

Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click,
Goes the type in the stick,
As the printer stands at his case,
His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick
The type as it falls from the tray;
And one by one the letters go,
Words are piled up steady and slow—
Steady and slow,
But still they grow.
And words of fire soon will glow:
Wonderful words, that without a sound
Traverse the earth to its utmost bound;
Words that shall make
The faint quiver,
And the fetters of the oppress'd shall break;
Words that can arm an army's might,
Or fire its strength in a righteous fight.
Yet the type then look! and lo! and dumb,
As he puts them in place with finger and thumb!
But the printer smiles,
And his work begins,
By chanting a song as the letters he piles,
With pick and click,
Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick! tick!

O, where is the man with such simple tools
Can govern the world like I?
With a printing press, an iron stick,
And a little leaden die,
With paper of white, and ink of black,
I support the Right, and the Wrong attack.

Say, where is he, or who may he be,
That can rival the printer's power?
To no monarchs that live the wall doth he give—
Their sway lasts only an hour.
While the printer still grows, and God only knows
When his might shall cease to tower!

The Pearl of Orr's Island.

A Story of the Coast of Maine.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

[Continued.]

Her only fast, unfailing friend was her old negro nurse, or Mammy, as the children called her. This old creature, with the cunning and subtlety which had grown up from years of servitude, watched and waited upon the interests of her little mistress, and contrived to carry many points for her in the confused household.

Her young mistress was her one thought and purpose in living. She would have gone through fire and water to serve her; and this faithful, devoted heart, blind and ignorant though it were, was the only unfailing refuge and solace of the poor hunted child.

Dolores, of course, became my pupil among the rest. Like the others, she had suffered by the neglect and interruptions in the education of the family, but she was intelligent and docile, and learned with a surprising rapidity. It was not astonishing that she should soon have formed an enthusiastic attachment to me, as I was the only intelligent, cultivated person she had ever seen, and treated her with unvarying consideration and delicacy.

The poor thing had been so accustomed to barbarous words and manners that simple politeness and the usages of good society seemed to her cause for the most boundless gratitude.

It is due to myself, in view of what follows, to say that I was from the first aware of the very obvious danger which lay in my path in finding myself brought into close and daily relations with a young creature so confiding, so attractive, and so singularly circumstanced. I knew that it would be in the highest degree dishonorable to make the slightest advances toward gaining from her that kind of affection which might interfere with her happiness in such future relations as her father might arrange for her. According to the European fashion, I knew that Dolores was in her father's hands, to be disposed of for life according to his pleasure, as absolutely as if she had been one of his slaves. I had every reason to think that his plans on this subject were matured, and only waited for a little more teaching and training on my part, and her fuller development in womanhood, to be announced to her.

In looking back over the past, therefore, I have not to reproach myself with any dishonest and dishonorable breach of trust: for I was from the first upon my guard, and so much so that even the jealousy of my other scholars never accused me of partiality. I was not in the habit of giving very warm praise, and was in my general management anxious rather to be just than conciliatory, knowing that with the kind of spirits I had to deal with, firmness and justice went farther than anything else. If I approved Dolores often than the rest, it was seen to be because she never failed in a duty; if I spent more time with her lessons, it was because her enthusiasm for study led her to learn longer ones and study more things; but I am sure there was never a word or look toward her that went beyond the proprieties of my position.

But yet I could not so well guard my heart. I was young and full of feeling. She was beautiful; and more than that, there was something in her Spanish nature at once so warm and simple, so artless and yet so unconsciously poetic, that her presence was a continual charm.

How well I remember her now—all her little ways—the movements of her pretty little hands, the expression of her changeable face as she smiled to me, the grave, rapt earnestness with which she listened to all my instructions!

I had not been with her many weeks before I felt conscious that it was her presence that charmed the whole house, and made the otherwise perplexing and distasteful details of my situation agreeable. I had a dim perception that this growing passion was a dangerous thing for myself; but was it a reason, I asked, why I should relinquish a position in which I felt that I was useful, and when I could do for this lovely child what no one else could do? I call her a child, she always impressed me as such, though she was in her six-

teenth year and had the early womanly development of Southern climates. She seemed to me like something frail and precious, needing to be guarded and cared for; and when reason told me that I risked my own happiness in holding my position, love argued on the other hand that I was her only friend, and that I should be willing to risk something myself for the sake of protecting and shielding her.

