# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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### FAITH'S GUIDING STAR.

BY ELIZA COOK.

We find a glory in the flowers
When snowdrops peep and hawthorn blooms;
We see fresh light in the spring time hours,
And bless the radiance that illumes.
The ray of promise cheers with hope,
That Sin or Sorrow cannot mar;
God's beauty fills the dasied slope,
And keeps undimmed Faith's guiding star.

We find a glory in the smile
That lives in childhoood's happy face,
Ere fearful doubt, or worldly guile,
Have swept away the angel trace.
The ray of promise shineth there
To tell of better lands afar,
God sends his image pure and fair,
To keep undimmed Faith's guiding star.

We find a glory in the zeal
Of doting breast and toiling brain,
Affection's martyrs still will kneel,
And Song, though famished, pour its strain.
They lure us by a quenchless light,
And point where joy is holier far;
They shed God's spirit warm and bright,
And keep undimmed Faith's guiding star.

We muse beside the rolling waves,
We ponder on the grassy hill,
We linger o'er the new piled graves,
And find that star is shining still.
God, in his great design, hath spread
Unnumbered rays to lead afar;
They beam the brightest o'er the dead,
And keep undimmed Faith's guiding star.

### WHAT IS CHARITY?

'Tis not to pause, when at my door
A shivering brother stands,
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he help demands.

'Tis not to spurn that brother's prayer
For faults he once had known—
'Tis not to leave him to despair,
And say that I have none.

The voice of CHARITY is kind,
She thinketh nothing wrong—
To every fault she seemeth blind,
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

In penitence she placeth faith,
Hope smileth at the door,
Relieveth first, then softly saith,
Go, brother—sin no more.

### DO WITH THY MIGHT.

Do something—do it soon—with all thy might:
An angel's wing would droop, if long at rest;
And God, inactive, were no longer blest.
Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined,
Pray Heaven for firmness, thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind—
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And strength to give the praise where all is due.

### LOST TIME.

I threw a bubble to the sea,
A billow caught it hastily;
Another billow quickly came,
Successfully the prize to claim;
From wave to wave unchecked it passed,
Till tossed upon a strand at last.
Thus glide unto the unknown shore
Those golden moments we deplore;
Those moments which, not thrown away,
Might win for us eternal day.

LITTLE GRAVES.—Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations, are the little graves in the churchyard. They are the depositories of the mother's sweetest joys—half unfolded buds of innocence—humanity nipt by the first frost of time, ere yet a single canker worm of pollution had nestled among its embryo petals. Callous, indeed, must be the heart of him who can stand by a little grave-side and not have the holiest emotions of his soul awakened to the thoughts of that purity and innocence which belong alone to God and Heaven; for the mute preacher at his feet tells him of life begun and life ended, without a stain; and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer, holier, must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of Infinite Goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief young sojourner among us! How swells the heart of the parent with mournful joy, while standing by the cold earth-bed of lost little ones! Mournful, because a sweet treasure is taken away; joyful, because that precious treasure glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer.

### OLD BUT GOOD.

Once upon a time, a gallant swain, calling to see his sweet heart, found her engaged in cooking a goose for her master's dinner, and, leaving her to make the best excuse she could, deliberately cut a leg of the goose and eat it.

When the master came home the goose was set on the table before him, but he immediately inquired where the other leg was.

"Why, sir," said the girl, "a goose has but one leg."

"You're mistaken, surely," said he.

"No, indeed, sir: come down to farmer G's lot to-night, and you will see."

The master assented. At the appointed time they both went down, and there, sure enough, were the farmer's geese, quietly reposing, and all of them apparently with but one leg.

"There," said the girl, "I told you so."

"Pshaw!" said the master,

The geese, taking the alarm, droped t'other leg and ran.

"There," said the master, "I thought they had two."

"Oh I but," said the girl, nothing daunted, "you didn't say pshew to the one you ate."

JOE'S FAILING DISCOVERED.—Our friend Jo, is what is generally termed a bad Boy, and succeeded in blinding his mother for some time, as to his imbibing propensities, and one morning she said to him after he had swallowed some half dozen cups of coffe, and as many glases of cold water—

"Joseph, thee should drink something before thee goes to bed at night. Thee is always so thirsty in the morning.'

