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BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY. MESSRS. R. & E. NICKLIN would intimate that they have opened up their NEW BAKE SHOP on the Corner of MILL and MAIN Sts. ACTON, And that they will always be supplied with A 1. Bread, besides Buns, Cakes, Pastry, &c., &c., &c. A LARGE STOCK OF CHOICE Confectionery will be found on hand, which is all new and fresh—OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, CRACKED WHEAT, &c., always in stock. This will be found to be the place where the best goods will be kept at the lowest prices. ☞ TERMS: CASH. R. & E. NICKLIN.

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MANHOOD, HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED. WE have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the RADICAL AND PERMANENT CURE (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses. ☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents, or two postage stamps. The Celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically. This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Address, The Culverwell Medical Co., 47 Ann St., New York. Post Office Box 4586.

Sweet Sixteen.

BY ROSE PERRY.

"You think the world is only made
For you and such as you," he said,
Looking down in boyish scorn,
Of boyish mirth and mischief born.

She never turned from where she stood
Pinching her little silken hood
Of silken curls before the glass;
She never turned to see him pass

Nor answered him safe with a frown
That half confessed his boyish chaff,
But left alone, confronted there
With her own image fresh and fair,

A sudden blush lit up her face
With newer youth and fresher grace,
And eyes that were demure lifted
A moment since, with thought unrifted,

Upon the smoothing of a frown,
Now sparkled soft with consciousness.
"Why not, why not?" she lightly cried,
Out of the gay exultant pride,

The sweet, wild insolence of youth;
"Why not for me, for me, forsooth,
And such as me the world be made,
For me its glories all arrayed?

"For since the world and life begun,
What poet's measures have not run
Through all the strains of minstrelsy,
In praise of me, and such as me?

"For youth and beauty in its day
Have ruled the world, and will for aye.
One, greatest of them all, has sung
In verse that through the world has rung,

"And here's my day to live and reign,
To take the joy and leave the pain
From this old world, that's made for me,
For me, for me, and such as me!"

Gay laughter rang through every word,
And yet beneath the laughter stirred
A something more than jesting play—
Just sweet sixteen that very day.

She half believed in sober truth,
In the sweet insolence of youth,
That all for her, a foolish child,
The world's gay glories were arrayed.

WIDOW COBB'S FIRST LOVE.

The fire crackled cheerfully upon the broad hearth of the old farm house kitchen, a cat and three kittens basked in the warmth, and a decrepit dog lying full in the reflection of the yellow blaze wrinkled his black nose approvingly as he turned his hind feet where his fore feet had been. Over the chimney there hung several fine hams and pieces of dried beef. Apples were festooned along the ceiling, and crooked necked squashes vied with red peppers and slips of dried pumpkin in garnishing each window frame. There were plants, too, on the window ledges—horse-shoe geraniums and dew plants, and a monthly rose, just budding, to say nothing of pots of violets that perfumed the whole whenever they took it into their purple heads to bloom. The floor was carefully swept, the chairs had not a speck of dust upon leg or round, the long settee near the fire-place shone as if it had been varnished, and the eight-day clock in the corner had its white face newly washed, and seemed determined to tick the louder for it. Two arm-chairs were drawn up at a cosy distance from the hearth and each other: a candle, a newspaper, a pair of spectacles, a dish of red checked apples, and a pitcher of cider filled a little table between them. In one of the chairs sat a comfortable-looking woman of about forty-five, with cheeks as red as the apples, and eyes as dark and as bright as they had ever been, resting her elbow on the table and her head upon her hand, and looking thoughtfully into the fire. This was the Widow Cobb, relict of Deacon Levi Cobb, who had been mouldering into dust in the Bytown church-yard for more than seven years. She was thinking of her dead husband, probably, because—all her work being done and the servant gone to bed—the sight of the empty chair at the other side of the table, and the silence of the room, made her a little lonely.

"Seven years!" so the widow's reverie ran. "It seems as if it were more than fifteen—and yet I don't look so very old, either. Perhaps it's not having any children to bother my life out, as other people have. They may say what they like, children are more plague than profit, that's my opinion. Look at my sister Jerusha, with her six boys. She's worn to a shadow, and I'm sure they have done it, though she will never own it."

