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In Copeland's Bookstore, Middlebury, Vt.
☞Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired in the best manner, and warranted. Terms moderate. 18

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Middlebury, Vt., March 26th 18 4.

L. L. WHITLOCK,
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Trees, Shrubs, &c., &c.,
The subscriber has established himself in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish all kinds of
Horticultural Stock,
which he will guarantee to be just such as his patrons shall order.
☞ Trees set out and warranted if desired. ☜
Leave your names or orders at the Post Office, in Middlebury, and I will call and see you.
Middlebury, Dec. 30, 1863. 38 tf

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JUST RECEIVED
New Goods,
Consisting of
Millinery,
Dress Goods,
Cloaks,
Shawls,
Furs,
Worsted Goods
Of Every Description,
Dress and Cloak Trimings
OF ALL KINDS.
Waterproof Cloths and Cloaks,
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EVERY THING
in the line of
LADIES DRESS
and
FURNISHING GOODS,
Call and
☞Price's as low as at any places in Town.

OVERCOATS
CHEAP!
A lot of good Overcoats on consignment, will be sold at cost in Cash.
H. A. SHELDON.
Jan'y 29th.

SHEEP WASH TOBACCO.
Sheep Shears,
Sheep Blanketing,
Blue Vitriol, Nitric Acid, Sulphur, Butter of Antimony, Corrosive Sublimate, and White Vitriol, at SHELDON'S. 49tf

POTATOES,
500 Bushels, for Sale by
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FOR SALE.
House and Seventeen Acres of Land, pleasantly situated on Otter Creek in this village. For price and terms of sale apply to the subscriber,
49tf MRS. OZIAS SEYMOUR.

ITCH! ITCH! ITCH!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
SCRATCH!
Wheaton's Ointment
WILL CURE THE ITCH IN 48 HOURS.
Also cures SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents.—For sale by all Druggists.
By sending 60 cents to Weeks & POTTER, Sole Agents, 170 Washington St., Boston, it will be forward by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States.
☞ Fenn & Tuttle, Rutland, general agent for Vermont. 47;3

SEED POTATOES.
Cuzco Potatoes, 7 bushels raised from 5 quarts—good to eat and very productive.—a few bushels for Sale by H. A. SHELDON. 49tf

POETRY.

LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

Two little busy hands patting on the window,
Two laughing, bright eyes looking out at me
Two rosy-red cheeks dented with a dimple;
Mother-bird is coming; baby, do you see?

Down by the lilac-bush, something white and azure,
Saw I in the window as I passed the tree;
Well I knew the apron and shoulder-knots of ribbon,
All belonged to baby, looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly
To myself, as mothers will
Spake I softly, "God in Heaven,
Keep my darling free from ill.
Worldly gain and worldly honors
Ask I not for her from Thee;
But from want, and sin and sorrow,
Keep her ever pure and free."

Two little waxen hands,
Folded soft and silently;
Two little curtained eyes,
Looking out no more for me;

Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple-dented nevermore;
Two little trodden shoes,
That will never touch the floor;
Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted
Apron folded, clean and white;
These are left me—and these only
Of the childish presence bright.

Thus He sent an answer to my earnest praying
Thus He keeps my darling free from earthly stain,
Thus He folds the pet lamb safe from earthly straying;
But I miss her so by the window pane,
Till I look above it; then with purer vision
Sad, I weep no longer the lilac-bush to pass
For I see her, angel pure, and white, and sinless,
Walking with the harpers, by the sea of glass

Two little snowy wings
Softly flutter to and fro,
Two tiny childish hands
Beckon still to me below;
Two tender angel eyes
Watch me ever earnestly
Through the loop-holes of the stars;
Baby's looking out for me.

MISCELLANY.

The Two Answers—or the Noble Resolve.

"No, Charles—it cannot be. As a friend I shall respect and esteem you; but I cannot be your wife. Have compassion on me, and do not press me further."

Mary Granville stood before me as she thus spoke with her hands clasped, and her head bowed, trembling like an aspen; and I fancied there were tears in her eyes. She was a beautiful girl; and I thought her as good and pure as she was beautiful, and, further than this, I believed she loved me.

