THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

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A Triple Rhyme--A Gem.

Most bards findit sufficiently difficult to obtain one rhyming word at the end of a line but this poet secures three, with an ease which is as graceful as it is surprising:

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

"Even is come; and from the dark park, hark
The signal of the setting-sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,
Or Macbeth raving at that shame-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;
Or else to see Durerow with wide stride ride
Four horses, as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston while you quiz his phiz.

"Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who trusting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

"Now thieves to enter on your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley in a deep sleep creep,
But foiled by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whispered low, no go!"
Now pass, while folks are in their beds, treads heads,
And sleepers waking, grumble, "Drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.
Now bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, wily nilly;
But nurse-maid in a night-mare rest, chest-press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's!—Ann's banns,
And his from Rev. Mr. Rice twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!" [THOMAS HOOD.

MY KATE.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

She was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best, made of sunshine and snow,
Deep to shade, melt to nought, in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days:

My Kate.

Her air had a meaning—her movement a grace,
You turned from the fairest to gaze in her face;
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth;

My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke;
When she did, so peculiar, and yet soft, was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone:

My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did not attract,
In the sense of the brilliant and wise, I infer;
'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her:

My Kate.

She never found fault with you; never implied
Your wrong by her right—and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as, through the whole town,
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown:

My Kate.

None knelt at her feet as adorers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used, that was all;
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt where she went:

My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the rihald and rude,
She took as she found them and did them all good;
It always was so with her—see what you have!
She has made the grass greener e'en here with her grave:

My Kate.

My dear one! when thou wert alive with the rest
I held thee the sweetest and loved thee the best;
And now thou art dead, shall I not take the part,
As thy smile used to do thyself, my sweet heart!

My Kate.

Advice to Young Men.

There are thousands of men who possess wealth which has been obtained at the neglect of intellectual cultivation.—Those would give half their fortunes if they could be set back and have the leisure for mental culture which young men are throwing away. Let this be no longer. Commence now to devote an hour or two each evening to study. It may be difficult at first, but it will be easier as you proceed, and at length will become the most delightful of all your enjoyments.—The mind makes the man. Do not suffer yours to be dwarfed by too much enjoyment either in business or pleasure.—Whatever you do for the cultivation of your intellect will be permanent. Every hour expended in this manner will return you five hours of the most elevated enjoyment in after years.

Nor is this all. As you become intelligent, your opportunities for usefulness will increase, and you can be the benefactor of your race. With an increase of usefulness comes an increase of emolument. The better able you are to help others, the better qualified will you be to help yourselves. Do not then trifle away the best years of your existence in low and frivolous pleasures, which will only degrade you, and impair both your usefulness and success in after life.

Margaret Fuller somewhere beautifully says:—"It is a marvel whence this perfect flower (the water lily) derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel and speckled frog, and the mud turtle, whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odour. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others."

A beautiful woman, if poor, should use a double circumspection; for her beauty will tempt others, her poverty herself.

A wise man never grows old in spirit; he marches with the age.

[From the Francaise Gazette.

The Emperor and his Daughter.

A few years since, there was in the city of St. Petersburg a young girl, so beautiful and so lovely that the greatest prince of Europe, had he met her, even in a peasant's hut, might well have turned his back upon princesses to offer her his hand and his crown.

But far from having first seen the light in a peasant's hut, she was born in the shadow of the proudest throne on earth.—It was Marie Nicholœwna, the adored daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

As her father saw her blooming like the May flower, and sought for by all the heirs of royalty, he cast his eyes upon the fairest, the richest, and the most powerful of them, and, with the smile of a father and a king, said to her:

"My child, you are now of an age to marry, and I have chosen for you the prince who will make you a queen, and the man who will render you happy."

"The man who will render me happy," stammered the blushing princess, with a sigh, which was the only objection to which her heart gave utterance. "Speak, father," she said, as she saw a frown gathering on the brow of the czar. "Speak, and your majesty shall be obeyed."

