ing; but with the foulest ingratitude they returned the numerous favors received from the fatherly hands of Old John. For some months past McCampbell, the male, in a fit of mischief, laid destructive hands upon the three only sermons which Old John ever possessed, and which not only the whole College but the public for many miles around have been bored for the past sixty years. When Old John was informed by Rhodie that the male animal had destroyed his three sermons he fell in a most terrible rage, and with a red hot-poker drove him from the house. He even refused to have him skinned and stuffed, thereby almost breaking the heart of poor Guyot, who desired, for scientific purposes, both his skin and body. Indeed, Old John, with the utmost cruelty, separated him from the female Corn, and sent him back to his original owner in Kentucky, who, at the present time, is exhibiting him to gaping crowds.

The female is still in Princeton, yet her heart has been almost broken by the separation from her mate, and she wanders disconsolately in the streets of Princeton, and howls so lamentably at night, that innocent Freshmen tremble with fear, and crouch under their beds, thinking that it is Satan himself.

THE DUEL.

A DRAMA IN TWO SCENES.

Dramatis Personæ.

WALTER S. BROWN, J. W. CANNON,
W. A. MALLOY, L. S. LAKE.

SCENE I.

BROWN'S ROOM.

BROWN seated, smoking—last number of the "Tribune" in hand.

Enter CANNON, MALLOY *and* LAKE.

All.—Good morning, Mr. Brown.
Brown.—Be seated, gentlemen, be seated.

Cannon.—What's the news, Brown?

Brown—[*Raising himself to his full height, and looking the picture of injured innocence.*]—Well, I say darn the Border Ruffians! may the vengeance of offended heaven soon overtake them; may the blood of murdered widows and orphans rise up against them; may the darkest cavern of Tartarus soon hold them; and—and—may the time soon come when I, Walter S. Brown, nobly fighting for a glorious cause, may there defend, with every drop of my noble blood, as I may proudly say, the illustrious blood of all the Browns flowing in my veins—when I may there defend the cause of right, the noble abolition principles for which I have so long contended with all the power of my mighty intellect. Death to the traitors! Death to Border Ruffians! Free Kansas and Anti-slavery for ever!

[*Here Brown sank into a chair completely exhausted, and while Lake flung a pitcher of water in his face, the tragic scene advanced.*

Malloy.—Go it, Brown; you did it up *Brown* that time; amen, say I. I've seed something of niggers in my life; plenty of them down on the old Peedee, where General Washington was born; and I know all about the cussed evils of slavery. Why, they took me and sold me for a nigger once myself, and I was in slavery seventeen years. I'm for Free Kansas and the Wooly Horse.

Cannon.—What in the name of thunder are you all talking about? You young snickerings, you goslings, you piccaninnies; dod rot my skin, but I'm a Missourian; I'm a Border Ruffian; I'm a big gun among them; I can lick a whole boat load of such nincompoops as you and Peedee Malloy. Who dares to say a word about Kansas? It shall be a Slave State; I say it shall, or my name is not Jeremiah Woebegone Cannon. Let me see the man—(Oh, my dear Lake, don't hold me, I want to fight.) I'm mad; I'm mad; I'm furious. I wish—I wish—I—I dont know what I wish.

Brown—[*interrupting.*]—Be quiet, my dear Mr. Cannon, be quiet; take things cooly, as I do—for my father always said I was a pattern, and "John" often pats me on the shoulder and says, "Walter, my boy, I wish we had more like you." Why, sir, I love the niggers with all the mightiness of my mighty heart. I could take them and hug them to my panting, loving bosom, and bedew their fair cheeks

with my sympathizing tears; often, often have I done so, and Mr. Malloy too, sir; he will tell you some things which will make your blood run cold. He's the man who made me an abolitionist; and how I do hate Southerners. I could chew them all up and swallow them whole. Darn my buttons if I couldn't; I'm a man, sir; a man, every inch of me, and if you want satisfaction I'll give it to you. There's my friend, Mr. Malloy, he'll see about it.

Cannon—[*trembling.*]—Oh! Mr. Brown, I didn't mean it; yes, I did; Lake, will you back me?

Lake.—I'll fight him myself, if you don't. I won't stand the abolition puppy.

Cannon.—You mean, contemptible, abolition, white-livered sneak; oh, if my big brother was only here he'd break every bone in your ugly body; but he's in Kansas. Mr. Lake, you be my second, and make all the arrangements, but let the time be soon, for I feel bloody. I could lick my weight in wild cats.

Lake.—Yes, I'll tend to it; and after you and Brown get through I must settle that cuss, Peedee Malloy. Have you got anything to say, Peedee, you brute?

Malloy—[*Coming from behind the Lounge, where he had concealed himself in anticipation of a combat, and looking exceedingly sheepish.*]—Do, my dear Mr. Cannon, and my dear Mr. Lake, listen, while I tell you all about my life and sufferings. I was born in New Jersey, and stayed at home until I was twelve years old, when some of those mean, nigger-kidnappers came along and stole me, and carried me off to North Carolina and sold me to a man named Malloy, and I worked turpentine in his still seventeen years. I was so awful scared when they took me off that I forgot my name and everything else, and so they used to call me Malloy's Bill—and then I got the name of Bill Malloy, and oh! what an awful time I had. My master tied me to a tree, and gave me five hundred lashes on my bare back, and cut off several of my limbs, and broke my nose, and sold my wife and children to another man, and half starved me; gave me only turpentine to eat and drink—and when I was almost dead, Mr. Brown here, sir, the agent of the underground railroad, came along, and got me to run off and come North; and my noble abolition friends sent me to school five years more, and then, sir, I entered Fresh class here. Now, gentlemen, can't you lend me a dollar?

Cannon.—I believe it's all an abolition lie.

[*Exit* CANNON *and* LAKE.

Brown.—What shall I do? What shall I do? I can't fight, it is against my principles. I swear I never fired a pistol in all my life. Oh, my dear Dr. Maclean, what will he say? I'll apologize. I wont fight, I wont fight.

Malloy.—If you don't fight him you've got to fight me, or I will cowhide you, as they used to do me down in the old Peedee.

Brown.—Oh, don't, don't; I'll fight, I'll fight.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

POTTER'S LANE.

Cannon, coming down the lane, walking slowly, leaning all his weight on the powerful form of Lake, arrives at the appointed place.

Cannon.—Oh, I hope they wont come.

Lake.—They come! they come!

[*Brown and Malloy approach the ground. It is soon measured off, (ten paces,) Brown strenuously affirming it to be too close, but Peedee saying it must be so. A pistol is placed in the hands of each, and, at the appointed signal, both fire. Brown utters a fearful shriek and falls to the ground. Cannon is taken up lifeless. Malloy runs for a physician, but ere he returns Brown opens his eyes and screams, "Where am I hit? I know I'm killed, I'm killed." Cannon, "Oh! oh!" The physician arrives, and, after having closely examined each, declares no wounds to be found.*

Brown—[*Leaping up, hugs the Doctor, and falling on the neck of Cannon, kisses him, shedding tears for joy.*]—Oh, my dear, sweet, lovely Cannon, I love you, I love all the Southerners; darn all abolitionists and niggers. I hate them; I'd like to hang them all. Oh, won't you be my friend?

Cannon—[*blubbering.*]—Yes, (hiccup) I swear I hate (hic) the infernal (hic) Border Ruffians. I'll (hic) take you to my bosom as I would (hic) any other nigger. I love the niggers—all of them. I'm an abolitionist.

[*Cries of "John! John!" and the last seen of this immortal pair, their arms locked in each others, they are streaking, with almost the speed of the wind, down the lane.*