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THE EASTON STAR
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☞No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

☞Books received free of postage will be promptly noticed under the editorial head.

☞Single papers, five cents.

The Easton Star.

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

VOL. 16—NO. 18. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1857. WHOLE NO. 769

Terms of Advertising

THE STAR has the largest circulation of any papre published on the Eastern Shore, and therefore is the best means of advertising.

TERMS—One square, three insertions, $1, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction in price to those who advertise by the year, or for 6 or 3 months.

Advertisements sent to the office not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special notices, inserted before marriages and deaths, 10 cents a line for each insertion.

Marriages and deaths inserted free of charge

Travelling.

RESUMPTION OF WINTER ARRANGEMENT OF THE EASTERN SHORE STEAMBOAT COMPANY'S BOATS.

HUGH JENKINS, Capt. J. Tilghman;
CHAMPION, Capt. J. R. Griffith,

On and after THURSDAY the 19th instant, the Company's boats will run as follows:

One of the boats will leave EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, for Kent Island, Corsica, Harrison's Landing and Chestertown, returning the same day.

One of the boats will leave EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, at the same hour for Annapolis, West River, St. Michael's and Miles' River Ferry, and return the following day by the same route, leaving Miles' River Ferry at 8 o'clock.

One of the boats will leave EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, at the same hour, for Annapolis, West River, Cambridge Oxford and Easton at 7 o'clock.

All freights by this line must be prepaid.

No freight received before 9 o'clock in the morning.

Passage to Annapolis $0.75
" Chester River & West River 1.00
" St. Michael's & M. River Ferry 1.50
" Cambridge, Oxford & Easton 2.00

feb 5t. G. CHESNUT, Agent.

For the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Delaware.

THE steamer KENT, Captain A. B. Fields, having been put in complete order, will resume her routes on and after the first of March, from her wharf, Light street, foot of Barra, to the Choptank and Nanticoke Rivers, making direct connection with the Delaware Rail Road at Seaford, and Dover by stage from Denton; she will run her routes as follows.

Monday, leave Denton for Balt. at 4 a. m.
Tuesday, leave Baltimore for Seaford at 7 a. m.
Wednesday, leave Seaford for Baltimore at 6 a. m.
Wednesday, leave Baltimore for Denton at 12 midnight.
Thursday, leave Denton for Baltimore at 12 noon.
Friday, lay day.
Saturday, leave Baltimore for Denton at 7 a. m.

CHOPTANK LANDINGS.

Cambridge, Thompson's wharf, Hughlett's, Medford's, Easton, (via Dover Bridge) Providence, Kingstown, Gilpin's Point, Keene's Landing, Potter's Landing, Denton.

SANTICOKE LANDINGS.

Light Boat, at Hooper's Straits, Roaring Point, Runaway Point, Vienna, Bacon Quarter, Sharptown, Cannon's Ferry, Seaford.

FARE.

To Choptank, $2. To Nanticoke, $2.50.

☞MEALS EXTRA.☜

☞Travelling conveyances can be had at all times by applying to Thomas Dawson, Seaford, and J. L. McCombs, Denton.

☞For information relative to Freight, see 'Tariff.'

mar3-tf C. K. CANNON.

U. S. MAIL LINE.

Attention Travelers

THE traveling public are respectfully informed that the undersigned is running a line of stages daily (Sunday excepted) from Easton, Md., via Denton, to Canterbury, Del., at which latter Point a proper connection is always made with the cars on the Delaware Rail Road.

The stage leaves Easton at 6 o'clock A. M., and Denton at about 9½ A. M. Through tickets foom Easton to Philadelph,a $3.50; from Denton, $3.

By this route passengeas from any point on the line may leave home in the morning and arrive in Philad'a at 8 oclock, P. M. same day.

spe 16 *JESSE SHARPE, Jr.*

House, Sign & Ornamental Painting.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he continues to carry on the above business in Easton at the old stand of Robinson Stitchberry, corner of Goldsborough and Harrison streets, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of work in his line of business, with neatness and dispatch, and in the most approved manner. GRAINING done in the most fashionable style. He is prepared to take jobs anywhere in Talbot, Queen Annes, and Caroline counties, and execute them with promptness.

