

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

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The Opening of Spring.

BY E. C. HOWE.
March has burst the bars of Winter,
And unloosed the icy chain,
His long arms have linked together
Brook and river, hill and plain.
Hark! a sound like distant thunder
Rolls along the vale and wood;
See above, the sky is darkling—
Now the earth is all a flood.
Mid the mountain's rugged thicket,
Echoes deep the storm-wind's roar;
And the swollen streamlets dash,
Through each narrow channel pour.
On they tumble, now they tumble
Over rock and foaming sand,
With a headlong flight engulfing
Level field and meadow land.
Bright above, the heavens are glowing,
Beauteous sparkles all around;
Shining river, mountain streamlet,
Leap a low and mellow sound.
On the hill-side flocks are grazing,
Lambkins frolicking on the leas;
Merry peasant-boy and maiden
Gaily join in sportive glees.

From Headley's Sacred Scenes and Characters.

SAMUEL AND SAUL.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

One evening, just as the sun was setting over the hills of Palestine, a host was seen encamped in a beautiful valley, through which wandered a clear stream, and over whose green surface, woods and fields, and flocks and herds, were scattered in endless variety and profusion. The white tents dotted the landscape far and wide, standing against the green background distinct as a fleet of snowy sails against a storm cloud on the sea; while long rays of chariot glittered between, and gay standards floated above, and groups of officers and ranks of soldiers moved about, giving animation and life to the scene. At intervals came triumphant bursts of music; and the thrilling strains of the trumpet arose and fell over the plain, till the echoes were lost in the woods beyond. And the evening sun was shining on all this, tipping the tents of thousands of lance points with silver, and flashing back from burnished armor, till the eye became dazzled with the splendor.

On a little eminence that overlooked this glittering plain, was spread the tent of the king. Of ample dimensions, and decorated with gorgeous hangings and costly ornaments, it looked like a fairy palace there upon the swelling hill top. Underneath its spreading canopy sat the monarch himself, looking thoughtfully upon the prospect before him. It was a scene to stir a warrior's heart, for every one of those countless tents that stood bathed in the sunlight, contained soldiers true and tried; and all the vast host at his feet was but a single instrument in his hand. At the blast of his trumpet, that plain would tremble under the tread of armed men, twice ten thousand lances shake in the departing sunbeams, and, at his command, rank upon rank would rush all steadily up a stand of leveled spears. They had often crowded after him to battle, had stood a wall of iron about him in the hour of peril, he had heard their shouts of defiance ring over the clash of arms and tumult of the fray—ay, and their shouts of victory, too, louder than all, as they drove the broken and shattered forces of the enemy before them. Well, then, might the sight of that tented host bend the flush of pride to the monarch's brow, and fill his heart with exultant feelings.

But, alas, no color came to that marble face; pale and anxious the chieftain sat and gazed, his brow knit in gloomy thought, and care resting like a cloud upon his countenance. No food had passed his lips all day, yet something more than fasting had wrought that haggard look and bowed that regal head. The white tents sprinkling the field, the chariots beside them, the shining ranks of warriors, the triumphant strains of music, the glorious landscape smiling in the setting sun, the hum of the mighty host, were all unheeded. He saw them not, he heard them not; his troubled soul was busy amid other scenes, struggling with far other thoughts. Another army arose before him—a host of sin, in ghastly array, in whose dread aspect no relenting could be seen. And, worse than all, the oracles of God were dumb; by its earnest questioning no response had been given; the Urin and Thumain ceased to be irradiated at his call, and silence and darkness rested on the ark of God. And now, as he thought of his crimes, and the silence of God, and of the battle on the morrow, "Coming events cast their shadows before them," and he saw his army routed and slain, and himself and his throne trampled under foot. No wonder the waving banners below him brought no glow to his wan and wasted features.

As the light of day disappeared, and the fires began to be kindled in the broad encampment, he entered his tent, and, putting on a disguise, stole forth, and, as a last resort, turned his steps towards the house of a sorcerer, and asked that Samuel might be raised from the dead.

THE INTERVIEW.

