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The Bridgton Reporter

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ABIEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland.

RACY STORY.

THE WAGER, OR THE TRAPPER'S DAUGHTER.

In a mountain valley, snugly sheltered from northern winds, stood the little cottage of Gabriel Heath. Its occupant an old bear hunter—had been a wanderer among the Ottawas. Without society, except their occasional companionship, and wholly wedded to a wild life, yet as age came upon him, he pined to return to his kind and wear social fetters.

Helen Heath inherited from her mother—the daughter of a Canadian hunter—both her name and the roaming spirit of her race. From the days of earliest recollection she had been at her father's side on the wild prairie, or ranging over the mountains.

The old hunter delighted in nothing more than predatory skirmishes with the Indians, who were wont to acknowledge the debt with interest. Once, with only two comrades, he was surrounded in his trapping lodge, and forced to stand a week's siege. Then the fearless conduct of his daughter, child as she was, won from him a hunter's praise and fatherly pride.

It was singular training that she received; wandering over an uninhabited country with a rude hunter, shut out from education, and only taught to read and write by an accidental visit for a few weeks at a missionary station—without means of refinement, and having for the language of her mind only what could be learned from the voice of nature in her deepest seclusion. She loved the green woods, the mighty forest, for there her soul could live beyond the rough influence of the only life she had ever known.

Such was the character of our heroine, when old Gabriel Heath exchanged his wandering life for a residence in the little cottage on the hill. Here a few acres supplied him with many of the necessities of life, and he had an opportunity to follow at his pleasure, the business of his youth; and comfort seemed to circle round the cottage home, whose exterior was rendered somewhat picturesque by the natural taste of the daughter.

In fine days, old Heath tilled his ground, or hunted amount the neighboring hills and by the side of the streams; and in unpleasant weather he sat by the fireside, smoked his pipe and told huge stories of old adventures.

A thriving village lay just behind the range of hills among which the cottage was nestled, though the cottagers formed but little society with its inhabitants.

Long exposure to the sun had veiled but not hidden Helen Heath's fair complexion with a rich olive, and added to her charms. Constant exposure had given firmness and elasticity to her limbs. No wonder, then, that though very seldom seen, and still more rarely addressed, she was deemed the belle of the surrounding country. Ramblers among the hills had noticed the fair cottager, and become infatuated with her beauty and naivette, and even become suitors for her hand; but they had all been repulsed. The bold and adventurous she instinctively disliked for the coarseness which generally characterized them. The few of a different character who occasionally visited her, she did not trouble herself to notice. Of this latter number the most prominent was Thomas Gifford, a young lawyer, who had opened his office in the village. Educated in an Eastern University, and naturally of a retired cast of mind, Gifford had always avoided the world, and lived only with his books; and, consequently, but a part of his character had as yet been developed. In his eyes, the beautiful young cottager was the type of what philosophers had long sought to find, and he determined to obtain the reality of the child's freshness, while they could only conceive the ideal. He therefore resolved to amend his deficiencies in her eyes, and his sanguine nature hoped the rest.

Old Heath looked upon marriage as a necessary evil, which all ought to endure sometime, and he was determined that none but a man after his own heart should possess his daughter, and the qualifications necessary in view, were strength and agility in manly sports. He took no pains to conceal his determination, and it was surprising how suddenly such games rose in favor with the young villagers.

Time passed, and among those who had gained the applause of the old hunter, was a sturdy pioneer named Alexander Wilson, though as yet he had never shown any preference for the young forester. And time had brought the heart of the lawyer to the feet of the beautiful young cottage girl, while to her his breathing of heart attachment had become an episode well cherished!

We have forgotten to mention that over the range of hills that formed the picturesque landscape about the mountain home, a noble river spread its liquid waters. Gifford had always enjoyed all the sports that can be gathered from a life of rural freedom.

Strong at the oar, unerring in the aim at the target-shot, and sinewy in the leaping wager, he had become quite a favorite, as well as the envy of his cotemporaries.

In all of his manly feats, Helen Heath was the first to praise; and while her pride of his masculine aquirements was increasing, she could not but also feel admiration, for his mental attainments, which, after all found a something kindred and congenial within her own bosom.

One afternoon, as young Gifford was strolling along the shores of the stream above mentioned, he saw the favorite ot old Heath, the trapper Wilson, put off in a skiff. Having frequently been brought in contact with him, while pursuing their favorite feats of strength, Gifford out of friendship, walked to the water's edge, and wished him a pleasant voyage.

'It cannot but be pleasant such a day as this. Come, try, a hand with us at an oar this splendid weather,' returned Wilson.

The temptation was too great to be withstood, and Gifford stepped into the boat, which in a moment shot out upon the water, rising and falling with the waves, and yielding to the pressure of the sturdy oars. For a long time the skiff continued to move out upon the stream; at last the breeze stiffened, and the two companions rested upon their oars, to enjoy the movement of the boat, as it tossed to and fro. The sun was sinking slowly in the west, and darting his horizontal rays across the troubled waters. *At last, Wilson said, with a smile:*

'It is now sunset and even tide. I have an engagement—let us return to land.'

'Certainly,' replied his friend, 'especially if your rendezvous be of an interesting nature; perchance with a lady-love.'

'You are good at guessing,' was the reply.

'You have then, an evening tryst?'

'Yes, with the prettiest girl in the country.'

Gifford thought of his beautiful Helen, and wished only that his friend possessed one as fair and true. For a few moments both were silent, and then, as they approached the land, again commenced the conversation.

'My fair one is very fair. Though I am but a hardy pioneer, I know how to value qualifications like hers.'

'Ah,' replied his companion, 'you are happy then; but tell me who this fair one is.'

'It is a secret; none but you have been allowed even the whispering of such a revelation,' said Wilson.

'A secret sweet and precious,' replied Gifford, laughing. 'But I, too, have a heart-idol—one who is very kind—and pure as the Virgin Mary—and I dare speak her name. Now for a mutual exchange of secrets; confess your lady-love and you shall know my own.'

'You would force a confession,' remarked Wilson. 'Very well; but as I have sworn not to utter her name, had I scrap of paper I would write it, and then we would exchange.'

Gifford produced a blank leaf from his memorandum, drew his pencil, and wrote *the magic word. Wilson did likewise, and* then they exchanged papers. Wilson read on his 'Helena Heath,' Gifford the same on his 'Helena Heath.' Their eyes met; Wilson was embarrassed, Gifford pale with agitation and anger.

'Very well;' Wilson at length said, 'it seems that our mistresses are one and the same.'

'Impossible! I know Helena Heath too well,' returned Gifford. 'All you have said of her is false.'

Wilson had the subdued spirit of the restless adventurer. His embarrassment vanished, and he became furious. 'False?' he echoed fiercely.

'Yes—an infamous lie!' responded Gifford.

Stung to the quick Wilson grasped an oar with both hands, and leveled a blow at his companion's head. Gifford evaded the blow and sprang upon his enemy like a tiger.—Wilson dropped the weapon, and the two were clasped in a furious embrace. They struggled, rose to their feet, and falling, were plunged headlong into the stream.—The waves closed over them, and the skiff half filled with water slowly drifted out to sea. In a moment, both arose to the surface, still clasped in a fierce embrace. The shades of night were closing around them, but yet there was light enough left for them to glance at each other, and gathered fresh courage at the sight. Wilson loosed his hold of his antagonist to level a blow at his head, but Gifford parried it, and grasped him by the throat, and once more both disappeared beneath the surface of the water. Gifford's energy seemed the most powerful, and the pioneer, lashed to fury, seized the jack-knife that his hand purloined from the pocket of his enemy, opened it with his teeth, and plunged it into the bosom of the young lawyer, who, with a bubbling cry, released his hold.

Night set in and the dark waves rolled heavily. As he paused to regain his strength he saw the form of his inanimate companion tossed about on the stream. It would be impossible to portray the thoughts that rushed through his mind. Oh, how bitterly did he regret having been so rash. Having recovered his strength, the young man began to make for the shore, which he gained.

Two days after the following announcement appeared in the village gazette:

'A most lamentable occurrence took place on —— evening. A young law student, named Gifford, well known in this vicinity, accompanied a young man named Wilson in a boat ride up the river. A sudden gust upset the bost, and both were plunged into the water. Wilson made his escape by swimming, but his companion found a watery grave.'

The dream of happiness of Helena was now at an end. With all the poignant grief that the susceptible heart can feel, she lamented the sad fate of her lover, while she could not repress the chargrin she felt at the idea that some adventurous favorite of her father would usurp the pre-eminence that she had given him.

Nearly two years passed, and Helena Heath still remained unmarried. Old Heath had selected young Wilson for his future son-in-law, and he sought to commend him to his daughter, but meeting with indifference and denial, he resolved to select from among the large circle of the hardy and atheletic young men the one whose feats were the greatest, and compel her to receive *him as her lord.*

At last the day came for the allotted trial, and to the spot marked out for rendezvous many an eager aspirant came. Among these was the newly arrived settler, who had often made the sinewy and bold look palid with envy at his success.

The first trial was that of leaping. One by one the competitors joined in, until a perfect Ajax in limb reached seventeen feet.—This settled the question; still, notwithstanding this proof of his prowess, the old hunter seemed dissatisfied at the idea of marrying his daughter to such a stranger. He resolved to become better acquainted with his strength and skill, and suddenly turning to his rivals, he said:

'Come boys, let's have a little rifle practice—only two shots apiece, remember.'

