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From Blackwood's Magazine.

COLLEGE THEATRICALS.

It wanted but two or three weeks to the Christmas vacation, and we—the worshipful society of under-graduates of ——— College, Oxford—were beginning to get tired of the eternal round of supper parties which usually marked the close of our winter's campaign, and ready to hail with delight any proposition that had the charm of novelty. A three weeks' frost had effectually stopped the hunting; all the best tandem leaders were completely screwed; the freshmen had been 'larked' till they were grown as cunning as magpies; and the Dean had set up a divinity lecture at two o'clock, and published a stringent proclamation against rows in the Quad. It was, in short, in a particularly uninteresting state of things, with the snow falling lazily upon the gray roofs and silent quadrangle, that some half dozen of us had congregated in Bob Thornhill's rooms, to get over the time between lunch and dinner with as little trouble to our mental and corporal faculties as possible.—Those among us who had been for the last three months promising to themselves to begin to read 'next week,' had now put off that too easy creditor, conscience, till 'next term.' One alone had settled his engagements of that nature, or, in the language of his '*Testamur*'—the prettiest bit of Latin, he declared, he ever saw—'*satisfecit examinatoribus.*' Unquestionably, in his case, the examiners must have had the rare virtue of being very easily satisfied. In fact, Mr. Savile's discharge of his educational engagements was rather a sort of 'whitewashing' than a payment in full. His passing was what is technically called a 'shave;' a metaphor alluding to that intellectual density which finds it difficult to squeeze through the narrow portal which admits to the privileges of a Bachelor of Arts. As Mr. S. himself, being a sporting man, described it, it was 'a very close run, indeed;' not that he considered that circumstance to derogate in any way, from his victory; he was rather inclined to consider, that, having shown the field of examiners capital sport, and fairly got away from them in the end without the loss of his brush, his examination had been one of the very best runs of the season. In virtue whereof, he was now mounted on the arm of an easy chair, with a long 'chiboque,' which became the gravity of an incipient bachelor better than a cigar, and took upon himself to give Thornhill (who was really a clever fellow, and professing to be reading for a first) some advice as to his conducting himself when his examination should arrive.

'I'll tell you what, Thornhill, old boy, I'll give you a wrinkle: it doesn't always answer to let out all you know at an examination. That sly old varmint, West of Magdalen, asked me who Hannibal [illegible] said I to myself—that's your line of country, is it? [illegible] me straight into those botheration Punic Wars; it's no go, though; I sha'n't break cover in that direction,' so I was mute. 'Can't you tell me something about Hannibal? says old West again. 'I can,' thinks I, 'but I won't. He was regularly disappointed; I spoilt his beat entirely, don't you see? so he looked as black as thunder, and tried it on in a fresh place. If I had been fool enough to let him dodge me in those Punic wars I should have been run into in no time. Depend upon it, there's nothing like a judicious ignorance, occasionally.'

'Why,' said Thornhill, 'when ignorance is bliss,' (i. e. when it gets through the schools,) 'tis folly to be wise.'

'Ah! that's Shakspeare says that, isn't it? I wish one could take up Shakspeare for a class! I'm devilish fond of Shakspeare. We used to act Shakspeare at a private school I was at.'

'By Jove!' said somebody from behind a cloud of smoke—whose the brilliant idea was, was afterwards matter of dispute—'why couldn't we get up a play?'

'Ah! why not? why not? Capital!'

'It's such a horrid bore, learning one's part,' lisped the elegant Horace Leicester, half awake on the sofa.

'Oh, stuff!' said Savile; 'it's the very thing to keep us alive! We could make a capital theatre out of the hall; don't you think the little vice-principal would give us leave?'

'You had better ask for the chapel at once.—Why, don't you know, my dear fellow, the college hall, in the opinion of the dean and the vice, is held rather more sacred of the two?—Newcome, poor devil, attempted to cut a joke at the high table one of the times he dined there after he was elected, and he told me that they all stared at him as if he had insulted them; and the vice (in confidence) explained to him that such 'levity' was treason against the '*reverentia loci*.'

