White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And whate'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe:
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back,
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale;
Brave the heart and strong the arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view,
And toward the bosom mark,
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To this silent shore,
From the sunny source has gone,
To return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due,
But while it is called to-day,
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty state and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower.
But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue;
And to reach the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of fate?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow men?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,
In the world's free fight?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right:
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise the slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing great is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,
All you wish to do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

Select Tale.

MALCOLM WARREN;

—OR,—

THE OLD MAN'S LESSON.

"Malcolm, I wouldn't go out to-night. Come, stay with me this evening."

"Not this evening, Alice. I have promised to meet some friends this evening, and must keep my word. I will be at home in good season."

"I had hoped that I should have your company. Come, why can't you try and see if I cannot make you as happy as those companions whom you are to meet? Just this once, Malcolm. O, this once!"

"No, no, Alice; I am going out. What—crying! Now what's the use of that? Can't a fellow go out once in a while without leaving a crying wife?"

"I can't help it, Malcolm. But here, kiss me before you go."

Thus spoke Malcolm Warren and his young wife. Malcolm was a young man, twenty-seven years of age, and a carpenter by trade. His wife was one of the sweetest dispositioned girls in town, and she made one of the best wives.—She loved her husband with the whole energy of her pure soul, and she knew that she was loved in heart. Her two children, a boy and girl, often saw her shed tears when they were alone with her in the snug little sitting-room, and the boy was old enough to ask what made his mother cry, but she dared not tell him.

Malcolm Warren owned the little cottage in which he lived, and he had paid for it all out of his own hard earnings, while Alice had borne her own share of the burden, by purchasing all the furniture. Malcolm was stout, and an excellent workman, and had never yet seen the hour when he needed to lay idle for the want of work. A better-hearted youth lived not in the town, and when he took the gentle Alice for his wife, there was many a fair maiden whose bosom gave place to a kindly, wistful envy.—They would not have robbed Alice of her prize, but they only hoped that their own lot might be as fortunate. Why, then, should a cloud come upon that house? Why should Alice weep?—Ah, for the same reason that thousands of our fairest daughters weep. For the same reason that hot tears are ever crying out their silent appeals for mercy; tears that run until they make a flood that fairly shrieks as it rolls over our land.

Malcolm Warren had a high social nature—his society was prized by all who could secure it—and he had been indulging in the false smiles of the wine-cup. For the last year he had been allowing his appetite to gain strength. At first it was only an "occasional glass," then "a glass or so once in a while," and then "one or two glasses a day." But lately he had gone so far as to spend his earnings away from home, and for nearly two months past he had spent all his money with his jovial companions. Alice saw all this, and she knew full well where it would end if it was not stopped. She knew her husband's nature, and she knew how surely he was falling. She had whispered to him her fears, and he had tried to laugh them off as idle whims. She had prayed to him to stop the fatal career while he yet had strength, but he had been offended because she would think that he would ever become a drunkard. So Alice was afraid to speak all her fears. Yet she saw with a clear eye all that was coming. She saw the broad road upon which her beloved was travelling, and her heart was aching. She knew that even now want was staring them in the face?—It was Autumn, and she had asked of Malcolm for money to buy warmer clothes for herself and children, and he had gone to give her. Only a day before he had brought home a bucketfull of flour, instead of sending home a barrel, as he used to do. He earned money, and where was it? Alas! poor Alice knew too well Malcolm's face, and she saw that its manly beauty was slowly but surely eating away. The large blue eyes were growing dim, bleared and bloodshot; the once fair cheeks were becoming swollen and bloated; and his lips looked dry and cracked. No wonder she knelt down by her bedside and prayed.

It was now Saturday evening, and Malcolm was going out. He was to meet some friends, and Alice knew that he was to meet them at the tavern. He had worked only three days the past week, and he had the pay for these three days' work in his pocket. That money was needed at home, but where would it be on the morrow?

