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THE STAR
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THE STAR has a more extensive circulation than any other paper published on the Eastern Shore—is more generally read by all classes of persons—and is, therefore, the most advantageous Journal for the publication of Advertisements, which will be inserted on the following terms:

One square (12 lines) will be inserted three weeks for $1.00, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion.

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ROBSON & ROWLENSON,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Star Office, Easton, Md.

GEMS FROM THE POETS.

"The world is full of poetry—the air
Is breathing with its spirit, and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies, and
In its brightness sparkle—earth is veiled
And mantled in its beauty."

THE FLOWERS HAVE GONE TO HEAVEN.

A little girl with mild blue eye,
Went whispered to her mother's ear—
"Where would I go if I should die,
As did our little Willie dear?"

The mother gently kissed her cheek,
And told her of the better land—
Where dwell the beautiful and meek,
In the angelic, seraph band.

The autumn winds blew cold and drear,
The bright flowers strewed the ground at even
The child brushed off a pearly tear,
And said, "The flowers have gone to Heaven."

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

BY D. F. M. CARTHY.

Oh! Kathleen, my darlin', I've had such a dhrame,
Sure no man ever fancied the likes of the same;
I dreamt that the World, like yourself, darlin' dear,
Just presented a son to the happy New Year!
Like yourself, too, the poor mother suffered awhile,
But like thine was the joy, at her baby's first smile.
When the tender nurse, Nature, her mantle did fling
Of sunshine around it, and called it The Spring.

Oh! Kathleen, 'twas strange how the elements all,
With their friendly regards, condescended to call,
The rough rains of winter like summer dews fell,
And the North wind said, Zephyr-like—Is the World well?
And the streams ran quick-sparkling to tell o'er the earth
God's goodness to man in this mystical birth;
For a son of this World, and an heir to the King
Who rules over man, is this beautiful Spring!

[illegible] Kathleen, methought, when the bright babe was born,
[illegible]ly than morning appeared the bright morn;
[illegible] more sweetly, the grass greener grew,
[illegible]d with blossoms the old trees looked new;
[illegible]en the Priest of the Universe came—
[illegible]estments of glory and flame,
[illegible] gave all creation did sing—
'Twas the Saviour of the World—'twas the Spring!

Oh! Kathleen, but think of the birth gifts of love
That The Master who lives in the Great House above
Prepare for the poor child that's born on his land,
Oh, God! they're the sweet flowers that fall from thy hand.
The crocus, the primrose, the violet given
Awhile, to make Earth the reflection of Heaven;
The brightness and lightness that round the world wing,
Oh! heir of the ages! are thine, happy Spring!

Oh! Kathleen, dear Kathleen! that dream is gone by,
And I wake once again, but, thank God! thou art by;
And the land that we love looks as bright in the beam,
Just as if my queer dream was not all out a dream.
The spring-tide of Nature its blessings imparts—
Let the spring-tide of Hope send its pulse thro' our hearts,
Let us feel 'tis a mother to whose breast we cling,
And a brother we hail, when we welcome the Spring.

Easton Star.

A Weekly Journal—Devoted to Foreign & Domestic News—Politics—Literature—Agriculture—Advertising, &c.

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THE SPANISH DRAMA.*

Written for the Star.
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE REVIEWS OF
"CALAYNOS" AND "ANNE BOLEYN."

[CONTINUED.]

