

Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. II.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1860.

NO. 15.

Bridgton Reporter,

IS PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
S. H. NOYES,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
BRIDGTON, ME.

CHARLES LAMSON, EDITOR.

All letters must be addressed to the
Publisher. Communications intended for
publication should be accompanied by the
name of the author.

TERMS. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN AD-
VANCE; one dollar fifty-cents at the end of
the year.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. One square 16
lines, one insertion 75 cents; 3 insertions
\$1.00; 3 months \$2.00; 6 months \$3.50; one
year \$6.00; 1-4 column \$18.00; 1-2 column
\$30.00; one column \$50.00.

JOB PRINTING executed with neatness,
cheapness and despatch.

THE NUN.

FROM THE GERMAN.—BY W. W. CALDWELL.

Upon the hillside standing,
I looked adown the vale,
And saw a boat move slowly,
In which three Earls did sail.

Three Earls, of whom the youngest,
Or ere the boat did pass,
Leaned from the side and gave me
Wine in a brimming glass.

"Why dost thou offer to me
This wine, this goblet bright;
I am a poor young maiden,
And thou a noble Knight."

Art but a poor young maiden,
With neither home nor gold?
Then of the love think only,
That doth our two hearts hold.

"For earthly love I care not,
No man I think upon,
Soon to the convent going,
Soon to be made a nun."

"Wilt go into a convent,
And there a nun become?
Then will I seek and find thee,
Through over the world I roam."

What draws he from his finger?
"A ring of gold for thee;
Take it, thou dearest, fairest,
It shall my token be."

"What can I with a ring do,
A ring I may not wear?"
"O say you found it lying
Down in the green grass there."

"O wherefore utter falsehood,
But evil it would prove;
Far rather would I answer,
The young Earl was my love."

Three months had nearly ended,
Sad dreams the Earl alone,
Because into the convent
His dearest one had gone.

Then spake he to his servant,
"Two horses bring again,
Onward until we find her,
We'll ride o'er hill and plain."

And when he reached the convent,
Low knocking at the gate,
"Where is the young nun," asked he,
"Who hither came of late?"

But no one heeds the summons,
No voice gives answer there;
"Then will I burn this building,
This house of God so fair."

Forth came she slowly walking,
With snow-white garments on,
Her head shorn of its tresses—
Made ready as a nun.

As one from distant country,
She bade him welcome there,
And asked: "What led thee hither,
Who told thee I was here?"

What proffers she unto him?
A golden goblet new;
No sooner drinks he from it,
Than breaks his heart in two.

Then with her white hands toiling,
She dug for him a grave,
The while her dark eyes softly
Their tearful tribute gave.

With her own slender fingers
She did the church bell toll,
And with her sweet mouth chanted
A requiem for his soul.

PROCRUSTINATION.

Oh, let us live and love to-day!
No man hath seen to-morrow!
Cast not the precious time away,
Nor useless troubles borrow.
Procrastination, the old thief,
Will steal away your roses,
And I have not, I say with grief,
A taste for withered posies.

You "want to leave off smoking," do you?
Well, if you will observe the following ratios
especially the last one, you will undoubtedly
succumb:

Never buy any tobacco; never borrow it;
never beg it; never take it; never take it as
a gift; never put it in your mouth or pipe.

BARGAIN-HUNTING.

Mr. Warren and his niece Marion had
been waiting in the drawing-room for the
arrival of his sister-in-law and her three
daughters, for more than an hour, and the
old gentleman was getting impatient for his
tea; he had been inveigled up to town at
least three weeks before his presence would
be necessary at the wedding of one of these
young ladies; and though, during all that
time, he had been subjected to their endless
colloquies about 'shopping,' and their tri-
umphant boasts over their 'bargains,' the
trousseau was by no means complete yet.

In that late autumn evening, the female
four were still cheapening silks and muslins
in the accustomed manner.

It was not the present inconvenience, how-
ever, which, to do him justice, was trou-
bling Mr. Warren, so much as his reflections
upon the system which the ladies were thus
thoughtlessly pursuing. He could not now
forbear giving Marion his opinion upon the
matter, although, in consideration for the
happy event which was in such close pros-
pect, he had hitherto spared his nieces.

"I can recollect the time," said he, "when
people paid for the quality of what they
bought; but now, when the world goes so
fast, the passion is for cheapness, and we
hear people boasting of their bargains, for-
getting the many who, in consequence, are
half clad and hungry; and when the poor
man's health goes, what has he to look to?
When the rich are, they have rest and ease
and cordials to revive them, and the balmy
breath of foreign climes; but when the poor
artisan dies, it is often because the world in
his employer's hand has gone round so fast,
that he has had no time to feel the invigor-
ating breath of his own hillside breezes.—
In sickness, the rich man diverts his mind
by the elegances and refinements of life, and
solaces himself with the consolations of re-
ligion; the poor man often knows not what
they mean. Many who once knew they had
a soul, have had its light long since extin-
guished by the all-absorbing object of find-
ing food to keep life warm within them."

"These are appalling statements, dear un-
cle," said Marion. "The evils, must lie with
the legislature with men in power—we have
little influence in these matters, and what
we can do is but as a drop in the ocean."

"It may be so, Marion; but the influence
of every British female is more command-
ing than that of any other female through-
out the world. Think of the department
more peculiarly patronized by female in-
fluence; think of the numbers of young fe-
males who annually lose, many their sight,
and many their lives, while working long
and weary hours in the millinery and
dressmaking establishments in our country."

"Yet, what can be done, uncle?" inquired
Marion. "What can be done? What can
I do? I have no influence. I can do nothing
to help."

At this moment a loud ring at the door-
bell announced the return of the wanderers;
and after the lapse of a few moments, spent
probably, in disrobing themselves of their
outer wrappings, the drawing-room door opened,
and Mrs. Warren entered, accompa-
nied by her three daughters. Many apolo-
gies were made for the apparent neglect of
the guests; and the excuse pleaded was the
multitude of little matters that still re-
mained undone, in prospect of the 25th,
which was to be the wedding-day, and to be
present on which, Mr. Warren, Aunt Mary,
and Marion, had come to town. Julia, the
young bride, looked pleased and happy.—
Lucy, her young sister, was, as was her cus-
tom, in high spirits; while the third and
eldest Miss Warren, Elizabeth, was too
much occupied with the care and due adjust-
ment of a multitude of paper parcels of all
sizes, which she carried into the room with
her, to notice any one.

At length they were all gathered round
the tea-table, and the business of tea was
commenced.

"And now for the news," said Lucy; "we
have done a great deal this evening; and,
mamma, I think it is only fair that
Aunt Mary and Marion, left at home to
amuse themselves, should participate in our
exploits."

"I really think we have a right to know
them," said Aunt Mary, good-humoredly;
"your sudden disappearance at this unusual
hour calls for some explanation."

"The explanation, then, is this," replied
Lucy, in a low tone, "that we were all bent
upon going, where we were not so fond of
being seen at an earlier part of the day, to
one of those extraordinary shops where one
gets things almost for nothing, and where, I
suppose in a few years, a premium will be
offered to any lady who will be so very kind
and obliging as to accept of their articles.—
We certainly have made some extraordi-
nary purchases," said Julia, interrupting
her sister; "such bargains I never saw!"—
and she proceeded to enumerate various lit-
tle fancy articles which, as they were nam-
ed, were duly unrolled from their several

papers by the silent Elizabeth, and handed
for inspection to the company.

"And the dresses," continued Julia, "they
certainly were bargains. Flushing told us
they could not get them anywhere else
for double the money, because he deals with
a manufactory where they give the people
the very least sums in the world, and em-
ploy a great number. They are imitations,
to be sure, but are they not very lovely?"

"Stop, stop," cried Elizabeth, who had been
measuring the cloth. "I am a yard short,
and here is a great hole!"

"Oh, never mind that," said Lucy, as though
she enjoyed the discovery; "it was cheap,
and that is enough."

"Well, we shall not mind it then," contin-
ued Julia; "there is enough without the mis-
sing yard; indeed we have bought many
things we did not want, just because they
were so temptingly cheap; but the greatest
bargain is yet to come."

"The mittens," said Lucy; "yes, certainly
the mittens were wonders. I bought gloves,
silk, needles, and meshes some weeks ago,
to make a pair for myself, and here we have
got mittens beautifully made for less actu-
ally than I paid for the materials."

Here Elizabeth placed upon the table a
bundle of beautifully finished black lace
mittens.

"They are all hand-wrought," said Aunt
Mary, taking up one of them, "and are ex-
quisitely done; much time must have been
spent upon them."

