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## The Bridgton Reporter

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ABIEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland.

### A LEAP FOR A WIFE.

BY FREDERICK HARDMAN.

Ellen Harrower was one of the loveliest  
girls that I ever looked upon, and little wonder  
that that I should have fallen over her head and  
ears in love with her at first sight. When I first  
saw her it was among the White Mountains of New  
Hampshire, where I had gone on a sketching excursion.  
With her brother, a Boston merchant, I had long  
been acquainted, but this was the first time I  
had seen his charming sister.

But for the rough mountain pony, with its  
clumsy side-saddle, on which she was mounted,  
instead of the Spanish jennet or well-bred  
palfrey that would have suited so fair a  
equestrian, I could, without any great  
effort of fancy, have dreamed myself to  
be the day of the McGregor, and fancied that it  
was in Vernon riding up the mountain side,  
gaily chatting as she went with the hand-  
some cavalier who walked by her stirrup,  
and who might have been Frank Osbaldistone,  
only that he was too frankly looking for  
some somewhat effeminate hero. How  
beautifully moulded was the form that  
her dark green habit set off to such ad-  
vantage; how fairy-like the foot that pressed  
the clumsy stirrup; how slender the fingers  
that grasped the rein! She had dis-  
carded the heavy riding-habit and the sense-  
less bonnet, those graceless inventions of  
cunning milliners, and had adopted a  
new style of head-dress. This was a flat  
cap, knitted by herself, of snow-white wool,  
and surmounted by a crimson tassel spread  
open at the top. From beneath this elegant  
coiffure her dark eyes flashed and sparkled,  
while her luxuriant chestnut curls fell down  
her neck, the alabaster fairness of which  
made her head-dress appear tawny. Either  
because the air was fresh upon the moun-  
tain, or else because she was pretty and a  
woman, and therefore not sorry to show her-  
self to the best advantage, she had twisted  
around her waist a long cashmere shawl,  
previously passing it over one shoulder in  
the manner of a sword-belt, the ends hang-  
ing down nearly to her stirrup; and this  
gave something particularly picturesque, al-  
most fantastical, to her whole appearance.

Upon the second day of my arrival at the  
Crawford House, I had fallen in with my  
old friend, Jack Harrower, who was taking  
his sister on a summer tour. Her health  
had been delicate, the doctors had recom-  
mended the excursion, and Jack, who de-  
sired his only sister, had dragged her away  
from the city. He had a snug fortune be-  
sides his business, and his sister had \$100,-  
000 in her own right. But as yet she was  
unengaged.

I had been absent in Europe for nearly  
two years, and although I had heard much  
of Miss Harrower, I had never seen her un-  
til her brother introduced her to me at the  
Crawford House. I had not known her an  
hour, however, before my heart was captiv-  
ated. Before I had been two days in her so-  
ciety my doom was sealed; I had ceased to  
belong to myself; I was her slave—the slave  
of her sunny smiles and bright eyes.

A fortnight had passed, and we were still  
at the mountains. During that time the  
spell that bound me had been each day gain-  
ing strength. As an intimate friend of her  
brother, I was already on the footing of an  
old acquaintance; she seemed well enough  
pleased with my society, chatted with me  
willingly and familiarly; but in vain did I  
watch for some slight indication whence to  
derive hope. None such were perceptible.

We once or twice fell in with some acquaint-  
ances of hers or her brother's, and with them  
she had just the same, frank, friendly man-  
ner as with me. So I patiently waited in  
hope.

Things were in this state when, one morn-  
ing, whilst taking an early walk to the  
'Notch,' I ran up against a New York friend—  
Philip Ashly. He was an excellent fellow—  
not a gentleman, but a proficient in all man-  
ly exercises. He shot, rode, walked and  
danced to perfection. He was nearly six  
feet in his boots, and strongly and well built.  
He had blue eyes and light brown hair, and  
a splendid moustache. Not one of the com-  
posite order made up of dye, but full, well  
grown and glossy. In short, among the wo-  
men, he was a dangerous fellow.

Delighted to meet Ashly, I dragged him  
off to the hotel to introduce him to Harrow-  
er and his sister. As a friend of mine they  
gave him a cordial welcome, and we passed  
that day and the following ones together.—  
I soon, however, I must confess, began to re-  
pent a little having brought my handsome  
friend into the society of Ellen. She seem-  
ed rather better pleased with him than I al-  
together liked, nor could I wonder at it.—  
Philip Ashly was just the man to please a  
woman of Ellen's character. She was rather  
of a romantic turn, and about him there  
was a dash of the chivalrous, well calculat-  
ed to captivate her imagination. She was  
an excellent horsewoman and an ardent ad-  
mirer of feats of daring and courage, and  
she had heard me tell her brother of Ashly's  
perfection in such matters. On his part  
Ashly, like every one else who saw her, was  
evidently greatly struck with her beauty and  
fascination of manner. I cannot say I was  
jealous; I had no right to be so, for Ellen  
had never given me encouragement; but I  
certainly more than once regretted having  
introduced a third person into what had pre-  
viously been a sort of *tele-utete* society. I  
began to fear that, thanks to myself, my oc-  
cupation was gone, and Ashly had got it.

It was the fifth day after our meeting with  
Philip, and we had started early in the morn-  
ing on our mountain excursion. The dis-  
tance was barely ten miles, and the road  
being rough and precipitous, Ashly, Har-  
rower and myself had chosen to walk rather  
than to risk our necks by riding the brok-  
en-kneed ponies that were offered to us. A  
sure-footed mare and an indifferent side-sad-  
dle had been procured for Ellen, and was at-  
tended by a guide.

Ellen rode a little in front with Ashly be-  
hind her, pointing out the beauties of the  
wild scenery through which we passed, and  
occasionally laying a hand upon her bridle  
to guide the pony over some unusually rug-  
ged portion of the almost trackless moun-  
tains. Jack and I were walking behind, a  
little puffed by the steepness of the ascent;  
our guide strode along beside us, like a pair  
of compasses with leathern lungs.

'There is the Hunter's Leap,' he said, and  
pointed to a narrow cleft in the rock, of vast  
depth, and extending for a considerable dis-  
tance across a flank of the mountains. It  
owed its name to the following incident:

Some years previously a hunter was pur-  
suing a deer on foot. It seemed that in the  
ardor of the chase he had forgotten the po-  
sition of the cleft, and only remembered it  
when within a hundred yards or thereabouts  
for then he slackened his pace. But he was  
not the man to stick at trifles; so, on reach-  
ing the chasm, he sprang from the ground  
with deer-like agility, and by one bold leap  
cleared the yawning abyss.

Before our guide had finished his narra-  
tive, we were unanimous in our wish to vi-  
sit its scene, which we reached by the time he  
had brought his tale to a conclusion. It  
was certainly a most remarkable chasm,  
whose existence was only to be accounted  
for by reference to volcanic agency. The  
whole side of the mountain seemed re-  
assunder, forming a narrow ravine of immense  
depth. The chasm was of various width,  
but was narrowest at the spot where we  
reached it, and really did not appear so very  
terrible a leap after all.

We had remained for half a minute or so,  
gazing down into the ravine, when Ashly,  
who was on the right side of the party,  
broke the silence.

'Pshaw!' said he, stepping back from the  
edge, 'that's no leap. Why, I'll jump across  
it myself!'

'For Heaven's sake!' cried Ellen.  
'Ashly,' I exclaimed, 'don't be a fool.'  
But it was too late. What mad impulse  
possessed him, I cannot say, but certain I  
am, from the knowledge of his character, that  
it was no foolish bravado or school-boy desire  
to show off, seduced him to so wild a freak.  
The fact was, all formidable, not above four  
or five feet, but in reality it was a deal wider.  
Before we could stop him he took a  
short run and jumped!

A scream from Ellen was echoed by an  
exclamation of horror from Harrower and  
myself. Ashly had cleared the chasm and  
alighted on the opposite edge, but it was  
shelving and slippery, and his feet slipped  
from under him. For one moment it ap-  
peared as if he would instantly be dashed to  
pieces, but in falling he managed to catch  
the edge of the rock, which, at that place,  
formed an angle. There he hung by his  
hands, his whole body in the air, without a  
possibility of his raising himself; for below  
the edge, the rock was smooth and reclining,  
and even could he have reached it, he would  
have found no foothold. One desperate ef-  
fort he made to grasp a stunted and leafless  
sapling that grew in a crevice not more than  
a foot from the edge, but it failed and near-  
ly caused his instant destruction. Desisting  
from further efforts, he hung motionless, his  
hands convulsively grasping the edge of  
rock which afforded so slippery and difficult

a hold, that his sustaining himself by it at  
all seemed a miracle, and could only be the  
result of uncommon muscular power. It  
was evident that no human strength could  
possibly retain him for more than a minute  
or two in that position; below was an abyss  
a hundred or more feet deep; to all appear-  
ance his last hour was come.

