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MISER-LINES.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Harry, I never before had to ask so many times for a necessary article. I do believe you are growing stingy. Come, look in my face, let me see if there are miser-lines on your cheeks. Do you know I had an uncle once who was a miser? He was rich enough to buy all Philadelphia, they say, I never saw him, and I'm sure none of his money ever came to me. It all went to benevolent societies, queer, wasn't it? But I remember the description a younger cousin used to give of him, and she said he had two deep, long lines on either cheek, running from the root of the nose round to the chin. She told it in such a ludicrous manner that it always made me laugh. Let me look at you; no, your cheeks are smooth almost as my own; there never will be a miser-line there, I know. But here are two, faint, very faint wrinkles on this open brow. It looks ominous," continued the young woman, laughingly shaking her head. "I wonder what it means; I think you apply yourself too steadily to business."

Young Maitland hardly replied to this gay speech of his beautiful wife, but turning hastily from his paper, leaned his head upon his hand.

"Charles," cried Annie, laughing a little, "that old uncle, you know. Well, Fred and Charles—you know cousins Fred and Charles, they've both got something to remember him by. Now don't go to sleep while I tell you, fix your bright eyes right on mine and don't ever wink. They knew as everybody else did, I suppose, that uncle 'Shah' was immensely rich."

"You know," put in Harry, smiling a little. "There it is, provoking that I can't break myself of that foolish thing; I can't think when it becomes a habit; but you know—"

She blushed, and with slightly pouting lips, she said that she was becoming in her mind, "I will conquer it, and proceed to tell her story, which, by-the-way, Harry looked for quite impatiently."

Well, one day uncle 'Shah' came from Indiana to visit aunt Henry, and the boys, Fred and Charles, tried in every way to please the old gentleman, partly on account of his age, but "most partly," as little sis says, on account of their pockets—you—there I didn't say, did I? Uncle 'Shah' seemed quite attracted by their quiet and self-denying habits, and the attention the rattle-brains showed him; so the day before he was to return home, he said to them, "boys, after dinner come in the library; I want to give you something as you have been such good little fellows since I have been here." You may just imagine how red their cheeks grew, directly, and what visions of splendor floated before their eyes. Fred says he remembers that he looked confidently for fifty dollars, though he modestly hinted to Charles it might be only ten, and on the strength of their expectations, they both got trusted at a neighboring toy-shop to the amount of a whole dollar.

"Not the only ones," muttered Harry, "who got trusted on the strength of their expectations."

"No, but don't sigh so dolefully, dear. One o'clock came, though the boys declared confidently it never would. At two dinner was on the table, at three, despatched, and immediately after, Fred and Charles, with hair combed smoothly, and dressed in their holiday suits, crept into the study with cheeks as red as peonies."

The old man was there. Two very small parcels laid on the table at his side; he beckoned them to be seated. "Boys," he said, solemnly, "I am about to make you a present of some money; and I want you to use it discreetly. You are young, and do not yet know the value of such a commodity, but do as I bid, save your money. What I give to you now is the same amount I began life with, and by prudent and energy I have become rich; I hope you may do the same. Be honest, boys, be cautious and prudent; never run in debt for the smallest article, (the boys felt a little uneasy at that) be patient, be temperate, and you cannot fail to become rich. Now, boys, take these, receive my blessings; go," asked Harry, lifting up his head and looking quite animated.

"Why, it was—a penny a piece," returned Annie, laughing heartily. "And Fred declares that the old man thought they were on their good behavior for the sake of the dimes, and took that method to rebuke them," for he says he happened to look back before he got out of the room, and uncle 'Shah' was laughing away to himself. Oh! they were so angry. Charles wanted to go back and fling the money in his face, but Fred reminded him that any want of respect toward the old man would subject them to severe punishment, so he contented himself with tossing it into a neighboring field, while Fred took an old axe and succeeded in chopping his penny to pieces and leaving them in the way. And only think of the dollar!

Many and many a pleasure they were forced to deny themselves to liquidate that debt; but after all it proved a fortunate thing, for you know Fred and Charles have a great abhorrence to getting trusted, or trusting either. I believe," added Annie, lightly. "But, Harry," she exclaimed, noticing her husband was preparing to go—"that shawl! you won't drop-pend the love, only a hundred and fifty dollars, and I do really need it. Come, now, don't sigh so, or I shall really think the miser-lines are beginning to come."

"I'll try," the young man strove to speak lightly, but he could not, and ended as usual with a heavy sigh.