She was an orphan, and had been engaged during the past year in teaching one of our village schools. Of her early life I knew nothing, save that she had been well educated, and had moved in good society; and I had reason to believe that, at some time her parents were wealthy; but her father had failed in business, and it had been told to me that the sad reverses had killed him. I had known that Mary was poor—that she was dependent upon her daily labor for support—and the thought that I could offer her a comfortable home, with the advantages of moderate wealth had given increase to my prospective happiness.—But this unexpected answer dashed all my bright hopes to the ground.

"Do you mean," I cried vehemently, "that you dismiss me? Am I to be cast off?"

"I cannot be your wife," was her reply.

"Then," said I with more warmth than I might have betrayed under other circumstance, "I leave you to yourself, and while I strive to shake off the love that has bound me to you, I will only hope that ere you lead another into your net, you will conclude beforehand whether you will keep him!"

She gazed up into my face with a painful, frightened look; but I did not stop to hear her speak further. While she stood there, pale and trembling, I turned and left the house.

I remarked that under other circumstances I might have been more cool and collected in my speech; and what do you suppose, dear reader, the attending circumstances were? I will tell you candidly.

I was a little heated with wine. I had drank just enough to warm my blood, and give an extra impulse to my brain; and my words were not chosen as I should have chosen them had the spirit of the wine been absent. As I walked towards my home I sought to persuade myself that I had fortunately escaped the snare of a coquette, and that I might be the better thus enabled to reason, I stopped at the hotel, where I found a few of my companions, and helped dispose of half a dozen bottles of wine.

On the following morning I awoke with a headache, and when I called to mind the events of the preceding evening I was anything but happy. I began to realize how much I had loved Mary Granville. There was an aching void in my heart, and I fairly wept as I contemplated my loss. It was my first love, and its influence had penetrated every fibre of my being. The beautiful girl had become more dear to me than I could tell, and I groaned in bitter anguish when I thought that she was lost forever.—I had resolved that I would feel very indignant, very angry; but when the sweet face was called up to mental view, such feelings melted away, leaving me sad and desolate.

On the following Sabbath I attended church, where I saw Mary once more. She played the organ, as she had done for the year past, and as her fingers swept over the keys, I fancied that I could detect a tremulousness that I never noticed before. Was it only imagination, or was it really a plaintiveness—a sadness—in the expression of her music?

To me it seemed as though at times the organ moaned and wept. It was like the wailing of the daughters of Zion by the rivers of Babylon.

When the sevices were over and we went out from church, I saw Mary's face. It was pale and wan as though she had been sick. What could it be? Was she suffering as I had suffered? The thought flashed upon me that some one might have been telling her of my disadvantage. I had enemies in the village—enemies who envied me because I had inherited some wealth; and I fancied, enemies who envied me the love of Mary.

Another week passed, and I became more sad and lonesome. My business was irksome to me and my books and papers afforded me no respite. In fact I could not read, for my mind was never on the page before. Another Sabbath at the church, and I saw Mary again. It seemed to me that she was paler than before, and her eyes looked as though she had been weeping.

During the succeeding week I received a visit from my old college chum, Jack Stanton, who had just opened a law office in Berryville. After supper we sat in my cozy parlor smoking our cigars, when I suggested that a bottle of wine would not be amiss. Jack shook his head.

"No, Charley," he said, "we'll leave the wine for those who need it."

"You used to drink it, Jack."

"Yes, but it never did me any good."

"And do you think it never did you any harm?"

"As for that I will not say; but, my boy, I will tell you what I can say: It *never shall* do me harm! I know it has harmed others, who were as strong as I am. By the way, Charley, isn't Mary Granville here?"

"Yes," said I.

"Do you know her?"

I turned away my face and pretended that I heard something at the window.

"I have seen her," *I* replied, when I had composed myself. "She plays the organ in the church."

"She and I were schoolmates," pursued Stanton; "and speaking of the wine brings her to my mind. Do you know anything of her early life?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"Poor Mary! I never think of her without feeling my resolution of total abstinence grow stronger and stronger.—When we were school children together her father was the wealthiest man in Berryville, and she and her brother were among the happiest of the happy.