"Obeyed!" exclaimed the Emperor, trembling for the first time in his life, "is it then only as an act of obedience that you will receive a husband from my hands?"

The young girl was silent and concealed a tear.

"Is your faith already plighted?"

The young girl was silent.

"Explain yourself, Marie; I command you."

At this word, which sways sixty millions of human beings, the princes fell at the feet of the czar.

"Yes, father, if I must tell you, my heart is no longer my own; it is bestowed upon a young man who knows it not, and who shall never know it, if such be your wish. He has seen me but two or three times at a distance, and we will never speak to each other if your majesty forbids it."

The Emperor was silent in his turn.—He grew pale. Three times he made the circuit of the saloon. He durst not ask the name of the young man.

He who would have braved, for a caprice, the monarchs of the world at the head of their armies—he, with his omnipotence, feared this unknown youth, who disputed with him the possession of his dearest treasure.

"Is it a king?" he demanded at last.

"No, father."

"The heir of a king, at least!"

"No, father?"

"A Grand Duke?"

"No, father."

"A son of a reigning family?"

"No, father."

At each step in the descending scale, the czar stopped to recover breath.

"A stranger?"

"Yes, father."

The Emperor fell back into an armed chair, and hid his face in his hands like Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

"Is he in Russia?" he resumed with an effort.

"Yes, father."

"At St Petersburg?"

"Yes, father."

And the voice of the young girl grew faint.

"Where shall I see him?" said the czar, rising with a threatening aspect.

"To-morrow, at the review."

"How shall I recognize him?" repeated the czar, with a stamp of the foot.

"By his green plume, and his black steed."

"'Tis well. Go, my daughter, and pray God to have pity upon that man." The princess withdrew in a fainting condition, and the Emperor was soon lost in thought.

"A childish caprice," he said, at length. "I am foolish to be disturbed at it. She shall forget it!" and his lips dared not utter what his heart added. "It must be; for all my power would be weaker than her tears."

On the following day, at the review, the czar, whose eagle eye embraced all at a glance, sought and saw in his battallions, nought else than a green plume and a black charger. He recognized in him, who wore the one and rode the other, a simple colonel of the Bavarian light-horse, Maximillian Eugene Auguste Beauharnois, the Duke of Leutchtenberg, youngest child of the son of Josephine (who was, for a brief time, Empress of France) and of the Auguste Amelie, daughter of Maximilliano Joseph, of Bavaria, an admirable and charming cavalier, in truth; but as far inferior then to Marie Nocholœwa, as a simple soldier to an emperor.

"Is it possible," said the czar to himself, as he sent for the colonel, with the design of dismissing him to Munich.

But at the moment that he was about to crush him with a word, he stopped at the sight of his daughter fainting in her caleche.

"There is no longer a doubt," thought the czar; "'tis indeed he."

And turning his back upon the stupefied stranger, he returned with Marie to the imperial palace.

For six weeks, all that prudence tempered with love and severity, could inspire, was essayed to destroy the image of the colonel in the heart of the princess. At the end of the first week she was resigned; at the end of the third week she wept in public; at the end of the fourth week she wished to sacrifice herself to her father; at the end of the fifth she fell sick; at the end of the sixth she was dying.

"Meanwhile, the colonel, seeing himself in disgrace at the court of his host, without daring to confess to himself the cause, did not wait for his dismissal to return to his regiment. He was on the point of setting out for Munich, when an aid de camp of the czar came to him.

"I should have set out yesterday," he said to himself; "I might have avoided what awaits me. At the first flash, save yourself from the thunderbolt."

The bolt in reserve for him was the following:

He was ushered into the cabinet, where kings only are allowed to enter. The emperor was pale, and his eyes were moist; but his air was firm and resolute

"Colonel Duke," said he, enveloping and penetrating him with his glance, "you are one of the handsomest officers in Europe. It is said, also, and I believe it true, that you possess an elevated mind, a thorough education, a lively taste for the arts, a noble heart, and a loyal character.—What think you of the grand duchess, my daughter, Marie Nicolœwna?

