### VOL. XI.

## WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

NO. 52.

### Business Cards.

M. C. BURGESS, OFFICE AT BLANCHARD HOUSE, - - WOODSTOCK, N. B. TIN PLATES, BLOCK TIN, SPRING STEEL, All efficient methods employed both for the pre- SHEET IRON, LEAD, ZINC. servation and insertion of TEETH.

Woodstock, June 18, 1859. J. E. CUTLER, COMMISSION MERCHANT, FLOUR AND PROVISION DEALER, Plates in bond. 9, North Market Wharf,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THOMAS E. WHARFF,

46-tf

CALAIS, MAINE. Hardware in all variety; Carriage Irons and Trimmings; Shoemakers' Lasts, Pegs and Findings; Agricultural Tools: Wooden Ware and Grindstones. Those visiting the City are respectfully invited to

C. R. PIKE,

DEALER IN FLOUR AND CORN, West India Goods and Groceries, Corner of Maine and Milltown Streets, CALAIS, MAINE.

D. K. CHASE, CALAIS, MAINE, Dealer in Hardware, Iron and Steel, Paints & Oils, Blacksmith Tools, Sporting and Blasting Powder, Guns & Pistols, Welch & Griffith's Saws, Railroad Shovels & Picks.

D. K. C. is agent for W. Adams and Co.'s celebraed Fire-Proof Safes, Fairbanks' Scales, and Bisbee, Marble | 202 WASHINGTON STREET, ..... BOSTON & Co.'s Powder Manufactory.

FRONTIER IRON COMPANY MANUFACTURERS OF Steam Engines, Railroad Work, Machinery Perfumery, and every Toilet Article cheap, at Wholesale for Lumber Mills, Composition and Iron

Castings, Ship and Cook Stoves, Windlass Parchases, &c. CALAIS, MAINE.

G. D. KING & SONS,

CALAIS, ME. WITOULD inform the traders of Woodstock and the upper country generally, that they have and keep constantly on hand, at their Store in Calais, Me., a large Stock of PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c., in part as

Rice, Tobacco, Flour, Corn Meal, Saleratus, Soap, Pork, Sugar, Candles, &c. &c. Tea, Coffee,

All of which they offer to the Trade at the LOWEST MARKET RATES Exchange made for Oats, Butter, and other Country \*\* Intending purchasers will please call before pur

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CALAIS, ME.

WILLIAM DEMANG. WILLIAM DEMING, JR. C. L. DEMING. Agents for Steamers Adelaide, Admiral and Queen;

> ALLEN & SONS, Wholesale and Retail

BAKERS & CONFECTIONERS. Corner of Main and Union Streets, Calais, Me.,

Where will be found, at all times, all kinds of choice Con-FECTIONARY, HARD BREAD and CRACKERS of all kinds, WEDDING CAKE, &c. &c. Likewise, a large and well-se-Lected stock of CIGARS, FANCY GOODS, Toys, &c. &c. All of which can be had for the lowest cash prices. Also, OYSTERS by the quart or gallon. All Orders addressed as above will receive prompt

Woodstock and St. Andrews. FRIHE undersigned, having made an extension of the N. B. & CANADA RAILROAD to his Wharf, is prepared to STORE GOODS arriving from the United States and elsewhere, destined for the Upper St. John. He will also act as agent to reship them to their destination.

LUMBER by the down trains piled, and, if desired, shipped to any part. St. Andrews, Nov. 30. [14-3m] H. H. HATCH. BARKER & HANVEY,

MANUFACTURERS OF SOAP AND CANDLES.

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FATHOMAS RANKINE, Baker, manufactures and keeps constantly on hand-SUDA, SUGAR, CRACKERS. BISCUIT. WATER, GRAHAM, GRAHAM

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THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCK

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D. H. HALL, MANUFACTURER & IMPORTER, 41 King-street, Saint John, N. B. May 15, 1858.

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Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods; Toths, Tweeds, Doeskins, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, and Small Wares; Oil and Rubber Clothing. Millowners, Shipbuilders, Lumberers, and Railroad Conractors, supplied on Liberal Terms. \* \* GARMENTS made to measure in a superior man

ger, and at the lowest prices.

St. John, Oct. 10.

