

## Poetry.

## GERMAIN CHORALE

OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Having received a copy of the beautiful German Chorale sung at the Funerals of His late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and the Rev. Dr. Hawtrey, Provost of Eton, we reprint it, in the hope that the words and sentiments will be acceptable to many of our readers.

I JOHN II, 1, 2.

When my last hour is close at hand,  
My last sad journey taken,  
Do Thou, Lord Jesus, by me stand,  
Let me not be forsaken  
O Lord! my spirit I resign  
Into Thy loving hands divine,  
Thy safe within Thy keeping!

Countless as sands upon the shore,  
My sins may then appear to me;  
Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,  
Despair shall not enthrall me—  
For, as I draw my latest breath,  
I'll think, Lord Jesus, upon Thy death,  
And there find consolation.

Limb of Thy body, Lord, am I,  
This makes me joyful hearted;  
In death's dark gloom and misery,  
From Thee I am not parted.  
And when I die, I die to Thee—  
Eternal life was won for me  
By Thy last hour of anguish.

I shall not in the grave remain,  
Since Thou death's bonds hast severed;  
By hope with Thee to rise again,  
From fear of death delivered,  
I'll come to Thee, where'er Thou art,  
Live with Thee, never from Thee part;  
Therefore to die is rapture.

And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,  
My longing arms extending;  
So full asleep in slumber deep,  
Slumber that knows no ending;  
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,  
Opens the gates of bliss—leads on  
To Heaven, to life eternal!

NICHOLAS HERMANN, Translated from the German  
Died 1871. man by E. A. BOWRING.

## A Search for Spring.

In the dewy breath of the passionate breeze,  
In the twitter of early melodies,  
In the bounding pulses of fern and tree,  
Quickened to new-born ecstasy!  
In the soft young grass upon the sod,  
In the flower that opens its eyes to God!  
I sought the joy of Spring.

As the warm, sweet winds rushed over the earth,  
And bloom and beauty and song had birth,  
And leaves struggled forth in the light of morn,  
Like a child's glad hopes in their primal dawn,  
And the heart of the buds throbbled with wild,  
strange bliss  
At the touch of the sun's light's burning kiss!  
I felt the joy of Spring.

But the odorous gales changed to sultry air,  
And the balm was lost in the summer glare,  
O'er nature's expanse of death a livid red,  
And a leaden calm grew from throbbing bliss;  
And autumn scattered decay and blight,  
And in the chill of the winter's night,  
I lost the joy of Spring.

But far from the smiles of nature; apart  
In the secret depths of the human heart,  
Were bloom and beauty that have no death,  
That change not with time's corroding breath;  
In the blossoms of Truth—pure buds of Heaven—  
Thou' choked with error and weeds and leaven,  
I see the joy of Spring.

In the grandeur of soul that makes man divine,  
The light of Spring seems ever to shine,  
In the beauty of goodness exalting our life,  
In the perfect faith that is born of strife,  
In hopes that are brighter than vernal flowers,  
Whose sweet-scented gladdens life's common hours,  
I know the joy of Spring.

The Pearl of Orr's Island:  
A Story of the Coast of Maine.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"Now, where's Sally Kittridge?"  
There's the clock striking five, and nobody  
to set the table. Sally, I say! Sally!"

"Why, Miss Kittridge," said the Captain,  
"Sally's gone out more'n an hour ago,  
and I expect she's gone down to Pennel's  
to see Mara; 'cause, you know, she  
come home from Portland to-day."

"Well if she's come home, I s'pose I  
may as well give up havin' any good of  
Sally, for that girl fairly bows down to  
Mara Lincoln and worships her."

"Well, good reason," said the Captain.  
"There a'n't a puttier creature breathin'.  
I'm a most a mind to worship her myself."  
"Captain Kittridge, you ought to be  
ashamed of yourself, at your age, talking  
as you do."

