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

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Poetical.

THE OLD CLOCK.

Oh! the old old clock, of the household as the brightest thing, and neatest: ands though old, had a touch of gold, its chimo rang still the sweetest; s a monitor too, though its words w they lived, though nations altered;

its voice, still strong, warned old and young, hen the voice of friendship faltered; k! tick!' it said—' quick to bed, it ten I've given warning; up! and go, or else you know, w'll never rise soon in the morning!'"

riendly voice was that old, old clock. it stood in the corner smiling, lessed the time with a merry chime, wintry hours beguiling! cross old voice was that tiresome clock, it called a daybreak boldly; the dawn looked gray o'er the misty

id the early air blew coldly ! k! tick!' it said- quick out of bed, five I've given warning; I'never have wealth, less you're up soon in the morning!"

liourly the sound goes round and round, le tears are shed for bright days fled, id the old friends lost forever! art bests on though hearts are gone, nds still move though hands we love liaped on earth no longer!:
! tick!' it said-2 to the church yard

oed. Etravo hath given warning; It and rise, and look at the skies, propare for a heavenly morning!!!!

MATTERS MATRIMOMAL.

It's really very singular;
I cannot ulake it out;
I ve many bedux; yet none propositive many bedux; yet none propositive what are they all about?
There's Mr. Baily comes here daily,
To dinner, and to—doze;
He called and sights, looke very wise, He smiles and sight, looks very wise,

And yet he don't propose.

They steal my pocket handkerchiefs, They pray for locks of They ask me for my hand—to dence, They praise my grace and air.

There's Mr. Dyson, fond of Hyson;

Wender he don't close; make his tea, he smiles on me, And yet he don't propose.

at park or play, at break of day, They follow me about. Riding or walking, singing or talking, At revel, masque, or rout.

My father thinks it very bad, That out of all the beaux. Who come to dine and drink his wind, None of them will propose.

Yes, it is very singular, I've half a mind to pout Of all the beaux none will propose, What do they dream about? However, now my mind's resolved, In poetry and prose, Thate or ensue, if false or true, One of them shall propose !

Miscellaneous.

MY MARRIAGE,

The Dreadful Widow.

I was making my way through a crowd in by street which I supposed had collect-ed for the contemplation and enjoyment of some trifling and contemptable disturbance, but into which at the time I was not in a mood to inquire, when my course was arrespeed by a pair of beautiful black eyes under lady's veil, which met mine with a mute appeal that I could not for a moment resist.
What is the matter?' I demanded of the

degor of the black eves. Toossessor of the black eyes. fired to interfere in behalf of a child I he people abusing, but I am afraid that some assistance my efforts will be

e wasn't abusing it,' cried several voices together. 'She was only fight-ith little Mike, and she'd a got the best too, if ve'd let her alone.

is quite enough,' said the lady with her splendid eyes flashing as she that your sex should disgrace itself way. I shall not allow mine especisuch a little creature as this, to make a ge brute of itself, if I can help it.' ou are right madam,' I said. 'The who would see your sex dragged into

prize ring must have little respect for his mother. You are Quixotic, however, to me the duties of this child's natural pro-Dead,' cried the three other children, in

Frus.

Where—how does this little girl live and comforts.

es errands for her. What sort of a person is this?' inquired dark eyed lady. 'She dresses finer than you do, ma'am,' plied one of the female bystanders, 'but e is not exactly the person to bring up a ild in the way it should go, as she has ayed a long way out herself.

pe pointed truthfulness of this remark ed a laugh among the acquaintances of cate beauty I loved in vain.

The lady in the meantime, had not let go her hold on the half clad, sturdy little girl, whose face was flushed with passion, and discolored with blood, dirt and tears. She stooped down to her, raising her veil and said—' Little one, if you will go with me I'll find you a good home. You shall have nice clothes, enough to eat, and be taught to read

and write. What do you say?'