Work warranted to give satisfaction.

The public's ob't sv't.
ELY H. FURNISS.

Easton, Nov. 11th, 1856.—1y

CARPENTERING.

JEREMIAH MORRIS. WM. S. COLLISON.

MORRIS & COLLISON

BEG to return their profound obligations to the public for the liberal share of patronage extended to them since they have been associated together, and further respectfully notify them, that they are prepared to execute with neatness and dispatch all kinds of work either by the day or contract that may be committed to them. They may always be found in Easton, except when in the country at work. All orders left with Mr. A. P. Jump, at the Gazette Office, will be promptly attended to. mar3 6m.

DENTISTRY.

R. R. HOWELL, Surgeon Dentist, having permanently located at Easton, would respectfully solicit the patronage of the people of Talbot county.

All operations performed upon the natural teeth. Artificial teeth inserted on silver, gold and platina plate in the most approved style. All work warrantad to stand, and give entire satisfaction. Charges moderate.

Office in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Residence, Easton Hotel. jan 13, 1857–1y

MUSIC!

MRS. JULIA E. N. ROBSON respectfully informs the public that she continues to give instruction on the Piano Forte, at her residence on Aurora street, Easton, Md.

TERMS—Ten dollars per quarter.

jan3-6m

Poetry.

THE COFFIN MAKER.

Rap—rap! from morn till night,
Nail—nail the coffin tight,
What reck who wants the box to-day?
They're all for Death!—so rap away.

The journeyman whistles a jolly air,
While plying his arms, all brawny and bare.
The coffins were gloomy against the wall—
For ragged or gilded—or great or small.
Rap—rap—from morn till night—
Nail—nail—the coffiin tight.

A tiny coffin he hammered in glee—
A prattler's, that smiled on a mother's knee;
Then lullingly sunk to a frozen smile,
With a tearful kiss on its brow the while!
Rap—rap—from morn till night—
Nail—nail—the coffiin tight.

A shrine for a beauty of sixteen Mays,
He rapped away, never pausing to praise,
A face that had lovingly shone on a crowd,
Who 'neath the enchantment had burned and bowed.
Rap—rap—from morn till night—
Nail—nail—the coffin tight!

This coffin—a youth to minstresly born,
Who sang and was heard with a soulless scorn,
A skylark stricken, he fell to the dust—
But time will not let his memory rust.
Rap—rap—from morn till night,
Nail—nail—the coffin tight!

With glittering graving this coffin gleams—
For one who revell'd is luxuries' dreams,
Who plunged into pleasures that wealth can give,
And killed himself quickly striving to live.
Rap—rap—from morn till night,
Nail—nail the coffin tight.

Frame one of old pine and stain it with red
For—only a pauper—what care how bred?
Or whether for one who idled apart,
Or want shed a blight on an honest heart?
Rap—rap—from morn till night;
Nail—nail—the coffin tight!

A narrow coffin for a miser's grave.
Who yielded his life in trying to save.
So closely he labored to hoard the dust,
He gave his own frame for want of a crust.
Rap—rap—from morn till night;
Nail—nail—the coffin tight!

A noble coffin for the warrior frame!
Whose eagle spirit no peril could tame;
Who battled for freedom, country and right,
And died with his banner still waving in sight.
Rap—rap—from morn till night:
Nail—nail—the coffin tight!

The journeyman whistles and smiles in glee,
For here is a coffin he loves to see—
That of a Doctor, who hoped to endure,
But perished, with all his science of cure.
Rap—rap—from morn till night—
Nail—nail—that coffin tight!

One day this journeyman's time will come round—
The clay of himself he boxed for the ground,
And thus reaper Death, who harvests us all,
Will find with old Time, a funeral pall.
Rap—rap—from morn till night—
Nail—nail—*that* coffin tight.

From Porter's Spirit of the Times.

DOUBLE ENTRY; OR, LAWYER HICKS' DODGE.

BY A. JAX., ESQ.