Mr. Granville was in the habit of drinking wine; and the habit grew upon him until he felt he could not live without his brandy. He was of a social disposition, and in time it came to pass that he was grossly intoxicated. Of course, under such circumstances, one of the two things must happen. The man must reform, or he must sink. Mr. Granville did not reform, and ere many years he died a drunkard's death, leaving his family in poverty and suffering. Thomas, the son, was four years older than Mary, became very dissipated, and at the age of eighteen, was killed in a street fight in New York. Mrs. Granville survived her son but a few months, absolutely dying the doctor said, of a broken heart.

Poor Mary, thus left fatherless and motherless, without brother or sister, at the age of fifteen, was forced to earn the bread which she ate, and nobly has she done it. If you know her, Charlie, you know one of the noblest women that ever lived. But——what is the matter?—Why, bless me, you look as pale as a ghost?"

I struggled with myself, and told Jack that I had swallowed a lot of cigar smoke. I arose and opened one of the casements, stepped out upon the balcony, where the fresh air partly restored me to my former self.

At a late hour Jack departed for the hotel, and when I had retired to my chamber I paced to and fro until long past midnight. I could no longer misunderstand the motives which had actuated Mary in rejecting my hand. She knew that I was in the habit of using wine, and that on that evening when last we met she must have discovered that I had drank enough to bring a false flush to my cheek.

"Oh, my God," I ejaculated, as I sank into a chair, "I wonder not that she feared to trust her future life in my keeping. She has suffered enough from the accursed cup. The night of sorrow and desolation has been long enough upon her. She would be worse than mad to take a husband whose opening pathway of life led towards the pit into which the loved ones of other days had fallen.

"But," I asked myself, "why did she not tell me the whole truth?"

I found no difficulty in answering the question. She had shrunk from wounding my feelings. I knew how sensitive she was, and I knew that she had been afraid of offending me. Perhaps she thought me proud and headstrong enough to resent such liberty on her part, and perhaps she imagined that I might look upon her course as the offering of her hand in consideration of my renouncing the wine-cup, and that I might spurn said offer.

On Friday Jack Stanton left me, and on Saturday evening I called at Mary's boarding place.

Mary herself answered my summons. She started when she saw me, and I saw her right hand move quickly towards her heart.

"Mary," said I, speaking very calmly, for I had a mighty strength of will now to support me. "I have not come to distress you. I have come as a friend, and I humbly ask that you will give me audience for a few minutes."

She went into the parlor, and I followed her, closing the door behind me; and when we were alone she set the lamp upon the table, and motioned me to a seat.

"No," said I, "I will not sit down yet. Give me your hands, Mary."

Mechanically she put forth her hands, and I took them in my own. There was a wondering look in her face, and a slight flush had come to her pale cheeks.

"Mary," I continued, speaking slowly and softly—and I knew that a moisture was gathering in my eyes—"you must answer me one simple question. Answer it as you please, and take my solemn assurance that I only ask it for my good.

Tell me—Do you love me? No, no—do not take your hands away yet. Answer me if you can. Fear not—O, fear not; for I would rather go forth into endless night than do you wrong. Tell me, Mary, do you love me?"

"I cannot speak falsely," she trembingly whispered. "For my own peace perhaps I love you too well."

"Listen to me one moment," I added, drawing her nearer to me: "and when I have told you what I have to tell, you shall be the judge."

She did not strive to free her hands; but she gazed up eagerly into my face, and her eyes beamed with a hopeful light.

"You know John Stanton?" I said.

"Yes," she replied.

