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### Boetical.

### AGE AND YOUTIL

Spring was busy in the woodlands, Climbing up from peak to peak, As an old man sat and brooded, With a flush upon his cheek.

Many years pressed hard upon him, And his living friends were few, And from out the sombre future Troubles drifted into view.

There is something moves on strangely
In old ruins gray with years; Yet there's something far more touching In an old face wet with tears.

And he sat there, sadly sighing O'er his feebleness and wrongs, Though the birds outside his window

ed of summer in their songs. But, behold! a change comes o'er him

Up the green slope of his garden,

Past the dial, he saw run
Three young girls, with bright eyes shinir
Like their brown beads, in the sun!

There was Fanny, famed for wisdom: And fair Alice, famed for pride; Aud one that could say "My uncle," And said little clse beside.

And that vision startled memories. That soon hid all scenes of strife, Sending floods of hallowed sunshine Through the ragged rents of life.

Then they took him from his study,
Through long lanes and taggled bowers,
Out into the shaded valleys,
Richly tinted o'er with flowers.

And he blessed their merry voices. Singing round him as he wont, For the sight of their wild gladness Filled his own heart with content.

And, that ment, there came about the Far off meadows plotured fair, And old woods in which he wandered Ero no knew the name of care; And he said: "These angel faces Take the whiteness from one's hair!"

### DEAD LOVE.

Ve are face to face, and between us here In the love we thought could never die hy has it only lived a year? Who has murdered it—you or T?

matter who—the deed is done By one or both, and there it lies; he smile from the lip forever gone,

Our love is dead, and our hope is wrecked So what does it profit to talk and rave, Vhether it perished by my neglec. Or whether your cruelty dug its grave.

Why should you say that I am to blame, Or why should I charge the sin to you? Our work is before us all the same, And the guilt of it lies between us two.

Ve have praised our love for its beauty and grac Now we stand here and hardly dure turn the face-cloth back from the face-

Yet look! ah, that heart has beat its last, And the booutiful life of our life is o'er, And when we have buried and left the past, We two together can walk no more ou might stretch yourself on the dead, and we

And pray as the Prophet prayed, in pain; But not like him could you break the sleep, And bring the soul to the clay again.

And shower my woo there, kiss on kiss, But there never was resurrection day. In the world for a love so dead as this!

By mourning o'er the deed we did, et us draw the winding sheet up to the chin, Ay, up till the death-blind eyes are hid!

## Mizcellaneons.

#### From Peterson's Magazine. MRS, DR. JOHN'S STORY:

I was tired, worried and overheated. Cross. as a natural consequence, and, of course, it was just then Dr. John took it into his head come into the kitchen, although he had cen to the house for five consecutive days to sco his natient, as I knew, without once inquiring for me. The knowledge of this only

despend my vexation, and darkened the frown on my brow.
I dropped the sheet I was wringing out of 6 hot suds, and set him a chair. 'Good morning,' he said, pleasantly ; 'any hing new the matter?'
'No,' I answered, shortly. 'Why do you

I thought I saw a new wrinkle in your

oce,' he replied, smiling.
Oh! it isn't new troubles that bring them, o much as it is the old worries over and often repeated. Besides, I'm growing old i I then went buck to my washing.

In spite of the sight which unconsciously companied my last remark, my tones reelled sympathy, and so the doctor understood for, taking a daily paper from his pocket, eleaned back in his chair and read, or preended to. After watching him a little from he corners of my eyes, I was satisfied it was here pretence; and, as I finished the last arcle, I said, without preface—
Dr. John, I am sorry I didn't take your

About the millinery interest?' he asked ithout raising his eyes, for he was a man infinite tact, or rather discretion, Yes, I said, wearily; 'I'm a perfect slave

It is best for any one, a woman especial-lined and guarded by the maples in their red

really about to benefit herself. You made as for mind and body; I sighed thinking of the | Escape of the | lippopolutius-\$30,000 Cone great a sacrifice of your freedom, selling out your millinery stock and coming to live here. perfect tyrant.

A sunset flush passed over his face. busied myself about the basket. I wondered if I had been right—if he really did know of the offer I had rejected when I made the disosal and sacrifice, as he termed it. Ah! he ttle knew how true it was.