It is generally supposed that the oft quoted saw," that there are more ways of killing a cat than choking her with butter," is as pregnant with wisdom as an egg is full of meat; but I confess I never could perceive that amount of sagacity in it, which honestly entitle it to be set up among saws, or be posted as a proverb. It is a notion that we believe in and take to as naturally as a duck to the watar, or a man fond of fun and humor to PORTER'S SPIRIT; and being thus one of the first principles of our organization, it should not be quoted as though it were a newly-discovered axiom of life, or the sententious composition of some erudite philosopher. It is one of the self-evident truths that are thrust upon our minds as soon as they are able to retain any life-lore, and one might as soon think of disputing the well-established fact that the moon *is* made of green cheese, as to say that there *is* no other way of compressing the thorax of the aforesaid feline.—Brothers-in-law are especially impressed, in their early training, with the absolute *necessity* of discovering other methods of strangulation; and their prosperity and success in their profession depends, to a great extent, upon the facility and dexterity with which they *can* strangulate legal felines with other material than the vaccine grease aforesaid.

All the foregoing intense philosophical deduction is the result of deep cogitation upon the celebrated case of Mills *vs.* Millikins, which was tried in the Anthracite Common Pleas, at May Term, 1855.

Mills was a general anthracite operator, conjoined with the sales of groceries and dry goods, flour and feed, and all the et cetera which make up the sum and substance of a store in the mining *districts*, and which said stores are generally something sui generis, and not to be appreciated without personal inspection; so make a note of it, and suspend all opinion as to the manner of store that Mills kept, until you have come and seen and been convinced. According to the Narr, filed in the case, the said Mills had furnished unto the said Millikins, out of the store aforesaid, sundry goods, wares and merchandise, to the amount of six hundred dollars all of which said goods, wares, and merchandise had been sold and delivered to the aforesaid Millikins, and for which the said Millikins had not settled, accounted, and *socked up* to the said plaintiff, and therefore he brought suit.

Now, Millikins was *operating* in this same section with Mills, only after a considerably different style, and without confining himself to any particular branch of business, but, like Captain Pike's milk, kept "lying about loose," and, like Dickens' creation, Micawber, eternally waiting for "something to turn up." Well, Millikins, in the course of *his* business, had dickered sundry things in *his* line to Mills, which were to be credited upon the account which said Mills held against him.

When Mills supposed that the accounts were pretty nearly even, he suggested to Millikins the propriety of having a final settlement; but this didn't tally with Millikins's idea of doing business. *He* could gain nothing by a speedy settlement, but by delay "something might turn up," which would reduce Mills' account, or increase the amount of Millikins' set-off; so he shirked all attempts at a settlement, and hence arose the suit of Mills *vs.* Millikins.

Verily I say unto you, that Millikins *was* fiercely angry when the High Sheriff of the County served a copy of a paper upon him, the gist and substance of which was that he, the said Millikins, was strongly solicited—nay, more, imparatively invited, to be and appear at the time and place therein named, to answer Mills in a plea of debt.

Milikins turned over in his mind the various ways of escaping from the clutches of a suit at law, such as habeas corpus, scapem in swampo, non est inventus, &c., &c.; but none of them seemed to suit his case. Desperate at the emergency of the crisis, he determined to place himself an unwilling victim in the hands of one of the "fraternity," to be dealt with "according to law." No sooner was the resoive made than it was executed, and the lapse of a few minutes found Millikins in *intense* consultation with Lawyer Hicks.

Dear SPIRIT, thou dost not know Lawyer Hicks? No? Well, I supposed so. Your tramping grounds have been in different sections of this great moral vineyard or else, my word for it, you would have knocked knees under mahogany far oftener than would have been well for your physical and moral status Towering far above ordinary mortals, he was quoted as "six feet four, and still a growing," when last I saw him, which, me-thinks, would oversize thy pile, Tall, Son of York. Fertile in expedients, audacious in assumption and bold in execution,—in war he would have been good to lead a forlorn hope, in law he *was* good to undertake hopeless causes. His success was such, that clients who had no hopes in law, or justice or Providence, were sure to put trust in Lawyer Hicks.

After a thorough survey of the ground, Lawyer Hicks complacently informed Millikins that he was "a particular fool to suffer himself to be sued and subjected to costs in a matter wherein he had no defence, and that he should have settled with Mills, as he must have known, according to his own books, that the difference between them would not pay a lawyer's fee."

