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For the Easton Gazette.

DEAD.

Shroud the silent room in white—
Softly tread—
Close the blinds—shut out the light—
Leave the dead!

He is sleeping like a child
Worn with play—
Ah! how gushed those accents wild
Yesterday!

Now he speaks not—lo! his eyes
Wildly stare!
Chill and stiff and stark he lies—
Death is there!

Weep not for the helpless head—
This damp brow—
For the heart no longer warm
Grieve not now.

Weep for tones of kindness heard
O'er and o'er—
Thou shalt list the welcome word
Never more!

Weep o'er all the vanished past
Glad and bright—
Hours of pleasure—gone at last
Out of sight!

Lay him gently in the grave—
Drop no tear—
Plant fair flowers that may bloom
Many a year.

Light and holy fragrance shed
O'er his clay—
Whisper to the earth-bound dead
Brighter day!

CARL.

BEATRICE LANCASTER.

BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

It was late in the afternoon. A long row of girls and boys stood in a regular line before their teacher, in the little red schoolhouse, reciting their spelling lesson, while the remainder of the pupils fidgetted in their seats, piled and re-piled their books on their desks, and cast restless eager glances out at the open door, and then at the teacher's face, for it was nearly time for dismissal, and weary of a long afternoon's confinement, the children could hardly wait for the tinkle of the bell—the signal of their release, the bell sounded, and instantly there was a scene of confusion—boys rushed out of the door, and gave vent to their pent-up spirits in whoops, yell, and summersets; and girls more quietly, but not less gaily, ran into the open air. Soon their merry voices died away in the distance, and the teacher was left alone in that just now crowded school-room.

She was a young and striking-looking girl. Her form was erect, her step stately, and her features, though irregular, were pleasing: her abundant raven hair was wound in a sort of coronal around her head in a singular, but not unbecoming fashion; her complexion was a clear olive, and her mouth firm in its expression, almost unpleasantly so when closed, but when she smiled she was positively beautiful; then her whole countenance changed; her large, fiery eyes grew soft and tender, and the pride and *hauteur* that spoke in her every lineament, marring her otherwise almost perfect beauty, disappeared.

Just now one of those beaming smiles lighted up her countenance; she stood by her desk, in her usual erect position, holding a note, yet unopened, in her hand. It had been brought to the school-room during the session, and now that she was alone, she prepared to read it. She seemed in no haste to break the seal. She looked at the bold, firm, hand writing, and pressed it to her lips; then, slowly unfolding it, she read:

"For some time past, Beatrice, I have been unhappy; you have observed it, and to your inquiries as to its cause I have given false and evasive replies, but I can deceive myself and you no longer. I sought you last night with the determination to tell you all, but I could not utter the words that would, I felt, give so much pain. But I must do it. What my tongue refuses to tell I must intrust to my pen. It is useless to hesitate: the sooner all is known the better for us both. Beatrice, I find that I have mistaken the nature of my feelings towards you. As God is my witness, when we were betrothed I thought I loved you. I still appreciate your rare loveliness, and, better still, your many excellencies of mind and heart: but our affections are beyond our control, and, much as there is admirable about you, I no longer love you. At first I determined never to acquaint you with the change in my sentiments, but I shrank from a life-time of deceit. I could not at the alter perjure myself by taking those solemn vows, and I know, too, that you would spurn the offered hand without the heart accompanied it. I have done very wrong in hastily entering upon our engagements without a proper knowledge of my true feelings towards you. I was charmed by your beauty, dazzled by your wit, and attracted by your virtue. I mistook the whirl of emotions I felt for love. But it is better for me to acknowledge my fault, than to commit a sin in leading you to the alter while my heart is another's. Forgive me and forget me. Farewell, and may you soon find some one more worthy of your love than your friend, (if you will still allow me to claim that title.)

LOUIS MEREDITH."

