Poetry, Miscellaneous and Tales.

The Blade of Steam.

[ORIGINAL. GARDENER REACTION.]

Nay, sighing me not! I'm a humble blade,
Yet mine is the lineal a vernal spring;
Summer's sweet breath, on my cheek has been,
And the warm flush ripens my tints of green;
and my meadow home is decked with flowers,
Chanted by finches in moonlit hours.

The glittering dew of the early morn,
In jewelled splendor, my brow has worn;
Then wed with me the soft life print,
With wooing love my lip has kissed;
And the pristine glows of the setting Sun,
Is rosate tinted by me and my kin.

In the haunted shades of my native cell,
The modest clover and cowslip dwell;
Their gentle perfumes delight to trace
The stealthy tow at my thrilling place;
Love's silvery whispers have breathed in my ear
Of a star-like joy or a rainbow tear.

And when the glory of Summer's o'er,
And Autumn's pomp is seen no more,
And diamonded stars look keen and cold,
As Arctic streamers their gleams unfold—
Like a constant heart, my bosom his tier,
I pillow the head of the dying year.

This sight me not; though a simple blade,
My delicate texture God hath made;
And what it, with mystic mission fraught,
I bear the charm of a lover's thought?
Some claim sorcery mine may be;
To bind a passionate heart to thee.

The Sabbath.

With silent awe, I hail the sacred morn
Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A grower murmur gurgles from the rill,
And early birds sing the livelong day
Hail! bright serene, hail! sacred Sabbath morn.

The rooks from silent by, in airy grove;
The sun's placid yellow tints shows;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
Have limbed their downy wings in sweet repose;
The lowing herds or sheep forgets to moan
So smiling as may when the first morn arose.

Plighted.

Mine, to the core of the heart, my beauty!
Mine—all mine, and for love, not duty;
Love given willingly, full and free
Love for love's sake, as I love thee.

Duty, a servant, keeps the keys
But never the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
Just as he pleases—just as he pleases!

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden,
To the silken foot that's scarce beholden;
Give a warm hand to a friend—a smile,
Like a generous lady, now and awhile;
But the sanctuary heart that none dare win,
Keep holiest of holiest evermore—
The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own—without doubts or terrors;
With all thy goodness, all thy errors,
Unto me and to me alone revealed,
A saving shut up, a fountain sealed."

Many may praise thee—praise mine and thine;
Many may love thee—I'll love them too;
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful and true,
Must be mine—mine wholly—for ever mine.

Mine!—God, I thank Thee, that Thou hast given
Something all mine on this side Heaven;
Something as much myself to be
As this my soul which I lift to Thee!

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone;
Life of my life—as whom Thou dost make
Two to the world, for the world's work's sake,
But each unto each, as in Thy sight, one.

CONDESCENSION OF GREAT MEN TO CHILDREN.—Richter says that the man is to be shunned who does not love the society of children. Henry IV. was passionately fond of them, and delighted in their gambols and little caprices. One day, when coming round his room on all fours, on his hands and knees, with the Dauphin on his back and the other children about him, crying the King to gallop in imitation of a horse, an Ambassador suddenly entered and surprised the royal family in the midst of their fun. Henry, without rising to his feet, asked—

"Have ye any children, Mr. Ambassador?"

"Yes, sire."

"In that case I proceed with the sport," replied the King.

The Duke of Wellington was extremely fond of children, and was a general favorite with them. He enjoyed their gambols, took part in them, and was constantly presenting them with little keepsakes and presents. The opera was his chief amusement, and he was a frequent visitor at both houses, as well as of the ancient and first class concerts.

Leibnitz used to pass months together in his study, engaged with his laborious investigations. At such times his only relaxation consisted in collecting about him in his study children of both sexes, whom he fondled, and sometimes he took part in their frolics. Spend in these early visits, he delighted to observe their lively movements, to listen to their conversation, and to discover their several dispositions; and when his soul had sufficiently enjoyed the innocent spectacle he would dismiss the children with sweet meats, and return to his studies with renewed energy.

Lord Bacon says of his father, that he took part in his young children's sports. "I remember a process, since we were grown up, he lay in the Memoirs," in which my sisters played the part of the clergy. I was the curate, and the author of Atalia singing in chorus with them, carried the cross."

Sir Isaac, like Wellington, was fond of children. He used to take the infant King of Rome in his arms, and swaddle it in front of a mirror with him, there would he and the grimaces in the glass. At breakfast he would take the child upon his knee, dip his finger in the sauce, and daily his face with it; the child's grimaces scolded, the Chancellor laughed, and the child, almost always pleased, appeared to delight in the rough caresses of the father. Those who, on such occasions, had a favor to solicit from the Emperor were almost sure of being favorably received.

