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The Easton Star.

A WEEKLY JOUNAL—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, ADVERTISING, &C.

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A CARD.

DRS. J. R. ANDRE & L. C. COX having associated themselves together in the practice of Medicine, respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Talbot county. They can be found at all times (except when on professional duty) at the old stand of Dr. Andre, Chapel, Chapel District Md.

N. B.—All persons indebted to me will confer a favor by coming up and settling their accounts, as I wish to close up my old business. This I must do in justice to myself and from absolute necessity.

dec 9 6m J. R. ANDRE, M. D.

Poetry.

For the Easton Star.

THE GLASSY ICE.

BY "PELAYO."

Oh! the ice, the ice, the glassy ice,
Like a beautiful mirror it shines
On river, and creek, and wide bay,
And the glimmering distance confines.

Yon lakelet, now quiet and still,
But yesterday, dancing so sweet,
Was caught in the cold grasp
Of Winter, and chained up complete.

The river, this beautiful stream,
That laughed out so boisterous and gay,
Lies mantled in slippery ice,
You hear not a sound the whole day.

A stillness pervades the whole scene,
A pall, as of death, is thrown o'er,
And the landscape, once stirring with life,
Is as mute, and as dead as this floor.

The barque, with its sails swelling out
Like pinions of snow, to the breeze,
That dashing so gaily along,
Leap't bursting thro' high tossing seas.

With gay bunting floating on high,
Every inch of her canvass outspread;
Lies block'd up in ice in the creek,
Moor'd safe out of danger and dread,

The steamer, of wonderful might,
Which swept by so noble and proud,
This white crystal ice has defied,
With smoke curling o'er like a cloud.

O river, and creek, and O bay!
Where now is thy blue sparkling tide,
That bore the rich treasures to mart,
In craft that charmingly did glide?

Ye farmers, who quietly vaunt
Of streams that run up in the land,
Where now are your highways so great?
Your craftsmen, to sail at command?

Where now are the channels that link
With the city your beautiful shore?
And where the rich markets to tempt
Your garners, with grain running o'er?

Bound fast in the bands of old frost—
And *wish*, you may wish, but in vain,
For prices now offered and high,
For corn and your rich golden grain.

But hark! in the distance I hear
A whistle, shrill whistle rush on;
Like a thunder-bolt, onward it goes,
Like a war-horse, it pants to be gone!

A change, aye, a change will occur!
Must this beautiful land still remain
Unchanged and as tame as of yore,
And her sons their *old notions* retain?

By heavens! I know it will be—
I know very soon, and this thing,
These rail roads will webb our fair shore,
And with them prosperity bring.

°Oh! the ice, the ice, the glassy ice!
Like a beautiful mirror it shines
On river, and creek, and wide bay,
And the glimmering distance confines.

°Very beautiful to look at but won't pay.

From the Home Journal

EARLY LOVE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY JULIA W. H. GEORGE.

"I planted in my heart one seed of love,
Watered with tears, and watched with ceaseless care;
It grew—and when I looked that it should prove
A precious tree, and blessed harvest bear,
Blossom nor fruit was there to crown my pain;
Tears, care and labor, all had been in vain."

FANNY KEMBLE.

THE royal banner waved proudly over the battlements of Windsor Castle, on the occasion of the accession of Mary, the eldest daughter of Henry VIII., to the British throne.

She was in her thirty-seventh year; but another younger and fairer daughter of that monarch also resided beneath that battlemented roof—the young and fair Elizabeth, who was then about seventeen years old.

"The sun sets sweetly, this evening," sighed England's future Queen, as she looked out from the oriel window of the library where most of her time was spent. "Mary is Queen," she continued, "but her mind must be very unhappy, for a sullen brow and compressed lips tell but too truly of unhappiness within. How unkind, too, she is to me. Ah, Courtenaye but for you, and the kind, sweet smile with which you greet me, lonely orphan as I am, how sad, sad I should feel! But here comes Marys and now for anything but the gentle heart-charities that form for me the sole enjoyment and comfort of my life." And in her blunt, abrupt way, she came into the library, and asked if the Earl of Devonshire had been there.

"No, Courtenaye has not come yet," Elizabeth mildly replied. "Did you expect him, sister?" she asked.

