

About Yaller Dogs.

When Noah disembarked at Ararat he had scarcely touched the pier when he proceeded to tally his passengers. He had just checked his last item in the list—a Mr. and Mrs. Bed-bug—when the cringing figure of a quadruped came sneaking down the gang plank with his tail between his legs. "Drat it! if there ain't that yaller dog!" says Noah, aiming a vicious kick with his boogan at the brute. But, with a facility born of long and bitter experience, the brute dodged the projectile, and ejaculating "ki yi"—which is Syriac for "Declined with thanks," or "not for Joe"—he disappeared, while Noah, who had his sea legs on, was unable to recover his equilibrium, and sat down with emphasis, on the back of his head.

Noah arose, and in accordance with the style prevalent among the patriarchs, he proceeded to soothe his affronted dignity by pronouncing a variegated anathema upon the yaller dog, which had characteristically sneaked unobserved on board in the confusion of putting to sea, and capsized the captain at the first port. He cursed that dog in body and limb, bark, hide, hair, tail and wag, and all generations, relations and kindred by consanguinity or affinity, and his heirs and assigns. He cursed him with endless hunger, with perpetual fear, with perenial laziness, with hopeless mange, with incessant fleas, and with tail between his legs. He closed his stock of maledictions by a sparkling display of pyrotechnics, from the demoralizing effects of which the yaller dog has never recovered.

With this curse sticking to him like a revenue stamp, the yaller dog can't help being cursed. He don't try to help it. He is an Ishmaelite among dogs. He receives the most oppressive contesics, in the form of brickbats, boots and hot water, which makes his life an animated target excursion. He boards around like a district school teacher, and it is meal time with him twenty-four hours in the day. The rest of the time he hankers after some thing to eat. He is too omniverous for an epicure. Cram him at Delmonico's and he would hunger for desert from an Albany boarding house.

He can't be utilized. He is too tired. As a swill-cart locomotive, a hunter or a sentinel, he is an ignominious failure. The dog-churn was a strategic attempt to employ his waste energies, but he hadn't any waste energies, and butter had too much self-respect to come at his persuasion. So the dog-churn was dropped.

No sausage-maker dare foreclose his lien on the yaller dog, lest his customers—no longer soothed and sustained by an unflattering trust—transfer their patronage to some less audacious dealer. The savages who admire baked dog, and can even attack tripe and explore the mysteries of hash, without dismay, acknowledge the yaller dog to be too much for their gastric intrepidity.

He always manages to belong to a ragged, tobacco-chewing, whiskey-drinking master, whose business is swapping dogs and evading the dog tax. The yaller dog is acquainted with himself, and he enjoys the intimacy with edifying contempt. He slinks along through life on a diagonal dog trot, as if in doubts as to which end of him is entitled to the precedence. He is always pervaded by a hang dog sense of guilt, and when retributive tin-ware is fastened to his tail, he flies from the wrath to come with a horrid celerity which ought to be very suggestive to two-legged sinners of a similar ordeal in store for them.

The yaller dog is—well, to speak in italics he is a *slootch*.—Mark Twain.

[Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.]

A Wedding in Civilized Life.

I lately had the pleasure of attending a wedding which reminded me of the good old *ante-bellum* days, prior to the discovery of petroleum—when the secrets of the domestic circles were held sacred, and before the under-clothing and other paraphernalia of ladies were considered fit subjects for newspaper gossip.

Our ancient and very seldom friend, Mr. Good C. Sense, and that truly fascinating but obsolete young lady, Miss Prudence M. Odesty, were the parties married. A few of the intimate friends of each were present, but, as the mob of gossips and curiosity-mongers were permitted to stay at home, the wedding was truly a pleasant and rational affair. The services were solemn and impressive and conducted by one clergyman, who seemed to find no difficulty in performing his pleasant duty without the aid of "assistants," so necessary when such occasions are celebrated by the Fifth Avenoodles.

The bride was neatly and becomingly dressed in very new clothes but no spangle. As she was dressed all over she had no occasion for blushing, but receiving the congratulations of her friends with becoming composure and a charming absence of giggle, which your grandmother will tell you was once considered sweet and womanly. No rooms furnished in oriental magnificence were thrown open for admiring interjections, and no dry goods were lain out for display. As the happy couple were able to purchase articles for housekeeping, they did not commence their married life as cannibal mendicants. Consequently no table, by way of a contribution box, was set out for the reception of bridal presents.

I dare say the bride had a sufficient quantity of underwear, but, being a lady, she felt a lady's repugnance to having such articles inventoried by Jenkins, and she did not furnish me with a list thereof. Consequently I am unable to give you the number of each article, and cannot say how many are ruffled and how many are plain.

The bridegroom having a true affection for his wife, declined to subject her to being pulverized or roasted alive on a railroad, and—escaping the perils of travel—to certain dyspepsia by taking her around through our fashionable hotels. They are quietly settled down at their own home, and as they represent a class of persons nearly extinct, they will have the good wishes of all who remember the quiet unostentatious and truly aristocratic bearing of the ladies and gentlemen who were once the leaders and ornaments of American society. They are rapidly passing away, giving place to shoddy. The tinsel and glitter and glare of a wedding of "the period" resembles nothing so much as the spectacular dramas we have borrowed from the French, and a brilliant wedding, or "a wedding in high life," of the present day needs only a full orchestra, Offenbach's and the can-can to make the illusion perfect.

YUBA DAM.

NOVEMBER 16, 1869.

"Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain

"Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and childlike
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

"It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

"Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

"Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve;
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers
And the same with intent to deceive.

"But the hands that were played
By the heathen Chinese,
And the points that he made
Were frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

"Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, 'Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor—
And we went for the heathen Chinese.

"In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed,
Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that Ah Sin had been
hiding,
In the game he did not understand."

"In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four jacks—
Which were coming it strong;
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were
taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

"Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain."

Men of America.

The greatest man, 'take him for all,'
was George Washington, an American.

The greatest metaphysician was Jonathan Edwards, an American.

The greatest natural philosopher was Benjamin Franklin, an American.

The greatest of living sculptors is Hiram Powers, an American.

The greatest writer of law in the English language, for the present century, was Judge Story, an American.

The greatest orators that ever lived were Clay, Calhoun and Webster, all Americans.

The greatest of living historians are George Bancroft and Wm. H. Prescott, both Americans.

The greatest ornithologist is John Audubon, an American.

There has been no English writer in the present age whose works have been marked with more humor, more refinement, or more grace than those of Washington Irving, an American.

The greatest lexicographer and philosopher since the time of Johnson, was Noah Webster, an American.

The inventors, whose works have been productive of the greatest amount of happiness to mankind in the last century, were Godfrey, Fitch, Fulton and Whitney, all Americans.