

The Meriden Recorder.

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

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

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(FOR THE MERIDEN RECORDER.)

I LOVED THEE ONCE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I loved thee once—but it was when
Thy breast was free from guile;
When purity was nestled in
Thy glad smile, winning smile;
When faith and hope thy guardians were,
Down time's resistless tide;
When love and truth together held
Attendants at thy side.

I loved thee once—but it was when
I shared thy breast alone;
When all thy actions seemed to prove
Thy love was all mine own;
When on thy finely chisled lips
A smile of welcome played;
When thou wouldst chide my tardiness
If from thy side I strayed.

I loved thee once—but now I tear
Thy image from my breast,
And backward to their fountain send
The burning tears that start;
I cast aside the chain of love
That bound my heart to thee.
I loved thee once—but now, but now,
My breast is once more free.

I never thought that in thy smile,
A serpent lurk'd beneath;
That poisonous were the flowers fair,
Within affection's wreath;
But now my eyes pierce through the mist,
Which round my breast was cast;
Thank God! thank God! my love for thee
Is buried in the past.

BALTIMORE, Md., September 18th, 1863.

(FOR THE MERIDEN RECORDER.)

"NO DISCHARGE IN THAT WAR."

Sec. VIII, 8.

Up, soldier! gird on thy armor now;
Bid the clouds beam upon thy brow;
Take down the gleaming sword and shield,
And haste thee to the battle-field;
Delay thou not—away, away!
There is no rest for thee this day!

No rest for thee!—do not thou hear
The trumpet sounding in thine ear!
The bugle and the clarion's note
Together on the clear air float—
And loudly doth the charger neigh,
Impatient for the deadly fray.

No rest for thee!—till this dark day
With all its storms hath passed away;
But when the din of war shall cease,
And every breath shall whisper peace—
Then thou shalt lay thy armor by,
And rest thee, warrior, quietly.

But, warrior, thou whose scene of strife
Is the vast battle-field of life—
Thou who dost mingle in the fray
Of jostling crowds, from day to day;
Thou who dost let thy eager heart
In earth's wild conflicts bear a part;

There is no day of rest for thee—
For thee there no discharge can be!
Thou canst not lay thine armor down
When thou art faint and weary grown;
Thy warfare is a ceaseless one—
It endeth not till life is done!

A life-long struggle must be thine!
Think not thou canst thy post resign;
Nor hope to find some quiet spot
Where the fierce tumult rageth not;
Earth holds no sheltered nook for thee
Where thou from care and strife mayst flee.

For thou must wrestle, mind with mind,
And soul with soul, and thou must bind
Thine own strong passions with a chain
Too often powerless and vain;
Thy direst foes are those who dwell
In thine own bosom's secret cell.

There's no discharge! Thy scene of strife
Is the vast battle-field of life;
Thy banner never must be furled,
For thou must struggle with the world,
And with itself: the war will cease
Only when Death shall whisper, "Peace!"

WEST MERIDEN, CONN. N. C. B.

HEART-MIST.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

The moon and the mist from the river—
Come over the hills and dale;
'Tis the fair young bride of evening,
Floating her gossamer veil.

I dream of a loved one sleeping,
Away where the night-winds sing,
With an angel above him keeping
Guard, with a shadowy wing.

O, the hush in my heart! will it never
Be broken to music again,
And rise, like the mist from the river,
And lift off this burden of pain!

Will the sunshine of morning be lifted
'Mid heart-mists overclouding me now;
Life's gathering shadows be drifted
Away with eternity's glow!

LITTLE CHARLIE.

(FOR THE MERIDEN RECORDER.)
In his chamber, dark and lonely,
Little Charlie sobbed and cried,
For his beloved mother
Who the day before had died.

She was all he had to love him;
All the rest had gone before
To their blessed home in heaven,
There to sin and grieve no more.

Darker grew his little chamber,
Still more softly did he weep,
Till o'erwearied with his sorrow,
Little Charlie fell asleep.

He dreams of his angel mother,
In her home of endless joy;
See! she's floating gently near him,
Smiling on her little boy.

Coming, too, is sister Annie,
In a robe of spotless white;
On her head, a crown of glory,
Round her form, a hallowed light.

Then, there too is little Alle,
In his hand a harp of gold,
With his silver wings awaiting,
Charlie to his heart to fold.

They are softly floating nearer;
Nearer, nearer, still they come;
And the song they're sweetly singing,
Is, "My Charlie, dear, come home."

Charlie hears them sweetly singing,
Hears their voices of delight,
And his little arms he's raising
As if to join them in their flight.

Then the little band embraced him,
Clothed him in a robe of white;
A harp of gold was given him;
For his brow, a crown of light.

Soon in the heavens they were soaring
On their way to bliss above,
There to rest from care and sorrow,
In that land of joy and love.

MERIDEN, CONN. INRS.

An Interesting Story.

Whether the story's true, or not,
It is not for us to show;
There's many a thing that's twice as queer
In what we every day see and hear,
And those are true, you know."

DR. SPARADRAP;

The Loss and Gain.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE story I am about to relate, or rather the history, (for its interest is owing to fact, not fancy,) is founded on events which occurred somewhere about the beginning of the present century, in the country-house which the celebrated German doctor Murzius Sparadrap had built for his own accommodation in the town of Mayence.

Now, before going further, in order that my readers may feel somewhat acquainted with this personage, I will say a few words about his household arrangements.

An immense oblong hall covered the whole lower story of the doctor's domicile, containing a collection of insects, the precious museum to which the doctor had devoted the untiring labor of thirty-five years, beside having spent on this one hobby of his existence, sixty or eighty thousand florins.

The upper apartments were occupied by the doctor and his only daughter, Miss Fanny. Mike, an old man, who for years had been in Sparadrap's employment as assistant in arranging and classifying his collection, maintained a separate establishment in the garret.

It was at the period of our story's commencement, the latter half of the month of October. Miss Fanny was seated at a window on the ground floor, her elbow resting upon the arm of her chair, her head leaning languidly upon the palm of her hands, her pretty white fingers occupied in no more profitable work than pulling a rose to pieces, and strewing the floor around her with its leaves.

Fanny was just eighteen; her great liquid brown eyes, bewitching little mouth, and hair of that reddish brown shade, called by painters the Vandycke brown, united in making her a very pretty young lady.

Directly opposite the doctor's daughter, a young man sat, leaning against the wall, with his eyes fixed upon her fair face in a most lovely manner.

This personage wore the usual costume of German students. Albert Ulbach was the adopted son of the illustrious hydro-pathic doctor Bernard Ulbach, who had lately died, leaving an immense fortune. Albert had left the university with his diploma, taken possession of his property, and had come to live in his chateau about a quarter of a mile from Dr. Sparadrap's residence.

Albert was rich; it was not this, however, which had won him the love of his pretty neighbor; probably the handsome eyes, shaded by long black lashes, and the rich golden curls, of which we so often read in German ballads, had a greater power of fascination. In short, Fanny loved Albert, and the young student, in his turn, was ready to die, if need be, for the lovely Fanny.

"Fanny," said Albert, casting an intensely curious glance upon the young lady, "Fanny, I cannot live in this state much longer, I am resolved to see your father, and gain his consent to our union. Fanny, I love you, and if I delay this duty longer, you will cease to feel confidence in me."

"You are right, my friend," was the answer; "surely when my father knows that we love each other, he cannot refuse his consent. Your high character, the honorable profession you have chosen, your position in society, your fortune, too, all give me the assurance that your undertaking will meet with all the success which we desire."

"To-morrow, then, I will see your father, Fanny, and to-morrow—"

"To-morrow!" interrupted a sharp voice from without, "Mr. Albert Ulbach, you will not be obliged to wait until to-morrow for that."

Fanny uttered a faint scream of terror, and hastily hid herself behind the door.

Supported by a clear conscience, Albert met the little doctor's fiery glance with a firm, calm gaze; but in a moment this undaunted expression gave place to one of defiance, and uneasy curiosity.

Imagination could not picture anything more ludicrous than the doctor's figure at this moment. He seemed for the time transformed into the shape of an insect. His long limbs, ridiculously thin, clothed in short breeches, and black silk stockings bore close resemblance to a beetle. His head, round as a bullet was singularly like the *neropterus*, and was alone, worthy a course of lectures in physiognomy. The doctor's head was surmounted by an extraordinary growth of bright red hair, which set out on each side of his face like horns. His eyes increased in magnitude by blue goggles, might be compared to the glassy orbs of mermaids, and lastly, his large, square mouth, whose constant opening and shutting gave an expression to his anger, added to his grotesque appearance.

"Since you have heard our conversation, sir," said Albert, bowing low, "you are, without doubt, satisfied that my intentions are honorable. Allow me,

therefore, to hope that the reasons Miss Fanny has suggested during the last few moments, will suffice to insure me your indulgence and your friendship."

"Your name is Albert Ulbach, is it not?" said the doctor, sharply.

"Yes, sir; in taking that name I fulfilled the last wish of my benefactor."

"Well, young man, I repeat that you need not trouble yourself to come here again. While I live, my daughter shall never bear the name you have adopted. If Dr. Ulbach were still alive, he would probably enlighten you as to my motive in this resolution."

"Ah! sir, in mercy do not hold me responsible for a deed of which I am innocent, the nature of which even I do not know," appealed poor Albert.