The widow took an apple from the dish and began to pare it.

"How dreadful fond Mr. Cobb used to be of these graffs! He will never eat any more of them, poor fellow, for I don't suppose they have apples where he's gone to. Heigho! I remember very well how I used to throw apple-parings over my head when I was a girl to see who I was going to marry."

Mrs. Cobb stopped short and blushed. In those days she did not know Mr. Cobb, and had always looked eagerly to see if the peel did not form a hospital S. Her meditations took a new turn.

"How handsome Sam Peyton was, and how much I used to care for him! Jerusha says he went away from our village just after I did, and no one has heard of him since. And what a silly thing that quarrel was! If it had not been for that—" Here came a long pause, during which the widow looked very steadfastly at the empty chair of Levi Cobb, deceased. Her fingers played carelessly with the apple-paring; she drew it safely toward her, and looked around the room.

"Upon my word, it is very ridiculous; and I don't know what the neighbours would say if they saw me."

Still the plump fingers drew the peel nearer.

"But they can't see, that's a comfort, and the cat and old Bowse will never know what it means. Of course I don't believe anything about it."

The paring hung gracefully from her hand.

"But still, I should like to try; it would seem like old times, and—"

Over her head it went, and curled up quietly on the floor at a little distance. Old Bowse, who always slept with one eye open, saw it fall, and walked deliberately up to smell it.

"Bowse, Bowse, don't touch it!" cried his mistress; and, bending over it with a beating heart, she turned red as fire. There was as handsome a capital S as one could see!

A loud knock came suddenly at the door. The dog growled, and the widow screamed and snatched up the apple-paring.

"It's Mr. Cobb—it's his spirit come back again because I tried that silly trick," she thought, tearfully, to herself.

Another knock, louder than the first, and a man's voice exclaimed:

"Hillo, the house!"

"Who is it?" asked the widow, somewhat relieved to find that the departed Levi was still safe in his grave upon the hillside.

"A stranger," said the voice.

"What do you want?"

"To get lodging here for the night."

The widow deliberated.

"Can't you go on? There's a house half a mile further on; if you keep to the right hand side of the road, and turn to the left after you get by—"

"I'd rining cats and dogs, and I'm very delicate," said the stranger, coughing. "I'm wet to the skin. Don't you think you can accommodate me? I don't mind sleeping on the floor."

"Raining, is it? I didn't know that." And the kind-hearted little woman unbarred the door very quickly. "Come in, whoever you may be. I only asked you to go because I am a lone woman, with only one servant in the house."

The stranger entered, shaking himself, like a Newfoundland dog, upon the step, and scattering a little shower of drops over his hostess and her nicely swept floor.

"Ah! that looks comfortable after a man has been out for hours in a storm," he said as he caught sight of the fire; and, striding along toward the hearth, followed by Bowse, who sniffed suspiciously at his heels, he stationed himself in the arm-chair—Mr. Cobb's arm-chair, which had been "sacred to his memory" for seven years. The widow was horrified; but her guest was so weary and worn out that she could not ask him to move, but busied herself in stirring up the blaze, that he might the sooner dry his dripping clothes. A new thought struck her. Mr. Cobb had worn a comfortable dressing-gown during his illness, which still hung in the closet at her right. She could not let this poor man catch his death by sitting in that wet coat. If he was in Mr. Cobb's chair, why should he not be in Mr. Cobb's wrapper? She went nimbly to the closet and took it down; fished out a pair of slippers from the boot-rack below, and brought them to him.

"I think you had better take off your coat and boots; you will have the rheumatic fever, or something like it, if you don't. Here are some things for you to wear while they are drying. And you must be hungry, too. I will go into the pantry and get you something to eat."

She bustled away, "on hospitable thoughts intent," and the stranger made the exchange with a quizzical smile playing around his lips. He was a tall, well-formed man, with a bold but handsome face, sunburned and bearded, and looked anything but delicate, though his blue eyes looked out from under a forehead as white as snow. He looked around the kitchen with a mischievous air, and stretched out his feet before him, decorated with the defunct deacon's slippers.

"Upon my word, this is stepping into the old man's shoes with a vengeance! And what a hearty, good-looking woman she is; kind as a kitten," and he leaned forward and stroked the cat and her brood, and then patted old Bowse upon the head. The widow, bringing in sundry good things, looked pleased at his attentions to her dumb friends.

