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JOBS PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness and despatch.

OBERLIN'S COURTSHIPS.

Mrs. Oberlin wanted John Frederic to marry. He had never seriously thought of the subject, but as his mother thought a wife would greatly increase his usefulness in the lonely and desolate village of Ban de la Roche, where he was going, he assented to her proposition, and agreed to marry.

Now thus far the matter was settled—a new question naturally arose in his mind: Who might be married?

"Why, my son," said his parent, "I should not have proposed your marriage had I not selected a lady for you. Lizette Teazel is the very one for you."

These were her qualifications: She was young, pretty, amiable, lively and rich. Could any man resist such an array of charms? John Frederic could not. And when he mentally weighed his merits against hers he felt very humble. Indeed, he gave her up, he was so hopeless of success. But his mother knew better than this. Madame Teazel had given her such a hint as only a mother can give or take; so she was very sure that neither mother nor daughter would prove indifferent to his suit.

So Oberlin resolved to marry the brewer's daughter, provided always that it should be the will of Providence. Everything with Oberlin was a subject of prayer, and this important subject demanded great attention.

Well, finally, Oberlin, with the fine delicate perception in female character that many of his brethren share, resolved he would visit his lady-elect and if either her mother or herself should open the subject, he would marry her, she was willing.

So one bright and beautiful morning in August, John Frederic, dressed in his best suit of black, with his soft hair carefully brushed by his sister's hand, went across the fields with a slow and thoughtful step, not as eager lover, hastening to his mistress, but rather as a student on his way to college, conning his lessons as he went.

Lizette, lazy girl, was looking through the vines that grew over her casement. She was not much flattered by his gait, and exclaimed pettishly to herself, "One would think from his step that he cared not if he reached me; well, I can be as slow as he is."

So smoothing her glossy hair till it shone in the most resplendent way, and pinning her blue kerchief straighter, she was all ready to gracefully trip down stairs at her mother's first call.

Her poor little heart fluttered as she returned his salutation—well she knew what his errand was.

For an hour they talked of the weather the crops, the church, and all the customary interesting topics of conversation that are always current in society. Every now and then there would be an awkward silence, that each would expect to be broken by alluding to the subject that was uppermost in all their minds. Of course Oberlin did not broach it; and, strange to say, contrary to his expectation, Madame Teazel did not, by offering her daughter, who sat in blushing silence, to him. So finally, somewhat disappointed, he took his leave.

"Well?" said Madame Teazel, looking at her daughter.

"Well!" rejoined Lizette, looking at her mother.

Madame put on her great apron, and went into her kitchen. Lizette smoothed her hair, and went to her knitting.

So Oberlin gave up all thought of Lizette and matrimony. Not so his mother. Finding he was insensible to all she said of Lizette, she turned her attention more successfully to another quarter. His old tutor had a daughter;—she was sensible, educated not too young—pious, and a good housekeeper.

Mrs. Oberlin concluded that these virtues were more valuable than poor Lizette's. John Frederic agreed to this scheme quite readily, and casting the reflection of his holy character on her, he really began to fancy her quite a saint. So one day, being at Mr. Swartz's house, where he had gone to look at some old monkish chronicles, he

thought of his mother's project, and so asked his preceptor for the hand of his daughter. The old man looked at his pupil over his spectacles for a while, and then looked back to his books. There was nothing heard in the room for a half hour but the rustling of the leaves of their books, till Mr. Swartz suddenly said—

"Ask Charlotte; she is old enough to judge for herself."

Then seeming quite relieved from the responsibility, he relapsed into his books again.

What did Charlotte say? Well, it was the most eligible offer she had had; so when he said—

"Charlotte, I came here expressly to see you, and tell you of my great esteem for you, and of my desire that you will be my wife—and you will be a good one, I have no doubt. If you will accompany me to Ban de la Roche, I shall be happy in leaving."

She answered as frankly—

"John, I am very ready to go with you."

This arrangement pleased all sides very well. Mrs. Oberlin had already become convinced that Lizette was really too young, giddy, and pretty for her son, and that Charlotte would be the very one for him. As for her family, they were so pleased at the prospect of her marrying, that they would hardly have demurred at any one she might choose.

So far everything went on very smoothly. The contract was drawn up, the day appointed, and that very important part—the dresses—made, and Oberlin was quite satisfied with the new state of affairs. At first they seemed novel and foreign—he could not accustom himself to going to Charlotte's apartments instead of her father's.

While things were in this condition, another actor appears on the stage—the scene shifts!

Unreasonable as it was, the bride-elect received another offer. Her new suitor was Baillie Hummel, a rich and substantial citizen, who wanted a careful and frugal wife to take charge of him in his old age. For a year or two he had his eye fixed on Charlotte, but not feeling in any hurry, he did not bestir himself till he was obliged by the crisis that affairs were hurrying to—then he offered his hand and purse. Oberlin had but the one, and so to his astonishment Charlotte drew hers from his and left him simply the "mittens to hold."

Fraulein Charlotte congratulated herself that she was so nicely off with the old love and on with the new, but—We have hinted that her new lover was quite deliberate in his actions and opinions, and after putting off the wedding two or three times, much to his lady's chagrin, who found her only consolation in the fact that it gave her more time to add to the splendor of her wardrobe, and she added to such a degree that she alarmed the Baillie to such an extent that he broke off the whole business, and poor Charlotte was left with her fine trousseau and no use for it. She began to think a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush.

For some time she hoped to win her bird back, but the Baillie would not come. So then she turned her attention to Oberlin.

Of course the modest maiden would not ask him herself, so she persuaded her yielding father to ask him for her.

Oberlin was surprised to receive a note from his old tutor, signifying his wish that the alliance broken by a "woman's caprice might be renewed." As soon as he had read the note he put on his hat and walked over to—, and up straight into the study into the presence of the old man, who was surprised to see him so soon. Oberlin handed the note back to the writer, saying—

"My dear sir, I am accustomed to follow the indications of Providence, and I consider the recent events as a warning that a union with your daughter will neither promote her happiness nor mine."

Let us, therefore, think no more of it. Let us forget what has passed, and let me as of old share in your affections."

The father of the rejected damsel could not but admire the young man's frankness, and in his heart agreed with him. Whether Charlotte was equally pleased or not, or whether she ever got a husband, we have no means of knowing.

But here ended Mrs. Oberlin's attempt to marry her son, and she was obliged sorrowfully to let him depart a bachelor. She, however, tried to make the best of it, and so accompanied him to Waldbach, where, after arranging his little home for him, she bid him adieu, leaving Sophie, his youngest sister, as his housekeeper.

Here it was, in this lonely village, that this young man met his fate.

Whether Sophie was actuated by the same match-making fever that had agitated her mother, history does not relate; but certain it is, that in the course of time she invited one of her young friends to visit her.

So Madame Witter came. She was very different from Lizette and Charlotte. Her agreeable manner and person, her highly cultivated mind and strong religious faith,

were new revelations of female character to the young clergyman. Every day developed new grace in her, and a strong affection for her grew up in his heart.