"Yes," said Lucy, "I know that from expe-
rience; mine go on at snail's pace. I would
not make a pair for any one under three
times the sum we paid for these. We were
just leaving the shop, when we observed
them, and I priced one pair, which was not
much more than I had paid for my materials;
but we had already bought so many things,
that we thought we might get them still
cheaper, so we offered Flushing a small
sum for each, provided we took the whole
parcel of them—there are so many of us,
we shall soon wear them out—and after
some deliberations he gave us them, and
certainly they are bargains."

"Wonderful bargains!" repeated the other
two sisters.

"But we have not done yet, Julia; the
dress for Mrs. Phillips—you must not forget
that."

"Oh, I do not forget it," said Julia. "We
bought a dress, which I am to wear on Mon-
day evening, Marion."

"On Monday evening!" repeated Marion
—and this is Saturday night; surely it
cannot be made so quickly, and with all the
bugle-trimmings you want."

"O yes, we have managed that too. We
went to Mrs. Primrose, and told her it must
be done—in short, that it was indispensa-
ble. At first, she said it was impossible;—
but after hinting about further orders, she
said it should be done."

"Bugle-trimmings and all," added Eliza-
beth; "for I heard her whisper to her fore-
woman to tell a young person—who, I know
is her best worker in bugles—that she could
not get away this evening; so I am sure it
will be done, and well done too."

"And now, uncle," said Lucy, "now that
our narration is over, have we not been
most actively and most creditably em-
ployed?"

There was no answer from Mr. Warren
for a few seconds, during which time the
quick-sighted Marion discovered that his
cognitions were not of a pleasant nature.

"Lucy," he at length said, "do you wish
a candid answer to your question? for if so,
I cannot give it, without causing you all
pain. In the midst of so much hilarity, and
so many pleasing anticipations, I feel grieved
to say anything that may damp your
mirth; but when I remember that Julia is
about to take her place as a British matron,
I cannot refrain from speaking openly upon
the subject."

"Julia, my dear," continued the old man
affectionately, taking her hand, "you are
about to become the wife of a noble young
man. I am glad he is not among us to-
night; his mind is too quick-sighted, and
his heart is too generous, not to have been
wounded by the recital of your evening's
transactions. I believe you have gone thro'
them in thoughtlessness; but you are about
to leave your girlish days behind, and enter
a condition which, whatever be the station
in life, is one full of responsibility and of
influence. Times are greatly changed.—
Long ago, our grandmothers were content
with a few handsome dresses, for which they
paid a reasonable sum; the ladies of the
olden time wore one kind of dress, and those
in a lower position another; now, every shop
swarms with imitations, so that all ranks
may at a trifling sum be decked out with
flimsy perishable articles; this, however,
affects the taste of the times, and what
I wish to speak of to you is rather the moral
of the matter. Just before you came in,
Marion and I were talking of the sad state
of thousands of our fellow-creatures, who
work long and weary hours in an atmos-
phere fatal to health; while thousands of

their more enlightened and highly educated
brothers and sisters, knowing all this, in
the frantic struggle for cheapness, do all in
their power to sink them still lower in the
oppression of a life which, while it oftener
enriches the soul. In every department, go
where we will, we find few exceptions to the
general rule, excessive work or very low wa-
ges. I do not mean to impugn Flushing's
respectability, for I know nothing of him;
but I know many young men begin by ad-
vertising that they will undersell their
neighbors, and many of such people have two
prices. The bargain-hunter enters the shop,
and the tradesman feels that either he must
sell the goods under their value, or lose his
customers; consequently he is tempted to
compromise the matter by overreaching some
other person, or by reducing still further the
already miserable remuneration of some poor
laborer connected with his business. Few
among us ever think, while admiring the
many beautiful textures of the day, how it
fares with the multitudes who spin the slender
thread, laid it on the loom, and colored
it with its many-tinted patterns; we hear
only exultations of delight at its being pur-
chased for a small sum. We cannot lift the
veil, but methinks it would sometimes be a
saddening sight, could we follow to their
homes the wretched makers of lucifer-boxes
and envelopes, the female shirt-makers and
others employed by these cheap houses, while
the rich enlightened, the Christian pur-
chaser sits calmly by his fire, and under the
shade of his own home-tree, makes his boast
of bargaining!"

"These things are crying sins, and they
are national sins; but females little think
of the influence they possess in all shopping
transactions when they stoop to bargaining,
and thus become encouragers of fraud and
cruelty. I consider it the duty of every la-
dy to endeavor to acquire correct ideas of
the value of the several articles which come
more especially under her own inspection.
Make a rule never to purchase anything
knowingly under its real value. If a trades-
man offer you a piece of goods which you are
quite convinced is under its worth, reject it,
and in future shun the shop; if it is offered
you by a poor vendor in evident distress,
take it, but give the full value."

"No example could more fully suit me at
present than that painful affair of the black
lace mittens. Lucy owns from experience
she knew the value of the materials and
the labor of the work. They were offered
cheaply even at first, probably too cheaply
to repay the waste of some poor fellow-crea-
ture's eyes; and yet you were not satisfied,
but forced the tradesman either to run the
risk of offending you, or of bleeding the heart
of some poor creature to an extent of which
we little dream, and which we can never
know. When any of you come to visit me
at Rockwood, may I beg that I may never
see these mittens worn; I should always
fancy that I saw the words 'hand-wrought'
engraved upon them, and that some poor
miserable woman, in consequence, sat weep-
ing in a cold garret; but I have done with
this. I wish to say a few words about the
transaction at Mr. Primrose's."

"We all know the great mortality that
takes place annually in the dressmaking
and millinery departments; and it is like-
wise to be feared that there is considerable
enrichment practised on the sacred hours
of the Sabbath. Many ladies, I feel glad to
say, in order effectually, so far as they are
concerned, to prevent the possibility of giving any
pretext for the system, invariably give their
orders early in the week, so that they may
be finished with ease before its expiration.
If an emergency arise suddenly, requiring
a new dress, the considerate lady will never
for a moment hesitate between the evanes-
cent gratification of appearing in a new dress
and the harrowing conviction, that to feed
her vanity, a fellow-sister has been oppres-
sed and defrauded of her rest, which the eye
which looks upon all impartially wishes to
see man universally enjoying. Did the anti-
cipations of wearing a new dress so
darken your conscience, that you were un-
able to appreciate the amount of sorrow
which may at this moment oppress the heart
of the young female who is now employed
with your bugle-embroidery; and is there-
by prevented from going home this evening?
My dear girls, these things ought not to be.
I see I am deeply grieving you all, but these
are subjects of deep import. Think well of
them, and may they forever be a lesson to
you."

Here a servant entered the room, whis-
pered a few words to Aunt Mary, which broke
off the conversation.

"Helen Campbell," said Aunt Mary in sur-
prise, "is she below? Yes, I will see her.—
This is the young person," said she, address-
ing her nieces, "about whom I wished to in-
terest you; I should like your brother also
to see her. Her story is simply this; She
is the support of an aged mother, who has
once seen better days, and is now in extreme
poverty and want, and is dying of consump-
tion. Show her in," said she to the servant,
who immediately left the room.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Warren, "the sight of
so many may appal her—but that there was
no time to recall the order, for the door im-
mediately opened, and Helen Campbell, a
slight, delicate, gentle-looking girl, walked
in with modest ease; yet with that fixed
anxious expression with which one might
enter a crowded room, and yet see no one in
particular, the mind and thoughts being
concentrated elsewhere. Like the dying
gladiator, her thoughts were with her heart,
and that was far away."

"My poor Helen," said Aunt Mary kindly
taking her hand, and placing her on a chair,
"I fear you have had news; is your mother
worse to-night?"

"O yes," said the poor girl, as the tears be-
gan to chase each other down her thin cheeks.
"She is greatly worse, and they tell me she
is going cannot live now."

"How is this?" inquired Aunt Mary anx-
iously. When I saw her in the beginning
of the week, she seemed better. Is her cough
worse? is there any new symptom? or what
is it?"

No new symptom," said Helen sadly, "but
weakness, dreadful weakness."

"Is her appetite gone, then?" inquired
Aunt Mary.

"No, no!" replied Helen, as the blood mount-
ed to her forehead, and she bit her lip, as if
trying to maintain a measure of composure;
"it is not gone, but she has—nothing to eat."

"I am distressed to hear all this, Helen,"
interrupted Aunt Mary. "I have not gone
to see you for some days past, thinking you
were not in need. When I saw you last you
expected plenty of money, to buy wine and
food to bring up her strength."

