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THE EASTON STAR
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
AT EASTON, MD.
THOMAS K. ROBSON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
J. H. GREENHAWLK—Printer.

TERMS—Two Dollars, if paid within the year, or $2.50 at the end of the year. Clubs of ten, cash in advance $15.

☞ 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.

Travelling.



SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS of the EASTERN SHORE STEAMBOAT COMPANY'S BOATS: HUGH JENKINS, Capt. J. Tilghman. CHAMPION, Capt. J. R Griffith.

The Champion, on and after Thursday, June 18th, will leave the Company's wharf, Light st., foot of Conoway, on Monday and Saturday Mornings, at 7 o'clock, for Kent Island, Queenstown, Gray's Inn Creek, Corsica, Spencer's Landing, Harrison's Landing, and Chestertown, returning the same day direct to Baltimore.

The Champion will leave on Tuesday and Thursday Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Kent Island, Queenstown, Gray's Inn Creek, Corsica, Spencer's, Harrison's and Chestertown, returning on the following days, leaving Chestertown at 8 o'clock, touching at all the above landings, and arriving in Baltimore at 2½ o'clock.

The Hugh Jenkins will leave on Monday and Thursday Mornings, at 7 o'clock, for St. Michaels and Miles' River Ferry, and return on the same day.

The Hugh Jenkins will leave on Tuesday and Friday Mornings, at 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, West River, Cambridge, Oxford and Easton, and return on the following days by the same route, leaving Easton at 7 o'clock.

Passage to Annapolis, 75 cents. Chester River and West River, 1.00. St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry, 1.50. Cambridge, Oxford and Easton, 2.00. Meals, 50 cents.

All freights by this line must be prepaid.

No freight received before 9 o'clock in the morning. G. CHESNUT,
june 30—tf Agent.

FOR THE
Choptank and Potomac Rivers.



THE steamer KENT, Captain A. B. Fields, will run the above rivers from May 18th 1857, as follows:

Monday, leave Denton for Balt., at 7 a. m.
Monday Evening leave Baltimore for Potomac, 8 p. m.
Wednesday, leave Potomac for Baltimore at 8 p. m.
Wednesday night, 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, Potter's Landing, Denton.

POTOMAC LANDINGS.

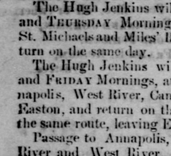
Kinsale, Va., Ford's Wharf, Piney Point, Leonard Town, Blackstone' Lancaster Wharf, Curimon, Va.

FARE.

To Choptank, $2. To Potomac, $2.50.
MEALS EXTRA, 50¢.

Freight received at the office, No 144 Light street Wharf, Baltimore, by J. Hollingshead, Shipping Clerk,
may26—tf C. K. CANNON.

RESUMPTION OF TRIPS.
THE SCHOONER BUCEPHELUS,



Capt. Chambers, is now running her regular trips between Easton and Baltimore for the accommodation of Farmers, Merchants and others—leaving Easton every Wednesday and Baltimore every Saturday. Freight as before.—*No Orders attended to unless accompanied by the Cash.*

Orders and letters left in my box, at the Drug Store of Dawson & Bro., Easton, will be attended to. Messrs. Robson & Godwin, Agents, No. 6, Bowly's Wharf, Baltimore.
apr 14—tf N. E. NICOLS.

P. S.—Messrs. Dawson & Bro. will receive the Cash accompanying orders in my absence. N. E. N.

BOATING
BUSINESS.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the farmers and others on Miles River, that he has purchased the schooner WILLIAM GRASON, Jr., and is prepared to freight Grain, Lumber, &c.. &c., for the Farmers at the usual rates. The William Grason, Jr., will run regularly between Miles River and Baltimore, and all business entrusted to me will be punctually attended to. Thankful for past favors, I hope, by strict attention to business, to merit an increased share of the public patronage. JOHN W. BECKWITH.
apr 14—6m

Notice to Travellers

U. S. MAIL ROUTE from Easton, via Hillsborough, Greensborough, Templeville and Kenton, to Smyrna, to connect with the morning train of cars on the Delaware Rail Road, from Seaford to Wilmington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

The stage will leave Easton daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 o'clock, P. M., and arrive at Smyrna in time for the morning train from Seaford, and will leave Smyrna station daily (Sundays excepted) on the arrival of the evening train from Wilmington at 7 o'clock, P. M., and arrive at Easton next day, by 10 o'clk A. M. Passengers by this line can leave Easton in the evening and *be in Philadelphia in time for business the next morning.*

Stage agent at Easton, Wm. T. Hardesty.
JNO. R. WOODWORTH,
mar 24, '57 Contractor.