"Why, laws, mother, I don't feel my  
age," said the frisky Captain, giving a sort  
of skip. "It don't seem more'n yesterday  
since you and I was a-courtin', Polly.  
What a life you did lead me in them days!  
I think you kep' me on the anxious seat a  
pretty middlin' spell."

"I do wish you wouldn't talk so. You  
ought to be ashamed to be triffin' round as  
you do. Come, now, can't you jest tramp  
over to Pennel's and tell Sally I want  
her?"

"Not I, mother. There a'n't but two  
gals in two miles square here, and I a'n't  
a-go'in' to be the feller to shoo 'em apart.  
What's the use of bein' gals, and young,  
and putty, if they can't get together and  
talk about their new gowns and the fel-  
lers? That ar's what gals is for."

"I do wish you wouldn't talk in that  
way before Sally, father, for her head is  
full of all sorts of vanity now; and as to  
Mara, I never did see a more slack-twisted,  
fimsy thing than she's grown up to be.  
Now Sally's learnt to do something, thanks  
to me. She can brew, and she can make  
bread and cake and pickles, and spin, and  
cut, and make. But as to Mara, what  
does she do? Why, she paints pictur's.  
Miss Pennel was a-showin on me a blue-  
jay she painted, and I was a-thinkin'  
whether she could brile a bird fit to eat if  
she tried; and she don't know the price of  
nothin'," continued Mrs. Kittridge, with a  
wasteful profusion of negatives.

"Well," said the Captain, "The Lord  
makes some things just to be looked at.  
Their work is to be putty, and that ar's  
Mara's sphere. It never seemed to me  
she was cut out for hard work; but she's  
got sweet ways and kind words for every-

body, and it's as good as a psalm to look  
at her."

"And what sort of a wife'll she make,  
Captain Kittridge?"

"A real sweet, putty one," said the  
Captain, persistently.

"Well, as to beauty, I'd rather have  
our Sally any day," said Mrs. Kittridge;  
"and she looks strong and hearty, and  
seems to be good for use."

"So she is, so she is," said the Captain,  
with fatherly pride. "Sally's the very  
image of her ma at her age—black eyes,  
black hair, tall and trim as a spruce tree,  
and steps off as though she had springs in  
her heels. I tell you, the feller'll have to  
be spy that catches her. There's two or  
three of 'em at it, I see; but Sally won't  
have nothin' to say to 'em. I hope she  
won't yet awhile."

"Sally is a girl that has as good an ed-  
ucation as money can give," said Mrs.  
Kittridge. "If I'd a-had her advantages at  
her age, I should a-been a great deal  
more'n I am. But we ha'n't spared  
nothin' for Sally; and when nothin, would  
do but Mara must be sent to Miss Plu-  
cher's school over in Portland, why, I sent  
Sally too—for all she's our seventh child,  
and Pennel hasn't but the one."

"You forget Moses," said the Captain.

"Well, he's settin' up on his own ac-  
count, I guess. They did talk o' giving  
him college education; but he was so un-  
stiddy, there wasn't no use in tryin'. A  
real wild ass's colt he was."

"Wal, wal, Moses was in the right on't.  
He took the cross-lot track into life," said  
the Captain. "Colleges is well enough  
for your smooth, straight-grained lumber,  
for gen'ral buildin'; but come to fellers  
at that g'neral, and streaks, and cross-  
grains, like Moses Pennel, and let 'em ed-  
ucate 'emselves, as he's a-doin'. He's  
cut out for the sea, plain enough, and he'd  
better be up to Umbagog, cuttin' timber  
for his ship, than havin' rows with tutors,  
and blowin' the roof off the colleges, as one  
o' them 'ere kind o' fellers is apt to when  
he don't have work to use up his steam."

Why, mother, there's more gas got up in  
them Brunswick buildin's, from young  
men that are spilin' for hard work, than  
you could shake a stick at! But Miss  
Pennel told me yesterday she was 'spectin'  
Moses home to-day."

"Oho! that's at the bottom of Sally's  
bein' up there," said Mrs. Kittridge.

