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CONSOLATION.

BY REV. THOMAS DALE.

The loved but not the lost—
Oh no! they have not ceased to be,
Nor alive alone in memory;
'Tis we who still are tossed
O'er life's wild sea 'tis we who die;
They only live whose life is immortality.

The loved but not the lost—
Why should our ceaseless tears be shed
O'er the cold turf that wraps the dead
As if their names were cross'd
From out the Book of life! ah! no,
'Tis we who scarcely live that linger still below!

The loved but not the lost—
In heaven's own panoply arrayed;
They met the conflict undismay'd;
They counted well the cost
Of battle—now their crown is won;
Our sword is scarce unsheath'd, our warfare just begun,

Have they not pass'd away
From all that dims the tearful eye,
From all that wakes the ceaseless sigh;
From all the pangs that prey
On the bereaved heart, and most
When conscience dares not say the loved,
but not the lost.

This is the woe of woes!
The one o'er-mastering agony:
To watch the sleep of those who die,
And feel 'tis not repose;
But they who join the heavenly host,
Why should we mourn for them, the loved,
but not the lost?

The spirit is but born,
The soul unfetter'd, when they fled
From earth the living, not the dead,
Then wherefore shall we mourn?
We, the wave-driven tempest-toss'd,
When shall we be with them, the loved, but
not the lost?

A Slight Mistake.

One cool afternoon in the early fall, I—
Chester F. Le Roy, a gentleman—stood on
the platform of the Albany depot, watching
the procession of passengers just arrived in
the Hudson River boat, who defiled past me
in their way to the cars. The Boston train,
by which I had just come, waited as patiently
as steam and fire might, for their leisure,
with only occasional and faint snorts of re-
monstrance, at the delay; yet still the jostling
crowd hurried past into the cars, and fitted
through them in search of seats; their
increasing numbers at length warned me that
I might find it difficult to regain my own,
and I turned to follow them.

"I beg your pardon, sir,"
I turned in obedience to the touch on my
arm, and saw a respectable looking negro
man before me, who bore the traveling bag
and shawl and was evidently the attendant
of a slender and stylish young girl behind
him. "Do I speak," he said, bowing respect-
fully, and glancing at the portmanteau I
carried, on which my surname was quite leg-
ible, "do I speak to Mr. Le Roy?"

"That is my name, at your service, what
can I do for you?"

"The young lady, Miss Florence Dundard,
sir, who was to join you at Albany, at six
o'clock—I have charge of her." He turned to
the person behind him.

"This is Mr. Le Roy, Miss."
The young lady, whose dark blue eyes had
been scanning me, as I could perceive, through
her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an
exquisitely gloved little hand, and extended
the other to me, with a charming mixture of
frankness and timidity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Le Roy,"
said she. "I thought that I should know you
in a moment, Cousin Jennie described you so
accurately. How kind it was of you to offer
to take charge of me. I hope I shan't trouble
you."

In the midst of my bewilderment, at being
thus addressed by the sweetest voice in the
world, I managed to see that I must make a
proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out
what I thought an appropriate speech, when
the servant, who had left us for a moment,
returned, and I abandoned it unfinished.

"Did you see to my baggage, Edward?"
asked his mistress.

"Yes, Miss; it is all on."
"Then you had better hurry to reach the
seven o'clock boat. Good bye, and tell them
you saw me safely off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man
handed me the checks for the trunks, and en-
ded me with the light baggage he had car-
ried; but I was aroused by the young lady's
asking me if we had not better secure seats
in the cars, and answered by offering her my
arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by
side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate
that grew faster and faster.

I had now time to reflect, with that lovely
face opposite me, but where was the use.—
Some mistake had undoubtedly been made,
and I had evidently been taken for another
person of the same name; but how to remedy
this now, without alarming the innocent
young lady in my charge, how to find the
right man, with the right name, among sev-
eral hundred people, and how to transfer her
without an unpleasant scene and explana-
tion, to the care of some one whose person
was no less strange to her than mine! While
these thoughts whirled through my head, I
happened to encounter those smiling eyes fix-
ed on me, and their open unsuspicious gaze
decided me. "I will not trouble or distress
her, by any knowledge of her position," I
concluded, "but will just do my best to fill
the place of the individual she took me for,
and conduct her where ever she wishes to go,
if I can only find where it is!" I turned to
her with an affection of friendly ease I was
far from feeling, and said, "It is a long jour-
ney, Miss Florence."

"Do you think so? But it is very pleasant
isn't it? Cousin Jennie enjoyed it so much."
"Ah, indeed."
"Why, what a queer man!" she said, with
a little laugh. "Does she never tell you, as
she does me in all her letters, how happy she
is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in
the world to live in? Dear me! that I should
have to tell her own husband first. How we
shall laugh about it when I get there?"

So it was to St. Louis we were going and
I was her cousin Jennie's husband. I never
was so thankful for two pieces of information
in my life.

"And how does Jennie look? and what is
she doing? and how is my dear aunt Beman?
do tell me the news?"

"Jennie," said I, mustering courage and
words, "is the dearest little wife in the world,
you must know, only too fond of her scamp
of a husband—as to her looks, you can't ex-
pect me to say anything, for she always looks
lovely to me."
" Bravo!" said the pretty girl, with a ma-
licious little smile; "but about my dear aunt's
rheumatism?"

"Miss, I mean, of course, Mrs. Beman is
very well."

"Well!" said my fair questioner, regard-
ing me with surprise, "I thought she hadn't
been well for years!"

"I mean well for her," said I, in some trep-
idation; "the air of St. Louis (which I have
since found is of the misty moisty order) has
done her a world of good. She is quite a
different woman."

"I am very glad," said her niece. She re-
mained silent for a few moments, and then a
gleam of amusement began to dance in her
bright eyes.

"To think," said she, suddenly turning to
me with a musical laugh, "that, in all this
time you haven't mentioned the baby!"

I knew I gave a violent start, and I think I
turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet
of all these questions triumphantly, as I
thought, this new danger stared me in the
face. How was I ever to describe a baby,
who had never noticed one? My courage
sank below zero, but in some proportion the
blood rose to my face, and I think my teeth
fairly chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sym-
pathize, in your raptures," continued my tor-
mentor, as I almost considered her. "I am
quite prepared to believe anything after Jen-
nie's letter—you should see how she cares a-
bout him."

"Him!" blessed be goodness; then it must
be a boy!

"Of course," said I, blushing and stammer-
ing, "but feeling it imperative to say some-
thing, we consider him the finest fellow in
the world; but you might not agree with us,
and in order to leave your judgment unbi-
ased, I won't describe him to you."

"Ah! but I know just how he looks, for
Jennie had no such sample—so you may
spare yourself the trouble or happiness,
whichever it is—but tell me what you mean
to call him?"

"We have not decided upon a name."

"Indeed! I thought she meant to give him
yours!"

"The deuce she did," thought I. "No, one of
a name is enough in a family," I answered.
The demon of inquisitiveness, that to my
thinking had instigated my fair companion,
heretofore, now ceased to possess her, for we
talked of various indifferent things, and I had

the relief of not being compelled to draw on
my imagination at the expenses of my con-
science, when I gave the particulars of my
recent journey from Boston. Yet I was far
from feeling at ease, for every sound of her
voice startled me with a dread of fresh ques-
tions, necessary, but impossible to be answer-
ed, and I felt a guilty flush stealing up my
temples every time I met the look of those
beautiful blue eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper,
and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my
fair companion's eyes droop long and often,
and began to realize that she ought to be a-
sleep. I knew perfectly well that it was my
duty to offer her a resting place on my should-
er, but I hardly had courage to ask that in-
nocent face to lie on my arm, which was not,
as she thought it, that of a cousin and a mar-
ried man. Recollecting, however, that it was
my duty to make her comfortable, and that
I could scarcely deceive her more than I
had already done, I proffered her the usual
civility. She slightly blushed, but thanked
me, and accepted it by leaning her head light-
ly against my shoulder, and looking up into
my eyes with a smile. "As you are my
cousin," she said. Soon after her eyes closed
and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if rest-
ing in security and peace. I looked down at
the beautiful face, slightly paled with fatigue,
that rested against me and felt like a villain.
I dared not touch her with my arm, although
the bounding of the cars jostled her very
much, but sat remorseful until the sleeper
settled the matter by slipping forward, and
awaking. She opened her eyes instantly,
and smiled. "Its of no use for me to try to
sleep with my bonnet on," she said, "for it
is very much in the way for me, and I am
sure it troubles you." So she removed it,
giving me the pretty little toy, with its grace-
ful ribbons and flowers, to put on the rack
above us. I preferred to hold it, telling her
it would be safer with me, and after a few
objections she resigned it, being in truth, too
sleepy to contest the point; then tying the
blue silk veil over her glossy hair, she
leaned against my shoulder and slept again.
This time when the motion began to shake
and annoy her, I stifled the reproaches of my
conscience, and passing my arm lightly a-
round that slender waist, drew her head up
on my breast, where it lay all night. She
slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peace-
ful, but it is needless to say that I could only
gaze down at that beautiful still face, and
imagine how it would spring up and confront
me, if she knew what I was, and how I had
deceived her, or dreaming more wildly still,
reproduce it in a hundred scenes which I had
never before paused to imagine, as the face
of my wife. I had never loved unless the
butterfly loves of my summer sojourns at
Newport or Saratoga might be so dignified,
and still less had I ever dreamed or thought
of marrying, even as a possible and far off
contingency. Never before, I solemnly aver,
had I seen the woman whom I wished to
make my wife—never before had I so longed
to call anything my own, as I did that lovely
face lying on my heart. No; I could not
sleep.