"I will bid you good morning, sir," said the pitiless doctor, closing the window, as he spoke, between himself and Albert, that there might not be an opportunity for an answer. "My dear Fanny," continued, turning to his daughter, "in future when you wish to take the air, you will oblige me by selecting another window than this—it is for two reasons inconvenient—the first is, that it attracts lovers."

"Father!" Fanny murmured, turning very red.

"The second," Sparadrap continued, gravely, "is that it lets too much light into the hall, which is not good for my insects. Be careful that you never again speak to me of the foolishness I have just heard. I wish for no explanation on the subject. I have already said, I now repeat, you shall never become the wife of Mr. Albert Ulbach."

Fanny bowed in answer to her father's words, and crossed the gallery, holding her handkerchief to her lips to stifle the sobs.

"Take courage, Miss," said the good man Mike, as she brushed past him, (Mike had been standing with ears and eyes wide open to their utmost capacities during this scene,) "take courage, for I myself have something to say in your favor."

The young lady gave his hand a grateful pressure, and hurried to her own room.

"Mike," said the doctor, when he found himself alone with his assistant, "we shall have to work hard this evening. Have you varnished that large-jawed 'mantic' which I gave you last night?"

"Yes, doctor. I have pricked it on the card number 389."

"Label it then," continued Sparadrap, handing him a small square of paper. "Ah, Mick, your 'bonsiers' are badly done; I find three of them on their backs. It seems to me, however, that with a good slip of cork, and a good pin, one ought—"

"Ah, doctor, the cork is miserable, and these rascals of bonsiers have such tough skins, that they bend all the pins."

"Well, I will attend to them myself. Have you seen the box of lenterelles which came last night?"

"No, doctor."

"Emeralds, rubies, gold and azure, my dear," exclaimed the doctor with enthusiasm, as he produced a box of cedar wood; "look at this! What say you?"

"How beautiful! how beautiful!" cried Mike in his turn, clasping his hands and bending over the box, which emitted an

odor of camphor and musk, sufficient to give one the vertigo.

"Ah, how beautiful!" continued the little doctor, in an ecstasy of admiration.

Mike suddenly seized the box and ran with it to the window. "Alas! alas!"

"What is the matter?" Sparadrap inquired, uneasily. "You do not find mites?"

"See here," said Mike solemnly, pointing to two large red and gold insects, two "anoplognathes."

"Can it be? is it possible!" the doctor whispered, "they are too rare; you must be mistaken, Mike."

"I give you my word of honor that these are two anoplognathes," said Mike pompously. Sparadrap's eyes gleamed with triumph behind the goggles.

"Ah, Mike, my friend, what joy you give me," he exclaimed, seizing the man's hand and shaking it with emotion. "Two anoplognathes! Bernard Ulbach had not one in his collection. He died without knowing that I have two anoplognathes. What a pity!" sighed the doctor.

"You have never told me the injury this poor doctor Bernard did you?"

"What injury he did me!" and Sparadrap fairly jumped up and down with excitement. "He has been for fifteen years the black beast, the incubus of my life, he has been the vampire of my collections; I encountered him everywhere in the East Indies, in the West Indies, in Africa, America and Japan; everywhere he was a week ahead of me, or a dozen miles, or an earlier stage, seizing everything upon the way, searching forests, prairies, precipices, while I, following right after, could only take up with his rejected specimens."

"It could have been nothing but accident, that he was first."

"Accident indeed!" growled the doctor. "One instance alone will prove to you that accident had nothing to do with it. You know that the ololontha gigas of Africa is a rare insect, and very difficult to obtain?"

"I know," said Mike; "the ololontha hides itself at night under the palm leaves, and flies away at daybreak."

"Exactly so. Well, I desired, when I was in Africa, to procure a couple. I left Me-deah one night with the purpose of reaching a certain grove of palm trees I had previously noticed. I climbed the first one I reached, sadly bruising my hands and feet before I reached the proper height, hearing below me the infernal concert of hyenas all the time, and there in extreme terror I waited. The sun at last appeared, and I raised my head. What should I see, just below me, but Bernard Ulbach gathering my ololonthas. Now, do you think I shall give my daughter to the heir of this family? to Albert Ulbach. I would sooner consent to her marrying the devil, should he do me the honor of asking her hand."

"And did you never find an opportunity of revenging yourself?"

"Once I did, my good Mike," and the doctor's face grew radiant; "once, while I was in China, and Bernard at Batavia. He attempted to bathe in the river, and came near losing his life by an encounter with an alligator. This fight was followed by an attack of red fever. I had the field free. On the way to Nankin I fell in with a peag-

ant, (I afterward learned that the object of his journey had been to drown his seventeenth daughter in the river Kiang, but that does not interest us), and this native of the Celestial Empire had, pinned to his cap as an ornament—guess what, Mike?

"I can't guess." "A superb male bupreste. I need not tell you that I bought it instantly. A fortnight after, I was so fortunate as to discover a female, of rare elegance of form and color. I had then two specimens, which I knew Ulbach had not in his collection. I must show you these buprestes, Mike," said the doctor, turning toward the case.

"No, no! do not; I know them," answered Mike, in a changed voice. "Very likely, but I want to look at them again myself."

"Doctor, for heaven's sake, do not go there," said Mike, falling on his knees before Sparadrap. A livid hue overspread the doctor's face.

"Mike," he groaned, "has any accident happened there?" "Alas!" sighed Mike. "You will cause my death, villain! Speak—speak quickly!"

"Well, doctor, in replacing the bottle which contains the tenebrions, it fell from my hands and struck the card containing the buprestes, and—and—the female is in powder."

"Wretch!" screamed Sparadrap, raising both arms, with intent to strike his unfortunate assistant. But the action produced an unlooked for effect; he lost his balance and fell headlong into Mike's arms.

"Doctor, my friend, my dear Sparadrap, rouse yourself!" and Mike began bathing his temples with vinegar water. "All may yet be repaired; I will find a female bupreste, I promise you."

"No," murmured Sparadrap, feebly, opening one eye. "No, my poor Mike, the disaster is complete."

"Courage! I tell you I know where to find one." "Are you sure?" said the doctor, "and where?"

"Suppose it should be in Mr. Ulbach's collection?" Mike suggested very timidly. "Never!" exclaimed Sparadrap, with a lofty gesture; "but I am a fool to think about it; he never owned one."

"You are mistaken doctor; he has three—a couple, and a female beside. I have seen them."

"And you have never spoke of it to me?" "I feared it would annoy you; but, I repeat, I am sure I can repair my unfortunate injury. Mr. Albert has no idea of the value of his collection, or he would not leave it to the mercy of the mites."

"The Vandal!" "I will buy, as if for myself, the extra female bupreste."

"That is well! but do not on any account bring my name into the affair. Above all, do not haggle about the price. Offer him at once two hundred florins."

"You will forgive me then?" asked Mike in a supplicating tone. "Yes," Sparadrap answered coldly, "if you can replace what you have destroyed. Good evening!"

"Miss Fanny will marry Mr. Albert Ulbach," chuckled Mike, as the door closed between him and his worthy master. After assuring himself that nobody would surprise him, Mike opened one of the drawers, and took out the female bupreste, whose loss he had announced. This done, he softly ascended the stairs to Miss Fanny's chamber, and told her, in few words, of the event which had just taken place.

"Quick, Miss Fanny, one little word for Mr. Albert. I know the doctor—he will make him good offers through others than

myself, and if Mr. Albert gives up his bupreste, he is lost."

Fanny took a sheet of paper, and wrote under Mike's dictation.

For two whole days the doctor did not address a word to any one about him. Mike respected his grief, and remained in his garret.

The third day Sparadrap sent for him. "You went yesterday to see Mr. Ulbach, I suppose," said the doctor. "What answer did he make to your offer concerning the bupreste?"

"Promise me first to be calm, my friend," said Mike, soothingly; "you have greatly injured this young man, and he—"

"He has refused?" interrupted Sparadrap. "I expected it."

"Yes, he has refused; he knows that I am your friend, and that is enough to prevent his making the bargain with me. Your harsh treatment of his suit has revived the hatred which existed between yourself and his adopted father. Mr. Ulbach knows perfectly the value of his collection, and before six months he will make his the most valuable in Germany. I will tell you what has influenced him in this decision—the keeper of the Berlin Museum has asked permission to examine his collection, and Mr. Ulbach is to send him word by tomorrow's post."

"The keeper of the Berlin Museum coming here!" cried the doctor, "but I know him also; if he should ask to see my collection, I shall have to endure the shame of refusing, for I could not show him an incomplete set. Ah, Mike, you have dishonored me. But, no! a thousand times no, that shall not be," continued the doctor, rising and pacing the floor with great strides. "I want that bupreste, I must, I will have it."

"Not for a thousand florins," said Mike.

Sparadrap passed his hands over his eyes, as if to arrange his confused thoughts.

"No, it is impossible; I do not believe you, you are imposing upon me, Mike," the doctor never owned any buprestes.

"Doctor!" said the assistant rather sharply. "Well, if he has any, I should like to see them. I know the way about the Ulbach house; where are the buprestes?"

"In a glass, or on a table?" "In the sixth bottle on the left."

"Thank you, Mike; if I see them with my own eyes, we will immediately start for New Zealand, I have my plan."

"My friend, my dear friend," said Mike, joining his hands, "you surely would not commit such folly!"

"Hold your tongue, Mike," said Murzius; "how dare you interfere—after what you have done—with any plan of mine?"

