

Table with columns for Local Matter, Transient Rates, and Standard Rates.

A Thought on the Part of Man.

The following poem was written in Ireland by Mrs. Brassey Allen, previous to the year 1785. Some weeks since we published a poem by the same writer...

Love Letters of Eminent Persons.

In one of his celebrated essays, Lord Macaulay discusses the love letters of Sir William Temple. He says that he would very willingly exchange tons of State papers for a very moderate amount of these love letters.

before they achieve greatness or have greatness forced upon them. This is a great consolation for the lawyer that can get no briefs, the doctor that can get no practice, the young politician who cannot get a seat, and the young writer who has his articles rejected.

Among the more remarkable love letters is the celebrated volume of "Foster's Essays." We believe that all these remarkable essays were originally love letters written to the lady to whom he was engaged.

Houssea's saying was a true one, that to write a good love letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have written.

Let us take a glance at the love letters of some men eminent in the profession. And first of all our divines. Chalmers says, in his diary, just before he was married, "Dismissing all anticipations of Heaven upon earth, may I betake myself soberly and determinedly to the duties of married state."

Love letters always form part of the choicest machinery of the poet and the novelist. Pope's own letters, whether to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, or to Emma, or to Martha Blount, are probably love letters and we watch with much interest their elucidation by Mr. Whitwell Elwin.

The love letters of eminent persons are generally letters written before they will not come eminent. A great outpouring of the pen by the publisher will handsomely remunerate him for revealing them to the public.

Our Schools—Past and Present. Twenty-eight years ago, in what is now known as the Eighth Election District, there were but two schools, the Rowlandsville school and the old "Log Cabin."

The desks were nailed to the walls all around except where the door opened. On each side of the store near the middle of the floor, were two benches for the little folks. All the benches were made of round oak stabs, dated up with legs like stables; they were about 2 1/2 feet high and kept the urchin's feet clear of the floor.

There are at the present time six school houses in the Eighth District, (four for black children), capable of accommodating three hundred white children and one hundred black children, four of these houses are well supplied with outbuildings, all but one are good houses and well furnished as to desks, stoves, etc., still deficient in school apparatus.

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meandered, mingling its never ceasing cadence with the murmur of the urchins who were urged on the tardy and too often irksome path of knowledge, by frequent applications of the birch and ferule.

There were many pedagogues engaged in this old school house within our recollection. The first we had any knowledge of was named McDonald, a native of the "old country," we suppose from his name, but then we too young to know much of his peculiarities.

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A REMINISCENCE. THE FOLLOWING ESSAY WAS READ BEFORE THE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, BY MR. WATTS.

In a certain locality, situated in what is familiarly styled the Garden of the Key-stone State, stood an old stone school house, about 100 feet, with low eaves, which a not very tall man might touch with his upstretched hand.

There was a teacher, however, that ruled absolutely for twenty five successive years, in the old school house, by kindness in his administration. The latter-day doctrine, that teachers exhausted their usefulness in the course of a year or two, and must remove to another locality, was not then in vogue; nor would the people of that day have put their faith in such a creed.

There was one exception, however, to the uniform success of this teacher in governing and training his pupils. One boy was rebellious and refused to succumb to the reasonable demands of his preceptor. Re-proof and remonstrance were alike unavailing, and the demented resort—corporal punishment—proved ineffectual. Then in a feeling address, expressive of the sorrow which filled his kind heart, he reluctantly expelled the rebel from the school, and he dropped out of our world. That boy was always bad.

There was, perhaps, a necessity to refine many of the customs in vogue at that time, but refinement is not, necessarily, license. Children, generally, were kept by rigorous discipline in a cramped condition, and, till freed from those trammels, their minds became more elastic. They simply received impressions, as the graver carves lines upon his block. They, too often, were recipients, not originators; memorizers, not thinkers. There was a necessity to change all this, and provide an education for the masses that they shall be able to build upon throughout their lives. That of those who are not able to pay for collegiate instruction, shall become able to think for ourselves. But refinements are apt to be pushed to needless extremes, and, when children are not obedient at home, they are likely to exhibit the result of such training in school.

There is a young lady-love in town who is so indolent that she does not wash, but sits and loafs her hands, and when she takes a fire of life, she is a very accomplished bean who holds them for her.

The Story of a Successful Campaign. TWENTY-THREE LIQUOR STORES CLOSED IN TWELVE DAYS—TALK WITH A REFORMED BUNDELLER—A TOWN WHERE ALL THE STORES ARE CLOSED AT NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING FOR TRAVEL—A NIGHT ATTACK ON A SALOON.

With some curiosity as to what the late liquor saloon was the movement and its effects, I went to a billiard room which, when I was here before, was the most popular drinking place in the town, being crowded every night with young men who rank high in Mount Vernon society.