U. S. MAIL LINE.
Attention Travellers

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 from 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 o'clock, P. M. same day.

spe 16 *JESSE SHARPE, Jr.*

HAY RAKES—For sale by
jn 14 *J. H. Grace.*

TEAS! TEAS!!—Just received a lot of very superior Green and Black tea.
jn 14 *J. H. Grace.*

The Easton Star.

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

VOL. 16—NO. 35. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1857. WHOLE NO. 770

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 marriage and deaths, 10 cents a line for each insertion

Marriages and deaths inserted free of charge

Poetry.

From the Parlor Casket.

A THOUGHT.

BY WILLIE EDGAR PADOR.

"All gone, and we we are going,
All gone! the young, the gifted,
The beautiful, the true;
Alas! life's scenes have shifted,
And hopes have shifted too.

All gone! the loved; the loving,
The earnest and the brave;
Each found life's current moving
Toward the insatiate grave.

All gone, and we are going!
The loved ones lie at rest,
Where myrtle vines are growing
Upon their pulseless breast.

All gone, and we are going
As they went—as all go!
And, time nor trouble knowing,
Like them, will soon lie low.

All gone, and we are going!
The race is well nigh done;
Our very steps are showing
How soon it will be run.

All gone, and we are going
As ships go down the wave;
Life's tide forever flowing
To th' ocean of the grave.

All gone, and we are going
As goes the loaded wain;
We've reaped what we've been sowing,
Of pleasure or of pain.

From the Parlor Casket.

HOW I POPPED THE QUESTION.

BY PETER WILKINS.

There was a brilliant party at Mr. Linden's, one beautiful night in the beginning of the fall, when I was a young man, some years ago. I had the honor of receiving a card for that brilliant assembly, and as I had been acquainted then for a number of years with the family, (Mr. Linden and my mother were schoolmates,) I thought it was my duty to go, and accordingly I went.

Mrs Linden had two daughters, both very beautiful, whose names were respectively Susan and Clara. Susan was a meek, quiet girl, with a fund of mirth and humor hidden underneath the quiet exterior. She had soft blue eyes, a sweet tempered smile always playing about her pretty mouth, a brow calm, and dispassionate and fearless of truth, a nose slightly aquiline, cheeks radient with good humored health, and her fair, almost auburn, hair harmonized with a brow of snow and a blue eye soft as a gazelle's; her step was light as her heart, which was a very warm little heart, as I had more than one opportunity of knowing, for our intimacy was more like that of sister and brother than mere friends.

Clara—but how shall I describe her tall beautiful form, so lithe and yet so grand in all its movements; her cheeks, on which the roses seemed to be at war perpetually; her intellectual brow, on which the very graces sat enthroned; those lovely, dark, deep eyes, where legends and tales of love seemed ever about to spring, and yet lay hidden in their depths; her rosy mouth, coquettishly pouting as if it were gathering all its treasures preparatory to expending them in one long-drawn, passionate kiss; her wavy hair; and the suavity of manner, and perfect ease and grace of movement that seems and is nature in a woman so beautiful as Clara?

At that evening party, in the full glare of the horrid gaslight, where I hated to see her, and wished her away in some quiet nook with me, did I not gaze at her as she glided through the mazes of the dance, until I saw several eyes gazing at me? and did I not turn away, blushing to the ears? Alas! she was a coquette; and I, shall I say it? I loved her.

I was then fresh from college, with all my blushing honors thick upon me; my books and studies were my pleasures, except those holiday visits to the Lindens; I was retireing in my habits, and visited but a few people excepting my relations, and those but at rare times.—From these you may judge that I was modest and diffident in my manner—Clara said bashful—and constrained in my movements—Clara said awkward. But I loved her, and although I, the poor in in courage bashful, awkward school boy, hardly dared to hope that she would ever love me in return, I could not help loving her. Sometimes she was kind to me, and asked me to help her with her studies, or write verses for her, or explain some of the knotty points so difficult to comprehend thoroughly in getting over the first time in the study of languages. Then I would have laid down my life for her.—But next day, perhaps she would be quiet changed, and take every opportunity to annoy me; and then I would—yes, I would have laid down my life for her then too.