'Yes,' I said, 'my life in my establishment was freedom compared with this drudgery.—
I liked my work—I was strong and healthy. Now my waist is spanable almost with my two hands, and see how thin my arm is 1—Don't I look like washing?'

'I heard the sound of the treadmill,' he said, indicating the washboard with a nod. I have listened to your weary footsteps day after day, and pitied you without seeing how I could help—at least, in any way that you would consent to.' Unmistakable commisseration of my deso-

late condition rested in the glance of his kind eyes on me. Soft pity smoothed out the lines in his face. The kind, true man! How I had misjudged him!

I will consent to anything you can propose—anything you think fit and proper, said I, with a sudden return to the old time

trust in Dr. John, 'if you will wait till I hang up these clothes.'
Let Mrs. Myson hang up her own clothes,' he said, indignantly. 'You were up all night watching, weren't you? Wasn't that enough without putting you to washing this morning? Sit down and listen to me.'

I wiped my hands and sat down, waiting

patiently one, two, three minutes; but still the doctor was silent. He twis ed his watch chain into an incomprehensible knot, and then set himself slowly and deliberately to undo it. And when this manœuvre was executed, he looked at his watch and compared t with the gossiping little clock on the man-

tle. 'After all, I don't know,' he said, looking up, but it might be as well for you to hang up the clothes. It isn't as late as I thought only half-past eight. You have been expeditious in spite of your weariness.'
I took up the basket sadly, and went out.

'No,' I said, energetically, 'it is impossible to suggest anything that will alleviate my torlorn condition.

My hopes, excited for an instant, fell into Arctic water, and froze immediately. I could not work very fast, I was so utterly wretched, so it was some time before I returned to the house. There I found the doctor had set all the chairs in order, stiff and angular against the wall, and was just commencing perations with the broom. 'I thought I would help you,' he said, in

answer to my surprised exclamation. Part of my project consists in your leaving this immediately, and I knew everything

of the little pill boxes country doctors so much affect—held ample space for two, and whirled us miles away into the open country before I had recovered from my delight and amaze at the beauty of the October morning; for in the town the sun had dried up the rain of the night previous, and the streets were dry and dusty as ever. Out here the drops still glittered in by places, and a coul breeze swept up the road as Dr. John slightly drow rein at the entrance to a grove of

The eve was satisfied with light and color for the sun shone broadly, and the forest trees which lined the country road with their dark green frontage, lit up here and there with ivil flames, looked like the victims of an auto-da fe going to their burning. The pines were a contrast, with their uniform color and dense sinde.

'Heaven's peace over all!' said the Doc-

tor, breaking silence. How tranquil the still serenity of these pines after the riotous bachanal orgies of those walnuts and maples. It is like coming from some high carnival masquerade, and sitting down to read godly John Fletcher in the brooding firelight It was a picture of peace. The road was

seldom traveled but by laden farm wagons; the silence of centuries dwelt in the tree tops, and moved down the endless opening and closing vistas, a falling cane or nimble step of wood squirrel, making by contrast the s lence more still, the stillness more profound. The carriage rolled slowly over the path where scant grasses grow; the trees clasped hands above our heads, and dropped the gloom of night about us. I was growing forgetful-of surroundings, inhaling the eternal perfume distilled from the pine's green tresses. the garnered balm of incense-breathing morns. I grew intoxicated—it always af I grew intoxicated-it always af fects me so; I cannot explain how, any more than I can why I should wake up crazed and ilmost gibbering when the moon shines full

upon me slumbering.
I thought it was having its effect upon the doctor, too; he lapsed into silence—looked dumb, and, lest we should both turn maniacs together, I ventured to waken him from his trance. The horse just then caught a glimpse of a sunshiny road discernible at the end of the grove, pricked up his ears and moved

"Doctor,' said I, ' your patient will die be fore you get there !'

He looked down at me smiling, glanced at the trees on either side, shook hims-If free

from fancies, and replied-'No; he is better. I came out to minister to a mind diseased, but I recollected the old adage, 'Physician heal thyself!' and have been trying to get rid of a morbid growth of melancholy, which has weighed upon my spirits this 'year and many a day.' Retrospection is not in general good for heart complaints, but it has cured me, I think. He smiled down at me again, cracked the whip at the horse's sense of hearing rather than at his hide, and we were whirled at our

old pace out of the forest.

