

The Meriden Recorder.

A PAPER FOR THE MILLION—INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING—NEUTRAL IN NOTHING.

Dedicated to Matters and Things in General—to the Pure, the Good, the True and the Beautiful, in Particular.

WEST MERIDEN, CONN. SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1903.

NO. 1.

WOLFRAM'S MBLODIES.

BY DORIAN.

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A SUMMER RHYME.

BY LOTTIE LEMMON.

Even on a hot, sweet summer morn,
In the great tower of heaven;
Today the sun is shining bright,
To a beautiful heart that glows.

Enough an angel's smile to kiss
The cheek, and fragrance lips,
And bend your head in fond caress,
While the sea your overtones slips.

Not on the side of human life,
There is no rest for thee;
For Ourselves, and sorrow, love, and strife,
Are yours which never cease.

And on the first heart's summer dream,
The sun is shining bright,
And looking inward, only seem
To see a land of grace.

Dublin, Conn., August 19th, 1903.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY AGLAIA FORRESTER.

Sweet flower that near the friendly hawthorn
Whispering cup, all deck'd in virgin white,
Smell the charming leaf thy beauty glows,
And softly then about the glaze of light.

Thy cushion of a lovely maiden's mind,
Whose every smile the golden mild adorn;
Smell by the meadow, from life's rude wind,
She changes as blossoms'neath the hanging
broom.

The hush of the shade that whistles through
The air,
May be the dower that soaks the sun's
glare.

But underneath the green leaf doth thou lie,
And in the shadowing foliage hid thy face.

So men, that brave the stormy gales of life,
And leave his breast to fortune's playing
dove.

Two other lambs forth on a sea of strife,
And sink themselves by waves of war!

WOLFRAM'S MBLODIES.

On the day that Fabrice d'Elzbach left the Koenigsberg University, he obtained the prize for musical composition. Light-hearted was he when, with a gold medal in his pocket, and a wreath of oak leaves under his arm, he took the road towards the farm of his uncle Muller.

Six months afterward, the young composer had renounced forever the musical career which had opened so brilliantly for him, all his glorious dreams of future celebrity in his beloved art—and why? To become a farmer, like his uncle. What can have occurred in these six months to inspire the young man with this sudden and desperate resolution? One word will explain all—the obstinacy of uncle Muller.

"My dear Fabrice," said he, "your father neglected my advice, and would not learn the lessons of my experience. He chose a soldier's life; he died, a stranger in a distant land, without a son in his pocket, leaving his two children on my hands. You are at liberty, Fabrice, to follow his example, but I will forewarn you that if you decide on a course contrary to my judgment, I will make a new will, and neither you nor your sister need expect a share of my fortune."

Alive and free, Fabrice would naturally have disregarded his uncle's threat, and pursued his own course in life; but the young student's first thought was for the welfare of his sister, Mary, and the happiness of his cousin, Marguerite.

Having now introduced Fabrice and his circumstances to the reader, we will leave our characters to tell their own story. Marguerite and Mary are alone in the house. Mary is busy at the embroidery frame, near the window. Marguerite's dimpled

fingers idly turn the leaves of a new book.

"Well," said Mary raising her hand, "my brother has left the field free for you; why do you not continue playing? Hold, that reminds me that I have a scolding for you."

"That is right! I will listen. Tell me all my faults, without reservation; yes, I know that I am foolish, extravagant; I love music far better than anything else in the world. But, what would you have me do?"

"It is not for loving music so much, but for loving my poor brother so little, that I blame you."

"I appreciate Fabrice's good qualities," said Marguerite, rising from her seat, and standing before Marie; "I have never known a more noble nature; but, as I have already told you, I can never be his wife."

"No! And, why not?"

"You will think my answer absurd. All that I blame you a brother for is, that he should consent to give up the brilliant career which his talent opens before him in music, to become—what, a mere farmer?"

"And a farmer who understands his business so well, that the lands double their value in his hands. You are right; it is a great misfortune."

"The reproach is natural, especially for you, who have never had a knowledge of any life beyond the boundaries of this

country. I was, from my infancy, deprived of a mother's care at my birth, I cannot see the world from the same point with you. My life has ever been two-fold; one a mere shell, is the every day realities; the other, far larger, more complete, is given to art."

"Then, keep the grand part of your being to yourself, and give the mere insignificant to Fabrice."

"No, I could not be content with a quiet sort of happiness. I ask of him far more, the impersonation of an ideal which he can, if only he will, realize."

"Listen, Marguerite! No one is within hearing, and I swear the most reliable secrecy; we will drop this subject of marriage, but confide to me the truth; do you love somebody else?"

"Well, what if it were true?"

"An! entire confidence—his name?"

"I do not know it."

"But, at least, he is of good family?"

"I know nothing about it."

"Young, handsome, rich?"

"I have never seen him."

"What a fool you are!"

"Listen, now, and judge me afterward. About two years ago—"

"Capital! that begins in true novel style."

"I was walking alone upon the sea-shore, at the very edge of the water, when suddenly a large wave broke at my feet. I tried to escape, but the billows gained upon me. I crouched beneath a rock, and closed my eyes, that I might not see my danger. The moment I had reconciled myself to the death which awaited me, I felt myself seized by a strong arm, and borne from the ground, and I heard a voice singing a strange, wild melody. I tried to speak, but my voice, choked with terror, died on my lips, and, overcome by the last effort, I fainted. When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a rude hut, alone with a kindly-faced old woman, who lavished on me a multitude of attentions."

"And the singer?"

"After clearing himself of my safety, he had disappeared."

"And how you not seen him since then?"

"No, I remember distinctly that he was gone, and I look for him, but I have never made acquaintance with my deliverer."

"Silence, here comes my uncle and my brother," said Marie, placing a finger on her lips.

Uncle Muller kissed the two girls, placed his gun in the corner, and dropped heavily into a chair.

"I am dying of thirst!—Quick! my dear Marie, a pot of beer and two glasses. Fabrice needs refreshments, too."

"Thank you, uncle," the young man answered, as he entered the room, placing a roll of paper on the table.

"Oh! what music!" exclaimed Marguerite, running to his side.

"Yes, dear cousin, it is a treat for you. You will find here the last compositions of poor Wolfram."

"Ah!" said Marguerite, blushing with delight, "I know he is a great composer. Tell me, how did you know this Wolfram?"

"We were once friends."

"What was the reason of that?"

"He was a sea-captain."

"What was his name?"

"I do not know."

"I had a vision of him, a meagre fellow, pale as a moon-beam, talking little and eating much, and smokes a fantastic pipe, higher than my head."

"That is true," said Fabrice, "but it is impossible to foresee what he may become some day. Dreamer as he is, Wolfram is a man of genius; while others, after a few months, shaking off the University powder, the false glory which often brings nothing but misery, have, like us, contented themselves with a farmer's life, and decided that the truest happiness consisted in being useful to the world, he has pursued his as yet unrealized dream."

"Bravo, Fabrice!" shouted uncle Muller, radiant with satisfaction.

Marguerite and Marie exchanged signs of intelligence.

"And for him, cousin," said Marguerite, raising her eyes to Fabrice, "for him, who forgot a noble ambition in groveling toil with hands, not brains, does there linger no regret for past opportunities?"

Fabrice returned the young girl's questioning glance with a look of mournful resignation.

"For him, cousin," he replied, with emotion, "there remains a consciousness of having obeyed a necessity, and of fulfilling a duty."

"You see now, you understand Fabrice?" whispered Mary, softly, bending close to Marguerite's ear.

"In truth, I understand nothing about it," said the willful girl.

"The character of Wolfram explains itself; does it not? In the fact that the change to the profession of sea-captain killed him."