Then, seizing the unfortunate man by the leg, he hurled him outside the room, and locked the door.

The last stroke of the clock announced the hour of midnight, and the moon was slowly rising behind the steeples of Mayence, when a shadow glided noiselessly along the wall of the Ulbach chateau.

This shadow, as may be surmised, was that of our friend Sparadrap. After remaining quietly behind a tree for ten minutes to assure himself that no one was stirring in the house, he approached softly, climbed upon the balcony and entered by means of an open window.

Sparadrap found himself actually in the house of his great enemy, Bernard Ulbach; but he lost no time in reflection upon this fact; very carefully he moved along the hall, guided by the rays of a dark lantern.

"Let me see," said he; "the sixth bottle on the left." The loud cry of a screech-

owl startled him so that he nearly let fall his lantern.

"Pahaw! what a fool I am!" said Murzius to himself, when he recovered his composure.

But, the very moment the doctor recommenced his search, the gallery door opened with loud noise, a flood of light blinded the poor gentleman's eyes, and a succession of merry shouts caused him to put his fingers to his ears, and rush toward the door in the vain hope of effecting an escape.

"Ah!" exclaimed Albert Ulbach, entering with a candle in his hand, "here is my future father-in-law, who has wished to give us a pleasant little surprise, by coming to examine our collections. Come back, doctor, come back!"

"Good evening, Dr. Sparadrap," cried half a dozen students rushing into the gallery. "Hurrah for Dr. Capricornibus and Sternicornibus Sparadrap!"

And the gay band seized the unresisting little man, threw him, like a bundle, over their shoulders, and carried him to the adjoining parlor.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!—you abuse my opportunity," growled the poor doctor, in a voice suffocated by shame.

"Now, a pipe and a chop for the doctor," said Albert, ringing a little bell.

"Sir, this is an insult," shouted Sparadrap, shaking the young doctor's arm fiercely.

"Be quiet," continued Albert, in a low voice, "or I shall send for my friend Werner, the head of the Mayence police, to inquire into the object of your visit to-night. Ah! ah! doctor, are you satisfied with my buprestes?"

"Horror! you do not suppose—"

"Silence—and I will save you!"

"Saved by Mr. Ulbach! I had rather be hung!" cried the doctor.

"And your unfortunate daughter! What will become of her?"

"What God pleases."

"Let us end this nonsense, doctor! You hate me, because I am the heir of poor Bernard Ulbach. Now, let us make a bargain! What say you to a treaty? Give me your daughter, and I will give you my collection."

"And the buprestes?" asked Sparadrap, eagerly.

"And the buprestes." "And if I refuse?" "I place you in the hands of my friend, Werner."

"The devil! is this your final intention?" "It is."

"Well, show me the buprestes," said the doctor, lighting his pipe.

"Here they are!" said the young man, opening a drawer. "Three inches from the head to the point of the tail! mine were but two," the doctor murmured, admiringly. "Ah! my dear son-in-law, what beautiful buprestes you are about to lose!"

"Yes, but what a dear little wife I am about to gain!" said Albert, taking up the dark lantern which Sparadrap had dropped in his fright. "Are you content with the bargain?" he asked, letting the light fall upon the features of his future father-in-law.

MERDEN Ball of Honor; OR, THE NATION'S DEFENDERS.

- A. Seager S. Atwell, Corporal, F. 1st, Seager S. Atwell, 2d Lieutenant, C. 7th, Julius Adams, private, F. 1st, John V. Adams, private, Rifle Co. B. 3d, John M. Aichler, private, E. 4th, Peter Aichler, private, E. 4th, Francis L. Ackerman, private, C. 7th, George W. Andrus, private, C. 7th, Henry Avery, private, C. 7th, Francis L. Albee, private, K. 8th, Levi Allen, private, K. 8th, Isaac Atkinson, private, Cavalry Co. B, Johnson Atkinson, pr., Cavalry Co. B, Marshall C. Augur, 1st Lieut., A. 15th, George W. Allen, Corporal, A. 15th, William H. Allen, private, A. 15th, Eugene Atwood, private, A. 15th, Michael Augur, private, A. 15th, Julius Augur, private, A. 15th,

- B. Theodore Byrbee, Captain, F. 1st, Hiram Botsford, Sergeant, F. 1st, William P. Brooks, private, F. 1st, Edmund Blodgett, private, F. 1st, Albert T. Booth, private, F. 1st, Thomas Burns, private, F. 1st, E. Lewis Bull, private, F. 1st, John C. Brooks, private, F. 1st, George N. Bailey, pr., Rifle Co. B. 3d, Wallis Bull, Sergeant Rifle Co. B. 3d, Eliphet W. Bliss, Corp., Rifle Co. B. 3d, Daniel Berger, private, Rifle Co. B. 3d, John Barlow, private, Rifle Co. B. 3d, Henry C. Burr, private, Rifle Co. B. 3d, Julius Bassett, private, Rifle Co. B. 3d, Farewell Booker, pr., Rifle Co. B. 3d, Frank H. Bowen, pr., Rifle Co. B. 3d, John G. Barrows, pr., Rifle Co. B. 3d, Henry W. Butler, private, A. 4th, P. S. Bond, private, F. 5th, Henry Baker, private, H. 6th, Conrad Baner, private, H. 6th, August Behm, private, H. 6th, Marshall Belden, private, A. 7th, James W. Belden, private, C. 7th, Edwin H. Butler, private, C. 7th, George Blake, private, C. 7th, George Burrows, private, C. 7th, Osmond Bronson, private, C. 7th, Levi Barnes, private, C. 7th, Bernard G. Bassett, private, C. 7th, John Baird, private, C. 7th, Eli Bousher, private, C. 7th, William P. Brooks, private, F. 7th, Levi Bingham, Sergeant, K. 8th, Albert T. Booth, Corporal, K. 8th, Edmund G. Billel, private, K. 8th, Elijah W. Bingham, private, K. 8th, Gordon P. Bailey, private, K. 8th, James Butler, Corporal, B. 9th, Truman Baldwin, private, B. Cavalry, Julius B. Bissell, Sergeant-Major 15th, George N. Bailey, Corporal, A. 15th, Norris S. Burnett, Musician, A. 15th, Lyman P. Butler, private, A. 15th, Charles H. Bartlett, private, A. 15th, Thomas Brooks, private, A. 15th, Charles F. Beckley, private, A. 15th, Theodore Byrbee, Major, 27th,

- C. Frank J. Carter, Corporal, F. 1st, Thomas W. Crawford, Musician, F. 1st, Augustus Campbell, private, F. 1st, Daniel E. Carter, private, F. 1st, Daniel E. Costis, private, F. 1st, Jared R. Cook, Captain, Rifle Co. B. 3d, Asa W. Cowdry, Ensign, Rifle Co. B. 3d, Isaac W. Cook, Sergeant, Rifle Co. B. 3d, R. Scott Cheney, Corporal, Rifle Co. B. 3d, George W. Clark, private, Rifle Co. B. 3d, Andrew D. Cook, private, Rifle Co. B. 3d, Sylvester Cook, Jr., pr., Rifle Co. B. 3d, William H. Cochran, private, E. 4th, Horace S. Catlin, private, F. 5th, Patrick Craig, private, F. 5th, Charles D. Catlin, private, I. 5th, Augustus Campbell, Corporal, C. 7th, Watson Curtis, private, C. 7th, Edward E. Orandell, private, C. 7th, Ralph P. Childs, private, C. 7th, Frank J. Carter, Sergeant, K. 8th, George Carsell, private, K. 8th, Kelsey D. Clark, private, K. 8th, Morris C. Clark, private, K. 8th, Wallace T. Cook, private, K. 8th, Lucius J. Cook, private, K. 8th, George Carsell, private, K. 8th, Kelsey D. Clark, private, K. 8th, Morris C. Clark, private, K. 8th, Patrick Cain, private, K. 8th, Andrew Carlin, private, B. 9th, John Carroll, private, B. 9th, James Carey, private, 1st Lt. Battery, Elisha C. Curtis, Com. Sergeant 15th, Levi B. Curtis, Sergeant, A. 15th, William H. Catlin, Sergeant, A. 15th, Samuel J. Clark, private, A. 15th, Albert Clark, private, A. 15th, Frederick H. Carter, private, A. 15th, Richard Crosby, private, A. 15th, Thomas W. Crawford, Musician, G. 27th, James T. Carter, private, G. 27th,

- D. Julius O. Deming, private, F. 1st, D. E. Dunham, private, F. 1st, James H. Douglas, private, D. 3d, Frederick Doolittle, Corp. Rifle Co. B. 3d, Joseph Dainton, private Rifle Co. B. 3d, John K. Doolittle, private, Rifle Co. B. 3d, Thomas Darerayah, private, K. 4th, John Donahan, private, C. 7th, John Duffey, Sergeant, B. 9th, James Donahoe, private, B. 9th, James Doran, private, B. 9th, Joseph Dainton, Sergeant, A. 15th, John Dainton, private, A. 15th, Thomas H. Day, private, A. 15th, Albert Dickerson, private, A. 15th, James W. Derby, private, A. 15th, Nathan Darling, private, A. 15th,