However, as the costs *had* been incurred, Millikins insisted on having a jury so that Hicks could give Mills "a first-rate tongue lashing," which he was well capable of doing, and for which, Millikins agreed to give him twenty-five dollars.

Well, the day of trial came—the jury was empannelled mostly from the "rural" districts, and the litigant lawyers squared themselves for the contest. The book-keeper of the plaintiff, Mills, was called, and being duly sworn, testified to sundry charges in the books against Bill Millikins, amounting in the aggregate to six hundred dollars. Lawyer Hicks examined the book of entries carefully, and lookers-on soon discovered that he had found a "point." He cross-examined the witness as to his method of keeping books, who replied that they were kept by double entry To this fact, as eliminated by his question, Lawyer Hicks called the attention of the jury, who duly "made a note of it," and pricked up their ears.

The plaintiff closed his case, and Hicks presented Millikins' off-set, amounting to five hundred and seventy dollars, which was admitted as correct by the plaintiff. Here appeared to be an end of the case, with a clear, undisputed balance of thirty dollars in favor of the plaintiff, Mills.—Plaintiff's counsel submitted the case, without a word to the jury, but Lawyer Hicks *allowed* that he *had* a word to say, and which I give in as near his own language as need be.

"Gentlemen of the jury! during the long period which it has been my pleasure to practice in your county, I have never known so bold an attempt to pervert the course of justice, and to make a jury, gentlemen—a jury—an honest and upright jury of this glorious county, an instrument for the perpetration of a great fraud, upon a poor, unoffending and honest citizen! But, gentlemen of the jury, to-day—this day—it has been attempted! and you gentlemen, you, individually and collectively, are the persons through whom this great wrong is to be inflicted upon my client, Bill Millikins! I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes and ears, gentlemen of the jury, as the truth was exhibited to me; for the whole proceeding looks as innocent and as devoid of trick or chicanery, as the classical cat that was concealed in the flour-barrel.—Yes, gentlemen, as the cat that was concealed in the flour-barrel

"But, gentlemen of the jury; it is my business—my profession—to watch for cats concealed in flour-barrels; or, as Black stone more forcibly expresses it in the 5th vol of his celebated Commentaries, pp. 623, &c., to 'look for niggers in the fence gentlemen, to 'look for niggers in the fence!' And, gentlemen of the jury, permit me to say to you, in a voice potential, as Coke said in his speech versus Lyttleton, that I have discovered the cat in the flour-barrel! I have found the nigger in the fence!!

"Gentlemen of the jury! you are all industrious men—you are all honest men—you are all temperate and economical men—you are all older men than Mills, the plaintiff in this suit, and yet I venture to say that not one of you, gentlemen, in that jury box, is worth over ten thousand dollars. If I am not correct, the commissioner's clerk, who has the county assessments in his possession, will correct me. I am not corrected, therefore, gentlemen of the jury, I am correct.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, you all know, when the plaintiff, Mills, came to this county—you well know that he was worth but a song when he *arrove*; and you all know that he is worth now gentlemen of the jury, as much as all you put together, and the county assessments will bear me out in the assertion.

"And now, gentlemen of the jury, tell me the cause of this great discrepancy in your worldly wealth, if you can? Are you not as intelligent as the plaintiff, Mills? Who dares dispute it? Have you not, each and every of you, as much capacity for business as he has, gentlemen of the jury? Who dares question it, for him will I offend? Have not you—each and every of you—gentlemen of the jury, in greater abundance than the plaintiff ever thought of having, that delightful suaviter in modo, and fortiter in re, as the poet elegantly expresses it, which adds so much to the success of a business man in worldly pursuits? And where, then, is the superiority of this plaintiff over you, gentlemen, that enables him to prosper so much beyond you in the accretion of filthy lucre?

"I will tell you, gentlemen of the jury, and I wish you to open your ears, so that they may draw in the full force of my words, as the beautiful roses take in the morning dews I will tell you, gentlemen where the cat in the flour-barrel is concealed! I will show to your bulging orbs, as the eyes are poetically called, 'the nigger in the fence!' I will show it to you; verified by the oath of his own witness—his own book-keeper, whom he cannot and dare not contradict! Listen, gentlemen of the jury, listen! He does it by the new system of book-keeping! by keeping his books by DOUBLE ENTRY! by making DOUBLE ENTRIES of what he sells and delivers! That is the cat in the flour-barrel, gentlemen! the nigger in the fence!