Every particle of color forsook Beatrice's cheeks as she read—her lips were white, her hands trembled so violently she could scarcely hold the letter, a death-like faintness stole over her, and she sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

Not a tear, not a moan escaped her; she sat there in silence, motionless as a statue, but in her heart what a whirlwind of emotions was raging? How long she sat there she hardly knew; when at last she looked up, the twilight was deepening, and she rose with a start from her seat. Her countenance bore the traces of suffering—she looked haggard and wan; the agony of those few hours had changed her fearfully, but her eyes flashed with all their usual fire, and her lips were firmly compressed together. She drew herself up proudly, as if she despised herself for her weakness, crushed the letter which had fallen from her trembling fingers contemptuously under foot, and then picked it up with a look of disgust, as if it had been some loathsome thing, and putting on her hat and shawl, she walked firmly out of the room.

She went rapidly on, till she reached a low white cottage; she entered it, and passed quickly through the little sitting-room to her own apartment. Here she took from an inlaid box a package of letters, and, adding that she had last received to the number, she hastily collected every memento, however trifling, which had been the gift of Louis Meredith, and placed them securely together in readiness to return to him.—Then carefully arranging her toilet she returned to the sitting-room. An old lady, dressed with scrupulous nicety, was its only occupant; she was quietly knitting. The table was spread for the evening's meal, and she had evidently been waiting her daughter's return.

"You are late to-night, Beatrice," she said, "but I suppose Louis came for you to go to walk. It is so foolish to take such unseasonable hours for his walks. Tea has been waiting this half hour."

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting mother," returned her daughter's silvery voice; "but those long walks will trouble you no longer. Louis Meredith and I are parted forever."

The old lady dropped her knitting work in her lap, and looked at her daughter in astonishment. At length she spoke:

"Oh, I see, a lover's quarrel. But you will make it up in a day or two, and be all the happier for it. Well, well—better disagree before than after marriage."

"Mother," said Beatrice, "listen to me. I shall never marry Louis Meredith. Nothing on earth could induce me to do so. As I said, we are parted forever; and now let me beg you never again mention his name to me; let the subject never again be alluded to between us, let all be as if we had never knew him." Her voice softened.—"You will not be sorry, mother dear, to have your Beatrice again all your own!"—And she took her parent's shrivelled hand fondly between her own.

Mrs. Lancaster was touched by this expression of tenderness; for Beatrice, though a most devoted daughter, in fact the only support of her poor widowed mother, rarely made any demonstration of her attachment, and this caress, slight as it was, filled the mother's heart with joy. She drew her child to her side, and kissed her tenderly, but Beatrice escaped from her embrace, and saying cheerfully "are we never going to have supper?" led the way to the table. She talked gaily during the supper, and, though she ate little, succeeded in withdrawing her mother's attention from her want of appetite.

Not the most watchful eye could have detected a shade of sadness in her face or manner that evening: indeed, she was gayer than usual. No wonder that her mother—good, unobservant soul—believed that she was happy in her release from the tie that had bound her.

A few evenings had passed, and Beatrice stood in the little sitting-room, dressed for a party. Never had she looked more beautiful than now, in her simple white dress, with its crimson ribbons, and a red rose-bud in her hair. Mrs. Lancaster looked at her in admiration; nor was she alone in her appreciation of her child's loveliness.

She was the belle of the evening at Mrs Mercer's, and not even the beautiful heiress, in honor of whom the party had been made, and to whom Louis Meredith was said to be affianced, could divide the honors of the belle-ship with her.

It had been well known throughout the village that Beatrice and Lewis had been engaged, and the fact of her separation was equally well understood, but though she was narrowly watched, no look or gesture betrayed that she had been moved by the sundering of the tie.

She was surrounded by admirers; she had a smile for this one a command for a second, and merry words for others; and as if attacted by some irresistible charm, Louis Meredith hovered near her—even when talking with his affianced bride, Theresa Benedict—he heard every word that fell from Beatrice's lips, and saw her every motion.

His eyes flashed angrily as he saw her smilingly receiving the attention offered her, and contrasted her manner towards all with the careless "good evening" with which she met him; her cheek had not flushed at his greeting, her hand had not trembled in his grasp, and he was piqued by her evident indifference: he was jealous, too, and almost gnashed his teeth with rage when he saw her apparently listening with the deepest attention to the half-whispered words of Ralph Mercer, the only son of their host—the wealthiest man in the village.