Mrs. Linden and Susan were always kind to me; I think they must have known that I loved Clara, and that I let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on my damask cheek.'

At that evening party, Clara did not even throw one word to me more than common courtesy required; and although I asked her frequently to be my partner in the dance, she found a dozen excuses, and danced with any puppy in perference to dancing with me. I observed her, throughout the evening, flirt with many young men whom I knew that she despised, while I—but of what use is it to prate? I turned from the heat and the crowd of the room, and walked into the conservatory

It was a beautiful night; an autumn moon, always beautiful, lighted up the scene; the heavens looked so calm and pure, and everything around was so still, such a contrast to the heated and tubulent saloon that I had just left, that my mind grew calm, and the words of the descriptions of night by my favorite poets ran through my brain. I sat down upon a rustic seat in the conservatory and thought of—Clara. I thought of my future prospects, and the bright destiny opening up before me; and through all my dreamings, that loved one, like a silver thread, entwined and twisted with the thread of my life. I thought of how unkind she had been to me throughout the whole evening, and—ah, painful thought! was I so awkward and bashfully ill mannered that she felt ashamed of me? Where my manners and appearance so bad that all my love could never atone for them?

While ruminating thus, the door of the conservatory opened; I heard the voices of Clara and Susan, and I involutary retreated to the further corner of the place.

'How beautiful it is here!' Clara said, as she entered. 'I am glad to get out of the bustle. What a beautiful camelia!'

'It is beautiful,' replied Susan. 'But why did you behave so unkindly to Charlie Seymour all the evening, when you know that he would have given the world to have had you for a partner in one dance?'

'What a pest he is,' said Clara, coquettishly tossing her head at the same time. 'I hate to have him come near!

'Well, Clara, I declare! your airs and pretence are insufferable. You know that you are talking nonesense. You love Charlie Seymour better than any young gentleman who has ever taken the trouble to pay attention to you.'

'Why, really, Susan, you seem to know more of my affairs than I do myself.—What a lovely fuschia!'

'We know you love him, Clara.'

'Love him, indeed!' Clara' replied, apparently surprised and indignant, and as she turned away to hide, as my fond heart imagined, her blushing cheek, she gave vent to sundry ejeculations, intended to convey an idea of supreme contempt for the individual spoken of. 'Love him, indeed! the poor girl who is ever so benighted as to love him, ought to be handed over at once to the care of the keeper of a lunatic asylum. Love him! a puppy who writes verses on every young lady with whom he has the honor or become acquainted—such trashy verses, too; and he believes them something, as he expresses it, original, and full of philosophical truth. I would rather love a cat and parrot for the remainder of my life, than love such a conceited fool!'

I listened astonished—my heart beat strangely. Was it possible, I thought, that Clara could speak thus of my verses she requested me to write in her album, and which she praised so delightedly to me.

Susan set up a merry little laugh and threw her arms around Clara's neck.

'My own sweet sister,' she said, laughing, 'I know you won would give ever so much to be thought a heartless coquette, but your own dear heart says positively that it will not permit such a transformation.'

As she spoke, she laughed in her merry way, and poked her head from one side of her sister's face to the other, until the laugh became contagious, and they laughed together.

'Now, Susan,' said Clara, still laughing 'you are a very naughty girl, but—oh, I forgot! I promised to give Lizzie That cher a crochet pattern to-night, and I declare, I forgot all about it. You stay here till I get back, for she may go away immediately.'

And, so saying, she ran off.

I breathed more freely as I thought that Susan would certainly follow her, and that I should escape undetected. But no.—Susan walked slowly towards the very spot where I had screened myself, and where I listened to such cruel things said of me by the woman I loved best on earth.—Seeing that if she moved two steps nearer and stepped out from my place of concealment.

Susan started and blushed as I did so, but I saw by the clear light of the moon that she recovered her presence of mind immediately and stretched out her little hand to me, as she exclaimed—

'Why, Mr Seymour, where have you been? I have not had a chance to talk with you all the evening.'