A painted nail was partly driven into a tree. The heroes of the other exercises made trials, but were wide apart from the nail's head. The stranger rubbed his hands, seized a rifle and took rapid aim. The nail was driven into the tree.

The unknown marksman once more fired; the nail's head was bent double. This was more than the rival, who was no other than young Wilson, could bear, and he walked off.

All congratulations were offered the lucky victor. Old Gabriel Heath placed the hand of the reluctant Helena in his; but she still treasuring the memory of him whom she had so admired, and who had opened her mind to the world of intellectual beauty, remonstrated against her father's choice to no purpose.

For some time the victor visited the abode *of the hunter, chatted with him* and walked with his daughter. They talked long and fervently together, and he spoke in glowing terms of his love for her. She started at this for the image of her lost lover seemed to rise and rebuke her.

'You love another, then,' he said. Remember that I won you by my prowess.'

These words, in some tones, might have made her indignant, but now they only tended to dissipate her reserve, as she replied:

'What you have said is true; I owe the richest and deepest debt to another, who translated to me the mysterious teachings of nature. I ought to love, him and though he is forever lost to me, yet while I exist I will live for no other but him.'

While she was thus speaking, the hunter was regarding her with the same curious expression, which hardly became a rejected lover. She was turning to him, when he detained her and said:

'This was the young lawyer, Gifford, was it not?'

'It was,' she replied, looking into his face where the smile had settled into anxiety.

'Blessings on you for that word!' he cried 'I am the lost one—the rescued and the redeemed!'

It was indeed young Gifford, who, through an unseen and mysterious Providence, had not been drowned, but was saved from a watery grave by a fisherman, whose kind care had restored him to life and strength.

He told her how he had returned to the village just in time to bear off the wagers of prowess for her hand; and, confident that he should be brought to her again, he dissembled himself and gained the victory.

It is needless to say that the joy of meeting him of whom he supposed himself the murderer, was so great that Wilson thought but little of the refusal that he ultimately received from Helena. He could hardly believe his eyes, until the generous Gifford took his hand and faithfully promised never to reveal the circumstances of the boat ride, and to forgive him for his rashness.

The two rivals were rivals no longer, and Gifford lived with the lovely daughter of old Gabriel Heath many years of happiness, and successful in business and generous in thought, he was the pride of the village.

Age tempered the rashness of Wilson, who after the decease of old Gabriel Heath, was the quotation of his pioneer friends. But Thomas Gifford never revealed the secret till his dying day.

JANE'S VALENTINE.

BY MRS. H. M. LADD WARNER.

What a singular *tableau!* Three beautiful girls convulsed with laughter, and one plain-faced maiden bathed in tears. It was St. Valentine's Eve. Missive after missive had been brought into the back parlor at Judge Milford's by the obsequious waiter.—Some of these offerings were large an expensive; some tiny and delicate; some replete with flattery; some redolent with perfumery; all eminently silly.

But none of these had occasioned the mirth of the trio, or the grief of the one.—Some vulgar person had sent a vile caricature so the plain sister, accompanied by an exaggerated description of her ugliness in verse.

It was quite painful enough to know that she possessed no claim to personal beauty. Could she have lost sight of that fact she would have appeared very differently at times. But her sisters always managed to bring their own prettiness into such forcible contrast with her plainness, that she was rarely free from a nervous sort of consciousness of her personal defects.

But she had good sense and a patient spirit, which they had not. Still, when they grew so merry over her solitary Valentine, she finally burst into tears, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary; for Jane was in the habit of controlling her emotions, when wounded and heart-sore, until safely concealed in her own room.

'Look!' exclaimed Isabel, opening her large black eyes to their utmost capacity, 'she is really weeping. Why, Jane! you are more like the picture than ever. You would never do for a heroine in a novel, for they are always represented as irresistible in tears.'

'Mercy! how red your eyes are,' ejaculated azure orbed Clara. 'You do look frightful!'

'The poor child can't help being ugly!' interposed Fanny, gazing complacently into the mirror opposite, where her red lips and auburn ringlets were advantageously reflected.

'That is just what pains me,' sobbed Jane. 'Because God saw fit to create me plain, I do not see why I should be made the butt of every coarse jest. I suppose I have feelings like other people. Should my faults of temper or omissions of duty be chosen as subjects of ridicule, I am sure I would not complain; but to ridicule my appearance, I think, savors of coarseness and ignorance.'

'Isabel's black eyes flashed. Jane, the youngest of them all, always so submissive, always so humble, to burst out so suddenly, with so pointed a declaration!'

'Mr. Lee, in the drawing-room, wishes to see Miss Jane,' announced the servant at this juncture.

'Are you certain he said Jane?' demanded Clara.

'Yes, mem,' replied the waiter.

'Lottie is ill again, no doubt,' suggested Fanny. 'Jane is such an excellent nurse;' and Isabel added, 'I wish cousin Charles had come in to spend the evening in a sociable way.'

It would certainly have been very agreeable, for Charles Lee was rich, fine-looking, and intelligent; a widower and remotely related to the Milfords. No wonder that the three graces at Milford Hall found cousin Charles an interesting gentleman, his little daughter Lottie a perfect angel, and his country seat a terrestrial Paradise.

Jane loitered on the way to the drawing-room, striving to efface all traces of her recent grief. 'Is Lottie ill?' interrogated she, as Mr. Lee approached her.

'No, Jane,' he replied, 'Lottie is well, but in want.'

'In want!' Jane repeated.

'Yes, in want of a mother, and I of a wife and I have come here to-night to offer myself to little Jane Milford as her Valentine for life, if she will accept a man old enough to be her father.'

'Why, I am very plain:' she faltered forth, 'I have just received the most horrid caricature you ever saw, in consideration of my claims to extraordinary ugliness.'

'I recollect thinking you a plan when I first saw you,' he replied; 'but now in my eyes, you are the prettiest of the four. Besides, I do not base my preferences on personal beauty. You are good, gentle and sweet-toned; and I love you. But about the Valentine, do you consider me particularly ill-looking?'

'You, Mr. Lee!' said Jane, innocently; 'why, you are handsome.'

'Why, I received a Valentine to-day quite as grotesque as your own, I'll be bound,' and he unfolded a sheet, revealing a lone widower shivering over a miserable fire.—'But this awakened me to a sense of my desolate condition, and I determined to appeal to you, notwithstanding my fear of your reply, when I considered my thirty-six and your eighteen years. Is that a barrier, dear Jane?'

Dear Jane! What a charm lingered all around those two little words! Who had over pronounced them so softly and tenderly before? No one, she was positive; and she naively replied.

'Oh! I should never think of that.'

'What can keep Jane so long?' said Clara restlessly, 'I can't think for my life what cousin Charles could want.'

Jane entered the room just as she had spoken these words.

'Where is cousin Charles?' queried Fanny.

'In the study with papa,' was the answer, and, taking a light, Jane glided from the room to be alone with her new happiness.

The next morning, wonder, chagrin, and dissappointment could be discovered in the faces of the three sisters, on hearing their father congratulate Jane on the very eligible match she had made. 'For,' said he, 'I have always hoped to see Charles Lee my son-in-law, and though you are no beauty, I think he has manifested good sense in his selection.'

Jane keeps her caricature She says she looks at it occasionally, for fear her other Valentine (Charles) should succeed in making her believe herself pretty.—[Peterson's Magazine.

MAKING TRACKS.

A light snow had fallen, and the boys desired to make the most of it. It was too dry for snow-balling, and not deep enough for coasting. It did very well to make tracks in.

There was a large meadow near the place where they were assembled. It was proposed that they should go to a tree near the center of the meadow, and that each one should start from the tree, and see who could make the straightest track—that is to go from the tree in the nearest approach to a straight line. The proposition was assented to, and they were seen at the tree.—They ranged themselves around it with their backs toward the trunk. They were equally distant from each other. If each had gone forward in the right line, the paths they would have made would have been like the spokes of a wheel—the tree representing the hub. They were to go till they reached the boundaries of the meadow, when they were to retrace their steps to the tree.

They did so. I wish I could give a map of their tracks. Such a map would not present much resemblance to the spokes of a wheel.

'Whose is the straightest?' said James *Alison to Thomas Sanders, who was at the* tree first.

'Henry Armstrong's is the only one that is straight at all.'

'That's a fact,' said James. 'They look more like snake-tracks than straight lines.'

'How could we all contrive to go so crookedly, when the ground is so smooth, and nothing to turn us out of the way?' said Jacob Small.

'How did you come to go so straight, Henry?' said Thomas.

'I fixed my eye on that tall pine-tree on the hill yonder, and never looked away from it till I reached the fence.'

'I went as straight as I could, without looking at anything but the ground,' said James.

'So did I' said another.

'So did I' said several others. It appeared that no one but Henry had aimed at a particular object.

They attempted to go straight without any definite aim. They failed. Men cannot succeed in anything good without a definite aim. In order to mental improvement, there must be a definite aim. In order to do good, there must be a definite aim. General purposes, generel resolutions, will not avail. You must do as Henry did; fix upon something distinct and definite as an object, and go steadily forward toward it.—Thus only can you succeed.

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL STORY.

