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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1850.

NO. 34.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.
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TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

RHINE SONG OF GERMAN SOLDIERS AFTER VICTORY.

It is the Rhine! our mountains, vineyards laying;
I see the bright flood shine!
Sing on the march with every banner waving—
Sing, brothers, 'tis the Rhine!

CHORUS.
The Rhine! the Rhine! our own imperial River!
Be glory to thy track!
We left thy shores to die or to deliver;
We hear thee freedom back!

SINGLE VOICE.
Hail! hail! my childhood knew thy rush of water,
E'en as my mother's song!
That sound went past me on the field of slaughter,
And heart and arm grew strong.

CHORUS.
Roll proudly on! brave blood is with thee sweeping,
Poured out by sons of thine,
When sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping,
Like thee, victorious Rhine!

SINGLE VOICE.
Home! home! thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting;
Thy path is by my home:
Even now my children count the hours till meeting—
O ransomed ones! I come!

CHORUS.
Go, tell the seas, that chains shall bind thee never;
Sound on by heath and shrine!
Sing through the hills, that thou art free forever;
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

POPULAR READING.

A VERY WOMAN.

BY S. M., THE AUTHOR OF THE MAIDEN AUNT.

[Continued from last week.]

Clara had never in her life felt so perfectly happy as she did when her brother's arms received her on alighting from the stage-coach. The solitary journey, always a nervous business, was over; the warm welcome so long looked forward to was actually being received. She was now with him; in five minutes she was making ten for him. How comfortably the little room looked in her eyes, with its soiled carpet, gaudy paper, straight-backed chairs, and narrow horse-hair sofa! How delicious was the tea, made with water guiltless of having ever boiled; and surely never before was such a dainty tasted as the underdone mutton-chop which the good offices of the hostess had provided for the refreshment of the traveler! If she noticed anything amiss it was only with the agreeable anticipation of reforming it, and so making him more comfortable than he could possibly have been without her! And she looked greedily at the well-filled book-shelf, and thought how she should make extracts and look out passages for him, and sit by his side while he worked, holding her breath lest she might disturb him; and how delightful it would be when he should look up for a moment to read a striking sentence, or discuss a doubtful argument. He looked a little pale, he had certainly overworked himself. Now she had come, that could never happen again; she would beguile him into the refreshment of a walk, or the luxury of a little chat; she could help him in all his labors, and ensure his not overdoing them.

'You look tired, dear!' was her observation, her eyes fondly fixed upon his face.

'I was up late, last night,' he replied, and I have a little headache.'

'You will have no more headaches now I am come,' said she. 'When I think bed-time has arrived, I shall take away the books and put out the candles. I have no notion of letting you work so hard in the present as to impair your working for the future.'

He laughed. 'Oh!' answered he; 'I was not working last night. Wonderful to relate, I was at a party! Three old college friends of mine have taken a shooting-box, in the neighborhood, and I dined with them, and we kept it up rather late. They are capital fellows.'

'I am so glad!' cried Clara; 'I was afraid you had no society or amusement at all here, and that must be bad for anybody. You know, love, you must think of me; I am used to be alone, and rather like it. So I hope you will spend as much time with your friends as you did before I came. Are they studying too?—how lucky it was that you met them here!'

'Not exactly. Very lucky?' replied George with a slightly embarrassed manner; and the next minute he began to talk of home, and they separated for rest, after one of the most delightful evenings that Clara had spent. The next morning, after a happy tea-and-breakfast, she brought her work and sat quietly down, anxious not to be troublesome or officious in her offers of service, but ready to wait, to wait, to wait, to be silent, to sympathize, with alacrity, as she might find that she was wanted.—George produced his books and papers, and took his seat with a desultory yawn.—The length of time that it cost him to find his place, the vague, aimless manner in which he went to work, the parade of new pens and clean paper might have caused a more suspicious person than Clara to guess that, at the very least, he was resuming an interrupted habit. He had not been employed above an hour, when a note was brought him, and he started up eagerly.—'I am going out, Clara, dear—I shall be back to dinner; and he was gone, without further explanation. That day he did return to dinner; but the compulsion to his sister was often repeated. Gradually, even her loving incredulity was forced to confess that he was idle—even her faith in him, which could have removed mountains, began to waver. He was scarcely conscious himself how far he had departed from his own determinations; he was so resolutely blind to his own defects that it would have needed a stronger hand than poor Clara's, who, alas! was only anxious to be blind with him, to open his eyes. Moreover, he did work by fits and starts; and she remembered each day of work with a vigilance more eager than

his own, and added it scrupulously to the account, and tried to persuade herself that his relaxations were only necessary, as long as she could. Her sense of her own inferiority to him was so strong, that it was long indeed before she ventured on a remonstrance, and what she suffered, ere she did so, was scarcely to be described. It was about three weeks after her arrival—he had been out all day, and she was sitting up for him. He came at about one o'clock in the morning, and she heard his voice in the passage calling vehemently for tea before he would go to bed. She hurried out to him: 'George, dear! I come in—nobody is up—I will get you some tea directly.'

He came in—his manner was strange and abrupt—he looked vacantly at her—uttered an oath, the first she had ever heard from his lips—threw himself on a sofa, and before she could complete her hasty and trembling preparations, was breathing hard, in sudden, heavy sleep.—Even Clara's inexperience could not mistake the symptoms, and instead of making tea, she sat down and cried—how bitterly, none but those who have believed in, and doated upon, and worshipped an imaginary divinity, and then suddenly discovered it to be weaker than ordinary human weakness. To Clara's pure and gentle eyes, this was grievous sin—and with the painful charity of disappointed affection she began to devise excuses for what she could not refuse to see; but oh! the bitterness of the new, terrible truth, which made these excuses necessary!

When George awoke on the following morning, he was still on the sofa, and his sister still watching beside him. It was some time before he thoroughly comprehended what had passed, and then, half ashamed, half angry, he made an awkward explanation; he had been out all day in the open air, had returned quite exhausted, and a glass or two more of wine than his habit had been too much for him—he was afraid he had frightened her—what a simpleton she was, not to have gone to bed! &c., &c. And poor Clara took this scanty balm to her aching heart, and tried to be satisfied with it.

George was by no means very bad, only Clara had fancied him so good that it was hard to be undeceived. Her influence, patiently, tenderly, trustfully exerted, was not without its effect. And, bitter as was her disappointment, she lived through it; the path which seems perpendicular when you gaze at it from a distance, may toilsomely be climbed when your feet are actually set upon it. Some half dozen times, in the course of Clara's sojourn with him, the scene which had so bitterly afflicted her was repeated; but on the whole, he improved. He tried to work more regularly; occasionally he refused an invitation, sometimes he laid out his plans for the distribution of his time, and once he kept it for a whole week.—Clara learned to rejoice in things which, three months before, she would have disdained to believe. It is wonderful what love will bear—how perfect is its theory, yet with what a beautiful hypocrisy that theory will accommodate itself to facts, and strive to seem unaltered.—The union between this brother and sister was never disturbed, she never spoke harshly to him; indeed, she was too timid to speak as freely as she ought. But gradually the reproving silence of her quiet sorrow did its work, and the last month that was spent together, resembled, in some faint degree, the portrait of imagination; and the time for returning home arrived.

'Yes, there it is! That is the church tower, George: how kind of the moon to appear for a moment, and show it to me! We are almost at home. In five minutes more, the horses' feet will be upon the stones.'

Their heads were put eagerly out of the carriage windows as they drove up the street and turned the well-known corner. Soon by the light of the wayside lamps, they distinguished the small, formal-looking red brick house, with its green door and trellised porch, its miniature front garden, some thirty feet square, with a straight gravel walk up the middle, and a circular border on each side, in the centre of a plot of grass. The upper and lower windows of the house were dark, though it was already two hours after sunset; suddenly the gleam of a candle was seen; it passed rapidly from one window to another, then the door of the house was thrown violently open, and a female servant, without bonnet or cloak, rushed out, and ran at full speed up the street, scarcely a second ere the carriage stopped before the swinging gate. Quick, speechless terror came upon George and Clara, and the former was out of the carriage almost before it had ceased to move—sick at heart with nameless fear, his sister followed him into the house. There was no one in the hall.

From above stairs came the sound of hurrying footsteps, interrupted by low moaning and sobbing, as if of some one in great agitation, but unable to give it free vent. Clara stood still, appalled. She would have given worlds to know, either at once or never, what was happening. She felt tempted to turn and run away, as if she could so escape what was about to come upon her. In another moment, the loud, unrestrained cry of childish sorrow burst heavily upon her ears, and little Annie came running down stairs, weeping bitterly, and covering her face with her handkerchief.—The brief paralysis which had rendered Clara incapable of thinking or acting, passed away in an instant; taking the child in her arms, she asked, in low hoarse accents, 'What is it, Annie?—what is it?'

'Papa, papa!' sobbed the little girl, 'he has had a fit! he is dying!'

They stood together a moment in the dark hall, closely folded in each other's arms, but unable to see each other's faces. Then Clara hurried up stairs—but ere she joined the ghastly and troubled group who stood around the bed, all was over, and she was an orphan.

The course of a great sorrow is common enough, a thing of every day. There is the wild incredulity and the unreal composure, half stupor, half excitement; there is the struggle, more or less vehement, of the will against the adverse power which is laboring to subdue it; the brave effort and the helpless surrender. There are prayers, such as that prayer, which was once wrung from a great heart, and which is the voice of a new grief for all time. 'Lord! thou hast permitted it, therefore I submit with all my strength.' There is the heavy weariness, and the aching resignation, and the utter weakness, and the deep, solemn, calm, and holy strength, and the melancholy

peace so sweet in the midst of bitterness, when the vision of heaven dawns upon those eyes which are too blind with tears to see any longer the beauty of earth; there is the slow, painful return to old habits and ways, the endeavor now feeble, now vigorous, the gradual, interrupted success, the shuddering recurrence of familiar images and associated sounds—and the final closing up of a memory in the heart's most temple, where it dwells and lives forever, which the world calls forgetfulness or at least recovery. And the mourner goes back again to the outer-world and common life, like one who has had a fever and is in health again, though somewhat wan and feeble, and needing more than heretofore to be cared for and considered. Sorrows are the pulses of spiritual life; after each beat we pause only to gather strength for the next.

