

Julius Hall

The Meriden Recorder.

LOCAL CIRCULATION.] A PAPER FOR THE MILLION—INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING—NEUTRAL IN NOTHING. [1,200 COPIES WEEKLY.

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

VOL. 1. WEST MERIDEN, CONN., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1863. NO. 8.

Original Poetry.

"Hans and beautiful is the lot of the great
Poet. His eye is the world, and the strings on
which he plays are the souls of men."

MUSINGS.

BY FRANK.

Over the earth the shadows
Slowly and stealthily creep,
As the kiss of the twilight fades
From the face of the azure deep.

The earliest lullaby chirpeth,
From his breast in the cotton ball;
And the cuckoo mournfully waileth,
From under the trembling wall.

The zephyr a requiem rustles,
Over the dying day,
And his my cheek in his passage,
And whisp'ers a soothing lay.

And I sit in the shadowed darkness,
And dream of the "long ago,"
When life was an unceasing volume,
And I longed to follow it so.

And I thought that, though over my childhood
A mist of sorrow had laid,
The future was leading with brightness
That should never know sorrow again.

I feared that over my pathway
Rocks and thorns would be strewn;
That my feet would march in the mud
Of a strangely agonizing dream.

But, alas! as the leaves were withered,
They were blest by many a tear,
And the music was blended with dirges,
And flowers were wreathing the bier;

And the hopes that I cherished the strongest,
Were the sweetest to wither and fly;
And the friends I trusted the truest,
Were the first to deceive me, or die.

Oh! earth with thy brightness and beauty,
Thou art only a beautiful cheat;
Thou breathest soft words to his brother,
To tempt him under his feet.

Though I in my weakness am only
A wisp of life's transience,
My frail bark sits on the billows,
The phylaxy of destiny.

Oh, thou I who hast care for the sparrows,
Oh, care for the dove's mate,
Oh, shield with thy love, oh! my Father!
Till my mission of sorrow is done.

—Sturtevant, Conn., September, 1862.

PALESTINE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

From back thy dreary, mysterious years!
Oh, let me peer down through thy mysteries;
Blind not mine eyes, my fervent gaze, ye tears!
For gorgeous scenes of beauty round me rise,
That steal the midnight dream, or all my soul,
Leaving out shadowy fancies beautiful.

Before me, in the Syrian steppes, the land
Where, "neath the Syrian stars, a holy band
Watched for the young Christ-child, long,
long ago!

How hallowed the grave of the Jews, and here
He rested 'er His, as in Jordan's flow
His feet were washed; and, in this place,
Such scenes, where gentes, and Arys, and flowers
glow.

His Word, and hope, and life, that He
gave to all who would believe!
—Birmingham, Cal.

HOPE.

BY FRANK.

Hope over on an angel's wing,
Voids the weary of earth's slings,
Grasps the weary hand, and leads to King
Upon the sunny shores of Time.

Hope is the brightest and the best
Of things that mortals give;
Our hearts it often times hath dressed
With sunny smiles from heaven.

Hope over to the human heart,
From the mountain to the tower;
To man it cometh to impart
A sweet, refreshing power.

NO MORE SHALL HOPE.

BY FRANK.

As mocks the gale the oak it breaks,
So mocks my woe, my heart—
And backward to their fountain send
The bitter tears that start.

As rolling waters rend the rock
Which they wear out in time,
So shall the woes which scorn me now,
Wear out this heart of mine;
And not till blooms the blasted tree,
Or true become these friends,
Shall Hope spring up within my heart—
That heart—which anguish rends.

—Baltimore, Md.

STARRY WAVES.

BY WILLIAM E. FABOR.

Starry waves, starry waves!
Dancing on the sea;
Brightly come, darkly fade,
Die in melody;
The moonbeams gently fall
Upon the dreamy flowers
Of the fragrant forest trees,
And blooming myrtle-bowers;
While from the lonely shore
I gaze upon the sea,
Whose silver-crested waves
Are beautiful to me.

Nightingale, nightingale!
Chanting in the grove;
Come awhile, bird of song,
Listen to my Love;
He st-likes his joyous harp
On yonder rosy tale,
And at its thrilling tones
The blossoms seem to smile;
My heart with rapture wild
Is throbbing by the sea;
Ye dancing, starry waves,
Oh! bear my Love to me.

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."

[For the Meriden Literary Recorder.]

THE BLISSES OF A BUSSING BEE.

BY GODFREY GREYLOCK.

"The melting juncture of four rosy lips."

OF all pleasures, from a ball at Almsacks to a sordid rapscallion in the Black Sea, commend me for deliciousness to a bussing-bee—that is, to a right down hearty one among the wild hills of the wooden-nutmeg State. In your tame, low countries, they are apt to degenerate to miserably rapid affairs. To that, however, I remember me of one most remarkable in a "so-so-ing circle," in a pleasant town just under the shadow of the Hanging Hills. It was—let me see—when? No matter! It was more years ago than I now care to count up.

Fan and Elvira, Kate and Mary Jane—they are all wives and mothers now. "Love ribbon," once so mercilessly chopped up, "wheelbarrows," once laden with such precious sweets, all the multitudinous devices to keep off recurring richness from cloying on the lips, now no more to them than the shapes of last year's bonnets. It is the world's way, yet I have a gray hair for every baby. But my theme lies in the Wooden Nutmeg State; and so sinks down again the ghost of merry days in the queen city of the East. I would it had not risen!

There was a bussing-bee, the others night, at Uncle Jerry's, the heartiest old man under the Hills. His jolly old soul is as full of fun and frolic as his barns are of plebeianness. Love and happiness radiate from him as genuine heat does from the sun.