"It's a wonder Bowse does not growl. He generally does when strangers touch him. Dear me, how step'd!"

The last remark was addressed neither to the stranger nor the dog, but to herself. She had forgotten that the little stand was not empty, and there was no room on it for the things she held.

"Oh, I'll manage that," said her guest, gathering up paper, candle, apples, and spectacles (it was not without a little pang that she saw them in his hand, for they had been the deacon's, and were placed each night, like the arm-chair, beside her), and depositing them on the settee. "Give me the table-cloth, ma'am. I've learned that along with a score of other things in my wanderings. Now, let me relieve you of those dishes; they are far too heavy for those little hands"—the widow blushes—"and now please sit down with me or I can't eat a morsel."

"I had supper long ago, but really I think I can take something more," said Mrs. Cobb, drawing near the table.

"Of course you can, my dear lady. In this cold autumn weather people ought to eat twice as much as they do in warm. Let me give you a piece of the ham—your own curing, I dare say."

"Yes. My poor husband was very fond of it. He used to say no one understood curing ham and drying beef better than myself."

"He was a most sensible man, I am sure. I will drink your health, ma'am, in this cider." He took a long draught and set down his glass. "It is like nectar."

The widow was feeding Bowse and the cat, who thought they were entitled to a share of every meal eaten in the house, and did not quite hear what he said. I fancy she would hardly have known what "nectar" was, so it it was quite as well.

"Fine dog, madam, and a very pretty cat."

"They were my husband's favourites," and a sigh followed the answer.

"Ah, your husband must have been a very happy man." The blue eyes looked at her so long that she grew flurried.

"Is there anything more I can do for you, sir?" she asked.

"Nothing, I thank you. I have finished."

She rose to clear the things away. He assisted her, and somehow their hands had a queer way of touching as they carried the dishes to the pantry shelves. Coming back to the kitchen, she put the apples and cider in their places, and brought out a clean pipe and a box of tobacco from an arch recess near the chimney.

"My husband always said he could not sleep after eating supper late unless he smoked," she said. "Perhaps you would like to try it."

"Not if it is going to drive you away," he said, for she had a candle in her hand.

"Oh, no, I do not object to smoke at all." She put the candle down. Some faint suggestion about "propriety" seemed to trouble her. She glanced at the clock and felt reassured; it was only half past nine. The stranger pushed the stand back after the pipe was lit, and drew her easy chair a little nearer the fire and his own.

"Come, sit down," he said pleadingly. "It is not late, and when a man has been knocked about in California and all sorts of places for a score of years, he is glad enough to get into a berth like this and have a pretty woman to speak to again."

"California! Have you been to California!" she exclaimed, dropping into the chair. Unconsciously she had long cherished the idea that Sam Peyton, the lover of her youth, with whom she had foolishly quarrelled, had pitched his tent, after many years of wandering, in that far-off land. Her heart warmed to one who, with something of Sam's ways and looks about him, had also been sojourning in that country, very possibly had met him—perhaps had known him intimately. At that moment her heart beat quickly, and she looked very graciously at the bearded stranger who, wrapped in Mr. Cobb's dressing-gown, wearing Mr. Cobb's slippers, and sitting in Mr. Cobb's chair beside Mr. Cobb's wife, was smoking Mr. Cobb's pipe with such an air of feeling thoroughly and comfortably at home.

"Yes, ma'am. I've been to California for six years; and before that I went quite round the world in a whaling ship."

"Good gracious!"

The stranger sent a puff of smoke curling gracefully over his head.

"It's very strange, my dear lady, how often you see one thing as you go wandering about the world after that fashion."

"And what is that?"

"Men without house or home above their heads, roving here and there, turning up in all sorts of odd places—caring very little for life as a general thing, and making fortunes just to throw them away again—and all for one reason. You don't ask what it is. No doubt you know already very well."

"I think not, sir."

"Because a woman has jilted them."

Here there was a long pause, and Mr. Cobb's pipe emitted short puffs with surprising rapidity. A guilty conscience needs no accuser; the widow's cheeks were dyed with blushes as she thought of the absent Sam.

