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SCENES IN MY HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. LAFAYETTE WILKINS.

A DAY LOST.

I was sewing away one morning, for dear life, as the saying is, intending to make a good day of it, and put my work ahead, when Hetty my little daughter, five years old, gave a pull at my elbow, and said, "Mamma."

"Well, dear, what is wanted?" I did not look aside from my work, into her sweet little face, nor speak in as loving tones as usual, for the interruption was not wholly agreeable.

"Can't I have my wax doll, mamma?" Now this wax doll was a treasured present from grandmother, highly prized and carefully treated by Hetty; and after being tenderly nursed by her, dressed and undressed, on rare occasions, laid away under lock and key in one of my bureau drawers.

"Not to-day," was my answer. "Why not to-day, mamma?" Sure enough, why not to-day? That was just the question. Was it because Hetty might injure the doll? No, that was not the reason; for she was a careful little girl. The true reason was, I did not wish to leave my work and lose five minutes time in going up stairs to the bureau. Just this, and no more. But, what reply was made to Hetty? A very unreasonable and unsatisfactory one; and such as no mother should ever make.

"Because you can't have Dolly to-day." Because—How many short comings and sins of omission are covered by this convenient, vaguely meaning, little word.

"I won't hurt her, mother, I'll be oh! so careful. Do mother let me have Dolly." "Didn't I say that you couldn't have Dolly?" I knit my brows and spoke with some severity. Having said so, I must be firm. Right or wrong, I must be consistent; that is, have my own will in the case. And as I was the stronger of the two, of course my will decided the question between us.

"Poor Hetty! She knew something of my hard decision of character, and retired from the contest. As I turned my eyes from her face to my work, I carried in my mind the image of her grieving lips, and tear-filled eyes. Was rebuked? Yes. Did I repent? Yes. And go for the doll at once? No. I was busy at my work and could not spare a minute. Sewing seams was of more consequence than sewing seeds of happiness in the heart of my child. And then, had I not said that Dolly was not to make her appearance to-day? Was I to break my word? No. I must be a consistent mother, if I expected to govern my children aright.

It was very still in the room for the next ten minutes. Only a sob or two broke the silence, at first, as Hetty choked down her great disappointment. She had crept into the great arm chair, and was sitting there idle and silent. After a while I turned partly around, and glanced towards her stealthily. Her brow was contracted, her lips pursed out slightly, and over her whole face was a shade of unhappiness.

"Why don't you get your china doll?" said I, rather coldly.

"I don't want my china doll," she answered.

"Oh, very well, just as you please, my little Hetty," I returned; and took no more notice of her for ten minutes longer—all the while working away as intently as if our next meal depended on the result of my labor.

As sorry that I had not taken the time to get Hetty's wax doll; but, as I had said, I concluded that it was best to let no man in force.

Presently she slipped down from the arm chair, and went quietly from the room. I was in my work, and listened to the light step of her feet as she went up stairs.

A faint sigh, born of a passing regret, came up from my heart. "It would have been better if I had given her the doll," said I myself. "But it is too late now."

"I wonder where that child is, and what she is doing?"

Nearly half an hour had passed since Hetty left the room. I paused in my work as I asked myself this question, and listened.—But I could hear no sound of her. I would have laid down my sewing and gone in search of her, only—what? I felt as if I could not spare the time!

"Hetty!" There was no reply. "Hetty! Where are you?" My voice was raised to a louder key; but no response came. So I bent to my work once more.

But this uncertainty as to where the child had gone, and what she was doing, could not very long be borne. The time came when I dropped every thing, and started, in some concern of mind, from the room. I looked into my own chamber, but she was not there. I called, but got no answer. Then I ran up to the third story, and pushed the door of one of the rooms hastily. In the middle of the bed sat my little truant, busily at work, with a pair of scissors, on an elegant lace cape which had cost me fifteen dollars.

With a quick exclamation and an excited manner, I sprang towards the little destructive, who, frightened at my tone and appearance, suddenly threw up her hands, and I saw the sharp points of the scissors she held enter her cheek just below the eye. A scream followed, as the blood ran over her face.—What a sickening sense of pain and fear fell suddenly upon my heart. For some moments I was half paralyzed with terror and bewilderment. Then catching up my little darling, made an effort to compose myself, and responded to the sober call of duty. I carried her down stairs, and though almost fainting at the sight of her blood, held back my agitation with a strong hand, and proceeded to wash the red stains from her face, and find out the extent of her injury.

The wound happily, was not of a serious nature; but the imminent danger of losing her eye that she had escaped, made me shudder whenever the thought passed through my mind, and so affected me, that I grew weak and nervous, and on attempting, after soothing her to sleep, to resume my work, found that my strength was gone.

And so, in my over eagerness to "make a good day of it," I had compassed the loss of a day.

After trying with an unsteady hand, to make my needle do its work, I threw down my sewing in despair, and went over to the chamber where I had laid Hetty to sleep.—The dark red scar, just on the orbital verge, rebuked me as strongly as if it had been a living voice. Dear child! How could I have so forgotten the needs of her opening mind? How could I have so failed to realize that, while I was absorbed in my own employment, she must have something to do?

For several minutes I stood bending over her. Then going to the draw in which her wax doll was laid, I unlocked it, and taking out the beautiful effigy, placed it on the pillow beside her. How sweet the two faces looked; the living and the inanimate. I gazed at them until my eyes were blinded by tears; and then went back the sitting room where I made another effort to resume my work. My hand had grown a little steadier, but the heart was gone. For a very short time I endeavored to force myself to keep on with my appointed task; but, mind and body dissented so strongly that the garments I had hoped to complete were finally laid aside, not to be touched again until tomorrow.

As I was doing this, a sigh for my lost day passed from my lips. At this moment I heard Hetty's feet and voice; she had awakened, and finding Dolly by her side, had forgotten all the past, and was as happy as a child could be.

"Dear, dear, sweet Dolly!" she was singing as blithely as if grief had never laid a finger upon her heart.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, as she entered the sitting-room, "You are so good to give me Dolly to play with," and she came dancing to me, with her dewy lips put up to mine for a kiss.

There was no rebuke on those precious lips.—Oh no. That kiss was love's own best expression; and it stung me with remorse.

Hetty's trial was over, her grief forgotten. But, on my bosom was laid the burden of regret, and I could not throw it off. Her state of disturbance had passed like the morning cloud and the early dew; but mine kept pulsing on and shadowing the hours that might have passed in cheerful work.

I counted that day lost, except for the lesson it taught me; for, when I laid my aching head upon its pillow at night, I could not look back upon any useful thing accomplished. There had been fruitless efforts to do many things; but my restless state kept me fitting and changing, and my half-formed purposes wrought out no sure results.

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

"There goes that beggar woman again!" exclaimed Joseph, the elder of my three chil-

dren, a frown marring the beauty of his face: "I wish we had a great, fierce dog. There'd be an end of such people coming about here."

We were sitting at the breakfast table, and the beggar woman had just passed the windows, which looked out upon the yard.—She was a frequent visitor, and there had been some remarks, in the children's hearing, as to her worthiness—the opinion lying rather on the adverse side.

"Well, then, I don't wish we had a dog," spoke up little Hetty, quickly. "Poor beggar woman! Got hungry children?"

And she laid down her fork, the interest of the subject having taken away, for the moment, her appetite.

"I'll get a big dog this very day," Joseph broke in, a tone of exultation in his voice. How cruel boys are, or seem to be. What a strange delight they take in annoying the weak and persecuting the helpless!

"Joseph!" Mr. Wilkins looked across the table with a reproving glance.

