EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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HOMES AND GRAVES.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

How beautiful a world were ours,
But for the pale and shadowy One
That treadeth on its pleasant flowers,
And stalketh in its sun!
Glad childhood needs the lore of time
To show the phantom overhead;
But where the breast, before its prime,
That carrieth not its dead—
The moon that looketh on whose home
In all whose circuit sees no tomb?
It was an ancient tyrant's thought
To link the living with the dead;—
Some secret of his soul had taught
That lesson dark and dread!
And, oh! we bear about us, still,
The dreary moral of his art,—
Some form that lieth, pale and chill,
Upon each living heart.
Tied to the memory, till a wave
Shall lay them in one common grave!
To boyhood hope—to manhood fears!
Alas! alas!—that each bright home
Should be a nursing place of tears,
A cradle for the tomb!
If childhood seeth all things loved
Where home's unshadowy shadows wave
The old man's treasure hath removed,
He looketh to the grave!—
For grave and home he sadly blent,
Wherever spreads yon firmament.

A few short years—and then, the boy
Shall miss, beside the household hearth,
Some treasure of his store from joy,
To find it not on earth;—
A shade within its saddened walls
Shall sit, in some beloved's room,
And *one* dear name he vainly calls,
Be written on a tomb,—
And he have learnt, from all beneath,
His first, dread, bitter taste of death!

And years glide on, till manhood's come:
And where the young, glad faces were,
Perchance the once bright, happy home
Hath many a vacant chair:—
A darkness, from the church-yard shed,
Hath fallen on each familiar room,
And much of all home's light hath fled,
To smoulder in the tomb,—
And household gifts that memory saves
But help to count the household graves.

Then, home and graves the heart divide,
As they divide the outer world:
But drearier days must yet betide,
Ere sorrow's wings be furled;
When *more* within the church-yard lie
Than sit and sadly smile at home,
Till home, unto the old man's eye,
Itself appears a *tomb*.
And his tried spirit asks the grave
For all the *home* it longs to have!

It shall be so,—it shall be so!
Go bravely trusting—trusting on:
Bear up a few short years—and lo!
The grave and home are *one!*—
And then the bright ones gone before
Within another happier home,
Are waiting, fonder than before,
Until the old man come—
A home where but the *life* trees wave;
Like childhood's—it hath not a grave!

THE CLOSING SCENE.

(Translated from the French.)

BY SOPHIA ALICIA JONES.

On the 21st June, 1377, the greatest disorder and confusion reigned in a house at Sheen, a little village, a few miles from London. The master of that house was dying. His palid face shaded by his long hair and beard, and his extreme thinness, told that he sunk 'neath long and painful physical suffering, and his wandering eyes, blazing at intervals with an unearthy fire, indicated a *mental* suffering, still longer and more agonizing. A young female richly habited, sat by the beside watching with cold indifference the progress of the malady in the countenance of the invalid. Sometimes she addressed a word to him, but the tone of her voice showed neither emotion or interest. She was the mistress of the dying man. The furniture of the room was packed and corded, the curtains taken down and the carpets torn up and folded, appearing only to await a signal to be carried away. From time to time, two or three domestics entered, throwing a glance of curiosity at the bed of the sick man, but seeing the women watching by him still, frowned darkly and withdrew. Once only he seemed to revive, then closed his eyes, sighed, and remained motionless. The female rose and caught his hand, but he sprung up in his bed with frightful energy, and his eyes gleamed wildly in vacancy.

"Who art thou" said he in a hoarse voice, "What dost thou want with me?—Oh? my brave Chandos! for God and St. George! raise the banners! forward; we have the advantage of the ground and sun! for God, my lords; the King is prisoner! stay, stay! down with the canaille! forward for England and St. George!" he tossed his arms wildly about him, "Repulse the enemy! Guyenne and Pontheca! my mother! Chandos unfurl the banners! Oh! the traitor! the traitor! I tell thee 'tis my mother!" No! no! 'tis not me, 'tis my mother. He would have dashed from the bed but his strength failed, and he fell back nearly fainting. The women examined him impatiently, "How long he is dying," she muttered, and indeed the invalid seemed to be awakening from a lethargic sleep He glanced fearfully around him, then took the hand of her who stood by his side.—"Alice," said he, "Alice Perrers! oh, my God, what torments! if you knew what I suffer; a glass of water, Alice—Alice for pity's sake!" Alice remained motionless.—"Why dost thou not hear me? I have given thee much, take what remains to me, but *relieve me*."

