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Poetry. MY DORIS.

Oh! should you meet my Doris sweet, You'll own a queen on earth is seen;

A mystery, Which should you try To solve, this is the reason why:

My Doris' eyes are like the skies, So deeply blue so tender true;

Her voice, so clear, falls on the ear Like rippling tide of brook in June;

More sweet her words when sorrow's nigh. There never was, nor e'er will be,

My Doris' lips their never slips An angry word. But, like the bird

That sweetest sings 'neath night's dark sky. You need not try

To solve, And I will tell you why This Doris fair, beyond compare,

Is mine a throne—her heart's my own— And though she kindly smiles on thee,

Her love is only given to me. There never was, nor e'er will be,

A maiden fair and good as she, So loving as my Doris.

He who has had ends in view is pretty sure to come to one.

A sick dog isn't generally strengthened by a course of bark.

Many a person, who talks of laying down his life, had much better elevate it.

A woman might let her head be cut off for her husband's sake, but not her hair.

Cleveland is to have an hospital for "women who have become disgusted with their husbands."

Literature. A BLACK MARE WITH A WHITE STAR.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAP. II. (Concluded from our last.)

When the sound had died away in the distance, the major drew back from the window,

and let the blind fall into its place. He sighed deeply and sat down on the nearest chair.

He was very pale and very grave and looked like a man on whom had fallen the sudden shock of ill news.

"Great Heaven, to think that it should indeed be so!" he murmured.

After that he shaved and dressed, and went out for a walk, still with the same deep gravity of mien upon him.

All that day, and for the two following days, Major Gregson scarcely stirred out of his rooms,

except to take a quiet walk early in the morning or late in the evening,

when there was little chance of meeting any of his acquaintances.

His mind was evidently ill at ease; but he kept his own counsel,

and spoke no word to any one of the secret care that was brooding over him.

The third night he sat later than usual writing busily.

When he had filled three sides of a sheet of foolscap, he read over what he had written and signed it.

Then he folded up the document in a large sheet, and sealed it carefully, and wrote outside: "To be opened in case of my death on 29th, instant."

When this was done, he turned to his dairy, and wrote as follows: "This day-week I shall (D.V.) go to Notts, and draw two hundred guineas out of the bank for a purpose that I wot of."

During the two days and nights just past, I have been inwardly admitted to do a particular thing, and I dare not refuse.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Lord Arthur Clinton has been indulging himself lately in talking to the London theatres a number of women dressed up as men.

A certain landlady, it is said, makes her pious light that her lodgers can see to go to bed without a candle after eating a moderate sized piece.

A young man advertises in a New Jersey paper for a situation as a son-in-law in a respectable family.

Would he have no objection, he said, to go a short distance into the country.

The soul finds its reflection in our behaviour, and we can read its inclination and disgust as legibly in our actions, as physicians the state of the body by the beating of the pulse.

Dr. Cumming in a speech last week, said he believed that "nothing would please the Pope better than to gather all the reporters and writers for the press into a bundle and burn them in the flames."

Every young man has a fine season in his life when he will accept no office, and every young woman has the same in hers, when she will accept no husband; and by they both change, and often take one another into the bargain.

Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence according to the dignity of the person.

There is nothing that wineth so much with so little cost. He who endeavors to please, must appear pleased; and he would not provoke rudeness must not practise it.

The Dundas Banner, the other day, represented the canal bridge at Burlington Heights, as likely to give way at any moment.

The Spectator considers the bridge in a very bad state, but does not know who is responsible.

and some of the best wine that can be had for love or money, and be altogether as jolly as a couple of sand-boys.

Say that you'll go, Tom Crooke.

Do you bank at Nottingham, major, that you have to go there for your money?" asked Crooke,

without heeding the latter part of the major's speech.

"I do bank at Nottingham," answered the old soldier.

"A half-cousin of my father's is in that business, and all my little savings are in his keeping."

"At what hour do you purpose leaving Nottingham on your return?"

"If you go with me, we will return at whatever hour may suit you best. If I go alone, I shall not set out on my way back till a late hour—say, eight or nine o'clock—having a few calls which may as well be made if I have not the pleasure of your company."

