New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

ONLY A KISS.

Only a kiss—a trifle slight—
Just eager lips one moment blent,
Two faces lit with kindly light,
One thrill across two pulses sent.

Strangers, so few bright, short hours past!
Strangers to-morrow, as before!
Ah, no! where'er our fate be cast,
I hold thee, love, forevermore.

How small a thing can change the day!
Can wake despondence from its gloom,
Crimson to life its sullen gray,
And bid our soul-flowers blush and bloom!

You've touched my brow with festal wine,
With honor proud as crowned kings;
The lips that once were pressed to thine
Are sacred from all meaner things.

Others shall know what I but guess,
And keep the joy I snatch to day!
But memory guards thy one caress
For mine—mine only—mine for aye.

When souls have touched in lips that meet,
They part not sullen, sad and cold;
Still clings an influence subtly sweet,
One touch that fuses dross to gold.

Count it not loss, or lavish waste,
The little pearl you careless spend;
Gleams not the cup we only taste?
Must joy delay till love's at end?

Safe in my heart thy jewel lies,
Relic and type—my sum of bliss,
Near thee or far, I keep my prize,
Thy first—perchance thy only kiss!

WASHING ON SUNDAY.

How the Deacon's Wife Introduced the Deacon.

Deacon Flint had decided to move; had decided to commence moving at precisely five o'clock Monday morning, July 18; and so on that identical Monday morning you might, had you been an early riser, have seen the deacon, divested of his coat and his Sunday dignity, shaking the best room carpet in the back yard.

There is no need of saying what he did next, or what Mrs. Flint was doing then. They went through the tearing-up process very much as other people do; and not being endowed with an over-abundance of this world's goods, the last load of furniture, consisting of the deacon's wife and baby, the twins, and the best room looking-glass, was on its way to the depot at five o'clock this evening.

"Blessed be nothing!" exclaimed the tired little woman, as the deacon helped her out of the wagon. "If we had been Squire Ransom's folks, Samuel, we shouldn't have been more than a quarter through now, would we? My! how my poor bones would have ached through this time to-morrow night. I'm glad the Lord knows what's best for me," she added, taking the baby from the deacon, and looked around for the twins.

It was but a few hours ride to C., and just in the coolest dusk of the July twilight they walked up the street to their new home, very tired, and thankful they were not Squire Ransom's folks, but just themselves, if they did have to work late that night putting up the kitchen stove and unpacking dishes and bedding.

Tuesday was a day of many troubles. The babies were tired and fretful; daylight revealed a coating of dirt on doors and windows, the depth of which they knew not before, and the heat was intense. But the deacon possessing untiring energy, and his little wife the sunniest of tempers, they succeeded so well that by Thursday night, as he came into the kitchen with an armful of wood, where his wife was washing dishes, she commenced singing:

"The deacon thinks his work is almost done,
But I feel as if mine had just begun."

"Did you hear that, Samuel?" she said, laughing and turning around to look at him.

It was prayer-meeting night, and the deacon went to prayer-meeting for the first time in C——, took an active part, and after meeting waited to shake hands with the minister and some of the brethren, answer their inquiries and present their letters. He had the satisfaction of feeling, on his way home, that he had made a good impression; it pleased him—it would have pleased us—and he told his little wife that night, in his grave way, that he "hoped, coming as he did in the midst of a strange people, there might never be any occasion of remark against him while he remained among them."

"I'm sure I hope not, Samuel," she said, looking innocently up in his face, and adding, as she nestled up her little brown head on his shoulder: "I don't feel much alarmed about it."

The next day, Friday, the deacon went back to the old home, having some business settlements to make there. "Can't tell certainly when I shall be back; probably not till Monday noon; guess there's wood enough split to last till then. Good-by," he said, and he was gone.

The wee woman went singing back to her half-washed dinner dishes, and with one foot on the cradle-rocker, she scoured the knives, while she told the story of "Jack and Gill" to the twins. When the last kettle was washed, the kitchen stove and table brushed and scoured to the usual shade of black and white, the baby asleep in her nest of a cradle—"bless her!"—she washed the pretty twin faces till they blushed like red peppers, and settled them in their trundle-bed for a nap.

Dear little woman! she did look so tired as she came out from the bed-room, and stopped to brush a fly from under the mosquito-net over the baby. It would have make your back ache to look at her. But the cheery heart in the weary body asserted itself, and she smiled with the thought of all she would do before the deacon came back.

"I must slick my hair over a little, so if any one should come I wouldn't spoil the deacon's reputation," she said to herself, going up to a little glass that hung between the kitchen windows. Just then a gem of a sunbeam flashed in at the window, and seemed to tangle itself up in her wavy brown hair. "Oh, how pretty," she said, with a blush and a laugh like a child's. "Guess if somebody had been at home I'd had a kiss then!" and off she flew to her work.

How like magic the white curtains went up and the cobwebs came down; how the best room looking-glass shone after its polishing, and the old daguerreotype of "Samuel in his best days" never shone through so clean a surface as it did that day. So the time flew, bringing the deacon's return nearer.

One morning she awakened early, entirely free from a wretched headache she had the day before, "I want it all done; the kitchen cleaned up and my dress changed before Samuel comes at noon." Quietly dressing so as not to awaken the children, she slipped out into the kitchen, built a fire, and commenced operations. How she did work; every step told of something done, and at half-past ten, despite all her hindrances from baby, who was cross, she was hanging out the clothes, so snowy white they dazzled her eyes as the sun shone on them. One end of the clothes-line ran nearly out to the front fence through the side yard, and the whitest, nicest clothes were hung there, of course. "How many people are passing," she thought to herself, "and how they all stare at me! Guess it must be the clothes, though, instead of me," and she tenderly pinned the rear of one of the deacon's shirts to the line. Hark! Was that the front gate? Before she had time to turn around the deacon's energetic strides had brought him close to her. But what was the matter?