Mr. Capel's affairs were found to be in great confusion. It often happens that the men whom we have believed to be most cautious and least sanguine, are the very men to engage in some sudden rash speculation, which results in ruin. Such was the case now. He had embarked with little principle he possessed in a new railroad; the scheme failed, and his family found themselves literally penniless. The poor widow and little Annie were taken by Mrs. Dacre, whose very moderate income was taxed to its utmost to maintain them. A situation as pupil teacher in a considerable school was found for Emily; Clara and George were for the present, received at the vicarage. Mrs. Middleton was, throughout, Clara's chief support. Her warm unselfish kindness amply atoned for any little deficiency in refinement. She insisted upon taking the poor dejected girl to her own home, till a suitable position as governess could be found for her, and she interested herself most earnestly in the preliminary negotiations, taking special care that Clara should not 'throw herself away in a hurry, which would be perfectly absurd, as the vicarage was open to her for any length of time, and she would not suffer her to leave it unless the prospects were thoroughly satisfactory.'

As Clara witnessed her life of busy charity and honest self-denial, she forgave her the by-words, and reproached herself not a little for her former censorious judgment. Every comfort or help came from or through Mrs. Middleton; it was she who found the situation for Emily, and assisted Clara in arranging and carrying through the whole affair; it was she, too, who cheered George when his heart was heavy and his hopes low, as giving up of course his intention of taking orders, he began the wearisome task of looking for employment.—Aided by her, Clara began gradually to rally from her extreme depression, and to exert herself as heretofore. Her greatest present difficulty the maintenance and destination of her two younger brothers, was relieved in an unlooked-for and mysterious manner. In the midst of her first despondency a letter arrived from the master with whom the boys were placed, acknowledging the receipt of a year's payment in advance for his pupils. On inquiry, it was found that the sum had been sent in Mr. Capel's name; but all attempts to discover the source from which it came proved utterly futile. This bounty, come whence it might, came like manna in the desert; yet poor Clara was nearly as much inclined to murmur at it as were the Israelites of old. There was in her character a strength of natural pride, hitherto unsuspected by herself, mingling a bitterness with her gratitude, of which she felt deeply ashamed. The discipline which she was now undergoing was specially needful to her, and therefore, of course, specially painful; she had so loved to be all-sufficient in her family, to know secretly, however little she presumed upon it outwardly, that she was the prop, the guide, the guardian of them all.—Now she found herself helpless, powerless, useless; one whom she had well nigh despised was her supporter, one unknown was her benefactor. She herself was—nothing.

It was Clara's birthday; but no one ventured to congratulate her, and she herself shrank from any allusion to the subject. When we are in much affliction, it seems natural to put out the lights. They can but show others what we suffer, or force us to contemplate their tears. At breakfast, Clara received a note from a lady in the neighborhood, a stranger to her, who required a governess for her children, and requested an interview with Miss Capel. Twelve was the hour appointed, and the writer's residence was two miles distant from the vicarage; with many a good wish and many a salutary caution from Mrs. Middleton, who failed not to remind her, again and again, that she had promised not to conclude an engagement without previous consultation, Clara set forth on her solitary walk. As she went, she thought anxiously about George; he was trying for a situation as mathematical tutor in a scholastic establishment, which had just been founded under somewhat peculiar circumstances. The founder was a man of large fortune, and eccentric habits; he had reserved to himself alone the selection and appointment of the various professors, and it was said that he tried the patience of the applicants not a little, in the course of his investigation of their claims, moral, intellectual and theological. George's college honors had been much in his favor, and Clara's hopes had been high till a few days before, when he received a letter which appeared to annoy him, and which he did not show her. He was a long while composing his reply, and after he had despatched it, he seemed more than usually low spirited, and graded all discussion of the subject with his anxious and vigilant sister. It was not possible to her nature to seek the confidence even of those she most loved, when they withheld it, so she wondered and grieved in silence; and many a fear, and many a prayer, passed through her heart, in the hours when her aching head rested on a pillow now unfamiliar with sleep. Thus, more than commonly anxious, and with bitter memory of former birth-days stirring within her, she knocked at Mrs. Bouverie's door, and was admitted into that lady's presence.

Clara felt too sorrowful to be shy, otherwise the exceeding coldness of her reception might have daunted her a little. Mrs. Bouverie, a tall, lean, hard-featured woman, of fifty-six, with keen eyes, thin lips, and a general dryness of expression perfectly indescribable, slightly bowed, and without rising, motioned her visitor to a seat. She uttered two civil sentences, which she had learned by rote, about its being a fine day, and a long walk; and then proceeded at once to business. She was one of those people who are as chary of small talk as though they were capable of conversation,

and as niggard of courtesies as though they were ready with secret kindnesses. Now it is all very well to be reserved when you have got something to hide, but it is really too provoking to see people so careful to lock up empty caskets, and seal blank envelopes. It is an imposition upon society, and ought not to be tolerated.

We will not weary the reader with the oft-repeated scene of hiring a governess. Suffice it to say, that Mrs. Bouverie having inquired into Clara's qualifications, and examined her testimonials with apparent satisfaction, proceeded to sum up her own requisitions in the following manner:

'You will have six pupils, Miss Capel, between the ages of seven and fourteen; you will have exclusive charge of their education in English and French, and the two elder girls will learn German. The music master attends once a week, and you will be present at the lessons, and will very carefully watch—I am particular in this—the practicing of each of your pupils daily. Drawing and fancy work you will of course teach yourself. You will breakfast and dine early with your pupils, and walk with them for two hours a day; and at eight o'clock, when the younger girls go to bed, I shall expect the pleasure of your company at my tea table. I always like music in the evening, and shall hope to hear you sing and play with your pupils. You will have perfect freedom, and I hope you will be very comfortable. My housekeeper will settle the pecuniary arrangements with you.'

Miserable as Clara was, she yet shrunk from the future indicated by these words. She remembered at a little fishing village on the coast to have seen a mule employed in carrying sand and sea weed; the animal had a kind of wooden saddle fitted upon its back, and was sent to and fro between the carts waiting to be loaded and the waters' edge, a distance of some eight hundred yards. To and fro across this measured melancholy space, it trudged doggedly and patiently, pausing at one end of its journey to receive its burden, and at the other end to be relieved of it, pausing for nothing else. Clara thought of the mule when Mrs. Bouverie described her governess's day, and felt glad that she had pledged herself not to decide.—She replied courteously and quietly that she would send a definite answer in the evening, as she was bound to consult a friend ere she finally determined. Mrs. Bouverie drew herself up, and Clara became aware that it was possible for her manners to assume an air of additional coldness; a fact which the strongest imagination could scarcely have conceived before experiencing it. However, Mrs. Bouverie piqued herself upon always being considerate, so she said with grim civility, 'You will do what you think best, Miss Capel; and now I need detain you no longer.'

When Clara re-entered the drawing room at the vicarage, she found George alone. His face was flushed, and his manner perturbed; he started up, as she came in, with a nervous eagerness very unusual in him. Not a question did he ask as to the result of her expedition; he began at once on a totally different topic. 'My dearest Clara, I am so glad you are returned. This is a matter of the greatest importance. Read this letter; you will soon learn how much depends upon you; and I am happy, indeed, that it is upon you that it depends.' He placed an open letter in her hands as he spoke, and Clara read as follows:

DEAR SIR—I am most anxious, in circumstances which it must be allowed are somewhat difficult, to act with all the consideration towards yourself which is compatible with justice, and with a strict adherence to that determination with which I have already acquainted you. Common fairness requires that you should be the first person to learn the steps I may resolve upon taking. I have, therefore, to inform you that, not considering your explanation of the very painful reports alluded to in my last perfectly satisfactory, I have written to Mr. Middleton (who, besides being the clergyman of your parish, is an old and highly respected acquaintance of my own) to say that if he is ready to vouch for your freedom from this pernicious habit, I am ready on my part to appoint you to the vacant professorship. I have the honor to remain yours, sincerely,

RICHARD BROOKES.

Clara looked up wonderingly and full of inquiry. Her brother had scarcely patience to wait till she had finished the letter. 'Now, Clara,' exclaimed he, 'it all depends upon you. Mr. Middleton's conscience, it seems, is rather squeamish in these matters: he heartily wishes to serve me, I do believe; but it seems he has made a rule of never becoming responsible for any man on his own assertion merely. But if you will assure him that during the time you kept house for me, you had no reason to believe, in short, I suppose you guess what these unfounded reports are. Old Brookes has been told that I drank; and it seems he has a vow not to give one of his professorships to any man on whom such an imputation rests. You have only to free me from it, and I am secure. These miserable reports refer to the time we were together; and Mr. Middleton says that he will pledge himself for me, if you will give him your assurance that he may do so. He is in his study. Go to him directly, —there's a good girl,—for it only wants an hour of post time.'

The words were poured forth breathlessly; but Clara stood immovable, clasping her hands together with a look of misery. Then she ran to George's chair, and folding her arms about his neck, covered his face with tears and kisses, as if to atone for the pain she was about to inflict. He half pushed her away, saying impatiently, 'Come, come! what does this mean?'

'I cannot do it,' murmured the sobbing girl; 'you know I cannot. Oh! my dearest brother, what will become of me!'

George was furious; he affected incredulity, he tried entreaties, protestations, menaces, ridicule. She could not be in earnest. Would she ruin her own brother, because some once or twice she had seen him when he had been a little imprudent? And when he said this he positively believed that it was but once or twice, and that her scruples were as absurd as they were unkind. Clara wept to agony, but never wavered. It was, indeed, a martyrdom which had more than the bitterness of death. And this idolized brother parted from her at last with words which burned indelible traces upon her heart—she did not love him—she was his enemy—she had ruined his prospects forever. She felt that she had alienated from her

the only heart which she had believed to be entirely her own. She sat down in a kind of desperation and wrote to Mrs. Bouverie, accepting the situation, and offering to come to her immediately. She did not like to send a servant with the note; she feared to be prevented from sending it at all if she delayed, and yet she felt that it was the only thing to be done. Inaction seemed impossible, and she hurried out with it herself. How she walked those two miles she did not know. Her head ached to distraction, and her thoughts were all bewildered; but she left the note, sealed her own fate, and then set forth again to the vicarage. 'I shall be very unhappy, always, all my life,' said she to herself; 'but George will not care! George will not care!' and the words seemed to strike heavily against her brain, and ring dizzily in her ears. She held her forehead with her hand, and stood still, wondering if any one could go beyond what she then felt, and feeling certain if there were any such sorrow she should be called upon to endure it. She longed for death, for imbecility, for madness; for anything that could obliterate consciousness and destroy the capacity for suffering.

'May I speak to you, dear Miss Capel?' said a gentle voice, at her side; 'I have so long wished to see you. Surely, so old a friend as myself has some privilege.' And Mr. Archer took her trembling hand in his, and drew it within his arm, looking earnestly into her face, and adding, 'You are ill—is anything fresh amiss? Can I serve you? Pray tell me.'