'I—I—I,' I stammered out, 'I wandered out here to be out of the way of the crowd for a few minutes; and when I heard you speak of me I did not like to come out; so I remained concealed, thinking you would go away presently without seeing me. I feel really ashamed to have been a listener where I had no intention of being one.'

When I concluded my conduct, there was a pause—an awkward pause. I felt vexed at having accidentally been a listener, and Susan was vexed, I suppose, that she had been innocently the cause of giving me the pain of hearing myself spoken of so disdainfully; so we looked out upon the skies in silence.

'Susan,' I said, after a while, 'do you think Clara really loves me?'

'Why do you ask me, Charley?' Susan asked, as she looked confusedly into my face. 'Why don't you ask Clara?'

What a fool love makes of a man.—As I looked down to the floor, I believe that a tear trembled on the brink of my eye, and I believe that Susan saw it too, for she took my hand and looked in my face with her sweet, kind smile, and said—

'Why don't you ask her? You have only to ask her, and you will know from her own lips whether she loves you or not. You have only to summon a little courage and pop the question, and it is all over. Come! suppose you propose to me, in fun, you know—only in fun; I should like to hear you. Come, begin. When you have gone through the ceremony once, even in fun you will be all the better able to go through it in earnest, you know; and I should like so much to hear you.'

'I could easily make love to you, Sue, because you know you have been like a sister to me, and I don't feel at all put out when I talk to you.'

Susan laughed her own merry little laugh, and rallied me for my cowardice. 'Come,' she said, 'let me hear you make love just once; I know you can do it, for I saw some poetry of yours that was full of love. Come, begin.'

I know not what unkind spirit jogged me to obey Susan's request, but I suppose it was her merry laugh, for she could laugh me into the mood for doing anything, then: sufficient to say that I did obey.

As I began, my voice was low and tremulous, and its tone was soft as in a studied declaration; but as I proceeded, the glowing images of the poets crowded in troops to my mind—my heart was not in the task, and I spoke like a boy reciting his lesson to his schoolmaster—and I poured forth a perfect flood of love eloquence; but as I proceeded, giving full force to the fiery, passionate appeals of poetry, I became excited. I forgot that I was an actor, and entererred into the spirit of my subject, until, dropping on one knee, I seized Susan's hand, making the most frantic appeals to her heart, and vowed love, unwavering, eternal love. I was going on to describe our future home, and all its joys, when Susan started—

'Hush! what was that?'

I heard a moan and sprang up; I saw a female stretched upon the rustic seat, apparently lifeless. Susan screamed and ran for restoratives; I saw water at hand—I lifted the dish and ran to the seat where the female lay—I lifted her in my arms and bathed her brow with the water.—The clear moonlight streamed through the glass—I saw—good heavens! yes—that fainting form, so lifeless, was—Clara.

With what joy I saw the first faint flush of life return! I fairly trembled with emotion as that fair, beloved form lay locked in my arms—her warm breath playing on my cheek—her heart beating beside one that would have given her its last red drop for her. All my schoolboy bashfulness was gone, and my heart leaped, while passion found vent in words—wild, incoherent and not eloquent, but still the discordant language of an overflowing heart. As she opened her eyes, it spoke yet more powerfully, and pleaded its cause, and told its story, and laid its wrongs at its feet.

I felt a light arm wound around my neck, and a whisper fell faintly on my ear—

'Do you really love me?'

Was I mad? was I dreaming? No! that arm was choking me, for when I tried to speak, I could not even whisper; but I pressed my lips upon her brow. I could have held her there forever.

New hopes may bloom, and days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

THE ODD CORNER.

The jolly fellow who split his sides with laughter has had them repaired.

In what color should you keep your promises? Keep them in violet (inviolate.)

Why is a kiss like some sermons? Because there are two heads and an application.

Dan Rice was attacked by his trained rhinoceros at Buffalo, recently. The enraged animal turned him, and threw him fifteen feet. Dan was seriously bruised.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has mad him sage.

What animal has the greatest quantity of brains? The hog, of course, for he has a hogshead full.

Hobbs, the locksmith has picked one of Banquo's gory locks. He did it with a pickaxe. He is now at work on a wedlock.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.