The young people hereabout are accustomed to bring their love affairs to ripen in his radiance, as the farmers' wives place seed cucumbers in their south windows. Matrimonials bud and blossom and bloom around him like orange flowers in a bright conservatory. How it

might be with soft nonsense, I can't say; but for downright honest love-making, with a purpose to it, no "moonlight on the waters," nor gaslight anywhere can compare with the light of Uncle Jerry's countenance. The beaming of his smile drives away ill-humor as a June day does noxious vapors; and never a sun sets in the west with such power to transmute a dark, jagged cloud into golden piles of soft roseate blushes. A real malicious misery doesn't dare show its ugly phiz within a mile of our village; and it's all owing to Uncle Jerry. O, he's a marvellous man—is Uncle Jerry! And there was fun alive at his bussing-bee the other night.

Now I don't pretend to be a connoisseur in such matters; but I will venture to say, that for a choice variety the lips there collected couldn't well be beat. There were some that melted on yours with the mellow lusciousness of a ripe peach; some with the cool deliciousness of an ice-cream; then again others that broke crisp off like Aunt Betsy's short-cake. But to spare you the sin of covetousness, we won't enlarge on this part of our subject.

Uncle Jerry hasn't malice enough in all his ample body to proscribe anybody, even a coxcomb; and that the other night brought him some fun not of his own making. In the company was one Ike, a long, "gawky" chap, ugly as a bull of Bashan, yet with vanity enough to have sufficed an Adonis. Indeed, he could not have regarded that ungainly figure of his with more affectionate admiration if it had charmed twenty Venuses.

There chanced at the same time to be present a very beautiful young lady from Boston, a niece of Uncle Jerry, who had been, as he said, striving to take the city conceit out of her, with indifferent success, as it seemed; for, truth to tell, she was proud as beautiful. "Jes, yeou see," said Ike to me as I came in, "if that Bosting gall ain't casting sheep's eyes here."

"She must be downright smit," I replied. "Think so? Well, I spect she must be, too."

And Ike "slicked" down his hair and pulled up his shirt-collar. Some one now adjudged him to redeem a "forfeit" by "kissing the one he loved best." Nothing could have been more opportune to his wishes. What a chance to let Miss Clara know that her feeling were reciprocated. With his most killing smile, and burning ardor, Ike advanced towards her; but it was not until his paws almost clasped her that she comprehended his purpose. Alas! alas! many a man since Ixion has embraced a cloud—I wonder if it was not a thunder cloud—in his too confident reaches after beauty. The moment the beautiful Clara perceived Ike's amiable designs, her face crimsoned, and she sprang backward with sufficient violence to overturn two chairs and a little girl, as well as to bring confusion into the councils of a youth who chanced to be "popping the question" behind the door, outside of which she encoined herself.

Ike stood for a moment the picture of petrified astonishment; but it is not so easy a matter to annihilate a coxcomb either in old Connecticut, or in Boston. Ike would have been a very Brummel, with proper opportunities for developing his genius. Drawing himself up with an

air of real compassion, as though the beautiful fugitive had fled lest she might prove not dainty enough for his taste, he exclaimed—

"Nou, Clara, deon't yeou run; ye needn't be scart; I can stan ye; I can stan anything; I've got a stomach like a hoss!"

[For the Meriden Literary Recorder.]

Papers for the People.—No. 2.

STAGES OF PROGRESS.

THE first thing we want in this life, in point of time, is food, and raiment, and shelter. Whatever we expect or desire men to do, or become, always presupposes that this want is supplied in some way, and to some extent. We are of the earth, earthy. In this life we never get beyond that—though it is wonderful what an intelligent mind, working in such a rude tabernacle, can actually become and achieve—wonderful how this thinking self may spiritize, and get the upper-hand of this gross body, and these conditions of animal existence!

But we must live before we can improve, or refine, or spiritualize—and it is not strange that the first thought of man, in point of time, should be: What shall I eat, and where-withal shall I be clothed? But it is very strange, and very self-abusive, when men never get above that.

A young man starts in life, that is to say, he gets married. The first thing he wants is a home. He may have to pass through that purgatory of married life, the boarding stage; but his aspirations are for a home. Bye-and-bye, he gets it. Now, it may be very simple, compared with the statelier mansions wealth builds—it may be very rude, but it is the best they can afford, and infinitely better than none. God prospers them. Now, if there is any true life there—if everything noble and true is not swamped in a vulgar, material ambition, you will see a change. Presently, there comes in a book, in prose or verse, fit to be a companion of the soul, and lift to better things than sense affords. Away with vulgar trash and yellow-covered literature. Give us something to feed thought—to touch the heart and make us better—to stir ambition nobly and after possibilities—something to reform the soul and teach us how to live in communion with nature and with God—with the grand and beautiful in thought and feeling!

Bye-and-bye, there goes up on the wall a gem of art; from the photographer or engraver, suppose first of all. Not now some cheap, colored, Nassau street print—some puppy's head, or sickly reminder of a woman's face, set in a frame of cheap mahogany veneering—idealless, without grace of form, or beauty of expression, or merit of execution—a blot on the wall—a wall, if this be ornament, "when unadorned, adorned the most"! But something with a thought in it—something to waken the love of beauty—to provoke a hearty laugh, worthily, or to inspire the soul. And now a plot of flowers freshens and sweetens the air around the dwelling. I ought to have said that first, for every body can have flowers. They are God's free gift to rich and poor.

It would be very strange if some who started in life with their progressive souls blended in union, passing by with a dash, should vent their poor souls: "They're getting proud; 'stack up; 'they aint what they used to be." Well, they aren't what they used to be. Nobody is, who lives lightly; but not necessarily "proud," "stuck up!" Not a bit of it. They may be, to be sure; but very vulgar people may be very proud, too. No, these things are all refining. They may run into extravagance, and that is sin, even in works of art; but they need not. The legitimate use of a thing must not be suffered to drop into contempt, because some are so foolish as to abuse it and lower themselves.