A BALL ROOM JOKE.—The "interrupted" correspondence of the New York Tribune gives the following as the experience of an unsophisticated youth at Washington some time ago:

This was my first entrance into fashionable life, at one of Monsieur Bodisco's birth-night balls. The world-ear Russian youth, fresh from college. Oh! ever memorable night! I was under the care of Senator ——. As we entered the house, two fully specimens of humanity, dressed very like militia generals, met us at the door. Thinking them distinguished people, I bowed low and solemnly. They stared and bowed. The scene was impressive. "Go on," said my companion, the Senator before mentioned; "don't be ashamed to these fellows, they are servants—give them your cloak." The information was useful but unpleasant. I hurried on, pulling off my cloak as I went. Just within the first door of the drawing room stood a fat, little, oily gentleman, bowing also, but not magnificently gotten up, as my first acquaintances. Certain of my game now, I in the most superb style, threw open my cloak and bowed low. The fat man—Senator—pulled me back, and to the astonished little fellow, now struggling from under my broadcloth, I was presented. I had nearly smothered the Russian Minister, who, however, laughed merrily at the mistake.

My embarrassed Senator, became evidently ashamed. He hardly knew what I would accomplish next, and he seemed to think it possibly could, to my fate. I wandered alone, rather disconsolate. The lights, music, dancing, fun and laughter were all novelties, and charming for a while, but I knew no one, and after an hour's looking on, haunted my friend, the Senator, and begged him to introduce me to some of the young ladies. He hesitated a moment and then consented, and I was laid up and presented to an magnificent creature. I had long looked upon with silent admiration. Miss W—— was reared in an easy nonchalant manner, conversing with a circle of gentlemen, and favored me with a gentle nod. As I stood wondering whether this was to be the end of my introduction, a moustached dandy came between me and said, "Miss W——, I pray permit me to finish the joke of the season." To my horror he began the story of the cloak. My first impulse was to knock him down; my second to run away; on my third I acted. Interrupting the exquisite, I said, "Begging your pardon, sir, but Miss W——, I am the only person who can do justice to that joke," and continuing, I related it, without any very sporting myself. She laughed heartily, and the circle, and rising from her chair, took my arm, saying kindly, that I must be cured for, for I should murder some one. With a grace and kindness I shall never forget, she placed me at ease.

A STORY PICTURING.—Some years ago a Cincinnati paper received and printed the first chapter of what promised to be a thrilling romance, with the exception of being provided with the concluding portions as might be needed. The chapter was very ingeniously written, and concluded by leaving the principal character suspended by the pantaloons from the limb of a tree over a perpendicular precipice. It attracted the attention of the press, and inquiries were showered by the trade concerning the continuation of the story until the fate of the hero. Day after day the victimized publishers looked for the continuation, anxiously but in vain, they never came to hand. Finding that they had been sold, and wishing to put a stop to the jokes their contemporaries were cracking at their expense, they briefly concluded the story thus:

Chapter II.—Conclusion.—After hanging to the tree some three hour weeks, his pantaloons gave way and Charles Deville rolled down the mountain side precipice. He fell a distance of five miles, and came down with the small of his back across a stake, which so injured him that he was compelled to travel in Italy for his health where he is at present reading. He is engaged in the butchering business, and is the father of a large family of children!

Lord Dudley Stuart, Kossuth's deceased friend, when a Vienna lady remarked impudently to him, "What wretched bad French you all speak in London!" replied—"It is true, Madam, for we have not enjoyed the advantage of having had the French army here in our capital."

A Story of Leap Year.

BY JOE SMITH, JR.

Sam Smith sat at home on New Year's day, in disturbable. His beard was unshaved, his hair was uncombed, his boots were unblacked, and he was leaning back in a plebeian attitude, with his heels against the mantlepiece, smoking a segar. Sam thought to himself that this was leap year, and how glorious it would be if the ladies could be induced to pop the question, in accordance with their ancient privileges. As he sat and watched the smoke which so gracefully curled, his fancy glowed with the idea. How delightful it would be to have the dear creatures be calling on him, and with tender glances endeavoring to do the agreeable. As he meditated, his heart softened, and he began to feel a squeamish, womanish sensibility diffuse itself over his feelings, and thought he would faint with propriety the first time a lady should squeeze his hand.

"Rap, rap, rap," sounded the door. Sam peeped through the Venitian blinds. "Mercy!" exclaimed he, "and it there isn't Miss Jones, and I all in dishabille, and looking like a fright. Goodness gracious! I must go right away to dix myself!"

As he left the room Miss Jones entered, and with composed air intimated that she would wait. Miss Susan Jones was a firm believer in woman's rights, and now that the season was propitious she determined to take the advantage thereof, and do a little courting on her own hook. It was only woman's privilege, which had been usurped by the tyrant, and she was determined to assert her rights in spite of the hollow formalities of a false system of society.