The commencement of the sixteenth century saw flourishing in Spain one, whose efforts were destined to exert considerable influence over the tendencies of the drama which was then just springing into light. The feeble efforts of Villalobos, Perez de Oliva, and Pedro dimon de Abiel, who sought to introduce to the Spanish nation the classical productions of the Greek and Roman dramatists, were without effect upon the age. Neither were the numerous imitations of the tragi-comedy of Celestina of any permanent advantage in giving tone to the theatre. On the contrary, the effusions of Enzina and Vicinte were not without imitators. Foremost in point of time among these, stands Bartolome de Torres Naharro. Of his life beyond his birthplace, profession, and a slight glimpse of a portion of his career, very little is known. The province of Estremadura and the little town of Torres claim him as their own. While Rome and Naples were the scenes of what little is known of his after fortune. In 1517, after having rendered himself obnoxious to the authorities of Rome by his satires, and fleeing to Naples for protection, he published his various works under the title of 'Propaladia,' or 'firstlings of genius.' Among these appeared his Comedies, on which his future fame must undoubtedly rest. To him must be ascribed the honor of being the inventor of the forms of the Spanish drama. Prior to his time, the plays were not divided at all, but consisted of the various dialogues strung together after the form of eclogues. He first divided them into three jornadas or 'day's work,' as he styled them. He also limited the number of the characters which were to enter into them to not more than twelve. Other rules were prescribed as to their consistency, and to the unity of the plan. A more important event than either was his invention of the *introits* or prologue, which became in after years a subject of no little importance to the dramatic authors. His Comedies were the first which were written in the native *redondhillas*, which have continued in use down to the present day.—But among them may be found the popular *capa y espada* with its famous *gracioso* or Droll servant. Many of them display ingenuity of plot, variety of character, and spirited versification. The vein of comic humor which pervades them is decidedly good. Indeed, all those marked characteristics which have always distinguished the Spanish drama, love of intrigue, high sense of honor, and total disregard of morality are their prominent features. Compared with his predecessors and successors, a very high place must be awarded him.

To Naharro succeeded the 'great Lope de Rueda' as the famous author of Don Quixotte styles him. Like the great master of English dramatic poetry, he abandoned the occupation of his earlier days to become an actor and a writer of plays.—The majority of his productions are in prose. There is no attempt at a plot, or a profound characterization. They are merely divided into scenes, and deal much in that comic humor so prevalent among the lower classes of society. As an actor, he was distinguished for his personations of 'rognish servants, Biscayan Moors, etc,' and his plays bear witness of the fact. The head of a company of actors, his dramas were the first ever publicly represented in Spain. Cervantes gives a most amusing account of a theatre in those days. He says—'In the time of this celebrated Spaniard, all the apparatus of a dramatist and a manager was contained in a bag, and consisted of four white cloaks, bordered with gilt leather, for shepherds, four beards and wigs, and four crooks more or less. The stage was merely composed of four square blocks of wood, upon which rested five or six planks, so as to elevate the actors a foot or two above the ground. The sole ornament of the theatre was an old curtain, supported at both ends by strings, which separated the dressing-room from the spectators. At the back were placed the musicians, who sang without any guitar, some ancient ballad.' From these, an accurate inference of the state of the drama at that time can be clearly drawn. The following 'Dialogue on the Breeches now in Fashion' is given by Ticknor as a specimen of his verse:—

PERALTA—Master Fuentes, what's the change, I pray,
I notice in your hosiery and shape?
You seem so very swollen as you walk.

FUENTES—Sir, 'tis the breeches fashion now prescribes.

PERALTA—I thought it was an under-petticoat!

FUENTES—I'm not ashamed of what I have put on;
Why must I wear my breeches made like yours?
Good friend, your own are wholly out of vogue.

PERALTA—But what are yours so lined and stuffed withal,
That thus they seem so very smooth and tight?

FUENTES—Of that we'll say but little. An old mantle,
And a cloak still older and more spoiled,
Do vainly struggle from my hose t' escape.

PERALTA—[illegible] they were made to better ends,
If served up for a horse's blanket, sir.

FUENTES—But others stuff in plenty of clear straw,
And rushes to make out a shapely form.

PERALTA—Proving that they are more or less akin
To beasts of burden.

FUENTES—But they wear, at least,
Such gallant hosiery that things of taste
May well be added to fit out their dress.

PERALTA—No doubt, the man that dresses thus in straw,
May tastefully put on a saddle too.

