

From the New York Mirror.  
LINES ON LEAVING HOME.

BY WILLIAM P. PALMER

An sad was the morning though spring gaily smiled,  
And the bird and the blossom invited to roam,  
Ah! sad was the hour when by fancy beguiled,  
I passed from thy portal, my own happy home!

I paused and looked back with a tremulous sigh,  
From the hilltop aloft o'er the green lawn that

peers,  
And grief's dewy dimness o'ershadowed each eye  
As I saw at the casement a mother in tears.

The house-dog, fond playmate for many a year,  
Came bounding with joy on my lingering track,  
And every mute object to memory dear  
With eloquent fondness seemed wooing me back.

For a moment my spirit its purpose misgave,  
As I gazed at the landscape's familiar array;  
But ambition cried shame, and its faltering slave  
With a sigh-heaving bosom soon bounded away.

To the cold world, that smiles on its' wishes alone,  
With youth's stirring visions of glory I came,  
Untold, unhonored, unfriended, unknown,  
To strive for the gaudions of fortune and fame.

I joined in its turmoils, though strange was the  
scene,  
And startling the din from its tumults that rose,  
To a heart that from childhood accustomed had been

To the lullaby murmur of nature's repose.  
With the blithe and the buoyant of spirit I met  
Where the dance and the song with the wine-cup  
were crowned, [gret  
While painting and sculpture looked down with re-  
On the bright forms that moved in their glory  
around.

And though joy lit the banquet, I felt all the while  
Unthrilled by its gladness, unquiet and lone,  
Like one cast ashore on some beautiful isle,  
Whose dwellers were strangers, whose language  
unknown.

Then fondly I turned to my boyhood's fair bowers,  
No more from their hallowed emendments to  
roam; [flowers,  
Though the world may boast prouder and gaudier  
Yet sweeter by far are the blossoms of home!

From the Plattsburgh Republican.  
MY GRAND-FATHER'S COAT.

Let parts indulge in their pastoral lays,  
And revel in beauty or passionless lore,  
I sing, in accordance with feeling, the praise [wore  
Of the snuff-colored coat that my grandfather

So ancient it looked—full of stories remote,  
As it hung on a peg by the side of the door—  
The long-skirted coat—the big-buttoned coat,  
The snuff-colored coat that my grandfather wore.

Long years had elaps'd since the time of its birth,  
When it shone with the skill of the tailor's hot  
And oft did it meet o'er belly of mirth [grose,  
Ere 'twas hung on a peg as of no father use!

But it carried its share of the dangers afloat, [yore!  
And was scarred with the battles and carnage of  
The big-bellied coat—the long-coated coat,  
The rusty old coat that my grandfather wore!

How proud the old gentleman felt with it on,  
As he cracked his crude jokes o'er a bottle of wine,  
And fought o'er his battles, and victory won,  
In the height of his valor, o'er General Burgoyne!

Or, then would he rise to his favorite note,  
And tell how his coat was all spotted with gore!  
The old glory coat—the old battle coat,  
The Bunker-hill coat that my grandfather wore!

O, oft had that coat drank the blood of the brave,  
In the battles of liberty, freedom and right;  
And ne'er had it shown them its back, like a knave,  
For my grandfather, ever, was facing the fight!

And carnage and strife would it ever denote, [o'er;  
When the smoke and the toil of the battle were  
The bullet-shot coat—the old Trenton coat,  
The Bennington coat, that my grandfather wore!

Farewell to the friend of my grandfather's back,  
So full of historical legends and strife!  
No pen can describe it—no genius can track  
Its battles of glory—its perils of life!

No more will my grandfather see it, and doat,  
On its mighty career in the battles of yore—  
The straight-bodied coat—the long-waisted coat,  
The old battle-coat that my grandfather wore!

THE LOVER'S STRATAGEM.

