I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods, and I can do it again. Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet you now, thirty dollars, I can bring down old Roan at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens, and making a ten into the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and even buckskin patch, and loaded the rifle.

It was now nearly dark, but the old hunter boasted of being able to shoot a bat on the wing by starlight, and without hesitation he drew a clear sight on old Roan's head.

A minute later Drake was driving through the grove, the most enraged, the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of ire, lay with broken stock in the bottom of the wagon. Sam Barston was too much frightened to laugh. Meanwhile the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old Roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home, his two sons discovering his ill-humor, and the mutilated condition of his rifle stock, hastened to arouse his spirit with news, which they were sure would make him dance with joy.

"Clear out!" growled the old man. "I don't want to hear any news; get away or I shall knock one of you down!"

"But, father, it's such a trick played off on the Colonel!"

"On the Colonel?" cried the old man, beginning to be interested. "Glad if you've played the Colonel a trick, let's hear it."

"Well, father, Jed and I this afternoon went out for deer——"

"Hang the deer, come to the trick!"

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something; so Jed buteged away at the Colonel's old Roan—shot him dead!"

"Shot old Roan?" thundered the hunter, "Jed did you shoot the Colonel's old hoss?"

"I didn't do anything else."

"Don't think," pursued Jed, confident the joke part must please his father, "Jim and I propped the horse up, and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the tree, just as if he was alive. Ha, ha! Fancy the Colonel going to catch him! He! he! wasn't it a joke?"

Old Drake's head fell on his breast. He felt of his empty pocket book, and looked at his rifle. Then in a rueful tone he whispered to the boy—

"It's a joke! But if you ever tell of it—or if you do, Sam Barston—I'll skin you alive! I've been shooting at that dead horse half an hour, at ten dollars a shot."

At that moment Sam fell into the gutter. Sam had laughed himself almost to death.

A Theatrical Incident.—Some years ago the manager of a "well-regulated Theater," somewhere along the line of the Erie Canal, engaged a good-looking and brisk young lady as a supernumerary. It happened that the young lady in question, had formerly officiated in some capacity as a "hand" on board a canal boat, a fact which she was anxious to conceal. She evinced much anxiety to master the details of her newly chosen profession, and soon exhibited a more than ordinary degree of comic talent. She was duly promoted, and in time became a general favorite with both manager and public.

One night she was announced to appear in a favorite part, a couple of boatmen found their way into the pit, near the foot lights, particularly anxious to see the new famous comedienne. The house was crowded, and after the subsidence of the general applause which greeted her appearance, one of the boatmen slapped his companion on the shoulder, and with an emphatic expletive exclaimed, loud enough to be heard ever half of the house:

"Bill I know that gall!"

"pshaw!" said Bill "dry up."

"But I'm d——d if I don't now, Bill—Sal Flukins, sure as you're born. She's old Flukins' daughter that used to run the Injured Polly, and she used to sail with him."

"Tom," said Bill, "you're a fool, and if you don't stop your infernal clack, you'll get put out. Sal Flukins? You know a sight if you think *that's* her!"

Tom was silenced but not convinced. He watched the actress in all her motions with intense interest, and ere long, broke out again:

"I *tell* ye, Bill, that's her—I *know* 'tis.—You can't fool me—I know her too well!"

Bill, who was a good deal interested in the play, was out of all patience at this persistent interruption on the part of Tom He gave him a tremendous nudge in the ribs with his elbow, as an emphatic hint for him to "keep quiet."

Tom, without minding the admonition, said, "You just wait—I'll fix her, keep your eye on me."

Sure enough, he did fix her. Watching his opportunity when the actress was deeply absorbed in her part, he sung out in a voice which rang through the galleries:

"Low Bridge!"

From force of habit, the actress instantly and involuntarily *ducked her head* to avoid the anticipated collision. Down came the house with a perfect thunder of applause at this "palpable hit," high above which Tom's voice could be heard, as he returned Bill's punch in the ribs with interest—

"Didn't I tell ye, old boy, I know'd 'twas her. You couldn't fool me.