But one night, one fatal night, Jo. came in before the old lady retired. He sat down and with that look of semi-intoxicated wisdom, began conversing about the goodness of the crops, the late unfortunate outbreak in the meeting, and was getting on very well, until he espied what he supposed to be a segar on the mantle piece; he caught it and placing one end in his mouth began very gravely to light it at the candle. He drew and puffed until he was getting red in the face. The old lady's eyes were at last opened, and she addressed him—

'Joseph, if thee takes that tenpenny nail for a segar, it is time thee went to bed.'

[From Godey's Lady's Book.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

### A Story for the Holydays.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Didn't he make you a present of anything, Lizzy?" asked Margaret Granger of her cousin Lizzy Green.

"No, not even of a strawberry cushion," spoke up Lizzy's sister, "that he might have bought for a sixpence. I think he's a right down mean, selfish, stingy fellow, so I do; and if he dosen't keep Lizzy on bread and water when he gets her, my name's not Jane Green."

"I wouldn't have him," said Margaret, jesting, yet half in earnest. "Let Christmas go by and not make his sweetheart or sister a present of the most trifling value; He must have a penny soul. Why, Harry Lee sent me the 'Leaflets of Memory' and a pair of the sweetest flower-vases you ever saw, and he only comes to see me as a friend. And Cousin William made me a present of a splendid copy of 'Mrs. Hall's Sketches,' the mostinteresting book I ever read. Besides, I received lots of things. Why, my table is full of presents."

"You have been quite fortunate," said Lizzy, in a quiet voice; much more so than Jane and I, if to receive a great many Christmas presents is to be considered fortunate."

"But don't you think Edward might have sent you some token of good will and affection in this holyday season, when every one is giving or receiving presents?" asked Margaret.

"Nothing of the kind was needed, cousin Maggy, as an expression of his feelings towards me," replied Lizzy. "He knew that I understood their true quality, and felt that any present would have been a useless formality."

"You can't say the same in regard to Jane. He might have passed her the usual compliment of the season."

"Certainly he might,' said Jane.—"Lizzy needn't try to excuse him after this lame fashion."

"It isn't right to say that, sister," remarked Lizzy. "Edward has other reasons for omitting the prevalent custom at this season—and good reasons I am well assured. As to the charge of meanness, I don't think the fact you aledge a sufficient ground for making it."

"Well, I do then," sail cousin Margaret. "Why, if I were a young man and engaged in marriage to a lady, I'd sell my shoes but what I'd give her something as a Christmas present."

"Yes—or borrow or beg the money," chimed in Jane.

"Every one must do as he or she thinks best," replied Lizzy. "As for me I am content to receive no hdyday gift, being well satisfied that meanness on the part of Edward has nothing to do with it."

But notwithstanding Lizzy said this, she could not help feeling a little disappointed—more, perhaps, on account of the appearance of the thing than from any suspicion that meanness, as alleged by Jane, had anything to do with he omission.

"I wish Edward had made Lizzy some kind of a present," said Mrs. Green to her husband a day or two after the holyday had passed; "if it had been only for the looks of the thing. Jane has been teasing her about it ever since, and calls it nothing but meanness in Edward. And I'm afraid he is a little close."

"Better that he should be so than too free," replied Mr. Green "though I must confess that a dollar or two, or even ten dollars, spent at Christmas in a present for his intended bride, could hardly have been set down on the score of prodigality. It does look mean, certainly."

"He is doing very well."

"He gets a salary of eight hundred dollars, and I suppose it doesn't cost him over four or five hundred dollars to live—at least it ought not to do so."

"He has bought himself a snug little house, I am told."

"If he's done that he's done very well," said Mr. Green; "and I can forgive him for not spending his money for Christmas presents, that are never of much use, say the best you will of them. I'd rather Edward would have a comfortable house to put his wife in than see him loading her down, before marriage, with presents of one foolish thing or another."

"True. But it wouldn't have hurt him to have given the girl something, if it had only been a book, a purse, or some such trifle."

"For which trifles he would have been as strongly charged with meanness as he is now. Better let it go as it is. No doubt he has good reasons for his conduct."