The sun shone down on the stubbled fields, sentineled here and there with maples in zouave uniforms of red and yellow, a gray old rock, plumed and bearded with moss, lift ed his head like a tall grenadier in a distant meadow. Thistle down, silver winged and buoyant, floated away in the still air, and some lazy winged swallows chirped and go sined the opinions about their southern flight distance stood Merton, the village we had left, asleep in the sun, its walks and streets

home which awaited me there. There was no help for it, but out of the very depths of as you would have done had you married a despair seemed born a sort of courage which perved me to take my fate into my own hands—to turn a destiny of quiet suffering by the alchemy of the will into the strength of hopeful endurance. But I would try first if there was a chance for daylight, down here in the shadows. 'Doeds are born of resist-ance,' thought I; 'passivity corrodes nerve like canker.' So I spok:—

Dr. John, two years ago you obtruded your advice, I thought. I resented the interference. But I see my error now. I wish

me?'

But you scorned my advice then, and called me a perfect tyrant! What guarantee have I of better treatment now?'

'If I have hewed out cieserns, broken cisterns, controllers, controllers

me, nor withhold a draught if you have it.me, nor withhold a draught it you have it.—
Don't you see I am dying with the thirst of
expectancy?' I clasped my hands nervously. 'Oh! Dr. John, you do not know how
much I need sympathy!'
'Poor child!' he said. 'Jennie, I am going to do what I have always said no man

with a proper self respect would do. Nothing except the torture of seeing the woman l love undergo such treatment as you do would ever have opened my lips again. Have your changed circumstances made you repent the decision of two years ago?'

Solling my establishment? Yes.'
That was not what I meant,' he said. 'As for the other part,' I replied, 'rather pover y. starvation and suffering of any kind than a marriage with one whom I cannot

He looked as if I had said enough, and I did speak strongly, for I was grieved and hunt. Did he not intimate in one breath that he loved me, and the next offer me that man as a relief from my self-imposed servitude? Jennie, he returned, in a subdued voice, 'I wish you could find some one you considered worthy of our love. I was rash to arrogate so much to myself; but I hardly thought I had fallen so entirely from your respect.

Respect for you, Dr. John! That is too cold a word. There is no earthly friend whom I reverence and value so highly; but not even my Justin you c uld make me love

'Everett Ward! What has he to do with us?' I am sure I don't know,' I replied.— When you advised me to marry him, two years ago, I told you it would be impossible for me to think of marrying such a perfect tyrant. I called him so, not you—and now this return to the charge is Ossa on Polion 'You are the most difficult case I have

found yet to manage,' the doctor said subduing some strong emotion. You are laboring

How hateful they all appeared to me!'

'I don't understand yet, Jennie,' the doc tor said. 'Wh your father died, and lef you penniless, every one admired the strength of mind with which you threw scruples aside, and set earnestly and resolutely to work. I don't know which was the strongest feeling with me—admiration, love or pity; for I saw the motive, dear, and felt how useless your labor would be-for I knew Eb's extravagant habits pretty thoroughly. When he married, and I heard from his own lips that you hought of selling out and going to live with him, I could no longer keep silent. You know how I tried to dissuade you from it .--It was then I asked you to come and live by my fireside—to be my cherished darling as ou had been my hope, my star. I rememper I was a little exulted-rhapsodical, permps-but it seems you totally misunderstood

me, and thought I was proposing for Everitt 'Then you were ignorant that he had woried me for a year with his suit; that Eb had tormented me with entreaties and expostulaions; that morning, noon and night, I was subjected to the same persecutions, if not in words, in contemptuous silence. Then you pined with them, as I thought; for when you offered me a place, at some one's fireside, my thoughts went in the accustomed chan-

Very ambiguous I must have been,' said he doctor, leaning back and drawing a long breath. 'I will be explicit for once. Dear fennie, if you had then understood me, would your answer have been different? Is it different now?'

He dropped the reins, took both my hands, and looked at me with eyes which would not be denied.

