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

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

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A liberal deduction in the above prices will be made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

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

GEMS FROM THE POETS.

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

WRITTEN FOR THE STAR.

SENTIMENT inscribed upon two tomb-stones in grave yard, Easton; erected to the memory of Father and Son.

"Though unseen I love thee still."

Yes, dearest ones, we love thee still,
And fondly hope to meet again,
Where meeting will the bosom thrill,
And where is felt no parting pain.

We love thee, though we see thee not;
No change for ill thy nature knows;
Thy virtues we have not forgot,
Thy kindness still our bosom glows.

We love thee as a husband fond,
A father who was ever kind,
Whose mandate was a silken bond,
By which confiding hearts to bind.

We love thee as a brother dear,
A son, obedient and mild;
Whose presence did the homestead cheer;
A lovely, dear, and precious child.

We hope to love thee evermore;
Not only whilst we dwell below;
But when we reach bright Canan's shore,
And all the bliss of angels know.

For though unseen we love thee still;
Thou art our kindred and our friends;
Absence can not affection chill,
Which for our loss makes some amends.

Easton, May 1851. J. M.

DATA FOR DREAMING.

By Major Patten, U. S. Army.

A cloud is on the woodland height,
A mist is on the wave,
The sky which sunset painted bright,
Seems tinged with colors grave;
Yet evening's hue I love to view,
For when its stars appear,
'Tis mine to trace the form and face
Of one, alas! too dear.

On vision wings a spirit sweet
Then comes with mine to stray,
Through all the night my own to greet,
Nor stays aloof by day:
With voice and air and feature rare,
And eyes that radiant shine,
Oh! all that's bright—save (thought of blight!)
She ne'er—can ne'er be mine?

The swan that swims by moonlight dim
Remote in secret bay,
If once his mate be lost to him,
He would no longer stay;
Thus, form of love! if so it prove
Thou art a shape of air,
Oh! take me to thy home above
And blend our beings there.

THE SPANISH DRAMA.

Written for the Star.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE REVIEWS OF

"CALAYNOS" AND "ANNE BOLEYN."

[CONTINUED.]

We have already seen that Lope de Vega ignorantly attributed to Christoval de Virues the external forms of the Spanish Drama. He was one of those, who, in other parts of Spain, contributed to the formation of the taste for the theatre. How far Lope de Vega's fame impressed itself upon his productions, if at all, is a question which cannot be accurately determined. Of the five plays which time has left of his, none merit a particular notice. One of them was made in a contrary direction to that which afterwards became so popular.

The immense popularity of the great Lope could not be without its effects upon the rising talent of the country. His effusions had served to render brilliant the theatres of the newly established capitol.—Formerly the court resided in each of the great cities of the kingdom; Charles the 5th made Madrid his residence, a choice which has been confirmed by his successors. Hence, it became the abode of wealth and nobility to which all who desired patronage flocked from all sides.

Among the number of those who flourished in this period may be placed Damianian de Vegas. His play of 'Comedia Jacobina,' on the subject of 'the blessing of Jsaac,' forms a connecting link between the older dramas and the secular ones of Cervantes.

Francisco de Tarrega, 'a canon of Valencia,' was the author of plays acted in Madrid. We find from one of them that the manners of the nation and the mode of representation have not essentially varied.—Portions of it have been characterized as 'spirited and poetical,' while the whole shows one of 'ill-assured and somewhat uncertain purpose.'

Gaspar de Aguilar, the rival of Tarrega, was the author of some nine or ten plays. 'The Merchant Lover' contains one character happily and finely hit off. A merchant, in order to test the character of two ladies, feigns to have lost his fortune. On making known his misfortune to one, she exclaimed:—

Heaven save me from such a husband as this!
Who finds himself so easily consoled;
Why, he would be as gay, if it were *me*
That he had lost, and not his money.

And afterwards thus tartly refused his suit:

Would you, sir, see that you are not a man,
Since all that ever made you one is gone,
(The figure that remains availing but
To bear the empty name that marked you once,)
Go and proclaim aloud your loss, my friend,
And then inquire of your own memory
What has become of you, and where you are;
And you will learn at once, that you are not
The man to whom I lately gave my heart."

'The unity of place and possibly of time' is said to exist in this play. Another of his plays, 'the unforeseen fortune,' contains an ill-arranged plot which is unredeemed by its poetry.