Jack and I stood agast and helpless, gasp-  
ing with open mouths and strained eyeballs  
at our unhappy friend. What could we do?  
But Ellen put us to shame. One scream,  
and only one she uttered and then, gather-  
ing up her habit, she sprang unaided from  
her mare. Her cheek was pale as the whitest  
marble, but her presence of mind was unimpaired,  
and she seemed to gain courage and  
decision in the moment of peril.

'Your cravat—your handkerchief!' cried  
she, unfasting, as she spoke, her long cash-  
mere scarf.

Mechanically Harrower and I obeyed.—  
With the speed of light, and a woman's dex-  
terity, she knotted together her scarf, a long  
silk cravat which I gave her, Jack's handker-  
chief and mine, and securing a stone at either  
extremity of the rope thus formed, she  
threw one end of it, with sure aim and steady  
hand, across the ravine and round the sap-  
ling already referred to. Then leaning for-  
ward she let go the other end. Ashly's hold  
was already growing feeble; his fingers  
were torn by the rock, and he turned his  
face towards us with a mute prayer for suc-  
cess. At that moment the two ends of the  
shawl fell against him, and he instinctively  
grasped them. It was a moment of fearful  
suspense, but he raised himself by strength  
of wrist. The sapling bent and bowed, but  
his hand was now close to it. He grasped  
it; another powerful effort, the last effort of  
despair, and he lay exhausted and almost  
senseless on the rocky brink. At the same  
moment with a cry of joy, Ellen sank faint-  
ing in her brother's arms.

Of that day's adventure little remains to  
tell. A walk of a mile brought Ashly to a  
place where a bridge across the ravine en-  
abled him to join us. I omit his thanks  
to Ellen, which were doubtless enough or  
presence of mind. Her manner of receiving  
them was anything but gratifying to me,  
whatever they may have been for him.

The day after this adventure I was oblig-  
ed to return to Boston. Six weeks afterwards  
I went back to Crawford House. The first  
person I saw as I got off the stage, was my  
friend Jack.

'Jack!' said I, 'I am delighted to see you.'  
'Same here, my boy, was the rejoinder. 'I  
was wondering why you did not answer my  
last letter, but I suppose you thought to join  
us sooner.'

'Your last letter!' I exclaimed. 'I have  
written three times.'  
'The devil you have!' said Jack.

I did not bear another word, for at that  
moment appeared Ellen herself, more char-  
ming than ever, and leaning on the arm of  
Philip Ashly. For a moment I stood petri-  
fied, and then, extending my hand, 'Miss  
Harrower!' I exclaimed.

She drew back a little with a smile and a  
blush. Her companion stepped forward.

'My dear fellow,' said he, 'there is no such  
person. Allow me to introduce you to Mrs.  
Ashly.'

If any of my friends wish to be presented  
to pretty girls with a hundred thousand dol-  
lars, they had better apply elsewhere than  
to me. Since that day I have forsworn the  
practice.

THERE IS A BOY I CAN TRUST.

We once visited a public school. At re-  
cess a little fellow came up and spoke to the  
teacher; as he turned to go down the plat-  
form, the teacher said; 'That is a boy I can  
trust. He never failed me.' We followed  
him with our eye and looked at him when  
he took his seat after recess. He had a fine,  
open, manly face. We thought a good deal  
about the master's remark. What a char-  
acter had that boy earned. He had already  
got what would be worth more to him than  
a fortune. It would be a passport into the  
best society in the city, and what is better in-  
to the confidence and respect of the whole  
community. We wonder if the boys know  
how soon they are rated by other people.  
Every boy in the neighborhood is known,  
and opinions are formed of him; he has a  
character, either favorable or unfavorable.  
A boy of whom the master can say: 'I can  
trust him—he never failed me,' will never  
want employment. The fidelity, promptness  
and industry which he shows at school, are  
in demand everywhere, and prized every-  
where. He who is faithful in little, will be  
faithful also in much.

'Eliza, my child,' said a prudish old maid  
to a pretty niece who would curl her hair  
in pretty ringlets, 'if the Lord had intended  
your hair to be curled, he would have done  
it himself.' 'So he did, aunt, when I was  
a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now  
to curl it myself.'

From the Newburyport Herald.

WHO SAW THE STEER?

The richest thing of the season, if we ex-  
cept some of the follies of secession, came off  
the other day in the neighborhood of the  
market. The greenest Jonathan imagin-  
able, decked out in a slouched hat, a long  
blue frock and a pair of cowhide shoes, big  
as gondolas, with a huge whip under his  
arm, stalked into a billiard saloon, where  
half a dozen persons were improving the  
time in shuffling round the ivory, and after  
recovering from his first surprise at the  
to him singular aspect of the room, inquired  
if 'any of 'em had seen a stray steer,'  
affirming that the blasted critter got away  
as he came through town with his drove the  
other day and he hadn't seen nothin' on him  
since." The blods denied all knowledge of  
the animal in question, and with much sly  
winking at each other, proceeded to console  
with him on his loss in the most heart-felt  
manner. He watched the game with much  
interest, as he evidently had never seen nor  
heard of anything of the kind before, and  
created much amusement by his demonstra-  
tion of applause when a good shot was made  
—'Jerusalem!' being a favorite interjec-  
tion. At last he made bold to request the  
privilege of trying his skill, when he set the  
crowd in a roar by his awkward movements.  
However he gradually got his hand in and  
played as well as could be expected for a  
greenhorn. All hands now began to praise  
him, which so elated him that he began to  
think himself a second Phelan, and he actu-  
ally offered to bet a dollar with his oppo-  
nent, which of course he lost. The loss and  
the laugh so irritated him that he offered to  
play another game and bet two dollars,  
which he pulled out of a big roll—for it  
seems his cattle sold well, and he was quite  
flush. This bet he also lost, as the fool  
might have known he would, when mad as  
a March hare, he pulled out a fifty spot, the  
largest bill he had and offered to bet that on  
another game. The crowd mustered round  
and raised enough to cover it, and at it they  
went again, which by some strange turn of  
the hand which he had just won against  
another hundred. Of course he couldn't  
blunder into another game, so they could  
now win back what they had lost and fleece  
the fellow of his own roll besides. They  
sent out for a famous player, who happened  
to have money enough to bet with, and an-  
other game was played, which Jonathan al-  
so won. Another hundred was also raised  
and bet and won; and it was not till he had  
blundered through half a dozen games, and  
by some unaccountable run of luck won them  
all, draining the pockets of his opponents of  
some four hundred dollars, that they began  
to smell a very large 'unice.' When every-  
body got tired of playing, Gawkey pulled on his  
frock over his head, took his whip under his  
arm, and walked quietly out, turning round  
at the door, and remarking, 'Gentlemen, if  
you should happen to see anything of that  
steer, I wish you'd just let me know.' At  
last accounts they had not seen the steer, but  
they have come to the conclusion that they  
saw the elephant.

FEMALE INFLUENCE AND ENERGY.

I have noticed that a married man fall-  
ing into misfortune is more apt to retrieve  
his situation in the world than a single one,  
chiefly because his spirits are soothed and  
relieved by domestic endearments and self-  
respect, kept alive by finding that, although  
abroad may be darkness and humiliation,  
yet there is still a little world of love at  
home, of which he is the monarch. Where-  
as, a single man is apt to run to waste and  
self-neglect—to fall to ruin like some desert-  
ed mansion, for want of inhabitants. I have  
often had occasion to remark the fortitude  
with which women sustain the most over-  
whelming reverse of fortune. Those disas-  
ters which break down the spirit of man,  
and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call  
forth all the energies of the other sex, and  
give such intrepidity and elevation to their  
character, that at times it approaches to sub-  
limity. Nothing can be more touching than  
to behold a soft and tender female, who had  
been all weakness and dependence, and alive  
to ever trivial roughness, while treading the  
prosperous path, suddenly rising in mental  
force to be the comforter and supporter of  
her husband under misfortunes, abiding with  
unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of  
adversity. As the vine which has long twin-  
ed its graceful foliage about the oak, and  
has been lifted by his sunshine, will, when  
the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt,  
cling around it with carressing tendrils, and  
bind up its shattered brow, so, too, it is beau-  
tifully ordained by Providence, that woman,  
who is the ornament and dependent of man  
in his happier hours, should be his stay and  
solace when smitten with dire and sudden  
calamity, winding herself into the rugged  
recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting  
his drooping head, and binding up the broken  
heart.—[Washington Irving.]

A GOOD JOKE.

Some twenty years ago, Tom Corwin used  
to tell, with great gusto, the following story:  
In early life—so early that I cannot re-  
member the removal, my father 'pulled  
stakes,' and carrying with him the house-  
hold goods, went from Bourbon county, Ken-  
tucky, where I was born, to Ohio. Notwith-  
standing a rough and tumble struggle with  
the world, he had a hard time to get on,  
owing to a numerous and rapidly increasing  
family. Well family matters had not much  
improved when I had reached my thirteenth  
or fourteenth year.

As this time there lived in the neighbor-  
hood a young man named Pickering. He  
had inherited a well stocked farm, was good-  
looking, and made strong professions of reli-  
gion. This last qualification caused him to  
find peculiar favor in the eyes of my father,  
who always was blinded by professions  
of extra piety.