And from it a fair judgement may be formed of the remainder. It is evident that they were only composed for the purpose of amusing such audiences as could be gathered together in the streets of the cities and towns through which they passed. But while thus passing an itinerant life, he succeeded in gaining a reputation, so far superior to his English rival, as to procure for himself a resting place within the walls of the great cathedral of Cordova among the powerful of the land.

Coupled with the name of Lope de Rueda is that of Juan de Timoneda, the collector and editor of his plays. He was a bookseller of Valencia, and flourished in the latter half of the sixteenth century.—His dramas are superior to those of Lope de Rueda. They show him as alternating in their construction between the schools of Naharro and his friend, with an attempt to harmonize the classic drama with the national taste. In the same period may be placed the efforts of Alonso de la Vega and Antonio Cisneros, two persons who belonged to the company of Lope de Rueda.

About the same period various attempts were made in different places to cultivate and foster the rising drama. Among the number was Tuan de la Cueva, who, in his art of poetry, endeavored to give a national direction to the future theatre. The prior attempts to frame it upon the ancient models had all failed, while those imbued with home characteristics had been stamped with the popular approval. In the forms he gave his plays, he departed from those of Greece and Rome. But here his claims to notice cease. None of the productions attributed to his pen, which are known, display traits worthy of attention.

Before we reach the works of the great Cervantes, two names demand a more than passing notice. Among those who sought to unite the two schools of the drama, and by his efforts partially succeeded, is Geronymo Bermudez. Two of his tragedies have come down to us. In 'Nise Lastimosa' and 'Nise Laureada' he has sought to give to a classic form a modern spirit. In this he partially succeeded. Taking for his subject the well known tale of Inez de Castro, he enveloped it in the ancient form. Some of the passages are worthy of the story, but they are, for the most part, dull and monotonous.

Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola, amid the bustle and confusion of a life spent in the public service, found time to worship the muses. Sonnets, cancions, satires and tragedies attest at least his zeal. Whatever may be his reputation as a poet, we think that it will scarcely rest on his dramas.—The two which have survived breathe so strong of the spirit which pervaded the Celestina as to deter us from their examination. Yet if Cervantes is to be believed, they enjoyed a success in their day far beyond that of 'any hitherto known.'

We have reached a point in the history of the Spanish drama from which we can look back and survey the ground that has been passed over by us. Critics all coincide in making this a point of retrospection. To him who looks over the field, little will be seen to have been accomplished. The hope of a b[illegible]ay only exists. The past is filled with efforts as wayward and unsteady as the steps of an infant. No settled rule as yet governed the dramatist; And a contest continually existed between education and inclination. Or to be more explicit, between their desire to observe the rules observed by classic dramatists and their innate tendency to be pleased with those romantic tales and stories which pervaded the popular traditions. And it may be observed here that if the end to be attained is not distinctly in view at the commencement, the result will not be in accordance with the highest rules of art. No where is the necessity for calm and mature judgement more imperiously demanded than in the drama. The theatre is the creature of social life. She has her home peculiarly in cities. Such is peculiarly the fact with regard to the dramatic art in Spain during the period which we have been just discussing. The vast influx of wealth, consequent upon the discovery and conquest of this country, had not been without its legitimate effects. And while other countries were shaken to their centres by the violent and bloody contentions of the Protestants and Catholics, each seeking to establish their own faith, Spain, in consequence of the tendencies of her people and the jealous vigilance of her sovereigns, remained comparatively quiet. The people, intimidated by the severity of the inquisition, protected as it was by the sovereign, relaxed their minds and gave play to their thoughts in viewing the pieces acted upon the boards of the theatres. From the end of the sixteenth century the tragic muse had a loftier temple than the streets. But it was rude compared with the present ones. The representations were at no determinate place prior to 1568. And even when this had passed away, the audiences were still unprotected from the weather. No actor made his bow beneath the flashing gas-light of modern times. The spectators stood up in front of the stage during the performance, or looked on from the windows of the surrounding houses. When the Court authorized the licensing of theatres, which the church vainly endeavored to put down, the stage was placed in a position of far more respectability than before. It was not until the close of the sixteenth century that bills were used to indicate the kind, and place, of performance.