More than many will allow, these refining influences are within the reach of the great majority of men. Few realize how much of genuine taste and refinement may blossom out of very humble circumstances, and how much to gratify such a taste lies within the reach of all who will. But mark the spirit of progress.

Look at the growth of a people as a nation, or as a community. Their first concern, in point of time, is necessarily for the means of existence. Material resources goes before institutions and educational advantages, save in a very simple, inexpensive form. So the colonies of this country found it. They came full of ideas, they carried out into the future, and planted there the institutions of learning and religion, in a grand and permanent form; but not till Resource could be joked with Ideas, came the fulfillment of their prophetic thought!

The first settlers in our new country must, necessarily, lay out their strength in procuring the means of subsistence, and in subduing the soil. Their cabins are rude. Their public edifices, if they have any, are rude. Their school houses are rude. This is but a temporary stage. Civilization without progress stultifies itself, and slides back into barbarism. The order of progress is from the rude to the polished—from the necessities to the refinements of life—from the material to the spiritual. Resource to some extent must go before the flower and best product of art and learning—of refinement and culture. Thus resource is ennobled, and wealth turned to its grandest uses.

The application of these thoughts to our local affairs may be expected in our next paper.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

—West Meriden, Conn.

Woman and her Mission.

[For the Meriden Literary Recorder.]

It has been truthfully said, man is a being that may be led, but never driven. And it is just as true, that woman is formed to lead, but never to drive. By her very dependence and gentleness she leads; but when she assumes power, that moment her influence is gone. One secret of her power is, a seeming to have none. Did woman understand her true position, and appreciate her influence, there would be no complaining about her "rights." It is woman's right to entwine about the heart of man, and lead him captive at her will. The veriest boor cannot for any length of time be

brought under the influence of a pure, noble-minded woman, without acknowledging her sway, by his willingness to be led by her—by his looking to her with feelings of deference.

While man is roughing it, so to speak, with the world, it is woman's right to enter the inner temple of his heart, and hold communion with his soul; then, coming out, furnished like pure gold, she is prepared to turn to gold everything she touches. Not only those who dwell under the same roof with her, feel her influence, but those with whom she occasionally meets, own her power.

It is her right, with her vine-like nature, so to entwine about man as to defend him from the effects of the rough blasts; and when the hurricane sweeps by, instead of being broken and crushed, he, by her elasticity, is borne aloft, and resumes an erect position as the storm passes by.

And it is not woman's smallest right to mould the human mind. Take it in infancy and make it what she will; elevate or debase, according as her own soul is elevated or left to grovel.

As are the women of one generation, so shall be the men of the next. And look to it, ye women of America, that her sons shall be worthy of this noble domain—shall be men of purity, integrity, of noble minds and noble hearts. What a higher mission can she give—what nobler one can she assume—to control the world, if she is but true to herself, to humanity, and to her God!

H. C. C.

—Stillwater, N. Y.

A Talk with Young Men.—No. 1.

[For the Meriden Literary Recorder.]

OF course you take THE MERIDEN RECORDER, which is both published and edited by two of your own ranks. Will you let me talk to you a little, now, through that medium? By "young men" I mean chiefly those reckoned from about the middle of the teens, up to the period when the responsibilities of a family are assumed—and all others who like to be classed under the same head.

About the country. So far as my knowledge extends, our young men are patriotic. Our armies are recruited from them, and very few of them have been false to the dear old flag. Our own town, from first to last, has won an honorable distinction, in this respect. You all know how much she exceeded the quota of volunteers and how bright is her record on the score of the draft. Some of our brave boys have returned home, from an honorable career—and a large number are yet in the field. A larger number still, of the loyal and true, are in our work-shops and manufactories, "serving the country at home." Grant, Rosecrans, Gilmore, and their compeers, are dealing terrible blows upon the rebellion. God is over all, yet there may be need of more help. Are you getting ready to heed the heart summons? Should "three hundred thousand more" be needed, will you fall into line with our veterans from these same manufactories? Look it over, when you read the news which glorifies our absent brothers, and lifts the fallen to the crown of martyrdom.

Here at home you can do much for the cause. Filing

up the numbers of every patriotic association, writing letters and sending papers to the soldiers; contributing money or clothing for the sick and wounded in the hospitals; talking up the country, and down the rebellion and all who sympathize with it; everywhere, with trumpet-tongues, "shouting the battle-cry of Freedom."

One Little Small Story.

DER was von sun mitter east up in der mornin sky. Dat was long times ago. Day was proke. Dat was nice. Everything gets down an kums up mit demselves and vaters der faces mit both hands ful mit wet wash and says, "Ish breakfast ready."

Everything is swallowed up clatter mit der mouths open. Den dey runs round picking der teeth vid ahtumy-kake. Got in himmel, vot a bad fix dey ish in!

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General Grant as a Joker.

The Spirit of the West, published at Chicago gives the following illustration of General Grant's tendency to indulge in joking.

"The hero and veteran, who was citizen, Captain, Colonel, Brigadier and Major General within a space of nine months, though a rigid disciplinarian and a perfect Ironsides in the discharge of his official duties, could enjoy a good joke, and is always ready to perpetrate one when an opportunity offers."