"Jack of all Trades."—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post says; "Can any one tell me the probable length of the hero of Reade's new new story, 'Jack of All Trades,' (appearing in Harper's Monthly,) whose body is at the mouth of the Delaware, while his knees are in Chesapeake bay? as you will see by the following extract from the last number:

"'There is a place at the mouth of the Delaware, where the boat draws up to a small pier. Down this we marched, and about ten yards from the end, the floor gave way under her weight, and D'jek and her train fell into the water. I was awoke from a reverie and found myself sitting right a-top of her, with my knees in Chesapeake bay.'"

☞If a small boy is called a lad, is it proper to call a bigger boy a ladder?

The Columbia Spy.

A PENNSYLVANIA INDEPENDENT JOURNAL

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858.

☞The Rev. R. A. Castleman, of Harrisburg, will preach in St. Paul's Church, on Sunday next. Service will begin at 10 o'clock A. M, and 3 P. M.

The Holy Communion will be administered.

New Advertisements.—*Money Wanted;* Haldeman's *New Goods.*

The Ring.

With the *New York Clipper* and *Porter's Spirit* circulating largely among our most staid and respectable patrons, we have heretofore deemed it inexpedient to add a Sporting column or department to our valuable and highly influential journal. Now, however, with a majority of our exchanges, we find ourself forced, not to fall behind the progress of public taste, into chronicling the "fancy" exhibitions of the day, especially such as occur under the patronage and superintendence of the Nobility and Gentry at Washington.

The season was opened at the Capitol, on the morning of Saturday, 6th inst., at 3 o'clock, by a neat little set-to between the "Palmetto Pet" and the "Sable Chicken." The match was hastily gotten up, and, though both gentlemen were spiritedly backed by their friends, no heavy betting is reported.

The men went to their work from the start, the usual preliminary choice of Seconds, Judges and Umpire being dispensed with. The battle was short and sharp, and from its consisting of but one brief, though highly scientific round, affords little ground for that descriptive eloquence of the ring which we feel fully competent to lavish on a more elaborate and protracted "mill."

First and only round.—The Chicken walked up to his man in an off-hand style, and turned to chaff the "Mississippi Game Cock, a friend of the Pet's, when the latter opened with: "Go home! you've no business on our side of the street." The Chicken parried, and countered with: "O, you! I've just as good a right in this here market-house as you dare have." The Pet quickly planted a heavy "What's that you say?" which was successfully returned with a stunning "Never you mind!" The attack was followed up by a well directed "You're a d——d nigger, and I can lick you the best day you ever saw," from the Pet. The blow was gallantly returned with: "My daddy's as good as your daddy, if your daddy does own niggers, and I'll show you you shan't crack your whip over me." The Pet here tried to close, reaching for his opponent's weasand with a view to strangulation, but was met with a sweet parry, and the Chicken let drive with a rattling "Look here! mind what what you're at now, or I'll punch your head." The friends of both parties here crowded on, but before the wrangle could be decided the Pet got in another beautiful attempt at a throttle which was parried with difficulty. For the third time Palmetto put in his favorite grab: the "dark one" in reply let go his left, catching the Pet under the lug, when "down went his house."

Up to this point the battle had been conducted on strictly scientific principles, as our report sufficiently shows, but we regret to record that on the fall of the Southern champion it immediately degenerated into a free fight. Some dozen or less of the "fancy" of each side, including a Quaker and a clergyman, mixed in, giving and taking some loose licks, resulting in "darkened daylights" and "claret y smellers."

The chicken is, by the public voice, pronounced the better man, the Pet not having answered the call to "time," of the Speaker.

It is generally conceded by the press, of whatever political complexion, that the Pet was to blame for precipitating the fight as he did. Had the affair been properly nursed a display of pugilism worthy the eminent parties engaged, would, in all probability have been the result, and the disgraceful interference of the outside fancy have been rendered impossible. There is but one voice, and that an approving one, throughout the country, on the action of the Chicken, in this little display, and we most cordially commend his prompt assertion of equality of rights on the public sidewalk.

Overlooking the injudicious precipitancy of the Palmetto hero, which may be charitably attributed to zeal in the public service, we earnestly thank him for the entertainment he has afforded the nation, and for the important addition to the reputation of the honorable body, of which both champions are members, that must result from this spirited display of pluck and skill. It was a most gallant affair throughout, (with the exception of the unwarrantable mixing in of the backers,) and we hope to enjoy the privilege of regularly reporting at least a weekly encounter in the Congressional Ring. Cannot our State Legislature follow the dignified example of our National Representatives?

