The Pittsburgh Gazette.

THE AWAITING.

A FRAGMENT FROM "DIE ERWARTUNG" OF SCHILLER.

Do I not hear the gate turning?
Was it the latch that then fell?
No! the zephyr murmurs yearning
Through this quiet poplar dell.

Silence! the hedge-row was parted,
Rustling while one through it crept.
No a frightened bird then darted
From the copse, and onward swept.

A voice with the still air is blending,
Softly, in whispers fond?
No! the circling swan is sending
Ripples o'er the silver pond.

Hear I not feet lightly moving
Over the gravel strewn path?
No! the falling fruit is proving
Ripeness from the weight it hath.

Do I not see a white shimm'ring,
Shining with silk's sheeny fall?
No! the pillar there is glimm'ring
'Gainst the shadowed jewen wall.

And soft, while from heaven's clearness,
The moments all happy descend,
Nigh the came, unseen in her nearness,
And wakened with kisses her friend.

EPHEMERIS.

—Six horses have Vanderbilt at Saratoga.

—The New York tornado did considerable damage.

—Susan Galton's company meets with success in Boston.

—Mark Twain is in Buffalo. He will lecture in Pittsburgh next winter.

—Miss Evre, the spiritualist, lectured in Harrisburg yesterday afternoon.

—M. De Lesseps, the great canal engineer, is to be made Duke of Suez by Napoleon.

—Cincinnati has had two sudden deaths in one house *not* from Cholera, but from whisky.

—There were nearly one hundred deaths from cholera infantum, in Brooklyn, last week.

—Lager beer is rapidly becoming the national beverage. Massachusetts discriminates in its favor.

—The new Mercantile Library building of Philadelphia, a very fine structure, has just been inaugurated.

—Senator Grimes, now in Paris, for the benefit of his health, is not much improved in physical condition.

—Pittsburgh is about to organize a Choral Union under the patronage of our very best and most refined and cultivated citizens.

—Five thousand salmon, two and a half inches long, have recently been placed in the Pemmigewasset river, New Hampshire.

—The "Red Stockings" of Cincinnati came to grief at Louisville last week, the Eagle base ball club laying them out in handsome style.

—Walker, the newly elected Governor of Virginia, is a kingly specimen of a man, standing over six feet three, and built in proportion.

—The Brooklyn City Park has become a public nuisance since the Ovedo murder. It is said to be a resort for thieves, gamblers and prostitutes.

—Seven cases of sunstroke occurred in New York, on Saturday. Three deaths from the same cause are reported from St. Louis on the same day.

—Help us, cash us, or we sink, were the words used by the Democray in appealing to Packer. He helped, but did not save them from Peryshing.

—Humbug Grau is working up some new foreign sensational company, with which to again sweep through our country and drain away a part of its gold.

—Asa Packer as a packer down of money, is a success. He is worth twenty odd millions with which he could pack two hundred Democratic Cnoventions.

—A Covington youth has received intelligence that he has fallen heir to many millions of an estate in England, and has employed lawyes in London to look after his interests.

—Fetchter, the English actor, is coming to America. Let him have the same tribute paid to his genius as England paid to that of Joe Jefferson. The tribute will be cheap.

—An eighty-six year old spiritualist of Adrian, Mich., dressed himself in his best clothes and jumped out of a third story window to put an end to his existence. He succeeded.

—A new blast furnace and rolling mill is to be established in Terre Haute. The stock will be $125,000, of which Mrs. Crawford takes half, and gives the establishment her name.

—Dr. Leavitt, a political economist of Louisville, has written a work on finance which he cannot get published, and appeals to the public for help. He cannot afford to leave it alone.

—Miss Selma Ingersoll, principal of penmanship in the public schools of Indianapolis, has been made a Master (or Mistress?) of Arts by the Trustees of the Union Christian College, at Meron, Ind.

—Prof. A. Martin, late President of the Northwestern University of Watertown, has accepted the Professorship of the German Language and Literature in the Pennsylvania College, of Gettysburg, Pa.

—During the recent freshet in Connecticut, a Waterbury editor telegraphed another at the scene of action: "Send me full particulars of the flood." The answer came, "You will find them in Genesis."

—An interesting case is before the courts of Louisville. During the war a slave enlisted in the army, and the Mayor of that city, instead of paying the bounty to him, gave it to his master. Hence the suit against the municipality for the amount.

—Henry Klink, of Louisville, went to St. Louis for the pleasure of putting an end to his existence away from home. A pistol bullet through his forehead did the business. He was twenty-four years of age, and destroyed himself while laboring under business dejection.

—Rev. Milton Bradley, of Richmond, Gulf Prairie, has preached during the past twenty-five years more than three thousand sermons, has averaged three services a week, has married one hundred and seventy couples, and preached nearly three hundred funeral sermons.

—One of the oldest and most respected citizens of New York, Mr. Jacob Cram, died suddenly on Tuesday. Mr. Cram was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1783; was a classmate of Daniel Webster and Lewis Cass in the Exeter Academy, and became a very successful merchant. He was a brother-in-law of General James Watson Webb.