I had prayed for sunlight. Here was heaven come down to earth again in a broad sweep of glory. It lit up the darkness, and opened the doors on the hidden secret of my heart. For since when had I not loved Dr. John? He read the secret, I am sure, be fore I gave back glance for glance, heart answering to beart Love you, Dr. John! I always have loved

you! Will that do?' How he answered I shall not tell you. The interests subsides when the battle is over, the victory complete. Besides, there was no room for heroics. The main street in Merton suddenly opened before us, and we were lost in the whirl and sweep of other vehicles. One little explanation I attempted

My property—'
'Is all swallowed up in Eb's speculations I know, dear. Don't think about it.'
Didn't I tell you he was kind and true We both came to the conclusion that it would be better for me to return to my brother's louse, though the doctor, in his indignation at the selfishness, which, not content with absorbing my property, had made me-if not. a hewer of wood—a drawer of water, would have had me proceed immediately to a clergyman's house, and be married thence. But be yielded to my plea for having all things lone decently and in order. In the evening the marriage ceremony was performed in the front parlor, Eb sitting bolstered up to with ness it, and his wife looking on with wha feelings it is impossible to judge. They gave us good wishes and kind hopes for the future, which were reiterated by the whole of Merton, when they came to see us, next day, it

our own house.
'And now,' said Mrs. Dr. John, rising. you wished to know how I came to marry he doctor, and I have told my story. You asked, too, if I had ever repented the step .-You must look to the doctor himself for an stray.

Sto consider candidly before she gives up array.

There he comes, array incomes alike tranquillity, repose alike through the trees. Ask him.

# at One Plange.

Faom the Buffalo Commercial. We learn by a private telegram from De-

troit, that the great Hippopotamus attached to the "Combination Slow" which exhibited here last week, has made his escape.

This animal, together with his friend the big elephant, was placed on heard the pro-peller S. D. Caldwell here on Saturday night -it being inpracticable to convey them by railroad and embarked for Detroit. A place was arranged on deck for their accomyour advice, I thought. I resented the interference. But I see my error now. I wish I had followed a part of your counsels. It you have a plan for me, will you toll it to me?'

But you scorned my advice then, and called me a perfect tyrant! What guarannothing more than barriers of brown paper, and floundered into the water-and thus disterns that have held no water, do not mock appeared \$30,000 at one alonge. The propeller was "hove to," and remained near the spot for over an hour, but," Hippy" was not seen again. A small both containing Ali, his keeper, and some assistants, was left to continue the search, but we do not learn that they got sight of the animal.

A rumer prevailed that the monster had ubsequently been captured on the shore near Malden, but we do not know what credit it is entitled to. For the sake of his ownersto whom the loss would be a most serious one -we hope it may be true.

HOW THE HIPPOPOTAMUS WAS CAPTURED. The Detroit Free Present ves the following details of the capture of the Hippopotamus which escaped from a steamer into the Detroit river :

During the voyage it was noticed that the animal continually looked longingly toward the water, as though he would have given one of his eye teeth for a plunge into the depth of the lake and a ramble about its unexplored bottom. No one supposed, however, that he would yield to his amphiblous tastes, and so no extra watch was set upon him.

As the steamer neared the city, and when bout three miles below the fort, a crash and then a splash were heard from the side of the bow toward the American shore. Everybody rushed to the spot. The place where the hippopotamus had been confined was empty. The beast, no longer pole to resist the temp-tation, had burst his bonds and plunged into the river resolved on an aquatic excursion.

The owner, who was on board looked the picture of despair. Forty thousand dollars, to say nothing of a large amount of prospec-tive profits; had suddenly semoused. As for All the Egyptian keeper, he was nearly frantic. In a few moments, however, the mon-strous head of the buge begin appeared above the water. A general shout arose, and Ali was with great difficulty prevented from jumping overboard in pursuit of his compan-

long time, and they were about giving him up for lost, when he suddenly made his ap pearance about one hundred yards off but pearer the shore than at first. Ali again owed towards him, calling him as before, but again the beast dodged him, dove to the cottom of the river. Ali now made a large by surprise, as he came up to breathe, but, s if aware of his intentions, the hippopotamus rose at a long distance off and looked at his naster ernningly and with an express

on which seemed to say, "No you don't. For the third time Ali started in pursuit vith a esult similar to that which had atnded his other attempts to recapture his net. When he went down the third time. Ali paused, evidently completely nonplussed, and seemingly overcome by grief and despert. In a second, however he seized the pars and row \_ .oward the steamer. de tog," he shout ", as lie came alongside "gib me de tog!!"