"Martha — Pendleton — Flint!" he exclaimed, "what in the world are you doing? Come straight into the house!"

With a look that defies description, the little body straightened itself up as high as it would go as she said: "Not until you speak to me different from that, Samuel, and tell me why," her lip quivering.

"Don't you see the people all going to meeting, and you a hanging out shirts? It's Sunday morning!" Such a laugh as rang out then on the Sunday air, I'm sure the good people never heard before. "Oh, Samuel," she said, holding her sides, "it's so funny! no wonder the folks stared at me and my clothes. Oh, oh, oh," and she sank down on the grass in a convulsion of laughter.

The poor deacon was scandalized. "Martha," he said, in such a sadly anxious tone she only laughed the more; and it was not till she looked up in his face that she realized how he was touched; then she stood up soberly and walked into the house. The door closed behind them; she went up to him with a little caress and said, "Samuel, kiss and forgive me and I'll go to work and ravel it out. I truly will," and she laughed again with the thought of what she had been guilty of, till the deacon kissed her, and laughed too, in spite of himself. Then he walked to the window and looked out.

"You're not going to let them clothes hang out there all day, are you, Martha Flint?"

"Of course I am; you don't suppose, now I've got them out, God's going to grudge me the sunshine to dry them with, because it's Sunday, do you? Why, it would be wicked to bring them in before sundown. But see here, Mr. Deacon, it's about time I called you to account, I think. How came you to be traveling to-day? Guess there's a little Sunday breaking on both sides, isn't there?"

The deacon turned slowly around and sat down. Then, perching herself on his knee, she took his honest brown face in her hands, and said, "Be a good boy, now, and tell me all the truth. Remember George Washington, dear." The deacon smiled, just a trace of trouble in his smile, and, taking the hand that held him captive in his own, said, "Well, little woman, I had everything up last night, ready to start for home on the five o'clock train. Somehow I must have been uncommon tired, or else it was the heat; leastways I dropped asleep in the depot, and missed the train. Then I thought I'd take the nine o'clock train, and get home at midnight, so you wouldn't be lonesome Sunday; but we broke down, and just got here half an hour ago. Then, to think, after walking through town from the cars, and folks a looking at me on their way to church."

"To think, Samuel, she broke in, "after that dreadful trial, you should walk in at your front gate and find your wife hanging out clothes in your front yard, and you a deacon of good standing in the church? Dear! dear! what do you suppose the Lord will do to me for thinking it was washing day? I don't think," she added, "he'll be very hard with me, because yesterday was my Sunday, though I had such a sick headache it seems I didn't know much about the day. I'll tell you what, Samuel, I'll stay at home with the babies to-night, and you can go to meeting, and then piece out your Sunday to-morrow; won't that do?"

But the deacon couldn't get over it; his heart was heavy; and while his wife was busy in the kitchen, he put on his hat, and with his hands clasped reverently behind him (his Sunday way), slowly and solemnly he walked out to the clothes-lines. Most of the clothes were dry, for the sun was very hot, and one by one he dropped the snowy things into the basket, unconsciously humming to himself, "Have pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive."

Mrs. Flint was washing dishes, and nearly dropped her best glass dish when the deacon walked in with the clean clothes. "I could not stand it, Martha," he said in explanation.

"Guess I must sprinkle and iron them to-day, Samuel—would you?" she said archly.

The deacon merely ejaculated a disapproving "My dear!" and went into the other room to read his Sunday paper.

By and by the people began to come from church. What a sudden, surprised interest they seemed to have taken in his household premises; they gazed, they stared and looked back, and gazed again, but the deacon was an humble man, it did not flatter him, he read his paper and sighed, opened his Bible to read, and sighed again, and then fell to thinking. A little while after two arms stole around his neck, and a dear voice said, "Forget all about it, dear, and I'll—" a knock at the door interrupted, and she went to open it.

She had brushed her brown, wavy hair, and dressed in a cool white muslin dress, with far-between dottings of pink, and looked not a bit like the guilty little washer-woman she was. She opened the door, and Deacon Frost and Elder Cummins introduced themselves and walked in with stately bows. Deacon Flint rose from his open Bible, and more introductions followed, whereupon Elder Cummins cleared his throat, and, in a piping voice, said:

"You must excuse, Deacon Flint, our coming on such a day, but we thought it best that some explanations should be made before our people again gather for evening service."

"Oh, I know what you mean, I guess, Elder Cummins; you want to know why I kept yesterday for Sunday, instead of to-day, don't you? Well, the fact was, the deacon was away, and I made a miscount of the days somehow, and I was so busy settling, and so yesterday was my Sunday, though I was in bed all day with a sick headache, and so didn't find out my mistake at all. Then wasn't it funny? I got up at five o'clock this morning and went to washing, thinking it was Monday, and I'd got all through before the deacon came home; I declare I have laughed so about it that I fairly ache," and the little feminine offender laughed again, and so contagiously that the three laughed with her.

"I've been so good, Elder, the rest of the day, I'm sure the Lord has forgiven me for it," and she smiled so sweetly, they both were completely won. When they rose to go Deacon Frost said to Deacon Flint, "it is our missionary meeting, to-night, brother, and a little explanation from you there will set the matter right, I guess."

Up spoke the feminine again. "Oh, yes, Deacon Frost, Samuel was intending to explain, to-night. I only wish I could be there, but I can't leave the babies."

"If you have no objections, Mrs. Flint," replied the deacon, "my Susie will come and stay with them, and let you go, she would be so delighted."

