to it. No matter how wealthy parents may be, they have no right to maintain their children in idleness. To do so is to enable those children to furnish the most deleterious example to those around them. When a portion of the young spend their minority in idleness and extravagance, those who witness such exhibitions envy their idle fellows, and excuse themselves from exertion on the ground that the world owes them a living; and this betrays the latter not only into idle, but into vicious courses. The world recognizes no such claim. It pays only for services performed, and in the exact value of those services. To those who do nothing, society owes nothing, and it is not very apt to pay debts it does not owe. Doing nothing is compelling society by fraud or force to support you. It is making yourself a burden to others, who perhaps are but just able to support themselves. It weakens your powers, physical and mental, so that when you are finally compelled to work, you will find your energy gone and yourself finally cast as a pauper upon society. This is really doing something, and whoever is doing this cannot properly say he is doing nothing. He is doing everything he can to destroy himself and make himself a burden to society, and to such persons society cannot be said to owe a living. When such a course has been pursued for months and years, the individual complains that he is unable to work. But he has wantonly enfeebled his powers, and ruined his prospects. If he means to stop short of entire destruction he must rouse himself, and if he cannot do one thing he must do another. It matters not whether the business suits him, or whether the situation he can get exactly accords with his tastes or inclination. Something he must take and steadily pursue, and for the best of all considerations, namely, that he may recover the use of his prostrated faculties, and put himself in the way of doing something useful. Every day that this is neglected makes matters worse, and finally a physical as well as moral incapacity results. Let the young then stop doing nothing as quick as possible. Under any circumstances it is bad business, and particularly ruinous to the young. The habit of doing nothing, once formed, is very difficult to eradicate, and it should be shunned as the parent of half the miseries that afflict our race. To learn to work is always difficult, but the difficulty may be soon overcome. Be persistent in doing something useful and work will soon be found easy, and you will soon be on the high road to prosperity and fortune. Neglect, this, and work will be forever hard, and poverty and regret will be your only companions.

Dissolving the Union.

The last *Knickerbocker Magazine* has the following, which is not bad, either as a story or a speech:

During the exciting campaign of 185—, in Illinois, a prominent politician made a disunion speech at Quincy. After he was through, and before the crowd had dispersed, a man who styled "the Aforesaid M. D.," was called for. He was lifted upon the platform, so "elevated" that he couldn't stand without holding on to something. He said:

"Gentleman and ladies, you're talkin' of dissolvin' the Union; you can't do it! That's that flag a-wavin' up thar, called the star spangled banner; how ye a-goin' to divide that, ha! Are ye a-goin' to give the stars to the Norf and the stripes to the Souf? No sir-ree; the thing can't be did. [Cheers.]

"And thar's that good old toon that the band's a-playin' out thar, called Yankee Doodle; how ye a-goin' to divide *that*, eh? Are ye a-goin' to give the Yankee to the Norf, and the Doodle to the Souf? I say, boldly, the thing can't be did! [Cheers.]

"And thar's that stream of water a-runnin' down thar called the 'Father-o'-Waters;' how are you a-goin' to divide *that?* Are ye a-goin' to dam it up with Mason & Dixon's line? I say you can't do it! Wal, you can't!—[Cheers.]

"And thar's the railroad layin' out thar; how are ye a-goin' to divide *that*, eh? Are ye a-agoin' to tie it up with Mason & Dixon's line? You can't do it? [Cheers.]

"And thar's all the fast horses standin' round; how are ye a-goin' to divide them? old hosses! Are ye a-goin' to run 'em Norf, and run 'em Souf, and run 'em East, and run 'em West? [Cheers.]

"And thar's all the handsome wimmin' round here; how are ye a-goin' to divide them? Are ye goin' to give the old ones to the Norf, and the young ones to the Souf? Waal, you don't. If you go to thunder you can't do it! [Immense cheering.]

"And thar's all the feathered tribe and other birds a flyin' about here, and the chickens and egg's-nest, and the yaller legs and black legs; how ye a-goin' to divide 'em, eh? Are ye a-goin' to give the pullets to the Norf, and the cocks to the Souf." [Tremendous cheering.]

Our reporter could hear no more for the roar of laughter which ensued, as the "doctor" caved in and fell from the platform.

☞ It is a great deal better to be without a dollar in the purse, than without a thought in the brain.

☞ He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper, but he is more happy who can suit his temper to his cirqumstances.

☞ Dean Swift said with much truth, "It is useless for us to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he has never been reasoned into."

☞ Any fool can make a woman talk, but it requires a very clever man to make her listen.

Tiger Chase by Baboons.