A large black mastiff which has beer trained to sleep in the cage of the hippopewinced much affection, had been keeping up a continued howling from the time his companion had escaped, was now loosened and he instantly plunged into the river and swam after Ali as he moved off. In about a minute the hippopotamus again stuck his huge head out of the water, and on seeing him, the dog gave with bark and swam in his direction very race. Ali accompanying him in the boat. A. ist the dog reached the monster, and with a series of barks commenced swimming around the animal, and finally struck out for the shore, the hippopo-

tamus following.
The interests excited by this scene was in ense which continued to increase until the dog and hippopotamus reached the Ameriand the animal was no sooner on terra firma than the Egyptian, armed with a small rawhide, which he had taken with him, jumped on the beach, going to the animal spoke a few words in the Egyptian tongue, gave him a few smart cuts over his penderous rump with the rawhide and drove him without further difficulty to a place of safety, where he was at once secured and the proper means adopted to have him brought to this city, where he now is, in fine condition after his frolic beneath the waves.

ANXIOUS TO BE A WIDOW .- The Columbus Journal says that while many, wives in that vicinity are anxious to keep their husbands' stance of the opposite kind occurred in the Second ward, where a du'ch woman was, who was exceedingly anxious to have her husband's name enrolled, notwithstanding he was over fifty years of age. She begged the enrolling officer to place his name on the list, and as an inducement to have him do so, she said she had lived with the man long enough, and she wanted to get rid of him .-Her efforts were unavailing.

Down on the Amazon are spiders with odies two inches and legs seven inches long, that catch and suck birds; butterflies that are mistaken for humming birds; green snakes just like a oreeping plant, and ly coral snake with hands of black and vermillion separated by clear white rings; mon keys with white hair all over them; monkeys only seven inche: long; and owl faced apes sleeping all day and lively at night.

A young buckster woman ate fifty

### A Bit of Pathos in Real Life.

There are queer histories in the world .-Walking homewards a few nights ago, in a drenching rain, up South street, we overtook two females, composedly moving upward under the shelter of a wide spread umbrella .-The parties were a mother and daughter. The latter is about twenty one years of age; the former cannot be much short of sixty.

In the Rogue's Gallery is the picture of a nan named Burkie. The original is still in the Eastern Penitentiary. He was sentenced hree years ago for the murder, in a house of ill-repute in Locust street, of a constable in the office of Alderman McMullen. The victim was named Johnson. Johnson was engaged to be married at the time of the murder to a young girl who then lived in a court near Fifth and Christian streets, and who lives there still. The young man was not worthy of such love as that entertained for him by the girl.

A quarrel arose in the house, and a stab

with a knife in the hands of Burkie took effect upon his breast and he was killed. The females whom we met in the pouring shower, as above narrated, were the girl to whom the murdered man was affianced, and her moth-. The death of her lover caused the girl to become demented. She remains in that condition to this day. She believes, however, that at some time not definitely fixed, between the hours of one and two o'clock in the morning, by visiting the scene of the murder her betrothed will appear to her.— Of her mind this singular idea has taken solo

Every night, for three years past, in com-pany with her mother, the girl has visited the locality of the tragedy; neither rain, snow, cold or heat, has ever yet interrupted this nightly visit. They take one regular route—up Fifth to South, up South to Ninth. and thence to Locust street, in an alley running from which street the murder was committed. During the whole walk the girl talks incessantly to her mother, in a low tone of voice, and the mother, with bursting heart listens patiently but hopelessly. She knows the fruitlessness of the nightly walk, but takes it that her unfortunate daughter may to that extent be comforted.

They walk to the alley where the sad event occurred, heeding, no one, and stendily moving to the house where the murderous deed was done. They wait there for some minutes, sometimes for as much as an hour .-Then the girl says, "Never mind, mother dear; he won't come to night! He will be here to morrow." And the poor creature returns hopefully, sometimes even cheerfully, and nearly a thousand to morrows have since transpired, yet each night the girl, with her devoted mother, comes to the snot, only to retire in hope that the disappointment of the night may be consumated by better results

the next.

So well is the history known down town "nere was 1 to go? To the poorhouse! My anized look asked and obtained a partial answer.

"You are to go see a patient of mine—with so get your bonnet and shawl, as I want to be off immediately."

I went without farther question.

The capacious responded private in the beast, who swam about in an extacy of delight.