A New York paper printed in 1836, says there was living at that time at Hearlem an old man who relates the following remarkable story of himself. He was possessed of a pretty good farm with slaves and everything necessary for a farm at Hearlem and had but one child, a son, who marrying, it was agreed that the young couple should live in the house with him, as he was a widower. Things went exceedingly well for a time, when his son proposed to him, that he should make over to him his estate, promising to build a new house, and otherwise improve the farm. The father through persuasion gave him a deed or gift of it and everything belonging thereon.

After a few years, as his father grew old he grew a little fretful and dissatisfied;—while the son thinking he had nothing more to expect from him forgot his filial duty, and used him as bad as one of his servants.—The old man was no longer to eat his meals at the same table with him and his wife, but obliged to eat his meals in the chimney corner, and continually otherwise ill-used by them. The old man eat victuals daily from a wooden bowl his son had made for him; his grandson saw his father make this bowl and set about making just such another;—being asked by his father what he made it for, answered, 'for you to eat out of when you grow old as grandfather.' Although this ought to have turned his heart and made him reflect, that as he dealt by his father, he might expect to be dealt by his children when he grew old—it had no effect upon him and the ill usage to the old man was carried to such a height that he could no longer bear it, but left the house and went to a relation and neighbor of his, declaring that if his friend could not help him get his farm back again he should be obliged to come and live with him. His friend answered that he might come and live with him—and if he would follow his directions, he would help him to his estate again.

'Go and take this bag of dollars, carry it to your room at your son's, shut it up well in your chest, and about the time you expect they will call you down to dinner shut your door, and have all your dollars spread on a table in the middle of the room. When they call you make a noise with them by sweeping them off the table into the bag again.'

The old man did as he was desired—his daughter-in-law came up to call him to dinner, and finding the door shut, she had the curiosity to peep through the key-hole, saw the bag of dollars, and the old man sweeping them off the table. Surprised at it she called her husband, but he would not believe it.

The next day the old man again counted his dollars over, and packed up something in paper like paper-money. His son went up to call him down, was surprised at what his wife had told him. They took no notice of it to the old man, but when he came down insisted on his sitting at the table with them, and behaved more than ordinary civil towards him. The old man related to his friend what he had done, who gave him directions what to do if his son asked him for the money.

After a few days the old man having been very busy in counting the money again, his son asked him what money that was he had been counting. 'Only some money I received from the discharge of one of the bonds I had standing out. I expect more in a few days, and I fear I shall be obliged to take Mr. N———'s farm, upon which I have a mortgage, as he is not able to raise the money, and if the farm is sold it will not fetch as much as will discharge the mortgage.'

After a few days, the son told the father that he intended to build a house on the farm, and he would be glad if his father would let him have that money. 'Yes, child,' all that I have is only coming to you—I intend giving you the bonds and mortgage I have—but then, I think it will best to have it all put together in a new deed of gift. I will get neighbor L—— to call here and draw a new one.

Accordingly his friend and cousin who had devised the measure, came to the house, and the son gave the father the deed that another might be drawn after it. When the old man got the instrument into his hands, in the presence of his friend, he broke off the seal and committed the writing to the fire, saying, 'burn! cursed instrument of my folly and misery, and you, children, as this estate is all my own again, you must remove immediately, unless you will be content to be my tenants. I have now learned that it is best for a parent to hold the loaf under his own arm—and that one father can better maintain ten children, than ten children can one father.'

Good order is bread—disorder starvation.

The Bridgton Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, JAN. 25, 1861.

WHAT WILL COME OF IT?

This question is on all lips, when speaking of the strange state of affairs in this country. Who can answer it? We have lived more than eighty years, a happy, prosperous people, whose business and social progress have courted and gained the admiration of the whole civilized world. Resting in the conscious strength of union, we have not feared foreign foes, nor dreamed of danger from within.

When the Colonial government ceased, the States with one instinctive sense of it's advantage, rushed into each others protection in a new Confederacy. The large extent and varied resources of the land, have furnished almost inexhaustable material for the enterprize of the most adventurous people of the whole earth. The empire has taken from every quarter new accessions to its strength, still, were it united to-day, no earthly power could grapple with it, or rival it in peace or war.

But however unwillingly, we must own that the "golden bowl" of prosperity is broken by the present state of feeling. Deep in the interests of section, lies a question which threatens to break forever the glorious chain of common brotherhood, so long our stay and hope.

It is safe to predict that the scheme of forming a new Confederacy, is yet the cherished object of the Cotton States. In all their political relations for the last year, this purpose has been shadowed forth, and to-day it is ripening into maturity. The whole world has been awe-struck by the novelty and boldness of the champions of this measure, and mingled feeling of sorrow and fear have taken possession of all true hearts Undoubtedly from the same cause, disruptions have been threatened before, and compromises have been made and broken.—The question opened and urged upon the people to-day, is "whether the Constitution and the Government, are generous and just enough to authorize their enforcement?"—We cannot argue the political phases of this question, but we cannot help declaring that it is a strange one to be raised!

Before this article shall come to the notice of our readers, the gallant Anderson and one or two other commanders of garrisons of U. S. forts, will have been completely surrounded and controverted by armed and desperate forces, whose purpose is to defy other authority. Facts are facts.

The President, it seems to us, like so many others, is halting between conflicting opinions. A majority of the great men of the country still think that civil war will not come, and the interests of the border States are better consulted by delay. All any of us can do or say, should be carefully and earnestly performed to the best interests of the whole country. The old Roman orator said "It is very excellent to do well for the Republic; it is also beautiful to *speak* well of the Republic." Events are transpiring every day which certainly indicate that a descent upon the Capitol, on or before the fourth of March, has been contemplated. May Heaven avert such an event, for then even the day of *concession* would have passed.—Let us wait hopefully, and meet all questions manfully.

AN EXPRESSION FOR THE UNION. Last Wednesday evening (week,) we heard the Rev. E. H. Chapin's lecture at the City Hall Portland, on "Man and his work."

Of the whole, we can only say what so many others have said before. The whole was eloquent, popular, effective. The man has *soul* and he *throws* soul into his sermons and his lectures. Several passages of that lecture, deserves a place in any volume of 'Living words." But the most "taking" feature of the whole was his allusion to the state of the country. In his own peculiar style, he called the attention of the large audience to the forbodings of "the millions to-day treading the deck of the great ship of Nationality, watching the glimmering lights, trembling at the buffetings of the waves, the shriekings of the storm and the beatings of the surf as it broke over her."—He asked for a patriotism that could rise above party, that could forget strife and save her from the breakers of Disunion. Before he had time to round the period, the whole assembly broke forth in one prolonged shout of approval. All over the house, handkerchiefs waved, hats were thrown up, and for some minutes the tempest of applause drowned everything. Never in any political meeting, did we hear so enthusiastic demonstrations, showing that at least *that* audience loved *Union* more than *Section*.

☞ The snow is four feet deep and still is coming. Few seasons find such a depth of snow so early. It is decidedly a formidable resistance to locomotion, especially in this community, where roads are so imperfectly broken. Even two single sleighs cannot pass each other comfortably. We do not call it wicked to wish that whoever is responsible for our bad roads, shall be reminded in some palpable manner of what duty is, and what it costs to neglect it.

☞ Bro. True, speaking of winter sports, is jubliant over one "institution" of this season.

"Then there is the singing school, where the boys and girls not only sing but also show that they want to get married—some of them very soon."

We do not doubt that this was *True* when you were young!

WHY NOT DANCE.?

The other evening we dropped in to take a look at Webb's dancing school (which by the way, is in the full tide of prosperity,) and it occurred to us that, in the first place, we couldn't *help* dancing unless we left. In the next place, *why not* dance? It is not urged that the amusement *itself* is wrong: but that it leads to excesses, late hours and indiscretions. This is true, and why? Because so many persons frown upon it, partly, and partly because the sentiment in many places against it, is so *morbidly sensitive*, that it almost alienates the dancing community. This should not be so.

We *must* have some popular amusements. What can we do better, than to move in an orderly manner, stirred and animated by the sweetest influence under Heaven—music? You would not object to standing in solemn single file and play "Hunt the squirrel" or form a rope-circle and grow wild over "Copenhagen," or very likely you could be prevailed upon to submit to a game of—"*Button!*" In all these you simply admit and recognize the principle for which we contend. You do things many times as undignified, and from which you get no advantage, unless a bleeding nose or a torn dress can be called a "means of grace."

Not to speak of the superior advantages which this amusement has over most others as a refining influence upon manners, we urge that it is more favorable to the social interests of any community. Where can you find simplicity and purity in the whole social world that equals that of the peasantry of many of the States of Continental Europe? What more pleasant and elevating picture of social happiness, than the mingling of old and young in the dances on the green sward when the day is done!

Such a use of this amusement removes every objectionable feature. Cannot *we* remove them? Only make it general—let all classes *allow* it—and it's influence cannot be pernicious. Let family parties and social assemblies but encourage it, and all will be proper enough. You claim that in the dance are congratulated a company, some of which are not "respectable." Do not people who are not "respectable" go to church and a thousand *good* places? Now we admit that some go who are not "respectable;" and if everybody who is "respectable" should stay away, the *whole thing* would not be "respectable;" but how easy it would be for you to check everything boisterious and indiscreet by putting your conservatism there.

