

Buffalo Morning News

BY S. B. ROW.

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HE'S COMING.
The following, clipped from the Louisville Journal, is about as sweet a little thing of the kind as we have ever seen:

He's coming! the blushing rose
Whispers it low to me,
And the starlight hastens with it,
Over the twilight sea.
All trembling, the zephyrs tell me,
On light winds hurrying past,
And my own heart, quickly beating,
Coming, coming at last.

The soft-tipped waves of the ocean,
Gathering at my feet,
Breeze-borne from the coral islands,
Murmur the secret sweet.
There's not a dew-droplet blossom,
Or glistening orange tree,
But furnish their leaves green-laden,
To breathe this joy to me.

List! that is the sound of rowing
Stealing along the air;
I must gather round my temples
The weight of this braided hair,
And trust to the growing darkness,
And evening shadows dim,
To hide with their wings the traces
Of tears I've shed for him.

HE DID, AND THEN HE DIDN'T.
James Smith wasn't a good man—at least everybody said so, and that must be true—tho' he was an accommodating neighbor, and went to meeting Sundays, and had been known to tell his experience, the wickedness of which drew many a sigh and groan from the pious old deacons. He used to drop a dime regularly into the contribution box, and sometimes a quarter; but then that wasn't all. He was said to be guilty of paying more attention to a couple of sparkling black eyes, than to the devout teachings of the minister, and the sigh which now and then escaped his breast, was not exactly of a go-to-meeting character. Kate Hopkins had the eyes above alluded to, and had a good bringing up; but they were a little too black and mischievous for the welfare of her heart. She boarded at James' house. (James was a married man.) She, too, went to meeting regular, but was particularly fond of going evenings. Mrs. Smith staid at home then, and took charge of three or four little curly-headed children. Mrs. Smith began to think (though she didn't say anything about it) that her husband was getting pious rather too fast, or that the minister preached a better sermon in the evenings than on days. Mrs. Smith was an observing woman, and had noticed that James and Kate would come home slower than the rest of the congregation, and some other little things she did not think best to say anything about. I did not say that Mrs. Smith was a jealous woman, but she certainly had some very strange freaks. One Sunday evening, just before meeting was over, she thought she would walk away a few minutes, just to kill time, by sitting under a grape vine by the gate. It was a warm night—the new moon, too small to stay up late, had disappeared entirely. Presently the sound of footsteps was heard; the steady measured tread of old men with thick boots, and young men with their best new call-skins; and the stamping of still smaller ones, which made such a racket that she would have liked to have run, but she didn't.

It was soon still, however, and no one had disturbed the gate! She could not have been mistaken in this, for she was close by it, and it never opened without a long grating or growling noise, as though it hated to be disturbed. Hark! the careful step of a man approaches, and the patting of a little gaiter boot falls softly on the night air. It ceases, though slowly, and the quick hearing ears of Mrs. Smith caught something like the sound of muffled whispers. They came nearer, and finally stopped. Mrs. Smith held her breath, while Mr. Smith turned his back toward her, leaning partially against the fence, and Kate, as near as she could see, leaning partially on him. O, that her ears had been deaf, that her little fluttering heart were not susceptible of such agitation. Was she in her right mind? or had some wild fancy taken possession of her thro'?

She was not crazy, and her ears could not well misunderstand at reaching distance. Smith spoke first, after a moment's pause:
"There is but one thing left for us to do!"
"And that?" softly whispered his companion, clinging closely to him all the while.
"Fly! fly with me—dearest, away from this unhappy spot, where I can pour out my love at your feet, and forever bask in the sunshine of your charms. The world will be naught to me unless I can clasp you to my heart, and not feel the pleasure to be momentary and fleeting."

"I am yours forever," sighed Kate, leaning her head upon his shoulder, "and whatever be your wishes, I will only be too happy in obeying them."
"To-morrow night, then," answered James, "you will meet me at the foot of the lane, at 10 o'clock, where I will have a carriage in readiness, and ere the day dawns upon us we will be out of the reach of harm or danger from Nancy, and I shall not care for any one else."
"I will be there at the hour," said Kate, "and now we must go in or Nancy will be uneasy."

But before they disturbed the ugly gate, Smith drew Kate to his heart in one fond, low-sigh embrace, and smack went a kiss upon her upturned lips. As Smith turned around he thought he saw something flash.

The old gate swung on its rusty hinges, and the lovers took the path leading to the back door. Mrs. Smith heard his last charge to Kate, to be punctual at the hour, and hastily ran to the front door, and by the time they had gained their back door she was comfortably knocking in her arm chair as unconcerned as though nothing had happened.