Louis looked at Beatrice and then at Therese—the one a poor village school teacher, and the other the wealthy daughter of a distinguished lawyer—and he could not but acknowledge how far superior in beauty, grace, and talent, was the humble teacher he had discarded to his affianced bride.

His eyes were opened. He knew that he still loved Beatrice, and that without her money Therese would have been utterly indifferent to him.

He could bear it no longer. He stole as soon as possible to Beatrice's side, and said a few words on her coquetry and heartlessness.

She turned her large flashing eyes full upon him with a look of contempt.

"Mr. Meredith forgot himself," she replied, coldly, "his opinion is utterly indifferent to me. What right has he to criticise my conduct?"

She waved her hand in token of dismissal: and he left her, with a strange mixture of love and anger in his heart, as he saw her again—the centre of a circle of admirers—full of life and animation. The hours flew rapidly, and when at last the gay company departed, Louis saw, with bitter jealousy, that Ralph Mercer was the devoted atiendant of his discarded Beatrice; and he sought his home, angry with himself and with the world.

The excitement of the evening was over, and alone in her chamber, Beatrice thought of all that had passed. She had triumphed; but alas! what an aching heart had been hidden under that gay exterior!

She had loved Louis Meredith with all the ardor of her passionate but reserved nature, and not so easily could she thrust him from her heart. The struggle to appear happy, to deceive all about her with a show of indifference, was too much for her. She longed to be away, and right gladly she accepted a lucrative offer to take charge of a school in the large town of Montford, where she might escape the sight of Louis, the reports of his approaching married, and the Argus eyes of a whole village.

Mrs. Lancaster made no objection to the proposed removal, and ere long Beatrice and her mother left London forever.

CAAPTER II.

"Is Mr. Irving in?" asked a young man, evidently a stranger, entering the large establishment of Messrs. Irving & Co., the most successful merchants in Montford.

"He is, sir," was the reply of the clerk addressed. "Step this way and I will show you to the counting-room."

Threading his way through boxes and bales of goods, the gentleman followed his guide, and was ushered into the room.

Mr. Irving was seated at his desk, busily engaged in writing. He looked up as the boy approached him, and seeing the stranger, exclaimed:

"Ah, Merredith, how are you? Take a seat, and I will be at your service in a few moments. He turned again to his desk, and rapidly sealing the letter he had been writing, gave that, with several others, to the boy in waiting, and then turned to the new comer. He looked at him searchingly: then bursting into a fit of laughter, exclaimed—

"What's the matter? Have you lost your last friend, or have you got a heavy note falling due and nothing to meet it, hey."

Meredith shook his head. "Only my old complaint," he said; "a touch of the blue devils—and so I dropped in here to see if you couldn't exercise them as usual. You are always so happy, notwithstanding you are so busy."

"*Notwithstanding!*" interrupted Irving. "*Because* I'm so busy, you might say, and come nearer the truth. Take my advice—go to work yourself, and I'll wager you'll be no more troubled with blues than I am."

"The remedy is worse than the disease," said Meredith. "Why should I care to make money? You know very well that my poor Therese left me more than I know what to do with. I am much obliged for your prescription, but must decline following it."

"Well, I won't get offended, like most friends, if you won't take my evidence, but I'll prescribe again. This is Mrs. Bigelow's reception evening, go with me there, and I'll promise you a release from your blue tormentors for one evening at least."

"A party!" exclaimed Louis, shrugging his shoulders. "That's worse and worse!"

"It isn't like an ordinary party," persisted his friend, "when you go to be stifled in a crowd, and cram yourself with delicacies. It is an unceremonious assemblage of agreeable people, drawn together by a desire to meet each other in part, but I must confess the most powerful magnet is Bigelow's niece—the loveliest creature you ever beheld."

"A belle!" sneered meredith; "I detest the whole tribe of empty-head coquettes."