Scarcely had his request been made, when a stately form arose before him, clad in a dark mantle, his long gray locks and beard falling upon his breast and shoulders. It was Samuel—the same Samuel

who had anointed him king over Israel, and for so long a time had been the pillar of his throne; the dread and fearless prophet who so often had withstood him to his face, and hurled the malediction of Heaven upon him; whose last curse, backed with the startling declaration, "The strength of Israel will not lie nor repent," still rang in his ears. The frightened monarch stood dumb and powerless before the dread spirit he had evoked from the land of shadows, when the deep sepulchral tones of the prophet broke the silence, "Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" "I am sore distressed," murmured the king, "for the Philistines make war upon me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor dreams; therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest tell me what I shall do." "Wherefore," answered the spirit, "dost thou ask me, seeing the Lord has departed from thee and is become thine enemy?" He would only repeat over again the curse of former days; and his words fell like a funeral knell on the ears of the monarch, "The Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thy hand, and given it to thy neighbor David. Not only has the throne gone, but the dynasty closes with thee, and thy family is disinherited for ever for thy sins. Nor is this all: the battle to-morrow shall go against thee, for, 'The Lord will deliver Israel with thee into the hands of the Philistines; and'—the prophet's voice here made the heart of the listener stand still in his bosom—"and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me." The thunder-bolt had fallen, and the utter silence that followed was broken only by the shock of the king's body as he fell lifeless and headlong upon the earth. No shriek, no groan, told when and how deep the blow struck; that heavy fall was more startling than language.

The fearful apparition sunk away, and Saul was left alone with the night. The next morning found the king in his tent, nerved for the worst, and to those who saw him, as his servants buckled on his armor, he appeared the same as ever, save that a deeper pallor was on his cheek than thought can ever give—the pallor of despair. Nevertheless the trumpets were ordered to sound, and soon the plain shook with the preparation of arms. Chieftains, each with his retainers behind him, marched forth, prancing steeds and chariots of war followed, banners and lances and helmets fluttered and flashed in the morning sunlight, and all was hope and confidence in the army. As the troops filed between the royal tent, shouts of "long live the king," rent the air. Ah, with what a sudden death chill those shouts fell upon his heart; that host was going forth to be slaughtered, and that bright sun in its course was to witness the loss of his army, his throne, his sons and his life. Perhaps he cheered his desponding spirit with the vain hope that God might yet be appeased, or that Samuel had spoken falsely; at all events, he was determined to battle nobly for his crown. As his guard closed steadily around him, the determination written on his brow betokened a bloody day, and a fierce struggle, even with fate itself.

The hostile armies met, and rank after rank, troop after troop, rushed to the onset. The Hebrew sword drank blood; and the shout of Israel went up as thrilling and strong as ever it rose from Mount Zion itself. And never before did their monarch lead them so steadily and fiercely on—or give his royal person so freely to his to his foe. But courage, and heroism, and desperate daring were alike unavailing; the sentence was written on high, and Israel was scattered before her foes. Vainly did their leaders rally them again and again to the charge. Vainly did the three princes, the sons of Saul, call on their followers to emulate their example, as they threw themselves on the foe. Vainly did the king himself lead on his troops, while the blood from his wounded side trickled over his wither. Another army was against them, and discomfited and scattered they fled on every side. The three sons of the king fell one after another, bravely battling for their father's throne and Israel's honor, till at last Jonathan, the noblest and bravest of them all, fell lifeless on the hill side. The wounded monarch, hard hit by the archers, at last turned and fled for his life; but, finding no way to escape, he stopped and commanded his armor-bearer to stab him to the heart, "Lest," said the dying man, "these uncircumcised come and thrust me through, and abuse me." His armor-bearer refusing to commit the horrid deed, he placed the hilt of his own sword upon the ground and fell upon it. His faithful armor-bearer followed his example, and he and the king and his three sons lay corpse together on the mountain of Gilboa.

The prophecy was fulfilled—the curse had fallen—and morning once more broke on the land of Israel.

CHARITY.

Trust not, each accusing tongue,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story wrong,
Which ought not to be true. Sheridan.

When the curious or impertinent would pick the lock of the heart, put the key of reserve inside.

TRUTH.

BY WM. R. PRINCE.

O Truth! what principle can he present, who now with feeble hand would vainly essay to touch thy strings of heavenly harmony, that their vibrations may wake the cords responding in each human heart—those cords which neither loss of pristine innocence nor sin's destroying curse were able to untune?

What can he plead, when the loftiest intellects that ever illumined our world with momentary radiance, by thee conferred, have found themselves baffled in every attempt to compass this eternal self?—When those whose names were never born to die have shrunk from the task of depicting thee, as from a duty more befitting spirits infinite than the sin-fettered mind of man, small indeed must be the indulgence such as myself would claim.

What one of the thousand modes in which Truth manifests itself shall I select? Every form that it assumes is worthy of being made the subject for a volume.—'Tis the honor of the gentleman, the glory of the moralist, the insignia of the Christian, the white robe of the saint, the power of the archangel, the brightest gem in the tiara of divinity. But from this brilliant array of subjects, I turn away to hold it up for your contemplation as a heavenly principle implanted in the human breast, which ever influences its possessor to attain to truth in all things.

Truth is an attribute of primal innocence, which seems to have escaped the blight that curses, self-tainted, have cast on all things heavenly here below. It is a god-like attribute, a ray of light divine; the parting tear of banished innocence dropped into the human soul, to mark the spot where once her shrine had stood—

"A shooting star of blessed light
Dropped upon the world's midnight;
A drop of sweet, whole all beside
Is interest-gain in life's dull tide."

O glorious principle! what wonder that minds hallowed by thy influence have ever bowed willing votaries at thy shrine, and thence have drawn their sweetest cups of earthly bliss—have found in thy pursuit

"A perpetual feast of rapturous sweets,
Where no crude selfish taints."

Whop, in view of the attractions presented by this ideal of all that is pure and worthy of man's noblest aspirations, would not engage in her pursuit? What allurements does she not hold out to those who have aims higher than the mercenary views of life?

"Art thou an aspirant for fame?
And wilt thou sit among the vain
With all words of cheer unspoken,
Till the silver cord is loosed—
Till the golden bowl is broken?
Lies his import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth,
It has hopes high as heaven,
It has labor, it has truth."

Go count the immortal ones of earth, whose claims to fame are undisputed, whose glory is unstained by blood. Lo, a fair array of the votaries, ay, and of the martyrs, too, of truth!

See yonder youthful aspirant! With a mind unbiased by the philosophy of the times, but convinced of the inconsistency and error which pervaded it, he enlisted in the cause of Truth, and, breaking away from all the bonds of custom and usage which then fettered the minds of his countrymen, with one stroke of the sword of Truth dashes forever from the heavens the chrysalis spheres of Eudoxus, the cycles and epicycles of Ptolemy. Truth triumphed, and the name of Copernicus is written on the stars.

Turn now to the "Legislator of the skies," who exclaimed in the ecstasy of his joy, when the labor of seventeen long years was at length crowned with success, "I WILL indulge my sacred fury, I WILL rejoice that I have robbed of their lore the temples of Egyptian idolatry, to build up a temple for my God, far from the shrines of Egypt. * * * The die is cast, the book is written, to be read now and by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer." Again truth had triumphed, God was vindicated, and Kepler is a deathless name.

Vain would it be to attempt an eulogy on him who "grasped the golden key that unlocked the universe, and reared to Newton's name a monument more lasting than brass, and a pyramid more lofty than the princely state."

One more example and I have done. No European landscape furnishes the scene for this last proud triumph; it is laid amid the hills of young America. Threatening clouds enshroud the sky, and heaven's artillery flashes and rolls across its wild expanse. Why does your pedestrian, accompanied by his son, quit, at an early hour like this, the shelter of his home, to seek the open fields? Unheard of audacity! He goes forth with no less a purpose than to play with the fires of heaven. He raises the connecting link between the earth and the clouds: Truth flashes from the string, and Franklin is immortal.

Truth, however, is far from limiting her gifts to earthly glory and enjoyment.

"Her eyes look heavenward, for from heaven she came,"
And he who walks her pleasant path,

when met by the destroyer's rod, falls not like lead, with her dear father and mother and brothers at her side.

"Like a spirit more light than the planets even,
He mounts to the zenith, there melts into heaven."

LIZZIE IN THE MILL.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Many years ago in a pleasant village of New England, lived a little girl whose true story I wish to relate. Lizzie Stone, the only daughter of the miller.

Lizzie was a child whom everybody loved; not only because she was so pretty, lively and intelligent, but for her being so sweet, gentle and peaceable—so truly good. Lizzie had two brothers, a few years older than herself, who were very fond of her, and of whom she was very fond. These three children always went to school and to church together, and played in perfect agreement.

It happened that one sunny autumn afternoon they had a visit from two little cousins, who lived about a mile distant.

"They had a wild, joyous time; they played in the yard, in the barn, and all over the house. Mrs. Stone, who was a kind, pleasant woman, looked on and laughed, if she did not mingle in their sports. She got a nice early tea by themselves; and when the visitors, after one last merry game, were about leaving, she said to Lizzie—

"Your brothers will go home with Alice and Celis. You may go with them as far as the mill; but be sure to stop there, and come home with your father."

As the cousins set out, laughing and frolicking along, Mrs. Stone stood in the little front porch of her cottage, looking after them as they went down the lane, and thinking what handsome, and happy, and above all, what good children they were. She smiled at Lizzie's affectionate way of taking leave of her, though she was to be gone but a short time. Lizzie never parted from her mother, even for a half hour, without kissing her lovingly and bidding her good-bye in a voice as sweet and tender as the cooing of a dove.

Now, as Mrs. Stone went into the house, she said softly to herself, "It is nearly ten years since God gave me that child, and she has never yet caused me one moment's sorrow."

The cousins played so much along the road, and stopped so often to pick flowers and berries, that it was nearly dark when they reached the mill. Then, when the girls came to part, they had so many things to tell each other, so many invitations to give, so many good-byes to say, it was no wonder that they lingered awhile.

It seemed that Lizzie could not let her cousins go. She parted from them in her loving way, so many times, that her brothers, the eldest said—

"Why sister, I don't see but that Ned and I will have to help you in your kissing, or you'll never get through."

Then Alice and Celis, blushing and laughing, broke away from their cousins, and ran fast down a little hill to see their mother. The boys soon overtook them; and Lizzie, after watching the group awhile, and thinking how good was God to give her such amiable cousins, such noble brothers, and such dear parents to love, turned and was almost frightened by the dim light made, and by the darkness, for night was fast coming on. She called her father's name; he answered; but the machinery made so much noise that she did not hear.

"Thinking that he had already gone, she turned out to go home alone. She took a way she had often safely taken, over the sluice, by the great water-wheel. But to-night she was bewildered—lost her footing, and fell on her head, which she twisted down, crushing and tearing her in a shocking manner. It happened that just at that moment her father, thinking that Lizzie had been sent to call him home, stopped the mill, and began to search for her. Led by her cries he came to the wheel, and there found out what had occurred.

"Are you badly hurt my daughter?" he asked in great grief and terror.

"Yes father, I seem to be crushed to pieces, and I cannot stir; but I think I shall live till you get me out. Leave me here and go for help."

The neighborhood was soon roused, and many men hurried with saws and axes to the mill. But they found that only one or two could work at a time in cutting away the strong, heavy timbers, and that it would be some hours before Lizzie could be taken from the cruel place where she was held so fast, and crushed so dreadfully; and they said that to move the wheel backward or forward might kill her at once.

When Mrs. Stone came, one of the men let down a light into the wheel, so that she could see her poor child. When she saw Lizzie's white face, and the bleeding arms held towards her, she shrieked and cried bitterly. But Lizzie called up to her as sweetly and cheerfully as she had ever spoken in her life, and said—

"Don't cry mother! They will get me out before long; keep up good courage, and pray to God for me."

And so she continued to talk hour after hour, while the men kept cutting and sawing at the great timbers; so she cheered and comforted the parents, and her poor brothers, when they too came to the mill.

Once her voice grew very low and indistinct—then it ceased altogether; the doctor looked down, and said she had faintly away, and they sprinkled water upon her. As soon as she revived, she began again to say comforting things, and to beg her mother not to cry. She said she did not suffer so much pain as first said, that she was sure she would live to be carried home.

It was nearly midnight when the last timber that held her was sawed away, and a workman lifted her gently up, and laid her in her father's arms. The pain of being removed caused the poor child to faint again, and she did not revive until she had been carried home. When she opened

her eyes she found herself on her own little bed, with her dear father and mother and brothers at her side.

The doctor carefully dressed Lizzie's wounds, and gave her some opium to make her sleep; but he told her father and mother that she could not possibly get well. When he heard the dreadful words, Mr. Stone groaned; and covered his face with his hands; and for a few moments, Mrs. Stone leaned her head on her husband's shoulder, and cried. Then, lifting her eyes and clasping her hands, she said, "Thy will, O Lord, be done," and went and sat down calmly by Lizzie's side, and watched her till she slept.

The poor little girl remained sleeping most of the next day. She would often wake, and ask for water, but she then seemed hardly to know where she was or who was with her. Her cousins, Alice and Celis, came to see her, but she did not recognize them, and they went away, sobbing bitterly.

Early in the night, however, she awoke, and seemed better. She knew all about her, and smiled on them, but said she must leave them very soon. She told her father that she wanted to hear him pray once more; and Mr. Stone knelt down by her bedside, and asked God to take safely home the little daughter he had given to him, and thanked Him for leaving her with them so long. Then Lizzie said to her mother, "Will you sing me just one verse of the hymn I love so much, 'Jesus sought me'?" Her mother tried, but she could not sing for weeping; and Lizzie said, "Never mind—where I am going there is beautiful singing. Yet it seems to me, I shall have no voice so sweet as yours, mamma. Why do you cry? Only think, mamma, if I should live, now, how crooked and sickly I should be. I might be a poor hunchback, and give a great deal of trouble and sorrow to you all. Will it not be better to bury up this crushed body and let the pleasant grass grow over it, and have a new glorious body, such as the angels have."

As she spoke these words she smiled, and did not weep; but when, afterwards, she asked for a faithful house-dog, and her pretty Maltese kitten, and they were brought to her, she burst into tears.—"Good-bye, old Bose! good-bye, Kitty!" she said. "I cry, mamma, to part from these, because I never, never shall see them again; for they have no souls, poor things! But you and papa will come to Heaven before many years; and you, too, brothers, if you are good boys."

A little while after this, she said, "George, give my love to Alice and Celis, and tell them I am glad I kissed them so many times, and how I love them. Eddie—take care of my flowers, and boys don't miss too much in your play."

After living very quiet some moments, she again spoke, and said:

"Mamma, are the shutters open and has the morning come very brightly?"

"No, my daughter, her mother answered, it is still dark night."

"Oh, then," said Lizzie, "it must be the windows of God's beautiful palace I see, with the pleasant light shining through. I am almost there! Good-bye, mamma, and papa and brothers, good-bye!" And, with a smile spread over her face, Lizzie stretched out her arms, looked upward and died!

When Lizzie lay in her coffin, that smile was on her sweet face still—brighter and purer than the white rose that lay upon her pillow—and Mrs. Stone tried not to let her tears fall upon it; for she said, "God has taken back a little angel; He lent to me for a few years, and why should I weep for my happy child?"

Poor Girl!

Some days since, some boatman on the river Seine, discovered near the shore, in the vicinity of St. Cloud, two human feet just level with the surface of the water, and approaching the spot, they drew from the mud, the body of a young woman apparently about 25 years of age. Around her neck was a cord, to which was attached a large stone. The identity of this unfortunate could not be recognized, but in a little tin box on her person were found the following words:

"I have never known my parents. Until the age of seven years I was brought up by a good woman who lived in a village in the department of the Seine et Marne, and from that period until 18 years of age, I was in a boarding school at Paris. I believe that I am the offspring of a gentleman, and probably my parents are rich, for my board was always scrupulously paid, and the extent of my wardrobe was all that the utmost caprice could have desired."

"One day I received a letter. It was signed 'Thy Mother.' Oh! how happy I was. 'Thy birth,' said the letter, 'if it were known, would trouble the repose of an entire family; yet perhaps one day thou mayest know thy mother. Honourable blood runs in thy veins, my daughter; do not deny it. Thy fortune is provided for. Thou wilt be placed in a linen draper's store, and when thy apprenticeship has passed over, and thou hast arrived at years of majority, thou wilt be placed at the head of an establishment of thine own.'"

"Some days afterwards, I was, in fact, placed as an apprentice in a large linen warehouse. Several years passed away, and then came the revolution of February. Since that fatal epoch, I have heard nothing of my family. Alone in the world, no one to counsel or to advise with, I believe in the oasis of a libertine! For his sake I robbed my employers. Instead of falling upon me, suspicion fell upon an innocent young man employed in the establishment, and he was discharged. The wretch who had dishonored me soon deserted me. Here, in these few lines, behold the sad history of an unfortunate, who unable to bear up under the weight of remorse which crushes her, has sought relief in suicide."

"If they that those who may discover my body will give all possible publicity to this letter. May its contents teach other parents the wickedness of neglecting their children."

APPLAUSE.—the spirit of noble minds—the sad sin of weak ones.

The Power of the Pence.

The Rev. J. B. Owen, M. A., of Bliton, England, in the course of a lecture delivered in the Liverpool Concert Hall, in connection with the Church of England Institution, upon "Popular Insurance," related an anecdote, strikingly illustrative of the power which lies in the hand of the working men to promote their own social comfort and independence, if they would only exert it. A Manchester calico-printer was, on his wedding-day, persuaded by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day as her share. He rather wineced under the bargain; for, though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard, and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public house as soon as the factory closed. The wife and husband saw little of each other except at breakfast; but, as she kept things tidy about her, and made her staid, and even selfish, allowance for housekeeping met the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint, and he, perhaps, had his two or three quarts; and neither interfered with the other, except at odd times, she succeeded, by dint of one little gentle sacrifice or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an evening in his own house. But these were rare occasions. They had been married a year; and, on the morning of their wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shade of remorse, as he observed, "Mary, we had no holiday any we were wed; and only that I haven't a penny in 't' world, we'd take a jaunt to 't' village to see the mother!" "Wouldst like to go John?" asked she softly, between a smile and a tear, to hear him speak kindly as in old times. "If I should like to go, John, I'll stand treat." "Thou stand treat!" said he with half a sneer. "I had got a fortune wench!" "Wench!" said she, "but I've got the pint of ale!" "Guten what?" said he. "The pint of ale!" was the reply. John still didn't understand her, till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counting out her daily pint of ale in the shape of 385 three-pences (i. e. 24 1/2 s. 3d.) put it into his hand exclaiming, "Thou shalt have the holiday, John." John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-stricken, charmed. He wouldn't touch it. "Hast thou had thy share I then I'll have no more," he said. "They kept their wedding-day with the old dame; and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a series of investments that ultimately swelled into a shop, factory, warehouse, country-seat, a carriage, and, for aught Mr. Owen knew, John was Mayor of his borough at last."

How a Coat was Identified.

Justice's court, in Boston, was recently decided in a most novel way. A coat was in dispute, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants; the parties were Irish, full of grit, and ready to spend all he had, rather than give up best. The affair had been carefully examined, and the Court was in a quandary, not knowing who had the best claim on the garment. However, a moment before his Honor was to sum up the evidence, Patrick Power, one of the claimants, made the following proposition for settling the affair:

"Timothy Maguire, now you say that coat belongs to yourself entirely, I say it is my own. Now mind ye, Timothy, both ye will take the coat and look it all over; and the man who finds his name on it shall be the owner."

"Done," said Timothy.

"An ye'll stick to the bargain!"

"To be sure," answered Timothy, and "Yes" rejoined counsel on both sides.

"Thou look at it," said Patrick, as he passed the coat into the hands of Timothy, who vainly searched every part of it for his name, and passed it back to Patrick, boastingly saying, "An now let us say if ye can be findin the likes of yer own name upon the garment."

"Ye'll stick to the 'greement?" said Patrick, eagerly grasping the coat.

"On the honor iv a man," replied Timothy.

"Thou howl on a bit," said Patrick, as he drew his knife and opened a corner in the collar of the coat, taking therefrom two very small peas, exclaiming as he held them out in his hand:

"There d'ye see that?"

"Yes, but what iv that?" said Timothy.

"A deal it has to do with it, its me name to be sure, Pea for Patrick and Pea for Powers, be jingo."

He got the coat.

PROGRESS OF THE AGE.—A school-boy, about ten years of age, approaches the master, with a bold front and self-confident air, and the following dialogue ensues:
Boy—May I be dismissed, sir?
Mr. Birch, scowling—What reason have you for making the request, Thomas?
Boy—I want to take my woman out sleighing, sir.
Mr. Birch—Take your seat!—Carpet Bag.

"Bless me," said an old lady, throwing down the newspaper, and wiping her spectacles, "there is John Doe and Richard Roe at law again! They've had a suit every year or so for more'n thirty years, to my certain knowledge."

ELLEN.—"Oh, don't tease me to-day, Charley; I'm not at all well!" Charley—"Twelve years old. A man of the World." "I tell you what it is, you are in love! Now, you take the advice of a fellow who has seen a good deal of that sort of thing, and don't give way to it!"

EXTREMES.—"A wild romance; and shun the fault of such. Who still are pleased too little or too much: At every wild word to take offense—That always shows great pride, or little sense."

IDIOTISM.—A good mind, where various kinds of mischief are joined and clustered among the most despicable of the human race.

It is said that the mole, which is blind through life, opens its eyes when it is dying.

Youths' Department.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch The dawn of life thought."

It is our intention heretofore to set apart some little space in our columns for the benefit of our numerous young readers, in which we shall enter exclusively for their tastes. We will endeavor to give to this department a character which will at the same time instruct and amuse.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

By committing to memory the following list of the sovereigns of England, their names, and the order of the reign of each may be easily remembered:
First William the Norman; then William the Conqueror;
And again, after Richard, three Queens we see,
Two Edwards, third Edward, if rightly given;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth;
Then James the Scotchman; then Charles who they slew;
Yet recall after Cromwell, another Charles too,
Next James the second ascended the throne,
Then William and Mary together came on;
Then Anne, four Georges and William all past,
God sent us Victoria—may she long be the last!

QUERIES.

MATHEMATICAL.
If a stone, dropped from the top of a high tower, touch the ground in eight and a half seconds, what is the height of the tower?

There are two pieces of ground, each containing ten acres; one of the pieces is square, the other circular. How many more rods, five feet in height, and twelve in length, would it take to fence the boundary than the circular field?

In public measure, why are 40 feet of round timber considered equal to 50 feet of hewn timber?

PHILOSOPHICAL.
Why does water bubble?
What is rain?
Why does rain fall in drops?
In what part of the world does rain fall most abundantly?

Why are the leaves of plants green?
Why do leaves turn brown in Autumn?
Why do bubbles rise on a cup of tea when a lump of sugar is dropped into it?
How are lunar bores formed?

Answers to these questions will be given in our next issue.

A PUZZLE.

Place the numbers from 1 to 80 in the squares, in thirty-six cells, in the form of the diagram above, so that the figures standing in any four of the cells, taken in a square, shall amount, when added, to one-ninth of the sum of all the numbers.

BRITANNIA.—The following instance of brevity is related as having occurred on a steamer. A ship-owner and his agent, who were superintending the lading of his cargo, wishing some coal added to the steamer, the owner addressed his agent as follows:

C—May 16, 1852
Brown, Put some
You, Smith,
Brown returned in reply,
P—May 16, 1852
You, Smith,
Brown, How much?

ANAGRAMS.—Every one will admit that Astronomers are inborn librarians; how can you deny that the Telegraph is a good help; or that Lawyers are shy boys? There are some who deem riddles rather a rare mad frolic.

If you were binding an Indian with a cord, what single word in the English language could you use to express to him what you are doing? In-gen-u-ity (Indian you tie).