In Guillen de Castro we have an author rather more worthy of attention than those whom we have heretofore noticed. Born of a noble family, his fortunes were various, and his end deplorable. Like most of the Spanish drsmatists, he was a prolific writer. Some 29 of his plays are known; a number almost equal to that of our own great writer. The best known of these are the two devoted to the subject of 'the Cid.' It had long been known to the nation thro' the noble old ballads which commemorated, in strong and stirring strains, his prowess and achievements. It is known to modern days by Corneille's 'brilliant tragedy of the Cid.' In the play of Castro we see the arming of Rodrigo, the hero—then his aged father is insulted at the council board of the king—then his son wipes out the insult with the blood of the insulter. So far Castro followed the legend. The rest is of his own invention. It shows Ximena, the daughter of the slaughtered man, actuated by two different, but all powerful principles, love and revenge. She loved Rodrigo, but her father's blood called for vengeance. That these two passions would give rise to scenes of great power and interest in the hands of a master, can at once be seen. Castro made her love, excited as it was by the valor of her lover, ultimately triumph. And Rodrigo wedded Ximena. Many passages of it are very fine. The following extract gives a beautiful and touching description of the feelings of the Old Cid while awaiting in anxious suspense the arrival of his son from his conflict with his foe—

The timid ewe bleats not so mournfully,
Its shepherd lost, nor cries the angry lion
With such fierceness for its stolen young,
As I for Roderic. My son! my son!
Each shade I pass, amid the closing night,
Seems still to wear thy form and mock my arms!
Oh why, why comes he not? I gave the sign—
I marked the spot—and yet he is not here!
Has he neglected? Can he disobey?
It may not be! A thousand terrors seize me.
Perhaps some injury or accident
Has made him turn aside his hastening step;
The very thought freezes my breaking heart.
Oh holy Heaven! how many ways for fear
Can grief find out? But hark! What do I hear?
Is it his footstep? Can it be? Oh no!
I am not worthy such happiness
'Tis but the echo of my grief I hear.
But hark again! Methinks there comes a gallop
On the flinty stones. He springs from off his steed!
Is there such happiness vouchsafed to me?
Is it my son?

THE CID—My father?

THE FATHER.

May I truly
Trust myself, my child? Oh, am I, am I, then,
Once more within thine arms? Then let me thus
Compose myself, that I may honor thee
As greatly as thou hast deserved. But why
Hast thou delayed? And yet, since thou art here,
Why should I weary thee with questioning?
Oh, bravely hast thou borne thyself, my son;
Hast bravely stood the proof—hast vindicated well
Mine ancient name and strength; and well has paid
The debt of life which thou received'st from me.
Come near to me, my son. Touch the white hairs
Whose honor thou hast saved from infamy.
And kiss, in love, the cheek whose stain thy valor
Hath in blood washed out. My son! my son!
The pride within my soul is humbled now,
And bows before the power that has preserved
From shame the race so many kings have owned
And honored.*

The remaining one of the plays dedicated to the fortunes of 'the Cid,' is not worthy of more ample notice. In it he made the same frequent use of the old ballads. He permeated their spirit and language through it, thus adding to its interest and giving it a truly national tone. No doubt upon its performance it stirred, as with the sound of a trumpet, the hearts of the spectators, and made them feel proud of their nation and country.

Another follower of Lope de Vega was Luis Velez de Guevara. He was a native of Andalusia, and is said to have written '400 pieces for the theatre.' Only a few of these have come down to us. In his '*Mas pesa el Rey que la Sangre*' or 'King before kin,' he has given us a striking picture of national loyalty and devotion. In 'The Diana of the Mountains,' we are greeted with a spirited representation of the high value of the character of the lower classes of the Spanish nation. His religious dramas are full of the same incongruous mingling of the secular and divine which has ever been a striking feature in the history of their stage. They are neither more regular in their forms nor more vigorous and poetical in their language, than those of his predecessors.

More nearly allied to the master in genius, and more closely connected by friendship was Juan Pezez de Moñtalvan, his pupil and biographer. He entered upon the field of dramatic labor at the early age of 17, yet in 18 years he had produced nearly one hundred comedies and *autos*.—Amid the vast quantity of sketches which were given of life and manners, he had the courage and genius so far to depart from the beaten path as to produce at least one comedy worthy of special notice. In his "El segundo Seneca de Espana," or second Seneca of Spain," occurs some individual portraits which are almost perfectly accurate. The character of Phillip the 2nd is, with a little abatement, an accurate sketch of that wary and cautious monarch, while that of the Infant Don Carlos is perfect.—In another one we have a living picture of Henry 4th of France. His Autos are wild and extravagant in the highest degree.—And in them, his departure from the old models was much less successful than in his comedus.