☞We have been requested to make public the intention of the I. O. of Red Men to throw open to visitors, on Monday, 22nd inst, their room in the third story of the Odd Fellows' Hall. It will be prepared for the reception of the public from 10 o'clock A. M., to 10 o'clock P. M., and will, doubtless attract a crowd of the curious.—The peculiar decorations of the order render their wigwam an object of no small interest, and a visit will be well repaid.

Good Pay For "Dead Heads."—The San Francisco (Cal.) News Letter, of the 5th ult., says that the bodies of 300 dead Chinamen are now lying on one of the city wharves, nicely packed and directed, ready for shipment for their long home in China. The freight money on the lot is $7,500.

Graham's Magazine.—The March number of Graham has reached us. The Magazine more than holds its own; it improves steadily. The present number is a good one.

Godey's Lady Book.—We have received Godey for March; a most excellent number of this highly popular Magazine.

Our Streets.—To the great satisfaction of our citizens, some of the more needy of the streets of the borough are being indulged in a good heavy suit of winter clothing; not before it was sadly wanted, however. Their miserable old bones had been showing long enough through the patched and darned garments in which they have for so many years been indecently exposed, and, in clothing the naked, this winter, our authorities have done well to consider the sufferings of the poor denuded highways.—Fifth street, or a portion of it, receives a bright new coat of cinder, while Locust street is to rejoice in a thorough "top-dressing" of true-blue limestone. This street, between Front and Second, is now undergoing a substantial Macadamization, and the process will be extended to its whole length.—While our ways are being put in order we would respectfully suggest to the authorities the propriety of laying crossings at the corners, at least of such streets as are being repaired. Crossings are badly needed at Second and Locust streets; and bridges to the gutters, moreover. The additional cost would be but trifling, and the good work undertaken by the borough be thus made complete.

The Hiawatha Quadrille Party.—This, the party of the season, came off on Thursday evening, and proved most successful.—Our ladies came in in scores, and brilliant delegations from York, Lancaster, and our neighboring towns added to the gaiety and pleasure of the evening. We, on this occasion, overcame our natural repugnance scenes of profane mirth, and aired our best clothes and manners, shaking a venerable leg to almost dislocation. Everything passed off quietly, and no disorder marred the pleasure of the dancers. With an unlimited flow of German Nectar at Brandts Restaurant, the gentlemen yet kept within the confines of decent and becoming hilarity, (we had "Pet! taswell!" ourself,) and we observed among the dancers but one case of uncouth excitement. The party was from the chinquepin region, and gauged a very heavy load of buckwheat meal—or something heavier. He was docile, however, and did not cry his wares.

Had we the pen of Jeames, who chronicles the names and minutely describes the dresses of ladies of the great world of fashion for large city dailies, we might attempt to do justice to the beauty and good gearing that was there on the occasion; might tell of the charming Miss ———, and her gorgeous bombazine; of the fascinating Miss ———, and her elaborate paper muslin, &c.; but we lack that gentleman's fine descriptive style and intimate knowledge of feminine harness, so cannot improve the occasion.—We must lump the party and pronounce all the ladies most lovely, and their "fixins" *comme il faut.*

The members of the Hiawatha deserve credit for the admirable manner in which the party was gotten up and conducted, and we trust that the substantial encouragement of the public may remunerate them for time and trouble.

☞At a regular meeting of the Susquehanna Fire Company, held Tuesday evening, February 2d, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year:

President, A. Caldwell; Vice President, Jacob Tyler; Secretary, A. J. Hughes; Treasurer, A. Bruner, jr.; Chief Director, John Keesey; Engineer, Alfred Arms; Asst. Engineer, Thomas Bennett; Hose Guards, George Hammell, Henry Alten, Jeremiah Sheets, Samuel Lee, David Fisher, Robert Omer; Axe-men, W. H. Broomall, Simon Fisher, John Watson, James McGinnis.

The Divorce of T. Washington Smith and Wife.—The Legislature have passed the bill annulling the marriage contract of Thomas Washington Smith. The vote in the Senate upon the bill was 13 to 8; in the House there was discussion upon it prior to its passage. The bill is now ready for the Governor's signature, which it is supposed will be appended, without further delay.