"Miss Kittridge," said the Captain, "I  
take it you a'n't the woman as would ex-  
pect a daughter of your bringin' up to be  
a-runnin' after any young chap, be he who  
he may," said the Captain.

Mrs. Kittridge for once was fairly si-  
lenced by this home thrust; nevertheless,  
she did not the less think it quite possible,  
from all that she knew of Sally; for al-  
though that young lady professed great  
hardness of heart and contempt for all the  
young male generation of her acquaintance,  
yet she had evidently a turn for observing  
their ways—probably purely in the way of  
philosophical inquiry.

## CHAPTER XIX.

In fact, at this very moment our scene-  
shifter changes the picture. Away rolls  
the image of Mrs. Kittridge's kitchen,  
with its sanded floor, its scoured rows of  
bright pewter platters, its great, deep fire-  
place, with wide stone hearth, its little  
looking-glass with a bit of asparagus bush,  
like a green mist, over it. Ezzent the  
image of Mrs. Kittridge, with her hands  
flouring from the bread she has been sitting  
tilling back in a splint-bottomed chair,—  
and the next scene comes rolling in. It is  
a chamber in the house of Zephaniah Pen-  
nel, whose windows present a blue pano-  
rama of sea and sky. Through two win-  
dows you look forth into the blue belt of  
Harpwell Bay, bordered on the farther  
edge by Harpswell Neck, dotted here and  
there with houses, among which rises the  
little white meeting-house, like a mother-  
bird among a flock of chickens. The  
third window, on the other side of the  
room, looks far out to sea, where only a  
group of low, rocky islands interrupts the  
clear sweep of the horizon line, with its  
blue infinitude of distance.

The furniture of this room, though of  
the barest and most frigid simplicity, is yet  
relieved by many of those touches of taste  
and fancy which the indwelling of a per-  
son of sensibility and imagination will  
shed off upon the physical surroundings.

The bed was draped with a white spread,  
embroidered with a kind of knotted tracery,  
the working of which was considered  
among the female accomplishments of  
those days, and over the head of it was  
a painting of a bunch of crimson and white  
trillium, executed with a fidelity to Nature  
that showed the most delicate gifts of ob-  
servation. Over the mantel-piece hung a  
painting of the Bay of Genoa, which had  
accidentally found a voyage home in Ze-  
phaniah Pennel's sea-chest, and which  
skilful fingers had surrounded with a frame  
curiously wrought of moss and sea-shells.

Two vases of India china stood on the  
mantel, filled with spring flowers, crocuses,  
anemones, and liverwort, with drooping  
bells of the twin-flower. The looking-  
glass that hung over the table in one cor-  
ner of the room was fancifully webbed with  
long, drooping festoons of that gray moss  
which hangs in such graceful wreaths  
from the boughs of the pines in the deep  
forest shadows of Orr's Island. On the  
table below was a collection of books: a  
whole set of Shakespeare which Zephaniah  
Pennel had bought of a Portland booksel-  
ler; a selection, in prose and verse, from  
the best classic writers, presented to Mara  
Lincoln, the fly-leaf said; by her sincere  
friend, Theophilus Sewall; a Virgil, much  
thumbed, with an old, worn cover, which,  
however, some adroit fingers had conceal-

ed under a coating of delicately marbled  
paper;—there was a Latin dictionary, a  
set of Plutarch's Lives, the Mysteries of  
Udolpho, and Sir Charles Grandison, to-  
gether with Edwards on the Affections, and  
Boston's Fourfold State;—there was an  
inkstand, curiously contrived from a  
sea shell, with pens and paper in that phase  
of arrangement which betokened frequen-  
cy of use; and, lastly, a little work-bas-  
ket, containing a long strip of curious and  
delicate embroidery, in which the needle  
yet hanging showed that the work was in  
progress.