'A-lass! A-lass?' exclaimed an old bachelor who wanted to marry. 'Alas! Alas!' he cried, after he had been married awhile.

Counterfeit gold dollars are being circulated in Baltimore in large numbers.—They are made of tin, of the size of the new emission, and galvanized, and are easily bent with the fingers.

There is nothing done so well in haste or in a passion but what might be done better without either.

Woman is the morning star of our youth the day star of our manhood; and the evening star of our age.

Lord Loughborough, rallying a physician one day on the efficiency of his prescriptions, the doctor said none of his patients found fault with him. 'That,' answered the witty lord, 'is exactly what Jack Ketch says.'

The friends of a wit expressed some surprise that with his fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it worth while to marry. 'A wife was necessary,' he said; 'they began to say of me that I drank too much for a single man.'

Military.—The battle of life may be thus described: Courtship is the engagement, or siege; the proposal in the assault and matrimony the victory.

OUTLINES OF A SERMON

Preached by Rev. S. W. King, at the Re-Opening of the M. E. Church, 23d st., New York, June 28, 1857.

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.
Text—Psalm 122: 1.

1. The house of the Lord is a place of Godly interest.
1. Because it is a holy or sacred place.
2. Because it is a place of security—a sanctuary.
3. A place of religious profit.

II. The state of mind which we should restort to it.
1. Gladness: excited by the remembrance of past blessedness there.
2. Springing from faith in Divine premises.
3. Arising from anticipations of heaven.

III. The duty of inviting others to go to the "house of the Lord" with us.
1. A full attendance heightens interest.
2. The spiritual happiness of others may be thus secured
3. It is a duty we owe the church, and to the friends among whom we move.

APPLICATION.
1. We are not harmless.
2. The Lord's House must be filled.
3. Aim to make it a happy house.

(Correspondence of the Star.)

U. S. STEAM FRIGATE ROANOKE.
ASPINWALL, NEW GRENADA,
July 17th, 1857.

Mr. Editor:—Believing a line of correspondence with an old acquaintance rather acceptable than otherwise, induces me to lay before you, and your many readers a brief discription of this section of Central Amereca, and such other news of interest or information respecting our ship, and her voyage hither as you may deem worthy of publication.

We discharged our pilot on the evening of the 4th ult., and as the sun bid the day farewell, and sank, as if to rise no more from the fathomless waters of the West; the lands of Old Virginia soon become lost in the distance, and

As slow our ship her foamy track,
Against the wind was clearing,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
As that dear land was leaving.

We continued our course without interruption from wind and weather. On the ninth day out, the cry of land on our port bow, gave us a faint view of Porto Rico, and in the distant West was discernable a small group of Islands or sand bars, now uninhabited, but during the late war of 1814 they were the principal rendezvoz of some of the most daring pirates of the West Indies and the Gulf.

The passage of water between the two lands named the "Mons" Channel, soon brought us upon the bosom of the Carribean Sea, when we took the trade or periodical Winds, and altered our course due South, which at the expiration of five days, brought us to our destination Aspinwall.

A discription of this place is unnecessary, affording as it does, nothing of striking interest or importance. It owes its origin to the California gold discovery which made this point of the Isthmus the terminus of the Panama Rail Road on the Atlantic. Distance from Panama on the Pacific, 40 miles. The immediate and surrounding country is very unhealthy in consequence of the low and marshy lands, and the excessive heat of the climate causing the early decomposition of all vegetable matter filling the atmosphere with the most deadly *malaria*. Fevers with their concomitants are local in their character, and it requires of the unacclimated the greatest care and abstinence to prevent disease and death.

The most important item of interest since our arrival here, has been the acquisition to our number of some two hundred and fifty-seven fillibusters, lately belonging to the army of Gen. Walker in Nicaragua. These unfortunate fellows were brought down to Panama by order of the Costa Rican government, and in accordance with the terms of surrender, and agreement entered into, between that governmeat on the one side and Capt Davis of the U. S. Sloop-of-war 'St. Mary's' on the other; on their arrival at Panama, they were met by Commodore Mervine of the Pacific squadron, who tendered them a passage to the U. S., which they thankfully received.

Of all earthly sights of abhorrance and disgust, these poor creatures were without a parallel; almost in a state of nudity, and covered with vermin, sores and wounds, presented a scene at once calculated to arouse the bitterest indignation aginst the men who allured them by false reports to leave their comfortable homes to suffer as they have.