"Yes. I have been to the tower, and liberated a few poor victims—Gardner, Bonner, and Tonstal—who were imprisoned for their adherence to the Catholic faith—ha, ha, ha! The Duke of Norfolk, poor soul! whom your father, in his characteristic consistency, caused to languish there for years, for wearing a coat of arms at court." Here she pursed up her mouth into one of her sarcastic smiles.

"Dear sister, I am rejoiced to hear of your Majesty's clemency," returned Elizabeth. "But Lady Jane Grey and her husband? Oh!"—and then she stopped.

"Ah!" she said, angrily, "they are in their prisons yet, fast enough. Ah! they wanted to keep me out of my right didn't they? And shan't they suffer? Ay, indeed!"

Elizabeth sighed, for fear and dread hemmed, in her borders; and her caged condition made her careful of all utterances of her thoughts, save to one earthly being and her God. Mary hobbled out of the room in her usual awkward way, and congratulated herself on the hearty coadjutors she would have in Garden Bonner, and Tonstal, establishing the Catholic religion throughout England.

The twilight hour still lingered over the demesne of Windsor, and, taking her bonnet, Elizabeth strolled forth from the castle to the terrace; and nature, in her sweet and gentle garb, as the closing shadows of night, like a mantle, which encircling the earth soon diffused her genial influences over her young and guileless heart.

She wandered on, and the moon, broad and full, rose on the lovely landscape, and cast her silvery sheen over mount and lawn, tree and shrub, casting into almost a shadowy indistinctness the noble pile she now called her home. Virginia water, like a mirror, lay sleeping, as it were beneath the beauties reflected on its sparkling bosom, and gleamed so brightly amid a scene of such enchanting loveliness that Elizabeth paused in raptuous admiration, forgetful of everything but the loveliness that lay above, below, and around her.

Silence seemed brooding like watching angels over the deep solemnity, and the still air held its breath, as another day sunk into the arms of old father Time, with its record on its scroll. Her soul drank in all these features of interest, and she thought, as she gazed on a world so beautiful, "Why should one creture whom the bountiful Creator has created be unhappy? Lady Jane Grey, with her fine tastes, her richly cultivated mind, her ardent piety, languishing, though innocent as I am, in a prison?" And the tears rose unbidden to her eyes.

"Ah, here alone?" said a well-known voice beside her. "Surely, the Lady Elizabeth must love solitude?"

"Where did you spring from, Courtenaye?" she returned, turning round, while a blush mantled her cheek at seeing the handsome caviler at her side on unexpectedly.

"I have been here some time. I came in as you left the castle. Beatrice, your good hand-maiden, told me you were gone out, as I enquired, to take your accustomed evening walk, when you always preferred to be alone. Perhaps I am now an interruption?" He paused.

"Courtenaye, how can you talk thus? I, who am so friendless, so lonely! For my kinswoman, as you know, is both harsh and unkind to me, and a walk amid an evening scene like this always soothes and tranquillizes my spirit. Is it not beautiful to-night?"

"Very," he returned, thoughtfully, and continued, "Oh, Elizabeth, I almost tremble for the nation's welfare! Her Majesty seems determined not only to press her religion upon the people, but to enforce it Here is an alcove; will you sit, or shall we return to the castle?"

"I wish not to return yet Courtenaye," she returned. "All is discord within those princely walls. The humblest cottage would be to me, with peace, far happier than all the splendor I now partake in."

"Our holy religion teaches us patience, dear lady," he replied. "As you observe, I see nothing but persecutions before us; but God's holy Spirit can support us under all."

"True, and my hopes sometimes breathe forth a delightful harmony of coming happiness, when the Reformation shall have spread forth its branches, and taken deep root over all the land."

"When you shall be Queen of England, Blizabeth," he quickly rejoined, "then will your sweet prophetic whisperings be realized. I feel they will!" he exclaimed energetically, regarding her with an expression of hopeful admiration.

In early youth, to hope is almost to feel assured. As the poet says,

"When life is youth, and sorrow but a name,
And from the heart a fountain welleth up
Of joyous hopes, bright visions, fairy dreams
That mock experience, and take for truth
The fair mirage that fancy hath portrayed."