—Some exhumers at work digging out the corpses in an abandoned cemetery of Dubuque, Iowa, came across a coffin containing some jewelry, a lively scuffle for the prize took place, and the bones of the departed were used as drum sticks to beat each other over the head, and the skull was hurled wickedly after the victor of the contest. Moral: Don't bury the dead with jewelry.

—There are in the United States 1,370 banks representing a capital of little less than $500,000,000—$493,000,000; while the railroads in operation (44,000 miles) represent a capital of nearly two thousand millions of dollars—$1,800,000,000. The earnings of the banks may be estimated at from fifty to sixty millions of dollars annually; while the earnings of the railroads of New York alone last year were $49,661,000, and of the whole United States $400,000,000.

—It appears that all copies of foreign paintings are not executed for the American market. A Mr. Constable, son of the celebrated English artist of that name, writes to the *Illustrated London News* to warn picture-buyers that there is a manufactory somewhere of paintings sold as works of his eminent father; works made up from mezzotints of genuine pictures, but done by people who forget that Constable could draw, and was also a colorist. He has seen such things in gentlemen's houses and elsewhere.

—The New York subscribers to the Humboldt monument fund held a meeting at Delmonico's, on Thursday last. The bronze bust, which is to be placed in the Central Park, and inaugurated on September 14th, the centennial of Humboldt's birthday, has been finished by the Berlin artist, Prof. Blaeser, and is highly spoken of by all who have seen it. Most of the time of the meeting was taken up by two individuals, one of whom wanted to sell out the bust and raise money for a statue, and the other to erect a sort of monument inclosing the bust, and surmounted by a globe, like those used in the public schools. The discussion on this latter project was carried on in German. On the question of selling out the bust four voted in the negative and three in the affirmative. A gentleman requested permission for the Germans of Pittsburgh to obtain a duplicate of the bust, which was granted on condition that they pay half the cost of the model.

The Wedding Nuisance.

N. Y. Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

I want to say a few words on the indecorous publicity given of late to fashionable weddings. One might almost suppose that society had made up its mind to abandon all sense of propriety, and set up opposition to the sensational and partially nude drama. For weeks, sometimes months before-hand, weddings are announced to come off. From that moment every step in the preparation is the subject of newspaper paragraphs, and the gentle, modest, shrinking bride shares her trembling hopes with about two hundred and twenty-seven thousand people, who read the New York dailies. As a general thing, the fewer claims the parties have to distinction in society, the greater is the noise they make, and for the simple reason that the poor fools think it is getting into society to "do up" this manner of thing splendidly. A fashionable preacher is bespoken for the nuptial ceremony, a fashionable church is secured for the theatre of the show, a stunning organist is hired for the occasion, gorgeous array is provided, an array of milliners are employed, business at Ball & Black's, and Tiffany's is made lively, a platoon of bridesmaids is secured, preparation for a bridal *dejeuner a la fourchette* at one house, and a grand reception at another is made—all the families of all the tribes connected with the high contracting parties are laid under contribution for bridal presents; all these things are done with lavish expenditure, and all these things are daily parsded in the columns of the *Glass of Fashion* and the *Evening Reflector*. When the eventful day arrives, the shrinking bride passes inspection under the fire of from one to two thousand pairs of eyes, the whole affair is transacted *coram populo*, and the city papers are straightway filled with a full, true and particular account of the details; of the snobbishness displayed, the vulgarity and plutocracy of the performance; what the bride wore, how the bridesmaids were dressed—the moiré antique and diamonds of the bride's mother—the black satin and pearls of the bridegroom's sister, the diamonds of Mrs. A., the diamonds of Mrs. B., the diamonds of Mrs. C., the diamonds of Mrs. D., the check of $1,000 presented by the bride's father, the catalogue of wedding presents, and so on, *usque ad nauseam*. And now, having feasted so long on such delightful details as these, the jaded appetite of an omnivorous public begins to require some stimulant, and so a new feature is introduced, a charming feature, a delicate feature. It is the description of the bride's *trosseau*. Really it appears to me there is only one more step to take—but I return to the *trosseau*. One of our daily papers, this morning, announces that "metropolitan society" is soon to enjoy a genuine sensation" in the wedding of Baron L. and Miss T. The Baron, you must know, is a young gentleman of wealth and high social position and culture, who came to this country a year ago on a pleasure trip, "accompanied by two friends," and hum-hum-hum, "two or three servants," hum-hum-hum. During his travels, we are further informed, "he visited Newport and Saratoga *incog.*," hum-hum-hum. Only think—hum—of his self-denial in consenting to shroud the effulgence of his hum-hum-hum baron's title under the shadow of plain Mr.!! But my business just now is not with this man. The sensational article I refer to, which is headed, "The Flutter of Fashion," plunges at once, with panting haste, into the *trousseau*, and with proper and refined delicacy starts off with the information that "four dozen pieces are included in the *lingerie* department, each article of underclothing being exquisitely embroidered and trimmed entire with red lace. Some of the underskirts are trimmed with lace and embroidery almost (don't you like 'almost?') to the waist." But my pen refuses to proceed, and I stop to revel in the exquisite picture presented. To be told that such things exist is nothing. We know that already. But to be told that they are made for and to be worn by Mrs. Baron so-and-so, *nee* Bessie Throckmorton, is something delightful. Years ago I heard an indiscreet girl boasting to a companion: "Sister Sal is going to be married and has a dozen of everything made up." A dozen of everything was a stunner for that little companion; but four dozen of everything! The imagination almost fails to take it in: But that is not all. The young lady, this lucky Bessie, among all women blessed, has "sleeves, collars, lace, chemisettes, cuffs, handkerchiefs and bows in the greatest and most extravagant profusion." Eight pairs of shoes, richly ornamented with rosettes, six pairs of beautiful kid slippers; five round or jocky hats trimmed with feathers or birds, costing from $20 to $40 apiece; six lace parasols, each over a different colored silk, and one of them with a genuine coral handle, valued at $150; two sea-side umbrellas; six stylish breakfast sacks, the description of which would drive you crazy; blonde lace, white lace, lace striped with gold, lama lace shawls, sacks and mantillas. Surely the possessor of all these lovely things need never want to go to heaven. Into this description of the dresses I dare not venture. "That way lies madness. Let me not forget the statement that "stockings, garters, &c., are in profusion. Stockings and and garters I have some misty perception of, but I should feel that I do myself an injury were I to indulge in any vain attempt to fathom the mysteries of that etc. With a consideration for which we should be grateful, the reporter does not "anticipate the magnificence of the bridal robe, but" reserves it "for his account of the wedding." We may sleep more soundly for the information that "the *trousseau* is insured." The article closes with the perfectly delicious announcement "that owing to the recent death in their family, the wedding is to be private, but will be followed by a grand *dejeuner* and reception, to which a number of distinguished people have been invited." A sacred thing is grief.