- E. Charles E. Everts, private, F. 1st, Horatio W. Everts, private, F. 1st, Elijah Eggleston, Jr., private, F. 1st, George A. Ely, private, F. 1st, Osborn F. Elwell, pr., Rifle Co. B. 3d, Gilbert S. Emmons, private, K. 4th, Paulus Ernest, private, K. 4th, Jacob Eaton, private, K. 8th, Lemuel B. Everts, private, K. 8th, James S. Ely, private, A. 15th,

- F. Samuel H. Foster, private, A. 1st, Richard H. Foster, Sergeant, F. 1st, Roger M. Ford, private, F. 1st,

- George W. Flint, private, F. 1st, G. W. Farnham, Musician, Rifle Co. B. 3d, Willbur Flisk, private, Rifle Co. B. 3d, William H. Fisher, pr., Rifle Co. B. 3d, John Finegan, private, Rifle Co. B. 3d, A. Fowler, Sergeant, K. 4th, Charles H. Fuller, Fr., C. 7th, Roger M. Ford, 2d Lieutenant, K. 8th, Samuel H. Foster, Corporal, K. 8th, George W. Farnham, Musician, K. 8th, Charles F. Fairbanks, private, K. 8th, Henry Finken, private, K. 8th, Albert H. Forbes, private, K. 8th, Thomas Farrell, private, B. 9th, John Ferris, private, B. 9th, John Frawley, private, B. 9th, George W. Flint, Sergeant, A. 15th, James O. Fiske, private, A. 15th, Frederick Fols, private, A. 15th, H. F. Farnsworth, private, A. 15th, Alfred T. Finch, private, A. 15th, James M. Ford, private, A. 15th, John Ferris, private, A. 15th, B. Franklin Field, private, A. 15th, Artemas Flower, private, K. 20th, William J. Ferguson, private, G. 27th. (To be continued.)

Meriden Recorder.

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We do not belong to our patrons—Our paper is wholly our own; Those who like it can take it, Those who don't—can just let it alone!

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1863.

The Influence of Newspapers.

THE newspaper press is a reflex of every thinking mind, and the exponent of every principle in life with which we have to do. There is not an intelligent being, who draws breath in this country, who is not indirectly an editor. It was believed by philosophers of olden time, that every portion of the physical and mental structure of every man corresponded to some portion of the great world in which he lived, and that its changes were sympathetically signified in him. This little world forms no unapt parallel for the press as it exists in a free country, where every voice, every opinion, and every development in the vast universe of the popular mind is chronicled, and forms the identity of that great *multum in parvo*, the newspaper.

Time was, when books were esteemed the only legitimate source of knowledge. But the lurking prejudice, once current, against the man who relied upon the newspapers for his general information, is fast passing away. Indeed, the present age may truly be said to be the age of newspapers; and it is a memorable fact, that there is hardly a branch of science, of art, or of philosophy, an opinion, or doctrine, which has not its literary representative in some publication.

Men are busier now than they formerly were. They cannot find time to devote to the extensive reading of voluminous works; and yet, society and their business enterprise demands that they should have a general knowledge of what is going on around them. For such men and such requirements, the magazine or newspaper is one great essential. In them they find concentrated the essence of the very knowledge which they most need.

The newspaper, it is true, is yet too modern a product to be fully developed or well understood. It chronicles a vast amount of current local idioms, both of thought and language; it sets forth the true spirit of the people, and forms the best basis for the history of the present day. In every language, and in every age, a vast amount of true humor and poetry has perished for the lack of a chronicler, such as a newspaper, to preserve it. And yet it is this element which indicates the true character of the age of which they are the representatives.

The newspaper press is, then, pre-eminently the leading institution of modern civilization; and in the fields of literature, science, and knowledge, has no successful rival. Nor need any man in the world feel ashamed to acknowledge that he owes much of his general knowledge to his newspaper reading, inasmuch as the greatest talent of the country and of the age is not unfrequently employed in contributing to the general interest and information of the newspaper; and often, the names and numbers of its *inco* supporters would surprise the uninitiated.

Italy has often been compared to a boot, and somewhat resembles one in shape. But what a pity that such a boot should have the iron heel of Austria upon it!

In Hanover, Sept. 11, BRITIA OLIVA, daughter of Lucius W. and Olive W. Curtis, aged 6 months.

And her child was caught up unto God, and to his throne.—Rev. xii. 4

These words are calculated to assuage parental grief, and induce submission to the divine will. When our little ones die, they are not unnoticed and unmourned by God. He gives them to us, it may be, but for a little time, and then he takes them to himself, and to his throne. Parental fondness would keep them longer in this world of sin and sorrow, but God knows best, and we may be assured, that he will not call them away too soon, nor allow them to remain too long.

God causes no unnecessary grief—for every event of his Providence is carefully weighed, and wisely ordered. He gives us parents, husbands, children, friends, with this condition, that he may remove them when his wisdom and mercy directs. That time had come with God, when this beautiful and infant child left you without a groan or a struggle. It is but natural to desire that our little ones should grow up around us; we make many plans for their future here; we think of them as cheering our hearts and filling our homes with sunshine; but our divine father, who never makes a mistake, who never afflicts without sufficient reason, may see it best for them and us, that they should enter heaven, from the very threshold of life.

Can there be a more pleasing and enrapturing thought, than that of the salvation of infants? Though they have perished like an early flower, though plucked from our fond embraces, just as the mind begins to unfold—yet their departure from us has been arranged and superintended by the God of all grace.

As he has endowed them with an immortal principle, so he has provided for them an eternal, heavenly inheritance. Weep not therefore, bereaved parent, for "thy child was caught up unto God, and to his throne." Only the mother and the father can know the loss and grief which attend the death of a child—but viewed in itself, it is an act of sovereign mercy. In death, these little ones are taken from evil to come. They live not to see the dark side of life. They know not the world's evils and sorrows—the anxiety and unrest of the soul which we have experienced. It is a visitation of greater mercy than the bestowment of protracted life, a sceptre and a kingdom. There is cause for congratulation as well as for sorrow and condolence, in such an event as this.

Your child is found—It might have been lost. It is alive where life is free from imperfection. This death is only the beginning of endless glory.

Though the dear one is no longer with you, she is with your best friend, and where you will soon be. Christ delights to know little ones, therefore he has placed yours near his throne.

Oh! then weep not, thought the sufferer's eyes has blighted your hopes—He was commissioned to do it by Him who does all things well.

"Death gazed at the flowers with tearful eye, He kissed their drooping leaves; It was for the Lord of Paradise He bound them in his arms."

"My Lord hath need of these sweetest grasses; The Reaper said and smiled; Dear tokens of earth are they, Where he was once a child."

"They all shall bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care, And saints upon their garments white These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love, She knew she should find them all again In the field of light above."

This little life extinguished so suddenly has an important and solemn lesson for us all. Live so as to conquer death before death.

E. C. C. Kellogg, of Hartford, has invented a rebel annihilator, being a machine gun capable of being discharged at the rate of three hundred shots per minute. He has constructed a model of one-quarter size which performs prodigiously. We have seen the thing operate, and know that it can be made to mow down the wicked rebels at an astonishing rate. Mr. Kellogg is laboring under two quite serious difficulties. The first is the want of capital to push through his invention; and, secondly, an inability to impress upon the minds of the stupid officers of the Ordnance Department the value and importance of his invention.

Frederic C., and the pride of O Company, was he,—having returned from Uncle Sam's nine months' picnic, down in Virginia, lately ventured upon a picaresque excursion, and writes us that he succeeded in bagging ninety-five perch, weighing upwards of twenty pounds! No you don't, Fred; you can't fool your uncle. We opine that if the service has developed no other qualities in our correspondent, the bump of exaggeration has been sufficiently enlarged!

Connecticut Soldiers.

During two years of service in the Federal army, we have been in the States of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, and everywhere have uniformly heard the Connecticut soldiers spoken of in terms of the highest praise, both for their valor and fidelity, and also for their gentlemanly deportment, and their respect for the private rights of the citizens of that portion of the country through which the army may have been passing.

We have received a copy of the Old Dominion, a weekly paper, somewhat smaller than the Recorder, recently started. It is published by Glasse & Sexton, at Portsmouth, Va., for four dollars per year. We make the following extract, concerning our gallant brave now in the Department of Virginia:

The gallant little State of Connecticut is well represented in this vicinity among the soldiers. There are now no less than five regiments from that State hereabouts—the 8th, 11th, 15th, 16th and 21st.—Each of these regiments has seen active service, having been in several very severely contested engagements. Some of our men were in the memorable conflict on the banks of the Rappahannock near Fredericksburg Dec. 18th, 1862, and there bravely upheld the fair fame of the "Land of steady habits." And these brave men, as brave men ever do, know how to conduct themselves in the busy city and on guard duty, as well as on the field of strife. This has been exemplified in the orderly conduct which has uniformly characterized the members in our midst. We have heard of not a single case of rowdiness or wanton interference with private rights, since they have been stationed in our vicinity, but everywhere we hear encomiums of praise bestowed upon them for the rectitude of their conduct and the excellent morale which they exhibit.

If these men be fair index to the people of their State, then surely does Connecticut richly deserve her honorable sobriquet as the "Land of steady habits." It has been our good fortune to be blessed, since the occupation of our "twin cities," by the Union forces, with the presence of some noble specimens of American manhood, but none have surpassed the sons of Connecticut who now form so large a proportion of the national force in our midst. We wish you, soldiers of your country, long life and prosperity when our country shall be reunited and happy, hoping that you will receive, as we know you will, not only the grateful thanks of your countrymen but the plaudits of your own consciences, for the efforts and sacrifices you are now making in behalf of Union and Liberty.