"That ring"—

"That ring, wouldst thou have it?—Oh no! *Philippa* has worn it." Alice rose and withdrew—"Degenerate soul" cried the sufferer. His head fell on the pillow. Alice on re-entering found him in a death-like sleep. She gazed a moment silence, then took his hand and tore from it the diamond ring, she coveted. He awoke.—"My ring! restore me my ring," he cried in despair, but Alice heeded not. 'Forgettest thou who I am! Vassal! dost thou forget a word of mine would suffice to cast thee from the top of this dwelling? Restore me my ring, for I *will* have it." She shrugged her shoulders contemptously—"I have waited for it long," she replied—"I have it now, adieu. Do as thou wilt, call, order, cry, to me it little matters."—The lips of the sick man, burned, he would have raised himself but he could not; his eyes started from their sockets, and his mouth foamed. "My blood be on thy head" he gasped.—The departure of Alice was the signal the domestics waited for, they entered. Some took the carpet and curtains—others the furniture, and in one moment the chamber was bare. One of the last finding nothing else left, mounted on the bed, and tore away the curtains which he carried off. Another followed, and prepared to snatch the bed clothes, he raised the sufferer for that purpose, when he opened his dying eyes upon him, and the servant who thought him dead—fled in fear. The house seemed like a place given up to pillage. Many still entered, some for plunder, others for curiosity. Among the last comers was a monk, who appeared to know the dwelling well, for he hastely traversed all the rooms till he reached that where the unfortunate still breathed. He approached the bed, took his hand and addressed him in a low voice.—

"My son, in your late hour, is there nothing you would say to me?"

"My father," he answered feebly, "you know who I am, and what are my sins; think you I can obtain pardon for them?"

"My son," replied the monk, "the mercy of God is infinite! do you sincerely repent of the sins you have committed?"

"Yes, my father, provided that—"

"*Add nothing!* is it for frail humanity to dictate conditions to a just and avenging power? you *sincerely* repent? Then in the name of God I absolve you."

These words revived the dying man.—"Absolve me? thank you father! Listen, go tell my mother—no—the prophecy of Mertin will be accomplished. Go, tell them—back with them all! Guevenne and Pothera! forward! Cressy! Poictiers! England and St. George!" the arms that he had wildly extended fell by his side—he opened his eyes *once* more—then he closed them on the world *for ever*.

"Who is this madman? asked one of the monk's attendants after a moments silence.

"This madman?" repeated the monk sternly. "It is he who gained the battles of Ecluse, of Cressy and Poictiers! this madman, *is Edward the Third, King of England!*

RAILWAY V. POETRY.

BY JULES JANIN.

(*In a letter to a German friend.*)

I have persued more than once, my old and excellent friend, the charming paradoxes you have addressed me. It is impossible to elbow the truth with more consideration and poetry. Oh! the flowery vales! the shady bowers! the purling rivulets! oh! the courtships by the mellow light of a May moon! This is the eloquent language you hold forth with so much concern for the past, and especially with such animosity against the railway system in general, as if the rail had borne away on his rapid pinion, all the joys and happiness of the future!

Alas that even the most just nature should be so unjust! The days of our youth have passed away for ever. Our heads have shed their raven locks; gaiety, that sweet gaiety of youth which lives on so little and laughs at everything, is gone, never more to return! Come, then, let wisdom guide us: let us be truer to ourselves. If our sky be obscured, it is not the locomotive which roars as it hurried past, that produces the cloud. That cloud issues at the heart, gathers in the soul, and rises from exhausted faculties and a wrecked constitution.

It is, alas! man's misfortune never to be satisfied. Old or young, he must find fault with everything or else, if he allows that everything which happens is for the best he merely seeks for an excuse to complain.