For the Columbia Spy.

Mr. Editor—The time for the Spring election is fast approaching, and it behooves us to select a man of energy to fill the office of Constable for this Borough. Numerous depredations are of daily occurrence throughout the county, and it would be sheer folly to say, Columbia is an exception, with the recent burglaries and arsons committed here, staring us in the face.

Now, it is an old adage, that "an ounce of prevention, is better than a pound of cure." Every day experience satisfies the thinking mind of the verity of this adage; consequently the necessity of electing a suitable person for the office of constable.

I would, therefore, respectfully recommend to the citizens of Columbia, J. W. Hamilton, as that person. He will care for the interests and welfare of the community, and, if elected, will perform the duties of the office fearlessly and impartially.

Citizen.

Columbia, February 13, 1858.

A Rich Letter.—A resident of Syracuse, N. Y., whose wife had left him and gone West, for the purpose of obtaining a divorce, was desirous of ascertaining where the divorce was obtained, and wrote to several county clerks, to inquire whether the divorce was granted in their counties. The following is a copy of one of the replies:—

Nuncee, Indiana, Jan'y 13, '58.

Dear Sir:—There has not been an application for divorce in the name of——, in our court, but I think we have divorced one-half of the citizens of your State, and if we have good luck, we will, I guess, finish your State and Massachusetts, in a few more years.

Yours. ——

☞A printer in the Boston Transcript office expresses his admiration of Longfellow's short lined, or, in technical phrase, "fat" poem to Catawba wine, in the following quatrain:

Hail gifted poet! cherished by the gods!
Whose last choice poem used up all my quads!
The world with joy receives thy sparkling song,
Which quakes, by measurement, $300—strong

For the Columbia Spy.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, Feb. 10, 1858.

As the month of February progresses without the appearance of severe weather, serious apprehensions arise that we may not have a particle of ice to lay up for summer use; and melancholy forebodings as to the probable result of such a calamity fill the minds of the idle and luxurious drones of society. There is no occasion to indulge in these *"jeremiads,"* over anticipated evils, as a consequence of what has so far proved a great blessing to a large and useful class of the inhabitants of a populous city. "What shall we do without ice next summer?" may be answered—"what would we have done without mild weather this winter?" After all, perhaps the worst effect of this dread privation may not be without its alleviating circumstances; the *juleps* and *cobblers* may be sensibly diminished in quantity and effect, and the fish may be necessarily kept a shorter time out of their native element, exposed for sale in a muggy atmosphere or under a scorching sun. In this connection it may be said, that the condition of the Philadelphia market needs some extreme measures to bring about a reform, most desirable to those of our citizens especially whose memory reaches back to olden times and the good cheer in *"Philamachink."*—When some of us were lads, the market of this city was probably the very best in the Union; at this time it must be—if the exhibition of edibles on Market street between Front and Eleventh, be taken as a criterion—the very worst. The meats are rather *"middling"* than otherwise, the best animals being sent to New York; the same fish are, for a fortnight or more, daily rinsed off to be offered fresh for sale, and nightly shut up in the dirty little banks which grace the sides of the market house, while the vegetables are as wrinkled and tough as if they had been under the influence of summer's sun and shade for three weeks. The fact is, you can get nothing fit to eat in the Philadelphia markets at any reasonable price. And so hard is it to procure the necessaries of life, in a palatable and wholesome condition, that one need be grateful if the Fates have not lured him into the dignified luxury of housekeeping.

The quiet resumption of specie payments, by the city banks, six days ago, did *not* take the community by surprise, for the double reason that very few persons were aware of the fact until informed by the papers on the following morning; and because the banks have for several weeks past, paid out specie as it was desired, to be used in the daily transaction of business.