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GEORGE A. WHITING, NO. 25, UNION STREET, ..... BOSTON, Importer and Dealer in

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B. O. & G. C. WILSON, BOTANIC DRUGGISTS,

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Wigs and Hair Work, newest styles; Bogle's Hyperion Fluid for the Hair; Balm of Cytherea for the complexion; Electric Hair Dye, proven to be the best in the world, - private rooms for its application. Fancy Goods,

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TO FARMERS. A RARE CHANCE! The subscriber offers for sale 150 acres choice LAND, at Hammonton, New Jersey, (new settlement,) in Farms be exchanged for property nearer Boston. For full par- | week's ironing. ticulars apply, enclosing stamp, to JOHN STILES, 18 State-street, Boston. To three or four families wishing to emigrate and purchase together, this offers a favorable opportunity. Over one hundred and fifty New Hammonton during the past year.

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Mills. Also, Mill Spindles, Brushes, Picks, Bolting her mother. Cloths, &c., 67 Haverhill ssreet, Boston.

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A distinguishing feature of this Press—and one possessed by no other—is that type may be placed upon any part of the bed, and receive a perfect impression. It is well adapted to all Lowe Press perfect impression. It is well adapted to all by the American Institute, 1857.

a perfect impression. It is well adapted to all kinds of Printing, and has no superior as a Letter-Copying Press. It does not easily get out of order, and a boy of ten years can work the largest size with ease, and at a rate of 500 im-

pressions an hour, which is about the average rate.

Persons living in country places where there are no printing offices near will find one of these presses a profitable investment, as there is a large profit on the printing of Circulars, Business and Visiting Cards, Bill-Heads, Handbills, &c. &c.

Those who wish to learn a good trade, and at the same time be laying up money—those who wish to complete their education (for who so intelligent as the printer?)—merchants who wish to advertise their business and at the same time keep their clerks busy—gentlemen who find time hang heavy upon their hands—printers who wish a fast, cheap, and reliable job press—in fact, all who want to improve their condition, will find it invaluable. Printed directions, giving all the particulars as to working the press, with information in regard to printing generally, setting types, &c., will accompany every Press; and a Circular, in pamphlet form, containing other information in regard to the press, will be sent on application to any address without charge.
All those who have our presses with the old-fashioned wooden roller can have them exchanged for those with metal ones, with the other

Our presses may be exchanged at any time during twelve months, and other articles sold by us, if not satisfactory, may be returned within thirty days.

All kinds of printing material furnished to order at manufacturer's prices. Electrotyping, Stereotyping, and Wood Engraving executed lower than at any other place in the country.

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JOHN STILES Has removed from 31 Exchange Street, to the Globe Buildings, 18 State Street. Where he will continue to receive consignments of Colonial Produce. Of every kind, and to purchase goods in the BOSTON AND NEW YORK MARKETS.

At very lowest prices, for Merchants and Traders in CANADA AND THE EASTERN PROVINCES. A thorough acquaintance with the markets, and prompt personal attention to all orders has enabled him to give entire satisfaction to his customers. His aim will ever be to render his agency advantageous and profitable to Colonial Merchants, in the sale of their produce and purchase of their goods.

References:—Messrs. Clark and Woodward, Boston; J. G. Bowes, M.P.P., Toronto, C. W. Lee Goodd, Fig. Montreal, C. E.: Messrs.

M.P.P., Toronto, C. W.; Ira Gould, Esq., Montreal, C. E.; Mer oung & Hart, Halifax, N. S.; W. J. Ward, Esq., St. John's, N. F. PHŒNIX LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

and Loss of Life at Sea. Chief Office .- 1, LEADENHALL-STREET, LONDON. Branches .- 16, Dale Street, Liverpool. St. James' Chambers, Manchester.

THOMAS L. EVANS, Agent for New Brunswick. JAMES R. MACSHANE, Esq., St. John; W. H. SMITHSON pipe in her mouth, and a staff in her hand; she Medical Examiner for Woodstock, Dr. G. A. Brown. Woodstock, Jan. 1st., 1858.

# Poetry.

SOLFERINO.

The sky is cloudless-on the gentle air Floats the rich fragrance of the myriad flowers, As earth to sky gives back a welcome there, With all its treasures beautiful and rare, Fresh with the dew of morning's opening hours. The Song Bird's carol rises clear and sweet, As to his toil the early peasant goes-And as the hills the joyous notes repeat,

The vast expanse seems but the calm retreat Where weary nature may at last repose. An hour but passes and the sylvan scene Rings with the dreadful clash of deadly foes As o'er the mountain-on the quiet green-By dusty roadside and through dark ravine, The tide of battle fiercely ebbs and flows.