"When Grant was a Brigadier in Southeast Missouri, he commanded an expedition against the rebels under Jeff. Thompson in northeast Arkansas. The distance from the starting point of the expedition to the supposed rendezvous of rebels was about one hundred and ten miles, and the greater portion of the way lay through a howling wilderness. The imaginary sufferings our soldiers endured during the first two days of their march was enormous. It was impossible to steal or confiscate uncultivated real estate, and not a hog or a pig, or an ear of corn, was anywhere to be seen. On the third day, however, things looked a little more hopeful, for a few small specks of ground in a state of partial cultivation, were here and there visible. On that day Lieutenant Wickfield, of an Indiana cavalry regiment, commanded the advance guard consisting of eighty mounted men."

"About noon he came up to a small farm house, from the outward appearance of which he judged that there might be something fit to eat inside. He halted his company, dismounted with two second lieutenants, and entered the dwelling. He knew that Grant's incipient fame had already gone out through all that country, and it occurred to him that by representing himself to be the General he might obtain the best the house afforded. So, assuming a very imperative demeanor, he accosted the inmates of the house, and told them that he must have something for himself and staff to eat. They desired to know who he was. General Grant. At the sound of that name they flew around with alarming alacrity, and served up about all they had in the house, taking great pains all the while to make loud professions of loyalty. The lieutenants ate as much as they could of the not over sumptuous meal, but which was, nevertheless, good for that country, and demanded what was to pay. "Nothing," and they went on their way rejoicing."

"In the meantime General Grant, who had halted his army a few miles further back, for a brief resting spell, came in sight of and was rather favorably impressed with the appearance of this same house. Riding up to the fence in front of the door he desired to know if they would cook him a meal. "No," said the female, in a gruff voice, 'General Grant and his staff have just been here and eaten everything in the house except one pumpkin pie. "Humph," murmured Grant, what is your name?" "Selvidge," replied the woman.

"Casting a half dollar in at the door he asked if she would keep that pie till he sent an officer for it, to which she replied that she would. "That evening, after the camping ground had been selected, the various regiments were notified that there would be a grand parade at half past six for orders. Officers would see that there men all turn out, &c. "In five minutes the camp was in a perfect uproar, and filled with all sorts of rumors; some though that the enemy was upon them, it being so un-

usual to have parades when on a march.

"At half-past six the parade was formed, ten columns deep, and nearly a quarter of a mile in length.

"After the usual routine of ceremonies the A. A. G. read the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY IN THE FIELD - SPECIAL ORDER NO. -

"Lieutenant Wickfield, of the Indiana cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Ironton and Pocahontas, and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin pie, Lieutenant Wickfield is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry, and eat that pie also. (Signed,) U. S. GRANT, Brig. Gen. Commanding."

"Grant's orders were law, and no soldier ever attempted to evade them. At seven o'clock Lieutenant filed out of camp with his hundred men, amid the cheers of the entire army. The escort concurred in stating that he devoured the whole of the pie, and seemed to relish it."

HOME MUSIC. - We take it to be true, with rare exception, wherever you hear a great deal of music in a house, that dwelling is tenanted by a happy family. If you hear a domestic going gleefully about her work, and lightening her labors with a song, you may take it for granted that she has neither a discontented temper nor has she a scolding mistress. Girls that don't like their place are far more likely to go moping and grumbling about the house than to hum a pleasant ditty or carol a roundelay. Then if you hear the "young ladies of the house" without the accompaniment of the piano, trilling a popular air or a merry catch, you may be sure they are cheerful. And what better proof of happiness all around can there be than the evening social concert, when old and young, male and female, make melody with their hearts? In some houses the very purring of a cat is "musical, most musical," while the warbling of a canary bird is far sweeter than the most dulcet of operatic voices. And the recommendation of home music is, that it is cheap as well as joy speaking and joy inspiring.

A. E. Bingham of Norwich has purchased the celebrated "Gold Mine" farm on Wevaucus Hill near that city. Capt. E. O. Peck, of Litchfield, late of the 19th C. V., has been re-appointed deputy sheriff by sheriff Wessels. They have a "Maynard Prolific" grape in New London which is said to be a superior kind of fruit. Mr Hobbs, the famous look-maker, has purchased the residence of Stephen Lounsbury, Esq., in East Bridgeport, and intends to become a citizen of that city. An eating house in State street, New Haven, kept by Mr. John Penfield was destroyed by fire on Wednesday night. It was the work of an incendiary. Mrs. Eliza Humiston while riding in the northern part of New Haven, on Wednesday morning, was thrown from her carriage and her hip dislocated. The roustes who broke into the house of Mr. Gilbert Bishop at East New London a short time ago, where arrested in New Haven, Wednesday. Master Fred. Bostwick, only 11 years old, of New Haven, had on exhibition at the fair lately held in that city, a handsome crocheted carriage blanket. A man named Turner living upon Cape Ann Lane, New London, on an evening this week had all his winter pork stolen from his cellar by some hungry thief. Among the sundry curious things at the fair in New Haven was a baby's quilt, entered by Mrs. J. B. Badeau, was made by Mrs. Cihoe Barnes, in her 98d year, and is composed of 2,200 pieces. Just think of it, girls! On Wednesday night some roustes made a descent upon Mr. John S. Beckwith's drove of hogs upon Town Hill near New London, and selected one of the smallest of them, killed his hogship on the spot, shouldered him and marched off. A letter from Newbern, N. C., says the schooner Lottie, of New Haven, bound to Matmoras, with an assorted cargo went ashore on the beach above Nag's Head. Her cargo was landed and sold, and the vessel is now at Roanoke Island, awaiting the owner's action. On the morning train from New London to New Haven on Wednesday, there was a large delegation of pickpockets. A Mrs. Cady, who stopped at Guilford, was out a portemonnaie containing seventy dollars, and another lady lost a small amount. At Guilford two of the light fingered gentry were arrested but one, if not both, made their escape.

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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!

To Advertisers. Advertisements should be handed in as early as Thursday noon of each week.

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.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

"Town" and "Country."