'Ay, I remember when that old villain Solomon, the porter, fined me ten shillings for walking in there with spurs one day when I was late for dinner—that the dean always took off his cap when he went in there by himself, and threatened to turn off old Higgs, when he had been scout forty years, because he heard him whistling one day while he was sweeping it out!—Well, continued Savile, 'you shall have my rooms; I sha'n't trouble them much now. I am going to pack all my books down to old Wise's next week, to turn them into ready 'tin;' so you may turn the study into a carpenter's shop, if you like. Oh, it can be managed famously!'

So after a few *pros* and *cons*, it was finally settled that Mr. Savile's rooms should become the Theatre Royal, ——— College; and I was honored with the responsible office of Stage-Manager. What the play was to be was a more difficult point to settle. Savile proposed 'Romeo and Juliet,' and volunteered for the hero; but it passed the united strength of the company to get up a decent Juliet. 'Richard the Third' was suggested, we had 'six Richards in the field' at once. We soon gave up the heroics, and decided on comedy; for since our audience would be sure to laugh, we should at least have a chance of getting the laugh in the right place. So, after long discussion, we fixed on 'She Stoops to Conquer. We had a good many reasons for this selection. First, it was a piece possessing that grand desideratum in all amateur performances, that there were several parts [illegible] equal calibre, and none which implied [illegible] superiority of talent in its representative. Secondly, there was not much *love* in it; a material point where, as an Irishman might say, all the ladies were gentlemen. Thirdly, the scenery, dresses, properties, and decorations were of the very simplest description: it was easily 'put upon the stage.' We found little difficulty in casting the male characters; old Mrs. Hardcastle, not requiring any great share of personal attractions, and being considered a part that would tell, soon found a representative; but when we came to the 'donnas'—*prima* and *secunda*—then it was that the manager's troubles began. It was really necessary to insure the most moderate degree of success to the comedy, that Miss Hardcastle should have at least a lady-like deportment. The public voice, first in whispers, then audibly, at last vociferously, called upon Leicester. Slightly formed, handsome, clever, and accomplished, with naturally graceful manners, and a fair share of vanity and affectation, there was no doubt of his making a respectable heroine if he would consent to be made love to. In vain did he protest against the petticoats, and urge with affecting earnestness the claims of the whiskers which for the last six months he had so diligently been cultivating; the chorus of entreaty and expostulation had its effect, aided by a well-timed compliment to the aristocratically small hand and foot, of which Horace was pardonably vain. Shaving was pronounced indispensable to the due growth of the whiskers; and the importance of the character, and the point of the situations, so strongly dwelt upon, that he became gradually reconciled to his fate, and began to debate the question whether Miss Hardcastle should wear her hair in curls or bands. A freshman of seventeen, who had no pretensions in the way of whiskers, and who was too happy to be admitted on any terms to a share in such a 'fast idea' as the getting up a play, was to be the Miss Neville: and before the hall bell rang for dinner, an order had been despatched for a dozen acting copies of 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

Times have materially changed since Queen Elizabeth's visit to Christ-Church; the University, one of the earliest nurses of the infant drama, has long since turned it out of doors for a naughty child; and forbid it, under pain of worse than whipping, to come any nearer than Abingdon and Bicester. Taking into consideration the style of some of the performances, in which under-graduates of some three hundred years ago were the actors, the 'Oxford Theatre' of those days, if it had more wit in it than the present, had somewhat less decency: the ancient 'moralities' were not over moral, and the 'mysteries' rather Babylonish. So far we have had no great loss. Whether the judicious getting up of a tragedy of Sophocles or Æschylus, or even a comedy of Terence—classically managed—as it could be done in Oxford—and well acted, would be more unbecoming the gravity of our collected wisdom, or more derogatory to the dignity of our noble 'theatre,' than the squalling [illegible] masculine, feminine, and neu- [illegible] I shall certainly propose in [illegible] much I am sure of, if a classical play-bill were duly announced for the next grand commemoration, it would 'draw' almost as well as the Duke; the dresses might be quite as showy, the action hardly less graceful, than those of the odd-looking gentlemen who are dubbed doctors of civil law on such occasions; and the speeches of Prometheus, Œdipus or Antigone, would be more intelligible to the learned, and more amusing to the ladies, than those Latin essays or the Creweian oration.