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and
spent the day in Niagara. If I had thought
her lovely while sleeping, what was she,
when the light of feeling and expression play-
ed over her face, as she eloquently admired
the scene before us, or was even more elo-
quently still. I don't think I looked at the
Cataract as much as at her, or thought the
one creation more beautiful and wonderful
than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me, in
her innocent and charming way, calling me
"Cousin Frank," and seeming to take certain
pleasure in my society and protection. It
was delightful to be greeted so gladly by her,
when I entered the hotel parlor, to have her
come forward so quickly from the lonely seat
where she had been waiting, not unobserved
or unnoticed to receive me—to have her hang
on my arm—look up into my face—tell me
all her little adventures alone, and chide me
for leaving her so long (how long it seemed
to me) while every word, look, and smile,
seemed doubly dear to me because I knew
the precarious tenure by which I held my
right to them. She busied herself, too, while
I was gone out with our joint baggage, and
rummaged all over her trunks to find a book
which I had expressed a desire to see—she
mended my gloves, sewed the broken band of
my travelling cap, and found my cigar case
when I lost it, which was twenty times
a day, while she scolded me for the careles-
ness, which she declared almost equalled her
own. Long ago she had given over to
my keeping, her elegant porte monnaie,
"with all her money in it, which she was
sure she should lose, as she never could keep
anything," and as she had ordered me to
take out her travelling expenses, I opened it
with trembling hands, when I was alone and
examined the contents. There were besides
all the bank bills with which she had prob-
ably been furnished for her journey, and
which, with pious care, she had folded up in-
to the very smallest possible compass, as
much gold as the pretty toy could carry, a

tiny pearl ring, too small to fit any fingers
but hers—which I am afraid I kissed—a card
with her name on it, and a memorandum in
a pretty hand, "No.—Olive street, St. Louis,"
which, as I rightly conjectured, was the resi-
dence of the Cousin Jennie whose husband I
was; a very fortunate discovery for me. In-
deed, so far, I had not found the way of the
transgressor hard, in external circumstances
at least, and when with her, I forget every-
thing except her grace and beauty, and my
firm resolution to be to her no more or less
than her cousin should be; put out of that
charmed presence my conscience made me
miserable.

I am afraid I must sometimes have betray-
ed the conflicts of feeling I had, by my manner;
but when I was reserved and ceremonious
with her, she always resented it, and begged
me so bewitchingly not to treat her so, and
to call her by her sweet name, "Florence,"
that had I dreaded as much as I longed to
do it, I could not have refused her. But the
consciousness that I was not what she thought
me, but an imposter, of whom, after our con-
nection had ceased, and she had discovered
the deception practiced upon her, she could
think or remember nothing that would not
cause her unmerited self-reproach and mori-
fication, all innocent and trusting as she
was, this reflection, more than any other I
confess, and the knowledge of the estimation
in which she would forever hold me, after my
imposition was discovered, agonized me,
and I would have given all I possessed to
own it to her, and leave her sight at once,
though the thought of never seeing her more
was dreadful. But that could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say
"at last!" When the sight of those spires
and gables warned me that the remorseful
reflections I had been staving off so long were
now to commence in earnest, the thought of
the coming banishment from Florence was
dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on
lightning wings as it drew nearer. She was
all gayety, and astonished at my sadness
and absence of mind when so near home and
Jennie, and when we entered the carriage
that was to convey us to our destination, I
had half a mind to take a cowardly flight,
rather than encounter the scorn and disap-
pointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered
courage, and followed her in, giving the ad-
dress found in the porte monnaie, which for-
tunately was the right one, to the driver.

"Almost home!" said she, turning her
bright face towards me—we were rattling up
the street and my time was short—"how can
you be so cool and quiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence," I answered, "the
time has come in which I must confess to
you that I have no more right in the home to
which we are hastening, than to the name
by which you address me, and that my only
claim to either, is that of an imposter and de-
ceiver."

She turned her lovely face, wondering and
puzzled towards me.

"Thank Heaven. I did not yet read fear and
aversion in it."

"No right! no claim!" she repeated; "what
can you mean?"

I told her frankly and fully, the whole
truth nearly as I have set it down here, de-
nying nothing, not even the useless secret of
my love for her. When the brief recital was
ended, we both remained silent, but although
she had hidden her face, I could see that she
trembled violently with shame and repulsion.
The sight of her distress was agony to me,
and I tried to say a few words of apology:

"You cannot blame or hate me, Miss Dun-
dard, more than I blame and hate myself."

I said, "for the distress I have so unwilling-
ly caused you. Heaven knows that if I ac-
cepted the charge of so much innocence and
beauty too lightly, I have heavily atoned
since, in having occasioned this suffering to
you, and my own punishment is greater than
I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke, she turned
towards me eagerly, her face bearing tears,
and said, in a low voice:

"Do not misunderstand me, if I was so sil-
ent."

The coachman threw open the door, and
stood waiting. I was obliged to descend, and
to assist her out. I hardly dared touch that
little hand, though it was for the last time,
but I watched her graceful figure with sad
distress. She was already recognized, for
the door of the handsome house before which
we stopped was thrown open and a pretty
woman followed by a fine-looking, black-whisk-
ered gentleman, whom I supposed to be my
namesake, rushed down the steps. There
were loud exclamations of astonishment and
pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid
questions, to which Florence returned very
low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating
herself from the confusion, presented me
as "Mr. Le Roy, your husband's namesake,
and the gentleman who kindly took charge
of me." I glanced at her face, to see if she
were mocking me, but it was pale and grave.
Mrs. Le Roy opened her pretty eyes widely,
but was too well bred to express surprise,
and after introducing me to her husband, in
the same terms invited me into the house.—

Hardly conscious of what I did, of anything
except that I was still in the presence of
Florence, from which I could not endure to
banish myself, I followed them into a hand-
some parlor, where sat an old lady, who my
conscience told me was the rheumatic aunt I
had so cruelly belied. Florence, herself, pre-
sented me to this lady, who was a fixture, and
unable to rise from her chair, and before I
could stammer an apology and retire, related
in her own way (how different from mine)
the mistake by which she had been placed in
my care, and the history of the journey, in
which it appeared our host, Mr. Le Roy, had
been a fellow passenger. When she had en-
ded, they all crowded about me, warmly ex-
pressing their thanks for my "kindness and
consideration," to my utter bewilderment
and surprise, and cordially inviting me to re-
main there and make the acquaintance of
my namesake and family. I detached my-
self from all this unexpected kindness as soon
as I could for I fancied I read aversion in the
flushing and paling face, and drooping eyes
of Florence, and with one last look at her,
left the room. A moment after, I felt the
touch of a light hand on my arm, and turn-
ing, saw, with mute surprise, that she had
followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. Le Roy," she said hurriedly, "I can-
not let you go away misunderstanding me as I
see you do. If I was silent while you so
humbly apologized for this noble, generous,
and honorable delicacy of your conduct, it
was not from anger, believe me, but because
I was at first too much astonished, afterwards
too much moved and grateful to speak. I
owe you more than I can say, and should be
miserable, indeed, if a false shame, which
you see has not prevented my telling you
this, should prevent you from continuing an
acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me,
sir, I speak the truth!"

I don't know what answer I made, for the
revulsion of feeling was almost too great for
words, and the capture of knowing, as I looked
down into her lovely face, that it was not
for the last time, quite took away the little
sense I had remaining. If you want to know
how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung
how he would feel to be reprieved.

Well, how time flies! It certainly does
not seem five years since all this happened,
yet Cousin Jennie (my Cousin Jennie now) so
bitterly reproaches us in her last letter, for
not visiting her in all that time, that we
have again undertaken the journey, but un-
der different auspices, since, Florence is Flo-
rence Dundard no more, and sleeps upon my
arm in the cars no longer blushing, but
with the confidence of a wife of nearly five
years' standing, and I register our names in
the hotel book, as "Mr. and Mrs. Chester Le
Roy," and bless my lucky stars as I read it
over. Even while I write, Florence, lovelier
than ever, as I think, makes a grand pre-
tence of arranging our baggage at the hotel
where we stop, (and which has reminded me,
by past transactions, to write down this
story,) or comes leaning over me to call me
dear "dear Chester," instead of "dear Cousin
Frank," as five years before, and to scold me
for being so stupid as to sit and write, in-
stead of talking to her. Stupid, indeed, to
prefer a black pen to those rosy lips. Was
ever a man so happy in a "Slight Mistake!"

