

Business Cards.

CLARK & STRIET, IMPORTERS OF Brandy, Gins, Wines, Segars, &c. &c. NO. 68 WATER STREER. NEW YORK.

MILLING. THE Subscriber has rented the Mills at Ashley Falls, Mass. and is prepared to do all kinds of Milling upon the most favorable terms.

DENTAL NOTICE! DR. J. S. SMITH

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and patrons of Falls Village and vicinity, that he has again established himself at his former residence, where he will be happy to see any who desire his professional services.

George W. Peet, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, FALLS VILLAGE, CANAAN, CONN.

JOHN G. REID, Attorney & Counselor at Law, KENT, CONNECTICUT.

Clover, Timothy & Red-Top Seed. JUST Received and for sale, at astonishingly low prices by SCOVILL, GREEN & Co.

HARTLEY'S ANIMALIZED Phosphate of Lime! ONE of the best fertilizers in use, is particularly adapted to Garden Vegetables, Tobacco, Wheat, Rye, Corn, and Oats.

Berkshire Normal Institute. THE next term commences April 26th, and continues 11 weeks. Pupils from abroad received at any time.

MACHINERY. OF all kinds and Mill gearings, Shafting, &c. Manufactured and fitted up in the best style on reasonable terms, and at short notice by the

TRUSSES. A Full Assortment of PHELPS, THOMPSON'S, & HULL'S TRUSSES. Constantly on hand at the Drug Store of C. B. MALTBIE & CO

PATERSON'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF BITTER APPLE. A Family remedy, tested by thousands, and found invaluable in all diseases arising from a disordered state of the stomach.

KEROSENE OILS. DISTILLED FROM COAL (NOT EXPLOSIVE.) SECURED BY LETTERS PATENT. THE DIFFERENT grades of the celebrated Oils, suitable for Machinery of all kinds.

AUSTENS. GENERAL AGENTS, KEROSENE OIL Co., No. 50 Beaver Street, N. Y. Local Agencies granted on application as above.

D. M. RICHARDSON Dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry would inform the inhabitants of Canaan and adjoining country that he has opened a shop in Canaan, at the Depot, adjoining the Post Office, where he is prepared to repair Clocks, Watches and Jewelry of all kinds in the best manner and on reasonable terms.

NOTICE!! TAKEN up by the subscriber, on the 7th inst., one Light Bay Colt, with star in the forehead, right hind foot white, supposed to be 3 years old. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take him away.

GREATNESS.

To yield up one's joy or zedness When it causes others pain; Giving freely notes of gladness When the heart would woe retain; To look calmly when unkindness Meets us in the voice or eye; And respond in gentle accents When resentment would reply!

A Sabbath in the Harbor of Havana.

Slumber had kept us in our berths mornings hitherto; but now grumbling at our wakeful determination, we made quick toilet and proceeded to the deck, to see the sun rise.

It emerged from a line or horizon cloud; appeared in full disc; then went behind another narrow cloud: emerging from this it soon shed an unparalleled stream of light over the water, making it look glorified liquidity.

We looked around—saw each other's faces as mess mates at our parting breakfast, and perhaps smiled as moisture gathered in the eye, for pleasant was our Passenger-society.

I wren there were few hungry stomachs then. Found Deck-seats and began to feel that it was Sunday.

Thought of the sweet Church-bells ringing in dear New England, and breathed prayer-thoughts over the rippling waters of this foreign Harbor. Soon all became astir on Deck, secular bustle; for we must change boats, say though it be Sunday.

A boat rowed and lashed along side: the Steerage passengers poured into it the living stream. I counted one hundred and ninety-one before it pulled off. Now came our turn: below and don bonnet and cape: there comes our good Captain H. saying "Cabin Ladies, all come now."

We took the first seat on the boat and watched those endeared to us by their acts of unwearied kindness, while burning tears-drops fell.

We started—Captain waved his hat—gave one of his kind glances and re-uttered his "good bye."

We gained our destination—Ship Granada and looked to see "The Philadelphia" sail. Her anchor was drawn up and away she rolled.

There stood Captain H. waving his handkerchief. How our hearts fluttered as our own waved back: but soon they covered faces. It is well to ride the Soul's emotion from the worldly eye.