One fine winter evening, early in the present century, Col. —— and his maiden aunt, Patty, were sitting, one on each side of a delightful hickory fire, enjoying their *oùtum cum dignitate*, for neither of them had spoken a word for an hour; and that, considering the sex of Miss Patty, was certainly very remarkable. The Colonel was sitting cross-legged in a great arm chair, with his pipe in one hand, newspaper in the other, spectacles on—fast asleep. Miss Patty was moving herself gently backward and forward in a low rocking chair. Close at her feet was her cat, while Carlo was stretched out at full length on the rug in front of the fire, and like his master—sound asleep.

At length, the Colonel, rousing from his nap, took off his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes, then glancing them at a huge pile of papers that lay on the table near him, said yawning at the same time most emphatically—I wish Henry was here to help me about my rents.

Well, I really wish he was, answered his sister. I can't expect him this month, yet, yawned the Colonel. Had not you better send for him? said his sister. Upon this the dog got up and moved towards the door. Where are you going, Carlo? said the old gentleman.

The dog looked in his master's face wagged his tail a little, but never said a word, and pursued his way towards the door; and as he could not well open it himself, Miss Patty got up and opened it for him. The Colonel seemed perfectly satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap! when the loud joyful barking of the dog, announced the approach of some one, induced him to alter his determination. Presently the door opened and a young man gaily entered the room.

Why, William Henry, is that you? said Aunt Patty. Henry, my boy, I'm heartily glad to see you, said the Colonel, getting out of his chair, and giving his nephew a substantial shake of the hand. Pray what has brought you home so suddenly? Oh! I don't know; I thought I would just step up and see how you all come on. Well I'm glad to see you—sit down, sit down, said the Colonel, so do, said his sister. There aunt, is a bottle of first rate snuff for you—and here uncle, is one capital Marschino. Thank you my boy, said the Colonel. Positively it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits. And mine too, said his sister.

Henry, anxious either to help his uncle or himself, I cannot tell which, broke the seal from the top of the bottle of cordial, and drew the cork, while Aunt Patty got some glasses.

Well, my boy, said the Colonel, whose good humor increased every moment, what's the news in B—, any thing happened?

No—yes, said Henry, I have got one of the best jokes to tell you that you ever heard of in your life. Come let's have it, said he, filling his glass.

Well you must know, said Henry, that while I was in town I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age. About two months since, he fell desperately in love with a young girl, and wants to marry her, but dares not, without the consent of his uncle, a fine old gentleman as old Cresus—do take a little more cordial. Why don't

his uncle wish him to marry? Oh! yes, there is the rub. He is very anxious that Bill should get a wife, but he's terribly afraid that he'd be taken in. Because it is generally understood that he is to be the old gentleman's heir. And for this reason, his uncle, although very liberal in every thing else, suspects that every young lady that pays his nephew the least attention, of being a fortune hunter.

The old rip, said the Colonel, why didn't he let the boy have his own way?

I think as much, said Patty.

Well, how did he manage? said the Colonel. Why, said Henry, he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's consent right out, he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew that his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So, what does he do, but go and have her miniature taken, for she was extremely beautiful, besides being intelligent and accomplished. Beautiful! intelligent and accomplished! exclaimed the Colonel, pray what objection could the old fool have to her?

Why she is not worth a cent, said Henry.

Fudge, said the Colonel, I wish I had been in the old chap's place—but how did he get along?

Why, as I said, he had her picture taken, and it was about time for collecting rents, he thought it would make the old gentleman good natured if he went home and offered to assist him. And so after inquiring all his inquiries, he takes the miniature out of his pocket, and handed it to his uncle, asked him how he liked it, telling him that a particular friend lent it to him. The old gentleman was in an ecstasy of delight, and declared he would give the world to see a woman as handsome as that, and that Bill might have her. Ha! shouted the Colonel, the old chap was well come up with. The best joke I ever heard of—but was she really so beautiful? The most angelic creature I ever saw, said Henry. But you can judge for yourself. He lent me the picture, and knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at. Aunt Patty got off her chair to look at the picture. Well now if that isn't a beauty. You may well say, that, sister, said the Colonel. Shoot me if I don't wish I had been in Bill's place. Why didn't you get the girl yourself, Harry? The most beautiful creature I ever laid my eyes upon! I'd give a thousand dollars for such a niece. Would you? said Henry, patting the dog. Yes, that I would, said the Colonel, and nine thousand more on the top of it, and that makes ten thousand, shoot me if I wouldn't. Then I'll introduce her to you tomorrow.

