

Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. II.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1860.

NO. 20.

Bridgton Reporter,

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

S. H. NOYES,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
BRIDGTON, ME.

ENOCH KNIGHT, 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 ADVANCE; one dollar fifty-cents at the end of the year.
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.

From the "Camp Fires of the Everglades."

The Dangers of Fire-Hunting.

"The pass was steep and rugged, the wolves howled and whined, but he ran like a whirlwind up the pass and left the wolves behind."
MACATLAY.

"Mike, what kind of a night would this be for fire shooting?" said the Doctor to that meditative Nimrod, who was busy sewing up his moccasins by the light of the camp-fire, after a week of travel.

"So, so," replied Mike, without looking up. "I am going, I think."

No answer. Mike put on the mended moccasins and drew off the other.

"Do you think we can kill anything?"

"S'pose," replied Mike.

"Come Charlie, let us try it for a little while."

This was all a ruse on the part of Mike, in order to make Mike think our great hunt was an unpremeditated affair, and thereby increase the glory of killing so much game. It had been arranged between us during the day, that we would try fire-hunting that night. It promised to be a cloudy night, which was of great advantage, as it prevented the game from seeing anything of the hunters, and at the same time rendered their eyes more reflective when exposed to the torchlight. We had even gone so far as to make our pitch-pine torches, and the whole preparation was complete. It was a party of two—the Doctor and myself. There would be rather more interest in getting the game alone; and besides that, Mike's opinion on fire-shooting was well known, and we knew he would not go with us—so constant a hunter scorned so primitive a snare as the one we proposed. The negroes we did not want, for the fever in a party the better. So, one of us, taking a gun, and the other carrying a torch, we left the camp.

The boys were chuckling together as they watched us go, the dogs howled because they could not go with us, and Mike gave one of his expressive coughs, that said as plainly as words, "Now for it."

We were soon outside of the glare of the camp-fire, the little creek was crossed, and our torch flashed brightly on the taper trunks of the pine trees, the climbing vines, and the broad-leaved plants that grew by the pools of water. There was no wind, and, walking in the pine woods, there was no sound. Once in a long while, a sand-bill crane, disturbed in his wandering, would be seen stalking away, with his red head high in the air, like a sentry on duty; or the sudden motion of the underbrush would tell us that some one of the many little harlequins of the wood, that gambol most when men do sleep, had fled from his unusual spectacle of a moving light. But no deer rewarded our search; no bear showed us his heavy coat.

"Faith," said the Doctor, "this romantic promenade is getting somewhat long."

"Think of the deer, one buck will well reward us."

"Fudge," if there was no one to laugh at us, I would have turned back long ago. Give me the gun, and you take the light."

Accordingly we changed positions—I going ahead, carrying the torch before me, in such a manner that it would throw the light ahead as much as possible, and none on our persons, and the Doctor received the gun, and took my place behind and shaded by my person. The night had become still darker, and a misty rain commenced falling. We had left the pine woods, after walking a couple of miles, and had come into a grove of low timber. The long moss dropped in curtains, the odor of magnolias burdened the air, and every minute a denser copse would force us to turn aside from our route.

"Hush!" whispered the Doctor, suddenly with a spasmodic pull at my coat tail, "there's a deer."

I was just wondering at this absence of deer, and could not account for it, as it was a rare thing to go a mile in Florida without seeing one.

"Where?" I whispered; "I don't see it."

"Hush! it has gone now; but we will see it in a moment again."

We advanced on tiptoe, both in body and expectation.

"There! there!" said the Doctor, pointing with his finger a little distance to the left; but the luminous spot was gone before I hardly got my eye on it.

We were in the very place for deer. A heavy wind fell lay ahead of us, and the mingled trunks and twisted branches looked like the *chateau de frise* to some great encampment. A flickering light made the shadows move back and forth with a spectral effect, as though dancing, and the hush of the forest was unbroken by any sound. Every moment I expected to see the two phosphorescent stars that indicated the deer's eyes, and then the true shot would bring us the prize for our labor. It seemed a long time in coming again.

"That deer must be very shy," whispered the Doctor, just above his breath.

The next time, I saw it first. It was some distance ahead, and there were two; but before I could point them out to my comrade, they had disappeared. Presently we saw it on one side of us.

"Charlie, that's a will of the wisp," said Mike, in rather a subdued tone, "or the devil; who ever heard of a deer going round by?"

"He is examining you to see what manner of man you are."

"Perchance it is some spirit of a departed buck, leading us a wild chase to destroy us."

"There it is, right behind me as I live!" ejaculated the Doctor, in evident trepidation.

Sure enough, as I turned my head, I saw the two blue lights that indicated the reflection of the eyes. The Doctor was taking aim, but I noticed it was not very steady.

He pulled the trigger—the dull snap announced a miss fire. He pulled the other trigger—it snapped in the same way. The gun was wet with rain.

"Was anything ever so provoking!" said Mike, as the eyes vanished in the darkness.

"If it is the devil, he will have you now?"

"How can you talk so," said the Doctor, with a strong accent on the "can."

"There is your deer, Mike, in the wind fall," said I, as I caught sight of the eyes moving rapidly along over the mass of timber that lay heaped and knotted together.

"That's no deer," said Mike; "no cloven foot could ever go over that wind-fall that way. I would rather see the night hunters, men of the Hartz Mountains than see those eyes again." As he was speaking, I saw in the inky darkness ahead of us, another pair of eyes and two or three pairs on the left. The truth flashed on me. The scarcity of the deer, the proximity of the wind fall, the restlessness of those baleful eyes, all gave me the clue—the wolves were round us.

A word to Mike, and the affair was explained, and we stood still for consultation. We tried new caps on our gun; but it was no use, the cones were saturated with water; we turned toward the camp, but in our confusion we forgot the direction. To heighten the misery of the scene, our torch was almost burnt out—let that die, and the rest could be easily divined.

We were standing, at the time, under a grove of small trees, and at the instant a low snort was heard from the shadow near us, like the cough of a dog.

Poke did not say a word; but, dropping the gun and seizing a limb of one of the trees over his head, with an agility for which I had never given him the least credit, elevated himself to the crotch, about ten feet from the ground.