"It's plain you hav'nt seen the belle of Montford," rejoining Irving. "You've read Bianca, hav'nt you?"

"Yes, I have, and it surely was a glorious work."

"Well, our bell wrote that"

"Indeed!" said Meredith, with a start and a look of animation that made his fine but impassive features doubly beaubtiful: then relapsing into his old manner, he said, "A blue! From all ink-bedaubed dames may I be delivered!"

"I see you are determined not to be pleased with anything," said his companion.—"But I'll defy you to resist our belle and blue if you but see her. Will you go to the party or not? Say yes or no, Louis, for I must dismiss you rather unceremoniously, as I have a business engagement at four, and it lacks only a quarter of that hour."

"Yes, then," yawned Louis, as he slowly sauntered off.

Mrs. Bigelow's splendid parlors were ablaze of light as the two gentlemen entered that evening, and paid their respects to their hostess. At a little distance from her stood a young and queenly looking girl, talking gaily with a knot of gentlemen; she was richly attired, and her robe of rosecolored silk contrasted with her clear olive complexion. She did not observe the new comers till they had joined the group around her; then, with easy elegance, she welcomed Mr. Irving, and bowed with much grace to Mr. Meredith on his introduction to Miss Lancaster.

For once Louis Meredith was startled out of his usual apathy. "Beatrice" trembled on his lips, for it was she, more lovely, if possible, than when he had seen her five years before. Could it be that she was the author of that wonderful book that had thrilled the hearts of a nation? He could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses, and bewildered by the emotions, he stood speechless for a few moments. Then recovering himself, he was again the polished man of the world.

Beatrice, neither by word nor look, betrayed her recollection of him, and he did not venture to recall the past. She treated him with easy politeness, and he half vexed at the power she had over him, yet unable to resist her fascination, was as constant an attendant upon her as her shadow during the whole evening.

His friend rallied him on his surrender to the belle and the blue, and Louis said but little in reply; but from that time he was a constant visitor at Mrs. Bigelow's, where Beatrice, since the death of her mother, had resided. With Mrs. Bigelow he soon became a favorite, but Beatrice, though studiously polite, was equally cold; yet, notwithstanding all her coldness, Louis was more madly in love with her than ever.

Week after week he lingered in Medford, and at every opportunity he was at her side. She appeared utterly unconscious of his devotion, and by her manner effectually prevented his uttering any expressions of affection. He longed to, yet dared not, learn his fate, and in alternations of hope and fear passed his time.

At last he could not bear it any longer, he resolved to know the worst, and went one afternoon to see her, with the determination to offer his hand and heart. Fortune favored him; she was alone in the library, and he was shown there at once. She was sitting with her head a little turned aside as he entered, but he saw the blood rush to her cheeks and her eyes sparkle, as she half started forward to meet him; then resuming her olden stately manner, she received him with dignity, and sank into her seat. He had seen and hoped much from her emotion.

"Beatrice!" he exclaimed, unable to restrain himself, "thank God, I see you once more alone. How I have longed for this opportunity. Nay, you must hear me. I love you with my whole heart and soul—with a love such as no other can offer you. Will you be mine?"

"Mr. Meredith has, doubtless, been misinformed," she said. "My uncle is wealthy, but I am not his heiress."

"Cruel as your words are, I deserve them," he said, for my dastardly conduct long ago. But hear me; I was young, proud, and poor; daily stung by my poverty—cramped by it, struggling vainly to overcome the obstacles it placed in my way.—Just then my evil genius threw Theresa in my way. Her evident partiality for me flattered me, her wealth dazzled me, and in an unlucky moment I yielded to temptation and secured her but lost you. No sooner was it done than I regretted it. Even then, had you treated me less proudly, less contemptuously, I would have resigned her and claimed you; but I felt you would have none of me, and blindly I was led on to marriage without love. I never ceased to love you, Beatrice; even when my wife's arms were twined round me, and her voice whispering tender words in my ear, your form would glide between us, and I cursed the fate that had taken you from me. But yet I was a kind husband to Theresa—so she and all the world said. I paid her all the attention due her. I gave her all but my heart, and that was always yours.