"Poor young man!" sighed Marguerite, "his mind wore out his body."

"Not exactly, my dear Marguerite," said uncle Muller, laying down his pipe. Captain Wolfram was only drowned."

"Alas, yes," said Fabrice, "in the harbor of Trieste."

"Captain Wolfram," an-

nounced the servant, opening the door. The two girls uttered a scream of terror, while uncle Muller and Fabrice hastened to the hall.

A tall, merry-faced personage in oil-skin cap, blue cloth coat, threw himself in Fabrice's arms.

"Wolfram!" shouted Fabrice, embracing his friend with frantic joy.

"It is himself! it is himself!" repeated uncle Muller, grasping the sailor's hand, and wringing it fiercely, in expression of his welcome.

"Ladies, your pardon," said Wolfram, taking off his cap. "I see by your astonishment, that news of my resurrection had not reached you. A word will explain my escape. As I was in the act of drowning, an Egyptian ship passed by, at a distance of fifty yards from me. I have, fortunately, strong arms and long breath; in half an hour I lay unconscious on the vessel's deck."

"Where did you come from?" asked uncle Muller, with ready curiosity.

"From the other side of the sea," said Wolfram, "I will tell you all about it."

"Come, come, my dear Wolfram," said Marie, placing her hand on his arm; "the captain will like to have some conversation alone with Fabrice."

"You will not object to perhaps," uncle Muller said, "I will give you a moment's privacy."

"Dear sir, I want to see you for a six months' visit."

"Impossible, dear Mr. Muller; my ship is waiting for me at Amsterdam, I must be on board in a week, at furthest."

"Now that we are alone, Fabrice, one more embrace—and then explain to me quickly the fact, that in the conversation between the young ladies, which I was not supposed to hear, I caught the words 'musician and musical composer,' coupled with my name."

"Alas! how unfortunate!"

"How is this? I have crossed the waters of the Atlantic, I have traveled eight hundred miles, only to press your hand once more, my best of friends, and you have an expression of scornful surprise, at seeing me in this world—and only say, 'alas! how unfortunate.'"

"Pardon me, dear Wolfram, but the amazement, the delight of beholding your face again."

"Good Fabrice, I understand you. Ah! do you remember what a brave pair of friends we were at the University? What a happy time to look back upon; and the music? What has become of the music, my dear fellow?"

"I have renounced all my hopes in that direction, and become a hard-working farmer," said Fabrice, sorrowfully.

"Bah! But, on the whole, you have chosen wisely, for between ourselves, you see, music."

"Chut! In heaven's name, Wolfram, never repeat what you have just said."

"Why not?"

"Yes, forget that they take you for one of the greatest composers in Germany!"

"Take me for a composer! And do you suppose that I will still allow this abominable calumny?"

"Be quiet," said Fabrice, pointing to half a dozen pieces of music, scattered over the piano.

"What is this? Musical Reveries, by Captain Wolfram,"

longs of Wolfram, a melody for four hands, by Captain Wolfram, Waves of the Sea, Song of the Deep, etc. Hold! there are laws in the land by which I can compel the way who has permitted this wicked pleasure to be taken, to acknowledge his guilt, and to atone for it."

"I entreat you, do not!" said the young farmer with a look of entreaty. "Wolfram, if I tell you that my happiness, my peace in life depends upon your accepting the musical reputation I have earned for you, what will you say?"

"That of my part is an easy one to perform. But what good can this deception do you?"

"Do not ask that, good Wolfram."

"And you say that my acceptance of your just fame will be a service to you?"

"A service which I shall not forget while I live."

"As to the difficulty of my carrying out the change, the captain murmured, after a moment, I shall, in a few days, be far from here, and I will be able to do it."

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POOR ORIGINAL

a friend take my name for his own use. But what a romance it is.

"You do not answer, sir, if it is indeed, to you that I may owe my life; do not longer refuse to accept the expression of my gratitude."

"Well," said the captain, with a feint of modesty, "it appears to have been me."

"You left me in a fisherman's boat."

"What then?"

"No, it was with an old woman named Madeline."

"Ah? yes, so it was. Madeline, though aged, is still in good health."

"Alas, she is dead."

"Indeed; so much the better, that is to say, no, so much the worse—a mere slip of the tongue."

"Now, sir, that you are here, I hope you will return to me what I then lost, and I presume you have in your possession."

"What I have in my possession?"

"What you took from me."

"I took from you."

"The bracelet of my hair."

"Of your hair, mademoiselle. No human power shall ever take it from me. Do not expect it, mademoiselle, I can never return it to you."

"Well, keep it, then, captain," said Marguerite, casting her eyes to the ground, "as a token of my gratitude for the service you have rendered me."

"Mademoiselle," exclaimed Wolfram, with fervor, "I, unfortunately, have not time to go to work in the usual way, and turn the customary lover-like phrases; I speak bluntly, in the sailor style. I am twenty-eight years of age, have an iron constitution, three thousand florins in the bank, and a commandship which will bring me as much more. I am at sea a year at a time, two months on land. Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife?" repeated Marguerite, overwhelmed by the magnitude of the request.

"Yes—do not hesitate, answer frankly—if it be no, I start immediately for New Zealand, and you will never hear of me again."

"Will you renounce forever, glory and music?"

"Readily."

"But—but, captain, a union contracted with such precipitation would be without precedent in the world."

"I have the merit of invention then."

"Well, captain, said Marguerite, turning toward the door, "my cousin Fabrice will be here presently; ask him. If he consent, I promise to obey him."

"You are adorable," exclaimed Wolfram, as he pressed the little hand held out to meet his.

An hour later, the distinguished musician, Wolfram, took his friend Fabrice, and uncle Muller aside, and formally requested Marguerite's hand. The six thousand florins revenue produced a magical effect upon the old farmer, who insisted that the wedding-day should be fixed without delay.

As to Fabrice, he could not control his ill-humor, and after seeking to dissuade Wolfram from his resolution, he firmly refused to give his consent.

"Ah, does it come to this?" said the captain, drawing his old friend and companion to a quiet corner. "You refuse to admit me into your family. Well, we shall see. I will this moment declare with a loud voice that I am not the author of all these melodies for four hands. I will repeatedly deny the 'Waves of the Sea,' 'Songs of Evening,' and 'Star of the Deep.'"

"Wolfram, you shall not," pleaded Fabrice.

"You will see."

"But this union is impossible; my cousin does not love you, she cannot love you."

"Very well; be impertinent if you please—but ask her consent before you make that statement."

"Be it so," said the young man, pale with sorrow and anger. "But you will be silent?"

"Mute as a fish."

"Well, to-morrow I will give my answer."

"Her answer you mean."

Wolfram was right in using the latter pronoun, for Fabrice had too much honor to play the part of a stern guardian, and the decision of his cousin would be sacred to him.

With our knowledge of Marguerite's character, we may be certain the captain's proposal could not fail to be received. By one act she could prove her gratitude toward her deliverer, and unite her destiny with that of an illustrious man. The answer which Fabrice obtained was favorable to his friend.

One person only at the farm had discovered Fabrice's secret; this was Mary, and, despite her brother's command, she resolved to prevent a marriage which would bring unhappiness to all parties. To speak to Marguerite was to waste words; for the observations Fabrice had considered it his duty to make her, concerning his friend, had only strengthened her resolution. Her only course, then, was to appeal to Wolfram. Accordingly she asked an interview.

"What is this? Do they take me, then, for a heathen, a pariah?" he asked angrily.

"No captain," said the little Mary, "but for an abused, ill-treated man—that is my opinion, and one who, by persisting in an unfortunate resolution, will cause the misery of his best friend."