I did not want to do anything of the kind, of course not; I would rather have placed my back against the tree, and won a glorious death in battle against my numerous foes; but, alas! for a bad example, I dropped the torch, that broke in pieces in falling, and clasping the nearest tree, which happened to be a medium-sized gum tree, soon scrambled up to a place of safety. Lucky was it for me that I had that torch in my hand, for when it fell, it lay scattered around the base of the tree, still flickering and flashing in the darkness, and the animals that had surrounded us, as they saw their prey escaping, rushed forward with an angry voice; they saw the glowing embers, and held back just long enough to permit my escape. As I drew up on the first limb, a rush of gratitude passed over my soul, and my feelings were as warm as a child's. Nothing could be seen for the sombre forest shut out the light there was in the atmosphere, but I heard the pattering of feet beneath my fortress, like falling rain. Back and forward they came and went, and snorting sounds and clamping teeth made the black night alive with imaginary shapes. I wondered how it fared with the Doctor, yet dared not call, for the uncertainty was less fearful than the reality might be. I pictured him fallen, dragged back from his half-attained refuge, and divided among the hungry pack; and the very noises below might be the muzzling of his bones.

"While their white tusks crunched o'er his whiter skull, As it slipped through their jaws when their edge grew dull."

At length I summoned courage, and called, "Poke!"

"Hulloa!" was the response—more grateful to my ear than any sound in the world.

"How are you my boy?" I called again.

"Safe, thank the Lord!"

"What a disgraceful situation to be in, and how are we to get out of it?"

"I will be grateful if I can only keep in it; for this tree is so small, that the wolves can almost reach me when they jump; and, as I climbed up, one caught my coat tail, and tore it entirely off."

"Climb up higher, then."

"I can't; the tree is so small that when I get any higher, it bends over, and lets me down—oh dear!"

"Haven't you your pistol with you? Try and shoot one, it may frighten them."

"Oh, dear, no; there are hundreds of them. Just look at them below!"

I looked down, and sure I could see a drove of them. They were evidently the gray wolf, for in spite of the darkness, I could once in a while detect their motions from their light coats.

Poke suggested that they were phantom voices and declared they were all white.

All the fearful stories I had ever read came coursing through my brain. I saw snow-buried huts snuffed out and ravished by these prowlers, and heard the shriek of the child thrown from the sleigh by its fear-maddened mother, and many an old dream re-shaped in my mind the terrors of nights of fever. Were we to be tired out by their devilish patience? Was one gang to relieve another, until we wearily fell into their hot, tainted jaws, thus to be hurled into oblivion?

I shouted in the hope that some one might hear me; but what good to shout in that midnight forest? I heard a voice—it was Mike saying his prayers. I listened devoutly, but could offer none myself.

When he had finished, I called to him—He answered faintly—

"What is it, speak quickly; I can't hold on much longer."

"Fire your pistol; do try, it may bring some help even if it does not kill."

"I will try," answered Mike.

There was a momentary pause, and then the sharp crack of a pistol was followed by the singing of a bullet close by my ear. By the flash I saw Mike, hatless, and almost motionless, hanging onto the topmost branch of a young pecan, that bent with him like an orange tree under a heavy load of fruit.

With the report of the pistol, there was a scrambling among the voracious crew at our feet; but they did not go away permanently, and were back in a moment.

"Fire the other barrel, dear Mike, but try and fire it the other way—point it down."

Bang! sounded the pistol, and I heard a thump on the ground, as the poor fellow threw away the now useless weapon.

"Hold on, Mike; take heart my dear boy."

"Oh, it is easy enough to say take heart, but when the tree bends a little more than usual, I am within a foot of these hell hounds. Oh, dear!"

At this moment, I thought I saw a light flashing through the foliage. A moment more, I was sure of it.

"Poke, Mike, they are coming—some one is coming."

"Where—where! Oh dear, I can't turn my head, lest I slip off."

"There they come; I see them—three torches and men and dogs."

"God bless them!" I heard Mike say, faintly.

I was afraid he was faint. "Hold on, Mike," I said, and screaming to the men, I told them to hurry. On they came at a run. I recognized them as they came up with their torches flashing through the woods; they were Jackson and his men. He had been in our camp only the day previous, and told us he had a sheep farm in this neighborhood.

"Quick, this way," I shouted—"the wolves! the wolves!" He answered me. How blessed a thing was the sound of a human voice in our necessity. They came under the trees we were in.

"Hulloa there, where are you? where are the wolves?" he shouted in a stentorian tone.

"Dave's dog sheep I'm bin hunting" all this brossed night," exclaimed a negro who accompanied Jackson on his search.

I looked around, and there was Jackson's big flock of sheep, staring blindly at us up in the tree, and at their master, by turns.

It had been their eyes we had seen in the darkness.

And there was Jackson see-sawing on a fallen tree, hiccoughing, and laughing and trying by turns—and there were the negroes, and they called in the sheep, "Ho! ho! ho! Oh, laws a massy, did I ever—ho! ho! ho! ho!—wolves, oh, laws a massy!"

Poke slid down the tree he was in, picking up his coat tail, that had been torn off by a broken limb in his hurried ascent, sighing: "Oh! that I had the wings of a dove."

When a boy passes through a graveyard in the night, does he whistle to keep his own spirits up, or to keep the spirits of other people down?

KIND MANNERS.

"Will you lend me your knife to sharpen my pencil, George?" asked little Mary Green of her brother, who was sitting at the opposite side of the table.

George drew the knife from his pocket and pushed it rudely towards her, saying at the same time, "Now don't cut your fingers off."

The knife fell upon the floor, and as it was evening it took Mary some minutes to find it and her brother made no offer of assistance.

He was studying a geography lesson for the next day, and seemed to be very much engaged with it. At length he closed his book and atlas, exclaiming:

"Well, I'm glad that lesson is learned."

"And now will you please to show me how to do this sum before you begin to study again?" said Mary, who had been for some time puzzling over a sum in subtraction, which appeared to her very difficult.

"You are big enough to do your own sums. I should think Miss Mary," was the answer.

"Get me see. What! this simple question?"

You must be stupid, if you cannot do that. However, I suppose I must help you. Give me the pencil."

The sum was soon explained, quite to Mary's satisfaction, and several hints were given her as to those which followed which prevented her meeting with further difficulty. Her brother did not mean to be unkind. He loved to help her. It was only his manner which seemed harsh and cross. Presently his mother took her sewing and sat down at the table where the children were studying.

George wished for the large dictionary which was in the book-case at the farther end of the room, and he took the lamp and went to look for it, leaving his mother and sister to sit in darkness until his return.

"That is impolite, George," said his mother there is another lamp upon the mantel-piece which you can light, if you wish to use one."

George made no reply, but instantly replaced the lamp, and lighted another. After finding the dictionary, he returned to his seat and hastily blew out the lamp, instead of placing the extinguisher over the flame.

