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THE DISAPPEARANCE

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FROM THE EDITORIAL BOARD:

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.
What recollections arise in thy breast,
Of some happy infancy and youth that were,
Crown'd with love and joy and wisdom's least
Allopp, on thy father's chair.
How often have I clomb'd thy knees
To put his cheek, and stroke his hair;
Thy kind parental knee to seize,
When seated in this old arm chair.
And much of my infancy lore,
Which had made me of the world aware,
His sagacious utter'd over and o'er,
When seated in this old arm chair.
Where every child sits round the hearth,
And all the world's in his airy air,
What a world of wisdom there,
Havest thou, dear old arm chair.
Wast thou not old, and heart overcome,
When I, thy mother's thought repair,
Of his heartworn and longed-for care,
Exhausted, in this old arm chair.
Who only so far from me of his road,
And his heart's sick and anxious care,
How have I seen him, in his old age,
When seated in this old arm chair.
But doth his heart has clos'd his eyes;
And rest thou, thy slumber, where
A parent's heart is to be,
And undisturb this old arm chair.
When I, my dear old mother's scenes recall,
And thou, dear old mother, wouldst impart,
Just as thou wast, to me,
And ease to be an old arm chair.
To wit the small, at parts remain,
Which shall behold her dear
In memory stir those thoughts again,
Of him who fill'd the old arm chair.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

Oh, once again, who would not be a boy?
Hymns.

The dreams of early youth,
How beautiful they are—how full of joy—
When fancy looks like truth,
And life shows not a tint of sin's alloy.

When every heart appears
he's not left with thought and noble deed
When our most bitter tears
all clear and unalloyed, and we read

The summer morn's fresh hours, (hush
he there, and yealand fong; her glorious
Oh! the s-s-s of flowers,
he dignify then is where to choose!

The wonderful blue sky:
a clarity perfect, its gorgeous fanes—
The ranch winterts which lie
like distant golden seas next purple plains

These never skin again
 once they swoon on our raptured gaze
 The clock which may remain
 not other victims than in these sweet days

In his "this pure—sublime—
 eternal" world make realities; life seems
 Such a dream in after time,
 That we would wish realities were dreams

Severely Affected.—A report was current yesterday, says the Albany Argus, of Salisbury, a citizen of Vermont, a man-

was followed by another citizen a warm handshake was added, that the two men of different origins, in the same system. The last of the violent men, Mr. David Leason, of Marches, was confirmed by the following paragraph from the Vermont Gazette of the 10th, but there is no confirmation of the alleged order of the disfigure.

A particularly atrocious took place at Montpelier a Thursday of last week. Fredrick Odel, a Swedish man, of the name of a down, during the rally, David Leason in self defense striking him on the head.

[illegible]

At a age when the heart is to every impression and forms the same readiness engagements to companions, which in a man of years would be a fruit of sense and observation, St. A.— was led from his native province, to explore the wonders of a metropolis where he had as yet labored with no knowledge. In the coach way was to convey him to Paris, he was young man of no possessions, a retired conversation soon began terminated in protestations of friendship, we can, reiterated on both sides. Mutual confidence soon flowed through, and all the secrets of their hearts were revealed; it was then St. A.— learned that his new friend was going to Paris, to marry a youth which when he had never seen, when his father and family had been for his bride, with the consent of relations. The journey finished without any accident, and they arrived the morning at Paris where they lodged in a public hotel. Scarcely had they taken possession of their apartments, when the coming man seized with a bilious cholera, which less than two hours, deprived him of his existence. Affected with melancholy fate of his youthful acquaintance, St. A.— whose attention had been a subject far more than his duty, to inform the father of his misdeeds, broke off the thread of his expectations, and taking to himself the letters and poet books of the friend, repaired to the house of the gentleman.

The servant who opened the door, conscious that his master expected a son-in-law, announced St. A——, without giving him time to claim himself embraced him with earnestness, and presented him to his daughter as her husband.

St. A. naturally gave a direct answer, and did not resist the temptation of repeating the family avowal. He answered him extremely well. He gave the letters, and the young lady, accompanied with secrets and a friend, returned the most satisfactory answers to their questions. He succeeded, especially in captivating the attention of the young lady, who with long glances admired the features of the fine shape, with which nature had blessed her lover. Dhuver was concerned, and St. A. was placed on the side of the friend on his and the whole family needed to their hearts content and satisfaction. The young lady, a little, answered with difficulty. She often blushed, while St. A. was polite and ardent in his attentions. Although the expression of his face was naturally serious, his conversation was pleasing and cheer-