"He loves your cousin, then?"

"Alas yes, captain."

"That does little good if she does not love him."

"She would love him, did she but know how much he has done to render himself worthy of her love."

"In short, she will not consent to do, mademoiselle."

"I wish you were happiness, or at least calm and quiet, to my brother."

"What if Mademoiselle persist in marrying me?"

"Marguerite is a foolish enthusiast, who loves you only because she thinks you the author of all the music she sees signed with your name."

"Well, what shall I do?"

"Become prosaic, ridiculous even, and her love for you will disappear like ice before the sun."

"A pretty offer you make me."

"Dear Captain Wolfram, I entreat you," said Marie, coaxingly.

"I will do my best," the captain promised, laughing.

"Thank you, sir; I knew you were an honest man," said Marie, pressing the captain's huge, rough hand in her little palms.

"Do not thank me until I have succeeded in undeceiving your cousin."

"Hasten. There she is, crossing the garden in this direction."

"Hurrah, my boys, as the English say," Wolfram exclaimed, placing a bottle, a glass and pipe on the table. "To the ship, boys. Clear the decks."

Margaret entered as Wolfram was in the midst of his shouting.

"Upon my word," said he, "Mr. Muller has some excellent Johannisberg. I must ask Fabrice where I can find some of the same sort. Ah, pardon, Mademoiselle Marguerite," stammered he, pretending surprise; "I did not see you."

"I believe you, sir; you were absorbed, no doubt, by poetic preoccupation."

"Yes," said Wolfram, with a separate effort, "I thought I had just breakfasted. I hope smoke does not trouble you."

"No," said Marguerite, dryly.

"Am I doing well?" said

Wolfram, in a low voice, pulling Marie's dress.

"Very well. Go on. Then aloud, "How is it that you, a man of genius, can pay heed to amusements like these?"

"I see that you share the common error of romantic young girls, who seriously believe that poets live on air-rose-leaves. In a certain point of view that may be substantial nourishment, but generally we prefer good beef-steaks, washed down with good old wine, and that is no hindrance in composing such pieces as 'Chant du Soir,' on the contrary, it's quite inspiring."

"Do I hear right? Can it be possible?" said Marguerite, turning to Marie. "Oh, what an awakening!" the poor girl sobbed, hiding her face in her hands.

"Rather, dear Marguerite, what a lesson!" said Marie, kissing her.

"I wonder why old Muller does not come; he promised to show me his property," continued the captain, rising. "His property! What a pleasant sound the word has; he wears three gold chains, a watch, and gold spectacles. Faith, it will please me well, to have money enough that I may eat, drink, and sleep without any necessity for composing Necturnes in F minor. Come, my future cousin, give me your arm, and serve me as a guide. My charming bride elect, will not be jealous. When uncle Muller has shown us his chickens, his turkeys, cows, and asparagus beds, we will ask him to let us take a look through the key-hole at the color of the old bags he will one day give his niece."

"Oh, this is too much," cried Marguerite, in a voice choked with shame and mortification.

"Will you come with us?" said Marie, passing her arm through that of the captain.

"No," said Marguerite, sinking upon a chair, and crying to the utmost.

"Ah, this is outrageous; it is frightful," murmured the poor girl, between the sobs; "this man has no heart. No, never will I dare tell Fabrice what has passed; and yet he must know it, for the marriage is impossible."

This moment Marguerite turned her head and caught the reflection of her cousin's figure in the opposite mirror.—Fabrice was pale as death, and on his features, usually so calm, were evident tokens of anxiety and grief.

The young farmer placed his pistol on the table, with a smile so sad it touched Marguerite's heart, then took a seat before the piano. The young girl remained motionless and unobserved in her place, not losing sight of a movement.

Fabrice placed his hands on the keys, his lips seized with a nervous trembling opened slowly, and he sang in a low, sweet voice the first couplet of the song Wolfram had sung before him.

Marguerite pressed her handkerchief to her lips, to stifle the sob which rose from her heart. That voice, she recognized it at once, was the same she had heard on the shore the day of her rescue from great peril.—Soon the song became so faint, that it reached Marguerite's ear only as a distant echo. When Fabrice had finished the last line, he arose, approached the table, but, between the pistol and the young man's heart, came Marguerite—Marguerite with her hands outstretched, her face beaming with heavenly joy.

"No, Fabrice," she said, "no, you shall not die, for I love you. No, you shall not die. I have learned the secret. It is you who saved my life; you alone are the author of the music."

"Oh, be silent, Marguerite," said Fabrice, in a tone of supplication. "If my uncle should

hear you, it would bring ruin on you, my sister, and myself."

"Ah, ah," exclaimed Wolfram, suddenly appearing at the door, "are these the words fit for a youth of twenty, with such a genius as yours? You have used my name long enough—I now substitute your own. I wish, too, to take your place here for awhile."

"How—where?"

"I am tired of the sea—I wish to become a farmer. I want to place my money in solid earth, and, since I am richer than you, stronger than you, a better drinker, and a better hunter than you, your excellent uncle has accepted me in your place, and gladly, too."

"But my sister, my cousin?"

"But rest; I have arranged it all. Miss Mary and Mrs. Eisbach will be your uncle's only heirs."

"Then, Fabrice is at liberty to take his own name," said Marguerite, joyfully.

"Aye, and his compositions, too."

"But what can I do for you, in return for this great sacrifice for my happiness?"

"I," said Wolfram, grasping the hand of Marguerite, and that of Fabrice, "I only ask that I may be the godfather of your first child, as I have been the parent of your first works, and when your god-daughter shall be wakeful at night, I will rock her cradle, soothing her to sleep with the melodies of Captain Wolfram."

confidence of the community and to receive a patronage which will enable us to establish our paper on a firm basis, and eventually to make it second to no weekly paper in the state.

But in order to do this it is necessary that all should lend a helping hand, and give us a cordial support—not only the subscriber, but the advertiser, the merchant, and the manufacturer.

We commence our paper with a circulation more than double that which any paper heretofore published in Meriden has acquired; but we are not satisfied to rest here, and we hope, by personally making a thorough canvass of the cities, towns and villages, to have double our circulation within three months. It will thus be seen that peculiar advantages are to be derived from advertising in our columns; and it is upon the advertising patronage that we mainly depend for support.

Connected with our office is a large Book and Job Printing establishment, furnished with new and improved Power Presses, and a good assortment of new and desirable Book and Job Type. By the employment of good workmen we are enabled to execute with promptness, and in the best style of the art, all descriptions of Job Printing, and at low rates. Will not our merchants and manufacturers, instead of sending their work out of town, consider whether it will not be for their advantage to procure the printing of their Circulars, Labels, Price Lists, Catalogues, Business Cards, Bill-Heads, &c. at a home establishment, and thereby encourage that public benefactor, the Printer?

Captain LEWIS G. RIGGS, late of the 3d Regiment, U. V., is about to commence the publication of a paper here, to be called THE RECORDERS. Meriden has not been exactly a promising place for these newspaper enterprises, several having sprung but withered in a few months. However, Mr. Riggs will find a welcome with us, and all reasonable assistance will be extended him.

The above left-hand and somewhat doubtful compliment is contained in the Meriden correspondence of the Hartford Post. We are rather obliged to "R." and rather not. He evidently, in common with quite a large class of our commentators, is inclined to see a "B" in the name of the editor, by inferring that there is no "B" in the name of the editor, and that we are before we shall be satisfied.

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LOCAL MATTERS.

Meeting.—Want of space compels us to report of the Town Meeting Monday, for the purpose of taking action in regard to assisting the drafted men from this town.