For there was no doubt that my presence in the family was a restraint upon the passions which formerly vented themselves so recklessly on her, and established a sort of order in which she found more peace than she had ever known before.

For a long time in our intercourse I was in the habit of looking on myself as the only party in danger. It did not occur to me that this heart, so beautiful and so lonely, might, in the want of all natural and appropriate objects of attachment, fasten itself on me unsolicited, from the mere necessity of loving. She seemed to me so much too beautiful, too perfect, to belong to a lot in life like mine, that I could not suppose it possible this could occur without the most blame-worthy solicitation on my part; and it is the saddest and most affecting proof to me how this poor child had been starved for sympathy and love, that she should have repaid such cold services as mine with such an entire devotion. At first her feelings were expressed openly toward me, with the dutiful air of a good child. She placed flowers on my desk in the morning, and made quaint little nosegays in the Spanish fashion, which she gave me, and busied her leisure with various ingenious little nick-nacks of fancy work, which she brought me. I treated them all as the offerings of a child while with her, but I kept them sacredly in my own room. To tell the truth, I have some of the poor little things now.

But after a while I could not help seeing how she loved me; and then I felt as if I ought to go; but how could I? The pain to myself I could have borne, but how could I leave her to all the misery of her bleak, ungenial position? She, poor thing, was so unconscious of what I knew, for I was made clear-sighted by love. I tried the more strictly to keep to the path I had marked out for myself, but I fear I did not always do it; in fact, many things seemed to conspire to throw us together. The sisters, who were sometimes invited out to visit on neighboring estates, were glad enough to dispense with the presence and attractions of Dolores, and so she was frequently left at home to study with me in their absence. As to Don Jose, although he always treated me with civility; yet he had such an in-grained and deep-rooted idea of his own superiority of position, that I suppose he would as soon have imagined the possibility of his daughter's falling in love with one of his horses. I was a great convenience to him. I had a knack of governing and carrying points in his family that had always troubled and fatigued him to endeavor to arrange, and that was all. So that my intercourse with Dolores was as free and unwatched, and gave me as many opportunities of enjoying her undisturbed society, as heart could desire.

At last came the crisis, however. After breakfast one morning, Don Jose called Dolores into his library and announced to her that he had concluded for her a treaty of marriage, and expected her husband to arrive in a few days. He expected that this news would be received by her with the glee with which a young girl hears of a new dress or of a ball-ticket, and was quite confounded at the grave and mournful silence in which she received it. She said no word, made no opposition, but went out from the room and shut herself up in her own apartment, and spent the day in tears and sobs.

I ventured to inquire whether his person and manners were such as would be pleasing to a young girl, and could gather that he was a man of about fifty, who had been most of his life in the military service, and was now desirous of making an establishment for the repose of his latter days, at the head of which he would place a handsome and tractable woman, and do well by her.

I represented that it would perhaps be safer to say no more on the subject until Dolores had seen him, and to this he agreed. Madame Mendoza was very zealous in the affair, for the sake of getting rid of the presence of Dolores in the family, and her sisters laughed at her for her dejected appearance. They only wished, they said, that so much luck might happen to them. For myself, I endeavored to take as little notice as possible of the affair, though what I felt may be conjectured. I knew, I was perfectly certain, that Dolores loved me as I loved her. I knew that she had one of those simple and unworldly natures which wealth and splendor could not satisfy, and whose life would lie entirely in her affections. Sometimes I violently debated with myself whether honor required me to sacrifice her happiness as well as my own, and I felt the strongest temptation to ask her to be my wife and fly with me to the Northern States, where I did not doubt my ability to make for her a humble and happy home.

But the sense of honor is often stronger than all reasoning, and I felt that such a course would be a betrayal of a trust, and I determined at least to command myself till I should see the character of the man who was destined to be her husband.

Meanwhile the whole manner of Dolores was changed. She maintained a stony, gloomy silence, performed all her duties in a listless way, and occasionally, when I commented on anything in her lessons or exercises, would break into little flashes of petulance, most strange and unnatural in

her. Sometimes I could feel that she was looking at me earnestly, but if I turned my eyes toward her, hers were instantly averted; but there was in her eyes a peculiar expression at times, such as I have seen in the eye of a hunted animal when it turned at bay, a sort of desperate resistance, which, taken in connection with her fragile form and lovely face, produced a mournful impression.

