

Montreal

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLE POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

VOLUME IX.

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TERMS.

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All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RIEY.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

A yankee girl, who has been spending some time out West, and getting tired, returned East, gives the St. Louis Republican her opinion of her visit in the following verses:

Law, Father, Mother, Neil, Marty, and all the rest,
Sit down and listen while I tell you what I have
learned "out West!"
I'm back in old Connecticut, the "land of steady
ways,"
And if I wasn't diffident, and did not hate self-
praise,
I would tell you what the people say about us
"Yankee girls,"
How "smart" and "wide awake" we are to all
life's twists and twirls.

But, never mind! I want, you know, to see the
world myself,
And in the corner of my brain I kept a little
shell,
To stow away the facts I gained and pull them
down at will;
And had a sharp lookout the while, this little
shell to fill.

Well, first I learned ere half way there, to call
my baggage "plunder,"
To "reckon," too, instead of "guess," and "toat"
without a blunder;
Never to fall behind the time, but always be on
hand;
For Western folks are prompt, nor like for lazy
one to stand;
And nothing here lies long at rest—the world is,
"go ahead!"
People don't stop to talk—a thing is done as
soon as said.
A famous place it is for cash, to make, to lose,
and lend it,
The men know how to fill a purse—the ladies
how to spend it.

I went away to the country, and there I learned
a "heap";
They have the "ague mighty strong," and it
makes them "powerful weak";
The corn is of the "tallest" kind,—"bacon the
stuff of life";
Corn bread and hominy "the go," and hoe
cakes worth a strife.
They will keep you as long as you will stay, and
make you welcome, too;
Nor ever count the cost of board, as Eastern
people do;
But find a place to stow you in, however thick
bed.
Ask if another chance present, could pack a
dozen more.

Here I was introduced to "gnats," and almost
caught a flea,
Drew closely intimate with ticks, who fondly
clung to me,
Or learned to climb a five rail fence, or trotting
horde a cow side,
But got as the old ladies say, a "misery" in my
side.
At last, (and this I must confess, didn't exactly
take.)
So apt a learner I became, I caught the "West-
ern shake!"
And after practicing a while, on every other day,
Concluded I had learned enough, and so I came
away.

Glorious New Hampshire.

At the election held in New Hampshire on Tuesday last, the Democrats carried their nominee for Governor—NOAH MARTIN—by double last year's majority. They have also elected all three of their candidates for Congress, defeating AMOS TUCK in the First District by a handsome majority. He was supported by the Whigs and Free Soilers. There will be a largely increased Democratic majority in the House from last year. The Council will be unanimously Democratic, and probably ten of the twelve Senators are Democratic. Abolition is dead. Col. JOHN H. GEORGE, who succeeds Gen. PIERCE in the law business, is one of the representatives chosen. KITTREDGE'S (Democratic) majority in the First Congressional District will be from 1,000 to 1,500 over TUCK. MORRISON'S majority will range from 5,000 to 6,000; last year it was 1,100. Glorious New Hampshire.

NORTH BRANCH CANAL. It is thought that the North Branch Canal will be finished and in using order by the first of August next. Portions of it, viz: between Pittston and Tunkahannock, and between Athens and Towanda, it is thought will be ready for use by the first day of June next.

TIGHT SCREWING.—"Do you support Gen Taylor?" "No." "Do you support Gen. Cass?" "No, sir." "What do you support Van Buren?" "No, sir—I support Betsy and the children, and it's mighty tight screwing to get along at that, with corn only twenty cents a bushel."

A despatch to the New York Herald says—It is reported that after the Inaugural, Gen. Scott thanked the President for his remarks on West Point and the army.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON—ITS INFLUENCE AND IMPORTANCE.

In reviewing the changes of empire, and reflecting on those vicissitudes of national glory and decline, which ever furnish themes of his toric eloquence and poetic inspiration, no person so strongly arrests the attention as that in which we are able to attribute to the energy of an individual character, the origin of a country's heroic age of that nation. Such a period seems to be the characteristic of a nation. The development of such a character is viewed with emotions the most flattering to human pride—with hopes the most dear enlarged; to philanthropy.