"At last she died and left me all her wealth. I was free, and at last my heart turned to you. I then sought for you everywhere, and at last I have found you.

"God be praised that you are poor, so that I may prove my disinterested attachment to you. I offer you my heart, hand, and fortune. I offer you a love that has increased in favor every year. Be mine, my Beatrice—my wife."

He took her hand as he spoke; she withdrew it instantly.

"Louis Meredith," she said, "I give you credit for rare candor. Few would confess that they sold themselves for money—but how dare you offer me the wages of your shame?" Her eyes flashed fire! "Never, sir, would I become the wife of a dastard, such as you declare yourself, you have your answer.

She turned to leave the room, but he prevented her.

"Beatrice," he said, "I know you well. I forgive you your cruel words, for it is your pride forbade you to show any regret at your separation In your heart of hearts you love me even now, when with bitter words in your pride you send me from you. Your eyes sparkled at my coming. Beatrice, your heart plead for me when your resolute will stilled its voice. Oh! do not, my Beatrice, for such a hollow triumph prepare a life-time of misery for yourself and me."

She drew up her tall figure to its full height.

"Yes, Louis Meredith, I did love you once," she said, "though I blush to own it; I loved you for what I thought you were—a noble and true man. It was the ideal not the real man that I loved. Thanks to you, you opened my eyes—long since I ceased to love you. And you could flatter yourself that you had power to move me.—No, sir, your coming could neither bring the blood to my cheeks, quicken my pulses, or make my heart beat. I did start at your entrance, but it was because I expected momentarily the entrance of him whom I do love with my whole heart—my affianced husband—whose step I hear even now approaching. Remain, if you choose, I will show you a man such as you must become ere you win the heart of a true woman.—Forgive me, if I have been too harsh, but learn this lesson, that he who sells himself for money, sinks below the level of a man, and forfeits all claims to be treated as such."

Without a word Louis Meredith bowed and withdrew, a sadder if not a wiser man, as the betrothed of Beatrice entered the apartment.

A few weeks later, in those spacious parlors, surrounded by her friends, Beatrice gave her hand where she had long since given her heart. Never had she looked so lovely as now, when, with a holy confidence, she entrusted her happiness to the keeping of the man of her choice, and never, during a long life of mingled prosperity and adversity, did she have occasion to regret it.

Some unfortunate individual who, we presume, has "suffered some," thus rails against sundry evils:

From a cross neighbor and a sullen wife,
A pointed needle, and a broken knife,
From suretyship, and from an empty purse,
A smoky chimney, and a jolting horse,
From a dull razor and an aching head,
From a bad conscience, and a buggy bed,
A blow upon the elbow and the knee,
From each of these, good L——d deliver me.

THE SCIENCE OF THE GUILOTINE.

A correspondent of the New York Times, who witnessed the execution of Verger, gives a graphic description of the science of the guillotine:

The scaffold is erected about eighty feet from the front door of the prison, on four permanent blocks of stone, in the centre of the roadway leading from the prison to the street. The square is planted with trees.—On both sides of the roadway, stood a double file of soldiers with presented arms.—When Verger issued from the gate, supported by the executioner and the chaplain, and saw standing before him the fatal instrument, his strength forsook him and he sank down. It was this passage of eighty feet that was terrible for the criminal, for he knew that the moment he ascended the steps before him his head would fall.