Trampled to earth, the gallant squadrons lay So lately battling full of lusty life-Shattered the serried column's dark array, As the shrill clarion at the close of day, The triumph tells of Solferino's strife. Though drops of anguish stain the withered cheek Of mother mourning for the only son-Away with tears, the solace of the weak!

Let the loud cannon to the Heaven's speak The tidings of a glorious victory won. Though broken-hearted o'er the early grave Of love's young hopes, the drooping maiden bows— Let the gay garland and the banner wave And the world's homage given to the brave,

With the bright laurel deck the victors' brows. What fearful vengeance for the wasted land-The blood that rises from the mangled sod Shall fall on those, whose sacriligious hand Fired war's red torches-when at last they stand Victors and vanquished at the bar of God!

THE WELL IN THE ROCK. "Why, father, what is the matter with you?" Rachel Woolcoot asked this question, and set at hand to smite it." was cutting some slices for supper.

"Yes, father, what is the matter?" queried the of 10 or 20 acres, or upwards, at \$12 to \$20 per acre, alarmed voice of Mrs. Woolcoot, as she ran out of well there for nothing, and I kinder reckon I see well as I do my brother Seth.' And you ought to nearly full; then cover with a fine muslin cloth, on payable in four years, or 10 per cent off for cash-or will the bedroom, where she was just laying away the his hand here. Anyhow, I'll try to-morrow.'' have heard how proud and tenderlike she said them which place a layer of salt balf an inch'thick; then "I guess I'm kinder shaky, wife. Won't you Woolcoot.

bring me a cup of water-quick!' England families have purchased farms and settled in a mug filled to the brim with the clear liquid, in her mouth and getting up. French Burr Millstone Manufacturing Co., lips, while Rachel stood by, looking at her father the old woman in dumb astonishment.

Millstones, and C. W. Brown's Patent Portable Grist the fields; it's a fit like," whispered the girl to you one word of what brought me over to-night. man, I sometimes think if Mary'd a lived, you'd a "Mercy on us! how in the world did it comeon, the Lord, and cast all your care on Him."

father?" cried the pale little woman, and she peered into the sunburnt, but ghastly face that now We've got some real fresh." rested against the old oak chair. "Father, you've Mrs. Woolcoot's wifely heart could not be de-

"Don't, don't, mother!" The man put up his hand deprecatingly, but a

great groan heaved up from his iron chest. daughter's, but it was only for a moment. She and white cotton handkerchief. It was a warm hadn't seen the box for years, and I was fingering ings," " of whom the world was not worthy." bowed down under the unknown blow which had day, although it was wearing toward the middle of it over, when all of a sudden the bottom dropped Jesus Christ, the Lord of Gtory, was crucified; his great hand in both of hers, "you know when the last three hours, mowing a strip of salt hay in false piece laid over this, and somethin' like a corner James killed by the sword; and Paul and Peter you took me, a young, inexperienced thing, twenty- some low meadow land about a quarter of a mile of canvas stickin' out. I pulled it out, and what died on the cross. The goodly fellowship of the three years ago, with nothin' but the little pastur'- east of the little red house where old "Gineral do you think it was, Seth Rogers!" lot in Cow's Lane to bring you for my portion, I Woolcoot's widder," as the neighbors called her, "I'm sure I don't know, Miss Woolcoot." And all formed a part of the noble army of martyrs. promised to stick to you, a true and lovin' wife, to resided. He had a coarse, hard physiognomy, a the man's face was ashen pale with eagerness. the day when death should part us. I reckon I've large, stalwart, rugged frame, beetling eye-brows, "It was that picter of Mary which the English Arius persecuted, and Origen maligned and tortried to do it, Isaac. We've had bright times and with dark, gloomy looking gray eyes, and his iron- gentleman painted when he visited our village; tured; Servetus was burned alive with green sorrowful uns since we've walked the same road, gray locks hung over his forehead, brown and and it just fitted square in the bottom of the box, boughs; John Huss, Jerome of Prague, Latimer, but I reckon the good uns have outweighed t'other, wrinkled with hard labor, for Seth Rogers had not so there warn't a crack or creak in it nowhere. I Ridley, Crammer and Rogers died at the stake. and we've pulled together in all things, and never yet passed the prime of his manhood. He was a remember, now, your mother said there was some- William Wallace was quartered, Galileo tortured, had a hard word or a hard thought for more than stern; lonely man, and the neighbors said his heart thin' in the box when she gave it to me, but jest Savanorola martyred; Joan of Arc burned alive; a minit agin each other. I've been the mother of was as hard as his face. All his near relatives were then she was taken with an awful fit of coughin', and Raleigh, Russell and Sydney beheaded; Milton your children, of them that's in heaven as well as dead, and there was no heart of man, or woman, and finally she said, 'Never mind; I'm so tired, was blind, and Savage starved to death; Toussaint them that's on earth, and it's the first time, Isaac or child in the world which beat with one throb of and I'll tell you about it to-morrow, Miss Woolcoot.' L'Overture died in a dungeon, and Napoleon, who Woolcoot, that you ever hid your heart from me, love or pity for Seth Rogers. He was a widower, But she must have forgot, for her memory seemed put him in prison, died as an exile on the barren' or carried a cloud in your breast which your wife and childless, for he had laid his wife, in her youth, kinder to leave her that last week." didn't share."