The disagreeable smell of the oil filled the room, and his father who was sitting near, reading the newspaper, looked up and said:

"You are impolite again, my son. Have you not often been told that it is not good manners to blow out a lamp in that way?"

"I cannot always think about manners," replied George, rather rudely.

"And yet they are of great consequence, George. A person whose intentions are really good, and who desires to be of use to his fellow beings, may impair his usefulness very much by harsh and unkind manners."

"If we do what is right, father, I should not think it much matter how we did it."

"You are mistaken, George. It makes a vast difference in the amount of good we perform. I will tell you of a little instance which will show the truth of this. I visited this morning a very poor woman in the neighborhood. My means did not enable me to do a great deal for her relief, but for the little which I gave her she appeared deeply grateful. Finding that she formerly had been employed as washerwoman by a gentleman whose office is near mine, and whom I know to be wealthy and benevolent, I asked why she did not apply to him for some relief. The tears came to her eyes as she replied, 'Indeed sir, I know the gentleman is very kind, and he has helped me before this when things went hard; but, indeed, I would rather suffer than go to him: he has such a harsh way of speaking to a poor body. A kind word is a good thing, sir; it comforts the troubled heart. A penny from some is worth a dollar from others.'—[The Little Truth Teller.]

MANLY MEN. A man may chain his appetites, and hold the realm of knowledge within the cineture of his brain, and yet in the saddest aspect of all he overcome by his world. And again I say, how startling is the fact that one may hold on steadily up to a particular point, and there all gives way. O my brother man, meaning to live the life of duty, the life of religion! the world is a mighty antagonist, subtle as it is strong; more to be dreaded in its whispers than the heart's secret inclinations than in gross shapes of evil. And let me say to you that it is a great thing in this respect to overcome the world. It is a great thing by God's help and your own effort to keep it in its place, and say to its eager pressure, "Thus far and no farther." A great thing, O merchant! to carry the clue of rectitude through the labyrinth of traffic, and to feel the wool of eternal sanctions crossing the warp of daily interests. A great thing, O politician! to withstand the fickle teasings of popularity, to scorn the palatable lie, and keep God's signet upon your conscience. A great thing, O man! whatever your condition, to resist the appeals of envy and revenge, of avarice and pleasure, and to feel that your life has higher ends than these. Strenuous must be the endeavor, but proportionally blest is the victory of him who in these issues overcomes the world.—Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D.

MOVE! MOVE!

Certainly, you ought to move. Everything which has life is astray—and why should you be dull and dead?

The blade of grass reaches upward under the sweet influence of the spring showers, and ripens with the visit of the summer's sun. The tree stretches out its arms on high, and its feet strike out wider and deeper in the earth. The beast of the stall carries your burdens, moves at your will, and fattens under your care to become meat for your household. Birds wing their way in etherial paths, chat their morning lays for your pleasure, and at last become food for the invalid. Even old earth moves—ever pursuing her course around the sun, bearing on her broad bosom untold myriads of the animal kind, whom she is nourishing from her rich breast.

We everywhere behold power and progress in nature, and certainly should have power and make progress ourselves. A lesson is given us at every turn.

Every sunbeam is a teacher. Every rain-drop a hoary headed, resurrected prophet, who has spoken a thousand times before to departed generations. As Elias of old reappeared in John the Baptist, so this raindrop has descended before, been taken up on high, and come again to assure you that nature moves, and to give you a well-timed lesson of duty.

As the old hands of the clock in the corner have men moving round and round, from the childhood of your sire, by day and night, so God has been moving the vast machinery of all created things, by day and night, midst life and death. Up then, frail men! Move. Act no sluggard's part in life's drama. Work while the day lasts. The frail body—the engine of the soul, will wear out by and by, but it may rust out sooner. God forbid that it should be motionless in death, until it has moved to some purpose in the intense activities of life, amid the thousand examples which press around it, all armed with tongues of fire, which forever say—Move! move!

TWO PARTINGS.

We parted once before. You wept When I rose up to go, you did;

You prayed for me before you slept, You little love, you know you did!

And no grief now is on that brow, Which then, you said, throbb'd so you did;

You loved me better then than now— You cruel thing, you know you did!

Do you remember what the sea, I took you out to show you, did?

You made a pretty simile; You false of tongue, you know you did!

You sighed, "That life were like its crests When sunshine breezes blow," you did;

"To catch love's light before it rests!" You cold, cold heart, you know you did.

What have I done? You smile no more On me as months ago you did;

You deem my homage now a bore; You liked it then, you know you did.

"How blest," you said, "were life with one, Who'd love me truly?" Oh, you did!

But—you thought I was an elder son— You utter flit, you know you did!

CHARACTER IS POWER. It is often said that knowledge is power—and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind, carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and rank is power and intellect is power and genius has a transcendent gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, and better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind. Take any community who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, not the cleverest politician, not the most brilliant talker, but to him who in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbors, and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

THE FARMER. "All agree that, in the duties of the intelligent farmer, the labors of the hand and brain are most harmoniously blended, and that it is for him to enjoy that rarest of all blessings, 'a sound mind in a sound body.'" The farmer as he follows the plow may not be wholly engrossed in mere manual labor—every clod that the plow turns up will give him a lesson in geology, and every rootlet a lesson in botany; let him be ever so indifferent, nature will insist upon his learning some one of her many secrets; she will give him something to treasure up for his future or pleasure. By this almost involuntary study has the farmer's storehouse of knowledge been filled; by it the rude chance farming of the ancients has advanced to the present state of intelligence and certainty."

COOLNESS IN THE HOUR OF DEATH. A singular anecdote related of Robert Ferguson an elderly farmer living near Utica, New York, who deceased a few days ago. A severe illness, in which his physician afforded him no hope, convinced him that his end

was near, and he accordingly directed his failing energies to the task of settling his worldly affairs and preparing for death.—After making his will he gave the most minute directions in regard to his funeral; where he was to be buried, amount to be expended, &c. He wished his body to be interred in the graveyard at New Hartford, some five miles distant, and almost with his last breath enjoined it upon his wife and daughter, who were weeping over him, to have the funeral leave the house at an early hour in the morning, in order that they might get home in season to milk the cows before dark!

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The following waif, afloat on the "sea of reading," we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths, beautifully set forth:—

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, bidding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts.—We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and with Charles Lamb, the poet, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable.

There is no appeal or relief from the great law that dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blossoms and withers in a day, has not a frailer hold upon life than the nightingale monarch that over shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throng the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemanche asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: "I have asked that question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear stream, that flows forever—of the stars, among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb, but while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanche."