A morning paper of Friday last, suggests that the city banks should now be relieved from the requirement of the Relief law to take "wild cat" money in payment of debts, due them. It is the general impression that the said law which required Banking Institutions in the city to receive the notes of country banks at par, in payment of debts, also contained a provision protecting the former from losses by the currency of insolvent or "wild cat *institootions,*" and the method by which this was to be effected was prescribed so clearly there is little reason to apprehend that the wary city *rats* have been victimized by the *cats* in the country to the value of skin enough to make one pair of "genuine French kids." The same paper contained an article a few days ago, intended to bolster up certain railroad bonds; among others, those of the city of Pittsburg, and Allegheny county, for the roads in that vicinity. The payment of the interest on those bonds having been passed by the Companies, the payment of it by the city and county is now a matter of serious doubt, quite a strong party of the inhabitants protesting against taxation for such a purpose. It is therefore hardly wise to invite persons to invest in such doubtful securities unless it be from a charitable desire to lighten the burdens of present victims. Better counsel would suggest that all who have money to invest, wait until the question of payment shall be settled by competent legal authority, and then if the *speculation* in these fine promises be not quite so inviting, probably the *investment* may be all the more secure.

The "times" which have been "sadly out of joint," are getting pretty well set by the action of the banks in resuming specie payments; good stocks are on the jump, Penn'a R. R. having reached $44,25, and Reading R. R $29, while the "fancies" are crawling up as fast as may be desired except by their present holders. We hope for a good Spring trade, and *short credits*, especially the short credits, which will effect more than any other financial device to anticipate and prevent the "awful crises" to which civilized communities are peculiarly subject.

The book trade is without doubt one of the most luckless victims of the last crisis. Even the galvanizing effect of a valuable present or "a costly gift with each book" has seriously declined; and the great original himself, after giving away several bins of coal and barrels of flour by way of a new dodge, and better eyeshutter than gilt bracelets and stop watches—all stops, and little else—has relapsed into comparative insignificance.

The food of the public's mind, unlike the food of the public's body, at this particular juncture, is cheaper than dog cheap (that is to say, city sausage cheap) for it rarely exceeds four cents per meal, and consists mainly of such choice viands as "The Cutthroats Bride, or the Reeling Brain, and the Watery Eye," by the great and graphic romancer Harry Cornhusk; or the more piquant and spasmodic twaddle of Mistress Polly Potato-Patch; with an occasional treat to the poesy of Miss Whiteash. Besides all this, however, we have as a kind of dessert, the usual street corner and dead wall decorations, illustrative of an awful yarn about to be spun by the great self-taught, self developed authoress, Miss Jane Sarah Anne Eliza Wilhemina Underbrush; these illustrations usually consist of three human figures, one of which has its arms wide extended, the mouth open to its utmost capacity, and the eyes distended to a frightful size; in his left side a monstrous dagger is sheathed, the handle of which is in the grasp of a certain terrified individual, who in his turn is receiving into his right ear a bullet from a horse pistol held by a mysterious figure half concealed by an incomprehensible vapor or mist. All these "feasts of reason and flows of soul," are promised in the United States Blotter, a hebdominal issue of vast influence and boundless circulation, the peculiar and eccentric characteristic of which is, that it always makes its appearance precisely one month in advance of the date of its publication, a singular feature of great value to its readers, who by this arrangement are supposed to hear all the news rather sooner than it occurs. The delightful effect which this kind of literature has upon the minds and morals of the people is beautifully illustrated in the constantly accelerated increase of every kind of crime and villainy.

The meeting at National Hall, on Monday night last, was an immense gathering of the unterrified "popular-sovereignty-Democracy." Col. Forney was made President, and Vice Presidents enough were appointed to corrupt the nation, if that were the object of Vice Presidents, instead of acting in the place of some body who is never by any chance absent.

Mr. Robt. J. Walker was not in town, but sent a letter of apology. Mr. Ex-Secretary Stanton made a very long address, giving the history of the Kansas difficulties during ten months past, in which he showed that the whole trouble was traceable to the dishonesty and fraudulent acts of the Territorial officers. This successful meeting, together with the defeat of the Administration in Congress by one majority on the reference of the Lecompton message, to a select committee, causes great rejoicings among all the odds and ends of the opposition, and equal anxiety in the ranks of the Administration party, as is apparent in the snappish articles of the *Pennsylvanian*, and the complacency and confidence of the *Press* equal to that of the best of the Stiltstalking family.

P. H.

Items of News.

The banks of Washington and Georgetown D. C., have resumed specie payments.

All the Baltimore banks have resumed specie payments. So have the Bank of Chester County, Pa., and the Bank of Danville, Pa. The banks of Wilmington, Del., have resolved to resume specie payments on their notes.