"No, you won't get a big dog," returned Hetty, shaking her head and looking her feeble defiance. She, dear child, was on the side of human kindness.

"Where are you going, love?"

Hetty had taken the slice of bread from her plate, and was getting down from the table. She did not answer, nor pause. Her father was about repeating his question, when I put my finger to my lips, in token of silence.

"Bless her little heart," said I as she passed out from the dining-room. "That slice of bread is for the beggar woman."

"If we only knew her to be worthy," Mr. Wilkins remarked.

"Where there is room for doubt," said I "it is safest, in most instances, to infer the best."

"Not where beggars are concerned," my husband answered promptly. "In nine cases out of ten they are idle imposters, and it is wrong to encourage them."

Joseph took in every word of this, and I saw, laid it up in self-justification; and even Louis, my tender-hearted boy, two years younger than Joseph, was affected by the remark. As soon as I could manage to do so, I changed the subject.

Joseph came back from the kitchen as the beggar repassed the window, and resumed her seat, without a word, at the table. There was a subdued expression on her tender face—a blending of pity and love. I asked her some questions foreign to the subject then in our thoughts and so managed to prevent any reference to what she had done of a nature calculated to hurt that state of mind which the presence of want in another had produced. I knew that it was good for her to be moved by pity, and that God would lay up this state in her soul for higher use in the far away future. And so I would not have the work disturbed.

"I don't like Joseph's spirit," said I to Mr. Wilkins, after breakfast was over, and we stood talking together in the passage. "It has in it something cruel and persecuting." "He resembles most boys," replied my husband. "They like to exhibit power, and therefore lord it over weakness whenever the fitting opportunity is shown. There is, I trust, more of thoughtless boast than cruel purpose in the heart of Joseph. And as for the beggars, on whom he just now poured out the vials of his wrath, I think the dog he threatens might not be out of place.—These idle, thieving vagrants ought not to be encouraged."

"There is one side of it," I answered, "and the dark repulsive side. I will not gainsay your words; but there is another side, and other considerations growing out of this social evil. From all that exists some good may be extracted; and it is for us to get the good out of even beggary, for our children. It may be the means in our hands, if wisely treated, of storing up states of pity, kindness and unselfish regard for others in their minds; and you know how essential such states will be in their matured life, as the means of leading them away from the love of self, which engenders cruelty and wrong, to the love of doing good, which is the basis of all true happiness."

I paused.

"Well, go on," said my husband.

"You see how Hetty is affected. Will not that state of pity which prompted her to give a portion of her food to a beggar, remain fixed in her mind?—stored up there for some future day, when the natural selfishness of her heart having rule for a time, shall prompt to a cruel disregard of another? It will, I am sure; and into that state the angels who guard her life can flow, and move her to pity again—a higher, more rational and more effective pity."

"You have looked far in advance of my usual range of thought," my husband replied.

"Yet not too far ahead."

"Oh no; we cannot look too far ahead in things of this kind. You are right as to the good we may extract for our children out of the evil against which our sense of right, justice, and true humanity must ever rebel.—

But, as reason dawns in the minds of our children we must teach them to discriminate between the worthy poor and these vile, vicious almshouse seekers, so that justice and judgment may walk side by side with genuine humanity."

There was no reason why I should attempt to gainsay my husband's remarks. They were in full accordance with my sentiments.

"I do not, looking more from your better point of view," continued Mr. Wilkins, "feel altogether satisfied with Joseph's feeling towards the poor woman of whom we have been speaking. I would much rather see him affected, at his age, with a blind pity for want, than with cruel indignation against a supposed imposter. The battle against wrong will come time enough."

"It is for us," said I, "to be guarded in our remarks before our children. They treasure up more of what we say than may often be profitable for them—strong meat, too heavy for their digestion."

"True words," replied my husband, as he took up his hat and moved towards the door. "True words, and I will lay them to heart."

THE YOUNG BLACKSMITH.

Mr. Solomon Winthrop was a plain farmer an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rules, and could see no reason why people should grasp at things beyond what had been reached by their great-grandfathers. He had three children—two boys and a girl. There was Jeremiah, seventeen years old, Samuel, fifteen, and Fanny, thirteen.

It was a cold winter's day. Samuel was in the kitchen reading a book, and so interested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jerry was in an opposite corner, engaged in ciphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

"Sam," said the father to his youngest boy, "have you worked out that sum yet?"

"No, sir," returned the boy hesitatingly. "Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithmetic till you had done it?" muttered Mr. Winthrop, in a severe tone.

Samuel hung down his head, and looked troubled.

"Why haven't you done it?" continued the father.

"I can't do it, sir," tremblingly returned Samuel.

"Can't do it? and why not? Look at Jerry there, with the slate and pencil. He has ciphered further than you have long before he was as old as you are."

Jerry was always fond of mathematical problems, sir, but I cannot fasten my mind on them. They have no interest for me."

"That's because you don't try to feel an interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?"

"It is a work on philosophy, sir."

"A work on fiddle sticks! Go, put it away this instant, and then get your slate and don't let me see you away from your arithmetic until you can work out those roots.—Do you understand me?"

Samuel made no answer, but silently he put away his philosophy and then he got his slate and sat down in the chimney corner.

His nether lip trembled, and his eye moistened to the vials of his wrath. I think the dog he threatens might not be out of place.—These idle, thieving vagrants ought not to be encouraged.

"Sam," said Jerry, as soon as their father had gone, "I will do that sum for you."

"No, Jerry," returned the younger brother, but with a grateful look, "that will be deceiving father, I will try to do the sum, but I fear I shall not succeed."

Samuel worked very hard, but all to no purpose. His mind was not on the subject before him. The roots and squares, the bases, hypothenuses and perpendiculars, though comparatively simple in themselves, were to him a mingled mass of incomprehensible things, and the more he tried the more he became perplexed and bothered.

The truth was, that his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician—he never yet came across a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boys should be like him, for he considered that the acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid, and he often expressed his opinion that, were Euclid living then, he could "give the old geometer a hard tussle."

He seemed not to comprehend that different minds were made with different capacities, and what one mind grasped with ease, another of equal power would fail to comprehend. Hence, because Jeremiah progressed rapidly in his mathematical studies and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that because Samuel made no progress in the same branch he was idle and careless and treated him accordingly.

He never candidly conversed with his younger son, with a view to ascertain the

true bent of his mind, but he pertinaciously adhered to it.

There was another thing that Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was, Samuel was continually pondering upon such matter as was interesting to him, and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see, either, that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the course to prevent such a result. Instead of endeavoring to make the study interesting for the child, he was making it obnoxious.

The dinner hour came, and Samuel had not worked out the sum. His father was angry, and obliged the boy to go without his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was an idle, lazy child.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen, and sat down and cried. At length his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hand of his parent, and took another turn, and the marks of grief left his face. There was a large fire in the room below his chamber, so that he was not very cold, and getting up he went to a small closet, and from beneath a lot of old clothes he took forth some long strips of wood and commenced whittling.—

It was not for mere pastime that he whittled for he was fashioning some curious affair from those pieces of wood. He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine and a dozen of small wheels that he made himself, and he seemed to be working to get them together after some particular fashion of his.

Half the afternoon had thus passed away when his sister entered his chamber. She had her apron gathered up in her hand, and after closing the door softly behind her, she approached the spot where her brother sat.

"Here, Sammy—see, I have brought you something to eat. I know you must be hungry."

