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I'M WAITING FOR THEE.

Down by the merry brook
That runs through the vale,
Where blossoms the roses
And lillies so pale,
Where the clover sweet scented
Perfumes all the air,
And blue-eyed forget-me nots
Are blossoming there,
Down the shady dell,
Under the tree,
At bright dawn of day,
I am waiting for thee.

Out in the arbor
'Neath low creeping vines
That over the lattice
So lovingly entwines,
Where the perfume of flowers
Floats on the air,
And nature is lovely—
Bewitchingly fair,
Out in the garden
Where my spirit is free,
At the calm hour of twilight
I am waiting for thee.

I kissed the tiny hand I held,
I pressed the fairy form,
I vowed I'd shield her from the blast,
And from the world's cold storm.

She raised her melting eyes to mine,
All filled with drops of woe,
With quivering lip she faintly said,
"Oh quit, don't hug me so!"

THE IRON VAULT.

A Story of a San Francisco Locksmith.

I am a locksmith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain sort of fascination rendering it one of the most agreeable of pursuits. Many who follow it see nothing in it but labor; think of nothing but its returns in gold and silver. To me it has other charms than the money it produces. I am called upon, almost daily to open doors and peer into neglected apartments; to spring the stubborn locks of safes and loat up on the treasure piled within; to quietly enter the apartments of ladies of more beauty than discretion, and pick the locks of drawers containing peace destroying missives, that the dangerous evidences of wandering affection may not reach the eye of a husband, or father, in possession of the missing key; to force the fastenings of cash boxes and depositories of records, telling of men made suddenly rich, of corporations plundered, of orphans robbed, of hopes crushed, of families ruined. Is there no charm in all this? no food for speculation? no scope for the range of pleasant fancy? Then who would not be a locksmith, though his face is begrimmed with the soot of the forge, and his hands are stained with rust?

But I have a story to tell—not exactly a story, either—for a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narrative—and mine is scarcely more than the introduction to one. Let him who deals in things of fancy, write the rest. In the spring of 1856—I think it was in April—I opened a little shop on Kearney street, and soon worked myself into a fair business. Late one evening, a lady, closely veiled, entered my shop, and pulling from beneath a cloak a small japanned box, requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed, and I was all of an hour in fitting it with a key. The lady seemed nervous at the delay, and at length requested me to close the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door, and returning to my work, the lady withdrew her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can well be imagined. There was a restlessness in the eye, and a pallor in the cheek, however, which plainly told of a heart ill at ease, and in a moment every emotion for her had given place to that of pity.

"Perhaps you are not well, madam, and the night air is too chilly?" said I, rather inquisitively.

I felt a rebuke in her reply: "In requesting you to close the door, I had no other object than to escape the observation of passers."

I did not reply, but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed: "That little box contains valuable papers—private papers—and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you remember that I ever came here on such an errand," she continued, with some hesitation, and giving me a look which it was no difficult matter to understand.

"Certainly, madam, if you desire it—If I cannot forget your face, I will at least attempt to lose the recollection of ever seeing it here."

The lady bowed rather coldly at what I considered a fine compliment, and I proceeded with my work, satisfied that a sudden discovered partiality for me had nothing to do with the visit. Having succeeded after much filing and fitting, in turning the lock, I was seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box, and suddenly raised the lid; discovered a bundle of letters, and a daguerreotype, as I slowly passed the box to its owner. She seized it hurriedly, and placing the letters and picture in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing the veil over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and as she passed into the street, she merely whispered, "Remember!" We met again, and I have been thus particular in describing her visit to render probable a subsequent recognition.

About two o'clock in the morning, in the latter end of May following, I was awakened by a gentle tap upon the window of the little room back of the shop, in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars, I sprang out of bed and in a moment was at the window with a heavy hammer in my hand which I usually kept at that time within convenient reach of my bedside.

"Who's there?" I inquired, raising the hammer, and peering out into the darkness—for it was as dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God.

"Hist!" exclaimed a figure, stepping in front of the window; "open the door—I have business with you."

"Rather past business hours, I should say; but who are you?"

"No one that would harm you, returned the voice, which I imagined was rather feminine for a burglar's.

"Nor any one that can?" I replied, rather emphatically, by way of a warning, as I tightened my grip upon the hammer, and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt, and slowly opening the door, discovered the stranger already upon the steps.