her pale mouth.

that ever a man had; you've taken the heaviest ber, and her eyes deep and blue as the skies in pleaded Seth Rogers with the old woman. much as for you I care; but it comes tough to brother, who was four years her senior, had cared to give up, and that your mother and Mary'd plead mental than three dollar vest chains. It is dangive it up." And the old man's sank down heavily. for her with a tenderness, and watched over her harder for you to do than I, if they was here this gerous to sleep in the same town with the proprieback any longer.

have lived so many years, and tried to bring up score and a half of years ago, a company of Indians Rogers. our children in the fear of God." "Our home, father?"

his grandfather about fifty years ago, and I learned children and their homes. Jedediah Woolcoot led wasn't sound truth." And the old woman handed a manner particularly tender and respectful, from it to-day for the first time. The orchard, and the this little company of brave men, and earned a paper to her son.

young girl's life

is so hard, father !"

what with my rheumatis, and the children's sick- from them. "He won't show us, any mercy, will he, father?" The farmer started, and looked round in amazewound in the soft, broken voice of Rachel, while ment, as he saw old Mrs. Woolcoot hobbling slowly

hard as Pharaoh's." "Well, Isaac, we must look to the Lord in this was quite a walk, as old folks' limbs ain't as spry great trouble; He's on our side, and that is better as young uns'." than all that bad man's money."

For General Life Assurance, Annuities, amazing comforting to a man in sorrow. heard at the door. "What do you think I came across this blessed down into iron rigidity:

day up in my garret?" linsey-woolsey.

nto the arm-chair which her son vacated for her tones.

whether good or bad. me you all do look mighty struck down.". "You tell granny, mother." And Mr. Woolcoot

listened to her daughter-in-law's sad story, while little golden head used to go a-diddlin' and danein' if care is taken to strike the top of the cream and an accasional wreath of smoke curled up slowly longside of my Temperance—that. I trust in the bottom of the churn at every stroke. If from her pipe, and the team ran over her widowed Lord, is in heaven this blessed day—to the old the churn be filled so that the dash cannot strike cheeks. When Mrs. Woolcoot ceased, her mother school-house where the four roads meet. Was there the top of the cream, the operation can scarcely be took her pipe out of her mouth, laid it carefully in ever a pootier creetur set foot on the ground, with accomplished at all. Rapid charning should be her lap, and clasping her wrinkled hands together, that face full of dimples, and the smiles cotchin' avoided at the commencement, though the motion sat still, evidently lost in deep thought. She shook apart the lips and kindlin' the eyes, and a pair of may be accelerated after the cream curdles. The her head frequently, and at last she bowed it as cheeks that a rose in the medders wasn't to be butter, when sufficiently gathered by churning, though she had settled some purpose in her own mentioned by the side of?" Seth Rogers's mouth, should be transferred with a wooden ladle to a mind, and then she turned to her son.