Advices from northern Mexico say that the government of the State of Tamaulipas has resolved to support the Comonfort dictatorship, but that Generals Parrodi and Garza were gathering large forces to oppose it.

Bishop Waugh, of the Methodist Episcopal church, died in Baltimore on Tuesday.

At New Orleans the Grand Jury has at length presented true bills of indictment against General Walker, Colonel Anderson, and their associate fillibusters, and they have been bound over for trial.

Mrs. Le Vert, of Mobile, telegraphs to Richmond that she has just collected one thousand dollars for the Mount Vernon Association. Mrs. Fogg, of Tennessee, also telegraphs that she has collected over two thousand dollars.

FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival at New York of the steamship Arabia, we have news from Europe.—The Empero Napoleon had opened the French Legislative Assembly in a lengthy speech. The four Italians, implicated in the attempted assassination of the Emperor, were to have been tried in February.—Heavy commercial failures have occured in Marseilles. Lord Elgin had sent in his ultimatum to the authorities of China, giving them ten days to consider his requirements. In India two or three successful engagements had been fought by the British with the rebel Sepoys. The English and French forces in the Chinese waters had taken possession of an island opposite Canton without opposition, and the French Admiral had proclaimed the blockade of the Canton river. A doubtful report says that the American Commodore had offered to act as mediator in Chinese affairs, and been accepted by the English. If the capture of Canton should fail to bring the Chinese to terms, the British contemplate a march to Pekin. Heavy gales have occured along the English coast. The number of persons wounded by the attempted assassination of the Emperor Napoleon, is not less than one hundred and fifty. One of the four Italians arrested has revealed all the details of the plot, and it is said that the British government has been called upon to expel certain refugees supposed to be implicated in the attempt.—The French government has suppressed two more newspapers, the "*Spectateur*," and "*Revue de Paris*."

LATER.

By the arrival at Portland of the steamer Indian, we have four days later news from Europe. The marriage of the English Princess Royal with the Prussian Prince Frederick William occured in the royal chapel at St. James Palace, on Monday morning, January 25th. London was filled with royal guests, including the King of the Belgians, Duke and Duchess of Brabant, Duke and Dutchess of Saxe Coburg, Count of Flanders, etc. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony, assisted by the Bishops of London, Oxford, and Chester.

There were three processions—that of Queen Victoria, that of the bride, and that of the bridegroom. There were illuminations and festivities in London and throughout the kingdom. After the ceremony the bride threw herself in her mother's arms in a burst of emotion. The young couple were drawn to Windsor by the Eton boys amid great cheering, and were to leave in a day or two for Berlin, were a grand reception awaited them. The fugitive American ship Adriatic has been recaptured in the Gulf of Spezzia, and the captain put in irons.

During the festivities at Belfast in honor of the marriage of the Princess Royal, a great riot took place, which was commenced by the Irish mob throwing stones.

☞A Louisiana paper gives an account of a fight on a steamboat between a lady and a gentleman over a backgammon board. The cause of this novel affray is not stated. Probably the gentleman *treyduced* his fair partner.

Paragraphs from Punch.

Dialogue on the Douglas Difficulty.—Mr. Punch.—I don't seem quite to understand this disturbance between your President and Mr. Douglas. Can you tell me in a few words what is its character, Mr. Slick?

Mr. Slick.—Guess I can. Buck's in a fix.

Mr. P.—By Buck, if I apprehend you aright, sir, you would indicate the head of your republic?

Mr. S.—That's the critter. Promised Lecompton Con should be overhauled.

Mr. P.—Promised the gentleman what?

Mr. S.—Who on airth said gentleman?—By Kansas.

Mr. P.—Promised Mr.—a—Lecompton Com that he should go to Kansas.

Mr. S.—Guess you've a brick in your hat, stranger.

Mr. P.—My facetious friends, Sir, have been pleased to say there is a brick under it.

Mr. S.—'Tain't that. Have you liquored?

Mr. P.—I never take anything before dinner.

Mr. S.—More fool you. Yes, sir-ee.—Guess I've a kinder liking for ye, but I don't hanker after your old world habits. Take notice, now. Walker throws up, his dander being riz by Buck.

Mr. P.—Mr. Buchanan should hang the ruffianly filibuster.

Mr S.—Jerusalem and snakes! Don't be in such a darned hurry. There's a brace of Walkers; and one's not t'other.