We shall leave here for New York about the 20th, when I may trouble you again with a more interesting letter. I will conclude this one by giving you a brief discription of the U. S. Steam frigate (screw) Roanoke, one of the new ship's recently constructed by the U. S. was built at the Navy yard, Norfolk, Va. The following are the principal dimensions, length over all 305 ft. 4 in., extreme breadth 52 ft. 6 in.; depth of the hold from throat of floors to top of Gun deck beams 26 feet 7½ in.; mean draft of water, 22 feet 9 in.; displacement of boad line 4610 tons. Her frames of live oak are filled in solid as high as the head of the first futtacks and are cross strapped with iron braces 4½ in., by ¾ in.; set diagonally, being double and crossing each other at right angles, one set being inserted in the frame, and the other set in the clamps, bilge straps, &c.

This bracing is continued fore and aft the ship inside and also on the stem, being bolted to each timber and each crossing with bolts of 1¼ in. diameter.

The ship is pierced for an armament of 62 guns, and carries at present twenty-four 9 inch Dahlgreen guns on her main deck, and fourteen 8 inch, and two 10 inch gun on the spar deck.

The ship is propelled by a screw pitted to trice up when sailing; has two blades 17 in. diameter, and 23 feet 6 in. inside and weighs 21,590 lbs. The engines are direct trunk engines, cylinders 97¾ in. diameter, and 36 in. stroke of piston The boilers are vertical tubular, designed by the engineer-in-chief of the U. S. Navy, and gives an evaporation of over eight pounds of water to one pound of coal.

The ship carries 650 tons of coal under her Berth Deck, sufficient under ordinary circumstances, for 18 or 20 days steaming.

The smoke pipe, as is usually adopted in screw ships of war, is telescopic or constructed so as to raise one section inside the other to the required height when steaming. The following is a list of her officers.

Captain—J. B. Montgomery.
Lieutenants—Geo. W. Harrison, Edward Lloyd Winder, Johnathan M. Wainwright, Joseph B. Smith, Jno. Patterson Jones, Wm. E. Fitzhugh, John W. Dunnington.
Surgeon—David Harlan.
Passed Assistant—James F. Harrison.
Assistant—Edwin R. Demby.
Purser—John N. Hambleton.
Chaplain—J. W. Neirton.
Master—Charles C. Carpenter.
Captain's Clerk—Geo. T. Scarborough.
Purser's Clerk—Frederick B. Didier.
Engineers—Chief—Wm. W. Wood.
1st Assistant—James M. Adams.
2nd do—Wm. H. Rutherford.
2nd do—George R. Johnson.
3d do—George W. City.
3rd do—Wm Roberts.
do—E. R. Archer, Wm. H. Dungan and Granville T. Pierce.
Marine Officers—1st Lieut—(Comd.) J. C. Grayson.
2nd—David M. Cohen.
Midshipmen—James Whipple Harris, Robt. F. Bradford; Chester Hatfield.
Boatman—James Walker.
Gunner—Richard N. Peake.
Carpenter—Jonas Dibble.
Sailmaker—Lewis Rogers. F B. D.

MR McMAHON AND THE DEAD CONSTABLE.

Hughey McMahon was the "broth of a boy," well known in our old Third District of New Orleans, as one, whenever there was a "scrimmage" or a "wake" about, was sure to be there and take a hand invited or not. There was but three things in life which Hughey considered worth living for—his dudheen, his poteen, and an illigant fight. And in the latter it made no difference what was the odds against him, "he'd go in to win" But let me tell you how Hughey got swindled out of his dollar:—

It seems that Hughey got the handling of the ribbons of a furniture car (during the month of July 1853.) the owner of which knowing that Hughey didn't care any more about the yellow fever than he cared for half-pint of buttermilk, succeeded in securing his valuable services (on shares) in carrying out his contract with the Howard Association, of taking the dead, at a dollar a body, from their hospital in the third district, to the burying ground.