"Perhapso. And it is that which prompts the beast, who swam about in an extacy of delight.

"Attention, battalion! Order arms! Fix delight."

Attention, battalion! Order arms! Fix delight.

"Attention, battalion! Order arms! Fix delight."

"But, 'persisted I, 'I will hear nothing of Everett Ward."

"You shall not from me. I am delegate to wait for the boat to hear kin; but just as growing feeble. They are poor; and not it appeared, within reacting distance, the for no man. What can you mean, Jennie?"

"That I rejected him two years ago. That I can are the viles ruffian in Moyamensing passes the women by without an insute. The girl, him that even the viles ruffian in Moyamensing passes the women by without an insute. The delight

occurred one of those battles of bees which naturalists have more than once had opportunity of observing. Among the many other remarkable instincts—sentiments, we may almost call them—possessed by these insects, a sort of sense of property, right of location, or law of meum and tuum. According to an account in the Carlisle I atriot, on the day in question, at the village of Cargo, in Cumberland, a struggle took place between two swarms of bees. A day or two earlier one of these communities had swarmed in the usual way and been safely hived. On the day of battle, a swarm of bees from some neighboring hive was seen to be flying over the garden in waich the first-mentioned hive was situated. They instantly darted down upon the hive, and completely covered it; in little time they began to enter the hive, and noured into it in such numbers that it soon became completely filled. Then commenced a terrible struggle. A loud, humming noise was heard, and presently both armies of combatants rushed forth; the besiegers and the esieged did not fight within the beleaguered city, but in the open air. The battle raged with such fury, that the ground beneath was soon covered with the wounded and slain; the wounded crawled about painfully, unable to rise and rejoin their fellow warriors. Not until one party was vanquished and driven away, did the sanguinary battle end. The victors then resumed possession of the hive. The local narrative doe not furnish the means for deciding the question; but it seems most probable that there were some rights of property in the case, and that the interlopers were ejected.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN ?- 'Hal loo! you man with a pail and frock,' said a British officer, as he brought his fiery horse to a stand in front of Gov. Crittenden's dwellng, 'can you inform me whether his hone Governor of Vermont, resides here. 'He does,' was the response of the man

till wending his way to the pig sty. \* Is his honor at home?' continued the man 'Mose certainly,' replied the man of the · Take my horse by the bit, then,' said the

officer, 'I have business to transact with your master. requested, and the officer having alighted nade his way to the door, and gave the pan el several hearty raps with his whip-for b it known, in those days of simplicity, knock ers and bells, like servants, were in but little

The good dame answered the summons: and having seated the officer, and ascertained his desire to see the Governor, she departed to inform her husband of the guest's arrival; but on accertaining that the officer had made a hitching post of her husband, she returned and informed him that the Governor, was engaged in the yard, and could not very well vait upon him and his horse at the same The predicament of the officer can be better imagined than described.

The law under which General Scott was retired provided that it should be done without reduction in his current pay, subsistence and allowance,' hence he objected to assessment levied upon his income by the new tax law. It seems his annual income amounts to \$13,796 80, and his tax for the short month of February was \$30 50.

Should you be talking to a thin lady pranges one after another, at Columbus, Ohio, of another thin lady, you needn't describe he other day, on a wager. She received \$5.

# HABITS OF THE SHAE .- The habits of our

fish have been very little attended to in this country. Our scientific men, it is true, have clature; they have described our fishes even to the shape of a scale, or the number of thorns in the dorsal fin, but they have not condescended to note their habits, their food, or their length of life, with all such particulars as would interest common readers and be of use to mankind.

No fish is more valued or more valuable than the shad, yet but few of its habits of life are known. The books are silent, and angling gives no information. It was for a long time a commonly received opinion that the shad spent the winter in the Gulf of Mexico, and then, as the spring advanced, and the snow-water censed running, came along the coast and entered the river in succession. If this were true there would be no uniformiy, year after year, in the run of shad in each iver. The very distinct varieties would all become intermingled. But each river has its own variety; those of Connecticut river have long been known as possessing superior size and flavor. The variety that seeks the Hudson as a spawning ground is easily distinguished from ours. The fact of the distinctness of the varieties in each river tends to the belief that shad go on farther than the mouth of the stream in which they are hatched.