To behold the grand engine of military and civil government obeying the impulse of a single hand, affords a pleasing conviction of the energy of intellect, when its powers are concentrated on a single object and guided with unwavering decision. But when to this energy is added the charm of moral excellence, the ascendancy of individual influence is complete, and, as in the former instance, the minds of men yielded to superior policy, so in the latter their hearts are won by superior goodness, while the cheerfulness of obedience, and the enthusiasm of personal attachment afford full demonstration of the controlling power of character.

History presents no personage, in whom this happy combination of talents and virtues are so strikingly illustrated as in the splendid character of WASHINGTON. He was formed to deserve and gain an illustrious name, to support it in the noblest elevation, by unswerving activity and superior conduct, and to use, by its powerful influence, where discipline had scarcely found a place, where government in its infancy, was compelled to resort to the assistance of influence, and where all other influence was unavailing.

The circumstances which contributed to form the character of WASHINGTON, (so far as its formation may be supposed to have resulted from external causes,) are clearly apparent and are simple and natural. Had his education been conducted with a sole view to the part he was to act, a better method could not have been chosen than the one that was pursued.

The sacred regard to truth, which was perhaps the earliest principle inculcated on his mind, may be readily followed to its admirable result in the sincerity of his political conduct, so opposite to that Machiavelian policy, whose prevalence in the old world fixes a stigma on its Courts and Potentates. His early course of mathematical discipline, and its practical application to the purposes of surveying, contributing in no small degree, to form some of his habits, and his habits of careful and persevering investigation, his caution in belief and his attention to system and arrangement; while the latter produced far more important results, exercising and maturing that physical vigor in action and patience of fatigue, so nobly displayed in an early solitary embassy; in furnishing him with those practical elements of field discipline, as indispensable to the General as they are unattainable to the mere theoretic student; and above all in ripening the powers of his self-education, and his habits of self-education, might well be expected to discover the same traits of masculine firmness, moderation, and judgment. The energetic habits of mind acquired while he breathed the mountain air and braved the fatigues of the forest, appear in an interesting point of view, in the influence on his reading and writing composition. That he read the best authors of English style no one can doubt, who has seen a single effusion of his. That he profited so well by his reading of any study of the ancient classics, is to be attributed to the peculiar tone of an energetic and practical mind. His style of writing is precisely what we might expect from a character which rather sought to develop itself by eloquent actions, and retained the other modes of expression, the marks of its strength, by preserving a nervous conciseness amidst the grandeur of sentiment and elevation of language produced by occasions no less august, than that in which a warlike army is harangued by its veteran leader, or a nation receives the paternal benediction of its political founder.

The character of WASHINGTON, thus admirably formed in the school of hardy action, was successfully developed in the field of national enterprise; called to command at an age when the faculties are fully matured, he engaged in a most arduous course of military action, and by his consummate address supplying his country's deficiency of force, he overcame every obstacle to the vindication of her rights. The simple recital of the events of the revolutionary war, while it affords the fullest evidence, of his mental resources and transcendent moral excellence, almost surpasses the necessity of comment on his absolute and unswerving influence.

It is there that we behold WASHINGTON displaying the able field discipline, and the severely tried commander, in the operations of the campaigns of 1776; the enterprising warrior and consummate general, in the battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth, the officer of true fortitude, conquering adversity itself in the event of Brandywine and Germantown; the magnanimous soldier, moderate in success as at Yorktown; and throughout his whole career, the inflexible patriot, who disregarded the corrupt artifices of those he served, and, with unshaken trust in Heaven, and a single view to the glory of his country, rose superior to external circumstances, or ordinary motives of human action.—It was WASHINGTON, who prescribed to Congress the only efficient mode of raising and organizing an army, who often kept the army united by his soul personal influence, inspired its valor amidst its most trying sufferings and discouraging prospects, who guided the disciplined and managed the lawless of his ill appointed forces, and mediated between them and the economy from whom they were obliged to extort provision. It was he who calmed the tumults of the people, too impatient for