Thus Mr. Green and Lizzy defended Edward, while the mother and Jane scolded about meanness to their heart's content.

Edward Mayfield, the lover of Lizzy Green, was a young man of good principles, prudent habits and really generous feelings; but his generosity did not consist in wasting his earnings in order that he might be thought liberal and open-hearted, but in doing real acts of kindness where he saw his kindness was needed. He had saved from his salary, in the course of four or five years, enough to buy himself a very snug house, and had a few hundred dollars in the Savings' Bank with which to furnish it when the time came for him to get married. This time was not very far off when the Christmas, to which allusion has been made, came round. At this holyday season, Edward had intended to make both Lizzy and her sister a handsome present, and he had been thinking for some weeks as to what it should be.—Many articles, both useful and merely ornamental, were thought of, but none of them exactly pleased his fancy.

A day or two before Christmas, he sat thinking about the matter, when something or other gave a new turn to his reflections.

"They don't really need anything," he said to himself, "and yet I propose to myself to spend twenty dollars in presents merely for appearances sake. Is it right?"

"Right if you chose to do it," he replied to himself. "I am not sure of that," he added after a pause. And then he sat in quite amusing mood for some minutes.

"That's better," he at length said, rising up and walking about the floor. "That would be money and good feelings spent to better purpose."

This suggestion, however, did not satisfy him.

"Better let it all go in the other direction," he said, after thinking a while longer; "it will do a real good. The time will come when I can explain the whole matter if necessary, and do away with ang little false impression that may have been formed."

To the conclusion at which Edward arrived, he remained firm. No present of any kind was made to his betrothed or her sister, and the reader has seen in what light the omission was viewed.

Christmas eve proved to be one of unusual inclemency. The snow had been falling all day, driven into every nook and corner, cleft and cranny, by a piercing northeaster; and now, although the wind had ceased to roar among the chimneys and to whirl the snow with blinding violence into the face of any one who ventured abroad, the broad flakes were falling, but more heavily than since morning, though the ground was covered already to the depth of many inches. It was a night to make the poor feel sober, as they gathered more closely around their small fires, and thought of the few sticks of wood or pecks of coal that yet remained of their limited store.

On this dreary night, a small boy, who had been at work in a printing-office all day, stood near the desk of his employer, waiting to receive his week's wages and go home to his mother, a poor widow, whose slender income scarcely sufficed to give food to her slender household.

"You need'nt come to-morrow, John," said the printer, as he handed the lad the two dollars that were due him for the week's work: "for to-morrow is Christmas."

The boy took the money, and after lingering a moment, turned away and walked towards the door. He evidently expected something, and seemed disappointed. The printer noticed this, and at once comprehended its meaning.

"John," he said kindly.

The boy stopped and turned round; as he did so, the printer took up a half dollar from the desk, and holding it between his fingers, said—

"You've been a very good boy, John, and I think you deserve a Christmas gift. Here's half a dollar for you."

John's countenance was lit up in an instant. As he came back to get the money, the printer's eyes rested upon his feet, which were not covered with a very comfortable pair of shoes, and he said—

"Which would you rather have, John, this half dollar or a pair of new shoes?"

"I'd rather have the new shoes," replied John, without hesitation.

"Very well: I'll write you an order on a shoemaker, and you can go and fit yourself," and the printer turned to his desk and wrote the order.

As he handed to John the piece of paper on which the order was written, the lad looked earnestly into his face, and then said, with strongly marked hesitation—

"I think, sir, that my shoes will do very well if mended; they only want mending. Won't you please to write shoes for my mother instead of me?"

The boy's voice trembled, and his face was suffused. He felt that he had ventured too much. The printer looked at him for a moment or two, and then said—

"Does your mother want shoes badly?"

"Oh, yes, sir. She does'nt earn much by washing and ironing when she can do it, but she sprained her wrist three weeks ago, and has'nt been able to do anything but work a little about the house since."

"And are your wages all she has to live upon."

"They are now."

"You have a little sister, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does she want shoes, also?"

"She has had nothing but rags on her feet for a month."

"Indeed!"

The printer turned to his desk, and sat and mused for half a minute, while John stood with his heart beating so loud that he could hear its pulsations.