From all these particulars we may learn that the Spanish drama was yet in its infancy. No one had as yet struck that vein, which became afterwards so prolific of marvels. Nothing but dim and indistinct glimpses of a national theatre can be seen. The future must determine the question how far they are capable of succeeding.

TAKE THE PAPERS.—"Tis good on a winter's night to sit by fire and tapers, but ah! a wiser thing by far it is to read the papers. Won't you take the papers?—Can't you take the papers? The joys of the hearth are little worth, unless you take the papers.

Maidens waiting lovers true—you must take the papers! Swains who would not idle woo—you must take the papers!—Won't you take the papers? Can't you take the papers?

Married folks of all degrees, you must take the papers! You will happy be if you take the papers. Won't you take the papers? Cant you take the papers?—They'll say your mean and rather green, unless you take the papers.

RATHER A STUMPER.—A western stump orator growing eloquent, flourished his arms about whilst he spouted—

'I stand on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and palsied be my tongue and crippled my hands, if I desert 'em.'

'No!' said a little shoemaker in the crowd, 'you don't stand on no such thing—you stand in a pair of boots that I made, that you've never paid for, and I want my money!'

☞ There are geniuses in trade as well as in war, or the State, or letters; and the reason why this or that man is fortunate, is not to be told. It lies in the man; that is all any body can tell you about it. See him, and you will know as easily why he succeeds, as, if you see Napoleon, you will comprehend his fortune.

☞ The same object, seen from the three different points of view—the Past, the Present, and the Future—often exhibit three different faces to us; like those sign-boards over shop doors, which represent the face of a lion as we approach, of a man when we are in front, and of an ass when we have passed.'

SYMPATHY.—Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive every where to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this, you will be sure to be loved.

☞ A young man at Niagara having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off his clothes, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him, and then he went home. His body was found next morning in bed.

GOD IS PASSING BY.

Where the gentle streamlets flow,
Where the morning dew-drops glow,
Where the zephyrs wing their flight,
In the cool and welcome night;
Whispering through the fragrant grove
To the heart that "God is love."
Where the light clouds skim the sky,
Worship! "God is passing by!"
Heavy forest, rugged rock,
Roaring torrents, earthquake shock,
And when thunder rends the sky,
Tremble! "God is passing by!"

The Widow.

A TRUE TALE.

It was a bitter night. The snow had been falling in fleecy flights during the greater portion of the day, and the cold was so intense that little business of any kind had been prosecuted by the industrious and enterprising citizens of the village. Night had succeeded day. The snow and sleet were still descending and the spirit of the storm seemed to howl around the house, and through the fields and orchards and forests, among the distant mountains.

Mr. Rowland had returned from his counting house at an earlier hour than usual.—Supper had been served, and the family had gathered around the sparkling fire. The children had been put to bed in an adjoining apartment, and the infant was sleeping in the cradle under the immediate notice of its mother. Mr. Rowland was reading a newspaper, and as the fitful blast moaned around his commodious dwelling he would make some remark relative to the severity of the weather. Mrs. Rowland was parting the flaxen curls upon the head of the sleeping babe, and occasionally she imprinted the warm kiss of maternal affection upon its ruddy cheek.

Suddenly some one rapped at the door. It was opened, when a little girl, about 7 years of age, was admitted. Her scanty dress was tattered and torn, a ragged quilt thrown around her shoulders, and a pair of miserable old shoes upon her feet. She was almost frozen.

'You are the widow Watkin's daughter?' said Mrs. Rowland inquiringly.

The little girl answered in the affirmative, and added that her ma was sick, and wished Mr. Rowland to step over and see her, for she thought she would surely die.

Mr. Rowland owned the place on which the sick woman resided. She was very indigent, and but poorly able to pay the extravagant rent which the unfeeling owner exacted. The property was once her husband's or rather her own: being a gift from her father on the day of her wedding. Mr. Watkins was wealthy when a young man, and educated for the bar, and no one seemed more likely to be successful in his profession. He and Mr. Rowland were early associates. The latter, a few years before the period at which we now find him, had commenced the nefarious and contemptible traffic in ardent spirits—had grown rich—had induced Watkins to drink made him drunk, and, by degress, a *drunkard;* and when the poor, besotted victim was unable to pay his debts, contracted for rum, and partly by neglecting his professional duties, his former associate, his pretended friend, his destroyer, was the first to decry and oppress him. His horses and oxen were sold by the sheriff; next his household and kitchen furniture were seized; and finally a mortgage was given to Rowland upon the homestead of the drunkard, to secure the rum-dealer in the payment of a pitiful balance in his favor.

This calamity did not check the prodigal career of the inebriate. He still quaffed the liquid poison, and still did the heartless dealer hold out inducements to prevail upon him to sink lower into wretchedness and shame. A few weeks after, he was one morning found dead in the street. He had left the grocery at a very late hour the preceding night, in a state of intoxication. The night was dark, and he probably missed his way, fell into a gutter, found himself unable to get out, and being stupified with rum, he went to sleep and froze to death.

Rowland, in a short time, foreclosed the mortgage, and the home of the drunkard's wife became the legal property of the man who had destroyed her peace, and reduced her to beggary and want. He permitted her to remain on the premises, exacting an extravagant rate of rent. Mental anguish excessive labor, want of proper nourishment, and exposure, had well nigh worn her out, and she was fast sinking into the grave, where the weary are at rest. No one had been near her—no one seemed to care for her; in fact it was not known even to her nearest neighbors that she was sick.

Mr. Rowland felt anxious only for his rent, there being at that time a small sum due. And perhaps it is owing to that circumstance that he so readily consented to accompany the little girl to the room of her sick mother. He drew on his overcoat, tied a woollen comfort round his neck; drew on his gloves, and taking his umbrella, set out through the drifting snow and sleet, and bent his way to the widow's uncomfortable home.

He found her lying on a miserable bed of straw, with her head slightly elevated, the only chair belonging to the house being placed under her pillow, and evidently near the hour of dissolution. Mr. Rowland being seated on a rude wooden stool, she said in a feeble but decided tone of voice:

'I have sent for you, sir, to pay me a visit, that I may make you the heir to my estate. My estate! I know you are ready to ask what estate I have to bequeath.—And well you may ask that. I was once happy—this house was once mine, it was my father's gift; my wedding portion. I had horses and oxen, and cows and sheep, and orchards and meadows. 'Twas you that induced my poor erring husband to drink. 'Twas you who placed before him the liquid poison, and pressed him to take it. 'Twas you that took away my horses and cows and meadows and orchards and my own home. 'Twas you that ruined my peace, destroyed my husband, in the very noon of life, and sent him down to a drunkard's dishonored grave. 'Twas you that made me a beggar, and cast my poor, starving babes upon the charity of a pitiless world. I have nothing left but these quilts—those you do not want; yet I have determined to bequeath you my estate.—Here, sir, as my last will and testament, I do bequeath to you this vial of tears—they are tears that I have shed—tears that you have caused. Take this vial, wear it about you, and when, hereafter you present the flowing bowl to the lips of a husband and father, remember that you are inheriting another vial of widow's tears!'

An hour more, and the poor widow, the widow of a thousand sorrows, the once favored child of fortune, the once lovely and wealthy bride, the once affectionate wife and devoted young mother, lay cold and senseless in death, and her soul had been summoned to that God who said—"Vengeance is mine—I will repay."

SUBLIME ELOQUENCE.