ADULTERATION OF EGGS. The public has
lately heard much about the adulteration of
various kinds of food, and yet it is not aware
that a large proportion of the eggs that are
now being eaten in London are what is called
by the cheesemongers "pickled eggs." This
"pickling" is done during summer, while
eggs are at a low price, by mixing lime and
water in casks and filling the casks with
eggs, permitting them to lie four or six
months in this hot lime mixture, thus de-
stroying all the natural flavor and nutritive
power of the eggs, rendering them insipid
to the taste and impregnated with a strong
decoction of lime, which is injurious to the
stomach. Pickled eggs look very white and
clean, resembling new laid eggs, and are
sold in winter, when fresh eggs are scarce
and dear. They may be known by the fol-
lowing signs:—The feel of the shell is rough
from sometimes part of the lime not having
been quite washed off; they feel cold and
damp, as the life of the egg is destroyed
and partly wasted outside whereas a good
egg is always dry to the touch, life existing
in it. Through lime-gas in pickled eggs
they often burst when put into boiling
water, and will always be found partly
empty, or with a few drops of lime-water
in them when cooked.—[English Paper.]

A lady whose unusually bad temper is
trailed on a countenance of good repulsive-
ness, having been rescued (in Iowa) from
wolves by an athletic and gallant Indian
chief, in a fit of romantic gratitude offered
to marry him; whereupon the savage turned
and fled into the depths of the forest, and
has not been seen by white man or woman
since.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE. One of the regi-
ments in the battle of Bennington was com-
manded by a colonel who, when at home was a
deacon. He was a calm, sedate, determined
man, and went to the battle because he was
impelled by a sense of duty. His whole
parish was in his regiment; so was their be-
loved pastor, without whose presence and
blessing they scarcely thought themselves
in a good way to prosper. The colonel was
ordered by General Stark to reinforce one of
the wings which was suffering severely. He
marched at the instant with his forces, but
as slowly and composedly as if he had been
marching to conference meeting. The officer
in command fearing that he should be com-
pelled to give way, sent to hasten the colonel.
"Tell 'em we're coming," said he, and march-
ed steadily on. A second messenger came
with the intelligence that the wing was be-
ginning to fall back. "That will make room
for us; tell 'em we're coming," replied the
colonel with unmoved countenance and un-
accelerated pace. A third messenger reach-
ed him just as his troops emerged from be-
hind a copse, in full view of the enemy,
whose balls now began to whistle about them.
"Halt!" commanded the colonel; "form
column and attend prayers." And there in
the face of the enemy, did the regiment pause,
while solemn prayer was offered for their suc-
cess in the deadly struggle they were about
to begin. A speech was then made, which
for conciseness and vigor, may bear compar-
ison with any that Caesar or Napoleon ever
addressed to their troops. "Soldiers," said
he, "our wives and children are in the rear,
the Hessians are in front; give it to them!"
They did "give it to them," and that band
of foreign mercenaries melted away before
those Christian soldiers, as the host of the
uncircumcised Philistines melted away be-
fore the armies of Israel.

HARD-SHELL PREACHING. A whang-doodle
hard shell preacher, wound up a flaming ser-
mon with this magnificent peroration:

"My brethering and sistern! ef a man's
full of religion you can't hurt him! There
was the three Arabian children; they put
'em in a fiery furnis, hotted seven times hot-
ter than it could be het, and it didn't swing
a har on their heads! And there was John
the Evangelizer; they put him—and where do
you think, brethering and sistern, they put
him? Why they put him into a caladronic
bilin' ile, and biled him all night and didn't
faze his shell! And there was Daniel; they
put him in a lion's den—and what my fel-
low-travellers and respected auditories, do
you think he was put in a lion's den for?
Why, for prayin' three times a day. Don't
be alarmed brethering and sistern, I don't
think any of you will ever get into a lion's
den!"—Harper.

FISH EATING AND FECUNDITY. A letter to
the Journal of Commerce says:

"Every house in Japan seemed to be over-
run with children, in some of which I coun-
ted ten or a dozen, and all of about the same
size! The birds in a nest, the chickens in a
coop, the frogs in a pond, are not more com-
pact and crowded than these human beehives
seem to be, and I may add, or more happy.
The average number of the inmates of each
house in Japan is estimated at between thirty
and forty! They eat but little meat except
fish, which abound in these waters, both in
the bays and in the sea, and are easily pro-
cured, as well as fine. A gentleman told
me that he believed, from his most careful ob-
servation, not above one in fifty of the people
ever eat any other animal food."

POOR AND PROUD. A highwayman under-
took to rob Jones. He met Jones in a wood
over in Jersey. He asked Jones for his pocket-
book. Jones refused to yield. Highway-
man took Jones by the neck, and undertook
to choke him. Jones made fight, and kept it
up for half an hour. At the expiration of
that time Jones caved, and the highwayman
commenced rifling his pockets. The contents
amounted to eighteen cents. "Is that all
you've got?" "Every cent." What made you
fight so long?" "Didn't want to be exposed.
Bad enough to have only eighteen cents; a
great deal worse to have the whole world
know it."

A TRADE. They tell a good story of a wor-
thy old divine in Massachusetts, who deened
the virtue of frugality an appropriate part
of christian life and practice. Going into the
hat store of a friend in Boston, the consid-
erate merchant selected a ten dollar beaver
and offered to make him a present of it. The clerg-
yman hesitated. It was rather too good an
article for him to wear. Asking the value
of a different article and learning that it
bore the more moderate price of three dol-
lars, he suggested that he would prefer the
three dollar hat and the difference between
that and the ten dollar article, in money!

There is a big ugly yellow poster opposite
our window, which by a strange typographi-
cal error reads, "Preaching for the Times." It
should undoubtedly be "Preaching for the
Dimes, and the mistake is unaccountable.

The Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, MAR. 25, 1859.

THE CLOSING EVENING OF THE LYCEUM.—Our Lyceum concluded its exercises for the season last Thursday evening. The leading feature of the occasion was a lecture from E. H. ELWELL, Esq., editor of the Portland Transcript, on the subject of TIME. We expected something pretty good from him, and we were not at all disappointed. As we shall not attempt to give even an abstract of his selection, we can only characterize it in general terms as a very finished and elegant production. It contained much curious information in relation to the progressive measurement of time, which must have required a deal of reading to collect. It was also, as Dr. Pease remarked, a very suggestive lecture throughout. Time is a suggestive theme, and Mr. Elwell treated it with commendable ability. His quotations displayed consummate discrimination, and those, together with his own reflections, constituted what we may justly term an attractive piece of literary mosaic. The discourse was highly moral, yet Mr. Elwell did not moralise mechanically, but developed, as he should, the moral from his subject. The lecture left us something to think about. It directed us to the true ends of our existence in time—our relations to it, &c. Much has been said and written of time, and yet, as witness Mr. E.'s lecture, the subject is fresh. Shakespeare moralises much, and pertinently, upon this great subject. He denominates time as

"A fashionable host,
That slightly shakes the parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing."

Again, he put an impressive moral in the mouth of one of his characters, when he says:

"I wasted time, and now doth time waste me." How true it is, that those who make a bad use of their time, feel most bitterly its oppressive presence when it can no longer avail to their unlawful enjoyments. Those who deal wisely with time, at length get a mastery over it, and enter upon blessed and permanent relations to eternal life. Time can then affect them no longer. They have grown out of all relation to it, and are children of the infinite. After this they take but little note of time's flight, for with them "time is no longer."

The great poet thus notes how time progresses with persons in different circumstances:

"Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. He ambles with a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sneezes easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain: the other lacking the burden of lean and useful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles withal. He trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'night, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years. He gallops with a thief to the gallows: for though he goes as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.—He stays with lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how it moves."

Mr. Elwell's lecture gave universal satisfaction, and we hope to hear him, at some future time, upon another subject.

The singing by Mr. Bray and his musical associates, was also a very pleasant additional feature of the evening's entertainment.—We wish all our Lyceum meetings could be thus favored with the harmonious influence of sweet music and song. Mr. Bray has a fine voice, and we doubt not, if he but cultivate his gift, he will become one of the best singers extant. Miss Helen Ball played on the Melodeon finely, and sung as well. She has only to persevere to attain to marked excellence in the walk she has chosen. The singing was unexceptionably good on the evening in question, and the entire impromptu band did themselves credit.

The essay by David Hale, was well spoken of by those competent to judge of its merits. The paper, which we thought should have been omitted, proved to be quite spicy, and a little saucy withal. It was read by Miss Abby Ball. Dr. Pease and myself got rapped pretty smartly over the knuckles. We got stirred up because we presumed to point at a little defect in pronouncing the word "morning," by some fair mouth, in the musical play recently had in the Town Hall. The ladies are sensitive, and we ought not to have said a word relative to that "good mornin'." We crave pardon. But now they have got a "real editor" in town, they must mind their P's and Q's. Talking of real editors—where's the rotating sisterhood of the "Literary Caskett"? Are they not "real editors"? The writer of that scolding article should not have twitted us of using "superfluous words," for if the ladies, editors or what not, have a fault in the world, (which perhaps is doubtful,) it is in this very tendency to use "superfluous words."

Dr. Pease, it seems, had offended by "letting on" a bit about the "Union Sewing Circle," and so the fair avenger pelted him with some of his own pills! Ladies, it ain't polite to twit! Do be magnanimous, and set us of the cruder sex a good example of forbearance!