By a table at the sea-looking window  
sits our little Mara, now grown to the ma-  
turity of eighteen summers, but retaining  
still unmistakable signs of identity with  
the little golden-haired, dreamy, excitable,  
fanciful "Pearl" of Orr's Island.

She is not quite of a middle height, with  
something beautiful and child like about  
the moulding of her delicate form. We  
still see those sad, wistful, hazel eyes, over  
which the lids droop with a dreamy lan-  
gour, and whose dark lustre contrasts sin-  
gularly with the golden hue of the abun-  
dant hair which waves in a thousand rip-  
pling undulations around her face. The  
impression she produces is not that of pale-  
ness, though there is no color in her cheek;  
but her complexion has everywhere that  
delicate pink tinting which one sees in  
healthy infants, and with the least emotion  
brightens into a fluttering bloom. Such a  
bloom is on her cheek at this moment, as  
she is working away, copying a bunch of  
scarlet rock-columbine which is in a win-  
glass of water before her; every few mo-  
ments stopping and holding her work at  
a distance, to contemplate its effect. At  
this moment there steps behind her chair  
a tall, lithe figure, a face with a rich Span-  
ish complexion, large black eyes, glowing  
cheeks, marked eyebrows, and lustrous  
black hair, arranged in shining braids  
around her head. It is our old friend,  
Sally Kittridge, whom common fame calls  
the handsomest girl of all the region round  
Harpwell, Maquoit, and Orr's Island.

In truth, a wholesome, ruddy, blooming  
creature she was, the sight of whom cheer-  
ed and warmed one like a good fire in De-  
cember; and she seemed to have enough  
and to spare of the warmest gifts of vital-  
ity and joyous animal life. She had a  
well-formed mouth, but rather large, and a  
frank laugh which showed all her teeth  
sound—and a fortunate sight it was, con-  
sidering that they were white and even as  
pearls; and the hand that she laid upon  
Mara's at this moment, though twice as  
large as that of the little artist, was yet in  
harmony with her vigorous, finely-devel-

oped figure. "Mara Lincoln," she said, "you are  
a wit, a perfect little witch at painting.  
How can you make things look so life-like  
I don't see. Now, I could paint the  
things we painted at Miss Plucher's; but  
then, dear me! they didn't look at all like  
flowers. One needed to write under them  
what they were made for."

"Does this look like to you, Sally?"  
said Mara. "I wish it would to me. Just  
see what a beautiful clear color that flower  
is. All I can do, I can't make one like it.  
My scarlet and yellows sink dead into the  
paper."

"Why, I think your flowers are wonder-  
ful! You are a real genius, that's what  
you are! I am only a common girl; I  
can't do things as you can."

"You can do things a thousand times  
more useful, Sally. I don't pretend to  
compare with you in the useful arts, and I  
am only a bungler in ornamental ones.  
Sally, I feel like a useless little creature.  
If I could go round as you can, and do  
business, and make bargains, and push a  
head in the world, I should feel  
that I was good for something; but some-  
how I can't."

"To be sure you can't," said Sally,  
laughing. "I should like to see you try it."

"Now," pursued Mara, in a tone of la-  
mentation. "I could no more get into a  
carriage and drive to Brunswick as you  
can, than I could fly. I can't drive, Sally—  
something is the matter with me; and the  
horses always know it the minute I  
take the reins; they always twitch their  
ears and stare round into the chaise at me,  
as much to say, 'What! you there?' and  
I feel sure they never will mind me. And  
then how you can make those wonderful  
bargains you do, I can't see! you talk up  
to the clerks and the men, and somehow  
you talk everybody round; but as for me, if  
I only open my mouth in the humblest way  
to dispute the price, everybody puts me  
down. I always tremble when I go into a  
store, and people talk to me just as if I  
was a little girl, and once or twice they  
have made me buy things that I knew I  
didn't want, just because they will talk me  
down."