We continually hear of a "town interest" and of "country interest;" of manufacturers being opposed to agriculture, or vice versa; and of the views and opinions of manufacturing districts as of necessity clashing with those of the rural districts. At our late County Fair, this feeling has to some extent manifested itself.

No thinking, intelligent mind, seriously believes that there is, or can be in this country, any interest, however great and powerful in itself, that is disconnected with the general interest of the nation. Agriculture is an ancient and honorable art—the most ancient and the most renowned of all the industrial pursuits that occupy the time and skill of reasonable beings. Without agriculture, all other arts would avail us little or nothing. No man of common sense seeks to undervalue or despise it. Above all, no man out of Bedlam would willfully do anything to cause the fertile fields of his native land to remain untilled, and the sheep and cattle to remain unattended upon the hills, for the sake of manufactures or commerce, or any other "interest" still greater, if greater there can possibly be.

On the other hand, the large body of intelligent men interested in agriculture, either as owners or occupiers of the soil, who are worthily represented each year at our State and County Fairs—are not so utterly unreasoning as to underrate the importance of manufactures or commerce. The farmers and farm-laborers know full well that, unless their wives and daughters will knit and spin, like the maids of Penelope, in old Homeric fashion, and unless they will themselves renounce their tea, coffee, sugar, spices, tobacco, and many other luxuries, if not necessities, for the due supply of which countless fleets make the circuit of the globe—there must be such persons as handicraftsmen and mariners; and that, the more these prosper, the better for agriculture, and for all engaged in it.

There can be, then, no difference of material interests between town and country. The dwellers in cities and towns, to be sure, are necessarily quicker and better informed than those who inhabit purely rural districts. The farmer rubs more frequently against his fellows than the peasant. He is nearer the center of intelligence and of opinion. He has greater opportunities of learning and hearing the march of the world. The daily intercourse of life is more favorable to the development of his mind; and his circle of observation is more extended, his means of self-instruction and elevation are more numerous. The inhabitant of the rural districts is cut off from much, if not all, of this sharpening and invigorating influence, and his bright faculties but too often go to rust for want of exercise.

But these differences are not political ones. It was neither our manufactures, nor our commerce, nor our own agriculture, separately or combined, that has made America pre-eminent among the nations of the world; but the force of the national character, our free institutions, our civil and political liberties. Casting aside as immaterial all other questions and issues, we should ask what and what alone is necessary to perpetuate, in its pristine purity, the entire and the whole country—not in a divided, segmental part, but united and entire, from the Gulf of Mexico to the northern boundaries of the great lakes, and from the waving pines of Maine to the golden shores of California.

A wicked and infernal rebellion has called away from the town and the country, the artisan, the manufacturer, the laborer, the mechanic, the tiller of the earth. It has taken the bone and

the sinew of the land—the true patriot—wherever he might be found. But, as a correspondent aptly remarks: "A larger number still, of the loyal and true, are in our work-shops and manufacturing factories, 'serving the country at home.'" And our national wants demand this service of them. And, not only this, but, that they do something for the cause in "filling up the numbers of every patriotic association—writing letters and sending papers to the soldiers—contributing to the wants of the sick and wounded in the army—talking up the country, and down the rebellion and all who sympathize with it—everywhere, with trumpet-tongue, 'shouting the battle-cry of freedom.'" Thus, every one, in "town" or "country," can do something to hasten the day of VICTORY and PEACE.

The First Settlers of Meriden.

On the brow of a large, sloping hill, in the southeastern part of the town—the highest point of land hereabouts—peacefully rest the remains of the first settlers of Meriden. It is an out-of-the-way place, on the border of a wood, and approachable only by climbing over rough fences and up high hills to the table-land above—and is rarely visited, except for the purpose of curiosity.

On this hill formerly loomed up the First Church of Meriden; and here, within sight of Wallingford and North Haven on the one side, and Berlin and New Britain on the other, the venerable and revered THEOPHILUS HALL preached the Word to his small but faithful flock, and good Deacon BERRING EXERCISEFULLY responded, "Amen."

Several years ago, the town properly determined to perpetuate the memory of the original inhabitants in an appropriate monument to be erected in the early burial-ground. This monument, which is surrounded by a high iron fence sixty feet square, is of free stone, and contains the following inscriptions:

(On the South Side.) ERECTED BY THE TOWN OF MERIDEN 1867.

(On the East Side.) IN MEMORY OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF THE TOWN OF MERIDEN WHO WERE BURIED WITHIN AND NEAR THIS INCLOSURE AND WHOSE NAMES SO FAR AS KNOWN ARE INSCRIBED ON THIS MONUMENT. THE MEETING HOUSE IN WHICH THEY WORSHIPED AND THE FIRST ERECTED IN THE TOWN STOOD ABOUT 50 RODS WEST OF THIS MEMORIAL.

(On the North Side.)

- Rev. Theophilus Hall Pastor of the First Church Mar. 25, 1760, A 62. Mehitable Hall Sept. 11, 1767, A 16. Timothy Jerome Feb. 23, 1767, A 20. Abigail Way Sept. 12, 1741, A 12. Daniel Hough July 25, 1768, A 40. Tho' Beech May 14, 1741, A 83. Phebe Merriam Feb. 23, 1753, A 22. Hannah Ives Nov. 5, 1770, A 70. Capt. Josiah Robinson Apr. 2, 1766, A 67. Theophilus Mix July 3, 1760, A 64. Rachael Andrus Jan. 11, 1766, A 83. Timothy Andrus Nov. 25, 1743, A 28. Hannah Royce Jan. 12, 1761, A 91. Samuel Johnson Mar. 2, 1777, A 22.

(On the West Side.)