However, until I am vice-chancellor, the legitimate drama, Greek, Roman, or English, seems little likely to revive in Oxford. Our branch of that great family, I confess, bore the bar-sinister. The offspring of our theatrical affections was unrecognized by college authority. The fellows of ——— would have done anything but 'smile upon its birth.' The dean especially would have Burked it at once had he suspected its existence. Nor was it fostered, like the former Oxford theatricals to which I have alluded, by royal patronage; we could not, consistently with decorum, request Her Majesty to encourage an illegitimate. Nevertheless, spite of its being thus born under the rose—it grew and prospered. Our plan of rehearsal was original. We used to adjourn from dinner to the rooms of one or other of the company; and there, over our wine and dessert, instead of quizzing freshmen and abusing tutors, open each our copy, and, with all due emphasis and intonation, go regularly through the scenes of 'She Stoops to Conquer.' This was all the study we ever gave to our parts: and even thus it was difficult to get a muster of all the performers, and we generally had to play dummy for some one or more of the characters, or 'double' them, as the professionals call it. The excuses for absenteeism were various. Mrs. Hardcastle and Tony were gone to Woodstock with a team, and were not to be waited for; Diggery had a command to dine with the principal; and once an interesting dialogue was cut short by the untoward event of Miss Neville's being 'confined'—in consequence of some indiscretion or other—'to chapel.' It was necessary in our management, as much as in Mr. Bunn's or Mr. Macready's, to humor the caprices of the stars of the company; but the lesser lights, if they became eccentric at all in their orbits, were extinguished without mercy. Their place was easily supplied; for the moment it became known a play was in contemplation, there were plenty of candidates for dramatic fame, especially among the freshmen: and though we mortally offended one or two aspiring geniuses by proffering them the vacant situations of Ralph, Roger & Co., in Mr. Hardcastle's household, on condition of having their respective blue dress coats turned up with yellow to represent the family livery, there were others to whom the being admitted behind the scenes, even in these humble characters, was a subject of laudable ambition. Nay, unimportant as were some parts in themselves, they were quite enough for the histrionic talent of some of our friends. Till I became a manager myself, I always used to lose patience at the wretched manner in which some of the underlings on the stage went through the little they had to say and do: there seemed no reason why the 'sticks should be so provokingly sticky; and it surprised me that a man who could accost one fluently enough at the stage door, should make such a bungle as some of them did in a message of some half dozen words 'in character.' But when I first became initiated into the mysteries of amateur performances, and saw how destitute some men were of any notion of natural acting, and how they made a point of repeating two lines of familiar dialogue with the tone and manner, but without the correctness of a school-boy going through a task—then it ceased to be any matter of wonder that those to whom acting was no joke, but an unhappily earnest mode of getting bread, should so often make their performance appear the uneasy effort which it is.

(*To be Continued.*)

That Slap in the Face.

We republished, not long ago, from the Baltimore Patriot, which had copied it from the Old Defender, the story concerning General Pierce's having been slapped in the face by a brother officer in the city of Mexico, and tamely submitting to the insult. We republished it without comment, as copied into a paper of high character, and given upon what it was said was perfectly sufficient authority. The following correspondence has been called forth by a subsequent denial of the fact, in the Baltimore Argus:

BALTIMORE, Sept. 13, 1852.

DEAR SIR: — From the denial in the Argus of Friday last, which I enclose, and also an anonymous advertisement in the Sun, pronouncing your charge against Gen. Pierce false, I find it necessary to bring the matter to an issue so far as the Patriot is concerned.

We copied an article from the "Old Defender," which article induced you to wait on me with a communication in reply to the remarks of the Argus, which I published in the Patriot of the 7th—the day of our interview. On that day you stated that you expected to be away for some weeks, but was willing, at the proper time, to certify over your own signature, to the facts as communicated in reference to the affair between General Pierce and Captain McGruder when in Mexico.

A day or two since, as I learn, the editor of the Argus told some gentlemen who called upon him that he was authorized by you to contradict the whole statement. Now, it seems to me to be due to yourself, as well as to the whig press, that your certificate be published at once, and if you will be as good as to send it by return mail, you will greatly oblige me, as well as perform an act of sheer justice to yourself and all the parties concerned.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JNO. F. McJILTON.

Capt. GEO. McLANE, U. S. A., Carlisle Barracks.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1852.

[illegible] inst., and, although in the publications that have recently appeared relative to a scene in the city of Mexico between Gen. Pierce and an officer of the army, my name has not been mentioned, there can be no doubt that I am the person alluded to, and I have felt indignant at the use attempted to be made by the impressions and opinions I have heretofore expressed, in regard to that occurrence.