The sweetness and beauty of the lady's face surprised me; the child seemed quite overpowered by her gentle influence, and replied: 'Yes ma'am I will go with you anywhere.

where.'
At this conjunction a policemen arrived on
the spot, and the lady at once addressed herself to him, explaining the case, and shortly
afterwards she walked away leading her little clinrge, escorted by the guardian of the peace.
Although much pressed for time I lingered to look after her till she turned the corner for I never had seen a face which was half so beautiful as hers, and it haunted me ever

I had, however, at that time, too many I had, however, at that time, too many troubles of my own to afford time to look after those of others. A very long and expensive law suit had exhausted the once handsome fortune that had long kept my family in so enviable a position, and left me nothing but fallacious hopes and illusive expectations. My father died during the slow progress of the litigation; the lawyers who had commended and so long conducted to led before its conclusion and it anyeared too died before its conclusion and it appeared too probable that my mother, too, would pass away without the satisfaction of knowing away without the satisfaction of knowing that so much money, thought, anxiety and suspense had not been entirely thrown away. She was yery ill; and I foresaw with certainty that the slender thread which held her to this life would snap, if the final decision in our cause, which it was believed would the state of the soon be rendered, should be against us; for it would necessitate the sale of all that renained to us, and leave us little better than beggars. It was our last stake, upon which all our hopes and confidence had gradually concentrated; and if that were lost we had nothing more to lose—nothing but blank despair to encounter, which we durst not antic-

The lawyer, who, at the time, conducted our suit, was an old friend of my father's successful, rich, independent, and as he had undertaken the case more from friendly than pecuniary motives, did not attempt to dis-guise the truth from me. But I could not look forward to anything but triumph, and chose rather to regard his discouraging tone as one of the means he employed to enhance the value of his services in achieving success. He was a good man at heart, that old lawyer and his penetration was wonderful; but he was not apt to spoil his medicine by over-sweetening it and my pampered palate re-belled not a little against its disgusting but vholesome bitterness.

I had a long hunt after an important fe-Their long hunt after an important female witness, whom I found at last in a garret, dying of consumption. And whom should I find, sitting like a ministering angel at her bedside, but the beautiful blackeyed fady whom I had lately met, the companion of the little orphan girl!

It is in such places as this, where a good.

angel-is-most needed, and not in the circles of gayety and fashion, that I must seek you, I see, exclaimed I; gazing upon here.

epressible admiration.

The lady blushed deerly; and, as soon as she had recovered from her momentary con-fusion, observed quietly, that that she was simply performing a duty to which an old friend of her mother's was many enterior.
While obtaining the deposition of her patient I had several opportunities of conver-sing with this excellent beauty; and her

modest elegance and graceful ease captiva-One evening I was permitted to accompany her in search of a conveyance; and as I had resolved to express my sentiments free-ly to her on the first available occasion, I was, as is usual in such cases, much embarassed when it prevented itself.

Your patient is dying, I fear.'
She is conscious of the approach of deliv erance; and such she regards it.' 'It is an angel's office you fill in smooth-

ing her path to the grave.

Do not flatter me, sir. It is but little I can do and flattery seems to me to make that

'I assure you I express my admiration in most stinted terms; were I to tell you all I think and feel I might indeed surprise you. Then let me entreat you for your forbeat-

ince.'
It is unkind, not to say harsh, in you to forbid the utterances of a heart so sincere and full as mine.'

'It is my kindness, my consideration for you, that induce me to check this excessive you are worthy of my worship, and that I

love you. 'Say no more, I entreat. If you knew who and what I am, you would confess the folly of which you are guilty. You tell me you are unfortunate and unhappy; I pity you—but there is a gulf between us, and you would only render yourself more wretched by attempting blindly and rashly to cross

'Do not ask. Here let our acquaintance

my patient; and you surely would not deprive her of the presence of her last remaining friend, as you will do if you persist in 'Well. Mr. intruding upon her. Here then let us part

She stopped a cab; allowing me to help her into it, and left me in my mystery and gloom. She had crossed my dark path like a heavenly apparition, and her disappear-ance rendered everything about me hopeless and dreary as despair.

The treacherous law, after having lured

us on to ruin, decided against our claims, and extorted the last remnant of our proper ty to pay its costs. To communicate this fact to my mother, would have been like inflicting her death blow, and after meditating long upon the subject, I found myself unequal to the painful task; I went once more to our old lawyer to ascertain whether there was no possibility of compromising the mat-ter, so as to postpone the evil day, and leave my mother awhile in possession of her home

met a lady descending the stairs, who She lives with Miss Fanny Flinks, and had just come out of his office, whose physiognomy was of that unusually repulsive character which imprints itself indellibly on the memory, and ever after, in dreams and reveries, in sleep and in wakefulness, rises from time to time to our mental vision with horrible distinctness; shooking us with the ful-lest sense of the dread ugliness of human malformation. I thought of the wonderful contrast between this creature and the deli-The old lawyer was in and grasped my tages as myself.

hand with sympathetic cordiality. I stated the object of my visit.