In concluding our remarks upon the Lyceum, we must not forget to speak of the managing committee, consisting of T. S. Perry, I. S. Hopkinson and B. F. Milliken. They have done their best, and deserve the thanks of our Lyceum-goers. Mr. Perry, the chairman of the Board, has been indefatigable in his efforts to sustain the Lyceum, not only in

his readiness to take part in the exercises, but in procuring lecturers, debaters, and writers. The ladies who have had charge of the paper, have been prompt and quite able in the discharge of their duties, and the result has been, we have had a good and substantial Lyceum. There has been no ill feeling displayed throughout, and we feel we have had a profitable season. Mr. Alley, who has generally presided, has made us a good presiding officer, and the thanks of the Lyceum are due to him for the impartial and ready manner in which he has fulfilled his trust.

CATS. Mr. Everett has a charming paper in the last issue of the New York Ledger concerning a visit he made to Abbotsford, the residence of Sir Walter Scott, in the year 1818. In speaking of Sir Walter's fondness for domestic animals, he says:

At dinner a veteran deer-hound made his appearance and laid his great nose upon his master's arm. He had already been fed else where, but he received a *bonne bouche* from Sir Walter's hand. After dinner a favorite cat placed herself on the table near him. As I sat next he begged me not to be disturbed.—He caressed the animal who was evidently a pet, and said that "if cats were as well treated as dogs they would be as gentle and faithful." This I think somewhat doubtful, since, if the experience of mankind had not shown the contrary to be the case, there is no reason why they should not have secured to themselves that kind treatment which is bestowed on dogs. The habits and instincts of animals were a favorite topic of conversation with Sir Walter. He traced the practice of dogs, in turning themselves once or twice round before they lie down, to their habit of scooping out, as it were, a bed in the leaves, while in a state of nature.

We have the honor of agreeing with Sir Walter in what he said in relation to the good aptitudes of cats. A year or two ago we came near having a controversy with Major Beard of the New Hampshire Telegraph on this very subject. The Major rather haughty under the pretense that he had not time for the discussion. But we suspect that he was a little fearful that we should get the better of him in the affair, and so he made want of time his excuse. It will be understood that the Major is renowned for his friendship for dogs, and has told more and better stories illustrative of their good and sagacious qualities than any other man in Christendom. Though generally fond of animals, he is, we believe, unaccountably averse to cats, and is loth to admit that they have good qualities.

Now we have no especial partiality for pussy, yet do we desire that the truth in relation to him or her shall prevail. We aver that cats are naturally both affectionate and sagacious. All they need to bring out their virtues is, as Sir Walter said, good treatment. We generally take especial notice of cats, and in most all cases our attention is responded to on the part of cats, most lovingly. We got acquainted with a very knowing cat in Nashua (one of the instances with which we intended to floor Major Beard), who was an amazing knowing and affectionate animal. He would open doors with the greatest ease, and would, when we used to walk the floor, follow us backward and forward as children sometimes will. He was very social, but had the bad trick of furnishing supplies by the sacrifice of young chickens. We believe he fell a victim to this cruel practice.

A few years ago we happened to be at Bradford, Vt. When we reached the square near one of the hotels, we were met and welcomed by a large black and tailless cat. He came smilingly (so it seemed) up and saluted us by very heartily rubbing his back and sides against our shins, which manipulations he considered, we presume, equivalent to shaking hands. We hardly knew what to make of "Cymon's" (he is not the same that writes for the Boston Post) familiarity. But we soon learned that he was a genius in his way, and the pet and favorite of the whole village. He had the liberty of the city, and visited where he pleased, and was always welcome. Being a sort of epicure, he was sure to quarter himself upon those who had Oysters in their domiciles. He had an intuitive knowledge of where good things could be had. In this particular he somewhat resembled Capt. Bill, of this village.—We do not know that Cymon was distinguished for any marked tricks he could perform, but he was rather known and esteemed for his general development, and his approximation to the human standard.

We aver that cats have noble and very lovable qualities, and which warrant taking more pains in their education. They can lay claim to having had some notable friends to their race. Beside Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Johnson may be reckoned as one of their special patrons. He kept a pet cat, for whom he used to buy oysters himself. He would not delegate the service to servants for fear they would, by reason of being troublesome, abuse poor pussy. We might mention other distinguished individuals who were the friends of grimalkins, but it is not necessary.

GREAT THUNDER. We learn from the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette that the Atlantic Monthly has attained a circulation of 40,000,—nearly double that ever reached by Putnam's Magazine. English journals accord it high praise, and the "Autocrat" has been republished monthly in London, and has won golden opinions. Two different houses are republishing the "Minister's Wooing," and its circulation there almost exceeds the same here. The April number of the "Atlantic," it is said, will exceed in interest all preceding numbers. We shall look for it with eagerness.

We have received the Atlantic Monthly, for April, but have not yet read it. We shall speak of it at length next week.

"Look on this Picture, and then on that," said Hamlet to his erring marm. Our kind friend PEASE, whose Palace of Art is now standing on the hill, has taken our picture, and we should like to compare it to any picture extant! We, who seldom look into the glass, had no thought till our picture was taken, that we are "such a beauty." We had hoped that our vanity was entirely extirpated, but on looking at this our picture, and then on other people's, we find the embers of our vainglory all aglow with the ancient fire, and we ain't afeard to show mugs with any man in Christendom! However, it may be, after all, an illusion—all owing to the flattering art of friend Pease! He takes a good picture, and people from the "utmost parts" of the town will do well to come and secure a "counterfeit presentment" of themselves. He will remain with us a short time, and no better opportunity will be afforded to immortalise your countenance.—The old Monk's remark had a good deal of apparent truth in it, when he said of some pictures of men and women, "these are the substance, and we, the flesh and blood pictures, are the shadows."

BRITISH REVIEWS. We have received, through Nashua, the Westminster, Edinburgh, and London Quarterly Reviews, for January 1859, and also Blackwood's Magazine for January and February. To us, the reading of these reprints is an intense luxury. As we have said often before, they contain the best current thinking of England, and we might say Europe, and thus they seem indispensable to every scholar. Our sincere advice to every young man who is designing to follow any scholarly profession, is to subscribe for these reprints. They constitute a library of themselves. In the course of the year, they will be likely, some one of the five reprints, to discuss all weighty topics that interest the thinker. The five can be had for only ten dollars, and we think that sum can be mustered by most earnest yankee readers. We shall from time to time enrich our columns with extracts from these splendid works. They can be had by remitting \$10 to L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton St., New York.

JUSTIFIES THE ACT. Harper's Weekly, which claims to be "a Journal of civilization," par excellence, justifies Sikes in murdering Key. It strikes us as not a little singular that a Journal of such high pretensions to Christian morality should take this barbarous position and justify taking human life under any circumstances, save in strict self-defence. This position is entirely opposite to the Christian religion, and we are sorry to see a prominent newspaper take it. In civilized society, no other avenger is admissible than public law. If we admit it to be right for individuals "to take the law into their own hands," we deny the fundamental principle upon which civilization is based.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We have mislaid the article of our "Hensboro" correspondent, and cannot find it—else we should try to make something up from it.

If the friend who handed us some verses to look at, the other evening, at Temperance Hall, will again carefully write them over, we will perhaps print them. We lost those which he gave us, being a very careless person. We say again to those friends who write for us, *finish up* your pieces. We are the last person in the world to finish up other people's writings. It will be seen that our own lucubrations have a plentiful lack of completeness.

"Uncle Dudley's" poetical Squib at the Circles next week. Give us the "compact essence" of your thoughts.

The Legislature will not, probably, rise till the 4th of April. The first day of that month we should think would be an appropriate day for it to break up. It is said to be a working session. They are now trying to build a Railroad to Aroostook. We notice that our neighbor, and worthy Representative, B. Walker, Esq., is at home, quite unwell. He is too active a man to send to our loading Capitol. He is not used to the "masterly inactivity" of legislative bodies. There are quite a number of us here in town who can better abide sitting still. Persons of the lymphatic temperament should be sent to Augusta.

REPENTANT. Our pie has been returned. If we knew the names of the repentant thieves they should have the benefit of our public forgiveness. Their integrity is a surer thing than it was before tried by this larceny. A person who can steal so good a pie as that, and resist the temptation to eat it, must be provid "so as by fire." Since eating it, we adopt the view of the joker, who said that "Pastry cooks generally furnish better pulls than editors."

THE LAST OF SKATING. We noticed that quite a number of girls were early on the pond skating on Monday. The late heavy rains caused the water to come to the surface, and the sharp snap formed a new thin ice.—The ladies here, who are uncommonly wide awake, could not let slip the opportunity to have, *en passant*, a jolly skate. That's right—enjoy yourselves, girls!

THE HOME MAGAZINE is on our table. We welcome it with renewed affection, as doubtless will all of its patrons. It is just the Magazine to read of an evening, to a cozy company of interested auditors. The Home Magazine is a general favorite.

SUICIDE. Mr. Alva Littlefield, of Wells, committed suicide by hanging on the 17th inst. Cause, ill-health, which induced partial insanity.

POISON. We hear now-a-days, as they used to hear in other times, of the poisonous effects of Tea, Coffee &c. Fortenelle was told that coffee, like a green-papery room, was a slow poison. "Very slow indeed," he replied, "for it has been sixty years in killing me."

We have regarded tobacco a "slow poison," and it must be so, for those of our friends who use most of it seem to strangely survive its effects. We have been looking to see some of 'em drop off, but we can't see that their vigor diminishes a bit. We shall begin to think that this cry of "poison" is a humbug.