"So I did," replied the girl. "When I saw
you, I was full of good hopes, but they are
all gone now. I had worked nearly night
and day for three weeks, and expected great
remuneration for my work. Day after day
I have called for payment, and have always
been put off; and when at last I entreated
for some money to-night, Flushing told
me he has been obliged to sell the things for
almost nothing, and could not give me any-
thing at all till Monday. My mittens—my
beautiful mittens, how I doted on them!"

"Flushing!" said Aunt Mary, much
amazed, and taking up one of the bargain-
gloves which still lay upon the table, "are
these your work, Helen?" she said.

"O yes," said poor Helen, clasping the mit-
ten in both hands, and bursting into tears;
"On which I built so many hopes—food
and wine, and life, and strength, and happy days
were thought of with every new row, and all
is gone!"

Julia covered her face with both hands,
and her sister became very thoughtful. Aunt
Mary rose and poked the fire, and even
Uncle Warren took out his pocket-handkerchief
and made so great a noise that poor Helen's
sobs could not be heard.

"But there was another source from which
I thought you were to get money, Helen—
your sister?"

"Yes, yes," replied Helen, "so I thought; she
was to have been to-night with her earnings,
and we had planned to buy so many things;
but she did not come, and, on going for her
to Mrs. Primrose's, I was told at the door
that I could not see her—that she could not
be at home to-night—that she was busy again
with more bugle-trimmings—nor could her
money be paid till the dress on which she
now works is finished, which must be by Mon-
day evening."

Aunt Mary again poked the fire, and Ju-
lia, uttering a faint cry, sunk her still covered
face upon the table.

"O, ma'am, forgive me," said Helen, sud-
denly starting to her feet; "forgive me that once
more I ask you for help; but my poor mother
is dying, and she is—starving!"

In a moment Mr. Warren's hand was on
the bell.

"Get a coach instantly," said he to the ser-
vant who appeared; "and Mrs. Warren get
wine and bread immediately. I myself, will
go with this poor girl. Julia, get your cloak
and bonnet; I wish you to go with me."

In a few moments the carriage arrived,
and a bottle of wine and various kinds of
food were quickly placed in a basket, and
they prepared to go.

"Sir," said Helen earnestly, "may I ask you
to take out the cork from the wine-bottle that
there may be no delay when we arrive—
there is no screw near us, and she has so
longed for wine!"

This being done, Mr. Warren, Julia, and
Helen Campbell were soon on their way.

"I fear we may alarm your mother at this
hour," said Mr. Warren.

"Oh no, sir," replied Helen: "the door we
enter by is at her back. You can be in the
room without her seeing you at first. She
is watched over by some kind Scotch women,
who live beside us. O, how I wish we were
there!"

The way was long, however; but in due
time they did arrive and followed Helen along
a dark passage, and down a narrow stair,
they found themselves in a small miserable
looking room. Mr. Warren seated Julia
along with himself on two wooden stools, a

while Helen rushed in with the basket took
from the table a little broken cup, which she
filled with wine, and hastened to refresh the
poor sufferer, whose face was concealed from
Mr. Warren's view. It was delight that Mr.
Warren witnessed what had so often before
melted his heart—the kindness of the poor
to the poor. Several wretched-looking wo-
men, hard worked and worn out, yet kept
alive by the woman's heart within them,
stood around the sickbed; and as Helen ap-
proached with the little broken cup and the
wine; one of them with the utmost tender-
ness, laying her hand on her arm said kind-
ly:

"Na, na, Miss, she's past that now; she'll
drink no mair o' the fruit o' the vine in this
world!"

"Wine!" cried another woman—"is't wine?
—and she cried so sair for't yesterday."

"Dear mother," said Helen fondly bending
over her, "you must take it—it will soon re-
vive you; and see!" said she, holding up the
basket, "here is bread and sago, and many
things to make you well."

"Wae's me," said one of the women; "and
her that's had naething but cold water and
crusts too day."

"Dear mother," continued Helen, "will you
not drink? It will revive you it will cheer
you, it will make you live!"

"There was no answer. The poor widow's
sorrow were over."

Taking one of the women aside, Mr. War-
ren put a guinea into her hand, to use it as
she thought best for poor Helen's comfort,
whom he should see again on the morrow.—
He then took Julia out of the room, kindly
leading her through the dark passage up the
narrow stairs, after which she hurried to the
carriage, into the corner of which she threw
herself in an agony of tears.

Some time passed, during which he did not
disturb her. At length, taking her hand,
"My dear Julia," he said, "it is enough.—
This evening has been one of the most pain-
ful of your hitherto unchequed life. We
shall say no more of the early transactions
of the evening, but will not only consider
how we may best assist poor Helen Campbell
and her sister. But suffer one parting word
of advice from an old man who loves you
dearly. Do not too easily dismiss from your
mind the event of the night. Think of them
often, and place them before you; and by
their example act in your future life, and
you will be rewarded by finding that you
are thereby more fitted to be the companion
of the generous and excellent young man
who in a few days is to call you his wife."

Julia's only reply was another flood of
tears, and a silent pressure of her uncle's
hand as the carriage stopped and she ran
hurriedly to her room. Instantly unlocked
her desk, she wrote a note to Mrs. Primrose,
saying that she should not require her dress
on Monday and begging particular favor
that Miss Campbell might be allowed imme-
diately to return to her mother's house.

The short interval between that memora-
ble evening and the long-expected 25th found
full occupation in comforting and consoling
the sorrowing sisters, who now only remem-
bered it as the night on which they were made
motherless. The 25th is now past, and the
young bride has become a matron. As it is
only some weeks since then, we cannot speak
with great certainty of the result; but from
the propriety, sympathy, and general consid-
eration of her conduct, it seems evident to all
that Julia finds herself a better and a more
feeling-hearted woman since the trying events
of that night of bargain-hunting.

WHY DO CHILDREN DIE? The reason why
children die says Hall's Journal of health, is
because they are not taken care of. From
the day of birth they are stuffed with food,
clothed with physic, sloshed with water,
suffocated in hot rooms, steamed in bed
clothes. So much for in doors. When per-
mitted to breathe a breath of pure air once
a week in summer, and once or twice dur-
ing the coldest months; only the nose is
permitted to peer into daylight. A little
later they are sent out with no clothes at
all, as to the parts of the body which most
need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare
necks, girtled middle-most, with an inverted
umbrella to collect the air and chill on the
other parts of the body. A stout, strong
man goes out on a cold day with gloves and
overcoat, woolen stockings and thick double-
soled boots with cork between and rubbers
over. The same day a child of three years
old an infant in flesh and blood and bone
and constitution, goes out with soles as
thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered
to the knees, neck bare; and exposure which
would disable the man, kill the mother in a
fortnight, and make the father an invalid
for weeks. And why? To harden them to
a mode of dress which they are never ex-
pected to practice. To accustom them to
exposure, which a dozen years later, would
be considered downright foolery. To rear
children thus for the slaughter pen, and
then lay it to the Lord, is too bad. We don't
think the Almighty has any hand in it.—
And to draw comfort from the presumption
that He has any agency in the death of a
child, in the manner of the quoted article is
a presumption and a profanation.

The Reporter.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 17, 1860.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE, PORTLAND,
 Feb. 13th, 1860.]

OLD CHAIR.—This, in all probability, is the last time I shall address you from abroad. I am well aware that when you and I are separated, we cannot do that justice to our readers that we can when we are together. The simple I of course does not carry that impression of strength that the term we does. An editor never feels so strong—so adequate to do his duty—as when he is in the embrace of his chair. That supports him in more than one sense. As no rooster can crow so well anywhere else as he can in his own barn-yard, so no editor can write so well anywhere else as he can when he is ensconced in his well-tried chair. When at home, he feels fully equal to his surroundings—he has in his own estimation, grown to the full stature of things around him, and they do not overawe him. He has then the "freedom of the city," and his thoughts flow even very much better, sometimes, than his ink. But when he is abroad, things are apt, unless his bump of self-esteem is very large, to loom up immeasurably above him. All at once, his little local standard of measurement is vastly at fault and he shrinks into wondering silence, until he grows up to the new state of things. Now what can a poor country editor like myself, Old Chair, do in the great and mighty city of Boston, where there are so many great and mighty editors. Everything there is so different from what it is in Bridgton! When in the latter place, one feels as if he is somebody—he may think he is even more than somebody, and regard himself as a local nabob of the first water; but when he is transferred to such a place as Boston, he is obliged to consider himself a small potato until he expands, as he surely will, to an equality to the new circumstances.