As for Madeline, before she saw him she venerated the young man, who at twenty-seven could so completely isolate himself from all congenial society, and devote his time and talent to the education of ignorant peasants. When she became personally acquainted with him, her esteem deepened into a holy love, may in spite of her firm resolution never to marry a clergyman, she became Mrs. Oberlin. Of them it is said, "A more judicious choice it was impossible to make. She was the sharer of his trials and joys; her prudence and foresight balanced and controlled his enthusiastic disposition; her fervent piety, which led her to fully participate in his anxiety to promote the welfare of his people, cheered him when desponding, and heightened his joy when successful."

For sixteen years she was his dear and true companion, then she went before him—home.

Even her loss was gain to him, her influence remained and cheered him, and with his years the hope of rejoining her grew brighter and brighter unto the end.—Independent.

THE VILLAGE THIEF.

The people of the village of M———were alarmed. They could scarcely retire at night without being robbed. Stores, houses, and families were pillaged; but who performed the nefarious deeds could not be discovered. Guns and other warlike weapons were in demand, but these were ineffectual for the guilty party still exercised his vocation with impunity. Police had been upon his track, but their efforts to discover him were unsuccessful: no clue to the appearance of the thief could be obtained from his victims; all of the latter agreed that they had been plundered; not by an established band, but by one individual. Some said that immediately before they were robbed, they noticed "a large fierce looking man," proving about their premises; others that the guilty party was "a fine looking fellow;" and lastly, there were a few superstitious ones who declared that the robber was not a man, but the emissary of a certain individual, supposed to govern the warm regions. With these conflicting reports it would puzzle the last named individual himself to discover the thief.—It was for these reasons the villagers were alarmed.

I was neither a detective or a policeman, but as a large reward had been offered for the apprehension of the thief, I concluded I would attempt his capture. Accordingly I started for the village of M———. That night I stopped at an obscure inn, some ten miles from the village. Having stowed away my baggage and eaten my supper, I went into the bar-room, where I found an old man conversing with the proprietor. I picked up a paper and pretended to be reading, but in reality was listening to their conversation. They were talking about the robberies that had been committed in the adjacent village. The old man seemed to know a great deal about the subject—so much so in fact, that my suspicions were somewhat aroused, and I determined to watch him. They were both sitting with their backs towards me, and did not notice the surreptitious glance I cast at them above the corner of the paper. The old man's right arm was hanging over the side of the chair, and held a pocket knife in his hand. I noticed while he twirled it around, that it was a peculiar one. It had two blades and something that resembled a prong. While he was handling it in this manner, it fell from his grasp near by my chair. He started hastily to pick it up, but ere he reached it, I stooped down, picked it up and gave it to him; but not, however, before I had noticed the letters "B. K." cut upon the bone handle. The old man thanked me for my trouble, and then placed the knife in his pocket, while I pretended to resume my paper. I was almost certain that the object of my suspicions was not an old man as he seemed to be; for I had observed that when he had started for his knife he manifested too much agility for one of advanced years, and besides, he seemed very anxious to conceal the knife after I had seen it. For these reasons I determined to watch him. After remaining a few moments longer, he inquired what time the first stage left in the morning for the village of M———. I had not originally intended to start so early an hour, but I now determined to go at the same time. Accordingly, the next morning I found myself on the way to the village in company with the old man.

We had been traveling about an hour, during which time we had not spoken. At length my companion asked me if I thought that the robber would be caught. I answered in the negative; and then in a seemingly boasting manner, added, "but I do not fear him, and if he succeeds in robbing me he is welcome to his plunder."

"If he knew where to find you, he might visit you," my companion quietly remarked. I carelessly answered, "should he desire to visit me, he can find me in the principal hotel in M———."

The old man made no reply. We arrived at our destination. I got out of the coach first, to see about my baggage, and when I returned my companion was gone. I was sorry he had escaped me, but hoping I might yet discover him, I started for the hotel, which was soon reached.

About two hours after, a man who appeared to be a minister arrived. He had a number of tracts, which having distributed, he was shown to his room, which was on the same floor and opposite that of mine. He did not show himself again until supper time when he informed us that he was traveling minister, and intended remaining in the village a few days.

The next morning three of the boarders announced to the landlord that they had been robbed, and among them the minister.

The latter had just narrating the fact when I entered the room. In the course of his remarks, he drew a handkerchief from his pocket; and this action jerked out something which fell on the floor. Looking down I discovered the same knife which I had seen in the possession of the old man, having the same initial upon it. The minister hastily picked it up, and then turned towards me.—I pretended to have observed nothing. He seemed somewhat satisfied, and resumed his narrative.

Now, for the first time, the idea struck me that the old man in the stage coach—the minister, and the object of my pursuit—was before me. I did not, however, communicate my suspicions to any one, as the proper time had not yet arrived, but intended that he should not escape me. That night two other boarders were robbed. The proprietor began to be alarmed; in the presence of us all, he said he was certain the guilty party was some one in the house. With assumed indignation I exclaimed: "I am willing, and insist upon being searched; and hope for their own vindication, those present will submit to the same."

All agreed to this, for the satisfaction of the proprietor; but though every one—the minister included—was searched, nothing was found. I then proposed that each one of the boarders should watch for a night until the robberies ceased; and, knowing the influence of example, offered to stand guard for the night myself.

The plan seemed to please the minister, for he not only assented to it, but persuaded the others to agree to it. Accordingly, that night I entered upon my self-imposed duty.

The result of the plan proved entirely successful. Pretending to leave my room to obtain a pitcher of water, I returned silently without going down stairs, and arrested the preacher robbing my trunk. He was convicted and sent to prison.

EVERYDAY HEROISM.

"I don't care, I won't try. Every thing goes wrong, to-day," exclaimed Charley Morris, throwing down his slate and arithmetic in a pet. "When the fates are against you, what is the use of trying to do anything?"

"What makes you think the fates are against you?" asked the mother quietly.

"Why, nothing succeeds that I try to do. Everything turns out just the wrong way.—I never saw such an ugly day."

"I want you to run and get me the book which I left on the seat at the farther end of the garden; then afterwards we will see if anything can be done to coax 'the fates' into better humor."

Charley returned with his face a little brighter from a moment's exercise in the fresh air, and seated himself on a low stool at his mother's feet.

"Don't you believe in unlucky days, mother?" said he.

"I don't believe in letting them come very often," said Mrs. Morris.

"But how can you help it, mother?" "Treat them in such a way when they occur that they will not want to return very soon. But now I want you to tell me what has made this day 'unlucky,' and then perhaps I can tell you what to do about it."

"Well, you see, mother, I happened to oversleep myself this morning, and was late at breakfast. That always puts me out of sorts. Then Agnes laughed at me for being so late when I was provoked enough with myself already, and that made me cross."

"Stop a moment, my dear, and notice where your unlucky day began. The trifling error in being late in rising cannot excuse the greater fault of crossness and ill-temper. A single act of self-control might have altered the course of the whole day. But what next?"