GOING HOME WITH THE GIRLS.

The entrance into society may be said to take place immediately after boyhood has passed away, yet a multitude take an initiative before their beards are presentable. It is a great trial, either at a tender or a tough age. For an overgrown boy to go to a door knowing there is a dozen girls inside, and to know or ring with absolute certainty that in two minutes all their eyes will be upon him, in a severe test of courage. To go before these girls and make a satisfactory tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and sit down and dispose of one's hands without putting them in one's pocket, is an achievement which few boys can boast. If a boy can go so far as to measure off ten yards of tape with one of the girls, and cut it short at each end, he may stand a chance to pass a pleasant evening, but let him not flatter himself that all the trials of the evening are over.

There comes, at last, the breaking up.—The dear girls don their hoods, and put on their shawls, and look so saucy and mischievous, and unimpressible, and independent, as if they didn't wish anybody to go home with them, then comes the pinch, and the boy that has the most pluck makes to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and croaking up his elbow, stammers out the words, "Shall I see you home?" She touches her finger to his arm, and they walk home a foot apart, feeling as awkward as two goslings. As soon as she is safe within her own doors he struts home, and really thinks he has been, and gone, and done it. Sleep comes to him at last, with dreams of Caroline and calico, and he wakes in the morning and finds the doors of life open to him, and the pigs squealing for breakfast.

Col. Colt of Hartford has a range of glass houses more than 1500 feet in length, where besides flowering plants and shrubs, are successfully cultivated the winter through the fruits of the tropics, and of our orchards as well as the choicest of our summer vegetables. A friend, who last week passed through them, tells of the strawberries, pine apples, nectarines, peaches, &c., which he saw ripening in plenty and perfection, and in token of the truth of his marvelous tale, he laid before our eyes a cucumber, cut at random from the vine, which measures two feet lacking one inch!—[New Haven News.

The Reporter.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1860.

CRINOLINE & MASCULINE.

A century for one of the city railroad cars, says a Cincinnati exchange paper, has been fined \$25 for compelling a man to yield his seat to a lady. The Court held that no lady could claim an occupied seat as a right.

Good! Undoubtedly that conductor intended to be a polite man—possibly passed for a "lady's man;" but he for once was reminded that travellers have rights which white men (and Courts too) are bound to respect.

Of course we don't dare to say that we should have "stood out" in this matter; for our "weakness" for "ladies" would very probably make us a martyr most any time, even without stopping to consider whether the aforesaid "calico" would "wash" or not! But we do positively assert that it is proper that this vexed question of crino-line vs. masculine should be passed upon. We have a religious belief that women was "God's last, best gift to man," and that the civilized world has always respected and carefully guarded her every interest.

We believe that though she differs from men in qualities and kinds of attributes, she is still his equal—nothing more or less. In the social relations particularly, her character is sedulously respected and loved. It may be true that there are men who are not always sufficiently polite, respectful and gallant; but it is not true that the mass of them lack in these generous qualities of manhood that throw around her the strongest shield of protection and love. It is not true either, that this care and regard are burdens upon the "lords"; they are only acts of charity—nothing of the kind. They are the free and generous and natural impulses of men's nature. They are offered because it is man's choice as well as duty, and the withholding of them springs from no want of regard for the true woman; but only from a sense that she has been unminifull of these attentions—at least a class of women have been anxious to put themselves upon their rights and of course to take upon themselves all the responsibility of any new relation.

They look with apparent disgust upon men who do not always recognize "the divine right of kings," have always taken for granted that it was the duty of every masculine to give them the preference in all places although it were a severe sacrifice of comfort—and often, very often without even a smile or thank or an appearance of gratitute.

As a people we are woman's friends. We advocate the noblest doctrine of woman's rights. We know she bears the conscience of manhood. Good society everywhere acknowledges her influence and worth, and is never careless of her rights socially or morally; for her purity is the only true standard and exponent of the character of that society. We say, that there is a sentiment of true gentlemanly character among men, that gives a perfect guaranty to the true woman that her rights, choices and loves shall be sincerely regarded; but we still urge that there is a class of females—ladies perhaps—who have forfeited a large share of this kindness by their cold and heartless behaviour. They have disregarded even the common duties and courtesies of life. Why wonder, then, that there are some men who would like to see a practical test of the question of her modern claims.

Why wonder that once in a while we hear of a man who dares try such a question as is embodied in the paragraph that heads this article?

Perhaps that man should have given up his seat to the lady. Perhaps he was no gentleman. Perhaps she would have thanked him. On the whole we think that we should have done differently. If that conductor should say to us "give up this seat sir" we should "up and let him have it" and ask no questions; and yet if we did not entertain the utmost respect for "the woman-kind" we should almost be glad that some of her rights are being defined slightly to her prejudice; as it is, we hope that it may be always our good fortune to meet only those men and women who are content to be governed by the common politeness and respect which has always benefited both, and which has always been recognized as the true principle and basis of good society; and while we do not choose to affirm that all men are truly gallant and courteous we still do not hesitate to say that female character in our country is sufficiently protected—sacredly guarded and fondly loved. It is to be regretted that there are uneducated men in our midst; and it is not equally unfortunate that there are females who seem to have no appreciation of the ten thousand attentions bestowed upon them? Who has not met such an one, whose very appearance was suggestive of anything but the gentleness, modesty and purity that belong to female character—whose very dress was full of the filigree follies, which an ill-directed ingenuity could invent or a depraved taste suggest. If the "lady" referred to in the above extract belonged anywhere in this class, we consider the question of preference and sacrifice on our part, to be an open question, and we are not sorry that the conductor "put his foot in it."

Women are called the "softer sex," because they are so easily humbugged. Out of one hundred girls, ninety five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a mechanic.

We calculate that the truth or falsity of the above remark, depends a great deal upon which made the first proposal.

SENSATION PARAGRAPH.

For a wonder, this community has furnished material for a paragraph—for a piece of actual, live news. This (Monday) morning, for almost the first time within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" this community was startled with the news that a wrong had been committed; that it had been "struck, (not the wrong but the community) beaten, wounded, bruised, ill-treated, maimed and other wrongs to the said community, in the peace of the State then and there being," &c. The community was roused. It was moved. It was "hurt." It was grieved. It felt bad. It was injured. It flew round. It asked questions. It "looked into things." It "talked over matters." It got "riled." It "flared up." It "went in." It—(to be calm now)—held a *Justice Court*, March 19th, 1860! Were we a reporter, we should say:

MUNICIPAL COURT, March 19, 1860. F. J. Littlefield, Esq., presiding. State vs. J. W. Leslie—Assault and battery. Respondent pleaded not guilty. Fined five dollars and costs and ordered to find sureties of the peace for six months in the sum of \$100; failing, committed. Knight, for the State, Leslie, pro se.