The fellow had a strong hankering after  
one of my sisters, who was a pretty girl.—  
To her he was peculiarly distasteful. She  
seemed always excessively annoyed at his  
presence. Yet he was ever at her side. She  
dared not dismiss him entirely, for fear of  
paternal anger. Things went on in this  
way for a year or two, and as I partook lar-  
gely of my sister's hatred of him, I resolved  
to get rid of him in some way. I cast about  
for a plan for some time, but nothing occur-  
red that gave me the slightest hope of suc-  
cess.

At last returning home late one summer  
night from the mill, I found the family at  
their nightly devotions. Passing by the win-  
dow of the room in which they were assem-  
bled, I saw that Pickering was there, and  
pretty soon I discovered that he was nod-  
ding, and finally his head dropped. Now  
was my opportunity. I stole slyly into the  
hall, and reaching the hall door, which was  
slightly ajar, and close by where Pickering  
was, on bended knee, I reached in and quick-  
ly pulling his chair from under him, he rolled  
heavily, as a sound sleeper would, upon  
most interminable prayer, and saw the po-  
sition of Pickering the family laughed out-  
right; even my mother smiled.

Pickering endeavored to pick himself up  
as rapidly as possible, but he had touched  
the old man upon his tenderest point. It  
was evident from his rubbing his eyes, that  
he had slept under the old gentleman's min-  
istrations; and had not my father a reputa-  
tion far and wide for the fervency and  
strength of his ministrations, and was not  
Pickering his professing brother? It was  
too much. Slowly yet most dignifiedly did  
my father approach him. 'Begone, hypo-  
crite!' he cried in thunder tone, 'never enter  
my house again.'

Pickering was thunderstruck. He felt  
that he could make no apology which would  
not add to the insult. He had no suspicion  
of the exterior force which had aided him  
in his fall. He at once found his hat, took up  
his line of march, and completely crest-fal-  
len, passed by me as I stood grinning in the  
shadow of the porch.

At a suitable time I entered, got my sup-  
per, was told by a brother in hurried, whis-  
pers what had happened, and then stole off  
to bed, affecting ignorance and laughing  
most heartily, as I encouaged myself in the  
sheets, at the complete success of my plan.

Next day I cautiously imparted my secret  
to my sister. She was in her own room at  
the time, and she threw herself upon the  
bed and rolled in agonies and convulsions of  
laughter. She had been emancipated from  
the attentions of an obnoxious lover. The  
old gentleman did not hear the real state of  
the fact for full twenty years afterwards,  
but when he did he laughed heartily.

FACTS ABOUT CELEBRATED MEN.

Some literary men make good men of busi-  
ness. According to Pope, the principal ob-  
ject of Shakespeare in cultivating literature  
was to secure an honest independence. He  
succeeded so well in the accomplishment of  
this purpose, that, at a comparatively early  
age, he had realized a sufficient competency  
to enable him to retire to his native town of  
Stratford-upon-Avon. Chaucer was in ear-  
ly life a soldier, and afterwards a commis-  
sioner of customs and inspector of woods and  
crown lands. Spenser was secretary to the  
Lord Deputy of Ireland, and is said to have  
been shrewd and sagacious in the manage-  
ment of affairs. Milton was secretary to  
the Council of State during the Common-  
wealth, and gave abundant evidence of his  
energy and usefulness in that office. Sir  
Isaac Newton was a most efficient Master  
of the Mint. Wordsworth was a distributor  
of stamps, and Sir Walter Scott a clerk to  
the Court of Sessions—both uniting a gen-  
ius for poetry with punctual and practical  
habits as men of business. Ricardo was no  
less distinguished as a sagacious banker  
than a lucid expounder of the principles of  
political economy. Grote, the most profound

historian of Greece, is also a London banker.

John Stuart Mill, not surpassed by any liv-  
ing thinker in profundity of speculation,  
lately retired from the examiner's depart-  
ment in the East India Company, with the  
admiration of his colleagues for the rare  
ability with which he had conducted the  
business of the department. Alexander  
Murray, the distinguished linguist, learned  
to write by scribbling his letters on an old  
wool card with the end of a burnt heather-  
stem. Professor Moore, when a young man,  
being too poor to purchase Newton's 'Princi-  
pia,' borrowed the book, and copied the  
whole of it with his own hand. William  
Cobbet made himself master of English  
grammar when he was a private soldier on  
the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of his  
birth, or that of his guard-bed, was his seat  
to study in; a bit of board lying on his  
lap was his writing-table; and the evening  
light of the fire his substitute for candle or  
oil. Even advanced age, in many interest-  
ing cases, has not proved fatal to literary  
success. Sir Henry Spelman was between  
fifty and sixty when he began the study of  
science. Franklin was fifty before he fully  
engaged in the researches in natural philos-  
ophy which have made his name immortal.—  
Boccaccio was thirty-five when he entered up-  
on his literary career; and Alfieri was forty-  
six when he commenced the study of Greek.  
Dr. Arnold learned German at forty, for the  
sake of reading Niebuhr in the original.—  
James Watt, at about the same age, while  
working at his trade of an instrument-maker  
in Glasgow, made himself acquainted with  
French, German, and Italian, in order  
to pursue the valuable works in those lan-  
guages on mechanical philosophy. Handel  
was forty-eight before he published any of  
his great works. Nor are the examples of  
rare occurrence in which apparently natural  
defects, in early life, have been overcome by  
a subsequent devotion to knowledge. Sir  
Isaac Newton, when at school, stood at the  
bottom of the lowermost form but one. Bar-  
row the great English divine and mathema-  
tician, when a boy at the Charter-house

was a grievous dunce. Even Dean Swift made  
a disastrous failure at the university. Sheri-  
dan was presented by his mother to a tutor  
as an incorrigible dunce. Walter Scott was  
a dull boy at his lessons, and while a stu-  
dent at Edinburgh University received his  
sentence from Professor Dalzell, the celebra-  
ted Greek scholar, that 'dunce he was, and  
dunce he would remain.' Catterton was re-  
turned on his mother's hands, as 'a fool, of  
whom nothing could be made.' Wellington  
never gave any indications of talent until  
he was brought into the field of practical ef-  
fort, and was described by his strong-mind-  
ed mother, who thought him little better  
than an idiot, as fit only to be 'fool for pow-  
der.'

LIES.

Lies of action are blood relations to lies  
of speech, and oral lies constitute a small  
share of the falsehood in the world. There  
are lies of custom and of fashion; lies of  
padding and lies of whalebone; lies of the  
first water in diamonds of paste, and un-  
blushing blushes of lies, to which a shower  
would give quite a different complexion;  
the politician's lies, who like a circus rider,  
strides two horses at once; the coquettes  
lies, who, like a professor of legerdemain,  
keeps six plates dancing at a time; lies  
sandwiched between bargains; lies in liv-  
ery behind republican couches, in all the  
pomp of gold bands and buttons; lies of red  
tape and sealing wax; lies from the can-  
non's mouth; lies in the name of glorious  
principles that might make dead heroes  
clatter in their graves; Malakoffs of lies,  
standing upon sacred dust, and lifting their  
audacious pinfles in the light of eternal  
Heaven!

Need we say what an uneasy, slavish van-  
ity it is that which would let a man appear as  
he really is, but makes him afraid of the  
world and himself, and so keeps him per-  
petually at work with subterfuges and  
shame? He is dissatisfied with Nature's  
charter, and so issues false stock. O, how  
much better for himself and the world, for  
a man to be brave and true, what God and  
unavoidable circumstances have made him  
—to come out and dare say, I am poor of  
humble occupation, or don't know much!—  
What cure this ingenuousness would be for  
social rottenness and for financial earth-  
quakes. How much sweeter and purer those  
actual rills of capacity and possession than  
this great brackish river of pretension,  
blown with bubbles, and evaporating with  
gas—how much better than this splendid  
misery, these racks and thumb-screws that  
belong to the inquisition of fashion, and thou-  
sand of shabby things, the shabbiest of all  
beings those to proud to seem just what  
they are.—[E. H. Chapin.]

The world is ruled by three kings—Cash,  
Commerce, and Calico.



# The Bridgton Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, FEB. 3, 1861.

## SELF HELP.

Many persons seem to suppose that they can do anything that they undertake to do. "Perseverantia omnia vincit" is to them just as apparent as anything in the world. Now, it is very laudable to have a noble purpose of your own, and to encourage others by every reasonable hope, to do whatever they undertake; but there are some conditions in life, which certain persons cannot possibly fill.

Children are taught that they can be President, just as well as to raw wood, or shovel mud for shell-fish, if they but "strive." It is, in the first place, physically impossible, and in the next place hugely improbable, and thirdly, foolish and criminal to say it. Students who can even excel in the common studies of the Academies, and Colleges, have constantly an impression that they can become bright and shining lights in some of the learned Professions. Their particular friends have urged them on, until it has become a darling scheme with them to preach, instead of doing something common.

The importance of effort, self-help, is so indiscriminately urged, that it leads thousands to the apparent belief that they can fill and do honor to, any station in life.