"Then, mother, I went to school feeling just so cross; but I thought I had all my lessons perfectly, and could not make any mistake in those. When I got to school, I found I had learned the wrong spelling les-

son, and that provoked me a little more, but I set to work to learn the right one. While I was in the midst of that, the arithmetic class was called. I had studied the lesson thoroughly last night, but somehow the spelling or being provoked, or something else, had put it all out of my head, so that I missed ever so many questions. And so it went all day, mother. None of my lessons were just right, and to end it all, I have got twelve extra examples to work out at home. I can't get them; it's no use trying to do anything such days."

There was a pause of a few moments, during which the cloud that had gathered on the little boy's brow was gradually disappearing, and then his mother said,

"Charley you like to play soldier, don't you?"

"Yes, mother."

"And you like to read the histories of great soldiers and heroes of old times, such as Alexander, and Caesar and Napoleon."

"Yes, mother, very much."

"Well, tell me now, when do you like Alexander best, resting and feasting at Babylon—or in action, fording rivers, crossing deserts, commanding his army, attacking the enemy, gaining his victories?"

"I like him best in action, mother, of course."

"His actions were not usually of the right kind, but we like bravery of energy in any cause, better than laziness and cowardice.—When do you like best to read of Napoleon—inprisoned at St. Helena, dragging out an inactive existence from day to day—or at the beginning of his course, with all difficulties and hindrances around him, rising above them all by his strength of will?"

"Oh, I like him best in the beginning, mother," said Charley, with kindled enthusiasm. "That was splendid, his crossing the Alps. Even the mountains could not keep him back when he was determined to go."

"But it would have been less trouble to him if there had been no mountains there," said Mrs. Morris. "Suppose he could have marched by a smooth road, straight from France into Italy."

"That would not have been half as grand, mother. Why he would not have been a hero at all, if he had not had something to conquer."

"And the will to conquer it," added Mrs. Morris, with a smile. "That is just what I want you to notice now. We cannot imitate if we would the precise actions of these great conquerors, and after all, we have much nobler work to do, than killing men and robbing kingdoms. But we can copy their energy and strength of purpose, and our daily life furnishes as much opportunity to cultivate these qualities as their bold career."

"I don't see how, mother."

"The life of a little school boy presents some difficulties does it not, Charley?"

"Yes, mother," he replied, glancing ruefully at the arithmetic on the floor.

"Then there is something to conquer, and in the conquest you can grow strong and brave. Like Napoleon, you can never be a hero unless you have some obstacle to overcome."

"I wish the difficulties wouldn't always come when I feel so cross."

"The crossness is the very first thing you need to conquer. There is a proverb on that subject. You may read it for me, in the 16th chapter and 23d verse."

Charley found the place and read: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

"That is an important thing to remember," said Mrs. Morris. "If we are ever to attain anything great or good in life, our career of conquest must begin in our own hearts. Until all unruly feeling and passions are under control, our efforts toward knowledge or anything else that is worth the winning will be little avail. What people call adverse fate is always the result of their own faults and failings."

"Do you think one can always help feeling unpleasantly mother?"

"I think one can learn either to treat down all disagreeable feelings, or to work bravely on, and never mind them. But there is one unfailing resource for help in right doing, when our strength and wisdom fail. You know what that is, my boy?"

"I think I do, mother."

"Avail yourself of that help at the beginning of everyday, and unpleasant circumstances with little power to annoy you. But what lessons do you most frequently have trouble with Charley?"

"Oh! this arithmetic, mother, it is the only thing that troubles me."

"I will write on a blank leaf (if your book two little mottoes, which I wish you to look at whenever you are fretted or discouraged by difficulties. The first is: 'Every boy may be a hero.' And that you may remember what sort of heroism is to be sought, I will add this verse that you read: 'He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.'"

OF HAIRY FACES.

A writer in Xenia, Ohio, is making a crusade against hairy-faced men. Hear her:

What expression of kindness and mild humanity can be observed in a face covered with hair from the nose down? Not any. As well might a poor rat look in the grizzly muzzle of a Scotch terrier for mercy, when about to be caught in his crushing jaws, as to look for an expression of human kindness and sympathy in the face of a hirsute man.

We can appreciate the value of a smile.—It lightens up the countenance with adorning sweetness, indicates a kind heart, and radiates gladness to the hearts of others, encourages the desponding, soothes the afflicted, cheers the sorrowing, disarms wrath, and kindles up genial sympathy and reciprocal regard. But a smile cannot drop out from the face of a man "bearded" and moustached like the pard." You suppose, from the agitation of tall grass, that some animal was crawling through it. So you may infer from the whiskers of hair that a smile was burrowing along there somewhere out of sight. The smile of such a man cannot be distinguished from the grin of a ribbed nose baboon, which had burnt its mouth with a hot chestnut.

The lips are capable of indicating a variety of passions and emotions. They can express kindness, good-humor, sweetness of disposition, firmness and decision of character, or they manifest scorn, contempt, disdain, anger, and threaten like loaded revolvers. The chief expression of the best traits in Napoleon's nature were in his mouth and chin, which he could clothe with so much sweet, winning, mute, persuasive eloquence as to render his look irresistible. But when lip and chin are covered with hair, you might as well look for expression in the hole of a bank swallow in a gully, overhung with a turf of grass.

The passions and affections have their poles in the face, firmness in the upper lip, softness near the corners of the mouth, and the affections in the edges of the lips, etc.; hence the philosophy and delight of kissing; the more intense the passion, the more soul-thrilling and enrapturing the kiss. Behold that lovely woman, with a form shaped by the hand of harmony, regular features under clustering ringlets, bright eyes beaming with intelligence, well arranged pearly teeth, a soft and delicate skin, a mouth like Cupid's bow, a neck like ivory, a bosom like alabaster, and the swelling undulations of love like snow, her lips like two rosebuds, moist with morning dew, and her cheeks—

"Where the live crimson thro' the native white, Shooting o'er the face, defusses bloom, And every nameless grace."

Radiant in beauty, she is surrounded by an atmosphere of love, as a rose exhales fragrance. Just think of those hairy-faced fellows attempting to kiss her—see him pulling up his "chevaux de frise" of bristles, to reveal his wild, beast-looking, cavernous slit of a mouth. Bah! it's abominable—the idea is disgusting.

"Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary to sweeten my imagination."

PRACTICAL SERMON.

The Richmond Enquirer publishes the following sermon by an Ethiopian, which it says was the most practical sermon preached in Virginia for a long time past.

The topic was depravity of the human heart, and woman.

"Brethren, when I war in Virginia, one day de old woman's kitchen table got broke, and I was sent down into de woods to cut a tree to make a new leaf for de table. So I took de axe on my shoulder and I wander into de depth of de forest. All nature was beautiful as a lady goin' to be wedded. De leaves glistened on de maple trees like new quarter dollars in de missionary box, de sun shone as brilliant as a buck-rabbit in a bark-er pact, and de little bell round de old sheep's neck tinkled softly in de distance. I spied a suitable tree for de purpose, and I raised de axe to cut de trunk. It was a beautiful tree. De branches reached to de four corners of de earth, an' raise up so high in de air above, and de squirrels hop about in de limbs like de angels flopping der wings in de kingdom of heaven. Dat tree was full of promise, my friend, just like a great many of you! Den I cut into de trunk, and made de chips fly, like de mighty scales droppin from Paul's eyes. Two, three cuts I gib dat tree, and alas! it were hollow in de butt-end ah. Dat tree was very much like you, my friends—full of promise outside, but hollow in de butt."