Lucky are we that we have within us this principle of expansion—that we can grow up to the highest altitude of merely incidental, or artificial things. Willis says, in his "Pencilings by the way," that when he first entered Saint Peter's Church at Rome he felt that he was (don't use his language) infinitesimally small; but he had not been in it long before his spirit began to expand. It soon filled the vast building, dome and all, and filled also, if I mistake not, the vast dome of the skies—that building of God!—This is an attestation that the spirit of man has something of the infinite in it. That, then, is the reason why it can, and often does transcend, in its conceptions and emotions, finite and material things. All works of art are but the expressions, or embodiments, of man's longings after infinite power, beauty and goodness—even as the universe of matter is but the outward, or objective, expression of his infinity.

Here, then, we have the reason why a man may grow to new and larger circumstances—may, if he have a free and elastic spirit, shoot up to the tallest circumstantial heights. It is well known, however, that some men attain to, or more properly, are imprisoned in, a local and material crystallization, and thus situated, can neither go forward nor backward! They have become "fixtures," and so must remain till some all-rending resurrectionary power releases their enthralled spirits.

But, Old Chair, I have run off into a "side issue," but will now come back. To tell the truth, I often find it difficult to explain even apparently trivial things without reference to metaphysical data—everything so runs into the invisible world of causes! However, I will let that go now, and proceed with my narrative. I wanted to explain how it is that you and I can do better when we are together, in our proper sphere and locality. An editor, to do justice to his neighborhood, and consequently to his readers, should be at home. Home affairs should be discussed, and receive various mention, in his journal. Not being present with you, Old Chair, I could not attend to "locals," which, I know, should be attended to.

I left Boston for this place, Friday night, in one of the Portland and Boston boats. In reaching the wharf, in Boston, who should I come across but our good friends and neighbors, Comfort and W. A. JORDAN!—Night glad was I to see them both, and to know that I should have their company. "aid and comfort," on the perilous voyage I was about to embark upon. Friend Cross (what a misnomer is his name!) I found to be the same comfortable, happy, equable person abroad that his neighbors know him to be at home. In consequence of the late gale, which had not then entirely subsided, the boat deferred her departure to an indefinite hour,—at the same time holding out the prospect of starting sometime during the night. This kept us in the near neighborhood of the boat, much to our regret, as we had a great itching to go up to hear and see Barney Williams do up the Irish, in the Howard Athenaeum. As it was, friends Cross and Jordan went up town and got a lunch of dry toast and tea. I didn't go with them, as I had already stowed away in my breakfast basket what I supposed would be a "genteel sufficiency" of aliment for the voyage. A while after their return, we all—that is to say quite a number of us downcast—adjourned to the boat—chatted a spell—and then turned in for the night—the high wind still making it uncertain what time in the night we should start, or whether we should

start at all. I forgot to say that I had braced myself up still further for the voyage by taking an extra bite aboard the boat. Most excellent restaurateurs are kept aboard of these boats, and you can get a far better and cheaper meal of victuals, in them than you can in the refreshment "saloons" of the city. I shall never again sup or breakfast away from the boats when I go in them.

As I was saying, we turned in. I tried hard enough to get to sleep. Old Comfort did go to sleep, of course. He says his facility for going so readily to the arms of Morpheus is because he has a conscience void of offence. But I am not prepared to subscribe to his doctrine in that respect. I should attribute his ready sleeping propensity to something else, but I shall not say what that "something is for fear I shall disturb that gentleman's equanimity. But I will say that if any body will invent a method whereby one may go to sleep at will, I will ensure them a patent right therefor that will enrich them to the utmost. After I turned in, thick old-blowing fancies would not allow my brain to collapse. Soon, too, the steamer struck up the note of preparation,—which I was not sorry to hear—though at the expense of needed sleep,—and there was an end of all hope, on my part, from the drowsy god! About eleven, the boat put to sea, and then commenced such a tossing and plunging as I never was before subjected to in my born days! The Atlantic Ocean, I am sorry to report, behaved very impolitely! I will not say that I was much frightened, but, I will say that I cannot but be surprised that Mr. Comfort could sleep amid such a turmoil of wind and water! I did so far lose myself as to suppose the boat was flying in the air more fleetly than any balloon ever yet went.

Toward morning the wind lulled away, and the boat went on with commendable steadiness, and we arrived in Portland at eight o'clock. It was keenly cold, so much so that we found what the Bath Times calls the "natural seaport" skimmed over, here and there, with ice. And we found, too, that the Portland folks had been, the day previous, blessed with three inches of snow. We got none in Boston, but probably more wind than was abroad in the east.

From the Boat, we proceeded to the Commercial House, ordered breakfast, and from which friends Cross and Jordan started, in the forenoon, for old Bridgton, leaving me here, and here I am yet, in one of the best tavern houses that a man can find in this or any other city,—kept, too, by one of our own townsmen, and by one of my old playmates. Everything here is quiet, neat, and all that attention is given to your wants that you can possibly desire. A word or two as to business. There is necessarily so much stir in Boston that one cannot there so well measure business matters by that as can be done in other and smaller places.—In Portland the amount of stirring indicates the quantity of business going on; and judging by this criterion, I should call it very dull in Portland just now.

On Saturday, there was comparatively few people on the streets. To me, there was something melancholy in the small show of life in a place of the size of Portland. But I presume it is no duller here than it is in other business places. I was in Woburn, Mass., one day last week, and the same stagnation was apparent there. The tanyards and shoe-shops of the place were silent as the sepulchre. But things will take a start in due season, if we faint not. I suppose Bridgton, according to the capital she has employed, is as lively as most places. So we will not despair, but hope for livelier times.

25.—We were made to say in the Reporter of week before last that we sent a sigh after a fair damsel that might have been wafted from "Judus to the pole." We certainly wrote, "from Judus to the pole." We solemnly say that we never gave utterance to a sigh that had the least reference to that great traitor Judus. He was not the sort of character that wins sighs from us—not even the sighs of pity.

RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS. Go without your dinner, and see if you don't feel happy when it is supper-time.—[Exchange.]

We have often tried that same experience, but always felt extremely miserable instead of "happy." We shall never go without our dinner, if the thing can be helped, from any such chimerical motive. We go in for breakfast, dinner and supper, straight along, if they are to be had.

PETERSON'S DETECTOR. The February number of Peterson's Detector has been received by us. It contains a full description of ninety-five New Counterfeits; also, on page 39 complete and perfect descriptions of over one hundred Bogus Bank-note Plates, engraved in the best style, and which are being altered nearly daily to various Banks throughout the country. This list has been compiled at great expense, and is an essential to everybody who has the handling of bank-notes.—One great feature of Peterson's Detector is a page of information on finance, locally and generally, written expressly for this work by one of the least visionary, best informed, and most able, experienced and practical monetary writers in this country. It will be continued in each number of the Detector, and includes information on trade, commerce, money, specie, stocks, bonds, banks, and railroads. The general contents of the work are admirable. The price of it, semi-monthly, is only Two Dollars a year; or monthly, One Dollar a year. We would advise all persons to remit the price of a year's subscription to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, at once for it.

EFFECTS OF THE GALE. On Friday in Manchester, N. H., several chimneys were blown down, the roof taken from the Gas Works, and the roof of the passenger depot started. In Boston, the spire of the Hollis street church oscillated several feet to the great alarm of the neighborhood. A chimney of one of the buildings in the State Prison yard was blown over and injured one of the convicts. The roof of a Cabinet manufactory in Charlestown was raised during the gale, and some German workmen were bruised in rushing from the building. A Mrs. Russell in Boston, was dangerously injured by a door blowing upon her in Washington street.

In New York, considerable damage was done to shipping. The Catholic Orphan Asylum in Sixth street was unroofed. There were four hundred children in the building, but none were injured. A large factory building on De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, was demolished, and hundreds of other buildings in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken, were unroofed, or otherwise badly injured. A. DuFeyster, President of the Relief Insurance Co., while walking in Broadway, was thrown down by the force of the wind, and sustained a severe fracture of the hip.—The New York Times of Friday afternoon gives the following account of the unroofing and burning of a school house in Brooklyn: "About 8 o'clock this morning some 25 feet of the northern end of the roof of Public School No. 13, in Degraw street, between Hicks and Henry streets, Brooklyn, was lifted by the gale, and blown over to another portion of the roof. The timbers fell through three floors to the basement, and there so disturbed the fire in the furnace as to immediately set fire to the building, which in a short time, was entirely consumed. The school house was built some six years ago, at a cost of about \$25,000, and has always been considered one of the best buildings of the kind in the city. The fault lay in the roof not being properly secured to the walls. In addition to the loss of the structure, a library valued at \$2500, the philosophical apparatus worth \$300 and the private library of the Principal, Mr. A. B. Clark, were all destroyed. There was no insurance on the building or the contents. Fortunately the accident took place before the hour of calling the scholars together—who number 1600."