promised liberty and who when he had successfully terminated the noble conflict again displayed the irresistible influence of his character, by soothing the indignation of his officers, expiated at the delay of Congress to relieve personal wants, and distresses incurred by their patriotic adherence to the common cause—in short we behold in him the guiding genius of the Revolution, and feel that nobly as they acquired themselves in subordinate station, yet it is no disparagement to the host of worthies who aided him, to pronounce that none would have displayed the same consummate skill and enterprise, so tempered with judgment and so graceful and dignified with all that elevates the human character, and was from an impartial perspective the free tribute of admiration. Nor was his influence in the formation of our admirable institutions of government of less importance. As no one was so well qualified to pronounce on the character of the old confederation, so no one was so confident in declaring its complete incompetency, not only for supporting the national dignity, at home and abroad, but even for the purposes of union and self preservation.

He had bitterly experienced the facility of the system of State requisitions, he had felt the necessity of conferring on the general government ample and direct powers, and he was strenuous in urging on the distinguished civil and military leaders of the times the necessity of forming a new constitution. He prevailed. His success in these efforts though it does not strike the wondering multitude with that imposing brilliancy, which is spread around his military character, has conferred on his country the blessings of civil liberty, secured by sound and energetic government, and his example has led to the grand elevation, in all that is noble and patriotic, to a nation truly respectable and permanently happy—WASHINGTON was next called to try the government he had proposed, for the country he had saved; it was here too that he was to bring his own firmness of principle and strength of mind to the severest trial. In adjusting the remaining difficulties with Britain, his preference of ultimate national advantage to the gratification of present resentment and prejudice, exposed him to the clamor of party dissensions, and even in some instances to the unjust suspicions of those who had witnessed his magnanimity in the most trying scenes of the Revolution. It was even suggested that he had yielded to foreign influence in this negotiation, but the suggestion arose from a party of men, who were blind enough to yield their unwarrantable assertions while they refused to believe a proposition, of all others the least to be doubted, by an intelligent observer of facts, that WASHINGTON, was on every principle of his soul, in every act of his life, an American patriot. This truth was fully illustrated in the last great national affair, which occupied his thoughts and feelings, the management of our affairs with France; if any influence could have warped the integrity of so stern a patriot, one would suppose, it were that of attachment to brothers in arms, and sharers in danger and triumph. The undue prevalence of such feelings would have been extolled heroic generosity by most of his contemporaries, and a just praise by posterity. WASHINGTON was fully aware of this,—he heard the clamors raised by this ready adherence to the prin ciples which his judgment approved. He was not ignorant that by violating the neutrality of the laws of good faith required America to observe in the contest between France and England, he might purchase the most enthusiastic praise as a grateful and disinterested friend, a chivalrous avenger of the wrongs of his late ally. But he knew, too, that he should thus sacrifice the welfare of his country to that of France, his American feelings forbid, and rather choosing to ensure the good of his country, he refused to gain their applause, he maintained a steady course, to the close of his administration. When subsequently the insults of the mad directory of France became intolerable, he obeyed with alacrity the call of his country, once more to defend her rights. He was as usual equal to the occasion, and just to his elevated character. In his spirited determination to meet the enemy at the very shores; we behold the old heroic fire of the Revolutionary patriot, kindling for the great national hero known only to the closing scenes of his life. The influence of WASHINGTON may be regarded as thoroughly interwoven with our political destinies. As it was exerted in the early and elementary history of our country and gave to our institutions their decisive tone and character, so in our latest epoch posterity will trace its effects widely diffused as the spreading millions of our population, an's nobly felt as the sun beams, or the fertilizing dew of Heaven. Such hopes should not be regarded as chimerical, merely because we speak the language of another country. This is by no means the case of an original national spirit. We have manners, opinions and notions as peculiar and idiomatic as any other country. We have superstitions and traditions of our own, if these are necessary; and thanks to WASHINGTON and his illustrious associates, we have had our heroic age, whose spirit, is by no means extinct, whose events and characters possess a most powerful hold on the prepossessions and associations of the people, and present a rich and almost unbroken field of literary enterprise. It is esteemed an advantage to have the great national hero known only by dark traditions, that his virtues may be represented as gothic, and his actions related with the marvelous embellishments of poetical fancy? It is surely a much greater advantage to have one whom faithful history places far above such redoubled champions, whose actions shine with one bright splendor when delineated with the strictest truth. It is true that the Spanish, the most truly national of all literatures, has its origin in a remote and uncertain age, and that the Old is to be regarded more as a poetical, than a historical character. But it should not be forgotten that the most truly national portion of the English literature, the dramas in which Shakespeare has represented their heroic and glorious age, take its rise in a period of considerable advancement in letters, and relates to well known characters and events. The favorite era of our history is by no means too recent to furnish dignified subjects for the various departments of literature. Our materials are abundant, but almost untouched. That so little has hitherto been effected, we are to attribute, not that the brightest talents of our country instead of being combined with profound tradition,