The following account of a tiger chase is extracted from the North Lincoln 'Sphinx,' a regimental paper, published at Graham's Town. The writer, after alluding to his sporting experiences of all kinds, and in all quarters of the globe, declares that he never witnessed so novel or intensely exciting a chase as that about to be described. Not long ago I spent a few days at Fort Brown, a small military post on the banks of the Great Fish river, where my friend W. was stationed. One evening, as my friend and I were returning home, after a somewhat fatiguing day's buckshooting, we were startled by hearing the most extraordinary noises, not far from us. It seemed as if all the demons in the infernal regions had been unchained, and were amusing themselves by trying to frighten us poor mortals by their horrid yelling. We stood in breathless expectation, not knowing what could possibly be the cause of this diabolical row, with all sorts of strange conjectures flashing across our minds. Nearer and nearer the yelling and screaming approached, and presently the cause became visible to our astonished eyes. Some three or four hundred yards to our right, upon the brow of a small hill, a spotted leopard (commonly called, in this country, a tiger, though much smaller than the lord of the Indian jungles,) came in view, bounding along with all the speed and energy of despair, while close behind him followed an enormous pack of baboons, from whose throats proceeded the demoniacal sounds that had, a few seconds before, so startled us. Our excitement in the chase, as you may suppose, was intense. On went the tiger, making for the river, the baboons following like avenging demons, and evidently gaining ground upon their nearly exhausted foe, though their exulting yells seemed each moment to increase his terror and his speed. They reached the stream, the tiger still a few yards in advance, and with a tremendous bound, he cast himself into its muddy waters and made for the opposite bank. The next moment his pursuers, in admirable confusion, were struggling after him, and as the tiger (now fearfully exhausted,) clambered on the land again, the largest, and strongest of the baboons were close at his heels, though many of the pack (the old, the very young, and the weakly) were still struggling in the water. In a few moments all had passed from our sight, behind the brow of the opposite bank; but their increased yelling, now stationary behind the hill, told us that the tiger had met his doom, and that their strong arms and jaws were tearing him limb from limb. As the evening was far advanced, and we were still some miles from home, we did not cross the river to be in at the death; but, next morning, a few bones and scattered fragments of flesh and skin showed what had been the tiger's fate. On our return home we were told by some Dutch gentlemen that such hunts are not uncommon when a tiger is rash enough to attack the young baboons, which often happens. All these creatures, for miles around, assemble and pursue their enemy, with relentless fury to his death. Sometimes the chase lasts for days, but it invariably closes with the destruction of the tiger—a striking instance that the idea of retributive justice is not confined to man alone.

Doctoring in the Backwoods.

I want to report to you some of the experiences of a backwood's *young doctor.* His patients being of the excessively ignorant class, he gets more fun than fees:—

A few days ago I was called to a house on a professional visit, where the inmates have a holy horror of 'calamy and laudamy." While making my way into the good graces of the mother, by fondling upon my knees a certain breechless brat, I noticed a number of small bones attached to a string, and worn by the child as a necklace. Knowing the strange belief in charms that such people sometimes have, I immediately remarked—

"I see your child, madam, has had rheumatism."

"No, sir," says the worthy dame; "them thar are rattlesnake's bones, put thar to make Pete have an easy time cuttin' his teeth. Last spring, when the boys was ploughin' down in the bottom, they ploughed up a powerful big rattlesnake, and I jest tuck him and biled him three day and nights, beginnin' on Friday mornin'. I tuck the bones then and put 'em on a string, as you see thar, and made him wear 'em tell now. I reckon, doctor, he was about as sick a child as you ever seed when them bones was put on his neck; he begun to git better right off, and never has been sick from that day tell now. You spoke, doctor, about the rheumaty pains; I never hearn as it was good for them, but I expect it mout be, seein' it worked such a powerful kure on the teething. The best thing I ever seed tried for the rheumatiz is take four pieces of eel-skin, jist as wide as your three fingers, and tie one on both ankles and one on both wrists."

I remarked, "No doubt that is very good."

"Yes," she chimed in. "I have knowed that to kure when all manner of doctor's means has failed."

"Here the conversation took a pleasant turn weather and cropward, affording the young Esculapian an opportunity to make his farewell bow.

"Just as I was mounting my pony, Mrs. B—sang out—

"Doctor, is this medicine you left for Betsey pizen?"

Having assured her of its anti-'pizen' qualities, I rode back home to await another call of the same kind.

A WHITE GIRL SUED BY A NEGRO FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.—A case is assigned for trial in the Superior Court next week, which has some peculiar features. Henry L. W. Thacker, a colored gentleman of some note, sued Miss L. M. S. Thompson, a white girl, for breach of promise of marriage. Miss Thompson was for several years a servant or housekeeper for Mr. Thacker, and while in that capacity, as she claims, lent him money and trusted him for wages. After leaving his employ, she sued him for the money, when he retaliated by bringing his suit against her, and her suit is awaiting the decision of this. Able and zealous counsel have been employed on either side, and the trial will probably occupy two or three days, as many witnesses will be called to show the relations which these parties have held to each other. Should a verdict be given for the sable suitor, it will be a novel precedent.