But these hopes were indeed prophetic, and the lovely and unconscious utterer lived to see her own spirit-breathings, and her lover's predictions, all fulfiled

Courtenaye, the elevated Earl of Devonshire, belonged to one of the most illustrious families in England, and was a distant lineal descendant of royalty itself.—He was moreover, young, handsome, tall, and finely formed; his fine features, eloquent with the rich gifts of genius and cultivation and his whole bearing noble and elegant in the highest degree. Like Elizabeth, he was a Protestant, and sought by every possible means to promote the spread of the principles of the Reformation. Elizabeth's happiest hours were spent in his society, for he was the only being with whom she could converse on the topics nearest her heart. He also encouraged her in the pursuit of learning, seeing that some day she would wield the sceptre over the nation.

They arose and wandered forth from the alcove, discoursing on the sad aspect of the times, but often paused to dwell on the loveliness and beauty which their fine appreciative minds beheld in everything around. He culled a rose as he passed a green-house, and presented it to her as a parting gift. The castle bell tolled nine; he saw her to the door, and bade her farewell.

Mary met her as she entered the hall, and in an angry voice demanded if Devonshire had been with her.

She tremblingly answered, "Yes."

"Ah," she said, "when is he coming again?"

"I don't know," Elizabeth answered.

She did not know from *words* which he had spoken, but she felt within her heart that it would not be long ere she should see him again. And the next day, while seated in her lonely study poring over those ancient authors by which her mind became so strengthened and improved the young Earl was announced, and soon joined her in her darling pursuits; for their minds were fashioned in the same exalted mould, and they delighted in the glorious aims which learning opened before them. These were truly happy days to both.—Alas! the only ones they ever knew. Their youthful hearts were soon plighted to each other, and even amid the darkness that the fanaticism and cruelty of Queen Mary shed over the nation,

"Their well of happiness ran o'er;"

though in secrecy as yet, their love and hopes of union were strictly kept, looking forward to a future day, when concealment would no longer be necessary.

"What is he, whose grief bears such an emphasis?"

HAMLET.

Time wore on, and the flames of Smithfield rose high above many a firm and suffering form for the religion they loved. Garden urged Mary on, who, with Bonner and Tonstal, became her chief advisers in these cruel persecutions. She was firm in her determination that England should become a Catholic nation; and the young Elizabeth, refusing all entreaties to renounce her religion, was soon made to feel the increased misery of her position. The Earl of Devonshire, through strange as it appeared to her who was also a Protestant, seemed regarded each day with increased favor by the Queen, who put on her finest apparel, and arrayed herself in the most tasteful manner, to meet him whenever he came. At length her Majesty declared to her councillors her determination to marry, and, on being asked if she had made a selection, she informed them that her choice was made in favor of Courtenaye, Earl of Devonshire.

His illustrious lineage and highly esteemed character rendered the selection she had made, in their eyes, acceptable, and the proposition received the unanimous sanction and approval of both houses of Parliament.

The Earl of Devonshire had not been consulted himself in the matter at all—his consent being taken for granted; but the sequel proved that they had indeed counted without their host. A formal communication was made to him, of the concurrence of the Queen's Council and Parliament that he should be the husband of her Majesty.

Had a thunderbolt fallen on the head of Lord Devonshire, he could not have been more surprised. It was true that Mary had of late been exceedingly kind and polite to him, but he had never dreamed of anything beyond the mere courtesies of the hour.—"Truely, lady," he inwardly exclaimed, as he read the communication a second time, "you have intended to honor me, but I cannot accept your truly flattering proffer, for my heart is another's. Yes, Elizabeth to you is my soul knit as its chosen, only earthly love; and though now clouds obscure thy youthful path, thy Courtenaye spurns all offers that exclude thee from his life's devotion."

He felt himself, however, in a dilemma. To refuse the overtures of his sovereign, and the Council, and Parliament at large, was painful in the extreme; but he nevertheless done so, though in terms as mild and conciliatory as possible.

To describe the rage of the Queen was impossible. She raved, she stormed, she wept, all by turns; and, suspecting a preference for Elizabeth was the cause, resolved to treat her with more harshness than ever. And she kept her word; but, veiling her resentment to Lord Devonshire, she permitted his visits to the castle and the palace, as formerly, and he saw Elizabeth often. But her countenance became more and more sad, and he could see her now seldom alone.