"I wonder how women manage when they get served in the same way," said the stranger musingly. "You never meet them roaming up and down in that style."

"No," said Mrs. Cobb with some spirit, "if a woman is in trouble she must stay at home and bear it the best way they can. And there's more women bearing such things than we know of, I dare say."

"Like enough. We never know who a hand gets pinched in a trap unless they scream. And women are too shy or too sensible—which you choose—for it."

"Did you ever, in all your wanderings, meet anyone by the name of Samuel Peyton?" asked the widow, unconcernedly.

The stranger looked toward her; she was rummaging at the table drawer for her knitting work, and did not notice him. When it was found, and the needles in motion, he answered her:

"Peyton? Sam Peyton? Why he was my most intimate friend. Do you know him?"

"A little—that is, I used to when I was a girl. Where did you meet him?"

"He went with me on the whaling voyage I told you of—and afterward to California. We had a tent together, and some other fellows with us, and we dug in one claim for more than six months."

"I suppose he was quite well?"

"Strong as an ox, my dear lady."

"And—and happy?" pursued the widow, bending over her knitting.

"Hum—the less said about that the better, perhaps. But he seemed to enjoy life after a fashion of his own, and he got rich out there, or rather I will say, well off."

Mrs. Cobb did not pay much attention to that part of the story. Evidently she had not finished asking questions, but she was puzzled about the next one. At last she brought it out beautifully.

"Was his wife with him in California?"

"His wife, ma'am? Why, bless you, he has got none."

"Oh, I thought—I meant—I heard—" here the little widow remembered the sad fate of Ananias and Sapphira, and stopped short before she told such a tremendous falsehood.

"Whatever you heard of marrying was all nonsense, I can assure you. I know him well, and he had no thought of the kind about him. Some of the boys used to tease him about it, but he soon made them stop."

"How!"

"He just told them frankly that the only woman he had ever loved had jilted him years before, and married another man. After that no one, except myself, ever mentioned the subject to him again."

Mrs. Cobb laid her knitting aside, and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"He was another specimen of the class of men I was speaking of. I have seen him face death a score of times as quietly as I face the fire. 'It matters very little what takes me off,' he used to say, 'I'm very little to live for, and there is no one that will shed a tear for me when I am gone.' It is a sad thought for a man to have, isn't it?"

Mrs. Cobb sighed as he said the thought it was.

"But did he never tell you the name of the lady who jilted him?"

"I knew her first name."

"What was it?"

"Maria."

The plump little widow almost started out of her chair; her name was spoken exactly as Sam would have said it.

"Did you know her, too?" he asked, looking keenly at her.

"Yes."

"Intimately?"

"Yes."

"Where is she now? Still happy with her husband, I suppose, and never giving a thought to the poor fellow she drove out into the world?"

"No," said Mrs. Cobb, shading her face with her hand, and unsteadily. "No; her husband is dead."

"Ah! But still she never thinks of Sam?"

There was a dead silence.

"Does she?"

"How can I tell?"

"Are you still friends?"

"Yes."

"Then you ought to know, and you do. Tell me."

"I am sure I don't know why I should. But if I do, you must promise me, on your honour, never to tell him if you should happen to meet him again."

"Madam, what you say to me never shall be repeated to mortal man, upon my honour."

"Well, then; she does remember him."

"But how?"

"As kindly, I think, as he could wish."

"I am glad to hear it, for his sake. You and I are friends of both parties; we can rejoice with each other."

He drew his chair much nearer hers, and took her hand. One moment the widow resisted; but it was a magnetic touch; the rosy palm lay quietly in his, and the dark beard bent so low that it nearly touched her shoulder. It did not matter much. Was he not Samuel's friend? If he was not the rose, had he not dwelt very near it for a long time?

"It was a foolish quarrel that parted them," said the stranger softly.

"Did he tell you about it?"

"Yes, on board the whaler."

"Did he blame her much?"

"Not so much as himself. He said that his jealousy and ill-temper drove her to break off the match; but he thought sometimes if he had only gone back and spoken kindly to her she would have married him, after all."

"I am sure she would," said the widow piteously. "She has owned it to me more than a thousand times."

"She was not happy, then, with another?"