☞ Roger Sherman was a member of Congress from Connecticut. He was sent there from the shoemaker's bench. John Randolph, who had Indian blood in his veins, once rose, and with his squeaking voice said, "I should like to know what the gentleman from Connecticut, before he came here, did with his leather apron?" Mr. Sherman, mimicking the same squeaking sound, replied, "I put it up to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas."

☞ The key note of the Republican music. —*Darkey.*

Odds and Ends.

☞ He who is great in defeat is half a conqueror.

☞ Beauty without virtue is like a flower without perfume.

☞ The drop hollows not the stone by force, but frequent falling.

☞ The same man that owns the *tool* owns the New Foundland dog.

☞ Eagles fly alone; they are but sheep that always herd together.

☞ If you are too fat, and would like to fall off, mount a vicious horse.

☞ Successful love takes a load off our hearts and puts it on our shoulders.

☞ Many a man has the public ear, who has forfeited the right to wear his own.

☞ We heard a man remark the other day that a fool's brains all lay in his belly!

☞ There is a kind of bow which no man of spirit will return—the bow of condescension.

☞ Be choice in your reading; read no indifferent production—except, perhaps, yourself.

☞ People generally freeze in doubling the Cape, but a lady doubles hers to keep warm.

☞ The hours are very fugacious, but an exemplary husband is careful to keep good ones.

☞ When a woman wishes to be very affectionate to her lover she calls him a naughty man.

☞ We don't admire ruffles, but you had better have one to your shirt than to your temper.

☞ Most men have in their souls no locomotives strong enough to draw a train of thought.

☞ Fast horses win cups by the use of their legs. Fast men lose their legs by the use of cups.

☞ You can't rail sin and ignorance out of the world; but it is easy enough to *rail* cattle out of a field.

☞ Probably the men who can boast the possession of the most varied and numerous gifts are the beggars.

☞ Navigators on the sea of life, if their voyage is a long ones generally have to scud at last under *bare polls.*

☞ There is a tendency in all untutored minds, and not in them alone, to consider everything profound that is obscure.

☞ We should not envy that man's feelings who could see a leaf wither, or a flower fall, without a slight feeling of regret.

☞ It has been said that there is a skeleton in every house; certainly, in these days, every fashionable woman has one *about* her.

☞ We cannot exalt the Deity by disparaging the noblest of his creatures, or inspire faith in Him by divesting men of all faith in themselves.

☞ A young lady in Morgantown, Va., has been confined in an asylum by her friends, she having become insane from the excessive use of tobacco.

☞ Heavy failures occurred in New York on Friday and Saturday last. If rumors are correct, in those two days upwards of ninety firms went under.

☞ He who, like an owl, shuts himself up from society and daylight, must expect to be hunted and hooted at like an owl, whenever he chances to appear.

☞ Men's native dispositions are most distinctly perceived whilst they are children and when they are dying, as the sun is best seen at his rising and his setting.

☞ The world's master-spirits can make the silence of their closets more beneficial to mankind, than all the noise and bustle of courts, senates and camps.

☞ It is the vice of the unlearned to suppose that the knowledge of books is of no account, and the vice of scholars to think there is no other knowledge worth *having.*

☞ Sensible—*The thick* soled walking shoes worn by *those* ladies who have brains enough *to appreciate* good health and the independence to wear what will protect it.

☞ A young man named Samuel Beary, in company with a friend, was recently set upon by a gang of rowdies in the street, in St. Louis, and stabbed eight times, the wounds being mortal.

☞ A young woman who considered herself quite handsome and was vain of her good looks, on recovering from an attack of the small-pox, which had entirely destroyed her beauty, committed suicide by taking a dose of laudanum.

☞ Three young girls living in Boston, were recently convicted of highway robbery, on one of their own sex. It seems that they had been "following the highway" for some time, and had done a pretty fair business in the footpad and robbing lines.

☞ A young lady was instantly killed by venturing too near a revolving shaft in a flour mill, at Fort Atkinson, Wis. Her dress catching on the shaft, she was whirled around it with great velocity, and when her body was at last rescued, it was a shapeless mass.

☞ A Troy paper says that eleven persons have broken their legs in that city this winter by slipping and falling on the ice on the sidewalks; that in every case it was the left leg which was broken, and that every limb was fractured a few inches above the ankle.

☞ A Hartford paper states that beggars have become so daring in that city, that they go into houses in the absence of the head of the family, and intimidate the ladies into giving them alms. A revolver would be a happy thing for a Hartford lady to have in the house.

☞ A young girl in Hartford, supposed to be in vigorous health, one day recently clapped her hands to her forehead, exclaimed, "O, my head!" fell to the floor, and immediately expired. It was found that a blood vessel had been ruptured, and the brain suffused with blood.

☞ A woman of "respectable appearance," richly dressed, having one hundred and nineteen dollars in gold in her pocket, and speaking several different languages, was found, one Sunday evening not long since, in the main street of St. Louis, in a state of intoxication, singing and shouting like a freed and romping school-girl.