As she spoke, she opened her apron and took out four cakes, a piece of pie and some cheese. The boy was hungry, and he hesitated not to avail himself of his sister's kind offer. He kissed her as he took the cakes, and thanked her.

"O, what a pretty thing that is you are making!" uttered Fanny, as she gazed upon the result of her brother's labors. "Won't you give it to me after it is done?"

"Not this one, sister," returned the boy, with a smile, "but as soon as I get time I will make you one equally as pretty."

Fanny thanked her brother, and shortly afterwards left the room, while the boy went on with his work.

Before long the various materials that had been subject to Samuel's jackknife and pincers had assumed form and comeliness, and they were joined and grooved together in a curious manner.

The embryo philosopher set the machine for it looked very much like a machine—upon the floor, and then stood off and gazed on it. His eye gleamed with a peculiar glow of satisfaction, and he looked proud and happy. While he stood and gazed upon the child of his labors, the door of his chamber opened and his father entered.

"What—are you not studying?" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, as he noticed the boy standing in the middle of the floor.

Samuel trembled when he heard his father's voice, and turned pale with fear.

"Ha, what is this?" said Mr. Winthrop, as he caught sight of the curious construction on the floor. "This is the secret of your idleness. Now I see how it is you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making play-houses and fly-pens. Ill see whether you'll learn to attend to your lessons or not. There!"

As the father uttered this common injunction, he placed his foot upon the object of his displeasure. The boy uttered a quick cry, and sprang forward, but too late. The curious construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks. Looking at the mass of ruins, and then covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

"Ah, what you ashamed?" said Mr. Winthrop, "a great boy like you to spend your time in making clay traps, and then cry about it, because I choose that you should attend to your studies. Now go to the barn and help Jerry shell corn."

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanation, and without a word he left his chamber! But four long days afterwards he was weary and down-hearted.

"Samuel," said Mr. Winthrop one day after the spring had opened, "I have seen Mr. Young and he is willing to take you as an apprentice. Jerry and I can get along on the farm and I think that the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I have given up all hopes of ever making a surveyor of you, and if you had a farm you would not know how to measure it or lay it out.—Jerry will now soon be able to take my place as surveyor and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn and obtaining his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will be able to make a good living at it."

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town and he carried on quite an extensive business. Moreover, he had the re-

putation of being a fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposal, and when he learned that Mr. Young carried on quite a large machine shop, he was in ecstasies. His trunk was packed—a good supply of clothes having been provided; and after kissing his mother and sister, and shaking hands with his father and brother, mounted the stage and set off for his new destination.

He found Mr. Young all he could wish, and went into his business with an assiduity that surprised his master.

One evening, after Samuel Winthrop had been with his new master six months, the latter came into the shop after all the journeymen had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged in fitting a piece of iron. There was quite a number of pieces on the bench by his side, and some were curiously riveted together and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet ready for their destined use. Mr. Young ascertained what the young workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work.

Next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents. At the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ.

Time flew fast. Samuel was twenty-one. Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the country.

Mr. Winthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride and often expressed a wish that his other son should have been like him.—Samuel had come home to visit his parents, and Mr. Young had come with him.

"Mr. Young," said Mr. Winthrop, after the tea things had been cleared away, "that is a fine factory they have just erected in your town."

"Yes," returned Mr. Young, "there are tires of them, and they are doing a very heavy business."

"I understand they have an extensive machine shop connected with the factories. Now if my boy Sam is a good workman as you say he is, perhaps he might get a first rate situation there."

Mr. Young looked at Samuel and smiled. "By the way," continued the old farmer, "what is all this noise I see and hear in the papers about those patent Winthrop looms? They tell me they go ahead of anything that ever was got up before."

"You may ask your son about that," said Mr. Young. "That is some of Samuel's business."

"Oh? What! My son? Some of Sam?" The old man stopped short and gazed at his son. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son—his idle son—was the inventor of the great power loom that had taken all the manufacturers by surprise.

"What do you mean?" he at length inquired.

"It is simply this, father, that the loom is mine," returned Samuel with conscious pride. "I have invented it and taken a patent right, and have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap you crushed with your foot, six years ago?"

"Yes," answered the old man, whose eyes were bent to the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed breaking.

"Well," continued Samuel, "that was almost a pattern, though, of course, I have made alteration and improvement, and there is room for more."

"And that was what you were studying, when you used to stand and see me weave, and then fumbled about my loom so much?" said Mrs. Winthrop.

"You are right, mother. Even then I had conceived the idea which I have since carried out."

"And that is why you could not understand my mathematical problems," uttered Mr. Winthrop, as he started from his chair and took the youth by the hand. "Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I have used towards you. I have been blinded, and now see how I misunderstood you. While I have thought you idle and careless, you were solving a philosophical problem I could never have comprehended. Forgive me, Samuel—I meant well enough, but lacked judgment and discrimination."

Of course the old man had long before been forgiven for his harshness, and his mind was opened to a new lesson in human nature. It was simply this: Different minds have different capacities, and no mind can ever be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First, seek to understand the natural abilities and disposition of children, and then in your management of their education for after life, govern yourself accordingly.—

George Combe, the greatest moral philosopher of his day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathematician, could not write out a common place address.

The Reporter.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 2, 1860.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, Jan. 28, 1860.

According to an intimation given in my last, I write this week from Boston, the headquarters of New England. I started from Gardiner last Monday to come to this great and truly massive city. When I left Gardiner, Prof. O Leary (not O Seavy as printed in my last) was having a fuss with the Mayor of that city. It happened on this wise: The Professor had been giving a course of miscellaneous lectures in the city hall, and proved rather a "free-spoken" gentleman. He talked on Phrenology, Physiology, &c., and was Sunday evening to give his views of religion, ancient and modern. He had hired the hall, for that purpose. It had, however, got out that his lecture on the religions of ancient times, would be somewhat of the latitudinarian order—would smack a little of the rationalistic and infidel order. The goodly Mayor, who is doubtless one of those circumspect, cautious, fearful and godly men who think that Truth is not sufficiently strong and wise to take care of itself, but should be defended and upheld by the puissant arm of civil power, took it into his head that the lecture should not be given in the city hall on the evening of the sacred Sabbath. He accordingly told the Professor that he must not hold forth in that place. The people, however, wanted to hear the learned gentleman. They had taken a vote the evening previous to hear him on religion, and in the city hall, too, and so Bro. O Leary ventured to go to the hall at the time appointed. The afore-said people had also assembled in goodly numbers; but just as the oracle of the evening was about to "unmuzzle his wisdom," the city Marshal made his portentous appearance. He at once ordered the people to disperse, and the Professor to forthwith evacuate the premises! And to enforce this mandate,—(it couldn't have been a *God-late*, I think)—the valiant Marshal flourished his pistol, and even presented it to the breast of the Professor! The "people" rushed out, and the Professor and city functionary wrangled, but the upshot was that O Leary, very unjustly as I think, was not allowed "free speech" in a city which has been very loud heretofore in its advocacy for such kind of freedom. But I will not blame the people of Gardiner for this outrage upon the freedom of the tongue, but only the little-minded creature whom they have foolishly elected as their chief magistrate. I do not say that I should approve all the Professor might utter upon the subject of religion, but still, we should, I think, be willing that all should ventilate their views on all subjects, provided it be done in a decent manner.

Before I left in the morning, I learned that O Leary was about to test the legal right of the Mayor and his understrapper to thus arrest his scientific labors. I think they both transcended their authority, and should suffer the consequences. As for the Professor's lecture, it had been given, to popular acceptance, at Portland, Lewiston, Bath, and Augusta, and is doubtless well worth hearing. The small potato magistrate of Gardiner will doubtless find Prof. O Leary hard to suppress.