"Mr.—that was to say, her husband—was very good and kind," said the woman, thinking of the lonely grave on the hillside, rather penitently, "and they lived pleasantly together. There never was a harsh word between them."

"Still, might she not have been happier with Sam? Be honest and just say what you think."

"Yes."

"Bravo! That is what I want to come at. And now I have a secret to tell you, and you must break it to her."

Mrs. Cobb looked scared.

"What is it?"

"I want you to go and see her, wherever she may be, and say to her: 'Maria,' what makes you start so?"

"Nothing, only you speak so like some one I know."

"Do I? Well, take the rest of the message. Tell her that Sam loved her through the whole; that is, when he heard that she was free again, he began to work hard at making a fortune; he got it, and he is coming to share it with her if she will let him. Will you tell her this?"

The widow did not answer. She freed her hand from his, and covered her face with it.

By and by she looked up again. He was waiting patiently.

"Well?"

"I will tell her."

He rose from his seat and walked up and down the room. Then he came back, and leaning on the mantel-piece, stroked the yellow hair of Bowse with his slipper.

"Make her quite understand that he wants her for his wife. She may live where she likes, only it must be with him."

"I will tell her."

"What do you think she will say?" he asked, in an altered tone.

"What can she say but—'Come?'"

"Hurrah!"

The stranger caught her out of her chair as if she had been a child, and kissed her.

"Don't, don't!" cried she; "I'm Sam's Maria."

"Well, I'm Maria's Sam."

Off went the dark wig and black whiskers; there smiled the dear face she had not forgotten. I leave you to imagine the tableau. Even the cat got up to look, and Bowse sat on his stump of a tail and wondered if he was on his heels or his head. The widow gave one little scream; and then she—

But stop! Quiet people like you and me, who have got over all these follies, and can do nothing but turn up our noses at them, have no business here. I will only add that two hearts were very happy, that Bowse concluded after a while that all was right, and so laid down again, and one week after there was a quiet wedding at the house that made the farmers stare. The widow had married her "first love."

Clipping a Tiger's Claws.

The Operation that Astonished Jim, and set the Other Beasts Roaring.

(From the Herald.)

PHILADELPHIA, April 5.—The feat of clipping the ingrowing claws of the Royal Bengal tiger "Jim" was accomplished to-day with a great deal of difficulty. On account of the lack of constant attrition on rough ground, such as they would have had in the jungle, Jim's claws had lengthened to an unnatural size and grown deeply into his paws, exposing the animal to an attack of lockjaw. Hence the clipping. The well-known animal trainer, Mr. A. J. Forepaugh, was retained for the operation, and appeared early this morning at the carnivora house of the Zoo, accompanied by Dr. Chapman, the physician, Arthur E. Brown, the superintendent, and four keepers. Mr. Forepaugh had provided himself with a strong three quarter inch rope, looped at one end, a long pole and four short half-inch cords, also looped, a thick, knotty hickory club, and a pair of sharp wire nippers.

The loop of the larger rope was placed on the end of the long pole and thrust into the cage. At the instant the tiger leaped into the furthest corner with a terrific roar which startled the other animals, and the lions, tigers, leopards, and hyenas all howled in chorus. The loop, however, was run over "Jim's" neck, and he was gradually drawn, in spite of his struggles, to the front of the cage. Mr. Forepaugh quietly directed his assistants to secure the animal in the front of the cage. "Now his feet," and the four feet were in the loops with the aid of an iron scraper, and the tiger, bewildered at the tactics of his supposed enemies, shook his head, roared, and for a few seconds struggled fiercely to get loose, but the loops of the other ropes were slipped on the hind feet, and he was thrown on his side and drawn up to the front of the cage with his hind feet sticking clear through and the fore feet to the edge.

In this position he was secured, and safety cords attached to the ends, each one of the latter being held by one of the assistants, so that as soon as the operation was completed all the feet could be loosed at once. As soon as the feet were thus secured the rope around the neck was cast off, so that the tiger's head was free. One of the keepers was then stationed near the head, so that in case he bit at the ropes binding the feet, or at the operator, he could thrust the hard wood knotted club into his mouth for him to bite on. This became necessary so often that the hard club was chewed into a pulpy brush.