'Well, my young friend,' said he, 'I have anticipated your wishes, and have just been talking with the successful party. She is by no means inexorable, but to tell the truth,

there is no ground of compromise left. You have lost all. If she accords you anything, it will be simply a donation-nothing more

"Is there no resource left by which I can for a time ward off this final, and to my moth-er, I fear, latal blow?" 'None in law?' 'In what then?'

'In yourself?'
'How in myself?'

'In your person. You are young and nandsome. I don't say so to flutter you but o make my meaning clear.

Well, marry the widow. Marry her? I would rather hang my-

You should know best how fit you are to die. I am afraid your education and habits have totally unfitted you for business and use-But this marriage is nosurd; impossi-

'I am not in the habit of proposing absur dities and impossibilities. If you will authorize me to act, you will find it no such

thing. Will you do so?'.
Not for the world?'
Understand that I havn't urged this ou your behalf, but for the sake of your mother and sister—especially on account of your mother for whose life you pretended a moment ago to feel an amount of solicitude that would enable you to make any sacrifice.

'For the moment I did not think of them,'
'It's time you did. Since my counsel is so very unpalatable, perhaps you will condeseend to inform me what you propose to do.'
Anything else, but this is to horrible.'
The old lawyor turned his chair round, and commenced writing at his desk as coolly as if he had been an ingonious machine invented for other purposes. I thought on his proposition till I grew sick and faint. The recollection of the consummate charms of her

I loved added a horror to the aspect of hate, such as she wore whom I was invited to make my own, and I could not bring my heart and lips to say yes to such a destiny. At last I rose and said:

'I will call to morrow and give you my de-

oision.'
Very well,' replied the old man, without turning his head or ceasing to write.
I went home and attempted to prepare my mother for the ruin that had befullen us: but in approaching the subject, found that it was more than she could endure, and relinquished the effort in despair. To my sister ventured to tell the truth; and she wept bit

terly, not for herself, but for our only parent, who she assured my would inevitably expire on hearing the news.

And won't you do it?

I can't bring my mind to it?

' N-o, I don't know that it is, but very repugnant to my feelings.

I am sure I would do anything for mam-

Would you marry the man you abhor. 'To save mamma's life—yes.'
'Well, then, I will not be outdone by you

What do you mean, Edward ?? 'I will tell you to morrow. In the mean-time cheer up. I will save our mother and

knows how great.'
'My sister flung her arms around my neck, kissed me affectionately, called me by many endearing names, and I felt as if I almost deserved them, exagerated as they were.

I communicated my decision to my lawyer the next day, telling him that since I could not marry for love I would marry for

hate.

He uttered a sort of grunt, and replied: Few marriages begin in that way; but with too many love is merged in antipathy as soon as the honey-moon is well over. Your prospect of connubial happiness is the brighter, as it cannot change but for the better. -

If you know the lady as well as I do you would entertain ito misgivings on the subject.

On the second day after this interview I received Mrs. Barrington's card and a written ten request from my lawyer that I should call upon her without delay, as he had settled the preliminaries in the most satisfactory manner. I did not fly on the wings of love to the stately mansion of my bride elect, as there walked thither like a man who had volunteered to be hanged.

On my arrival I was ushered into a handsome drawing-room, in which I was kept language because I know you will repent it. waiting for about a quarter of an hour when, at least the lady appeared. She did not look handsomer than when I met her on the stairs, the new worths of the least to the law at least the lady appeared. ry, the relation in which she now stood with spect to myself, and the finery she had pier person, rendered her, in my

yes, more hideous than ever. I responded to her salutation; and remained silent for a few moments. She appeared desirous of manifesting a certain measure of maidenly coyness, and I was not indisposed to allow her all the leisure she, required for the performance of her part. When she had the performance of her part. When she had enacted the role to her satisfaction, and lost cease. You have no more occasion to visit a little patience, she opened upon me with the voice of a dying screech-owl, that made,

'Well, Mr. Ingleton, the object of your visit is, I presume—,
Yes, madam, it is as you say, to propose

for your hand, and heart; they are conven tionally supposed to go together—'
'My hand and heart!' she exclaimed

laughing.
What a laugh it was. A ruined hurdy gurdy, a maniac's scream, and the serenade of a starving cat combined were music to it. Yes madam; and does this appear so ab-

ard to vou?'.