Mr. P.—Oh, I beg pardon.

Mr. S.—Hold hard, and grin. You see, Douglas has peeped through the hole in the blanket, and seed a bit of light.

Mr. P.—The blanket.—Oh! Ah! a bit of light, eh?

Mr. S.—Spex *you* don't see none. We'll begin at fust causes, and come on promiscuous. Air the great and glorious republic, the only nation in the world where the golden eagle of liberty can wave her alabaster wings, and scream her—

Mr. P.—I know all *that.*

Mr. S.—Guess you're hard to please, stranger. Wall, air we to have more slave States than we've got? That's the question.

Mr. P.—I trust not; and that's the abominable——

Mr. S.—Calculate you'd better shut up. Slaves or none, we'll always be ready to whip you. Besides, look at your Irish, and your Jews, and the others that you keep in abject and grinding slavery. Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Mr. P.—I am silent.

Mr. S.—Wall, then, Buck's with the South, and meant to have it all his own way in Kansas, and make a slave State of it, but the Kansas boys kicks, and Governor Walker, (not the filibuster, mind, you old opossum.)

Mr. P.—Really, Mr. Slick——

Mr. S.—Shut up, I tell you. Governor Walker, who was sent by Buck to Kansas to do the work, finds it ain't to be done, says Buck promised him that the Lecompton constitution should be submitted to the people, and so throws up. Buck's a wideawake b'hoy, but Douglas he's a wideawaker, and he sees that to force laws on free and enlightened people like ourn won't pay, special when a critter has his eye on the election in 1860. So he just throws Buck over, and there's a difficulty.

Mr. P.—Mr. Douglas being, if I am right, the most influential man in the States, his opposition to the President would be formidable.

Mr. S.—That's it, reeled out uncommon fine.

Mr. P.—Sir, I thank you for your explanation, and I hope that no serious trouble will arise in the United States, for which I always entertain the warmest regard.

Mr. S.—Don't worry yourself into no sort of perspiration about that, stranger. In a corrupt and debilitated old rotten country like yourn, a political difficulty might bring ruin and dismay, but where a western sun gilds the proud pinnacles of American liberty such things air but the wandering breezes that cool the wings of our glorious eagle, and help him to fly still higher towards the transcendental firmament. Will you liquor?

A New Saw for an Old One.—The *Leviathan* was not launched in a day.

Hibernian Haymaking.—During the late frost, an Irish M. P., observing some confectioner's men at work, carting ice out of a pond, observed that there is nothing like making hay when the sun shines.

To make Writing Impervious to Criticism.—Write on Bank-notes.

Muscular Christianity.—We think this term, though cleverly intended is wrongly applied. If religion hangs on a question of muscle, then the Mussulman must be the leading and most powerful member of the Church.

Question in Metaphysics—If a man's goods and chattels are his effects, is that man the cause of his plate and furniture?

Bridal Favors.—If the weather is only cold enough to admit of the display, we are informed that on the wedding day, [the Princess',] the noses of all the coachmen and footmen will, in honor of the ceremony be uniformly Prussian Blue. The Police will, within a shade or two endeavor to adhere as closely as they can, to the same uniform.

Wonderful Cure of Hydrophobia—After many days' dogged resistance, the *Leviathan* was prevailed upon, at last, to take water for the first time!

☞Everybody who knows Major Jones is aware that he carries a precious sight more of modesty of a peculiar sort under his hat, than money in his port-monnaie—Jones gets off a sharp hit at the garroter in this wise:

A short time since a highwayman undertook to rob Major Jones. He met Jones in a piece of woods over in Jersey. He asked Jones for his pocket-book. Jones refused to yield. Highwayman then took Jones by the neck, and undertook to "choke him down." Jones made fight, and kept it up for half an hour. At the expiration of that time Jones caved, and the highwayman commenced rifling his pockets. The contents amounted to eighteen cents.

"Is that all yo've got?"

"Every darned cent."

"What made you fight so long?"

"Did'nt want to be exposed. Bad enough to have only eighteen cents; but a great leal worse to have the world know it."

The highwayman was so well pleased with Jones's pride that he made him a present of a nip of "red eye," and a cracker to wash it down.

South Africa and the Kaffirs.