"I'm sorry for you. Isaac, for I know it'll come and quick changes harried over his face, telling Making the Butter .- After the butter is taken like death on you to give up the old homestead, and how the old woman's words were smiting the rock. from the charn, it should be skilfully worked until I'm sorrier for Massy, for a woman's heart clings "And it's brought right back to me the last time I nearly all the milk is out of it. And here arises tighter than a man's to the spot where she's lived ever sot eyes on her, Seth. I dun' know as ever I the mooted question, whether cold water should be ever since her husband brought her, a young, un- told you, but it won't hurt you to larn how much used in the process; whether the hutter may be experienced gal, to his home. I'm sorry for you store she sot by you. You know there was a sing- washed? Experience has proved that if the milk all, children, but I've nothing to offer you but the in'-school sot up in the meetin'-house for the first can be expelled without water, the taste of the little red house your grandfather built on the land time that winter, and the young folks had been the butter will be superior; but the buttermilk must the town give him when he fought the Indians so night afore, and Mary had run over to talk with be expelled at all events; and a free use of cold

got no more honor than a stone."

in it. Massy, he used to say to me, it may seem |-the well had been found! just as bleak and hard as the rock of old did to the "Well, just as I was sayin', Seth. Temperance A machine butter-worker will very much aid in the

down the large loaf of rye bread, from which she "Well, mother, in most cases father was in the them boys are you goin' to take to?" Mary's face become miserable in quality. The father came into the room, the large, stal- dict his words, now he is dead and gone-especially quick way, 'I'm goin' to take to my brother Seth, vessel is preferable to earthenware crocks. In wart man, in his farmer's trowsers of tow-cloth, when he was sich a God-fearing man; but I can't Miss Woolcoot? There ain't a boy there that's these pack the butter in layers of such thickness as and he groped like a little child, or a man suddenly think there is any Moses on airth that could bring half as scumptuous, and handsome as he is to my will be convenient for use; sprinkling a little salt

"Try what, granny !" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. | words- My brother Seth."

"Not a bit, Isaac; I know all what I'm about, "Yes, Seth, she said them very words, and when kingdom is slow in its coming? For the poet's

She was not much of a talker, little Mrs. Wool- brown house by the creek, with only his hired men there was a greedy cry in the man's voice.

little sister with the face of an angel. They could as they did years and years ago." "Got to give up what, father? Don't hold it with a pride and love which were like those of a blessed minute?" "The old homestead, Massy, where you and I never blossomed into womanhood. One time, a if you'll let me have the picter," answered Seth were going to your own funeral. Melancholy, two had made a descent on the little village of West over her faded cheeks as she moaned out, "Oh, it Mary's beauty lay under the summer grass, and her cottage that night!

ness, and deaths, and failures in the crops, I never "Seth, Seth Rogers, I want to have a few minnutes' talk with you.

Joseph stood by, twisting his fingers together, his towards him, just as he was putting his handerchief rubicund visage elongated into a look of solemn in his hat. "I see you from my back door a-mowin', and I "Not a bit, daughter; Seth Roger's heart is as knew you was a good deal interested in what I'd got to say, so I concluded to get over, though it

"No, they aint, that's a fact," responded Seth, "That's it, mother; them words of yours are for want of something better to say; and then he remembered his claim on Isaac Woolcoot's cottage. At this moment a cracked, tremulous voice was and concluded the old woman had come to confer about that, and the muscles of his hard face settled

There was an oak tree very near. The old woman garret, that belonged to Mary-dear little Mary!" by any misfortune whatsoever .- Burton.

"Yes, it ain't often I get down here, children, Ah, those words must have been a rod which MAKING BUTTER .- As this is the season when but I was so flustrated I couldn't sleep till I'd telled smote the granite rock, for the man's face changed most butter is made, some useful directions for you," panted old Mrs. Woolcoot, as she sank down suddenly, and there was eager curiosity in his making and treating it will not be out of place. In "What was it, Miss Woolcoot?"

"Won't you set down here under the tree, and are worthy of wide spread circulation. "We are in a peck of trouble, granny," interposed Joseph, who was very fond of delivering news, I'll tell you, for I'm an old woman, and it tuckers

me out to talk so loud." of the oak tree, close to the old woman.