Clara burst into an agony of weeping, and as soon as she could speak, tried to put aside his questions, but he was not so to be baffled. He persevered till he had drawn from her the history of what had occurred, which she gave with the less reluctance that she knew him to be already aware of George's misconduct. Indeed, it was a hint received from Mr. Archer which had induced Mr. Capel to send Clara to his son. Incoherent and interrupted were her words, but her listener speedily apprehended their meaning. He soothed her with the utmost tenderness, and once more put hope into her desolate heart. He knew Mr. Brookes well, and had indeed recommended George to him; he would speak to George, and if he found him properly disposed, (of which he felt no doubt,) he would himself see Mr. Brookes, and endeavor to induce him to accept his (Mr. Archer's) surety for George's future steadiness and good conduct. He entertained no fears. Above all, never let Clara for one moment regret that she had done right in circumstances so painful. She had probably saved her brother, for this lesson would be one that he never could forget. Clara could scarcely express her gratitude. They walked together for some time in silence, her tears flowing quietly and relieving her overstrained nerves. At last he spoke again: 'Do you remember a conversation we had, some years ago, about Tennyson's Love and Duty?'

She looked up in surprise. Yes, she had not forgotten it. 'You said then,' he pursued, 'that no woman could feel sure that she was beloved till she was actually told it; and that it was selfishness in man to keep silence because, in order to avoid the possible humiliation of a refusal, or the pain of a scene of parting if separation were necessary, he might be depriving her (mark I only say might) of a certainty which—she might wish to possess.—Clara—'

'—all this while I have loved you!'

There was again a silence, Clara's face hidden in her hands. And so, not absolutely discouraged, Mr. Archer told his history. He had loved her all this while—for her charms, for her faults, for her noble struggle against those faults, for self-conquest, for herself. He believed it impossible that she should love him; he had never meant to speak of it. But those words of hers had remained unforgetting; and, at last, he was doing what, perhaps, he might ever afterwards repent. Did he repent it! He spoke of his defect, he accused himself of presumption, he was ashamed, afraid of what he had done. Reader did he repent it? Oh, how often did Clara Archer, the happy, idolized wife, recur to those days of self-deception when, out of the bitterness of her mortification, believing that he did not like her, she persuaded herself that she disliked him! How did she delight to trace the marks of her secret, unsuspected, unacknowledged love, in her irritability towards him, her shyness in his presence, her unsatisfied and morbid cravings after affection, which were, in truth, so many witnesses to that inner sense which may awake indeed, but unconscious and ungrateful! How did she, who had so gloried in her self-dependence, glory now, in owing all to him! Yes, all! Her happiness, the comfort of her family, (for I need hardly say that he was the anonymous benefactor,) the complete reformation of George, who distinguished himself to her heart's content as a mathematical professor; and the improvements in her own character, which she verily believed to have been caused, although unconsciously at the time, by her contemplation of his. In her happiness, as in her bitter grief, in her weakness as in her strength, in her faults as in her noble qualities, she remained, from first to last—A VERY WOMAN.

The Cat and the Rabbit.

As your little readers, Mr. Editor, are much pleased with stories about animals, I will give you one that I vouch for the truth of.

A few years ago, I purchased a pair of beautiful white rabbits. Soon after a dog fell upon one of them, and killed it. The other was soon missing and I concluded it was killed also. The next spring, on removing the hay from the barn, I found at the bottom of the mow my rabbit, together with an old cat, and a fine lot of kittens, all living together in perfect harmony. The rabbit had made a hole under the hay-mow, and thus furnished a house for the whole family.

This led me to try an experiment, to see if what we call natural antipathy has any real existence. I took away one of the kittens, and put a small puppy in its place. On the return of the cat, she did not at first appear to like the exchange; but soon the puppy became the favorite of his step-mother, who brought it up with true maternal fondness. But notwithstanding all her care and teaching, she could not make a cat of him. Like many little children, in spite of all her training, he would be a puppy.

My family of cats being rather more numerous than was convenient, I gave the kittens all away; and the puppy, by his dog-god manners, and boisterous barking, having alienated the affections of his step-mother, she abandoned him

altogether. Thus deprived of her whole family, the old cat for several days wandered around mourning her lost children. One day, after being out on one of her solitary walks, she came in with a small chicken in her mouth. This she safely deposited in her bed, lay down by it, and folding her paws around it, she and her new child were soon fast asleep. On waking up, the chicken commenced following her step-mother, and from that time the cat would answer the peep of the chicken, and the chicken would run at the meowing of the cat. The old cat's sorrows seemed to be at an end; except in one particular. She would bring in squirrels and mice, and lay them down by her little fledgling; but with all her anxious wishes, expressed so plainly to be misunderstood, she could not induce chicken to eat them. They thus lived in perfect harmony, until the chicken was about half grown up, when the puppy, as if from envy at seeing another supplant him in his step-mother's affections, killed his rival.

Teaching by Analogies.

A village school-master announced one day to his pupils that an inspector would soon come to examine them. 'If he questions you on geography, he will probably ask,' said he, 'what is the shape of the earth; and if you don't remember, you need only look towards me; I will show you my snuff box, so as to remind you that it is round!'

Now the teacher had two snuff boxes; one round, which he used Sunday, and one square, which he carried during the week. The fatal day arrived; the deans, as the master had anticipated, asked one of the scholars, what is the shape of the earth? The latter, at first a little embarrassed, turns round to the master, who shows his snuff box, and their answers unhesitatingly—

'It is round Sunday, sir, and square the rest of the week.'

The preceding anecdote reminds us of another instance of the risk in teaching by analogies. A female teacher of a school (that stood on the banks of a quiet English stream, once wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of faith. While she was trying to explain the meaning of the word, a small covered boat glided in sight along the stream. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration, she exclaimed, 'If I were to tell you that there is a leg of mutton in that boat, you would believe me, would you not, even without seeing it yourselves?'

'Yes, ma'am,' returned the scholars.

'Well, that is faith,' replied the school mistress.

The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she inquired, 'What is faith?'

'A leg of mutton in a boat!' was the answer, shouted from all parts of the school-room. [Olive Branch.]

How does a Fly Buzz?

How does a fly buzz? is a question more easily asked than answered. 'With the wings,' to be sure; hastily replies one of our readers. 'With its wings,' says another, 'it vibrates upon the air,' responds another, with a smile, half of contempt, half of complacency of his own more than common measurement of natural philosophy. But how, then, let us ask, can the great dragon-fly, and other similar broad-pinioned, rapid-flying insects cut through the air with silent swiftness, while others go on buzzing when not upon the wing at all? Rennie, who has already put this posing query, himself ascribes the sound partially to air, but to air as it plays on the 'edges of their wings at their origin, as with an Aeolian harp string,' or to the friction of some internal organ at the root of the wings or nerves. Lastly, how does the fly feed? the busy, curious, thirsty fly, that 'drinks with me,' but does not 'drink as I,' his sole instrument for eating or drinking being his trunk or suck; the narrow pipe, by means of which, when let down upon his dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits his capacity. This trunk might seem an instrument convenient enough when inserted into a saucer of syrup, or applied to the broken surface of an over-ripe blackberry; but we often see our sipper of sweets quite as busy on a solid lump of sugar, which we shall find, on close inspection, growing 'small by degrees' under his attack. How, without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiment? A magnifier will solve the difficulty, and show how the fly dissolves his rock.—Humbug-fashion, by a diluent, a salivary fluid passing down the same pipe, which returns the sugar melted into syrup.—[Episodes of Insect Life.]

Winter Scapes.

Nature to me is very beautiful in winter. How pure is the air! What loveliness, surpassing even the spring-time, rests on the landscape! The hills, rising pale and blue afar; the vales and plains, dotted with farm-yards, where the herds are huddled 'in their coats secure,' and the yellow straw and green hay marks the place of their pleased imprisonment. From the barn, you hear the hollow-sounding flail of the thrasher; from the street, near and far, the cheerful jingle of the bells; and all around you, when you gain some eminence, you behold the shining lakes and mountains, bright as silver in the beams of the sun! Then again, winter is so perfectly salubrious. Sanctified and enshrined in its atmosphere, 'the dog, the horse, the rat,' though never so defunct, are inoffensive for months; whereas, in the solstice, they would directly fill your nostril with indignation, and demand prompt exequies. I say I like winter, and I care not who knows it. He that differs from me may go his ways.—His taste mislikes me.—[W. G. Clark.]

TAKING ONE'S PART. A gentleman of some notoriety, at the west end of the town, was the other day met by a friend who told him he had just left a person who spoke very contemptuously of him.

'Of me?—what did he say?'

'Why he said you were over head and ears in debt, that you paid nobody, and as for your word, it wasn't worth a button.'

'And what,' replied the other, 'did you say to this?'

'Why,' rejoined the friend warmly, 'I said it was so.'

Oh, Yes!—'I'm afraid that you do not practice much self-denial,' said a parson to a pretty miss in Newport.

'Nay, but I do,' said she, 'for every day I fall in with pretty young men whom I want to kiss most sadly; but I deny myself that pleasure.'

MISCELLANY.

Thoughts for a Young Man.

If a young man, incited by selfish principles alone, inquires how he shall make his appetite yield him the largest amount of gratification, the answer is by temperance. The true epicurean art consists in the adaptation of our organs not only to the highest, but to the longest enjoyment. (Vastly less depends upon the table to which we sit down, than upon the appetite which we carry to it.) The palmed epicure, who spends five dollars for his dinner, extracts less pleasure from his meal than many a hardy laborer, who dines for a shilling. The desideratum is, not greater luxuries, but livelier *papilles*; and if the devotee of appetite would propagate his divinity aright, he would not send to the Yellowstone for buffalo's tongues, nor to France for *pate de foie gras*, but would climb a mountain or swing an axe. With health, there is no end to the quantity or the variety from which the palate can extract its pleasures. Without health, no delicacy that nature or art produces can provoke a zest. Hence, when a man destroys his health, he destroys, so far as he is concerned, whatever of sweetness, of flavor and of savor, the teeming earth can produce. To him who has poisoned his appetite by excesses, the luscious pulp of grape or peach, the nectarous juices of orange or pineapple, are but a loathing and nausea. He has turned gardens and groves of delicious fruit into gardens and groves of ipecac and aloes. The same vicious indulgence that blasted his health, blasted orchards and cane-fields also. Verily, the man who is physiologically "wicked" does not live out half his days; nor is this the worst of his punishment, for he is more than half dead while he appears to live.

[Horace Mann.]