Never was a greater mistake. If all men were equally endowed, this might be true—that is, if all men had just so much native talent, cultivated to the same extent, and all of the same quality, then one could accomplish just as much as another—then there would be comparative truth in the vague proposition that labor overcomes all things. But with the facts before us, we cannot look upon all the efforts of men, although laudable in themselves, as founded in good sense or experience.

Self-help, without a legitimate object in view, is one of the most vague things in the world. An effort to do a thing is commendable just so far as the object to be gained is proper and rational. To labor for that meat which endureth to everlasting life, is always the proper object to the good man, for he is eminently entitled to it, and self-help can gain it; but to labor for some learned humbug which proposes to turn base metals into gold, is a crime. So to find what our quality entitles us to, and bend every energy to the conquest is the highest matter of our life; while to strive for place without a due appreciation of ourselves and the work, is one of the stupendous weaknesses of the times. Boys come out of the schools with an imposing conviction resting upon them, that they will very shortly take the whole literary world by storm. They will "beat the world" on the highway to wealth and immortal honor; but it is a part of the solemn history of these times, that while one of that class arrives at any just distinction, the rest bring up on the first quarter of the race-course of Life, a part of them to become "flowers of wood and drawers of water," very respectable notwithstanding, and some few get sick of an ungrateful world and execute the last harsh notes of their existence upon a single string! Who doesn't know that this is true? And why? Because the young men lacked brains to do something? Because they did not apply themselves? No! Because they did not know themselves, but had been humbugged and deluded by the teachings of youth.

Every one of them, in his place, might have been at least, a good citizen—respectable if not great. This same blind zeal enters into the more common walks of life. Certain persons imagine that everybody can be rich. What has made their neighbor rich, ought to make them so. If not, the Fates are against them. Now everybody cannot get rich in the same way at least, any more than everybody can keep a public house.

Trade, like literature, will regulate itself. It needs in all the business of life, more thinking and less agonizing—more common sense and less humbugging.

A week ago, we heard Dr. Holland upon this subject, and although we cannot report that lecture, we wish everybody would read it. As an illustration of the practical working of our extravagant ideas of discipline, "self-help," he invited attention to the lesson of the horse show.

There is the strong and heavy truck-horse, the gentle, thoroughly trained family-horse, the every-day roadster and the finely moulded, "clean limbed" racer. Now, each is exactly fitted for some work; but the American mind is wild over "speed" as almost the only "taking," valuable quality of the horse.

Suppose all of them were to be put under the most approved training with a view to selling them for this quality. What a failure! The heavy truck-horse would pound up his feet and spoil his wind; the family horse, so free and easy for short drives, would get foundered, while only a very few would sell for speed!

Can there be a better illustration of this subject? Training, self-help is one half of the business of life; but manifestly, common sense in the exercise of it, is the other half, and just as important.

The mistake is not in trying to be all we can be, but in trying to be what we can't be. Society is in fault here. It does not honor and sustain those who *plod*, however faithfully. It constantly picks out those who by good fortune have become distinguished, and reckons any position lower, as not very desirable. The honest laborer, whose strong arm and earnest heart have won a station of comfort and respectability,

is not, after all, with certain members of our community, so much admired as he who has made his thousands in a few short years, although he has made a hundred others poor by reason of it.

Whatever a man does honestly and well, is to be adjudged good; and when public opinion will sustain this truth, we need have little fear for the best interests of the world.

## SHARP PRACTICE.

We know a young man, six feet and three inches tall, and, like the favored Captain Jones,

"With a manly breadth of shoulder," whose *forte*, like Gen. Washington's, consists in not being resembled by anybody else to any alarming extent, but who is, on the whole, a downright good citizen.

In his younger days, some more than now, he exhibited an aversion to the hardest kinds of manual labor, although we could not be prevailed upon to wound his feelings by calling him *lazy*.

Perhaps a better specimen of the embryo Yankee was never on exhibition upon this Continent. Rich in natural resources, he occasionally indulged in sharp practice upon the credulous, always coming out first best, and saving himself from the drudgery of life which sometimes hurts the growth of boys. One Summer, some years ago, while everybody was haying, and even every village was visited by the farmers in search of "help," this young man was found on a corner, like Micawber, "waiting for something to turn up."

He looked, physically, as though he might have been "taught in the rudiments of desperate studies," so generously was he proportioned—and then his every motion, so artless and deliberate, marked him as a valuable "field hand." It is little wonder that he struck up a trade with one of the "solid men" of W. to help him do his haying as long as they could agree. They finally agreed upon "fifty cents per day, rain or shine, with Sundays included." The young man walked to his work Friday night; but as the next morning found him somewhat fatigued, his employer kindly forbore to ask him to "take hold" that day. Sunday, of course, they went to church. Monday, as luck would have it, it rained! Fifty cents a day so far. But Tuesday morning came and with it a sky as clear of clouds as though clouds never were. Our hero sat down to breakfast with a troubled spirit. After this was over, he watched the movements preparatory to that long days work beneath a July sun. When the field was gained, before the first stroke of the scythe had fallen, he motioned the "solid" man to him, with the simple remark, "If it doesn't make any material difference to you, I guess I'll quit."

"Sure!" said the weather, and vainly tried to see some way of escape; but there was none. Probably words go only a short distance towards a description of his "feelings," as he pulled out three bright half-dollars and passed them to the youth. Without a word he went to his work, probably with several doubts as to whether Christopher Columbus ought ever to be forgiven for discovering America! You can see them both any day!

"Has Romance a tale more touching?"

It seems that while M. Fiest & Co. have done so many hard jobs for the people in this vicinity, they have been "done" themselves in one instance. The Oxford Democrat tells of this bold investment of the "Brondcloth" swindlers.

M. Fiest & Co., seem to have taken remarkable care to obtain notes against good men only, though even they were taken in one case that has come to our knowledge. In a neighboring town resides two men of the same name, one of whom pays his debts, and the other does when he can. The Fiests called upon the latter, by mistake, and sold him a hundred dollars worth of cloth, taking the customary note. Shortly after, the customer saw Fiest, and was so well pleased with his trade that a bargain was struck for another hundred dollars worth. The family of the poor man is said to be remarkably well clothed this year, but we have not heard that the notes have been collected.

The weather. Was ever anything like it? All snow and cold! Scarcely a bright warm day thus far for the winter. And then the roads! Four feet of snow piled in all imaginable shapes, and full of the most provoking "pitch-poles." It is an awful strain on the spinal column to ride ten miles these days.

It is generally called a time of good breeding, and an evidence of religious martyrdom, to speak well of, and endure all the dispensations of Providence; but we almost grow tired at the prospect, so far as the weather of this season is concerned, and vent our spleen in an "honest growl" at things generally, in this line.

The bill for the increase of the Judges' salary has been refused a passage in our Legislature. We go for the strictest economy in all of our expenditures, but we do think that this salary ought to be raised. It is an important position, laborious and expensive, and ought to be appreciated better than it is by the present pay.

Peterson's Bank Note Detector for February has come to hand. Everybody ought to subscribe for this valuable work. The merchant or other persons who handle money, cannot afford to be without it.

Our friend Hartly is now to be found all times of day and evening at rooms under Old Fellows' Hall, where he will attend to hair cutting and shaving.

THE LYCEUM. We have had something to say upon this subject for several consecutive weeks; but we are afraid it is *done*. The ticket system has worked well as an experiment, but the price was too small for the demands. It has been conducted with the strictest economy, but it has taken individual sacrifice to keep it going. The meeting of Thursday evening last, was, of itself worth the price of tickets for the course. The paper by Mrs. Perry we did not hear through. One or two contributions read while we were there, were really good. The lecture by Mr. Stebbins was simply splendid. This is all we can say about it. We expected a fine thing, and we got it. For the whole community, as well as for ourselves, we tender him the warmest expression of thanks. The declamation by Mr. Chaplin was an exceedingly creditable performance, and warmly applauded. The dissertation by the Editor of the Reporter, lasted some twenty minutes. On the whole, we feel a measure of pride in the fact that we have had so many really good lectures. They have been efforts of more than ordinary character, and cannot fail to reflect credit upon the place, while they have deeply profited the people; and we earnestly and confidently hope that, although they may end here for a season, this enterprise may always be cherished and supported.

PORTLAND BAND CONCERT. Last week we had the pleasure of attending the third concert of the series, given by the Portland Band; and we cannot help speaking of it, partly from our own pleasure, and partly from the pride and interest which we all should have in the important position our State is gaining in the world of Music.

In addition to the Band itself, were the extra attractions of the favorite Pianist of Portland, and Miss Heywood, the well known vocalist from Boston. We have spoken of both of these on another occasion, and although our friend, the Dr. has taken us in hand for it, we still insist upon what we then said, and quietly inform the Dr. that, in our opinion, he is emphatically *human*. He may "do" for a small, harmless journal like the "Courier," but he should be very "costly" as to criticisms upon responsible sheets! (Don't put on the "tremulous" tringle, Dr.)