"What do you want?" I abruptly inquired.

"I will tell you," answered the same soft voice, "if you dare open the door wide enough for me to enter."

"Come in," said I, resolutely, throwing the door ajar, and proceeding to light a candle. Having succeeded, I turned to examine the visitor. He was a small and neatly dressed gentleman with a heavy raglan around his shoulders and a blue navy cap drawn suspiciously over his eyes. As I advanced towards him he seemed to hesitate a moment, then raised his cap from his forehead, and looked me curiously in the face. I did not drop the candle, but I acknowledge to a little nervousness as I hurriedly placed the light upon a table and silently proceeded to invest myself with two or three very necessary articles of clothing. As the Lord liveth, my visitor was a lady, and the same for whom I had opened the little box about a month before. Having completed my hasty toilet, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact is, I was confused.

Smiling at my discomfiture, she said: "Disguise is useless; I presume you recognize me?"

"I believe I told you, madam I should not soon forget your face. In what way can I serve you?"

"By doing half an hour's work before daylight to morrow, and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor," was the reply.

"It is not ordinary work," said I, inquiringly, "that commands so munificent a compensation." "It is a labor common to your calling," returned the lady. "The price is not so much for the labor as the condition under which it must be performed." "And what is the condition?" I required. "That you will submit to being conveyed from and returned to your own door blind folded." Ideas of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime to villainy, hurriedly presented themselves in succession, as I politely bowed and said: "I must understand something more of the character of the employment as well as the conditions, to accept your offer." Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of an explanation?" she inquired. "No—nor five thousand." She patted her foot nervously on the floor. I could see she had placed entirely too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in being able to convince her of the fact. "Well, then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, "I must tell you that you are required to pick a lock of a vault, and—" "You have gone quite far enough, madam, with the explanation," I interrupted; "I am at your service." "As I said," she continued, "you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and rescue from death a man who has been confined there for three days."

"To whom does the vault belong," I inquired.

"My husband," was the somewhat reluctant reply.

"Then why so much secrecy, or rather, how came a man confined in such a place?"

"I secreted him there to escape the observation of my husband. He suspected as much and closed the door upon him. Presume he had left the vault, and quitted the house by the back door, I did not dream till to-day that he was confined there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband this afternoon convinced me that the man is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death by my barbarous husband, unless immediately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I drugged him less than an hour ago, and he is now so completely stupefied that the lock may be picked without his interference. I have searched his pockets, but cannot find the key; hence my application to you. Now you know all; will you accompany me?"

"To the end of the world, madam, on such an errand."

"Then prepare yourself; there is a cab waiting at the door."

I was a little surprised, for I had not heard the sound of wheels. Hastily drawing on a coat, and providing myself with requisite implements, I was soon at the door. There, sure enough, was the cab, with the driver in the seat ready for the mysterious journey. As soon as I was seated, she produced a heavy handkerchief, which, by the faint light of an adjacent street lamp, she carefully bound round my eyes. The lady seated herself beside me, and the cab started. In half an hour the vehicle stopped—in what part of the city I am entirely ignorant as it was evidently driven in any thing but a direct course from the point of starting.

Examining the bandage to see that my vision was completely obscured, the lady handed me the bundle of tools with which I was provided, then taking me by the arm led me through a gate into a house which I knew was brick, and after taking me along a passage way which could not have been less than fifty feet in length, and down a flight of stairs into what was evidently an underground basement, stopped beside a vault, and removed the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Here is the vault—open it," said she, springing the door of a dark lantern, and throwing a beam of light upon the lock.

I seized a bunch of skeleton keys, and after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprang the bolt. The door swung on its hinges, and my companion, telling me not to close it as it was self locking, sprang into the vault. I did not follow. I heard the murmur of low voices within and the next moment the lady reappeared and leaning upon her arm a man, with face so pale and haggard that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during the three long days of confinement in the vault!

"Remain here," she said, handing me the lantern; "I will be back in a moment."

The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room immediately above where I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned.

"Shall I close it, madam?" said I, placing my hand upon the door of the vault.

"No! no!" she exclaimed, hastily seizing my arm; "it awaits another occupant!"

"Madam, you certainly do not intend to—"

"Are you ready?" she interrupted, impatiently, holding the handkerchief before my eyes. The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault, and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion, and continued: "Do not be alarmed. You are not the man!"