Extravagantly so. My lawyer has been authorized by me to make a proposition, which he has given me to understand has been favorably received. Has he deceived me?

'Not at all; but you have made a slight mistake in the person ' Are you not Mrs. Barrington?' That is my name, but I presume you re fer to my niece.'
This is very ridiculous. Shall I have th

pleasure of seeing the right lady?'
'In a moment. She sent me to prepar you for her coming.' I do not see the necessity. 'I presume not. I will explain, although the subject is a delicate one to handle. A better-hearted girl than my niece Clara never lived, but she has some personal defects

which, perhaps, only the eyes of affection can overlook. I mean to say, for instance, that she does not onjoy the same personal advan-Why are jokes like nuts? Because the drier they are the better they crack.

I looked at the speaker for a moment in

'It cannot be possible! Is she deformed?' 'Oh, no; she is as perfectly shaped as I

'Indeed? What is it then.' 'A slight obliquity of vision, which adds a

puzzling and peculiar expression to the eyes. Her hair is of color against which there is a very unmerited prejudice; but, for myself, I never saw a finer or more brilliant red .-With these exceptions, there exists a strong family likeness between us, especially as respects the roundness and height of the shoul-ders and the size of the feet.

What an image of horror was conjured up 'Say no more!' I exclaimed wildly. 'This suspense is too dreadful. Let me see the woman herself, though the sight of her kill

Then turn and look upon your death! oried a sweet voice behind me. in a mock tragic tone followed by a silvery ring of laugh-I turned, and, to my inexpressible delight, scheld my adored black eyed beauty.

'And you-you-are-That was my maidon name, but Clara Barrington, widow.

I foll at her feet, half, disposed to worship
her, covered her hand with kisses, sprang to my feet and clasped her in my arms.
Clara Barrington, will you become Clara

Ingleton?'. shall have, you proposing to the whole family. You have begun bravely, first to the aunt, and then to the niece within five minutes. Aunt has fied, as well she may from so dangerous a creature. What would have become of her had I not rushed to the rescue, heaven only knows!-I promise you I shall be dreadfully jealous of her and the superior personal advantages she enjoys.'
'Oh, you have been playing a rare game

with me 'A fair one. I have won your love fairly, and learnt at the same time that there was right on your side as well as on mine, and I will be my own gourt of equity, and do jus-tice more even handed than the law. 'May I not praise you now?'

No, but you may Love me just as much as you please.

"Brick" Pomeroy Strikes Peter Olium. Petroleum! you krethe Pote for me. Else

why? Mr. Moses smote the rock, and exceeding much of the oil treatled forth. And I am rich oilso. To find so much grease doth well agreese with me. The control of the oil re-

gion. Ever since I became born, my poverty has been hard to be borne. I have suffered —I have been bored by treditors. My credit was run into the ground. People thought me rich meanwhile, and a very mean while it was, too. They thought I had plenty of money, so

they wanted pay down for what I had bought. Not wishing to humor people, albeit some-thing of a humorist, perhaps, I will not purchase many things. I leased, I bored, I-bought-it. Veni, vidi, vici.

Oil i. Ile-i. Greas-i. Oils well that ends well. I bored, and it came.

I drilled a hole through a rock, and have already been rewarded with so much of the fuel being prepared for the final conflagra-tion, that I fear the last boil will end in as And now I'am rich—more rich than any man or any other. I have lots of money now when I have no use for it. What a queen

Nothing like oil. Folks say, "Hallo, here's Honorable Mr. Brick, just struck a fortune.