"Oh, thank you, that would be so nice, you are very kind!" and she bowed them out of the door.

"Ain't you glad you married me, Samuel, instead of Abigail Howe?" said the small woman, smiling up to him. No matter what the deacon said and did.

As she was setting the tea-table, that night, she broke into another merry laugh.

"What's the matter now, dear?" said the deacon.

"O, Samuel, I was thinking how you must have looked, coming up the street with your Sunday walk, your hands clasped solemnly behind you, till you got to the gate and saw me hanging up your shirt in the front yard, then how suddenly you broke into your week-day stride! Ha! ha!" and they laughed together until the tears came.

Supper over, dishes washed, baby asleep, Susie telling stories to the twins, the deacon and his wife started for church. "Don't be too humble, Samuel," she whispered at the door. "Work in a little spice, if you can, and I'll tread on your corns when it's time to stop."

The meeting was opened as usual; then Brother Dean was called upon for a report from India.

A little wiry, black-eyed man rose and said: "Brethren, it's not much use reporting from heathen countries, when right in our midst deacons travel on Sunday, and deacons' wives wash and hang out clothes before our very eyes as we walk to the house of God! I call for an explanation."

Deacon Fint tried to rise, but somebody pulled him down, and the next minute the whole congregation was electrified by the sound of a sweet womanly voice, saying: "Now, O Lord, stablish Thy word unto Thy servant, so shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me, for I trust in Thy word." Then, turning to him, she said: "My brother, you shall have an explanation;" and in a simple, almost childlike way, she told the story of her mistake and the deacon's delay, then added: "My brother, judge nothing before the time until the Lord come. 'For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and every one shall give an account of himself to God; let us not, therefore, judge one another any more!' Your sleep, my brother, will be sweet to-night, if your heart is at peace with God, as mine is, for 'I am persuaded that neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor hight nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

The next morning, Rev. Henry Brown and his wife called very unceremoniously on the new deacon. "We knew it wouldn't be washing day here," laughed Mrs. Brown, "so we came here early. I could hardly wait to get here to talk over that funny affair. Henry said, after you sat down last night, he felt like inviting you into the pulpit."

"Why, bless me," said the astonished little body, blushing like a girl, "I felt so ashamed of myself after I got under the deacon's coat! 'Twas the first time I ever spoke in my life."

"I hope it won't be the last, Mrs. Flint, if you always speak as much to the purpose as you did last night," said the minister, coming forward.

"Yes," broke in his wife, "Henry said he'd advocate women's speaking in meeting after this."

"It was capital," said Mr. Brown, recrossing the room to where the deacon stood. "That's what Joe Dean has needed for a long time, a good reproof, but no one had the courage to give it to him. Your little wife has done just what the whole parish will thank her for."

"Everybody I've seen since is just enraptured with you," said his wife to the laughing heroine, who had been rehearsing all the funny passages to her. "You have made yourself famous; look out for plenty of calls this week!"

"Oh, well," she said tossing the baby, "the washing is done, and I shall have plenty of time."

Mrs. Brown laughed and said: "I think I will send you word next Saturday night that the next day will be Sunday, and you had better not wash till Monday."

"Mrs. Flint," said the minister, "I think you are fully competent to manage your own affairs without any of my wife's interference," and so, laughing merrily, they started.

"Samuel," said his bonnie wife, as she reached the door, "don't you think I have introduced you pretty well? Will you ever call me Martha—Pendleton—Flint again when I am hanging up your shirt in the front yard?"

Somebody was chased out in the kitchen just then, and laughed so loud it wakened the baby.—*Chicago Advance.*

THE POET-ARTIST.

Obituary Notices of the Late Thomas Buchanan Read.

From the New York *Tribune* we copy the following brief biography of Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read, whose death was announced several days since:

Mr. Read was a native of Chester county, Pennsylvania, where he was born March 12, 1822, and was consequently a little more than fifty years of age at the time of his death. His instincts for art were awakened at an early period, and when only seventeen years old he entered the studio of a sculptor in Cincinnati, intending to make that the profession of his life. He was diverted from this purpose, however, by the superior attractions of painting, although in after life he occasionally indulged in the practice of sculpture as an amateur, among the fruits of which was an admirable portrait bust of General Sheridan, which American visitors in Rome will remember as a striking ornament of his studio. In 1841, he removed to New York, where he commenced his career as a painter, and subsequently, after a brief residence in Boston, settled in Philadelphia in 1846. His first visit to Europe was made in 1850, since which time, with the exception of intervals mostly spent in Cincinnati, his home was in Florence and Rome, where he was the centre of a large social circle, dispensing an elegant hospitality on the most generous scale, and unwearied in his attentions to Americans who made a temporary sojourn in those capitals. His studio in Rome, especially, during the last few years was the resort of numerous American and English visitors, together with many distinguished personages from various European countries, who learned to prize his portraits and other productions of his pencil for the delicate refinement of their execution, and the soft ideal charm which he threw around his favorite subjects. His chief pleasure was in the delineation of scenes of aerial lightness and grace, though diversified at times by such pieces as his vigorous portrait of "Sheridan and his Horse," which has attained almost equal celebrity with his singularly popular poem on "Sheridan's Ride." His most successful paintings are, perhaps, "Undine," "The Lost Pleiad," "The Star of Bethlehem," and others of a similar character, which exhibit a peculiar unity of conception amid every variety of detail. Mr. Read was also known by his poetry, which, for the most part, presents the same traits as his paintings, and which has given him an honorable rank among the minor poets of this country.