In several conversations with my friends and associates, relative to the incidents of the Mexican campaign, both before and since General Pierce's nomination, I have more than once spoken of the occurrence at the city of Mexico, to which allusion is now made, with no desire or intention, however, that my animadversions, although not confidential, would be dragged into the newspapers for political effect, but in the ordinary exercise of my rights and privileges as a citizen and gentleman, and for the truth of my remarks I would always consider myself responsible to those interested.

The publication in the Old Defender of the 4th inst., was made without my knowledge or consent. It was a material misrepresentation of what I have said, or intended, and I have so declared it to be, to all with whom I have conversed in regard to it, and among others to the editor of the Argus.

The substance of my observation, in regard to this difficulty of Gen. Pierce's, is, that according to my impression, on the night prior to his leaving the city of Mexico, his face was slapped at a game of cards, by an officer of the army, and that the indignity was not on the instant, or so far as I learned subsequently, resented, in such a manner as in my opinion it ought to have been by a man of proper spirit and courage.

For these impressions, I would, of course, be responsible to Gen. Pierce and his friends; and I say that any imputation to me of a statement inconsistent with the foregoing, would be a misrepresentation which I could not excuse.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,
GEO. McLANE,
Brevet Captain, U. S. A.

The Duke of Wellington expired on the 14th ult., of Apoplexy.

That Slap in the Face.

General Pierce had his jaws slapped over a card table without resenting it! No wonder he fainted when he got near the battle field. And this is the man the Locos want to make President of the United States. He is so fainted-ified that he should not be entrusted to watch over the interests of a population of twenty five millions. Let the Hero of Lundy's Lane, whom every one loves or fears, preside over the interests and destinies of the nation, and we will be honored and protected, otherwise we will be in doubt and fear of having our "jaws slapped without resenting it."—Bloomington Journal.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.

The Shawnee Indians, who have been here some time, concluded their business with the Indian Bureau, receiving $38,000 to be distributed among their people at home.

Orders have been issued to Major Murray, Superintendent, for the removal of the Menomonees to their new home in Wisconsin; $25,000 were appropriated by Congress for that purpose.

Commodore Skinner yesterday assumed the duties of Acting Secretary of the Navy.

Government is energetically pushing forward the Japan expedition.

From the Ladies' Companion.

ROMANCE OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

STORY OF ATHENAIS.

BY MRS. E. S. SMITH.

The Grecian sage, Leontius, was lying on his couch, calmly awaiting the approach of death. His daughter, the beautiful Athenais, was bending over him, and bathing his brow with her tears. The fading beams of the setting sun illumined the apartment; and cast over the pallid cheek of the dying man, a glow that mocked the hue of health. As the weeping Anethais beheld this rosy flush, she hushed her voice of mourning, and, for an instant, a ray of hope irradiated her brow, and shone amid her tears, as a transient sunbeam sometimes gilds a stormy cloud, and sparkles amid the falling rain. Leontius beheld the change, and said in faint but tranquil tones—

"Deceive not thyself, my dear Athenais, with vain illusive hopes—they will but cheat thee into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow, and render the hour of grief, that *must* come, more painful to endure. Learn to look calmly upon the trial that awaits thee, and bear with becoming fortitude the loss thou art about to sustain. I feel that I must die. Even now the lamp of life burns dimly in its socket, and ere long it will be quenched forever. Weep not so bitterly, my child, at the decree of the Gods.—They are wise—they are merciful. They have granted me a long sojourn on the earth, and they are now conducting me peacefully and pleasantly to repose. Murmer not, then, at their dispensations, but bow submissively to their will, and pray for aid to strengthen thy spirit in the coming season of affliction."

But Athenais renewed her lamentations, and her tears flowed more freely as she listened to her father's words. Grief had gained the mastery over her spirit, and, for a time, it ruled with despotic sway. Calmly Leontius waited until the violence of the storm had passed, and, in the lull of those passionate emotions, he said, "I grieve to see, my child, that all the lessons of wisdom and virtue which I have taught thee, have failed to lift thy mind to that elevation which I had hoped it would attain. But I despair not, that thy soul will one day be as lofty and heroic as my fondest wish could desire.—Thou art young, and thy heart is yet tender enough to take a deep impression from every passing touch. Let but a few more years roll away, and the breath of sorrow, like the beam of joy, will pass almost unheeded over thy spirit's fount of feeling, and wake only a ripple on its surface. Thus would I have it. And now, my dear Athenais, I have but a few more moments to linger, and I entreat you to listen to the voice that will so soon be silent forever.—Hereafter, it might be a source of deep regret to reflect that you had not heeded my dying words."