"Oh, Mara, Mara," said Sally, laughing  
till the tears rolled down her cheeks, "what  
do you ever go shopping for?—of course  
you ought always to send me. Why, look  
at this dress—real India chintz; do you  
know I made old Pennywhistle's clerk up  
in Brunswick give it to me just for the  
price of common cotton? You see there  
was a yard of it had got faded by lying in  
the shop-window, and there were one or  
two holes or imperfections in it, and you  
ought to have heard the talk I made! I  
abused it to right and left, and actually at  
last I brought the poor wretch to believe  
that he ought to be grateful to me for tak-  
ing it off his hands. Well, you see the  
dress I've made of it. The imperfections  
didn't hurt the least in the world as I  
managed it,—and the faded breadth makes  
a good apron, so you see. And just so I  
got that red spotted flannel dress I wore  
last winter. It was moth-eaten in one or

two places, and I made them let me have  
it at half-price;—made exactly as good a  
dress. But after all, Mara, I can't trim a  
bonnet as you can, and I can't come up to  
your embroidery, nor your lace-work, nor  
I can't draw and paint as you can, and I  
can't sing like you; and then as to all  
those things you talk with Mr. Sewall  
about, why they're beyond my depth,—  
that's all I've got to say. Now, you are  
made to have poetry written to you, and  
all that kind of thing one reads of in no-  
vels. Nobody would ever think of writing  
poetry to me, now, or sending me flowers  
and rings, and such things. If a fellow  
likes me, he gives me a quince, or a big  
apple; but then, Mara, there ain't any fol-  
lows round here that are fit to speak to."

"I'm sure, Sally, there always is a train  
following you everywhere, at singing-  
school and Thursday lecture."

"Yes—but what do I care for 'em?"  
said Sally, with a toss of her head. "Why  
they follow me, I don't see. I don't do  
anything to make 'em, and I tell 'em all  
that they tire me to death; and still they  
will hang round. What is the reason, do  
you suppose?"

"What can it be?" said Mara, with a  
quiet kind of arch drollery which suffused  
her face, as she bent over her painting.

"Well, you know I can't bear fellows  
—I think they are hateful."

"What! even Tom Hiers?" said Mara,  
continuing her painting.

"Tom Hiers! Do you suppose I care  
for him? He would insist on waiting on  
me round all last winter, taking me over  
in his boat to Portland, and up in his  
sleigh to Brunswick; but I didn't care for  
him."

"Well, there's Jimmy Wilson, up at  
Brunswick."

"What! that little snip of a clerk!  
You don't suppose I care for him, do you?  
—only he almost runs his head off follow-  
ing me round when I go up there shop-  
ping; he's nothing but a little dressed-up  
yard-stick! I never saw a fellow yet that  
I'd cross the street to have another look at.  
By the by, Mara, Miss Roxey told me Sun-  
day that Moses was coming down from  
Umbagog this week."

"Yes, he is," said Mara; "we are look-  
ing for him every day."

"You must want to see him. How  
long is it since you saw him?"

"It is three years," said Mara. "I  
scarcely know what he is like now. I  
was visiting in Boston when he came  
home from his three-years' voyage, and he  
was gone into the lumbering country when  
I came back. He seems almost a stran-  
ger to me."

"He's pretty good-looking," said Sally.

"I saw him on Sunday when he was  
here, but he was off on Monday, and  
never called on old friends. Does he  
write to you often?"

"Not very," said Mara; "in fact al-  
most never; and when he does there is so  
little in his letters."

"Well, I tell you, Mara, you must not  
expect fellows to write as girls can. They  
don't do it. Now, our boys, when they  
write home, they tell the latitude and lon-  
gitude, and soil and productions, and such  
things. But if you or I were only there,  
don't you think we should find something  
more to say? Of course we should,—  
fifty thousand little things that they never  
think of."

Mara made no reply to this, but went  
on very intently with her painting. A  
close observer might have noticed a sup-  
pressed sigh that seemed to retreat far  
down into her heart. Sally did not no-  
tice it.