His first collection of poems was published in Boston in 1847, which was followed by a volume of "Lays and Ballads" in 1848, and an illustrated edition of his poems in 1853. Two years later he brought out his most elaborate poem, "The New Pastoral." "The Home by the Sea" was issued in 1856, and a new collective edition of his poems in 1860. Of his miscellaneous productions, the patriotic lyric of "Sheridan's Ride," written in 1864, has attracted the most attention, both by the interest of the subject and the fervor of its composition. Since that time Mr. Read has written little for the press, except occasional fugitive productions, which bear the impress of the characteristic gracefulness and elegance of his mind.

"Eli Perkins," in the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, writes:

There was always a splendid boyishness about Mr. Read. In life he was the life and light of every circle which his presence graced. His sparkling puns are the stock in trade of the Cincinnati clubs, and his witty repartees are the talk in American literary and army circles.

Once at the meeting of the Cincinnati Sketch Club it was customary to give out practical texts from Longfellow, Whittier or Tennyson to be illustrated by the artists. On one occasion the lines from Evangeline:

"And every house was an inn, where each guest
was welcomed and feasted,"

fell to Mr. Read. It was such a queer passage that the artists—Frankenstein, The. Jones and Kellogg—all looked at Read, as much as to say: "Now you've got a puzzler!" In a few moments the poet-artist finished his sketch.

"What have you got, Read?" they asked.

"'And every house was an inn,' he repeated, and then held up a picture of Crestline, with two trains arriving, while everybody was ringing bells, whanging gongs, and crying, 'dinner, dinner, dinner!'"

While in New Orleans, Sheridan invited Read to come and see him. For several days Phil and Read run the town, and then the General got up a big dinner to the honor of the poet. At this dinner were the wit, blood and beauty of the Crescent City. Puns, repartee and saucy anecdote held carnival. It was Wallack and Miss Jennings in the "morning call," each struggling to say the best thing.

After a few courses and Phil had toasted the historian of the "Ride," Read leaned forward, and took hold of an empty decanter of sherry.

"Now," said the poet (holding the decanter bottom upward) "this is sherry *done*, but I propose to *fill sherry done!*" (Phil. Sheridan.) Then he handed the decanter to the waiter.

Speaking of Kirby Smith's defeat of Banks and capture of his sutler's supplies and camp chests, Read said Smith was like Pharoah's daughter.

"How!" asked Sheridan.

"Why, because he found a little profit in the rushes on the Banks!"

Once Probasco, and Jo Longworth, and Groesbeck, or some of those rich Cincinnatians who have splendid art galleries, asked Read's advice about buying Frankenstein's Niagara.

"Why, yes," says Read, "if I had the money I'd go by it right off!"

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.

Once the poet was dining at the writer's sister's, in Cincinnati. The handsome General Hooker was there, with his uniform all begrimed with smoke from ninety cannons at Nashville; and on the same side was the homely Sherman, who Mark Twain said smiled once and broke a saucer—smiled again, and smash went a plate—and Mrs. General Lander, whose gallant Fred had given up a General's life at Rich Mountain.

The ride was the agony in Cincinnati then, so they asked Read to read it. Mrs. Lander said she had never heard the poet read it.

"Now, do read it, Mr. Read; do favor Mrs. Lander!" urged my sister, handing the poet the book.

"I wish I did favor Mrs. Lander!" replied Read, as quietly as if he had not paid Mrs. Lander the sweetest compliment.

Once Read was dining in company with Mr. and Mrs. Senator Pugh. The Senator was noted, like General Nye and Mr. Webster, for consuming a good deal of wine. Somebody made the remark to Mrs. Pugh, when she replied: "I do hate the sin, but I love the sinner." On this incident Read founded one of his poems.

READ'S SWEETEST THING.

Perhaps the prettiest thing Read ever wrote was "Drifting," which was written after the poet's return from Naples and Vesuvius.

My soul to-day is far away
Sailing the Vesuvius bay;
My winged boat, like a bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks it sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw, through deeps below,
A duplicate golden glow.

Far, vague and dim the mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands, the gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles o'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits, her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if my rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie, blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild, is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail my hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense, the cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

* * * * * *

Her children, hid the cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid,
Or down the walls, with tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child, with tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far off ships.

Yon deep bark goes where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O, happy ship, to ride and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O, happy crew, my heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more the worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

To these stanzas should be added the new one:

In lofty lines,
'Mid palms and pines,
And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,
Sorrento swings
On sunset wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings.

M'KAY'S LAST LEAP.

A Romantic Lover Becomes Deranged by Fright and Leaps Out in Midocean—Three Seamen Witness It, but Allow Him to Go to the Bottom.

[From the New York Herald, April 30.]

A remarkable case of self-destruction on the high seas has been reported. It appears that among the steerage passengers on board the steamship Atlantic, leaving Liverpool on April 18, a party consisting of a young girl named Linsley, accompanied by her brother and lover, by the name of McKay, were "messing" together on the way to the West. McKay was an Irishman, about twenty-six years of age, and by trade baker. He had the reputation of a nice, honest, quiet fellow, and strictly temperate. He was of a cheerful disposition, and when he came on board was in extra good spirits—happy, probably, in contemplating the pleasant prospect of being together on a voyage across the mighty deep with her to whom he was subsequently to have joined his fortunes, and for the journey through life.

McKay soon made the acquaintance of his fellow-craftsmen, the ship's bakers, and as they were rather busy he volunteered his services one day, and went into the cook-room to assist. Everything went on right till Saturday, when there was considerable sea on. Every time a big wave caused the ship to heave a little more than usual—though, considering all things, she behaved in a stately manner, so much so that the motion was scarcely perceptible in the saloon, the aft and forward parts, of course, had more motion—some of the cooks or bakers would say, in a joking manner, "there she goes," or words to that effect. This frightened McKay and made him very uneasy. Toward evening he spoke to Mr. Linsley, the brother of the young woman he was engaged to, and asked him if he thought there was any danger. Linsley told him there was not the slightest, and after a while succeeded in removing his fears and got him to bed. He slept well during the night, and when he awoke in the morning appeared all right, and laughed heartily at his fears expressed the day before. All day Sunday there was a strong northeasterly wind and a high sea, but still no danger.