Just stop telling your children that it is wicked to hear anybody play a violin or to dance, and they could bear such an ordeal as safely as you can play "Copenhagen." Really, cannot we safely allow and even *encourage* dancing, properly guarded by prudence and innocence, in preference to amusements so largely resorted to by most of our people?

☞ Don't forget the next two meetings of the Lyceum. Some have doubted the propriety of having so many lectures, and have expressed a desire to hear debates, instead; but our experience has taught us, that with present means, the meetings could not be made profitable without more sacrifice of time than anybody is willing to make. The lectures cost more, but they give more character to the enterprise than debates could possibly do. With our present prospects, we cannot have more than one more lecture, after this week. Strictly speaking, we ought not to promise *any* more, but Mr. Stebbins has put the matter in such a form, that we deem it prudent to promise a lecture from him next Thursday evening.

The Hon. Caleb R. Ayer has finally written the Committee that he cannot find it consistent with his business to comply with the invitation tendered to him to lecture. We also expected that Mr. Strout of Harrison might be able to lecture, but he now informs us that he cannot do so. But as it is, without additions, we cannot help feeling as though it will be as successful as anybody could have expected, and if further contributions be made, we can have several more meetings for debate. We have a presentiment that even now "*Things is working.*"

☞ In another place in our columns, will be found an article on the proposed Kansas Relief Meeting. Since the subject has been broached, we have heard many doubts expressed as to the truth of the *reports about that ill-fated territory.*

One gentleman assures us that he has been shown an autograph letter from a lady residing there, in which it said that flour is plenty at six dollars per barrel, and corn at thirty cents per bushel, and that no extreme suffering exists there at all. Certainly such information ought to be entitled to credit, but it is nevertheless inconsistent with previous and contemporary advices in regard to the matter. The message of acting Gov. Bebee treats of such suffering in unmistakable terms, and the current history of the times fully confirm it. We do believe that they who have means for the poor, could safely give something to this unfortunate people.

Miss Alice Yell, cowhided Mr. Lay, of Camden, for promising to marry her and not performing it. As he wouldn't make her Lay, she made him Yell.

Well, if he would have made her Lay, does'nt everybody know that she would through life, have *cackled* over a *henpecked* man?

☞ Lola Montz the celebrated *danseuse* and lecturer is dead.

☞ The Maine Board of Agriculture is now in session at Augusta.

KANSAS RELIEF MEETING.

We learn that an appeal for aid in behalf of the Kansas suffers, has been forwarded to this place from a reliable source and that a public meeting has been called to consider the matter. The most reliable accounts from the west concur in representing the destitution in Kansas as very great and the suffering's of the people as truly deplorable.—There seems to be no room for any doubt about the real urgency of the case. They have raised, a in very large part of the territory, during the past season, absolutely nothing or next to nothing, and such an event in a new country, among a sparse population, cannot in the nature of things, fail to be followed by the greatest destitution and distress. We may express the hope and trust that our citizens will do in this case as we would wish our countrymen to do for us in a change of circumstances. All those who feel an interest in this work of christian benevolence should be present at the meeting (this) Friday evening.

SKATING IN NEW YORK. Some young man who has been standing 'round on the ice of the skating park, furnishes for a local paper, the following tender notes of what he saw. He is an enthusiastic individual and just escapes making a "splurge" over his subject. He evidently sat up o' nights to give finish to the shapes of his sensitive brain.

"There was one large matron wearing a thin, double-skirted silk dress in which the wind played fantastic antics—who wore on her head a yellow "rigolette," and could not stand upon her skates an instant; who would fall down, dragging with her every available man and boy, and who would have looked better off the ice, but she was the only one. There were others, swift as birds, graceful as swans. There was one lady most appropriately dressed in a fur-bound basque, who gave us the very poetry of motion. There was perfect harmony in her long-drawn curves: something melodious as a dream in her swift, gliding grace. There was another young creature who darted hither and thither, as if she had always lived on the ice. There was a perfect abandon in her sport; she was hilarious yet utterly graceful in her glee. Slender and dainty footed as a lawn, her soft blue dress looped from a gay balmoral, wearing a black basquine and black velvet hat, with a pink rose in her hair, she flew over the ice, now circling in a waltz—now following papa at the end of a shawl, now flying away with another in her arms, who could skate as well; wherever she went she was followed by hundreds of admiring eyes—the women praised her—and the gentlemen fell in love with her. How eyes brightened with new beams, how the cheeks of our japonicas bloomed with roses, I can hardly tell. What a pastime for metropolitan belles? What a pastime for the weary people? The Drive was full of carriages, the Ramble was thronged with people—husbands and wives leading their children; young men and maidens, gentlemen and ladies mounted on horseback, their plumes floating out into the blue air, added to the picturesque beauty of the scene. *So much for our Winter skating carnival.*"

☞ Dr. Lighthill, the opthalmic and aural surgeon, who can be consulted at the United States Hotel Portland, for one month, commencing Feb. 4th. The New York Sunday Times of Oct. 16th 1859, records the following:—

THE AGE OF MIRACLES. We observe that a gentleman named Isaac Williams, of Sussex County, New Jersey, seventy one years of age, and who has not heard a sound for many years, has been restored to his hearing in a manner really surprising. Previous to the operation, it was necessary to commit to paper any communications addressed to him, and now he converses with ease, and recognizes all that is said to him without difficulty. Of course, he is nearly beside himself at the success of the experiment.—Who can wonder at his delight? He should feel deeply grateful to his deliverer (who, by the way, was the celebrated Dr. Lighthill, of this city,) for such a restoration to one of the greatest blessings in life is something marvellous. It is a thing rarely heard of in the annals of art.

☞ Bennett has got back again to the ambrotype trade, where for a few weeks he can be found ready for picture taking, at his saloon near the post-office. Call on him if you want the best ambrotypes in the market.

☞ We have received No. 3 of Lewis' New Gymnastics, a new publication of rare interest. We cordially recommend it to the perusal of everybody interested in physical culture.

☞ E. A. Gibbs, this week, enters the list of ink-makers. This paragraph was written with some of his manufacture.

Jonathan Tuck Mayor of Biddeford, who has been some time suffering from paralysis, died on Saturday morning.

☞ See advertisement of Wilson & Burgess in another column. They can now be found at No. 80 Commercial Street.

DISTRESS AND ANARCHY IN NEWFOUNDLAND. Starvation, sickness and riot have become frequent in Newfoundland. The population of St. John's is 22,000, and the number of deaths the past year 1500. During the Christmas and New Year holidays the streets were infested with ruffians in masks, who assaulted people indiscriminately. One young man had his brains beaten out by a gang of them. Men of property did not dare to appear in the streets at night. Altogether, at the present time, the country presents a dreadful picture of destitution, disease and crime, such as is met with in no country possessing the advantages of a free constitution; and what the end will be, no man can tell. Even moderate men are beginning to think people must protect themselves.

NO ROBBERY. The supposed robbery of the Catholic clergyman at Clare's Hotel, Machias, for the commission of which a man named Muldoon was arrested, turns out to have been no robbery at all. The money was misplaced by the owner and has been found.

GOING WITH THE GIRLS. Probably many of our readers will see the force of the following extract from an exchange paper, upon the above subject. We are without experience, but observation has given us some knowledge in this delicate matter:

The entrance into society may be said to take place immediately after boyhood has passed away, yet a multitude take the initiative before their beards are presentable. It is a great trial, either at a tender or tough age. For an overgrown boy to go to the door, knowing that there are a dozen girls inside, or knock or ring with an absolute certainty that in two minutes all eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before these girls and make a tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and sit down and dispose of his hands without putting them in his pockets, is an achievement which few boys can boast. If a boy can go so far as to measure off the yards of tape with one of the girls, and cut it short at the 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 so mischievous, so unimpressible and independent as if they didn't wish anybody to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy who has the most pluck goes to the prettiest girl in the room, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and crooking out his elbow, stammers out the words, "Shall I see you home?" She touches her finger to his arm, and they walk home feeling as awkward as two goslings. As soon as she is within her own door, he struts home, and really thinks he has been and went and gone and done it. Rest comes to him at last with dreams of home and calico: and he awakes in the morning and finds the door of life open to half dozen pigs squalling for their breakfast.

FREAKS OF MEMORY. A British captain, whilst giving orders on the quarter deck of his ship, at the battle of the Nile, was struck on the head by a shot, and immediately became senseless. He was taken home and removed to Greenwich Hospital, where for fifteen months he evinced no sign of intelligence. He was then trephined; and immediately upon the operation being performed, consciousness returned, and he immediately began busying himself to see the orders carried out that he had given during the battle, fifteen months previously. The clockwork of the brain, unaware that it had stopped, upon being set going again, pointed to the exact moment that it had left off. These sudden revivals of a lost intelligence, almost rival in their dramatic effect, the effect of the Prince's advent in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, where at the magic of a kiss, the inmates of the royal household, who had gone to sleep for a hundred years, transfixed in their old attitudes, leaped suddenly into life and motion, as they only for a moment slept.—[London Journal.

WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN. Edward Everett, in his life of Washington, says:—"It may be mentioned as a somewhat striking fact, and one, I believe, not hitherto adverted to, that the families of Washington and Franklin—the former the great leader of the American Revolution, the latter not second to any of his patriotic associates—were established in the same central county of Northampton, and within a few miles of each other; the Washingtons, at Brighten and Sulgrave, belonging to the landed gentry of the country, and in the great civil war supporting the royal side; the Franklins at the village of Eaton, living on the produce of a farm of thirty acres, and the earnings of their trade as blacksmiths, and espousing—some of them, at least, and the father and uncle of Benjamin Franklin among the number—the principles of non-conformists. Their respective emigrations, germs of great events in history took place—that of John Washington, the great grandfather of George, in 1657, to loyal Virginia; that of Josiah Franklin, the father of Benjamin, about the year 1685, to the metropolis of Puritan New-England."

A Russian functionary of high rank, of St. Petersburg, who has taken a very active part in bringing about the emancipation of the serfs, and is well known for the liberality of his opinions, received a few weeks since a large packet, carefully sealed containing shares in the Russian stocks to the value of fifty thousand roubles, and an anonymous letter praying him to accept the gift from one who respected and admired him for the eminent services he had rendered to the country, and especially to the cause of emancipation. "I am rich," said the writer, "whereas your private interests have suffered from your devotion to the public weal. Do not scruple to accept, for the sake of your children, the gift I offer you.—You will learn my name when I am dead, and you will probably learn it soon, for I am already old." The Emperor decided that there was no reason why a gift so delicately offered should be refused.

We have been shown a document signed by the Mayors in office of the cities of the United States and Canadas, certifying to the superior excellence of Dr. Ayer's compound Extract of Sarsaparilla and to the value of all his remedies as articles of great public utility. Such evidence from such high sources bears us out triumphantly in the position we have long maintained with regard to Dr. Ayer's preparations, or more particularly our advertisements of them. No publishers need be more opposed than we are to the promulgation of quackery in any shape, but we knew when we began, that his remedies were above suspicions of deception—that they were about the best it is possible to produce for the cure of disease, and that they have the confidence of all communities where they are known. Not alone because the Mayors of the whole country believe them useful to their people, but because we know from experience that they are so to ours, do we believe we are rendering a substantial service to our readers in making their virtues known to them.—[Courier, Princeton, Ky.

SPUNKY EDITOR. An editor down in Egyptian Illinois, has been sued for libel, the party claiming $10,000 damages for his character. The editor does not believe the man's character is worth so much, and says: "We are willing to bet our printing office against a keg of tar that he could not 'palm it off' for ten cents—and we will wager our life that it is not worth one cent. He has not sued for enough. He ought to have a little worse character. Let us give him a little evidence to help him prove his character. For instance, we believe him to be an infernal scoundrel and a perjured villain. If he wants anything else to make up his case, we will say that he is a most abominable liar.

FLORIDA. New York, Jan. 21. The Tribune Washington despatch says that forty cannon and morters, 100,000 pounds of powder, 60,000 two pound shells were seized by the rebels at Pensacola; also that South Carolina will allow Major Anderson's mail to be transported to Fort Johnson, where he can send a messenger for it; but the Department will refuse the overture.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS. New York, Jan. 21. All the military of this city, as well as that of Brooklyn, have been notified to be in readiness at signals from the City Hall be.ls.

Washington, Jan. 21. At the meeting of the House to day, the speaker read a letter of withdrawal from the Alabama Representatives before the House in consequence of the secession of their State.

Charleston, Jan. 21. The four soldiers from Fort Sumpter who were brought to this city as witnesses in a murder case, on Saturday, attempted to escape, but were unsuccessful, and were escorted in a coach by a file of soldiers to the boat.

Governor Pickins sent some fresh provisions on Sunday to Major Anderson with his compliments, but Major Anderson refused to receive them, thanking the Governor for his courtesy, saying that he would decline to receive anything until he knew what the government at Washington intended to do.

GEORGIA. Milledgeville, Ga. Jan. 20. The Governor sent the resolutions of the New York Assembly to the Convention. Mr. Toombs offered a resolution in response, that the Convention highly approves of the patriotic course of the Governor in seizing Fort Pulaski, and requests him to hold possession. It was passed unanimously, and ordered to be transmitted to the Governor of New York.

WASHINGTON LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE CAPITOL. A correspondent of the Bangor Whig tells the following very interesting anecdote of Washington:

"Recent events have recalled very forcibly to my mind the following incident, which may perhaps prove interesting to your readers at the present time.

Being on a visit to Washington during the recess of Congress in the spring of 1837, I walked one day with a friend to view the works which were then already in progress for the extension of the Capitol. As we sauntered among the pillars in the basement of the old building, we fell in with a venerable looking man, having the appearance of a countryman, who seemed to be there upon the same business that we were. We entered into conversation with him, and he informed us that he was a Virginiman, "raised" a few miles down the river, not far from Mount Vernon. 'Very likely, then,' we remarked, 'you may recollect General Washington.' 'Perfectly well, he replied. 'Indeed, I saw him when he laid the foundation of this building. I was but a boy then, he continued, 'but I remember very distinctly how he looked as he stood in this way over the stone and settled it in its place with a pry. It was a huge stone, and as placed, it must have required no little strength to move it. But the General was a very athletic man, and moved it apparently with ease. There were a number of boys there from our neighborhood, and it was a standing marvel to us all, how the General moved that stone. A few days after, the General happened to be riding by our school house on horseback, as we were playing outside. We all pulled off our hats to him and he stopped his horse for a moment and spoke to us very pleasantly. One of the boys cried out, 'Please, General, tell us how it was you moved that great stone, up yonder, the other day?" "Why, boys," said he, smiling, "did I move the stone?" "O yes, General, you moved it, we all saw you." "Well, boys,' said the general, looking very serious and speaking slowly, and shaking his long finger at us he spoke "*Do you see that nobody ever moves that Stone again.*'

A GOOD STORY. A good story is told of a wealthy merchant, who was much opposed to skating, when it began to be fashionable a few years since, but who became infected with the fever about the close of the last season. So anxious was he for the re-appearance of ice, and so delighted one evening to find the little pond on his grounds frozen over, that he could not forego the pleasure of an immediate trial of the ice.—Not wishing his family to witness his weakness, he procured his son's skates stealthily, and was soon gliding over the glassy surface. He was soon conscious that the ice was very thin, but so enthusiastic was he as to neglect the proper precautions. Wishing to re-adjust his skates, he sat down upon the ice; and when his work of repairs was concluded, he sought to rise, but found himself glued to the pond. After various attempts to sever the bond of union, he called out for help, but none came. At last, with a frantic struggle, he reached his feet, but the better part of his unmentionable garment remained on the ice, and was chopped out the next day by the old gentleman's sons, who supposed a man had been drowned there; but who retired crest-fallen when they found it was only "father's pants."

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION. The Rochester Express relates that several months ago a respectable widow lady in good circumstances removed to that city from Syracuse with her family, a boy and two girls. Two weeks afterward, the eldest daughter, a young lady of 18, met a young gentleman in company who at once became interested in her, and in two weeks they were engaged.—At the end of two weeks more they were married. After living together for two weeks, the lady visited a friend in Syracuse against the vehement remonstrance of her husband and returned the next day to find a note stating he had left her forever. She repaired to her mother's house and besought her brother to assist her in recovering her husband. Though in feeble health, he at once left home for a neighboring city to search for the truant husband. Two days after the youngest sister was prostrated by a fatal illness and died on the third day.—Word was sent to the absent brother, but the return mail brought intelligence of his disease! On hearing this the deserted wife swooned and remained in a state of unconsciousness for two days. She then revived, but as soon apparently, as she realized what had occurred, she was thrown into a fit of delirium and died in a few days—just two weeks after the desertion of her husband.

FROZEN ON HIS LOAD. At Toronto, on Friday night when the weather was intensely cold, a farmer was frozen to death on his way from his home in the country to the city. He was riding with his daughter on a load of hay, and finding himself drowsy lay down to sleep. When they arrived at a tavern on the way, where they stopped during the night, it was discovered that the unfortunate man was frozen to death.

RESULT OF A KIND ACTION. In Sept[em]ber, 1805, a poor young mechanic, just a[r]rived from England, was wandering ab[out] New York in deep dejection; he was with[out] money, without friends, and without w[ork] and far from his native home, he knew n[ot] which way to turn, but passing along M[ar]sau street, an open door encouraged him [to] enter. The proprietor was a very little m[an] indeed, perhaps five feet high, but he had a pleasant countenance and a large heart; upon being asked by the homeless and friendless stranger if he could direct him to some respectable person who could board him until he could find employment, and thus obtain the means of payment, the [land]keeper, pleased with the expression and [gen]meanor of the eighteen-year old boy, had in his heart to offer him the desired [in]himself; but he had a wife, whom he knew to be a woman of rare worth, for she was prudent, self denying and humane. He might have known what would be her answer, for he had only to make the proposition in a way to indicate his own views, and it would have met with an instantaneous and cheerful acquiescence, unless from some almost insuperable reason. The young stranger was admitted into the family. But the yellow fever was raging in the city, and less than a week the poor lad was stricken with it, and—recovered! although he was at the point of death for several days. During his illness he was cared for by his kind host and hostess, with an assiduity and watchfulness which only they know who are from sterling principle and a high humanity. Just a quarter of a century later the same man was applied to by Major Noah, of pleasant memories, who was then surveyor of the port of New York, to put together a machine in the custom-house, and the models of its various parts. This was done, and the mechanic conceived the idea of constructing a similar article, which should excel anything of the kind for efficiency in the old world or the new, and he succeeded. He died in 1833. His son succeeded him in business, and inheriting the inventive genius of his father, combined with rare business tact and indomitable energy, he has added improvement to improvement, until he has made the whole civilized world his debtor. There is not one of all its millions of families which does not every day derive great benefit therefrom. It carries light to every household; hour by hour lifting the degraded and the fallen, and aiding in the revolutionizing of all nations which exist by oppression, wrong doing and injustice. But that machine, what is it?—Fifty years ago, one might have been purchased entire for a hundred or two dollars; a common dry goods box might have easily contained all its parts; but now, in its petrified state, it occupies a space of fifteen feet high and forty feet long; it is made of fourteen thousand seven hundred and parts, weighs fifty thousand pounds, and costs thirty thousand dollars. One of its belongings not named above, is thirty thousand and sixty-three yards of tape. That penniless English lad was Robert Hoe. The good Samaritans of Fulton street were Grant Thorburn and his wife, the latter an angel now, the former "still living" in an honored old age, by seven years over four score. The machine is Hoe's ten cylinder printing press—Hall's Journal of Health.