[illegible] tiful head, and with a forced calmness [illegible] posure, listened to his words.

"In leaving thee, my child, to the evils of life and the temptations of the world, I do not leave thee without a protector, for thy own excellent heart will be a protector more vigilant and more useful than the wisest I could appoint—and, in bequeathing my patrimony almost entirely to thy two brothers, I do thee no act of injustice, for thy youth and loveliness, and above all thy many virtues, constitute a dowry that queens might envy. What were riches to one like thee? What were stores of sparkling gems and heaps of glittering gold? Hast thou not a beauty whose splendor can rival the diamond's light, and treasures of the mind whose value is above all price? These last, my daughter, are a legacy which none can take away.—Time, who will steal thy youthful charms, cannot deprive thee of those unfading treasures.—They are exhaustless as the earth, and enduring as life. Thou art nobly portioned, and I die happy in the belief of thy welfare."

The philosopher paused—a solemn silence reigned in the apartment, and it seemed that death was hovering near. Faint and fainter grew the light of departing day—dim and dimmer burned the lamp of expiring life. Low as the softest whisper of the leaves when stirred by the breath of spring, rose once more the voice of the dying sage.

"My daughter, see you not yon lingering radiance in the west—how slowly and majestically it gives place to the footsteps of night? How softly and sweetly the last beam fades away and sinks to rest? Thus does a philosopher bid farewell to earth. Thus calmly and peacefully sink to his last repose. May such, dear Athenais, when thy sojourn here is ended, be thy closing hour. Blessings be with thee now and forever. Farewell!"—So gently and so tranquilly had he sunk into the arms of Death, that the bereaved Athenais dared not disturb, with the voice of her sorrow, the silent and solemn scene. For many moments she sat tearless, motionless—almost breathless, gazing reverently upon the hushed and holy features of the departed. But as soon as the awe, which that fearful visitor, Death inspires in every one, who, for the first time, marks his approach, had passed away, the young mourner gave full vent to her grief, and bending her blooming cheek to that marble brow, she wept with the bitterness of a desolate spirit.

Her father had been so dear—so immeasurably dear to her heart, that, in losing him, she had lost all that could render life endurable.—Her mother had been dead many years, and Leontius had supplied the place of both parents. It was his eye that had watched over her in the troublous days of infancy, and his voice that had gladdened, with words of praise, the happy years of childhood. In the pleasant springtime of youth, he had been ever near to guide and protect—to lead her steps in the path of virtue, and her mind to the fount of knowledge. He had been parent, companion, friend and preceptor, and Athenais had loved as never child loved before. It is a sad thing, the first deep grief of a young, fond heart. As a desolating storm would bruise and blight the gentle tenants of a flower-garden, so does the tempest of the soul destroy its tender blossoms of feeling, and lay waste its beautiful buds of hope. But although terrible in its effects, it is transient in duration, and passes away like the cloud from a summer sky. Youthful emotions are so buoyant and elastic, that they spring back to their former position as soon as the pressure of misfortune is removed. It was thus with Athenais. When the first violence of her anguish had passed away, she could reflect calmly upon her bereavement, and turn to the memory of her lost parent as something holy and dear. She would sit for hours alone, recalling his very look and tones, and dwelling fondly upon his words of love.—At such times she would remember all his precepts, and breathe a prayer that they might guide her safely through the perilous path of life.