God sees it ever. Unto Him let it be sacred! Our Ocean Home has left us and we know we have a substitute, but there can be to us but one Ship Philadelphia—but one such Captain—but one such crew—one such set of waiters: and ever to think of them is to bless them!

Ship Granada, April 28, 1858.

A BOUQUET.

BY C. R. COWLES.

I have gathered a bouquet of flowers—They are lying in sweet confusion, smiling and blushing as if each were a living consciousness. How suggestive flowers are. How inclined we are to clothe them with attributes and make them emblematic of character.

I wandered o'er, and o'er again In the early days of spring, To cull the first sweet buds they brought And watched their opening.

I love this little wind-flower. It always looks so straight up to heaven and though its stem be scarcely larger than a hair, in storm and wind through clouds and sunshine, it looks confidently upward and never bows its head in the dust.

It emerged from a line or horizon cloud; appeared in full disc; then went behind another narrow cloud: emerging from this it soon shed an unparalleled stream of light over the water, making it look glorified liquidity.

Found Deck-seats and began to feel that it was Sunday. Thought of the sweet Church-bells ringing in dear New England, and breathed prayer-thoughts over the rippling waters of this foreign Harbor.

I wren there were few hungry stomachs then. Found Deck-seats and began to feel that it was Sunday.

Thought of the sweet Church-bells ringing in dear New England, and breathed prayer-thoughts over the rippling waters of this foreign Harbor.

A boat rowed and lashed along side: the Steerage passengers poured into it the living stream. I counted one hundred and ninety-one before it pulled off.

We started—Captain waved his hat—gave one of his kind glances and re-uttered his "good bye."

We gained our destination—Ship Granada and looked to see "The Philadelphia" sail. Her anchor was drawn up and away she rolled.

There stood Captain H. waving his handkerchief. How our hearts fluttered as our own waved back: but soon they covered faces.

God sees it ever. Unto Him let it be sacred! Our Ocean Home has left us and we know we have a substitute, but there can be to us but one Ship Philadelphia—but one such Captain—but one such crew—one such set of waiters: and ever to think of them is to bless them!

Ship Granada, April 28, 1858.

E'er the fatal truth she knew,

E'er the fatal truth she knew, Died, believing Jamie true. In arranging my flowers, the next one that presents itself is a Lilly, a Lilly-of-the-Valley. Not the Lilly that towers toward the skies, but that little emblem of modesty and purity, that grows with its sleek shining little leaves so near the ground, and seems to ask you to look and see how modest and how sweet it is.

I love this little wind-flower. It always looks so straight up to heaven and though its stem be scarcely larger than a hair, in storm and wind through clouds and sunshine, it looks confidently upward and never bows its head in the dust.

Found Deck-seats and began to feel that it was Sunday. Thought of the sweet Church-bells ringing in dear New England, and breathed prayer-thoughts over the rippling waters of this foreign Harbor.

I wren there were few hungry stomachs then. Found Deck-seats and began to feel that it was Sunday.

Thought of the sweet Church-bells ringing in dear New England, and breathed prayer-thoughts over the rippling waters of this foreign Harbor.

A boat rowed and lashed along side: the Steerage passengers poured into it the living stream. I counted one hundred and ninety-one before it pulled off.

We started—Captain waved his hat—gave one of his kind glances and re-uttered his "good bye."

We gained our destination—Ship Granada and looked to see "The Philadelphia" sail. Her anchor was drawn up and away she rolled.

There stood Captain H. waving his handkerchief. How our hearts fluttered as our own waved back: but soon they covered faces.

God sees it ever. Unto Him let it be sacred! Our Ocean Home has left us and we know we have a substitute, but there can be to us but one Ship Philadelphia—but one such Captain—but one such crew—one such set of waiters: and ever to think of them is to bless them!

Ship Granada, April 28, 1858.

I didn't think of it.

Good heavens! exclaimed Mrs. Perrin. The man is coming here. Mrs. Perrin was a little round dumpling of a woman, with a mild, benevolent face, and a smile almost always on her lips. On the occasion of this exclamation she was at work in her kitchen, shelling peas, and her neighbor Mrs. Jerkin, sat beside her, knitting. The minister was seen at some little distance coming towards the house.

