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Select Poetry.

By George J. Moore.

Light.

From the collection of the present poem.

The sun rolled back and here,

And I was in a world of light.

And I was in a world of light.

And I was in a world of light.

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And I was in a world of light.

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Choice Miscellany.

The Sagamore's Mark.

The Early Settlers of Woburn.

By Charles Parrott.

Two men sat in a low, studded, dimly lighted

room and talked together; they both leaned upon

the spread rug and looked at each other with

the yellow tint of age, and with rude characteristics

of plan. The elder of the men was at least

sixty years old; his brow was deeply furrowed,

there was a blush of life and hope upon his

cheek, his lips were thin and closely clung to

the few teeth that had left him; his nose

and chin were prominent and sharp; his blue

eyes shone brightly, and his forehead, creased by

the weight of his brows that fringed his blue

forehead; his dress was all of black, a

black cloth hung loosely about his shoulders,

his sleeves were turned back at the wrists

forming cuffs, fastened with black buttons,

his spacious waistcoat was of black velvet, his

breeches were of the same material, fastened at

the knees with buckles set with jet, where they

met his black silk, black leather boots covered

his feet. His companion was a young

man in years, he had scarce seen thirty winter;

of summers his child nature could never

have taken root; he too was dressed in black,

but in a different costume; his person was envied

in a wide gown much like those worn by the

ministers in our day and called surplices; the

gown was gathered into a stiff band about the

neck, and hung from thence by a long series

of large sleeves were also gathered into bands

at wrist and shoulder. This man had been a

cunning lawyer from his boyhood, and his trade

had made his impress upon him. Youth had

come and gone and he had never recognised its

presence; men that might have been his friends,

passed by unheeded in the street and he sought

companionship only in rusty tones of legal learning

that he had acquired in the city of Woburn.

He had a certain pride in his profession, and

was not without a certain amount of success, at a

season when other men were at preparing for

effort. The secret cause of the high

pride in which he stood with his present

company was in this, in the conduct of a case,

justice, love, hope, truth, and charity, were all

merged, laid, swallowed up by one idea of the

interest of his client. Tell Harvey Winslow

your desire, he will tell you if it is the law

of the land; if it is not, he will tell you that

where the time honored authority of some old

lawyer, or Holt, or Jeffrey, could not be

reached by his authority. He knew well

enough, the truth, that had men sit upon

judgment benches, and like a sexton would be

devised amid their moulded bones to find some

that might advance the interests of his client.

Edward Johnson, the older man, unrolled a

wide sheet of parchment upon the table; holding

it extended with one hand he placed a finger

of the other upon a spot distinctly marked

with broad black lines and said,

"Richard Fowler claims this little island, he

has even presumed to build a house upon it; you

will see as once how much this act and claim of

his most interfere with my best interests."

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

"Will!"

500,000 STAVES WANTED.

By J. H. Brown.

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