The old woman leaned back in her chair, and baby, for it jest brought back the time when Mary's the dash per minute will accomplish this result, that rigid mouth, was working almost fearfully, wooden bowl.

bravely at Neck Bridge. If wust comes to wust, Temperance about the boys and gals. I was bilin' water will more certainly and speedily accomplish ou can take that, with the two strips of medder doughnuts that arternoon, and Mary was mighty this object than any other means; and all other fond on 'em, so I sot the pan on the table, tellin' things being right, water-washed butter will be "I guess we'll have to turn in there a little while the gals to help themselves; and Mary stood there very good. The keeping quality of butter without mother," answered her son, "leastwise till the a crunchin' em down, and bobbin' her bright head | washing is thought by many to be the best. Lord shows us where to turn about, for Seth Rogers round like a butterfly among clover, and laughin' When the buttermilk is pretty well worked out, will hustle me out without honor or mercy, now out-Oh, can't you hear that laugh now-some- such a quantity of salt should be added as suits the he's got the law on his side. You know he ain't thin' like a bird and somethin' like a brook tum- tastes of those who are to be its consumers. Some

blin' and singin' over the stones?" "Don't say that, Isaac, of any man. Your poor "I can hear it, granny, I can hear !" cried the batter as a rule; it should be thoroughly incorpodead father used to tell me he'd seen a good deal of man in a sharp, pained voice, while his breast rated with the butter at its first working. The the rough side of human nature in his life, but he'd heaved and the tears cozed slowly out of Seth Rog- butter must be subjected on the ensuing day to a never found a man's heart so hard that there er's eyes and stood still in the channels of his second working; these two may suffice for present warn't a tender spot hidden somewhere away down | cheeks. Ah, the old woman had smitten the rock | consumption, but for butter intended to be kept, a

Israelites, but, depend on't, there is a well of water | was a-tellin' what boys looked the best, and which | second and third workings. The great cause of down deep somewhere, if only the right Moses was uns she fancied most, when I turned right round- butter becoming rancid is milk left in it, therefore 'Now, Mary,' said I, "it's your turn. Which of unless it is entirely removed, the butter will soon right of it, and it don't become his son to contra- flushed right up, and she jest spoke out in her | Packing .- For keeping butter, for family use, no water out of sich a rock as Seth Rogers's heart." mind; and I know he's going to make a wonderful between each layer, for convenience in extracting "Don't be too sartin, Isaac. God never put the smart man; and I never could love another man so the butter for use. Continue until the crock is

"Did she say them-did she say them about me?" | work is done. "Try to find the well in the rock of Seth Rogers's | cried the man, in a voice which was like a plaintive A moment later, Mrs. Woolcoot returned, with heart," answered the old woman, putting her pipe little Mary! my little Mary!" THE FATE OF GREAT MEN -In a world where the Then the sobs broke out and shook his iron frame, fortunes of the great and the good have been pain. which her husband seized in his great hands, but "Why. granny, ain't you mad struck?" queried and the great tears rolled in swift showers over his poverty, exile, persecution, crucifixion, burning they shook so that he could hardly convey it to his her amazed son, while his family stood looking at rugged cheeks. The rock had been cleft and the alive, shall we think it strange that efforts to do waters gushed out.

> Only don't any on you give up; only jest trust in been a different one." And tears of sympathy rolled down the old woman's cheeks. "And now,

side of my burdens, and borne with my faults, and which midnight stars are set. There were a few "Will you give back to Isaac secuted for righteousness' sake for theirs is the I've allus felt I never deserved such a blessin' as old women in West Farms who still grew warm and the deed of his house and land, that you know's kingdom of heaven."-Christian Inquirer. you, any more'n a frail mortal man does an angel eloquent when they spoke of the wondrous beauty his'n in the sight of God, and that you know, too, to walk by his side; and it isn't for myself half as of the sweet child Mary Rogers, and they said her 'll break his heart, and his wife's and his children's

mother over her firstborn. But Mary's beauty had | "Yes, I'll make it all over to him this afternoon,

Farms, seated at the foot of the hills. Trembling "There, Isaac," said the old woman, hobbling will find his bread basket empty. If you feet Mrs. Woolcoot cried the words out sharply, as women had clustered together, with husbed breaths into the kitchen, with her crutch in her hand, down-hearted, avoid bemp and take to victuals. A though there dwelt great pain and amazement in and haggard faces, in the cottages, and at last a "didn't I tell you your father said there was a timely "sirloin" might save many a good fellow company of the bravest men had gathered together, well in the rock of every man's heart, and here it's from an early grave isn't that so? "That's it, mother. Seth Williams has got shouldered their arms, and gone out, in the name proven in black and white! I don't believe ever a hold of an old deed of the land, which belonged to of the God of battles, to fight for their wives, their word came from the lips of Jedediah Woolcoot that

old house itself, every timber of which has the face thereby the title of General. They soon succeeded lie opened it, while his family gathered eager and gentle that may not be expected from her in . in routing the Indians, who had stationed themselves and curious about him. That autumn day had whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to "Oh, what'll become of us all?" cried Rachel, at the northern part of the village, and the white gone heavy enough over all their hearts. It was a advise a friend as to his choice of a wife my first, and she sank down and burst into tears. An hour men lost but two of their number. But that night deed, which bequeathed to Isaac Woolcoot his counsel would be, "look out for one distinguished ago her heart had been like a country full of fra- Mary Rogers caught her death cold; for the child, house and land about it-the gift of Seth Rogers. for her attention and sweetness to her parents." grance and sweet songs, and far-reaching mountains hearing the war-cry of the Indians, which started I cannot tell you what happened afterwards. The fund of worth and affection indicated by such of delight; and now the mists had arisen from the her from her sound slumbers, had sprung suddenly when they learned the truth from the old grand- behavior, joined by the habits of duty and considersea and blurred out all the goodly prospects, and out of bed, rushed out doors in her night dress, mother's lips, who told the whole story, stopping ation thereby contracted, being transferred to the the winds lashed and the storm gathered over the and remained for nearly an hour crouched down on several times to smoke her pipe. What tears of married state, will not fail to render her a mild and the damp ground, under an apple-tree, convulsed joy were shed, what prayers of thankfulness were obliging companion. Mrs. Woolcoot took it quietly. The tears ran with terror. In less than six months afterwards made, under the brown roof of Isaac Woolcoot's

broken-hearted mother followed her a little later. Oh, reader, dealing with the hard and the cold "That's it, Massy! I'm getting past my prime So, with all his money, the neighbors affirmed Seth hearts of thy fellow-men, remember always there is inine is conservatism, which resists, yields, connow, and I've little hope of ever buildin' a new Rogers had had a hard time of it, for it was a ter- a " Well in the Rock," and kind words and deeds firms, borrows, reflects and does all that the weaker roof to shelter my head in its old age. You know rible thing to have all of one's kith and kin cut off shall open it, as Moses' rod opened the waters of sex are supposed to do under a superior influence.

WOMAN'S SOVEREIGNTY. We're swayed a thousand ways by woman's wiles,

We bend, delighted to her potent smiles, We bend when tears outpour in plenteous shower; Her witchery of grace bows low our hearts, Her winning voice has conquest in its tone, We yield us captive to the myriad arts That round our pathway hem us like a zone. By her sweet lips we swear our lives away, We vow eternal homage to her eyes,

The raven curl round her white neck astray

But most we bow beneath sweet woman's sway,

The magic of her power intensifies !

And every day admit her sovereign power;

When walking neath a clothes-line on a washing day. Scoffs, calumnies, and jests, are frequently the they are worth, because they are well dressed. "Why, granny, how did you get over here?" dropped down under this, and laid her crutch at causes of melancholy. It is said that "a blow with Words can no more give dignity to thought, than a they all exclaimed, as a crooked, withered old her feet. Seth Rogers stood a little way off, silent a word strikes deeper than a blow with a sword;" fine garment can give the wearer a good education. woman hobbled into the kitchen. She carried a and gloomy, his arms folded on his broad breast. and certainly there are many men whose feelings "Seth," slowly commenced the old woman, "I are more gailed by a calumny, a bitter jest, a libel,

the transactions of the Ohio State Agricultural Society, we find some remarks on the subject, which

Churning .- The cream should be brought to the temperature of from 62° to 65° Fahr, and "What's the matter, Isaac? Massy, seems to He sat down on the grass, under the cool shade churned. Experience has proved that such a stroke of the churn dash as will bring the butter in about "It cut me up, Seth, dre'fully, comin' across thirty minutes, makes the best. At a temperature that ar. I jest sot down and cried like a little of about 62° Fahr., from fifty to sixty strokes of

give seven-eighhts of an ounce of salt to a pound of third working on the third day will be necessary.

fill with strong brine, and cover with a lid, and the

good are often ill received, and that the heavenly

Bruth forever on the scaffold;