What was in that sigh? It was the  
sigh of a long, deep inner history, unwrit-  
ten and untold—such as are transpiring  
daily by thousands, and of which we take  
no heed.

To be Continued.

## Agricultural.

**MIGNONETTE AS A TREE.**—Buy a pot of  
ordinary mignonette. This pot will prob-  
ably contain a tuft composed of many  
plants produced from seeds. Pull up all  
but one; and, as the mignonette is one of  
the most rustic of plants, which may be  
treated without any delicacy, the single  
plant that is left in the middle of the pot  
may be rigorously trimmed, leaving only  
one shoot. This shoot you must attach to  
a slender stick of white osier. The exten-  
sity of this shoot will put forth a bunch  
of flower-buds, that must be cut off entire-  
ly, leaving not a single bud. The stalk, in  
consequence of this treatment, will put out  
a multitude of young shoots, that must be  
allowed to develop freely until they are  
about three inches and a half long. Then  
select out of these four, six, or eight, ac-  
cording to the strength of the plant, with  
equal spaces between them. Now, with a  
slender rod of white osier, or better,  
with a piece of whalebone, make a hoop,  
and attach your shoots to it, supported at  
the proper height. When they have grown  
two or three inches longer, and are going  
to bloom, support them by a second hoop  
like the first. Let them bloom; but take  
off the seed pods before they have time to  
form, or the plant may perish. It will  
not be long before new shoots will appear  
just below the places where the flowers  
were. From among these new shoots,  
choose the one on each branch which is in  
the best situation to replace what you  
have nipped off. Little by little, the prin-  
cipal stalk, and also the branches, will be-  
come woody, and your mignonette will no  
longer be an herbaceous plant, except at its  
upper extremities, which will bloom all  
the year without interruption. It will be  
truly a tree mignonette, living for an inde-

finite period; for, with proper treatment,  
a tree mignonette will live twelve to fif-  
teen years. I have seen them in Holland  
double this age.—*Parlor Gardener.*

**THE PARSNIP.**—The parsnip is one of  
the most valuable roots that can be grown.  
In the island of Jersey it is used almost  
exclusively for fattening both cattle and  
swine. According to Le Conteur the  
weight of a good crop varies from thirteen  
to twenty-seven tons per acre. When pars-  
nips are given to milch cows, with a little  
hay, in the winter season, the butter is  
found to be of as fine a color and excellent  
flavor as when the animals are feeding in  
the best pastures. As parsnips contain  
six per cent more mucilage than carrots,  
the difference may be sufficient to account  
for the superior fattening as well as butter-  
making quality of the parsnip. In the  
fattening of cattle the parsnip is found su-  
perior to the carrot, performing the busi-  
ness with more expedition and affording  
meat of exquisite and highly juicy flavor;  
the animals eat it with much greediness.  
The result of experiment has shown that  
not only in neat cattle, but in the fattening  
of hogs and poultry, the animals be-  
come fat much sooner, and are more  
healthy than when fed with any other ve-  
getable, and that, beside, the meat is  
more sweet and delicious. The parsnip  
leaves being more bulky than those of car-  
rots, may be mown off before taking the  
roots, and given to oxen, cows or horses,  
by which they will be greedily eaten.  
Another thing in favor of parsnips for this  
country is, that the frost does not injure  
them. They may remain in the ground  
until spring, when they make splendid  
feed, at a time every other kind of root or  
green thing is scarce, or they may be  
slightly buried, where they can be obtain-  
ed almost any time during the winter.  
On account of their rapid growth when  
young, the weeding is less trouble than  
weeding carrots.

**TO PROTECT SEED-CORN.**—To prevent  
grubs, crows, and chickens from eating the  
seed-corn, take two bushels seed-corn, put  
it into a box or close barrow, and pour a  
quart of gas-tar upon it, heated to about  
milk heat. Stir thoroughly till perfectly  
incorporated; put it out on the floor or  
level ground, and dry the mass with plas-  
ter, loose earth, or sand; plant in hills or  
rows at once, and there is no further trou-  
ble with these pests. I have practised this  
eight years without a failure.