And so he did, and in due time they were married.

YANKEE IN A LONDON OMNIBUS.

"Well now, I guess he's bumpin' us to everlasting smash!" was the exclamation of a young gentleman from "Varmount State," to the Conductor, as that ablist of whips was fanning his tits over the ruts in the Finsbury road—"Old woman, you feel a little comical, I reckon!" The lady to whom this speech was addressed, raised her eyes from a small black letter volume which she was perusing, and gave him a look which would have frozen a Salamander. The Yankee was no ways abashed—"Why, you must be tarnation cute, I calculate, to read such *leettle* letters—why, they are *leettle* than the *leettle* end of *nothin'*, whittled down!"

The compliment to the acuteness of her eyesight, rough as it was, rasped off much of the lady's asperity in a moment, and Solomon Swap, for it was himself, having followed up his ursine civilities by continued hints of her superiority over 'em their shallow women critters, as don't know whether a dog's tail is generally shortened by being cut off or drawn in, soon rose rapidly in her good graces. She appeared to be a *Blue* of the deepest dye—had seen Lord Byron stuck an orange, knew the name of Sir Walter Scott's favorite kitten, and had even purchased the queer looking volume in her hand at the sale of the celebrated "Ladies of Llangollen." Mr. Swap, besides having studied the "Ready Reckoner" and "Bonnycastles's Tutor's Assistant," was fresh from the perusal of Cooper's Water Witch, and as many pages as his patriotism would let him of Captain Basil Hall. Between two such literati, sympathy could not fail to rise, and scarcely had the Jeph put his *daydrap* into a canter along the declivity of Pentonville Chapel, where the road was somewhat smoother, though, as Mr. Swap declared, "a *leettle* nastier ever he seed," when we heard his fair friend reading aloud to him out of her "vast curious *leettle* *wollum'*, a long monkish legend.

"Well now, they must be pretty particular considerable tarnation handsome fools, I calculate, them friars and monks—the critters—to go to cut all the hair off their heads, except a little grain just round their heads, for all the world as if it was clipped round a basin. No such things in Varmount, I guess we've more sense as our major the *Porter* says—

"In that uncommon handsome place—the land where I was raised—

The glorious land of liberty, by all the world be praised;

The noble state of Varmount —."

"Why bless me, sir! have you a bard in the Back Settlements?" asked the lady, wit, great interest. "Guess we have all that!" was the reply. "Why, did you never read our Major Joe, the waiter at the General Washington's varses?" Guess he can just make'em *sure-ly*, right slick, and pretty considerable sublime too, I calculate—did you never hear his poem that Bob Montgomery stole all his notions out of—

"Tis awful grand I calculate, to sit aside an oak, When them tarnation bull-frogs join in one Almighty croak."

"No, sir," quoth the lady, "for when I was in America—" "You in America!—What, was you ever in our glorious land of freedom, old woman?" "Indeed I have been," said the lady, "and I flatter myself that my name is pretty well known, and rather popular there." "Why, what may you be called?" "My name is Trolley, and —" "Let me out!—let me out you nigger!" roared the American—let me git away from this tarnation woman as pokes her fun at every body, let me out, I say!" The door was opened, when without waiting for the step, out jumped Solomon, overturning the Cad into the mire, and bolting into a Yorkshire Stingo with such precipitation as we 'rather calculate,' he quite forgot to pay his fare.

English paper.

A rencontre took place in Greensborough, Alabama, on the 9th ult. in consequence of some misunderstanding, between Lewis A. Stollenwreck Esq. and Dr. Robert A. Withers, in which the former received a wound from a pistol shot just below the right breast, which caused his immediate death. Dr. W. surrendered himself to the civil authority, and was bound over to appear at the next Circuit Court, where the matter is to undergo a judicial investigation. So says the Green county Sentinel.

This is the second case of the kind which has occurred in that town in about a year.