I have one word to say, *en passant*, about the Kennebec cars. To judge from one's feelings while riding in them, we might suppose that this is an "under-ground" affair, as the atmosphere in them is very stygian. They are the most uncomfortable cars that I ever rode in, take them all in all. Perhaps they don't stir a fellow up quite so vigorously as the Cumberland and Oxford cars do, but there is a lacking, meagre aspect about them that bespeaks poverty. The road is doubtless hard up, and cannot provide itself with good, wholesome, neat, and well-ventilated cars.

I found everything very different when I took the cars from Portland to Boston. The cars on this road are wide, light, and well aired all of the time, and you are under no necessity of frequently shoving windows up and down to get a healthful atmosphere.—The only trouble I found was that I had planted myself near the "smoking car." The devotees of the weed were constantly popping in and out of their den, and bringing odors from it that did not at all compare, according to Milton, with those that are "wafted from the spicy shores of Araby the blest." But it is well to have such a place for the puffery;—else all of the denizens of the cars would have to be fumigated and saturated by the operations of these vaporizing gentry. But I could not but watch 'em as they went in and came out! Their faces betrayed their utter slavery to the habit, and they bore the abject appearance that always accompanies a person who is the victim to some bad physical practice. Gentleman, emancipate yourselves from the thrall of the weed! It is bad enough, for those who would have full freedom, to be obliged to blast three times a day! I look forward to the blessed time when I shall draw sustenance from the atmosphere, and not be obliged to fire up with such vulgar fuel as tea, coffee, beef-steak, &c! The mechanical world is constantly striving to get hold of some more simple and cheap motive-force than it yet has found, while society seeks constantly to get hold of more and more costly motive-power to quicken the speed of the vital machinery. Only look over the list of stimulants! There are the host of alcoholic drinks! Tobacco cut, pipes, and snuff-boxes! Opium

eaters and laudanum-drinkers! (I ain't a going to include tea and coffee in the extra-natural category of stimulants, because I use them myself, in moderate quantities.)—Then in the gastronomic department of vital stimulants, how vast is the number of quickening agents! I will not stop to enumerate them; but in view of all, do we wonder that men and women live fast, and that therefore they don't enjoy life as they should? Do we wonder, also, that the doctrine of annihilation (of the wicked-meaning thereby *intemperate livers*) is gaining ground? Why people are annihilating themselves, and that too by at once exhausting the stock of vitality that was designed, with proper use, to endure endlessly!

Here we are at Dover N. H.! A damsel gets into the cars, comes along and asks me if the vacant seat beside me is "engaged?" "No, it is not," I answer—and the more readily as she has a sprightly air and look. She drops into the seat, her crinoline, which is ample, entirely occupying my knees—hiding them from view. I calmly submit, however, and feel even resigned. I look at her, occasionally timidly and furtively. She is not handsome, exactly, but her "atmosphere" suits me. I do not at first say anything to her—my aspect is dignified and unsocial.—She evidently thinks me an old "hunks."—Thus we ride quite a number of miles. She has in her hands a ticket for Lawrence. One half of it is black and the other is white.—She remarks to me that "they have some new tickets"—"funny ones!"—I wisely explain. "You are going to L., it seems." She said she was. I then referred to the recent calamity there—and asked if she was not afraid to go to work in so ill-fated a place. "No she was not," she said. "I was in the mill when it fell!—Indeed was you?" I asked. "How did you escape?" She then went on and gave me a better and more graphic description of the catastrophe than I had read in the papers. She was in the upper story, was a dresser, and was but slightly injured—was rescued from the ruins in ten minutes after the fall. She remarked that she was more frightened than hurt. She was just returning from home where she had been purposely to assure a sick sister of her safety, who would not believe that she was alive unless she could see her! I am willing to confess that I was very much interested in the little lady, who has been in such peril, but who lived to so naively and touchingly tell the story of the calamity. When she was leaving the cars, she turned and gave me a farewell look that went right to—no matter where! I waited a sigh after her that had force enough in it to go from "Judas to the pole!" It was now dark, and the lights from the factory windows gleamed beautifully and merrily across the river as if they had not recently been near the scene of an awful and most distressing tragedy!

After the cars were again in motion toward Boston, I relapsed into silent moodiness and began to be reminded of the empty state of my stomach! I had not eaten for a long time, and gloom and a vacant stomach are synonymous terms with me. Besides, the cheering presence of the damsel was no more. However, we shot into Boston quickly, and I soon found myself in the office of the Spiritual Age, where I had business to do. After breathing a bit I went in search of some grub. I blundered into what I supposed was an eating house; but not seeing any signs of refreshments, I thought I would step across into what appeared to be a room exactly resembling the one I was in. I walked toward the door that I supposed connected the two apartments, and as I advanced, I noticed a very good-looking, elderly gentleman, on whose countenance rested a benignant smile, approaching me from an opposite direction. As we neared, I stepped aside to let him pass. He animated by a like motive, stepped aside also, and thus, unintentionally, opposed each other's passage. This was repeated half a dozen times, and we were still confronted. Being determined to put a stop to this ludicrous doings, I resolutely stood still with a view to let the gentleman pass me! What was my surprise when he, too, stood stiffly still, apparently with a like motive! I then looked at him more deliberately, with the purpose of coming to some understanding of our mutual predicament; and putting my hand forth to gently move the opposing gentleman one side, my hand came in contact with a mirror, which I had all the time supposed to be a door! A further look at my unwilling opponent revealed my own visage! I sneaked out of that place in quick meter,—encountering as I went out the suppressed mirth of the gentleman in whose care the room was. He must have been greatly amused at my illusive adventure, as I was afterward myself.

This was not my only mortification that night. I went from the enchanted room to Parker's eating-rooms close by, in Court Square. I said to an Irish waiter that I wanted a good tender beefsteak. He ordered it accordingly, and remarked (as I thought falsely) that it "must be tender" for it was "for an *and gentleman*!" "Thunder!" said I to myself, "do I really look like an old man!—I won't believe it!"

Here I must close my letter for it is long enough. Nor shall I add anything this week outside of the letter. I have been at Nashua, N. H. but had no time to see many of the friends there. I have also been to the Boston Museum, and seen Sam Cowell, the funniest chap I ever saw on the Stage. He appeared once in the character of a shoe-black, and remarked, by way of self-recommendation, that the legislature had sent to have him polish up the dome of the State

House. He thought it needed to be fixed, it having too much "yaller on it." He should polish it so smartly, he said, that "the man of the moon would use it for a looking-glass!" I think I shall not have occasion to write more than one letter from here.

THE BRIGHTON LYCEUM. The lecture delivered before the Lyceum last week, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., was listened to by a very full and attentive audience. The speaker managed his subject, "The rewards of life," in a plain and practical manner, and, though not slightly nor flowery, succeeded, we are sure, in pleasing his hearers while communicating many valuable thoughts.

The lecturer said, that, as soon as a child comes to understand he has a duty, he instinctively asks "what shall be my reward?" Upon the answer to this little question depends the character of the child's whole future. Most parents teach their children that duty is a commodity in which they can trade. For a lump of sugar the child will cease crying, for a stick of candy will stop racketing, for a nice new book will keep away from the mill-pond. "And if I do not" still asks the child, "what shall then be my reward?" "You shall be punished!" answers the parent. Now while such rewards and punishments are perfectly proper in their place they should not make the chief incentive to obedience. In this way many children are brought to regard the performance of duty as a price to be paid for some self-indulgence or self-gratification, often of a physical and sensuous nature, and grow up blind to the truth that duty is to be done for its own sake, because it is right, and that in the performance of it is to be found its highest and divinest reward.

