THE STAR AND BANNER.

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Remembrances.

Oft at the hour when evening throws
Its gathering shades o'er vale and hill,
While half the scene in twilight glows,
And half in sunlight glories still,
The thought of all that we have been,
And hoped, and fear'd, on life's long way;
Remembrances of joy and pain—
Come mingling with the close of day.

The distant scene of youth's bright dream,
The smiling green, the rustling tree,
The murmur of the grass-fringed stream,
The bounding of the torrent free—
The friend, whose tender voice no more
Shall sweetly thrill the listening ear—
The glow that Love's first vision wore—
And disappointment's pangs—are here.

But soft oe'r each reviving scene
The chastening hues of Memory spread;
And smiling each dark thought between,
Hope softens every tear we shed.
O thus, when Death's long night comes on,
And its dark shades around me lie,
May parting beams from Memory's sun
Blend softly in my evening sky.

Burial of a Child.

[The following touching description, which for graphic power, simplicity and pathos, is hardly equalled in the English language, describes the interment of a young and beautiful child, whose sweetness of disposition and purity of character are calculated to interest deeply the heart of every reader.]

"Along the crowded pathway they bore her now; pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to the peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to one old nook, where she had many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the bows of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and there were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed around to look into the grave before the pavement stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, as she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she, should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon's rays stealing through the loop-hole in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed.—Thus, coming to the grave, in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the Sexton and the mourning friends. They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down.

Then when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on the tomb and monument, on pillar, wall and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurance of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.—Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lessons that such deaths will teach; but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty universal truth.—When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps, there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.—*Dickens.*

A GEM FROM AN OLD BOOK.—It has eloquently and truly been said, that if Christianity were compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the thrones of busy men, we should find her last retreat with women at the fireside. Her last audience would be the children gathering round the knee of a mother; the last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God.

HARD TO DO.—A pugnacious anonymous correspondent of the Richmond Christian Advocate, threatens to stop the Editor's mouth, if he does not shape his words more to his liking. To this the editor humorously replies:—

"To such and all others, who seem very solicitous to stop our mouth, we beg to suggest that they may be laboring under a small mistake in the matter of their ability to do *that*. We are persuaded that they have not seen our mouth. If they would only "come and see for themselves"—one look at the gash nature made across our face, would satisfy them of the fruitlessness of their efforts to stop it!—The stern visaged resolve that sings,

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again,"

would pale before that opening. Better give it up."

From the Sandusky City (Ohio) Mirror.

THE LOST BOY.

AN INCIDENT IN THE OHIO PENITENTIARY.

BY THE WARDEN.

I had been but a few months in charge of the prison, when my attention attracted to, and deep interest felt in, the numerous boys and young men who were confined therein and permitted to work in the same shops with old and hardened convicts. This interest was increased on every evening, as I saw them congregated in gangs, marching to their silent meals, and thence to their gloomy bedrooms, which are more like living sepulchres, with iron shrouds, than sleeping apartments. These young men and boys, being generally the shortest, in height, brought up the rear of the companies, as they marched to the terrible "lock-step," and consequently more easily attracted attention. To see so many youthful forms and bright countenances mingled with the hardened scoundrels, whose visages betokened vice, malice and crime, was sickening to the soul. But there was one among the boys, a lad about seventeen years of age, who had particularly attracted my attention; not from anything superior in his countenance or general appearance, but by the look of utter despair which ever sat upon his brow, and the silent, uncomplaining manner in which he submitted to all the hardships and degradations of prison life. He was often complained of, both by officers and men, and I thought unnecessarily, for light and trivial offences against the rules of propriety; yet he seldom had any excuse or apology, and never denied a charge. He took the reprimand, and once a punishment without a tear or murmur, almost as a matter of course, seemingly thankful that it was no worse. He had evidently seen better days, and enjoyed the light of home, parents and friends, if not the luxuries of life. But the light of hope seemed to have gone out,—his health was poor—his face pale—his frame fragile—and no fire beamed in his dark gray eye! I thought every night, as I saw him march to his gloomy bed, that I would go to him, and learn his history—but there were so many duties to perform, so much to learn and do, that day after day passed, and I would neglect him—having merely learned that his name was Arthur Lamb, and that his crime was burglary and larceny, indicating a very bad boy for one so young. He had already been there a year, and had two more to serve! He never could outlive his sentence, and his countenance indicated that he felt it. He worked at stone-cutting, on the State House—hence, my opportunities for seeing him were less than though he had worked in the prison yard—still his pale face haunted me day and night—and I resolved that on the next Sabbath, as he came from school, I would send for him and learn his history. It happened, however, that I was one day in a store, waiting for the transaction of some business, and having picked up an old paper I read and re-read, while delayed, until at last my eye fell upon an advertisement of "A Lost Boy!—Information wanted of a boy named Arthur ——," (I will not give his real name, for perhaps he is still living;) and then followed a description of the boy—exactly corresponding with that of the young convict—Arthur Lamb!—Then there was somebody who cared for the poor boy, if, indeed it was him; perhaps a mother, his father, his brothers and sisters, who were searching for him.—The advertisement was nearly a year old—yet I doubted not—and soon as the convicts were locked up, I sent for Arthur Lamb. He came, as a matter of course, with the same pale, uncomplaining face and hopeless gait—thinking, no doubt, that something had gone wrong, and been laid to his charge.