have been too early directed to political, professional, or commercial pursuits, that our writers from this cause, half educated and neither exclusive scholars or authors, have idly dreamed of intellectual excellence without industry, have neglected nature early truth to imitate the mannerism in poetry, and mysticism in prose, which are the very symptoms of declining literature in England and above all have deplorably neglected subjects of national interest. We have had abundance of empty declamations on these subjects; but this has given us no honorable advancement. It is required that true poetry should find a corporeal habitation among the traditions, and recollections of the people; that history should choose as its favorite theme, the former period of our national existence, the actions of our early patriots, and that eloquence should persuade by their illustrious example, and finally that the dramas should copy nature in our peculiar manners and sentiments and borrow its dignity from the moral sublime of the Revolution. To accomplish all this in a worthy manner, it is hardly needful to observe that men of genius must arise scarcely less transcendent in energy of thought, than was WASHINGTON in all that exalts the hero, and all that embells the patriotic statesman. It was unjust to suppose that the influence of WASHINGTON's character were confined to a single country or period; we could point out its effects on distant nations and remote events. We could follow Lafayette, and his brave compeers, returning to the Old World, with the remembrance of his generous virtues, and declaring how he had asserted and preserved the sacred liberties of his country. We might remark the influence of this example in raising the tremendous storm of Revolution, where there was no WASHINGTON to guide it, and where its effects were so terrible and desolating, as the more immediate result of his actions had been glorious and happy. But we should still assign too narrow limits to our subject. To follow the extensive and operative influence of WASHINGTON's character, were we to write the history of every grand effort for freedom which the world has witnessed since America was liberated.

Ashland, February 15, 1853.

A VISIT TO THE BIRTH-PLACE OF BURNS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Dear M.—I left Belfast on the evening of the 23d of September, with my friends, Mr. and Miss N., for a short tour in Scotland. We landed at Ardrossan, a port of no particular note, and from thence took the railway to Ayr. This last is a fine, flourishing town, but aside from the "vase brig," containing no objects of peculiar interest as associated with Burns. Here we took a dronkey, and drove over to the old parish of Alloway. I cannot tell you how sadly I missed you from my side, my dear M., when approaching with the true spirit of a pilgrim, the birth-place of that noble poet of Love and Nature, whose sweetest songs I had learned from your lips, almost with my cradle-hymns. As I gazed around on the scenes once dear and familiar to his eyes, my heart, if not all-a-glow with its earliest poetic enthusiasm, acknowledged a deep sympathy for, and did honor to him who, while the scene itself did not here stir the air of poetry, withdrew not his heart from his fellows—who shrouded humbly in their humble fortunes, and felt intensely their simple joys and bitter sorrows—who, with all his faults was honest and manly; with all his wants and poverty, proud and free, and nobly independent—who, amid all his follies and errors, acknowledged God and revered purity.

The cottage in which Burns was born, and which his father built, was originally what is here called a "day bingging," consisting only of two small apartments on the ground floor—a kitchen and sitting room. The kitchen has a recess for a bed, and here the poet first opened his bewildered baby eyes on a most ungenial world.—This room, it is supposed, was the scene of "The Cott's Saturday Night." I was somewhat disappointed to find this cottage standing on the road, and that it had been built on, and whitewashed out of all character and venerableness. It is now occupied as an ale-house, which seems to me little as the scenes of the beautiful religious poem above named. A few rays from the door strands the "mid haunted kirk," thro' the windows luckless Tam O'Shanter took his daring observation of Old Nick and the witches, "as they appeared when enjoying themselves." This is a picturesque, rosy, rafterless edifice, in a good state of preservation. In the pleasant old church yard rests the father of the poet, beneath the tombstone erected and inscribed by one whose days should have been "long in the land" according to the promise. For Burns truly honored his father and his mother. From the kirk we went to the monument, which stands on the summit of the eastern bank of the Doon, and near to the "auld brig," on the "key-stone" of which poor Tam O'Shanter was delivered from his weird pursuers, and his gray mare "Maggie" met with a loss irreparable.—This monument, of which the prints give you a very good idea, is of graceful proportions and a graceful style of architecture. The grounds about it, though small in extent, are admirably kept, shaded with fine shrubbery, and made more attractive by hosts of rare and lovely flowers. There seemed to me something peculiarly and touchingly fitting in this surrounding edifice, sacred to the genius of Burns, with the leafy haunts of the birds he loved, in whose songs alone would his tuneful memory live, and with the sweetness and brightness of flowers, from whose glowing hearts he would have drawn deep meanings of love and pure breathings of passion, or on whose frail, fragrant leaves he would have read holy Sabbath truths, lessons of modesty and meekness, and teachings of the wondrous wisdom of Him, who planted the daisy on the lonely hill side, and the poet in a weary world—the one to delight the eyes, the other to charm and cheer the souls of his creatures.

Within the monument, we saw that most touching relic of Burns, the Bible which he gave to "Highland Mary" at their solemn betrothal. It is in two volumes. On the fly-leaf of the first, in the handwriting of the poet, is the text "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely. I am the Lord." In the second, "Thou shalt not swear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath." In both volumes is the name of Burns, with his Mason's mark, and in one is a lock of Mary's own beautiful golden hair—a

soft, glossy curl, which in that last tender parting may have been smoothed down by the caressing hand, may have waved in the breath, or lain against the breast of the poet-lover.

The view from the summit of the monument is exceedingly beautiful and interesting, embracing as it does, many of the scenes of the life and song of Burns. The scenery of air is not grand, surely, not strikingly picturesque; but this view is lovely, quiet and pleasant, beyond description—truly, a smiling landscape. Perhaps something was owing to the rich sunshine and soft air of the day, and more to the wondrous charm of association; but I never remember to have felt a more exquisite sense of beauty, a delight more deep and delicious, than while sitting or strolling on the lovely banks of the Doon, half cheered by excited fancy with the hope that I might see the rustic poet leaning over the picturesque "auld brig," following with his great, dark, dreamy eyes, the windings of the stream below, or with glowing face upraised, reveling in the clear deep blue, and fair floating clouds above; or perchance, walking slowly on the shore, coming down from the pleasant "Briars o' Ballochmyle," musing, with folded arms and drooping head, on "the bonnie lass" who had there unconsciously strayed across the path of a poet, and chanced upon immortality. The Doon seemed to roll by with the melodious flow of his song—now with the impetuous sweep of passion; now with the fine sparkle of pleasure; now, under the solemn shadows of sorrow; now out into the clear, sunlight of exultant joy; now with the soft gurgle and silver tinkling of love's light moments; now with the low, deep murmur of devotion. As I lingered there, countless snatches of the poet's songs, and stanzas after stanzas of long forgotten poems, sprang to my lips; rare thoughts, the sweet, fresh flowers of his genius, seemed suddenly to blossom out from all the hidden nooks and still shaded places of memory, and the fair children of his fancy, who had sung themselves to sleep in my heart long ago, stirred, awoke, and smiled into my face again.

Happily for me, my companions fully understood and sympathized with my mood;—so little was said, that much might be felt. One sang—

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon!"
and whether it was that his voice, in its deep, pathetic tones, was peculiarly suited to the mournful words and air, or that the scene itself mingled its melodious memory with the singing, I know not; but never before had I been so affected by the song.