This point blank question dazzled the young man. It is time to say that he admired, adored, the princess, without being fully aware of it. A simple mortal adores an angel of Paradise as an artist adores the ideal of beauty.

"The Princess Marie, sir!" exclaimed he, reading at last his own heart, without daring to read that of the czar; "your angel would crush me if I told you what I think of her, and I should die of joy if you permitted me to say it."

"You love her; 'tis well," resumed the czar, with a benignant smile; and the royal hand, from which the Duke was awaiting the thunderbolt, delivered to the colonel the brevet of general aid-de-camp of the emperor, the brevets of commandant of the cavalry of the guards, and of the regiment of the hussars; of chief of the corps of the cadets, and of the mining engineers; of president of the academy of arts, and member of the academy of sciences of the universities of St. Petersburg, of Moscow, of Keasan, of the council, of the military schools, &c. All this, with the title of imperial highness, and several millions of revenue.

"Now," said the czar to the young man, who was beside himself with joy, "will you quit the service of Bavaria and become the husband of the Princess Maria?" The young officer could only fall on his knees, and bathe with his tears the hands of the emperor.

"You see that I also love my daughter," said the father, pressing his son-in-law in his arms.

The 14th July following, the grand duchess was restored to health—to life—and the Beauhornoise de Leuchtenberg espoused her in the presence of the representatives of all the royal families of Europe.

Such an act of paternal love merited for the czar and for his daughter a century of happiness. Heaven, which has its secrets, had ordered otherwise. On Tuesday, November 5th, 1852, the Duke of Leuchtenberg died, at the age of thirty-five—worthy to the last, of his brilliant destiny, and leaving to Marie Nicolœwna, eternal regrets.

All the young princes of the world will again dispute the prize of her hand; but she has been too happy as a wife to consent to become a queen.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON—AN EXAMPLE FOR BOYS.—In the middle of the seventeenth century there was an English boy of mean and diminutive appearance, and behind all other boys of his age. He was constantly at the foot of his class, and verily it was believed that this boy would become a bungler of some kind, for surely the soul of learning was not in him.

At the age of twelve a change was wrought in the character and fortune of the youth that had never obtained a "reward of merit," and was regarded both by teacher and scholar as an inferior.—At this time an altercation took place between this backward boy and the one above him in the class, whereupon the latter treated him with indignity and violence.

The pride of the boy was outraged.—He could not revenge the insult with a blow, because he was too weak to cope with his opponent physically. How, then, shall he humble his assailant? He resolved to surpass him in study, to get above him in his class and there remain, to look down upon his enemy, and clip from him the laurels he so indiscreetly wears. He resolved—accomplished; became a most devoted scholar; commenced a career of glory; and Sir Isaac Newton appeared with a key to unlock the mysteries of motion and to draft a true chart of the stupendous universe.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON MARRIAGE.—"If ever I'm married," said Ike, looking up from the book he was reading, and kicking energetically—"if ever I'm married,"—"Don't speak of marriage, Isaac, till you are old enough to understand the bond that binds two congealing souls. People mustn't speak of marriage with impurity. It is the first thing children think of now-a-days, and young boys in pinafores, and young girls with their heads fricaseed into spittoon curls, and full of love-sick stories, are talking of marriage before they get into their teens. Think of such ones getting married! Yet there's Mr. Spaid, when Heaven took his wife away, went right to a young ladies' cemetery and got another, no more fit to be the head of a family than I am to be the board of Mayor and Aldorman." She tapped the new snuff box that her friend, the colonel, had given her, with her eye resting upon the gold heart inlaid in the lid, as if hearts were trumps in her mind at the time, while Ike, without finishing his sentence, kept on with his reading, accompanying himself with a pedal performance on the stove door, and a clatter upon the round of his chair with the handle of a fork in his left hand—*Boston Post.*

Daniel Webter used to relate that in a suit he received eighteen dollars for a vast amount of labor, but afterwards was employed in an exactly similar case, and received a fee of five thousand dollars though he used the same brief that he had prepared for the first case.