"Malcolm! O, do not wholly forget your fond, loving Alice, when you are gone."

But Malcolm did not answer. He kissed her not as he used to do, but kissed her merely because she had asked him to, and then left his cottage. After he had gone, Alice sat down and wept. She could not help it. Her darling boy crept by her side, and placed his arms about her neck. He asked no questions, but he asked her not to cry. His little mind seemed to have some idea of the coming calamity. It must have been vague, but it was clear enough to prevent him from forcing the dread thoughts upon his mother. Once more he asked her not to cry, and then his own little heart burst, and mother and child wept together. This was another drop in the poor woman's cup of affliction. O, how palpable must now be the husband's course, when even the prattling child saw and knew the danger! But she could only clasp and pray more fervently. And the little boy, when his mother had done praying, said, "Amen."

It was a clear, cool evening, and as Malcolm Warren stepped out into the street, he seemed to shake himself as though he would shake off the influence of the place he was leaving. But he could not wholly do it. He could not wholly drive from his mind the tearful countenance of his fond and faithful wife, nor could he forget the look of earnest, simple anguish he had noticed upon the face of his child. Yet he tried to crush the thoughts that were thus springing into life. "Pooh!" said he, as the image of his wife forced itself upon him; "it's only a little fun and frolic. Whose business is it? Get out with your nonsense."

And thus speaking, the young husband and father closed his hands as though he would hold upon the feelings he had tried to repress, and then he hastened on. At length he reached the tavern, and here he found his companions. The laugh and the joke commenced, and ere long Malcolm forgot all about his home. He sat in the bar-room, and his sharp wit made food for much merriment.

"Who says there's danger in the bowl?"—cried a young man, as he raised the glass to his lips.

"It's the raven's croak," said another of his companions. "Here's confusion to the idea."

"Good!" exclaimed Malcolm Warren, poising his glass. "Poison in the bowl? Nonsense! Look at old Uncle Adam, now. He's been used to it all his lifetime, and here he is, the oldest man in town. Come, here's to Uncle Adam!"

The person to whom Malcolm had thus alluded was an old white-haired man who stood at the bar, with a glass of rum in his hand. His name was Adam Stanford; and almost ninety years had rolled over his head. His form was bent, and his limbs trembled, but still he lived, and his mind was yet clear. He heard the remark which the young carpenter made, and having set down his untouched liquor, he turned and gazed upon the youthful speaker. He knew Malcolm Warren well.

"Malcolm," he said, "come with me. Come alone, for I alone would speak with you.—Come!"

There was something very deep and meaning in the old man's voice, and as he turned toward the door, Malcolm arose to follow.

"Detain him not," said Adam, as some of his companions sought to hinder him.

"Why should I go with you?" he asked.

"To please an old man. I mean to do you no harm, Malcolm. Come!"

Passing out of the door, they moved across the street. Near by was the village church-yard, and thither he bent his steps. Arriving at the gate, he passed in. When Malcolm hesitated to enter, the old man said:

"Come, follow me."

Malcolm went, and soon they stood within the village church-yard! And this white-haired guide was the sexton, who for more than sixty years had made those beds for the children of immortality. The pale moon shed its beams upon the place, and the chill air sighed mournfully among the weeping willows that grew by the hedge. The grave-stones stood like spectres among the faded grass, and here and there arose a white monument, like some more powerful spirit that watched the sanctity of the place.

"Malcolm Warren," spoke the old man, in a voice so deep that it seemed almost to come from one of the neighboring graves, "not long since you pointed to me as an example of how long a man might live who smiled upon the wine-cup. You pointed to me as one who had outlived all my companions, and yet as one who had always quaffed at the intoxicating bowl.—Perhaps you spoke truly, but you did not speak the whole truth, for the whole truth you did not know, and I have brought you here to whisper the truth into your ear."

Malcolm Warren looked up into the old man's face, and as he saw how solemn was the expression that rested there, he forgot the bad company he had left behind at the tavern, and his thoughts became serious.