## Miscellaneous.

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which are suitable for

**BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOLS,**  
I am prepared to supply Libraries with any  
amount of Books adapted to all ages. Those  
coming from doubtful sources are carefully ex-  
amined before recommending them to BAPTIST  
SCHOOLS.

Persons buying them may be sure of getting  
good books.

Those unable to visit Boston can have a selec-  
tion made for them by sending a list of the  
books they have on hand, and have the privilege  
of exchanging any.

Question Books, Reward Cards, Singing  
Books, &c.,  
Are constantly on hand. All orders will be  
promptly attended to.

A. F. GRAVES,  
24 Cornhill, Boston.

Mr. Graves is Agent for the "YOUNG  
REAPER," the only Baptist Child's Paper pub-  
lished in this country. Every School should in-  
troduce it. Sample copies sent on application  
may 22—vis. eow3m

**Colonial Book Store.**  
JUST received per steamer "Forest City,"—  
a very large and choice selection of BOOKS and  
STATIONERY, among which may be found a  
large assortment of PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

Sunday School Libraries;  
Sunday School Dialogues;  
Sunday School Reward Cards;  
Patent Hammer and Shovel;  
New Sheet Music;  
Shower of Pearls;  
Home Circle;  
Amateur at Home;  
Machine Silk and Thread.

With every variety of School Books.  
april 24—vis

**Refined Sugar, Cranberries  
Oranges, &c.**

Received from Boston Ex steamer "Forest City"  
10 BBL'S. Crushed, Granulated and Powdered  
SUGARS:  
3 bbls. Cranberries; 2 do. Cucumber Pickles,  
(in vinegar); 8 boxes Oranges; 2 do. Lemons.  
On Sale at the City Grocery, third door East of  
the Country Market, Charlotte St.  
April 21st. W. H. LESTER

**Deals, Scantling, &c.**  
LANDING this day a lot of DEALS, suitable  
for Joist, Floor, or Platforms. Also—ano-  
ther lot of Small Scantling.

18 Stock—All kinds of Plank, Boards; Floor-  
ing, and Siding, warranted thoroughly seasoned;  
Laths, Palings, &c., &c.  
The subscriber is selling his stock at very low  
rates.  
Britain Street, 2nd Ward East of  
Boston Steamboat Landing.  
may 13

## Miscellaneous.

## LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!

## TO ARRIVE.

**50 BLS. PAR-  
AFFE OIL.**  
I have purchased in a  
Market without Mono-  
poly, and I will now sell to my friends and  
customers an article that will give satis-  
faction and defy competition at the very  
low price of 60 cents per gallon by the  
barrel, and 70 cents per gallon by retail.  
Try it.

Also, a lot of LAMP'S, CHIMNEYS  
and WICKS, selected by myself in the Boston Mar-  
ket, that I will sell Wholesale or Retail, very low.  
Call and examine, and judge for yourself.

For sale by  
J. F. SECOND,  
King Square,  
P. S.—Please don't forget that I have on hand 10  
lbs Non-Explosive Burning Fluid, that I also ex-  
pect to sell you. (oct 28, & w e v y l y) J. F. S.

## Fresh Seeds.

THE Subscriber has received from London, via  
Liverpool and Portland, 2 casks containing  
**Garden and Flower Seeds,**

Comprising the most approved and popular vari-  
eties of Cabbage, Cauliflower, Long and Turnip  
Seed, Carrot, Celery, Kale, Lettuce, Onion,  
Parsley, Peppercorn, Spinach, Radish, Garden  
Swedish and Aberdeen Turnips, Balm Laverder,  
Sage, Summer Savory, Sweet Marjoram, Thyme,  
Marigold, Beans and Peas, and a large assortment  
of choice Flower Seeds. Catalogues to be had on  
application.

P. ROBERTSON INCHES  
No 80 Prince-Wm. Street  
may 29