- Benjamin Curtiss Oct. 20, 1764, A 62. Aaron Curtiss Dec. 18, 1763, A 20. Rebekah Lyman Nov. 8, 1748, A 44. Joseph Cowles Nov. 20, 1760, A 68. Mindwell Cowles Apr. 17, 1770, A 89. Sarah Bishop May 31, 1760, A 49. Elizabeth Merriam June 11, 1767, A 70. Elizabeth Penfield Nov. 20, 1766, A 18. Dea. Samuel Royce May 14, 1767, A 66. Ezekiel Rice Esq. Sept. 4, 1766, A 66. Ebenezer Royce Jan. 20, 1758, A 53. Joseph Merriam Aug. 24, 1763, A 49. Deborah Merriam Aug. 12, 1761, A 52. Ruth Merriam Nov. 12, 1755, A 72. Mindwell Rice June 15, 1769, A 37.

Few of the quaint tombstones mark the resting-places of the dead—most of them have either been displaced or broken—and many are entirely unrecognizable. We copy the inscriptions of a few of them:

In Memory of Theophilus Hall, Pastor of y Church, who having for 37 years, discharged the duties of his function with distinguished fidelity and accomplished christian life, the uniform disciple of Jesus Christ, deceased March 23, 1769, in the 60th year of his Age. They that be wife thall thine as ye brightness of y firmament.

In Memory of Mrs. Mehitable Hall, Daugh of the Rev. M Theophilus & Md Hannah Hall died Sept 11th 1767 aged 16 years. Happy ye dying youth Whole early steps have Trod y Chridian road of pious virtue up to god.

In Memory of Enc Daniel Hough died July 25th 1763 in ye 48th year of his Age.

Here lyeth ye Body of Mr. Thomas Beech he Dyed May y 13th 1741. Aged 83 years.

In Memory of Mrs. Hannah Wife of Mr. John Ives Dec. She died Nov y 5th 1770 in y 70th year of her Age.

In memory of Mr. Christopher Robinson died Dec 6th 1760 in y 26th year of his Age, as you are now so once was I Prepare for death for you must die.

Here lies ye Body of Oliver Son of Mr. Ebenezer & Abigail Royce he died Dec y 6th 1753 in ye 7th year of his Age. These four warnings Remember Well Death & Judgment heaven and hell.

In memory of Mr. Samuel Johnson Ju. Who Departed this life March y 2nd A. D. 1777, in ye 23rd year of his Age. Come Blooming youth When this you Read O, See my Fate.

In memory of y Body of Mrs. Ruth Merriam formerly wife of Mr. John Webb but died wid. of Mr. William Merriam on Nov. 12 A.D. 1753 aged 72 years.

Dea Ezekiel Rice Esq Aged 66 years Departed this Life Sept 4th 1767. To God and Man a faithful Friend; In Serving both his Life did spend, His Sun is set, his work is done, Lies here beneath this Gloomy Stone So Great & Good both High & Low To Conquering Death their knee must bow.

In Memory of Sarah Wife of Mr. Yale Bishop died May 31st 1766 in ye 43rd year of her Age & was buried with her infant on her arm.

Mr. Ann Wilcox, late Superintendent of the rifle and tape tracing establishment known as the New City Company in New Haven, was presented, on Thursday evening by the lady mentioned in that factory with a splendid silver plated tea set.

The Meriden Recorder
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By RIGGS & DORMAN,
AT THEIR OFFICE IN
SMITH'S NEW BUILDING,
WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

TERMS—For paper, One Dollar per year, 1
paid before bill is rendered at close of
year; and One Dollar and Twenty-
Five Cents, if not paid till after the close
of the year. These terms will be rigidly
adhered to.

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Each subsequent insertion, .75
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a square.
Quarter column one year, 30.00
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One column one year, 60.00
Special Notices, headed, one insertion, per
line, .15
Each subsequent insertion, .08

The Juncehind;
A NEW ENGLAND POEM,
WRITTEN IN CONJUNCTION BY
DAVID HUMPHREYS, JOEL BAR-
LOW, JOHN TRUMBULL, and Dr.
LEMUEL HOPKINS.
Edited, with Notes and Appendices,
BY LUTHER S. BROWN.
50¢ Price, Fifty Cents. Sent by mail,
free of postage, on receipt of the money.
Address, THOMAS H. FRASER,
New Haven, Conn.

TO THE PUBLIC.
The undersigned, well known as an Author,
would offer his services to all those requiring
Literary aid. He will write Speeches on all
subjects, Presentation Addresses and Replies,
Poems on all topics, Articles, Advertisements,
Letters of all sorts, and will attend to all
business with punctuality and dispatch.
Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
Baltimore, Md.

M. H. SLOPER'S
Photograph Rooms,
Opposite Post Office, (Wheeler's Building),
WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

PHOTOGRAPHS
In Ink, Water, and Oil Colors. Cards &
Visitors, Ivorytypes, &c.
Every style of Engraving taken at our Rooms,
from the best artists in the country. Pictures
copied and enlarged from old Daguerotypes,
Photograph Albums, Oval Frames, &c. &c.
1-12

GEORGE A. FAY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
AND
NOTARY PUBL. C.
No. 2 Smith's New Build'g
WEST MERIDEN, CONN.
Particular attention paid to collecting; re-
covering delinquent debts, &c. 1-12

GEORGE W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
OFFICE—in COLLINS'S BUILDING,
OVER THE POST OFFICE,
1-12 WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

D. S. Colton,
Surgeon Dentist,
MORGAN'S BLOCK,
West Meriden, Conn.

DR. COLTON, substitutes Laughing Gas
or Ether and Chloroform with perfect success.
Also, inserts Teeth on Rubber, Gold or Silver
Plata. Teeth filled with Gold or Tinfill. Ir-
regularities of children's teeth rectified. 1-12

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

FRONT VIEW. Photographs, colored and
black, various styles and prices; Cards &
Visitors, four for 25¢ per dozen; Miniatures,
six for 25¢ each—25¢ each per dozen; new style
Ferrytype, six for 25¢ each—\$2.00 per dozen;
Albums, in cases, 50 cents and upwards. A
share of the public patronage is respectfully
solicited.
W. F. PAGE, (140) & R. EVERETT.