Notwithstanding the excitement that attended the arrest and the trial, there is little or no fear that any further demonstration will be made; and we do not hesitate to assure all persons that they would be safe in passing through the streets. There has been as yet, no demand upon the military, although a small detachment of the B. G. (Black-guards) was out the first of the evening. At 10 o'clock this P. M. nothing indicates further outbreak except that half an hour ago a brick-bat was thrown through the window of the post office. Suspicion is attached to one or two persons, who a little before, were disguised as drunken men!

SPRING DAYS.

Who does not love them! When the sun once more looks down upon us instead of that sidelong glance it occasionally bestows in mid-winter. Now he looks forth to bless us in real earnest and lingers long around the Western mountains. Only a little while ago, and his cold, pale appearance was suggestive of anything but the warm, glowing effulgence of the "center of worlds."

How rich and rare are his morning flashings over the slightly frosted and varied surface of the earth. How they not only cheer but almost renovate our natures, so long restrained by the ice-fitters in which we have been so remorselessly held. How delightfully the first day-splendors play around us and how soft and genial are the crimson hues of early evening. There are no blossoms yet, few birds yet; but there's a freshness that belongs to none but spring-days. The fountains have broken loose from their icy beds, and laugh aloud for very joy. A few days more and the cold winding-sheet of snow, and the death-like touch of winter shall be removed from the earth, and through it's now almost pulseless body, shall throb the life-currents of vegetation. Then will come the busy cares and the pleasant duties of the husbandman. Then will be written all over the pages of Nature the sweet passages of it's every-day poetry and music. Then will ten thousand of God's happy creatures sing praises to the morning, and old hearts feel young again, in the almost ravishing charms and influences that call us in all ages and places to

"Come and be a child once more."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April has been received. Its contents are—The Laws of Beauty;—Found and Lost; An Experience; About Thieves; The purest of knowledge under Difficulties; The Portrait; American Magazine Literature of the Last Century; Comi si Chiama? Bardic Symbols; Hunting a Pass; Kepler; Pleasure-Pain; The Professor's Story; Beliefs; The Mexicans and their Country; Reviews and Literary Notices; and Recent American Publications. This Magazine is justly entitled to its increasing prosperity of circulation. It is the Magazine of the day. It has some of the very best talent of the country to sustain it, and a host of literary readers who are finding new expressions of approbation for its elaborateness, its vigor and its freshness.

PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT. This, one of the most valuable literary papers in the country, commences a new volume in April, and announces the following able list of contributors:—John Neal, William Willis, Charles P. Isley, S. B. Beckett, Mrs. M. J. M. Sweet, Hon. Charles Holden, William L. Symonds Geo. A. Bailey, Florence Percey, and the renowned Ethan Spise. The contribution of Charles P. Isley, Esq., will be an original story entitled "Ralph Howard, M. D.," and will run through three or four numbers.

HUMAN VOICE. We have received from the Publishers Fowler and Wells, 309, Broadway, New York, a small work, price 15 cents, entitled, "The Human Voice; its Right Management in Speaking, Reading, and Debating, including the Principles of True Elocution, together with the Functions of the Vocal Organs, etc." By Rev. W. W. Cazalet, A. M. This little work contains many suggestions of great value to those who desire to speak and read well, with information on several cognate subjects which is as once important and interesting.

There were ten unmarried at the late term of the Supreme Court in Brattleboro. We shall all feel before long, the truth of the above remark, that "Taint so orful solace after all it is get married."

THE NEXT COUNTY FAIR.

Our attention has been called to this subject by some of the citizens of the place, who are advised that the next Fair of the County Agricultural Society might be held in Bridgton, if our people wanted it. We deem this an important movement and one to which we are particularly anxious to draw the people's attention. It must be promptly acted upon, for the Trustees are soon to decide the matter. We are informed that they have conferred with the members in this town, and have given assurance that if we want it held here, we can have it. The place must be decided upon within a month, and whatever action is taken must be taken immediately. Will the leading members, the farmers and mechanics and all interested, bestir themselves in season. We can but believe that this is desirable, and we hope that the proper and necessary steps will be taken to bring it about. It certainly must benefit all those who contribute to the Fair in this vicinity; for they can do so with less expense. It certainly would be an advantage to all who would naturally attend, from any motive; and it inevitably results in gain to the whole community.

'Tis true that somebody must incur expense in furnishing the grounds, but it cannot be a heavy charge, among so many who will be interested.

We say again, that the whole community should be interested in this, and we doubt not that they will act in season; and we cheerfully offer to all these who have suggestions to make in this matter the use of our columns, and hope that next week we may be able to give some decisive expression concerning it.

THE SENTIMENT OF LOVE.

How beautiful is the following from an exchange paper. How many persons can read it without feeling more or less of its earnestness? It is quite true that "the sentiment of love is made light of" by such as call it a weakness, and spurn the idea that ever they could form a relation with another, which would, if broken, seriously affect them. There are young men and young ladies, who will assume a proud air when they tell you that they are above such things as "falling in love" and having their lives saddened with attaching any importance to the whims of young people. They are perfectly willing and even anxious to give their friends to understand that they have flirted with, made love to, and even been engaged to a score; but they would call it reproachful if the world should say or even think they *even loved*. We object to such sentiments because we think they argue a real want of character as well as heart, and because they are or ought to be, untrue.

But we could not better express the thought than it is done in the following extract. The sentiment of love is too frequently made light of; that which is the most potent agency of this our earth; that which has been the central fire of many great revolutions, is mockingly referred to as if it were a subject for trifling. But love in woman has a true meaning. Love in man is an absorbing passion; it is as dew upon the flowers, as purple dawn upon the sky, as the quiet streamlet in the valley, as an orchard resplendent with early blossoms; it is as a morning prayer; it is as an evening hymn; it is as a child's sleep and dreaming of heaven. It may be as a deluge that spreads around a viewless waste, without a dove, olive-branch, or rainbow; it may be as a faithful field withered with a poisoned weed; it may be as a delectable mountain thrown asunder by inward fire; it may be as the home-sickness of the exile; it may be despair; it may be insanity that sings long and low its melancholy airs; it may be insanity that laughs aloud and then expires. Love, while object lives in purity, makes a poet of him with whom it dwells; the ploughboy in the field—the sailor in the shrouds has his dreams and glories; he has in his own way the most passionate imagining; it kindles up the dormant faculties; it rouses fancy in the stupid; it loosens the tongue of the stammerer; it lends to the most illiterate, speech and eloquence; represses sensuality, and tames even the savage; it gives joy, and fear, and happiness; it renders even the mean heroic, and fills them with self-respect. Out of the visions of youth may have come the flames that have illumined the path to greatness. The captain in his floating castle, the general in the tented field, the magistrate in his duties, may each, if he will, look back and find in love the impulse that led him on to power.