"You, gentlemen, in the honesty of your hearts, and the fairness of your transactions, never thought of Double Entry, of charging things twice, and consequently, are worth what you *are* worth, by honest accumulation; and I doubt not, gentlemen, that you all sleep well at nights; the sleep of honest integrity, gentlemen. I leave you to judge, gentlemen, with all your charity and goodness of heart, for which, all and every of you are so celebrated among your neighbors, about the kind of sleep that waits upon the plaintiff, Mills, after a day of money making by Double Entry.

Examine the books, gentlemen, and there you have it! Each article charged twice to Bill Millikins—the book keeper swears to it—the transaction carries conviction—conviction of fraud with it; and I ask *you*, gentleman of the jury, to do my client the justice for which he this day appears before you, and give him by your verdict the two hundred and seventy dollars which are properly his, after deducting the three hundred dollars to which the plaintive is, perhaps, entitled; and ignore the plaintiff's accounts altogether after his shameful attempt by Double Entry to swindle my client, but Bill Millikins *scorns* the idea! He is willing that the plaintive shall have his due; satisfied that the exposure which has this day been made will effectively deter him from another attempt to swindle by "Double Entry."

"The plaintiff, gentlemen of the jury, is rich and influential, and the rich and the influential can always command lawyers and judges, but they can *never*, NO NEVER, swerve an honest jury of the county from their convictions of right! But as he is rich and influential, altho' I intend no imputation on the court, the court *may*, possibly, tell you, that this system of book-keeping by double entry is correct and proper, and all that sort of thing, but, gentlemen of the jury, I trust that you have too much intelligence and good sense, to let any charge of that kind from the court, have any influence upon the firm, honest and upright conclusions of your own mature and deliberte judgment.

"With entire confidence in your honesty, and an assurance of the ability and intelligence which you will bring to bear upon the matter, in your deliberations, I submit the case to you."

Here Lawyer Hicks bowed gracefully to the jury, and took his seat.

The court, as may be supposed, *charged* fiercely, against the defendant, but the jury were impervious, callous, and incredulous, after Hicks' effort, and after remaining absent for about ten minutes, returned with a verdict, by which Mills' account was SPLIT in two, and two hundred and seventy dollars found for Bill Millikins! So much for keeping books by Double Entry.

"BACHELOR BARRISTERS."

An alarming state of society exists in Cleveland There is an association called the "Bachelors Barristers," which are having things nearly all their own way. If the fair ones of that city don't take measures to put down this institution, we fear for their future welfare. This club recently had their annual sleigh ride on which occasion they had the audacity to propose over their cups the following incendiary sentiments:

1st, The President elect of the United States—The first from the illustrious order of B. B's.

2d. The "Bachelor Barristers" of the Cleveland Bar Unterrified by "eves"—invincible to "arms"—we meet to "celebrate."

5th. Bachelor Barristers——whenever they go to "court" with an attachment suit" on hand, may their "pleadings" never be "demurred" to, or their suits dismissed with prejudice.

6th. The cause of Single Blessedness vs Love-in-the-Cottage.

7th. True Friendship—Unknown except to men.

9th. Our Future "Fathers in Law"—Where are they?

10th. Domestic relations——Another name for the halter.

11th The Critic's Pen—Its widest field Woman.

12th. Woman's Rights—An alarming feature of the day, and we frown upon the movement.

14th. Woman's Helplessness—We "demur to the pleadings."

16th. The Press—the true conservator of our free institutions; the only kind of "press" tolerated by bachelors.

The following toasts were then volunteered:

1st. The Hen Pecked Husband—"Ye who have tears to shed prepare to shed them now."

2d. "Matches are made in Heaven"—We admit the adage but deny the authority.

4th. The Married Man—"The victim of false pretences."

CAPITAL PARODY.

[The following capital parody upon McKay's "Tell me ye winged winds?" is going the rounds.]