"Malcolm," resumed the sexton, "I can look back now into the past, and see a score of young men who commenced the race of life with me. We loved to learn the excitement of the intoxicating cup, and we thought not then of the dangers we were courting. Years passed on, and I saw those twenty men sink into the arms of death, and I buried them all here. Malcolm Warren, *they all sleep in drunkards' graves!*—One after another I saw them fall, and at length I was left alone of the party who were wont to assemble around the bar-room fire."

A deep groan escaped from the young man's lips, and a shudder ran through his frame.

"All gone?" he asked.

"Yes, all!" the old man uttered. "But this is not half, Malcolm. Their wives and children that died, and they, too, lie here! O, how well I can remember when I saw them standing at the altar; and when they turned away from the place they were blushing brides. But a few short years, and I began to gather them into the fold of death. They sank down with broken hearts and crushed hopes! Some of them lived to be gray-headed, but their gray hairs came down in sorrow to the grave! See that grave there—the one with the dark gray stone. He who sleeps beneath that mound was once the happiest youth in the village. He was a carpenter by trade, and he built the house in which you were born. He used to laugh and sing over the wine cup, and he thought not then of harm. I once heard his young wife beg of him to remain at home with her, but he refused her the boon. She told him that she was cold and hungry, and that her children needed clothing, but he heeded her not. A few short years afterward, that wife's heart broke, and she died, and her children. The husband and father I found one cold night lying by the road-side, and he was dead! These are their graves, for I buried them all together. You can see the wife's grave next beyond the gray stone of the husband, and those two little graves are where lie the frozen boy and girl!"

The old man drew his sleeve across his eyes, to wipe away the tears, and while he did so, Malcolm bowed his head and groaned mournfully.

"Malcolm Warren," he said, "there was once a full segment of stout soldiers followed Napoleon Bonaparte into Russia. There were many other regiments went also, but of this one in particular have I read. Of that whole company of men, only one solitary individual lived to return to the home of his birth. All the rest died on the way. They were starved and frozen, and they dropped by the wayside. Now, suppose some thoughtless youth should point to that single living soldier, and say that amid the eternal snows of Russia there is no danger, because that man had passed them and still lived! Like that single fragment of the regiment, do I stand here a living man."

The youth gazed upon the face of the aged speaker, and new emotions were working upon his features.

"Come, Malcolm, I would show you one more spot before we go."

The old man leaned upon his staff, and moved slowly on among the graves, and involuntarily did the youth follow. At length they stopped by a spot where two graves laid side by side. The slabs were of marble, and they glistened brightly in the moonlight.

"Malcolm," spoke the sexton, in a deep whisper, "I remember well when I made those two graves. There was no sorrow to fill the graves which here I made, for they who sleep here died amid the sweet breathings of peace and honor. They were good, virtuous people, and when they were gone, our townsmen mourned, for our village had lost two of its most noble spirits. O, I love to come and stand over those graves, for I know that God smiles upon them. There is no taint nor dishonor here. Malcolm, do you know who rest in these two graves?"

The youth did not answer, nor did he raise his head, but with one deep, wild cry, he sank down, and there he lay across both the graves, weeping and sobbing like a child. His FATHER and MOTHER slept there!

For a while the old man gazed tearfully upon the scene, and then he took the youth by the arm and aroused him up.

The youth followed his guide out from the church-yard, and after the gate was closed they passed on to the street. Here Adam Stanford stopped.

"Now, Malcolm," he said, "you can return to your companions at the tavern, but let me pray you, never use my name again as you did this evening. When you again think of poor old Adam Stanford, think only of what he has told you in the church-yard; think of what he has seen and of what he has suffered, and of that you may in welcome speak."

The old man turned partly away, when Malcolm sprang forward and caught him by the arm.

"Uncle Adam," he uttered, in choked and broken accents, "O, forgive me for what I have now said and what I have done. I—I cannot tell you all now. I cannot speak, but I shall go to the tavern no more. O, God bless you! God bless you!"