THE HAUNTED HOMESTEAD. We have received from the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, The Haunted Homestead and other Nouvelletes, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. We judge this to be one of the choicest of this favorite authoress' works, and predict for it a large and ready sale—in cloth neatly bound \$1.25.

MAGAZINES. Godey's Lady's Book for April, and Peterson's Magazine come to us filled with the usual amount of good things. The Engravings and patterns are alone worth the subscription price. These journals will always find especial favor with the ladies, while a large share of the reading matter is valuable to everybody.

We shall soon commence a new feature of the Reporter. We propose to have a column or part of a column entitled, "Answers to Correspondents."

We are indebted to Hon. J. J. Perry for several interesting congressional papers.

GRAND LOSS OF LIFE. Savannah, March 16. On Monday night the steamer S. M. Manning for Hawkinsville, on the Ocmulgee river, exploded. All the crew are missing. Capt. Taylor, five whites, and eight negroes were lost, and several others wounded. Among the white passengers known to be killed are Joseph Williams, John Harrell, and Jacob Parker, all citizens of Talfer County. All the heavy freight on board the steamer was saved, and the light freight ruined. The steamer was not insured.

Correspondence of the Reporter.

MARCH 20, 1860.

The report of the Committee upon the Treasury defalcation, made its appearance recently, and the public will undoubtedly give them the credit of having done their duty faithfully in the matter. There is much in the report of interest to the reader, giving as it does an inside view of the way in which business is frequently transacted, and being replete with illustrations of financial tact, ingenious devices, golden visions; the safe tragedy, mysterious key, domestic expenses, &c., bringing up the rear.

Peck's defalcation to the State is \$94,023.93. He obtained from other parties enough to swell the sum to \$130,002.24. The bondsmen of 1853 are held for \$143,32.28—the bondsmen of 1859 for \$62,563.71.—There has been paid in by N. Dow \$8,500, and there is still due from him and other parties, \$8,007.69, amounting to the deficit. As all the parties are legally responsible, and amply able to pay every cent, there is no good reason to suppose the State will lose anything in the end. "Who has got the button," or where did the money go? The Canada operation absorbed \$32,673.60. D. E. Somes had \$11,700. Neal Dow \$11,500. Peck's expenses for the three years he was in office, swallowed up \$24,205.00; and this too, in addition to his salary of \$1,600 per annum, so that his annual expenses were \$9,663.33. Is it any wonder that he should have been an easy dupe to those artful intriguing schemers who lead him on? Yet perhaps if the golden visions of the future had not enlarged his fields of labor, he might have worried along with an annual expense of three thousand dollars. George M. Weston appears to have been principally instrumental in inducing Peck to join the Canada Company, backed by D. F. Leavitt, A. R. Hallowell and George R. Smith, who composed the company, upon them and Gen. T. Cushing who since joined the company the property has fallen, perhaps with crushing weight as it so incumbered with claims and attachments as to be regarded as nearly valueless. Yet as Peck furnished all the funds, and this too, without their even suspecting he was using State's money, perhaps their pockets are in a condition to enable them to reap the golden harvest, and consequently "keep the button." This whole defalcation affair may ultimately enure to the benefit of the State, as the want of funds may have induced the Legislature to be very economical with the expenditure of State's money, so that after the money is refunded to the treasury there will be more to apply to the liquidation of the State-debt.

The State assessment for this year has been raised about \$27,000 over former years, and as Cumberland County stands much higher in proportion to the rest of the State than under the old valuation, the tax must be considerably enlarged in some, if not in all the towns composing the County.

As intimated in a former article the Legislature has worked out the seventy-five days for which it is paid, and according to appearances, has acted for the interests of the State.

EXTRA.

YOUNG MEN AND THE FROGS. The following quaint comparison is forcible and true. It would be well if our young men would note the moral of the terse passage we quote below:

The tree frog acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. If it be found on the oak it is a brown color; on the sycamore or cedar he is of a whitish brown color, but when found on the green corn he is sure to be green. Just so it is with young men. Their companions tell us what their characters are; if they associate with the vulgar, the licentious, and the profane, then their hearts are already stained with their guilt and shame, and they themselves become like vicious. The study of bad books, or the love of wicked companions, is the broadest and most certain road to ruin that a young man can travel, and a few well directed lessons in either will lead him on, step by step to the gate of destruction. Our moral and physical laws show how important it is to have proper associations of every kind, especially in youth. How dangerous it is to gaze on a picture or scene that pollutes the imagination or blunts the moral perceptions or has a tendency to dealen a sense of our duty to God or man.

DON'T RUN AWAY. Don't run away from the world's temptations and influences. If you are really a coward, go and hide yourself somewhere, until you have screwed up back-bone enough to face the enemy like a man. Don't run away at the slightest indication of danger, as if you hadn't the slightest confidence in yourself. Nobody ever conquered a foe by beating a retreat. If you mean to fight the battle of life like a hero, you can't begin too early. Would you respect yourself, and win the respect of others? Then don't shrink away from trials and temptations, but encounter them, smite them down, lay them in the dust at your feet. A man who has conquered his enemy is immeasurably greater than the poltroon who creeps away in abject terror. High or low, rich or poor, we are all soldiers in the action that terminates only with the sunset of life's day, and the weak-hearted trembler who shrinks back, and quakes at the sound of the trumpet, is yet far in the rear when the light of victory shines on the crest of the warrior who pressed straight on and fought his way through. A temptation overcome is better discipline than twenty avoided. No man knows his own strength until it has been tried and proven, and the noblest natures have passed offsteed through the fires of trial.—[Life Illustrated.

THE DEACON'S GUESS. A certain divine, who was more eminent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic, was preaching on the "ministry of angels," and in the peroration he suddenly observed—"I hear a whisper!" The change of tone startled the deacon, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet, he spoke—"I guess it's the boys in the gallery!"

Laziness grows on people: it begins in bed, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has the more he is able to do.