THE ROBINS HAVE COME. We have heard this (Thursday) morning, for the first time this spring, the robins sing. The song was remarkably jubilant, and we thereby infer that we are to have early planting time. The birds are better weather-prophets than the bones of any old weather-wise we know of.—We can say of the birds, in this respect, with Wordsworth:—
"How far their darkness transcends our flicker light!"

AN ACCEPTABLE PRESENT. Our good friend, Mr. Joseph Wales of this town, handed us in an evening or two since, a pitcher full of nice new maple sugar! It will be no fictitious compliment to say of Mr. W. that "he is a gentleman and a scholar," because that is a generally conceded point. We thank him for this sweet present; and when he takes it into his head to enter the state of matrimony, may his lady vie, in the saccharine quality, with the sugar he has given us.

MIKE IS DEAD. The celebrated Mike Walsh is dead. He was the first to speak of "extending the area of freedom," and originated that famous newspaper motto—"Independent in everything and neutral in nothing." He had a good deal of wild talent—was a member of the New York legislature for a number of years, and was twice elected to Congress. He was found dead at the foot of some stone steps leading to a basement in Eighth Avenue, New York, with dislocated neck.

A lot of our young folks went down, Monday evening, and took tea with our whilom townsman, Mr. Nathan Church of Naples. They didn't break down "nor nothing." The next morning when they returned (they were a band of singers) they made the air vocal with music, like unto the subdued song of the early robin. Music is all the more heavenly and ethereal as it comes to our ears filtered through the mist of dreams.

LIBERAL LIMITS. In some "resolutions" formed to promote regularity at Shanes Castle" in Ireland, Nov. 20, 1785, we find the following: "That no gentleman be permitted to drink more than three bottles of hock at or after supper." No drinker, however thirsty, could reasonably complain of this liberal resolution!

A Mr. Priest of Mass., having an unruly colt shot at Mr. A. C. Burnham's shop in this village, was thrown violently against a post by the rearing of the colt, and had his shoulder dislocated. It was reduced by Dr. Kimball.

THE LADY'S BOOK for April is on hand, and is full and brimming over with good things. We cannot very well praise it, because the vocabulary of admiration has long since been exhausted in speaking of its excellence. No lady of taste should be without it.

Our Augusta correspondent is after the gentlemen who make laws down in the Capitol. He knows every rope in the ship, and is thoroughly reliable in what he says in relation to our State politics.

The present Spring Term of the Bridgton Academy is, we learn, quite a full one. We are glad to hear of its great success. It is one of the best schools in the State, and in one of the best locations.

MR. EDWARDS.—In a letter from Mr. Dunnell, Superintendent of Common Schools, I have been requested to inform the School Agents of this town of a change in the School laws, making it necessary for me to make my annual return to the Secretary of State on the 12th day of May; and the returns also must state the number of scholars as they existed in the Districts on the 1st day of April, immediately preceding.

Very respectfully,
NATHAN CLEAVES.
Bridgton, Mar. 21, 1859.

DECIDEDLY PERSONAL. President Buchanan uses no tobacco, General Cass drinks no "Bourbon," Senate Douglass uses no pepper, N. P. Willis cuts his own hair, Caleb Cushing shaves himself and wears no beard, Rufus Choate and Henry Ward Beecher are dear lovers of coffee. E. P. Whipple rarely breakfasts before ten, though he begins business at eight. Edward Everett writes his extemporaneous addresses, Ralph Waldo Emerson often dines at Parker's but rarely takes wine; William Cullen Bryant finds inspiration in two or three cups of green tea, and Longfellow smokes a meerschaum. The small-sized poet in America is Holmes, the best-looking one Fields (and he is as good as he looks), and the biggest one Pike of Arkansas. [Gleason's Line or Battle Ship.

The late ball at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, in honor of the marriage of Prince Napoleon, was exceedingly brilliant. The decorations alone cost no less than 210,000 sterling of which \$30,000 was for flowers and exotics. The famous Marble Court was lined with artificial vines, bearing white and black fruits, and the bubbling fountains and profusion of fresh flowers, showed the oft-enchanted palace with a power of magic never surpassed. The number of invitations extended to 10,000, and nearly all those invited are supposed to have attended.

[Correspondence of the Reporter.]

AUGUSTA, March 21, 1859.

There are two errors in my last communication. In the closing paragraph "eighty days" should read eighty-six days. In speaking of the Knox County Bill, it was petitioners that had leave to withdraw, not "politicians." If the politicians should withdraw it would entirely spoil the "play."

The Committee upon Retrenchment and Economy reported through one of its members sometime since, recommending to reduce the pay of the subordinate officers of the Legislature, by fixing a salary. To fully understand the magnitude of the proposed reform in the expenditures of the State Government it is necessary to know the amount of pay those officers now receive.

The Clerk of the House and Secretary of the Senate receive each during the session, three dollars per day, and \$1.25 each for making up the Journal and preparing index to the same. The assistant Clerk and assistant Secretary receive two dollars and a half per day each. The two Messengers receive three dollars per day, each the three assistant Messengers two dollars and a half each, per day. The proposition is to give the Clerk and Secretary \$400. Assistants \$200.—Messengers \$200. Assistant Messengers \$150, each per annum. This would save the State about \$300 annually out of the pockets of those who perform the labor for the pay.

Mr. Prentiss who made the report said he had reported only in part, and it is well that he did not as the House might have broken down under so much economy at once. Let the Legislature follow the suggestions of the Governor in submitting the question to the people of changing the Constitution so to have Biennial Elections and Sessions, and then it may stop at an expense of \$500 per day to practice economy upon the pockets of its subordinate officers. It is probable that a bill will be passed at this session fixing a salary of \$150 per annum for the members of the Legislature in place of per diem pay. The "ornamental gingerbread work around the Executive Chair" is likely to remain for the present. The salary bill would save \$7000 annually.

A resolve has passed giving \$5000 to the Universalist Seminary at Westbrook, which was receiving \$200 per year for ten years by a resolve passed last year. Another resolve has passed giving the Methodist Seminary at Readfield \$5000, (which never had only half a township of land and \$3,600 in money from the State before this.)

The financial condition of the Treasury seems to be improving. Last year it was found necessary to put the costs in criminal prosecutions upon the counties to relieve the Treasury without increasing the State tax. No longer ago than the first of the present session it was thought advisable to issue new script for \$10,000, payable in 1875, to carry out the agreement entered into in 1855, to establish the Freewill Baptist Seminary at Lewiston.

When those \$5000 resolves passed, the champions of "retrenchment" were among the missing. When the Clerk of the House called "G. H. Brown," the retiring echo was the only response. Again when "Prentiss" was heard, no emphatic "No" was heard above the din and bustle of the occasion.—Then "fled hope!" Still some less valiant stood noble fight, among whom were Pike, Smart and Bearce. These resolves enter the halls of legislation "hand in hand," then it is "ride and tie." One passes through one stage of action, then wait for the other to come up, then pass on and wait again. Thus these resolves though two in substance yet one in purpose pass the fiery ordeal, the most valiant fleeing at their approach, and are now receiving the hearty congratulations of friends. It is said that Moses McDonald, Collector of the Portland district and Samuel Jordan, P. M. of Portland were here to encourage the passage of the Westbrook resolve and undoubtedly Readfield was well represented upon the occasion, *gratuitously* of course. There was nothing partisan in the affair, it being in fact a part of the "play" and will be heard of in the bills. Whole number who voted on one resolve in the House 113, absent 30, on the other 79, absent 72.

ETNA.

A LA CHOCOLATE. The following verses were put by Mrs. Studley of Lawrenceport on the tombstone of her husband, whom she recently poisoned:
"Silent but peaceful be thy sleep,
My loving husband dear;
While o'er thy grave I come to weep,
And drop a widow's tear.
Happy soul; thy days are ended,
Mourning things are here below,
Glorious angel-guard attend thee;
To the sign of Jesus go."

PROXY RAT-KILLER. A recent English writer thus tells of a bright idea: "A clever Yankee being much troubled with rats, and being determined to get rid of them, tried every possible plan, but without success. At last he got a lot of rats and shut them in a cage; they devoured one another till only a single one was left. He then turned this one loose, who excited with the blood of his fellow-rats and having become a genuine cannibal, killed and ate all the wild rats he could find on the premises."

Fanny Fern, writing of 'Every day things,' says: "Talk about the curiosity of women! Show but a strip of white stocking above your boot, or a bit of an embroidered skirt, or a Balmoral, and you may lead a New Yorker by the nose all over Manhattan, although all Wall street stand waiting for him."

Mrs. Sikes has returned to New York, and will reside in a house at Bloomingdale, the use of which is granted to her by Mr. Sikes, as long as she remains under her father's protection. Her little daughter will, for the present, remain with her.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS. Albany, March 24. A terrible Railroad accident happened yesterday between Flamboro and Dundas. A storm had washed away a bank, and the engine ran into the chasm nearly twenty feet deep with a portion of the train. The motive, baggage car, and two passenger went to. The scene is represented as a horrible than that at Des Jardines. A terrific storm was prevailing, and the water washing from the mountain, there great difficulty in succoring the wounded extricating the dead. The cars were a feet mass of wreck, and the locomotive completely buried in the soil. The train passed over the spot in safety hours previous to the accident.