I could not mistake the truth or the fearful meaning of the remark, and I shuddered as I bent my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were as carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the cab, and thence driven home by a more circuitous route, if possible, than the one by which we came. Arriving in front of the house, the handkerchief was removed, and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse of five hundred dollars was placed in my hand, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned the corner and were out of sight.

I entered the shop, and the purse of gold was the only evidence I could summon in my bewilderment that all I had just done and witnessed was not a dream.

A month after that I saw the lady and the gentleman taken from the vault leisurely walking along Montgomery street. I do not know, but I believe the sleeping husband awoke within the vault, and his tones are there to-day. The wife is still a resident of San Francisco.

☞Two German chemists, working together in their laboratory at Heidelberg, have analysed the body of the sun! Fabulous as it may seem, this is literally true. They arrived at the results of their analysis solely by close examination of the rays of light. By this means it is ascertained in a manner quite convincing to those who have witnessed the experiments, that the body of the sun contains a large portion of iron and other metals and earths common to this globe of ours.

☞A young married woman in Pelham, pretty and bewitching, passed herself off as a maid, in Northampton, Mass., and got a couple of widowers crazy after her. One of them bought her a nice dress for riding through the town with him, and upon finding she was married, had her arrested for stealing the dress.—The complaint was dismissed.

Few young girls are so incongolable that their hearts cannot be kept afloat by a boy.

The editor of the Starksville Broad Axe is married. Look out for *hatchets*.

Memory of the Elephant.

A female elephant, belonging to a gentleman at Calcutta, who was ordered from the upper county to Chittagong, in the route thither, broke loose from her keeper and making her way to the woods, was lost. The keeper made every excuse to vindicate himself, which the master of the animal would not listen to, but branded the man with carelessness, or something worse; for it was instantly supposed that he sold the elephant. He was tried for it, and condemned to work on the roads for life, and his wife and children were sold for slaves. About twelve years afterward, this man, who was known to be well acquainted with breaking elephants, was sent into the country with a party to assist in catching wild ones. They came upon a herd, and this man fancied he saw among the group, his long lost elephant for which he had been condemned. He resolved to approach it—nor could the strongest remonstrances of the party dissuade him from the attempt. Having reached the animal, he spoke to her, when she immediately recognized his voice; she waved her trunk in the air, as a token of salutation, and spontaneously laid down and allowed him to mount her neck. She afterward assisted in taking other elephants, and decoyed three young ones, to which she had given birth in her absence. The keeper returned, and the singular circumstance attending the recovery being told, he regained his character; and as a recompense for his unmerited sufferings, had a pension settled on him for life. This elephant was afterwards in possession of Warren Hastings, when Governor General of Hindostan.—*Popular Natural History.*

Traveling by Dog Power.

The St. Cloud *Democrat*, gives an interesting account of the trip of Gen. Barber of Dakota of 500 miles on a sled pulled by dogs. The Governor traveled from Selkirk to St Cloud. The vehicle is a very thin board split from an oak log. It is about as wide as an chair seat, and eight feet long. It is bent upward in front like a sled runner, and lies flat on the snow. Usually this is all, but our Governor, with an eye to elegance and creature comforts, had a cutter sled built on his, of parchment, with a back high enough to support the shoulders, scroll-shaped sides, and a front curling over—The parchment is supported by oak slips as thick as a man's finger. It is staunch and firm, and yet the whole affair, we are told, weighs little over ten pounds—in this little bed the traveler sits with his buffalo robes and blankets, and while on the flat board which extends behind him is strapped his pemican and other provisions. Before him are his four dogs hitched between two long traces of raw hide, one before the other. The traveller has a whip long enough to reach the foremost, and usually keeps up a vigorous flogging and shouting. The creatures will travel from 30 to 60 miles per day, and keep on day after day. Their allowance is one pound of pemican each daily; but often the traveler, who goes well armed, succeeds in shooting game, and thus furnishes food for his steeds. The dogs are of the wolf species, ugly, treacherous looking brutes, who would no doubt eat their master if they got a chance. A turn-out of this kind is a natural and artificial curiosity combined. The Governor, as dog-train travelers usually are, was in the spirit of it; and with his moccasins, fringed leggings, red sash, fur coat and cap, long hair and beard, looked like a combination of polar bear and Indian.