In the afternoon, however, McKay became frightened again, and asked several persons if the ship was going down. They all endeavored to dispel his fears by assuring him there was no danger whatever, but still he became more frightened and nervous. At about half-past six he went into the cook-room and commenced assisting one of the men. After sitting there nearly an hour, during which time he remained perfectly mute, he suddenly leaped to his feet and said, "Can I go out?"

"Can you can go out? Why, of course, you can go out," replied one of the bakers.

Immediately after this he arose, walked on deck to the side of the ship, put his hand on the rail, and, without saying a word, leaped into the water. He was never seen or heard of again.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. Although three men saw him jump over, not one of them attempted to rescue him or give the old alarm of "A man overboard!" Nor did they give any other alarm until ten minutes afterward, when one of them, in a quiet, characteristic manner, informed one of the officers that some little time previously a man had jumped overboard. This was so contrary to the manner in which seamen usually act on such occasions as this that the officer was inclined to believe that he was trying to deceive him; and after he had spoken to the other two men who saw McKay's last leap he was more in doubt than before, and did not credit the story till he looked over the list next morning, and found one man missing. The cabin passengers all shared the officer's doubts, and many would scarcely believe it when it was officially reported in the morning, so remarkable did it seem that a man should, without reason or explanation, jump from a steamer in mid ocean, when the act must result in death.

Mr. Linsley says McKay never drank; that he had no troubles of any kind that would be apt to affect his mind, and that none of his family, so far as he was aware, had been insane. There is no doubt that the heat of the cook room, where he had selected to spend a portion of his time, combined with slight sea sickness and his fears that the ship would never reach land, worked unfavorably upon his mind, causing a temporary insanity.

Perhaps, after all, the unhappy young creature who was so summarily deprived of her affianced husband was more thought of than the loss of the man. Being greatly affected by sea sickness, the news of her lover's untimely end was withheld from her as long as possible. At length her brother informed her of the sad circumstance, and then a heart-rending scene occurred.

She rose and staggered toward the hatchway, begging him to allow her to go up, but finding that he would not, she raved and wept, threw herself down on the floor covered with sawdust, and evinced an unusual degree of mental agony. At one time she vowed her lot should be cast with McKay's, even in death; in another moment she upbraided the cold hearted men who had permitted him to become a prey to the waves without even an attempt at rescue or alarm. She presented a most melancholy appearance, and refused to be comforted. The utmost sorrow was expressed for her by all the passengers on board, and a sense of indignation pervaded the company owing to the utter recklessness of the seamen who saw the man fall into the water and failed to report it in accordance with the ordinary rules on shipboard.

Mrs. Horace Greeley is a native of North Carolina. She was a Miss Cheney. They were married in 1836. His better half, therefore, belongs to the South.—*Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.*

MINING STOCKS STORIES.

The Rare Fortune of a Bankrupt Bank.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

Among the most romantic and singular of the results of the mining excitement is that in connection with the banking-house of John Sime & Co., the announcement of whose failure startled the community a few months ago. At the time of the failure it was found that the liabilities of the concern amounted to $225,000, and to meet this large amount there was naught but the pitiful sum of about $60,000 in coin and a lot of mining stock, the value of which was then so insignificant that some of the creditors contemptuously referred to it as "d—d wild cat." But truth crushed to earth will rise again, and so will mining stocks—particularly on occasions like the present. And that poor, despised mining stock has wrought miracles in this case. A large portion of the stock was Exchequer, which was then worth about $5 per share. Pending the settlement of the bank's affairs, the stocks were kept locked up, and behold the results: On Monday, Exchequer was sold at $100 per share—just twenty times the value it possessed when the failure was announced. The other stocks of the bank have appreciated in an equally astounding manner, and, in consequence, the affairs of the broken bank have been lifted out of the shadowy depths of poverty and placed high in the radiant sunlight of financial prosperity. Last Saturday the cash in bank was $367,000, and yesterday a further sum of $100,000 was realized, making the total assets $467,000, and leaving $242,000 to the credit of the estate after paying all indebtedness.

A Plan to Draw Nebraska Grain This Way.

[From the St. Louis Democrat.]

The obstruction to navigation offered by the bridges across the Missouri at Leavenworth and St. Joseph have caused the withdrawal of the packet lines that annually plied between this city and Omaha, and the consequence is a loss of the Nebraska grain trade. Our merchants have many valuable customers in Nebraska, and are not willing to give them up without first making an earnest effort to retain them. Messrs. Nanson, Bartholow & Co., of this city, have just consummated an arrangement with the Hannibal and St. Joe railway and the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern road to pro rate with a line of steamers to be put on by St. Louis parties to ply between St. Joseph and Nebraska City. Nebraska City is about 180 or 200 miles above St. Joseph, on the Missouri river, and thus all the troublesome bridges on this river will be avoided by the steamers. The Star Line Packet Company are to dispatch the Mountaineer at once to be the initial boat in the line, and will put on others as rapadily as the trade may require. Mr. H. C. Wicker, general freight agent of the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern railway, and Captain Jo Nanson, of the firm of Nanson, Bartholow & Co., leave to-day for St. Joseph to superintend the construction of a good landing for the steamers at that point, so that the transfer of freight from the steamers to the cars may be expeditious and economical. We congratulate our merchants upon this important freighting arrangement, and suggest that they proceed to transact as much business with the line as possible. Freights will be taken for all points along the river between St. Joseph and Nebraska City on fair terms, and produce of all kinds brought down. Captain Nanson believes that this line will increase our corn receipts fully 10,000 bags per day. The Hannibal and St. Joe road hauls the freight to Macon City, at which point the cars containing it are turned over to the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern road to come on here. The rate of freight is to be a low one, and the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern people will not make much out of it except to share in the general prosperity which the city will reap by the additional trade this new freighting facility will develop.