A smart young man visiting a prison in Maine, inquired of some of the prisoners the cause of their being in such a place. At last he asked a small girl the cause of her being in prison. He answered her, "that she stole a saw-mill and went back after the pond and was arrested." The young man had no more to say.

The Reporter.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 2, 1860.

VALEDICTORY.

With this number of the BRIDGTON REPORTER ceases my connection with it as editor. I cannot close this, to me, exceedingly pleasant relation without a parting word or two. I am glad to say that, under the joint auspices of Mr. Noyes, the Publisher, and myself, the experiment of publishing a newspaper in this goodly town has been successfully tried. To have been, in part, instrumental in establishing a paper in this my native place, where many thought it could not be sustained, is to me "glory enough" for the time being. The task of doing this has not been very hard, to be sure, because our efforts have been so well seconded by the citizens of Bridgton, greatly, I think, to the credit of their general intelligence and public spirit. For the kindness and courtesy which my fellow townsmen have uniformly shown me, I shall ever be grateful, I am sure. To the wider field of editorial labor to which I am about to go, I shall carry an assured sense of the friendliness of my Reporter readers—assured, I say, because I feel in my "heart of hearts," entire friendliness toward them. With very many of them I have an almost intimate acquaintance—have sat with them at the social board, and have often shook them warmly by the hand, and I hope to do so again. I shall claim to hold a pleasant place in their memories, as they certainly will in mine.

In closing these remarks, I am happy to say that I leave the Reporter in a prosperous condition, and confidently hope that the friends of the paper will continue their good will to the proprietor of it in the shape of continued and promptly paid subscriptions, and such other aid, in the form of job-work, as he will need to enable him to pay his bills.

It will not, perhaps, be amiss for me to assure the readers of the Reporter that it will continue to be strictly neutral in politics—especially while it remains in the hands of Mr. Noyes, the present proprietor.

Having said all that is necessary,—if, indeed, it was necessary to say anything,—I bid my readers a cheerful farewell.

CHARLES LAMSON.

To the above I will only add that I shall procure such editorial assistance as will continue to make the Reporter a readable, and every way desirable newspaper.

S. H. NOYES.

DEATH OF CAPT. SAMUEL ANDREWS, 2d.—We are sincerely sorry to record the death of this gentleman, which occurred in Portland, on Sunday morning last. He has been quite ill since last summer, and has been gradually falling in health for some time past. Yet we believe he has attended to his duties as Custom House Officer, up to quite a recent date. We have not seen him since last fall when he was at home. He was quite feeble, at that time.

Mr. Andrews was a native of Bridgton, and a grandson of "Marchant" Andrews, who for many years traded in the old Stone Store at No. Bridgton. His age was forty six years. We went to school with him three or four winters and summers at North Bridgton, and remember him to have been a pleasant and companionable boy. As a man, too, we believe he was regarded as quite genial and intelligent, and will leave no enemies behind him. We cannot speak of him from personal knowledge, not having known much of him since our boyhood.—His remains were brought to this village and buried, on Wednesday, under the solemn auspices of his brother O. H. Fellows.

In the early part of the winter we thought it would be quite dull in this village, during the entire "cold term." But we did not prognosticate correctly. There has, it seems, been a good deal of stirring all about us. Large quantities of timber have been hauled to the banks of our streams and on to our ponds, to be ready for our saw-mills, which, unluckily, have been for a long time silent for the want of water to move them. But the melting of the snows, and the Spring rains, will doubtless supply the deficit, and their matin music, in concert with that of the vernal birds, will soon sound in our pleased ears.

In addition to the timber that has been hauled in to the village, and to other parts of the town, a great deal of wood has been, sliced from the forests both far home consumption, and for transportation to Portland through the canal. Our people have by no means been idle the present winter!

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES. The prospect now is, that Bates of Missouri will be the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and that Senator Douglas will be the Democratic candidate. The New York Tribune has declared for the former. Greeley, however, wrote, not long since, from the west that Fremont and Dayton would be the Republican candidates for President and vice President. It is hard to tell, at this early date, who will be the candidates. It will require fresh legs to run over the Presidential course.

FEE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE FOR MARCH is before us, and is as entertaining and readable as ever, which is all we need say of it. It is a real favorite with all of its many readers.

BUSINESS MEN. There is no greater benefactor to a town or village than a judicious, active, and benevolent business man. No matter if he is not very benevolent, provided he is tolerably just. A man, in order that he may be stimulated to do business, must be more or less selfish—more or less a mammoth. As the world is, it may not be expected that he will take hold of business from what we call disinterested motives—he must be moved by the expectation of selfish gain. But in this the business man is not unlike the "rest of mankind." We are all desirous of such gain. Wherein the man of business differs from his kind, is that he has capacity to organize labor, and make it productive. He not only knows how to work himself, but he can advantageously set other men to work, who cannot set themselves to it. A business talent, though not of the highest order, is yet a rare and very useful one. How much human activity would be utterly wasted were it not for this peculiar talent! We call many a business man mean and oppressive who is "not so" in reality. He is, to sustain himself, often obliged to make very close calculations—to look out for little leaks—to look sharp after cents and half cents, which sometimes give him the appearance of littleness. But if he didn't do this, he could not carry forward his business, and furnish many incapable men with work whereby they earn their daily bread.

We do not mean to say that some do not grind the face of the poor, and coin their blood into a surplus of riches to themselves, but we think this oppressive class of business men constitute the exception, and not the rule. Much the largest number of successful men of business are so by virtue of an inborn talent for the career they select. They love to do business because it is their forte. They would like to organize business enterprises for their own sakes. They like the stir and stimulus which business involves—the excitements of profit and loss.

We repeat what we have often before said, that a business man is of great use to community lie in an important sense makes a community. He gathers men and women together—sets them to work to earn their bread—their clothing; enables them to marry and to live respectably—to surround themselves with the appurtenances of civilization. He keeps them from the dreadful rust and vice of idleness.

Yet like all other peculiar geniuses they have the faithlessness of fogynism to encounter. When they commence their careers, it is never supposed they will succeed. Prophecies of failure are sure to greet them on every hand—they are supposed, by the birds of ill omen, to undertake an impossibility. The way that their keener visions see clear is dark to the filmy eyes of the natural do-nothings.

But we must cut this article short, by only saying that we wish there were more good business men in this town. If business talent were only commensurate with the moneyed capital of the place, this would be a very lively community.

The shoemakers of Lynn, and of other places in Massachusetts, are on a strike for higher wages. Better strike home the shoe-peg, and not pound their own fingers, as the strikers of all trades do when they make demonstrations of this kind, for more pay.