Remember your murmurings after happy days in the sunshine of youth! If the branch of an apple-tree were it cut down, was to you a revolution; a nosegay, dropped by your mistress at a ball, that also was a revolution; a look, a blush, a sigh, the gentle pressure of a tiny hand on yours what a revolution! Oh! the charming, innocent, and alas! too short lived resolutions of our youth! wherein it is our sole ambition (thank God!) to assume the part of a Massaniello, crowned with flowers!

Thus do all things vary and pass away, and at the slightest change that transpires ungrateful man starts up and murmurs against the spirit of Progress! But—no, it is not Progress that impels us onward, it is Time! We prefer, however, crying out against the road on which we travel too fast, to finding fault with our existence, which glides away, and effectually eludes our vision and our grasp!

Those who can no longer keep pace with the age are jealous, and complain of those who can. This is a matter of course For example:—I am plodding, on, contented with myself and my neighbours, staff in hand, along a cross-road, and, lo! I behold another flying along the highway at race horse speed. To rival him is impossible and therefore, I envy him his speed; and my staff, my beloved staff of hazel, the humble companion of my many pilgrimages, begins to lose its worth. Nevertheless how many good services has not this self-same staff, or rather this worthy partner of my morning walks, rendered me. It felled the briars as they barricaded my path, crushed the snake that lay hidden in the grass, and summoned at night, mine host and hospitality. It gave the gentle signal to my sweetheart, as she stood expectant behind the green *jalousie*, and held on its point the amorous stanzas I composed in her honor, or the fresh chaplets in which I wove the initials of her dear name! At night my staff was my safeguard. At every step, as we jogged on together, my thoughts were eloqent in its praise; and now that I have seen a race-horse, mounted by an impatient rider, fly past me like the wind, I have broken my staff.

And yet if we were to follow your example, my brother, and preserve the staff of our old age, with those feelings of reverence and gratitude, which burst out at every line of your epistle, the chances would be, that in refusing to act ungratefully towards the past, we should prove ungrateful towards the future.

Believe me my dear sir, it is as dangerous to stand in the way of the progress of the times as it is pleasant to travel along in its company. He is indeed an angel who causes the world to advance a step!

It was Gottemberg who gave the wish to thought; it was Fulton who gave it to matter. Happy mortals! they did not like Icarus, sacrifice their lives in their mad attempts!—they did not, in falling, bequeath their thunderstricken names to an affrighted sea!

O! blot out from your heart even the thought of malediction, nor curse the "rail" which the apostles of every persuasion bless as the harbinger of universal confraternity; as the general bond which is to unite mankind; as the guarantee of wise opinion of social dependency, and of all that is essential to true liberty. Let us not calumniate these miracles in whose presence Nature herself feels awed. "*Cogitabunda harrebat natura!*"

When you hear these salutary hurricanes whirl past, carrying on their wings the prosperity of the future, do you not, yourself, feel ashamed of your little harmless fits of anger?

You say they trouble your peace of mind disturb your slumbers, and break the chain of your ideas! as if man were sent here below solely to think and sleep! They destroy your view! as if the whole world were comprised within that little corner of it, which you call Franzosish-Bunchholz! Unjust, thrice unjust man that you are!—What wiser and more salutary revolution can you find in the annals of history? What revolution, amidst all the revolutions, which have astonished mankind, has ever cost less blood, less misery? What wars have these admirable innovations entailed upon the human race? What nations have they brought to blows? Where are the battle-fields, deluged in blood by the contests of the giant's fire, smoke, and steam?

On the contrary, thanks to the rail, I behold on each side of me, nations wedded to nations; people united with people; and sovereigns allied to sovereigns! Life is doubled! Time is conquered! Space is annihilated! Landscapes! is it the loss of your scenery that you deplore? But you forget that the rail has brought the whole universe into one vast comprehensive point of view! Majestic panorama of the globe, which revolves under the hand of man, as the firmament revolves under the hand of the Omnipotent.

Accept, with my affectionate regards to your family, the sincere homage of a cordial and lasting friendship.

JULES JANIN.

DEATH OF TWO AGED SISTERS.—Two sisters, Lucy Elkinton and Hannah Gillespy, aged 84 and 90 years, who lived together in Philadelphia for more than a half a century, in a house in Almond street, both died on Monday last, within an hour! They were members of the Society of Friends.

From the United States Gazette.

EDWARD TILGHMAN.