"All ready," said Mr. Forepaugh, and, taking in his right hand a large, sharp wire clip had each ingrowing claw in turn pried from the flesh and straightened out and clipped off to the required size. The right hind foot was the worst one of the claws, having grown fully an inch into the flesh, and caused the wound to inflame and fester. As soon as this, with a part of the outer shell, which had been shed into the wound, had been removed, the tiger appeared to quiet down, and submitted to have the rest of the claws of the same foot clipped without making much struggling. The right front paw was also badly lacerated and inflamed. The claws were clipped in every case very quickly and successfully. As soon as the claws of each foot were clipped, the operator rubbed burnt alum into the festered wounds to burn away the proud flesh, and then poured over the wounds balsam of fir to heal the same.

After all the claws had been clipped, Mr. Forepaugh, stepping back, cautioned his assistants to be ready to pull the safety cords at the word. So the animal freed from all the cords at once, sprang to his legs like a flashed, and jumped to the rear of the cage, where he first licked his bloody chops, and, squatting, soothingly licked his paws. Apparently satisfied that they were still in his possession, he began pacing his cage, showing evident signs of having experienced great relief from the operations performed on him. The whole operation occupied only twenty minutes, and was very satisfactory to all parties. In a few days the paws will be examined again for proud flesh.

Force of Falling Objects in a Mining Shaft.

(From the Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.)

About 10 o'clock yesterday morning a crowbar was dropped down the main vertical shaft of the Savage mine from the surface, and went directly through a cage at the bottom, piercing the bonnet and floor. No one was on the cage at the time, yet it is unpleasant to one making a trip into the mine to reflect that such things sometimes occur. As the bar fell something over 500 yards it was travelling with the rapidity and vim of a cannon ball when it struck the cage. A bit of gravel no larger than a filbert sings like a bullet toward the latter part of such a journey. A dog once fell into a shaft at Gold Hill, and although the shaft was but 300 feet in depth, two men upon whom the animal landed were killed. A rat once fell down the Consolidated Virginia shaft in attempting to spring across a compartment from wall-plate to wall-plate, and 1,100 feet below landed on the bald head of a miner, and exploded like a bomb, causing the miner to think a rock had cut open the top of his skull and let out his brains. A grain of bird-shot dropped into the top of a shaft 1,500 feet in depth would probably bury itself in a plank or a piece of wood it might happen to strike at the bottom.

Britain and Burmah.

A Glance at the Burmese—The Wars with the English.

The Burmese are Mongolians, with black hair, short build, broad heads and fat faces. Usually the men are finely formed, and they excel in wrestling, boxing, rowing, football and other athletic exercises. They are lazy and dislike discipline; are attached to home, but are not patriotic. If by any means one of them gets in power, he becomes arrogant, arbitrary, and corrupt. Their favorite amusements are the theatre and a buffalo fight. The women are more industrious than the men, and buy and sell, and also attend to their household duties. Besides the true Burmese, a variety of races inhabit their territory. The Shans, the most numerous and widely diffused of the Indo-Chinese people, are found in all parts of the country. The Singphos are found in the north and the Karens in the south.

The first trouble between the Burmese and the English occurred in 1793. The native troops, while in pursuit of three robbers, crossed the frontier, into the district of Chittagoney, with five thousand men. Gen. Erskine, who was in charge, demanded an explanation from the Burmese commander, which was given. The fugitives were restored, and all differences were satisfactorily arranged.

The gradual extension of the territory of the two governments again brought them in conflict. The Burmese, ignorant of the discipline and resources of the British, imagined that the conquest of their rivals would be easily accomplished, and that they might soon come into possession of Calcutta, and have the whole country at their feet. The chiefs openly invaded and violated the British territory, attacked the sepoys guarding the frontier, and seized and carried off British subjects. They intruded wherever possible, and on the 23rd of September, 1823, attacked the British troops on Shapareli island and drove them from their posts. For this outrage repeated demands for redress were made, but no answer was ever returned. Other outrages followed, until, in February, 1824, war was declared.