As our readers are aware, we have published an account of the meeting on a previous page, and with every reason for so doing, (Provost Marshal General Fry has declared) that we should be allowed to publish the same, and we are glad to do so, and the matter is closed.

But a subsequent order, nullifying Fry's declaration, has now been issued, and we are glad to publish the same, and we are glad to do so, and the matter is closed.

At the meeting, a diversity of opinions was manifested. Some favored paying three hundred dollars to every drafted man—others three hundred dollars to those who should go or send a substitute—another class thought a distinction should be made between those able and those unable to pay—others opposing the matter.

Mr. Linnus Birdsey presented bill number one, which was simple in language, legal in construction, and—most important—when analyzed, showed paying three hundred dollars to the man who should go, furnish a substitute, or pay for him.

Judge Smith substituted, by way of amendment, a bill authorizing and instructing the selectmen to pledge the faith and credit of the town, to raise money to pay to every man who should go on a draft, a substitute, the sum of three hundred dollars.

To which bill, Mr. Birdsey offered the following amendment:—And, also, that they are further authorized to pay the sum of three hundred dollars to such persons as are unable to procure substitutes themselves. Moved that the amendment be tabled. Decided by a vote of 10 yeas, 10 nays, and 10 abstentions.

Mr. Birdsey made a very stirring and patriotic speech—said he would give three hundred dollars to the man who should go, furnish a substitute, or pay for him.

Mr. Birdsey's amendment was adopted by a vote of 10 yeas, 10 nays, and 10 abstentions.

The next business before the meeting was in relation to a road—just at that moment our "devil" came rushing in, out of breath, and said that a man had come into our office and wished to pay for his paper! So we picked up the cross of our hat and left in haste.

HANOVER.—New Iron Bridge. A new iron bridge is being built across the Quinnipiac at this place, with substantial and handsome abutments, raised about twelve feet above the level of the old bridge. The abutments are contracted for by L. E. Truesdell, Warren, Mass., and will cost the town five thousand dollars. The distance between the abutments is seventy-four feet, and the bridge will be seventy feet in length.

The bridge will be required in which to carry the new bridge, and in the meantime the old bridge will be used.

The grade of the road is being raised on both sides of the new bridge, and is otherwise being improved.

Meriden Gunpowder Company.—Notwithstanding the war, and the great number of volunteers who have gone from the Connecticut Valley to the front, the Meriden Gunpowder Company has not been able to supply the demand for its product. The company has a high reputation for its quality, and its products are used in all parts of the world. The company has a large order for its product, and is working rapidly to fill it.

On Hanover.—The "Mother" writes currently in behalf of our heroes of Meriden. Himself a devoted and most patriotic citizen, and a participant in many of our most glorious victories that have shed our arms, he knows how to sympathize with the heroes who are yet in the field. He writes in relation to our late Town Meeting:

"We would express our thanks to those liberal patriotic men who were in favor of taking action at our late Town Meeting to supply our own overseas volunteers now in camp. We are glad to know that we have men who can appreciate, and do appreciate the devotion and self-sacrifice of those who volunteer before a draft was contemplated.

"We really see that an action looking toward the appropriation of bounties for our own troops, might not properly come under the call for the late Town Meeting. But a desire to take such action, was noble, just, and patriotic, and merited commendation.

"The heroes of Meriden, New Britain, New Orleans, Falmouth, Annapolis, Morris's Island—the heroes who left our families—would have honored with tears and expressions of gratitude such an acknowledgment of their services.

"There would have been upon those who have been so long in the field, and who have seen the privations and perils of active service for many months. Our countrymen would have been glad to see that their services were appreciated, and that they were not forgotten.

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HANOVER.—EAST DISTRICT. Unusually early in the morning, the British War of 1812, in the East District. This celebration is now employing a greater number of men than at any time heretofore, and it is difficult to fill their numerous ranks with that degree of promptness which has ever characterized them.

Our Advertisers.
John Ives, opposite the Congregational Church, Meriden, has a large and commodious store, well stocked with Dry Goods, Carpets, Ladies' Shawls and Cloaks, gentlemen's ready-made Clothing, &c. Read his advertisement—and give him a call.

Hart & Foote, at Apothecaries' Hall, invite the attention of the people to the establishment which contains everything pertaining to a Drug Store. See also their advertisement headed "Manufacturers' Depot!"

D. F. Southwick, at his store in the north end of Collins's Block, has just received new and desirable goods, in the Boots and Shoes line, for ladies', gents', misses' and children's wear.

P. Hall, Morse's Block, advertises ready-made Clothing, Yankee Notions, &c., &c. His goods are offered for sale at the lowest cash price.

Page & Everett are executing, in a superior manner, Card Photographs, and all other styles of pictures. Their gallery is in Morgan's New Block, near the office of

Dr. D. S. Colton, Surgeon Dentist, who administers Laughing Gas with perfect success, extracts molars without pain, and fills teeth with gold or tin foil.

Squire Fay, Room No. 2, Smith's New Building; and Judge Smith, office in Collins's Building—two legal gentlemen—publish their cards in another place. They pay particular attention to collection, securing soldier's claims, &c.

H. T. Wilcox & Co., have for sale a fresh supply of choice Groceries, Provisions, &c.

Call and see W. A. Reed's Boots and Shoes, at Guy's Building.

The Meriden Band.—The Meriden Brass Band, some five years ago the pride of the town, has recently been revived under the leadership of Mr. Alvin J. Green, late of the regimental band of the 9th C. V. The new band has, for the past few weeks, met at stated times in Washington Hall, for practice, much to the delight of the upper Meridians. The new band embraces twelve brass pieces. Several of the present members who were identified with the original organization, have lately returned from the war.

The drum corps of the Meriden Band is considered one of the best in the State, and is made up of veteran drummers.

The Meriden Institute.—The fall term of this popular institution commences Monday, Sept. 7th. H. S. Jewett, M. A., is Principal; Miss E. A. Landfar is Teacher of the Junior Department, and Miss E. B. Chamberlain, Teacher of Music, French, and the Ornamental branches.

Police Court Docket.
Before Justice Foster, Monday, August 24th. State vs. Jesse Cabies.
—Jesse Cabies was before the Court, to-day, on charge of assault and battery on William D. Outler. Found guilty of a technical assault and fined three dollars and costs. Paid up.—Platt for State; Fay for defence.

Before Justice Rogers, Thursday, August 27th. State vs. Patrick Welch.
—Charge of Intemperance—pleaded guilty, and fined seven dollars and costs. Committed. Smith for State.

State vs. John Murphy.
—Charge of Intoxication—found guilty, and fined five dollars and costs. Committed.

From the 7th C. V. we learn that Frederic Sanderson, of this town, taken prisoner at the late assault on Fort Wagner, was about to be exchanged, and would return home.

Late advices from the 5th C. V. mentions the death of Jacob Braille, of Southington, by drowning, while bathing in the Rapahannock at Kelly's Ford.

A Maine editor says that a pumpkin in that State grew so large that eight men could stand around it.

Something like the fellow who saw a flock of geese so low that he could shake a stick at them!

"When this Civil war is over"—a ridiculous pun, by Mr. Smithers, which some folk will hugely appreciate while others will not be able to "see it in that light," as Major G—remarked, after having made a fruitless search, in the dark, through his quarters, for a bottle of—soda water which the Captain had previously disposed of.

Middletown.—The city dignitaries of Middletown, the firemen and the military, are making extensive preparations to give the returning 24th C. V. a fine escort to the McDonough Hall, where a collation is to be provided.

The Constitution says eighteen sick and wounded soldiers belonging to the 24th C. V. arrived in Middletown on Monday evening.

The draft for Middletown take place to-day, (Saturday), at the State House in New Haven.