Verger was hurried along to the fatal steps. On the way he did not cease to repeat "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, have pity on me." He cried also, "*Vive* Jusus Christ!" The scaffold was at an elevation of about five feet from the ground. Arrived on next to the last step, he fell on his kness on the floor of the scaffold pronounced a few words of prayer, and then addressing the chaplain, said: "My brother, I charge you to make *amende honorable* in my name to all my superior ecclesiastics whom I have offended or made sorry; tell them that I demand pardon of them as I pardon myself I offer my life in expiation of my faults." He then kissed the crucifix and turned and gave a hasty embrace to the chaplain; but he never rose to his feet. As he attempted to do so the executioner, who stood behind him, pushed him forward on the slab which carries his head under the knife. This slab which is so placed as to receive the body as the criminal rises from his knees on the last step or floor of the scaffold is a new invention, used now only for the third time. It receives the body from the knees to the upper part of the chest, of necessity leaving the neck and head projecting beyond. As the criminal falls upon it, instead of being obliged to tie him here, as was formerly the custom, an operation that was sometimes difficult if the prisoner saw fit to struggle, springs now suddenly seize the body and hold it firm. This slides easily in grooves, and a slight pressure on the person of the criminal pushes it forward and places his neck in the notch into which the knife falls. A man is on the other side, ready to receive his head as it passes, in order to steady it, while another stands ready to pull the rope which lets the knife fall.

The knife is in form like the knife of a straw-cutting box, only much heavier. It is placed diagonally in the two uprights, along the side of which it glides like a saw-mill gate; its diagonel position gives it a sawing motion in cutting through the neck. It falls about twelve feet, and so nicely is its weight adapted to the force required, that it not much more than cuts off the head without superfluous noise. The moment the knife falls the springs relax by a quick movement, the body is rolled off onto a *bascule* at the side, which, in turn tumbles the body on a board, at the end of which stand two men ready to seize and slide it into a close carriage, which stands ready backed up for the purpose. In like manner the man who is charged with the holding of the head lets it drop into a basket at his feet, seizes the basket, and hands it to a man off the scaffold, who immediately places it in a wagon with the body; the door of the wagon closed precipitately, and at once moves off the ground. All this is but the work of an instant.

When Verger was pushed forward on the board, he raised up his shoulders as if to try to release himself from the clamps. His head was bare, and as he did so he turned his face upwards sufficiently to take a last hurried look to the side where I stood. I shall never forget this last glance of the criminal His face was then injected, no doubt from being pushed forward so suddenly on the board. As he made this movement the executioner pushed his shoulders hardly down on the board, and this movement served the double purpose of bringing the body flat and of sliding the head under the axe. The little wheel at the top of the upright turned half round and the knife fell.

The whole affair was accomplished with such rapidity that a great majority of the audience did not know that it had occurred. Indeed, its rapidity was its most frightful feature. From the moment the condemned man issued from the gate, till his body left the ground, was but one minute by the watch. The assassination was not less magnificently performed than the expiation.

HEN-PERSUADERS.—The Springfield Republican, in speaking of a new invention for a hen's nest, whereby the eggs drop through a trap-door, and so deceives the hen that she keeps on laying, is responsible for the following:

"Blobbs met with a loss, however, with one of the persuaders. Blobbs had a lovely young Shanghai pullet of boundless ambition. Bloobs bought a persuader, and his lovely Shanghai used it. She went upon the nest in the morning. Bloobs saw her go, and his heart bounded within him!—Alas! he never saw her come off again.—At night he visited the persuader. In the upper compartment was a handful of feathers, a few toe nails, and a bill. In the lower compartments were three dozen and eleven eggs! Blobbs saw it all! Her delicate constitution had been unequal to the effort, and fired by young ambition, she had aid herself away."

A "tough" subscriber to a country paper was struck from its mail list because he wouldn't pay up. The delinquent's wife insisted wrathfully that she knew what was newspaper law—that she did. The proprietor was obliged to send the paper until "all arrearages were paid up!" She was a trump. Well, she was.

A WORD TO AMERICANS.—The scent of battle is on the air. The stillness that precedes the storm is upon us. The enemy are calling on us to surrender. What spirit animates our bosoms? What wist we of the morrow? Within us lies the issue, be it glorious or ignoble. It is true, the Democracy are already antedating a joyous victory on the ides of August. So did the myriad army that marched with "sorried tread" to the Pass of Thermopylæ—but all that bannered host met a terrible rebuke from the gleaming spears of only three hundred Greeks. "My country!" cried Leonidas, and the glorious shout made every man a giant hero. Shall not Democracy find a Spartan brave in the person of every American?