The Blaine Movement for the Presidential Nomination.

A Washington special to the New York *Herald* says:

It is capable of proof that a movement was begun as long ago as the holiday recess to secure the nomination of Speaker Blaine as the candidate of the Republican party for President. It is true, as has been stated, that he was induced about that time to withdraw his name as a candidate for Vice President, for fear his candidacy for that position would injure his prospects for the head of the ticket. The movement received little active sympathy until the tide of malcontents commenced drifting toward Cincinnati. Then it grew in favor with certain Northwestern Republicans, and finally a sufficient number of Congressmen from the extreme northern belt of States had joined the combination to make it formidable. Mr. Blaine's personal popularity, which his powerful position as Speaker brings him in, giving him many opportunities to favor his fellow-members of the House, together with the threatened quarrel in the party, were cogent reasons for its success. His consent was not sought at first, and possibly was never obtained; but his personal friends were sufficiently discreet in their conversation regarding the subject to convey the impression that he would accept a nomination and yet not compromise his fealty to General Grant. Letters were written to prominent parties in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, intended to promote the success of the combination, but evidently exerted little influence, as those States have declared for Grant and Colfax. After the actual division of the party over the Cincinnati movement the scheme was abandoned. Mr. Blaine then gave in his adherence unequivocally to the nomination of General Grant.

The whole affair was managed so discreetly that each and every person engaged in it could have said, and can now say, that he always was in favor of Grant. In fact, it was "a feeler" for Blaine, and the foregoing statement embraces all the truth on which the recently printed stories regarding the pendency of a movement in his behalf are founded.

English Women Mated with Savages.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

The Queensland papers report the marriage of two South Sea islanders with English women, the first marriages of the kind which have yet occurred. The ladies who have thus broken through the bonds of custom are the Misses Harriet Charlesworth and Ann Simms. The former is a native of Walford, in the county of Essex, and is aged twenty-five. The latter is one year younger, and Beckington, in Somersetshire, is entitled to the distinction of being her birthplace. The bridegrooms are natives of the island of Lifu, and intend to return to their island home immediately, carrying their spouses with them. They were Christians before going to Queensland, and have a fair knowledge of English. One of them was able to sign the marriage register in a handwriting that would have been creditable to an accomplished European, and both of them answered all the questions put to them by the minister very intelligently, although somewhat puzzled at the interrogatories respecting the degrees of kindred. Their wives are only late arrivals in the colony, having gone out by the Indus on her last trip. If the idea once gains ground in this country that Christian South Sea islanders, or even South Sea islanders who may become Christians under domestic influences, are looking out for English wives in Queensland, the Indus, on her next trip, will not lack a fair cargo of passengers.

Importing Bessemer Rails.

The Baltimore *Sun* says:

Prominent among the imports lately reported at the customhouse are the extensive importations made by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company of Bessemer steel rails, purchased from the best manufacturers in England. Of these, there have arrived within the past fortnight 13,606 rails, weighing 3854 tons, or sufficient to lay about forty miles of track, the duties on which amounted to over $100,000 gold. A large portion of the double track of the Baltimore and Ohio road, and its Washington branch, is already laid with steel rails. The entire length of the Washington branch, it is understood, will soon be thoroughly perfected in this respect, thus rendering it one of the finest roads in the country. The work of substituting steel for iron rails on the main line will also continue until its whole length is relaid with this superior metal.

WE'RE ALL FOR HORACE.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

[From the Washington Capitol.]

'Tis honest Horace Greeley
With his old white coat and staff!
The politicians laugh in fear,
In joy the people laugh;
A laugh comes o'er the Paddy's face,
And o'er the negro's mouth,
And first, since all these bloody years,
Laughs, too, the wounded South!

With laughter like to summer,
"Let us have peace" indeed,
And not the frosty soldier peace,
Whose word's a broken reed;
But with this grand old neighbor's rule,
And times of golden law,
Old hatreds shall be turned to loves
And laughter to hussa.

The camp fires burn for Greeley,
But not on fields of arms;
They burn by thinking cotters' hearths,
And wink from prairie farms,
Where good old couples rub their palms,
And say: "Praise God 'tis so!
Since ruled so long by men who kill
To vote for one we know!"

Put by thy lamp, friend Horace!
Thy kindly, busy quill,
When we have made thee President
Then shalt thou have thy will,
For thirty years of earnest work
Deserve a ruler's wish,
That "when he sees his country safe
He'd like to go and fish."

Ah! better had these captains
Who laugh to their dismay,
Said half the wise things in their reign
Thou sayest every day!
And better had they fished like thee,
Or farmed as bad, dear sage,
Than fished for rich men's company,
And farmed out patronage!

Some wise men fear thy kindness,
Thy crotchets some distress;
Some fear thy sturdy temperance,
And some thy simple dress;
These only feel their private wish,
When they good Greeley scan;
But all the mighty people feel
An earnest fellow man!

Stand up and shout, ye laughers!
The laughing sun comes out;
Together let the Northern Yank
And Southern Johnny shout;
For Brown and Greeley break the night,
And lead the era in,
They'll teach us how to laugh and farm,
We'll teach them how to win!

New York Has Spoken—Greeley to be Nominated at Baltimore.

[From the Memphis Appeal.]