☞The Florida freebooters have added another chaplet to their crown of infamy by enacting a law punishing with death the acceptance of a Federal appointment in that State. It is altogether in character. The Government paid five million dollars for their miserable alligator swamps, and forty millions more to drive from their territory a few score of Seminoles; and now they have seceded from the Union, stolen all the Government property within their reach, and passed a law to hang every Government office holder they can catch. What else could have been expected from thieves, cowards, and traitors?

☞"My son," said a solid merchant to his heir and namesake, on Thursday, "I would rather give $1,000 than have you go to Washington soldiering."—"Father," was the kindly but decided response, "if you could make it $100,000 it would be of no use; for where the Seventh Regiment goes, I go."

The entire military force of Pennsylvania, or men capable of bearing arms, is 350,000, more than the whole military force of the rebellious Confederate States. The population of Pennsylvania is over 2,900,000; that of the revolted or Confederate States about 2,200,000 whites—Comment is unnecessary. The figures speak for themselves.

An Irish editor, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland says, "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is *not yet full!*"

☞Two comets are now looked for by astronomers the De Vico comet, which appeared in 1855 and the celebrated comet of Charles V.

Nature for the Union.

This country is geographically one—The bounds of nations are not arbitrarily assigned; they are, in general, determined by fixed laws. A people, indeed, as the cause of the Romans, may conquer other nations, and gather them all under one despotic head in spite of their essential diversities. But this is a temporary contravention of the laws of nature. It is the configuration of the earth's surface which determines the boundaries of nations. Greece was geographically one—So was Egypt; so is Italy, which is now at last struggling to attain its normal state. Spain, France, Great Britain, Germany, are all one not by the will of man, but by physical laws, which men can contravene only to their own detriment or destruction.

TRUTH.—Truth is the great basis, the foundation of all coming from God.—From truth rises all that is noble and pure. Purity of thought is the gem of loveliness. Love is the great principle that cements the human family together, and binds them to the Father. Man cannot love, entertain a pure, noble, or holy thought, without truth to rest upon; therefore combine all that is just and lovely in man and it makes up truth—the great staff to lean upon. Be true to thy Creator, to the laws that govern the universe, true to thy own spirit, and thou will live pure, lovely, and just—a religion that makes man as perfect as he can be, surrounded by earthly things. Live thus, and thou live't truth.

☞They tell a story about a Yankee tailor dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man replied—"I am sorry, very sorry, indeed, that I can't pay it." "Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be very sorry—but if you are sorrier than I am I'll quit.

A Damp Place best for Setting Hens.

A correspondent of the London Daily *Chronicle* says hens should sit in a damp place rather than a dry place, for the following reason: "The germ of the egg floats uppermost, within and against the shell, in order that it may meet the genial warmth of the breast of the fowl. We must therefore, in hatching, apply most warmth to that part only, the egg being supplied with only a limited quantity of moisture, is thus arranged to prevent evaporation from a large sacrifice, as the egg is only very warm at the part in contact with the fowl, until the blood-searching nourishment for the embryo, has surrounded the inner surface of the shell, when the whole egg becomes gradually warm, and eventually of an equal temperature."

A clergyman in Scotland desired his hears never to call one another liars, but when any one said an thing that was not true, they ought to whistle. One Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of the loaves and fishes, and being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like those now a days; they were as big as the hills of Scotland. He had scarcely pronounced the words, when he heard a low whistle, "What's that?" said he, "wha call me a liar?" "It is I, Willy McDonald, the baker." "Weel Willy, what objections have ye to what I told ye?" "None, Master John; only I wanted to know what sort of ovens they had to bake those loaves in?"

A Long Lost Son Discovered.

An infant boy was stolen from his father and mother at St Louis, nearly twenty-four years ago, by a hunter who had lost his wife and child and "wanted something that would love him." He hurried the child into the wilderness, employed a half breed woman to nurse it, and not until recently was its long bereaved mother able to obtain any definite information of her missing son. She had become a widow and had lived in Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Detroit and other places, "seeking rest and finding none." By means of a young sporting friend who frequently met the old hunter and his ward in the Far West, and adroitly cross-questioned him, the truth was ascertained; and the mother and son were last week reunited at Detroit after a separation of almost a quarter of a century. The poor woman's hair had grown white with age and anxiety, and her son will now gladly adopt civilized habits.