FATAL OMISSION TO SEE TO THE BITTS. On Wednesday evening, 2d inst. Franklin Stevens, of Salem New York, drove out with his *wife having a team of young and high spirited horses.* On his return, as he was coming down a somewhat steep hill, the horses were frightened by the approach of a team behind and started off at a break neck speed. In attempting to control them, Mr. Stevens made the discovery for the first time, that they had no bits, and he was utterly powerless. The horses ran at an awful rate until they reached his house, when they made a dash at his gate, but did not enter it, bringing up with force against a hitching post, wheeling and bounding off to the village, a mile and a half distant, where they brought up in a stable yard. Then Mr. Stevens for the first time, made the discovery, on turning to congratulate his wife upon their escape, that she sat by his side a corpse! She had received a violent blow upon the temple, in the contact with the post at the gateway, which instantaneously terminated her existence. She died without a struggle or a groan, and all the fearful subsequent ride Mr. Stevens had taken with her dead body sitting closely against him on the seat!

PERILS OF THE WHALE FISHERY. A letter from Mr. Job N. Sherman, third mate of ship Mary Ann, of Fairhaven, gives the following particulars of his escape from death while pursuing a whale: The whale struck the boat and threw him right across the monster's mouth, so that both legs were in its mouth, and then went down with him.—Fortunately the whale soon came up so the man could breathe—in the meantime he had extricated one of his legs—but the whale immediately went down again, carrying Mr. Sherman down the second time. Mr. S. then thought of his sheath knife, which he used upon the whale's under jaw, causing it to let go its hold, when Mr. S. arose to the surface of the water, about a ship's length from the boat, and he was rescued, nearly exhausted, by seizing him by the hair of the head as he was sinking. On examination he found himself minus his pants, and with a hole in one leg large enough to receive an egg.

COAL OIL LANTERN. We have seen a new article of the lantern kind made expressly for burning coal oils. It is a great improvement upon the common lanterns in every particular. The flame can be regulated without removing the lamp; it gives four or five times brighter light than the common oil lanterns; the flame is clear and steady, and it burns at much less expense than sperm oil. These lanterns may be found at the Diamond Oil Company's store, Hammond's block, opposite the Market House, where, also, can be had the diamond oil, an excellant and cheap article, and a large assortment of lamps for burning oils and fluid.—[Portland Argus.

BANKRUPTCY IN PROSPECT. Mr. Rhett, in the South Carolina Senate, on Friday, admitted that the expenses of that State for the coming year were estimated at two millions, and the total resources of the State amounted to only one million five hundred and fifty five thousand dollars! They must look out, he said, that they were not bankrupt before the end of the year.

While the sexton of the Free Will Baptist church in Lewiston, was in the attic of the building, during church service, he accidentally stepped on the laths, which gave way, and he was let down through the plastering directly over the pulpit. By catching hold of a rafter, he saved himself from a fall of about thirty feet.

A silent wag—the wag of a dog's tail.

The wife of Bryan McCabe, an Irishman in Belfast, was found dead recently, her bed showing that she had been beaten to death. Some nine years ago, the dead body of his first wife was found near his door buried in a snow drift. Peter Welsh, an Irishman, was found dead in the river last spring. He was seen at McCabe's in the evening previous to his being missed in the morning. He has not been arrested.

HUNNEWELL'S UNIVERTAL COUGH Remedy, so perfectly adapted to all Lung and Bronchial Complaints, Common and Inflammatory ore Throat, Whooping Cough, Common and Spasmodic Coughs, even to Actual Consumption, owes its most perfect results by being strictly confined to that law of simples which *makes results perfect*. Its opposite to most preparations is that it may be taken, without the least restraint, every hour in the day if necessary, without producing nausea or prostration. In its preparation neither opiates nor expectorants are allowed to disturb the natural law, and as soon as its work is done on the Throat and Lungs, it then becomes a beautiful and perfect Tonic. If our friends will accept our declarations, that we prefer to rest on the true character of both the Universal Cough Remedy, and Tolu Anodyne, by actual results of fair trials, using all care to purchase the genuine of both, and read the pamphlets to be found with all dealers, in place of sweeping declarations, we will abide their decisions. Sold by all dealers in town. See advertisement. 43w8

DENTISTRY.

DR. HASKELL is in town for a season call on him early nov11tf

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JOSIAH BURLEIGH,

Wholesale and retail Dealer in

Ready Made

CLOTHING,

CLOTHS, AND

GENT'S

Furnishing Goods.

NO. 162 MIDDLE STREET,

PORTLAND,

☞Custom Garments Made to Order.

12 **S. R. SHEHAN,** Cutter.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned would inform the public of their removal to

NO. 80 COMMERCIAL STREET,

(THOMAS'S BLOCK,)

and avail ourselves of this opportunity to call attention to our present large and well assorted Stock of

Drugs, Paints, Oils, Leads, &c.

&c.

Having increased facilities and accommodations in our New Store, we feel confident of our ability to give satisfaction to all who may favor us with their patronage.

We would also call attention to our

WHITE LEAD & COLOR MANUFACTORY,

On Munjoy Street, where we are manufacturing all kinds of COLORS, White Lead, Japan, Putty, &c. &c. Giving our personal attention to this branch of our business, and using the best stock in their preparation, we are enabled to offer to the public articles in this line equal to any in the Market, at Manufacturers Prices.

WILSON & BURGESS.

Portland, Jan. 16, 1861. tf11

Notice of Foreclosure.

THE *Trustees of the Ministerial Fund in Bridgton*, hereby give notice that John Mitchel, of Naples, in the County of Cumberland and State of Maine, by his deed dated the twenty-sixth day of April, A. D. eighteen hundred and fifty-three, and recorded in the Cumberland Registry of Deeds, Book 245, Page 502, did convey to the said Trustees, in Mortgage, a certain lot of land, situated in that part of Naples, aforesaid which was formerly a part of Sebago, and is Lot numbered seventy six, a Pond Lot (so called), being the homestead farm of said Mitchel, and containing about one hundred acres; reference to be had to said deed. The conditions of said mortgage having been broken, by reason whereof the undersigned, for said Trustees, and by their direction, claims a foreclosure of the same.

SAM'L F. PERLEY, Treasurer of said Trustees.

Dated at Bridgton, this tenth day of January, 1861. 3w11

EYE, EAR AND CATARRH.

DR. LIGHTHILL, Surgeon to Dr. Lighthill's Institute for the treatment of diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat, No 34 St Mark's Place, New York, will be at the United States Hotel **PORTLAND,** for one month, commencing February 4th, where he can be consulted by those afflicted with diseases of the Eye, Ear and Catarrh in its various forms, and diseases of the Throat.

Deafness, Noise in the Head, Discharges from the Ear, Earache, Catarrh in its various forms and diseases of the Throat permanently removed. All the various diseases of the Eye successfully treated. Operations for Cross Eyes, Cataract, etc., performed to the entire satisfaction of the patient.

☞Patients are requested to call at as early a date as convenient, that in case personal attention should be required, they may have the full benefit of the Doctor's full stay. jan 18 tf11

At a Court of Probate, held at Portland, within and for the County of Cumberland, on the first Tuesday of January in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty one.

MOSES GOULD, Guardian of MELVILLE E. WEBB, minor son of Joseph Webb, late of Bridgton, in said County, deceased, having presented his petition for license to sell and convey certain Real Estate of said minor for the purpose therein named:

It was Ordered, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing notice to be published three weeks successively in the Bridgton Reporter printed at Bridgton, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Portland, on the First Tuesday of February next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

WILLIAM G BARROWS, Judge.

A true copy, attest:

10 EUGENE HUMPHREY, Register.

Especial Notice!

THE subscribers, being about to close up their present business, offer the remainder of their **LARGE** and **VARIED**

STOCK OF GOODS

AT COST—FOR CASH!

☞**RARE BARGAINS** can be bought for a few days.

ADAMS & WALKER.

Bridgton, Jan. 11, 1861 10tf

ARE YOU INSURED?

EVERY prudent man will forthwith put himself in a condition to answer in the affirmative, if he cannot already do so

The BELKNAP COUNTY M. F. I. CO, continues through the subscriber as their Agent, to take good Fire Risks on the most favorable terms.

The SPRINGFIELD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO, one of the most reliable and safe Stock Companies in New England, insure country Dwellings and their contents at one to one and a half per cent for five years, making the cost from 20 to 30 cents a year on a $100 and no assessments.