Enquired of Mr. Smith on the other day, in regard to the character of Deacon Blank. Mr. Smithers replied that "Deacon the Deacon was accounted a very honest man; but, measured, he was a little twisted, or so." From which, we infer that the Deacon is inclined to walk in a stentorian manner.

Mr. F. MONTGOMERY, the Southern refugee and editor, whose lecture, some time since delivered in this town, amused many of our citizens, has in contemplation starting an Union paper at Vicksburg. Mr. Montgomery learned a thing or two while North, and with his natural ability, we have no doubt he will give the natives an improved and somewhat Yankeeized paper.

Dodge, the vocalist, says, that to draw all of the strings of a piano up to concert pitch would require several horses, as the strain upon them, when in perfect tune, is upwards of seven tons!—Mr. Smithers wishes to know if the "pitch" here referred to is similar to that sold at naval stores.

To Correspondents.

No communications can be noticed unless accompanied by the writer's real name, not necessary for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

We give our readers a large paper, this week in the way of original articles. Our friend Johnson is a little hard on that girl—but perhaps "circumstances" render his denunciation justifiable.

The poem "Little Charlie" was written by a Miss who has recently entered her teens. If our young friend will but persevere in the study of English composition, and encourage the literary efforts of the divine muse, she may win for herself a reputation for something more than a mere rhymer or moon-struck poet.

Our friend Eaton relates some of his interesting Army incidents, and treats, in a very tender manner, on the death of infants. Many a bereaved parent will find a world of solace and comfort in reading the fine thoughts he has so beautifully expressed.

In our correspondent in the Conn. 15th, who writes from "Camp near Portsmouth September 12" will give his real name, and write with some regard for the rules of English grammar, we may be glad to hear from him. Artemus Ward is a character peculiar to himself;—and any attempts at imitation must prove but abortive, and miserable failures.

"H. C. B."—The remarks in our reply to correspondents, last week, were not intended for the author of the Poem we publish to-day but for a male correspondent. The former we shall be pleased to hear from again—the latter, never.

"Quaker" asks: "If a ton of chalk be worth five dollars, what should a quart of milk cost?" Multiply the quantity of chalk by the distance of the well, and divide the product by the richness of your cistern.

Matters and Things at Home.

Internal Revenue Tax paid by the Manufacturers of Meriden, for the month of July, 1863:

Table listing manufacturers and their tax payments for July 1863. Includes names like Bartholomew, W. W., Breckenridge, E. K., Birdsey, Linus, etc.

Meriden Roll of Honor.

We commence, this week, the publication of the names of the defenders who have gone from this town, and shall complete the record in two more numbers. It will comprise a complete list of every volunteer, native of Meriden, who has enlisted in a Connecticut regiment, battalion, or Light Battery, and should be carefully preserved for future reference.

Accidentally Shot.

A lad named Snydons, was shot through the leg, on Wednesday, while playing with a toy cannon loaded with slugs. Dr. James Wylie, of this town, was immediately summoned, and it was subsequently found necessary to send to New Haven for Dr. Knight. The limb has received a very severe injury, and this accident should be a warning to the youth not to play with powder.

As we were busily engaged in counting over our money, the other evening, our Stancicus rushed into our counting-room, with the exclamation, "Mr. W. A. Butler sent them to the editor; but if you don't take 'em quick, I shall let 'em drop!" We concluded nobody had sent us any Treasury Notes, as anything of the green-back or shipplaster order has a natural tendency to stick to the claws of our imp—and we could make no delay in balancing our cash account for any other than a monetary consideration. Observing our apparent indifference, impus laid upon our desk, before our eyes, a pair of the largest pears our eyes ever beheld! We ate the quarter of one; sent a second quarter up town, to our better half, by the express messenger; and the remainder is carefully laid away as a treat for the first new subscriber to THE RECORDER who shall pay for his paper in advance.

CARL REUBEN WATERMAN, Company F, Fifteenth C. V., who has been home a short time, quite ill, will return to his regiment at Portsmouth, the latter part of next week, and will be happy to take letters or small parcels to members of that regiment. Persons desirous of sending by Captain Waterman can leave their letters and packages at Smith's, under the Recorder Office. They will recollect, however, that sealed packages require the proper stamp to be affixed to them.

"J. J.'s" remark at the dinner-table, Friday of last week, concerning the perpetuity of THE RECORDER, was overheard by us—and we would admonish him that he had better procure one of Uncle Sam's wooden overcoats immediately—for if what he says, is true, he will need it—as THE RECORDER will outlive his existence.

The weather for the last two weeks has been of the most uncommon checked sort; cold, warm, rainy, and mild—sometimes keeping everybody at home and in doors, and sometimes attracting three-quarters of the ladies in town into the streets.

We have been informed that some of our subscribers who have not paid for their paper have left town. If the proprietors or foremen of the different shops and factories will give us the names of those persons whose papers are not taken from the bundle, they will confer a favor upon us and save us a loss which we can ill afford at the low rate we furnish THE RECORDER.

Hanover Society.

The iron bridge across the Quinni piack, at Hanover, is now completed. The road on each side of the bridge has been carefully graded—the river dragged so that the bed is free from obstructions and other improvements have been made, which add much to the convenience and beauty of the place. Hanover never exhibited more business activity and enterprise, than at the present time. It is free from all the evils which result from gambling and drinking saloons, for there is no such establishment in the place.

Mr. I. Evans has beautified his place, rendering his house and ground unusually pleasant and attractive. Mr. Evans knows how to appreciate the "True, the Beautiful, and the Good."

The members of the Congregational Church in Hanover, and especially the children of the Sabbath School, tender their thanks through their pastor Rev. Jacob Eaton, to the Congregational Church at Meriden Center, for their kindness in donating to them one hundred volumes of interesting Sabbath School Books.

Sad Accident.

Leonard Savage a lad of nine years, son of Elliott Savage of this town, while engaged in "teetering" at the State Reform School grove on Thursday last—was thrown from his seat—by the occupant at the other end of the plank suddenly getting off, causing the plank to come down with great force, striking his leg just above the ankle joint and braking it. His father was fortunately present and immediately conveyed him home, when Doctors Ostin and Wylie were immediately called and attended upon the little sufferer, who was doing well at last accounts.

Police Court Docket.

Before Justice Foster, Saturday, Sept. 12.

State vs. Hugh Brady. Charge Intoxication. Found guilty and fined \$7 and costs. Committed.—Fay for State.

State vs. Hugh Brady. Charge—Assault and Battery on Jas. Brooks. Found guilty and fined \$3 and costs. Committed. Fay for State.

The Sabbath School of the First Congregational Church, of Meriden, held their annual picnic in the grove near the Reform School, Thursday. The School made a fine appearance as they marched through the street to and from the grove.

Rev. J. W. Freund, of New Haven, will preach in the German language, in the Town Hall, on Sunday, Sep. 20th; at half-past ten o'clock A. M. and half-past one o'clock P. M. The German population are cordially invited to attend.

One of the handsomest and most substantial conductors of electricity we have ever seen, is the copper tubular lightning rod which Messrs. Kirtland & Jones, of New Haven, have attached to the residence of Lieutenant Hatch, of this town. It is secured to the tin roof in such a manner as never to get away, and does not in the least endanger a leakage. A. Merriam is agent.

Musical Convention.—A Musical Convention will be held in the Town Hall, Meriden, commencing Tuesday, September 22nd, and continuing four days. The Convention will be followed by a Concert, under the direction of B. F. Baker of Boston.

A friend sends us, enveloped in a bundle of crinoline, a sample of the powder by which a young man's hopes were blasted.

Mr. Smithers has been conjugating the verb "whisk," and renders it thus: "Whisk, whiaker, whisky."

Literary Notices. Huggins has the October number of that cheapest of Monthlies, Frank Leslie's ten cent Magazine. The contents are unexceptionable, the letter-press elegant, and the engravings finely executed.

"SMALL BUT SWEET."—Under this head, the witty local of the New Haven Courier chronicles the unannounced birth of a daughter to one of the passengers on the ten o'clock train, Wednesday night. The Courier says:

"The lady's destination was Meriden, but she was unable to proceed, and upon hasty consultation, the conductor and Captain Munson, of our police, decided to care for her here. Officers Sheridan and Reilly assisted her to a carriage, entered themselves to render what assistance possible, when Captain Munson ordered the hackman to "drive like the d—l," and away the driver went. Three minutes later, there was just one dollar's worth of passengers inside, counting each individual piece of humanity at twenty-five cents per head. There being no time for ceremony, the humane officers drove directly to headquarters, and made their visitors as comfortable as circumstances would permit. A physician was called, and at twelve o'clock (midnight) mother and child were doing well. The result of this enterprise proved to be a very nice little girl."

OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We shall publish, hereafter, only the names of such new subscribers as pay in advance for their paper, together with those old subscribers who have paid during the week. The publication of a name answers the purpose of a receipt.