Mary watched them narrowly, determined to find out if her suspicions were correct; and, one evening, during what they now termed a stolen interview, in the library of Windsor Castle, as Lord Devonshire was pouring forth his feelings, and expressing his undying love for one who had so long possessed his heart, and trusting to some favoring future day to be united, the Queen suddenly opened the door, as they sat indulging in hopes so dear to both, and looked for a moment in silence at them. Shakspeare says,

"Hell holds no fury like a woman scorned,"

and Mary felt not only as a woman, but as a Queen, and she poured forth her anger in no measured terms.

Lord Devonshire made no reply to all her invectives, but when she had finished, seized his opportunity, and, bowing to each, withdrew. "And you, madam," turning to Elizabeth, who stood trembling before her, as she closed the door, "you shall suffer for this perfidy—these secret love meetings! And he shall feel it, too!" her eyes flashing with the fury of a demon. "And now to your own room!" pointing with her finger to the door.

Elizabeth obeyed, glad to escape the angry presence of her sister, for whom she could not help feeling pity, notwithstanding; for her beloved Courtenaye had confided all to her during their brief interview. Wretched enough she felt, but in her soul, oppressed enough she was, and in the hands of a tyrant and a bigot, one thought of of beauty and unsullied bliss arose in gladness before her, that he whom she loved above all human beings, was all her own. "Oh!" she inwardly exclaimed, "why can we not live from courts and gayety remote, and, far from this busy world, live only for ourselves?" and the young dreamer laid herself down to rest, while visions of happiness in some sequestered vale, as shephead and shepherdess, blessed her slumbers, and in imagination realized the wish of her young heart.

Mary was as vindictive as she was cruel; and the next day Elizabeth was sent, under the surveillance of one of her faithful lords and her women, into the country, to await the Queen's pleasure concerning her, where she was kept as a complete prisoner, and permitted to see not a human being beyond those placed over her.

Lady Jane Grey and her husband still languished in the dreary tower, but their earthly sufferings were drawing to a close; the day of their execution was fixed. Mary sent a Catholic priest to Lady Jane, but she firmly rejected his counsel, and the favor she might have obtained through it.—Young, beautiful, and innocent, looking up to that Heaven where her thoughts and hopes had long been fixed, she meekly bowed her head to the executioner's axe, after seeing the head of her beloved husband exhibited to her view.

Mary, however, in the midst of all these soul-sickening practices, was yet set upon marrying; and her next choice fell upon Philip, son of Charles V. of Spain. Him she married. But she had determined on her revenge on Elizabeth and Lord Devonshire, notwithstanding; and on their refusing, absolutely, to embrace the Catholic religion, she had had them both imprisoned—Elizabeth at Woodstock, and Devonshire at Fotheringay Castle. Woodstock was a royal possession, and, it will be remembered, was once called "Fair Rosamond's Bower," where Queen Eleanor compelled her wretched rival and victim to swallow poison. Its beautiful gardens and charming pleasure-grounds had been well kept up, and its wooded walks and waving grain were indeed a great pleasure to her contemplative character. But the prevailing tone of her mind was melancholy; for she was a prisoner, and her beloved Courtenaye was also. But, with woman's true sympathy, the thought of his confinement filled her with a bitterness her own doom could never have called forth. As she dwelt on their sad lot, she thought, in the humbler walks of life, how happy could they have been. Lord Devonshire often turned his thoughts with sadness, also, towards his beloved Elizabeth; but hope buoyed him up, as he thought a brighter day would surely shine for one so good and so pious as she was.

Six weary months had thus passed away, and persecutions and burnings at the stake steeped all England in gloom, during which period Mary had become united to Philip He had a great desire to propitiate the people in his favor, and one of his first acts, though contrary to the will of his wife, was to liberate these two young prisoners; for both he found greatly beloved by the nation. Elizabeth became, therefore, a resident again beneath her sister's roof, and once more the lovers had an opportunity of renewing and enjoying each other's society. But this pleasure did not last long, for Mary was still determined on her revenge; and some of her partisans, acting on her secret orders, in his hearing dropped some words of his being a suspected person by the government. It did not stop here, but accusations of a serious nature were laid to his charge so frequently, that he began to be seriously alarmed.