FOR SALE.
A well built house, with
about three-fourths of an
acre of land, situated a few
miles north of the depot.
The house is newly built, and is arranged
and furnished for the family. Outbuildings
are in excellent repair, and the property is
a good well on the premises.
The lot is fronted with a good fence, has a
good lot of fruit trees growing, all of which are
in a good state of cultivation. Two-thirds of
the money can remain on mortgage. For other
particulars apply to
NEWTON F. HART,
West Meriden, Sept. 16th, 1883. 4-12

NEW
Boot and Shoe Store!
I. BUTLER & CO.,
HAVE OPENED A BRANCH
STORE IN
COLLINS' BUILD'G,
WHERE THEY HAVE
BOOTS, SHOES GAITERS,
Hats, CAPS,
IN GREAT VARIETY.

Gents' Patent Leather Boots.
Gents' Patent Leather Boots.
Gents' Patent Leather Oxfords.
Gents' Patent Leather Pump.
Gents' Pump Sole Boots.
Gents' Double Sole Boots.
Gents' Washed and Calf Boots.
Gents' Kip and Thick Boots.
Gents' French Calf Boots, at BUTLERS'.
Gents' Cloth Brogans.
Gents' Cloth Congress.
Gents' Kip Brogans.
Gents' Bull Brogans, at BUTLERS'.
Ladies' Gaiters, Ladies' Slippers,
Ladies' Buckles, Ladies' Balmorals,
Boys' and Youth's Calf Boots,
Boys' and Youth's Thick Boots,
Boys' and Youth's Patent Leather Oxfords,
at BUTLERS' Boot and Shoe Store.
1-12

Stamping
For Binding and Embroidery, by MRS.
McWHINNIE, Meriden Centre. 8-12

Dress-Making.
Mrs. S. J. Tyler respectfully announces to
the ladies of Meriden that she is now prepared
to commence the Fall campaign of

DRESS-MAKING.
Having just procured the latest styles from
Madame Demorest's celebrated Emporium, she
feels quite confident of pleasing. Residence in
Grove street, third door below Main. 8-12

Hair Dressing
Saloon!
AT
Rogers' Hove.

ALL kinds of Ornamental Hair-Work
made to order by the undersigned, such as
WATCH CHAINS, EAR RINGS,
BREAD-PINS, FINGER RINGS, &c.
Also, all kinds of Wig-Work, Shaving, Hair-
Cutting, Shampooing, Curling, &c.
J. D. BUESS.

Painting.
THE undersigned is prepared to do the above
business in all its various branches, such as
Houses, Signs, Carriages and High Painting;
Children, Gilding, Glass, Paper Hanging,
&c. Those favoring me with work, may de-
pend upon having the same done with the
best material and in a workmanlike manner.
He hopes by prompt and assiduous effort in his
business to merit a generous share of public
patronage.
H. A. EDGERTON,
Shop under News Office.

District of Meriden, ss. Probate Court,
September 22th, 1883.
ESTATE of Bernard Brady, late of Meriden,
in said District, deceased.
The Court of Probates 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 fail to present their accounts prop-
erly assessed, within said time, will be debar-
red a recovery. All persons indebted to said
Estate are requested to make immediate pay-
ment to
JOHN BRADY, Administrator.

District of Meriden, ss. Probate Court,
September 22th, 1883.
ESTATE of William Moran, late of Meriden,
in said District, deceased.
The Court of Probates 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 assessed, with-
in said time, will be debarred a recovery. All
persons indebted to said estate are requested to
make immediate payment to
WILLIAM MORAN, Executor.

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.
S, 4, 6, 8, and 10 Blocker Street,
Albany, New York.
WILLIAM COOK & CO.
Agents for Meriden and vicinity.

STEVENS,
MERCHANT
TAILOR,
Meriden House Block.

New and Fashionable Costings can always
be found at STEVENS'.
Clothing and Furnishings, at STEVENS'.
Gents' Furnishing Goods, all new styles, at
STEVENS'.
Good work done at a fair price, at
STEVENS'.

Wanted.
A first-class Tailor Maker. J. H. STEVENS.
WANTED.—A woman to stitch Felings
&c. J. H. STEVENS.
The Genuine Paper Collar can be found at
STEVENS'. 4-12

Wanted Immediately.
A brass moulder, or a first-rate iron moulder
to work in a Job Brass Foundry.—Apply to the
suburban at Hanover Street.
JAMES BRADLE,
West Meriden, Sept. 17, 1883. 4-12

COAL! COAL!
COAL UNDER COVER!
COAL
UNDER COVER!
Comprising all the various kinds known to the
people. For sale, by W. H. FINE, State street,
4-12

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
Stereos;
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, 1883.

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,
Bootees, Balmorals, &c.
Boys' and Youth's 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.

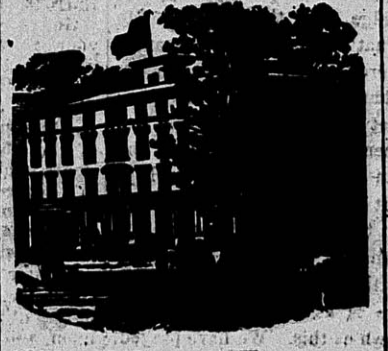
D. F. SOUTHWICK.