The following beautiful extracts are taken from the peroration of a speech delivered by Gen. Cass, at a celebration of the completion of the Wabash and Erie Canal:

"I have stood upon the plain of Marathon, the battle field of liberty. It is silent and desolate. Neither Greek nor Persian is there to give life and animation to the scene. It is bounded by sterile hills on one side, and lashed by the eternal waves of the Ægean sea on the other. But Greek and Persian were once there, and that dreary spot was alive with hostile armies, who fought the great fight which rescued Greece from the yoke of Persia.

"I have stood upon the hill of Zion, the city of Jerusalem, the scene of our Redeemer's suffering, and crucifixion, and ascension. But the sceptre has departed from Judah, and its glory from the capital of Solomon. The Assyrian, the Egytian, the Greek, the Roman, the Arab, the Turk, and the Crusader, have passed over this chief place of Israel, and have reft it of its power and beauty. Well has the denunciation of the prophet of misfortunes been fulfilled, when he declared that "the Lord had set his face against this city for evil, and not for good," when he pronounced the words of the Most High, "I will cause to cease from the city of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride; for the land shall be desolate."

POLITICAL ANECDOTE.

The lines and fences of political parties have been so much displaced since the ancient Federalists and Democrats tested so hotly the political field that we venture to publish the following good one believing at this day no party will feel particularly hit by it.

A worthy deacon in Connecticut, hired a journeyman farmer, from a neighboring town for the summer, and induced him—although he was unaccustomed to church going—to accompany the family to church on the first Sabbath of his stay. Upon their return to the deacon's house he asked his "hired man" how he liked the preaching. He said that he "didn't like to hear any minister preach politics."

"I am very sure you heard no politics to-day," said the deacon.

"I am sure that I did," said the man.

"Mention the passages," said the deacon.

"I will. He said. If the democrats scarcely are saved, where will the federalists appear ?"

"Ah," said the deacon, "you mistake.—These were the words—'If the righteous scarcely are saved, how will the ungodly and wicked appear?'"

"Oh yes!" said the man, "he might have used those words, but I knew darned WELL WHAT HE MEANT!"—*Yankee Blade.*

THE PEDIGREE OF WASHINGTON.—Mr. Mapleson, the editor of the illuminator of "Pearls of American Poetry," has published an illuminated sheet, showing the pedigree of Washington.

The Pedigree of General Washington, as traced and illuminated by Mapleson, carries back his descent to Wm. de Hertburn, Lord of the Manor of Washington, in the county of Durham, England. From him descended John Washington of Whitefield, in the time of Richard III., and ninth in descent from John, was George, first President of the U. States. The mother of John Washington who emigrated to Virginia in 1657, and who was great-father to the General, was Eleanor Hastings, daughter and heiress of John Hastings, grandson to Francis, second Earl of Huntingdon.—She was the descendant, through Lady Huntingdon of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward IV., and King Richard III., by Isabel Nevil, daughter and heiress of Richard, Earl of Warwick, the King-maker. Washington, therefore, as well as the descendants of that marriage, are entitled to quarter the arms of Hastings, Pole, Earl of Salisbury, Plantagenet, Scotland, Mortimer, Earl of March, Nevil, Montague, Beauchamp and Deverceaux.

LETTER FROM MR. WEBSTER TO HIS SCHOOL TEACHER.

Colonel James Tappan, a venerabe citizen of Gloucester, Massachusetts, now 84 years of age, recently addressed a letter to the Hon. Daniel Webster, reminding him that more than sixty years ago, he (Mr. W.) was one of his pupils, when he taught school at 'New Salisbury.' The Gloucester News publishes Mr. Webster's prompt answer to his old friend and early teacher, and remarks:

'We doubt if any letter that Mr. Webster has written to public bodies, or any of the thousand great and noble acts of his life, reflect more credit upon him than his kind letter and generous gift to his aged and unfortunate old school-master.' It is indeed a beautiful letter, alike honorable to the head and heart of the writer; and, as the editor of the News remarks, 'at a time when envy and malice are dealing blows from all quarters at America's greatest statesman, when his public course is decried and execrated by political opponents and the basest charges are brought against his moral character,' it sheds upon his name and character a fresh glory, that, long after his petty traducers shall be dead and forgotten, will remain undimmed in the hearts of his countrymen. Here is the letter of Mr. Webster, and its value and interest are enhanced by the fact that no allusion is made in it to an enclosed fifty dollar bank note:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1851.