"But you will go with me, will you not?"

"Sorry, major, to be obliged to decline your kind invitation, but the business I have on hand admits of no delay—at least, not for holiday purposes. Are you not afraid, by the by, to travel with so much money in your possession?"

"Suppose the rider of the black mare with the white star should bid you stand and deliver for the third time?"

"Who ever heard of a man being stopped three times in succession by the same thief? No; I consider that I am far safer this time than if I had never been robbed at all. Do not you agree with me?"

"It may be as you say, major," replied Crooke with a sneer.

"But I would not advise you to trust too implicitly in such a doctrine."

"But you are the only person who knows of my errand to Nottingham," said the major; "consequently, I am unable to see in what way I am running an extraordinary risk by having such a large sum of money about me."

"Oh, the rider of the black mare has a kappy knack of hiding out that sort of secret," said Crooke with a laugh.

"However, I hope with all my heart that you may get back safe and sound, and with your guineas in your pocket—How about our bet, by the by? How about the three dozen of port? The three months are slipping quietly away, yet you seem no nearer towards effecting your object."

Mrs. Crooke, and break to her, as gently as might be, the news of the sad fate that had befallen her husband.

In the course of next day, a jury was impanelled to sit upon the body of the dead highwayman.

Major Gregson and the postboy were summoned to give evidence. The major's statement was simple, and to the point.

"Having been unfortunate eno'gh," he said, "to be twice robbed within the space of six weeks, I determined to protect myself for the future as far as it lay in my power to do so."

Yesterday, I had occasion to go to Nottingham to draw from the bank the sum of two hundred guineas, and on my return I armed myself with my pistols.

The moment the highwayman presented himself at the window of the chaise, I shot him dead.

The postilion gave confirmatory evidence as far as his knowledge went. The verdict of the jury, given without a moment's hesitation, was one of 'Justifiable Homicide,' coupled with a vote of thanks to Major Gregson for the bravery displayed by him in ridding society of one of its greatest pests.

Just as the case was finished Crooke's horse, which had been captured a mile or two out of Derby, was brought to the door of the hotel where the jury were sitting.

It was recognized by several there as the black mare which Crooke had kept for the ostensible purpose of going about the country on his business avocations; only, there was this singular fact to be observed, that the captured mare was marked with a large star in the middle of its forehead, whereas the auctioneer's favourite animal was known to be entirely black.

"Fetch a little warm water and a sponge," said Major Gregson. The hint was acted on; and the star was washed out without difficulty.

Through the intercession of Major Gregson, the body of Crooke was given up to his widow, instead of being handed over to the medical authorities for dissection, which would otherwise have been its fate.

The major, in his evidence before the jury made no mention of the little incident which had been the means of first directing his suspicions towards Crooke.

When he robbed for the second time, on his way from Melbourne, as the highwayman galloped off, the major's quick ears detected that one of his horse's shoes was loose.

Such a trifling fact would have soon escaped his memory, had he not, a few hours later—at Caybrack next morning, as he was pacing his bed-room, and looking out of his window, saw that on this occasion, the rider of the horse with the loose shoe was none other than Tom Crooke; and from that moment the conviction was borne forcibly in upon his mind that his old school fellow and the rider of the black mare with the white star were one and the same.

Of the mental process by means of which the major arrived at the conviction that to him was delegated the duty of riding society of this man, we have no hint beyond those conveyed in the extract from the diary already given.

The major would seem to have fought against this conviction up to the last moment, judging from the pains he took to induce Crooke to accompany him to Nottingham as a friend; but when he found his invitation so promptly declined, he was none the less sternly determined to go through with the duty which, as he conceived had been laid upon him.

For some unexplained reason, Derby seemed to become distasteful to Major Gregson after the death of Crooke.

About a fortnight later, he returned to London, from which place he went to Bath; and for the remainder of his life he oscillated between the two, dying ultimately at the latter place at the great age of ninety.

I don't know whether any of my young readers are members of debating societies. If so I can give them a couple of entirely new subjects—a rare windfall if my own youthful experience is to be relied upon.