*Ticknor's Spanish Literature, vol. 2d, p. 281.

*Ticknor's Spanish Literature vol 2. p. 290, 1.

Gabriel Tellez, or Tirsode Molina, is known for his play of "El Burlador de Sevilla," or "The Seville Deciever." From it comes the idea of the Don Juan of our modern days. Byron has only carried out and elaborated the idea as first fully presented in this well known play, while Moliera, Corneile, and Mozart have by their genius aided in its spread and popularity. Another one, "Don Gill in the green pantaloons," has been characterised as "the most strongly marked specimen of an intrigueing comedy in the language." His works are similar in style, in spirit, and in form to those of the master whom he boasts to have followed. The same ingenuous complication of incidents, repetition of scenes, and spirited versification, which distinguished Lope, appear in the dramas of Molina, But he could not equal his model.

Antonio Mira de Mescua, Joseph de Valdivielso, and Ruiz de Alarcon deserve mention among the number of those who contributed, by their exertions, to give life and zest to the entertainments of the capital.—The accurate Ticknor, in his very complete history of Spanish Literature, pays a very high compliment to the latter, esteeming him more correct in versification and more simple and natural than even Lope de Vega himself. Besides these there was a host of others in all parts of Spain who were writers for the stage. At this time it is scarcely possible to determine how much value is to be placed on their productions thousands of them were never published, but remained in the hands of the managers who brought them out. Those that were, are frequently so corrupted as to make it almost impossible to give an accurate opinion of their true merits. Complaints of the outraged authors meet the inquirer on all sides. Some were printed with names of men on their little pages who had never seen them until then, others bore fictitious ones. And some were the joint production of several authors; while others bore the name of no one upon them. Some were called by different names by their authors and publishers; while others, whose titles are known cannot be found. Confusion and scarcity have laid their blighting hands upon much that is valuable in the dramatic history of Spain. The sources whence the dramatists of the rest of Europe drew many of their ideas are unknown. Every where the origin of the imitation is obvious, but where to lay hands on it is a herculean task. So true is this, that the great Schlegel remarks that ingenuous boldness, joined to easy clearness of intrigue is so exclusively peculiar to Spanish dramatists, that I consider myself justified, whenever I find these in a work, to suspect a Spanish origin, even though the circumstances may have been unknown to the author himself, who drew his plagiarism from a nearer source. But while this is the fact it does not deteriorate so much from their fame as it adds to that of the Spaniards. Unfortunately for them a quarrel broke out between the dramatist themselves with regard to the true foundation of their art. One contending for the classical, and the other for the romantic drama. Its only result was to strengthen the hands of its foes, and thus enable them to have the secular theatres closed. We have already seen Lope de Vega yielding to the storm; but it was not of long duration. Necessity of resisting a common antagonist soon forced them to yield their own internal feud. Backed, as they were, by the masses, victory soon crowned their efforts, and in 1600 the theatres were re-opened under the same regulation which now exists. Occasional exceptions are not unfrequent, but they were caused by the death of some of their nobility. Under the new regulations "all immorality was forbidden, the number of the actors diminished, and the frequency of exhibitions confined to Sunday and three other days of the week."

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—A hundred years ago, a stupid German monarch reigned over these United States—then colonies of Great Britain—and on the whole earth with the exception of Switzerland, there was not a single Republic of any pretensions. A hundred years ago the French lilies floated over Quebec, Pittsburgh and New Orleans. A hundred years ago the old French monarchy existed—the Bastile reached its accursed towers—Louis XV dallied with infamous wantons, squandered his subjects' money, and blasphemed in his own person the name of man. Fifty years ago the name of Napoleon was still comparatively unknown. Fifty years ago, cotton mills had, as it were, just been invented; and railroads, locomotives and magnetic telegraphs were practically unknown. Fifty years ago there were scarcely five millions of people in the United States, and Ohio was almost as much of a wilderness as Oregon is now. Fifty years ago Washington had just died, Jefferson was still living, and Clay, Webster and Calhoun were names as yet unknown to fame.

☞To tell what a woman says, pay attention to her tongue. If you would ascertain what she means, pay attention to her eye. To talk in opposition to the heart is one of the easiest things in the world—to look this opposition, however, is more difficult than algebra. Again we say, never believe a girl hates you until you ask her eyes.