Thus harassed, he asked and obtained leave of absence, and resolved to travel. Elizabeth mourned the sad necessity of another seperation from the only one whose society was dear to her, but there was no alternative; and, bidding her farewell, with the hope of meeting to part no more when those clouds had blown over, he departed. Hope was all that remained to her, but her whisperings cheered her on, and the thought of his letters acted as a soothing balm to her otherwise desolate heart. But these were soon to be taken from her.

A short time after he had left, news reached London of his death at Padua.—At first, it was treated as an idle rumor, but it was soon confirmed beyond a doubt, and she received a blow from which her affections never recovered. The Earl of Devonshire was the first and only love of Queen Elizabeth!

History has recorded her cruelty, her heartlessness, her coldness, her disregard for the feelings of our common nature, and her contempt for connubial happiness; but it has said little of the early blight to which all these were owing, and which rendered her the haughty, imperious, exacting, and soulless being she ever after appeared—though a nation rejoiced and flourished in her reign, for Protestantism was established, industry and the arts progressed, and the people at large blessed her administration—and her name and time have been handed down to us in a gracious form, as the days of "*good* Queen Bess."

MEN AND THINGS OF THE PAST.

JOHN BARNEY'S ANECDOTES OF REMARKABLE PUBLIC MEN.

Gossip about Burr, Jefferson, Matthew L. Davis and Chas, Dickens.

The venerable yet vivacious Honorable John Barney of Baltimore, has in press a very piquant "Sketch Book," which is likely to refresh the American mind in both political and social reminiscences.—The following chapter on Burr, Matthew L. Davis, Thos. Jefferson, and Charles Dickens in America will be read with peculiar interest.

AARON BURR—HOW HE PRESIDED IN THE SENATE

In 1803 I witnessed the dignity, impartiality and winning grace with which Aaron Burr presided in the Senate of the United States during the trial of Judge Chase impeached for partiality and justice towards John Fries, indicted under the Alien and Sedition Law.

HIS TRIAL AT RICHMOND.

I attended his trial at Richmond, when he himself was indicted for treason. His prominent counsellor was Luther Martin of Baltimore—my father's lawyer, neighbor and friend.

His daughter Maria, afterwards celebrated as Mrs. Richard Raynal Keene, invited my sister and self to dine with Col. Burr. He was then living in a house standing alone, around which was a patrol of guards.

The dinner was superb, abounding in all the luxuries which Virginia's generous soil yields in lavish abundance. Twenty ladies and gentlemen, of rank, fortune and fashion, graced the festive board.

He was esteemed a persecuted martyr.—Distress, in every form and shape, makes an irresistible appeal to woman's sympathy; her tears often flow for the suffering of the criminal who expiate his crimes on the gibbet.

HIS TENDERNESS FOR THE SEX

On the occasion. Burr's fascinating flatteries were lavished indiscriminately on the sex in general. Man he had ever found treacherous; woman always true to sustain him in adversity, solacing in affliction and giving a charm to life, without which life itself was not worth possessing.

HIS REMOVAL TO PRISON.

The grand Jury finding a true bill, he was forthwith removed to the States Prison. There we followed him: he received us in his usual bland, courteous manner, apologized for our being introduced into his bed chamber, his drawing room being then deranged by the fitting up of his ice house, which was in fact his chimney corner. Iron gratings prevented his egress, admitting a free circulation of light and air. I felt pride and took pleasure in being permitted to become his amanuensis. Each day as I rode along the streets my curricule was freighted with cake, confectionary, flowers redolent with perfume, wreathed into fancy boquets of endless variety.

HIS TRIAL.

The trial was tedious and prolonged—I traveled on to the borders of North Carolina; lingered for a while at the noble mansion of Lady Skipwith. On my return I found the persevering Attorney General, George Hay, fatigued—worried.

"Would that I could only hang upon a gate and have a little negro to swing me to and fro all day. The law's delay—the special pleadings of the bar, its interminable controversies have worn out and exhausted me. I shan't be able to hang Burr, but will be content to hang myself on a gate." Thus spoke George Hay, than whom never lived a purer patriot or a more upright, conscientious man. His wife was a daughter of James Monroe, the modest, retiring President, and a worthy compeer of Jefferson and Madison. Praise is thus exhausted.