Hon. Charles B Sedgwick, of Syracuse having been applied to by a clergyman for his influence to obtain a situation in the New York Custom House for his son, said in reply: "If you have a son who won't lie nor steal, don't for God's sake, put him in the New York Custom House; he would soon lose those qualities there, and get other habits not half so virtuous. Still, if you are inclined to put temptation in his way, instead of being careful and prayerful that it be removed from him, I will give him a letter provided any friend of mine is appointed Collector.

There is a class of men ever ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

☞It may be interesting to some of our readers to know that ex President Buchanan has expressed his determination to sustain the Government in the present emergency.

Proclamation of Gov. Curtin.

HARRISBURG April 20.—The following proclamation has just been issued by the Governor:

Executive Chamber of Pennsylvania,
Harrisburg, April 20, 1861.

Pennsylvania ss

In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of the said Commonwealth—

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, An armed rebellion in a portion of the States of this Union, threatening the destruction of the National Government, perilling the public and private property, endangering the peace and security of this Commonwealth, and inciting a systematic piracy upon our commerce; and whereas, adequate provision does not exist by law to enable the Executive to make the military power of the State as available and efficient as it should be for the common defence of the State and the General Government.

And whereas, An occasion so extraordinary requires a prompt exercise of the Legislative power of the State.

Therefore I, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, by virtue of the powers vested in me by the Constitution, do hereby convene the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, and require the members of the Senate and House of Representatives to meet in their respective Houses, in the Capital, at Harrisburg, on Tuesday, the 30th day of April, A D 1861, at 12 o'clock, noon of that day, then and there to take into consideration and adopt such measures in the premises as the present exigency may seem to them in their wisdom to demand.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the Commonwealth to be fixed at Harrisburg, the 20th day of April, in the year of our Lord, 1861, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-sixth.

By the Governor,
ELI SLIFER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

A sub editor announces that the editor of the paper is unwell, and piously adds: "All good paying subscribers are requested to make mention of him in their prayers—the other class need not do it, as the 'prayers of the wicked availeth nothing,' according to good authority."

The Lewisburg *Argus* records the demise *at forty years* of an horse, near New Berlin, long time the faithful bearer of Dr Joseph R Lotz on his professional tours. But the *American* of Sunbury "matches' him: Hugh Bellas, Esq, still drives a sober nag which has seen *forty-three* years.

"Do you support Abe Lincoln?" "No sir!" "Do you support Douglas?" "No sir!" "Do you support Bell, then?"—"No sir!" "What! do you support Breckinridge?" "No!" shouted the screamer. "I supports Betsey and the children, and it's mighty hard scratchin' to git along at that, with corn only twenty cents a bushel."

☞A boy shot a pigeon immediately over the head of a carpenter at work at Oswego, last week; the bird fell on the back of the man's head. The blow and the report induced him to put his hand to his neck, when seeing it bloody, he brawled "I am shot," and fell to the ground. The laughter of the bystanders brought him to his senses, and he saw the dead bird at his feet, which he thrust into his pocket, and resumed his work.

So he Died!

The infamy of firing that first dastardly shot against the U S unarmed ship, *Star of the West*, was claimed by one *St Clair Morgan*, an officer in the South Carolina force. He went to Pensacola—had a quarrel and a duel, about a yellow girl! with an officer in Bragg's army—and was shot dead by a pistol ball in the abdomen. Thus perishes St. Clair Morgan, the traitor who fired that first horrible shot against the Flag of the Union!

Large accumulation of Grain.

Notwithstanding the great size and number of the grain warehouses in Chicago, vast as they are—two of them affording room for 700,000 bushels—there is not storage in the city for another week's receipts, says the latest *Press and Tribune*, which gives the number of bushels on hand as 4,300,000 bushels.

Gold in New Jersey.

The Hackettstown *Gazette* states that indications of gold have been discovered on the farm of Mr Jacob Cramer, at Clinton, Hunterdon county.

The St Peter *Statesman* speaks of a farm of 160 acres, near that place, on which were raised last season 2,000 bushels of wheat, 2,100 bushels of oats, 500 bushels of corn, 2,000 bushels potatoes, besides a large quantity of other produce.

Florida has just sold half a million of acres of land to some New Orleans speculators at two cents an acre.

He will soon be a beggar that cannot say NO.