The lecturer then spoke of the physical laws of our constitution and of the rewards of obedience and disobedience. These laws, as they relate to ourselves, are much neglected and recklessly violated. A man will take care of a valuable horse and so that the laws of his nature are not violated, and so will the lady do for her pet canary, but who takes the same care of his own physical nature. As a result we have among us any amount of imbecility and disease. The lecturer closed this branch of his subject with some well timed quotations from Dr. Harlow.

He then spoke of the social and moral rewards of life. The rewards of social life depend almost wholly for their value upon the spirit in which they are bestowed. The rich man buys his little daughter a beautiful piano and gives it to her for her own because she is good and he loves her dearly—and this is his reward. The poor man whose scanty means scarcely suffice to keep warm from the door of his humble home, seeks in vain for the means of gratifying the promptings of his loving heart, in any gifts that cost money and so he goes home empty handed and takes his little daughter in his rough strong arms and presses her to his bosom and tells her that he loves her very, very dearly, and a great tear comes out upon his brown face and glistens in the fire-light, and his little girl nestles fondly and lovingly in that quiet embrace,—and that is her reward. These little courtesies the sweet endearments of social life should never be neglected or despised, for they are among life's most precious rewards.

In speaking of the moral rewards of life the lecturer alluded to the fault of those who affect to confess great sinfulness with out feelings of humility or contrition, and spoke with great force and justice of the little sins of thought and feeling as well as of overt acts, which lie like pebbles and withered leaves along the ways of life. He was hard upon respectable sins but extremely lenient towards such offenders as murderers, pirates and the like. We must dissent from the lecturer's views on this particular point, and the illustration of the watch does not help the matter to our own mind. The mouthing hypocrite may well enough be compared to the shackles, good for nothing old watch—that will barely run at some rate by winding twice in twelve hours, but the perfect chronometer transiently stopped by the slight bending of a tiny cog or by a note of dust, does not correspond in any way to the murderer or any great criminal. Such men may have started with a fine and generous nature, and may have received their first impulse to evil from apparently trivial things, but they usually, if not always, grow great in vice and crime by gradual degrees. The crimes, in which their careers culminate, are the natural results of general moral debasement and depravity, as death is the result of natural disease. If little sins abound in the lives of common men they are not likely to be absent from the lives of assassins. So, at any rate we hold.

The lecturer would not have us barter our life labor for smiles or flattery or distinction, for any or for every worldly and selfish good but seek goodness for its own sake and find in itself its own exceeding great reward. Mr. Chaplin's select reading was very excellent. He needs, so we should judge, but little labor to make him a fine rhetorician. The paper by Miss Cleaves contained some excellent original contributions. We may, perhaps, be allowed to express a regret that the ladies having charge of our lyceum paper think fit to select at all. We hardly need remind them that almost the whole interest of such a paper depends upon its entire and undoubted originality. Better a short and poor number, if it be original than a long and good one selected—we can all read books at our leisure. The paper last week was very finely read and was very creditable to the editors.

Correspondence of the Reporter.

Augusta, Jan. 30, 1860.

As some of the papers report that the "bottom has fallen out of the Peck in which the public money was kept, and the money is lying around loose," perhaps the people would like to know how much of this "loose money" the bondsmen have got to scrape together.

The report of the investigating committee shows a deficit of \$91,073 04. It appears that of this sum only \$2957 30 was received by Mr. Peck prior to Jan. 1859, so that the idea of his using \$25,000 or \$30,000 for electioneering purposes as alleged in some papers must of necessity be false.

The committee is hard at work to learn all the particulars in regard to the whole transaction, and will report in full, giving all the details, in a few weeks. Perhaps when that is had it will be found that others have figured in the matter more shrewdly than Peck has. But as the bondsmen foot the bills no anxiety need be felt by those who contributed the funds.

The valuation committee is vigorously at work, and will be able to report soon. The total State valuation will be about \$165,000,000. The valuation is fixed upon the cash value of the property. This will increase the State tax upon some towns and diminish it upon others.

It is thought that about \$50,000 will have to be expended upon the State Prison, or else a new one will have to be built soon, at a probable expense of \$125,000. The latter course would be best, for the old Prison makes a continual draft upon the State Treasury for repairs, while a new Prison in a suitable place might be made a self-supporting institution.

The State debt falling due soon of \$51,000 has been postponed seventeen years. So it will have to be paid first in interest, then in principle if ever it is paid.

The new county is on hand again with fair chance of success.

The Amstook Railroad is quiet, but may rumble a little in the Legislature towards spring—the only place where it will make a noise for sometime, especially at the State's expense, though there is a move on foot to unite all the roads including the Amstook, which points in that direction. Of course no uninterested person will object to that, if it can be brought about.

By reference to Chadbourne's Register, I find that the members of the House are much older on the average than they have been for many years—being 49, 4 years.—In 1856 they averaged 45 years, but usually fall below that figure. Average age of Senators 50, 4 years. In the Senate there are 15 Farmers, 7 merchants, 2 Blacksmiths, and one each of five other occupations. In the House there are 67 Farmers, 27 Merchants, 9 Lawyers, 6 Lumbermen, 6 Carpenters, 5 Physicians, 3 Mariners, 3 Shipbuilders, 3 Blacksmiths, and one each of twenty-two other different occupations.

The members of the Legislature seem to move quietly along, content to serve the State the seventy-five days for which they are paid.

ETNA.

The following from an old writer embraces in a brief but comprehensive form, the best possible views of true educational processes:—First, there must proceed a way how to discern the natural inclinations and capacities of children. Secondly, must next ensue the culture and furnishing of the mind. Thirdly, the moulding of behaviour and decent forms. Fourthly, the tempering of affections. Fifthly, the quickening and exciting of observations and practical judgment. Sixthly, and the last in order, but the principal in value, being that which must knit and consolidate all the rest, is the timely instilling of conscientious principles and seed of religion.

MUSIC. We have received from the publishers, C. B. Seymour & Co., No. 107 Broadway, New York. "The Solo Melodist," and "Musical Friend." Each contains many pieces of popular music, which we commend to the especial attention of the lovers and performers of music. They are very neatly got up, and especially arranged for a great variety of instruments. Price only 10 cents a number.

FIRE IN SEBAGO. The Dwelling House and out-buildings together with about eight tons of Hay &c., on the Bennett Pike Farm in Sebago, were totally destroyed by fire, Tuesday morning about five o'clock. Insured \$600.

FIRE IN DENMARK. We learn that the House and Barn belonging to Mr. Edward Smith in Denmark, were destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning. Origin unknown. Loss about \$800. Insured \$500.

We have received the February number of Arthur's Home Magazine. It is richly embellished, and contains the usual variety of interesting reading matter. Terms \$2.00 a year.

Peterson's Magazine for February is received, well filled with embellishments and good reading which cannot fail to please its numerous lady readers. Price \$2 a year.

The Belfast Journal says that Candian, second only to Castine, is probably the largest fishery depot in Maine. The amount of bounty money paid out from the deputy collector's office there, for the year just closed, is \$8,440; an increase over last year, of some \$3,000. The amount of tonnage at that office was 3,911 tons. There have been granted the past year 165 cod fishing licenses, and 10 mackerel licenses.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE TREASURER'S ACCOUNTS.