The baggage car fell above and on it convolved; the first passenger car slid and upturned the end of the first, and third running into this had the corner cut in.

Detroit, March 19. The Express train the Great Western Railroad ran off the near Hamilton last night, demolishing cars, and killing four or five persons, including the engineer, and wounding several others. But few particulars have as yet learned.

A large crowd of people assembled Mary's Church in Oswego, N. Y., on Wednesday night, to hear a discourse on "The Judgment," and the services had just commenced when about one-third of the front of the altar, gave way, precipitating large number of the persons into the base below. A panic seized the assembly, a terrific rush was made for the door, at which four persons were trampled to namely: Lawrence Murray, Mrs. Mary Lin, Mrs. Bridget Langdon, and Mrs. Margaret Hennessy. A number of persons taken out of the church insensible, and of them with broken limbs.

The N. Y. Post describes a new and ingenious invention for pegging shoes by machinery, an achievement which is now for first time accomplished. Mr. B. F. S. is the inventor. His apparatus is up simply of three or four cans and a set of saws, but it does the work of two thirty shoemakers, pegging a large is less than half a minute, while the skilful hands require ten or fifteen minutes to perform the same task.

A BINDING OATH FOR JOHN CHINAM. Knowing the horror the Chinese have of being, or being buried anywhere but their native land, a shrewd California Just the Peace has hit upon the following to bring John Chinaman up to the count point:

"You do solemnly swear, in the presence of God Almighty, that you will tell the truth in the case now on hearing, and if you you hope to be drowned on your way to ton, and go to hell afterwards."

A reporter of the Cincinnati Gazette indulged in an experimental dose of hash few nights ago, and consequently started on a freakish tour through the city, resulted in his being arrested—streaming through the streets like a live, and stripped as though about to be the prize ring." The result of his experience has not yet appeared in the Gazette.

Tragedy has its comic accompaniment as the best wit has a sad element. Inington was amused a few days since the met of an irreproachable married who said, "Ah! I am so sorry for the dent on Sunday. I have not been a get any gentleman to speak with me, I've heard of it."

YANKIE RUSTICITY. A story is told country gentleman who for the first time heard a churchman preach. He had much of the pride of the church, and he returned home—"Pshaw!" said "Pride! pshaw! why, the minister as preached in his shirt sleeves."

AN ASTHMATICAL REMARK. Hugot A one day, while panting with the as was almost deafened by the noise of a fellow, selling oysters. "The oyster rascal!" said Hugot; "he has in two seconds as much breath as weak served me for a month."

May is considered an unfortunate month. A young girl was asked long since, to unite herself to a loved named May in his proposals. The lady ended that May was unlucky. "Well, in June then," replied the swain. G down her eyes, and with a blush, she said "Would not April do as well?"

It is said that the pictures of the implicated in the Washington tragedy, appeared in the New York Illustrated were reprints of old cuts, originally representing Piccolomini, Jenny Lind, Alfred and two men recently executed. It is likely.

There are, around us thousands and sands of homes, all the chambers of are made dark or cheerless for lack "small, sweet courtesies" of life, so given, and so magical in their effect.

GOOD STORY. George Cook, on the sor Road, went into the Nor-h Meadow today and shot 93 muskrats, which driven out by the flood. Their skins a time sell at 20 cts. each in this market [Hartford Times.

WANTED. A pair of scissors to cut the pot in which a patriotic blood "trifles light as air." And a short club off the square root.

The National Intelligencer says the tion of Mr. Holt to the Postmaster ship is "admitted on all hands, and respects, to be an excellent appointment."

"I presume you won't charge anything just re-membering me," said a one-legged or to a cork-leg manufacturer.

The moon seems the most unsteady of the celestial luminaries; she is constantly shifting her quarters.

A family of eleven persons with the tion of one daughter, have all died in county, Va, within the last five months.

It seems paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that the latest intelligence always lists of the earliest news.

Counterfeit twenty cent pieces of Canadian coinage have made their appearance.

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SELECTED MISCELLANY.

THE WINDS OF MARCH ARE HUMMING.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The winds of March are humming
Their parting song, their parting song,
And summer silks are coming,
And days grow long, and days grow long.
Watch, but not in gladness,
Our garden tree, our garden tree,
It buds in sober sadness,
Too soon for me, too soon for me.
My second winter's over,
Alas! and I, alas! and I
Have not accepted lover:
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

'Tis not asleep or idle
That love has been, that love has been;
For many a happy bridal
The year has seen, the year has seen;
I've done a bridesmaid's duty.
At three or four, at three or four;
My best bouquet had beauty,
Its donor more, its donor more.
My second winter's over,
Alas! and I, alas! and I
Have not accepted lover:
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

His flowers my bosom shaded
One sunny day, one sunny day;
The next, they fled and faded,
Beau and bouquet, beau and bouquet.
In vain, at ball and banquet,
I've thrown my net, I've thrown my net;
This waiting, watching heart is
Unchosen yet, unchosen yet.
My second winter's over,
Alas! and I, alas! and I
Have not accepted lover:
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

They tell me there's no hurry
For Hymen's ring, for Hymen's ring;
And I'm too young to marry:
'Tis no such thing, 'tis no such thing.
The next spring 'thou wilt be
My eighteenth year, my eighteenth year;
It puts me in a passion,
Oh dear, oh dear! oh dear, oh dear!
My second winter's over,
Alas! and I, alas! and I
Have not accepted lover:
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

"I wish you would embrace my husband's
principles," said a dashing lady of Wash-
ington, to a member of the opposition. "I
could never do that; but I would gladly em-
brace his wife," was the reply—and that
seems to be the idea all round in that lat-
tude.

A young lady fresh from boarding-school
and "very accomplished," on returning to
her father's house, was requested by the "old
man" to go out and help milk the cows, and
on getting into the yard she innocently in-
quired, "which animal gives the buttermilk?"

A subterranean vault has been discovered
near Jackson, Ill., in which the air is so me-
phitic that no one can go down into it; but
by means of rakes and hooks. Human bones
of gigantic size have been drawn up from its
depths, and also curious coins.

"An India-rubber ship!" exclaimed an
old sailor who had been listening to a de-
scription of such a proposed invention: "that
would never do because it would rub out all
the lines of latitude and longitude, to say
nothing of the equator!"

The New Orleans papers speak of the "re-
cent prevalence of low winds" in that section.
We believe the wind has been rather low every
where, and people generally haven't been
able to raise it.

It is said that the fumes of tobacco are
very destructive to some kinds of flowers.
We have repeatedly known them to blight
almost instantaneously the buds and flowers
of love.

If your wife goes into a hysterical fit, and
you can cure her in no other way, go into
one yourself; we should think it a justifiable
counter-fit.

Death is like thunder in two particulars:
we are alarmed at the sound of it, and it is
formidable only from that which preceded it.

S. M. HARMON,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
BRIDGTON, MAINE. 1

SAWYER & WISWELL,
BRIDGTON, MAINE.
Manufacturers and dealers in
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
GRAVE STONES,
Monuments,
Tomb Tablets, Table Tops, Chimney Pieces,
Counters, Soda Pumps, Shelves, Hearth
Stones, Soap Stones, &c., &c.
All of the best materials, and for style and
Execution, unsurpassed.
All Orders Executed Promptly, at the Lowest
Possible Cash Prices. 1 ly

E. E. WILDER,
HARNESS MAKER AND CARRIAGE
TRIMMER.
Harnesses, Carriage Trimmings, Halters, Sur-
cingle, Brides, Horse Blankets, Whips, &c.,
constantly on hand and for sale.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. *1 ly

ADAMS & WALKER,
Manufacturers, Wholesale & Retail dealers in
FURNITURE,
of all descriptions.
LOOKING GLASSES, FEATHER BEDS,
Mattresses, Carpets and
PAPER HANGINGS.
Also, DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS,
CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES,
West India Goods, &c.
PAINTS AND OIL.
J. R. ADAMS,
C. B. WALKER, 1 BRIDGTON CENTER.

G. H. BROWN,
Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in
FURNITURE
of all descriptions.
LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES,
PICTURE FRAMES, FEATHERS,
CHAMBER SETTS:
Extension, Center and Card Tables.
BEDSTEADS, of the latest and most im-
proved style, with Spring Bottoms.
Also, READY-MADE COFFINS.
PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.
LOOKING - GLASSES REPAIRED.
44 NORTH BRIDGTON, ME. 8

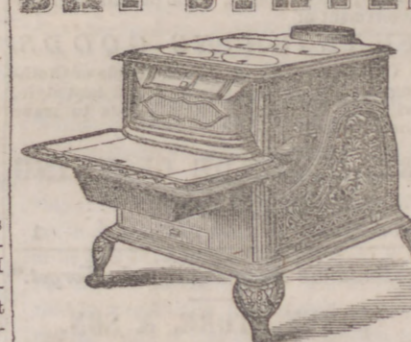
BRIDGTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

DENTISTRY.
DR. HASKELL'S visits
at Bridgton, will continue once
in three months through the
year, commencing with the second MONDAY
in December, March, June and September.
Thanking the citizens of Bridgton and vic-
inity for their liberal patronage heretofore,
he respectfully solicits an increase of the
same, and assures all who may need the ser-
vices of his profession, that it will be for
their interest, in every respect to call upon
him before going elsewhere.
Dr. H. will, when requested, visit patients
at their residence without extra charge, but
all who wish such visits, or intend to employ
him, are particularly requested to make it
known at an early hour. 24

REUBEN BALL
KEEPS constantly on hand for sale a good
assortment of
Family Groceries,
such as Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Ap-
ples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese,
—ALSO—
of different kinds—in a word, most every
thing for family consumption.
Farmers' Produce taken in exchange
for Goods.
Purchasers will find it for their interest to
call.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. 1

MEATS
of different kinds—in a word, most every
thing for family consumption.
Farmers' Produce taken in exchange
for Goods.
Purchasers will find it for their interest to
call.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. 1

The Best Cook Stove
IN USE IS THE
BAY STATE.