The family name of Tilghman is familiar to all, as that of a Chief Justice who, for years, shed lustre upon our judicial annals; but who and what Edward Tilghman was, exactly, without title, and without even having occupied judicial station, was known only to the few. In the new volume of the Encyclopædia Americana, the character has been presented in its true light, by a master hand. The article itself is a literary curiosity—a gem of the most exquisite finish and perfect polish. The writer has done good service to the profession, in presenting such a rare example in such an attractive form: he has done good service to our city, State, and country. It should find place in every Law Journal, and is worthy to be transferred to the columns of the daily press. It has been remarked that this article alone is sufficient to give character to the volume in which it appears. The book itself meets with general favor: it would have been right, perhaps, that the names of some other distinguished men, who have lived among us, which we do not see in its pages should have found a place, although we may not claim for them the same pre-eminence as for that of Edward Tilghman, to whose virtues this just tribute has been so long delayed. It is more than thirty years since he died, and now, for the first time, we have his perfect picture. Your correspondent asks the favor of the United States Gazette to take it from its *omnium gatherum*, and present it more conspicuously to the public view. DELTA.

TILGHMAN (Edward); an eminent lawyer of the State of Pensylvania, at the bar of Philadelphia. He was born at Wye, on the eastern shore of Maryland, on the 11th of December 1750, of an old and respectable family, which in the paternal line emigrated to the province of Maryland from Kent county in England, about the year 1662. His academical education was received in the city of Philadelphia, under teachers who were successful in accomplishing him in the ancient classics, to an extent which, at a subsequent time, now happily passed away, it was the poor fashion to undervalue or decry. His education in the law was obtained principally in the Middle Temple, of which he was entered a student about the year 1771; and in the years 1772 and 1773 he became an assiduous attendant upon the courts of Westminster Hall, taking notes of the arguments in chancery before Lord Apsly, and of such men as Wallace, Dunning, Davenport and Mansfield, before Lord Mansfield and the judges of the King's Bench. His note books are still extant in the possession of his decendants, and one of them was of remarkable use upon the argument of Clayton against Clayton, in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in explaining an obscure report by Sir James Burrow, of Lord Mansfield's judgment, in Wigfall v. Brydor, which was cited before the same judges, in Goodright v. Patch, in 1773, and then upon its true ground. After finishing his course at the Middle Temple, he returned to Philadelphia and was admitted to the Bar, at which he continued till his death, on the 1st of November 1815, in the sixty fifth year of his age. There are two very different methods of acquiring a knowledge of the law of England, and by each of them men have succeeded in public estimation to an almost equal extent.—One of them, which may be called the old way, is a methodical study of the general system of law, and of its grounds and reasons, begining with the fundamental law of estates and tenures, and pursuing the derivative branches in logical succession, and the collateral subjects in due order, by which the student acquires a knowledge of principles that rule in all departments of science, and learns to feel, as much as to know, what is in harmony with the system, and what is not.