The whole concert was simply rich. While we are free to confess that the common order of music pleases us better, we admired the fine rendering of the more difficult. We are not exactly a *stranger* to the opera, but it takes the simple, irresistible, bird-like warbling of "Dixie," to make us feel absolutely "extravagant."

The "Theme and Solo" by Cole, was an effort of the "master hand," and indeed the allotted place, of each performer was creditably filled.

We cut from an Exchange, the following natural and sensible remark upon the subject of popular lectures. At this time all of us are interested in the matter, and we give this opinion as worthy of our own, or anybody's respect.

One marked characteristic of the present age is the general diffusion of knowledge. Formerly knowledge was confined to the few, now it extends to the many, in this part of the world at least. People in general hear, read, and think for themselves. This is especially desirable in a country where we are working out the great problem of self-government, for general intelligence is one of the indispensable elements which are necessary to the permanence of free institutions. Every instrumentality, therefore, which is favorable to the general spread of knowledge, should receive the support of the public.

Popular lectures are quite extensively regarded as one of the most efficient instrumentalities for the promotion of this object. At a very trifling expense an individual can attend ten or twelve lectures, prepared by some of the best minds in the country. In a good lecture there is often condensed an amount of information that would require the reading of many volumes to acquire in substance. Attention is often called to subjects comparatively new, and a desire excited to acquire a more minute acquaintance by reading and study. Knowledge communicated by lectures is likely to impress itself deeply on the mind, for the voice, the eye, and the gestures are so many means of producing effect. There is a great difference between a man speaking to us himself, and communicating to us through the medium of the printed page. A course of lectures must be very inferior, in which there is not some one that is amply worth the sum paid for the whole.

The editor of the Bethel Courier got excited about the awful wind of the other night, and in a fit of frenzied emotions pronounced the following terrible rash philippic against it.

Blow away, Old Boreas;  
Blow your brains all out;  
Out with your whistling chorus,  
From your long winded snout.

Strange how that wind, so terrible to him should be the cause of giving us this poetic outbreak! "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

We have received the annual report of the Superintendent of Common Schools. It is a valuable work, rich in general matter as well as the details of our educational system. We hope, on an early occasion, to speak of it more at length, and perhaps give extracts from it, for the benefit of our readers.

We are glad to receive one more communication from our former contributor Leah Lee, and thank her for the kind remembrance.

## THE OLD LOVE SONG.

BY LEAH LEE.

Where shadows leaped from off the reel,  
And danced along the floor,  
A maiden plied her busy wheel,  
Beside the cottage door.

And mingling with its busy whirr,  
Came a glad, gleeful sound,  
Heart-music from the lips of her,  
Who turned the rim around.

And while the thread she dimly draws,  
An old love-song sings she,  
"It is I love my love because,  
I know my love loves me."

Now darker shadows leaped from the reel,  
And crept along the floor,  
Where the same maiden plied her wheel,  
Beside the cottage door.

The spindle to the rim complains,  
In a low monotone,  
And back the rim it refrains,  
"Gone, the heart-music, gone."

For the old love-song has forgot,  
To mingle with its whirr,  
Though the maiden loves, but not,  
Because her love loves her.

SPECIAL NOTICE. The closing of the books of subscription in the Cosmopolitan Art Association, is postponed till April 18th, 1861, on account of the unusual state of the country. Let those interested take notice. We hope, as usual, our friends will be interested in this splendid offer, and give their names to the enterprise. Subscriptions received at this office.

We hope that the generous expressions of interest in the further continuance of the Lyceum, are not to be practically ignored by our people. Cannot we have some generous aid in the matter, by a levee or something of the kind? Who will lead?

The Chicago Tribune furnishes the following intelligence from Tennessee:

An intelligent gentleman recently for some weeks a sojourner in Tennessee, assures us that the people of the North have no idea of the extent to which military preparations are being carried on in the South, and in the result of his own observations in Tennessee. The entire white adult population seem to have given themselves up to the bearing arms and practicing with the same, to the abandonment of their ordinary pursuits. Companies of cavalry are being widely organized and thoroughly drilled. In one place he visited he was a witness at the field day of a corps of forty young men, each armed with the Maynard rifle, and giving proof of excellent marksmanship in their rifled target. One sentiment and note of at least preparation pervades the entire community over every thing else. These are the observations freshly recorded of a citizen of Illinois just returned from the vicinity of Memphis, having back to our own country, and almost incredible.

DESCRIPTION OF CHARLESTON. Charleston is an old fashioned city, still preserving much of the aspect of colonial times. The houses seem anxious to put on as ancient a look as possible, as if in deference to the unprogressive spirit of the place; and in the more aristocratic quarter they are generally built apart, surrounded by gardens or walks, walled in from curious eyes. A peep inside reveals glimpses of old brick mansions with stone dressings, and broad stone steps leading up to a central door. Later additions built in accordance with modern ideas, seem strangely incongruous. As each private house of any pretension endeavors to differ in appearance with its neighbor, they have a diversified aspect by no means classical. The churches are the most costly and solid looking of any in the Atlantic States. The business parts of the city reminds one of parallel localities in New York, though now, unfortunately, the signs of business are but few. The houses are of every tint, and the individuality of the owners is impressed upon wood, brick and imitation marble. A bank built like a Doric Temple, has for its next neighbor, a rival in the shape of a miniature Moorish palace. The signs are quaint and attractive, save here and there the inscriptions, "Slaves for sale here."

DECAY OF IDOLATRY IN INDIA. A traveller from Madras to Jaffa states that but few of the heathen Temples he passed were in good order—those regularly repaired and used, are comparatively few. Many of the Temples are gradually going to ruin—towers, walls and rooms, where the idols sit, are broken; many of the idols, that were formerly carried with great pomp and parade, are now resting in their places with no one to wipe or clean them. Many idol cars, once drawn with great pomp and parade, are so neglected that they can only be used for fuel. The impression is steadily gaining ground among the people, that their idol system has had its day, and that the religion of the gospel will eventually fill the whole land.

A singular occurrence took place at a session of the Supreme Judicial Court in Machias, last week. The jury came in and rendered a verdict for defendant in a case. The Clerk read the document, and when he put the question "So say you all," one of the jurors said "No," and stated to the Court that he had agreed upon a verdict in order to relieve a brother juror who was taken ill, but that he would not agree to give the case to the defendant. Judge Cutting rebuked him severely, discharged him from serving further, and fined him an amount equal to the sum due him for his services. A record was made on the docket that the jury could not agree, and the case was continued.

SINGULAR CASE OF DISEASE. Emma Jane Cooper, who died at Dover, Vt. last Saturday, at the age of fourteen, was at the age of eleven as large as girls usually are for her years. About that time the growth of her body was arrested from deficient nutrition, but the development of her mental powers continued until her disease. What occasioned this lack of sufficient nutrition was more than her physicians were to discover. The amount of food she was able to consume gradually diminished, until for nearly a year she has been unable to take any solid food, and for three months previous to her death she lived on two spoonfuls of butter-milk or whey per day. She died of emaciation and so reduced was her body that it weighed only 39 pounds.

GENERAL JACKSON'S WILL. In June 1843, General Jackson in his retirement to the Hermitage, wrote his will with his own hand. In it among other bequests, are two which ought, at this time be published for present reading. These sentiments therein expressed, in this solemn document, evince more than Roman patriotism and should sink deep into the hearts of the people. Here is the literal language of the illustrious deed:—

7th.—I bequeath to my beloved nephew, Andrew J. Donelson, son of Samuel Donelson, deceased, the elegant sword presented to me by the State of Tennessee, with this injunction: That he fail not to use when necessary in support and protection of our glorious Union; and the protection of the constitutional rights of our beloved country, should they be assailed by foreign enemies or "domestic traitors."

8th.—To my grand nephew, Andrew Jackson Coffee, I bequeath the elegant sword presented to me by the rifle company of New Orleans, commanded by Capt. Beal, as a memento of my regard, and to bring to his recollection the gallant services of his deceased father, Gen. John Coffee, in the late Indian and British war, under my command, and his gallant conduct in defence of New Orleans in 1814-15, with this injunction: That he wield it in the protection of the American citizen under our glorious Constitution against all invaders, whether foreign foes, or intestine traitors.

FROM THE SOUTH.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4. The Convention of Delegates have held their session to-day with closed doors. Mr. Wright, of Ohio, was appointed temporary chairman. Ex-President Tyler will be President of the Convention.

The delegates here are from Virginia, Ky., Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Delaware and Maryland—ten States.

The Virginia Commissioners held a caucus last night, and determined that the sessions of the Convention be secret, as best calculated to promote the object in view.—The Virginians also determined to demand full equality, or in other words the protection of slavery in the territory hereafter acquired. This is their *sine qua non*, and if it be not granted, they will then arrange for a peaceful separation. The Convention will not demand the removal of troops from Washington, but Virginia will concentrate a large force at Alexandria, to be ready in case of the secession of the slave States.

A majority of the Northern delegates are in favor of compromise, and many people express the hope of a speedy settlement by this means, while others affirm that the imperious demands of the South can never be submitted to.