☞A Western writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling *tho* is "though," and *ate* "eight," *bo* "beau," the proper way of spelling "potatoes" is *poughteighteaux*

SOMETHING HUMOROUS.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON MATRIMONY.

"I like to 'tend weddins," said Mrs Partington, as she came back from one in church, and hung her shawl up and replaced the black bonnet in the long preserved band-box: "I like to see young people come together with the promise to love, cherish and nourish each other. But it is a solemn thing this matrimony—a very solemn thing when the minister comes into the chancery with his surplus on, and goes through the ceremony of making them "man and wife." It ought to be husband and wife, for it isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I shall never forget how I felt when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger and said, "with my goods I thee endow." He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me all that there was in it. I was young and simple and didn't know till afterwards that it meant one calico gown a year. It is a lively sight to see young people "plighting their through," as the song says, and coming up to consume their vows." She bustled about and got tea ready, but abstractedly she put on the broken tea pot that had lain away unused since Paul was alive, and the tea cups, mended with putty and dark with age, as if the idea had conjured up the ghost of past enjoyment to dwell for a moment in the home of her past widowhood. A young lady, who expected to be married on Thanksgiving night, wept copiously at her remarks, but kept hemming the veil that was to adorn her bridalship, and I kept pulling bristles out of the hearth brush in silence.

Begin Right.

THE following if not *new*, is at least *true*—and is worthy of attention at this particular time, when so many 'of 'em' are rushing incontinently into the holy bands of matrimony, to be lost 'to us' forever.

'This little table (said my uncle) may perhaps, be of service to some poor devil, 'more willing than wise.'

A certain man once married a lady whose reputation for amaibility of disposition was seriously questioned, if it was not in reality seriously questionable. At the wedding, everything went off merrily, of course; the party gay, the supper magnificent—the whole affair had been eminently successful, and all parties extremely delighted.

On retiring to his apartments, the gentleman found himself annoyed by the mewing and purring of a cat.

'What is that?' he exclaimed.

'Oh! nothing, my dear,' replied the bride, 'but my favorite cat Pussita.'

'Oh! Pussita!—*I hate cats!*' and with this he most uncermoniously threw Pussita out of the second story window.

'Well! *if* you haven't got *a temper!*'

'Yes! my dear—*you'd better believe it!*'

'Every thing,' continued my Uncle, 'went on well *in that establishment*—even to a warm dinner on Sunday.'

Now it so happened that a friend of the above mentioned gentleman, who had some months before 'committed the error' of marrying 'an angel,' took occasion to inquire of him—

'How it was, that with him, every thing 'went merry as the marriage bell,' while on the contrary, he (his friend) had almost given up the idea of wearing pantaloons at all.'

Whereupon he related to him the story of Pussita and the second story window, 'without,' said Uncle, 'fully impressing upon his mind the important moral—that it was necessary to *begin right*.' Nevertheless, there was that in his eye, when he started for home, 'that told of treason.'

'Well!' said his wife, 'you've come home at last, have you—and what's the matter—you haven't been *drinking have you?*—you look very strange.'

'Not in the least, my dear—but *I hate cats*, lovey.'

'You do—do you—well, *I like 'em*—that's all the difference.'

Hereupon the unfortunate husband made a dash at poor Tabby, who was quietly snoozing on the sofa and rushed impetuously to the window.

'You *have* been drinking. What *are* you going to do, *monster?*'

'Tarow her out of the window!'

'You *better* try it—I'd like to see you do it—I'd break every bone in your body; why don't you throw her out?—I *dare* you to do it.'

He put the cat softly down on the sofa, hung his hat on a peg in the entry, his manliness and his pantaloons on an easy chair, and exclaimed—

'Go in, duckey darling, and win—I did not *begin right*.'

'I rather think you didn't; you better take a fresh start—but don't try that game again, or you'll catch it—come to bed,'—and he went.

'*Wrong from the beginning!*' said Uncle. Oh, dear me!

☞An old "revolutioner" says, that of all the solemn hours of the revolutionary struggle he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the Widow Bean's after being told by her daughter Sally that he "needn't come again" was the most so.

A kind word will often tell more than the severest reproof, and a sigh of sorrow makes a far deeper impression than an open censure.

Good for Evil.

The following is a beautiful incident, illustrating the happy effects of a 'kiss for a blow.' How pleasant it would be to see children thus return love for anger.