European Sovereigns. Never before was there such a rush of the sovereigns of Europe towards our country as exists at this moment. We know one house who expect shortly to entertain a million of them; and full another million are about to put themselves under the protection of that great minded "monster," the United States Bank. If the Bank has heretofore exerted a dangerous political influence, what will it do with a million of Sovereigns at its feet and subject to its nod.

Journal Com.

The Emperor of Russia has presented to Joshua Shaw, Esq. Artist, of Philadelphia, \$500, for an improved percussion cannon lock, invented by Mr. Shaw.

N. C. Star.

*Cheap Lodging.* Passing through the Park, about eleven o'clock last evening, we espied a man lying on the grass, just beside one of the grave walks; and thinking he might possibly take cold, in consequence of the carelessness of some one who might leave the gate open, we thought of arousing him and recommending him to better lodgings.

"Here, you fellow, what are you doing here?" He turned over, rubbed his eye, and replied, "Faith, sir, and it's slippin' I am!"

"Sleeping out doors, and on the ground? You will take cold."

"Take cold! And what for will I take cold? Hav'n't I been aither slippin' here ivver since I kin tell Ameriky? And aint I used to it now?"

"So it should seem. But how long have you been in this country?"

"Three weeks just, barin' seven days that I spent on the wather after the ship to land."

"Then you've been sleeping a fortnight in the park, ha? But why do you prefer sleeping here, to lodgin' in a house?"

"Because, sir, I fand it more chaper, I save money by it; and aint that a cash article now?"

"No doubt of it."

"Then, faith, sir, a quarter dollar a night, to my thinkin', is wal worth kapin in any jentleman's pocket, that hain't sans a sixpence nivir since he left Cork in the foul country, where—bad luck to government that administers the papal!—a man can't slope, as he can here, in the public square, all night, without bein' locked up in limbo, for disturbin' the pace. Long life, I say, to Ameriky and its free institutions!"

N. Y. Transcript.

THE SHORT-TAIL DOG.

Fritz Kruckenber, a Dutchman from Scholiarie, on a certain time, passing along Broadway, beheld, on the door step of one of the sixty-three John Smiths, a large, long-sided dog with a very short tail. Whereupon Fritz stepped up to the door, and applying a huge hand to the knocker, gave a thundering rap. A servant came to the door, and the Dutchman asked him,

"Be dish du house von Misster Hans Schmidt?"

"Yes sir."

"Ish he to home?"

"Yes, sir, he's at dinner—please to walk in."

"I can't shay to walk in—I wants to see Misster Schmidt, if he'll just come to de door a minute."

The servant went in: but presently returned and said his master had not yet done dinner, and wished the gentleman to walk in. Fritz declined; he said he was in a great hurry, and insisted upon seeing Mr. Smith at the door immediately. The latter complied; and as soon as the Dutchman saw him, he said,

"Be you Misster Schmidt?"

"Certainly."

"Be dish yurn dog?"

"Yes."

"Ish a fine looking dog, all but—

"Is that all you have to say?"

"No, Misster Schmidt, dat is not all, I be's got more yet. Do dog, he ish fine lookin' dog, all but his tail, which is allogedder too short?"

"Too short! Do you call me away from my dinner to tell me that, you scoundrel?"

"Bo cool, Misster Schmidt, bo cool—and den I will tell you wat I advise you to do, and dat ish easier to pull out your dog's tail a little furder so as to be respectable, oder elsh dat you drive it up clean out of sight. Dat ish all I hash to say—and zo goot by t'ye, Misster Schmidt."

N. Y. Transcript.

Geo. P. Buell & Geo. W. Lane,

RESPECTFULLY inform the public that they have just received a large supply of

Spring & summer Goods.

Among which are

Blue, Black, Brown, Olive, Invisible, Drb Q, aacer and Steel Mixt Broad Cloths;

Fancy, Striped and Blue Cassimères;

Dark, Blue, Brown and Steel Mixt Cassinets;

Summer Cloth;

French and Brown Irish Linen;

Blue and Mixt Cotton Twills;

Painted Muslin, Gingham and Calicos;

Fancy Gause, Silk & Crapé, Delendress Hank's;

Black and White Crapé;

Superior Black