Major Herman Glascke, Hartford. Captain Julius Basset, Portsmouth, Va. M. C. Angur, Portsmouth, Va. Rev. D. Henry Miller, Norfolk, Va. Charles F. Beckley, Portsmouth, Va. Deacon Elijah Rice, Wallingford. Mrs. C. J. Kellogg, Durham. Silas H. Royce, Plymouth, Ill. Henry A. Shipman, Ansonia. Henry M. Sage, Rocky Hill. Prof. D. N. Camp, New Britain. S. M. Stone, New Haven. Joel Fenn, Plainville. Mrs. Mary A. Miller, Yonkers, N. Y. Samuel Clark, Barry, Mass. Henry H. Peck, Waterbury. George W. Miller, Portsmouth, Va. Charles H. S. Davis, Springfield, Mass.

West Meriden.—Isaac I. Hough, Nathan Fenn, Rev. E. M. Jerome, Rev. H. C. Haydn, Rev. J. H. Farnsworth, Edmund Tuttle, E. C. Loomis, Selden Miner, A. D. Nettleton, H. C. Wilcox, G. W. Rogers, T. F. Bailey, L. C. Hotchkiss, Mrs. H. G. Levi, Mrs. Jane Reynolds, A. C. Markham, W. E. Benham, J. D. Smith, Erasmus Hubbard, E. C. Allen, J. H. Guy, John Powell, L. O. Church, E. William Bliss, Mrs. Carrie A. Gibbs, E. J. Bernard, Edwin G. Pepper, J. Butler & Co., E. N. Peck, Mrs. H. Merriman, Henry Thomas, L. E. Maynard, B. I. Couch, E. A. Kelsey three copies, T. J. Coe, George Gay, Stephen L. Parker, W. W. Lyman, Humphrey Lyon, P. G. Tuttle, John V. Adams, Joseph Morse.

Meriden.—Dr. J. Tait, 'S. W. Good-year, Dr. E. H. Catlin, Rev. J. J. Woolley, John Beckley, Benjamin H. Rice, Julius Hall, Willis Peck, John K. Parsons, N. F. Griswold.

Hanover.—A. I. Breckenridge, Rev. J. Eaton, William Church, Frank Morley, H. E. Fitch, Mrs. Reuben Waterman.

STATE ITEMS.

The Freshman Class in the Wesleyan University numbers forty.

The Wallingford Brass Band has been engaged by the Conn. 15th regiment, and they have gone to join the regiment.

The Stamford Bank has declared its usual semi-annual dividend of five per cent free from government tax.

The Huggins Place in Winsted, has been purchased by Mr. G. W. Merrill of Barkhamsted.

The Danbury & Norfolk Railroad Co. have declared a dividend of three per cent, free of government tax.

The New London Chronicle has enlarged its dimensions, and the paper is now restored to its former size.

Counterfeit fives on the bank of New England, at Goodspeed's Landing, East Haddam, are in circulation.

Mr. Adam Pentz is successfully growing Sea Island cotton in his garden in New Haven.

The Institute for Middlesex County, will be held at Durham, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th.

The next annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association will be held at Rockville, October 29th.

The dry good store of Hoyt, Nye & Co., Stamford, was entered by burglars on Thursday the 4th inst., and goods to the amount of \$500 worth stolen.

Lieut. Col. Meegling of the 11th regiment, has recovered from illness, and returned to his command on Saturday, the 5th.

General Horatio G. Wright, of this State has been appointed Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point.

At the Fair held the past week, in Danbury, for the benefit of Sick and Wounded Soldiers, the net proceeds amounted to about one thousand dollars.

Stephen H. Smith, Esq., son of Capt. Henry W. Smith, of Norwalk has purchased the "old Bets Place" recently occupied by John G. Sloat.

The order for regimental encampments of the state militia has been countermanded and brigade encampment of three days ordered instead. There are to be two encampments.

Oliver Pearce, a wealthy farmer living in the southwestern part of Somers recently went into the hay field on his 80th birthday, and swung a scythe with his men all the forenoon.

Mason Dimmick of Mansfield, whose disappearance sometime ago we have already spoken of, was found dead in a lot near his house on Monday. He had been dead about a month. His age was 75.

In the Superior Court, at New London a young woman of prepossessing appearance, plead guilty of stealing \$120 and a large quantity of valuable clothing in Stonington.

While C. Hart, of Grassy Plain, was carelessly handling a revolver, in the store of G. Hull & Son, last Thursday, he accidentally hit the trigger and received a shot in his leg, below the knee.

They intend to introduce the "graded system" into their schools at Wolcottville, and to employ a first class male teacher, at a salary of \$700 to Superintendent them.

Deputy Sheriff Apollo Fenn, of Hartford was seriously beat by some rowdies he was attempting to arrest at the Plainville camp meeting on Monday.

Among the prisoners now in N. York harbor is Jared B. Robinson formerly of Danham, Conn. He was a member of the 3d North Carolina regiment, and was captured at the battle of Gettysburg.

George Sharp, substitute in New Haven left the service on Thursday at the speed of about 8 miles an hour. He requested leave to visit his home in Wooster street to deposit his funds, and a sergeant was sent as an escort. While in the yard Mr. S. changed his mind about going to war, and started in an opposite direction. The sergeant followed, but the substitute escaped.

MARRIED.

In this town, on the 15th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Atwater, Watson F. Hastings, of this town, and Miss Ellenette Wells, of Bridgeport.

In this town, Sept. 6th, in the Methodist Church, by Rev. George A. Hubbard, Mr. Homer S. Hitchcock and Miss Sarah M. Cornwell.

In this town, on the 12th instant, John M. Jeffrey, aged 31 years.

In Hanover, on the 11th instant, Bertha, daughter of L. W. and Olive Curtis, aged 5 months.

In Plantsville, on the 15th, Polly Richmond, aged 67 years.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office, at West Meriden, Sept. 16th, 1863:

LADIES' LIST. Andrews, Mary Ann, Grovel, Mrs. Anabel Burke, Miss Mary Hubbell, Miss Eva Bogie, Mary Logan, Annie Bajer, Dorothea Osborn, Mrs. Eliza Coe, Mrs. Fannie E. Stowe, Sarah G. Daley, Miss Kate Shyld, Louisa N.

GENTS' LIST. Bolles, Walter, Kiley, Frank Bowlehan, B. Loughery, Ramona Ellis, H. A. McKintze, John Johnson, Joseph Reilly, Phillip Jones, Adolphus Turner, Lewis W.

Persons calling for the above letters will please call for advertised letters, and also state when advertised. G. W. ROGERS, P. M.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Meriden Post Office, September 16th, 1863.

Averill, A. Johnson, E. C. Crowley, N. W. Laurence, Lewis H. Crossley, John Larkin, Mrs. Margaret Cook, Orrie Magoffin, Mary H. Davis, Miss Elsie E. Muller, Joseph Eno, Miss Mary Miller, Wm. Hall, Miss Maryette Newlove, Matthew Hoffman, Matthew F. Stowe, Sarah H. Haggen, Peter Stratton, Mary Jane

Persons calling for the above will please call for "Advertised Letters." A. H. CURTIS, Postmaster.

ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE! The stock and fixtures of the Millinery Establishment over Birdsey's Dry Goods Store are hereby offered for sale.

The Court of Probate for the District of Meriden hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof, for the creditors of said Estate, to exhibit their claims thereto; and has appointed Hiram Foster and John Yale Commissioners to receive and examine said claims.

Certified by GEO. W. SMITH, Judge. The subscribers give notice that they shall meet at the house of Selden Merriam, in said Meriden, on the 12th day of December, 1863, and the 12th day of March, 1864, at two o'clock in the afternoon, on each of said days, for the purpose of attending on the business of said appointment.

HIRAM FOSTER, } Commissioners. JOHN YALE, } All persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to 43w SELDEN MERRIAM, Administrator.

Notice. Levied upon by virtue of sundry warrants to me directed, and will be sold at Public Auction on the 21st day of November, A. D. 1863, at two o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, to the highest bidder, so much of the following real estate, standing in the name of James D. Frary, to wit, one certain piece or parcel of land situated in Meriden, with the buildings thereon, bounded westerly by land of heirs of Ashbel Griswold, easterly and southerly by highway, and westerly on lands of Abigail Hall, N. P. Whittelsey and T. B. Clark, or otherwise as of record may appear, containing about five acres, more or less, as will satisfy a town tax of sixteen dollars and seventy-four cents on the list of 1859. And also, a tax of twenty-one dollars and fifty-two cents on the list of 1860, together with the costs and charges of said sale.

HUMPHREY LYON, Collector. West Meriden, Sept. 17th, 1863. 43w

Notice. Levied upon by virtue of sundry warrants to me directed, and will be sold at Public Auction, on the 21st day of November, A. D. 1863, at two o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, to the highest bidder, so much of the following real estate, standing in the name of James D. Frary, to wit, one certain piece of land situated in Meriden, with buildings thereon, bounded northerly by land of heirs of Ashbel Griswold, easterly and southerly by highway, and westerly by lands of Abigail Hall, N. P. Whittelsey and T. B. Clark, or otherwise as of record may appear, as will satisfy a town tax of twenty-one dollars and seventy-four cents on the list of 1859. And also, a tax of twenty-one dollars and seventy cents on the list of 1860, together with the costs and charges of said sale.

LEWIS B. GREENE, Collector. West Meriden, Sept. 17th, 1863. 43w

FOR SALE. A dwelling house, with about three-fourths of an acre of land, situated a few rods north of the depot. The house is nearly new, and is arranged and convenient for two families. Cistern water is brought into both tenements; has a good well on the premises.