KITES.—These being the days of high winds and high kites, we suggest to our young friends the idea of trying their artistic skill in making their kites into forms of living things. It is rather too bad that our boys should be away behind the Heathenish Chinese in this respect; but they are, nevertheless. A missionary in that country says, "The sky is in a universal flutter of kites. I counted this afternoon from my window ninety-three, which were flown at various heights with great skill. Some represented hawks, and admirably imitated their manoeuvres in the air, poising themselves, and sailing and darning; gaudy butterflies floated around; and dragons formed of a long succession of circular kites, with a fierce head, flew about the sky. The majority were of merely fanciful shapes. Loud noises, like a wind instrument, could be heard from them. The most amusing form was that of a huge fish, as it swam through the blue above, moving its tail and fins with a ludicrously natural effect. Those like animals are also flown in pairs and made to fight." Now boys, try your Yankee ingenuity, and let the Celestials know that you are up to the age with something in the wind worth looking at.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

FARMERS' WORKSHOPS.—Every farmer will find a benefit result from having a workshop in which he can repair, during rainy weather, or at other times, his broken ploughs, harrows, and wear and tear incident to the use of farming implements. The farmer who has a small building, or one of a size adapted to his wants, provided with a force, anvil, hammers, bench, and a few good tools, will find himself amply repaid by the saving of time alone, spent in running after work. In the course of the year the enterprising farmer has a hundred little jobs of mending in wood and iron, which, if he has the means, he can do himself. If a chain is broken, or a new bolt wanted, he can soon remove the obstruction and proceed with his business; whereas, if he is obliged to go three or four miles to a mechanic, which is often the case in the country, when his work is pressing him, he suffers seriously from the loss of time.

GREEN SPECTACLES. A writer in the Independent gives the following "word of advice to our clerical friends."

1. Never come into a large city without having read the Vicar of Wakefield, and coned over with special care the matter of the green spectacles.

2. Whenever you see an auction shop, for the sale of watches, trinkets, or other small wares, remember that green spectacles are sold there.

3. Spare a little time from the study of the fathers, to look into the small items, police reports, &c., in the newspapers, and thus learn not merely what the fathers wrote, but also what the sons are doing.

4. If, from any laudable desire to gain information, you should be disposed to spend a little time at an auction shop, first take pen, ink and paper, and deliberately record a vow not to speak, nod or wink, while in the shop.—Having done this, read it over and have it witnessed by at least two judicious friends; let each of them take you by the arm, and between them walk in. Go not alone, lean not on your own understanding. When in, remember that every word you hear is a lie and every action represents a falsehood.

5. Remember that the good vicar has successors quite as innocent as himself in the ways of the world, and that there are greener things than—green spectacles.

THIEFOMETER.—If any of our Broadway dealers suspect lightfingeredness in any of their customers, perhaps they may find the rogues by the use of a Thiefometer, or Want-of-Conscience Discoverer, lately tried by an extensive dealer in that place of sharp blades called Sheffield, in England. The inventor of the Thiefometer says, in relating his experience:—"In order to prove and profit by the probation of the frequenter, I procured a newly-coined half-sovereign, and, with a particle of gum, affixed it to the inside of the top of the glass show-case upon the counter, in such a manner that it appeared to be lying on the outer surface; and by observing the conduct of customers on various occasions, I was enabled to determine, with a considerable degree of certainty, whose intentions were upright and whose the opposite. It was no less strange than alarming to note the number of those who attempted by various strategy to appropriate it to their own use. Now a lady would carefully lay her handkerchief upon the case, immediately over the coveted coin, and on removing it, cautiously, with her thumb and finger, nip that portion of it supposed to contain the prize. Another would cover the spoil with her muff, and while pretending to examine some article with one hand, endeavor to secure the little innocent with the other. Some would anxiously inquire for goods on the shelves behind, to divert attention from the object of their cupidity. Some scrupulously emptied their purses, when making payment, immediately over and around the unsuspecting little coin, that in the gathering up again it might be harvested. The chaplain painted on the countenance of each individual, furnished an infallible guarantee of the intent, and exposed an amount of latent villainy absolutely startling to the beholder. But the scheme was too expensive to be afforded long. I observed that

those who had been unsuccessful, ever after avoided the shop.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

A PARAPHRASE.—"Go it while you are young, for when you are old you can't."—"Make sundry evolutions with thy perambulator while sanguinous fluid of juvenility rushes warmly through the arterial structure of thy physical organization; for when the rostral congelation of many hybernal seasons has silvered the capillaries integument of thy cranium, the ultima thule of thy further advancement will have been reached."

PROUS FIGHTING. At the battle of Gainborough, Cromwell told his men in a general order, "Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry." On the eve of the battle of Naseby, he issued another order to his infantry saying, "Call upon the Lord and trust to your pikes." Before the battle of Worcester, he said, "The prayers of the godly to scatter the wicked are heard by the Lord." Then trust in the Lord, take good aim, and strike hard.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAR. 14, 1850.

MR. A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

Repair of Roads.

This subject excited some interest at our late town-meeting; and it seems singular that the result of the last year's experiment (of repairing the roads with cash) should be so different from that of the same experiment in other places. The town voted to return to the old system of repairing with labor. We know not the grounds upon which this change was made—but it forcibly reminds us of the reasoning powers by which a certain man once acted in a similar way. A man who had always carried his corn to mill on the back of Dobbin, with a stone in one end of the bag to balance the corn in the other end, was met by a man who proposed to show him a new idea, and accordingly threw out the stone and divided the corn so as to make it balance itself. But after a short trial, the fellow returned and replaced the stone as before—"For," said he, "though it really seems lost labor to carry the stone, yet as my father and grandfather have always carried it, I can't give it up!"

The experiment with the cash system in Belfast seems to have given a different result. It seems from the annual report that the yearly expense of repairs in 1847 and 1848 was \$7700. In 1849 they substituted cash for labor, and raised \$4500. Of this sum only \$2597 was expended—leaving a balance of \$1903 on hand, and showing an actual saving of more than \$5000! The report says that "the roads have been so well looked after and cared for, that for the first time in ten years no suits have been instituted for neglecting to make such repairs as the law and public safety require." The course pursued was to contract with a single individual to "repair all the highways, town ways, causeways and bridges," taking a bond "to hold the town harmless for all claims of damages or costs arising from any neglect of their legal duties, pertaining to their roads." This seems to have been a pretty plain case of gain. We can hardly feel satisfied with so different a result in our own town; and could, indeed, wish that the experiment had been more completely and thoroughly tested.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

WOOLWICH, ENGL., Feb'y 10th, 1850.

"This certifies that Ichabod Thordike has been in my employ, as Engineer, for the past year, and as to his carefulness, and competency, in that capacity, I have no hesitation in saying, that he has no superior. His Boiler has been provided with a fusible plug, and it has not fused out for that period of time—an undeniable proof of his carefulness and fidelity. He has been weighed, in this accurate balance, and never has been found wanting."

MR. EDITOR:—This ancient certificate of qualification is the necessary article at this present time. Engineers with the above certificate of qualification, and the fusible plug in the Boiler, would render steam transit perfectly safe, obviating all danger from explosions. France has a law in force requiring all Steam Boilers to be provided with a fusible plate or plug; and I cannot learn that any accidents from steam Boiler explosions, have occurred in that country. What a wise provision!—Why not follow her wholesome example, and adopt this simple, safe and effectual safeguard, in this country? Was it not for the opposition of the self-styled scientific Engineers of the land, this wholesome proposition would have been adopted years ago—saving the lives of thousands annually. Every practical Engineer knows there is danger of explosion only, when the water becomes low in the Boiler. When that occurs the plug, being composed of lead and tin, or lead, tin and bismuth, so alloyed as to fuse at almost any desired temperature, at once fuses out, opening an aperture, and causing the steam to rush upon the fire in the furnace. Immediately extinguishing it, and thus obviating all dangers of explosion, but subjecting the cars, or boat, to some delay while re-adjusting the plug. Every occurrence of fusing the plug subjects the Engineer to censure for carelessness, compelling him to the faithful discharge of his duty. The almost daily occurrence of Steam Boiler explosions, with the awful destruction of life, calls in thundering tones for some preventive, for some wholesome laws, to restrain this wholesale and bloody butchery. The distracted widow, the unprotected fatherless sons and daughters, and the departed spirits of the ten thousand victims, hurried headlong into eternity, call equally aloud for a suspension of these dire calamities. I am informed that a Boiler provided with a fusible plug, has been used in one of the Kennebec Boats for five years, and the Engineer's care and watchfulness has been so on the alert that the plug has not been fused out for that whole period—an undeniable proof of his competency. Adopt the fusible plug, placed beyond the reach of the Engineer, and his faithfulness and competency

as such, is measured, by the frequency of fusing the plug—an undeviating balance to measure the true value of his services. Should this provision be adopted, all careless Engineers would be exposed and rendered unfit for that service.

A TRAVELLER.

THE CRISIS.

We can hardly remember the time when our country was not on the tip-top of an enormous "crisis" in regard to slavery or something else. When we were only old enough to believe that the word had the same meaning as "bug-a-boo," we used to read it in the newspaper with the same shudder that others have exhibited on reading Miller's cogitations in reference to the end of the world. We never supposed it to be strictly beast, bird or fish, but about as much all as either. Unlike most of our childish impressions, this one remains nearly the same, except that instead of trembling at a modern "crisis," we never omit laughing. The present Calhoun "crisis" might reasonably demand a second look from those not already familiar with its features. Mr. Calhoun has been so long in stuffing it into good stand-alone rigidity, that almost every body has caught a glimpse of its outline. Indeed, the South is getting to be somewhat noted as a "crisis" manufactory; so much so, that the legitimate meaning of the word has come to be, "An attempt to frighten somebody."—A marvellously life-like effort has been made, it is true, by many of the Washington letter-writers to Northern papers, to give the impression that the "crisis" now on exhibition is what a Yankee would denominate "a crisis as is a crisis." A scattered few have even been alarmed for fear this might be the fact.

We look upon Mr. Calhoun's speech as the summit of the present "crisis"—the point at which the fever turns or the patient dies. The presence of such doctors as Clay and Webster—to say nothing of Foote—must have had a favorable influence; and though there is some necessity, in certain sections, for keeping up the old cry of "crisis!" and perhaps the same effort on the part of dough-face letter writers, yet there is some reason to hope that the fiery ordeal is past. It was a remark of Randolph, or somebody like him, that "When Congress adjourned the country was safe." Congress is by no means about to adjourn; but Congress has less to do, with the safety of the country than when this remark was made. The present session, otherwise, has been fruitful in anarchy and dissolution. It will require the joint efforts of many such men as Foote, or Calhoun even, to bring about the state of things, in our strong and happy country, of which they so loudly prate. The threat of dissolution, we verily think, is credited with even less sincerity at the South than at the North. At least it receives as decided rebuke there as here.—When the mice put the bell upon the cat, agreeably to the resolve of the old fable, we shall look for dissolution on the plan of Mr. Calhoun—and we believe the attempt, in either case, would exhibit similar results. We have, however, as little expectation of witnessing one experiment as the other.