One morning I found Dolores sitting alone in the school-room, leaning her head on her arms. She had on her wrist a bracelet of pearls, which she had worn since she was a child, and which she had kept as a memento of her mother's love. She was looking at it with a fixed gaze, and her face was pale and sad.

"Did I ever tell you that this was my mother's hair? It is my mother's hair, and she was the only one that ever loved me; except poor old Mammy, nobody else loves me, nobody ever will."

"My dear Miss Dolores," I began. "Don't call me dear," she said; "you don't care care for me, nobody does, papa does not, and I always loved him; everybody in the house wants to get rid of me, whether I like to go or not, I have always tried to be good and do all you wanted, and I should think you might care for me a little, but you don't."

"Dolores," I said, "I do care for you more than I do for any one in the world; I love you more than my own soul."

These were the very words I never meant to say, but somehow they seemed to utter themselves against my will. She looked at me for a moment as if she could not believe her hearing, and then the blood flushed her face, and she laid her head down on her arms.

At this moment Madame Mendoza and the girls came into the room in a clamor of admiration about a diamond bracelet which had just arrived as a present from her future husband.

It was a splendid thing, and had for its clasp his miniature, surrounded by the largest brilliants.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

Original Domestic Receipts.

TO BOTTLE CHERRIES.—Take the common sour cherry, stone them, and fill any bottles that you may have. Set them into warm water on the stove, and gradually increase the heat until the air is expelled from the bottles. It will be necessary to have some reserve cherries to fill the bottles, as they shrink very much, and there must be no space between the fruit and the cork. Put in the corks while in the water, and seal them immediately after they are taken out. Stoning the cherries is quite a tedious process, but the rest of the work can be done very rapidly. A dozen bottles can be filled and sealed in two hours. In this way, you can have cherry pies and puddings all winter. There is no fruit that keeps better than cherries, and after being prepared in this way they are much better when stewed with half a lb. of sugar to one lb. of fruit than the richest preserves.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Take three or four quarts of raspberries, put them in a stone crock and cover them with vinegar. Let them stand twenty-four hours. Then strain this juice through a jelly bag and pour it on to fresh berries, letting this stand another day. Repeat this process until you have the quantity you desire. Add to each pint of juice one pound of sugar. Put it into a preserving kettle and allow it to heat sufficiently to melt the sugar. When it is cold, put it into bottles. It will keep several years.

CURRENT JELLY.—Pick fine red and large ripe currants from the stems, bruise them and strain the juice from a quart at a time through thin muslin, pressing it gently to get all the liquid. Put a pound of white sugar to each pound of juice; stir it until it is all dissolved; set it over a gentle fire; let it become hot and boil for fifteen minutes; then try it by taking a spoonful into a saucer. When cold, if it is not quite firm enough, boil it for a few minutes longer.

LACE AND MUSLIN CURTAINS.—After washing and starching them it is much better to stretch them upon a sheet fastened to the carpet than to iron them. They must be pinned to the sheet very carefully. The pins should not be more than four or five inches apart. Although this is a good deal of labor, the improved appearance of the curtains is a full compensation.

Shedawl shawls can be dried in the same way.

CURRENT WINE.—One quart of current juice, two quarts of water, three pounds of crushed sugar, and to each gallon of the mixture add one gill pure brandy.

Place a cork upon its side with the bung up, and fill it entirely. It will require replenishing, as it wastes by fermentation, and the cork should be always kept full.

STRAWBERRIES.—This delicate fruit is so acid that it requires the full complement of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit to prevent its spoiling before winter. They preserve their shape and color better if they are only partly cooked in the syrup, and then allowed to stand in the sun two or three days; but if cooked entirely by the fire, they should be put into jars while hot and sealed immediately.

LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!

TO ARRIVE.

50 BRS. PARAFFINE OIL.
A superior quality, that I have purchased in a Market without Monopoly, and I will now sell to my friends and customers an article that will give satisfaction and defy competition at the very low price of 20 cents per gallon by the barrel, and 70 cents per gallon by retail.

Also, a lot of LAMP GLASS, CHIMNEYS and WICKS, selected by myself in the Market, that I will sell Wholesale or Retail, very low. Call and examine, and judge for yourselves.

For sale by
J. F. SECOUD
King Square.

P. S.—Please don't forget that I have on hand 100 lbs. Non-Explosive Burning Fluid, that I also expect to sell you. (not 25, &c. &c.)