YOU can do double the work with one half
the wood, and will last twice as long,
making it worth four times as much as any
other Stove and does not cost any more—
This Stove is kept constantly on hand by
B. CLEAVES & SON,
Where may be found a good assortment of
Cast Iron Parlor Stoves,
open and close front.
AIR TIGHT, PARLOR OVEN AND BOX
STOVES;
FIRE FRAMES, CAULDRON KETTLES,
Pumps, Sheet Lead, Zinc, Tin Ware,
and other things too numerous to mention.
All kinds of **JOB WORK** done at
short notice.
N. B. Country Produce taken in exchange.
Bridgton Center.

F. D. HANSON,
Dealer in all sorts of
GROCERIES.
TEA, COFFEE, MOLASSES, SUGAR.
MEATS
Bought and sold at all times on favorable
terms.
F. D. HANSON also keeps on hand for sale
a superior article of
FLOUR,
made from selected wheat, ground and put
up at the Saccarappa Mills.
Cash paid for Hides, Calf and Wool Skins,
Bridgton Center. 9

FARMERS—Attention!
THE subscribers have at their Mill for sale
100 TONS of the best quality of
WINDSOR PLASTER,
in lots to suit purchasers.
They have also for sale, at their Tan Yard,
SOLE AND UPPER LEATHER,
and—CALF SKINS—also
LIME AND POTASH.
WANTED—HIDES, CALF SKINS, AND
BARK, for which CASH will be paid.
CROSS, SENTER & JORDAN.
Bridgton Center, Jan 1, 1859. 3m8

Pondicherry House.
THE subscriber would inform his
friends and the public that he is
ready to entertain, at the above
House, travellers in a good and
substantial manner, and at a rea-
sonable compensation. The Pondicherry
House is kept on strictly temperance prin-
ciples, and travellers will find it a quiet resting
place. My House is also fitted up for board-
ing, and all who see fit to take board with
me, will find a comfortable home.
I have also, good Stabling for Horses.
MARSHAL BACON.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 13, 1858. 24

BLACKSMITHING!
A. C. BURNHAM would inform the people
of Bridgton and vicinity that he is pre-
pared to do at his Shop all varieties of black-
smithing. He will give especial attention to
Horse shoeing,
Carriage and Sleigh Ironing,
MACHINE FORGING,
—AND TO—
STEEL WORK,
generally. All work in his line promptly at-
tended to.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858

BOOTS & SHOES.
THE subscriber hereby gives
notice that he continues to
manufacture Boots & Shoes
of every description, at his
old stand at North Bridgton,
where may be found a general assortment of
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.
He also has the right, and manufactures
MITCHELL'S PATENT
Metallic Tip Boots and Shoes,
for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples
Waterford, Sweden, Lovell and Fryeburg;
and will be happy to furnish those in want of
anything in his line.
Orders filled with as much dispatch as the
nature of the business will admit.
JAMES WEBB.
No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858. 4

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

Elm House,
PORTLAND, ME.
S. M. MARBLE & CO., Proprietors.
The undersigned would say to their Bridg-
ton friends, that having leased the **ELM**
HOUSE, for a term of years, and hav-
ing reduced the price of Board to
\$1.25 cents per day,
they hope to receive a generous share of
their patronage. No pains will be spared to
render their guests comfortable, and make
them feel at home. **S. M. MARBLE & CO.**
Portland, Feb. 1858. 3m14

PATENT MEDICINES.
LANGLEY'S Bitters, Atwood's Bitters,
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Wistar's Pain Killer,
Atwood's Liniment, Davis' Pain Killer,
Ayer's Pills, Wright's Pills, and all kinds of
Patent Medicines for sale by
WILSON & BURGESS.
63 Commercial st. Portland, Me. 4w17

COAL OIL. A superior article warranted
equal to *Kerosene Oil*, for sale by the
Gallon or Barrel by **WILSON & BURGESS,**
63 Commercial st. Portland, Me. 4w17

SUPERIOR CHINA WHITE POLISH,
warranted equal to any article now in
use for Parlor Finish, for sale at a low price
by **WILSON & BURGESS,**
63 Commercial st. Portland, Me. 4w17

"YOUNG AMERICA"

Fashionable Clothing
HAT, CAP & FURNISHING DEPOT.
NO. 76 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME.
T. C. WEBBER, Proprietor. 3 6m

CHAS. R. MILIKEN,
—WHOLESALE—
WEST INDIA GOODS
—AND—
PROVISION DEALER,
19 Commercial Street, head of Long Wharf;
PORTLAND, ME. 31y

J. G. TOLFOORD & CO.,
NO. 6 FREE STREET BLOCK,
PORTLAND, ME.
DEALERS IN
Silks! Shawls! Velvets! Flannels
WOOLENS, EMBROIDERIES,
LINENS, HOUSEKEEPING, GOODS, &c.
Particular attention paid to the
LINEN DEPARTMENT,
which contains at all times a full Stock of
every description of LINEN GOODS, of the
best and most desirable Fabrics, viz:
Linen Sheetings, Pillow Linens, Fronting Linens,
DAMASKS, NAPKINS, TOWELS, &c., &c.
Also, a full Stock of Cotton Goods at very
Low Prices.
As our senior partner has had over twenty
years' experience in the DRY GOODS BUSI-
NESS, and our facilities for obtaining the
BEST GOODS at the lowest prices have been
constantly increasing, we are enabled to offer
to our customers and the public, the latest
NOVELTIES of the season, on their earliest
arrival, and at prices to correspond with the
times. 34

AUGUSTUS BLANCHARD,
Wholesale Grocer,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
NO. 79 COMMERCIAL STREET,
Corner Custom House Wharf,
PORTLAND, ME. 1 6m

Paper Box Manufactory,
Boxes, of all kinds
manufactured at short notice. All orders ad-
dressed to
CHARLES H. JEWELL,
will be promptly attended to.
2 ly CHAS. H. JEWELL.

J. W. BLANCHARD,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
French & American Soft Hats.
LATEST Styles SILK DRESS HATS,
BLACK DRAB AND PEARL CASH-
MERE HATS,
FUR, PLUSH, CLOTH & GLAZED CAPS,
Youth's and Children's Fancy Hats and Caps.
FOX BLOCK, 75 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME. 31y

M. L. HALL,
Dealer in
Foreign, & Domestic Dry Goods,
SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS,
BLACK SILKS,
warranted to wear well.
FANCY SILKS,
of all desirable styles.
STRAW BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOW-
ERS, LADIES CAPS, & HEAD DRESSES.
EMBROIDERY, GLOVES, HOSIERY &c.
All at the lowest prices.
100 Middle St., Portland, Me.
Opposite Casco Bank. 2 4

FILES & EMERY,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in
HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,
170 MIDDLE ST., PORTLAND, ME.
FURS! FURS! FURS!
The best assortment of Foreign and Do-
mestic Furs ever offered in this market. This
is entirely a new house, and thus avoiding
the risk of getting old Furs. All of our Fur
Goods are fresh made and selected from the
besthousen in New York.
M. B. C. Files, F. C. Emery. 2 ly

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS A. HAMLIN'S
NEW MILLINERY STORE,
Where may be found a good assortment of
READY MADE MILLINERY,
Consisting of
French Hats, Caps, Head Dresses,
RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c.
Also, Ready Made Mourning Bonnets and
Hair Work.
Bonnets Bleached, Pressed and Repaired.
Orders promptly attended to.
NO. 3, UNDER U. S. HOTEL,
PORTLAND, ME. 7 ly

CHASE, WOODBURY, & CO.
Importers and dealers in
Hard Ware & Cutlery,
NO. 175 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND ME.
WINDOW GLASS, NAILS, LEAD, MILL
SAWS, SHOVELS, ZINC, PUMPS,
JOINERS' TOOLS, &c., &c. 2 6m

WM. C. HAWES,
—DEALER IN—
Watches, Jewelry,
SILVER-PLATED WARE,
—AND—
FANCY GOODS,
116 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME.
Sign of the Illuminated Clock. 2 ly