On our way back to Ayr, we called to see the sister and nieces of Burns—Mrs. Beggs and her daughters—who had been as usual were most kindly accessible to visitors. This visit was altogether the most interesting and gratifying event of the day. Mrs. Beggs lives in a simple but charming little rose-embowered cottage, about a mile from her birth-place, where all who seek her with respectful interest, receive a courteous and cordial welcome. Mrs. Beggs is now about eighty years of age, but looks scarcely above sixty, and shows more than the remains of remarkable beauty. Her smile could hardly have been sweeter, or her eyes finer, at twenty. Her sight, hearing, and memory, seem unimpaired; her manners are graceful, modest, and lady-like, and she converses with rare intelligence and animation, speaking with a slight, sweet Scottish accent. Her likeness to Mary's portrait of her brother is very marked—her eyes are peculiarly like the idea we have of his, both by pictures and description—large, dark, lustrous, and changing. Those eyes shone with more brightness as I told her of our love for the memory of her beloved brother, our sympathy in his sorrows, and our honor for his free and truly spirit—when I told her that the New World, as the Old, bowed to the mastery of his genius, and were swayed to smiles or tears by the wondrous witchery of his song. But when I spoke my admiration of the monument, and said, "what a joy it would have been to him, could he have foreseen such noble recognitions of his greatness?" she smiled mournfully, and shook her head, saying, "Ah, madam, in his proudest moments, my poor brother never dreamed of such a thing;" then added that his death chamber was darkened, and his death agony deepened by want and care, and torturing fears for the dear ones he was to leave. I was reminded by her words of the expression of an old Scotch dame, in our country, on hearing of the completion of her husband's monument, "Puir Robt' be asked for bread, and now they gie him a stone!"

Mrs. Beggs says that Saynith's portrait of her brother is the best, but that no picture could have done full justice to the kindling and varying expression of his face. In her daughters, who are pleasant and interesting women, you can trace a strong family resemblance to the poet. The three sons of Burns are yet living—two in the army, and one has a situation under Government at Dumfries. All three are well-known. When I saw Mrs. Beggs was expecting daily the two youngest, the soldiers, who as often as possible visit Ayr, and cherish as tenderly, as proudly, the memory of their father. It was with deep emotion that I parted from this gentle and large-hearted woman, in whose kindred and likeness to the hero's peasant I almost felt that I had seen him, heard his voice with all its searching sweetness, and had my soul sounded by the deep divings of his eyes. It seems, indeed, a blessed thing, that after the sorrow which darkened her youth, the beholding the pride of her house sink into the grave in his prime, broken-hearted by the neglect of friends, the contempt and cruelty of foes, by care and poverty, and bitterness of all, by a weary weight of self reproach—that she has lived to see his children happy and prosperous—his birth-place and his grave counted among the world's pilgrim shrines—to be herself honored and beloved for his sake, and to see her chilled eye in the noontide of his glory.—*National Era*

FROM WASHINGTON.

Gen. Pierce and his Views.—Appointments. From a gentleman who accompanied Gen. Pierce from Baltimore to Washington, the editor of the Journal of Commerce learns that Mrs. Pierce will remain at Baltimore till after the conclusion of the Inauguration shall have passed. General Pierce stated in conversation with this gentleman, that the only place where he felt truly happy, was in the quiet enjoyment

of the home circle; that the wisest thing he ever did, was to resign his seat in the United States Senate, and retire to private life; that he looked forward to his presidential term as a period of—till and difficulty, but, he added emphatically, "if a man who has attained to that office, cannot free himself from cliques and act independently, our Constitution is valueless." Reference having been made to one of his near relatives who might be expected to have a good office, he replied, "My— is a thriving farmer, in comfortable circumstances; I shall not interfere with his happiness by offering him an office, and believe he is too wise to ask for one."

A Washington Despatch to the New York Courier, says:—
"The present arrangement of the Cabinet is considered only temporary. Col. Benton renounces against Marcy and Cushing. The following nominations will probably be made: Hon. Mr. Buell, Michigan, Minister to Berlin; R. K. Meade, Virginia, Minister to Peru; Buchanan, Minister to London; Nicholson, Tenn., Minister to Spain; Bedinger, Va., Minister to Central America; D. K. Carter, Commissioner of Land Office. A large proportion of the officers are the officers in the Mexican war. Thirteen officers of one regiment have waited on President Pierce in a body, and justified their expectation of reward. It is understood that the President is partial to this class of applicants. Senator Dixon, of Kentucky, is very ill, and his recovery is considered doubtful. Crittenden will probably be his successor. There are six vacancies in the Service."