Still, we do not blame the shoemakers for wanting better wages for their work, but the strikes seldom result in materially righting the difficulty sought to be thus remedied. The chief difficulty is in making more shoes than are wanted by wearers. The state of a trade and trades is bad—a lie don't prosper anywhere. Most all work in this fast country is done shamefully, and therein the mischief-working lies appears.—The way to reform, is to do all work well, and to be adequately paid for the same—and to have no more persons employed upon a given kind of work than are necessary to meet its demand. Low wages result from a competition among laborers. When the number of laborers is out of proportion to the work required to be done, that work of course will be cheapened. But to seek out a decent living from the labor in hand, the workman, who works "by the piece," at exceedingly low rates, will do his work badly, that he may make up in quantity what he would really be had in the quality of his work. So the lie goes on from stage to stage until it appears in the general impoverishment of the land. Then we have "strikes"—"failures"—"pressures of the money market"—"dull times"—extreme poverty, &c., all on account of that infamous lie which has masqueraded through the whole business, marring everything from beginning to end.

"Sale work!" We are sick of the sound! Women, and in many cases feeble at that, making heavy outside garments for less than dollar a piece!—and summer coats and pants for the great sum of twenty cents an under! And this work, too, done by our farmers' wives and daughters. They had much better raise flax and make towels and linen sheets as their grandmothers did.

But we have no patience to pursue this subject further, and we close by expressing the hope that we may all yet come to get fair wages for fair days' work—for the honest and faithful laborer is "worthy of his hire."

The Skaters are having quite a run on the pond just now, (Monday). One lady, we learn, got up before daylight, did her washing, and was on the pond, with skates on her feet, just after sunrise. Them's the women for you!

OUR SCHOOLS. Whether they have been good and profitable or not, we cannot say from personal observation. The Supervisor's report indicates that the scholars have made a fair advance in the kind of studies usually pursued in our town schools. Still, judging from outside reports, which are always various as well as voluminous, and even from the official report, we may conclude that our schools have been generally inefficiently governed. The fault has not been that our teachers have lacked what, in common phrase, is styled "literary" fitness, but rather the faculty or power to govern. Notwithstanding we are so near the millennium, the necessity of strong government has not been entirely superseded. The wills of boys and girls may not yet be fully trusted to direct their own destinies. They need instructors, and directors in all the relations of their lives who are older, wiser, and stronger than themselves, in the school-room, as in the family and social walks.—The majority of our school teachers are not only too young for the vocation they have assumed, but very many of them have neither the natural tact or force of character which are requisite to a successful school teacher. The complaint all over the country is that district schools are poorly governed—young America has outgrown government in the absence of the switch and the ferule. The only possible way in which order can be restored to our schools is to re-instate those potent persuaders. If the young rebels cannot be reached by a direct application to their cranial nerves through the instrumentality of a pleasant voice—by an appeal to the higher instincts of the soul, why then they must be reached through the nerves that ramify through the hide, over the back and legs, and in the palm of the hand. The fact simply is, our schools must be orderly—children must submit to be taught, and they should be furnished such teachers as are in every sense capable of directing them. It is absolutely necessary that teachers should be considerably older than their pupils, as well as to be their superior in wisdom and acquisitions.

Teachers should not be selected with reference to their own pecuniary profit, but with a view to the general good. The money which our towns freely vote for the instruction of children and youth, should be most conscientiously and wisely expended, and our School Committees and Supervisors should boldly do their duty without fear or favor, not only in granting certificates to candidates for teaching, but in seeing that our schools are properly governed.

NEGLECTFUL. By some unaccountable neglect of ours we failed, in our articles on "Business in Bridgton," to notice that section of our town known as "Pinhook." We can hardly see how we should have missed this thriving little village, or hamlet. There is a good deal of business done there, as will be seen when we recount its affairs. In the first place, it has one store in which quite a brisk trade is carried on with the neighboring community, under the firm of CHAPLIN, GRAY & CO. When we have passed there, we have noticed signs of an active and thriving business. It has, also, another small store wherein is kept light articles for sale—such as candles—patent medicines, nuts, tobacco, and other articles—too numerous to mention, owned by Mr. H. FROST.

There is also a sawmill owned by Mr. OSBORN CHAPLIN which does a smart business which has water.

There is too a gristmill owned by DYER & BETLER, who also operate a shingle and clapboard machine.

There is also an establishment wherein is manufactured a variety of wooden ware, owned by Mr. WADSWORTH. The Chaplins also carry on coopering there quite extensively. Mr. JOHN BATHURST also carries on blacksmithing in the place.

Just beyond the village Mr. CLARK WARREN carries on Sign and Carriage painting. There is here, too, a shoe-shop or two where sale work is made.

The above is a brief summary of business life in Pinhook, which will show that it is quite an active place and a large addition to the business of the town. The people there are an industrious and moral class of persons, and are continually improving in all respects. They have a respectable church in the village wherein a society of our Free will Baptist brethren worship. Last winter, Pinhook maintained an active LYCEUM.—Whether they have done so this winter or not, we do not know.

A BRIDGE OVER LONG POND. There is at this time strong talk of building a bridge over Long Pond, and thus bringing Oldfield and the central and lower sections of Harrison nearer to our own town and village.—That this would largely result in bene to all the parties concerned, there can be but little doubt. The expense of bridging the Pond near the point where Stevens' brook empties into it, would not be great—say \$3000. How far exceeding this comparatively trivial sum would be the advantage accruing even to this village! That the bridge will be soon built, we have little doubt.—When this is consummated, and a rightly constructed Steamboat shall be made to navigate the waters that nearly connect us with the city of Portland, this old town will greatly increase in business, population, and wealth. Wake up, ye sleeping capitalists! and accept the good which the natural advantages of your town proffers you.

There have been some 1800 cords of bark bought by the tanners of this village for this year's use. 1000 cords for the upper January, and 800 cords for the lower one.

FIRE IN SOUTH BRIDGTON. The Carriage Factory owned and occupied by Messrs. B. P. & C. K. Barker of South Bridgton, took fire about 10 o'clock on Wednesday of last week, and was in good part consumed. We believe that that portion of it which was used for a paint-shop was saved. Most of the machinery was taken out, but in such a damaged state as to render it unfit for future use. The fire broke out near the chimney as we learn. The owners were insured about \$1200 on that part of the building which was consumed, which sum, we learn, will not cover their loss. We do not know whether the Messrs. Barker will rebuild their factory or not, but hope they will at no distant day.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR FEBRUARY.—It is rather late, we confess, to notice this number, but, as the saying is, "better late than never." The reason we did not notice it was that some not over scrupulous individual made love to it, and took it to him or herself, as the case may have been. But it having re-appeared, we are glad to say it is a splendid number, and we do not at all wonder that it was nabbed. The table of contents are as follows:—Counting and Measuring—My last Love—A Shotland Shawl—Roba Di Roma—The Amber Goals—The Poet's Friends—The Memorial of A. B. or Matilda Muffin—Some Account of a Visionary—The Truce of Piscataqua—the Maroons of Jamaica—The Professor's Story—Mexico.

We have not yet received the number for March, which the Publishers will please forward, if it be their good will. We feel that we are justly entitled to it, having all ways, till the February number, given it a "first rate notice."

MUSICAL. We have received from C. B. SKYMOOT & Co., 107 Nassau street, No. 65 of "Our Musical Friend," a splendid musical periodical, which is full of attractive tunes. Could we but read music we should have a nice time with it. The contents of the present number are—"Theme from Sonata," by Mozart—"The Operatic Lancers," by C. Pradel—"Cigarette Polka," by Chas. D. Albert—"Do they think of me at Home?" by S. W. Glover—"Oh! went thou in the chilly blast?" by Carl Krabs.