NEWTON F. HART. West Meriden, Sept. 14th, 1863. 4 wtf

Wanted Immediately. A brass moulder, or a first-rate iron moulder to work in a Job Brass Foundry.—Apply to the subscriber on Hanover Street. JAMES BEADLE. West Meriden, Sept. 17, 1863. 43w

COAL! COAL! COAL UNDER COVER! COAL COAL UNDER COVER! COAL UNDER COVER! Comprising all the various kinds known to the trade. For sale, wholesale and retail, by 46moes W. H. FISK, State street.

PEACHES AND PEARS FOR PRESERVES! THE subscriber has just returned from New York, where he has procured a choice lot of Peaches and Pears for Preserves. WILLIAM B. SMITH.

NEW Boot and Shoe Store!

I. BUTLER & CO., HAVE OPENED A BRANCH STORE IN

COLLINS' BUILD'G, WHERE THEY HAVE

BOOTS, SHOES GAITERS, IN GREAT VARIETY.

Gents' Patent Leather Boots. Gents' Patent Leather Boots. Gents' Patent Leather Oxford. Gents' Patent Leather Pumpa. Gents' Pump Sole Boots. Gents' Double Sole Boots. Gents' Waxed and Calf Boots. Gents' Kip and Thick Boots. Gents' French Calf Boots, at BUTLERS'. Gents' Cloth Brogans. Gents' Kip Brogans. Gents' Bull Brogans, at BUTLERS'. Ladies' Gaiters. Ladies' Slippers. Ladies' Buckins. Ladies' Balmoral. Boys' and Youth's Calf Boots. Boys' and Youth's Thick Boots. Boys' and Youth's Patent Leather Oxford, at BUTLERS'. Boots and Shoe Store. Boots and Shoes made to order and repaired by experienced workmen.

HUGGINS' Meriden News Office AND VARIETY STORE,

HAS for sale Blank Books of all kinds, Stationery, Photograph Albums, Magazines, Novels, Children's Books, Perfumery, Cards, Toys, Confectionery, Fruit, Pocket Books, 2 if Knives.

Hair Dressing Saloon!

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. 13m F. D. BUES.

A. C. MARKHAM Continues to receive choice brands of Extra Family Flour,

Fresh ground Graham and Eye Flour, Grain, Meal, Feed, Hominy, and various kinds. Store opposite Morgan's Building. 3-ly

Painting. The subscriber is prepared to do the above business in all its various branches, such as House Signs, 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.

Meriden News Office. HUGGINS has just received a new supply of Photograph Albums, for sale at lower prices than can be bought of any Book Peddler. Also a new supply of School Books—Wilson's Readers, Primers, Spelling Books, &c. Blank Books, a new stock; call and see them. 3 tf

Wanted. TWENTY-FIVE to thirty Iron Moulders, for which good wages will be paid by LANDESS & SMITH, Mfg. Company. New Britain, September 8th 1863.

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

District of Meriden, ss. Probate Court, August 29th, 1863. Estate of Mary A. Ives, late of Meriden, in said District, deceased.

The Court of Probate for the District of Meriden hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof, for the creditors of said Estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be debarred a recovery. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to 2 3w SELDEN IVES.

Meriden, New Haven Co. USE THE NEW Substitute for Java Coffee!!

White & Morse's ORIGINAL MALT COFFEE! The only genuine manufactured in the United States.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Blocker Street, Albany, New York. WILLIAM COOK & CO. 4 wtf Agents for Meriden and vicinity.

STEVENS, MERCHANT TAILOR,

Meriden House Block. New and Fashionable Costings can always be found at STEVENS. Cassimeres and Vestings, at STEVENS. Gents' Furnishing Goods, all new styles, at STEVENS. Good work done at a fair price, at STEVENS.

Wanted. A tip-top Pant Maker. J. H. STEVENS. WANTED.—A woman to stitch Petticoats, &c. J. H. STEVENS. The Genuine Paper Collar can be found at STEVENS.

Meriden Literary Recorder.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1863.

ARMY INCIDENTS.

[FOR THE MERIDEN RECORDER.]
PATRIOTIC "PLUCK."

The remarkable courage of a private in Co. F, 8th Regt. C.V., at the battle of Antietam, should be placed upon the record of our State heroism. I much regret that I am now unable to give his name. The incident was related to me by Captain Marsh, of Hartford, who commanded Company F, in the engagement above referred to. The brave fellow, after firing several rounds, was wounded by a musket ball, which passed completely through his neck. As the ball passed through the heavy muscles on the back of the neck without breaking the arteries and bones, the wounded and bleeding man fired five rounds in that condition. Finally becoming faint, and his neck stiff from the loss of blood, he asked permission to leave the ranks. His request was immediately granted. But a reaction had taken place in his nervous system, and he fell to the ground in his place. He was carried from the field, and after a painful illness recovered.

Such is the courage of those heroic men who stand between rebel bayonets and our peaceful, happy homes. The finger of derision and scorn may be pointed at them now, but their names and fame will live in history, and be cherished by millions of thankful hearts, long after the memory of the rebellious and disloyal will have perished. J. E.

[FOR THE MERIDEN RECORDER.]
THE IMPERILED SERGEANT AT ROANOKE.

Those who remain of the famous 9th Army Corps, have no very pleasant recollections of the dark and stormy night which preceded the land engagement on Roanoke Island. Our men were wan and weary from nearly a month of crowded, horrible life on ship-board. Although aware that a concealed, vigilant enemy was lurking around them, ready to capture or to kill any who might come within reach, thousands of men sank upon the cold ground, and slept as soundly and as sweetly as if they were in their New England homes. To many it was their last repose on earth. The island is ill adapted for anything like regular field fighting. There is a broad, marshy swamp, briars and underbrush so dense and matted as to render its passage impossible. There a forest of somber pines is seen, traversed by foot-paths and narrow, miserable roads. In such a place, and on such a night, a stranger might easily lose his way. To do picket duty under such circumstances required great caution, coolness and courage. As the enemy was known to hang upon front in heavy force, six companies of the Massachusetts Twenty-First were thrown out, forming the advanced picket line, and four companies of the Connecticut Tenth were advanced as a support to the first line. At ten o'clock at night it became necessary to send a message to the advanced picket. Colonel Magie, who commanded the picket guard, called for a volunteer from the remaining companies of the Massachusetts Twenty-First. The undertaking was difficult and hazardous. None but a man of superior courage and coolness could accomplish it. For a few moments no one came forward. Presently a finely-formed, black-eyed, well-educated, resolute sergeant stepped from the line, and said, in a firm tone "I will go." At this, Colonel Magie, who is an Italian, and who has served with much credit under Garibaldi, seemed greatly pleased, and addressed the Sergeant as follows: "My black-eyed Sergeant, I very glad to send message by you—I see you before—I know you brave—take this message to the commander of outer picket line—when you return I give you very nice present."

Sergeant Buxer was not a man to fear or falter in the discharge of duty. Committing a fond message to his family—also his watch and letters to a friend—he glided into the dark pine forest. Behind him the glowing camp-fires were throwing their flickering shafts into the deep darkness;—before him all was gloomy and silent, save the rustling fires and pattering rain. He took a path which led directly to the front. He had proceeded but a few rods, however, before he had missed his way. He groped around a few minutes, and then sat down to reflect. Getting the general course, he moved cautiously forward. Finally, being aware that he was near our out-line, he proceeded upon his hands and knees. Stopping to look around he was filled with terrible surprise at seeing, but a few rods before him, a camp-fire surrounded by

grey backs!—and his anxiety was not at all relieved by seeing a rebel sentinel pacing his beat a little way to the rear. The truth flashed upon his mind—he had crossed our advance-line, and had entered the lines of the enemy! He was perfectly self-possessed after the first surprise had passed away. He laid quietly in the brush and weeds, purposing to recross the line, if possible, when the guard was next relieved. This he succeeded in doing. But relieved of his enemies, he was now in danger from his friends. If he should be so confused as to forget the countersign when challenged, some nervous picket might give him a ball, or the bayonet. He might also wander in *circulo*, and encounter the rebel sentinels. But his heart failed not, although, as he afterwards told me, his hair seemed disposed to lift his hat from his head as he crawled through the brushes toward our line. Such a situation was more trying than battle itself. Soon a gruff, stern voice issued from a clump of bushes just ahead of him, and the fearful "Halt! who goes there?" fell upon his ear. Rising to his feet, he replied "Friend, with the Countersign." "Advance, Friend with the Countersign." Advancing till he felt the bayonet against his heart, he bent his head low down, and whispered, "Yorktown;"—and then came the welcome response, "The Countersign is right. Friend pass on." He delivered his message, and made his way to his commanding officer, Colonel Magie, who, shaking the Sergeant's hand, said, "I did not expect to see my black-eyed Sergeant again. I thought he was either killed or taken prisoner," and placing a finely finished Belgian rifle in the Sergeant's hand, he added, "Now you keep this as very much of my regards for your bravery at Roanoke." J. E.

[FOR THE MERIDEN RECORDER.]
MORAL INTEGRITY.