I was examining the Convicts' Register when he came in; and when I looked up, there he stood a perfect image of despair. I asked him his name. He replied:

"Arthur."

"Arthur what?" said I sternly.

"Arthur —— Lamb," he answered hesitatingly.

"Have you a father or mother living?"

His eye brightened—his voice quivered as he exclaimed:

"Oh! have you heard from mother?—Is she alive? is she well?" and tears, which I had never seen him shed before, ran like great rain-drops down his cheeks. As he became calm from suspense, I told him I had not heard from his parents, but that I had a paper I wished him to read.—He took the advertisement which I had cut from the paper, and as he read it he exclaimed:

"That's me! that's me!" and again sobs and tears choked his utterance.

I assured him that the advertisement was all I could tell him about his parents—and that as it requested information, I desired to know what I should write in reply. The advertisement directed information to be sent to the editor of the Christian Chronicle, New York.

"Oh, do not write!" he said, "it will break my poor mother's heart!"

I told him I must write; and that it would be a lighter blow to his mother's feelings, to know where he was, than the terrible uncertainty which must haunt her mind day and night. So he consented; and taking him to my room, I drew from him, in substance, the following story:

His father was a respectable and wealthy mechanic in an interior town of the State of New York. At the holding of the State Agricultural Fair, in his native town, he got acquainted with two stranger boys, older than himself, who persuaded him to run away from home, and go to the West. He foolishly consented, with high hopes of happy times, new scenes and great fortune! They came as far as Cleveland, where they remained several days. One morning the other two boys came to his room early, and showed him a large amount of jewelry, etc., which they said they had won at cards during the night. Knowing that he was in need of funds to pay his board, they pressed him to take some of it, for means to pay his landlord. But before he had disposed of any of it, they were all three arrested for burglary, and as a portion of the property taken from the store which had been robbed was found in his possession, he, too, was tried, convicted and sentenced. He had no friends, no money, and dared not to write home—so, hope sank within him—he resigned himself to his fate, never expecting to get out of prison, or see his parents again.

Upon inquiring of the two young convicts that came with him on the same charge, I learned that what Arthur had stated was strictly true, and that his crime was keeping bad company, leaving his home, and unknowingly receiving stolen goods. Questioned separately, they all told the same story, and left no doubt in my mind of Arthur's innocence.

Full of compassion for the unfortunate little fellow, I sat down and wrote a full description of Arthur, his condition and history, as I obtained it from him, painting the horrors of the place, the hopelessness of his being reformed, even if guilty, and the probability of his never living out his sentence, and describing the process to be used to gain his pardon. This I sent according to the directions in the advertisement. But week after week passed, and no answer came. The boy daily inquired if I had heard from his mother; until at last, "hope long deferred seemed to make his heart sick," and again he drooped and pined. At last a letter came—such a letter! It was from the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York. He had been absent to a distant city, but the moment he read my letter the good man responded. The father of the poor boy had become almost insane on account of his son's long and mysterious absence. He had left his former place of residence, had moved from city to city, from town to town, and travelled up and down the country seeking the loved and the lost! He had spent the most of a handsome fortune; his wife, the boy's mother, was on the brink of the grave, "pining for her first born, and would not be comforted." They then lived in a western city, whither they had gone in the hope of finding or forgetting their boy! or that a change of scene might assuage their grief. He thanked me for my letter, which he had sent to the father, and promised his assistance to procure the young convict's pardon.