In the Senate, on Friday last, Mr. DUNSMITH, from the Committee to settle the Treasurer's Accounts, made the following Report, which was accepted in both branches and ordered to be printed:

The Joint Select Committee on Treasurer's Accounts, which was "directed to examine said accounts and report thereon at the earliest practicable period," having attended to that duty, ask leave to submit the following:

REPORT.

The report herewith accompanying of Wm. Caldwell, made to the committee, shows the receipts and disbursements for the year ending Dec. 31, 1859, as shown by the books in the Treasurer's office.

The committee have examined these accounts, item by item, and find them properly vouched and correctly cast.

The committee also refer to said Caldwell's report for the estimates of receipts and expenditures for the current year, and other information usually embodied in the Treasurer's Annual Report.

By this report, there appears to be a cash balance on hand Dec. 31, 1859, \$114,050.13

The committee have ascertained that the late Treasurer has received since his first came into office and which was not charged to him on the books in the office, the further sum of

Total, \$123,431.90

He has exhibited vouchers for disbursements, not entered on the books, for the sum of

3,576.52

Balance, \$119,855.38

There should have been Dec. 31, 1859, this amount of cash on hand. There was actually on hand the sum of \$25,782.34, showing an apparent deficit of \$94,073.04.

Mr. Peck claims to be allowed also \$1,000 for an advance made to George M. Weston towards his services in prosecuting the "Mexican claim" against the General Government. The "claim" not having been paid, and the proper voucher not being presented, the committee have not allowed this sum to Mr. Peck. When the "claim" shall be paid and the proper voucher produced, this sum should be allowed to Mr. Peck.

Of the sum received by him and not entered on the books, he received during the year 1857, \$543.51; during the year 1858, \$2,414.29; and the balance during 1859.—This sum is made up of payments by towns of their State Tax, directly to the Treasurer.

Uniformly when committees of the Legislature have examined the Treasurer's accounts, they have taken for the amount of State tax paid in during the year, the amount shown on the books in the Treasurer's office. They have no other practicable means of ascertaining it. The only mode of accurately ascertaining it is an examination of all the vouchers for payment of State taxes, held by the treasurers and collectors of every city, town and plantation in the State. This examination, of course, cannot be made by such a committee. And without such an examination the committees of 1858 and 1859, could not have ascertained that the Treasurer had received the sums above named, and not entered them upon the books.

Some method should be devised so that it could be known how much money is actually paid into the Treasury, whether credited on the books or not. Your committee hope that when they report upon the other matters committed to them, they shall be able to suggest some feasible method, and to report a bill, which shall remedy this defect.

The books in the Treasurer's office show cash deposited in the several banks, \$43,807.74

B. D. Peck's memorandum checks in the Treasurer's office, 24,008 79

Cash in office and cash advances, 6,243.60

Total, \$114,060.13

But the funds in many of the banks had been drawn out, so that there remained on deposit to the credit of the State in all the banks, Dec. 31, 1859, only the sum of \$19,245.74

Coupons paid, 293.00

Cash in office and cash advances, 6,243.60

Total, \$25,782.34

This amount of \$19,245.74 was on deposit in the following banks, and the following statement shows all that was on deposit in the banks, as shown by their returns.

[The report then gives a schedule of deposits in 26 banks—which amount in the aggregate to \$19,245.74.]

The Report continues:—The committee have also examined the accounts by virtue of the order of January 17, 1859, up to the twentieth day of January, when the present Treasurer took possession of the office. From Dec. 31, 1859, to Jan. 20, 1860, the Treasury was in the custody of William Caldwell, Esq., acting under the direction of the Governor and Council.

The committee have examined his vouchers and accounts and find that he had on hand Dec. 31, 1859, \$25,782.34

He received from Dec. 31, 1859, to Jan. 20, 1860, \$1,129.76

Total, \$26,912.10

He paid out and produced vouchers for during that time, 23,620.34

Balance on hand, \$3,291.76

which sum was paid over to the present Treasurer, Jan. 20, 1860, and was receipted for by him.

The above statement does not include a large amount of checks drawn by Mr. Peck, as Treasurer, and now apparently outstanding, but upon which the State is not in any way held for payment. The amount and description of these checks will hereafter be given in detail.

The committee have examined at great length the other matters committed to them. They have examined many witnesses; but in order to make a full, minute and thorough examination, they must examine many more, and some considerable time must elapse before they can make a final report. All which is respectfully submitted.

By the unanimous order of the Committee. JOSIAH H. DUNSMITH, Chairman. January 27, 1860.

FROM THE RIO GRANDE. New Orleans, Jan. 27. Advice from Point Isabel, dated Sunday, states that Cortinas, with 250 men, was above Matamoros, plundering Texans. The Federal troops had returned to Brownsville, but the Rangers remained at Rio Grande city.

The Post Office at South Dresden in this State has been discontinued.

The income of the Sheriff of New York is about sixty thousand dollars per annum.

They are talking of a line of steamboats between Philadelphia and Portland.

The Detroit Free Press gives an account of an "amalgamation row" which occurred in that city a few evenings since. At a low dance room in the city they gathered in force the males being all negroes, and the females all or nearly all white. This detestable gang luxuriated in the enticing allurements of the dance, and drowned care in flowing whiskey, until they all became too drunk for anything but a fight, which of course ensued. As the negroes were too cowardly to fight one another, they fell at the women, and thrashed them unmercifully. The Police finally interfered. This circumstance suggests to the Free Press a fact which is invariable in connection with amalgamation cases, viz: that the whites are always the males. There is no instance within the knowledge of those who are acquainted with such matters where a white man has descended so far as to amalgamate with a negro, either in these very common amalgamation dances or in the conjugal relation. There are, however, an abundance of white females in this city who live with and among negroes entirely, and never associate with people of their own color.

THE DANGER OF CATS. It has generally been thought a whim that cats do harm to children. The Boston Herald gives a case that disproves this. A boy two years old, the son of John Jones, living at 17 1/2 Franklin street, played during an afternoon recently with a strange cat which came to the house. When the child went to sleep the cat was under the bed. In the night the parents noticed that the little fellow was quite uneasy from time to time, and at length he cried out that the cat hurt him, in such manner as to attract attention. On examination they found the cat upon the bed over the child's face, and the pillow and bed saturated with blood. The child was taken up and washed, but no wound could be discovered. All the blood came from the nose and it was evident that the cat had been imbibing the vital fluid by suction. A physician was called and some time elapsed before the hemorrhage was stopped. This case should serve as a warning to parents who allow cats and dogs to occupy their sleeping apartments. There is always danger from such animals. Cats should never be allowed to enter a sleeping apartment.

The Boston Traveller correspondent writes from Haverhill:

"A few nights ago, officer Tuck arrested a man in the act of breaking into the shop of Mr. A. G. Fowler on Fleet street. On interrogating the offender, he declared that the necessities of his family pressed him to the commission of the act, his choice being between crime and beggary. As soon as the circumstance was known, his house was visited, where a wife and three young children were found in an extremely destitute condition, being almost without food or fuel. A liberal subscription was at once made, and their immediate wants relieved, and the fortunate man humanely allowed to go away, without a complaint being made against him.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY PEOPLE held their annual convention in Boston, last week when Mr. Garrison offered resolutions, naming Gov. Banks' veto of the Militia bill, declaring that the erection of a statue in honor of Daniel Webster upon the State House grounds was a fraud upon the people, that if punishment is ever justifiable, Gov. Mason and all the Virginia slaveholders should have been hung instead of John Brown. He also read a letter of Thomas Gerry, a Quaker of Delaware, in which he had aided the escape of two hundred and forty-five slaves.