After having received a host of people at the White House, General Pierce retired, and the doors closed. Ex-President Fillmore took up his quarters at three o'clock in the rooms at Willard's, vacated by his successor two hours previously. A few friends dined with General Pierce at the White House, but Mr. Fillmore, consulting the General's repose, declined. They will dine together perhaps to-morrow.

Playing the Piano.

HOW IT IS DONE—BY SOME.

The other evening we were at a party of a friend of ours, and amongst the lot was a very young Miss, who had just returned from boarding school, where, after many soliloquies, had philosophized as seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right, then to the left, leaned forward, then backward, and then began. She placed her right hand about midway the keys, and her left about two octaves below them. She now pushed out the right to a brisk canter upon the treble notes, and her left after it. The left then led the way back, and right pursued it in like manner. The right turned out and repeated its movement, but the left outran it this time, hoping over it and flung it entirely off the track.— It came in again, however, behind the left, on its return, and passed it in the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other, and met furiously on the middle ground. Here a most awful conflict ensued for a short space, when the right whiffed off all of a sudden, as we thought fairly vanquished; but we were in error in that Jack Randolph cautions us—it had only "fallen back to a stronger position." It had mounted up two back keys, and commenced the note of a rattlesnake. This had a wonderful effect upon the left, and placed the doctrine of snake charming beyond dispute. The left rushed toward it repeatedly, but seemed invariably panic struck when it came within six keys of it, and as invariably retired with a tremendous roar down the bass keys; continued its assaults, sometimes by a zigzag movement, but all its attempts to dislodge the right from its strong hold proved ineffectual, it came close up to its adversary and expired.

Any one, or rather no one, can imagine what kind of twinges the piano made during this conflict. Certain it is that no one can describe them, and therefore we shall not attempt it. The battle ended, Miss Jane moved as though she would have risen, but his was protested against by a number of voices at once. "One song my dear Jane," "you must sing that sweet little French air you used to sing, and which Madame Pichon (peack!) is so fond of." Miss Jane looked puffed at her mamma, and her mamma looked "sing it Miss Jane," accordingly she sang into a cup for a song. She brought her hands into a perfectly reconciled to each other, then commenced a kind of colloquy; the right whispering treble very sadly, and left responding bass very loudly.

The conference had been kept up until we began to desire a change upon the subject, when our ears caught, indistinctly, some very curious sounds, which appeared to proceed from the lips of Miss Jane; they seemed to be a compound of a dry cough, a grunt, a hicough it appeared to us, as interpreted between the right and left.— Things had progressed in this way for about 15 seconds, when we happened to direct our attention to Mr. R. His eyes were closed, his hand swung gracefully from side to side, his head and heavenly complacency revealed on his countenance, and his whole man gave irresistible demonstration that Miss Jane's music had made him feel good all over. We resolved, from this contemplation of Mr. R's transport, to see whether we could extract from the performance anything intelligible, when Miss Jane made a fly catching grab at half-dozen keys in a row, and the same instant she fetched a long dung hill cock crow, at the conclusion of which she grappled at as many keys with the left. This came over like a warm bath, and over us like a rack of bamboo briars.

Our nerves were not recovered until Miss Jane repeated the movement, accompanying it with the squeal of a pinched cat. This threw us into an ague fit, but from respect to the performer, we maintained our position. She now made a third grasp with her right, and at the same time raised one of the most unearthly howls that ever issued from the throat of any human being.— This seemed the signal for universal uproar and destruction. She now threw away all reserve, and charged the piano with her whole force, "she boxed it, she clawed it, she scraped it,—her neck veins swelled, her chin flew up, her nose flushed, her eyes glared, her bosom heaved; she screamed, she howled, she yelled, she cackled, and was in the act of dwelling upon the note of a screech owl, when we took the St. Vitus's dance and rushed out of the room. "Goodness!" said a bystander, "if this be her singing, what must be her crying?"