The other is to get an outline of the system by the aid of commentaries, and to fill it up by desultory reading of treatises and reports, according to the bent of the student, without much shape or certainty in the knowledge so acquired, until it is given by investigations in the course of practice. A good deal of law may be put together by a facile or flexible man in the second of these modes, and the public are often satisfied with it, but the profession itself knows the first by its fruits to be the most effectual way of making a great lawyer. Edward Tilghman took the old way, and acquired in it not only great learning, but the most accurate legal judgment of any man of his day, at the bar of which he was a member. No one of his cotemporaries would have felt injured by his receiving this praise. Upon questions which to most men are perplexing at first, and continue to be so until they have worked their way to a conclusion by elaborate reasoning, he seemed to possess an instinct, which seized the true result before he had taken time to prove it. This was no doubt the fruit of severe and regular training, by which his mind became so imbued with legal principles, that they unconsciously governed his first impressions. In that branch of the law which demands the greatest subtlety of intellect, as well as familiarity with principles, the chapter of contingent remainders and executory devises, he had probably no superior anywhere. An eminent judge has said of him, "that he never knew any man who had this branch of the law so much at his finger ends.—With all others with whom he had had professional intercourse, it was the work of time and consideration to comprehend; but he took in with one glance all the beauties of the most obscure and difficult limitations With him it was intuitive, and he could untie the knots of a contingent remainder or executory devise as familiarly as he could his garter." When this can be justly said of a lawyer—and it was said most justly of Edward Tilghman—nothing is wanting to convey to professional readers an adequate notion of the extent of his learning, and the grasp of his understanding; for the doctrines upon these subjects are the higher mathematics of the law, and the attainment of them by any one implies that the whole domain lies at his feet. Mr. Tilghman was also an advocate of great powers—a master of every question in his causes—a wary tactician in the management of them—highly accomplished in language—a faultless logician—a man of the purest integrity and of the brightest honor—fluent without the least volubility—concise to a degree that left every one's patience and attention unimpaired—and perspicuous to almost the lower order of understandings, while he was dealing with almost the highest topics—how could such qualities as these fail to give him a ready acceptance with both courts and juries, and to make him the bulwark of any cause which his judgment approved? An invincible aversion to authorship and to public office, has prevented this great lawyer from being known as he ought to have been, beyond the limits of his own country. He has probably left nothing professional behind him but his opinions upon cases, now in various hands, and difficult to collect, but which, if collected and published, would place him upon the same elevation with Dulany of Maryland, or Fearne, the author of the work in which he most delighted. The chief justiceship of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania was offered to him by Governor McKean, upon the death of Chief Justice Shippen; but he declined it, and recommended for the appointment his kinsman, William Tilghman, who so much adorned that station by his learning and virtues. It is instructive to record, that the stern acquirements and labors of this eminent man never displaced the smiles of benevolence from his countenance nor put the least weight upon his ever buoyant spirit. His wit was as playful and harmless, and almost as bright as heat lightning upon a summer's evening. It always lit up the edges of the clouds of controversy that surround the Bar, and sometimes dispersed the darkest and angriest. A mere frank, honorable, and gentlemanly practitioner of the law, and one more kind, communicative, and condescending to the young students and members of the Bar, never lived. The writer of this article, thirty years his junior, regards it as his greatest good fortune to have been admitted to the familiar intimacy of Edward Tilghman, and to have enjoyed not only instruction from his learning and wisdom, but an example of life in his cheerfulness and serenity, during the vicissitudes of health and fortune which encquered his declining years.

DISMISSED.—The charges preferred against the Hon. John C. LeGrand by the Hon. Francis Thomas, and which has occupied the attention of the House of Delegates for some days, was disposed of yesterday, by the adoption of the following preamble and resolution—the last resolution being rejected:

Whereas, charges have been preferred against the Hon. John C. LeGrand, one of the Associate Judges of the Sixth Judicial District; and whereas, testimony has been taken sufficient to evidence the groundlessness of said charges, and the impropriety of further pressing the investigation,

Therefore, be it resolved, That this House have undiminished confidence in the personal and official integrity of Judge LeGrand, and that the charges be dismissed.

Resolved, as the opinion of this House, That the charges were not preferred in a spirit of maliciousness, but from mal-conception of circumstances.

The first branch of the first Resolution was unanimously assented to.

The only witnesses examined, out of about 50, were the Hon. Francis Thomas, prosecuting witness, Gov. McDowell of Virginia, Doctor Robert Durkee, Colonel James Polk, Doctor David Stewart and Doctor James H. Miller.—*Annapolis Rep.*

MR. TRAPNELL'S CASE.

On the charge of having refused to permit Bishop Whittingham to administer the communion—the Bishop claiming to do so by right of office—Mr. Trapnell was fully acquitted. On the second charge, of having used language disrespectful to the Bishop, in a printed pamphlet, he was pronounced guilty.

The decision of the court was to the following effect: that in their opinion the Bishop had the *right*, without any canonical provision, to preach, administer the communion, &c., at time of visitations; but as the question had not been raised until the present time, and as Mr. Trapnell acted under the impression that the Bishop had no right to do so, there was no *moral* guilt on the part of the accused in denying it, and therefore was not guilty.

Among the regulations stuck up in a school house in Maine are the following.

No snapping apple seed at the master.
No kissing the girls in the entry.

BABIES.

'A baby in a house,' says Tupper, 'is a well spring of pleasure a messenger of peace and love, a resting place for innocence on earth, a link between angels and men.'