The fall term of the Wesleyan University commenced Thursday, the 27th.

Elijah Lucas, Esq., was attacked with cholera, Thursday night, and died Saturday morning. He was one of the oldest inhabitants of Middletown.

Julius Hotchkiss, Esq., has purchased for \$3,600, a lot on Main street as a site for a sewing-machine factory.

STATE ITEMS.
Rev. Henry Miles has concluded his labors with the church in Granby.

Rev. S. Potwin has become pastor of the Congregational church at North Greenwich.

Rev. A. G. Palmer, of Stonington, had the degree of D. D. conferred upon him by the Madison, N. Y., University, at its recent anniversary.

Some sixty or more horses are seen to arrive at Fort Trumbull, to be trained in the art of war.

Lieut. Col. William S. Fish, of the 1st Conn. Cavalry, has been promoted to be Colonel.

The annual officers' drill of the State Militia will be held at the arsenal, in Hartford, on the 8th of September.

Thomas Reynolds, of New Haven, had his left leg broken, last week, by being run over by a load of hay.

Michael Rogers was drowned near Neck Bridge, New Haven, last Sunday.

A lad named Higgins fell from the Wallace street railroad bridge, in New Haven, last Sunday afternoon, and broke his arm.

James McCracken, a brakeman on the N. Y. & N. H. Railroad, was thrown from the roof of a freight car, on Thursday night, near, Milford, and killed.

Chauncey James, of Stafford, aged seventy years, while unloading hay, on Saturday last, fell from the load, striking his head. He lived but a few hours.

A new sewing-machine factory is being erected at Bridgeport. It is to be 200 feet by 36, with a wing 100 feet by 30, and extension in the center 62 by 30.

Sylvester Welch, of New Haven, a lad thirteen years of age, was drowned, last Sunday evening, while bathing in Mill Pond.

Simcox Loomis, Esq., one of the old and respected citizens of Hartford, died on Sunday, aged seventy-one years. He was for several years President of the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company.

The widow of the late rear admiral Foote died in New Haven, on the 26th.

The Draft.—The Courier says that thirty negroes had reported in New Haven, on Sunday, and General Hunt had sent twenty-five of them to Providence, to join the Light Battery in progress there.

Lieut. Col. Wilcoxson left Grape Vine Point, last Sunday, with 273 conscripts, for the army of the Potomac.

The *Wanted* Herald learns that not a single white person drafted from the 4th District has thus far gone to camp.

The Harwinton people are at loggerheads as to what shall be done to aid the drafted men. They have held several town meetings, but without arriving at any determination in the matter.

The town of Litchfield borrows the money necessary to pay its drafted men with, at five per cent.

Colebrook has voted to pay her drafted men three hundred dollars, or aid such as prefer sending substitutes, to an amount not exceeding three hundred dollars in any case.

Torrington has voted to pay drafted men who prefer or furnish substitutes, one hundred and fifty dollars.

"Mother," asked Alf, our five-year-old, after he had been looking ten minutes over the way, at six of Brown's brats climbing up a ladder and poking their noses into Aunt Mary Deunin's second story window, "Aint Brown's young ones the 'rising generation' you was reading about?"

OUR SUBSCRIBERS.
We commence, agreeable to promise, the publication of the list of our subscribers. Our space will admit of only a commencement, but we will try and give the list complete in our next.

WEST MERIDEN POST OFFICE.
Eli Butler,
C. L. Collins,
William Morgan,
Charles H. Warner,
A. C. Markham,
William A. Reed,
S. R. Hull,
Edwin Birdsey,
Dwight Puffer,
Samuel J. Curtis,
G. W. Lyon,
James Cook,
Sidney Brainerd,
Alexander Maydes,
Joel Guy,
James H. Ward,
W. W. Bartholomew,
Charles Grether,
George A. Fay,*
Asaph Merriam,
Asahel Harvey,
Henry A. Edgerton,*
T. J. Cole,
N. D. Burr,
Dr. D. S. Colton,
Page & Everett,
William W. Wilcox,
S. S. Clark,
Enoch Hubbard,
John M. Beach,
Harvey Rogers,
G. S. Jeffrey,
Cornelius Hull,
N. C. Stiles,
Burroughs Beach,
Isaac I. Hough,
Eliphalet Hillard,
Serenio D. Smith,
E. K. Breckenridge,
Cyrus B. Clark,
John A. Evans,
Abel H. Snow,
E. H. Loomis,
William B. Smith,
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Watson E. Wilcox,
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Wm. Bartholomew,
Charles Ball,
George A. Fay,*
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Asahel Harvey,
Henry A. Edgerton,*
Patrick Hall,
Richard Dooley,
John Kain,
Thomas R. Worsley,
J. W. Tseumitted,
George W. Kaners,
John Waldron,
Timothy Crowley,
John Ford,
Murry Lawrence,
John Morran,
William Conigan,
T. Fooker,
Michael Dooley,
Michael Haggerty,
Andrew Clonan,
Owen Langs,
Thomas Begley,
Michael Smith,
Thomas Fahay,
Levi Moses,
James McMullen,
J. N. Coates,
Otis E. Butler,
Richmond Tyler,
Elah Camp,
David L. Corey,
Saxton B. Littler,
F. J. Wheeler,
E. C. Beugard,
S. Dunham,
C. Kelsey,
Julius Andrews,*
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James Beadle,
Dr. E. W. Hatch,

Nathan F. Maxson,
Wm. F. Hall,
Charles H. Steele,
E. S. Tucker,
Chauncey Bulkley,
Abram Brierley,
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G. W. Goodyear,
G. H. Stannard,
Peter Cunningham,
Lucius Burroughs,
Jarred Daniels,
Alonzo Bennett,
Patrick King,
John Fuller,
David Hobart,
George F. Hugo,
J. H. Hale,
James R. Gloom,
Philip E. Cohe,
Dwight Kelsey,
James Dainton,
E. F. Hubbard,
James Kenworthy,
O. S. Williams,
John Nager,
William Allworth,
John Dehn,
Jacob Handel,
Leno A. Redfield,
Charles Pradley,
A. Loffler.

John W. Ives,
Cornelius Turner,
Leopold Wolf,
William Bode,
David Woods,
I. W. Curtis,
D. P. Sibley,
James E. Redfield,
Lyman C. Seymour,
Edward W. Clark,
Edward Stevens,
August Hirschfeld,
David S. Root,
Nelson Hall,
John Scully,
John Cassidy,
John Ryan,
Timothy O'Neil,
Geo. E. Baldwin,
J. W. Curtis.

Edward Miller's—
John W. Ives,
Cornelius Turner,
Leopold Wolf,
William Bode,
David Woods,
I. W. Curtis,
D. P. Sibley,
James E. Redfield,
Lyman C. Seymour,
Edward W. Clark,
Edward Stevens,
August Hirschfeld,
David S. Root,
Nelson Hall,
John Scully,
John Cassidy,
John Ryan,
Timothy O'Neil,
Geo. E. Baldwin,
J. W. Curtis.

Goodrich, Ives & Co.—
Ezra Ratty,
Wm. Hills Yale,
J. S. Blake,
Nelson Payne.

General-Headquarters State of Conn.
Adjutant-General's Office,
Hartford, August 22d, 1863.
(General Order, No. 13.)
The Commanding Officers of the several Regiments of Connecticut Volunteers who have returned from the Department of the Gulf, by way of the Mississippi River, will send immediately to these Headquarters, a list embracing the name of every man left between New Orleans and Connecticut, the company and regiment to which he belonged, and the place at which he was left, that arrangements may be made to secure their early return to this State.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,
13w HORACE J. MORSE, Adj.-Gen.

BORN.
In this town, on the 21st inst., a daughter to John V. and Mary E. Adams.

MARRIED.
In Goshen, on the 20th inst., by the Rev. J. Cleveland, Henry S. Wooster and Anna E. Palmer.

In New Haven, on the 25th inst., by Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell, Hartford U. S. A., Arthur N. Hollister, of Hartford, and Fanny R., daughter of Cyprian Wilcox, of New Haven.

DIED.
In this town, on the 17th inst., an infant son of the Rev. G. H. Deason, aged five years.

In this town, on the 20th inst., Mr. Anson E. Sellow, aged 49 years.

In Wallingford, August 21st, Eva E., daughter of Franklin P. and Susan H. Day, of Meriden, aged 5 months and 5 days.

In New Haven, on the 24th inst., Mary Mix, aged 86, relict of Elias Mix. On the 24th inst., Miss Eliza Warner, a 165 years. On the 24th inst., William Warner, aged 80 years. On the 25th inst., Henry D. Merritt, aged 62 years. On the 23rd inst., Mrs. Augusta Webster, aged 62 years, relict of the late Benjamin Webster. In East Haddam, on the 22d inst., Mrs. Sarah Emmons, widow of the late Major Samuel Emmons, aged 78 years.

In Saybrook, on the 23d inst., Dr. Matthew Bacon, aged 78 years.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Meriden Post Office, Aug. 26, 1863.

Azeline, Mrs. M. Houston, Mrs. Jane Allen, William. Hitecock, Mrs. M. A. Bristol, Alexander M. Haggerty, Benjamin Baker, Cornelius, Huntington, James & Bailey, Cornelius, McNamara, James. Beers, Miss Ellen M. Mathews, Frank. Cooney, Miss Margaret Newlove, Matthew. Cook, Miss Laura, Norton, James. Coles, Miss E. L. Nichols, James W. Clark, Mary Jane, Peck, Henry L. Colwell, Mrs. Malinda, Roberts, Miss Ann. P. E. Lucius I. Renny, D. F. Dunning, Rev. Richardson, Harvey W. Dunning, Rev. Wm. H. Stevens, J. A. Dunbar, Soles, Whittemore, Geiston. Fishauer, Mrs. Dora. Persons calling for the above will please call for "Advertised Letters."

A. H. CURTIS, Postmaster.

GEORGE W. SMI,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
OFFICE—In CO'S BUILDING
OVER THE POST OFFICE,
1-1y WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

Home Bank, Aug. 26, 1863.
NOTICE—The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held at their Banking Room, on Monday, the 7th day of September next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the choice of Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of any other business proper to come before said meeting. The polls will close at 12 m. By order of the Board,
1-3 S. DODD, Jr., Cashier.

Meriden Institute.
THE Fall Term of this Institution will commence on MONDAY, September 7th, and continue fourteen weeks.
Miss E. A. Landfar will still continue as teacher of the Junior Department, and Miss Chamberlain, as heretofore, will give instruction in Music, French and the Ornamental Branches.
A systematic series of Gymnastic and Calisthenic Exercises, the utility and practicality of which are becoming more and more evident in our schools, is practiced in the Junior Department.
1-2w H. S. JEWETT, Principal.

WANTED.
AN ACTIVE, INDUSTRIOUS BOY, to learn the Printing business. Apply at
THIS OFFICE.

Wanted!
FIFTY girls to make Hoop Skirts. Apply at once to
J. WILCOX & CO.
West Meriden, August 22nd, 1863. 1tf

BOOTS AND SHOES.
CALL AND SEE THEM AT
W. A. REED'S,
GUYS BUILDING,
WEST MERIDEN.
West Meriden, August 22nd, 1863. 1tf

Hair Dressing Salon!
AT
Rogers' Hotel.
ALL kinds of Ornamental Hair-Work made to order by the undersigned, such as
WATCH CHAINS, EAR RINGS,
BREAST-PINS, FINGER RINGS, &c.
Also, all kinds of Wig-Work, Shaving, Hair-Cutting, Shampooing, Curling, &c.
1-3w F. D. BUESS.

Meriden Literary Recorder.

Woman.—James Abraham Hillhouse, the New Haven poet, in that domestic and decidedly romantic tragedy, "Demetria,"—a play such as Proctor in his youth, so delighted in arraying "in English verse redolent of luxurious sentiment"—one of those Italian dramas of impassioned beauty, wherein love, pride, jealousy, and despair, are pictured, and which overflow with poetic imagery, and tender or brave passion—thus writes of woman:

Woman's a riddle, or a kind of sphinx, Of nature most occult—sure to be variable, Set, though unstable—blind to old desert, Agape for new—afraid of her own shadow; Yet dashing with spread sails for some grey headland, Through straits and whirlpools that make scamen pale. Capricious, insect-like, she oft alights, But never settles. Passion is the flower On which she poises her unperjured wings To sip and revel; but who thinks to seize her, Finds her like pennons watchful. Honest men Study her contradictions like a text; Believing her freezing when she shows most ice, And thinks her melting when her eyelids mould. Bullets to store the arsenal of mischief. PRIDE OF HIGH SOULS.—... Never will he Confront and tax her with her perfidy, As many a man would do; if he will conceal The bleeding heart, till they sweet surgery Have time to heal it. As for her, she'd fado To alabaster ere complain to mortal.

(For the Meriden Recorder.) LUXURY IN SORROW.

BY AGLAUS FORRESTER.

There is a luxury in sorrow. The man who has struggled for years with the adverse current of human life—who has breasted the billows of misfortune, and met the stormiest tides which life's navigator is fated to encounter, knows, as we know, that even misery itself has its store-house of comforts. Let misfortune do him worst, and if she brings not the consciousness of crime or dishonor to her aid, her victim may defy her. Who has ever looked into himself during the season of deep depression, studied the cause of it, and studying them been able to absolve himself from blame that they have come upon him, without finding a feeling worth all the self-complacency of the fortunate, the proud, the rich? Who in such a scene buries himself in the contemplation of those his loves, and of the unremitting exertions he has made to deserve that love, but finds a loftier and holier feeling than wealth, or pride, or prosperity, ever yet could bestow?

He whose struggles have finally succumbed to the resistlessness of ill-fortune, can bear us witness that there is luxury left to despondency. There is enjoyment even in retiring into the concentration of the heart's last and loneliest abyss of bitterness. When a man can no longer remain cheerful upon his bright prospects, it is a blessed portion of his destiny that he may gather comfort from the mere intensity of those that are blighted. He may retire unto himself, and luxuriate upon the miseries which, being impossible to become worse, ought, by all means, to become better; if it be true, as we believe it is, that fate is always locomotive, and never stands still. He who has satisfied himself that his fortune is at zero, may rationally enough make up his mind that there is little use in caring for it when it goes below. After freezing to death amid the snows and frosts of life, who would care much about the posthumous freaks of Fahrenheit? Who will give himself much trouble as to the temperature, after it has made an icicle of him? A frozen heart is precisely on a par with a frozen potato, and one is worth just about as much as the other.

But, we repeat, that there is a point in human feeling—and the heart reaches it before its throbbings are quite congealed—in which even its very worst woes assume the office of soother! Their intensity re-acts upon itself, and while the demon of distraction seems to revel in the belief that he has utterly prostrated his victim, the victim rises superior to his afflictions, and gathers consolation from them! The fate of the unfortunate man is inevitable; he has the assurance within himself that he has done all in his power to deserve a better one; he knows also, that in that lies the secret of the luxury which even grief cannot pluck in its direst visitations. Then is the heart furnished with rays of sunshine from the sombre atmosphere with which its own misfortunes have surrounded it. Then rises the rainbow hope over the horizon of despair, and then are dispensed the ministrations of consolation which the good angels of man's destiny throw through the gloom with which the had have overshadowed it.

The Boston (Mass.) Post contains the following paragraph, showing that silver is as "scarce as hen's teeth" in that city:

"A three cent piece was put into circulation in this city yesterday, and the proprietors thereof is still outside an insane asylum."

(For the Meriden Recorder.) THE SABBATH.

SWEET day of rest! The morning sun rises over a hushed and quiet world; passion's impulses are calmed; thoughts and longings of business-racked minds have relaxed their intensity, and the hand of industry hath ceased to wield the implement of labor. The wayward child of fashion awakes to thought and reflection, while from the retrospect comes the memory of early lessons, gentle teachings, and holy counsels, which were given by loved lips, perhaps long since closed in eternal silence, to be faithful guides in future years, but which were forgotten and deserted in the pursuit of seeming pleasure, which, now, with its exposed skeleton hands stretched picture; upon the distorted mind phantoms that glare hours of agony in moments, and will not vanish. The peaceful home, the simple song, the smiling children, the guileless sport—joys which once formed a paradise—that paradise, like the first, deserted, swells out before them as a mockery of their present woe and discontent; while tears and tremblings follow the threatenings of the mental monitor which probes the memory with ruthless hand. The votaries of ambition, who have been hurried on by a thousand novelties, occupied in chasing shadows which elude constantly their grasp, dazzled by the prospect of ever retreating with happiness to her haunts of beauty and pure wisdom, which shine in undying brightness over a mind contented with and thankful for that which a divine Creator has allotted him, finds in reflection no soothing to the heart, no balm to the troubled conscience. Thoughts are to them ever like the threatening thunder-cloud, pregnant with destructive and growing wrath—the tempest which envelops them in gloom and dashes from their vision that pure sky, the sky of faith, which we must forever behold or else despond.

But there are others to whom memory is a beautiful, calm firmament of stars, twinkling with hope and thought, like the glorious ray of moonlight dancing over the expanse of waters, on which the bark of life gently rides. To them the holy day of rest and thought comes as a glad messenger, with sweet seraphic inspirations; for it approaches like an universal being, delivering captives from the load of bondage, striking off the chains in which the spirit is bound, and more advanced in the paths which lead to eternal peace. With them the images which thought sketches upon the canvass of memory are bright promises, which cause the heart to grow with happiness. To them the deeds of a well spent life come back, giving the hues of hope to the future, and forming the outlines of holy promises, which are given to those who obey the Word of God. Theirs is the pure life of contentment and hope, sure and safe amid worldly temptation, for the anchor of faith holds them safe in the haven of purity.

(For the Meriden Recorder.) YOUNG AMERICA.

Yes, here he comes! dressed in the height of fashion, with silken moustache and downy imperial in full bloom. Now just take a front view of the gentleman, and examine the qualifications he possesses for the market matrimonial. His outward adornments meet the eye first, and of them, we will speak first. His boots are polished to such an extent that the wearer's face is visible upon the surface of them; his pants, "Ye gods and little fishes!" what a pattern! the stars and stripes streaming majestically up one leg, while mount Vesuvius throws forth its fiery columns up the other. Vest resplendent with all the colors of the rain-bow, marked off in checks, so as to closely resemble a chequer-board—sturt bosom in all the pride and majesty of starch—cravat, (three yards of silk,) tied in a bow that D'Orsay himself might envy—cloak—pon my word I hardly know how to describe it. Oh! I have it now, did you ever see an umbrella after a sudden squall had struck and turned it inside out? if you have you are already posted in the latest style of gents cloaks. Hat, whose finely polished exterior reminds one of the hat the little boy greased to make it "look slick," rests in perfect security upon the rim of his left ear; this walking advertisement of a tailor establishment, promenades up Washington street, with the air of an open winged turkey walking over a bed of hot ashes, bowing, smiling, and squinting to every pretty girl he meets, and twisting his diminutive body into a variety of graceful attitudes, reminding one more of a monkey in spasms than a human being.

His conversation runs principally upon fast nags, five-mile heats, winning, losing, and the like—his breath fetid with the odor of brandy and bad cigars. Such is YOUNG AMERICA.

"Ye Live United, or Divided Die."

In 1786-7, the "Hartford wits," as Col. David Humphreys, Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, Joel Barlow, and John Trumbull, were then known, in view of the disturbances which were at that period convulsing New England, occasioned by evils growing out of the war of our Revolution, and when insurrectionary mobs, very similar but threatening to prove more dangerous than those lately inaugurated in New York and Troy, had arisen in various parts of the land, under the leadership of Daniel Shays, Luke Day, Adam Wheeler, and Eli Parsons, who, at the head of some two thousand insurgents, were purposing to seize upon the federal arsenals; to prevent the sessions of the courts; and, in short, to bring about a state of anarchy, and eventually to effect a dissolution of the Union—at this time, and under these circumstances, our Hartford poets conceived the happy idea of scattering broadcast into the homes of the people, through the columns of the weekly press, a fearless satire, which should have a beneficial influence upon the public mind, and tend to check the leaders of insubordination and infidel philosophy.

This mock critical poem, called "The Anarchiad," (which has lately been published in book form by Thomas H. Pease, of New Haven,) has an apodictical bearing upon the present war for the restoration of the Union. We quote a prophecy:

WHAT madness prompts, or what ill-omen'd fates, Your realm to parcel into petty States? Shall lordly Hudson part contending powers, And broad Potomac leave two hostile shores? Must Alleghany's sacred summits be? The impious bulwarks of perpetual war? His hundred streams receive your heroes' aid, And bear your sons to glorious fields of blood, Or join more closely as they more divide! Will this vain scheme bid restless factions cease? Check foreign war, or fix internal peace?— In this weak seal can countless kingdoms start, Strong with new force, in each divided part— While empire's head, dissected into four, Gains life by severance of disjointed power! So, when the philosophic hand divides The full-grown polypus, in gentile tides Each severed part, infused with latent life, Acquires new vigor from the friendly knife;— Or peopled sands the puny insects creep, Till the next wave absorbs them in the deep!

What, then, remains? Must pilgrim FREEDOM by From these loved regions to her native sky? When the fate is fixed the eagle chased, Eye fix'd her eye beyond the airy wars; Her ocean's bound, enough of power resigned, And natural rights (combined) in virtue firm, though jealous in her cause, Gave senate force, and energy to laws; From ancient habit, local powers obey, Yet feel no reverence for one general sway, For breach of faith, no keen compulsion feel, And find no interest in the federal weal. But know, ye favored race, one potent head Must rule your states and strike your foes with dread, The finance regulate, the peace control, Live through the empire, and accord the whole. Ere death invades, and night's deep curtain falls, Through ruined realms the voice of URION calls; Loud as the tramp of heaven through darkness roars, When gyral gusts entomb Caribbean towers— When nature trembles, through the deeps convulsed, And ocean foams, from craggy cliffs repulsed; On you she calls attend the warning cry: "YE LIVE UNITED, OR DIVIDED DIE!"

Caution to our "political friends"—beware of our "devil!"—We are pledged, in the publication of THE RECORDER, to "total abstinence" in the peculiar and somewhat dangerous province of politics. The common and exceedingly vulgar terms, "Republican," "Democrat," "Black Republican," "Abolitionist," and "Copperhead," are forever debarred an entrance to our columns! We have flung out to the breeze, from the topmost window of our sanctum, the star spangled banner of the free—the time-honored, blood-stained, and ever-glorious flag of our UNION! And we be to him who essays to pull it down! If any of our subscribers can torture this into "politics," or "taking sides," and dislike us or our paper in consequence, we think we can afford to pocket the slander, and say to our over-zealous partisan friend, "You shan't have our paper!"

But, as the conductor of a neutral and independent press, consistency demands that we should go still further than is implied in keeping the dangerous element from polluting the columns of our journal; and we must strenuously insist that no political conversation be carried on in the immediate vicinity of our office! Gentlemen who should be so imprudent as to transgress this rule, will do well to beware of our "devil" as the aforesaid profanation of the name of satan has received the widest license to castigate in the most fearful and summary manner, all persons so transgressing. He is ever permitted to make use of the "sheep's foot," and "shooting-stick," in peculiarly aggravating cases! Our good friend and next-door neighbor, Lawyer —, is cautioned to "think low," on political matters, when the lightning editor is in!

HOW TO TAKE LIFE.

Take life like a man. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be, heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man, or woman, who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, that's crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort! If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he will, and follow it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.

Wanted! FIFTY girls to make Hoop Skirts. Apply at once to J. WILCOX & CO. West Meriden, August 29th, 1863. 1 tf

BOOTS AND SHOES!

D. F. SOUTHWICK, Dealer in all kinds of Boots & Shoes, STORE NORTH END OF Collins' Block, West Meriden, Has just received new and desirable goods for LADIES', GENTS', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

We are bound not to be undersold. All goods warranted. Also, FINE CALF BOOTS made to order by J. C. COOK. Call and examine our goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Yours, etc. D. F. SOUTHWICK, West Meriden, August 28th, 1863. 1 tf

GEORGE A. FAY, Attorney and Counsellor at Law AND NOTARY PUBLIC, No. 2 Smith's New Build'g WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

Particular attention paid to collecting; securing soldier's claims, etc. 1 tf D. S. Colton, Surgeon Dentist, MORGAN'S BLOCK, West Meriden, Conn.

DR. COLTON administers Laughing Gas or Ether and Chloroform with perfect success. Also, inserts Teeth on Rubber, Gold or Silver Plate. Teeth filled with Gold or Tinfol. Irregularities of childrens teeth rectified. 1 tf

Card Photographs. AND ALL OTHER STYLES OF PICTURES, executed in a superior manner by PAGE & EVERETT, Morgan's Block, West Meriden.

PRICE LIST.—Photographs, colored and plain, various styles and prices; Cartes de Visite, four for \$1—\$8 per dozen; Miniatures, six for 35 cents—35 cents per dozen; new style Ferrotypes, six for 50 cents—\$100 per dozen; Autotypes, in cases, 50 cents and upwards. A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. W. F. PAGE, (1 tf) E. B. EVERETT.

BOOTS AND SHOES NEATLY REPAIRED, WITH DIS-PATCH, BY A. HARVEY, AT D. F. SOUTHWICK'S BOOT AND SHOE STORE, nearly opposite of William R. Smith's New Saloon. 1 tf

Fainting. THE subscriber is prepared to do the above business in all its various branches, such as House, Sign, Carriage and Sleigh Painting; Gilding, Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging, &c. Those favoring me with work, may depend upon having the same done with the best material and in a workmanlike manner.—He hopes by prompt and energetic effort in his business to merit a generous share of public patronage. H. A. EDGERTON, Shop under News Office. 1 tf

The Recorder BOOK & JOB PRINTING OFFICE, Smith's New Build'g, WEST MERIDEN.



RIGGS & DORMAN,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE Meriden Literary Recorder.

are prepared to execute, with neatness and dispatch, every description of Book and Job Printing, including CATALOGUES, PAMPHLETS, SERMONS, REPORTS, CIRCULARS, PROGRAMMES, BILL-HEADS, PRICE-LISTS, LABELS, In Black and Colored Ink, and in Brevoort; every description of BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, WEDDING CARDS; in short, every style of Plain and Fancy Job Printing, in the neatest style of the art, and at the lowest living prices.

RIGGS & DORMAN, West Meriden, August 29th, 1863. 1 tf

P. HALL, MORSE'S BLOCK, WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES:

READY-MADE CLOTHING, SHIRTS, UNDER-SHIRTS, DRAWERS, OVER-SHIRTS, and OVERALLS, SOCKS, GLOVES, HANKERCH'FS, NECK-TIES, LINEN and PAPER COLLARS, SUSPENDERS, UMBRELLAS, BAGS, TRUNKS, HATS and CAPS, WALLETS, COMBS, TOOTH-BRUSHES, SOAP, NEEDLES, PINS, HAIR-PINS, SEWING SILK, SPOOL COTTON, &c.

Ladies Shakers, closing out at 25 cents each. The Window and Carriage Washer, useful in every house; price \$1.00. Catholic books, in good variety, always on hand. All goods sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

P. Hall is agent for the Bank Bell Line of sailing vessels; procures passage certificates by steamers, and sells drafts on the Royal Bank of Ireland, payable in any part of Great Britain and Ireland. 1 tf

Notice. THE subscribers are pleased to announce to the people of Meriden and vicinity that they have in store, and are constantly receiving, fresh supplies of CHOICE GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CROCKERY, WOOD and WIRE, LOW WARE, MATHS, GRASS SEED, FARMING TOOLS, &c., which they will sell for cash or approved credit, at the lowest market prices.

Also agents for the "Boston Self-Raising Clothes Wringer" and "Lynn's Self-Raising Fruit Jars." H. T. WILCOX & CO., West Meriden, August 29th, 1863. 1 tf

The Anarchiad; A NEW ENGLISH POEM,

WRITTEN IN CONCERT BY DAVID HUMPHREYS, JOEL BARLOW, JOHN TRUMBULL, and Dr. LEMUEL HOPKINS. Edited, with Notes and Appendices, BY LUTHER G. BROWN. Price, Fifty Cents. Sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the money. Address, THOMAS H. FRANE, New Haven, Conn.

MANUFACTURERS Depot! WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

WE would respectfully announce to our friends and the public that we have a selected stock of goods, consisting in part of

HARDWARE, Nails, Hooks, Latches, Pins, Shovels, Jaws, and Millwrights' Tools; and Cutlery of all descriptions.

PAINTS, English and American White Lead; Oil and French Yellow, together with a good assortment of

FANCY PAINTS, VARNISHES, FRENCH AND AMERICAN WINDOW GLASS.

OILS, Linseed, Sparta, Whale, Neapolitan, Mackerel and Cod Oil.

AGENTS, West, Calcutta, Madras, Agnes Fort, etc. Wrapping Paper, Tubes, Sticks and Boxes; Paper, Blank, Fats, Pencils, Shavers, &c. All of which we offer at the lowest possible rates. (247) HART & FOOT

APOTHECARIES HALL

West Meriden, Conn. We invite the attention of the people to our establishment which contains everything pertaining to a

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE IN CHOICE DOMESTIC and FOREIGN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY and TOILET ARTICLES, STATIONARY, &c. Our stock is unsurpassed in variety and quality.

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PATENT MEDICINES of all kinds on hand. 1 tf

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CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS, FEATHERS, Ladies Shawls, Cloaks and Cloakings, AND IN THEIR SEASON, FURS, MEN AND BOYS' READY-MADE CLOTHING.

FURNISHING GOODS, WRAPPERS and BOTTLES, COLLARS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, HATS and CAPS, FURNISHING, &c. The above are some of the goods constantly on hand, to which the subscriber is prepared to add all offered on favorable terms. JOHN F. WILSON, West Meriden, opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church.

NEW AND CHOICE GOODS for every fall stock, and are being received and all offered on favorable terms. JOHN F. WILSON, West Meriden, opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church.