This news I gave to Arthur; he seemed pained and pleased—hope and fear, joy and grief, filled his heart alternately; but from thence his eye beamed brighter, and lighter, and hope seemed to dance in every nerve.

Days passed—and at last there came a man to to the prison, who rushing frantically into the office, demanded to see his boy.

"My boy! my boy! Oh, let me see him!"

The clerk, who knew nothing of the matter, calmly asked him for the name of his son.

"Arthur ——"

"No such name on our books; your son cannot be here."

"He is here! Show him to me!—Here, sir, is your own letter! Why do you mock me?"

The clerk looked over the letter, saw at once that Arthur Lamb was the convict wanted, and rang the bell for the messenger.

"There is the warden, sir, it was his letter you showed."

Too much of a good thing is often unpleasant. The old man embraced me and wept like a child. A thousand times he thanked me, and, in the name of his wife, heaped blessings upon my head. But the rattling of the great iron door, and the grating sound of its hinges indicated the approach of Arthur, and I conducted the excited parent into a side parlor. I then led his son to his embrace. Such a half shriek and agonizing groan as the old man gave, when he beheld the altered appearance of the boy as he stood clad in the degrading stripes and holding a convict's cap in his hand, I never heard before! I have seen many similar scenes since, and become inured to them; but this one seemed as if it would burst my brain!

I drew up and signed a petition for the pardon of the young convict; and such a deep and favorable impression did the perusal of the letter I wrote in answer to the advertisement make upon the directors, that they readily joined in the petition, though it was a long time before McLean consented. He was exceedingly cautious and prudent; but the old man clung to him—followed him from his office to his country residence, and there in the presence of his family plead anew his cause.—At length, excited by the earnest appeal of the father, the director looked over the papers again—his wife, becoming interested, picked up the answer to the advertisement, read it, and tears came to the rescue. Man said, rather harshly, that the warden would let all those young rascals out if he could. Those who know Gov. Wood will not wonder that he was easily prevailed upon in such a case; and the pardon was granted.

Need I describe the old man's joy—how he laughed and wept—walked and ran, all impatient to see his son free. When the lad came out in citizen's dress the aged parent was too full for utterance. He hugged the released convict to his bosom—kissed him—wept and prayed! Grasping my hand, he tendered me his farm—his watch—anything I would take. Pained at the thought of pecuniary reward, I took the old man's arm in mine and his boy by the hand, and escorted them to the gate—literally bowing them away.

I never saw them more! But the young man is doing well; and long may he live to reward the final affection of his parents.

This case may be but one among a hundred. Where guilt is clear, there should be pity for youth, and some proper means taken to restore them to the paths of rectitude and honor.

The reason why many ladies *dodge* an offer of marriage is because the question is *popped* at them.

A Beautiful Sentiment.

"The moon looks calmly down when man is dying,
The earth still holds her way;
Flowers breathe their perfume, and the winds keep sighing;
Naught seems to pause or stay."

Clasp thy hands meekly over the still breast—they've no more work to do; close the weary eyes—they've no more tears to shed; part the damp locks—there's no more pain to bear. Closed is the ear alike to love's kind voice, and calumny's stinging whispers.

O, if in that stilled heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn; if from that pleading eye you have carelessly turned away; if your loving glance, and kindly word, and clasping hand, have come—*all too late*—then God forgive you! No frown gathers on the marble brow as you gaze—no scorn curls the chiselled lip—no flush of wounded feeling mounts to the blue veined temples.

God forgive you! for *your* feet, too, must shrink appalled from death's cold river—your faltering tongue asks: "Can this be death?" Your fading eye lingers lovingly on the sunny earth; your clammy hand yields its last feeble flutter.

O, rapacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping! What! no words of greeting from the household sleepers? No warm welcome from a sister's loving lips? No throb of pleasure from the dear maternal bosom?

Silent all!

O, if these broken limbs were never gathered up! If beyond death's swelling flood there were no eternal shore! If for the struggling bark there were no port of peace! If athwart that lowering cloud sprang no bright bow of promise!

Alas for love if this be all,
And *naught beyond*—on earth!