New York, Feb. 4. The store ship Supply has arrived, 19 days from Pensacola. Among her passengers are Mrs. Slimmer and the wives and children of other officers of Fort Pickens, and several navy officers.

Also a number of employees of the Navy Yard, 9 invalids from the Navy Hospital, 27 ordinary men from do., and 84 marines from the Marine Barracks. The above were on parole after the capture of the Hospital quarters and Barracks. They were taken off under a flag of truce.

The Himalaya Mountains, I beheld a species of tight-rope performances which might bring the color into M. Blondin's cheeks.—The rope extended from an eminence on the hill-side above the village, over a ravine and down a green knoll in the fields below, and was drawn as tight as several hundred men with their united strength could effect. They had just finished stretching it when we arrived, and I could scarcely believe a man was actually going to slide down it, the feat appeared so utterly impracticable with any chance of safety. Imagine a rope extended from the top of a rock at least 500 feet high to a pole some 2000 feet (considerably over one-third of a mile) from its base, and some idea may be formed of the undertaking.

A great concourse of people of both sexes were assembled, all in their holiday garb, and the man who was to slide down several times round at the end of a long plank fixed on an upright pole as a pivot. Every few moments he called some person among the crowd by name, and swinging round several times to the individual's honor, received from him a trifling gratuity. He no sooner noticed me than I was included in this category, and being told it was in no way a religious ceremony, I gave him a rupee. When this was over, he was escorted to the eminence above, amid the loud lamentations of his family and the discordant music of the village band. With a glass I saw him placed on a kind of saddle on the rope, two individuals busied in fastening something to his legs, which I saw afterward were bags filled with earth. The spectators among whom I stood, were assembled in groups near the pole, to which the lower part of the rope was attached, all intently watching for the descent. Presently he was let go, and came down several hundred yards with terrible velocity, a stream of smoke following in his wake. As he approached us, the incline being gradually diminished, his career was less rapid, and became slower and slower toward the end, where the rope being sufficiently near the ground, he was taken down, amid the shouts and congratulations of the villagers. [Ramble in the Himalayas.]

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT. A terrible accident occurred at Brookline, N. H., on Wednesday, by which four lives were lost. It seems that in consequence of the weight of the snow which had accumulated on the dwelling house of a Mr. Gilson, the timbers gave way, and the snow, and broken timbers and boards, descended with a terrible crash to the basement. Mr. and Mrs. Gilson and two daughters were killed by the fall.—[N. H. Telegraph.]

Texas is destined to be one of the most prosperous agricultural States of the Union. Her soil is rich, and capable of producing crops of all kinds in the greatest quantity. The people have suffered with drought the past season, but this does not happen every year. Stock and sheep raising are the most profitable pursuits. The climate of Texas is very healthy, and consumption is rare in that State. The State is very prosperous, and many railroads are in course of construction.

We learn that the depth of snow in New Hampshire at the present time is almost unparalleled. Measurements made of the quantity fallen up to the present time show that in all there has been about seventy inches. Traveling is greatly impeded.

Ezra Stevens of West Paris and another man, secured twelve fine deer in six days in the Wild river country recently. They took four in one day near the Glen House.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA. The elephants roam in herds throughout Eastern Africa, and frequent the low, moist ground where vegetation is plentiful. To hunt the magnificent beast, is, with the African, an enterprise of solemn moment. He forms himself with charms prescribed by the medicine man, who also trains him to use his weapons. The elephant spear resembles a boarding pike. It is about six feet long, with a broad, tapering head cut away at the shoulders, and supported by an iron neck in a thick wooden handle, the junction being secured by a cylinder of raw hide from a cow's tail. The hunting party consists of fifteen to twenty persons, who proceed to sing and dance, to drink and drum, for a week together. The men form in line and march through the village, each striking an iron hoe with a large steel which forms a sonorous accompaniment, the howls and trills of joys. As each of the dancer swings herself elephant-like to side to side, tossing her head backward, a violence which threatens dislocation, she is held by a fugal-woman on the line who holds two hoes in each hand, but not drum, stopping before each Arab where beds may be expected, and performing the most hideous contortions and grotesque maneuvers, in imitation of the various animals. After the labor, the ladies address themselves to their stam beer, and re-appear in four or five hours with a tell-tale stagger and a loosened limb which add a peculiar charm to their gesticulations. This merry making is attended as a consolation for the pains which the wife of the elephant hunter endures during his absence. She is placed under the severest restriction. She abstains from good food, handsome cloth, and fumigation. She must not leave the hut and if the hunt goes wrong, the blame sure to fall on her long-suffering shoulders. Meanwhile, the men, who at least are far gone as their wives, run round a large drum, with the exit of dancing, leaping, and beating it with sticks or fists, and the accompaniment of a rude guitar, and shrill fife or goat's horn gives the faring touch to the completeness of the hunt. When thoroughly drenched with drink, the hunters set out early in the morning, carrying live brands of fire, which they ply to their mouths to keep out the cold. The great art of the elephant hunter is to separate a tusker from the herd without exciting suspicion, and to form a circle round the victim. The first spear is thrown by medicine man, whose example is followed by the rest. The weapons are not poison, but prove fatal by a succession of wounds. The baited animal seldom breaks through the circle of his assailants. His proverbial obstinacy, after charging man, who steps away, while another, with loud scream, thrusts the long shaft spear, to its hind quarters, it turns fiercely to the fugitive to the fresh antagonist. In the battle rages, until the elephant, both breath and heart, attempts to escape. Its enemies then renew their efforts, and length the huge prey, overcome by pain and the loss of blood, which flows from a hundred gashes, is forced to bite the dust. The victors celebrate their triumph with song and dance. They then cut out the tusks, small, sharp axes, and devour the rich marrow on the spot. The hunt concludes with a grand feast of fat and garbage, and the hunters return home laden with ivory, and with a long piece of—Burton's Africa Discoveries.

"OLD PUT" FRIGHTENED. It is generally supposed that Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary memory, was a pretty brave man. His descent into the wolf's den, of his escape from the British down the stone stair at Jorsecneck, and his duel with the British, sitting upon a keg of onion seed, was supposed to be powder, are well remembered. A correspondent of the New Courier, however, says that "Old Put," as he was, got thoroughly frightened in his life. It was in this wise:

"It is very generally known that a rattlesnake that has been recently killed, without dislocating any part, will on being lifted by the tail, recoil in such manner as to strike its head against the hand. When Putnam was alive, and lived in Pomfret, some one caught a rattlesnake, and gave an opportunity to all that came up to test their courage, but none stood the test a first trial, as they saw the head slowly rising, and before it touched the hand, the were sure to let it drop quick. Soon Putnam was seen to approach, and every one thought that he would not flinch, as his courage was well known. Being invited to try it, after suspiciously eyeing the reptile, he took hold and raised it steadily, slowly, but no sooner had its weight fairly left the ground, than up came the head, and down dropped the snake! A little discomfited, the laughter which followed the natural pulse that forced him to quit his hold, he again seized the tail, and held on till the head simply touched his hand, when he dropped it again, like a red hot iron, amid the loud guffaws of the spectators. Probably his courage never had a severer test than had on that occasion. Such is the story current among the old men of Pomfret in the adjoining towns."

PROVERBS WORTH PRESERVING. He that is too good for advice is too good for his neighbor's company.

Death is the only master who takes his servants without a character.

When pride and poverty marry, their children are want and crime.

He that borrows binds himself with his neighbor's rope.

Where hard work kills ten, idleness kills a hundred.

Hasty people drink the wine of life sailing hot.

The firmest friends ask the fewest favors. Content is the mother of good digestion. Folly and pride walk side by side.

The English papers claim a right to navigate the Mississippi which they saycession cannot abrogate. By the treaty of Paris signed on the 30th November, 1763, it was stipulated that "the navigation of the Mississippi, from its source to the ocean, shall forever remain free and open to the subjects of Great Britain and the citizens of the United States."

Amos A. Lawrence sent the American flag in which the Boston petition was wrapped when it was presented to the House to the editor of the Richmond Whig, who says he shall display it as an emblem of good will from the old Bay State to Virginia.

Mrs. Sally Peters, a colored woman belonging in Warren, started from Thomaston for her home in the storm of the 16th ult. and perished in the snow within half a mile of her residence.

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MISCELLANY.

WAS THINKING, ONLY THINKING.

I was thinking, only thinking  
Of the moments fitting on  
Bearing with them faithful records  
Of our actions every one;

And my thoughts are roving sadly  
To a fair and sunny brow,  
That in after years grew shaded  
With the grief that binds it now.

I was thinking, only thinking  
Of a fair and blue-eyed boy  
Who was wed to strange deception,  
Through his parent's only joy;

On he went from truth to error,  
Madly rushing into crime;  
On the gallows soon expiring,  
Dying ere in manhood's prime!

I was thinking, only thinking  
Of his mate, a boy of truth,  
Now a grave and honored statesman—  
This the promise of his youth.