"After dinner, the father entered into the details necessary to settle their marriage, when suddenly St. A———, and taking his hat, seemed anxious to retire. "Are you going to leave us?" "Yes," answered St. A———, "an important business compels me to go." "You?" "What business can you have in a city where you are a stranger, perhaps you wish to draw money from a bank; my purse is absolutely at your service; but if you will absolutely leave recourse to a banker, I may find somebody who will transact business for you."—"No," said St. A———, who continued to walk towards the door, and they were soon alone; when addressing the father, he said, "but we are alone, said he, the ladies cannot hear us, I will tell you"—this morning, a few moments after my arrival, an accident happened and I was almost to be buried at twelve o'clock, and I will easily concede that I must at least be a little zealous, for not being known in a part of the world, if fail to be mentioned in my word, it would awake feelings of inattention to business and prove very prejudicial to my character."

he father listened to him with astonishment, but taking the whole for a joke, returned to the ladies bursting with laughter, related the cause of the confusion, and the ladies were still conversing on the subject, 6 o'clock struck, it was the servant's duty to go to bed, but not seeing St. A——Half an hour later, the father sent to his hotel to inquire. The servant entrusted with the commission asked for him by his assumed name, and received answer that he had arrived in the morning, died at 11 & was buried at 6—It would be difficult to express the surprise of the family at this discovery.

receiving this information; and at St. A——'s his lodgings and never visited there again; a general belief was spread around that it was the ghost that spent the day with M——— in social enjoyment and conversation.

From the Nashville Banner

—He marry? no, not he—other men might go whomever, imagine themselves to love as they called it, submit to the airs of coarcted flirts, make themselves highly ridiculous to all men of sense, perhaps have the mortification to be rejected, perhaps (worse still) the mortification to be accepted—and then a wife tie one's hands, crying for a bonnet, whining for a ribbon, sighing for a feather, and eternally complaining, "why did you stay out so late last night—I was so sick—you don't care anything for me—those oranges were not fit to eat; you must take me to the spring; how shall I get there? I absolutely never will ride in that carriage again; dear me I feel so faint; send for the doctor; I am too weak to get up to breakfast; bring me some tea and toast to the bed-side, &c., &c., &c." Then what with howling at the servants, squalling at the children, complaining of the neighbors, quarrelling with the wives of his best and influential friends, and thereby converting them into enemies, taking them from his business to make morning calls, (on the same day that she was absent on other) and taking out her infant from his station to attend on her;

habits and inclinations, draining his purse and ruining his peace; no, he would not catch him in his arms. The merits of the married men secretly repented it from their very souls, and children, he detested them, dirty, ragged, smiling brats, that gave men nothing but grief. His disgust was not without foundation; but vexation and grief, that went on growing. After the first storm is passed, (glorious day!) the breezes are fair and, petticoats are blown away; for a third, look for a fourth, and the Lord knows what for a fifth, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th, for with this number he would certainly be blessed! How stupid, to think of foolish sons and daughters; sons, daughters, sons and daughters; sons and daughters; daughters and sons; or what is worse, not any at all, and other inconveniences too tedious to mention. He would have more of it, but would preserve his liberty entire; he would not condescend to seek the society of frivolous men who have not sense enough to be sensible of the attractions to interest him. He was determined to keep company with Newton, and Locke, and Bacon, and Scott, and Byron; and to shun the frivolous butterflies of fashion. He fluttered round the still more insignificant coquette of the day, and talked of the weather, and love and marriage and spang cake, and pound cake, and candy, and read the candy catalogue, he—he would communicate to the minds of these great men, and enjoy the delightful pleasures of the intellect and prepare himself to govern men and guide the state.” (The young man of the bachelor life, in the midst of these bachelor like relations, the young man entered his room and found on the floor the following letter, which had been pushed under his door in his absence.

Nashville, March 30, 1826.
AB ——. I have reconsidered

My proposal you made last Sunday
 and emboldened by the ardour of
 the sentiment you professed, to tell you
 I will now agree to it. Indeed I
 told you, but was prevented
 by the opposition of my family from
 making my attachment known. But I have
 now resolved to be your friend, and
 in this resolution. Do not, my dear boy,
 think these resolutions with which
 I threatened me, that you would
 draw your society from me, would
 learn to hate me. This fatal
 has ever since haunted my pillow.
 Do not pretend to visit me in
 the expiration of ten days, for rea-
 sons which I will then give, and the
 of which you will acknowledge,
 I entreat this of you. Please ex-
 the delicate step on which I
 ventured in writing this letter,
 your feelings are the same that
 always expressed, I will subscribe

that an inconsistent creature is
how weak are our most deter-
minations when formed in o-
bedience to nature! how much eas-
ier to govern the head than the heart
sufficient to say that this is

was seized by the same idea. The loved, whom a few days before had courted, and by whom he had been rejected, which word *rejeté* explains all those sarcastic speeches above and which, as usual in such a case, reminds us of the old story of the four grapes. It is impossible to describe his feelings, his excitement in his castle building, his reveries, soliloquies, and excursions on the wings of fancy. After reading the letter several times over, and gazing at himself all day in the glass, with a much better opinion of his face than he ever entertained before, he wrote her a most rapturous letter, in answer, commencing with which, all those letters written by Lord Mortimer and other heroes of romance sink into insignificance. And then how to dispose of himself until the expiration of the ten days, which she, a cruel girl, had required. He took a solemn oath that he would tell his secret to no living creature, and straightway went and told it to three or four of his friends, engaged two of them as accomplices, bought him clothes and, at his friends' expense, engaged a carriage for the same expensive journey.