That night Smith dreamed lovely dreams, how he would fly with the idol of his affections and evade the search of those whose revengeful dispositions would tempt them to follow; but Mrs. Smith dreamed how she would die, and how much he would repent of ever having ventured upon so hazardous an experiment; and how liable were human hopes, plans, and the fond dreams to vanish in thin air. But how to frustrate his plans, was the question. She didn't sleep when she dreamed, but she decided upon a plan of action, and then dropped herself into the arms of Morpheus. She arose early, prepared a good breakfast, and expressed herself quite uneasy about

Smith's health, as his appetite seemed to be very poor, and had been getting so for some time past.

Smith tried to be particularly good that day, and had not Nancy been in his secret, she would have taken his attentions for genuine love. Smith informed his wife at dinner that he had some urgent business on hand, and that he should not probably be at home to supper. Mrs. Smith was sorry, but couldn't help it.

Night came, and so did 10 o'clock, which time found Smith at the foot of the lane. A female form closely enveloped sprang into his carriage, and Smith, embracing her fondly, drove off as rapidly as his fast horse would carry them. On, on, they drove, clinging to each other with all the tenderness of affection, he snatching a kiss every now and then from the nectar lips which spoke only in sighing whispers. Smith declared it the happiest moment in his life; and she only answered his loving protestations with a warmer embrace.

Smith longed for the light once more, that he might look into her love-bathing eyes and read the tender thought she could not speak. Light did not come at last, and when the faintest streak of crimson tinged the eastern hills with a mellow light, Smith sought once more to feast his eyes upon those sparkling orbs which captivated him at the meetings. He took hold of her dimpled chin and turned her face lovingly up to his, when—O, horrors!! Nancy, his own little wife, was looking him straight in the face! Smith jumped a foot off the seat, dropped the lines, which Nancy caught; he tried to say something, but his tongue froze to the roof of his mouth. Nancy roughly smiled and said:
"Look into my loving eyes, Jim?" but Jim wouldn't do it, although she declared it to be "the happiest moment in her life."
"James," said she, "do you see that house yonder? That is mine, and if you have no objections, we will spend the first night there."

Nancy had stily turned the horse on a different road in the right direction to reach home again about daylight.

I never could learn from Mrs. Smith what Jim said when he did speak, but she says he is the best man she ever saw. But Nancy did tell one wrong story. She came home from a call just before it was time for Kate to start, crying with tears in her eyes that her husband had got thrown from his buggy and nearly killed, and that she must go and take care of him. That was the reason Kate didn't go that time, and no attempt has been made since.

A HUNTER'S ADVENTURES.
A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, writing from the Allegheny Mountains in Georgia, describes an old hunter whom he found in a log cabin, in the centre of a small valley completely hemmed on all sides by wild and abrupt mountains, and one of the most romantic nooks imaginable. He has lived there for thirty years, is about sixty years old, and wears a long white beard—professed to have killed in his life-time about four thousand deer, and answered the correspondent of the *Intelligencer* with long stories of his adventures with the wild beasts of the forests, some of which the writer has condensed as follows:

On one occasion he came up to a large grey wolf, into whose head he discharged a ball.—The animal did not drop, but made its way into an adjoining cavern and disappeared. Vandever waited awhile at the opening, and as he could not see or hear his game, he concluded that it had ceased to breathe, whereupon he fell upon his hands and knees, and entered the cave. On reaching the bottom he found the wolf alive, when a "clinch fight" ensued; and the hunter's knife completely severed the heart of the animal. On dragging out the dead wolf into the sunlight, it was found that his lower jaw had been broken, which was probably the reason why he had not succeeded in destroying the hunter.

At one time when he was out of ammunition, and was upon a large bear, and it so happened that the latter got one of the former into his power, and was about to squeeze it to death. This was a sight the hunter could not endure, so he unheated his large hunting knife and assaulted the black monster. The bear tore off nearly every rag of his clothing, and in his first plunge with his knife he completely cut off two of his fingers instead of injuring the bear. He was now in a perfect frenzy of pain and rage, and in making another effort succeeded to his satisfaction, and gained the victory. The bear weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

On another occasion he had fired at a large buck near the brow of a precipice some thirty feet high, which hangs over one of the pools in the Tallahassee river. On seeing the buck drop, he took it for granted that he was about before his treacherous blade—how he spit upon Dromgoole, and roared him before a slow fire of sarcasm, when he told him that "giving color to an idea" was not a Northern but a Southern practice, one of the peculiar domestic institutions of Virginia with which he had no desire to interfere—how the House screamed with laughter as Dromgoole essayed a grim smile in acknowledgment of this delicate allusion to the bleaching chemistry employed by the South to eradicate the dark tints in their variegated population—how he wound up his triumphant philippic by warning his young adversaries "never again to run on an errand till they knew whether they were going?"—and how the House firmly refused to lay the resolution on the table, but brought their authors down by a decided majority. Are not all these things written in the chronicles of the old Hall of the House of Representatives?