I love this little wind-flower. It always looks so straight up to heaven and though its stem be scarcely larger than a hair, in storm and wind through clouds and sunshine, it looks confidently upward and never bows its head in the dust.

Found Deck-seats and began to feel that it was Sunday. Thought of the sweet Church-bells ringing in dear New England, and breathed prayer-thoughts over the rippling waters of this foreign Harbor.

I wren there were few hungry stomachs then. Found Deck-seats and began to feel that it was Sunday.

Thought of the sweet Church-bells ringing in dear New England, and breathed prayer-thoughts over the rippling waters of this foreign Harbor.

A boat rowed and lashed along side: the Steerage passengers poured into it the living stream. I counted one hundred and ninety-one before it pulled off.

We started—Captain waved his hat—gave one of his kind glances and re-uttered his "good bye."

We gained our destination—Ship Granada and looked to see "The Philadelphia" sail. Her anchor was drawn up and away she rolled.

There stood Captain H. waving his handkerchief. How our hearts fluttered as our own waved back: but soon they covered faces.

God sees it ever. Unto Him let it be sacred! Our Ocean Home has left us and we know we have a substitute, but there can be to us but one Ship Philadelphia—but one such Captain—but one such crew—one such set of waiters: and ever to think of them is to bless them!

Ship Granada, April 28, 1858.

up. Well from this time henceforth,

up. Well from this time henceforth, I'm determined to have no slang words or pet phrases, said the little woman resolutely. The thought that I was swearing—it seems dreadful. I, too, am determined to have my communication as near the gospel command as I can, replied Mrs. Jerkin, gathering up her knitting work, and taking her departure.

I love this little wind-flower. It always looks so straight up to heaven and though its stem be scarcely larger than a hair, in storm and wind through clouds and sunshine, it looks confidently upward and never bows its head in the dust.

Found Deck-seats and began to feel that it was Sunday. Thought of the sweet Church-bells ringing in dear New England, and breathed prayer-thoughts over the rippling waters of this foreign Harbor.

I wren there were few hungry stomachs then. Found Deck-seats and began to feel that it was Sunday.

Thought of the sweet Church-bells ringing in dear New England, and breathed prayer-thoughts over the rippling waters of this foreign Harbor.

A boat rowed and lashed along side: the Steerage passengers poured into it the living stream. I counted one hundred and ninety-one before it pulled off.

We started—Captain waved his hat—gave one of his kind glances and re-uttered his "good bye."

We gained our destination—Ship Granada and looked to see "The Philadelphia" sail. Her anchor was drawn up and away she rolled.

There stood Captain H. waving his handkerchief. How our hearts fluttered as our own waved back: but soon they covered faces.

God sees it ever. Unto Him let it be sacred! Our Ocean Home has left us and we know we have a substitute, but there can be to us but one Ship Philadelphia—but one such Captain—but one such crew—one such set of waiters: and ever to think of them is to bless them!

Ship Granada, April 28, 1858.

A VAST PIGEON SETTLEMENT.

A VAST PIGEON SETTLEMENT.—The Vincennes (Indiana) Gazette says the Pigeon Roost in Decatur County extends over a distance of twenty-eight miles; it is about fourteen miles wide. The birds have not nested at this Roost for thirty years until this Spring. Over this vast extent of country every tree has ten to fifteen nests, and every nest at least one bird. The young are now hardly able to fly, and the shooting is mere slaughter.—The old birds leave early in the morning in search of food, and return in the evening.

AN ORIGINAL THIEVING DODGE.

AN ORIGINAL THIEVING DODGE.—A negro woman with a scrubbing brush and pail obtained the services of a locksmith to pick the lock of Moore's lace store on Broadway, New York, a few evenings ago, telling him that the clerk had neglected to admit her and Mr. Moore wished to have the door opened. The lock was picked and the woman admitted while hundreds were passing in the street. On the morning of the next day \$1,500 worth of laces were missing from the store. The locksmith was arrested, but he proved his innocence and was discharged.

REVISED

Faint header text, possibly containing a title or reference number.

1900

Main body of faint, illegible text, possibly a list or report.

Faint footer text, possibly containing a date or signature.