HIS ACQUITTAL.

Burr was acquitted. He came to Baltimore, was feasted by Luther Martin. He rose from the dinner table threw open the window, gratefully and gracefully to a volunteer company; in full feather, commanded by Captain Leonard Fraily; a band of music cheered him with a lively air; and he accepted, gracefully, the distinguished honor conferred upon him.—when my friend Hughes touched his arm—"Colonel, said he, "they are playing the Rogue's March, with charged bayonets." The windows were closed the wine circulated, and we calmly arrived at the conclusion that Captain Fraily was a very officious volunteer.

THE THREAT TO MOB HIM.

The next day, strolling down Market street, arm in arm with my persecuted friend, Mr. Hughes overtook us 'Colonel,' said he, "pass Eight street without looking down—Fountain Inn is surrounded by groups of admiring friends. Capt. Fraily is out of uniform to-day, but there is General desire manifested to give you a warm reception in citizens' clothes. You must take your departure without further civil or military honors being conferred upon you." With his accustomed celerity of action and excellent judgment he called a hack and jumped into it.

"Colonel, my friend Barney will accompany you. You will have a pleasant drive out to Herron's Run. I will sea a seat in the stage coach, take charge of your baggage, swop you for my friend Barney—bring him home, and send you you on your way to rejoice escaping being hustled by a Baltimore mob." "I fear no mob," the Colonel replied, "I have seen the cannon's hostile flash—have counted the bristling bayonets of the enemy—and hold in contempt a lawless mob."

"This is all fine bravado," said Hughes. "Barney and I have no desire to shoot down or to be shot by our fellow citizens. You may throw your own life away, Col. but this bright world has two many attractions for us to throw away ours, in defending you when a pleasant ride of half an hour will save you from danger and restore us to our ma ma's

HIS TREACHERY, ETC.

This was the last of Col. Burr. His villainy, his treachery, his infamous exposure of confidential letters addressed to him by the confiding sex, on whom he was lavishing praise, but induced by a mere gratification of a puppy vanity to desire to throw broadcast to the world their letters of civility in answer to their bewitching flatteries, lavished upon them without stint or measure The noble, honest, but poor Matthew L. Davis,, his executor, received from him, while living, trunks full of female correspondence, by which Burr thought to make his (Davi's) fortune; but which was generously returned, without fee or reward, to the grateful recipients.

LOBBYING—AND MATTHEW L. DAVIS.

Lobbying (now anomaly) was in full force in those days. Several important bills had passed the New York Legislature and some were so uncharitable as to insinuate that improper means had been resorted to, and my friend Davis was accused of being engaged in bringing about this successful issue.

A lady of rank and fashion condescended (and ladies rarely condescend to mingle in anything out of their appropriate sphere—the limits of the domestic circle) to say many hard things of my friend Davis. In one instance she went so far as to insinuate she could calmly see him hung.

Davis went to her door, rung the bell, sent up his name, and was promptly answered she was not and never would be at home to Mr. Davis.

"Pray ask her," said he, "if she has heard from her husband at Niagara."

He was forthwih invited up stairs. The lady entered in trepidation and alarm.—"Has any calamity happened to my beloved husband?" "This will explain all," said Davis, at the same time handing her a letter in her own chirography, addressed to Col. Aaron Burr. 'Good heavens, sir,' said she, 'to what purpose is this letter, destined?' 'To remain in your possession madame, to be disposed of by you at your own pleasure?' 'My kind friend,' exclaimed she, 'how can I ever repay such an act of unparalleled magnanimity?"

'Ever afterwards,' said Davis, 'she almost broke her neck in extending her head out of the carriage window to greet me as she passed."

BURR IN DESTITUTION.

Subsequently comes poor Burr to destitution, in Paris, where he supports himself for months by the sale of his watch, his clothing, and was finally induced to make minute calculation of the minimum food indispensable to sustain life, ascertaining by the chemical experiment that the saccharine of sugar yielded more nutriment at less price than any other substance.—Coffee browned, but only half burnt, lasted longer and was the cheapest stimulant that could reanimate an exhausted frame.

WAS BURR A TRAITOR?