Come and See!
WARNER'S RESTAURANT!!

THE undersigned wishes to inform the pub-
lic that he can supply them with meals at all
reasonable hours, during the day and evening.
Give me a call, and try some of
ELIZA'S STAKES, STEWS, &c.

Some of all kinds, in their season; and every-
thing usually found in a first-class Restaurant.
CHARLES H. WARNER.

Boots and Shoes!
A splendid assortment of
FINE CUSTOM SEWED CALF BOOTS,
ONLY \$6.
Hats and Caps
Of the Latest Styles. Come and see the goods.
SIGN OF THE BIG BOOT,
Meriden House Block.
E. H. LOCKE, Agent.



Meriden House,
West Meriden, Ct.,

WM. H. CROSSMAN, Proprietor.

THE proprietor of the Meriden House takes
pleasure in informing the traveling public that
he is prepared to furnish any who may favor
him with a call, with superior accommodations
—the rooms being nice and airy, and the bed-
ding clean and comfortable. The table will
always be supplied with the best viands in the
market. Boarders taken by the day or week,
on reasonable terms. 2-12

APOTHECARIES HALL,
West Meriden, Conn.

WE invite the attention of the people to the
establishment which contains everything ap-
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.
PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS;
FAMILY MEDICINES, and
PHARMACEUTICAL PREPARATIONS

of all kinds, prepared accurately and with dis-
patch.
PATENT MEDICINES,

of all kinds on hand, or furnished at short
notice.
HART & FOOTER.

MANUFACTURERS'
Depot!
WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

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

HARDWARE,

Nails, Laths, Laths, Files, Shovels, Joinery
and machinists' Tools, and Cutlery of every
description.

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

FANCY PAINTS, VARNISHES,
FRENCH AND AMERICAN
WINDOW GLASS.

OILS,
Linseed, Spers, Whale, Kerosene, Machine
and Coal Oils.

ACIDS,
Nitric, Sulphuric, Muratic, Aqua Fortis, &c.

Wrapping Paper, Twine, Sand and Heavy
Paper; Burs; Potash, Potassa Stone, &c. &c.,
all of which we offer at the lowest possible
rates. HART & FOOTER.

BOOTS AND SHOES
NEATLY REPAIRED, WITH DIS-
PATCH, BY
A. HARVEY,

AT
D. F. SOUTHWICK'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

nearly opposite of William B. Smith's New
Saloon. 1-12

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,
GROCERY, WOOD and WIL-
LOW WARE, MATS, GRASS
SEED, FARMING
TOOLS, &c.,

which they will sell for cash or approving cred-
it, at the lowest market prices.
Also agents for the "Boston Self-Acting
Clothes Wringer" and "Lyman's Self-Acting
Fruit Jar." H. T. WILCOX & CO.
West Meriden, August 26th, 1883. 1-12

A. C. MARKHAM
Continues to receive choice brands of
Extra Family Flour,
Fresh ground Graham and Rye Flour, Green
Meal, Feed, Hensiny, and Baked Meal.
Store opposite Morgan's Building. 8-12



WM. B. SMITH

TAKES pleasure in announcing to the citi-
zens of Meriden and vicinity that he is pre-
pared 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 moderate price.

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 collection of Delicious Syrups, we
are prepared to foot 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. Ev-
erything furnished by us will be of the best
markets afford. Our confectionery is from the
celebrated manufactory of H. H. Brown, New
Haven, Conn. Come with the ladies, &c.

William B. Smith,
Smith's New Building,
West Meriden, Sept. 4, 1883. 1-12

BOOTS
AND
SHOES.

CALL AND SEE THEM AT
W. A. REED'S,

GUY'S BUILDING,
WEST MERIDEN,

West Meriden, August 26th, 1883. 1-12

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, HANDBKERCHES,
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' Buckles, closing out at 25 cents each.
The Window and Carriage Washer, made
in every house; price \$1.00.
Cathartic books, in good variety, always on
hand.
All goods sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICE.

DRY GOODS,

CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS,

FEATHERS, PAPER-HANGINGS,

Ladies' Shawls, Cloaks,
Cloakings,

—AND—
FURS.

MEN AND BOYS

Ready-Made Clothing,

FURNISHING GOODS,

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, old Hats and Caps,
for Children, Youth and Men, just received
and for sale by

JOHN IVES,

Ives' Block, opposite the Centre

Congregational Church.

\$100 REWARD

For a Medicine that will cure
COUGHS,
INFLUENZA,
TICKLING in the THROAT,
WHOOING COUGH,
Or relieve CONSUMPTIVE COUGHS,
AS ABOVE.

Over five thousand bottles have been sold in
the United States, and not a single bottle of
the above has failed to cure.
We have in our possession a quantity of
this medicine, which we will give away,
free of charge, to all those who will
send us the name of their own
City.

It does not dry up a Cough,
but soothes it, and in a few days restores the
system to its normal state.
This medicine is a
GREAT REMEDY FOR ALL
Coughs, and is a
GREATLY VALUED
MEDICINE.
In cases of COUGHS 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 improvement and thorough trial does
not "hook you" the above medicine will
be returned. We are the
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE
United States, and our
warehouse is in New York.
Do not waste your money in buying
cheap imitations.
Send for a sample bottle of this
medicine, and you will be
convinced of its value.
C. C. CLARK, Wholesale and Retail
Agent,
100 N. 3rd St., New York;
C. C. CLARK,
100 N. 3rd St., New York.

For Home
Plumbing and Gas Fitting

506 Main Street, Meriden, Ct.

Stoves, Ranges,

HOT AIR FURNACES,

THE "Wheat Iron, Copper Ware"
is a new and improved article,
and is a great success.
Manufactured by
LEAD PIPE SHEET LEAD

1-12