One day a minister went to an infant school in Boston. He had been there before, and had told the children they might ask him any questions they pleased, when he came to see them.

'Please to tell us,' said a little boy, 'what is meant by overcoming evil with good?' The minister began to explain it, when a little incident occurred, which gave him a striking illustration.

A boy about seven years of age, was sitting beside his little sister, who was only six years old. As the minister was talking never forget how I felt when Paul put the George, (for that was the boy's name,) got angry with his sister about something—doubled up his fist, and struck her on the head.

The little girl was just going to return the blow, when the teacher seeing it, said, 'My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother—see how angry and unhappy he looks.'

Mary looked at her brother, and he looked sullen and wretched. Her resentment was soon gone, and love for her brother returned to her heart. She threw both her arms around his neck and kissed him.

The poor boy was wholly unprepared for such a return for his blow. He could not stand before the generous affection of his sister. His feelings were touched, and he burst out crying. His gentle sister now took the corner of her apron, and wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him by saying with endearing sweetness and generous affection, 'Don't cry, George, you didn't hurt me much.'

But he only wept the more. No wonder; it was enough to make any body weep.

But why did George weep? Poor little fellow, would he have wept if his sister had struck him as he had struck her? Not he.

But by kissing him as she did, she made him feel more acutely than if she had beaten him black and blue.

Here was a kiss for a blow, love for anger, and all the school saw at once what was meant by 'overcoming evil with good.'

[Written for the Star.]

A MODEL HUSBAND.

I would have the "model husband," in form and feature, express and admirable, for personal beauty not only conciliates, but is also an index of the mind. He should not possess the saliency of a fop nor the roughness of a bore—neither effeminacy nor coarseness, but a certain manliness, as far removed from the one as the other; with features well chiseled and distinct, as these indicate a striking individuality of character; not rounded and blunt, for these betoken plainness and commonness of mind. With breast broad enough to bear a lady's head and hold a noble heart, too; with arms strong enough to defend a wife and preserve her; with a mien that commands respect and wins admiration; with a voice musical and authoritative, to charm a lady's ear or sway a crowd; an eye that can languish in love, or flash in passion.

"A combination and a form indeed
Where every God did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

Intellectually, I would have the Model Husband sound and vigorous. Sound, not possessing any of those eccentricities which are a kind of insanity, and which render the possessor and others uncomfortable; not inflated with vanity to be often wounded or laughed at, yet not groveling to be trodden upon, but proud. Not so volatile as to be incapable of calm thought, nor so sedate as to be unable to enjoy the pleasantries of life, but cheerful; not so jealous as to suspect all, nor so confiding as to be the dupe of all—yet trustful. The grosser passions I would have subdued, but not eradicated, for there is nothing which is not meant for good in man. I would have him vigorous, capable of contending successfully with the difficulties of life, and combatting equally with his fellows on the "world-broad field of battle," capable of forcing fortune or commanding fate—equal to any emergency—prepared for any crisis; with a prompt and accurate judgment that he may not err or vacillate in life, and with a perseverance that ever corrects the mistakes of judgment. But his mind should not only be strong and healthy, but cultivated and refined, that life may not be a series of dinners and suppers, merely sensual, but that every dinner may have new relish from pleasing conversation, and the tea-table enlivened with *table talk*. I would have him possess a taste for other literature than that of *newspapers*, and other beauties than those of *fine fields* and rich *merchandise*. His ear must not be dull to the music of his wife's voice, nor his eye dim to her charms. Above all, he must be tender and affectionate—for love is woman's life. His affection must not be the rare tender sentiment, nor the turbulent passion of a lover; but the abiding, settled principle of the husband, ready to suffer with and enjoy with, to bear with and share with, labor for and live for; and if need be, die for his wife. In short, the "Model Husband" must *love* his *wife*, and that says all.

The Model Husband for the 'Star.'

A Testimonial.—The ladies of Indiana are about to present the Hon. Robert Dale Owen with a magnificent silver pitcher, valued at $130, for his efforts to secure the recognition of the woman's right to property in the new Constitution.

If we are not content with such things as we have we shall never be satisfied with such things as we desire.

We do not always see the golden links shining in the chain of human events; but they are there, and happy is he who feels their gentle but irresistible influence.

Easton Star.

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

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THE CASH SYSTEM.

We recommend the following sensible remarks of the editor of the "American Mechanic," to our delinquent patrons. The evils of the credit system in business transactions are apparent to every one, and no scarcely suffers as much in this respect as the printer.