I shall give a full chapter of the rise, progress of this eminently bad man—a soldier—patriot—traitor. Perhaps the latter is a harsh word. "Annexation" was not as much the order of the day as now—it was premature then to take possession of Texas.

The pear was not ripe—his treason consisted in plotting the annexation of Louisiana to Texas, where he might rule as President of the little confederacy.

His horizon hereafter will include within its radius Mexico, and we are now leisurely carrying out his mad designs.

A VISIT TO JEFFERSON.

Passing through Washington on my return home from Richmond, I was invited by Col. Isaac Coles, his Secretary, into Mr. Jefferson's private sanctum. He was seated in his morning gown, quite at ease, (I was not) amusing himself by tossing his slipper up in the air and catching it on the point of his toe as it came down.

His homely, rustic, fiery, flaxen hair and stern countenance when he addressed me, "I understand Col. Burr was an intimate friend of yours?" I was premonished by my friend Coles to expect a lecture.

I brazened it out. "Yes sir, dead intimate I was his amenuensis. I copied many and directed all his letters."

"Curious to see how a great man could act, fallen from his high estate, I cultivated his acquaintance with assiduity."

"That was in exceeding bad taste, sir; but you are a young man. Youth and indiscretion are synonymes." "I did not invite you to hear a lecture, but to obtain information."

"I understand Col. Burr received a great deal of attention in Richmond?" "Yes sir; it was lavished on him without stint or measure."

"Pray, sir, did Colonel Gibbon himself have any intercourse with him?" "None." "Did his family?" "No." "How do you know?" "The hotels were crowded—hospitality was lavished upon every stranger—families gave up their beds to furnish a welcome and a resting-place to houseless wanderers. I was there every day, volunteered my services as purveyor of supplies for the Colonel's use—met no encouragement in Major Gibbon's family—got my curricle loaded every day anywhere else."

"I rejoice to hear it; I forgive your youthful folly; dine with me to-day; I want to hear your adventures; I promise you good cheer, for in my heart I rejoice that you have saved me from the condemnation of an unrighteous act. Notwithstanding that, Col. Gibbon fought like a patriot and a hero at the battle of Cowpens, and was appointed Collector of the Port of Richmond, by Gen. Washington, I had resolved this day to strike his name from the rolls of his country's services, which I concluded he had disgraced by permitting his family to commune with the arch traitor."

"Come punctually at five;" I went, and swallowed a dinner more.

APPLER TREES BY THE ROADSIDE.—In Germany it is common to line the highways with choice varieties of the apple.—The owner marks alternate trees by tying to them a red string, which in that country means. "If you leave this fruit you may have the rest, ' and we have been told though we can not vouch for the truth of it, that the public generally keep the contract faithfully. Would it be so with us? We fear not. But have we not agriculturists who would set a few Goldensweets, Summer Pippins, and some fall an winter varieties along the highway that skirts ther land. Their children might not; but many a poor child, whose parents own no soil, might have delicious fruit without stealing it; many a wayfarer might regale himself on it, and the owner would have the satisfaction of knowing that, in so far at least, he had been a *benefactor*.

GEN. CASS' SUCCESSOR.—Like Gen. Cass, the new Michigan Senator is a New Hampshire man Zach. Chandler was born in Bedford, Hillsborough county, a little more than forty years ago. About 1833 he entered as clerk in the store of Stephen Kendrick, of Nashua, N. H., which place he left for Detroit. He served in the staff of Gen. Riddle, New Hampshire militia, for a short period, which gave him a military title

☞ "Ma, is it Windsor Castle that Mary Queen of Scots was confined in?" asked little Anthony Agustus of his mother. "No, my son, not Queen Mary, but Queen Victoria; she poor thing, has been confined in that castle repeatedly."

☞ A Mormon apostle, named Willis, one of Brigham Young's saints, has been convicted in Sacramento of stealing a carpet bag, and sentenced to the chain gang.

☞ As many as 10,362,200 eggs were importied into England in the 11 months ended the 30th ult., and all for "home comsumption."

☞ Governor Causey has appointed Hon. John A. Allderdice to be prothonatory of New Castle county, Del.

☞ A convention of Spiritualists was recently held at Syracuse, N. Y.

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