WORTHY OF ATTENTION.—Messrs. Smith & Robinson, Portland, whose advertisement is in another column, offer a most inviting opportunity for the selection of rich and rare house-furnishing goods. This establishment is very extensive, and they have got the idea of quick sales and small profits to perfection. Our neighbors who pass through Portland—especially ladies of good taste—would find it a very agreeable task to pass through their rooms.

Stut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut. Staggering tongues may prepare for a jubilee about this time. The editor of the Clarion gives notice that he is "legally" authorized to cure stammering; whereupon the world-famous Dr. Mann, author of the great Strippings-and-Mollasses discovery, advertises to do the same thing "illegally." We prefer the latter mode, having found that the more the law has to do with men's tongues, the worse they slip and slide. We go the Strippings system for all diseases of the tongue.

TOWN MEETING.—At the annual meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Waterville, on Monday last, E. L. Getchell, Esq., was chosen Moderator, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

John B. Bradbury, Town Clerk.
Samuel Appleton, 1st Selectman; T. O. Saunders, 2d do.; Alfred Winslow, 3d do.
Nathaniel Stedman, Treasurer and Collector.
Harrison A. Smith, Esq., Town Agent.
The meeting stands adjourned to Monday next.

CHOWDER.—The editor of the Eastport Sentinel, (who, by the way, is a bold, independent thinker, and a rare, original writer—whose paper we always read with interest) after copying the recipe for making Chowder, which is going the rounds of the papers, denies that is the Yankee fashion of chowder making. Living, as he does in the very further end of Down East, near the jumping-off place, his opinion must not be disregarded; therefore hear him, while he rehearses the method of making this delicious dish in the genuine Yankee fashion of Down East.

"Fry out pork enough to make your chowder (any amount) sufficiently fatty: let it remain in the pot, (any size less than a barrel.) Then take fresh cod's heads or skinned had-dock, and place a layer of them at the bottom; then a layer of sliced raw potatoes; then a layer of hard-bread, and a little pepper and salt; and continue thus, placing the layers, till you have put in a sufficient quantity; add a little sweet milk if you please, and cover the whole with cold water. It will cook in fifteen minutes; and is one of the richest, most nutritious and cheapest dishes in Yankeeedom."

NEW ENGINE FOR THE A. AND K. RAILROAD.—A correspondent of the Railway Times says:

"Yesterday I paid a visit to Mr. Kirk's Engine Establishment, Cambridgeport, to view the handsome proportions of the locomotive

'Kennebec,' built by Mr. Kirk for the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company. This engine is a noble specimen of mechanism. It was built expressly for a passenger engine, and is capable of running at a rate of fifty miles per hour, with a common passenger train. The frame work is constructed entirely of wrought iron, put together with great strength; the forging is well done; and in fact every part, from the steam chest to the tender, is finished with ingenuity and superior skill. The machine is to run on the 'broad gauge.' It weighs twenty-one tons: wheels five feet six inches in diameter: cylinder sixteen inches in diameter: twenty inch stroke."

KENNEBEC TRANSCRIPT.—A semi-weekly paper, with the above title, has just made its appearance, hailing from that enterprising 'settlement' at the mouth of the Cobscookseco—whom known as the town of Gardiner, but now rejoicing in the name of city. The Transcript is published by Mr. R. B. CALDWELL, and edited by S. L. PLUMER, Esq.; it is to be a neutral, independent paper, filled with interesting literary and miscellaneous matter, together with the news of the day. Mr. Plumer is admirably fitted for an editor, and we predict that the Transcript will soon be widely and favorably known, and what is of some consequence to the publisher, well patronized.

AUGUSTA ELECTION.—At the first election under the city charter, on Monday last, there was no choice of Mayor. Of the 1172 votes thrown, William A. Drew (Citizens' candidate) received 517; J. A. Pettigill, (Whig) 430; Alfred Redington, (Dem.) 219.

Prof. Mandeville's System of Reading and Oratory.

The system of Reading and Oratory by Prof. Mandeville has recently been brought prominently and favorably to the attention of Teachers and others in this city; by a series of nearly forty lessons; by the learned and accomplished author of the system. These lessons have given high satisfaction and have made a deep impression.

Near the close of the lessons a committee was appointed by the class, consisting of Rev. Nathan Dole of Brewer, Dr. S. B. Morrison, James B. Palmer, Esq., and Mr. H. Houston for the purpose of reporting resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the class of the merits of Dr. Mandeville's system.

At a subsequent meeting Rev. Mr. Dole, chairman of the committee, reported as follows, which was unanimously accepted and the resolutions adopted, and a vote passed that it be published and a copy be handed to Dr. Mandeville.

The class composed of Students of the Theological Seminary, Teachers, Professional Gentlemen and others, both ladies and Gentlemen, of Bangor and the vicinity, after having received between thirty and forty lessons from Prof. Mandeville, in the Elements of Reading and Oratory, come to the following conclusions:—

1. That he succeeds in establishing the fundamental principles of his work; viz:—That our language comprises a limited number of sentences, having each a peculiar and uniform construction by which they may be always recognized; and That the structure of a sentence determines its punctuation and general delivery.

2. That the rules which he lays down in the application of these principles, are clear, and philosophical.

3. That the introduction of his system into our schools and seminaries of learning, would effect a great saving of time in learning to read, and would secure much more intelligent and graceful readers.

4. That the system, moreover, is essential to a thorough understanding of the language, and may easily be made the basis of an exercise that shall be scarcely inferior in its results on mental discipline, to the study of the Classics, and would produce far richer fruits than this study can, when, as in so many cases there is time only for its limited pursuits. Therefore,

Resolved: That we have great pleasure in knowing that the system is so widely received with favor.

Resolved: That we recommend to all who take an interest in reading (an art which may be so pleasing an accomplishment, but which now too generally is a weariness to him who practices it, as well as to them who listen), to avail themselves, if possible, of Prof. Mandeville's instructions.

Resolved: That we congratulate the friends of education in our State that the means of gaining a knowledge of this system are to be furnished to a considerable extent, to our teachers during the present season; and we hope those thus favored will not let slight obstructions debar them from the privilege.

At an informal meeting of the class a committee of ladies was appointed to report upon some method of expressing the high regards of the class to Prof. Mandeville for his earnest labors and instruction.

This committee reported that the class purchase a rich travelling dressing case, to be presented to Prof. Mandeville as a token of their regards. The report was accepted and the present made.

On Wednesday afternoon the exercises of the class were brought to a close. Professor Mandeville, at the request of the class, gave them a history of his discoveries and the manner of his becoming an author. He also read a few select passages; and then took his leave, acknowledging very handsomely the kind attentions and tokens he had received from them. [Bangor paper.]

We learn from the Hallowell Gazette, that the teachers of Kennebec are to be instructed gratis in the above admirable book for teachers, at a Rhetorical Institute to be held at Augusta, commencing April second.

THOUGHT BETTER OF IT.—The ship California Packet, got under weigh in the stream early yesterday morning, and went to sea, with a smart N. W. wind. A young and handsome lady passenger belonging to Maine, not relishing the rough motion of the ship, and considering it but a foretaste of what she would have to endure, on the long and perilous voyage, resolutely insisted upon coming ashore with the pilot, who in vain attempted to dissuade her, telling her it was as much as her life was worth to leave the ship in his little canoe, in mid-bay. But nothing could alter her resolution, and the pilot had no sooner got into his canoe than she came over the ship's side, slipped down the "painter," without gloves, and was conveyed in safety by the gallant pilot to the pilot-boat, in which she returned to the city.—[Boston Trav.]

where than against her own will—so, when she decided not to go, there was an end of parleying. Gloves were of no use.

SLANDER REPUTED. Who was that, eh? Who said the Railroad Pic-nic had exhausted the best blood of gallantry on the Kennebec? A short calm—nothing more! Social and gallant men must have time to breathe, as well as your sour, crusty, crab-apple fellows, with whom even the best and most beautiful women are sometimes afflicted. When they do breathe they breathe to some purpose, and nobody about them is secretly wishing they would obligingly stop breathing. We say gallantry is not extinct! Today, it may be, some of the best young men, and not a few of the fairest belles in Maine, are confined at home, from over exertion at the great ball at the Williams House last night; but their fathers and mothers, who danced twice as much, and a vast deal better, are about the streets as supple as eel-skins. The "moderns" are saying to-day that they would not even venture to dance with their great-grandmothers. Gallantry bears a green old age on the Kennebec, when it is thrice dead everywhere else. Our best citizen circle is composed of grey-heads—the "true chips" are often caught shaking more jetty locks. Gallantry extinct!—not till it dies with future generations!

Destructive Fire in Augusta.

The most serious fire that has occurred in this place for several years, broke out about half past nine o'clock, on Saturday evening last, in the tailor's shop of James Dealy, on Water street, four doors south of North's block, and nearly opposite the Stanley House. The building in which the fire originated was soon enveloped in flames, and it being situated in midst of a row of wooden tenements, the fire was communicated to the buildings on both sides, so that by the time the engines could be brought into service, three or four of them were on fire.

At this time the aspect of the fire was most threatening; a long row of wooden buildings was before it, and the destruction of a large amount of property seemed highly probable; but by the well-directed efforts of the fire-department, aided by the timely and effective assistance of the Hallowell Fire Companies, and the engine belonging to the Arsenal, the fire was soon checked, and before twelve o'clock, all danger of any further destruction from this was at end.

Six buildings were entirely consumed; one was torn down, and three others very much injured. The loss, as near as we can ascertain, is as follows:

The building next below North's Block, was owned by J. W. North, and was occupied by Miss Fairbanks and Miss Locke, Milliners.—The goods of the occupants were removed.—Miss Fairbanks's goods were insured for \$300; Miss Locke had no insurance.

The next building was owned by Horace Bowditch, and was occupied by him as a Confectionary shop and dwelling. The building was burnt; a part of the goods were saved.—Loss about \$1000. No insurance.

The next building was owned by Colburn & Springer, and occupied by them as a grocery store. A portion of their goods were saved.—Loss about \$1000. No insurance.

The tailor's shop, in which the fire originated, was owned and occupied by James Dealy. From this nothing was saved. Insurance one thousand dollars.

W. H. Chapman owned the next building, and occupied it as a barber's shop and dwelling. A part of his furniture was saved. Loss \$700; insurance on the building \$400.

W. H. Chisham owned the next building, and occupied it as a tailor's shop. A portion of the stock was saved. Loss about \$800; no insurance.