FIRE. The Boston Traveller says, a large new building of the Holliston Factory was destroyed by fire early on Tuesday morning, with all the contents, including a large amount of stock. The Worcester Spy says that the buildings heated with steam and managed with the "only inference is that the buildings were set on fire. The loss will not fall low \$30,000. The loss of the buildings is out of employment about one hundred men.

LEWISTON, Me. Jan. 27. By the use of the elevator chain at the lagging of this morning, three men were seriously injured, and several others more or less named Rogers had an arm broken. Collins, a watchman, had his ribs crushed; another had his ankles thrown out of joint. They were being lowered by the water when the chain broke. The men were seriously injured. None are thought to be fatally injured but Collins is in condition. There was no blame attached any one.

FROM PIKE'S PEAK, LEAVENWORTH. The Pike's Peak express arrived here having been delayed one day by snow. It brings \$4000 in specie and five packages. The news from the gold region is so new and so full of interest that it is a new movement has been made to the amount in consequence of the open several new diggings. The miners of South Park and on Blue River were to be making \$10 to \$30 per day. They feared a renewal of inclement weather cause much suffering in the mining. The snow had nearly disappeared.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT. A correspondent writes that as Mr. Wakefield of Ludlow his wife and two children, were driving to Chester on Saturday, they were overtaken by a spate of running away, attached to a heavy iron, and before they could get out of the way were run over, instantly killing Mrs. Wakefield, breaking both jaws, both arms, leg of the oldest child, and somewhat injuring Mr. Wakefield and the youngest child. The oldest child cannot live, and Mr. Wakefield has since become insane.—Caledonian.

The Houston Telegraph says that from fifty to sixty people frozen within the State of Texas, during the cold weather. Of these at least five were under the influence of liquor when they were there, also many thousands of sheep frozen.

Professor Espy, whose theory has been the subject of so much discussion, died in Cincinnati, on Wednesday. He was many years employed as a meteorologist, and in former years as a teacher in Philadelphia. He was considerable scientific attainments.

The report of the New York city announces 21,000 deaths in that city the year 1859.

Applications received by
W. H. POWERS, Agent.
Bridgton July 15, 1852. 9m36*

MISCELLANY.

THE LOVE KNOT.

BY NORA PERRY.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her navel in a snare
Did she catch her lovers floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the winds came blowing merry and
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over the happy peach and red face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest of roses in June,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill—
Madder, merrier, chiller still
The western wind blew down and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Oh, western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with floating hair?
To gladden, gleefully, no more her heart
To blow her against that young man's breast
Where he so gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

Oh, Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

THE OLD CROW.

On the limb of an oak sat a jolly old crow,
And he chattered away with glee—
And he saw the old farmer go out to sow,
And he cried—"It's all for me—for me!"

"Look, look, how he scatters his seed around,
He is wonderful kind to the poor—the poor!
If he'd empty it down in a pile on the ground,
I could find much better, I'm sure—I'm sure."

I've learned all the tricks of this wonderful
man,
Who has so much regard for the crow—the
crow,
That he lays out his grounds in a regular
plan.

And covers his corn in a row—a row.
He must have a great fancy for me,
He tries to entrap me enough—enough;
But I measure the distance as well as he,
And when he comes near me I'm off—I'm off!"

A PRACTICAL JOKE. In a western State
one of the political parties had for twenty
years been in the habit of holding their
nominating conventions at the house of Mr. G—

He happened on a recent occasion, for the
first time, to be in when they had finished
their business, and heard a little delegate
move that "this convention adjourn sine die."

"Sine die!" said Mr. G—to a person
standing near, "where's that?"

"Why, that's away in the northern part
of the county, said his neighbor.

"Hold on, if you please, Mr. Chairman,
said the landlord, with great emphasis and
earnestness, hold on, sir; I'd like to be heard
on that question. I have kept a public house
now for more than twenty years. I am a
poor man. I have always belonged to the
party and never split in my life. This is
the most central location in the county, and
it's where we've always met. I've never
had not asked for an office, and have worked
day and night for the party, and now I think
sir, it is contemptible to go to adjourn this
convention way up to Sine Die."

There was recently a duel at Napoleon,
Ark., between a doctor and a tailor, in which
the doctor shot the tailor through the leg,
and the tailor the doctor through the lower
extremity of his coat. They were made
friends upon the ground—the doctor agreeing
to dress the tailor's leg, and the tailor
to mend the doctor's coat.

A NOBLE ANSWER. A friend sought to
comfort the wife of the great French general,
the Marshal de Villeroi, after the defeat
of the latter by Marlborough at Blenheim,
by saying that, thanks to Heaven, the Mar-
shal had escaped uninjured. "That indeed,"
she replied, "is enough for me, but it is not
enough for him."

READING. Says the Rev. Henry Giles—
"to go through books is not to read them—
Men may masquerade thousands of volumes,
—after devouring hecatombs of folios, they
may have minds as lanky as before; or if,
with acquisitive memory, their minds in-
crease in bulk, the bulk is that of obesity
and not of muscle."

When a young man steals a kiss from a
Lowell girl, she blushes like a "new-blown
rose," and says, smartly, "you darn't do
that twice more." The Boston girls hold still
until they are well kissed, when they flare
up at once, and say, "I should think you
would be ashamed."

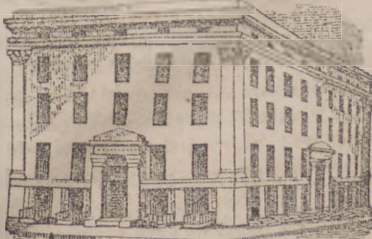
"If you ever think of marrying a widow,"
said an anxious parent to his heir, "select
one whose first husband was hung; for that
is the only way to prevent her from throw-
ing his memory into your face, and making
annoying comparisons. 'Even that won't
prevent it!' exclaimed a crusty old bachelor;
"she'll then praise him by saying, that hang-
ing would be too good for you."

No man can tell whether he is rich or
poor by turning to his lodger. It is the
heart that makes a man rich. He is rich
or poor according to what he is, not what he
has.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had
red hair, "keep away from me, or you'll set
me on fire."—"No danger of that," replied
the girl; "you are too green to burn!"

A poor spirit is poorer than a poor purse;
a very few pounds a year would ease a man
of the scandal of avarice.

Take Them and Live. NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.



HERICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS.

These unsurpassed remedies have
been placed at the head of all similar preparations.
Herrick's Vegetable Pills, in universal good-
ness, safety and certainty in the cure of the
various diseases of man, excel all others, and
their sale unquestionably is treble that of all
other kinds. In full doses they are active Car-
thartics, in smaller doses Tonic, and cleans-
ing in all Bilious Complaints, Sick Head-
ache, Liver Disorders, Kidney Derangements,
Stomach Disorders, and Skin Affections, they
cure as if by magic. These Pills are purely
vegetable, can be taken at any time by old or
young, without change in employment or
diet. Mercury is a good medicine when
properly used, but when compounded in a Pill
for universal use it destroys, instead of benefit-
ing the patient. Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills
have never been known to produce sore mouth
and aching joints, as have some others.
Therefore, persons in want of a family Pill,
pleasant to take, certain to cure, and used by
millions, will certainly look for no other.
These Pills are covered with a coating of
pure white sugar, no taste of medicine about
them, but are as easily taken as bits of
confectionary. FAMILY BOXES, 25 CENTS,
5 BOXES, \$1.

Herrick's Kid Strengthening Plaster.