FINDING THE JOURNAL. "I wonder what makes Harry so glum?" thought Annie, as she resumed her sewing; "I'm sure everything is delightful here at home and Harry seems to enjoy my society as keenly as ever. Heigh-ho! some perplexing business matter, I suppose. I'm glad I ain't a man, indeed I am. How the poor fellow did sigh! and the day so beautiful, too; I can't work," she added, nervously, throwing her embroidery into a graceful work-basket that she had placed on a table at her side, and she arose, snatched through her beautiful parlors and out into the passage. There in the broad light of the sun lounged a rosy-cheeked chamber-maid fast asleep.

"What a lazy creature!" thought Annie, "really she doesn't have enough work to keep her out of mischief, though to be sure she can't do much mischief asleep, but I wish she had more work to do." Passing the girl, Annie ran up stairs to her dressing-room, and for a while amused herself by rearranging the beautiful dresses in her wardrobe. Then she paused half-way before her mirror, languidly rolled her ringlets, wished Harry could stay all day with her, was sure she should never weary of his company, wondered when the upholsterers would come to measure the rooms for new carpets, and the windows for new curtains; hoped Harry wouldn't forget that absolutely indispensable shawl, and then began looking through her drawers.

A small, beautifully gilt annual—such she thought it—attracted her fancy. She remem-

bered now she had found it in the corner of the drawing-room lounge, under one of the velvet pillows, the evening before; and believing it to be a book lent her by a friend, she had carried it to her own room, that it might not receive injury. Mechanically seating herself she opened the pages and found—a blank. Surprise roused her energy; she placed the book on her knee and turned carefully to the first page to find the owner's name. In a wreath of daintily tinted flowers she read "Harry Maitland, journal."

"Why, it's Harry's," she exclaimed, in surprise; "I did not know he kept a journal," and turning the pages hurriedly, she paused at a passage, where her own name caught her attention, and blushing, she read on.

"20th.—My beautiful Annie grows every day dearer to my heart, and my only grief is that I cannot really gratify her every wish. Foolish, nay, criminal man that I was, that for fear of losing her, I dared allow her to indulge the dream that I was wealthy. She, lovely, patted, reared in affluence, little thinks of my daily, nay, hourly struggles for her sake, and I dare not tell her. For she seems a being so pure, so unselfish, that were she as some women, to display an unreasonable vanity, and taunt me because I could not minister to her wants, I should be of all men the most miserable."

"22nd.—I am living beyond my income.—To-day I am two hundred dollars in debt for extravagance, and heaven knows I need every cent for business."

"Yesterday, bought Annie an opera cloak, and although she looked so beautifully radiant, my heart was lashed as I gazed upon her. Yet, Annie has been accustomed to these things, how can I deny her? But for these fashionable follies we might live well and owe nothing; but I do not blame her for one moment. It is my own fault. I am justly punished for my presumption in wooing her. Her father! I would sooner die than go to him for aid."

"24th.—I am getting deeply involved. I fear. Have borrowed five hundred of my cousin, must return it in three months. A bad beginning. And Annie must have her shawl; if I told her all, perhaps she would be contented with those she already has; but I cannot gather the courage. When I think of it, my presence, I am a very coward. I must borrow still more, and trust to fortune. How guilty and how cowardly I seem to myself! Oh! Annie, I wish I was more worthy of you, sweet wife—for your sake would I had a mine of gold!"

For a moment Annie closed the book. Tears filled her eyes, and her good, generous heart ached for her erring husband. "He shall see," she murmured, rising as she spoke, "that I am no vain, selfish creature."

Instantly throwing on her graceful bonnet and a shawl, that, though not quite fashionable was still very elegant, she set forward to the splendid store of M. Gerry, the popular up-holsterer.

"I am very sorry," exclaimed the polite clerk, before Annie had a chance to speak, "that I could not send my men to-day, but a counter order—"

"It is no matter," replied Annie, "I called to say that you need not take the trouble, and if the damask is not cut—"

"It shall be directly; you wished orange and green, I believe."

"I have changed my mind," replied Annie, assuming a careless manner, "I do not want the damask or the tapestry carpeting yet, when I do I can give you a call."

"Certainly, certainly, madam, just as you please," and the gentlemanly clerk bowed her out.

LESSENING EXPENDITURE. Annie's next move was toward her father's house, in a beautiful avenue, yet green and blooming, though the leaves were turning here upon the trees.

Her mother sat alone employed in writing. "Why, how fortunate!" she cried, "I was just about to send you a note, begging you to loan me your set of agate for to-morrow night."

"What will you give me for it, mother?" said Annie, laughingly.

"Give you? why! would you sell it? You must need money. Doesn't your husband provide you?"

"With everything I wish, mother; but I want to give a great surprise, and—in fact it is to be a secret, so I'm perfectly willing to sell my beautiful agates; come, what'll you give me? Buy them, now I'm in the mood; you know if I need such things I can get plenty more."

"Well—there are five hundred dollars at my disposal—the set is fully worth a thousand, I suppose; at least I know that is what your uncle gave for it—but he is dead, poor man. I'll give you five hundred now, and two at some future time, say in a month."

Annie's cheeks flushed with pleasure, and she left her father's house with the bank-notes tightly folded up and deposited in the end of her purse.

Harry came home later than usual, and his wife pretended not to see as he went straight to the lounge and lifted the pillow, looking carefully about.

"I suppose the men came here to measure the floors," said Harry, buttoning his muff with an air of abstraction that seemed totally foreign to appetite.

"No," said Annie, sipping her tea, and trying her best to seem perfectly unconcerned, "I was looking at the carpets to-day, and they do seem entirely too good to rip up and send to auction. And then the curtains!—I've really got attached to them, I'm sure. Gerry hasn't so pretty a pattern in his store; so as a fit of economy, or perversity, or call it what you will, came over me, I determined to go over to Gerry's and tell him I had changed my mind."

"You did!" exclaimed Harry, looking up so bright and animated, that Annie felt doubly repaid for her sacrifice. "And it was astonishing how suddenly the poor fellow revived! how quickly the muffins disappeared! Annie laughed quietly to herself; indeed she enjoyed it thoroughly."

"You shall have the shawl to-morrow," he said, in the course of the evening.

"Thank you for nothing," Annie replied, laughing. "I'm not going to be burdened with a shawl. The fringe is always catching in something and my shoulders don't droop enough to carry one gracefully. I found that out to-day, all of a sudden. And you know that beautiful satin you bought me last fall for a dress, well, I'm just going to have it made into a stylish cloak; it won't cost one-eighth the sum and look much more beautiful and becoming."

"Harry drew a long sigh, but it was a sigh of relief, and his wife knew it. Never seemed an evening to fly so rapidly. Harry was himself again, danced to his wife's music, chatted gaily as was his wont of old, and retired a happy, light-hearted man. He found his journal oddly enough in one of his coat pockets that same night!

The next day at dinner Annie said, "Don't you think, Harry, Mrs. Lynch has been here to get us to go to the new church. Several families have gone with a perfectly good understanding existing between them and our pastor. Now I've been thinking our church is so dreadfully crowded, and we both admire Mr. Elder, the new preacher, so much, hadn't we better go there? Besides there will be a difference of nearly forty dollars per rent in a year!"

Harry looked keenly at Annie, and she innocently returned the glance, so although he wondered at the spirit of calculation that had come over his little wife, he never even dreamed of the cause.

"I'll go there certainly, my Annie," he replied. "It will encourage Mr. Elder, and show that we do not attend church to indulge in pride and ostentation, since it is a very plain meeting-house, and I presume the poorer part of the congregation will branch off; but do you think how far it will be for you to walk in winter?"

"Never mind that," replied Annie.

A REMOVAL. Harry had begun steadily to retrieve his ill-fortune, only the debt of five hundred dollars hung heavily upon his heart. He calculated to be able justly to meet his bills, the rent of his expensive house and store, and next year, thought he, "I'll go alone. How fortunate things have turned out so in accordance with my means and wishes. Annie is so thoughtful, heaven bless her, I never gave her credit for so much foresight. She has saved me."

"What! more into that barbarous section of the city!" exclaimed Harry, though secretly delighted. "You'll lose all our fashionable friends."

"No, Harry, none of our friends—our acquaintances, mere calling automatons, may think it just ground of neglect, but I am tired enough of them already. Let them go—I have you."

"Bless you," was the reply, with a look of unutterable love, and again Annie felt repaid for all her sweet sacrifices.

"I saw the prettiest house, to-day," she continued, "not near so large as this, but large enough, the dearest little house, and perfectly genteel, in thorough repair, and twice as convenient. Besides, my chief reason for wishing to take it is, that we shall be so near the new church; and you know since I have had charge of a class in the Sabbath school, the walk seems more fatiguing."

"But what will your parents say?"

"Nothing, of course, since it is for my convenience, you know neither of them are unreasonable."

"True! Annie, what a treasure I have in you. To tell you the truth, these great rooms do not look pleasant to me. They are unusual unless filled with company."

"And these gloomy stores," added Annie, tapping one with her pretty foot, "there is no cheerfulness about them. Now many of the rooms there, are furnished with those dear, delightful old Franklin stoves, in which one can enjoy the blaze of a wood fire—and there will be such a lessening of our expenses that we can afford to keep one or two wood fires, can't we?"

"Lessening expenses," thought Harry to himself, "Annie has suspected, yet how brave and delicate she is; and his cheeks burned consciously, while his heart burned at the same time with gratitude and love."

The smaller house was taken. Furnished with taste and elegance, it was more brilliant and at the same time more comfortable than the last. To have seen Annie and her husband, the former busy with her needle, making nameless little articles, the table and lounge drawn up in front of the burnished fender and great, polished fire-logs, to see how glowing Annie's beautiful face was, and how radiant Harry's, as he looked up sometimes from the volume he was reading aloud, would fully have satisfied him; bitterest ascetic that by that heart-stone happiness was more sacred than fashion.

THE DEBT LIQUIDATED. Nothing now troubled Harry but the debt of five hundred dollars. "I'll get an extension of time," he thought, as the day of payment drew near. "I am doing so well now, that two months will clear me. Thank God, and my jewel of a wife for that!"

Entering his office he saw a sealed envelope lying upon the desk. He took it up, opened it, out fell a receipt in full, duly signed. Harry took up the note accompanying, with astonishment. It ran thus:

"DEAR MAITLAND:—I send per request your bill receipted. Thank you for being so prompt in your business arrangements. I see you are taking the right path to success, to wealth and fame. If at any time you are pressed for money send to me. I will loan you any amount."

Yours, B. MAITLAND.

Still in deep astonishment, Harry held his cousin's note. Every moment his wonder grew. What unknown friend had he, thus anxious to save his credit, thus able to do so. In a moment the thought flashed over his mind that Annie was his unknown friend, his good guardian angel. "But how could she know?—how could she know?" he queried. "Abstractedly," he returned home. He was silent from suspense and an honorable sense of shame.

"What! clouds!" cried Annie, cheerily, "let me see, are the miser-lines growing?"

"Do you want a shawl?" asked Harry, losing his thoughtful aspect.

"No," and Annie blushed and shook her head, "but," said she, "instead I'll take a journal."

"Mine, or a new one?" asked Harry.

"Yours, of course; I want to see what you have been doing since I gave you the shawl," replied Annie, archly.

She was instead folded to her husband's breast, while he showered kisses and blessings upon her. "You have saved me, Annie," he cried, "you have made a better, a more resolute man of me. Henceforth, all my life, I will strive yet more to be worthy of you."

"How much happiness there is in doing right," thought Annie, "I have secured my husband's lasting love, and conquered myself."

"Having eyes, but seeing not," she murmured, on the next Sabbath. "Who would have thought such a jewel in that poor, but intelli-

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giant widow, who always sat near the door in our splendid church, and never was noticed by the fashionable. Each time I see her I learn some lofty lesson, and my nature is being purified by her counsels."

"Having eyes, but seeing not." There was I, fretting because my cheeks were losing their bloom, but since I have dispensed with extra servants, and undertaken the supervision of my own household, I am healthier and stronger, and the roses still lend their bright crimson to make me look beautiful in Harry's eyes. For Harry's sake I would be ever beautiful.

Harry Maitland prospered beyond even his sanguine expectations. He became immensely wealthy, and under God was the means of benefitting his country, through his wisdom and liberal expenditure, beyond any man of equal fortune in America.

And to this day, when questioned as to his success, he invariably returns as answer to the query, of how did he become so rich, "Young man, I owe it to a good wife—God's greatest and best boon to man. Go to her and she will tell you."

Old Printing and New.

Mr. Everett, in his admirable oration at Dorchester, on the fourth of July last, startled some of his Young American auditors by the remark, that the invention of Printing, four centuries ago, burst upon the world in a state of perfection not surpassed at the present day.

The remark, however, as Mr. Everett's happiest illustrations generally are, was a simple and instructive truth, and not a mere figure of speech. A wiser man than Mr. Everett made the remark, in a more general sense, that there was no new thing under the sun. This is equally true. Printing itself, beautiful as the art came from the hands of its inventors, was in one sense nothing new. It was but another form of writing, an art which had then reached a degree of excellence which no modern teacher of chirography can even imitate. The first printed books were exact fac-similes of the manuscript volumes which they were designed to displace. All the niceties and methodical arrangements which constitute books, and produce their convenient forms and elegant appearance, originated not with the inventors of printing, but with the scribes who had already carried the art of book-making to a state of perfection which even at this day it would be vain to attempt to excel. The design of the first printers was to keep the art a secret, in order that they might realize the enormous prices at which manuscript books were necessarily sold. There were Yahoos in those days; and the cuteness, therefore, of which we boast, is no new thing under the sun. Printing was made to imitate the writing of the scribes in the minutest particulars. The sizes and forms of types—first cut on blocks of wood, and afterwards made of metal—were careful fac-similes of written characters. The pages and lines of written books, and the correspondence of the lines on each side of the leaf—what printers call the register—were as perfect in written books before the invention of printing, as in the most skillful and beautiful specimens of modern typography. The present size of types, even as small as *brevier*—the size used in the printing of this paragraph—are the same as were used in the introduction of printing; and they were adopted from the manuscripts of the ante-printing period. We have seen a volume written in *brevier*, before the invention of printing, which none but a practiced eye could distinguish from printing itself.

There is one fact pertaining to book-making which we are apt to think is new—that is the multiplicity of books. But here, too, we are at fault. The wise man to whom we have alluded above seems to have had occasion, as we have, to mourn over a multitude of books; for he said, feelingly and prophetically, "My son, be admonished; of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

He was, however, a great book-maker himself; for he spoke three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five. He wrote also upon natural history; of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; and he spoke also of beasts and of fowl, and of creeping things and of fishes. It may be that his remark concerning the making of books was made as a natural inference from the fact that he found subjects so inexhaustible, and not in a tone of complaint or deprecation. And who knows that Solomon's books were not printed?

The exclamation of Job, "Oh that my words were now written! Oh that they were printed in a book!" renders it possible that typography at that period was no new thing under the sun.

To return to Mr. Everett's remark. It is really surprising how little real improvement has been made in printing during the four centuries of the existence and progress of the art. Going back as far even as the infancy of the invention, we find specimens of printing which in respect to beauty, skill and accuracy, will compare favorably with the best modern typography. Our public libraries, and some of our antiquarian readers and collectors of ancient books, can produce specimens of early printing which will verify the truth of this remark. There is now, we suspect, in the library of the Antiquarian Society at Worcester, a copy of the Bible, printed at Venice in 1476—which is within twenty years of the time when metal-types were invented—which is an elegant specimen of printing for any age. The ink is clear and black; the type is of great beauty and neatness of form; and it would be difficult to find better press work in any book since printed.

Among the innovations which are not improvements in the typographic art, is a change in the formation of letters from the fair, round and generous Roman face to the flattened, condensed and penurious features which mark a most modern type. This innovation has an economical quality—it gets in more; as the printers say—which commends it to a utilitarian age; but for adaptedness to easy reading and for beauty and gracefulness of form, it is infinitely inferior to its archetype. We have noticed with great satisfaction that within a year or two there has been a disposition to return to the old and neglected, but by no means forgotten style. The patterns of a century or two centuries ago have been revived, and partially introduced into book-printing.

[Boston Traveller.]

SPUNK OF AN AMERICAN CAPTAIN.—A letter from Hamburg to an English paper says: "We have just had an instance of the great vigor and consistency which the Americans

display when they have once taken a notion into their heads. In the same manner they look upon the payment of the Sound dues as to be resisted because not levied in virtue of any just and legally established rights, so they refuse now to acknowledge the claim of Hanover to levy the State dues, and insist upon passing up the Elbe to Hamburg without delivering up the ship's papers to the Hanoverian authorities at Brunsdhausen as required, and complied with by every mercantile flag."

The example was set a few days ago by captain Merryman, of the American bark Undine, who flatly refused to give up his papers on passing the Hanoverian guard-ship off Stade, and though he risked being fired on, succeeded in bringing his vessel up to Hamburg, and discharging his varied and valuable cargo without the payment of the onerous State dues. Your commercial readers will be enabled to appreciate the advantages of this exemption, by a glance at the following contents of the cargo taken on our official import list:

No. 5384, Undine, American bark, 898 tons, Captain R. Merryman, from New York; July 11, 657 bales of cotton, 360 bags of cocoa, 35 chests ready made clothes, 1306 pieces of logwood, 17 bales of furs, 10 bales of hemp, 1390 casks of rosin, 18 bales of hops, 81 packages of merchandise, 851 bags of salt-petre, 49 packages tobacco, 200 barrels of turpentine, 178 packages of cloaks, 541 bales of whale-bone, 90 chests of leather goods, 9 packages of India rubber, 50 barrels of potash, 90,000 nails.

Though it is much to be regretted, for the honor of the flag, that it was not a British ship that was the first to resist the payment of these odious State dues, which the Hanoverian government admit to be unjust and illegal, and are continually shifting their position, at one moment claiming it as a river toll, and when attacked on that pretence to call it a sea duty—yet it is to be hoped that British captains will not be slow to follow the example set by their American colleague for the benefit of commerce in general.

Doing Good.

The Evening Transcript has a brief notice of a sermon recently preached by Rev. Herman Lincoln of Jamaica Plain. It says the sermon is upon "doing good," illustrations of which idea may be found in the discourse itself, in its publication and distribution. We quote the following passages to show the author's felicitous language and happy style:

"Man's heart throbs with a brother's sympathy for the unfortunate children of his heavenly Father. Even the popular literature, which scoffs at the piety of the Bible, borrows its philanthropy. Those mournful ballads for the people, 'The Song of the Shirt,' and 'The Bridge of Sighs,' are only a distant echo from the Sermon on the Mount; and the graphic pictures which Dickens sketches by the bedside of 'Poor Joe,' or in the desolate home of honest Stephen Blackwell, who though the world seemed to him 'a middle,' trusted in the love of an unseen Father, have stolen their brightest colors from the Great Teacher, who recognized in the outcast leper, and in the woman taken in adultery, his brother and sister—nobles, though fallen, because endowed with immortality."

"He went about doing good." That brief record is the seed for a great harvest. It is prophetic of a golden age, when wealth, and genius, and power shall be valued, not as ends, purchased cheaply at any cost, but as means of inestimable worth for achieving the great purpose of life, to do good."

American literature should be the spontaneous utterance of large hearts, summoning the world to earnest thought and noble endeavor. We do find in the volumes that cover our tables and crowd our libraries, such living books, alluring men, like the ravishing strains of Orpheus, to freedom and holiness? One sturdy Quaker poet has sung inspiring songs of labor and freedom; but he has found more willing auditors in the hovels and by the wayside than in the palace or the boudoir. An eloquent preacher has honored religion and ennobled literature by combining the large sympathies and elevating aims of the Gospel with the elegance of letters, and the name of Channing is identified with the hopes of humanity the world over. One large womanly heart has found an audience among all nations by her indignant protest against human bondage. But many brilliant names in American literature are obnoxious to Carlyle's stern criticism of Walter Scott; "The sick heart can find no healing here, the darkly struggling heart, no guidance." What elements of Christian manhood can be nurtured by the pap drawn from our parlor literature? The Barnum autobiographies stimulate to falsehood; "Ruth Hall" incites to filial ingratitude and mockery of parents; Orosio and Typee, like the mermaids of the Sicilian coast, allure to sensual indulgence; Thoreau, in his Walden hut, a second Diogenes in his tub, defies self culture and exalts philanthropy. Hawthorne in the Blithedale romance, rails with keener irony at enthusiasm for social reform; and even the latter exquisite melodies of Longfellow often fall to Epicurean repose, instead of stimulating to Christian labor. American literature is abjuring its grand vocation to do good."

I have read the auto-biography of Goethe, the idol of German literature, with a cold shudder creeping over me, as if an iceberg drifted by, or a passed behind the almost of Niagara, were not a green blade or blooming flower relieve the desolateness. In those fascinating pages one finds himself in the presence of a man of comprehensive genius, who like his own Mephistopheles, looked on nature and life and men as flitting their highest end in self culture, and who embodied his theory in a heartless life. From the amusement of the passing hour, he won, with cool, forththought, the tender and strong joys of woman, and threw it from him as a worthless toy when his curiosity was sated. He mingled with literary men, not to concert noble plans for the elevation of the race, but to stimulate his own activity and enlarge his own resources. A magnate in the state by virtue of intellectual peerage, and hailed by acclamation as a leader, when Europe was rocked wildly by revolution, he refused to lift a finger to secure his country's freedom. The Christian moralist weeps over Goethe as a literary prodigy groping in darkness like the blind Cyclops, and missing wholly the Christian end of life, to do good."

A HARVEST INCIDENT.—The Detroit Advertiser tells of a team of bright bay five year old mares, fourteen hands high, long and low built, sturdy tough, strong, and smooth, recent-

ly matched by S. P. W., of Calhoun Co., Mich. for farm service; a better team never settled a mould board into green sward. W— had sixty-five acres of noble wheat, and he had purchased a new McCormick's reaper, to which in the pride of his heart, he hitched the mares, scorning to disgrace his fine crop, and new reaper, by contact with anything in the shape of horse flesh, poorer than his very best. The mares were harnessed to the 'machine,' a raw Dutchman who had never seen a reaper was put on to drive, and away they went; at the first revolution of the big reel, which they saw over their blinders, they became impressed with the idea that they were bound to run *vid de masheen*, and sure enough they did, through the big wheat field, in all possible zig-zag directions, cutting some, breaking down the balance, and scattering the grain far and wide behind them—the Dutchman clung to his seat for a while, yelling 'woe?' in nineteen different dialects, until the truck of the reaper struck a stone, whereat he bounded some ten feet into the air, describing a parabolic curve, with a radius of inconvenient length, and finally bro't up, hull down, in the middle of the field. The mares kept on as though Ceres had hired Bacchus for a car driver and was bent on a bust—the machinery rattling, the great reel revolving with fierce velocity, and the knives gnashing away at the grain like the teeth of a mad man, until the breaking of a single tree ended over the machine, and the mares streaked it for the barn, where they remained at last accounts. The next day, six remarkably old fashioned cradles, were observed busily at work in that wheatfield, and a notice headed

Patent Reaper For Sale! was to be seen—posted on the front gate!

VIRTUE.—How many choice words, of large significance and almost indispensable importance come at last by narrowness of application, to be dry, technical, and effete. Of this unlucky class is the word 'virtue,' a term which, in its etymology, is nearly equivalent to 'energy' or 'force,' and, in ethics, signifies nothing less than purity and goodness of heart and life. It has no exact synonyme, however, and it were a great pity to lose it from the vocabulary. But an absurd custom having limited its use, for the most part, to a single physical fact, it is well-nigh spoiled for any better purpose; and it would not be surprising if it should come, by-and-by, to be wholly banished from polite discourse. Let us give an illustration of our meaning. Suppose the character of a woman is under discussion, in court, or elsewhere. 'You say she is selfish, cruel and a bad mother?' 'Yes—but she is virtuous.' 'You admit she is a temptress to her husband, and the terror of her household?' 'Yes—but she is the most virtuous of women.' 'A slanderer and a liar?' 'Yes—but of unimpeachable virtue.' 'A drunkard and a thief?' 'Yes but virtuous,—rigidly, unimpeachably virtuous.'

Me Hercule!—Here is now a woman with all the vices in the calendar save one,—yet a paragon of virtue! Surely, if words could talk (on their own account) the noblest of them all might well exclaim:

'To what base uses do we come at last!'

[Boston Post.]

KANSAS.—If anything could disturb the sacred repose of those ashes which rest at Mount Vernon and Monticello and Quincy, the recent procedure of President Pierce in the removal of Gov. Rector must have done it. One can hardly conceive of any manner or more servile proof of abject devotion to Southern Master-ship, than this act affords. That blustering assembly of imported ruffians, who have usurped the functions of legislation in Kansas, had only to speak telegraphically towards the capitol, and their behest is done. The messenger whom they had despatched to Washington to demand the removal of the man whose fidelity to his oath of office and to common honesty alike, made him an obstacle in their unholy path, and the substitution of some pliant and unscrupulous tool of the slave interest, had only gone a short distance in his journey thitherward, when he is arrested by the premature success of his mission. Like the coon when menaced by Crockett's rifle, President Pierce has 'come down' in advance of the bullet. Illegality, usurpation, and general and unscrupulous rascality have now undisturbed reign in Kansas. We do not see how a civil war is to be avoided. The colonists of that territory are not the men we take them to be if they submit to the authority of this sham legislature, and if they resist, we fear it must be 'unto blood.' Never was a rifle fired in a juster, (we had almost said

J. H. PLAISTED & CO.
Drugs and Medicines,
PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS,
WATERVILLE.

ELMWOOD HOTEL,
Corner of Main and College Streets, (near the Depot),
WATERVILLE.

By JOHN L. SKAVEY.
PAINTING,
Graining, Glazing and Tapering.

GEORGE H. ESTY
CONTINUES to meet all orders for the line, in a man-
ner that has given satisfaction to the best customers. Orders
promptly attended to, and application for the same made.

Main Street, opposite Marston's Block.
WATERVILLE.

WATERVILLE HOUSE—RE-OPENED.
J. F. BLAKE.
INFORMS the public that he has taken the Hotel known as
the "Waterville House," on Main Street, where he pledges
his honor and credit to meet the public in a comfortable
and thoroughly repaired and improved, with its fixtures,
others all the conveniences of a first-class hotel.

Waterville, April 17, 1885. J. F. BLAKE.

CALL AND SEE!
The Large Stock of
Boots, Shoes and Gaiters,
Ever offered in Waterbury, at the old Stand of
WM. L. MAXWELL.

consisting of men's, women's and children's shoes,
and all the latest styles of boots, shoes and gaiters,
also, children's shoes, and all the latest styles of
boots, shoes and gaiters, also, children's shoes,
and all the latest styles of boots, shoes and gaiters.