From the same publishers, we have also received No. 7, of the "Solo Melodist," a standard collection of Songs, Arias, Dances, Marches, &c." This last has quite an attractive look, and may be had for 10 cents a number.

THE HUNGARIAN STEAMER. The number of persons lost in this ill-fated vessel has been exaggerated. It was stated that she had on board 360 passengers. It is now stated that she had not over one hundred.—The loss of lives, however, will nevertheless reach the startling figure of over 200 persons. The worst will be known when we next hear from England. Not one on board of the Steamer was saved.

LAUNDERING has been carried on to a much greater extent than we had the least thought of till we took a ride down Long Pond on Tuesday last. A great many logs have been hauled on to it from the neighboring town of Sweden. A gentleman told us that ten acres of ice on Lovell's Pond is covered with logs "two deep." There hasn't been so much logging for a number of years past as there has thus far during the present year.

OYSTERS are universally liked, and are accounted quite healthy, as well as popular. We are somewhat fond of them ourselves.—We notice that our friends, WILEY and LEWIS, have opened a Saloon in the Post Office building, where they serve up to their customers this succulent article in every desirable form. We have "been there to see," and can speak by the earl. Jones can cook his oysters "right."

Some of the Locomotive engines of this State are so soft that any one of them would make a big pond of hard water soft by jumping into it.—[Louisville Journal.]

Just the sort of pond that Prentiss should bathe in. It would require very soft water to cleanse so dirty a fellow as he is reputed to be.

We see that the words House of Representatives are occasionally, for brevity's sake, written House of Reps. That body, it must be confessed, behaves sometimes very much like a house of demireps.—[Louisville Journal.]

Yes; and it would stand quite as truly for the House of Representatives!

We have found it very difficult, lately, to stand up, it has been so slippery,—the rather, as one of our feet is badly corned all of the time.

We cannot forbear to say that Jones has got both a new coat and moustache.—Young ladies will please take notice!

Some of our Northern friends, who are going into the business of making flax bagging and dux-cloth, the latter, they say, is incomparably superior to cotton and poplaced, "qually cheap if not cheaper, think that they will thereby supersede the use of cotton and consequently put an end to slavery. Well, if they can thus "slax out" slavery, of course nobody will have a right to complain.

On the 24th ult., Garibaldi was married to the daughters of the Marchese Raimondi. The ceremony took place at the country seat of the latter at Fino near Como.

Marriage may be considered a pressing necessity.

H. W. Beecher's logic in favor of female suffrage is thus wittily and conclusively shown up by Prentice of the Louisville Journal. It requires, sometimes, but a stroke or two from some satirical switch to entirely dislodge a plausible fallacy!—

Henry Ward Beecher has declared in favor of female suffrage. He says that "every miscreant, if a candidate for place, would be blasted before the vote of women." But many a miscreant, when a candidate for the place of husband, finds very little difficulty in getting himself elected by a woman's vote. And isn't it likely that women are quite as careful and conscientious in voting to fill that interesting place as they would be in voting to fill the public offices?

One of the dullest men we ever saw was named Sharpnose of the stupidest was named Smart, one of the slowest was named Swift, one of the tallest was named Low—and ex-Governor of Virginia is named Wise.—[Louisville Journal.]

One of the best and wittiest editorial workmen we ever knew was only a "put-ntice."

A STARTLING OCCURRENCE. The London Court Journal states that a lady, who had returned from India three years ago, was the other day opening a drawer in what is termed a bullock trunk. To her amazement and horror, a snake peered up its head; her first impulse was to push the drawer to, but it was stiff and heavy. She ran, screaming, down stairs for help. Her brother, who was in the drawing-room, went to her assistance, and proceeded her up stairs. The snake was not to be seen, and the gentleman thought it must have been his sister's imagination; so, after some little time, the search was given up. The following morning a canary, that always hung in the lady's room, was missing, and in looking into the cage the snake lay curled up at the bottom of it, and all that remained of the bird by his side.—There was no difficulty in destroying the snake, and it was discovered to be what is termed a green snake, whose nature is to make a spring at the eye, when death immediately ensues. The marvel is how the reptile lived so long, and the lady escaped.

COIDS FROM DAMP CLOTHES. If the clothes which cover the body are damp, the moisture which they contain has a tendency to evaporate by the heat communicated to it by the heat. The heat absorbed in the evaporation of the moisture contained in the clothes must be, in part, supplied by the body, and will have a tendency to reduce the temperature of the body in an undue degree, and thereby to produce cold. The effect of violent labor or exercise is to cause the body to generate heat much faster than it would do in a state of rest. Hence we see why, when the clothes have been rendered wet by rain or precipitation, the taking of cold may be prevented by keeping the body in a state of exercise or labor till the clothes can be changed or till they dry on the person; for in this case the heat carried off by the moisture in evaporating is amply supplied by the redundant heat generated by labor or exercise.

A PAIR OF TWINS. Last evening, a lady resident in Spring street presented her husband with two daughters, and was left by an attending physician in a comfortable condition. In the course of three hours thereafter a ring was heard at the door-bell, and under the impression that the Doctor had returned to see his patient, the servant hastened to answer the summons. No one was to be seen in the neighborhood, but upon the stoop was found a male child, which contained two newly born male children, apparently twins. The lady, when informed of the circumstances, seemed well pleased, and at once adopted the little waifs—placing them in bed beside her own. The young travellers were fast asleep, and were comfortably wrapped in cosy embroidered handkerchiefs.—[N. Y. Tribune, 23d.]

The New Bedford Standard relates the singular recovery of a young lady given up to die. Miss James, of Fairhaven, who has been ill for a year, was considered past recovery. In the course of a religious conversation, she said she felt that should a certain Rev. gentleman pray for her, she should recover, and after a short conversation she made such a request. The clergyman and the mother of the invalid knelt down, and a fervent and earnest prayer was offered up in her behalf. Before the minister prayed, the body of the sufferer was as cold and rigid as marble, and at the close of the exhortation she perspired freely. Miss James describes her sensations during the prayer as similar to those of a person receiving a galvanic shock. That night she passed comfortably, and in the morning she arose and dressed herself without assistance, and on the following Sabbath she attended church. She is now enjoying the best of health, and relishes the heartiest food.

A letter received in Salem from the schooner California, dated at Goree, Africa, Jan. 6th, states that on the night of December 27th, during the captain's watch on deck, the man at the wheel called out that Capt. Prentiss was overboard. The vessel was immediately halted, but it being very dark, nothing could be heard or seen of him. At daylight, large quantities of blood being discovered on the quarter-deck, it was suspected that Capt. Prentiss had been murdered and his body thrown overboard. Upon the arrival of the vessel at Goree, the sailor who was at the wheel at the time, and who, together with the captain, was the only person on deck, was placed in irons, and would, no doubt, be sent to the United States for trial. The captain's name was John Prentiss, and he belonged in Boston.

An American spends more money in amusements than does the man of any other nation, but he spends it in the wrong way.—Our man of business would push and worry all the winter, spring, and part of the summer, to save a few thousands, with which he would set out for Saratoga, or some kindred place with his family, and with all their necessities, in order to spend a few weeks in what is considered fashionable pleasure.—Would it not be better to distribute this pleasure day by day over the whole year? The process would unfold a much greater amount of pleasure than he could possibly realize from his misplaced period of indulgence.

FOUND DEAD. A colored man named Andrew Jackson, who was in the employ of the Haggitt's Pond Ice Co., and boarded at John E. Hubbard's was found dead a short distance from his boarding house on Saturday morning last. He left work at the usual time the previous evening, apparently in good health, but did not reach his boarding house, and was not heard from until the next morning.—[Amherst Advertiser 23d.]

MACAULAY. Macaulay's father was the son of a Scotch Presbyterian minister. His mother was a school-mistress at Bristol. Her maiden name was Mills; she was the daughter of a Quaker, and being trained under the care of the Misses Moore (Hannah Moore and her sister) was an accomplished and instructed woman for her class. She says an English writer, by distant stream the blood of professors in two of the most severe and chastened sects in Europe, Quaker and Quaker, met in the veins of this wonderful boy.

A few evenings since, a barber, employed on Fifth street, between Walnut and Market, dressed himself to attend a masquerade ball. After he had assumed his costume, he thought he would frighten a boy of the House, who was then chopping wood in the cellar. He accordingly descended. As soon as the boy saw him he ran screaming, and threw his hatchet which he was using at what he supposed to be the devil. The hatchet fell sharp and foremost on the head of the masquerader, felled him, and cut quite a severe wound, and put an end to his fun and nearly to his life.

KILLED BY A CAT. A man named Stephen Hamed of Cincinnati, endeavored to drink some cats from a garret, and struck one of them several blows with a stick, when suddenly the cat lay upon him with the ferocity of a tiger, and before he could free himself from its claws, scratched and bit him about the face in a terrible manner. The next day he grew delirious, and his head swelled up to twice its natural size. In this condition he lingered till the 17th, when death came to his relief.

FATAL ACCIDENT. One man killed, and three others badly injured. On Wednesday Michael Timmer, a laborer, who was employed on the reservoir in Central Park, was most instantly killed by the accidental falling of a derick which struck him on the head and fractured his skull. Three other laborers, named Michael Colling, John Dale, and Charles Townley, were more or less injured by the falling derick, but none of them fatally.

The following keen squibs, are free from the wit-nit of Prentice of the Louisville Journal of week before last.

MAN'S AGONY WITH WOMAN. Look here, you must allow that woman ought, as much as in her lies, to make this world a paradise, being that she lost us the original garden. We talk as philosophers; and when all is said about what we owe to woman, you must allow that she have a heavy balance against her. There's that little matter of the apple to be settled for.—[Douglas Jerrold.]

We don't think that little matter of the apple to talk about that little matter of the apple in that little affair Adam, it appears, was weak enough to be tempted by a woman, but his own vivified ribs, but it took the devil himself to tempt her. So the odds are against us unless we can maintain that woman is a greater power of temptation than Satan himself.

The celebrated Parson Spurgeon says, in a late letter to it is country, that old John Brown lives in his heart. The Parson is probably a very good parson, but the poet of the United States care very little whether John Brown lives in his heart or is hanged, or there.

The Cincinnati Gazette has an account of an old man of nearly seventy, who recently existed. He, deserted his wife, married another woman, and eloped with a third, all within a few nights. If the old fellow does such brisk business at only seventy, what may not be expected to do when he gets a little older.

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Ex-Gov. Boutwell writes to the New England Farmer, that an experiment made by him during five months—from May to the 1st of 1859—to ascertain the profitability of selling milk and making butter, showed a difference of \$72.63 in favor of butter.

A strolling vocalist writes to us from the North, asking whether he can sing and dance songs in the South? Oh yes, and as long as he will be taken and feathered, he will be sure to get exactly the right pitch.

The Democrat says that "Senator Hild is out of temper." We don't think he has of that article or likely to be. He seems to have a capacious supply on hand.

The editor of the Minnesota Times suggests that the Know-Nothing party be sent to a lunatic asylum. We guess that an asylum would be the most appropriate refuge for his party.

A friend writes to us to know what we think of "Goodrich's Readers." We think very highly of them, but we like the Louisville or Journal's readers a great deal better.

The Express Companies carry our papers in large numbers in all directions. They are most smart companies, for they, express our thoughts admirably.

There is a room in a house in Duxbury, Mass., in which fifteen children, eleven girls and four boys were born of the same parents, and what is still more singular, the eleven girls were all married in the same room.

A pretty name was left us last week. It belongs to our young friend of the Democrat, we will call and deliver it. We should like to take a stick to him.

The editor of the Illinois Mercury says that we have found his paper a tripe-hammer.—No, but we have found its editor a nippy hammer.

A California paper tells of a dog that killed a full-grown black bear. Either the dog was a tough one or the story is.

When the sea is of a blue color it is deep, and when green, shallow.—[Exchange.]

That we have seen many a green fellow get blue without becoming at all deep or profound.

Mr. Rowland Hill, the working head of the Bristol postal system, has been appointed a Knight Commander of the Bath.

A minister of the Church of England lately eloped with a young female who was a convict in the workhouse.

LADY races, a circles a passion. Her hus stake on in great Prince. this good gains wit loss. I paid it, house for is no lon never let In Engla ent fortu of a gres of his un her passi amount o three qua person husband pension in Rutla ile the po

Old P usual no denth of consequi occurred i country. in this cit before be eighty ye standing Her skirt aid was were quite of advanc morning.

A BR SLAVES. Carolina, nouncing residing a his bed by ed his he time conf

BRIT COLORED

Round Ho Flour, \$5 Corn, 5 Hye, 5 Oats, 5 Beef, 5 Pork, 5 Ham, 5 Shoulders Bacon, 5 Butter, 5 Cheese, 5 Eggs, \$1 Hay, \$1

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MISCELLANY.

SONG OF THE SKATER.

We bind the heel to the curving steel,
And glide on sandal wings,
As fleet and free as Mercury
When heavenward he springs.

In scattered flakes the furrow breaks
Before each glancing blade,
And falls away in snowy spray
The foam of the frozen wave.

Bright merry chime the rumbling rime,
And ringing runners keep,
As o'er the floor the crystal ore,
In undulating sweep.

With measured sway we cleave our way,
And course the perfect plane;
As lithe of limb as birds that skim
The billows of the main.

We poise and swerve with many a curve
To carve each rounded wreath;
We chase the floor the mirror star
That flits in skies beneath.

And like the sprites whose frosty lights
Flash over the frozen zone,
No bounds there be to shore or sea
Shall hold us as their own.

The ruddy cheeks the fresh blood seeks,
Born of the winter breeze,
And we catch the fire with ecstasy
Of the sail on the seas.

We bound—we thrill to move at will
As with immortal powers,
While thought roams light as the dreams of
night,
And the heart of youth is ours.

From the Louisville Journal.

SNOW.

BY JOHN J. PRATT.