It will be seen from our dispatches this morning that the New York Democratic Convention yesterday indorsed the nomination of Greeley and Brown. This result is of great importance, as it makes Horace Greeley the candidate of the Baltimore convention. Grant will undoubtedly be the nominee of the Philadelphia convention, and it is now certain that the Presidential canvass will be made with Grant and Greeley as the candidates. It is also certain that the Baltimore convention will be held, but it is equally as certain to indorse Greeley. We understand that Greeley and Brown are not opposed to this policy. It will, no doubt, give strength to the Cincinnati ticket, as the Liberal Republicans, encouraged by the solid Democratic strength of three millions of votes, will renew their energy, and the certainty of Greeley's election will attract the straggling vote and secure the office-seekers, who always manage to fall on the strong side.

We are rejoiced at the course pursued by the Democracy of New York, indorsing, as it does, the action of the Tennessee Democracy on last Thursday. Moreover, the Liberal Republicans are entitled to this much. For months they have been fighting the battles of Democracy. They have been assured of the sympathy and co operation of the Democrats, who promised to aid them in defeating the extravagance, corrupt measures and despotic usurpations of the Grant administration. They were told that if they would put forward an acceptable platform and candidates, they could count upon the cordial and undivided support of the Democracy. The Liberal Republicans performed their part of the contract. They risked their political fortunes at Cincinnati, and to betray them now would be dishonorable political trickery, and would so incense the Liberal Republicans that they would withdraw their ticket and vote even for Grant, to defeat the knaves who had deceived them by the most unblushing falsehoods.

It seems now to be the settled conviction of Democrats everywhere that certain defeat awaits any movement for a separate straight-out ticket, and that the result of this will be the re-election of General Grant, and another four years of misrule and oppression. On the other hand, redemption can easily be effected by a hearty concurrence with the action of the Cincinnati convention. This will lift the Democracy out of the despond of conservative defeats, demoralize our common and unscrupulous enemy, and at the same time bring relief to the country by the overthrow of an administration which has been discredited in its diplomacy with foreign civilized powers, and has, by its utter disregard of the public welfare and of all constitutional restraints, failed to command the confidence of the American people.

There is no insuperable difference between the platform on which the Democracy of the South stands, and that of the Liberal Republican party at Cincinnati. There have been differences, but these are all settled and closed. We can not afford to quarrel about mere names, or about persons. Messrs. Greeley and Brown both stand squarely and firmly on the living issues of the present. These are more than vital to us of the South. They open up a way of deliverance and of return to self-government to the people of these States, held under pains and penalties, and with no title to American citizenship and freedom, which the present administration feels bound to respect or regard. Our judgment is that the path of wisdom is for the Baltimore convention to accept the voice of the South and ratify the nominations already made. In the present position of parties a pure and simple Democratic triumph is impossible. But with the aid of 3,000,000 of Democratic votes all the doubtful States can be carried, and Greeley thus elected will be necessarily compelled to rely on that party to sustain his administration. By this means Democratic principles will, in the end, regain their ascendency.

Meanwhile, the war on the South will cease, a general amnesty be secured and the control of their own affairs will be restored to the people of the Southern States. The reign of corruption and profligacy in our State governments will be brought to a close, and the foundation of a better order of things will be laid. Mr. Greeley knows the condition of the South, deplores it and, if elected, will be able to do more in changing it than a Democrat; and this because he would encounter less opposition from Congress than would a Democratic President. The South regenerated, her State and municipal affairs purified, will rapidly regain her prosperity, and be in a position to exert a healthful influence in federal politics. The liberation of the South, the peace of the country and the preservation of our institutions are the vital issues of the hour. The election of Greeley will achieve these grand objects. But he can not be elected unless indorsed by the Baltimore convention. The vote in the Democratic convention of New York yesterday indicates that the great Democratic party of the Union is equal to its opportunities. Tennessee has performed her duty; and now let other Southern States forget the past, seize the occasion and accomplish a certain good for the present, and make the ascendency of Democratic principles possible in the future.

These paragraphs are from the Louisville *Courier-Journal:*

Tennie C. Claflin is a candidate for the coloneley of Jim Fisk's regiment. She says she is perfect in the drill, and promises that under her management it shall be a crack command. Who knows but the proud distinction of being made body-guard to President Woodhull is intended for the New York Ninth?

The exaggerated picture drawn by President Grant, in his special message on the protection of immigrants, it is feared may have the effect of discouraging immigration to this country. People in Europe may not comprehend that it is only an electioneering dodge.

Greeley and Brown were original Republicans. Grant and Voorhees were original Democrats. What is sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander. Grant and Voorhees. Why not?

The Blunder of a Politician.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Mr. Voorhees has made a mistake. Lampoons and jocularities apart, it can not be denied that he has done a thing that is open to suspicion and requires explanation. We know enough of Mr. Voorhees to believe him incapable of selling himself. He is a man of culture; he is a man of genius; he is a man of honor. But he has the infirmity which belongs to an ardent, ambitious temperament; and for all the decorations which have been thrown about a naturally pleasing stock by a studious industry, he is not a man wise in his generation or his order. It would be uncourteous in us if we should apply the epithet which he applied to Mr. Greeley's bailing of Jefferson Davis to his own restless and unseasonable display in the House. But if we should do so we should exceed him in accuracy, and we desire in what we have to say, above all things, to be accurate.