Tell me ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar.
Do ye not know some spot
Where women fret no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some "holler," in the ground,
Where babies never yell,
And cradles are not found?
The loud wind blew the snow into my face,
And snickered as it answered—"Nary place,"

Tell me, thou misty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
A place to smoke in peace,
Where crinoline is not,
And hoops are out of place?
The loud waves, sounding a perpetual shout,
Stopt for a while, and sputtered 'Yeou git out."

Tell me, my secret soul—
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no happy spot
Where bachelors are blessed,
Where females never go
And man may dwell in peace?
Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to mortals given—
Waved their bright wings, and answered,
"Yes, in Heaven!"

Written for the Easton Star.

HEART LIKENESSES.

DAGUERREOTYPE FIRST.

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

IN MEMORIA.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end!
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

MONTGOMERY.

My boyhood's companions, friends of my childhood—where are they? Where are those who with me were wont to roam o'er the fields and through the woodland gray? My class-mates—boon companions—the associates of my budding manhood, where? And echo answers—where? I gaze around me bewildered. New forms, strange faces, unfriendly and unfamiliar, surround me. The companions of my youth—those whom I held most dear—have faded slowly in the first flush of youth, like buds of promise, stricken by the icy hand of the frost-king And I am left alone like some rough and jagged trunk, riven by the lightning's stroke, but standing erect, while my companions strew the ground.

Alone! Nay, not alone; for 'memory's spell is with me yet.' Nor can I, if I would, forget the past—the beautiful past, fraught with so many fond recollections of scenes which even now cause my seared heart to beat wildly in its narrow prison-house, and send the sluggish blood flushing to my pallid face as they pass in panoramic view through my mind. No! not while my heart beats, reason keeps her throne and memory holds sway, shall my path, rough though it be, appear lonely, but——

"I'll live my childhood o'er again,
It glads my heart to look back to it."

One vision claims my attention—a lovely one to me. 'Tis that of a youth of eighteen, with a noble brow, over which the jet black hair droops in waves; a sparkling eye that fascinates while it searches; mouth finely, delicately formed, the nether lips just perceptibly curling in conscious pride of talent; with a form that Apollo might have envied. The picture is complete—a beautiful one it is—but with it comes the mournful thought—he sleeps in death.

John H——— was indeed my bosom friend, and though our acquaintance was of but a few short months' standing; and while he claimed the land of Penn as the land of his birth, I gloried in being a native of the sunny South, and proudly proclaimed myself a Virginian—yet we were as brothers, and his joy or sorrow was mine.

Well do I remember the last evening we met in life. 'Twas at a party given in honor of our class. All was gayety; the mazy dance was the delight of all. Pleasure reigned—and gayest of the gay, with an unusual flow of mirth—unusual even in him—my friend was the observed and courted of all. We parted at the door of his room. That night a letter reached me, written in fiery haste, requiring my immediate presence at home; and the next morning, without bidding farewell to any one, I was borne off by the iron horse.

One week from that day I returned; and after removing my travel stained garments, started eagerly in search of H——. The first one I met informed me he was *dead*. 'Dead! My God, H——— dead! O God, why hast thou forsaken me?' Recovering from the shock, I mechanically continued my way to his room. At the door his chum met me, with eyes red and swollen; *for he, too, had loved him*. Recognizing me, he clasped my hands in his, groaning with me in anguish of spirit—'Oh God! why hast thou bereft us?' Gradually becoming composed, he told me the particulars of his death, almost causing my heart-strings to snap, as he delivered John's message to myself—'Tell Harry to remember me—to take my miniature and keep it as a memento of his friend; and give him this message for my father, which I want him to deliver himself,' said his chum, handing me a letter endorsed in John's well known hand, and directed to his father at H——, where his death-cold form had been conveyed.