The beautiful snow is falling,
O'er groves and woodland and wold;
The trees bask in the wonderful blossom;
A flower seems December's mould.

There's a beautiful garden in heaven,
And these are the Eden flowers—
Falling and drifting forever
Into this snow-world of ours.

Lost, lost is their beautiful garden;
They feel the sweet light of the sun
In their tears from that far, sweet garden,
They hide in the earth and are gone.

But in Spring is a marvellous blooming;
They rise, for the Sun, in love,
Beckons them back where flower-angels
Guard the Eden of flowers above.

By lives of beauty and fragrance—
The sweeter the brief life they rise;
These exiles of Eden, immortal
Reenter their Paradise.

WORTH CONSIDERING. A man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never spend money until I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reads this, go and do likewise, and he will meet a similar reward.

A TRUE LAWYER. Alexander Hamilton was once applied to as counsel by a man having the guardianship of several orphans, who would, on coming of age, succeed to a large and valuable estate of which there was a material defect in the title deeds, known only to the guardian, who wanted to get the estate vested in himself. Hamilton noted down the faithless executor's statement, and then said, "Settle with these unhappy infants honorably to the last cent, or I will hunt you from your skin like a hair." The advice was strictly followed, and the man who gave it was an ornament to the bar and to the age he lived in.

"You don't live as well now as when you worked for me, do you?" you then had roast beef, mince pie, and loaf cake every day." Henry rolled up the whites of his eyes and replied, "Yes, Massa Coons, we did have roast beef, mince pie, and loaf cake every day; but dat is, Massa Coons, if you call, cod fish all dem."

It is not the great things of this life over which mortals stumble. A rook we walk around, a mountain we cross; it is the unobserved, unexpected, unlooked-for little sticks and pebbles, which cause us to halt on life's journey. The blind may run against a rock and not fall; but put a small matter in his way and he will stumble over it.

A young tyro in declamation in a neighboring seminary, who had been told by his teacher that he must gesture according to the sense, in commencing a piece with "The comet lifts its fiery tail," lifted his coat tail to a horizontal position.

"I say, landlord, that's a dirty towel for a man to wipe on." Landlord, with a look of amazement, replied: "Well, you're mighty particular. Sixty or seventy of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you are the first one to find fault."

A New England writer says that it has been found that negroes can be better trusted than white men, not to betray secrets. We suppose this is upon the principle that they always "keep dark."

Young Peapod fell in love yesterday. Says he felt like a barrel and a half of new maple sugar sliding down a rain-bow, greased with butter at forty cents a pound. Peapod soon after left to get his life insured.

A thief broke into a grocer's warehouse and on trial excused himself on the plea that he merely went in there to take tea.

Gracious Heavens! Queen Victoria is again ———. At her time of life, too!

"Is your horse gentle, Mr. Dabster?"
"Perfectly gentle, sir; the only fault he has got—if that be a fault—is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then."
"By extending his hinder hoofs now and then?"
"Mean kicking, I hope?" "Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green; but it's only a slight reaction of the muscles—a disease rather than a vice."

A man sentenced to be hanged was visited by his wife, who said:
"My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?"
"No!" he replied.

"That's just like you: you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."

"What makes all these apothecary shops have stone floors?" said Billy to Sam, as they stood at the counter. "Don't you know Bill? It's so that if a fellow drops his bottle, he'll be sure to break it."

There is a deferential air about the letters received by eastern merchants from their western debtors.

Virtue—an awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word.—It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

WILSON & BURGESS,

Wholesale dealers in

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

of all kinds,

JAPAN, WHITE LEAD,

FRENCH ZINC,

PUTTY, WINDOW GLASS,

PURE FRENCH VERDIGRIS IN OIL,

H. WOOD & CO'S

COLOURS,

BURNING FLUID, CAMPHRENE, &c.

Together with a full assortment of

PAINTS,

of every description. Also, a large and carefully selected stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

Dye Stuffs, and

PATENT MEDICINES

of all kinds; which they offer as low as they can be procured in New York or Boston.

Dealers will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere.

63 COMMERCIAL STREET,

Near the Grand Trunk Depot, and opposite the Cape Elizabeth Ferryway.

15 PORTLAND, Me.

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 improved style, with Spring Bottoms.

ALSO, READY-MADE COFFINS.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

LOOKING - GLASSES REPAIRED.

NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.

Custom Work.

A. BENTON would announce his former customers and the citizens of Bridgton generally, that he has recommenced making CUSTOM 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.

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.

ROBERT I. ROBISON,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

SPERM, WHALE, AND LARD OIL,

LOW FOR CASH.

No. 17, Exchange Street,

PORTLAND, ME.

J. H. KIMBALL, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

BRIDGTON, ME.

Office, over Nathan Cleaves Store.

Residence opposite Reuben Ball's Store.

TOWELS. Royal Turkish Bathing Towels, at

WATCH SPRING SKELETON SKIRTS

FOR ONE DOLLAR, at BILLINGS'

SKELETON SKIRTS!

THIRTY HOOPS just received at

BILLINGS'

CIRCULARS

ON line and common Paper, for Business and Legal Notices, cheaply and expeditiously printed at the Reporter Office.

BUSINESS CARDS,

PRINTED at this office in an expeditious and satisfactory manner. S. H. NOTES

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 BERTH 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.

CLAS. 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, C. D. WALKER, 1

BRIDGTON CENTER.

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,

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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 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

Geo. C. Wright, Agent at Bridgton.

3m45

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, Waterville, 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, Apples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese,

—ALSO—

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

Farmers' Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Purchasers will find it for their interest to call.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858.

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 Dyspepsia, and Sore Throat, of years standing.—He succeeded completely in doing so, and, now, after having established his remarkable curative power beyond a doubt, by its use in a great variety of other cases, with equal success, 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.

Prepared and sold by W. A. Sleeper, Nashua, N. H.

51 ly.

S. M. HARMON,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law.

BRIDGTON, MAINE.

1 ly.

CONGRESS HEEL GAITERS! Cheap

at BILLINGS'

KEROSENE OIL, Lamps, Wicks, and

Chinneys, for sale by

DIXEY STONE & SON.

50

A NEW Lot of Boots, Shoes and Rubber

for sale by DIXEY STONE & SON.

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 circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attack. There is one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents "To children upon the third and fourth generation." Indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities 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 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 disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination 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 alternative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of this age has devised for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which issue from it, such as ERYSIPELAS, SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, OR ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS AND BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER AND SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, KINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, SYMPHYLITIC AND MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSENTERY, Debility, and all the Complaints ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "Impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the purposes of a Family Physic, are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its disorders and restoring its healthy vitality. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agents below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: Costiveness, Heartburn, Headache, arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in the chest and bowels, Biliousness, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstructions of its functions.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness, and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every portion of country abounds in its successful application. The agents below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstructions of its functions.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER, & CO., LOWELL, MS.

All our remedies are

Sold by S. M. Hayden, Bridgton; J. D. Freeman, No. Bridgton; S. Blake, Harrison; J. Hawkes, E. Windham, Whitney & Plummer, Raymond; Emory Edes, Edes Falls; G. W. Davis, Wind