"He was my best friend while we were at college and our friendship has not grown less. He came to see me, and told the story of the trials and sufferings of one of the school-mates of his earlier days. O, Mary, I think *I* know very well why you refused my hand, and I blame you not. It may be that our paths will be different through life; but you shall at least know that he whom you have loved will so live that he shall not be unworthy of your kindest remembrance. I know that my feet have hitherto wandered into the path of danger, but henceforth *I* am free from the dread snare. Under the new light that has dawned upon me I hold the wine cup to be a fearful enemy, and I will shun it as I would shun a shameful life and a clouded death-bed. For my own sake will I do this, so that my sainted mother, if she can look down from heaven upon her boy can smile approvingly upon the course he has chosen. And now, Mary, if, at some future time you should feel that you can trust your happiness in my keeping, you will give me some token thereof, and I will come and ask you again for your hand; and should it be my blessed lot to receive it, I will devote every energy of my being to make your life a joyous and peaceful one.'

I let go her hands, and bowed my head to wipe away a tear. I had turned toward the door, really intending to depart and give her time for reflection, when she pronounced my name. I looked back and her hands were stretched out towards me.

"Not now," I whispered. "I will not ask your answer yet. Watch me—prove me. Only give me to know that I have your love, and I will—"

I stopped speaking, for Mary's head had been pillowed upon my bosom, and she was weeping like a child.

"Now! now!" she uttered, as I wound my arms about her. "O, Charles, I never doubted your truth. I know you cannot deceive me. God bless your noble resolution, and let me help you to keep it!"

I cannot tell how long I stopped that evening. I can only tell that I was very happy, and that my prospect of the coming years was bright and glorious.

On the following day—a Sabbath, calm and pleasant—the organ gave forth a new strain. The daughters of Zion were no longer in a strange land. They had taken their harps down from the willows, and within the chambers of the new Temple, more resplendent far than the old, they sang the songs that had aforetime made joyous the city of their God. All marked the grandeur of the music that sprang into life beneath the touch of the fair organist on that beautiful Sabbath morning, and all seemed moved by the inspiration. To me it was like the holy outpurings of a redeemed soul, and with bowed head and folded hands I gave myself up to the sublime influence. As Mary turned from the instrument I caught her eye. Mine was dim with moisture, but hers was bright, gleaming with seraphic light.

Ere many weeks had passed another hand pressed the keys of the organ, for Mary was not in the choir. She knelt before the altar—by my side—and over us both the clergyman stretched his hands with prayer and blessing.

And we went out from the church together—Mary and I—out into the new life—bound heart to heart, to love, honor and cherish, forever more.

AN ADROIT SWINDLER.—Not six months ago I was the innocent victim of a trap which has seldom been equaled for cleverness. In reply to one of my usual weekly advertisements, I received a letter dated from Cheltenham, stating that the writer was an Indian civil servant at home on leave, that his income and allowances amounted to about a thousand a year, but that he had been extravagant since his return to England, and was in want of ready money until his next quarter's salary became due. He wanted on advance of five hundred pounds, upon a bill drawn by himself and accepted by an Indian military friend, who had retired from the service and taken up his residence in England. The writer ended a short business-like letter by giving me, as reference for himself, a first-rate East India house in the city, and as reference for his friend, an equally respectable army agent at the West-end. I called at both these references, and found that Mr. So-and-so and Colonel Blank were both well known and highly respectable gentlemen, and both men of means. Determined to be cautious, and feeling certain that neither of these gentlemen was likely to meet me in the set I moved in, I wrote offering them a personal interview for a certain day. They both came to my office, and appeared to be gentlemanly men of a decidedly Indian appearance. After some conversation—in which the intended borrower bargained very hard for a lower rate of interest than I had proposed, and at the same time said that a week or two more or less did not signify for the money being paid—*I* got the one to draw and the other to accept, a bill for six hundred pounds at three months, for which one hundred pounds was to be deducted by way of interest. This was done, and taking the draft to one of the chief West-end money-lenders, I got the money for it, and paid it over to the borrower.—In course of time the bill became due, and not being paid, an attorney's letter was written to each party requesting an immediate remittance. To my dismay, replies were received from both drawer and acceptor denying any knowledge whatever of the bill. I then wrote requesting them to give me an interview, which they did, but two strangers presented themselves. To make a long story short, *I* found after a vast deal of inquiry, that we had been victimized by two clever sharpers, who had by some means or other, obtained a knowledge of these two gentlemen's references, and of other particulars respecting them. My fault had been, that *I* had never identified one or other of the parties whom *I* had seen.—The commercial firm and the army agents that had answered for these gentlemen's respectability, had done so in perfect good faith, believing that *I* had satisfied myself as to their being the persons they represented themselves to be. The trick was cleverly carried out; for, during the interview *I* had with the swindlers before they got the money, one of them as if by chance, pulled out of his breast pocket a number of old letters, on one of which he began to make some calculations with a pencil. These letters were addressed to the person whose name their owner had assumed. The calling cards of both imposters also bore the names of the gentlemen whom they pretended to be. But clever or otherwise, nothing was ever seen or heard again of these men, and their swindle cost the money-lender five-hundred pounds, whilst it cut me out from ever doing business again with him.—*All the Year Round.*