The habits of the shad are unlike those o other fish. As soon as the snow-water has ceased running, they press up the river as far as they can reach, in order to deposit their pawn. In following this instinct they never stop for refreshment or food. Who ever found anything in the may or stomach of a shad that would indicate the nature of its food?-Who ever knew them to bite a baited hook? They do not feed from the time they enter the stream until they sink down, thin and exhausted, into deep places at the mouth. -For this purpose of nature the shad has been preparing itself during the quiet luxuries of winter, and has become futtened for the use of man, or, if he escapes his net, for the proluction of its species. The shad lives but a single year. It is hatched in early summer. descends the streams as soon as large enough, feeds and fattens in the winter at the mouthof the stream—ascends to die at the bottom of the ocean. This fact accounts for the uniformity in the size of the fish. A Connecticut river shad seldom goes beyond seven pounds, and the variation in size is comparatively slight. The bass, on the other hand, which is known live many years, varies from holf a pound in weight to fifty, even in our river. It has a long time to grow, and shows n much greater diversity of size. These coniderations have led to the conclusion that one year is the duration of a shad's life.

INCIDENTS AT VICKSBURG .- Before Vicksburg surrendered, quite an excitement was raised one night by a deep-voiced private in

heads, when, having carried the joke far enough, the boys fell to shooting the excited

rebels, and ceased only when the pickets were A rebel yesterday ventured to cry out from his rifle pit to our pickets:
'Hello, Yank.'

'What do you want?' replied one of our 'Why don't you shoot?' queried the reb. We have quit shooting prisoners, was the caustic reply of the Yankee.

BEST TIME TO SLEEP .- Two Colonels in the French army had a dispute whether it was most safe to march in the heat of the day, or at evening. To ascertain this point, they got permission from the commanding officer to put their respective plans into execution. Ac cordingly, the one with his division, marched luring the day, although it was in the heat of summer, and rested all night; the othe slept in the day, and marched during the evening and part of the night. The result was, that the first performed a journey of six hundred miles without loosing a single man or horse, while the latter lost most of his horses and several of his men.

There are thousands of unnaturalized workmen in the United States, who will not stand their chance for a draft. Workmen, nechanics, clerks and others, in Philadelphia are organizing to turn out of their employ and refusing to work with men who steal th lessings of our land but refuse to take their

That was a very pretty conceit of a comantic husband and father whose name as Rose, who named his daughter 'Wild. on that she grew up under the appellation Wild Rose. But the remance of the name But the romance of the name was sadly spoiled in a few years, for she married a man by the name of 'Bull.'

What strange oreatures girls are,-Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and, ten chances to one, if the old wonan can spare any of her girls'-but jus propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a lifetime for ictuals and clothes

An Inlian out Wort was heard to make the following exclamation, on seeing one of our fashionable dressed ladies: "Ugh !

The heart that soars upward escaper ittle cares and vexations; the birds that fly high have not the dust of the road upon their

Dresses are coming down. The sign

efore the door of a mantua maker's shop; in the city, reads thus: "N. B.—Dresses made lower than ever." It is less important to a young lady hat her lover's diamonds should be of pure

water than his drinks should be. Flave said that if men should rise from the dead and read their epitaphs, some of them would think they had got into the wrong grave.

Do one thing at a time-that's the rule-when you have done slandering your neighbors then begin to say your prayers.

"Ma, if you will give me an apple, I will be good." "No, my child—you must not be good for pay-you ought to be good for nothing."

### Mr. Webster and bis Bills.

Our readers are aware that the late Hon. Daniel Webster was not so careful in his pe-cuniary matters as some men, and this fault was at times taken advantage of. At one time a poor man sawed a pile of wood for him, and having presented his bill, it was promptly paid by Mr. Webster. The laborer took sick during the winter, and a neighbor advised him to all. bor advised him to call upon Mr. Webster for the payment of his bill.

But he has paid me, said the man. 'No matter,' replied his dishonest adviser, call again with it. He don't know, and

don't mind what he pays. It is a very com-mon thing for him to pay much smaller bills over twice. The man got well, and carried in his account the second time. Mr. Webster looked

at it, looked at the man, remembered him, but paid the bill without murmuring.