In January, 1842, another attempt was made to expel or disgrace Mr. Adams for his practical defence of the right of petition. Among the numerous memorials forwarded to him was one from Haverhill, Massachusetts, asking Congress to take initiatory steps for the dissolution of the Union. He presented the petition on the 24th of January, at the same time remarking that he was opposed to granting its prayer. As in the previous out-break of 1837, the pro-slavery side of the Chamber, which had been threatening a dissolution of the Union every day for the last dozen years, now threw itself in a foaming rage at the suggestion of taking it at its word. Tom Marshall, the eloquent, but eccentric, member from Kentucky, gravely proposed to impeach Mr. Adams for treason; Henry A. Wise, even yet famous for his absurd heresies, demanded his expulsion from the House; while milder members only called for severe censure. Mr. Adams demanded a trial. Of the thrilling incidents of that controversy, which extended through twelve bitter days, there is no time

CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCE.

The Albany *Evening Journal*, in an interesting sketch of scenes and incidents that occurred in the old Representatives' Hall, during its thirty years' occupancy by Congress, describes one of the warmest and most memorable occasions ever witnessed in that old Hall:

"On the 18th of January, 1837, the House adopted the usual rule to lay Anti-Slavery petitions on the table; this being denominated the 'Haves Gag,' to distinguish it from the 'Patten Gag,' and the 'Atherton Gag.'" On Monday, the 9th of February, 1837, Mr. Adams having occupied an hour or more in exhausting his pile of Anti-Slavery memorials, paused, and looking significantly at Mr. Speaker Polk, said, "I hold in my hand a paper purporting to be a petition from certain slaves. If I should present it to the House, would it go on the table under the order of the 18th of January?" The Speaker seemed bewildered, and had just time to stammer out something about the gravity of the question, when the entire Pro-Slavery side of the Chamber exploded with the most intense wrath. "Let him be expelled!" screamed a score of voices.

"Let him be expelled!" shouted Dixon H. Lewis, whose huge body was wringing, as he roared avowedly, a same waddling and wheezing towards the clerk's desk. The whole corps of oligarchs were on their feet, screaming, swearing, gesticulating like demons. Polk held his gavel and called to order in vain, while the spectators in the overhanging galleries, caught the spirit of the scene, and were going wild with excitement. Quick as thought, the resolutions were prepared for the signing of Mr. Adams, based on the assumption that he had presented a petition from slaves for the abolition of slavery. Ere they were fairly before the House, they were offered in a modified form by Mr. Waddy Thompson, now demanding the severest censure rather than expulsion. There upon the debate began, and raged violently for three days, Thompson, Dromgoole, Wise and Underwood leading off for the slavery, while Lincoln, Cushing, Phillips, Granger and others, defended Adams. During the height of the tempest, the rotunda, the galleries, and the passages of the Capitol being filled with an excited throng, the colleagues and friends of Mr. Adams felt great anxiety not only for his fate in the House, but for his personal safety. Meantime, the resolutions were going through various modifications, all tending to soften their terms and mitigate their onsets. All this time, the old Roman sat unmoved in his place, the calmest man in the Chamber, with the incendiary petition safely locked up in his desk. At length it began to leak out that the paper was not exactly such a document as the slaveholders in their haste had imagined it to be. Whereupon, Dromgoole of Virginia, still further modified the resolutions by setting forth that the member from Massachusetts, had "given color to the idea that slaves had a right to petition," etc., a phrase on which Adams roared like a lion. Finally, the Pro-Slavery side of the House began to suspect that they were pursuing the negro in the wrong direction; that if there was a colored individual in the case at all, he was more likely to be found in the pining than in the petition, and so they stopped to take breath. Then Mr. Adams rose to address the House. With great deliberation, his voice pitched on a shrill key that penetrated to the corner of the galleries, and with a frail bit of paper rustling in his aged hand, he called the Speaker's attention to the question of whether the colored man in the case at all, he was more likely to be found in the pining than in the petition, and so they stopped to take breath. Then Mr. Adams rose to address the House. 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