Mr. Tupper, we opine is a 'bachelor gentleman,' and therefore is entitled to romance upon babies as much as he chooses. But Mr. Martin Tupper, Esq., can't hope to come it over us about the pleasure of 'a baby in a house.' We've been all along thar,' as Capt. Simon Sugs would say.—'Taint no great enjoyment, according to our ideas, to have a cup of hot tea pulled over into your lap, at least once a day.—We could never appreciate the fun of having a baby's half digested breakfast of milk cast into your bosom. Mr. Tupper's idea of a 'well spring of pleasure' may be very satisfactory to his own imagination. We have drunk at that 'well spring,' we have! Being waked up half a dozen times through the night by the squalling of the 'angel,' and when you attempt to carry into execution the oft repeated threat to 'slap the brat,' to find Mrs Caudle's finger nails resenting the attempt by a counter attack upon your face, ain't the most agreeable thing in the world. Getting up of a cold night for 'the drops' and upsetting the washstand, and your fist into a bowl of pap, in the exploration for the box of matches, doesn't give one the clearest idea of 'a connecting link between angels and men,' it doesn't.—*Trenton News.*

SHOVELLING OFF A SIDEWAY.—A few mornings since, says the Sun, an honest Hiberman, recently landed on our shores, applied to a merchant on the wharf for work. Willing to do him a kindness, the latter handed him a shovel, and pointing to the back of his store, told him to "shovel off the sidewalk." Occupied with some important business, the merchant forgot all about the Irishman, until after the lapse of an hour or two; Teddy thrust his bristling pate into the counting-room, which was up stairs, and inquired—

"Mayhap yous 'ud be havin' a pick, sir?"

"A pick to get the *snow* off?" said the merchant smiling.

"The snow 'ud be arf long since," replied Teddy, "an' the bricks too, for that matter, but it's the *side* (soil) 'at sticks!"

In some alarm, the merchant ran to his back window, and sure enough, the fellow a' thrown nearly all the pavement into the street, and made quite a hole.

"Good gracious man I only wanted you to shovel of the snow!"

"Arrah, sir," said Teddy, "didn't yer honor tell me to shovel off the *sidewalk!*

IMPROMPTU.

One of the happiest impromptus we have lately met with is the following which is said to have actually occurred, between an old gentleman and young lady. The latter's name being Page. It was in a ball room in New York, where the young lady dropped her glove. The old gentleman picked it up instantly and said, when he presented it:

'And if from glove you take the letter *g*.
Then glove makes love, which I present to thee!'

The young lady paused but a moment, and then replied, smiling,

'And if from *Page*, you take the letter *p*.
Then Page makes age, and that wont do for me!'

SILENCE ON THE PRAIRIES.—One of the most striking things is the silence of the prairies. It is absolutely awful. At night when the moon has gone down, and the stars are out; to stand in the centre of one of those mammoth plains, and mark the deep unbroken silence that surrounds you, is sublimely impressive. I never witnessed an effect like it. Not a solitary sound can be heard—no insect, no bird, no beast, no human voice or step, but all is one space of grand and fearful silence. Such a spot, from the haunts of congregated multitudes, becomes, to the good man like the glorious Bethel where the journeying patriarch slept.

THE PROGRESS OF ETHER.—We understand that the inhalation of ether has been resorted to, professionally, by various pork butchers, with great success. The chief difficulty they have experienced has consisted in the opposition of the patient but when the natural obstinacy of the pig has been overcome and he has been persuaded to inhale ether, he has been killed with comfort to himself, and without disturbance to the neighborhood.

'Poor Hans! he bit himself mit a rattle snake, and vash sick in his bed for six weeks, in te month of August—and all his cry was, *Vater! Vater!* Und he couldn't eat nothin' till he complained of peeing a leetle better so ash he could stand up on his elbow and eat a little tea.'

☞"Sammy, Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head; stir your stumps or you will make no progress in life." "Why, father, I've often heard you say that the only way to get on in the world was to *scratch ahead*.

☞"My son," said an affectionate mother to her hopeful heir, who was in a short time to be married, "you are gettin very thin.

"Yes mother," he replied, "I am; and I expect shortly that you will see my rib."

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