Wrong forever on the throne. "Oh, granny, do stay and have a cup of tea. Seth, I must tell you what I came across in the old Homer was a blind singer; Socrates was made garret yesterday. I was a-huntin' there among to drink the hemlock; Miltiades died in prison; "Not to-night, Massy," shaking her head and some old blankets I spun afore I was married, when Aristides was banished; Themistocles died in exile; hobbling across the room; "I've got to be all suddenly I came to a long wooden box which your Cicero and Julius Cæsar were killed; Brutus fell alone, to hold counsel with myself; only don't mother gin me the week afore she died. You know on his sword; and Seneca was compelled to open forget what I said about casting your care on the you was gone off the mount'ns to bunt up bears his own veins in the bath. And of the Bible men, then. Well, Miss Rogers and I allers sot great Abel was killed; Joseph sold into captivity; Jostore by each other, and she gin me in that box, a siah shot by the archers; Jeremiah cast into a miry Seth Rogers put down his scythe, took off his linen spread, three silver spoons, a string of gold dungeon; Daniel thrown into the lions' den; and Mrs. Woolcoot's face grew pale, as did her straw hat, and wiped his forehead with his blue beads, and number of other little trinkets like. I "others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgprostrated her husband. "Isaac," she said, taking October, and the farmer had been hard at work for out into my lap, and lo and behold! there was a Stephen was stoned; John the Baptist beheaded; prophets and the glorious company of the apostles

Justin was put to death, Chrysostom exiled. rock of St. Helena. Zwingle was killed in battle. in the village graveyard, and he lived in the great "Oh, granny, will you let me see this?" and Barneveldt was beheaded, and Dr. Priestly mobbed and driven into exile. Kossuth, Mazzini, and Viccoot, but now her true woman's heart fired her lips and his old housekeeper-a man whose creed and "Sartin, Seth. It ain't faded one bit in all these tor Hugo are to-day in banishment. Even in with native eloquence, as she stood there with the whose Gospel were worldly gain-whose only am- years that its been in the bottom of the old box, America, Lovejoy has been shot, Garrison led to still tears in her eyes, and the brave smile about bition was to add to his broad lands, a man without where your mother put it for safe keepin', and we prison with a rope round his neck, and Sumner fear of God or love to humanity! Yet the old all 'sposed it had got burnt up; but it's Mary, half assassibated. In a world like this what dost Farmer Woolcoot looked at his wife, and for a neighbors shook their heads and said it was not every inch of it, with the curls dancin' about her thou expect, O my soul? Dost thou covet ease, moment the man forgot everything but the true always so-that Seth Rogers was a pleasant little neck, and her lips poutin' out jest ready to speak, safety, and glory? No; if thou art true to thy heart which beat for him in that little woman's boy, and that he had a praying mother and one and her eyes a-shinin', and her cheeks a-bloomin' highest and noblest convictions, thou will not be alarmed if thou meet with rebuffs, pains, persecu-"It's true, Massy, every word you've said, still remember the clusters of her shining curls, that "Oh, granny, if you'll give me that picter of tions and even death. But thou wilt remember You've been the blessedest comfort and helpmeet waved in the winds like the golden rod in Septem- Mary, I'll give you anything I've got on earth!" that there is another life after this life, and the Holy One has said, " Blessed are they who are per-

Smiles breed dimples, which are far more ornator of a perpetual frown. Don't walk around, looking as dismal as a sick undertaker, or as if you thirds of the time, results from hunger or indigestion. Dissect a snicide and the chances are, you

When a young woman behaves to her parents in principle as well as nature, there is nothing good

The London Times says progress and reform are the masculine side of the political world. The femregards with the variations of interest and caprice the strenger will of the other side. None of its measures substantive and original.

The ladies are introducing a new and beautiful ornament for the parlor mantle, or centre table. They take large pine burs, sprinkle grass seed of any kind in them, and place them in pots of water. When the burs are soaked a few days, they close up in the form of solid cones, then the little spears of green grass begin to emerge from amongst the laminæ, forming an ornament of rare and simple beauty.

There is a notion that the coarse clothing of common words chafes fine thoughts, and so ideas, like as people are often acceptable for more than

Pride is a goodly crutch; it keeps many a one wore an old brown silk bonnet, and a blue gown of came across somethin' yesterday mornin', in my a pasquil, a squib, a satire, or an epigram, than from falling. It is not, however, so commendable, when we employ it to poke folks with.