At Taunton, about fifty feet of the roof of a new steam factory, belonging to Dana, Williams & House, was blown off, but no other damage was done to the building.—New patent roofing was being put on, and the roof was not well sealed, being in an incomplete state.

About half past four in the afternoon the chimney of the post office building, on Winisimmet street, in Chelsea, was blown down. It struck upon a small adjoining building, occupied by Mr. Hatch as a provision store, and broke through the roof into the counting-room. A cat that was in the room at the time, was killed, and Mr. Hatch had a narrow escape from the falling bricks.

THE DASHWAYS. A San Francisco correspondent of a recent date has the following in relation to the Dashways, a vital institution in that city: "The Dashways are just a year old. They celebrated their second birthday with speeches, songs and a new haul of members. Their origin, you may remember, was in an engine-house, where five or six dashed away their cups and went in for a new life of total abstinence from everything intoxicating. In twelve months they have gathered 2400 members of whom very few after six months' trial have availed themselves of their privilege of withdrawing, and the black list, as I have already written, is remarkably brief. By hoisting a flag on their hall, they can rally 25 members at any hour of the day. Whenever a man suddenly agrees to sign the pledge, up goes the flag, a quorum (25) assemble, and down goes his name. During the present month, they held meetings twice a day—at noon and 7 1/2 o'clock in the evening—for the purpose of accommodating persistent drinkers of whom they anticipate a large gathering in. The Dashways are a most curious people—as earnest as if life depended on their behaviour, as full of zeal as in the first month of their life. In their States, in Oregon, in Washington Territory and Columbia, even in Europe, they have branch societies established."

TERRIBLE AFFAIR AT HAWESVILLE, KY. In a telegraphic dispatch from Louisville, published two or three days since, it was stated that a Dr. H. A. Davidson had carried an ignited bomb, or infernal machine, into the store of Mr. Duenn; where four or five persons were seated with the purpose of destroying the lives of the parties. We now learn by mail the particulars of the case which are briefly these; Mr. Steritt had denounced Dr. Davidson, for the shooting of Thomas L. Lowe in prison some time since, which so enraged the doctor that he determined on revenge. He had the infernal machine constructed under his own supervision, taking especial pains to have it crowded with bullets and stings. When the bomb exploded, one whole side of the building and the entire roof were thrown down. Mr. Duenn was fatally injured. Mr. Steritt seriously hurt. The wretch who caused this destruction was terribly injured, and will undoubtedly die. The other parties escaped with trifling bruises. It is said to be probable that Davidson will be hanged.

A curious freak of nature in Sandisfield is creating an unusual amount of real curiosity. Some five weeks ago the wife of Isaac Ealer in that town gave birth to a healthy male child, perfectly formed in every respect, with exception that instead of the smooth skin of babyhood it had a fine pair of soft, silky whiskers stretching from ear to ear. The child is bright and lively, and the beard is evidently increasing in length and profusion. The supposed parents of the child possess no peculiarities that should warrant such a singular development in their offspring.

POPULATION OF NEW ENGLAND. The Philadelphia North American is indulging in calculations respecting the population of the country, in advance of the census, and makes the following estimate of the number of inhabitants in the six New England States: Maine, 676,000; New Hampshire, 422,000; Vermont, 327,000; Massachusetts, 1,233,000; Rhode Island, 187,000; Connecticut, 483,000. Total, 3,335,000.

GOOD SKATING. A fifteen mile skating match took place at Portsmouth, N. H., on Thursday. James Ayres made the distance in 47 minutes, George W. Marston in 47, and Jacob Haddock in 50 minutes. Ayres and Marston each skated one mile in 23 seconds, which is within a quarter of a second of Flora Temple's best time.

A genius left Philadelphia three years ago, in company with a live halibut. He returned a short time ago, with \$30,000, all made by exhibiting his halibut as the American Flounder.

HOW THE INDIANS MAKE STONE ARROWS. The heads of the Indian arrows, spears, javelins, etc., often found in many parts of our continent, have been admitted, but the process of forming them conjectured. The Hon. Caleb Lyon, on a recent visit to California, met with a party of Shasta Indians, and ascertained that they still used these weapons, which in most tribes have been succeeded by rifles, or at least by iron-pointed arrows and spears. He found a man that could manufacture them, and saw him at work at all parts of the process. The description which Lyon wrote and communicated to the American Ethnological Society, through Dr. E. H. Davis, we copy below: "The Shasta Indian seated himself upon the floor, and laying the stone anvil upon his knee, which was of compact talcose slate, with one blow of his agate chisel he separated the obsidian pebble into two parts, then giving another blow to the fractured side he split off a slab some fourth of an inch in thickness. Holding the piece against the anvil with the thumb and finger of the left hand, he commenced a series of continuous blows, every one of which chipped off fragments of the brittle substance. It gradually assumed the required shape. After finishing the base of the arrow head (the whole being only little over an inch in length), he began striking gentler blows, every one of which I expected would break it into pieces. Yet such was their application, his skill and dexterity, that in little over an hour he produced a perfect obsidian arrow's head.

"I then requested him to carve me one from the remains of a broken porter bottle, which, after two failures, he succeeded in doing. He gave as a reason of his ill success, he did not understand the grain of the glass. No sculptor ever handled a chisel with greater precision, or more carefully measured the weight and effect of every blow, than this ingenious Indian, for even among them arrow making is a distinct trade or profession, which many attempt, but in which few attain excellence. He understood the capacity of the material he wrought, and before striking the first blow, by surveying the pebble, he could judge of its availability as well as the sculptor judges of the perfectness of a block of Parian. In a moment, all that I read upon this subject, written by learned and speculative antiquarians of the hardening of copper, for the working of flint axes, spears, chisels, and arrow-heads, vanished before the simplest mechanical process. I felt that the world had been better served had they driven the pen less and the plow more."—[New York Courier and Enquirer.]

A FEMALE JACK SHEPHERD. The Columbus Fact gives the particulars of the escape of a female convict from the Penitentiary, that in coolness and daring rivals the boldest achievements of Jack Sheppard:

The girl made her escape from the fifth story of the prison by passing out of her window and passing along the side of the building upon a cornice or water-table about eighteen inches broad. Passing along the front of the building, at the immense height of fifty or sixty feet from the ground, with nothing to hold to, and upon the projection scarcely visible from the ground, she reached, at a distance of about forty feet from her room window, a place where it was necessary for her to jump about twelve feet to the roof of the west wing. The leap was taken—proved a safe one—and the dauntless woman next fastened to the corner of the roof a rope which she manufactured of her own bedding grasped it in her hand, and swinging from the roof, passed down on the outside of the wall, over windows where other convicts were sleeping, and down to terra firma, a distance of over forty-five feet below the roof.

A NOVEL ICEBERG. The Winsted (Conn.) Herald gives the following account of the manner in which Mr. Goodwin, of New Hartford, fills his ice house:

"Mr. Goodwin is supplied with excellent water from a spring at a considerable elevation above his house. Connected with the pipe which supplies the latter is a branch pipe leading to the ice house across which it is extended. Within the ice house this pipe is pierced by twenty or thirty small holes, from which as many fine jets of water rise to the roof, falling back in drops over the whole bottom surface of the house. These jets are only let on when the weather is cold, and the doors and ventilators being opened, the water freezes as it falls, and in a few days or weeks at furthest, the house is filled with a single block of perfectly pure, transparent ice. Mr. Goodwin's ice keeps through the entire season, with much less waste than when packed in the ordinary way. It costs him merely nothing."

One of the humanitarian movements of the times although little known as such, can hardly be overestimated in the importance upon the well being of our widely scattered communities. The population of the American States is in many sections so sparse, that skillful Physicians are hardly available to them. Vast numbers of our people, are obliged to employ in sickness, such medical relief as they can hear of from each other, or indeed any they can get from any quarter. Hence arises the great consumption of Patent Medicines among us, greater by far than in any of the old countries, where skillful physicians are accessible to all classes. Unimpaired men have long availed themselves of this necessity, to palm off their worthless nostrums, until the word has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. One of our leading Chemists in the East, Dr. AYER, is pursuing a course which defeats this iniquity. He brings not only his own but the best skill of our times to bear, for the production of the best remedies which can be made. These are supplied to the world, in a convenient form, at low prices, and the people will no more buy poor medicines instead of good, at the same cost, than they will bran instead of flour. The inevitable consequence of this, is that the vile compounds that flood our country are discarded for those which honestly accomplish the end in view,—which cure. Do we over estimate its importance, in believing that this prospect of supplanting the by-word medicines, with those of actual worth and virtue, is fraught with immense consequence for good, to the masses of our people. —[Gazette and Chronic of Peru, Pa.]