A GEM.—We love to see a woman treading the high and holy path of duty, unblinded by sunshine unscarred by the storm. There are hundreds who do so from the cradle to the grave, heroines of endurance; of whom the world has never heard, but whose names will be brighter hereafter, even besides the brightest angel.

SOUP AT THE CIRCUS.—A rather unique performance at the Parisian Hippodrome is thus described:

"The introductory piece was a sort of receipe for making soup in the most approved style. The first who entered the arena was a cook, with a huge knife four feet long. Directly following him, were four boys, dressed in red tights and close-fitting shirts, with caps of green leaves, to represent as many radishes. There was no mistaking them for any other vegetable. Behind them rode four turnips.—Then came carrots, pumpkins, squashes, and several ladies representing the different species of salads. Then came beets, melons, leeks, and mushrooms—the whole being covered in the rear by several boys representing red peppers. It was as odd an exhibition as we have seen, and rendered interesting by the singularly close manner in which nature was imitated by the dressing and general making of the different vegetables. A child at one side, six years old, called out as they passed, the name of each vegetable represented.

"As soon as they were all in the ring, the cook commenced to mix them together, by riding in every direction. At four points in the circle stood four different vegetables of enormous size: one was a mammoth melon—another a big pumpkin—the third an immense carrot—and the fourth a beet. As the cook rode around, he stuck his long knife in each, and cutting a string which held them up, they all expanded, and out jumped a monkey from each, dressed a la cook, and cut for home like good fellows on their hind legs. It was a comical scene, and delighted the young folks amazingly."

A SON OF THE GREAT NAPOLEON BEFORE SEVASTOPOL.—It is said that General Canrobert is believed to be the son of the Emperor Napoleon I., and of Madame de Raincy. He passed the early portion of his life in the enjoyment of the ease and *insouciance* which a large fortune can bestow, and it was not until called from his life of dissipation to attend upon the dying bed of his mother that he learned the secret of his birth. Immediately, notwithstanding the accession of fortune suddenly acquired by his mother's death, notwithstanding the habit of idleness and luxury he had indulged in ever since his birth, he declared that, with such blood in his veins, she should scorn to remain inactive. He instantly set out for Algiers as a volunteer in the Chasseurs, and has risen by slow degrees to the station he now occupies. The moral effect of his relationship to the Great Napoleon has been immense upon the troops under his command, and enabled him to obtain an ascendency which St. Arnaud could never acquire.

AN ALLEGORY.—A miser being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the Styx, desiring to be interred over along with the other ghosts. Charon demanded his fare and was surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself in the river and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamor and opposition that could be made to him.

All Tartarus was in an uproar; and each of the judges was mediating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequences to the infernal revenues.

"Shall he be chained to the rock with Prometheus? or treadle below the precipice in company with the Danaides? or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone?"

"No," said Minos, "none of these; we must invent some severer punishment.—Let him be sent back to earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches."

ECLIPSES IN THE YEAR 1855.—There will be this year four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon.

The First—A total eclipse of the moon, May 1st, at 10 o'clock, 58 minutes, in the evening; visible.

The Second—A partial eclipse of the sun, May 19th at 9 o'clock 9 minutes in the evening—invisible here. Only visible towards the North Pole, Greenland and the north part of North America, latitude 60 a 61.

The Third—A total eclipse of the moon October 25th at 2 o'clock 35 minutes in the evening; invisible.

The Fourth—A partial eclipse of the sun, November 9th at 2 o'clock, 39 minutes in the afternoon; invisible here, and only visible at the South Pole.