A CONTENTED FARMER.—We are glad to record an anecdote apparently authentic, of a farmer contented with his lot. The Cincinnati *Commercial* of last Monday, after stating that a friend who had recently returned from a tour through Northern and Southern Illinois, confirms all the previous accounts of the vast grain crops now on the ground and being gathered in that country, adds the following:

Between St. Louis and Vincennes a great deal of wheat is rotting on the ground, for want of labor or machinery to secure it.—Our informant hailed one well to do old farmer near Carlyle Station, who, though half a dozen plethoric stacks stood guard round his barn, seemed to have abandoned twenty or thirty acres of fine wheat, and asked "Why in the world don't you harvest that grain?" "L-o-r-d," drawled out the farmer, looking towards the barn, "L-o-r-d, I've got *enough*."

A SPIRITED WOMAN is Mrs. Smith, who publishes the following advertisement in the Mt. Holly Mirror. We cheerfully republish the racy document gratis, and shall feel amply repaid if it will enable her to administer the punishment she desires upon her faithless husband. She is evidently one of the "strong minded sort."

My Husband Gone!—Two Dollars Reward.—I feel it to be my duty to inform the public that my husband, George Smith, has left me without any just cause—and as it is believed that he has gone off with another man's wife, I desire to warn all women from having anything to do with him—for if he will desert one, he will another—and no confidence can be placed in him.

He is short in stature, rather stout, dark complexion, jet black hair, and pretty good looking.

If he has taken another woman with him, as I suppose he has, I shall consider him rather "small potatoes," and never will live with him again—but I should like to see him for about half an hour, just to let him have the length of my tongue—and oh! wouldn't I give it to him. Anybody who will bring him back, so that he can have my opinion of him, shall receive two dollars of hard-earned money.

HENRIETTA SMITH.

Mt. Holly, July 30, 1855.

HUMOROUS.—Two gentlemen, of opposite politics, meeting, one inquired the address of some political celebrity, when the other indignantly answered:

"I am proud to say, sir, that I am wholly ignorant of it."

"Oh, you are proud of your ignorance, eh, sir?"

"Yes, I am," replied the belligerent gentleman, "and what then, sir?"

"Oh, nothing, sir, nothing; only you have a great deal to be proud of, that all."

A STUBBORN JURY.—The Portland *Transcript* tells a good story of Col. M——, living in Washington county, Maine, who had a great aptitude for serving as a Juror. When thus serving he had a very great anxiety that his opinion should be largely consulted in making up a verdict. Some years ago, while upon a case, after many hours' trial to agree, but failing, he marshaled the delinquent jury from the room to their seats in the court, where the impatient crowd awaited the result of the trial.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?" inquired the clerk.

Col. M.—— arose, turned a withering glance upon his brother jurors, and exclaimed:

"May it please the court, we have not; I have done the best I could do, but here are eleven of the most contrary devils I ever had any dealings with."

NOT TOO LATE TO COMMENCE.—As it is never too late to amend. I will, therfore, neither neglect the present, nor despair of the time past. If I had been sooner good I might have been better; if I am longer bad, I shall, I am sure, be worse. That I have stayed a long time idle in the market place deserves reprehension; but as I am late sent into the vineyard, I have encouragment to work:—"I will give unto this last as unto thee."—*Warwick.*

[From the N. Y. Tribune.

Police Court.

Judge—Timothy Mulrooney.

Here, Sir, said a young Milesian.

Here, Sir, I am.

Judge—Timothy, you are charged with being disorderly.

"Yes, Sir, he is, and its me that charges him wid "the same," spoke up an old woman dressed in a heavy blue cloth cloak, an antiquated cap and bonnet.

Judge—Are you the witness.

Woman—Av coorse I am, your Honor, and it's me pride that I can spake against Tim Mulrooney—the dirty thief of the world that he is, (to the prisoner) I wonther that you're not ashamed to howld up your head before his Honnor. Ah.

Judge—Madame state the facts as they occurred.

Witness—Well, plase your Honor, it was on Friday morning or Saturday morning. I don't know which; but be that as it may, it doesn't make any difference, because it's about what followed that yer Honor wants for to know; when I heard the horn of a fish cairt in front of my door, said I to myself, now Michael has come wid the porgies, and—

Judge—who is Michael?

Witness—And don't yees know Michael, sure? he is my own child, and a better behaved and more dacent boy nor him never sang at a wake; and he can rade and write, yer Honor, as well as anybody, barrin whin he comes to the big words he has to skip them and guess at what they mane; but that is not his fault, yer Honor, for Michael had never time to go to school, still—

Judge—Madame, you shouldn't let your tongue fly off in a tempest in this way.—What we desire to know is relative to the charge preferred by you against Timothy Mulrooney here.