To be sure, to begin at the beginning, the career of Mr. Greeley justifies all the opposition which the positivity of his opinions and the bluntness of his utterances are capable of arousing in the mind that takes only a partisan view of affairs, and gets its sustenance not from the natural fruition of the season about it, but from sundry sealed and unwholesome jars and cans of pickled prejudices and preserved passions. There is no defending Mr. Greeley's antecedents before a partisan tribunal composed of Democrats. He has done all that a man can do, he has said all that a man can say, and he is on record in black and white, and the record is inconveniently salient, voluminous and accessible, in contradiction of the old-line Democratic notions about national banks, about the tariff, about slavery, and so on to the end of the chapter. Yet we see, particularly at the South, to which the disagreeable peculiarities of Mr. Greeley's philosophy and vocabulary have chiefly addressed themselves, a singularly spontaneous and enthusiastic uprising in favor of our old adversary as a candidate for the first place in the gift of the people. There must be a reason for this which the plea of political necessity does not account for. What is it?

It has been said by Bacon or Montaigne, that those friends are most attached who differ in opinions but agree in sentiment. This is the old doctrine, and the true one, of natural affinities. There is no doubt, taking it as a suggestion merely, that Mr. Greeley's character, simple, credulous, ardent, strong, honest, kindly and humane, harmonizes with many elements which Mr. Greeley himself has not commonly recognized as belonging to the Southern people; while he possesses one trait in his hatred of oppression and his sympathy with suffering, which makes the whole world kin. He did in truth do us much injustice in his treatment of the slavery question. But we fail to find his anti-slavery diatribes anything that does not accord with the life-long tenor of a career which took its cue from a heart naturally overflowing, and therefore exposed to those virtuous and well-meaning errors which sometimes endear men to us in spite of ourselves. Mr. Greeley's turn for farming has made him a home in the breast of many a man who has not always agreed with Mr. Greeley in opinions, but who has found sufficient sentimental concurrence in his company to keep it.

With us, at the South, there is one point which we place above all others. We do not ask who fought us during the war. We want to know who has really felt a desire to help us since the war. Nor are we critically disposed as to the mode by which any man proposed to help us, for we have had some helpers whom we might have spared. There was a man who made a great pretense of helping us. That was Andrew Johnson. Was he a real friend and helper, disinterested in his aims and wise in his methods? Assuredly nobody will claim that he was. On the other hand, what have we to expect of the hot-headed and powerless faction represented by Mr. Voorhees? With all his rhetoric, does Mr. Voorhees give us a surer earnest of real, and also of efficient, sympathy and succor than Horace Greeley? Mr. Voorhees was of no use to us during the war, and we do not see that he has done us any especial good since the war. He has maintained himself in Congress and before the country, and has made the sacrifice of keeping well in with the prejudices which prevail in his part of Indiana.

Mr. Greeley has not the harmonious flow of English which marks Mr. Voorhees' oratorical flights in exaltation of the Goddess of Liberty; nor has he that safely consistent record which is so sound that its virtues, like the odor of a certain flower, are confined to narrowly circumscribed limits. But we feel, instinctively, that at bottom Mr. Greeley feels as kindly toward us, and would go as far to do us a friendly office, as Mr. Voorhees; and we know that he is in a better position to make his friendship palpable and direct. Mr. Greeley has not exhibited himself as a scheming and selfish politician. He has made sacrifices and taken risks to save us from persecution and proscription; and, if he be elected President, we are satisfied that we shall not be troubled with bayonets. His government will be a civil government, and not the government of a military ring that would be still dangerous if it were friendly. Mr. Greeley is in himself a peace platform. But, standing on the platform of the Liberals, and elected by Democrats and Liberals, he is a guarantee for the future which could hardly be obtained in the person of any other probably successful candidate for the White House.

Now, as the Southern people desire more than all else surcease from the misfortunes of war, and the affliction of martial rule, they have but one political principle, and that is peace. They recognize Mr. Greeley as embodying that principle, and they are for him with all their heart. They see in him the only possible deliverance from Grant and Grantism, and though the Grant party should make never so many concessions and form never so many combinations with leaders whose ambition or cupidity the President's patronage may be able to seduce, or who may be led off by a mistaken estimate of the popular prejudice and ignorance, the people of the South will go into a national campaign with hope, only if they be led by the Liberal ticket, which they believe has the one sole chance of success presented the opposition at this time. They think that all roads which lead from Greeley go to Grant, and this opinion is so fixed in their minds that they can be united on no other line.

It is here that Mr. Voorhees has made his mistake. His proposal not to support Greeley would produce, if it prevailed, a division in the opposition forces through which the Grant party would be enabled to walk over the course. The people are thoroughly saturated with the impression that Greeley can be elected. The politicians may baulk this, but they can only do it to the advantage of the Radicals; and this is a proposition so obvious and so plain as not to be worth arguing.

The Connecticut Coalition.

A special Washington dispatch to the St. Louis *Republican* says:

The coalition in Connecticut between the Democrats and Republicans, by which the Legislature of that State decided to-day to re-elect Senator Ferry for six years from the fourth of March next, has excited very general comment here, and is looked upon by the supporters of Mr. Greeley as one of the promising indications of a coalition at Baltimore. While Mr. Ferry has not openly identified himself with the Liberal Republican movement, his recent votes and speeches show that he is heartily antagonistic to the extreme legislation which the Republican party continues to press in Congress. To-day, on the news of his re election being received in the Senate, he was only congratulated by Messrs. Trumbull and Schurz and other Liberal Republicans. The administration Republicans from that State in Congress declare that the Connecticut coalition breaks up the caucus system there, and turns the State over to the Democrats for the future.

A ghost is perambulating a Pennsylvania coal mine, supposed to be the apparition of an unfortunate slaughtered miner. It is described as a stalwart form of six feet or more in height, but unsubstantial and vapory. Pistol balls pass through it without effect, and attempts to arrest its motions always prove futile. It not only demoralizes the miners, but the mules display considerable terror on its appearance, which convinces the skeptical of its being a real, genuine ghost.