As all information in relation to the interior of Africa is just now of peculiar interest to the general reader, we perceive with pleasure, that a new work has just been published in England, by Captain A. W. Drayson, of the Royal Artillery, entitled, "Sporting Scenes Amongst the Kaffirs of South Africa." The Captain penetrated far into the wild, hot, and strange country of this savage race, and although it is a very different part of the continent from that about to be again explored by the enterprising and observant Livingstone, yet as the manners and customs described present many remarkable features, we present a few of the most curious. And first, as regards that mocker of man, the ape. Here is the gallant Captain's sketch of—

BABOONS AT HOME.

I watched them through my glass, and was much amused at their grotesque and almost human movements. Some of the old ladies had their olive-branches in their laps, and appeared to be "doing their hair," while a patriarchal-looking old fellow paced backwards and forwards with a fussy sort of look; he was evidently on sentry, and seemed to think himself of no small importance.—This estimate of his dignity did not appear to be universally acknowledged, as two or three young baboons sat close behind him watching his proceedings; sometimes, with the most grotesque movements and expressions, they would stand directly in his path, and hobble away only at the last moment. One daring youngster followed close on the heels of the patriarch during the whole length of his beat, and gave a sharp tug at his tail as he was about to turn. The old fellow seemed to treat it with the greatest indifference, scarcely turning round at the insult. Master Impudence was about repeating the performance, when the pater, showing that he was not such a fool as he looked, suddenly sprung round, and catching the young one before he could escape, gave him two or three such cuffs, that I could hear the screams that resulted therefrom. The venerable gentleman then chucked the delinquent over his shoulder, and continued his promenade with the greatest coolness; this old baboon evidently was acquainted with the practical details of Solomon's proverb. A crowd gathered round the naughty child, who, childlike, seeing commiseration, shrieked all the louder. I even fancied I could see the angry glances of the mamma, as she took her dear little pet in her arms, and removed it from a repetition of such brutal treatment.

KAFFIR WOMEN.

The frontier Kaffirs are fine athletic men, and stand generally about six feet in height; they are nearly black, and have woolly hair, although the features are in many cases almost European. The *intombi's* or young girls, are often quite pretty, with wild, free, dark eyes, that may well plead as excuses for the young Kaffirs' propensity for cattle stealing, the decimal coinage of Kaffirland being 10 cows 1 wife. One very soon gets over the prejudices of color, and after having looked for some time on the rich black of a Kaffir belle, a white lady appears bloodless, consumptive and sickly in comparison. The hard work that an *umfazi* or wife has to perform very soon spoils her girlish figure and appearance, and she then becomes a haggard, wrinkled, repulsive old witch. The coolness of these women is often surprising. A skirmish with the Kaffirs and our troops might take place on one day, and on the next the women belonging to the Kaffir men engaged would come into the camp and offer wood or milk for sale, calling to us to "*tenga*," (buy.) I suspect that these women are often sent in as mere spies.

A DINNER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I joined two friends, and started for Fort Beaufort, a day's ride distant. I was much amused at the cool manner in which our dinner was provided at the inn on the road. "What will you have, gentlemen?" was asked; "beef, a turkey, or—" "Turkey roast, I vote," said one, in answer to the landlord's question. "Piet!" cried the landlord "knock over that turkey in the corner." "Jabas," answered a Hottentot servant. A log of wood flew at the turkey's head indicated, and, with unerring aim, he was knocked over, plucked, drawn, and roasted in about an hour-and-a-half, and was very good and tender.

THE CHIEF GOING HOME.

On the road to Graham's Town, I met a large party of Kaffirs, galloping along as usual, leaving a cloud of dust behind. They pulled up as I met them, when I recognized the great Gaika chief Sandilla Anta, the giant, a splendid fellow nearly seven feet high, and all the aristocracy of Kaffirland. They had been for some time prisoners in Graham's Town for their rebellious conduct in not stopping the cattle stealing of their men, but had now been let out, and allowed to go home, on condition of promising to be good boys in future, and kissing the governor's great toe. They appeared to be in high spirits, and, in answer to my "*uya pina?*" (Where are you going?) shouted with exultation "*Goduka!*" (going home!)

Columbia Post Office.

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" " " " *South*—11.30 A. M.

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Columbia Post Office, Jan. 2, 1858.