Applications received by

W. H. POWERS, Agent.

July 12, 1860. 1y35

HOUSE KEEPERS.

WASHING MADE EASY ★ BAKING POWDERS ★ WASHING MADE EASY ★ BAKING POWDERS

Burnet's "Excelsior" Baking Powders.

Cannot be surpassed for the immediate production of BREAD, BUCKWHEAT CAKES, and every description of PASTRY *without* YEAST, in less time than ANY other process.

Saves 35 pr. ct. in use of Butter & Eggs

These powders are more economical and healthier than *any* in use. One trial will convince the most skeptical.

Increases the weight in Bread 15 Pr. Ct

Dyspeptics can eat HOT BREAD, BUISCUIT, &c., with impunity if made with these POWDERS.

For Sale Everywhere.

Burnet's Celebrated Washing Powders!

Bleaches clothes beautifully white, and softens the HARDEST WATER

SAVES ONE HALF THE SOAP.

Does not injure the texture of the finest LINES, LACES, or CAMBBICS.

Saves One Half the Labor in Washing.

Washes *all* Clothing superior to the *best* Washing Machine in the world, without injury, *particularly* Flannels which are washed soft, without shrinking.

Cost of a Large Washing 2 Cents.

Manufactured only by

WILLIAM BURNET,

45 & 45½ Pine Street, New York city

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Cash Orders promptly executed. 6m9

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

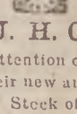
BENJAMIN F. SMITH,

late of Bridgton, in the County of Cumberland, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same for settlement to

MOSES GOULD.

Bridgton, Dec. 18, 1860 3w10

NEW STOCK!



F. B. & J. H. CASWELL

Would call the attention of those wishing to purchase to their new and well selected Stock of

WATCHES

AND

JEWELRY!

—Consisting of—

Hunting and Open Faced LEVERS,

LADIES GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

Ladies Watch and Neck Chains, Gents Vest Chains, Ladies and Gents

Breast Pins,

Belt Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Shirt Studs, Lockets, Bracelets, Silver Thimbles.

☞*A larger and better Stock than ever before offered in this place.*

SILVER AND PLATED SPOONS.

A large stock of Silver, Plated and Steel

SPECTACLES!

CLOCKS,

A large variety. Also

Gilt Picture Frames,

all sizes made to order.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY REPAIRED.

FRANCIS B CASWELL.
JOHN H. CASWELL.

Bridgton Center, May 10, 1860. 27

SAM'L ADLAM, Jr.,

—DEALER IN—

PARLOR, CHAMBER

—AND—

PLAIN

FURNITURE,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

CHINA, CROCKERY AND

Glass Ware,

BRITANNIA WARE, TABLE CUTLERY, PLATED WARE,

And a general assortment of

House FURNISHING Goods

The attention of purchasers is invited to the large stock of **HOUSE KEEPING GOODS** now in Store as above, comprising as it does nearly every article usually needed in the **FURNITURE AND CROCKERY** department. Being one of the largest stocks in the State, purchasers can find almost any variety of rich, medium and low priced Goods, suited to their different wants.

Those commencing House keeping can obtain a complete outfit at this establishment, without the trouble and loss of time usually attending a selection of this kind; and the subscriber is confident that, combining as he does the various branches of the House Furnishing business, he can offer goods at prices that will not fail of proving satisfactory on examination.

138 and 140 Middle Street,

jy12 *PORTLAND.* tf36

FOR SALE.

In Bridgton Center a **COTTAGE HOUSE** containing seven Rooms, in very good repair. For further particulars apply to E T. STEWART, or Mrs R. P. PERKINS, on the premises. 42*6w

---

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

BRIDGTON HOUSE,

BRIDGTON, Maine,

KEPT BY

MIAL DAVIS & SON.

This House is entirely refitted and furnished in the most approved style; and the Proprietors respectfully solicit a renewal of patronage so generously bestowed in former years. Sept 14. tf45

ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY.

DIXEY STONE & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS!

WEST INDIA GOODS

—AND—

GROCERIES?

Would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Bridgton and vicinity to their

New Stock

OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Which have just been purchased, and are

NOW OFFERED FOR SALE!

The Stock consists of the different varieties of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!

WOOLENS, AND

Tailor's Trimmings!!

For Gents, all styles.

Shawls, Flannels, Shirts and Drawers, Hoods, Gloves, and Hosiery, Scarfs and Scarf Trimming, White Linens, Linen Handkerchiefs;

DOMESTICS

OF ALL KINDS.

Thread, Pins, Buttons, Needles, and

FANCY ARTICLES,

too numerous to mention.

A large and well selected Stock of

Hats, Caps, and Furs,

Buffalo Robes, &c., &c.

Also, a new line of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

for Ladies and Gents.

HARD-WARE CROCKERY,

Kerosene Lamps and "Fixings"

in all the new styles, and varieties as usual; and finally a nice stock of

FAMILY GROCERIES!

In which as to quality, and general assortment, we think, we cannot be surpassed.—We feel confident we are now offering one of the best assortments of Goods ever brought into this vicinity, and are constantly making additions to the same.

☞Please give us a call, and satisfy yourselves.

DIXEY STONE & SON.

Bridgton, Oct. 11, 1860. tf 49

NEW MILLINERY GOODS.

D. E. & M. E. BARKER

Still remain at the old stand, under Temperance Hall, and have just received a NEW Stock of Fall and Winter

GOODS!

—consisting of—

Bonnets

of the latest styles,

THE PRINCE OF WALES HATS, JEDDO HATS,

both new styles.

RIBBONS!

of the latest styles sold as cheap as can be bought anywhere.

Ruches, Blonds, Caps, Head Dresses, French and American Flowers, Gloves, Hosiery.

DRESS TRIMMINGS!

Buttons, Veils, &c., all of which will be sold cheap for cash.

BONNETS COLORED BLEACHED AND PRESSED.

MOURNING SHROUDS made to order.

49 BRIDGTON CENTER. tf

GRANT'S COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.

Original Establishment.

J. GRANT,

Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of

COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATUS AND CREAM TARTER,

New Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 13 and 15 UNION STREET, PORTLAND, Me.

Coffee and Spices put up for the trade, with any address, in all variety of Packages, and Warranted in every instance as represented. Pea-Nuts, and Coffee Roasted and Ground for the Trade, at short notice. 1y

51

All Goods entrusted at the owner's risk.

ARE YOU INSURED?

The attention of those contemplating

LIFE INSURANCE

is requested to the system and advantages of this Company. Insurance may be obtained, at *reduced rates* of premium, with the

STATE MUTUAL

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

OF WORCESTER, MASS.

Chartered in 1844.—*Cash fund, June* 1, 1860, *nearly* $500,000.

THIS old and successful company, conducted with rigid economy, having accumulated a large cash fund, has been enabled to reduce the rates of premium about *twenty-five per cent* below the ordinary rates of most other companies, and invites all who propose to provide for a family or friends by insurance, to look into the system of this company before insuring elsewhere. Premiums may be paid annually, semi-annually or quarterly.

HON. ISAAC DAVIS, *President.*
HON. EMERY WASHBURN, *Vice President.*
CLARENDON HARRIS, *Secretary.*

Within a short time, I have paid $25,000 to parties in this city and vicinity, on lives of persons insured at this Agency, some of whom had been insured but a short time.

Having been agent for this excellent institution for the last *fifteen* years, I have seen and known something of the advantages of Life Insurance to families and friends in the hour of distress. Let no one neglect it while within reach. Apply to

W. D. LITTLE, General Agent, Portland, or to ENOCH KNIGHT, Bridgton is tf 2.

CARPETING!

English and American Carpetings

—LATEST STYLES—

In Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry Ingrain, Superfine and Stair!

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS;

all widths.

STRAW MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, &C.

Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures, Drapery Materials of Damasks and Muslins, Feathers and Mattrasses, Bought at Reduced Rates and will be *sold very Cheap for Cash,*

EDWARD H. BURGIN,

FREE STREET CARPET WARE HOUSE

Chambers No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block,

OVER H. J. LIBBY & CO.'S,

1 *PORTLAND, ME.* tf

JOHN MEAD,

Carriage, Sign and Ornamental

PAINTER,

NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.

Signs, Banners, and all kinds of Lettering neatly executed.

Carriages, Sleighs, and Furniture Painted and Ornamented in the best style.

☞Orders from neighboring towns solicited. North Bridgton, Dec. 14, 1860 6

WILDES' HOTEL,

No. 46 Elm Street,

BOSTON.

n3 **WESTON MERRITT,** Proprietor. 1y

HANSON & HILTON

Keep constantly on hand and for sale a good assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Apples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese,

Also, Corned and Fresh BEEF, MUTTON and clear Northern PORK, packed in store.

FLOUR,

of the best brands for sale low for Cash, or in exchange for Grain or Bacon Hams.

BEST CURED HAMS can be had at our store for 10 cents per pound.

☞Wanted, all kinds of Produce, Wood, Hoops and Shooks, in exchange for Groceries. Bridgton Center, 16tf

---

Chase, Littlefield & Co.

(Successors to Chase, Woodbury & Co.)