About the period of the "Black Day," the 20th of August, when many a poor fellow was sent to his grave before life was fairly extinct, Hughey had got four "boxes" in his car (one of which contained the body of a constable, who died holding a warrant against him,) and drew up at the gate of the St. Vincent de Paul's Cemetery, with a crack of his whip, and another "wee sup" at the mineral bottle of "mountain dew" that always accompanied him. He jumped to the ground. But I think it better that the reader should take the story as Hughey told it to me.

"Well, now, you see, Squire (Hughey always insisted in calling me the Squire,) I jist jumped down, and as all the folks was in the back parht of the burying ground, thinks I to myself, I'll jist take thim ould sodgers out of me car before I take another whistle at the bottle.

'Faith, an' as I was haulin the last one out, I heard a divil of a knocking somewhere, and I jist looks behint me, to see who it was that was a rapscallinging on the fence in that way; but nobody did I see. I thin looks up, and thin looks down, first this way, thin that way, but divil the person did I see, but auld Bob in the shafths.

"Well thin I goes to the box and commenced pulling it out again, whin what should I hear but the knocking again.—Be dad, it made the bile rize; and I ketches up me whip an' I goes up an' looks the auld thafe Bob right in the face, an' I says, says I; will you be quiet, yeaze, ye auld murdering turf aiter yez. An' wid that I gives him a whack wid the but of me whip-handle. Thin I goes an' takes the coffin out, an' it hardly touches the ground, when "rap, rap, rap," it goes again

"I springs back, an' looks down, an' shure enough, it was inside the coffin the noise came from.

"Whist, says I. Who's there? says I.

"And thin I hears some one say, in a mighty wake voice: 'Ah, let me out!'

'Lay still: your dead, says I, a little onasy.

"Just then I sees the sexton coming up, but rap, rap, rap, agin goes the box.

"Be aisey now, you dhirty, auld schwindling rogue,' says I. The boos's coming, and if he's a man true in his business, he'll settle you! I thought I'de spake civil to the poor gone crather; but whar's the use of swate words to a baste without razin Jist at this moment auld Jack comes up, and rap, rap, rap, goes the box agane.

"Be quiet, now, won't yeaxe, ye auld rip. Have ye no manners? says I. An' I give it a kick with me heel.

"Good morning, Misthur Jacob says I. Hear's me surthivecates for these four corpses, says I. An' I makes a long bow, so as kinder keep him ot a distance, you know.

"Rap, rap, rap, wint the box

"What's that' says he

"It's that auld carron baste in the shafts there, says I; an I'll jist grind every bone in his body into smithers, for disturbing your pace this morning, Misthur Jacob, says I.

"Wid that, I shuves the surtivecates in his hand, jirks me whip, and starts for auld raw bones.

"Rap, rap, rap, wint the box once more.

"With that, the sexton looks hard at me. Come back, says he. The raps is not in your horse, but in that coffin, says he

"I'm in for it, sez I to meself, and one load's gone. So I comes back, and holds me ear down to the coffin; rap, rap, rap, wint the constable, right in me ear.—Shure enough, Mr. Jacob it's in the box, says I.

"May the Houlay Virgin take a likenning to us, says I, as I crossed meself like a dacent Catholic. An' wid that, I makes a sphring for me car.

"But auld Jack, (bod luck to the ship that brought him over) makes a sphring too, and grabs me by the collar.

"No you don't, says he. You'll jist plase take that back wid ye, saos he.

"Wid that, some of his mud tarrapins comes up, and wid their shovels breaks open the box.

"The minit they taks off the kiver, the auld sinner inside raises right up, and shakes his fist at me.

"Oh, blood-a-nouns was'ent I mad!—I jist goes to me car, an gets me bottle, and schwallers every blessed dhrop in it.—Thin, says I, pay me a dollar now for making your funeral, ye dhirty auld blackgard ye.

"I'm not dead yeat, says he.

"Houlay Mother of Moses, jist listen how that auld scamp lies. Not dead, ye isn't. Not dead, eh. Oh, no, certainly not. Says I, I s'pose, yeaze knows bether than the doctors does; ove course ye does, ove course. But if yere not dead, ye'll plaze pay me me dollar for making your funeral, before ye starts, says I.—Wid that he sphrings out of the box, and before I could take me ground; he hits me a whack under the ear, and takes me into custody on his ould warrant.