"Give me that order," the man at length said to the boy, who handed him the slip of paper. He tore it up, and then took his pen and wrote a new order.

"Take this," he said, presenting it to John. "I have told the shoemaker to give you a pair for your mother, yourself, and your little sister; and here is the half dollar, my boy—you must have that also."

John took the order and the money, and stood for a few moments looking into the printer's face, while his lips moved as if he were trying to speak; but no sound came therefrom. Then he turned away and left the office without uttering a word.

"John is very late to-night," said the poor Widow Elliot, as she got up and went to the door to look out in the hope of seeing her boy. Supper had been ready for at least an hour, but she didn't feel like eating anything until John came home.—Little Netty had fallen asleep by the fire, and was now snugly covered up in bed.—As Mrs. Elliot opened the door, the cold air pressed in upon her, bearing in a heavy burden of snow. She shivered like one in a sudden ague fit, and shutting the door, quickly murmured—

"My poor boy—it is a dreadful night for him to be out, and so thinly clad. I wonder why he stays so late away?"

The mother had hardly uttered these words when the door was thrown open, and John entered with a hasty step, bearing several packages in his arms, all covered with snow.

"There's your Christmas gift, mother," said he, in a delighted voice; "and here is mine, and there is Netty's!" displaying at the same time three pairs of shoes, a paper of sugar, another of tea, and another of rice.

Mrs. Elliot looked bewildered.

"Where did all these come from, John?" she asked in a trembling voice, for she was overcome with surprise and pleasure at this unexpected supply of articles so much needed.

John gave an artless relation of what passed between him and the printer, for whom he worked, and added—

"I knew the number you wore, and I thought I would guess at Netty's size. If they don't fit, the man says he will change them; and I'll go clear back to the store to-night but what she shall have her new shoes for Christmas. Won't she be glad! I wish she were awake."

"And the tea, sugar and rice, you bought with the half dollar he gave you?" said the mother.

"Yes," replied John; "I bought the tea and the sugar for you. They're your Christmas gift from me. And the rice we'll all have to-morrow. Won't you make us a rice pudding for our dinner?"

"You're a good boy, John—a very good boy," said the mother, much affected by the generous spirit her son had displayed. "Yes, you shall have a rice-pudding.—But take off your wet shoes, my son—they are all wet—and dry your feet by the fire."

"No, not till you put netty's shoes on, and see if they fit her," replied John. "If they don't fit, I'm going back to the store for a pair that will. She shall have her new shoes for Christmas. And, mother, try yours on—maybe they won't do."

To satisfy the earnest boy, Mrs. Elliot tried on Netty's shoes, although the child was sleeping.

"Just the thing," she said.

"Now try on yours," urged John.

"They could'nt fit me better," said the mother as she slipped on one of the shoes. "Now take off your wet ones, and dry your feet before the fire, while I put the supper on the table."

John, satisfied now that all was right, did as his mother wished, while she got ready their frugal repast. Both were too much excited to have very keen appetites. As they were about rising from the table, after finishing their meal, some one knocked at the door. John opened it, and a gentleman came in and said, familiarly—

"How do you do, Mrs. Elliot?"

"Oh—how do you do, Mr. Mayfield? Take a seat;" and she handed her visitor a chair.

"How has your wrist got, Mrs. Elliot? Are you 'most ready to take my washing again?"

"It's better, I thank you, but not well enough for that; and I can't tell when it will be. A sprain is so long in getting well."

"How do you get along?" asked Mr. Mayfield. "Can you do any kind of work?"

"Nothing more than a little about the house."

"Then you don'tearn anything at all?"

"No, sir—nothing."

"How do you manage to live, Mrs. Elliot?"

"We have to get along the best we can on John's two dollars a week."

"Two dollars a week! You can't live on two dollars a week, Mrs. Elliot; that is impossible."

"It's all we have," said the widow.

Mr. Mayfield asked a good many more questions, and showed a very kind interest in the poor widow's affairs. When he arose to go away, he said—

"I will send you a few things to-night, Mrs. Elliot, as a Christmas present. This is the season when friends remember each other, and tokens of good will are passing in all directions. I think I cannot do better than to spend all I designed giving for this purpose, in making you a little more comfortable. So when the man comes with what I shall send, you will know it is for you. Good night. I will drop in to see you again before long."

