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(An Original Story—very.) THE WILD GOOSE CHASE, A TALE OF THE TEXIAN REVOLUTION.

Prologue.

Two editors in their sanctum sat, talking of this and thinking of that; the one called Dicky, the other named Dick, and both were sharp as a wooden tooth-pick.

Chapter I.

"Talk oaks from little acorns grow, Large streams from little fountains flow." It is a strange world we live in. There are occurrences on every side of us too subtle for Horace's philosophy.

Chapter II.

"And my name was Robert Kidd, As I sailed, as I sailed." Amulus Infuenza was a Texian of great renown. He raised the fattest pigs, drank the best whiskey, and chewed the best tobacco of any man in the county.

Chapter III.

"Oh, poor Lucy Neal, oh, poor Lucy Neal, If I had you in my arms how happy I should feel." The gossamer Amulus had not mingled much in the society of ladies; indeed, like Caliban on the island, he had never in his life seen any other woman than his own dame, who stood six feet four in height, and who, in a fair fight, was a match for eleven Mexicans.

Chapter IV.

"A wild goose Chase! a wild goose Chase! and a severe trial of speed it was. But 'love has wings,' and of course assisted the pursuer, so that, with his legs and wings, he made the speed of the ostrich, and soon overtook the divine Clara.

What! I tell you the Mexicans are coming! I gave her my knife," replied the bumpkin, "and I offered her my heart!" "Are you a fool?" continued the old man, "I tell you the Mexicans are coming, and we'll have a steady with them; so get your pitchfork, and heave at 'em, boy!"

"She accepted the present with a smile," continued Amulus, "and O there is bliss in the thought, my name was engraved upon the handle!" "The boy is mad," said the old man, musingly, "he has been bitten by the tarantula."

From Graham's Magazine. My Heart is With Thee. When I see you with a sigh, And smile'st me with a smile, And smile'st me with a sigh, And smile'st me with a smile.

When I see you with a sigh, And smile'st me with a smile, And smile'st me with a sigh, And smile'st me with a smile. When I see you with a sigh, And smile'st me with a smile, And smile'st me with a sigh, And smile'st me with a smile.

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An Old Joke in a New Dress.

An old lawyer in the city of New York tells a goodly stock of tales. We have read of his tales, like it before, but even if we have so good a story will bear a repetition. Here it is: A fellow had been arraigned before the police for stealing a set of silver spoons. The stolen articles were found upon the culprit, and there was no use in attempting to deny the charge.

"There's your dagger, and here's my naked breast, Strike as thou did'st at—" "Seize her!" cried the heroic nymph, brandishing her weapon in defiance, "seize her, if you dare." But she was satisfied that the poor devil meant her no harm, and walked away leisurely.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH. OR HOW THE SCHOOLMASTER MARRIED A FORTUNE.

BY MAJ. J. JONES, OF PINEVILLE.

It's about ten years ago since the incident what I'm going to tell took place. It caused a great sensation in Pineville at the time, and the effect to make folks monstrous careful how they run away with other people's daughters ever since.

Mr. Ebenezer Doolittle was the abominablest man after rich girls ever was. He hadn't been keepin' school more'n six months, before he had found out every gal in the settlement whose father had twenty niggers, and he had courted all of 'em within a day's ride. He was rather old to be popular with the gals, and somehow they didn't like his ways, and the way they bluffed him off was enough to discourage any body but a Teacher-schoolmaster what wanted to get married and had n't many years of grace left. But it didn't seem to make no sort of difference to him. He was bound to have a rich wife out of 'em, and if he failed in one case it only made him more persevering in the next.

Betty Darling, as they used to call her, die Mr. Darling's daughter, what used to live on the Runns was about the town downest gal in all Georgia. Betty was rich and handsome and smart, and had more admirers than she could shake a stick at; but she was such a tormentin' little coquet that the boys was afraid to court her in downright earnest.

"Mum," says he, "you must say a word to nobody Squire. The license is all ready, and the party wants to be very private." Squire Rogers was one of the most accommodatin' fellows in the world on such occasions. Mrs. Rogers was a cranky old lady, and nothin' done the squire so good good as to marry others, it didn't make no odds who they was. Besides, Mr. Doolittle was an injured man and a great scholar in his opinion, and belonged to his church.