I was thinking, only thinking  
Of a maiden loved too well;  
To the tempter's wiles she listened;  
And from virtue darkly fell;

Fell and midnight closed around her,  
Dark with sorrow, sin and shame;  
O! that angels bright had found her  
Ere her soul grew dark with blame!

Oae there was too bright and lovely  
For this everchanging world;  
Looed her skiff from times short moorings,  
And, with all its sails unfurled,

Started o'er the "mystic river,"  
To the shores of endless bloom;  
Where her spirit dwells in Heaven,  
Far beyond the early tomb.

As I'm sitting in the twilight,  
One I see with wistful look;  
Early yet to him she listened,  
Who hath whispered, "feed my flock."

All her heart she gave to Jesus,  
Proved Him sinner's faithful friend,  
Like a lamb in humble meekness,  
Reaping treasures without end.

I was thinking, only thinking  
Of a youth with snow-white hands;  
Now a man with Christian helpmeet,  
Breaks his bread in heathen lands.

Sowing seed broadcast to sinners,  
Who the gospel never knew;  
Laying treasures up in heaven,  
While their work they still pursue.

Thus I'm thinking, only thinking,  
Thinking o'er the checkered past;  
Many scenes of joy and sadness  
Rise like pictures and at last;

And my heart is filled with sorrow,  
Looking o'er these dying years,  
All so changed, so sadly changing,  
Thinking scarce will stay my tears.

Now I'm thinking, only thinking  
Of a glorious land above,  
Where we'll meet in ripe affection,  
Folded in the arms of love.

[Waverly Magazine.]

WE CANNOT LIVE ALONE.

Man sees the face of brother man,  
In every clime and zone;  
And waver where'er we can,  
We cannot live alone.

From subject in his lowly cot,  
To king upon his throne,  
It matters not what is our lot,  
We cannot live alone.

When our best friends have passed away,  
Then we are sure to mourn;  
And care no longer here to stay,  
We cannot live alone.

Our love must find its other love,  
Some friend to call our own;  
If not on earth, then far above,  
We cannot live alone.

Honesty is sometimes well rewarded. At  
Dover, lately, an elderly gentleman at a  
large hotel left his purse under his pillow  
in the morning, and returning for it met the  
chambermaid (in her teens) who was seeking  
him to restore it. He informed the finder  
that he would not forget her, and then re-  
tired. While the finder of the purse was in  
the act of commenting rather harshly on the  
absence of prompt generosity in its owner,  
the ringing of a bell summoned her to an  
interview with the gentleman. He offered her  
his hand and fortune, which she accepted,  
and a few days since obtained, as the reward  
of her honesty, a husband.

An itinerant phrenologist stopped at a  
rustic farm-house, the proprietor of which  
was busily engaged in threshing.

"Sir, I am a phrenologist. Would you  
like me to examine the heads of your child-  
ren, I will do it cheap."

"Wall," said the farmer, pausing between  
the strokes, "I rather guess they don't need  
it. The old woman combs them with a fine  
tooth come once a week."

"Mother shouldn't be surprised if Susan  
gets choked some day."

"Why, my son?"

"Because John Wipey twisted his arms a-  
round her neck the other night, and if she  
had not kissed him to let her go he would  
have strangled her."

Unsocial old Saarl says that love is a  
combination of disease—an affection of the  
heart, and an inflammation of the brain.

If you are looking at a picture, you try to  
give it the advantage of a good light. Be as  
courteous to your fellow-creatures as you are  
to a picture.

A little fellow one day nonplussed his  
mother by making the following inquiry:—  
"Mother, a man is a mister, ain't a woman  
a misery?"

There are some weaknesses peculiar to  
generous characters, as freckles are to a fair  
skin.

The simplicity which takes every shum  
for a reality is least preferable to that ex-  
cessive knowings which sees in every re-  
ality a sham.

RUFUS GIBBS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

BED BLANKETS

—AND—

FLANNELS,

SUCH AS

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Superfine WITNEY  
BLANKETS;  
12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Witney BLANKETS;  
12, 11 & 10-4 Swiss Blankets.

CRIB AND BERTH BLANKETS.

4-4 SHAKER AND DOMET FLANNELS.

Horse Blankets

YANKEE BROADCLOTH.

Also, dealer in  
Dry Goods,  
WEST INDIA GOODS.

GROCERIES.

of every description

All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted  
in exchange for Goods.

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

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE subscriber hereby gives  
notice that he continues to  
manufacture Boots & Shoes  
of every description, at his  
old stand at North Bridgton,  
where may be found a general assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

He also has the right, and manufactures  
MITCHELL'S PATENT  
Metallic Tip Boots and Shoes,

for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples  
Waterford, Sweden, Lovell and Fryeburg,  
and will be happy to furnish those in want of  
anything in his line.

Orders filled with as much dispatch as the  
nature of the business will admit.

JAMES WEBB.  
No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858.

Custom Work.

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

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING,  
for either men, women or children.  
Work respectfully solicited.  
Bridgton Center, Sept. 2, 1859.

MRS. L. E. GRISWOLD

WOULD respectfully invite the attention  
of the Ladies to her NEW and SPLEEN-  
DID assortment of the latest and most fash-  
ionable styles of

MILLINERY

AND  
FANCY GOODS,  
—consisting of—

HATS, BONNETS, BONNET SILKS,  
AND RIBBONS;

French and American Flowers,  
Ruchés, Gloves, Hosiery,  
DRESS TRIMMINGS, &c.

Bonnets and Hats Bleached & Pressed.  
Rooms opposite L. Billings' Store.  
Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860. t23

S. M. HAYDEN,

—DEALER IN—  
BOOKS, STATIONERY,  
FANCY GOODS

AND  
CUTLERY.

Also, DRUGS, CHEMICALS,  
and most of the  
POPULAR MEDICINES  
of the day.

PURE WINES  
for medicinal and medicinal purposes.

BRIDGTON CENTER.

BOURBON ELIXIR.

THE proprietor intrusts his Elixir to the  
public with a positive knowledge that it  
will perform all that he claims for it. He  
did not originate it for the sake of having  
something to sell, but to cure himself of Dys-  
pepsia, and Sore Throat, of years standing—  
He succeeded completely in doing so, and,  
now, after having established its remarkable  
curative power beyond a doubt, by its use in  
a great variety of other cases, with equal suc-  
cess, he offers it to the public for the relief of  
the suffering.

Try it ye gloomy and desponding, there is  
Health and happiness in store for you yet.

IT CURES DYSPEPSIA;  
IT CURES CONSUMPTION;  
IT CURES SORE THROAT;  
IT CURES A SLUGGISH LIVER

It strengthens and regenerates the Enfeebled  
System; And there is no medicine known that  
scarcely fails to do so much good, that adds  
so much health, vigor and life to the Blood  
and Vital Forces of the system as the Bourbon  
Elixir.

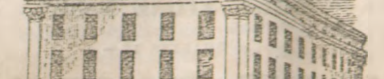
For sale in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden.  
Prepared and sold by W. A. Sleeper, Nashua,  
N. H. 51 ly.

Attention

is called to a prime lot of  
FAMILY GROCERIES,  
NOW in store which will be sold for the  
lowest possible prices. I shall henceforth keep a  
first class quality and a prime assortment of  
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,  
STATIONERY,  
AND PATENT MEDICINES,  
which will be sold for a small advance on the  
cost. Also, a large quantity and  
prime assortment of  
Confection  
AND FANCY GOODS.  
REUBEN BAILL.  
Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860. 23tr

Take Them and Live.

NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.



HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILL.

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

Herrick's Kid Strengthening Plaster.

These renowned Plasters cure pains, weak-  
ness and distress in the back, sides & breast,  
in five hours. Indeed, so certain are they, and  
do this, that the Proprietor warrants them. Spread  
from resins, balsams and gums, and  
beautiful Kid leather, renders them peculiarly  
adapted to the wants of females and others.  
Each plaster will wear from one to four  
months, and in rheumatic complaints, sprains  
and bruises, from which no cure can be had by  
other remedies failed. Full directions will be  
found on the back of each. Public speakers,  
vocalists, ministers of the Gospel and others,  
will strengthen their lungs and im-  
prove their voices by wearing them on the  
breast. PRICE 18-3-4 CENTS.

Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catarrh Snuff

Has obtained an enviable reputation in the  
cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Wat-  
ery and Inflamed Eyes, and those disor-  
derable noises, resembling the whizzing of  
steam, distant waterfalls, etc., which are  
terrible to the afflicted. It is a sneezing snuff it cannot  
be equalled. BOXES 25 CENTS.

HARVEL'S CONDITION POWDERS.

These old established Powders, so well  
known at the Long Island Race Course, N. Y.,  
and sold in immense quantities through-  
out the Middle and Eastern States for the past  
several years, continue to excel all other kind  
of Harvel's Powders, and their ex-  
cellence is acknowledged everywhere. They  
contain nothing injurious, the animal can be  
worked while feeding them; ample direc-  
tions go with each package, and good horse-  
men are invited to test their virtues and  
judge of their value.

LARGE PACKAGE, 25 CENTS.