Henry Baker, of Deerfield got on to the cars at Deerfield depot on Monday of last week, to ride to Greenfield, refused to pay his fare, was put off the train and undertook to revenge himself by throwing stones at the cars. He was taken on the train to Greenfield, committed to jail and bound over in the sum of \$200 for his appearance at the March court.

BATH, LOAN. The citizens of Bath, on Tuesday last, voted to loan the city credit for \$200,000 in aid of the construction of the extension of the Androscoggin road from Leeds Junction to Brunswick. The vote stood yeas 325—nays none.

A DREAM. Some time early in December last, a family in this country had a child, of about five years old, die, and the next day was buried in a neighboring graveyard. On the night succeeding the sepulchre of this child its mother had a dream, relative to her little one, that weighed so heavily upon her mind, that she would not be put off, but the grave must be examined and see if the child's remains were still there. She had dreamed of seeing her child taken from the grave, and although her husband went and looked at the grave, and told her it looked unchanged, from what they had left it, yet, she insisted upon a further examination; and finally to satisfy his wife, and without any faith in the reality of the dream, the husband in company of several neighbors, went to the graveyard opened the grave and also the little coffin; and judge of their surprise to find all but the mortal remains of the child! The body was gone.

We cannot consent to be considered as believers in dreams, yet there is something, in this instance, that will stagger the faith of the most incredulous, and give them reason to doubt whether all the visions we see when asleep are merely phantoms or not. This is to us a most singular case, and we know it to be true.—[Ind. True American.]

THE CHILDREN'S GOOD NIGHT TO GRAND FATHERS. It would seem as though brighter and sweeter spirits of childhood, if such there are, sometimes borrow their young lips to teach us concerning the dead. The night after their grandfather died, G. and F., of some three and four years were thusend as usual with their good-night kiss, in the hall at the foot of the stairs, to go to their trundle bed.—We listened lest a strange fear should overtake them. As they passed the chamber where the remains lay, one of them said, "Let us go in and bid dear grandpapa good night. God may let him hear us." So they opened the door, and by light of the hall lamp went up to the bed and uttered their sweet good night, and went happily to their rest. Could the boasted oratory of any age have power so to flood the heart and suffuse the eyes until they ached from the weary fullness of blessing as did those simple words of childhood.—[Monthly Religious Magazine.]

THE BATTLE OF LIFE. The battle of life, in by far the greater number of cases, must necessarily be fought up hill; and to win it without a struggle were perhaps to win it without honor. If there were no difficulties, there would be no success; if there were nothing to struggle for, there would be nothing to be achieved. Difficulties may intimidate the weak, but they act only as a stimulus to men of pluck and resolution. All experience of life, indeed, serves to prove that the impediments thrown in the way of human advancement may for the most part be overcome by steady good conduct, honest zeal, activity, perseverance, and, above all, by a determined resolution to surmount difficulties, and stand up manfully against misfortune.—[Self-Help.]

THE YALE AGRICULTURAL CONVENTION.—The course of Agriculture at New Haven is a decided success. During the preliminary fragment of a week occupied with sciences, as related to Agriculture, there have been a hundred persons in attendance, many from distant parts of the country. The Horticultural week will bring a large accession. During two weeks course of forty lectures by fifteen lecturers on Practical Agriculture and Stock Rearing, commencing Feb. 15th, there is every reason to expect an attendance of two or three hundred. The attractiveness of this course has been increased by the addition of Ambrose Stevens, Esq., of New York, as a third lecturer on Horses.

A RAILROAD FROM MAINE TO LOUISIANA. A dispatch from Chattanooga says that the gap in the Mississippi Railroad is finished and the connection through to New Orleans is now complete. The time between New Orleans and Philadelphia by this route will be only eight hours. By the completion of this link, there is now a continuous railroad from Bangor, Me., to New Orleans, except four short ferries at Hudson river, the Susquehanna, the Potomac and James rivers. This vast chain of railways is composed of eighteen independent roads, consisting in the aggregate for 2344 miles of road, \$2,304,084, or nearly one tenth of the whole railway system of the United States, of which 1900 miles are used in this continuous line.

COST OF FUEL. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has just contracted for its coal at fifty nine cents a ton, while on the Hudson River coal of the same quality costs five dollars and a half, and at that price is thought to be twice as cheap as wood. The N. Y. Central road pays four dollars a cord for its wood so that for forty-three cents the Baltimore and Ohio company buy an amount of fuel which is equivalent to that for which the N. Y. Central road pays eight dollars.

LITERARY APPRECIATION. An American gentleman relates after leaving a paper of which he was the editor, and returning on a visit, he wrote a leader for the new editor, and he really thought it good—better than he had written for months. Next day he met an old acquaintance with a paper in his hand. "Ah," said he, "this paper is but a miserable thing now—nothing like what it was when you had it!" and pointing to the article he had written he continued:—"Look, for instance, at that thing! Who would read such trashy stuff as that? Why didn't the fool let you write the article?"

A gentleman once introduced his son to Rowland Hill, by a letter, as a youth of great promise, and likely to do honor to the university of which he was a member; "but he is shy," added the father, "and I fear buries his talents in a napkin." A short time afterwards, the parent, anxious for his opinion, inquired what he thought of his son. "I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland, "at all the corners, and there is nothing in it."

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits!"

SAN ACCIDENT. Mr. Winslow Moore, a carpenter in the employ of Mr. Charles Sands of Saco, on Wednesday morning fell from a staging, a distance of about twenty feet, and was so seriously injured in his back that no hopes of his recovery are entertained. He was at work on a house at Old Orchard beach.

Governor Goodwin has appointed Thursday April 12th, as a Day of Fasting and Prayer in New Hampshire.

A YOUNG MAN COWHIDEN BY A LADY. The flourishing village of Norwalk, Ohio, was the scene of a cowhiding affair on Thursday last under the following circumstances: A Young man of that town not long since married a young lady, and shortly after left for Piquet Peak, leaving his wife. She, a few days since, received a letter signed by a fictitious name, stating that the writer had seen him at divers and sundry parties, &c., and had noticed that she was lively and social, but would never mention to her husband's friends his suspicions that she was too gay, &c., &c. She naturally felt insulted by the note and determined to trace out the author. He wrote an answer, and watched at the Post Office to see who called for it. A certain young clerk called for the letter, and she resolved to chastise him. Accordingly meeting him as he left the office, she seized him by the collar and proceeded to give him a terrible scourging with a cowhide, which she drew from under her shawl. He begged piteously to be let alone, protesting that he did not write the letter. After having tired herself with the exercise, she let him escape. A large crowd gathered around and witnessed the flagellation.—[Cleveland (O.) Leader Jan. 31.]

TYPOGRAPHICAL BLUNDERS. Typographical blunders are often amusing. A recent story for children, entitled "Martha's Hooks and Eyes," became in a recent newspaper "Martha's Hoops and Eyes." So the Cleveland Advocate, a few weeks since, in printing a glowing quick medicine advertisement, intended, no doubt, to head it "A great cure, but it read "A great cure." Some sense, that blunder. But rather the funniest anything is the account which a newspaper gives of a great wind in Providence, saying the city had been visited by a terrible "gale." And every one recollects the consternation into which the denizens of a certain New England city were thrown by one of its seasons, which substituted a c for an o, and announced the arrival of a schooner with three thousand bushels of cats? Had the the been able to read they might have sympathized with their terrified fellow citizens.

NARROW ESCAPE. Yesterday afternoon the half past two o'clock train from Boston on the Eastern Railroad, was within a mile of Ipswich station, the Engineer discovered a long butt of wood laying across the rail, the shrill alarm whistle was sounded, and every possible effort made to stop the train, but the danger was too near, and the engine knocked the log twenty feet without damage. It was a stick of hard wood just cut, and very heavy, fourteen feet long and eight inches through. An Irishman well known in that vicinity, had been teaming was across the road within an hour of the occurrence, and is supposed to have dropped the log from his load undesignedly, but he serves to be severely punished for his carelessness, if such it was.—[Traveller, 14th.]

THE EXTINCTION OF VESUVIUS. Some of the German journals announce serious that a company of English capitalists had made an application to the King of Naples for a concession for the extinction of Vesuvius. The principal seat of the fire of the volcano is situated several thousand feet below the level of the sea. By cutting a canal which would carry the water into the crater, the fire would be completely extinguished, and the operation which would cost 2,000,000, would restore to cultivation land of ten times that value.