And ere Mrs. Elliot could express her thanks, Mr. Mayfield had retired.

No very long time passed before the voice of a man, speaking to his horse, was heard at the door. The vehicle had moved so noiselessly on the snow-covered street, that its approach had not been observed. The loud stroke of a whip handle on the door caused the expectant widow and her son to start. John immediately opened it.

"Is this Mrs. Elliot's?" asked a carman, who stood with his leather hat and rough coat all covered with snow.

"Yes, sir," replied John.

"Very well! I've got a Christmas present for her, I rather think; so hold open the door until I bring it in."

John had been trying on his new shoes, and had got them laced about his ankles just as the carman came. So out he bounded into the snow, leaving the door to take care of itself, and was up into the car in a twinkling. It did not take long, with John's active assistance, to transfer the contents of the car to the widow's store room, which had been for a long time wanting in almost every thing.

"Good night to you, madam," said the carman, as he was retiring, "and may to-morrow be the merriest Christmas you ever spent. It isn't every one who has a friend like yours."

"No—and may God reward him," said Mrs. Elliot, fervently, as the man closed the door and left her alone with her children.

And now the timely present was more carefully examined. It consisted of many articles. First and not the least welcome, was half a barrel of flour. Then there was half a bag of corn meal, another of potatoes, with sugar, tea, rice, molasses, butter, &c.; some warm stockings for the children, a cheap thick shawl for herself, and a pair of gum shoes—besides a good many little things that had all been selected with strict regard to their use. A large chicken for a Christmas dinner, and some loaves of fresh Dutch cake for the children, had not been forgotten. Added to all this was a letter containing five dollars, in which the generous donor said that on the next day he would send her a small stove and half a ton of coal.

Edward Mayfield slept sweetly and soundly that night. On the next day, which was Christmas, he got the stove for Mrs. Elliot. It was a small, cheap, and economical one, designed expressly for the poor. He sent it with half a ton of coal.

Three or four days after Christmas, Mrs. Green said to Lizzy and Jane, as they sat sewing—

"I declare, girls, we've entirely forgotten our washerwoman, poor Mrs. Elliot. It is some weeks since she sent us word that she had sprained her wrist, and could not do our washing until it got well. I think you had better go and see her this morning. I shoudn't wander if she stood in need of something. She has two children, and only one of them is able enough to earn any thing—and even he can only bring home a very small sum. We have done wrong to forget Mrs. Elliot."

"You go and see her, Lizzy," said Jane, "I don't care about visiting poor people in distress; it makes me feel bad."

"To relieve their wants, Jane, ought to make you feel good," said Mrs. Green.

"I know it ought; but I had rather not go."

"O yes, Jane" said Lizzy; "you must go with me. I want you to go. Poor Mrs. Elliot! who knows how much she may have suffered?"

"Yes, Jane, go with Lizzy; I want you to go."

Jane did not like to refuse positively, so she got ready and went, though with a good deal of reluctance. Like a great many others, she had no taste for scenes of distress. If she could relieve a want by putting her hand behind her, and not seeing the object of penury, she had no objection to doing so; but to look suffering in the face was too revolting to her sensitive feeling.

When Lizzy and Jane entered the humble home of the widow, they found every thing comfortable, neat and clean. A small stove was upon the hearth, and, though the day was cold, diffused a genial warmth throughout the room. Mrs. Elliot sat knitting; she appeared extremely glad to see the girls. Lizzy inquired how her wrist was, how she was getting along, and if she stood in need of anything. To the last question she replied—

"I should have wanted almost every thing to make me comfortable, had not Mr. Mayfield, one of the gentlemen I washed for before I hurt my wrist, remembered me at Christmas. He sent me this nice little stove and a load of coal, a half barrel of flour, meal, potatoes, tea, sugar, and I cannot now tell you what all—besides a chicken for our Christmas dinner, and five dollars in money. I'm sure he couldn't have spent less than twenty dollars. Heaven knows I shall never forget him! He came on Christmas eve, and inquired so kindly how I was getting along; and then told me that he would send me a little present instead of to those who did'nt really need any thing, and who might well forgive him for omitting the usual compliments of the season. Soon after he was gone, a man brought us a car-load of things, and on Christmas day the stove and the coal came."