The British rulers determined to carry the war into the enemy's country. A fleet, under command of Commodore Grant, entered the Irawadi river, and on the 10th of May anchored off Rangoon. The defending force soon surrendered, and the invading troops were landed and took possession of the deserted city. The British had not advanced far, however, before they discovered they had made insufficient provision for the task before them. Not only were their ranks fearfully thinned by disease and death, but the Burmese had laid waste the whole country. Early in July the native troops, having been reinforced, commenced an attack on the British line. The English were too much for them, and, after being defeated at all points, they abandoned their defenses. During July and August Sir A. Campbell subdued the provinces of Tavoy and Mergui, and the whole coast of Tenasserim. These furnished him healthy stations where he might leave the sick and convalescent. There were at that time only about three thousand soldiers fit for duty. In October the province of Martaban was also reduced.

The king of Burmah became alarmed at the repeated disasters that befell his armies, and collecting a force of about sixty thousand, attempted the annihilation of the British at Rangoon, and Kemmendine, which were defended by only five thousand efficient troops. In this they failed, and were in turn attacked by Campbell and completely routed. The English advanced without serious opposition, until, on the 25th of April, they entered Prome, where they remained during the rainy season. An armistice for one month was concluded on the 17th of September; but no satisfactory terms having been made, the conflict was renewed. The Burmese were repeatedly defeated, and on the 26th of December, 1825, they submitted proposals for peace. The terms, though agreed to, had to receive the approval of the king. The natives were soon discovered preparing to renew the hostilities, and the war opened up afresh. Finally, when the British were within four days' march of the capital, Ava, the king sent his formal acceptance of the terms proposed by Dr. Price, an American missionary, who had been imprisoned at the opening of the war. The Burmese ceded Arakan and the provinces of Mergui, Tavoy and Yea; the sovereign renounced his claim upon Assam and adjoining states, paid a large indemnity, and allowed residents from each court with fifty followers.

The relations between the British and Burmese continued friendly during the reign of the conquered ruler. The usurper Tharawadi, who seized the throne in 1837, early manifested his hatred of the foreigners. He treated them with contempt, and finally compelled the British representatives to withdraw from the country. The natives further displayed their hostility by acts of violence upon British ships and seamen. The officers who presented the grievances of their countrymen to the governor were treated with indignity and contempt. After many years' effort to adjust the difficulties arising from this outrage, war was declared in January, 1852. The Burmese, after varying success, were finally subdued, and, without any formal proceeding, the British took possession of the whole province of Pegu. The king gave no formal recognition of the loss of this province until 1862.

Since that time the relations between the two governments have been in the main friendly. The king has at times, it is said, been suspicious of the British policy, and it is possible that their movements in Afghanistan made him fear that after that country is conquered they will turn their attention to his dominions. If the Indian government should think proper to demand an apology for his strange conduct in assuming a warlike attitude and ordering home his subjects resident in British territory, the result will in all probability be the subjection of all Burmah to British control.

The Blind Mare and Her Foal.

(From Nature.)

Here is an instance of "instinct" which shows, I think, that there is no difference whatever between the reasons of animals and that of men. A mare here had her first foal when she was 10 or 12 years old. She was blind of one eye. The result was that she frequently trod upon the foal, or knocked it over when it happened to be on the blind side of her, in consequence of which the foal died when it was three or four weeks old. The next year she had another foal; and we fully expected that the result would be the same. But no; from the day it was born she never moved in the stall without looking round to see where the foal was, and she never trod upon it or injured it in any way. You see that reason did not teach her that she was killing her first foal; her care for the second was the result of memory, imagination, and thought, after the foal was dead and before the next one was born. The only difference that I can see between the reasoning power of man and that of animals, is that the latter is applied only to a very limited sphere of providing for their bodily wants, whereas that of men embraces a vast amount of other objects besides this. The above limitation does not, I think, apply strictly to domestic animals, dogs especially, which seem to acquire some perceptions beyond mere animal ones.

At a mansion notorious for its scanty fare a gentleman was inquiring of the gardener about a dog he had lately given to the laird. The gardener showed him a lank greyhound, on which the gentleman said: "No, no, the dog I gave your master was a mastiff, not a greyhound;" to which the gardener quickly answered: "Indeed, any dog might soon become a greyhound by stopping here."

LAST evening a father took his 6-year-old son on his lap and commenced to read to him from the First School Reader, a poem about "The Truthful Boy," as follows:

Once there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye,
A boy who always loved the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

At this point the boy interrupted: "What, never? I guess you mean hardly ever, don't you?"