Duced fine fellow, Mr. "Brick." Three
months since I was plain "Brick." It's all owing to Petroleum. And now for a splurge. Brown stone house on Fifth Avenue, with rown stone front, designed by old Brown himself on both ends of it. Red horses with green tails, pink eyebrows, blue eyes, choco ate colored ears, frizzled mane and matchless style. Yellow wagon with black sides, purple blinds and brown top, ala clam shell. Ethiopian driver, with kids, solferino stockings, magenta bat-bands, and false teeth or gutta-percha base. And a sixty four Ethio pian, with brocatelle drawers, that modesty may not be shocked by looking at the legs thereof. And a library devoted to redbacks, and even, "greenbacks," "darn'the expense," quoth I. And I'll have a park in the woodshed, and a bathing tub full of oil in church. and a buffalo to steak from, and oysters as large as Lincoln's majority, and boots with round tues and square heels, and a seat in some fashionable church, and new hoopskirts

for all my hired girls, and I will employ a many niggers to wait on me, that, oil I'll have to do will be to be happy. Oh Pete! let me kiss you for your Ma.

And I'll lay a bed mornings, and sit up all night, and bore my friends oil day, till they can't bare'l it. Talk about honest industry, nwing wood for the dust, opening oysters fo the shells, blacking boots merely to see your face in them, and being bonest forty years waiting for some rich man to adopt you.— Played. Petroleum is the boy. And now I'll live high. Out of my house, vain pomp. Away from the cold cuts, crackers, cheese, mush boiled, No. 5 mackerel, warmed soup,

and brilliant appetites. I've struck Pete. A Pun That Is No Joke.

A Frenchman near the Canada line, in Vermont, sold a horse to his Yankee neighbor, which he recommended as being a very sound and serviceable animal, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance. To every inquiry of the buyer respecting the qualities f the horse, the Frenchman gave a favorite eply, but always commenced his commenda

tion with the depreciatory remark:
"He's not look ver good." The Yankee caring very little for the looks of the horse, of which he judged for himself, without the seller's assistance, and being fully persuaded after a moment's inspection. that the beast was worth the moderate sun asked for him, made the purchase and took him home. A few days afterwards he re-

"Matter?" said the Yankee, "matter enough; the horse can't see; he is as blind "Ah!" said the Frenchman, "vat I vas

tell you, he was not look ver good—be gar, I don't know if he look at all." There are worse serpents than those that crawl in the grass, and they deserve to lose their skins twice as often.

THE ALMIGUTY DOLLAR,

BY THE LATE GEORGE LIPPARD.

They brought him a dollar. He took it, clutched it in his long skinny ingers, tried its sound against the bed post, and then gazed at it long and intently with nis dull leaden eyes.

That day, in the hurry of business. Death

had struck him, even in the street. He was hurrying to collet the last month's rent, and was on the verge of the miserable court where his tenants herded like beasts in their kennels—he was there with his hand-book in his hand, when Death laid his hand upon

He was carried home to his splendid mansion. He was laid upon a bed with a satin coverlet. The lawyer, the relations and the preacher were sent for. All day long he lay without speech, moving only his right hand, as though in the act of counting money.

At midnight he spoke.

At midnight he spoke.

He asked for a dollar and they brought one to him, and lean and gaunt he sat up in his death-bed and clutched it with the grip

A shaded lamp stood on a table near the silken hed. Its light fell faintly around the splendid room, where theirs and carpets and mirrors, silken bed and lofty colling, all said Old! as plainly as human lips can say it.

It is hair and eyebrows, were white. His cheeks sunken, and his lips thin and surrounded by wrinkles that indicated the passion of Avarice. As he sat up in the bed with his neck bared and the silken coverlet wrapped about his lean frame, his white hair and eyebrows contrasted with his wasted and wrinkled face, he looked like a ghost. And there was life in his leaden eye—all that life was centered on the Dollar, which he gripped

in his clenched fist.

His wife, a pleasant-faced, matronly woman, was seated at the toot of the bed. Hi son, a young man of twenty one, dressed in the last touch of fashion, sat by the lawyer. The lawyer sat before the table, pen in hand and gold spectacles on his nose. There was a huge parchment spread before him.

"Do you think he will make a will?"—

asked the son.

"Hardly compas ments yet," was the whispered reply. "Wait, he'll be lucid after while." "My dear," said the wife, " had not I betor send for a preacher?"

ter send for a preacher ?"
She arose and took her dying husband by
the hand but he did not mind. His eyes were upon the Dollar.

in this State; copper mines on the lakes somewhere; he had golden interests in Cali-fornia. His name was bright on the records of twenty banks; he owns stock of all kinds; he had half a dozen papers in his pay. He knew but one crime—to be in debt ithout the power to pay.