Master Tappan: I thank you for your letter, and am rejoiced to hear that you are yet among the living. I remember you perfectly well as a teacher in my infant years. I suppose my mother must have taught me to read very early, as I have never been able to recollect the time when I could not read the Bible. I think Master Chase was my earliest schoolmaster, probably when I was three or four years old.—Then came Master Tappan. You boarded at our house, and sometimes I think in the family of Mr. Benjamin Sanborn, our neighbor, the lame man. Most of those whom you knew in 'New Salisbury' have gone to their graves. Mr. John Sanborn, the son of Benjamin, is yet living, and is about your age. Mr. John Colby, who married my eldest sister, Susannah, is also living. On the 'North Road' is Mr. Benjamin Hunton, and on the 'South Road' is Mr. Benjamin Pettingail. I think of none else among the living whom you would probably remember.

You have indeed lived a chequered life. I hope you have been able to bear prosperity with meekness, and adversity with patience. These things are all ordered for us, far better than we could order them for ourselves. We may pray for our daily bread; we may pray for the forgiveness of sins; we may pray to be kept from temptation, and that the kingdom of God may come in us, and in all men, and his will every where be done. Beyond this we hardly know for what good to supplicate the Divine mercy. Our Heavenly Father knoweth what we have need of better than we know ourselves, and we are sure that his eye and his loving kindness are upon us and around us every moment.

I thank you again, my good old master, for your kind letter, which has awakened many sleeping recollections, and with all good wishes I remain your friend and pupil,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

NEGROES IN IOWA.—*A good Joke.*—An incorrigible wag has admirably succeeded in perpetrating a capital joke upon the Iowa Legislature. In passing upon the bill prohibiting negroes from entering that State, and affixing heavy penalties upon them when they do enter it. J. T. Morton, of Henry, who is both a whig and a wag, moved an additional section, "that the bill should be in force from and after its publication in the "*Iowa Democrat*," the abolition paper at Mount Pleasant. The bill went back to the House so amended. The amendment was accepted by the House, and the bill passed. After a while the idea began to eke through the hair of a member that the *abolition* organ *might* decline publishing the law, and thereby kill it stone dead, and he moved for a re-consideration, but failed, and the bill was left to be sent to the Governor in that crafty shape.

☞ The following recipe for remedying watery potatoes is well worth trying:—'If your potatoes are 'watery,' put into the water, before boiling, a small piece of lime. This will render them perfectly dry and mealy. This is an easy and cheap method of remedying a very common evil, and one at this season very extensively complained of. The lime should be fresh, and for a common sized family, say of six, the piece should not exceed the size of an English walnut.'

The Death Penalty Abolished.—The State of Iowa has just abolished the penalty of death. Wisconsin has barely failed to abolish the death penalty this winter.—A bill for that purpose passed last session, but somehow failed to reach the Governor so as to receive his signature. This year it has failed. In Michigan, repeated attempts to re-enact the death penalty, abolished five years ago, have been defeated.

Expressive.—A poetic young man, in describing the movements of a lot of gold fish, says: "they flashed and darted about like bright hopes through a lover's brain." That young man should be looked to.—He's been staying out o' nights and studying whiskey punch.

Cure for Lisping.—A British provincial paper says that a rapid and emphatic recital of the following pathetic narrative is an infallible cure for lisping: "Hobbs meets Snobs and Nobbs; Hobbs hobs to Snobs and robs Nobb's fobs.—This is, says Nobbs, the worse for Hobbs's jobs, and Snobbs's sobs."

ADVERTISING
Has enlarged many a small business,
Has revived many a dull business,
Has saved many a lost business,
Has preserved many a large business,
Has created many a new business.