THERE is no inherited patrimony so valuable to a young man to possess as moral integrity. Pecuniary wealth can bear no comparison with it. It is a pear of great price, far more to be desired than ornaments of gold and diamonds. With it for your inheritance, oh! young man, you may go forth into the field of human contest, certain of success in every laudable endeavor. Would you become rich, in the usual meaning of the term? Then do not stoop to the mean, dastardly and contemptible practice of prevarication, for the sake of saving a paltry half-pence, or preventing a dollar from remaining in another man's pocket. Be upright. Waver not a hair's-breadth from your course, if it be a just one, though envy and enmity suggest to hostile minds the expression of ideas intended to accomplish your ruin, by causing friends to forsake you in the season of trial. Work on, toil on! There is in store for you a future that shall equal your brightest hopes—the most sanguine conceptions of gem night-dreams and noon-day visions. Hope lingers yet, and floats on beautiful dove-pinnions. Youth, she bids you heed not portending clouds, deep rending thunders, deluding showers. If need be, you may fly for her protection, and be sheltered by her own kind wing from adversity's freezing drops of wintry rain. Though the sun shines not always glancing down full athwart your path—still the luminary is as resplendent with perpetual glory as when the morn of your being first bade you behold the clear round disc advancing zenith-ward from the purple east. Indulge ye not in despondency, oh! children of the earth. Exercise patience; for when the winds and rain shall be over, there will follow a calm, when ye may gaze far into the azure-roofed chambers of light, and enjoy a foretaste of that Eden which is to come. The thoroughfares of moral integrity lead from the pristine garden of infancy to the paths of honor and station. It is the way of the Divine Instructor, and all are invited to walk therein. L. G. B.

Pot calls Kettle Black.—Old Goggles, who gets up the delectables for *The Winsted Sevenynine Weekly*, calls ours "a paper of small dimensions with a chance for growing larger." We wish there were "a chance" for Goggles growing passably decent in the scale of common courtesy. *Vide also* a "sharp stick" in the *Litchfield Enquirer*.

A HEF-FECKED husband, of our acquaintance, confidently informs us, that owing to the present high price of foreign luxuries, the only tea he is able to obtain is repar-tee—and that, without cream or sugar! If this is true, we think it the duty of all teetotalers to get the duty off tea totally.

STEAM is the greatest of mechanical powers—but Mr. Smithers sagely remarks, that those men who "steam it" the most, are usually the least powerful for work, both of body and mind.

DRY GOODS,

CARPETINGS,

OIL CLOTHS,

FEATHERS,

PAPER-HANGINGS,

Ladies' Shawls, Cloaks and Cloakings,

—AND—

FURS.

MEN AND BOYS'

Ready-Made Clothing,

FURNISHING GOODS,

AND

HATS and CAPS,

SCHOOL AND BLANK,

BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c,

FOR SALE BY

JOHN IVES,

Ives' Block, opposite the Centre Congregational Church.

Full Styles of Clothing, and Hats and Caps, for Children, Youths and Men, just received and for sale by

JOHN IVES,

Ives' Block, opposite the Centre Congregational Church. 3 tf

\$100 REWARD

For a Medicine that will cure

COUGHS, INFLUENZA, TICKLING in the THROAT, WHOOPING COUGH, Or relieve CONSUMPTIVE COUGH, AS QUICK AS

Coe's Cough Balsam.

Over five thousand bottles have been sold in its native town, and not a single instance of its failure is known. We have in our possession, any quantity of certificates, some of them from Eminent Physicians, who have used it in their practice, and given it the pre-eminence over any other compound.

It does not dry up a COUGH, but loosens it, so as to enable the patient to expectorate freely. Two or three doses will invariably cure tickling in the throat. A HALF bottle has often completely cured the most

STUBBORN COUGH, and yet, though it is so sure and speedy in its operation, it is perfectly harmless, being purely vegetable. It is very agreeable to the taste, and may be administered to children of any age.

In cases of CROUP we will guarantee a cure, if taken in season. No Family should be without it. It is within the reach of all, the price being ONLY 25 CENTS.

And if an investment and thorough trial does not "back up" the above statement, the money will be refunded. We say this, knowing its merits, and feel confident that one trial will secure for it a home in every household. Do not waste away with coughing, when so small an investment will cure you. It may be had of any respectable druggist in town, who will furnish you with a circular of genuine certificates of cures if he has made.

C. G. CLARK, Wholesale Druggists, New Haven, Conn., Proprietors. For sale by Druggists in city, country, and everywhere. For sale at wholesale by D. S. Barnes & Co., New York; Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Boston. sept 1 6m

For House

Plumbing and Gas Fitting

GO TO

THOMAS BIRCH,

508 Main Street, Hartford, Ct. Baths, Water Closets, Wash Stands, Iron Planks, Copper Boilers, Lead and Galvanized Iron Pipe, Cisterns and Beer Pumps, Brass and Plated Cocks. Orders from the country promptly attended to. 2 62

Stoves, Ranges,

HOT AIR FURNACES,

Tin, Sheet Iron, Copper Ware

Manufacture; Pumps,

LEAD PIPE, SHEET LEAD,

Zinc, Hollow Ware. Tin Roofing and Jobbing done by experienced workmen, at short notice. F. J. WHEELER, one door west News Office. 1 4w

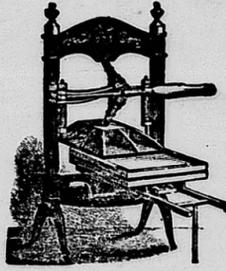
The Recorder

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 Bronze;

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.



List of Goods

Remaining in

SOUTHWICK'S

Shoe Store!

Ladies Double Sole Gaiters.

Ladies' Single Sole Gaiters.

Ladies' Kid

Boots. Ladies' Cheap

Gaiters, \$1.00. Ladies' Patent

Anklets. Gents' Thick D.

S. Boots. Gents' Heavy D. S.

Calf Boots.

Gents' Pump, Calf

Boots. Gents' Cheap Boots.

Misses' Boots, Gaiter Boots,

Booting, Balmorals, &c.

Boys' and Youths' and Children's Boots and Shoes suitable for Fall and Winter wear at low prices. Call and examine. Persons calling for the above goods may call for advertised goods.

D. F. SOUTHWICK.

AT

D. F. SOUTHWICK'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

nearly opposite of William B. Smith's New Saloon. 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 WILLOW WARE, MATS, 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-Adjusting Clothes Wringer," and "Lynn's Self-Sealing Fruit Jars." H. T. WILCOX & CO. West Meriden, August 25th, 1863. 1 tf

FOR SALE.

A TWO-STORY House, with all attached, situated in West Meriden, about half a mile west of the Depot. Said house is pleasantly located, having fruit trees of different kinds and also ornamental trees, a never failing well of soft water, a good barn, all in good repair. Terms made easy. For further particulars enquire of the subscriber on the premises. JACOB DAY.

23w*

Meriden House Block.

3 tf

E. H. LOOMIS, Agent.

APOTHECARIES HALL,

West Meriden, Conn.

WE invite the attention of the people to the establishment which contains everything appertaining 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.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS; FAMILY MEDICINES, and PHARMACEUTICAL PREPARATIONS of all kinds, prepared accurately and with dispatch.

PATENT MEDICINES, of all kinds on hand, or furnished at short notice.

1 tf HART & FOOTE.

MANUFACTURERS!

Depot!

WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

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

HARDWARE, Nails, Locks, Lubricants, Files, Shovels, Joiners' and machinists' Tools, and Cutlery of every description.

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

FANCY PAINTS, VARNISHES, FRENCH AND AMERICAN WINDOW GLASS.

OILS, Linseed, Sperm, Whale, Neats-foot, Machine and Coal Oils.

ACIDS, Nitric, Sulphuric, Muratic, Aqua Fortis, etc.

Wrapping Paper, Twine, Sand and Emery Paper; Borax, Potash, Pomace Stone, &c. &c., all of which we offer at the lowest possible rates. (11) HART & FOOTE.

William B. Smith,

Smith's New Building.

West Meriden, Sept. 4, 1863.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

CALL AND SEE THEM AT

W. A. REED'S,

GUY'S BUILDING,

WEST MERIDEN.

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, HANDKERCHES, 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. Oathetic books, in good variety, always on hand. All goods sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

P. Hall is agent for the Black Ball 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 4w



WM. B. SMITH

TAKES pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Meriden and vicinity that he is prepared to receive all who may favor him with a visit at his

New and Spacious

SALOON!

Where the choicest variety of edibles may be found to please the palate or suit the taste of the most fastidious.

Choice Viands!

served up in the best style, at a moment's notice.

PIES, CAKES, CONFECTIONERY, FRUITS, NUTS, &c.,

fresh from the market.

A new and improved

SODA FOUNTAIN,

WITH BLOCK TIN PIPES,

will be kept constantly charged, and with our large selection of Delectable Syrups, we are prepared to flood the goblet with the Nectar that Jupiter sips.

Richly flavored

ICE CREAM,

carefully prepared by Mr. Lewis, whose long experience in this line, we trust, is a sufficient guarantee that it is unsurpassed in quality or flavor. Parties supplied at short notice.

Superior brands of Imported

Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, &c., constantly on hand.

Also, a large assortment of Toys, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c.

We shall spare no pains to make our Saloon attractive to both ladies and gentlemen. Everything furnished by us will be of the best the market affords. Our confectionery is from the celebrated manufactory of H. H. Snow, New Haven, Conn.—Come with the little ones.

William B. Smith,

Smith's New Building.

West Meriden, Sept. 4, 1863.

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KEEPS FOR SALE THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES:

READY-MADE CLOTHING, SHIRTS, UNDER-SHIRTS, DRAWERS, OVER-SHIRTS, and OVERALLS, SOCKS, GLOVES, HANDKERCHES, 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.

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