He knew but one virtue-to get money. That crime he had never forgiven—this irtue he had never forgotten, in the long way of thirty five years. To hunt down a debtor, to distress a ten ent, to turn a few additional thousand by a

sharp speculation -- these were the mai achievements of his life. He was a good man-his name was upon He was a beneyolent man—for every thousand dollars that he wrung from the tenants

his court, or from the debtors who writhed h beneath his heel, he gave ten dollars to some whar I'se gwine to lan' at night', an', den, benevolent institution. ail always found in him a faithful and un-

werving advecage.

And now he is a dying man—see! As he sits upon the bed of death, with the Dollar in his clonched hand.

O! holy Dollars, object of his life-long pursuit, what comfort hast thou for him now in his pain of death?

At length the dead man revived and dieta ed his will. It was strange to see the mo-

tourns will. It was surface to see the mo-ther and son and lawyer muttering and— sometimes wrangling—beside the bed of death. All the while the Testator clutched he Dollar in his right hand. While the will was being made, the prea cher came—even he who held the pastoral charge of the church, whose pew-doors here aintly names on silver plates, and whose sents on Sabbath day groaned beneath the weight of respectability, broadcloth and sa-

He came and said his prayer—decorily and n measured words—but never once did the lying man relax his hold of the Dollar. 'Can't you read me something, say quick, on't you see I'm going?" at length said the

ich man, tüfning a frightened look toward ie preacher. the preacher, whose cravat was of the whitest took a book with golden clasps from inarble table. And he read :

'And I say unto you it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than a ich man to enter into the Kingdom of God. 'Who said those words-who-who-who? fairly shricked the dying man, shaking the hand which clenched the Dollar at the preach

r^js head. rs nead. The preacher hastily turned over the leaf and did not reply.
Why did you never tell me of this before? Why did you never preach from it as I sat in your church? Why—why?'
The preacher did not reply, but turned ov-

er another leaf. But the dying man would not be quieted.

'And it's easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God, is it? Then what's to become of me ? Am I not rich? What tenant did I ever spare? What debtor did I ever release? And you stood up Sunday after Sunday and preached to us, and never said a

The preacher, in search of a consoling pasage, turned rapidly over the leaves, and, in his confusion, came to this passage which h

'Go to now, ye rich man, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the him home. A few days afterwards he returned in a high dudgeon, and declared that he had been cheated in the quality of the horse.

Lour gold them shall be a witness against you have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers who have heaped down your fields, which is of you have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept by fraud crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbath.'

And yet you never preached that to me! shrieked the dying man. look like a cross between a Japanese Tyoon and a Philadelphia Quaker, are fast taking their part style will be "somethe passage from James, which we have quo-

Then the wife drew near and strove to comfort him, and the son (who had been read destiny is a ministry of love.

ding the will) attempted a word or two of But with the Dollar in his hand he sank into death, talking of stock, of rent, of copper mine and camel, of tonant and debtor, until

the breath left his lips. Thus he died. When he was cold, the preacher rose and

asked the lawyer whether the deceased had left anything to such and such a charitable society, which had been engrafted upon the preacher's church. And the wife closed his eyes and tried to

wrench the Dollar from his hand, but in vain. He clutched it as though it were the only saviour to light him through the darkness of etornity.

And the son sat down with dry eyes and thought of the hundreds of thousands which

were now his own.

Next day there was a hearse followed by a train of carriages nearly a mile in length.— There was a crowd around an open grave and an elegant sermon upon the virtues of the deceased by the preacher. There was flutter-ing of crape badges, and relling of carriages, and—no tears. They left the dead man and returned to the palace where sorrow died ev-

en as the crape was taken from the door And in the grave the dead hand still clenched the Dollar.

THE MAN WHO WON'T PAY THE PRIN er.—Says an exchange : May he be shod with lightning and compelled to wander over gunpowder.

May he have sore eyes and a chestnut bur

or an eye stone. May every day of his life be more despotic than the Bey of Algiers.