THE FRYING-PANS.—*Nichols' Journal* advises Congress to pass an act directing every frying-pan in the country to be broken up and sold for old iron, and that no more be manufactured forever. It is alleged that frying is the most unwholsome mode of cooking, as it saturates the food with fat or butter, renders it tough, covers it with empyreum oil, and makes it utterly unfit for the human stomach. No dyspeptic should ever eat anything fried, nor any person desirous of avoiding becoming one. Let the food be boiled, roasted, broiled, baked—anything but fried—if it is desirable to avoid difficulty of digestion and extending human life.

SELFISHNESS.—Selfishness is poverty; it is the most utter destitution of a human being. It can bring nothing to his relief; it adds soreness to his sorrows; it sharpens his pains; it aggravates all the losses he is liable to endure, and when goaded to extremes, often turns destroyer and strikes its last blows on himself. It gives us nothing to rest in or fly to in trouble; it turns our affections on ourselves, self on self, as the sap of the tree descending out of season from its heavenward branches, and making not only its life useless, but its growth downward.

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.—A miserly Dutch millionaire, who recently died at Amsterdam, by a singular omission of the word *priest*—where he intended to make a bequest of 250 florins to every Roman Catholic priest in Amsterdam—has unfortunately for the heirs, given a legacy of that amount to every Roman Catholic in that city. This will require a sum of about 1,000,000 florins. Forty or fifty millions, however, will still be left as a consolation to the heirs.

A werry grave Hexortation.

I believe you isn't married, Ned?
You doesn't know the sweets
Vat vaits upon that happy state,
Ven man and voman meets.
The busum's varm emotions, Ned,
The drops within the eyes;
The nice vashed things, the darn'd stockins,
And all them tender ties.

You don't know vat it is, Ned,
Vile lying in your bed,
To gaze on careful voman's form,
Vile the breakfast things is spread.
Ven you don't vant to get up, Ned,
The kiver feels so nice;
And she says, "take another c up,
And this here t'other slice."

Vile the fire is burning bright, Ned,
And all upon the chair,
Your linen and your drawers, Ned,
Is hanging up to air.
I axes every heart, Ned,
Vat isn't made of steel,
If they can gaze upon that fire,
And not a varming feel.

Oh! werry few indeed, Ned,
Knows when they're truly happy;
Ven the baby is fetched in, Ned,
To kiss it's lazy pappy!
"You little teny, peney thing—
Its mammy—tum and eat her;
You bessed babe—it was so thweet,
It couldn't be no thweeter.

"You dod a bessed angel, y on—
It pulls its pappy's hair!
Take fingers out of pappy's cup—
Don't cry, then, thweetest—there.
Oh, fie! to spill all pappy's tea!
You naughty, ducky, dandy,
Owny, doxy, voxey, poxey,
Thweet as sugar candy."

Oh, Ned! there are some moments ven
The sternest hearts will quiver;
Just let that baby spill your tea,
Vile your're beneath the kiver.
Ven little hand within your hair,
The t'other in your cup;
Don't wonder if we sometimes feel
As we could eat em up."

Every Man his own Lawyer—Self-Defence Triumphant.

At the last term of the Orange co. (N. Y.) court, the following case was tried, upon which the jury was addressed by the defendent who had concluded to appear in his own defence:

The people vs. James Allerton.—This was a very interesting case, rendered so from the fact that the defendent acted as "his own lawyer" on the trial, without having the advantage of being one of the legal fraternity. His "summing up," of which we are able to give nearly a verbatim report, with the exception of the "acting," was decidedly rich and afforded much amusement for the legal gentlemen present. The facts, as divulged upon the trial, are briefly as follows:—The defendent is in the employ of the Mongaup Valley, Forrestburg and Port Jervis plank road company, as a toll gatherer, and resides upon the road, some miles from Port Jervis. He and the complainant, Mr. Dodder, are near neighbors.

On a Sunday in February last, the defendent saw the complainant in the act of beating his (defendent's) cows along the highway, and as an inducement for him to quit, hurled a few stones at him, one of which, as the complainant testified, struck him on the back of the neck.

The testimony being concluded, the defendent addressed the jury as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY!—I don't know much about law, and since the trial has been going on I have concluded that I ought to know a little more. I ought to apologize perhaps for appearing in my own defence, and I will do so by telling you that I feed one lawyer and hired another, in this case, but they both came up missing when I needed them most. I suppose I might have secured the services of some of these other "limbs of the law," that I see around me, but having been cheated by two of 'em, I concluded to go it "on my own hook," and here I am! I want to tell you gentlemen, before I go further, that it is not my fault that this case is here taking up the time of this honorable court. I think you will give me credit for telling the truth, when I say that it ought to have been tried before a justice of the peace, it being better adapted to the capacities of such a court than this one.—After this difficulty Dodder did get a warrant for me from Squire Cuddebeck over in Deerpark. He then charged that I had assaulted him, but five or six months has freshened his memory, and he now says that I had assaulted and battered him. I believe there is some difference between the two charges.

Dodder says he swore to the complaint before Squire Cuddebeck, and I leave it for you to say whether he tells the truth now in saying that I battered him. I was taken by a constable before the squire, and either because the justice was ashamed of what he had already done, or hadn't time to attend to it, I don't know which, it went down. Two or three weeks after I was arrested again, and my wife having been confined, I thought it best, like a dutiful husband, to be around hum, so I got rid of it by giving security for my appearance to court.

You know, gentlemen, that I am in the employ of the Mongaup Valley, Forestburg and Port Jervis plank road company, as a gate keeper. This company, it seems, had sufficient confidence in my integrity and honesty as to place me in that important station, and even if I should receive $3000 and steal $1500 of it, that's between me and the company, and it's none of Dodder's business. Now when the company sent me up along this road to collect tolls, this Dodder was one of the inhabitants I found there in the woods, and I will say for him that he is a very fair specimen of the rest of the population.—But there isn't any of them that seem to appreciate all the benefits of this plank road.

It let out to civilization a class of people who never before realized the idea that there was such a thing as civilized life, and this Dodder is one of them. It is a fact that soon after I moved there, a young woman seventeen years old, cum down out of the mountains on the plank road, one day, and said she had never been out before. She fairly seemed surprised to see a white man, and after asking a few questions went back into the woods.—This Dodder was my nearest neighbor, and a good deal nearer than I wanted him, and I hadn't been there long before I heard that he was lying about me to one of the directors, and I soon found that he wanted to get his son, who was sworn here against me, in my place. But he hasn't done it yet, and if you don't convict me, I reckon he won't very soon.

It won't take long to dispose of Dodder No. 2. He testifies that he saw me throw three stones at his father, and saw the "old man dodge." On his cross examination he says, he was in his own house in the woods, and had to look over a hill twenty feet high, and also over three slab fences and two stone walls. Well, if he tells the truth, all I wish is that I had young Dodder's eyes. He is certainly a remarkable boy and can't consistently deny his "father."

I am willing to admit that I done wrong to throw stones at Dodder, and apologize to all the world and this court particularly, for it. The doctors tell us that there are two causes for all diseases, predisposition and excitability; I think it was the latter cause that moved me to stone Dodder. I therefore confess myself guilty of the assault but the battery I deny; and if you find me guilty of the assault I will appeal from the decision of the Court to High Heaven itself before I will submit to it.

Now, gentlemen, you saw Mr. Dodder and heard him swear against me. I asked him a great many questions, and I was sorry to hear him answer as he did. I might have asked him if he didn't kill my cat, and if he didn't stone my chickens, because they trespassed in his woods, where actually the rocks are so thick that the brakes can't find there way through them; but then I knew he would deny it, and it would grieve me to hear him. He admits that he was driving my three cows up the road, and that he struck at one of 'em, but says it was a small switch. I have proved that this small switch was a pole about ten feet long and about three inches across the but end, and I have also proved that when he struck, the cow fell. It is true my witness couldn't swear that the stick hit her, he was so far off, but take the blow and the fall together, and we can guess the rest. If you, gentlemen, should see me point a gun at a man and pull the trigger, see the flash and the report, and at the same time see the man drop, I think you would say that I shot him, although you might not see the ball strike him.

Now, the fact is, gentlemen, that on Sunday I was lying on my lounge in my house when my wife said to me that Dodder was chasing my cows. I jumped up and pulled on my boots and went out of doors, and saw Dodder and the cows coming up the road. It is true, he says he was not driving them, but says he and the cows was both coming along the road in one direction, and this was as near as I could get him to the cows or the truth; but it has been proved that the cows were going ahead of him, and he was following after them, striking at them, with this little switch, ten feet long and three inches across the but, and I reckon you'll think he was "driving" them. I sung out to him, "Dodder, stop!" but he didn't obey my order, and I just threw a stone in that direction, which went about ten feet over his head; at the same time going toward him, while he was coming toward me. He paid no attention, and I sung out again, "Dodder, stop!" still he didn't mind me, and then I just threw another stone; but on he came and on I went, and I threw the third stone, which he says hit him in the back of neck, but which I think is rather strange, as we were going toward each other as fast as we could go. But he never slacked up, and by this time we were within about eight feet from each other. I halted and hollered at the top of my voice, "Dodder, why in —— don't you stop!" about then he did stop, and raised his ten foot switch as if to strike me—I sang out: "Mr Dodder, look out! You may wollup my cows, but if you wollup me with that switch, you'll wollup an animal that'll hook!" [Here the orator made an appropriate gesture of the head, as in the act of hooking, which was followed with tumultuous shouts and laughter, that continued several minutes.]

Now, gentlemen, if you convict me, this court can fine $250 and jug me for six months, and if you really think I ought to be convicted of this assault, say so, for I am in favor of living up to the laws, as long as they are laws, whether it is the fugative slave law, the Nebraska bill or the excise laws. I will read you a little law, however, which I have just seen in a book here—(the speaker here picked up a law book and read as follows:) "every man has a right to defend himself from personal violence." Now I dont know whether this is law or not, but I find it in a law book (A veteran member of the bar who was sitting near the speaker remarked to him that it was good law.) Now if you will turn to Barbour something, page 399, you'll find that the same doctrine is applied to cattle—(great laughter). Therefore, I take it, I had a right to defend my cows against Dodder's ten foot switch. Why, gentleman, nearly all my wealth is invested in them three cows, and you can't wonder that I became a little excited when I saw Dodder switching them with his ten foot pole. I am a poor man, and have a large family, consisting of a wife and six children, which I reckon is doing pretty well for as small a man as I am, and I could not afford to let Dodder kill my cows!

Now, gentlemen, I dont believe you'll convict me, after what I have said. But if you do, and this court fines me $250, "I shall repudiate," because I "can't pay." And if I am jugged for six months, why these Dodders will have it all their own way up there. But notwithstanding all this, I am willing to risk myself in your hands, and if you think I ought to have stood by and not done any thing, when I saw Dodder hammering my cows, why then I am "gone in," toll gate and all.

It is true, I am a poor man, but not a mean one. The name of Allerton can be traced to the *May Flower*; when she landed the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, among the passengers was a widow, Mary Allerton, with her four fatherless children, and I am descended from that Puritan stock; and from that day to this, there has never lived an Allerton who hadn't Yankey spirit enough to stop a Dodder from poling his cows. *I'm done.*" (Here the laughing and shouting were exceedingly boisterous, in which all participated, and it was several minutes, despite the repeated cries of "order, order" by the court, before order could be restored. Our eloquent & usually unvanquishable district attorney, fearing to cope with so formidable an antagonist, merely remarked: "It is a plain case," &c., and left it to the jury, who promptly brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." Mr. Allerton certainly deserves judicial promotion, and we move that he is appointed crier of the court.)

ANNEXATION OF THE GALLOPAGOS ISLANDS.—The Panama *Herald* professes to learn from "good authority," that a treaty has been made between the United States and Ecuador, by which the latter cedes her sovereignty over the Gallopagos group of Islands to the United States for the sum of three millions of dollars. It is further alleged that rich deposits of guano, of good quality, have been discovered on the Islands; that Ecuador is badly in want of money, and that General Villariel, the Ecuador ambassador at Washington, owns one of the largest Islands, and wants to sell. The group lies directly under the equator, some five or six hundred miles from the coast of the continent, is volcanic in character, and numbers ten islands.—There are said to be not less than two thousand volcanic craters in the Islands!

STRENGTH OF SOUL.—It is virtue alone which can render us superior to Fortune; we quit her standard, and the combat is no longer equal. Fortune mocks us; she turns on her wheel; she raises and abases us at her pleasure, but her power is founded on her weakness. This is an old rooted evil, but it is not incurable; there is nothing a firm and elevated mind cannot accomplish. The discourse of the wise, and the study of good books are the best remedies I know of; but to these we must join the consent of the soul, without which the best advice will be useless.—*Petrarch.*

BEAUTIFUL.—We find the following anecdote in the editor's table of the January number of Graham:

"We know a beautiful little blue-eyed girl, of some three years old, who was nestled in her mother's arms, at twilight, looking out at the stars.

Mother, said she, it is getting dark.

And what makes it dark, Caroline? said her mother.

Because God shuts his eyes, replied the little poet."

Old Chanticleer awakes in the morning, flaps his wings, vociferates at the top of his voice—Women rule h-e-r-e?" Immediately a neighboring rooster answers—"So they do h-e-r-e!" This is no sooner uttered than a third responds at a considerable distance—"So they do everywh-e-r-e!" In this woman's rights era it is significant; for old Chanticleer is a keen observer, and knows.

When Raphael was engaged in painting his celebrated frescoes, he was visited by two cardinals, who began to criticise his work, and to find fault, without understanding it. "The Apostle Paul has too red a face," said one. "He blushes to see into whose hands the church has fallen," said the indignant artist.

Say what you will of old maids, their love is generally more strong and sincere than that of the young milk-and-water creatures whose hearts vibrate between the joys of wedlock and the dissipations of the ball room. Until the young heart of woman is capable of settling firmly and exclusively on one object, her love is like a May shower which makes rainbows but fills no cisterns.

Aunt Rosy was dividing a mince-pie among the boys, and when Jim, who had wickedly pulled the cat's tail, asked for his share, the dame replied, "No, Jim, you are a wicked boy, and the Bible says there is no *peace* for the wicked."

A HINT.—Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

The "big drum" of the band of every Austrian regiment is drawn by a dog in a neat little cart. The drums are placed endways in the cart, the drummer walks behind, and taps away.

Take the hand of the friendless; smile on the sad and dejected; sympathize with those in trouble; strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this you will be sure to be beloved.

The first child born in the city of Lawrence, Kansas, has been called Lawrence, and a public meeting has voted him a good town lot.

When in company of sensible men we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two things—their good opinion and our own improvement.

Recently, in Louisville, Ky., a pair of elks were driven through the streets, harnessed to a buggy.

The most valuable crop in the United States, is Indian corn—three times as valuale as wheat or cotton.

The gold coined since the discovery of California amounts to $251,654,291,56

It is proposed to light the streets of a city not a thousand miles from Syracuse with red-herded girls. If we lived there we'd play tipsy every night, and hug the lamp posts.

All noble enthusiasms pass through a feverish stage, and grow wiser and more serene.

Venison, from the forests, is now cheaper in St. Louis, than beef, mutton or pork.