☞ A sermon was preached in Tennessee by a Baptist minister. When drawing near the close he said:

"Brethern, I am an hostler, and I must curry these horses before I leave. Here is this high blooded *Episcopalean* horse; see what a high head he carries, and how black his coat is, and soft as silk, but he'll kick you if you touch him on his Litany or prayers; whoa, sir who! Here is an old sober *Methodist* horse; who, old fellow! Just slip away his love-feasts and class-meetings, and he'll kick till he falls; whoa, you old shouter, whoa! Ah here is the horse that is ready to kick at all times;—don't go near his confessional or penance; whoa, Mr. *Pope*, How beautiful his trapping are, his surplice and mitre. whoa sir, whoa."

And so he went on through the various denominations. When he was nearly thro,' an old Methodist gehtleman well known in the place, offered his services to conclude which were readily accepted.—He said:

"Friends I have learned this morning how to dress down horses, and, as the brother has passed two of them, I will take it upon myself to fiuish the work. Here is an animal that is neither one thing nor the other; he is treacherous and uncertain; you cannot trust him; he'll kick his best friend for a controversy. Whoa, *Mule*, whoa.

See brethren, how he kicks. Whoa, you old *Campbellite*, whoa. Here, friends, is an animal that is so stubborn he will not let me into his stall to eat from his trough; he is so stubborn he would not go where a prophet wished him; he is so hard mouthed that Sampson used his jaw as a weapon of war against the Philistines.—Whoa, you *Cloie Communion Baptist;* whoa."

"Do you call me an *ass?*" exclaimed the minister, jumping up.

"Whoa!" continued his tormentor; "see him kick. Whoa hold him friends, whoa."

And thus the old man went on, the minister ranting meantime until he got out of the church. The congregation unanimously agreed that they had never seen an ass so completely "curried" before.

JUDY'S LETTER OF BAD NEWS.

PARIS OF BALLYWACKIN, Feb. 14.

Dear Nessy:—I haven't sent ye a letter since the last time I wrote to ye, because we have moved from our former place of livin' and I didn't know where a letther would find ye; but I now wid pleasure tak up my pin to inform ye of the death of yer own livin' uncle Kilpatric, who died very suddenly last wake, after lingerin' sickness of six wakes. The poor man was in violent convulsions the whole time of his illness, laying perfectly still all the while, spachless intirely—talkin' incoherently, and crying for wather—I had no opportunity of informin' ye by the post which win't two days before his death, and then you'd had the postage to pay. I'm at a great loss to tell what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was by his last sickness. He never was well tin days together during the whole time of his confinement; but bay that as it will, as he braythed his last, the doethur gave up all hopes of his recovery.

I needn't tell ye anything about his age, for ye will know that in May nixt he would have been twenty-five years auld, lakin' tin months; and had he lived till that time he thin would have been six months; dead. His property is very considerable; it devolved upon his next kin who is dead some time since, so that I expect it will he equally divided between us aud thin me dear Darry ye ll git two third of the whole, and ye know he had a fine estate, which was sowld to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost on the horse race. But it was one opinion of all the ladies present that he would have won the race if that horse he ran against hadn't been too fast for him—bad luck to the baste! But poor sowl, he'll not niver ate nor drink any more; and now Larry ye haven't a livin' relashun in the wide world except myself and yer two cozens that was kilt in the last war.

But can't dwell upon this mornful subject but will sale the letthur with black saleing wax, and put on your uncle's coat of arms. So I beg you not to brake the sale when ye open the letther, uutil two or three days after ye reserve it—but that time you will be betther prepared for the mornful tidings.

Yer ould sweetheart Mary sends her love to ye, unbeknowest me. When the bearer of this arrives in Hamilton, ax him for this letther, and if he dosen't know which one it is tell him it's the one that spakes of your uncle's death and saled in black.

From yer loving ant,
JUDY O'HALLIGAN.

'My notions about life,' says Southey, 'are much the same as they are about travelling—there is a good deal of amusement on the road; but after all, one wants to be at rest.'

A young lady explained to a printer the other day the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, 'You may print a kiss upon my cheek but you must not publish it.'

'Shall we take a bus up Broadway?' said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin about town. 'Oh, dear, no! said the alarmed girl, I would not do that in the street.

Religion makes a man happy in this world, gives him joy in the hour of his dissolution, and ensures him a home in Heaven.