The next morning the sun shone bright and clear, and every thing appeared hateful in my sight. A great number of our class-mates were to attend his funeral, and omnibusses were engaged. But I wished to see John before he was laid from my sight forever. Hiring a pair of horses, I dashed off, scarcely stopping to arrange my disordered apparel. Faster, faster my brain whirled. I lashed the noble animals to their speed, and nobly did they do their duty. In two hours' time I reined in the panting horses before Judge H's. door, and slightly rang the bell which was answered by a servant, who informed me that the Judge would see no one. Giving him the letter, I told him to deliver it immediately. Alarmed by my haggard look, he hurried off, and soon there came the sound of hurried steps of a man along the hall, and Judge H., grasping my hand, drew me within the house, and with all a father's fondness mourned with me. I never knew the contents of that note; but personally unacquainted with Judge H., or family before, ever afterwards was welcomed as a son in the place of the one they had lost. To my request he answered not in words; but opening a pair of folding doors, led me into a lofty darkened room—and there, cold and motionless in his coffin, lay the form of him I loved so well. Passionately I threw myself upon the coffin's side, kissing his cold lips and groaning—'would to God I had died for thee, oh! my more than brother!'

In a few short hours they buried him. His tomb is in the beautiful cemetery of H——. Amid the bold picturesque scenery of the 'Susquehanna bluffs' he rests; and over his tomb the tall pine waves its verdant branches, and the winds as they sigh through its boughs, murmur a soothing lullaby; while the storm as it lashes the waters of the Susquehanna into foam-capped waves, thunders forth a requium for his departed spirit—the bold grand scenery of nature that delighted his soul whilst living now surrounding his resting-place in death. Requiesce!

MILTON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE BY HELEN ST. CLYDE.

Milton, travelling through Italy in his youth, saw represented at Milan a comedy entitled, "Adam, or the First Transgression," written by a certain Andreino, and dedicated to Marie de' Medici, Queen of France. The subject of this comedy was, The Fall of Man. The actors were God the Father, devils, angels, Adam, Eve, the serpent, Death, and the seven deadly sins. This subject, worthy of the absurd genius which prevailed in theatricals at that time, was written in a manner which fully carried out the design.

The scene opens with a chair of angels, and Michael thus speaks in the name of his confederates: "Let the rain-bow be the fiddle-stick of the heavens; let the seven stars be the seven notes of our music, let the seasons fall exactly in unison; let the winds play our organ," &c. The whole piece was after this style. I informed only Frenchman, who laugh at it, that our own theatre was but little better at that time: as an example of which the death of John the Baptist' and a hundred other pieces written; only that we have no "Pastor Fido," or "Aminta."

Milton, who was present at this representation, discovered, through the absurdity of the work, the sublimity hidden in the subject. He found there in some things, where to the vulgar all appeared ridiculous, a foundation of grandeur, perceptible only to men of genius. The seven deadly sins dancing with the Devil, was assuredly the height of extravagance and folly; but the universe rendered unhappy by the weakness of a man; the goodness and justice of our Creator, the source of our misfortunes and our crimes, are subjects worthy the depieting of the boldest. There is throughout the whole of this subject an inexpressibly gloomy horror, a melancholy and sombre sublimity, which agrees not illy with the English imagination. Milton conceived the idea of making a tragedy of the farce of Andrenio—he even composad one act and a half.—This was assured me by some literary persons who had it of his daughter, who died since I was in London.

The tragedy of Milton commences with the monologue of Satan, which we find in the fourth canto of his epic poem.

While he was laboring on this tragedy, the sphere of his ideas enlarged in proportion as he thought. His plot became great under his pen, and at length instead of a tragedy, which after all had been only whimsical and uninteresting, he imagined an epic poem, a kind of work in which men are often compelled to approve the fantastic under the name of marvelous.

The civil wars of England for a long time deprived Milton of the leisure necessary for the execution of so great a design. The love of liberty was with him a passion; this sentiment always prevented him from taking sides with those parties which desired to usurp the government in his country; he would submit to the tyranny of no human opinion, and there was no church which could boast of counting Milton as one of its members. But he observed none of this neutrality in the civil wars of the King and Parliament. He was one of the greatest enemies of that unfortunate King, Charles I; he was among the foremost in favor of Cromwell; and by a fatality which is only too common, his republican zeal was made to serve a tyrant. He was the Secretary of Oliver Cromwell, of Richard Cromwell, and of the Parliament, which lasted until the restoration. The English employed his pen to justify the death of their King, and to reply to the book which Charles II had caused to be written by Saumaise on the subject of this tragic event. Never was a better cause, and more boldly plead on both sides. Saumaise pedantically defended the party of a King who died on the scaffold; of a royal family wandering through Europe, and even all the Kings in Europe interested in this quarrel. Milton rantingly supported the cause of a victorious people, who boasted of having judged their Prince according to the laws. The memory of this strange revolution will never perish among men; the books of Saumaise and Milton are already buried in oblivion. Milton, whom the English regard as a poet divine, was a very bad prose writer.