Witness—Yes, your worship, I was just cumming to it when ye's interrupted me. (To the prisoner)—Ah, you murdhering thief, it's in the States Prison that ye's ought to be, instead of being here to face his honor in the indacent way ye'r doing now. (To the Judge)—Well, your honor, it was on Friday morning or Saturday morning I can't tell which, (but be that as it may, it does not make any difference, because its about what followed that ye'r honor wants for to know,) when I heard the horn of a fish cairt in front of me door. Said I to myself Michael has come with the porgies. You see your honor, Michael owns the fish cairt, and he sells fish, and what he does'nt sell he brings home for us to ate. He towld me in the morning he would thry to save me some of the porgies for dinner.—Thin I wint out ov the door, and sure enough it was Michael. "Michael," said I; "What," said he; "is it here ye's are?" said I; "sure it is," said he; "did you save the porgies?" said I; "av coorse I did," said he; and with that he commenced takin' out the fish from the cart.

Judge—What has all this to do with Timothy Mulrooney's offensive conduct; you have not shown as yet that he has done anything wrong.

Witness—Yer Honor need have no fears but I'll convince yes that a dirtier spalpeen nor him niver was allowed to go unhung in among a dacint people. (To the prisoner)—Ah, Tim, ye villain, I wondther that the old ship didn't sink wid yes on board when ye left the ould country; I'd like to see yes show a receipt wid yer passage-money paid, yes—

Judge—Madam, I must insist on your addressing yourself to the Court; you have no business to speak to the prisoner at all. Although he may have done wrong, yet so long as he is in my presence he shall be protected from the assaults of your tongue.

Witness—The assault of me tongue! Holy St. Pathrick, does yes hear that; yer Honor, I'm a dacint woman wid a family of children, and divil a word was ever spoke against me character before.

Judge—I said nothing against your character. I want you to confine yourself to what Timothy Mulrooney did to disturb the peace and quiet of your domicil.

Witness—I will, yer Honor. It was on Friday morning; I don't know which, but be that as it may, it don't make any difference, because it's about what followed that your Honor wants for to know; ah, yer Honor, I have it now—it was Friday morning—we was to have porgies for dinner and not mate because it was Friday—

Judge—All this is worse than nothing, you are taking up the time of the Court by your tedious talk which so far as I can see has no bearing whatever on the charge you have seen fit to make against this man Timothy.

Witness—Haven't I been trying for the last ten minutes to tell yes and yes will not let me; it's wid a bad grace that yer Honor reproves me for not telling yer what I know, whin its yerself that is interruptin me; well, yer Honor, it was on Friday morning whin I heard the horn of a fish cairt in front of my door, said I to myself, now Michael—

Judge—I dont want to hear that story any more. You have told that story several times already. State the facts about Timothy. Come down to the time he commences to figure.

Witness—Ah, bad luck to the threatment that I get here. Has any of my illustrious family the O'Briens ever done anything against yer Honor that yes should ill-thrait me in this way?

Judge—Not that I am aware of. Now go on with your evidence.

Witness—Well, yer Honor, as I was about to tell yes, it was on Friday morning when I heard the horn of a fish cairt in front of my door. Said I to myself: "Now Michael has come with the porgies."

Judge (impatiently)—Mrs. O'Brien, I—

Witness—Me name's not O'Brien: I'm a married woman, and me name is Flaherty; me name was O'Brien when I was a girl.

Judge—Well, then, Mrs. Flaherty, O'Brien, or whatever your name is, I have heard of those porgies and that fish-cart so often that they have grown stale; now tell me what occurred between you and Timothy Mulrooney.

Witness—How do I know but ye's will interrupt me again before I have said five words.

Judge—You may may rest assured that I will not if you will tell me what Tim Mulrooney has done that is contrary to law.

Witness—I could tell ye's enough to hang him a half-dozen of times, if he had as many necks as that; (to the prisoner) ye's know I could, Tim, ye—

Judge (perspiringly)—Mrs. O'Flaherty—

Witness—Flaherty, widout the O, yer Honor.

Judge—Well, whatever your name is, you must not say anything to the prisoner in this Court. Go on now, and if you will tell what he has done I'll not interrupt you.