May he never be permitted to kiss a hand-

me woman.
May he be bored to death with Boarding. School Misses, practicing the first lessons in music, without the privilege of seeing his tor-

May 2.40 night mares trot quarter races over his stomach every night.

May his boots leak, his gun and fishing May his coffee be sweetend with flies and

his sauce seasoned with spiders and bedbugs. May his friend run off with his wife and his children take the whooping cough. May his cattle die of murraen, and his pigs destroy his garden.
May a troop of printar's devils, lean lank

and hungey, dcg his heels each day, and a regiment of cats cater waul under his window upon the Dollar:

He was a rich man. He owned palaces on ... May the famine stricken goost or an early walnut and Chestnut streets, and hovels and tor's baby haunt his slumbers, and hiss murder in his dreaming ear.

Walnut and Chestnut streets, and hovels and der in his dreaming ear. each night. May his cow give sour milk, and churn rancid butter; may his daughter marry a one eyed, editor, his business go to ruin and he to the Legislature.

key on Main street yesterday soliciting means from pedestrians to take him back to his master in Georgia. A gentleman held a fifty cent currency in his fingers while the little

darkey made the following cheech:

"I want to go back down to Georgia to old
massa, kase I'd rather lib wid him one yeah
dan about dis way all my life. I knows I had no business follerin' dem' Yanks off, no how; but it can't be helped now, massa, an silver plate upon the pew-door of a velvet- T want to go back down dar, 'fore Winter sets in.' "Can't you get along where you are?"
"Well, I'se got a sho' ting o' libin wid
im, an' up heah I don't know in de mornin'

He was a just man—the gallows and the to git de best an' de fust ob what's floatin' bout, an' ils little niggas kin do de best we "Here, take this, it will help you along." "Here, take this, it will neep you along.
"It 'll take me dat much nearer home,
massa; ebery little helps, ye know, an' I
tanks ye jess as much fo' dis as if ye give me

enuf to tote me all de way dar."

The little darkey's speech attracted quite a crowd, who contributed liberally towards nding the little black wanderer "Way down South in de land ob cotton, Where old times are not forgotten."

A FIX FOR A Young GENTLEMAN. -The

Mobile (Ala.) Tribunc says: A very nice young gentleman, whose name we do not deem recessary to ventilate recently invested a small sum in chickens which he undertook to take home on the Dauphin street cars. After proceeding a short distance, the attention of all the pas sengers, a large proportion of whom were ladies, was called to him by one of his pur chases raising a loud and continued cackle. In vain he tried to quiet the bird; the ladies tittered and pulled down their veils; the gentlemen on board 'haw-hawed,' and our young friend, in his ignorance of "the blushed. Growing somewhat rest less at being the cynosure of all eyes, he cast a look into his lap, and behold—there was an He immediately quit the cars and puregg. He inimediately quit the cars and than you have,' sued his way homeward on foot. Imagine than you have,'

As Deacon A—, on an extremely cold morning in old times, was riding by the house of his neighbor B...., the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefy discussed, and the horseman made demor strations of passing on, when his neighbor

detained him with--'Don't be in a hurry, Deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of old Jamaica this morning ?"
"Thank, you kindly," said the old gentle-man, at the same time beginning to dismount,

with all the deliberation becoming a Deacon.
"I don't care if I do." "Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon," said the neighbor, "I merely asked for information. We haven't a drop in the

Among the saying attributed to Admiral Farragut is one that 'You can no more make a sailor out of a landlubber by dressing him up in a sea-toggery and putting a commission in his pocket, than you could make a shoemaker of him by filling him with sherry cobblers!"

THE NEW STYLE .-- The Japanese or Gipsey

style is making sad havoc with the hats of little misses. The pork-pie hat is rapidly becoming among the things that were, and

the broad brims, which make the wearer look like a cross between a Japanese Tycoon their place. The next style will be thing else." No more certain is it that the flower was made to waft perfume, than that women's

INDIAN-FUN. One of the earliest settlers of the country round Lake Champlain was Colonel Ray-mond. He understood the character and diaposition of the redskin natives of the forest, and lived with them in much harmony, frequently employing them to row him up and down the Lake, as he had occasion. One stout fellow, by the name of Bigbear, had his wigwam at no great distance from the Col.'s dwelling, and was often there. The Colonel having occasion to visit some distant shore of the Lake, employed Bigbear to row him in his cance. On their return they passed near a high sloping ledge of rock, on which lay an immenso number of rattlesnakes asleep and basking in the sun. The Indian

gave one penetrating look at the Colonel and hus inquired:

'Raymun love fun ?'
'Yes,' was the reply.
'Well then Raymun have fun; mind Indian, and hold your tongue.