* * * * * * * *

The clock struck nine, and Alice Warren folded the hands of her little boy together, and bade him say his prayers. Her youngest girl was asleep in the cradle. The first words of the prayer were uttered—"Our Father, who art in Heaven,"—when there came the sound of footsteps upon the plank walk in the little front garden.

"It's papa," said the boy, letting his hands drop upon his mother's knees and bending his ear to listen. But the mother dared not speak.

At last the door opened, and the husband entered. Alice cast her eyes tremblingly up, and saw the big tears that were rolling down the cheeks of her beloved. Instinctively she sprang forward and clasped her arms about her husband's neck.

"Malcolm! Malcolm!" she cried, "what has happened? Tell me—O, tell me!"

Malcolm Warren sank into a chair, and as he did so, he drew his wife into his lap.

"Alice—O, Alice!" he uttered, sobbing and weeping as he spoke, "can you forgive me for all that is passed?"

The gentle wife was bewildered at first—nay, almost frightened; for the speech of her husband was so wild and incoherent, she feared his brain was turned. But ere long he spoke again, and as he spoke he kissed her. He was more calm, and his voice was more low. He told where he had been, and he spoke of the resolution he had made. He did not tell of any trial he was going to make, but he told her of the iron will that had entered his soul. The night of his temptation had passed, and the day of his salvation had dawned.

A few moments more, and the husband and wife were upon their knees. Their emotions were too deep for utterance—too wild and thrilling for speech. A moment they struggled there, and then wept in silence.

The little boy crept to to the spot, and threw his tiny hands about the neck of his parents, for even his young soul had caught the spark of new life that had been breathed into existence within this happy home.

On the next morning, Malcolm Warren arose a better and happier man. He was calm now, and he told Alice all that had transpired the night before, and when it was all told, they prayed as redeemed souls can pray.

Days, weeks, months passed away, and Malcolm Warren became once more the handsome youth that had been loved and cherished by honest friends in times gone by. The flowers of affection bloomed again about his hearthstone, and the angel of peace and joy made a home beneath his roof.

People wondered, when they noticed that Adam Stanford went no more to the tavern; but the story of that night's lesson in the village church-yard became generally known, and other men took it to their heart and profited by it. It was good seed sown in a fertile spot, and the fruit was abundant. The good old sexton never again gave his example on the side of moral ruin, but to the last day of his life he glorified in the reform he had helped to work, and the last hours of his life were cheered by knowing that some of the happiest families in the village blessed him for the joys that dawned upon them.

Miscellaneous.

THE SAILOR BOY'S FAREWELL.

Wait, wait, ye winds, till I repeat
A parting signal to the fleet,
Whose station is at home;
Then waft the sea boy's simple prayer,
And let it oft be whispered there,
While in far climes I roam.

Farewell to father—reverend hulk,
In spite of metal—spite of bulk,
Soon may his cable slip;
Yet while the parting tear is moist,
The flag of gratitude I'll hoist,
In duty to the ship.

Farewell to mother—first class she,
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,
And rigged me fore-and-aft;
May Providence her timbers spare,
And keep her hull in good repair,
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to sister—lovely yacht—
But whether she'll be manned or not,
I cannot now foresee;
May some good ship n-tender prove,
Well found in store of truth and love,
And take her under lee.

Farewell to George—the jolly boat—
And all the little craft afloat,
In home's delightful bay;
When they arrive at sailing age,
May wisdom give the weather gauge,
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main—
Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again,
Through storm of stormy weather;
But summoned by the board above,
We'll harbor in the port of love,
And all be moored together.