Witness—Now remember yer promise, yer Honor. It was on Friday Morning—

Judge (despairingly)—You're at it again. I—

Witness—Howly mother of Moses! I told yer Honor how it would be wid yes; here I haven't said more nor five words before yes at yer owld thricks again.

Judge—What did Timothy do with your fish?

Witness—He didn't do anything wid them that time, barrin' that he saw Michael bring them in the house, and I heard him tell Biddy Mulrooney, his mother, who lives in the next room to me, that he would rather live on praties and bread, as they was a doin', than to ate stinking porgies that nobody else would buy; I know the Mulrooneys was jealous.

Judge—Did Timothy create any disturbance then?

Witness—No, yer Honor, he didn't.

Judge—Then why did you have him arrested?

Witness—It was afther thin that the spalpeen made the disturbance.

Judge—When was that?

Witness—It was yesterday morning.

Judge—What did Timothy do?

Witness—It was n't Tim, but his cat.

Judge—Then it seems that you have entered a charge against Timothy Mulrooney of disorderly conduct, which by right you should have made against Mulrooney's cat, always provided that cats are amenable to municipal law.

Witness—Will yer honor allow me to explain?

Judge—Go on—I am reconciled to my fate. As a particular favor, I should like to have you finish within a half-hour.

Witness—Well, yer honor, as I was telling yes, the Mulrooneys was jealous of us because we had fish and they didn't. Yesterday morning Michael brought home more porgies (the Judge here heaved a deep sigh) and I laid them on the top of a barrel in the passage to wait till I could dress them; what next, yer honor, did I see but Tim Mulrooney's big tom cat on the barrel atin' the fish; I heaved a pratie at the cat and it ran off wid the porgies; just thin I saw Tim Mulrooney laughing at what the cat was adoin'; ah, I know the blackguard told the cat to ate the porgies; I called to Michael, and I ran toward Tim to bate the thief as he deserved, when my foot slipped and I furled over on me back; wid that Tim laughed the more, and Michael ran to him and was about to give him a lap on the sconce, whin Tim struck Michael a blow in his bowels, which quite prostrated him on the floor; with that I ran and got the M. P., who brought the murderin' thief to the station-house.

Judge—Well, Mrs. Flaherty, I think according to your own story, the prisoner acted more in his own defense than any other way

Witness—in his own defense! Bad luck to the tongue that says so. Is——

Judge—Timothy Mulrooney, I am by no means sure that your cat did not eat the Flahertys' fish with your connivance. If the cat did so you did wrong; for that you are sufficently punished by your imprisonment last night. I think you might have been less hasty in striking Michael. Is Michael in Court?

Mrs. Flaherty—He is. Stand, Michael, before his Honor.

Mrs. Flaherty, Michael and Timothy were standing together in a row.

Judge—Now I am going to insure perfect harmony in your house for six months to come; I shall bind each of you over in the sum of $200 to keep the peace.

This was almost too great a humiliation for the blood of the O'Briens to bear; but there was no alternative. Mrs. O'Brien Flaherty satisfied herself as well as she could by looking screw-drivers at the Judge; Michael looked demure, and Timothy jolly. The bonds were given and the interesting trio left the Court.

IF WE WOULD in all our intercourse cultivate pure and warm affections, instead of a cold morbid selfishness; a love of genuine use, instead of an unmeaning display; a love of the true and good, rather than of the false and evil,—angel spirits might mingle with ours, as gently as morning throws o'er earth her rosy light, or evening its mantle of repose.

A GOOD WAY TO COOK ONIONS.—It is a good plan to boil onions in milk and water; it diminishes the strong taste of of that vegetable. It is an excelent way of serving up onions, to chop them after they are boiled, and put them in a stew-pan, with a little milk, butter, salt and pepper, and let them stew about fifteen minutes.—This gives them a fine flavor, and they can be served up very hot.

BAD PUNCTUATION.—A blundering compositor, in setting up the toast, "Woman; without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read: "Woman; without her man, would be a savage." The mistake was not discovered until the editor's wife undertook to read the proof.

To be thrown upon one's resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune, for our faculties then undergo a development and display an energy, of which they were previously unsusceptible.

[From the Jackson (Miss) Mercury.]

The Testimony of John Wesley.

John Longstreet, in his distribe against the American party, taunted his brother Methodists with tarnishing the name of their great leader, John Wesley. Following the hint, the anti-American orators sometimes invoke "the shade of Wesley, who founded a church amid persecutions and oppressions," to rebuke the American party.