Meanwhile, with palpitating heart, Sam Smith went through a series of personal adornments. The last twist was given to his collar, the last curl to his whiskers, and, with white cambric in hand, he descended to the parlor. "Miss Jones rushed to receive him, and, grasping his hand with fervor, said, "Dearest, how beautiful you look, accompanying her words with a glance of undisguised admiration.

"Spare the blushes of a modest young man," said Sam, applying his cambric to his face to hide his confusion.

"Nay, my love, why so coy?" said Susan; "I burn, not with those lovely eyes, dark as the jet, but sparkling as the diamond. Listen to the vows of the fondest affection. Here let us rest," said she drawing him to the sofa; "here, with my arm round thee, will I protest my true affection."

"Leave me, oh leave me," murmured Sam; "think of my youth, my inexperience—spare, oh spare my palpitating heart!"

"Leave thee," said Susan, pressing him closer to her, "never, until the story of restless nights, or unquiet days, aspirations, fond emotions, and undying love is laid before thee. Know that for years I have nursed for thee a secret passion. Need I tell how each manly beauty moved me; how I worshipped like a sunflower in the lurid light of those scarlet tresses; how my fond heart was entrapped in the meshes of those magnificent whiskers; how I was willing to yield up to the government of that "imperial" thy manners, so modest, so delicate, enchanted me—were joy to me—for thy joy was my joy. My heart is thine—take it—but first let me snatch one kiss from those ruby lips!"

The overwrought feelings of the delicate youth were too strong, and he fainted from excess of joy. Meanwhile the enamored maiden hung fondly over him, and—

Slowly the eyes of Samuel Smith opened—he gazed wildly round him—then meeting the ardent gaze of his "lover," he blushed deeply, and behind his kerchief faintly faltered out—"Ask my pa."

We find the following notice in "Carrington's Commissionaire," New York:

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

"God and Liberty"—*Weelings of the Rev. Father Santa Anna.*

TOPEKA, Anniversary of the Massacre of St. Domingo.

KANSAS STATE ARSENAL.—*Notice.*—The headquarters of the Civil-war Regiment of Sharp's shooters is, for the present, established at the Kansas State Arsenal, in the building formerly known as the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Captain, the Rev. Henry Ward Butcher, (minister of the gospel of peace and good will,) Commandant.

B. L. ZEBUS,
By order, Commander-in-Chief.
A. NAGGIY, Adjutant.

A Little Quakeress in a Hurry.

An amusing matrimonial story is told of the olden time of New England. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other, as young people sometimes do. The young woman's father was a wealthy Quaker—the young man was poor but respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dare not disobey openly. She "met him by moonlight," while pretended never to have seen him—and she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She was really in love—a state of sighs and tears, which women often reach in imagination than reality. Still the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose of Mary's damask cheek passed off. She lies no concealment, like a "worm in the bud," prey on that damask cheek, however, but when her father asked her why she pined she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower and he loved his daughter dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride never would have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, so stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that the daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breaking out: "Mary, rather than mope to death, thou hast better marry as thou chooses and when thee pleases."

"And what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her secret of the change, or till her father had time to change his mind? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street, and then as directly to the house of her intended as the street could carry her. She walked into the house without knocking, for knocking was not then fashionable, and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected an apparition as an heiress in the widow's cottage, but she heeded not. John looked up inquiringly. She walked to him, and took his hands in hers: "John," said she, "father says I may have thee."

And John got directly up from the table, and went to the parson's. In just twenty-five minutes they were man and wife.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S THEFT OF PURPOSE.—The following, from Allison's new volume of the History of Europe, confirms the statements of Chaplain Stewart, which we have already published, in relation to Louis Napoleon's belief that he would one day rule over the destinies of France. It appears as a foot-note in Allison:

"The idea of a destiny, and his having a mission to perform, was throughout a fixed one in Louis Napoleon's mind. No disasters shook his confidence in his star, or his belief in the ultimate fulfilment of his destiny. This 18-well known to all who were intimate with him in this country after he returned from America in 1837. Among other noble houses, hospitality of which he shared was that of the Duke of Montrose, at Buchanan, near Lochlomond, and the Duke of Hamilton, at Brodick Castle, in the Island of Arran. His manner in both was grave and taciturn; he was wrapt in the contemplation of the future, and indifferent to the present. In 1830, the present Earl of W—— then Lord E——, came to visit the author, after having been some days with Louis Napoleon, at Buchanan House.

"One of the first things he said was, 'Only think of that young man, Louis Napoleon. Nothing can persuade him he is not to be Emperor of France. The Strasbourg affair has not in the least shaken him; he is thinking constantly of what he is to do when on the throne.' The Duke of Montrose also said to the author in 1834, 'Several years ago, before the revolution of 1848, I met Louis Napoleon often at Brodick Castle, in Arran. We frequently went out shooting together; neither cared much for the sport, and we spent our down on a heathery brow of Goatfell, and began to speak seriously. He always opened these conferences by discovering one what he would do when he was Emperor of France. Among other things he said he would obtain a grant from the Chambers to drain the marshes of the Bries, which, you know, once fully cultivated, became flooded, when the inhabitants, who were chiefly Protestants, left the country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and, what is very curious, I see in the newspapers of the day that he has just got a grant of two millions of francs from the Chambers, to begin the draining of these very marshes.