Jane looked at Lizzy, upon whose face was a warm glow and in whose eyes was a bright light.

"Then you do not need any thing?" said Lizzy.

"No, I thank you kindly, not now. I am very comfortable. Long before my coal, flour, meal, and potatoes are out, I hope to be able to take in washing again, and then I shall not need any assistance.

"Porgive me, sister, for my light words about Edward," Jane said, the moment she and Lizzy left the widow's house.—"He is generous and noble-hearted. I would rather he had done this than made me a present of the most costly remembrance he could find, for it stamps his character. Lizzy, you may well be proud of him."

Lizzy did not trust herself to reply, for she could think of no words adequate to the expression of her feeling. When Jane told her father about the widow—Lizzy was modestly silent on the subject—Mr. Green said—

"That was nobly done! There is the ring of the genuine coin! I am proud of him!"

"Tears came into Lizzy's eyes as she heard her father speak so warmly and approvingly of her lover.

"Next year," added Mr. Green, "we must take a lesson of Edward, and improve our system of holiday presents. How many hundreds and thousands of dollars are wasted in useless souvenirs and petty trifles, that might do a lasting good if the stream of kind feelings were turned into a better channel."

### A ROGUE PUNISHED.

Dr. C——, who, by the way, is "some" at a story, tells the following, which we find in the Portland Transcript.

Mr. T—— and Mr. W—— were farmers, living not very far from our peninsular city. One had a very fine white-faced heifer, of a choice breed, which he counted a first-rate cow, and which no small sum would tempt him to sell.

One day she broke into the premises of his neighbor, who goes and paints her face. In his search for her T. comes down and inquires of W., if he had seen his heifer, and he replies that there is a fine fat one in his pasture, and he had no doubt that it was his, and he would assist in turning her out. When they found her T. declared that she could not be his; for his had a white face, but there wasn't hardly any other difference, although unwilling to acknowledge that any body else could have another as "likely" as his, he said he did'nt think she was quite so large or so well built; but ah, isn't she fat?

As T's "conscientiousness" never had been marked above seven by any phrenologist, and W. having a suspicion that he loved beef, he thought he would try him. Accordingly he proposed to him in a whisper, which betokened that he meant what he said, that he should butcher her, send him half the beef, and that he should have the hide for slaughtering. If he would do so he should never mention it.

To this T. readily assented. He drove her home, slaughtered her, and sent half the beef according to agreement.

The next morning, rising early after a smart rain, which had taken the paint off, he went to take the hide from the fence where he had left it, to put it out of sight, and made the astounding discovery, that *somebody* had "been the death" of his *own highly valued heifer, and had given half of it away to have the secret kept!*

HE HAD HER THERE!—A very respectable looking lady stepped into a store on Washington street, a few days ago, to buy a steel reticule; the clerk handed out a variety of sorts, sizes and prices, all of which the lady deliberately viewed, handled and commented upon, until at length, having made her selection of a small one, at $2,50, she gave the clerk a ten dollar note to deduct that amount; the clerk went to the desk, and returning, gave the lady her change.

"Why, here's but two dollars and a half," says she.

"Exactly, madam," replied the clerk.

"Well, but I gave you a ten dollar bill, sir!"

"Precisely, madam," said the polite clerk.

"This bag is two dollars and a half, is it not?" says the lady, holding forth the purchased reticule.

"Two dollars and a half is the price, madam."

"Then, why do you take out seven dollars and a half, sir?"

"Why, madam, this reticule is two dollars and a half—"

"Very well, sir!" says the lady.

"And that one attached to your dress, beneath your cardinal, is *five dollars more!*" said the complaisant clerk, raising up the lady's cardinal and displaying a very handsome steel bead reticule there secreted. The lady became quite nettled, but the humane clerk assured her it was all perfectly right.

"You don't for a moment suppose, sir—" said the lady in a low and hasty voice, "that I intended—"

"O! certainly not, madam!" said the clerk.

"O, its all right, madam, perfectly correct," continued the clerk.

"Good morning, sir," said the lady, bowing and grinning a ghastly smile.