A Perfect Horse.

"In weight she might have turned, when well conditioned, nine hundred and fifty pounds. In color she was a dark chestnut, with a velvety depth, and soft look about the hair indescribably rich and elegant. Many a time have I heard ladies dispute the shade and hue of her plush-like coat as they ran their white, jewelled fingers through her silken hair. Her body was round in the barrel, and perfectly symmetrical. She was wide in the haunches, without projection of the hip-bones, upon which the shorter ribs seemed to lap. High in the withers as she was, the line of her back and neck perfectly curved, while her deep, oblique shoulders and long thick fore-arm, rigidly with swelling sinews, suggesting the perfection of stride and power. Her knees across the pan were wide, the cannon-bone below them short and thin; the pasterns long and sloping; her hoofs round, dark, shiny and well set on. Her mane was a shade darker than her coat, fine and thin, as a thorough-bred's always is whose blood is without taint or cross. Her ear was thin, sharply pointed, delicately curved, nearly black around the borders, and as tremulous as the leaves of an aspen. Her neck rose from the withers to the head in perfect curvature, hard, devoid of fat, and well cut up under the chops. Her nostrils were full, very full, and thin almost as parchment. The eyes, from which tears might fall or fire flash, were well brought out, soft as a gazelle's almost human in their intelligence, while over the small bony head, over neck and shoulders, yea, over the whole body and clean down to the hoofs, the veins stood out as if the skin were but tissue paper against which the warm blood pressed, and which it might at any moment burst asunder. 'A perfect animal,' I said to myself, as I lay looking her over—'an animal which might have been born from the wind and the sunshine, so cheerful and so swift she seems; an animal which a man would present as his choicest gift to the woman he loved, and yet one which that woman, wife or lady-love, would give him to ride when honor and life depended on bottom and speed.'"—*Atlantic Monthly.*

How the Chinamen are Sworn in American Courts.

The trial of Ah Choy and Ah Sam, now going on in the District Court, for the murder of Ah Son, says the Silver City (I. T.) *Tidal Wave*, is creating a greater interest that any trial that has ever occurred here, on account of the novelty of the method of swearing witnesses. A rooster's head is hacked off with a knife, a saucer broken, the oath written on yellow paper, burned, and the smoke, in which is supposed to be the spirit of the burned oath, blown up to heaven in each case. The prosecution and defense each swore five witnesses, killed five chickens, broke five saucers, burned five pieces of paper, &c. After killing the chickens they are thrown away by the Chinamen and considered unfit for use; but having had their throats cut, nicely bled, &c., the American heathen consider them none the worse for having been sworn by, and we confess to having been guilty of the sacrilege of assisting to devour a portion that was really fat, tender and good to our unsanctified palate.

A FEW days since, a man well known in New York society—not young, and who could not dance, was sitting at a party, near a young lady, and watching the mazes of the "German." He turned to her, knowing her well, and said, "I wish you would let me put my arm around your waist." Of course she looked at him in amazement. "Oh," said he, "you know I can't dance, but I don't see the difference. All those young men have their arms about the girls' waists, and why should not I have the same privilege, thought I sit still?" That man's head is level. I think so.