A SECRET KEPT.—A French actress, whose youth and beauty appeared inexhaustible—on the boards—never would tell her age. Of course, the more she wouldn't tell it, the more curious people were to know it. A woman can't keep a secret! She kept *that*.

By good luck—as the multitude thought—she was summoned as a witness on a trial. The gossips rubbed their hands and chuckled. "Aha! we shall know it now. She must tell, or go to prison for contempt of court. She won't go to prison; she will, therefore, tell." The court was crowded with open-eared listeners. In French Courts of Justice, the witness does not stand in a box to give evidence, but sits on a stool in the middle of the floor of the court, in front of the president's desk and with no barrier or separation between it and himself. The lady was ushered in, raised her right hand to heaven, took the oath to speak the truth, and then seated herself on the witness stool. "Your name?" asked the president. "Angelique Toujourflourie." "Your profession?" "Artiste dramatique." "Your age?" You might have heard a pin drop, or the hair grow on the bystanders' head. Every eye was bent on the lady. She was driven into a corner at last!

Foolish Parisian public to think so! Angelique simply rose from her seat, walked straight up to the president's desk, and whispered the secret in his ear. He nodded, made the entry in his private notes, and smiling continued the rest of his interrogatory as soon as she had resumed her place on the sellette. The public retired with feelings of mingled disgust and admiration. The trial had lost all further interest; and the president was known to be a man of honor and gallantry, who would never let a pretty woman's cat escape from his presidential bag.—*All the Year Round.*

When is butter like Irish children? Ans.—When it is made into little pats.

What is the difference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady? Ans.—One harms the cheese, and the other charms the he's.

Why is a man who stakes his money in a gambling-house like a star? Ans.—Because he's an *ost to rob.*

What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it? Ans.—Fiddle, D D.

Which is the easier to spell—fiddle-de-de or fiddle-de-dum? Ans.—The former, because it is spelt with more e's.

"Is that your husband ma'am?" "He be." Is that your wife, sir?" "She be.'

"Ah, that's pleasant; a he bee and a she bee can hardly fail to taste the sweets of life in perfection. "Have you any off-pring?" "Quite a swarm, sir."—"Ah, that makes a difference—but no doubt you love the little hum-bugs."

Motto for life insurance companies—"Never say die."

Josh Billings says, "God save the phools, and dont let 'em run out, for if twan't for them wise men couldn't get a living."

White Lying.

Let us take not at home for our first example of how far it is possible to tell the exact truth; and remember, if we may not have disguises in one thing neither may we have them in another, and if one phrase is not allowed as a mystical kind of domino neither must be another.

Suppose, then, instead of these three words expressing all they do and just what you desire they should express—out of the house, engaged, indisposed to receive visitors generally, or indisposed to receive that special visitor in particular—at any rate a six foot bar put between you and the street door which not the most pushing can very well force open, you were obliged to tell the exact truth, and tell it too by Mary Maid's tips. 'Oh sir, missis is having her new wig tried on, and please she can't see you.'

'Please, ma'am, missis is at home, but she says as how you are so unpleasant to her she can't abear to see you, and you do so run on about yourself, and you have such a bonnet as to give her the jaundice to look at.'

'Yes, sir, master and missis is both at home, but master's in the dining-room a blowing up missis awful, and missis's eyes they are as red as red, and she'd rather you did not see her look such a fright.'