19th July, 1862.

The Subscriber offers to the public the following articles at very lowest market rates—
CLEAR PINE BOARDS from 12 to 30 inches wide, very dry;
3, 4, and 2 inch PLANK, clear and very large size, and dry;
Dry Pine Boards and Plank of all qualities;
Spruce Boards; Planed Flooring; small size; Siding; all qualities and perfectly dry;
Sawn Pine Shingles of all kinds; Cedar Shingles, a very large quantity;
Cornice Laces, and all other articles in the Lumber Line necessary for building purposes.

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The next term is to begin on Thursday, 31st July.

For further particulars send for a Circular.
H. PICKARD,
Sackville, N. B., July 23.

FURTHER SUPPLY OF
INDIA RUBBER GOODS,
JUST RECEIVED AT
No. 90, Prince William Street.

RUBBER Clocks and Pouches;
RUBBER Lustre Long Coats;
RUBBER Coats for Boys;
RUBBER Cap Covers and Haversacks;
RUBBER Pillows and Ladies Aprons;
RUBBER Door Mats and Tobacco Pouches;
RUBBER Urinals, Male and Female;
RUBBER Finger Rings and Watch Guards;
RUBBER Toys in variety;
RUBBER Dolls in variety;
RUBBER Wheel Parlor Skates;
RUBBER Syringes of all kinds;
RUBBER Navy Bags and Knapsacks;
RUBBER Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs.

For sale low by
J. Z. GABEL.

CHARLES E. BURNHAM,
UNDERTAKER,
IMPORTER OF COFFIN TRIMMINGS,
AND FURNITURE MANUFACTURER,
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IN MAHOGANY,
Walnut and Rosewood, Polished, and
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Funerals attended in Person, and will assist in selecting burial lots without extra charge.
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Carpets, Oil Cloths, fitted and put down.
Pews Lined & Cushioned.
Mattresses in Hair, Palm Leaf and Corn Husk.—Feathers from 25 to 60 cents, per pound.

RESIDENCE OVER WARE ROOM
Notice of Removal.
THE subscriber has removed the place of his business to No. 79 KING STREET, formerly occupied by Mr. E. E. Lockhart, where they will keep constantly on hand a Choice Selection of FAMILY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRUIT &c., &c. (may) LESTER & BROTHER.

JUST RECEIVED AT
No. 90, Prince William Street.
280 DOZEN "Butcher's" Mill Saw Files, assorted sizes;
122 "Wheatman & Smith's" Mill Saws, assorted lengths;
21 "Wheatman & Smith's" Circular SAWS, assorted;
20 "Wheatman & Smith's" Cross Cut Saws, assorted lengths. For sale low by
J. Z. GABEL.

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RECEIVED from Shedawl on Consignment—
90 lbs. OYSTERS, fresh from the beds; will be sold low. Call and invest your money while they are good.

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81 Sugar Loaf Pine Apples;
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5 boxes Sweet Oranges;
2 do Extra Lemons;
2 sacks Cocoa Nuts;
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On sale at Third Door North of Country Market, Charlotte Street.
July 4
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PUBLIC NOTICE.
MR. JOHN POLLEY has withdrawn his name from the firm of Lester Brother & Polley, by mutual consent. The business will be carried on under the old style. All claims against the said firm will be settled by
LESTER & BROTHER.

Mrs. George Waterbury's
CELEBRATED DINNER PASTES.—A sure remedy for Indigestion and all Bilious Complaints. Also, the best medicine made for general use. Five groves of the above just Celebrated Pills. Just received on sale at
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66 Charlotte Street.

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PARAFFINE OIL.—Just received—5 brs. Paraffine Oil, of the best quality. Also, Lamps, Chimneys, and Wicks. For sale very low by
J. F. SECOUD,
King Square.

MESS FISH.—100 brs. landing ex brig "Sea Bird" from New York.
KINNEAR BROS.

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may 29
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may 7

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(ly v mar 19)

Notice.
ALL persons having any claims against the Estate of GEORGE HENRY McDONALD, late of the Parish of Cambridge, in Queen's County, (deceased) are requested to present the same, duly attested, within three months for payment, and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers.

Dated the 28th day of February, A. D. 1862.
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JAMES H. McDONALD,
DONALD McDONALD, Administrators.
mar 29 vis

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