With a spirit chastened by sorrow, she sought the home of her brothers. They had lived apart from her since the days of childhood, and they had none of those gentle and pleasant memories which linger so sweetly around the hearts of those who have been reared in the genial atmosphere of home. They received their sister as a stranger, and greeted her with the chilling words of unkindness. They feared she would become a dependant on their bounty, and consume a portion of the patrimony which they had so recently inherited. How strange a passion is avarice—how it contracts every lofty principle of the mind, and chills every warm emotion of the heart. Leontius had withheld his worldly riches from his daughter, in order to bestow all upon his sons, thinking no doubt, that they would gladly share the dowry with their only sister. But the spirit of avarice had entered into their hearts, and they grudged the gentle Athenais a home. They frowned upon her when she asked their protection, and unwillingly granted the shelter they were ashamed to refuse. She would have turned away from such unnatural kindred, to seek a home among strangers, but she had been reared in retirement, and knew nothing of life save what she had learned from study, and she dared not go forth into the world friendless and alone. Thus, compelled to accept the boon so ungraciously granted, she became an unwelcome dweller with her inhospitable brothers. But though with them, she was not one of their family, for their firesides never shed a cheering radiance for her, and their household gods never smiled upon her spirit. She was desolate and unhappy—the memory of her father's love and kindness was ever lingering around her heart, making her altered situation more sad and more difficult to endure.

Still in the treasures of her mind, those which her father had deemed so rich a legacy, she found a resource and shield from despair. There were moments when she could steal from the troublous cares that oppressed her, and forget, in study, and the intellectual pursuits she loved, the many ills to which she was subjected. But even these brief intervals of consolation were denied, and the last flower that bloomed in her darkened pathway seemed about to perish.

A Roman of high birth, named Marulles, who saw Athenais at the house of her brother, became [illegible] more than twice her years, and was a man of [illegible] beautiful enough to please his satiated fancy. Surfeited with pernicious sweets, and almost weary of the life that could afford him no new enjoyment, he continually sighed for some new novelty to awaken the sluggish emotions of his heart. That novelty he seemed now to have found in Athenais.

(*To be continued.*)

The London Times on Slavery in America.

The Times of Sept. 2d has a long review of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and its tone is in general highly laudatory of the lady's genius, though it does not believe its effect will be favorable to the cause of the abolitionists. The concluding portion of the article is as follows:

It is certain that a large class of slave owners in the South are most desirous to relieve their soil of the stain and inconvenience of slavery, if the tremendous step can be taken with safety to all parties concerned in the act of liberation. The efforts made in the South to improve the condition of the slave show at least that humanity is not dead in the bosoms of the proprietors. Mrs. Stowe has certainly not done justice to this branch of the subject. Horrors in connection with slavery—itself a horror—unquestionably exist; but all accounts—save her own, and those of writers actuated by her extreme views—concur in describing the general condition of the Southern slave as one of comparative happiness and comfort, such as many a free man in the United Kingdom might regard with envy. One authority on this point is too important to be overlooked. In the year 1842 a Scotch weaver, named William Thomson, traveled through the Southern States. He supported himself on his way by manual labor; he mixed with the humblest classes, black and white, and on his return home he published an account of his journeyings. He had quitted Scotland a sworn hater of slave proprietors, but he confessed that experience had modified his views on this subject to a considerable degree. He had witnessed slavery in most of the slaveholding States, he had lived for weeks among negroes in cotton plantations, and he asserted that he had never beheld one fifth of the real suffering that he had seen among the labering poor in England. Nay more, he declared—

"That the members of the same family of negroes are not so much scattered as those of working men in Scotland, whose necessities compel them to separate at an age when the American slave is running about gathering health and strength."

We understand the Governor has appointed Major J. C. Griffin, of the Senate, and Colonel John D. Stevenson and Wm. Newland, Esqs., of the House of Representatives, the Committee to examine the Bank of the State of Missouri, and its branches. It is understood that the committee will meet in Saint Louis about the 10th October.—Jefferson Inquirer.

ST. JOHN, Sept. 28.

The Provincial Government closed a contract with William Jackson for self and associates in England to build the railroad across New Brunswick from Nova Scotia to the United States. The survey is going on vigorously.

☞ The Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad Company have arranged with Messrs. Lucas & Simonds, of St. Louis, for funds to build the road.

Gen. Scott at Cleveland.

We copy from the Cleveland Herald the following account of Gen. Scott's reception at that place:

Reception of General Scott—Unparalleled Enthusiasm.—"Where's the enthusiasm for Scott?" was a question which was answered yesterday very unsatisfactorily to the Locofocos of Cleveland. It is in the hearts of a grateful people, and whenever the defender of his country appears, it is manifested in that heartfelt, spontaneous, and cheering applause, which, while it must be most gratifying to General Scott, is a striking evidence that the people of at least one republic are not ungrateful.