"Dear old father!" says he in a low voice. "Oh, Ebenezer!" and she kind of fell into his arms. "Compose yourself, my love." "Oh, if father should see me!" "Don't fear dear creature, my arm shall protect you again the world." And he was just going to pull her veil to kiss her—

"A young man and a female, upon a time, stepped at a country tavern. Their awkward appearance excited the attention of one of the members of the family, who commenced a conversation with the female, by enquiring how far she had travelled that day." "Travelled?" exclaimed the stranger, "I have not travelled; I have only been here."

was half out of their senses and it was necessary to hurry the ceremony off as quick as possible, for fear of the row that was evidently brewin'.

"Open the door, Rogers," says a hoarse voice outside. But the Squire didn't hear nothin' till he pronounced the last words of the ceremony, and Ebenezer Doolittle and Elizabeth Darling was pronounced man and wife.

"I command the peace! I command the peace in the name of the State of Georgia!" "Stand off," says Doolittle, throwing himself in a real stage attitude, and supporting his faltering legs on one of his peddled quinnies, "I am my lawful wife, and I claim the protection of the law."

An Eloquent Appeal. One Paul Denton, a Methodist Preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than usually furnished. When the people assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out—

SENSELESS PEOPLE.—You and I, Yankee Blade. BEHAVIOR.—We find in a California diary the following glorification of a quality we should like—

Not long since, writes an old friend and correspondent, as I was returning from Buffalo, I was amused, while the cars made a momentary stop, at a demonstration made by a crazy man, on his way to the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica.

DAGUERROTYPE COINING.—A gentleman who says he is of middle age, and worth forty thousand dollars, advertised for a wife yesterday. He proposed that Daguerrotypes shall be exchanged before the parties meet, and if they look well in the pictured plates and like each other's miniatures, a formal introduction is to take place.

Characters Classified.

HANK BURRO.—A plow soldier, an economical sailor, a rich author, an impartial critic, an inconceivable widower, a happy old bachelor, an unaccountable old maid, a moderate reformer, an under-sanguine projector, a peace-making lawyer, a clergyman who practices all he preaches, a physician who does not kill more patients than he cures, a smoker who is not just on the brink of leaving off, a well-fed boarier, a cheerful tailor, a lean butcher, a silent barber, and a successful gold digger.

STUPID FOLKS.—The editor who cannot see any fun in your jokes. The editor who respectfully declines communications, and the scholar that will not leave you alone with your lady love.

HAPPY PEOPLE.—A child with a rattle, a small one drumming on a tin pan. A school boy on a holiday. Two lovers walking by moonlight. A girl imbibing a cherry cobbler. A boy sucking new cider through a straw, and two country misses over an ice-cream.

UNLUCKY FELLOWS.—The chap who found a quarter which was a pistareen. The man who left his pocket book at home. All fellows in my business.

UNRESPECTED PEOPLE.—Woman by the tyrant man. Boys by their parents, and teachers and all poor people by society at large.

UNPLEASANT PEOPLE.—All old bachelors, old maids and married people.

UNWISDOMS FOLKS.—The young lady who reads romances in bed. The friend who is always engaged when you call, and the correspondent who cannot find time to answer your letters.

A Story of the Knockings.

A story of the "knockings" was told us recently, which we think too good to be lost, and therefore we re-state it. In the Western portion of New York, the spiritual manifestations have created considerable excitement. Among the subjects of this excitement, was a simple man of middle age, whose bumps, marvellousness and reverence were equally large.

The man's wife was a very different kind of a being. She scouted the "spirits," laughed at his husband, and took every occasion to rally him, on what she deemed his special weakness.

"You are a correspondent of the Boston Post, wrote the following, which as it contains a wicked word, should not be read by anybody."

From Wisconsin! that is a distance to go on one's pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through h—ll on your travels?

A GOOD STORY.—Epea Sargeant, of the Boston Transcript, tells a good many good stories under the head of "Dealings with the Dead." One of these numbers he devotes to fortune hunting and amuse other illustrations gives the case of a Mr. Mewins.

He was courting a young lady of some attractions and something of a fortune into the bargain. After a liberal arrangement had been made for the young lady by her father, Mr. Mewins, having taken a particular fancy to a little brown mare, he insisted that it should be thrown into the bargain; and upon a positive refusal, the match was broken off.

It was Ours.—An Irish preacher was considerably annoyed (as many preachers are) since having been by persons getting up and leaving church during his sermon.