The next building was owned by B. Libby & Co., and occupied by them as a grocery store. A portion of the goods were saved.—There was an insurance of \$1000 on the goods, and \$550 on the building. The second story was occupied by Miss Bennett, Dress-maker, whose goods were principally saved, although somewhat injured by the removal. She had no insurance. This building was the last one burned on the south.

The next building was considerably injured, and the stock of goods it contained was removed. It was owned by D. Allen, who had an insurance of \$600 upon it, and was occupied as a hat store by Jona. Pierce, who had an insurance of \$1500. On the second floor was a daguerrotype room occupied by F. Hacker.—His stock was removed and damaged somewhat—not insured.

The next building was owned by John F. Childs, and was occupied by him as a saddle and harness shop. The goods were removed. He was insured \$600. The upper portion of this building was occupied by A. J. Pierce, as a daguerrotype room. His stock was removed and somewhat damaged—not insured.

We do not know how the fire originated.—It probably took in the basement story of Mr. Dealy's shop. Several persons were in the shop not more than an hour or an hour and a half previous to the discovery of the fire. It was fortunate that there was so little wind; if it had been otherwise, the fire could not have been arrested where it was.—[Maine Farmer.]

A RESURRECTIONIST.—On Tuesday last, a man by the name of Alexander Hatch, of Montville, was committed to jail in this town, for disintering the body of the wife of A. R. Dunton, the well-known teacher of penmanship. Mrs. D. was buried on Saturday, and the body was stolen the same night. This Hatch called himself "doctor," but we believe it was his intention to have sent the lady to Boston. The crime was discovered by the medium of a person whom Hatch took into his confidence, intending to make an accomplice of him. Chap. 160, Sec. 32, Rev. Stat. provides a penalty of imprisonment in the jail for a term of not more than one year, or fine not exceeding \$1000, for this offence.—[Belfast Journal.]

A FOX STORY.—Last week, in the town of Newbury, a fox hunter, with two hounds, got upon the track of a poor fox, which was pursued until towards the close of the day. Fox found matters were drawing to a desperate crisis with him—and just at this time the whistle of the railroad train was heard, when the track just in the direction, and approached the track just as the train came up, and leaped it immediately preceding the engine, and the two hounds close in pursuit. Each hound was caught by the wheel of the engine—the foremost lost about a foot of his tail, and the one in the rear was cut off just behind his hips—and off went Fox "alone in his glory." However improbable this may appear, we are assured by a Director of the Road that it is a fact.—[St. Johnsbury Vt. Caledonian.]

Compromises in General.

The following article from the Trenton (N. J.) State Gazette seems to us to hit the nail as square on the head as anything we have read for a fortnight:

"We go for the Compromise of the Constitution, and we are tired of all other Compromises—for, in fact, all other Compromises are violations of the Constitution and of the essential spirit of Republicanism."

"The great Compromise of the Constitution, is that the majority should rule. All other Compromises have aimed at the subversion of this principle. The object of all others has been to enable the minority to rule, to a certain extent. We are inclined to think it very unfortunate, that any such contrivance for subverting the rights of the majority was ever devised. It is unfortunate that our people, or any portion of our people, have been accustomed through these compromises, to think they have a right to rule, when they are in the minority."

"We are perfectly willing to abide by this 'Compromise of the Constitution.' If our measures are voted down in Congress, we are perfectly willing to submit. If measures which we consider to be inexpedient, or wrong, or even decidedly wicked, are adopted by a majority of Congress, we still submit. For to do so, is one of the necessities of man's condition as an orderly member of society."

"On the other hand, when the measures we advocate are approved of by the majority in Congress, we expect the minority to submit, too—and not to bluster and demand a compromise."

"The mode provided by the Constitution for settling our disputes is the best and easiest in the world. It consists simply of calling the Yeas and Nays, and counting them. The result shows which side has it, and which side has it not. All that remains is for the latter to submit. If they refuse, there is an end of Republican Government; any device which enables them to triumph in this respect, subverts, so far as that case goes, our Republican form of Government."

SERVANTS IN AMERICA.—Complaints were often made to us of the difficulty of finding, or of keeping when found, good servants in the States; and amusing anecdotes were told of the independence of American helps in this 'land of liberty'; thus 'a green mountain boy' of Vermont, engaged himself to a family in town; there was an evening party at the house, and he came in with a tray: seeing some ladies sitting talking in a corner which he could not conveniently reach, he called out, 'Hallo, girls! how are you off for cream and sweeten?' Being directed to light a fire in the morning in the parlor for the children, when the mistress came down she found the servant sitting in a chair, with his feet up, and reading the newspaper; without rising he cried, pointing at the fire, 'Isn't that a roarer?' An Englishman told me that he was travelling with his younger brother, who was deaf, through Massachusetts. After staying all night at an inn, in the morning the 'help' who had cleaned their boots went to the younger brother and asked him for something; he directed him to his elder brother, who carried the purse; the 'boot cleaner' went to him, and stood before him. 'What do you want?' was asked. 'I'm the gentleman who cleaned your boots, and the deaf man there told me to go to you.'—[Sir J. Alexander's Aedie

THE LICENSE LAW.—The new bill in relation to the liquor traffic, passed the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, by an almost unanimous vote, on the 6th inst., without the utterance of a word in opposition, or a single proposition to amend or vary its form, as it came from the Committee.

The bill as passed provides that liquors may be sold in less quantities than 28 gallons for medicinal and mechanical purposes, by persons employed by the Selectmen of towns and Mayors of cities—as many persons to be thus appointed, and paid, as the public good may require. Persons not thus appointed, who shall sell in less quantity than 28 gallons, are to be punished by imprisonment not less than 10 nor more than 60 days, and to be fined \$20; and on a second conviction be imprisoned for twice the length of time. No licenses can be granted for the sale of liquors, otherwise than is provided for in this act.

THE LAWRENCE AFFAIR.—The examination of Dr. Moses P. Clark and wife, charged with causing the death of Catharine L. Adams, was concluded at Lawrence on Tuesday evening, and resulted in an order for the commitment of the accused, to await the action of the Grand Jury. On account of the severe illness of Mrs. Clark, she is allowed to remain at her residence, an officer being in constant attendance on the premises. Darius Taylor, who was "waiting" on the murdered girl prior to her death, has turned state's evidence, and was put under \$2000 bonds for his future appearance in this case.

FUGITIVE SLAVES.—Mr. Clay, in his recent speech, in speaking of the requirement of the constitution in regard to capturing and delivering up escaped slaves, says—

"It extends to every man in the Union, and devolves upon them all an obligation to assist in the recovery of a fugitive from labor, who takes refuge in, or escapes into one of the free States."

FAST DAY.—The Governor has appointed Thursday, the 4th day of April next, to be observed as a day of public Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer.

CHOLERA IN NEW YORK.—The New York Sun says there have lately been eighty cases of cholera at Ward's Island, and twenty-five cases in the city. It seems to create but very little alarm.

A COSTLY DOG.—Thursday morning, says the Boston Traveller, in the case of James Powers vs. the Fall River Railroad Company, for damages for a child of plaintiff's, bitten by a ferocious dog kept or harbored by defendants, the Jury returned a verdict for plaintiff, assessing damages at \$823.07.

DECLINE IN COFFEE.—Rio Coffee in consequence of large receipts, has declined to 18 1/2.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—The election for State officers occurred in New Hampshire yesterday, the Whigs, Democrats, and Free Soilers each having candidates in the field. From the few returns received, there is no reason to doubt that the Democrats have, as usual, carried the State.

Mr. Clay attended a ball at Philadelphia on Friday night, and when about to leave, he found that several ladies had taken possession of his hat, and he was compelled to redeem it by kissing them!

FIRE AT LEVANT.—On the evening of the 2nd inst. a fire broke out in the upper story of the building occupied by Mr. G. Gray as a tin shop. The building was wholly destroyed. Mr. Gray's stock and tools were mostly saved in a damaged state. Loss estimated at \$500. No insurance.

Foreign News.

The steamer Canada arrived at Halifax Friday morning last, bringing two weeks later intelligence from Europe. The news by this arrival is not of much importance.

The emigrants in Paris has been put down, but the Socialists are organizing for a grand demonstration on the 24th inst. Military preparations, however, had been made to keep the peace, and the provinces had been placed under a kind of martial law. Louis Napoleon is not so popular as heretofore. The French have mediated in the Greek quarrel. Admiral Parker is still continuing the blockade upon a great number of merchantmen and several corvettes belonging to Greece. King Otto is beloved by his subjects.

Russia and Austria have come to his aid. A fleet has been sent from the latter to support Sir W. Parker. Austria has proposed a German Customs Union on the principle of indemnity, not as heretofore, prohibition of foreign manufactures. The Prussian Constitution has been accepted, sworn to by the King, and ratified amid great rejoicing by the people. The Danish Question, as regards Schleswig Duchy, is as far from being settled as ever.

Russia and Turkey. The refugees have been sent to the Asiatic provinces of Turkey. The recent attempt to assassinate Kosuth is being investigated by the Turkish government. Austria has not yet resumed relations with the Porte.

Latest dates from Constantinople are of 30th January, at which time it was apprehended that the English demonstration of Greece would divide the efforts of France and her the Turco-Russian affair.

Two Weeks Later from California. The steamer Alabama has arrived at New Orleans, with 100 passengers and half a million in gold dust.

All kinds of provisions and building materials in California had declined. San Francisco is one complete mud hole. The streets are in an almost impassable state, owing to the heavy rains. Rents continue enormously high. Rooms 6 feet by 8 were renting for \$100 per month in advance. Speculation in real estate continued to be carried on in San Francisco in the fiercest manner. New cities at different points of the Sacramento river are constantly springing up, offering the most flattering inducements.

San Francisco has been desolated by fire, Sacramento City has now taken her turn, and been deluged with water. The average depth was four feet, and with a very strong current running through the streets, a great portion of the property lying loose had been swept away. One large brick house, in process of erection, was cracked by the rushing water, and the foundations of many other houses loosened. The loss of property in the city alone, must be immense. In addition to this, herds of cattle in the country have been swept off in great numbers and drowned. The lowest estimate of the loss which we have heard is one million dollars.

We regret to learn that several instances of death by drowning have occurred. One gentleman informs us of a case of four men in a state of intoxication, who fell overboard from a boat and perished. Many, in endeavoring to save themselves, were forced to leave the sick and the helpless, to the mercy of circumstances.

In addition to the havoc of life and property, in addition to the blighted prospects of hundreds, what shall we say of the immediate distress, what shall we say of the immediate distress, what shall we say of the immediate distress? With many of the houses only one story high, the rushing waters covering almost every spot of land in the city, with no conveniences for making fire, for sleeping and for cooking, it is difficult to see how the inhabitants of Sacramento manage to exist at the present time.