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

HERRICK & CO.,  
Practical Chemists Albany, N. Y.  
Sold in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden. 1y39

MOFFAT'S

Life Pills and Phenix Bitters.

THESE MEDICINES have now been be-  
fore the public for more than thirty  
YEARS, and during that time have maintain-  
ed a high character in almost every part of  
the Globe, for their extraordinary and im-  
mediate power of restoring perfect health to  
persons suffering under nearly every kind of  
disease to which the human frame is liable.

Their use is a cure in a surprising  
variety of human diseases in which the

VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES

Are well known to be infallible.

DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the  
first and second stomachs, and creating a  
flow of pure healthy blood, and the  
stale and acid blood, FLATULENCY, LOSS OF  
APETITE, HEADACHE, RESTLESS-  
NESS, ILL-TEMPER, ANXIETY, LANGOR,  
AND MELANCHOLY, which are the general sym-  
ptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural  
consequence of its use.

COSTIVENESS, by cleansing the whole  
length of the intestines with a solvent pro-  
cess, and without violence; all violent pur-  
ges leave the bowels costive within two days.

FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the  
blood to a regular circulation, through the  
process of respiration in such cases, and the  
thorough solution of all intestinal obstruc-  
tion in others.

The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to  
cure RHEUMATISM permanently in three  
weeks, and GOUT in half that time, by re-  
moving local inflammation from the muscles  
and ligaments of the joints.

DROPSIES of all kinds, by freeing and  
strengthening the kidneys and bladder, they  
operate most delightfully on these important  
organs, and hence have ever been found a  
certain remedy for the worst cases of GRAV-  
EL.

Also WORMS, by dislodging from the turn-  
ings of the bowels the slimy matter to which  
the creatures adhere.

SURVIV, ULCERS AND INVETERATE  
SORES, by the perfect purity which these  
LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood, and all  
the humors.

SCORBUIC Eruptions and BAD  
COMPLEXIONS, by their alternate effect up-  
on the fluids that feed the skin, and the mor-  
bid state of which occasions all eruptive  
complaints, scaly, cloudy, and other disagree-  
able complexion.

The use of these Pills for a very short time  
will effect an entire cure of SALT RHEUM,  
and a striking improvement in the clearness  
of the skin. COMMON COLDS AND INFLU-  
ENZA will always be cured by one dose, or  
by two in the worst cases.

PILES.—The original proprietors of these  
Medicines were cured of Piles, of 35 years  
standing by the use of the LIFE MEDICINES  
alone.

FEVER AND AGUE.—For this scourge of  
the Western country, these Medicines will be  
found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy—  
Other medicines have been used, but they have  
a return of the disease—a cure by these Medi-  
cines is permanent—TRY THEM, BE SATIS-  
FIED, AND BE CURED.

BILIOUS FEVERS AND LIVER COM-  
PLAINTS.—General Debility, LOSS OF  
APETITE AND DISEASES OF FEMALES—the  
beneficial results in cases of this description—  
King's Evil, and SCROFULA, in its worst  
forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of  
these remarkable medicines. NIGHT SWEATS,  
NERVOUS DEBILITY, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS  
of all kinds. PALPITATION OF THE HEART,  
PAINFUL URINE, are speedily cured.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Persons  
whose constitutions have become impaired by  
the injudicious use of MERCURY, will find  
these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never  
fail to eradicate from the system, all the ef-  
fects of Mercury, infinitely superior to the  
most powerful preparations of Sarsaparilla.

Prepared and sold by N. B. MOFFAT,  
333 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 3y3

Health and Happiness

SECURED.

THE CONCENTRATED CURE  
THE CONCENTRATED CURE  
A POWERFUL REMEDY  
A POWERFUL REMEDY

FOR WEAKNESS  
FOR WEAKNESS  
FOR EARLY INDISCRETION  
FOR EARLY INDISCRETION

TRY IT! TRY IT!  
TRY IT! TRY IT!

The Concentrated Cure!

A CERTAIN AND POWERFUL REMEDY FOR  
WEAKNESS OF THE  
PROCREATIVE ORGANS.

It is prepared by  
AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN OF THIS CITY,  
And has long been known here as  
THE ONLY REMEDY

That would surely and permanently restore  
to a Natural State of Health and Vigor,  
persons weakened by excess, or by  
THE INDISCRETIONS OF EARLY YOUTH.

Although not many months have elapsed  
since it was first generally introduced, by  
means of extensive advertising, it is now cur-  
ing a vast number of

THE UNFORTUNATE!  
Who have been led to  
MAKE A TRIAL OF ITS VIRTUES,  
are rapidly recovering their woe-  
HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

This preparation is NOT A STIMULANT, BUT  
A PURELY MEDICINAL REMEDY.  
The afflicted are invited to try it.

IT WILL SURELY CURE.  
Send for a Circular first, read it carefully,  
and then you will send for the medicine.

Price per Vial, One Dollar.  
Can be sent by mail. One vial will last a  
month.

K. CRUGER, AGENT.  
No. 742 Broadway N. Y.

A PLEASANT STIMULANT,  
For the GENITAL ORGANS can be obtained by  
sending \$5 to the Agent as above.

SENT FREE BY MAIL.  
Circulars or medicines can be procured of  
Druggists everywhere. ALDEN & CO., Ban-  
gor June 29th/54

DR. MOTT'S

CHALYBEATE  
RESTORATIVE  
PILLS OF IRON.

An aperient and Stomachic preparation of  
IRON purified of Oxygen and Carbon by  
combustion in Hydrogen. Sanctioned by the  
highest Medical Authorities, both in Europe  
and the United States and prescribed in  
their practice.

The experience of thousands daily proves  
that no preparation of Iron can be compar-  
ed with it. Impurities of the blood, depre-  
sion of vitality, general debility, and other-  
wise complexions indicate its necessity in  
almost every conceivable case.

Innoxious in all maladies in which it has  
been tried, it has proved absolutely curative  
in each of the following complaints, viz:

In Debility, Nervous Affections, Scrofula,  
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhea,  
Dysentery, Incipient Consumption, Scrofula  
Tuberculosis, Salt Rheum, Mucous  
Whitish, Chlorosis, Liver Complaints,  
Chronic Headaches, Rheumatism, Intermit-  
tent Fevers, Pimples on the Face, &c.

In cases of General Debility, whether  
the result of acute disease, or of the contin-  
ued diminution of nervous and muscular en-  
ergy from chronic complaints, one trial of  
this restorative has proved successful to an  
extent which no description nor written at-  
testation would render credible. Invalids  
so long bedridden as to have been forgot-  
ten in their own neighborhoods, have sud-  
denly re-appeared in the busy world as if  
just returned from protracted travel in a dis-  
tant land. Some very signal instances of  
this kind are attested of female Sufferers,  
emaciated victims of apparent marasmus,  
sanguineous exanthema, critical changes,  
and that complication of nervous and dys-  
peptic aversion to air and exercise for which  
the physician has no name.

In NERVOUS AFFECTIONS of all kinds, and  
for reasons familiar to medical men, the op-  
eration of this preparation of iron must nec-  
essarily be salutary; for, unlike the old  
ides, it is vigorously tonic, without being ex-  
citing and overloading; and gently, regu-  
larly apparent, even in the most obstinate  
cases of costiveness without ever being a gas-  
tric purgative, or inducing a disagreeable  
sensation.

It is this latter property, among others,  
which makes it so remarkably effectual and  
permanent a remedy for Piles, upon which  
it also appears to exert a distinct and spe-  
cific action, by dispersing the local tendency  
which forms them.

In Dyspepsia innumerable as are its cures,  
a single box of these Chalybeate Pills  
has often sufficed for the most habitua  
cases, including the attendant Costiveness.

In unchecked DIARRHŒA, even when  
advanced to DYSENTERY, confirmed, emaci-  
ating, and apparently malignant, the effects  
have been equally decisive and astonishing.

In the local pains, loss of flesh and  
strength, which generally indicate INCIPENT  
CONSUMPTION, this remedy has allayed the  
alarm of friends and physicians, in several  
very gratifying and interesting instances.

In Scrophulous TUBERCULOSIS, the indi-  
cated iron has had far more than the good  
effect of the most cautiously balanced pre-  
parations of iodine, without any of their well  
known liabilities.

The attention of females cannot be too  
confidentially invited to this remedy and re-  
storative, in the cases peculiarly affecting them.

In RHEUMATISM, both Chronic and inflam-  
matory—in the latter, however, more decid-  
edly—it has been invariably well reported,  
both as alleviating pain and reducing the  
swellings and stiffness of the joints and mus-  
cles.

In INTERMITTENT FEVERS it must neces-  
sarily be a great remedy and energetic res-  
torative, and its progress in the new settle-  
ments of the West, will probably be one of high  
renewal and usefulness.

No remedy has ever been discovered in the  
whole history of medicine, which exerts such  
prompt, happy, and fully restorative effect.  
Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid ac-  
quisition of strength, with an usual disposi-  
tion for active and cheerful exercise, imme-  
diately follow its use.

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