Jones the man who murdered a Jew pedlar, near Springfield, about two years since, died in the State Prison on Wednesday, of consumption.

GOLD FOIL, from Timothy Titcomb's (Dr. Holland's) Popular Proverbs—a 12mo., volume of 353 pages recently published by Charles Scribner, New York.

This is an age of reading, and I am glad that it is; but there is a great deal of reading that is as much mental dissipation as it is in eating that is a waste of bodily power. Newspapers, books and magazines are devoured by the cargo, for which the devourers render no return, and from which they gain no strength. A great reader—a constant and universal reader—is rarely a good worker.

Home is the center of every true life; the place where all sweet affections are brought forth and nurtured; the spot to which the memory clings the most fondly, and to which the wanderer returns the most gladly.

The real power of Washington upon the American mind is exerted, not by his simple self, but by his character—modified, magnified, exalted, harmonized and enthroned by that mind, as the impersonation of its highest conception of patriotism. In the American imagination he is a demigod—a grand Colossus—before whose august shade we stand as pigmies.

Whenever men or women find themselves losing their sympathy with youthful hearts and pursuits, they may be sure that something is wrong with them; for it is not in the nature of the soul to grow old. It may grow in height, and depth, and breadth, and power, but the passage of years can bring it no decay.

There is no royal road to anything. One thing at a time—all things in succession.—That which grows fast, withers as rapidly; that which grows slowly, endures.

A fortune won in a day is lost in a day; a fortune won slowly and slowly compacted seems to acquire from the hand that won it the property of endurance.

There is a time coming when all the sects which now divide Christendom will be melted into one.

The best evidence in the world that Christianity is advancing is found in the fact that the walls between the sects are growing weaker, or falling in ruins.

If we love ourselves overmuch, nobody else will love us at all.

A man is not necessarily in error who entertains views and opinions widely different from ours.

What the Christian world wants is more love. Love rules his kingdom without a sword.

Look back over the past, and see how many of those whom the world once abused are now the world's idols.

Truth wants no champion who is not as ready to be struck, as to strike, for her.

Every age needs the influence of every other age to keep healthful.

If a man propound ideas in advance of the world, the world in its progress will come up to them, as certainly as the world continues to exist.

Learning may as well lie dormant in dead books as in dead men.

PREMATURE FUNERAL. A singular affair occurred yesterday, at the negro settlement known as Hog Neck, near the bridge over Plank Road, some six miles from the city. An old negro named Jacob Sanders who was familiarly known as Old Jakey, died apparently late on Sunday night and yesterday afternoon his body was put in a rough pine coffin, which was placed in a wagon and the procession—an unusually large one—moved towards the grave. While on the way the horse attached to the wagon containing the coffin took fright and broke into a mad run, upsetting the wagon and throwing the coffin out. It rolled down a small hill, being badly smashed on its way. The mourners rushed to the spot and were vastly amazed to see Old Jakey rising from among the ruins of his coffin and staring stupidly around. His inkly black face, snow white hair and white shroud formed a striking picture, turning to the amazement of the colored mourners into fright, and they all took wildly to their heels. Those who have seen Mr. T. D. Rice as the Virginia Mummy can form a faint idea of the serio comic tableau.

As soon as Old Jakey recovered his scattered senses he lay down upon the ground and yelled lustily for the mourners to come back. They came at length, cautiously—one by one—and the old fellow was carried home. He was very well this morning and don't intend to die for some time yet. He had been ailing for several days, and on Sunday night he apparently stopped breathing. His limbs became stiff and his body cold. His under jaw fell and his eyes sank into his head.—He lay so all night and through the day; up to the time, in fact, when the wagon upset his friends had good reason to suppose he was a dead man. The shock of the upset evidently resuscitated him, and had is not cured, poor old Jakey would now doubtless be under the soil. He is nearly seventy years old, and was formerly a slave in Tennessee.—[Cleveland Plaindealer.

A NON-INTERCOURSE MAN CONVERTED. The Chattanooga, Ga., Advertiser, gives the following romantic conversion of an anti-Yankee Georgian:—"Not a thousand miles from here there lives a gentleman of the real thunder and lightning red flag school of political belief; a 'jun up' southerner, and death upon the Yankees. He was a widower, and had a daughter attending school, and on ascertaining that the teacher was one of the down east girls, took his daughter from school, resolved to have nothing to do with the down-easter, wasn't going to have his daughter taught by any such personage. Shortly after he took his daughter from school, he happens to be traveling on the same train with the Yankee school marm, is introduced, is rather pleased, becomes interested, is got and is a goner. The Yankee school teacher is now Mrs. —"

Life is a lemonade made up of different ingredients. Fortune, that's the water; misery, that's the lemon, and good fortune, which is the sugar. It is rather pleasant when the ingredients are not disproportionately mixed; but it is an unpleasant case when the lemon is excessive, or the superabundant water makes it insipid, or a large quantity of sweetening makes it unwholesome and pall upon the appetite.

Holmes, after telling that a dog had been bitting a woman's leg, said that it was pity to shoot a dog with such a fastidious taste.

CHANGED, BUT NOT LOST. What a term matter is indestructible. Nothing exists, whether, it is in the form of a substance or of a nature as light as air, visible as the air itself, can be destroyed. We are accustomed, for instance, to the agency of fire in consuming matter that will burn, and consider that the of the process has been the annihilation of the greatest part of whatever has been subjected to its action. But this is not so. Destruction is merely the result of the certain chemical elements, which the rapidity of their combination produces we call flames. The elements themselves are still existent, though under new and with new properties. If we take wood, for example, weigh it, and burn it, at the same time collecting smoke, steam and other matter produced in the process, we find that we shall have the same weight all these that we had in the wood at first. It is well known that the diamond, is pure carbon, can be entirely burned, out leaving any ashes at all, in oxygen. The result of this apparent annihilation, carbonic acid exactly equal in its chemical qualities to the amount of the carbon in the diamond and the oxygen in the vessel in which it was burned. So if we take a fluid, for example, and dissipate it into vapor, find that even here we have only changed the form of the substance, for, by reeling the temperature, all that has been vaporized, condenses, and we have the water back again. This law may be fully and strikingly illustrated by examples from the vegetable kingdom. The tree grows, gaining its increase size from the nutriment received by its roots and leaves, the one drawing up the soil what it requires, and the other, absorbing from the atmosphere those elements which sustain the respiratory process, ary to its life. It dies, decays and crumbles to earth again, in that condition to be nutriment to other plants, which in turn re-appear in others still.