"MUD SILLS" OF SOCIETY.—The New Orleans Delta commenting on Senator Hammond's "mud sill" speech, says:

There must be a menial class in all social systems. The social system of the South would limit this class to a natural and acknowledged inferiority. * * * * * * * Black Slavery *becomes the most conservative element of Democracy*, and, at this moment, the Democratic masses of the North have no truer friends than the Southern slaveholders, no more valuable auxiliaries than the Southern slaves.—This is an immense fact, which it is time those same Democratic masses should learn and act upon before they are plunged into anarchy and trodden down by despotism. By giving up their opposition to the South—*by nationalizing negro slavery—by removing all restrictions upon the supply of negro slaves from abroad*—by making Black Slavery, in a word, the "mud sill," as Senator Hammond aptly characterizes it, "of society and political government." In that way, *they could possibly save the Union*, save themselves from submitting to a galling degradation, or resorting to a revolution, and save their section from the danger which it would be in of drifting back under English dominion.

The New Orleans Delta has a very frank correspondent at Washington. This candid gentleman, writing the other day, just at the time that the English trick was being made ready, says that the object of the Administration in urging the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, (as a Slave State,) was simply to arrest agitation by closing the contest on the issue whether Kansas was to be a Slave or a Free State. The writer italicises a remark that that contest is over—the Territory being "professedly Free Soil"—and, "*Hence, there is no longer the same necessity for her admission into the Union.*"

On board the last California steamer, a violent political discussion arose, involving the Kansas question, Mr. Douglas' Democracy, etc. Finally, one of the men being pressed for reasons to support his argument, exclaimed, "Well, I was born in Virginia, and I thank God for it!" "Well, I am from New York," retorted the other, "and I thank God that you were born in Virginia!"

THE CONTROL OF KANSAS ELECTIONS.

Great and just indignation is felt (says the Washington Republic) at that part of the scheme of the Kansas conference, which places the control of the election to be held in Kansas, in the hands of the President's appointees. The Crittenden amendment made a board to manage the election, divided politically two and two, the Governor and Secretary on one side, and the President of the Council and the Speaker of the House, on the other. The conference scheme destroys all that was fair about the board, by adding as a fifth member, the United States Attorney for Kansas. This gives all power to the President, three of the five members of the board holding office at his will and pleasure.—Considering that the President has neither principle to govern him, character to lose, nor even sense and susceptibility enough to be ashamed of anything, this is giving the people of Kansas but a sorry chance. The man who could scarcely restrain himself from the immediate removal of Gov. Walker, because he threw out the Oxford votes, is not the man to be trusted with the control of elections.

The least that was due to Kansas,—an overwhelming majority of whose people are opposed to the present Administration—was a board equally divided. This would have been treating the minority in Kansas, not only with fairness, but with liberality. To have that minority represented by a majority of the election board, will be felt as a peculiarly galling insult, and will greatly tend to impair confidence in results.

This board will not merely receive, count, and declare the votes, but will establish voting precincts, and appoint the judges of elections. Everything is to be under the control of a board, which is itself under the control of James Buchanan.

A SENATOR ELECTED BY A LOVE-LETTER.—In a certain town in this State, says the Providence (R. I.) Journal, a letter arrived for a young lady from her lover, on the day of the election. The Postmaster, as is not unfrequent in the rural districts, knowing the eagerness with which a message of that tender character would be expected, took upon himself the pleasing duty of delivering it; but first, like a good Democrat, he must vote, and of course in a separate self-sealing envelope. This was duly prepared, with the Democratic ticket safely inclosed, and the gluten stuck together. Stopping at the town meeting, he deposited the letter in the ballot-box, and proceeded with the separate and self-sealed to the house of the blooming maiden, to whom he gallantly handed the entire Democratic ticket, State and town. How the lady interpreted the missive we do not know, but the Moderator and Clerk ungallantly refused to count the love-letter, and the Republican candidate was declared elected by one majority.

A letter to the Newark Daily Advertiser, dated Washington, 5th ult., says:

Last evening all the four hundred doctors, with a sprinkling of wives and sisters, assembled at the White House. The prominent personages in the crowded "reception room" were two old men whose heads are frosted with nearly four score winters; the one, Mr. Buchanan, whose fund of pleasant remarks seemed inexhaustible, and the other, Mr. Cass, who remarked that he was over seventy-six years of age, and incidentally that "all that could be said of him, good or bad, had been said," since he has so often been proposed for the Presidency. Almost twenty years have passed since the writer was entertained by General Cass, at his elegant saloons in Paris, where he occupied the position of Minister to the Court of Louis Phillippe.—Twenty years have made evident inroads upon his iron frame, and he bears the marks of being an old man.

The exultation of the friends of the Administration over the passage of the English Bill, is an exhibition of naked folly on stilts. The Kansas question, instead of being taken out of national politics, is thrust inextricably into the politics of the nation for many years. The next Congress will be elected on the English issue, and the next Presidential campaign fought upon it. The Lecompton proposition will be overwhelmingly repudiated by the people of Kansas; and long before the meeting of Congress on the first Monday of December next, the Leavenworth Constitution, complete in all legal forms, with the endorsement of a majority of the people of Kansas, will be ready to fling like an Orsini bomb into the Capitol.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

The New York Evening Post thus aptly speaks of Cox's shameful surrender to the Lecomptonites:

AN UNSOUND HICKORY BESH.—Mr. COX, of Ohio, who has just joined the Lecomptonites, for the sake of a United Democracy, to which he owed all he had, is the same who, a short time since, declared that "the President might as well attempt to root out all the hickories from the Western woods, as drive the Anti-Lecomptonites out of the Democratic party." He has proved the truth of his remark, by rendering himself unworthy of the distinction of being read out of the party. It does not take much of a gale to upset a whole forest of rotten hickories.

A ROMANCE OF THIRTEEN LINES.—Laura Lee is a daughter of a wealthy farmer near Detroit, for whom Thomas Barnes was plow-boy. Thomas, the rogue, stole Laura's heart, and then herself. They ran away, and by legal process got spliced. Old Lee offered $500 for the recovery of his daughter. The young couple concluded to go back and take the money and the curses. When they arrived home, they were agreeably astonished to find themselves heartily forgiven by the old man, and awarded a homestead and a farm of sixty acres. There was common sense all around.

The New York Tribune affirms that the English Bill settles nothing. The Tribune is mistaken. That which is settled is the fact that Kansas will not be allowed to come into the Union as a *Free State*, until the President of the United States is a Free Soiler, and there is a Free Soil majority in both branches of Congress.

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.

The New Orleans Crescent concedes that Missouri must become a Free State in ten years. On this subject it says:

We have frequently expressed the opinion in times past, that Missouri was gradually but surely, approaching a condition that would secure a triumph of the emancipation cause in that State, and an easy triumph at that. The period which has elapsed since, has confirmed those opinions; and we now entertain little doubt that emancipation will succeed in its work before the expiration of a decade. Hemmed in on the north, east and west, by Free Soil Territory—with slave property becoming daily more insecure and less valuable for that reason; and with the extraordinary inducements to sell which the high prices of negroes further South readily command, furnish, it would be wondered rather than otherwise if the slaveholders there did not dispose of their property and pocket the proceeds, without any regard or care for its effect upon the existence of the patriarchal institution at home.—Such is human nature everywhere.

Missouri is partially Free Soiled now, and has been for some time, the St. Louis district being represented in Congress by an opened and avowed Free Soiler—F. P. Blair, Jr.,—and there is no question whatever in the minds of intelligent men, that the anti-slavery sentiment is increasing in all portions of the commonwealth. About the time Missouri goes, Kentucky and Maryland will follow suit, and thus the South will be shorn of three great States—deprived of three great frontier bulwarks. And the beauty of the thing consists in this: We will have paid the money to deprive ourselves of allies, and to weaken our own section! The profound Wisdom of such a policy is so apparent that he who runneth may read.