CRIME IN MAINE. From the report of the Attorney General of Maine, it appears that during 1859, the number of indictments returned was 536; appealed cases 175; 218 of the cases were for violation of the liquor law. There have been 23 sentences to the State Prison during the year, and to county jails—and fines have been imposed in 73 cases. The amount of costs and expenses reported \$17,391; fines imposed, \$78; fines, forfeitures and bills collected \$4,112.

The Philadelphia Ledger says the coinage of the United States Mint for a month of January, 1860, was \$124,563, nearly the whole of which was in double eagle, and nothing less than three dollar pieces. The silver coinage of the month was \$126 all in quarters, dimes and half dimes. The coinage of cents, which is a profit speculation on the part of the Mint, reached the very large number of two millions five hundred thousand.

FATAL ACCIDENT. Mr. G. Drew, who was in the employ of Mr. John Downing, in steam saw mill at North Knapelandsport, so severely injured on Monday last that died on Friday morning. He got one of his hands caught in the chain used in drawing up the slip, and before any one saw him was drawn around the shaft several times breaking his limbs in a shocking manner.

The Dutch Government has commenced to be told, the work of the emancipated slaves in Java. The slaves are to serve apprenticeship of six years' duration, commencing January 1, 1860, and the owners are to receive 150 francs for a slave under 1000 francs; that is, fifteen per cent, of his value.

A young lady, Miss Stewart, of Cumberland county, Pa., was so badly frightened a few weeks ago by meeting a fellow who that she was taken ill upon reaching home, and in a short time afterward died from the effects of the prostration of her nervous system, superinduced by fright.

WHAT NEXT. The proprietors of several large iron works in New York, the Evans Post understands, offer to furnish six carriages at a moderate cost, after a patient has tested, and to guarantee a year's manure on common roads, up hill and down at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

A SINGULAR CONSCIENCE. During the delivery of a sermon in one of the churches, Troy, N. Y., on Wednesday evening last, the warning, "in the midst of life we are death," a highly respected merchant of the city and a member of the church, fell back in his chair and expired without a gasp. A audience was naturally horror stricken, and the services were immediately brought to close. It was a most fearful illustration of the text of the sermon. The death was caused by apoplexy.

Miss Phoebe May, of Woodbury, Conn., was killed last week Wednesday, by falling down the cellar stairs, lay all night on the cellar board, and strange to say, so far covered as to go about her ordinary work but died before night.

A broken engagement is always the precursor of a crisis.

MOUNT NEBO—A SACRED POEM.

Lo! for us all there is some Mount of Nebo,
Where all alone we stand,
And through the hiding mists, with gaze
prophetic,
Look on the promised land.

Fair plains and valleys, to our dazzled vision,
Spread out like maps may be:
Cities of palm trees and our "land of Judah,"
Unto the utmost sea.

Toward that land for years we may have journeyed,
Through dangers manifold;
Sometimes rebelling, sometimes songful,
prayerful,
Like Israel of old.

Within that land may be the all we've sought for
Of blessedness below;
For whose dear sake, straight through the
brazen desert,
Our feet make haste to go:

And we, at last, may reach the shining summit
Of some tall Nebo grand,
Where angels wait, and towards the pleasant
prospect,
Points us with radiant.

But as the Hebrew from the vales of Moab
Went up the mountain's side,
Gazed on the goodly land he might not enter,
Then closed his eyes and died.

So we may stand just on the verge of Canaan—
Its breezes passing by,
May bring to us rare odors of the vineyards
Ripening beneath the sky:

And we may say the wilderness was lonely,
The journey long and rough;
Yet this fair land, flowing with milk and
honey,
Shall be reward enough.

But while we gaze, our heart throbs may grow fainter
As life's red fountains fail;
And in the blaze of the approaching glory,
We may lie still and pale.

Alas! it may be that our lips have murmured,
As we have onward trod;
And with our faithless words, our vain
re-pinnings,
We may have wearied God.

Even as Moses felt his heart entangled
In the dark web of sin,
When troubled Israel filled with sad
complaining
The wilderness of Zin.

O Mount of Nebo, in life's vales of Moab,
All glory-crowned you stand!
Tho' our poor eyes from your high summits
only,
May view the promised land.

A STORY WITH A MORAL. Door-bell rings.
The Rev. Mr.— is introduced to the family
room, where three children are busily engaged
at play snuggled in the corner of a room
—the mother diligently engaged in sewing.
She rises to meet the "minister," and salutes
him, while he with lofty, cold repulsive dignity
says:

"Good morning, Mrs.—, are you well to-day?"

And dignified takes a seat.

After a moment's pause he says, in the
same unending manner;

"I trust, madam, that you have been well
since I saw you last?"

"Thank you, sir—quite well."

A brief pause.

"I hope your family have been in health?"

"Well I thank you—aside from the ordinary
sickness of the children."

Another pause.

"I trust that you have found consolation,
and rejoicing since my last visit," etc., etc.

And thus passed away some ten or fifteen
minutes—the children all the while having
suspended their play with a kind of indescribable
fear, which children can look glancing
wonderfully at their mother.

Rising to depart, with the same unrelaxing
dignity, the clergyman said;

"I leave my blessing with you and your
family, Mrs.—, and will bid you good
morning."

Hardly had the door closed, when a little
boy of four years ran towards his mother,
and, clinging tightly to her dress, raised his
eyes inquiringly, and with the simple earnestness
of a child said:

"Mamma, mamma, was dat Dod?"

LITTLE THINGS. Springs are little, but
they are the sources of large streams; a
holm is a little thing, but mark how evenly
it governs the course of the largest ship that
ever floated the waters; pegs and nails are
little things, but they hold together large
parts of the largest buildings; that mem-
ory sent by a friend is a little thing, and
cost perhaps but little worldly wealth, for it
is of the simplest kind, and yet it expresses
the universe, for it is thought of love, clothed
in a form of beauty; an angry word, a
jealous thought, a frown—all these are lit-
tle things, but powerful for evil, and are help-
ing to build penitentiaries and prisons, and
to fill them with those who merely have
carried the same passions and feelings far-
ther than we have. Mind the little things.

LOVE AND LIGHTNING.

A lady who her love had sold,
Asked if a reason could be told
Why wedding rings were made of gold?

I ventured thus to instruct her:
Love, ma'ma, and lightning are the same—
On earth they glance—from heaven they
came;

Love is the soul's electric flame,
And gold its best conductor.

"Pray excuse me," said a well-dressed
young man to a young lady, in the second
tier of boxes at a theatre, "I wish to go up
stairs and get some refreshments—don't
leave your seat." A sailor seated in the box
near his girl, and disposed to do the same
thing, arose and said: "Harkee, Moll, I am
going aloft to wet my whistle—don't fall
overboard while I'm gone."

From the Bath Times.

BASTING THREADS.
Mr. Editor—I send you the following
snarl of basting threads, hoping that some
of them may serve to tack the lining of thought
to the outside, though not fine enough to
stitch the two together.

MAGGIE.
CAN YOUR CHILD SAY IT? A young writer
being asked how she, so remarkable for her
secluded life and purity of character,—had
succeeded in representing so truly a contempti-
ble character as one she had introduced in
her first romance, replied, as a tear softened
her bright eye:

"I studied, sir, very minutely, the charac-
ter of my father, as a business man, a neigh-
bor, a friend, a husband, father, brother and
son, and lastly as an adversary; and then,
sir, I drew a picture which was the exact re-
verse of this, and how could it fail to be an
utterly revolting one?"

"Where there's a will there's a way,"
said the young heiress when she resolved that
"that foreign looking gentleman" should
marry her instead of her portionless rival.

"It's very cold in the back of the car; will
you give this young lady your seat?" "Yes,
sir, with all my heart." "Sorry for you sir,
but she's engaged."

"He's a young man after my own heart,
Sarah," said a lady to a caller, of one who
had just passed her window.

"Then he told Mary an awful story last
night mother after he thought I'd gone to
sleep on the sofa," said little Pete, "for he
said he wasn't after anybody's heart but
hers."

"So much?" said A. "No, I couldn't think
of selling it for less. You see the most of
the machinery is moved by water."

"I know it," said B. "That is one reason I
don't want to give more. I haven't forgot-
ten that the whole of the machinery was
moved a half a mile by water, last spring,
and the building with it!"

"Mother," said little Pete, "are hands strik-
ing features?" Sam told me this morning that
our Mary had striking features, and I'll bet
he saw her when she struck me because I
laughed when he rang the bell."