C. W. ROBINSON & CO.,
HAVE ONE OF THE BEST AND
CHOICEST STOCKS OF
Dry Goods in the City,
comprising every article usually found in a
FIRST CLASS DRY GOODS STORE.
We devote special attention to the pur-
chase and sale of RICH FOREIGN
FABRICS, such as DRESS SILKS, SHAWLS
VELVETS, FRENCH EMBROIDERIES,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH PRINTS, &c., &c.
Also, our Stock of LINEN and HOUSE
KEEPING GOODS, which is very large. We
have always on hand LINEN SHEETINGS,
PILLOW AND FRONTING LINENS, TABLE
DAMASKS, DAMASK TOWELS, NAPKINS,
and DOYLIES, of the very best and most re-
liable manufacture.
Also, wide SHEETINGS, BLANKETS,
QUILTS, BATTING, WARP YARN, &c., &c.
We are constantly receiving new FOREIGN
GOODS. Our arrangements are such as will
enable us to have the choicest of the new
styles of DRESS GOODS as soon as they are
received in Boston or New York.
Patterns sent by mail, postage free.
Orders will receive our personal attention.
Address,
C. W. ROBINSON & CO.,
No. 125 Middle Street, Portland, Me. 7

OTTO WIEDERO,
Watchmaker,
Clocks and fine Regulators,
of all kinds made to order, also
Repairs Music Boxes and Jewelry, &c.
116 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME.
Sign of the Illuminated Clock. 2 6m

Davis, Twitchell, & Chapman,
wholesale dealers in
TEAS, TOBACCO, W. I. GOODS,
COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c.
85 Commercial Street,
Frederick Davis, Elbridge Chapman,
Thos. E. Twitchell.
PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

BYRON GREENOUGH, & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves,
BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES,
NOS. 148 & 150 MIDDLE ST.,
PORTLAND, ME. 1 6m

AMERICAN HOUSE,
Corner of Fore and Line Streets,
PORTLAND, ME.
GEO. H. BARRELL,
PROPRIETOR.
THE BEST PLACE IN PORTLAND
TO BUY
CLOTHING!
Hats, Caps
—AND—
GENTS FURNISHING GOODS!
Is No. 133 Middle Street,
At the Store formerly occupied by
A. P. STINSON.
155 Please call and see for yourselves. 1 ly

A. L. NASH,
Dealer in
STRAW, & FANCY BONNETS,
RIBBONS, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS
Embroideries, Laces, Dress Caps, Dress
Trimmings, &c., &c.
Middle Street, Portland, Me.,
OPPOSITE CASCO BANK.
Mourning Goods, furnished at the
shortest notice. BONNETS ALTERED,
CLEANSED AND PRESSED in the best
manner. 2 6m

M. G. RALMER & CO.
JOBBERS OF
Straw Goods, Bonnet Ribbons,
FRENCH & AMERICAN FLOWERS
SILKS, SATINS, BLONDE, RUCHE,
FRAMES, AND CROWNS,
144 MIDDLE STREET,
Moses G. Palmer,
John E. Palmer,
Randolph G. Thomas, } PORTLAND, ME. 2 ly

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

WM. F. HASTINGS,
Manufacturer of
SERAPHINES, MELOPHONES,
AND MELODEONS,
At No. 89, Federal St., Portland, Me.
Where may be found an assortment of in-
struments of every style and variety, finished
in elegant Rosewood Cases, with all the best
modern improvements, which for power,
sweetness, evenness and brilliancy of tone, elas-
ticity of action, beauty and durability of
workmanship, are unsurpassed by any other
manufacturer.
These instruments are all manufactured
from the best of materials, and fully warrant-
ed. Satisfaction will be given in all cases.
REED ORGANS MADE TO ORDER,
WITH 4, 6 AND 8 STOPS. 2 ly
N. B. Our Instruments took the
First Premium
at the State Fair of '57 and '58.

WANTED!
BY FILES & EMERY,
Moulton Block, 170, Middle Street Portland,
5000 Skunk and 5000 Musk Rat
Skins.
English and American Carpeting
—LATEST STYLES—
In Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry,
Ingrain, Superfine and Stair!
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS;
all widths.
STRAW MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, &c.
Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures,
Drapery Materials of Damasks and Mus-
lins, Feathers and Mattresses, Bought
at Reduced Rates and will be
sold very Cheap for Cash,
EDWARD H. BURGIN,
FREE STREET CARPET WARE HOUSE
Chambre rs No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block,
OVER H. J. LIBBY & Co's.,
PORTLAND, ME. 4

LOOK! LOOK!!
In consequence of the increased sales of my
Original Pure Refined spruce Gum,
and wishing to devote most of my time to that
branch, I will sell my large stock of
Candies, Cigars, Tobacco & Nuts
at greatly reduced prices. Call and see a
large stock and get Good Bargains for a short
time.
105 FEDERAL ST., 5 DOORS ABOVE
ELM HOUSE, PORTLAND.
B. PEARSON.
14 2m

MANNING & BROWN,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Flour, Produce, Fruits, &c.,
Agents for the Shaker Mill's Flour,
222 and 224 Fore, Corner Union St.,
CHARLES F. MANNING,
CHARLES D. BROWN.
PORTLAND.

REFERENCES—J. R. Brown & Son and
Sahnen & Carter, Portland; Brickett, Den-
ison & Co., Boston; W. J. Emmett, New
York. 1 6m

JOHN E. DOW,
Auctioneer and Real Estate Broker.
Also Agent for the
ETNA LIFE INS. CO. of Hartford, Conn.
Capital and Surplus, \$208,000.
HAMPDEN FIRE INS. CO. of Spring-
field, Ma. Capital and Surplus, \$250,000.
CONWAY FIRE INS. CO. of Conway, Ms.
Capital and Surplus, \$254,000.
CHARTER OAK FIRE AND MARINE
INS. CO. of Hartford, Conn. Capital
and Surplus, \$342,000.
KENSINGTON FIRE AND MARINE
INS. CO. of Philadelphia, Penn. Cap-
ital and Surplus, \$300,000.
These companies are all first class stock of-
fices, and insure good risks at as low a rate
as any companies of equal standing in New
England.
Office Canal Bank Building, Portland, Me.
Dec. 31, 1858. 1y. First door east side.

JOHN W. PERKINS, & Co.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,
VARNISHES, DYES,
CAMPENE AND FLUID,
No. 165 Commercial Street,
PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

JOSIAH HEALD,
DENTIST.
117 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

PHOTOGRAPHS!!!
PHOTOGRAPHS!!!
The subscriber having fitted up convenient
Rooms, at
NO. 11, MARKET SQUARE,
Opposite City Hall, Portland, Me.,
Is prepared to furnish all the known styles of
PHOTOGRAPES
Albino on Canvas, Paper, Glass (called Am-
brotypes) Metal or Leather, in as good man-
ner and at as low prices as any other estab-
lishment in the city.
Small pictures can be copied and en-
larged to any desirable size.
SATISFACTION WARRANTED.
24

E. H. RAND,
—DEALER IN—
BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS,
Millinery & Fancy Goods,
HAT A VERY LOW PRICE FOR CASH
No. 115, Russell's Block, Congress St.,
PORTLAND, ME. 24

G. H. SASSKRAUT,
CAP MANUFACTURER,
—AND—
FURRIER.
120 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND.
7 3m

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. AMBROSE MERRILL,
—DEALER IN—
Watches, Jewelry,
—AND—
MILITARY GOODS
139 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME. 1 6m

DR. J. H. HEALD,
SURGEON DENTIST
No. 175 Middle Street, Portland, Me.
HAVING learned all the best methods of
setting Teeth in this Country and Eu-
rope, is now prepared to set Teeth in a great
variety of ways, either American, French or
English style, at such prices, that all persons
can have good substantial Teeth at prices it
suits them.
For best Gum Teeth, on fine Gold, per set
\$30 to \$50; best partial sets, on Gold, per
Tooth, from 3 to \$5; best Gum Teeth on
ever, a set 15 to \$20; partial sets on Silver
from 1 to \$2; sets Cheoplastic style, \$10
temporary sets, from 7 to \$10; filling with
Gold, per Tooth, 75 cts. to \$1.50; filling with
Tin Foil, 50 cts.; filling with French Ama-
gam, 75 cts.
Dr. H. having practiced in this City fifteen
years, will be happy to give those not ac-
quainted the best of reference, by callings
his Office. 1 ly

WILLIAM A. PEARCE, Plumber,
MAKER OF
FORCE PUMPS, AND WATER CLOSET
No. 124, Exchange Street, Portland, Me.
Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths, Wash Bas-
ins, and Silver Plated Cocks.
Every description of WATER FIXTURES
Dwelling Houses, Hotels, and Public Build-
ings, Ships, etc., arranged and set up in a
best manner, and all orders in town or out-
side faithfully executed. All kinds of jobs
promptly attended to. 4 ly

NEW SILKS!
A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT
SILKS, in all Styles, such as
BAYADERE, FIGURED, PLAID
STRIPED AND PLAIN.
ROBES OF EVERY KIND.
—Also, more of those—
DESIRABLE BLACK SILK,
Warranted superior to any in the market
BROAD BLACK VELVETS,
Some very Rich.
Cashmere, Long & Square Shawl
MANTILLA SHAWLS.
EMBROIDERIES, in every variety
A NEW STYLE OF KID GLOVE
VERY DESIRABLE—to which the atten-
tion of Ladies is particularly invited.
All Goods at the VERY LOWEST
PRICES!
A. D. HALL,
42 Middle Street, Portland.

HARRIS BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
TEAS, W. I. GOODS
GROCERIES & PROVISION
NO. 202 FORE STREET.
(Recently occupied by Bibber & Cole)
ALBION F. HARRIS, B. F. HARRIS
PORTLAND, ME. 1 6m

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