He was fifty-two years of age when the royal family were re established. He was included in the amnesty which Charles II gave to the enemies of his father; but he was declared by an act of the same incapable of holding any office under the royalty. It was then that he commenced his epic poem, at the same age that Virgil finished his. Scarcely had he put his hand to the work, when he was deprived of sight. He found himself forsaken and blind, and yet was not discouraged. He was nine years in composing Paradise Lost. He had then very little reputation; the *literati* of the court of Charles II either did not know him or had no respect for him. It is not surprising that an ancient secretary of Cromwell, grown old in retirement, blind, and without wealth, should be ignored or despised by a court which, to the austerity of the government of the Protector, succeeded all the gallantry of the court of Louis XIV, and in which they relished only effeminate poetry—the softness of Waller, the satires of the Earl of Rochester, and the spirit of Cowley.

One indubitable proof that he had no reputation is, that he had much difficulty in finding a bookseller who would publish his Paradise Lost. At length Thompson gave him thirty pistoles for his book, which has since been more than a hundred thousand crowns value to his (Thompson's) heirs; but this bookseller was so fearful of making a bad bargain, that he stipulated half of the thirty pistoles should not be payable except in case they made a second edition of the poem, which Milton never had the consolation of seeing. He remained poor and without fame; his name ought to be added to the list of great geniuses persecuted by fortune.

Paradise Lost was thus neglected in London, and Milton died without suspecting that it would have its day of reputation. It was Lord Somers and Dr. Atterbury, since Bishop of Rochester, who discovered that England had an epic poem. They engaged the heirs of Thompson to publish a fine edition of Paradise Lost.—Their support attracted many others to it, and since then the celebrated Addison wrote formally to prove that this poem was equal to those of Virgil and Homer. The English began to persuade themselves of it, and the fame of Milton was established.

OAK GROVE, 1856.

[*Planters Advocate.*

☞The following lines, written by CHAS. G. EASTMAN, of Vermont, are extremely touching and musical, No one who ever watched a person passing to rest so quietly that you "thought her dying when she slept and sleeping when she died," can fail to appreciate their beauty and significance:

Softly!
She is lying
With her lips apart,
Softly:
She is dying of a broken heart.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last,
Gently!
While you're weeping,
She to Heaven has pass'd

☞With the *morale* of the following business transaction we have nothing to do but the *wit* of it pleases us mightily. A poor sot of a fellow who had spent hundreds of dollars at a well known grocery, so called by courtesy, but groggery being the more fitting name, came in one day, being faint, feeble, and out of change and begged the keeper to trust him for a glass of liquor.

"No," was the answer to the request; "I never make a practice of trusting."

The drunkard turned to a man sitting in the room, and one whom he had known in better days, saying,

"Sir, will you please to lend me sixpence?"

"Certainly," said he, and handed him the money.

The landlord immediately placed the bottle and glass before him. He helped himself to a stiff horn, and smacked his lips with great satisfaction.

Turning to the man who had kindly made him the loan of sixpence, he said,

"Here, sir, is the money I owe you. Degraded as I am, and no man feels it more than I do, I always make it a point to pay borrowed money before I pay my liquor bills."

The landlord found he was regularly *sold*, and the liquor given away.

TOM HOOD was not one of the poets who always took it for granted that the spring time of the year would necessarily be clothed with "etherial mildness." Hear him:

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name,
For why, I find her breath a bitter blight!
And suffer from her *blows* as if they came
From Spring the fighter.

Her praises then, let hardly poets sing,
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,
Who did not feel as if they had a *Spring*
Poured down their shoulders!

Let others eulogize her floral shows,
From me they cannot win a single stanza;
I know her blooms are in full *blow* and so's
The influenza.

☞A Yankee editor says he "liked to died a larfin, to see a drinkin' chap tryin' to pocket the shadow of a swinging sign for a pocket handkerchief."