Summoning Wesley in defence of Romanism! Can brazen assurance go further than this? Let him speak for himself, with his accustomed words of wisdom, to his followers, and to all men who think in this country. The subjoined letter was written by Mr. Wesley, addressed to the editor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, and originated in a controversy that sprung up on the English Toleration Act. It may be found in the Miscellaneous works of Wesley, volume 5, page 817. Read it, and, to borrow the words of the great author, "answer if you can."

LETTER FROM JOHN WESLEY.

"Sir,—Some time ago a pamphlet was sent me, entitled 'An Appeal from the Protestant Association, to the People of Great Britain.' A day or two since a kind of answer to this was put into my hand, which pronounces its style contemptible, its reasoning futile, and its object malicious. On the contrary, I think the style of it is clear, easy and natural; the reasoning, in general, strong and conclusive; the object or design, kind and benevolent. And in pursuance of the same kind and benevolent design, namely, to preserve our happy constitution, I shall endeavor to confirm the substance of that tract by a few plain arguments.

"With persecution I have nothing to do—I persecute no man for his religious principles. Let there be as boundless freedom in religion as any man can conceive. But this does not touch the point. I will set religion, true or false, utterly out of the question. Suppose the Bible, if you please, to be a fable, and the Koran to be the word of God. I consider not whether the Roman religion is true or false—I build nothing on one or the other supposition. Therefore away with all your common place declarations about intolerance and persecution for religion!—Suppose every word of Pope Pius' creed to be true—suppose the Council of Trent to have been infalable. Yet I insist upon it that no government not Roman Catholic ought to tolerate men of the Roman Catholic persuasion.

"I prove this by a plain argument (let him answer it that can)—that no Roman Catholic does, or can give security for his allegiance or peaceable behavior. I prove it thus: It is a Roman Catholic maxim, established not by private men, but by public councils that "No faith is to be kept with heretics." This has been openly avowed by the Council of Constance; but it was never openly disclaimed. Whether private persons avow or disavow it, it is a fixed maxim in the Church of Rome. But as long as it is so, nothing can be more plain, than that the members of that Church can give no reasonable security to any government for their allegiance and peaceable behaviour. Therefore they ought not to be tolerated by any government, Protestant, Mohammedan or Pagan. You say, nay, but they take an oath of allegiance." True, five hundred oaths; but the maxim "no faith is to be kept with heretics," sweep them all away as a spider's web. So that still, no Governors that are not Roman Catholics can have any security of their allegiance.

"Again, those who acknowledge the spiritual power of the Pope can give no security of their allegiance to any government; but all Roman Catholics acknowledge this; therefore, they can give no security for their allegiance. The power of granting pardons for all sins—past, present and to come—is, and has been for many centuries, one branch of his spiritual power. But those who acknowledge him to have this spiritual power can give no security for their allegiance, since they believe the Pope can pardon rebellion, high treason and all other sins, whatsoever. The power of dispensing with any promise, oath or vow, is another branch of the spiritual power of the Pope; all who acknowledge his spiritual power must acknowledge this. But whoever acknowledges the dispensing power of the Pope can give no security for any allegiance to any government. Oaths and promises are none; they are light as air—a dispensation makes them null and void. Nay, not only the Pope, but even a Priest has power to pardon sins! This is the essential doctrine of the Church of Rome. But they that acknowledge this cannot possibly give any security for their allegiance to any government. Oaths are no security at all; for the Priest can pardon both perjury and high treason.

"Setting their religion aside, it is plain that upon principles of reason, no government ought to tolerate men who cannot give any security to that government for their allegiance and peaceable behaviour. But this, the Romanist can do, not only while he holds that "no faith is to be kept with heretics," but so long as he acknowledges either priestly absolution, or the spiritual power of the Pope.

"If any one pleases to answer this, and set his name, I shall probably reply.—But the productions of anonymous writers I do not promise to take any notice of.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,
"JOHN WESLEY.

CITY ROAD, January 1, "1780."

Now, who, in the chaste phraseology of Dr. Longstreet, "desecrates the memory of Wesley," he, or the members of the Methodist church who prefer Protestants for official stations to the followers of the Pope? We do not cite this letter seeking to enlist a great church in politics—that would be following the example of the Romanists—but only in defence of our Methodist friends who have joined the American party, and who have been denounced therefor. Again we say, "Let him answer it who can!"

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.