'Yes, sir, they're all at home, but there's young Mr. Sparrowhawk in the drawing-room along with Miss Em'ly he is, and they are looking out for him to say something like a gentlemen to-day, for they've all slinked down stairs and left them alone."

These are only a few of the possible features of a perfectly unveiled and honest truth; and pretending possibilities they are! lovely features, certainly, to have handed round to all the gossips of your set! Duns; it may be bailiffs (I have known such things happen before now:) poor relations whom you love and value and of whose sensitive pride you are tenderly careful, but whose gowns and bonnets are unmistakably shabby and your visitors a purse-proud couple who will weigh them only according to the money worth of their appearance; washing day and everything pervaded by a smell of soap and steam and soda; your teeth at the dentist's—no one suspecting they are "dentist's triumphs" at all; the off day of the hair dyeing, when you are a mixture of purple and grey; Christmas bills and papa in a state of fury and effervescence; a case of mild scarlet fever in the nursery, and you anxious to conceal the fact yet not subject any one to danger; we can imagine hundreds of instances in which no one would like to tell the naked truth, and where the naked truth would be quite unnecessary, and indeed do more harm than good. Yet my friends and combatants used to gravely assert that 'not at home' was an untruth utterly inadmissible, and that 'engaged' was the nearest approach to a subterfuge possible to be allowed.

Engaged! I wonder how many people would take that for an answer? Some of course would; the well-bred and the formal and the timid and the reluctant—they would all murmur the polite phrase proper to the occasion, and drop their card into the servant's hand with the stereotyped unmeaning smile, and the stereotyped unmeaning regret; but there are dozens of our robuster acquaintances who would constitute themselves exceptions on the spot, saying complacently, 'Oh, I am sure she will see *me!*'

'Sarah, just go and tell Mrs. Brown that it's only me, Mrs. Smith of Camberwell, and I'm sure she'll see me, if only for a half a minute.'

'Engaged, is he? then go and say to him, will you? that I shall not keep him long; my business is very pressing, and indeed I *must* see him'—(his business being only a boring hour of personal gossip, perfectly uninteresting and of no good to to heaven or humanity:) and so on with the remainder of the dozens. And then where would you be? answer me that, *Impracticables*! where would you and your engagements be, when assaulted by your robust and forced to stand and deliver, or show fight and come to blows? Oh, poor deluded moralists, who stand out for the plain truth unmasked and intact, and will not have so much as a rag of lace-work signifying nothing but a polite screen between you and the outside world, is it truth, think you, this high handed refused to acknowledge that which is?—is it quite according to your own rules to range yourselves on the side of the impossible, pretending that this, and this alone, shall be the law of your life?—is there no want of inward candor, which may be of more spiritual importance than mere verbal accuracy, in this pretended assumption of a virtue unattainable, and untenable if attained?—this passionate declaring yourselves to be votaries of one God when you are bringing garlands and offerings to the shrine of another? That tiptoe attitude of strained moral assumption is a greater loss of truth, to my mind, than bidding your servant say Not at Home when you are in the drawing-room, comfortably or uncomfortably engaged in your own business, and indisposed to admit the outside world for twenty-four hours to come.—But then I may be singular in my measurement of respective values; I think I am right.

What would the world be like if we all spoke out our thoughts? We would be a set of savages cutting each other's throats and brandishing eternal tomahawks over each other's skulls; there would be no peace and no love and no happiness left among us; and for this one questionable virtue of truth unveiled we should have parted with all the rest.—A thinks B a conceited, stuck-up, insufferable puppy; B thinks A a priggish, solemn, unendurable owl. Shall A and B make clean breasts of it mutually, and tell the truth without counting the cost, and indeed without shaming him who shall be nameless? As it is, being happily men of the world who know the worth of keeping their own counsel, they meet at railway boards and in committee rooms and at dinner and in ladies' drawing-rooms tranquilly enough; and A keeps his puppy dog chained up in the innermost courts, and even yelps out some white lie of conventional kindliness, and B buries his owl deep in the ivy bush of formal civilities, and never once lets him loose to go mousing after unpleasant candor. And the result is that A finds B something brighter than a puppy, and B finds A something brighter than an owl. Had they in the beginning told the truth as it seemed to them, they would have hated each other cordially to the last days of their lives, and never found out the virtues mutually possessed. And can any person in his clear moral senses hesitate as to which is the greater evil, white lying, active or passive, or bitter black uncharity and hate?