"Good morning," responded the gentlemanly clerk, bowing the lady safely out of the premises. No fancy sketch this.—*Boston Mail.*

A GOOD SPECIMEN OF POETRY, BY A YANKEE BOY.—A miller, by the name of Wright, kept a large flock of geese, which he fed from the corn which was scattered about the mill. A scamp in the neighborhood had pursued the practise, for a length of time, of stealing from the flock, whenever he had occasion for a good fat goose. At one time he had occasion for an extra supply of geese, and it came into his head to sprinkle in a little wit and poetry, with his thieving; so, after securing three of the geese, he wrote on a bit of paper:

"Mr. Wright, I bid you good night,
'Tis time for me to wander;
I've bought three geese, at a penny a piece,
And left it with the gander."

He then enclosed three pennies in the paper, and suspended them to the neck of one of the ganders. A boy, with his grist, arrived at the mill just as the story and poetry were being related to a crowd. He was very much taken with the poetry, or *verses*, as he called it, and was anxious to possess himself of it, so as to treat the family with it when he got home. After listening attentively to the reading of it, three or four times over, he thought he had the *verses* all secure, and started off for home; but, for fear he might loose the jingle of the rhyme, he conned it over to himself all the way home, where he arrived, fittering and chuckling to the very ends of his fingers, to think of what a rich treat he had in store for the family. Jonathan first related the story of the stealing of the geese, with all the embellishments his ingenuity could invent. "But, there's the verses," said he; "that's the *cutest* of all." "Well, Jonathan, can you repeat the verses?" "Oh, yes, I've got the verses safe enough, for I said them over to myself all the way coming home. The verses went sorter this way:

"Mr. Wright, I wish you good bye,
Its time for me to be going;
I've bought your geese for three coppers,
And tied the money round the old gander's neck!"

*Sunday Atlas.*

THE LATEST AND BEST.—Ford tells us the following story of a wealthy old friend of his, a deacon of an orthodox church some forty miles up country, who made his *first appearance* in any theatre, at the Howard during the late engagement of Macready. Tom had reasons for showing the old gentleman civility, and offered him the "freedom of his house," which much to his astonishment was accepted, and the two wended their way from the Tremont House to the Theatre, where Tom bestowed him safely in one of the private boxes, although he forgot unluckily, to provide him with a bill of the play. It must be premised that the worthy old deacon was much more conversant with Stoddhold and Hopkins and Dr. Watts poetic effusions than with those of the immortal dramatist. The play on the occasion was Othello, and on the rising of the curtain when Macready appeared with his visage so highly black, our friend seemed astonished that a *colored gentleman* should receive so warm a greeting, but determined to find out the reason, he sat out the play quietly, and when the curtain fell, taking Ford's arm, left the Theatre still in amazement. After walking a few steps, he stopped short and laying his hand on Ford's shoulder said in a voice of mingled wonder and approval, "Thomas, I see you have *one nigger* in your company, but I don't see but what he acts as well as most of the wiscones."—*Boston Transcript.*

ZACHARY TAYLOR proves to be a very old name, as the New York Sun says that "in the list of Emigrants, from Gravesend, who embarked for Virginia, January 6, 1695, on board the "Thomas and John," Richard Lambard master, occurs the name of "*Zachary Taylor*, aged 21."

SHARP SHOOTING.—The *Centreville (Md.) Times* states that Woolman I. Gibson and John W. Perry, Esqs., in two mornings lately, bagged 127 partridges, two rabbits, and seven squirrels.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—Miss Mary McClelland, of Zanesville, recovered $3,000 from Mr. John Vandervert, for breach of promise of marriage.

A CLOCK HEARD THREE HUNDRED MILES.—It is known that experiments have been making for some time, on the telegraph line between Philadelphia and Cincinnati, by the distinguished astronomer, Sears C. Walker, and Prof. Locke, for the purpose of ascertaining the difference of longitude between any two points upon the line. We learn from the Cincinnati papers that Prof. Locke has devised a plan of connecting the machinery of an astronomical clock with the telegraph in such a manner that its beats may be heard or registered on the running files of paper that receives telegraphic impressions at every station. In this way it can mark simultaneously at each station and both extremities, the hours, minutes and seconds, and also, says the Gazette, the exact fraction of a second at which a star or other celestial body passes the meridian at either place. In this way the difference of time, and of course of longitude between two points can be ascertained with the greatest accuracy.