Animals go through the same process of growth and decay, and when restored to common mother earth, yield up their elements also to aid in the great system of duation and reproduction. If the earth have been weighed when it came forth from the Creator, and we could compare its present condition, notwithstanding the lapse of ages, and the commotions and convulsions which have followed each other during that time, it would probably be found to be just the same now. Whatever changes may go on in the globe, they will only change in form, and not a loss of material. A study of this beautiful law of physical universe will reveal many important and valuable suggestions to the full mind, and the whole subject is worthy more attention than it has hitherto received from non-professional persons.—[Transcript.

STRIKE ITEMS. In Dover, N. H., the continues, though many of the workmen removed. On Friday evening the masters and workmen met together to discuss the whole subject, but separated without any definite conclusion. The manufacturers have advanced the prices, and thought that most of the good workmen be employed, and that many of the poor will be driven out of the business.

In Haverhill, a large meeting was held Saturday evening, and on Thursday next intend to hold a grand demonstration, in large delegations are expected from all towns in this State and New Hampshire. There have also been some movements in Stoneham, at Danvers, and other places where the workmen still refuse work.

In Natick the shoemakers have now been on a strike for forty days, and many of the best workmen have left the city, being in want of material aid, on Friday last the ladies gave a levee, at which \$100,000 dollars were raised for the strikers. It is also reported that money to support the strikers has been received from abroad. The New York Typographical Union, on Saturday evening donated one hundred dollars to the shoemakers' relief fund, and a number of the trades is soon to be held, when national supplies will no doubt be forthcoming. The cabinet-makers of N. Y. city, on Friday day, made a simultaneous demand of their employers for an increase of wages and a thousand of them, upon being refused, struck. During the day many of the shops acceded to terms; and it is expected that an advance of from ten to twenty-five per cent will be obtained.—[Newburyport Herald.

TWO MEN KILLED AND SEVERAL WOUNDED. The Republicans of Wolborough celebrated the victory of the late election on Thursday evening, the 15th inst., by cannonading. They had an old iron cannon, and put 1-2 lbs. of powder the first time, and second time 3 1-4 lbs., and rammed it with wet sand, and when it went off it exploded, scattering into innumerable pieces a young man from Great Falls, by the name of Garland, 20 years old, and another, the name of Warren, of Wolborough, years old, were instantly killed. A young man near, by the name of Kimball, touched it off, was senseless yesterday morning, and it was thought he could not live. Four or five others were severely injured. One weighing from 20 to 30 lbs. was carried through the side of Dr. Hall's house into a parlor. One piece weighing about 20 lbs. just grazed the cheek of Daniel Hall. Several others narrowly escaped. The fact was at Wolborough Bridge.—[Mass. (N. H.) Mirror, 17th.

EXECUTION OF STEVENS AND HAZLET. Charlottesville, Va., March 16. The two towns through with visitors to-day, and companies of military were in attendance. Stevens and Hazlet were hung at noon. They appeared resigned to their fate, and died very hard. While Hazlet died after a struggle. Both exhibited great calmness and resignation.

There were no religious exercises, gallowes, as the prisoners persisted in asking all the kindly offices of the ministers their last moments. They were both Unitarians, and had a peculiar religious own, which enabled them to meet their fate with cheerfulness and resignation. Their bodies have been forwarded to New Spring, South Amby, N. J. They were buried in the early morning train, Baltimore in the early morning train.

A curious case of manifestations has transpired in Woodford. A man named spirits and spiritualism was put into the (being a trance medium), and the medium to call up the spirit of his deceased brother, which was at once done. He said he wanted drink, and the medium ed a large tumbler full of brandy, and there! exclaimed the mother, "what a son, for that is just the size drink he take when he was alive."

At a Court of Probate, which will be held on the first day of next year of our Lord, eight and sixty.

MARY BURNHAM was deceased, having presented a ministerial action on Feb. 2nd, and may be granted to Wm. Burnham.

It was Ordered, That notice be given to all persons who have any claims against the estate of the late Mary Burnham, to present them to the Court to be held at said place, on the first day of next year of our Lord, eight and sixty.

WILLIAM BURNHAM was deceased, having presented a ministerial action on Feb. 2nd, and may be granted to Wm. Burnham.

It was Ordered, That notice be given to all persons who have any claims against the estate of the late Mary Burnham, to present them to the Court to be held at said place, on the first day of next year of our Lord, eight and sixty.

WEIGHT OF EGGS. I am aware of the great difference of eggs. Many will put 15 cents per dozen, rat large ones. Mr. B. F. some at Mr. Isaac Pletting, and there was a gion in regard to the weight settled by scales, while the average of 6 but 13 1-2 ounces per dozen of the smallest is only 10 ounces, or only one half as much as I presume there is no dred who would pay on ference.—[Lowell Cour

TRANSPANTING this subject the Shoe says:

"A partner in one manufacturing concern last week making over start the shoe business by almost any amount. Large projects are started of the South and West require great energy and a transplant any great and there would be no our manufacturers would make them better, and attention to sectional diffi

A worthy but poor man of fifty dollars from bank, and in the note he said he would pay in faith of Abraham. The word that by the rules of proper must reside in th

DR. WISTAR'S BALCHER.

The unqualified success the application of this medicine, in Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis of the Throat and Lung Stenosis, has induced high standing to employ many of whom advise us their own signature:

WISTAR'S BALSAM.

RECOMMENDED BY

S. W. Fowle & Co.—S fully and my testimony I am. We have used it in monetary affections, Coughs, colds, and in various other cases, and it has recommended it in various nature with invariably (W.)

MANSFIELD, Tioga County, Gentlemen:—Having over four years, Wistar's, with great success, recommended it to those who have Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c. I I

CAPE VINCENT, N. After using Dr. Wistar's time I can say from re that I regard it as one of the best medicines, and recommending it to the a (W.)

BROWNVILLE, N. Gents:—Having used years past and having with great success, I recommend it to those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c. I I

PREPARED BY

Prepared by Seth W. Wistar, and for sale by S. M. D. Freeman, No. Bridge St., Bridgton; F. S. Clark, D. H. Nelson, Bethel Hill; J. Hanson, S. W. Davis, Windham Hill, &c.

and being the same prem Blake, late of Bridgton, Joshua Stone, and subject made by said Stone.

of Estate of Josiah M. Bridgton, March 22, 186

GRASS S

State of Maine Cl

Western

Herd's Grass Seed

R

For sale by L. B.

Bridgton Center, March

Carriers W

HE subscriber wishes to Carriers who are R give him a call at Allen's Fryeburg Village

Fryeburg March 22, 18

Grass S