In the midst of a drenching rain yesterday, thousands waited for an hour the arrival of the people's favorite. The bank of the lake for three quarters of a mile, from the Marine Hospital to Water street, was lined with men anxious to catch a glimpse of the man who now, more than any other, is "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

At length the salute of the light artillery of Cleveland and Ohio cities, three guns in battery, spoke a welcome; and as Winfield Scott passed from the cars to a carriage, cheer after cheer rang out.

A procession was formed under the escort of the Artillery, the Hibernians, the Tagers, the German City Guards, and the Cherubusco boys, and, through a crowd which made Water street almost impassible, General Scott was borne to his quarters at the American Hotel, where, in answer to the demands of the people, he immediately appeared on the balcony, and briefly addressed the thousands gathered below. He said:

Fellow citizens:—And when I say fellow citizens, I mean native and adopted citizens, as well as all who intend to become citizens of this great and glorious country, I thank you for the enthusiastic reception you have given me. [Cheers.]

But there is one thing that I regret in visiting this beautiful city, and that is the rain. I was pained that, while I was comfortable and sheltered in a covered carriage, you should have been exposed to rain and mud. During my military campaigns, and at other times in the discharge of the duties of my office (and during a great part of my life I have been on the march and in the camp), I have always been accustomed to expose myself to the weather and other inconveniences of camp life, in common with the brave soldiers of the army; and I am pained at this time to see you put to such inconvenience on my account. [Great cheering.]

Fellow citizens:—I have thought that a man could hardly call himself a citizen of this great country without passing over these great lakes—these mighty thoroughfares, at least as often as once in five years. [illegible] eight years since I have been among you. [illegible] welcome, here," from an Irishman.]

I hear that rich brogue. I love to hear it. It makes me remember the noblest deeds of the Irishmen, many of whom I have often led to battle and to victory. [Great cheering.]

Fellow citizens:—I do not intend to make a speech. I am not on a journey for that purpose. I am traveling for the purpose of selecting a site for a military hospital. I simply came out at your call, to thank you for this greeting. You have seen fit to greet me cordially. So would you greet any of your country's Generals. I accept it as an evidence of patriotism; it convinces me of your devotion and love to your country. [Cheers.]

I will not detain you longer. You are wet and covered with mud. I repeat my thanks for this enthusiastic reception. [Great cheering.]

Amid deafening applause Gen. Scott retired from the balcony to meet a "fire in the rear," for the spacious halls of the American were filled with people, anxious to pay their respects to the hero of an hundred battles.

They crowded around him, and in a brief speech he said that his tour was not an electioneering one, but of duty, imposed upon him by act of Congress—the location at Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, of a Military Asylum. General Scott was vociferously cheered while speaking, and on retiring to his room. After supper, many members of the military companies called upon the General, who welcomed them in a few well timed and appropriate remarks, which were enthusiastically received.

About midnight Leland's band gave a most delightful serenade, upon the balcony of the American, and, as Jack's first bugle notes rang out, a light appeared at the General's bed-room window, and his tall form bowed acknowledgment of the compliment. The bugle call never failed to arouse him in times of strife and danger, and in time of peace it could not fall unnoticed upon his ear.

This morning hundreds called upon General Scott, and at 11 o'clock he left in the cars for Columbus, amid the cheers of thousands, and the roar of cannon.

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" said a dandy clerk, in a bookstore to a homely dressed Quaker, who had given him some trouble. "Yes." "Well, here's an essay on the rearing of calves." "That, said Aminidab, as he turned to leave the store, "thee had better present to thy mother."

It is mere justice to Marshal Haynau to quote a remark which he recently made at a dinner in Paris:—"It is true," said he, "that a female was flogged." * * * "but I declare, on the honor of a soldier, which I hold sacred, that when this occurred, I was at a distance of sixty leagues from the place."

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—It is stated in one of the English papers, that the work of draining the lake of Haarlem has led to the discovery of an immense mass of human remains, deeply imbedded in the mud, and placed precisely on the spot where, according to a topographic chart, laid down in 1511, and which has always been considered perfectly accurate, the unfortunate village of Nierewenkirk was situated, and which in 1539, was swallowed up by one of those eruptions of the North Sea which formed the immense lake of Haarlem.