The fellow got 'short' some three or four months afterwards, and bethought him of the generosity and loose manner of Daniel Webster in his money matters; and a third time he called and presented the bill for sawing the wood. Mr. Webster took the account,

which he immediately recognized, and scanning the wood sawyer a moment, he said:

'How do you keep your books, sir'?'

I keep no books, said the man abashed. 'I think you do, sir,' continued Daniel Webster, with marked emphasis; ' and you excel those who are satisfied with the double entry system. You keep your books upon a Tearing up the account, Mr. Webster ad-

'Go, sir, and be honest hereafter. I have no objections to paying these little bills twice but I cannot pay them three times, You may

The man left the room, feeling as though he was suffocating for want of air. He had learned a lesson that lasted through life.

The Dog that had no Friends.—We were travelling, (says a correspondent,) through Canada, in the year 1862, and after a hard lay's ride, stopped at the Lion Inn; and the contents of the stage, numbering about nine persons, soon gathered around the cheerful fire. Among the occupants of the room we observed an ill-looking cur, who had shown his wit by taking up his quarters in so comfortable an apartment. After a few moments the landlord entered, and observing the specimen of the canine species, remarked:
'Fine dog that! Is he yours, sir?' ap-

proaching one of the passengers. No. sir. Beautiful dog! Yours, sir?' addressed

himself to another.
No, was the blunt reply.
Come here, pup! Perhaps he is yours, ' No.' was the reply.
'Very sagacious animal. Belongs to you,

suppose, sir?'

'No, he doesn't,' was the answer. Then he is yours, and you have a treasire,' (throwing the animal a cracker.')
Nothing of the kind.'
Oh.! (with a smile) he belongs to you as

a matter of course?' addressing the last peswouldn't have him as a gift.' Then you infernal, dirty, mean, contempt ble whelp, git out,' and with that the host gave the poor dog such a kick as sent the animal yelling into the street, amid the roars

### of the company. Enrolling a Jackass.

Harper's 'Drawer' contains this 'enrol-

ing' anecdote:
The enrolling officer of Salisbury District, Maryland, was very active and thorough in the performance of his duty. One day he went to the house of a countryman, and finding none of the male members of the lamily at home, made inquiry of an old woman, the number and age of the 'males' of the family. After naming several, the old lady stopped.

'Is there no one else?' asked the officer.
'No!' replied the woman, 'none except Billy Gray. Billy Grav! where is he? ' He was at the barn a moment ago,' said

the old lady.
Out went the officer, but could not see the man. Coming back, the worthy officer questioned the old lady as to the age of Billy, and went away, after enrolling his name among those to be drafted. Time of the drafting came, and of those on whom the lot fell was Billy Gray. No one knew him. Where did he live? The officer who enrolled him was called on to produce him, and, lo, behold, Billy Gray was a Jackass ! and stands now on the list of drafted men as forming one of the quota of Maryland.

PADDY HAYES AND THE TORTLE,-In N. Y. a man was carrying a live turtle along the street when along came an Irishman followed by a large dog. The countryman tried hard to get the son of Emerald to put his finger in the turtle's mouth, but he was too smart for that.

But,' says he, 'I'll put my dog's tail in. and see what the baste will do. He immediately called up his dog, took his tail in his hand and stuck it in the turtle's mouth. He had scarcely got it in when Mr. Turtle shut down on the poor dog's tail, and off he latter ran at a railread speed, pulling the turtle after him at a more rapid rate, than ever it had traveled before. The countryman thinking his day's work would be thrown away if the animal should run long at that speed, turned avagely upon the Irishman

and exclaimed :—
Call back your dog!
Patrick put his hands into his pockets. threw his head to one side, winking with a provoking sang froid

Seward on McClellan.—The Washington correspondent of the World says, 'Secretary Seward's 'last words' in Washington efore leaving for Auburn are reported to have been to the following effect—that the country would have been the better by three is defeats—that of the Pope came paign, the Burnside slaughter, and Hooker's wi derness fight-if Gen. McClellan had been ft in command of the army of the Potomac ind let alone.

16 You want to make a girl, who is am of her beauty, mad, tell her you went to party last night, and was introduced to Miss , the handsomest girl you ever saw in your life. The moment your back is turned she will commence making faces at you. That's so, try it.

you, buy a dog and tie him up in the cellar, all night. They won't sleep for thinking of

Most young fellows, when whiskey is at hand make rye mouths.