Waterbury, May 8, 1885.

FOR THE MILLION!
Boots, Shoes & RUBBERS,
Wholesale and Retail, at Marston's Block, one door
above the City Hall.

C. S. NEWELL
is now prepared to offer the Large
and Best Selected Stock of Boots, Shoes and
Rubbers, and all the latest styles of boots, shoes
and rubbers, and all the latest styles of boots, shoes
and rubbers.

Waterbury, May 8, 1885.

Valuable Real Estate for Sale.
THE MANSION HOUSE, and Grounds of 5.2 acres,
situated in the town of Waterbury, and containing
a large and valuable house, and all the latest
styles of boots, shoes and rubbers, and all the
latest styles of boots, shoes and rubbers.

Waterbury, May 8, 1885.

Bounty Land—New Law.
All persons who have received fifty or eighty acres of
land from the U. S. are now entitled to more.
And all persons who have been in the army for
fourteen days are also entitled to more.

Waterbury, May 8, 1885.

COMPETENT PERSONS WANTED.
To introduce a valuable
article, just discovered, into every family in the Union.
This is a rare opportunity for a person who is
willing to travel, and who is willing to receive a
salary of three dollars a week, and who is willing
to receive a salary of three dollars a week.

Waterbury, May 8, 1885.

THE SUBSCRIBER is constantly manufacturing the best
of Italian and American Marble into Monuments and
Graves, and is now manufacturing the best of Italian
and American Marble into Monuments and Graves.

Waterbury, May 8, 1885.

SPRING CAMPAIGN OPENED!
AT NEW GOODS!
AT MRS. BRADBURY'S.
A splendid assortment of Embroideries of the Latest
Styles, just received direct from New York and selling
at a low price.

Waterbury, May 8, 1885.

MOHAI HEAD DRESSES.
New Ribbons, Bonnets, Caps, Lace, and every variety
of Millinery, White Goods and Mourning Articles.
WILSON YARN, and all the latest styles of
yarn, and all the latest styles of yarn.

Waterbury, May 8, 1885.

STREET IRON and Tin Work.
MR. SHEPHERD H. BRADSHAW, having taken the
Street Iron and Tin Work, and all the latest
styles of iron and tin work, and all the latest
styles of iron and tin work.

Waterbury, May 8, 1885.

2 CASES more of those E. E. SUPER SILK HATS,
(Genuine Pattern) just received and selling very
cheaply.

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to the Court, and is now ready to receive the
assets of the estate.

Waterbury, May 8, 1885.

COFFEE! COFFEE! Fresh, Roasted and Green Coffee,
just received by
WILLIAM DYER.

Waterbury, May 8, 1885.

Portland Advertisements.

WHOLESALE MILLINERY IN PORTLAND.
THE UNDERSIGNED would call the attention of MILLINERS in
this section of the State to the large
FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF MILLINERY.

Just opened at the Branch House of Wm. H. B. BROWN,
152 Middle Street, Portland, Me., where he is constantly
receiving the latest and most desirable styles of

French, English, and German Goods,
adapted to the season, consisting in part of the following
articles, viz: Bonnets, Caps, Satin and Taffeta RIBBONS, White
Silks, Satins, Velvets, Laces, Embroideries, Crapes,
Gloves, Trimmings, French Flowers, Ribbons, Vellies,
Crowns and Frames, &c., &c.

W. H. B. BROWN, 152 Middle Street, Portland, Me.

NEW SHIP CHANDLERY
COMMISSION STORE,
At No. 3 New Block, Atlantic B. R. Wharf, Portland.

HARTLEY, CONDON & CO.,
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Flour, Pork, Lard, &c.
500 Bushels, Extra, and Double Extra FLOUR,
1000 Lbs. Choice, and Extra, and Double Extra,
1000 Lbs. Choice, and Extra, and Double Extra,

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES
For sale by Wm. L. SOUTHWARD,
COMMERCIAL ST. COR. OF PORTLAND PIER,
Dec. 1884.

PIANO-FORTE
ESTABLISHMENT.
Andrews & Robinson,
101 Federal Street, Portland,
Swell, Mute, Attachment,
Patented April, 1884.

Botanic Medical Office.
To the Allocated.
DR. W. F. FAIRBANKS, No. 10, Exchange Street,
Portland, Me., is now open to all Diseases incident to
the Human Frame. Dr. F. gives particular attention to diseases
of the Nervous System, and all diseases of a private nature,
and all diseases of a private nature.

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