With publishers of newspapers, in common with business men generally, the Cash System is preferable to any other; to publishers who rely or nearly so, upon their subscription list for support for the prosecution of their business, it is indispensable.—Such a thing as newspaper credit should have no existence nowhere. Nothing is gained by it, either by the proprietor or subscriber, but the former must necessarily be the looser. There are thousands of upright, well meaning men, who subscribe for newspapers and intend to pay for them; but the idea of writing a letter to an editor inclosing two dollars never entered their heads—though if called upon for the amount due would probably be prepared to meet the demand.

But the publisher of almost every country newspaper knows it would be out of the question for him to employ a collector out of the profits of his subscriptions so many of his patrons continue year after year taking the paper without advancing a cent, while he is paying cash for his printing materials, cash for his paper and labor, and everything necessary to carry on business. Here then, is a loss—not attributable to any design on the part of the subscriber to defraud; but the legitimate fruit of a worse than worthless system. They would pay if waited upon, but the printer cannot afford to spend five dollars for collecting three, and never gets his pay.

Again—Mr. A. has the paper sent to his address four or five years; his bill by this time amounts to ten dollars; he dies, or runs away, or perhaps becomes bankrupt; here is another "profit and loss" account for the printer.

Mr. B. also, who lives some five hundred miles distant, has had the paper mailed to him three years without making payment when suddenly the post master in his village, addresses the editor thus: "Sir: Your paper addressed to Mr. B. is not taken out of the office. Reason—gone to California.

Aside from cases of this kind, there are in every community numbers of very "liberal minded men," who are particularly anxious for the success of everything of a literary character, and who by way of encouraging the enterprise, are always ready to enter their names on the subscription book, but never think of paying.

DYING DECLARATIONS.

Curious Decision of a Judge.

From an article in the Washington (Wilkes county) Gazette we learn that Judge Baxter, of the northern Circuit of Georgia, has recently decided that the dying declarations of a man cannot be given in evidence on a trial for murder. This is an important decision and overturns the common law as understood and heretofore administered. The point was presented on the trial of Lover for the murder of Bell, in the county of Warren, and was argued by Messrs. Toombs, Cone and Pottle, for the prisoner, and Solicitor Weems, Gartrell and Dawson, for the State. It was contended by the prisoner's counsel that the sixth article of amendments to the Constitution of the United States guaranteed to every man accused of a caime the right "to be confronted with the witnesses against him, &c." To admit the dying declarations of the deceased, it was further contended, was a virtual denial of this right, and the court so believing *ruled out the testimony*. The prisoner was descharged.

WHITEWASHING.—As the time is now at hand for whitewashing on a large scale, we will give a recipe which is the best known for out-houses. Take half a bushel of good unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water, and keep it covered during the slacking process. Strain the liquid through a sieve, and add a peck of clean salt dissolved in warm water, add three pounds boiled rice or wheet paste, and half a pound of dissolved glue. Add five gallons of water to this mixture, and it is best to put it on hot, but in that case use only old brushes, or make allowance for the spoiling of them. It has been found that our dry winds bite off, as it were, more of the whitewash than do rains. The salt is to obviate this evil. For whitewashing the interior of dwellings, do not use any salt as it absorbs moisture, and to the above lime, add about two pounds of Spanish whiting. It makes the white more clear looking if a little indigo is squeezed through a cloth amongst it. Amongst the lime, Spanish brown or ochre may be stirred to make a colored lime paint. The sulphate of iron (copperas) makes a buff color; the sulphate of copper (blue vitrol) a blueish color.

CAUSE OF CRIME.—Judge Parsons, in a late charge to the Grand Jury of Philadelphia city and county, said:

'I say to you, gentlemen, Philadelphia is one vast *groggery*, and no one who will sit with me in this Criminal Court for two months and hear the sad receitals of crime arising from the excessive use of ardent spirits, will doubt it. No man who will walk abut and examine the captivating blandishments which are presented in hundreds of places, in fashionable saloons, even down to the lowest shops, and see the hundreds of thousands that throng them, will question the correctness of my statement, or fail to find abundant causes for the increase of crime.'

CHICKENS.—A gentleman who has successfully tried the experiment, says that, with nests carefully and properly made, lined with cotton wool and new at each sitting, a hen will set on 23 eggs, (14 on the bottom and 9 on top) and hatch out 18 to 22 chickens, raising three broods in a season.