These renowned Plasters cure pains, weak-
ness and distress in the back, sides & breast,
in five hours. Indeed, so certain are they to
do this, that the Proprietor warrants them.
Spread from resins, balsams and gums, on
beautiful Kid leather, renders them peculiarly
adapted to the wants of Females and others.
Each plaster will wear from one to four
months, and in rheumatic complaints, sprains
and bruises, frequently effect cures, while all
other remedies failed. Full directions will
be found on the back of each. Public speakers,
vocalists, ministers of the Gospel and
others, will strengthen their lungs and im-
prove their voices by wearing them on the
breast. PRICE 18 3/4 CENTS.

Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catarrh Snuff

Has obtained an enviable reputation in the
cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Wat-
ery and Inflamed Eyes, and those disor-
derable noises, resembling the whizzing of
steam, distant waterfalls, etc., purely veg-
etable composites with full directions, & del-
ights all that use it; as a sneezing snuff it cannot
be equaled. 10 BOXES 35 CENTS.

MARVEL'S CONDITION POWDERS.

These old established Powders, so well
known at the Long laid out in the County, N. Y.,
and sold in immense quantities through-
out the Middle and Eastern States for the past
seven years, continue to excel all other kinds;
in diseases of Horses and Cattle their excel-
lence is acknowledged everywhere. They
contain nothing injurious, the animal can be
worked while feeding them; ample direc-
tions go with each package, and good horse-
men are invited to test their virtues and
judge of their goodness.

LARGE PACKAGE, 25 CENTS.

The above articles are sold by 27,000
agents throughout the United States, Cana-
da and South America, at wholesale by all
large Druggists in the principal cities.

HERICK & CO.,
Practical Chemists, Albany, N. Y.,
Sold in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden. 1542

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.

NORTH BRIDGTON, ME. 8

Custom Work.

A. BENTON would an-
nounce to his former custom-
ers and the citizens of Bridg-
ton generally, that he has
recommenced making CUS-
TOM WORK, and is now ready to attend to
all orders in the line of

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING,
for either men, women or children.

Work respectfully solicited.
Bridgton Center, Sept. 2, 1859. 15

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

TOWELS,

made from selected wheat, ground and put
up at the Saccarappa Mills.

Cash paid for Hides, Calf and Wool Skins,
Bridgton Center, 9

F. A. BOYD,
PAINTER, GLAZIER, PAPER-HANG-
ER, AND GRAINER.

Orders in his line of business are respect-
fully solicited.

Shop in the Post Office Building,
Bridgton Center, March 10, 1859. 18

J. F. & J. D. WOODBURY,
Manufacturers of

FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, &c.

attended to with promptness and dispatch.

Please give us a call.

Shop next door to Adams & Walker's Store.
BRIDGTON CENTER. 1

I. S. HOPKINSON,
Manufacturer of

Doors, Sash & Blinds.

JOB PLAINING AND SAWING
done at call.

BRIDGTON CENTER. 1

TOWELS. Royal Turkish Bathing Tow-
els, at

PISCATAQUA MAINE FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO.

OF SOUTH BERWICK, ME.

INCORPORATED 1855

GUARANTEE CASH CAPITAL, . . . \$150,000.

Hon. JOHN N. GOODWIN, President.

OBED P. MILLER, Vice Pres't.

SHIPLEY W. RICKER, Sec'y.

DIRECTORS:

Hon John N Goodwin, Abner Oakes,

M. Mun. Dean, Shipley W. Ricker,

Obad P. Miller, M. B. Pardee, M. D.,

Granville C. Wallingford.

Fire, Marine, and Inland-Cargo Risks taken

at Equitable Rates.

All Premiums are made specific when

Policies are issued, and are to be pre-

paid in money. No Assessments will

be made on the assured in event

of loss.

Policies issued and further information may

be obtained by application to our

AGENTS, G. G. WIGHT,

Agent at Bridgton.

3m45

RUFUS GIBBS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

BED BLANKETS

—AND—

FLANNELS,

SUCH AS

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Superfine WITNEY

BLANKETS;

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Witney BLANKETS;

12, 11 & 10-4 Witney

CRIB AND BIRTH BLANKETS.

4-4 SHAKER AND DOMET FLANNELS.

Horse Blankets

—AND—

YANKEE BROADCLOTH.

Also, dealer in

Dry Goods,

WEST INDIA GOODS.

—AND—

GROCERIES.

of every description

All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted

in exchange for Goods.

CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent.

Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1858. 15

ADAMS & WALKER,

Manufacturers, Wholesale & Retail dealers in

FURNITURE,

of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, FEATHER BEDS,

Mattresses, Carpetings and

PAPER HANGINGS.

ALSO, DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

GROCERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES,

West India Goods, &c.

PAINTS AND OIL.

J. R. ADAMS, 1 BRIDGTON CENTER.

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, 15

No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858.

REUBEN BALL

KEEPS constantly on hand for sale a good

assortment of

Family Groceries,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Ap-
ples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese,

—ALSO—

MEATS

of different kinds—in a word, most every
thing for family consumption.

Farmers' Produce taken in exchange
for Goods.

Purchasers will find for their interest to
all.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. 1

S. M. HARMON,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law.

BRIDGTON, MAINE. 151

BOURBON ELIXIR.

THE Proprietor introduces his Elixir to the

public with a positive knowledge that it

will perform all that he claims for it. He

did not originate it for the sake of having

something to sell, but to cure himself of Dys-

pepsia, and Sore Throat, of years standing—

He succeeded completely in doing so, and

now, after having established its remarkable

curative power beyond a doubt, by its use in

a great variety of other cases, with equal suc-

cess, he offers it to the public for the relief of

the suffering.

Try it ye gloomy and desponding, there is

Health and happiness in store for you yet.

IT CURES DYSPEPSIA;

IT CURES CONSUMPTION;

IT CURES SORE THROAT;

IT CURES A SLUGGISH LIVER;

It strengthens and regenerates the Enfeebled

System; And there is no medicine known that

causes food to do so much good, that adds

so much healthy nutrition to the Blood, and

Vital Forces of the system as the Bourbon

Elixir.

Tor sale in Bridgton by S.M. Hayden.

Prepared and sold by W. A. Sleeper, Nash-

ua, N. H. 51 ly

CONGRESS HILL GAITERS! Cheap

at BILLINGS'S

KEROSENE OIL, Lamps, Wicks, and

Chinneys, for sale by

DIXEY STONE & SON.

50

A NEW Lot of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

for sale by DIXEY STONE & SON 59

Scrofula, or King's Evil

Is a constitutional disease, a corruption
of the blood, by which the fluid becomes
irritated, weak and poor. Being in the cir-
culation, it pervades the whole body, and
may burst out in disease on any part of it.
No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there
one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous
taint is variously caused by mercurial dis-
ease, low living, disordered or unhealthy
food, impure air, ill and filthy habits, the
depressing vices, and above all, by the ven-
ereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is
hereditary in the constitution, descending
from parents "to children unto the third and
fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the
rod of Him who says, "I will visit the in-
iquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from
the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter which
in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is
termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings;
and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This
foul corruption, which renders in the blood,
depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous
constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous
complaints, but they have far less power
to withstand the attacks of other diseases;
consequently, vast numbers perish by disor-
ders which, although not scrofulous in their
nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint
in the system. Most of the consumptions
which decimate the human family, basils or-
igin directly in this scrofulous contamina-
tion, and many destructive diseases of the
liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the
organs, arise from or are aggravated by the
same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous,
their persons are invaded by this lurking
infection, and their health is undermined
by it. To cleanse it from the system we must
renovate the blood by an