SUN-DOWN COX.—Mr. S. S. COX, of Ohio, in giving in his adhesion to the English bill, said: "I owe to the Democratic party all I am and all I hope to be." Now we do not understand how a man can owe to any party all that he *hopes* to be. No doubt Cox *hopes* to be a great many things that Cox never will be, and we wonder if Cox really considers himself as now owing to his party *all that he never will be*. If he does, and if he is right in the matter, his debt must be a tremendous one—a good deal greater than the national debt of Great Britain.

Cox sets himself up as a literary man. His literature and his politics are just fit to go together.—*Louisville Journal.*

The President is preparing to be guilty of another blunder. The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Post, od the 5th of May, says:

"The President is annoyed by the temper of the Northern press in relation to the passage of the Kansas bill. He assured one of his Democratic friends, yesterday, that public attention must be attracted away from Kansas, and to accomplish this, it would be necessary for him to make a bold stroke, and inaugurate a new policy in relation to our foreign affairs, and particularly with reference to Spain. To this end, the President is preparing a message on Cuba, Central America and Mexico."

A poor young man out at Indianapolis, has been appointed Receiver of the Land Office at that place. His name is McOuat, and his poverty is said by the Journal to be such that "he has been kept on the verge of starvation by the enormous taxes he has had to pay on his real estate," and that he was recently reduced to the necessity of appealing to the County, as its Clerk, for support, "in consequence of the expense he incurred in erecting the superb block of houses now occupied by the State officers."

PLAGIARISM.—The Governor of Maine is charged with having borrowed several passages from one of the Rev. Dr. Chapin's sermons, in his proclamation for Fast Day; and the Richmond Whig places in parallel columns extracts from the letter of Gov. Wise on Know-Nothingism, in 1854, and from "Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," by Wm. Hazlitt. The language is almost precisely the same through several long sentences.

A QUIET PLACE.—A few days ago, a gentleman in conversation with some friends, was praising Woodville, Miss., to the skies, and remarked, among other things, that it was the most quiet and peaceful place he ever saw—there was no quarrelling nor rowdyism, nor fighting about the streets; if a gentleman insulted another, *he was quietly shot down, and that was the last of it!*

WORSE THAN THE MARSHALSEA.—Notice was recently served upon Thomas Clark, of London, that the walls of a building owned by him had been condemned, and would be pulled down.—It was found that Mr. Clark had been in prison *for more than forty years*, for contempt of Court. Dickens' Circumlocution office was no creature of the fancy.

It has been the occasion of remark that Miss Lane, the President's niece, has remained single, and the fear is expressed that she emulates the celibacy of her uncle. However, the numerous admirers of that beautiful lady may find comfort and consolation in the very old maxim to the effect that "It's a long Lane that has no turning."

The Richmond South, puts the case thus:

If Kansas does not enter the Union now, she will have no power to form a new Constitution *for several years to come*, without an act of open rebellion against the United States. The new bill is a disabling act in this particular.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The Louisville Journal says that the difference between the two great parties in respect to Kansas, may be briefly stated. One of them demands the submission of the Lecompton Constitution to the people, and the other the submission of the people to the Lecompton Constitution.

A book has just been published in New Orleans with the title, 'How to Get a Rich Wife,' which contains a list of the names of all the rich marriageable ladies and gentlemen in Louisiana and the adjoining States, with the amount of solid rhino possessed by each!

Useful and Curious.

THE MAD DOG REMEDY.

The allusion to the Stoy remedy for the bite of a mad dog, has brought out a copy of one of the original recipes, sold by Dr. Stoy, a son of the original discoverer. By request of the party who holds the original, says the Lancaster (Pa.) Express, we publish it, verbatim, &c., as follows:—

DR. STOY'S INFALLIBLE CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—Take one ounce of red chickweed, and put it in a clean earthen pot; pour on it a quart of beer; place the pot over a gentle coal fire, and boil it until it is reduced to the half; strain it hot from the pot through a clean linen cloth into a pewter dish, and then, while still hot in the dish, add an ounce of theriac, and stir it well until it is thoroughly mixed. Give a patient a dose luke-warm in the morning, the patient being duly sober, that is to say, without any thing having been taken that morning; after this he must fast at least three hours, and during that time drink no cold water, and must take great care not to eat any pork, and any thing which has any connection with pork; for fourteen days the patient must not partake of any animal food, not even of the fish kennel. This is a dose for a grown person. To children of 12 years give the half, and so in proportion of the age. To animals give double the proportion that is given to a grown person, and in proportion, with the water as above mentioned to be observed.