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

HARD WARE

—AND—

CUTLERY,

NO. 175 MIDDLE ST., PORTLAND,

D. D. Chase, C. S. Littlefield, F. H. Littlefield.

N. B. Agents for **HOWE'S IMPROVED SCALES.** tf36

Safety Burning Oil,

TO BURN IN FLUID LAMPS.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age,

THE SAFETY BURNING OIL will burn in Fluid Lamps without any alteration whatever. It is utterly inexplosive, and may be used with the most perfect confidence.

Also, for sale, **WATER OIL**

To Burn in Kerosene Lamps

Manufactured and for sale Wholesale and Retail by the

WATER OIL COMPANY,

NO. 208 FORE STREET,

3m *PORTLAND, Me.* 45

F. C. FARINGTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LOVELL, Oxford County, Maine.

Particular attention paid to collecting

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'ARDLY REALIZED.

Hi 'ad 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon hand I stepped into the hapothecarie hand says hi to the man; "Can you hease me of an 'ead che?" "Does it hache 'ard," says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand 'pon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'edache.

☞HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention, till too late to be remedied; and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz, Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rhematism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *sick headache*, of hepatic disease constituting *bilious headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches; Anpæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *nervous headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *uralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

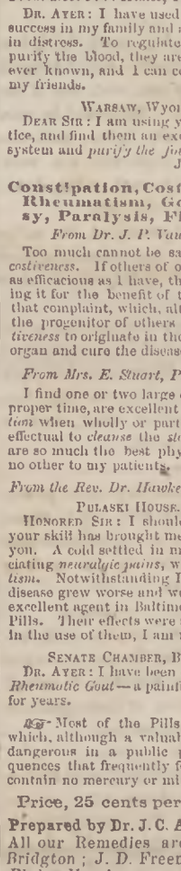
BRIDGET.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills,—but I'm thinking that's not just it naither; but perhaps ye'll be afther knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of the same as relaived her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and you've sed it, here's the quarther and give me the Pills and dont be all day about it aither.

CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as costiveness. Often originating in carelessness, or sedentary habits; it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous *diseases, and unless early* eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave.—Among the lighter evils of which costiveness is the usual attendant are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Biles and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases such as malignant Fevers, Abcesses, Dysentary, Diarræa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originated in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insiduous approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.



By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nirvous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness*.

For *Literary men, Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach*.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other Dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail prepaid on receipt of the

PRICE 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,

1y2 48 Cedar Street New York

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

Are you sick, feeble, out of order, with your system deranged, and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and cleanse out the disordered humors—purify the blood, and let the fluids move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and obstructs its natural functions. These, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing general aggravation, suffering, and disease. While in this condition, oppressed by the derangements, take Ayer's Pills, and see how directly they restore the natural action of the system, and with it the buoyant feeling of health again. What is true and so apparent in this trivial and common complaint, is also true in many of the deep-seated and dangerous distempers. The same purgative effect expels them. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the body, they are rapidly, and many of them surely, cured by the same means. None who know the virtues of those Pills, will neglect to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure.

Statements from leading physicians in some of the principal cities, and from other well known public persons.

From a Forwarding Merchant of St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1856.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the paragon of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of ulcerous sores upon her hands and feet that had proved incurable for years. Her mother has been long grievously afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried your Pills, and they have cured her.

ASA MORGRIDGE.

As a Family Physic.

From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, New Orleans.

Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

Headache, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach.

From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore.

DEAR BRO. AYER: I cannot answer you *what* complaints I have *cured* with your Pills better than to say *all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine*. I place great dependence on an effectual cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believing as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 1, 1855.

DR. J. C. AYER. Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of the worst *headache* any body can have by a dose or two of your Pills. It seems to arise from a foul stomach, which they cleanse at once.

Yours with great respect, ED. W. PERLE,
Clerk of Steamer Clarion.

Bilious Disorders—Liver Complaints.

From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City.

Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *bilious complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., 7th Feb., 1856.

SIR: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their regulating action on the liver is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of *bilious disease* so obstinate that it did not readily yield to them. Fraternally yours, ALONZO BALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Relax, Worms.

From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago

Your Pills have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their alterative effect upon the liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in small doses for *bilious dysentery and diarrhœa*. Their sugar-coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood.

From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood, they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HIMES.

WARSAW, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and *purify the fountains of the blood*.

JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.

Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, Fits, etc.

From Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.

Too much cannot be said of your Pills for the cure of *costiveness*. If others of our fraternity have found them as efficacious as I have, they should join me in proclaiming it for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although bad enough in itself, is the progenitor of others that are worse. I believe *costiveness* to originate in the liver, but your Pills affect that organ and cure the disease.

From Mrs. E. Stuart, Physician and Midwife, Boston.

I find one or two large doses of your Pills, taken at the proper time, are excellent promotives of the *natural secretions* when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very effectual to *cleanse the stomach and expel worms*. They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend no other to my patients.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of the Methodist Epis. Church.

PULASKI HOUSE, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 6, 1856.

HONORED SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating *neuralgic pains*, which ended in *chronic rheumatism*. Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well.

SENATE CHAMBER, Baton Rouge, La., 5 Dec. 1855.

DR. AYER: I have been entirely cured, by your Pills, of *Rheumatic Gout*—a painful disease that had afflicted me for years. VINCENT SLIDELL.

☞Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever.

Price, 25 cents per Box, or 5 Boxes for $1.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell Mass.

All our Remedies are sold by S. M. Hayden, Bridgton; J. D. Freeman, No. Bridgton; Silas Blake, Harrison. 1y11

J. D. WOODBURY,

DEALER IN

OYSTERS, CIGARS, FRUIT, AND CONFECTIONERY.

☞OYSTERS for sale by the quart.

BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

Also—Saws GUMMED and FILED at the shortest notice. 6m6

E. E. WILDER,

HARNESS MAKER AND CARRIAGE TRIMMER.

Harnesses, Carriage Trimmings, Halters, Surcingles, Bridles, Horse Blankets, Whips, &c constantly on hand and for sale.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1859. *1y1,

HAVE YOU GOT A BAD COUGH?

IF SO, you had better buy a Box BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, for they will give you instant relief. For sale or [7] HAYDEN'S at

---

PROGRAMMES AND TICKETS.

THE Bridgton Reporter Office has facilities for furnishing Programmes and Tickets for Concerts, &c., at low prices.

ROUND HOGS WANTED.

HANSON & HILTON will pay the highest price for Round Hogs, if offered immediately. Nov. 2, 1860.

MISCELLANY.

From the German.

THE FARMER'S BANK.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

The times may be hard as the ground,
Frozen stiff in the December cold;
But the bank of the farmer is sound—
If broken it discounts in field.

His share is a plow-share in banks,
Whose dividends never rely
On the grind-stone men at their cranks,
But on rain and the sunshiny sky.

His deposits are small, but they yield
A hundred per cent. or per seed,
So that gold grows up in the field,
Like a thought that grows into a deed.

"I GOT A-GOING AND COULDN'T STOP." A little boy named Frank, was standing in the yard, when his father called him:

'Frank!'

'Sir?' said Frank, and started full speed, and run into the street.

His father called him back, and asked him if he did not hear his first call.

'Yes, sir,' said Frank.

'Well, then,' said the father 'what made you run into the street!'

'Oh,' said Frank, 'I got a-going and couldn't stop.'

This is the way a great many boys get into difficulty, they get a-going and can't stop. The boy that tells lies, began first to stretch the truth a little—to tell a large story, or relate an anecdote with a little variation, till he got a-going and couldn't stop till he came out a full grown liar.

The boy that was brought before the police and sent to the House of Correction first began by stealing sweet-meats and other nice things from his parents. Next he began to take things from his companions at school. He got a-going and could not stop till he got into jail.

These two boys that you see fighting out on the green, began by bantering each other in fun. At length they began to get angry and dispute, and called each other names, till they got a-going and couldn't stop.—They will separate with black eyes and bloody noses.

There is a young man sitting late with his companions at the gaming table. He has flushed cheeks, and an anxious look, a despairing countenance. He began by playing marbles in the street; but he got a-going and couldn't stop.

THE THEORY OF THE BRICK. A boy hearing his father say, 'Twas a poor rule that would not work both ways,' said: 'If father applies this rule about his work, I will test it in my play.'

So setting up a row of bricks, he tipped over the first, which striking the second, caused it to fall upon the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

'Well, said the little boy, 'each brick has knocked down his neighbor. I only tripped one. Now I will raise one, and see if he will raise his neighbor.' He looked in vain to see them rise. 'Here, father, said the boy, 'tis a poor rule that will not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up.'

'My son, bricks and mankind are alike made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up.'

'Father,' said the boy, 'does the first brick represent the first Adam?'

The father replied: When men fall, they love company; but when they rise, they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate before them.'

The mind has a certain vegetative power, which can not be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garder, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.

The triumph of woman lies, not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband, and that can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

'It is a deplorable condition,' says Bishop Sherlock, 'to be always doing what we are always condemning.' The reproaches of others are painful enough; but when the lash is laid on by your own hand, the anguish is intolerable.

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage charity of an unforgiving spirit.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others, for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon other's evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.

Knowledge can not be acquired with pains and application. It is troublesome, and like deep digging for pure water; but when once you come to the springs, they rise up and meet you.

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, he replied, 'Small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends.'

A wag being asked the name of the inventor of butter-stamps, replied that it was probably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into Greece.