"All that belongs to Louis Napoleon is now public property, and these noble persons will forgive the author if he endeavors to rescue from oblivion anecdotes so eminently illustrative of the *fixity of purpose* which is the most remarkable feature in that very eminent man's character. This idea of destiny, of a star, or a mission, which are only different words for the same thing, will be found to have been a fixed belief in most men who attain to ultimate greatness. Whether it is that the disposition to mind which leads to such a belief works out its own accomplishment, by the energy and perseverance which it infuses into the character, and which enables its possessor to rise superior to all the storms of fate, or that Providence darkly reveals to the chosen instruments of great things—'the vessels of honor,' to which the working out of its purposes in human affairs is intrusted—enough of the future to secure its accomplishment, will forever remain a mystery in this world."

A MONEY CLERK.—A young lady, with a mind intent on shopping, entered a store on a certain occasion, and addressing a fresh looking, rosy cheeked youth, desired to know if he had any nice silk hose.

"Certainly, Miss," replied he, and immediately the counter was strewn with the delicate articles. After selecting a pair, she looked up very innocently and enquired—

"How high do they come, sir?"

The clerk blushed, turned all sorts of colors, but spoke not a word. She gave him a look of surprise, and repeated her question. Again the youth stammered and said:

"Really, Miss, I—that is to say—I think—could not be positive—but my impression is, they come *just above the knee!*"

The Museum of the Louvre has just bought a MS. volume written by Leonardo de Vinci, and illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings by the same author. The price paid for it was $5,000 zwanzigers.

A PRIVATE ROOM;
Or, The Effect of Drinking Punch.

One particularly dark, damp, dull drizzly and disagreeable day in the latter part of November a tall, gaunt, quiet-looking customer, dressed in a blue coat with metal buttons, with "waller" striped pantaloons, and calf-skin terminations, sat "solitary and alone," in a little room, situated in a certain little tavern, in ——— street, Philadelphia.

Before him was a little round table, on whose marble top was "not a little" pitcher of smoking punch, "secundem hot," and a wine glass. The solitary individual with York—nothin' else, dear child—and that was his second pitcher full—nigh his second empty. One minute after, and you couldn't—fact, you scarcely have squeezed a drop out of either pitcher or glass, by a forty-two pounder hydraulic press.

York rang the bell. The waiter popped his head in the door.

"Ring, sa?"

"Of course I did. Is it clearing off?"

"No, sa—damp, sa—fog so thick, sa, you could ladle it out fith a spoon, sa. Have anything, sa?"

"More punch, and strong."

"Yes, sa—immediately, sa."

The waiter withdrew, and in a few seconds returned with the third pitcher of punch, and York was beginning to feel glorious, when, on raising up his eyes, he saw his own figure in a pier glass, directly opposite. He rubbed his eyes again.

"By thunder!" said he, "here's some fellow sitting right before me; I'll swear there's impudence for you! This is a private room, sir, for my sole accommodation."

He waited a minute, expecting an answer, but his reflection only stared at him and held its peace.

"I was saying, sir, that this is my private room—mine, sir!" cried York, fetching his voice an octave higher than it was before. No answer was made and he rang the bell furiously. The waiter made his appearance again.

"Ring, sa?"

"Yes, I did ring. Didn't I ask for a private room?"

"Yes, sa, this is a private room, sa."

"It is! Why there's a fellow sitting right opposite me now, on the other side of the table. Not his impudence?"

"Table, sa—fellow, sa?"

"Yes, there is. Well, just never mind. Bring on some more punch and a couple of glasses."

In a very short time the fourth pitcher, with two glasses, made its appearance.

York filled one of the glasses, and then shoved it over the table.

"Will you drink?" said he, addressing the figure in the glass.

"Oh, you won't, eh? Well, I—I will."

And so he did.

"Better drink, old fellow," continued he. "Your liquor is getting cold, and you look as if you was fond of the thing."

No answer being returned, York finished the pitcher and rang the bell again. In popped the waiter.

"Ring, sa?"

"To be sure I did. Didn't you hear the b-b-bell?"

"I did."

"Didn't I order a private room? Eh?"

"Yes so, this is a private room, sa."

"A pretty private room this is, with a d-fellow sitting right opposite that won't take a glass of punch when it's offered him, and a red-nosed man at that. Oh, well never mind, bring more punch, and t-t-tumblers. I'll try him again."

Presently pitcher number five, and glasses to match, was borne in with due state.

"Better try some, old boy," said York, coaxingly, to his double. The reflex merely looked good natured, but said nothing.

"Well, continued York, with a sigh, if this isn't the most intamous. Never mind, I'll drink the punch."

And so he did, every bit of it. About five minutes sufficed to end the pitcher. York rang the bell superfuriously. The waiter came again.

"Ring, sa?"

"Why certain. Why shouldn't I? Where's the man—who keeps the—place?"

"Boss, sa?—I'll see 'im sa."

Shortly after, mine host, a quiet looking little man, with a mottled, calico-pattern face, and a shining bald head, made his appearance.

"W-w-what's to pay?" demanded York, rising and assuming an air of dignity.

"Five punches—five levies, sir."

"There's the money, sir," said York, forking over the coin. "And now I want to know why, when I call for a private room, you should put me here with a—a—somebody else?"

"There's nobody here but you and I, sir."

"Nobody! Do you s-s-suppose I can't see! Do you think I am drunk? There, look there! two of 'em, by jingo!"

"Well, sir, I must confess, I can't see but as two."

"You can't, eh?" And York dragged the landlord to the table. "Look there," continued he, pointing to the glass. "Th-th-there's the rascal now. One of 'em's enough like you to be your brother, and the other is the most Lord-forsaken, meanest looking white man I ever saw."

Live Within Your Means.

We don't like stingyness. We don't like "economy" when it comes down to rags and starvation. We have no sympathy with the notion that the poor man should hitch himself to a post and stand still while the rest of the world moves forward. It is no man's duty to deny himself of every amusement, every luxury, every necessary, every comfort, that he may get rich. It is no man's duty to make an idiot of himself—to shut his eyes and ears to the sufferings of his fellows—and to deny himself the enjoyments that results from generous actions—merely that he may hoard wealth for his heirs to quarrel about.

But there is yet an economy which is every man's duty, and, which is especially commendable in the man who struggles with poverty—an economy which is consistent with happiness, and which must be practiced, if the poor man would secure independence.

It is every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty to live within his means; not up to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, we admit, and should never be taken into the account in our judgment of men. But competence should be secured wherever it can be; and, it should always can be by the practice of economy and self-denial to only a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others to look upon or to raise us in the estimation of others, as to secure the consciousness of independence, and the constant satisfaction that is derived from its acquirement and possession.

We would like to impress this single fact upon the mind of every laboring man who may peruse this short article—that it is possible for him to rise above poverty, and that the path to independence, though beset with toils and self-sacrifice, is much pleasanter to the traveler than any one he can enter upon.

The man who feels that he is earning something more than he is spending, will walk the streets with a much lighter heart and enter his home with a much more cheerful countenance than he who spends as he goes or fails gradually behind his necessities in acquiring the means of meeting them.

Next to the salaried man of independence there is no slavery on earth more galling than that of poverty and indentedness. The man who is everybody's debtor is everybody's slave, and in a much worse condition than he who serves a single master.

For the sake of the present, then, as well as for the sake of the future, we would most earnestly urge upon every working man to live within his means. Let him pay his way for something every day—if but a penny, be it a penny—it is better than nothing; infinitely better than running in debt, a penny a day or a penny a week. If he can earn a dollar let him try fairly and faithfully, the experiment of living on ninety cents. He will like it.

"People will laugh." Let them laugh. "They will call me stingy." Better call you stingy than say you do not pay your debts. "They will wonder why I do not have better furniture, live in a finer house, and attend concerts and the play-house." Let them wonder for a while, it won't hurt them, and it certainly won't you. By and by you can have a fine house and fine furniture of your own, and they will wonder again, and come hitching and cooing around you, like so many pleased dolts. Try the experiment. Live within your means. [Maine Farmer.

Swiss Courting.

When a girl has arrived at a marriageable age, the young men of the village assemble by consent on a given night at the gallery of the chalet in which the fair one resides. This creates no manner of surprise in the mind of her parents, who certainly think of the practice, but are never better pleased than when the charms of their daughter attract the greatest number of admirers. Their arrival is soon announced by sundry raps at the different windows. After the family in the house has been roused and dressed (for the scene usually takes place at midnight, when they have all retired to rest,) the window of the room projected in the gallery, behind which the girl is first alone, is opened. Then parley commences, of that very peculiarly serious description, each man in turn urges his suit with all the eloquence and art of which he is possessed. The fair one hesitates, doubts, asks questions, but comes to no decision. She then invites the party to partake of a repast of cakes and Kirchwesser, which is prepared for them on the balcony. Indeed, the entertainment, with the strong water of the cherry, forms a prominent part in the proceedings of the night.

After having regaled themselves for sometime, during which and through the window she has made use of all the witchery of woman's art, she feigns a desire to get rid of them, and will sometimes call her parents to accomplish this object. The youths, however, are not to be so easily put off. According to the custom of the country, they have come here for the express purpose of compelling her, on that night, there and then, to make up her mind, and to declare the object of her choice.

At length, after a further parley, her heart is touched, or at least she pretends it is, by the favored swain. After certain preliminaries between the girl and her parents, her lover is admitted through the window, where the alliance is signed and sealed, but not delivered, in presence of both father and mother. By consent of all parties, the ceremony is not to extend beyond a couple of hours, when, after a second jollification with Kirchwesser, they all retire—the happy man to bless his stars, but the rejected to console themselves that after the next tournament of love-making they may succeed better. In general, the girl's decision is taken in good part by all, and is regarded as decisive.

UNFILIAL WISH OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.—"Oh, that my father was seized with a *remittent fever.*"

Mr. Buchanan in Philadelphia.

Reception at the Merchants' Exchange—Mr. Buchanan's Speech—his views on the pending difficulty with Great Britain.

From the Philadelphia papers we learn the particulars of Mr. Buchanan's reception in that city. On his arrival at Walnut street wharf, he was received by a Committee of the Board of Trade amid the thunder of cannon and the cheers of hundreds who had assembled to do honor to the distinguished statesman.

Mr. Buchanan was conducted to a carriage by the Committee, and driven to the Merchants' Exchange, where he was most warmly received.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

Mr. William Welsh said: In behalf of the merchants of Philadelphia I most cordially welcome you to this, their home. Believing that with the American merchants rests the great responsibilities of diffusing the advantages of our perfect type of civilization, we watched with deep interest the conduct of a son of our Commonwealth in the trying position in which you were recently placed, and as we perceived the American statesman rising above personal or political considerations, we avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity of expressing our high appreciation of your services.

MR. BUCHANAN'S REPLY.

I scarcely know how to express my feelings upon the present occasion. I feel that my foot is upon my native heath, and that in the opinion of my kind fellow-citizens, I have not discredited my native State in serving my country abroad. (Applause.)

I have been absent now nearly three years. You address me as a committee of merchants, *not* as party men. I respond, with all my heart, to the sentiments which you express. I have been a party man; but, when an American, with a proper heart, goes abroad, all local political questions sink before his love of his native land. The Great Republic looms up in the distance, and his heart swells with honest pride that he is an American. These things which agitate, and very properly agitate, and divide the people at home, he feels to be of secondary consideration abroad, when he is maintaining the good faith, the interests and the honor of the whole country.

I confess that I have been astonished at the reception which the good people of my country have given me since I landed upon these shores. Without distinction of party, I have been received at New York *as an American citizen*—the proudest title in the world. [Continued outbursts of applause.] The same course has been pursued towards me in my passage through New-Jersey, and, now here, where my heart nestles in its warmest and tenderest emotions, I have received the most cordial welcome of all.

I have been abroad in trying times—it is true; but the great principles which have guided my conduct abroad, are these:

Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none.

Ask for nothing that is not clearly right in our intercourse with foreign nations, and submit to nothing which is wrong.

These are the two leading maxims of the great political creeds of our country, and, as long as we act upon such great and glorious principles, we are sure, always, to be in the right. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, it is hardly proper for me to speak of the diplomatic business in which I have been engaged on the other side of the Atlantic; but I have been asked repeatedly—*is there danger of war?* I think *not.*

[The remainder of the speech is in the same strain. We omit it because we have not room for it.—EDS. ORES.]

Mr. Welsh again said, as long as our statesmen speak the truth in law, the United States need not apprehend an insult from any civilized nation; therefore, we hope that you may ever continue to be a messenger of the Prince of Peace.

The city's guest was then, amid the cheers of the multitude, conducted to his carriage and driven to the Merchant's Hotel.

During the afternoon he was waited on by an immense throng of citizens.

During the evening, the vicinity of the hotel was densely crowded by one of the largest assemblages ever congregated upon an occasion of similar character. Cheers upon cheers were given for Mr. Buchanan, which scarcely died away when the huzzas were renewed with the most vociferous enthusiasm for the distinguished ex-minister. After Mr. Buchanan appeared on the balcony, the excitement was so great and the swaying of the mob so heavy, that it was with the greatest difficulty that sufficient order was restored to hear the words of the speaker.

At ten o'clock, Mr. Buchanan was serenaded at the Merchants' Hotel, by the Keystone Club.

The band having played "Home, sweet home," Mr. Buchanan was loudly called for.

After the excitement among the dense mass of human beings had subsided, Mr. Buchanan again appeared and made a speech.

MR. BUCHANAN'S ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION IN LANCASTER.

LANCASTER, PA., April 26.—Mr. Buchanan's entrance into Pennsylvania was an ovation. He left Philadelphia yesterday morning, and was received along the route, from Philadelphia to his house at Lancaster, by deputations of the people, of all parties, with significant demonstrations.

All along the line there was a display of banners, and an array of people, which manifested their heartfelt devotion for the great Pennsylvanian.

On his arrival at his own house, the old, the young, the matron and the maid, all turned out to receive him. It was a general and generous outpouring of the people.

Business was suspended, and the universal voice welcomed Old Buck. Men of all parties united in the reception, and amid the firing of cannon, and the ringing of church bells, and the shouts of the people, he was greeted by his friends. His speech in Center square, to a large and enthusiastic assemblage of his relations and friends, was touching and eloquent. He retired to his home amid the plaudits of his fellow-citizens. Never in the history of this population region has there been such a manifestation of popular regard, since the visit of Lafayette.

Interview with Washington and his Family.

The following account, from a recent publication, of an interview with General Washington, we are sure will be read with interest:

I had feasted my imagination, for several days in the near prospect of a visit to Mount Vernon, the seat of Washington. No pilgrim ever approached Mecca with deeper enthusiasm. I arrived there in the afternoon of the 23d of January, 1785. I was the bearer of a letter from General Green, with another from Colonel Fitzgerald, one of the former Aides of General Washington; and also the books from Granville Sharp. Although assured that these credentials would secure me a respectable reception, I felt an unaccountable diffidence as I came into the presence of this great man. I found him at table with Mrs. Washington and his private family, and was received with the native dignity, with that urbanity so peculiarly combined in the character of a soldier and eminent private gentleman.

He soon put me at ease, by unbending, in a free and affable conversation. The cautious reserve, which wisdom and policy dictated, whilst engaged in rearing the glorious fabric of our independence, was evidently the result of consummate prudence, and not characteristic of his nature. Although I had frequently seen him in the progress of the Revolution, and had corresponded with him from France, in 81 and '82, this was the first time I had contemplated him in private relations. I observed a peculiarity in his smile, which seemed to illuminate his eye; his whole countenance beamed with intelligence, whilst it combined confidence and respect.

The gentleman who had accompanied me from Alexandria, left in the evening, and I remained alone in the enjoyment of the society of Washington, for two of the richest days of my life. I saw him enjoying the reward of his illustrious deeds, in the shade of his beloved retirement. He was at the mature age of fifty-three. Alexander and Cæsar both died before they reached that period of life, and both had immortalized their names! How much stronger and nobler the claims of Washington to immortality, in the impulses of manly and selfish ambition, they acquired fame by wading to the conquest of the world through seas of blood.

Washington, on the contrary, was parsimonious of the blood of his countrymen, and stood forth, the pure and virtuous champion of their rights and formed for them (not for himself) a mighty republic. To have commoned with such a man in the bosom of his family, I shall always regard as one of the highest privileges, and most cherished incidents of my life. I found him kind and benignant in the domestic circle, revered and beloved by all around him; agreeably social, without ostentation; delighting in anecdote and adventures, without assumption; his domestic arrangements harmonious and systematic.

His servants seemed to watch his eye, and to anticipate his every wish; there was no loud or rude command. His servant, Billy, the faithful companion of his military career, was always at his side. Smiling content animated and beamed on every countenance in his presence. The first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality, we sat a full hour at table by ourselves, without the least interruption, after the family had retired. I was extremely oppressed by a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted by the exposure of a harsh winter journey. He pressed me to use some remedies; but I declined doing so. As usual, after retiring, my cough increased. When some time had elapsed, the door of my room was gently opened, and on drawing my bed curtains, to my utter astonishment, I beheld Washington himself, standing at my bedside, with a bowl of hot tea in his hand. This little incident, so charming in common life, with an ordinary man, would not have been noticed; but as a trait of the benevolence and private virtue of Washington, deserves to be recorded.

GUANO.—The American Guano Company, says the New York Tribune, have received further and important evidence of the almost inexhaustible deposits of guano on the island which belongs to them. Three or four captains of whalers have recently exhibited to the officers of this company their log-books, showing that they landed at this island and saw the grave of the American seaman buried there. The existence of the island and that it is really covered with guano, appears to be placed beyond a doubt. One of the captains alluded to, offered to abandon the voyage upon which he was bound and take charge of a ship to load with guano at this island. This is one of the most important discoveries for this country that has ever been made, as it makes the United States entirely independent of Peru for this valuable fertilizer.

Texas Items.

RAINS.—Abundant and refreshing rains have fallen at Galveston, and in all parts of the interior, from what we have heard—producing the best effects upon vegetation. The crops are now highly promising.

A little orphan boy, living with Richard Buckley, in Fayette county, was killed a few days since, by having tied a rope, with which he was leading a mule, around his waist. The animal ran off and dragged him to death. [Gal. Civilian, 26th.