[illegible]

—He settled in his mind what he would say when he next saw her, and on the night of his marriage, and led very foolishly to his confidants in the manner in which he intended to, and many other things which to a man look very ridiculous when things miscarry.—In short the affair entirely engrossed his mind, and he revelled in all the regions of fancy and novels, wrote poetry, and walked in moonlight, and so wrought him up (for love is nothing but a mind exercise), in kind of fiction of the trivial kind, and in vain knowing ones to the full fancy, and to the border-land of lunacy, laid aside business, and entirely engrossed with a series of romances and woodland carols, and

last the happy time arrived, when days had expired. The young man dressed himself most particularly fine, commingling intimately his looking-glass and nicely adorning every hair and cravat fold. He joyously sauntered forth to see his soul's far dearer part, very much in love with her, and still more himself. Happily she was at home, and alone. He met her with warmth which she did not understand, and embraced her with a familiarity at which she took offence. "I not told you, sir," said she, "of our visits at this house were to become, and your attentions to me so disagreeable?" "Why, my dear," he said, "what do you mean?" said he with indifference, "and let me dress." "What do you mean, sir?" said she with anger and contempt. "—Did you not write to me, Miss —?" said he, taking from his pocket and presenting her with a letter in that manner that now showed his want of its authenticity. During the time he was thus occupied, she, who had been a curl of the lip and a sarcastic smile on her face to a more composed and less affected observer, would have appeared a fatal omen. "I now understand the reason of your looking at me in such a manner at church last week," said she, returning him the letter with a contemptuous indifference that unaccountable tears accompanied. "I did from you a few days since, and now, bursting into a loud laugh,

malicious person has in an unobtrusive manner entered my name, places you over and over in my remembrance. You may at least be convinced, second, that it is not my hand writing. Third, of coming a trust book into which he had copied some songs; and a restless humming at a indifferent air, he left the room. Heaven! how many assassins were prostrate at the word book. He threw the musical work in against the wall, stepped across the floor upon a madman, and in moments left the house with precipitation. He thought that every one around and chided him, and as he proceeded, mortified, that was to revenge himself for the villain at his speech, he swore to be killed by his friends to whom he had confessed his thought of suicide, but length determined, and

Here the fragment becomes so long that we can read it no further, and the author is unknown. To us we owe now to whom to apply to, or, if it, he will therefore please excuse that on our parts is unavoidable.

[illegible]

with his way into the ring, was a lovely Queen Ann's-frock in one color, a curl of red ginger bread in one hand, after placing his hand with his eyes closed and wiping his face on something that acted as an apology for a coat sleeve, addressed one of the company thus: "I tell what it is, Corporal Cowan, I want Morse can beat Burnam in drumming during times, but then, when you come a real sentimental, I tell you corporal, he spoke words with great eloquence. Burnam can drum Ben Morse's tail off."

PUNISHMENT. CHAIRMAN.—A fellow in
committed some small offence
the judge pronounced the following
note: "The board has decided that
you shall be flogged from the back to
pay." The prisoner, interrupting the
exclaimed, thank you my lord, you
done your worst." Judge—"Not
back again."

that is really original in literature, it might be comprised in about eight volumes. How many great poems have been immortalized for stealing.

to be agreeable, should not be merely satirical. We like to have a bright thrown on any body we are extolling, but it is by no means agreeable to a strong reflection thrown into our

acquaintance who is always reminding you of the disabilities by which you are surrounded, is like the old woman's meter, (the clogs on her toes) which she wears when the weather is going to be bad and such acquaintances are one thing in another respect, that is, the sooner you cut them the better.

y things in the course of human life
ous for what of rightly pondering
ph; that if we needed them we
hardly meet with them; and if we
d them, we ought not to wish an

Grammatical Popul.—A country master in the neighborhood of Exeter, the other day, after giving his pupils a sound drubbing for bad grammar, sent him to the other end of the room for a fag, and he said that he wanted to back and, at the same time, to repeat the dose if he spoke grammatically. The youngster quite satisfied with what he had determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow pupil: "The common substantive of the masculine gender, singular number, non-case, and in an assertive mood, perched upon an audience at the side of the room that wishes to relate a few sentences to you present tense."

icians.—A physician recom-
a patient to take *coffee* in ure-
to tea. A person who heard
id, if he had prescribed the cof-
himself, instead of tea, he should
been surprised; for why
to have a *tea* attached to ex-

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