At night, another union prayer-meeting was held; but, while the brethren were praying and singing, the sisters had a private meeting in another place. Mrs. Wiant, wife of a clergyman, arose in this private meeting and called for volunteers for special duty. If there were 25 ladies who might follow her, she proposed making a night attack upon a saloon, and had her own prayer-meeting during the day.

At the hotel I found the landlord actually bragging that he had been the first man to surrender, while his wife was putting on her bonnet and shawl to attend the daily prayer-meeting. A commercial traveler was coming leaving the hotel, with a bundle of samples under his arm, when the landlord exclaimed, "You need not go out at this time a day, sir. You won't find a respectable store in town open now."

From the hotel I went to the Episcopal church. Few places of amusement are ever more crowded. Every seat was filled, and men and women stood in the aisles and thronged the vestibule. The inclosure within the altar-rail was occupied by clerghymen, every denomination apparently represented. The meeting, to use a homely Western expression, seemed to "run itself." Nobody presided. A man arose to speak; his message was the story of what had been accomplished in another town. A woman said, "Let us pray," and the congregation followed her with devout air in an impassioned appeal to the throne of grace.

One verse and the chorists were sung, and immediately another woman spoke. She begged that none might "ascribe the glory of this good work to anybody but the good Lord. It is His work; blessed be His name, and he will carry it through. Oh that He had put it into the hearts of his people to begin this movement years ago." She could say no more, but the earnestness of the last exclamation, and the emotion which checked further utterance, left a hint of a ruined home, a drunken husband, or a prodigal son—of dissipation, distress, and what might have been prevented had the women essayed this work a quarter of a century ago. Another prayer, an exhortation, another verse of a hymn; thus the exercises continued until a young man suddenly entered the house and pushed his way through the crowded aisles to the pulpit. Here he arrested the attention of the congregation by an excited speech, "Ladies! he said, "I have come to tell you that I can't hold any longer; I, a girl, I shall not sell any more liquor; and I want to sign the pledge." The thoughtless forgot they were in the house of God, and stamped the floor and clapped their hands in applause; the preachers uttered loud and hearty

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After the echo died away the sexton was in the tower of the church, and the bell pealed forth the news of the surrender. The bells of other churches took up the tidings, and for half an hour they chimed away, until it seemed that everybody in Mount Vernon and vicinity must have been aroused. This bell-ringing is a favorite feature of the movement, and has become in nearly every town a well-known signal of victory over a whisky-seller.

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It is not our intention to go into detailed history of the cultivation of the coffee plant, which is not likely to be of great interest to our readers. Practically it is sufficient for us to know that coffee is largely cultivated in a few of the tropical regions of the globe, and that the principal sources are in Ceylon, India, Bourbon, Java, etc. The Arabian, or Mocha bean is very small, round, and dark yellow in color; East Indian kinds are larger; and the Ceylon, West Indian and Brazilian kinds are of a bluish or greenish-gray tint, and the largest in size. When coffee-berryes are roasted, they suffer some remarkable changes, losing considerably in weight, but increasing to nearly double their original size; during the roasting the aromatic flavor is developed, but the exact nature of the changes undergone is not clearly understood. It is remarkable that coffee containing a peculiar substance called caffeine, on which most of the use of coffee as a beverage depends. The ground is much adulterated with chicory; this fraud is easily detected by dropping some of the suspected coffee in a little water; the coffee is pure if it swims on the surface, and scarcely colors the water; if it contains chicory, the latter sinks to the bottom and stains the water of a deep tawny color. Coffee is a wholesome and nutritive beverage; it stimulates the disposition to sleep, and increases the determination of blood to the head; it is also especially useful in some cases of spasmodic asthma, when taken strong. The making of good coffee is a very rare thing in this country. Most persons boil it, so making a decoction instead of an infusion; this effectively gets rid of the caffeine, and leaves a comparatively tasteless beverage. The following particulars will be found worth attention; never buy your coffee ground unless you are sure that it has been roasted before using it; keep your coffee pot, whatever kind you may use, wiped clean and dry inside, a damp tea or coffee-pot acquires a nasty flavor that spoils the best tea or coffee. The cheapest, and perhaps the best coffee-pots, are those made of the French plan, called coffee-pots; if you have one of these, adopt the following plan: put your freshly ground coffee into the coffee pot, previously washed warm, and pour upon it some boiling water, and let it stand on one side of the fire for a few seconds, but do not let it boil up, then pour a cupful out and return it back again to the pot, in order to filter it, having done this, let it stand on the hob or fender to settle, and, in less than five minutes, a transparent strong aromatic cup of coffee may be poured. This method of coffee-making is recommended, as an ounce to a pint, or pint and a half of water. Coffee should always be boiled and used as hot as possible; the boiling of milk imparts a peculiar and excellent flavor to the coffee. White sugar is the best sweetener, but the use of the most sugar quite overpowers the delicate aroma.