"Earth, render back from out thy bed
A remnant of the Spartan dead,
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ."

Our enemy is certain of success. That certainty is his weakness. Let him rest on his fancied security. A Syren's voice has lulled him to sleep. It is now the time for action with us. Let us then be up and doing, "with heart for any fate," and the true "stars and stripes" shall yet float grandly above all platforms pandering to foreign influence.—*Chambers Herald.*

A BRIDEGROOM RUSTICATING.—Jno. Dean, who recently kicked up a great hubub among the codfish aristocracy by marrying the wealthy Miss Boker, is rusticating in the pleasant little village of Franklinville, a few miles east of Riverhead. He is boarding in the family of Mr. John N. Sayer, and is being tutored and polished by Rev. Mr Reed, a Congregational clergyman, preparatory to his debut among the fashionables of Fifth avenue. It seems he was sent down there by his lawyer, and to avoid recognition he assumed the name of John Johnson. The manner in which his true name and character leaked out was this wise: A few days after his arrival a letter was received by the worthy Postmaster of that village, directed to John Johnson, and as there was a young farmer living in the neighborhood by that name, he took it out of the office and opened it. It proved to be from Dean's wife, and as it was filled with such matter as only a good wife knows how to write to an absent husband, John Johnson, farmer, concluded it was not for him, as he was not the owner of such a piece of animated luxury; so he returned it to the Post-office, and in a day or two John Johnson No. 2—*i. e.*, John Dean—called and claimed it.—*Buffalo Republic.*

LIFE'S DUTIES.—It must, undoubtedly, be the design of our gracious God, that all this toil for the supply of our physical necessities—this incessant occupation amid the things that perish—shall be no instruction but rather a help to our spiritual life. The weight of a clock seems a heavy drag on the delicate movements of its machinery; but, so far from arresting or impeding those movements, is indispensable to their steadiness, balance, accuracy. There must be some analogous action of what seems the clog and drag-weight of wordly work on the finer movements of man's spiritual being. The planets in the heaven have a two-fold motion—in their orbits and on their axis; the one motion not interfering but carried on simultaneously, and in perfect harmony with the other; so must it be that man's two-fold activities round the heavenly and the earthly centre disturb not, nor jar with each other. He who diligently discharges the duties of the earthly may not less sedulously—nay, at the same moment—fulfil those of the heavenly sphere at once "diligent in business," and "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—*Caid.*

A DEAR SHOT.—During the last winter a farmer in the upper part of the country was sorely annoyed by the incursions of a neighbor'r cattle on his shocks of fodder. Forbearing from time to time, he was at length thoroughly aroused one of those bleak, snowy days, with an announcement that had fallen doletully on his ears half a dozen times before—that Mr. ——'s cattle was eating up his fodder. Without taking any thought our incensed farmer seized his "rifle, powder and shot," and made forthwith for his fodder. Loading as he went, he felt in his pocket for wadding, and without looking at the paper, down he rammed it. Having reached the spot he fired away, when all at once felt some misgiving as to the character of the wadden used. Subsequent examination proved that he had used a small roll of bank notes in his vest pocket of the value of $150. Rather a dear shot.—*Fredericksburg Herald.*

WOMAN'S WILL.—Dip the Atlantic ocean dry with a tea-spoon, twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay their printer; send up fishing hooks with balloons, and fish for stars; get astride of a gossamer, and chase a comet; when the rain is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; choke a mosquito with a brickbat; hold Gibralter at arm's length; pick your teeth with a streak of lightning; in short, prove all theings hitherto considered impossible to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she *will*, when she has made up her mind she *won't*.

The Trenton Gazette is responsible for the following:—A verdant young man entered a fancy store in that city lately, while the lady proprietor was arranging a lot of perfumery. She inquired of him if he would not have some musk-bags to put in his drawers. After the examination of the article, he told the young lady he did not wear drawers, and wanted to know if they wouldn't do to wear in his pantaloons.

Two revivals in Raleigh, North Carolina, have resulted in 75 additions to the Methodist Church, and 50 to the Baptist