N. B.—You must cut the weed in June, when it is in blossom, and dry it in the shade. The weeds to be fried in fresh butter, without salt, and then put on the wound three times, by rubbing the scab off with an oak chip.

Click weed is the peculiar name for a species of Stellaria, and that with white blossoms affords a remarkable instance of the sleep of plants; for at night the leaves approach in pairs, and enclose the tender rudiments of the young shoots. The leaves are cooling, and are deemed useful for swelled mammalia. *Theriac* is a name given by the ancients to various compounds, esteemed efficacious against the effects of poison, but afterwards restrained chiefly to what is called *Venice treacle*, which (says the Cyc.) is a compound of sixty-four drugs, prepared, pulverized and reduced by means of honey to an electuary. Both of these articles can be had at the druggists'.

COOLING ROOMS.—The warm weather will shortly be here, and every one will be seeking the refreshing influence of a cool and shady place, whereunto they can retreat from the blazing sun; so we will give our readers a few hints concerning the cooling of their houses. The first necessity is a thorough draught. This can always be obtained by opening every door and window in the basement, the tow of every window above, and by throwing each door wide open; but above all, be sure that the trap door in the roof is open, and there is plenty of air room from it down the stairs, so that whichever be the direction of the wind, there will be at least one ascending current of air in the house. Another requisite is shade. Our common slat shutters answer well for the windows, but the most cheap and convenient shelter for the roof, is to cover it thickly with straw, dried reeds, or rushes. These will resist the influence of the noonday sun, and keep the garret almost as cool as the basement. One of the most simple methods, and at the same time cheapest means of artificially lowering the temperature of a room, is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want cooling; let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink from ten to twenty degrees in less than half an hour. The above hints will be useful to many, and as a last suggestion, we will inform the reader that, in Summer, it is well to keep a solution of chloride of lime in the house, and occasionally sprinkle it in the more frequented parts, as the passages and stairs.—*Scientific American.*

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—An exchange recommends the following as an infallible cure for beastly intoxication:

Whenever a person is in a stupid and insensible state from the abuse of intoxicating drinks, lay him out on his right side, elevate his left arm, and pour cold water down it slowly. Before a common pitcher-full can be emptied, the man will be perfectly sober.

FIRE KINDLERS.—Take a quart of tar, three pounds of resin, melt them, bring to a cooling temperature, mix with as much sawdust, with a little charcoal added, upon a board; when cold, break in pieces the size of a large hickory-nut. The composition will easily ignite from a match, and burn with a strong blaze long enough to start any wood that is fit to burn.

TO PREVENT SNEEZING.—A sneeze is instantaneously dispersed, dispelled, scouted, broken up, by pressing the finger upward against the division of the nose, at the point where the upper lip, inside, joins the gum. Another plan is to respire all the air possible, from the moment you perceive indications of a sneeze.—*Hall's Medical Journal.*

HOARSENESS.—Take the whites of two eggs, and beat them with two spoonsfull of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg; then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and drink often. Repeat the prescription, if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

The Medical Times and Gazette states that the efficiency of the valerianate of ammonia as a remedy in the cure of neuralgia, has been frequently proved in a number of patients admitted at the Royal Free Hospital, under the care of Dr. O'Connor.

The velocity of light, according to Herschel, is a million of miles in five seconds, requiring 40,000 years to reach the earth.

Pulverized alum and salt are recommended as a cure for the toothache. It is sometimes efficacious.