It is remarkable that the tickings of the clock, when in communication with the wire, can be heard along the line from Cincinnati to Philadelphia with perfect distinctness.

A MODERN JACK SHEPHERD.—A boy of 17, was found hidden in a rubbish box in the New York Custom House, by the porter on Friday evening last. He had about him, "The life of Monroe Edwards, the forger;" "The life of Dr. Jennings, the victimizer;" "The Newgate Calender;" and the "Travellers' Guide;" a pair of Colt's revolving pistols, loaded and capped; a flask of powder, bullets and moulds; a box of matches, and two pieces of sperm candles; a pair of false whiskers and mustaches; piece of yellow ochre, used to discolor the skin and make one look older; a small phial of chloroform and a sponge, and $45 in gold. In some of his pockets small peices of paper were found, with directions, copied in neat writing, giving the manner to alter the complexion, to write invisible, &c., and likewise two small memorandum books, in one of which were written cyphers, and the other had been kept as a diary since November 16. He turned out to be a boy who had been advertised as "missing." The father came & said his son used to be a good boy, but had lately been ruined by reading bad books. The boy robbed his father of $160 and fled. Now he was trying to rob the U. S. Sub-Treasury in the Custom House.—His books contains a list of all the jewelry stores in New York, and all the great rogues in the country. It is a strange affair.

A MUSICAL HORSE.—A correspondent of the Providence Journal furnishes the following interesting account of a musical horse:

"A physician called daily to visit a patient opposite to my place of residence.—We had a piano in a room on the street, on which a young lady daily practised for several hours in the morning. The weather was warm, and the windows were open, and the moment the horse caught the sound of the piano he would deliberately wheel about, cross the street, place himself as near the window as possible, and there, with ears erect and eyes dilating, would he quietly stand and listen till his owner came for him. This was his daily practice.—Sometimes the young lady would stop playing when the doctor drove up. The horse would then remain quietly in his place, but the first stroke on a key would arrest his attention, and half a dozen notes would invariably call him across the street. I witnessed the effect several times."

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.—Nicholas Biddle, Esq., late President of the Bank of the United States, once dismissed a clerk, because the latter refused to write for him on the Sabbath. The young man, with a mother dependent on his exertions, was thrown out of employment, by what some would call an over-nice scruple of conscience. But a few days after Mr. Biddle being requested to nominate a cashier for another bank, recommended this very individual, and mentioned this incident as a proof of his trust-worthiness.—"You can trust him," said he "for he wouldn't work for me on Sunday."

WRITING ON NEWSPAPERS.—We find in the proceedings of the Court of Appeals of New York, the statement of a case in which Mary C. Felton sued the Postmaster, in the Justices' Court, for detaining a newspaper, on which he charged letter postage, because it had an initial upon the wrapper. It was decided in her favor.—It was carried by the Postmaster to the Court of Common Pleas, where the verdict was confirmed. From thence it was taken to the Supreme Court, where it was again affirmed—and now is transferred to the Court of Appeals. The Postmaster is said to have acted under instructions of the Postmaster General.

Lorenzo Dow defined a death bed repentance to be burning out the candle of life in the service of the devil, and blowing the snuff in the Lord's face.

STOCKS.—Some young ladies, feeling aggrieved by the severity with which their friends speculated on their gay plumes, flounces, necklaces, rings, etc., went to the pastor to learn his opinion. "Do you think," said they, "there can be any impropriety in wearing these things?"

"By no means," was the prompt reply; "when the heart is full of ridiculous notions, it is perfectly proper to hang out the *sign*."

☞ The Isthmus of Tehuantepec will soon be crossed by a canal which is being made by the British merchants, Manning and Mackintosh.—They are making a road for the transportation of materials.

ORIGIN OF THE CHOLERA.—Mr. Bell, an old and respectable resident of New York, states that in 1832, he discovered that the origin of the cholera is the inhalation of an insect so minute as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye. He says that when the cholera is in a place, the presence of those insects may be proved by spreading a cloth, or a person's arm, and waving them in the air, when the insects will stick to it, and may be examined.