We hear from gentlemen, from different parts of the country, that the rains have been very general and abundant. We trust, therefore, that our next accounts of the crops will be more favorable. We are also encouraged to hope that our rivers may again be navigable, so that our planters may be able to send the balance of their cotton to market. It is estimated that there are now about fifteen thousand bales on the Trinity, awaiting an opportunity for shipment down. [Gal. News, 29th.

Mr. B. S. Parsons has just received the first cargo of lumber from a large mill erected on Lake Charles, Calcasieu Parish, La. The vessel also brought 1,600 bear hides, and returns with a full cargo of assorted merchandize. Two or three schooners will run regularly in this trade, bringing lumber, corn, hides, vegetables, poultry, etc., and take back provisions, merchandize, etc. Calcasieu is said to be a rich country, and peculiarly favorable to the lumber trade. [Gal. News.

The Brazos and Trinity rivers are both down at low water mark, with but little prospect of affording much profit in the way of navigation this spring, meanwhile our railroads are progressing finely, the uncertainty of an inland navigation affording a strong argument in favor of the necessity. [Houston Tel., 28th.

THE WHEAT REGION.—The Dallas Herald of the 19th says the ground is parched, crops grow slowly, and farmers are anxiously awaiting a refreshing season of rain.

We learn from the Liberty Gazette, that Joseph White, who was convicted of murder last spring, and confined in Grimes county jail to await the decision of the Supreme Court upon an appeal, was rescued by an armed mob from the sheriff and his guard, *en route* to Liberty to receive the sentence of the law, the judgment of the Supreme Court being averse to him. He has not been re-arrested.

The prospects for crops in this county are rather more promising than they were last season this time. We are suffering severely for rain, although Providence has favored us with a small shower recently. [Brazos Statesman, 25th.

THE RAILROAD.—We feel a pleasure in announcing to the friends of Western Texas, that Col. H. A. Osgood has succeeded in obtaining the contract for building that section of the San Antonio Railroad lying between Victoria and Powderhorn. Under the contract, we learn Col. Osgood has the election to commence either at Powderhorn and build the first section, to save the charter, before July, 1857, and complete the remainder to Victoria on or before March, 1858, including a side track from Lavaca, which would meet the main road a few miles this side Chocolate Bayou, or to commence at Lavaca and build the first section to Victoria and afterwards to build from Powderhorn to join the main line. No active measures will be taken before the middle of May, about which time a commencement may be expected confidently; but we hope, whatever may be determined upon, that the road will be built, even although some parties may be sacrificed in the event; the *public good* is, and must always be, paramount to all private interests. Therefore, we say, build the road, run the iron horse, something must be done, and the sooner it is done the better. [Lavaca Herald, 26th.

We clip the following from the La Grange True Issue:

We were visited, on the night of the 22d inst., by a most violent storm of wind and hail. Fences were razed to the ground, trees were uprooted and houses unroofed. Many of the planters of the county suffered serious damage. Our friend, A. B. Gates, one of the largest planters of the county, says his plantation presents truly a disouraging appearance. Some five hundred yards of his fence, strongly "staked and ridered," was blown down, and the rails scattered to the winds; his peach orchard ruined, and trees broken off, and blown in some instances to the distance of hundreds of yards; the roof of one of his houses blown off; but worse than all, about half of his crop destroyed. All his early corn and cotton are so badly beaten down that it becomes necessary to plough up and plant again. It becomes necessary to plough up and plant again.

TEMPEST.—The Bastrop Advertiser of the 23th ult., says:

On Tuesday last we were visited with a storm of hail and rain of uncommon severity. Trees were uprooted, and one house, partially finished, totally demolished. The hailstones in the county are represented to have been immense, some of them as large as hen-eggs.

The Los Angelos Star learns that a quicksilver mine has been discovered eight miles East of San Bernardio, which is said to be very rich.

GRASSHOPPERS.—These insectile intruders are still depredating upon farms and gardens. Their ravages have not been as extensive as was feared. A farmer in the neighborhood says, it takes them just five minutes to cut down a knee-high stalk of corn and eat it up. He desires his inability to tell the number that will settle upon one stalk. There is little identity of these insects with the genuine locust. They are growing slowly and will not leave until their capacity for flight is fully developed. State Times, 26th ult.

SUICIDE OF A LOVER.—Our paper of yesterday contained an account of a death in the watch house from the effects of laudanum. The name of the unfortunate man was registered at the station-house as Augustus Byron. We stated that several empty vials which had contained laudanum were found upon the person of the deceased and that there was nothing known explanatory of the matter. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict of self-murder.

On Saturday we learned the following facts in relation to the matter which disclose that the unfortunate man "had loved, not wisely, but too well." The deceased was a native of Germany and named Augustus Wesser or Weiser. Some time since he fell in love with a young and handsome German girl living in Franklin street, and asked her hand in marriage. Mamma was opposed, the young lady was obedient, and Augustus was duly rej