We have very little information from the mines; but learn that the miners on Yuba and Feather rivers do a good business when the weather allows them to dig.

A gentleman recently from the Mokelumne thinks diggers on that stream are averaging \$10 per day.

VERY POOR.—A trifling sort of a fellow in one of our neighboring counties, not long since, won the affections of the daughter of a bluff, honest Dutchman of some wealth. On asking the old man for her, he opened with a romantic speech about his being a "poor young man," &c. "Ya, ya," said the old man, "I know all about it; but you is a little too poor—you has neider money nor character."

AN ENGINEER'S PRESCRIPTION.—When the last Conway tube was raised, the following colloquy took place between Mr. Stephenson and another eminent distinguished engineer:—Mr. Stephenson: "Hallo! what is the matter with you, Mr.—? you seem out of sorts." "Mr.—, I am a martyr to a periodical nervous headache, must go up to town to be cupped." Mr. Stephenson: "Cupped! pooh! pooh! Mr. Stephenson, the supplies; eat less at meals; it is always better to damp the fire than blow off the steam."—[Cæcilius Herald.

"A NORTHERN WOMAN WITH NORTHERN PRINCIPLES."—Miss Charlotte Cushman refused to perform on Sunday evening (considered the best night in the week at New Orleans) at the St. Charles Theatre.

Notices.

THEATRE.—Our friends who go to Boston for dental operations will find a most skilful artist at No. 2 Market Building, in Court Street—the office of Dr. F. WHITMAN. This is known as one of the best places for those who would have first rate work without extravagant prices. We stand pledged to those who follow our advice, that they will thank us for having given it.

By Express.

NEW GOODS, just rec'd and now opening by J. R. ELDEN & Co. No. 3 Bouteille Block.

The Campaign Opened.

ESTY, KIMBALL & Co. are now opening their SPRING GOODS, at No. 4 Ticonic Row, where all in need of New Styles and Fresh Goods, at very low prices, go to make their purchases.

CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.

At this season of the year, when Whooping Cough is prevalent, every family should be provided with a bottle of DOWN'S ELIXIR—which is the surest remedy known for that distressing complaint.

It cures the Cough, promotes expectoration, soothes the inflamed organs of the Lungs and Throat, saves hours of hard coughing, and restores the patient to health in much less time than any other known remedy. Down's Elixir is also the most effective remedy for every species of Cough and Lung Complaint. (See advertisement in another column.)

Sold by Druggists and dealers in medicine throughout the country. 6w32

The Following Convincing Letter

AS TO THE EFFICACY OF

Dr. Corbett's Highly Concentrated Syrup of

Sarsaparilla.

from C. C. P. Moody, Esq., for many years a partner in, and superintendent of, the old "Dickinson Printing Office," and now proprietor of the same, is deserving special notice.

Boston, Feb. 16, 1880.

Messrs. E. BENTLEY & Co.—Gentlemen: I cheerfully

accord my testimony to the beneficial effects of Dr. Corbett's Sarsaparilla. Several months since, I was

afflicted with a Diarrhoea of the Digestive Function, causing inflammation, Constipation, Dizziness, and a constant pain in the stomach and bowels.

My regular physician prescribed such remedies as would soothe the inflammation, but they did no material good. Being personally acquainted with several of the medical and other gentlemen who have recommended the Sarsaparilla for cases similar to mine, and being convinced of its efficacy, I purchased a bottle, and concluded to try a bottle or two. It acted to

a charm! giving immediate relief, and producing in three or four days the first regular, natural and easy evacuation I have experienced for two months. I believe that a further use of the article will only lighten my estimation of its value.

Yours, very truly, C. C. P. MOODY.

EDWARD BRINLEY and Co., Sole Proprietors. For sale by them in any quantity, and by their appointed agents in the United States and Canada.

Agents—WILLIAM DRES, Waterville; H. C. Newhall, Orono; R. Collins, Anson; S. Hall, Athens; also by Agents throughout the State. 122ch207

MARKETS.

Waterville Retail Prices.			
Flour	\$5.75	5 625	Coffish
Corn	70	75	MacKerel, best
Oats	30	35	hams
Beans	1 00	1 25	Beef, fresh
Eggs	12	14	Port
Butter	12	14	Lard
Cheese	7	8	Apples, best
Salt, fine	40	45	cooking
" rock	25	30	dried
Molasses	25	30	Potatoes

Brighton Market.

THURSDAY, March 14.			
AT MARKET	475	Beef	Worthington 65.00
Cattle	25	Calves	20.00
Swine	11	yoke working	20.00
Oxen	12	calves	20.00
Beef Cattle	Extra	60.25	Sows
1st quality	a 75	Barrows	4
2d	50	Retail	4 6

Marriages.

In Dixmont, by A. T. C. Dodge, Esq., Benj. Jones Gardner to Miss Mary Jane Towle. Also, by the same, Francis P. Thakham of Albion, to Miss Eunice Rogers of Newburg.

In Skowhegan, Isaac C. Dorothy to Ruth Parker. In Augusta, Charles Booker to Fanny Whitney. In Mt. Vernon, Warner R. Leighton to Sarah J. Leighton.

In Troy, by Elder S. S. Nason, J. Warren Myrick, of Lawrence, Mass., to Mary J. Farrington.

In Vassalborough, Daniel R. Wing, of Monmouth, to Abigail Eaton.

In Gardiner, Capt. Abner J. Moores to Lydia J. Bailey.

In Sebec, David Chase to Sally Maria Lampher.

At Cairo, N. Y., J. C. Heymer Esq., and Caroline M., daughter of E. Stevens. (Joy to you, Cads— for few men have turned fortune's wheel with such rare luck as our friend Heymer.)

Deaths.

In Augusta, Eliza Ann Perkins, wife of Job Perkins, aged 24. Mrs. Mary Clifford, aged 57. Alexander, son of Alexander Kincaid, aged 7 years and 5 months.

In New Portland, William Grant, aged 54.

In Wayne, Daniel Ridley, Jr., aged 48.

In New York, Mary E. Jones, wife of J. Kennerson, 64.

In Anson, Mrs. Cynthia A. Dorr, aged 24 years, 11 m.

In Madison, Joseph Ellis, aged 44.

In Bloomfield, Eleazar Cohen, aged about 30.

In Westbrook, Daniel Woodman, of Norridgewock, aged 71.

Advertisements.

NEW GOODS, DIRECT FROM NEW-YORK!

J. M. CROOKER

WOULD inform his friends and customers that he has just returned from New York with an assortment of

Watches, Jewelry & Fancy Goods, which he will sell as cheap as can be purchased in any other State in Town. He has also been appointed Agent to sell

School Books & Stationery

at wholesale prices to his friends and customers in this vicinity—that is, in the Book Store—to give him a call, as he can supply them with Books and Stationery at such prices, and in such good terms, as they can buy in Boston or elsewhere—thus saving them the expense of Freight from Boston.

J. M. Crooker will attend to REPAIRING OF CLOCKS and WATCHES, in a workmanlike manner.

COPIES PLATES furnished and engraved in BETTER style than at any other place on the River.

Waterville, March 13, 1880. 3w4

CARPETS

FOR THE SPRING TRADE!

WM. P. TENNY & CO.

CARPET HALL, Hyattmarket Square, BOSTON.

ARE now receiving from all the principal English and American Manufacturers,

Carpets of Every Description,

Velvet, Tapestry, Brussels, Three-ply, Super and Extra Fine Medium and Common Ingrain CARPETS, variety of Size and Pattern, comprising many new and beautiful designs.

W. P. T. & Co. are Agents for the PLYMOUTH CARPETS, which will be found worthy of the attention of the trade.

PAINTED FLOOR CLOTHS,

Straw Matting, Wool & Cotton Clothings, Rug, Mats &c.

Ship-owners, Hotel-keepers and families are respectfully invited to call and make their selections. 2m31

FIRST ARRIVAL OF THE SEASON.

ESTY, KIMBALL & CO.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF

New Spring Goods,

Containing a first assortment of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, CARPETS, CHOCOLATE, FEATHERS, etc. All

of superior quality, on hand and for sale at No. 1 Ticonic Row, E. L. SMITH.

LIME, CEMENT AND GRASS SEED,

each of superior quality, for sale at the Store near the Depot, JAMES THOMAS.

March 14. 3w4

New Arrival of Fruit.

JUST RECEIVED, per Railroad, at No. 1 Ticonic Row, Oranges, Lemons, Grapes, Pears, and Oak Raisins, etc., etc. E. L. SMITH.

March 14. 3w4

Stop Thief!

STOLEN from the barn of the subscriber, in Southfield, on the night of the 6th inst., a BLACK MALE, with a small star in the forehead, white about one hind foot, and apparently 12 or 14 years old. He is well dressed, and the thief has traveled I do not know. Whoever will detect and detain the same, or bring him to the subscriber, or give information where he can be obtained, even without the above description, will be suitably rewarded. HATHORNE RICKFORD, Southfield, March 8, 1880. 3w34

MOLASSES.

PRIME lot of NEW CROP MOLASSES, just received and for sale, wholesale and retail, at reduced prices, by E. L. SMITH.

March 16. 3w4

BUCK WHEAT FLOUR.

A FINE lot of FLOUR, of different brands, just received and for sale by E. L. SMITH.

March 16. 3w4

REMOVAL.

JOSIAH THING.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,

Including Fruits and Vegetables, and Fresh Meats and Fish.

Has removed from his old stand, on the building on Main-st., to the new building on the corner of Main and Court streets, where he will be happy to serve his old customers and friends with all articles in his line, at the very lowest prices.

FAIR and VARIETY of all kinds, in their seasons, may be found in good variety and quality at his store. Waterville, March 7, 1880. 3w

Flour.

A LARGE lot of FLOUR, of different brands, just received and for sale by E. L. SMITH.

March 16. 3w4

Fifty Pedlars Wanted.

AT THE NEW TIN-SHOP, NEAR THE DEPOT, WATERVILLE, ME.

AFTER March 20th, the subscribers will be ready to hire fifty

faithful, honest, and industrious hands, supplied with good tools throughout, to whom fair wages will be paid, to peddle

Tin, Brass and Butterware Ware, CLOVES, YANKEE NOTIONS, etc. Those who wish to buy their goods, will find it an object to call and see us before applying for wages, as we intend to make as large an assortment as may be found in the State at this time.

Prices Right. Please give us a call. LOCKE & WILEY, (People's press please insert 2 months.)

WANTED.

1000 BUSHES OF PEAS AND MARROW BEANS; also, 5 tons DRIED APPLE, for which Cash will be paid by E. L. SMITH.

March 14. 3w4

New Cuba Molasses.