So he rowed along silent and slow, and out

crotched stick from a bunch of hazels upon 'Steedy, now, Raymun,' said he, as he dapped the crotched stick astride the neck of a serpent that was asleep close to the edge of the water. Takeum now, Raymun; hole

The Colonel then took hold of the stick. keeping the screent down, while Bigbear tied up a little sack of powder, putting one end of a slow match therein. He then made it fast to the match, gave orders to tlet um go, at the same time pushing the centre off from the shore. The snake being liberated, crawled away to his den. The Indian immediately then stood up and clapped his hands, making as loud a noise as possible, and thus aroused

the other serpents, who in a moment disappeared.
'Now look, Raymun, look—see fun,' said he; and in about a minute the powder exploded, when there was, to be sure, fun alive. The makes in thousands covered the rock, all hissing, rattling, twining, twirling and jumping in every way imaginable. Colonel Ray-mond burst into a loud laugh that echoed across the lake, pleased alike with the accsavage's invention. But Bigbear, from the beginning to the end was as grave as a judge, not moving a muscle, and not having the least show of risibility in his countenance.-This is truly characteristic of the American aboriginies; what causes the greatest excitability of laughter in others has no effect upon them; they remain sober, sedate and fixed as a bronze statue. They may love fun, but never in the smallest degree exhibit that haracter in ilieir looks.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE .- Among those who have been reduced from affluence to squalid poverty by the results of war in Virginia, and who have been compelled to seek charity at the hands of Governor Pierpont, of that State, is a daughter of the late venerable Chief Justice Marshal. Before the war this family was one of the wealthiest in the State. The husband of the lady referred to, heing old and a gripple and his family below. being old and a cripple, and his family help-less, had sold his real estate, and invested his funds in railroad stocks and negroes, and now, at the close of the war, finds this source of income entirely removed from their control, and themselves reduced to the most abject poverty. These are some of the peo-ple whom the radicals desire to put under the dominion of negroes. Although crushed they must be recrushed.

The common expression 'humbug, is a corruption of the word 'Hamburg,' and originated in the following manner: During a period when war prevailed on the Continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hamburg that at length, when any one would signify his disbelief of a statement, he would say: 'You had that from Hamburg; and thus 'That is Hamburg, or humbug, became a common expression of incredulity.

den. You may go round and watch the opening bud from day to day; but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. All the best results of a gardon, like those of life, are slowly but regularly progressive. We like the story of a blacksmith; who was requested to bring a suit for slan-der. He said he could go into his shop and

Nothing teaches patience like a gar-

courts in the State could give him. It is said that the muster out of the Veteran Reserves will certainly take place before the meeting of Congress. The privates of the Reserves wish to be mustered

hammer out a better character than oil the

said a certain samy contractor to General Sheridan: 'So you ought, you scoundrel,' said Sheridan, for no one has bled her more Didn't you guarantee, sir, the horse wouldn't shy before the fire of the enemy?' 'No more he won't. 'Tisn't till after the fire

'I mourn for my bleading country,

that he shies." At a printer's festival recently, the following teast was offered: 'Woman—second only to the Press in the dissemmination of

news. it A terrible affray occurred at an election poll in Fremont county, Iowa, on election day, in which ten persons were so seriously injured, that their lives are in dangers

J. L. Alcorn has been elected U. S. Senator from Mississippi. He and Govern-or Sharkey will represent the State in the

Pierre Soule, R. M. T. Hunter, and lichard Taylor, prominent rebels, are in Vashington. To tell lies before you get up in the corning is no sin. It is only lying in bed.

My talk about sleeping a wink when people in their sleep never wink.

nor John Mitchell's release: is confirm Lawyers mouths are like turnpike sates—never open except for pay.

If you miss a train you don't have to ait for it—and that's a comfort.

Why is necessity like a great many lawyers? Because it knows no law.