I vaguely remember a very beautiful anecdote touching this question, but I do not know where I have met with it, consequently cannot turn back to my authority so as to give it in due force and beauty. Perhaps some of my readers may be more accurate and with a stricter knowledge of references. A certain Scottish nobleman, who had taken part in the Jacobite troubles and was consequently exiled and a price set upon his head, stole back to his own country again after long years were past, when he thought the keen eyes of justice were bleared and blinking. Suspected who he was, and arrested, there was only one man whose testimony could positively identify him—some old retainer or foster-father, or faithful henchman, or clansman true and leal—some one, at all events, who had the best right to speak and whose word would be conclusive. The two were confronted in the court-house, and the old man, after having quietly scanned the other from head to foot, swore positively, unflinchingly, deliberately that this was not the laird. Afterwards, when the truth became known and he was taxed with his lie, his answer was: "I wud rather trust my soul to God than my poir master in the hands o' these ruffians.' Which has always seemed to me one of the sublimest bits of human love, and simple if erring faith, possible to be met with.

If this act of perjury was a crime, so then in inverse degree has been all sheltering of fugitives and hiding of the proscribed; all disguises (which are only lies in action instead of in words) and all traversities to cheat the enemy; all pretences of serving men and maids; the Jane Lanes; the Lady Nithsdales; the guards and stokers of that negro underground railway with its contraband freight—they are all liars to be condemned, not heroes and heroines to be admired; and their clever stratagems and crafty doublings to throw the bloodhounds off the scent, making them believe the thing that is not and so pass over the thing that is—they are all lies, white black or grey, according to the thermometer of their virtue.—Surely yes!—is mere verbal accuracy the sole form of truth worth fighting for?—is there not a higher truth of deed than any simple untruth by word? *I* cannot but think, then, that once admit the supreme necessity of verbal truth or even of servile truth, before and against all other motives of human action, and you have circumscribed the sphere of human virtue and impoverished the soil of human greatness. And that too in such a wise that it can be never be recovered.—*All the Year Round.*

A Sheriff was once asked to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at his house he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home, said he was, at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time when the fair Quakeress coming into the room he reminded her of he promise that he might see her husband. 'Nay, friend; *I* promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee! He did not like thy looks; therefore he avoided thee, and hath departed from the house by another path.'

"Why, Bridget," said a lady who wished to rally her servant girl, for the amusement of company, upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie, "did you do this? You're quite an artist. Pray, how did you do it?" "Indade, mum, it was myself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it prett*y*? *I* did it with your old false teeth, mum."

A gentleman who was fond of wine said it had two bad qualities. "*If I* put water to it," said he, "it spoils it, and if *I* don't it spoils me."

"Ah," said old Mrs. Rosebury, "larning is a great thing; *I've* often felt the need of it. Why, would you believe it, *I* am now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year, and them's Spring, Fall and Autumn. *I* larnt the names of them when *I* was a little bit of a gal."

THE AUDIENCE.—The manager of a country theatre looked into the house between the acts, and turned with a face of dismay to the prompter with the question:—

"Why, good gracious, wher's the audience?"

"Sir," replied the prompter, without moving a muscle, "he is just now gone to get some beer."

The manager wiped the perspiration from his brow, and said—

"Will he return, do you think?"

"Most certainly; he expresses himself highly satisfied with the play, and applauded as one man."

"Then let the business proceed," exclaimed the manager proudly, and it did proceed.

A convict, who was about to be sent to the House of Correction, was told that they would set him to picking oakum.—"Let 'em try it, by gosh!" said he, "I'll tear the darn'd oakum all to pieces!"

Juvenile Swell.—"Oh, how delightful it must be to be a dog!" *Young Lady.*—"Never mind, Charlie, you have a chance to grow."