281 HIDS, 14 Tons New Cuba Molasses, of superior quality, and new cane, now landing from Big Alconera.

Also, 1000 Cases Porto Rico Molasses.

For sale by SMITH, HERSEY & Co., PORTLAND.

Feb. 28, 1880. 3w32

CHILBLAINS! CHILBLAINS!

FOR THE AFFLICTED.

A CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.

CHILBLAINS, or Frost-bites, are a common complaint, especially in the winter months, and are caused by the action of the cold on the blood vessels of the extremities.

It is important to treat them early, and to prevent their recurrence. The best remedy is a liniment of

oil of sweet almond, and a little of the oil of turpentine. This should be rubbed into the affected parts, several times a day.

It is also well to keep the feet warm, and to wear comfortable shoes. The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been cured by this liniment:

NEW YORK, and SOLD THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES & CANADA.

COLD molasses and retail by G. M. ATWOOD, Gardiner, Me. To whom all orders must be sent. Paid by John Beaman and wife, Waterville; John Fuller, Augusta; E. L. SMITH, Waterville.

SMITH & ROBINSON.

90 & 92 Middle-st., PORTLAND.

HAVING disposed of nearly all their former stock at Auction, to enable them to remodel and enlarge their

House Furnishing Establishment, would inform the public that they are now opening, at their spacious

rooms, a new Spring Stock of

CARPETINGS.

Such as Velvet, Tapestry, Brussels, 3-Ply, Ingrain and Venetian. ALL WOOD, good styles, 50c.

Goodness are now opening, at their spacious rooms, a new Spring Stock of

STRAW MATTINGS, all kinds. OIL CARPETINGS, all widths.

Feathers.

Of all qualities, and warranted free from any offensive odor. They cleanse old Beds by a process which not only renders them free from impurities, but softens them so that the bulk is often considerably increased.

Mattresses.

Cotton, Cotton, Hemp, Palm-leaf, &c. which are manufactured at their establishment, and warranted to give entire satisfaction, or the money will be refunded. They cleanse and re-stuff old Mattresses, at short notice, and in a most superior manner.

Bedding.

Of all kinds always on hand, and ANY QUANTITY supplied at short notice.

They pay particular attention to furnishing Hotels, Boarding-Houses, Ships' Companies, &c. &c.

UPHOLSTERY.

WINDOW SHADES AND DRAPERY WORK, executed in the best possible manner. Embroidered Curtains, Curtain Muslin, and Painted Shades.

Rich Silk Corsets.

Bands and Window Shades, by the Yard, Borders, Gimp, Cord, Tassels, Carpet Thread, and Bindings.

UPHOLSTERY GOODS.

Shades and Draperies made and put up. An assortment of Rich Draperies can be seen at the Store. Country Residents furnished with Curtains, &c., by forwarding a draft on the Western Union.

Sofas, Ottomans, Chairs, &c.

Re-stuffed and covered with any material desired. All kinds of Cushions made to order. Pews Trimmed. Carpets made and put down.

Curtain Fixtures.

They are Agents for the greatest Improvement ever made in Curtains Fixtures. Please call at the Store and examine a model.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!

They have an assortment for the exclusive sale of SHAWLS, where may be found at all times the Largest and Cheapest Assortment in the City. They are now opening a large and splendid assortment of

New Spring Patterns.

They have this day added to their former Business that of

Paper Hangings,

FOR THE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TRADE. Their Stock of Papers is entirely new, and of the latest Spring's patterns; consequently no old patterns to force off.

DRY GOODS.

AT RETAIL.—In this branch of their business they are not surpassed in the State, for assortment or prices. Their Stock is so large and so well selected, that they wish it to be understood that their customers will be well served.

House Furnishing Establishment!

To Cash Customers they can and will offer Goods at such prices as will not allow competition.

SMITH & ROBINSON.

90 and 92 Middle-st., PORTLAND.

We are Agents for MATTHEWSON'S WEATHER STRIP, for Doors and French Windows, for the State of Maine. 6w34

SHAWLS & SILK GOODS.

JEWETT & PRESCOTT'S NEW STOCK

At No. 2 Milk Street, Boston.

It is surpassingly rich and extensive, and claims the early attention of all who purchase at Wholesale or Retail. This assortment comprises all kinds of

Silks for Dresses,

In Black and Fancy Colors, Superior Qualities, and Styles fresh from the loom, at the lowest cost.

Long and Square Shawls, of every known variety and quality, from the highest to the lowest cost.

These Shawls, Vests, Mantillas, and all articles that are worn as substitutes for Shawls, all SILKS, in the proper widths, for those who prefer to make these garments for themselves. All kinds.

Canton and India Shawls and Silks; in particular an immense variety of CRAPÉ SHAWLS, Embroidered Shawls, and Damask Shawls, in a full assortment of colors.

Black India SATINS and Silks, all qualities.

Black India SATINS and Silks, all qualities.

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Black India SATINS and Silks, all qualities.

Black India SATINS and Silks, all qualities.

FARMERS' HOME.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

Ye brown bonny rosettes, and lords of the soil,
Come forth and show us your wondrous power;
For farmers, who live by the sweat of the brow,
Oh join in a song, as they follow the plow.

With gallant and golden and Dobbin we go,
While our fields loud re-echo Goe up and Goe!

We farmers awake at the dawn of the morn,
When the thrush mingles the pine-top from hramble or thrum;

While lingers the morning, our labor goes on,
With our bright cattle moving brisk over the lawn.

In the days of our sires, but a short while ago,
It was deemed a dishonor to plow and to hoe;

But now 'tis the pride of our greatest of men,
To trim the green cornfields and mow the sweet glen.

Time was, when the plough, with its hagle and jog,
Just turned up the turf, like the snout of a hog;

But modern improvement, with stout, sturdy team,
Goes the depth of the soil, though it reach to the beam.

Our broadcloth imported, with gowns and trash,
Our cornstarch dandies may wear for a dash;

But fine Yankee home-spun, the world must confess,
Is fit for a King's or a President's dress.

See laborer health to our country around:
Our stalla and our barns with plenty abound;

On beef of Old England let epures dine;
Yet nothing can excel a fat Western swine.

John Bull calls us pumpkins—what argues that,
But to prove that our soil is both mellow and fat?

He may rail if he please, but I care not his word,
That John has found grit in a small pumpkin seed.

But hark! what foreboding is heard in the street?
'Tis the cry of the farmer, a cheering host meet;

Still the breast of the Farmer a cheering host meet,
While his crops fill the valleys, and flocks crown the hills.

Some growing ambitions—their purse getting lank—
To fill up their coffers, resort to the bank;

But health the best thing is purchased by toil,
And the Farmer's best bank is a flock of rich soil.

With gallant and golden and Dobbin they'd go,
And their fields loud re-echo Goe up and Goe!

Who's Fault is it?
It is a lamentable fact, that the farmer does not occupy that elevated position in society that his occupation justly entitles him to. He is looked upon as a being below the lawyer, physician, divine, artist, merchant, or even a merchant's clerk. To be a farmer, is to be a nobody, a mere clodhopper, a digger of bogs and ditches and dung heaps, and free to wallow in the "free soil" he cultivates, provided he never seeks to elevate himself above that position, to what the world is pleased to term "good society." Hence comes the desire of "the boys" to escape, not so much from the drudgery of their employment, as from the idea that they are looked upon and estimated as mere drudges.

What blindness, folly, and false philosophy is this! The result of these false premises is, that the "professions" are crowded to the starvation point; clerks not only go begging, but become beggars, or worse; merchants are multiplied, and good, old-fashioned labor is gone out of fashion.

While we would give all due honor to the professions, the farmer, who is the producer of all, both in food and raiment, that adds to the comfort and sustenance of the human family, need not feel that he is below occupations that gain their support from the folly, pride, misery, or wickedness of their fellow creatures.

If the aspirations of farmers were half so strong to elevate their sons to farmers, as it is to make them merchants or professional men, and, perchance, loafers, we should soon be taught to look to the agricultural class for the best bred, as well as best, men in America.

[Barnum's Address.]

Harrowing Wheat in Spring.

In none of the improvements in agriculture do I find farmers so slow to believe as in harrowing wheat after the ground has settled in the spring. Some ten or fifteen years ago much was said on this subject in the Genesee Farmer, showing the results of experiments, and explaining the reasons why it should operate beneficially upon the crop.

Farmers know that a hard crust forms upon ground exposed to the frosts and drying winds of March and April, and that this crust greatly retards vegetation. But the great objection is, it will pull up all the wheat to harrow it.

Having practiced harrowing my wheat every spring for the last eight or ten years, and uniformly with good effect, I feel disposed to recommend the practice to my brother farmers.

Of late years I have been in the habit of ploughing in my wheat at the time of seeding with a gang plough, leaving it in the furrow. In the spring after the ground has become dry, the last of April or early in May, I harrow lengthwise of the furrows, then crosswise, loosening up the ground thoroughly. I should like to do this just before a rain. If the land is to be seeded with clover, I sow on the seed and harrow it in. This I think far more safe than sowing early and trusting to the heavings of the frosts and the wash of rains to cover it. Early sown clover is often killed by the droughts so common in April.

I have been amused at the earnestness with which some of my neighbors would remonstrate with me for harrowing my wheat. "Such a fine piece of wheat," say they, "so spoiled in that manner!" He ought to be sent to the mad-house.

And afterwards, when the crop showed for itself it was not ruined, "O, it was such a good piece of land, it will produce a good crop in spite of your experiments." A field of wheat looks bad while under the process of harrowing, as it is prostrated and partly covered with earth; but after a shower, it starts up fresh and vigorous, like a field of corn refreshed by a shower after being hoed. I have often experienced it to the amount pulled up, and do not believe it will average a bushel upon ten acres. Farmers, try it; and be not frightened by the appearance. I never yet heard of a field injured by it.—[Correspondent of Gen. Farmer.]

PEARS ON THE SHAD BUSH.—Mr. George Fitch, of South Bridgton, Me., informs us that he set some pear seeds, last spring, in the Shad Bush, or June Berry, (generally called Sugar Plum, or Sugar Pear, in Maine,) which flourished tolerably well. He also set pear seeds in the White Thorn. They all did well, and one, in its native locality, made an exceedingly large growth. Two seeds were set in this stock: the main branch of one grew five feet and ten inches in length. The growth of both seeds, and their branches, was twenty-three feet.—[New England Farmer.]

A FAVORABLE EDUCATION.—Father, said a lady to her indulgent spouse, as he resumed his pipe after supper one evening, "you must buy our dear Georgiana an English Grammar and spelling book, she has gone through her French, Latin, and Greek, music, drawing, and dancing, and now must commence her English studies."

Limit your expenses to your present condition.

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