A CHILD'S LOOK. A little girl says the
Knickerbocker, had seen her brother play-
ing with his burning glass and had heard
him talk about the "focus." Not knowing
what the word "focus" meant, she consulted
the dictionary, and found out that focus is a
place where the rays meet. At dinner, when
the family were assembled, she announced
as grand as could be, that she knew the
meaning of one hard word. Her father asked
her what it was; she said it was the word
"focus."

"Well," said he, "Mary what does it mean?"
"Why," she replied, "it means a place where
they raise calves."

This of course raised a great laugh; but
she stuck to her point, and produced her dic-
tionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she triumphantly—"Focus is
a place where the rays meet—Calves are
meat, and if they raise meat, they raise
calves, and so I am right ain't I, father?"

"Well," said he, "Mary what does it mean?"
"Why," she replied, "it means a place where
they raise calves."

This of course raised a great laugh; but
she stuck to her point, and produced her dic-
tionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she triumphantly—"Focus is
a place where the rays meet—Calves are
meat, and if they raise meat, they raise
calves, and so I am right ain't I, father?"

"Well," said he, "Mary what does it mean?"
"Why," she replied, "it means a place where
they raise calves."

This of course raised a great laugh; but
she stuck to her point, and produced her dic-
tionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she triumphantly—"Focus is
a place where the rays meet—Calves are
meat, and if they raise meat, they raise
calves, and so I am right ain't I, father?"

"Well," said he, "Mary what does it mean?"
"Why," she replied, "it means a place where
they raise calves."

This of course raised a great laugh; but
she stuck to her point, and produced her dic-
tionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she triumphantly—"Focus is
a place where the rays meet—Calves are
meat, and if they raise meat, they raise
calves, and so I am right ain't I, father?"

"Well," said he, "Mary what does it mean?"
"Why," she replied, "it means a place where
they raise calves."

This of course raised a great laugh; but
she stuck to her point, and produced her dic-
tionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she triumphantly—"Focus is
a place where the rays meet—Calves are
meat, and if they raise meat, they raise
calves, and so I am right ain't I, father?"

"Well," said he, "Mary what does it mean?"
"Why," she replied, "it means a place where
they raise calves."

This of course raised a great laugh; but
she stuck to her point, and produced her dic-
tionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she triumphantly—"Focus is
a place where the rays meet—Calves are
meat, and if they raise meat, they raise
calves, and so I am right ain't I, father?"

"Well," said he, "Mary what does it mean?"
"Why," she replied, "it means a place where
they raise calves."

This of course raised a great laugh; but
she stuck to her point, and produced her dic-
tionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she triumphantly—"Focus is
a place where the rays meet—Calves are
meat, and if they raise meat, they raise
calves, and so I am right ain't I, father?"

"Well," said he, "Mary what does it mean?"
"Why," she replied, "it means a place where
they raise calves."

This of course raised a great laugh; but
she stuck to her point, and produced her dic-
tionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she triumphantly—"Focus is
a place where the rays meet—Calves are
meat, and if they raise meat, they raise
calves, and so I am right ain't I, father?"

"Well," said he, "Mary what does it mean?"
"Why," she replied, "it means a place where
they raise calves."

This of course raised a great laugh; but
she stuck to her point, and produced her dic-
tionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she triumphantly—"Focus is
a place where the rays meet—Calves are
meat, and if they raise meat, they raise
calves, and so I am right ain't I, father?"

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 Swiss Blankets.

CRIB AND BERTH BLANKETS.

4-4 SHAKER AND DOMET FLANNELS.

Horse Blankets

Also, dealer in
Dry Goods,

WEST INDIA GOODS.

—AND—
GROCERIES.

of every description
All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE want-
ed in exchange for Goods.

CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent.
Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1858.

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, 1 BRIDGTON CENTER.
C. E. WALKER,

PISCATAQUA

MAINE FIRE AND MARINE

INSURANCE CO.

OF SOUTH BERTWICK, 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, Oliver Oakes,
M. Mun. Dean, Shipley W. Ricker,
Obed 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 advance. No Assessments will
be made on the assured in event
of loss.

Policies issued and further information may
be obtained by application to our
GEO. G. WIGHT,
Agent at Bridgton.

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.

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,

—AND—
DEBATES

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

Farmer's Produce taken in exchange
for Goods.

Purchasers will find it for their interest to
all.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858.

BOURBON ELIXIR.

THE proprietor intrudes his Elixir to the
public with 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
cure 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 despairing, 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.

Prepared and sold by W. A. Sleeper, Nash-
ua, N. H.

S. M. HARMON,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law.

BRIDGTON, MAINE.

CONGRESS HEELE GAITERS! Cheap
at BILLING'S.

KEROSENE OIL, Lamps, Wicks, and
Chimneys, for sale by
DIXEY STONE & SON.

A NEW Lot of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers
for sale by DIXEY STONE & SON.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

A compound remedy in which we have labor-
ed to produce the most effectual alternative
that can be made. It is a concentrated ex-
tract of Para-Sarsaparilla, so combined with
other substances of still greater alternative
power as to afford an effective antidote for
the disease. Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure,
it is believed that such a remedy is wanted
by those who suffer from Strumous complaints
and that one which will accomplish their cure
must prove of immense service to this large
class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How
completely this compound will do it has been
proven by experiment on many of the worst
cases to be found of the following complaints:

Scrofula, and Scrofulous Complaints, Eruptions
and Eruptive diseases, Ulcers, Pimples,
Blanches, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Head-
ache, Syphilis and Syphilitic Affections,
Mercurial Disease, Dropsy, Neuralgia or
Tic Dolorosa, Debility, Dyspepsia and Indi-
gestion, Erysipelas, Etc., Etc.

And, indeed the whole class of com-
plaints arising from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.
This compound will be found a great pro-
moter of health, when taken in the spring,
to expel the foul humors which fester in the
blood at that season of the year. By the
timely expulsion of them many rankling dis-
orders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes
can be cured of the eruptions of foul eruptions
and ulcers arising through which the system
will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not
assisted to do this through the natural chan-
nels of the body by an alternative medicine
Clensoe out the vitiated blood whenever you
find its impurities bursting through the skin
in pimples, eruptions or sores; Cleanse it
when you find it is obstructed and sluggish
in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul,
and your feelings will tell you when. Even
where no particular disorder is felt, people
enjoy better health, and live longer for cleans-
ing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and
all is well; but with this purgative of life dis-
ordered there can be no lasting health—
Sooner or later something must go wrong,
and the great machinery of life is disordered
or overthrown.

Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the
reputation, of accomplishing these ends. But
the world has been egregiously deceived by
preparations of it, partly because the drug
alone has not all the virtue that is claimed
for it, but more because the preparations, and
other remedies failed. Full directions will
be found on the back of each. Public speak-
ers, 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.

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 chil-
dren. 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 speak-
ers, 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. Price'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 disa-
greeable noises, resembling the whizzing of
steam, distant waterfalls, etc., purely veg-
etable comes with full directions, & delights
all that use it; as a snuff, it cannot be
equalled. BOXES 25 CENTS.

HARVEL'S CONDITION POWDERS.

These old established Powders, so well
known at the Long Island Course, N. Y.,
and sold in immense quantities through-
out the Middle and Eastern States for the
past seven years, continue to excel all other
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-
das and South America, at wholesale by all
large Druggists in the principal cities.

HERRICK & BRO.,
Practical Chemists, Albany, N. Y.
Sold in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden.

H. H. HAY & CO.

Wholesale dealers in
Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

Artists' Materials, Apothecaries' Glass Ware,
Surgical Lenses, Cigars,

MINERAL TEETH, GOLD FOIL, &c

Burning Fluid and Camphene.

Pure Wines and Liquors, for Medicinal and
Mechanical purposes only.

STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES, etc

Always at lowest market Prices.

Junction of Free and Middle Street.
PORTLAND, ME.

A. P. OSBORNE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
W. I. GOODS,

—AND—
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

Foreign & Domestic Fruits,
CHOICE CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

IMPORTED ALES, &c.

CONFECTIONERY,

Manufactured from the best Stock.
Also, Agent for the Star Brewery, for
PALE AND AMBER ALES.

PORTLAND DISTILLERY.

N. E. Rum, Alcohol & Burning Fluid,

W. C. OSBORNE,

DISTILLER AND MANUFACTURER.

All orders for the above to be forwarded to
A. P. OSBORNE, Agent,

No. 10 Market Square, Portland, Me. 1y32

BYRON GREENOUGH & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves,