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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness cheapness, and despatch.

ABIEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland,

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

I was on a visit, not long since, to a friend of mine, who still in the unimpaired maturity of life, is surrounded by grown and growing children. Her summer residence is in the neighborhood of a thickly populated village, and being a 'most gracious lay-die,' she is sometimes rather over visited by her social neighbors. We had one of those occurrences, which in June, give such an out-door freshness and fragrance, and always an in-door security—a rainy day. Days of rural dissipation, of rides, drives, walks and pic-nics had preceded it, and an immense batch of sewing had accumulated in my friend's work-basket, She called us all about her, and gave to each one an appropriate task. I took a pile of stockings, whose 'window'd raggedness' was to me a storied record of our scrambles through the rocky beds of brooks and up the tangled mountain sides. On Clara devolved the task of 'hook and eyeing,' as she called it, and little Lilly was to replace the missing strings.

'You are good for nothing at the needle, Anne,' said her mother.

'Least in mamma's kingdom of heaven,' interposed Anne Reyburn, with an arch smile.

The mother returned a smile, as she said, 'You don't deserve for that, the pleasure I had allotted you; but it does not signify—people seldom get their desserts in this world. so, Miss Anne, you may read to us while we work. There is Boswell's Johnson on the table—a delightful book for social reading. Open where you may, you cannot fail to fall on something agreeable.'

We were soon arranged for our morning's business, and a lovlier household group than the mother and trite descriptions of matrons, 'fair, fat and forty,' indicated health and produced by a wise simplicity of living, by the most beneficent disposition and the sweetest serenity of temper; and the 'forty' was forty years of sunshine with only just so much of clouds as is necessary to keep frail human virtue alive and vigorous. Mrs. Reyburn sat, generously filling her commodious sewing chair, with her huge work basket on the table before her; Anne gracefully lounged on the sofa with her book; and the younger girls, their faces bright with thoughtless smiles,' sat on their chairs with their pretty work-boxes, and sewing implements beside them. The door opened into the garden, fresh and flowery in its young June beauty; the rain patted musically on the door-step, and the sweet-briar, honey-suckle and mignonette sent in to us their exquisite odors. When the sky brightened for a moment, the robins swelled their throats; but the clouds dropping down the distant mountain's side, insured the continuance of the morning's rain, and we began our business with that placid contentment which comes of having no thought, project, temptation or desire beyond the present moment.

Anne Reyburn was just nineteen. Hardly any one saw her for the first time without, 'how like her mother!' and to a slight observation there was but little difference but that of age—in the daughter, the fervid and sterling charm of the morning—in the mother, the more subdued beauty of the advancing day; but on a study, Anne revealed feelings of greater depth than her mother's, and a more impulsive gush, liable, too, to find their way in more uncertain and more devious channels; a character better fitted to modify circumstances than to be modified by them.

My friend influenced the formation of her children's characters rather by the atmosphere of affection and kindness with which she surrounded herself, than by any direct authority upon them. This is an admirable and sufficient agent, with gentle and pliant materials. Anne has one of those strong characters, that must do for itself the hardest work of education; the training of feeling, the subduing of passion, the maturing of reason; must for itself fight the battle of life.

I am tempted to draw Anne's character, which is curious enough in these days of task-work education and regular training, (dwarfing she calls it,) her portrait, in all its unframed luxuriance, would fill more than the space we have now assigned to other matter, so we leave her to be guessed at by a few glimpses of her heart through her words.

She began to read to us, but she read rather dreamily. Her poetic eyes often wandered to the mist floating over the mountains, and finally coming upon Dr. Johnson's saying that he believed marriages would be full as happy as they are, if matches were made by the lord chancellor, she threw down the volume, saying, 'What a detestable old goose he is! What did he know about happy marriages?' 'Doctor Johnson an old goose?'—said one of the little younger girls; 'well Anne, I wonder what discovery you will make next?'

'I dare say; Clara, you would like a husband of the chancellor's choosing, and would take him with 'thank you sir!' and 'if you like him, sir, I am sure I shall.' 'Now heaven save me even from our dear chancellor M——'s choosing a husband for me!'

'And yet, Anne,' said her mother, 'I am not sure that you would not in the end be happier with a husband of any wise man's selection, than with one of your own choosing.'

'I don't care about the 'end,' I wish to be happy in the beginning.'

A light laugh, which Anne felt to be against her, ran round the circle. She waited till it was past, and then said, very earnestly, 'You may all laugh; there is not one of you from Miss —— down to Lily, that would not think it a disgrace to marry any man but him of your heart's election.'

'Certainly not, Anne,' replied her mother, 'but you, my dear child, I presume, would have that election decided by love alone.'

'Assuredly, for that alone influences the heart. Reason and judgment, which weigh heavily in the old chancellor's balance, are not of a feather's weight in the heart's scale.'

'But utterly worthless as reason and judgment are in themselves, Anne,' said Mrs. Reyburn, with a grave smile, 'may they not be allowed to sanction an influence or even to decide an insufficient love?

'No, no—oh no, mamma! An insufficient love is no love at all; is good for nothing.—The man that I marry I must love with a love that doubts nothing, fears nothing, hopes all things, and believes all things.—The whole world's favor would not advance him one bit in my affection, nor its disfavor throw one shade over him.'

'The whole world! That is talking in very generaal terms; but suppose a case.—If you had a lover whom you liked extremely, but did not love, according to your extravagant notion of love'——

'Extravagant, mamma!'

Do not interrupt me, Anne. Suppose that your father and I approved him; would choose him from all the world for you; that your brothers were his warm friends; that the children loved—'

'You need not suppose anything more, mamma. It would not have the slightest influence on me—it could not. Love comes and goes whither it will. The reasons are as thick as blackberries, they could not create love; and marriage is disgraceful without love that—

"Most sacred fire that burneth brightly
In living breasts."

'I grant you, Anne; but remember that same poetic oracle whom you have quoted, also says:

"Wonder it is to see in divers minds
How diversely love doth its pageanets play
And shows his powers in variable kinds."

'Now I believe that an affection far short of—or rather far different from what you would call love—may make the basis of the happiest marriage. Do not you? my friend appealing to me, and trusting that as her contemporary I had arrived at her point of view.

I confess my sympathies were with the daughter, 'but I compromised between the opposing parties so as to say, that I deemed love without reason perilous, reason without love inadmissable; and the only sure basis, love sanctioned by reason.

Mrs. Reyburn admitted that in theory, I was right, but she contended that there were many modifications and aspects of love; that characters were so various, and that life was so different in reality from what youth pictured it; that she had seen so many different loves that 'hoped all things, and believed all things,' wrecked in the first year of marriage; that for her part, she would rather her girls would trust to a more rational and calmer sentiment than that which made the inspiration of poetry and the basis of romance.

'I will tell you a true story, girls,' she said; 'a love-story,' I call it. Perhaps it will rectify some of our opinions. My heroine was a friend of Miss C——'s, as well as mine. She knew as well as I the parties and circumstances, and will vouch for their truth, though indeed there is nothing in them so incredible as to require a voucher.

A Mr. Ewing, the friend of our parents, died immediately after some reverses in his business, and left his wife with a large young family, and an impaired fortune. Mrs. Ewing took a small house, and let her best two rooms to a single gentleman, who boarded with her, and paid liberally—Mr. John Sheafe. He was a singular man, this Mr. John Sheafe, but his singularities were graceful and pleasing. He was about thirty when he took possession of his rooms. Dear Mrs. Ewing! she used to say that he gave her no more trouble than a kitten, and yet he had his peculiarities. Though his rooms were furnished with [illegible] convenience, and indulgance, he did not scruple to let in all the little Ewings—a perfect menagerie—of wild young things they were—and they might wrap themselves in the bedclothes, pull down the curtains, pile up the chairs, rattle down the shovel and tongs, anything but touch his pictures and books, and the little sinners, like their unhappy progenitors, were very apt to seize on the forbidden things, and then they were driven forth from their paradise, and the doors shut upon them.—Sheafe would try his best to look like a thunder storm, but the sun always shone through the clouds, and the little wretches were weather-wise enough to know that no storm could gather there, and though Sheafe had told them they never should enter his room again, and Mrs. Ewing with her sternest face (poor Mrs. Ewing! it was as difficult for her as for her lodger to counterfeit wrath,) assured them Mr. Sheafe was very angry indeed.' Before twenty-four hours passed away, they had one by one stolen in, and they were as lawless and uproarious and as welcome as ever. Sheafe had one peculiarity that puzzled Mrs. Ewing to the day of her death. Though of a spirit so social that in every relation in life he felt and made felt what had been happily called fellow-beguism, he had an aversion to being included in social arrangements. He prized above everything else his individual independence, and when Mrs. Ewing would say, 'Mr. Sheafe, our friends so-and-so, are going to have a pic-nic on Staten Island, or are going to Long Island,' or wherever the party of pleasure might be, 'and I have promised you will join us,'—or 'we are going to have such a pleasant party this evening, all your friends—do come home,' he invariably replied, 'no—don't count on me, it is not probable. I can be there, or 'be here,' and finally perhaps at the very moment they began to recover from their disappointment of his not being with them, he appeared among them, the very soul of all their pleasures.'

'Mamma,' interrupted Clara Reyburn, you said you were going to tell us a love story.'

'So I am my dear, and I am just introducing you to one of the parties.'

'That Mr. Sheafe, mamma? Why you said he was thirty years old!'

'Yes, Clara, and he was thirty-five before I come to the love part of my story.'

'Oh! horrid, mamma!'

Mrs. Reyburn proceeded:

'Mr. Sheafe was not rich, but he had an easy fortune and few wants, and he continued to let it fall, like the quiet and pleasant dews of heaven, on the right and on the left. There was no burden in his favors. For five years he managed to make Mrs. Ewing live in a house rent free, of which he said he had taken a lease for a bad debt, that he had long ago given up as hopeless. He kept a servant, and secretly paid him double wages for doing Mrs. Ewing's work. He had always some poor friend in the shape of a French dancing or music teacher, that he wanted to give a little money to, and Mrs. Ewing would particularly oblige him, if she would allow the children to take lessons of them, as he did not like to take money without an equivalent. This was something like reversing the old adage of 'killing two birds with one stone.'

You will easily perceive that such a man in the course of four or five years would involve himself with the concerns of a family as to become indispensible to their happiness. In this five years, Catharine, or Kate Ewing, as we used to call her, had passed from the awkwark age of her fourteenth to her nineteenth year.

'Oh, now the love story is coming,' cried Clara Reyburn.

'And reason versus love, said Anne.

Her mother smiled and went on—

'Kate was a light hearted, happy tempered young creature. She had been from the beginning a prime favorite of Sheafe's, but for the last two or three years he had appeared rather more reserved towards her.—While she was a child he had been unlimited in his beneficence towards her. Her room was filled with his gifts, books and pictures. All her books—the prettiest rosewood bookcases—all were his gift. All her expensive masters had been employed by him. Now he ceased to be her open benefactor, some good earthly providence seemed still watching over her. If a new book worth buying appeared, she was the first to possess it, and never had the occasion for a bouquet, but a bouquet of the choicest flowers appeared at the door. Kate was not very far sighted in such matters. She did not see why, if Mr. Sheafe continued to give, he could not give openly as he always had done. Her simple hearted mother was easily deluded.

'I know very well, Mr. Sheafe, she said, soon after these anonymous gifts began, 'where Kate's presents come from. I may thank the giver if she cannot.'

'Mr. Sheafe looked grave and displeased. A rare look for him, for of all the men I ever knew he was the most cheerful the most joyous, as he had right to be, for he was the best. He said, I perceive you mean your [illegible] Ewing. You are wasting them; whoever the giver of these trifles to Kate may be, he should be allowed the secrecy he chooses.

'Well, I assure you,' replied Mrs. Ewing, completely baffled, I have not the smallest notion who it is. I never once thought of any but you. To be sure I ought to have remembered that you in years past made no secret of your gifts.' A smile that in spite of him played over Mr. Sheafe's lips, and a blush that deepened his rather deep-colored cheek, would have told the truth to a more suspicious person than dear Mrs. Ewing.—But she, as you know, Miss——, always took the sense that met her ear.'

'But, mamma, interrupted Anne Reyburn, 'I trust Mr. Sheafe is not a rosy bachelor.—I can imagine a girl of Miss Ewing's age, falling desperately in love with a man, even, if he were forty, if he were tall, with a pale marble complexion, and fine large dark eyes and plenty of black hair.'

'O, Anne, my dear, replied her mother, laughing, 'nothing can be more like your possible lover than my real one. Mr. Sheafe was not above the middle stature; a little inclined to the rotund and the ruddy; and as to his hair, alas! of the softest, lightest brown, it had retreated so far from his forehead that he wore—'

'Oh, not a scratch, mamma; don't say he wore a scratch!'

'Not quite a scratch Anne, but a small, nicely fitted patch to hide the ravages of time. Plenty of black hair indeed! You will hardly find that on a man's head of thirty-five, from Maine to Georgia.'

'But a patch, mamma! Baldness is better than that. My father's head now is beautiful; rather bald, to be sure, but the little hair that he has is soft, bright and curly.'

Oh, father's hair is lovely! cried Clara Reyburn.

'O, yes, I guess it is!' exclaimed, in chorus, half a dozen young voices.

Mrs. Reyburn and I exchanged smiles, she proceeded:—'Even the patch, Anne, did not conceal or deform the classic shape of his head, which, with its moral and intellectual development, would have charmed a phrenologist. I am sure large, dark eye ever so expressed, as his beaming grey one did, the kindling and discharging of feeling. His lips, between humor, kindness, tenderness and sympathy, were always in a sort of grateful movement, and, in short though he had none of your requisities of beauty, he was the most agreeable looking man I ever saw.'

Agreeable looking! Well, was Miss Kate Ewing good looking, too?'

Till now I had listened to, what was to me, an old story, with as much interest as the young people, but now I interposed; and with enthusiasm at the recollection of my charming cotemporary, I described her in terms that made all my young hearers exclaim:

'Oh, she must have been beautiful, and so interesting!'

And Clara Reyburn said, 'I hope that 'old bachelor didn't dare to fall in love with her?'

'Not perhaps, what you would quite call falling in love,' resumed her mother, 'but the love he felt for her as a child, grew insensibly into a stronger sentiment, and one bright day he was betrayed into a disclosure, for which Kate was totally unprepared. She burst into tears, and frankly told him she had never thought of him as a lover, and never could; but that she loved him so dearly that she would rather have died than told him so. A total change came over him, in place of his perpetual good humor and sunny cheerfulness, an immovable gravity and occasional melancholy. Poor Mrs. Ewing could only divine what it meant. She first thought his affairs must be embarrassed, and then she fancied it was an incipient fever, and begged him to take advice. She told him all the house would be wretched if any evil overtook him, and called his observation to Kate, who, she said, had not smiled for a week. He made no reply to her, but the next morning she was astonished by the information that he was going abroad, and that his servant was packing up his furniture to be removed to a place of storage.'

'It was a wretched day at the Ewing's.—Poor Mrs. Ewing walked up and down her room, wringing her hands and wondering (till Kate wished herself deaf that she might not hear) what could have happened to Mr. Sheafe. Kate went to her worsted work, but her eyes were so blinded with tears that she could not see it; she took up a book, but she could not tell whether she read backward or forward. She sat down to her piano and played so false that even Mr. Sheafe heard and noted it.

Mrs. Ewing saw the carpenters bringing in empty boxes.

'Dear me, she said; it seems just as if a coffin was coming into the house.

'Oh, thought Kate, in the impatience of her first misery. 'I wish it were, and that I [illegible] to be carried away dead in it.

'Ma'am said the chambermaid, rushing in, 'you never saw such an awful change as there is in Mr. Sheafe's room: its day changed into night—it is as solitary as the tomb.'

'Is he gone, Jane?' said Kate starting up.

'Oh no, Miss—Lord, how pale you look—but dismal like a tomb, I mean. The wardrobe is empty—the books are all in boxes—the pictures every one of them, even that pretty likeness of Mr. Sheafe, that a body can never look at without feeling that he is going to speak something pleasant—that is in a box and it looked up at me something sorrowful, it did ma'am; and his dressing-gown there—always with the red cord and tassel hanging down by the bedpost, so lively and like Mr. Sheafe, that is packed up too.'

'Jane, do go away,' said Kate petulantly, 'you make my head ache.'

'Why, Miss Kate, said Jane; and as she shut the door after her she murmured to herself, 'her heart aches, more likely, and it is good enough for her, for I know she is at the bottom of it.'

'A few moments after, in flounced Sophy, the cook, and after turning her eyes from Mrs. Ewing to her daughter, 'it's true ma'am she said, 'I see it's true, I could not believe Jane. Well, how things do turn topsy turvy in this world. I shall have to go too. I can't stand it. Who'll regulate the clock now? I shall never take no more satisfaction in roasting a goose. He always said I did it to a turn. The tears actually rolled over her round, black cheeks. She continued: 'with most everybody the scum will rise sometimes, but he's as clear as spring water. He knows what is what, Mr. Sheafe does. He says I'm the only one short of old England, that can cook a Christian beef-steak and he always had something funny to say.' O, he's sugar and spice too!'

'A poor old widow, who served the house from her thread and needle basket opened the door gently at this moment, and I asked.

'Is it true, ma'am? Is Mr. Sheafe going?' Yes!'

'The Lord have mercy on the poor.'

'Every voice brought forth a fresh shower of tears from Mrs. Ewing. While matters were at this point, the doors were opened a crack, and Mr. Sheafe said in a broken voice, 'I am going out for an hour, when the carpenter calls, Mrs. Ewing, be kind enough to tell him the boxes are ready to nail up.'

'Half an hour after, when the carpenters did call, Kate sprung up and said, 'I will speak to him, mamma.' An hour or two passed away, when Mr. Sheafe came in. He had a pass key to the street door, and as he opened it and shut very gently, no one was apprised of his entrance.

Of all the men I ever knew, he had the greatest repugnance to success. He dreaded dear Mrs. Ewing's ingenuous demonstrations, so he stole stealthily up the back stairs, and first entered his lodging room. The door communicating with his parlor was wide open, and through it he saw his books were replaced in his book case; he advanced a little farther—the pictures were rehung in their places—a little farther still, and he saw Kate Ewing standing on a chair before his picture, which she had that moment replaced, and he heard her say.

'Dear, dear Mr. Sheafe—never never shall you leave this house if I can help it.'

My friend paused. Smiles were on her lips, and tears in her eyes. It could no longer be concealed that she was the heroine of her own story. I looked round upon her children. Surprise and discovery were flushing from Anne Reyburn's bright eyes.

The young girls cried 'Go on mamma,' and 'What did Mr. Sheafe say?' and 'What could Miss Kate say.

'I do not remember, my dear children. It was one of those rich moments of life when much more is felt than said; but this I know very well, that from that time to this, I have never repented the repentance of that morning——

My friend was interrupted by the entrance of her husband. He had been into the village and brought home a basket of fruit, which he threw among the children.—His face had that expression of beaming, paternal happiness, which came from the consciousness that his footsteps, once over his threshold, was the welcomest sound ever heard there.

I think there was a slight struggle in Anne Reyburn's bosom, as there will be when old ideas are giving place to new ones, but it was soon over. A joyous light flashed from her soul as her eye fell on her father, and kissing her mother, she said in a subdued voice—'Nobody, but yourself, mamma, would have made believe that yours was not a love match in the beginning, as it is in the end. Well, well I have had many a cream of love, if I ever have such a reality as yours, I shall be quite content.

The light just dawned on Clara. Why, Anne?' she exclaimed; 'goodness, mamma! Mr. Sheafe, indeed! Dear, dear Mr. Sheafe. If you had shabbed him, mamma, I never

A pretty family scene followed; a chorus of exclamations a few tears, many questions, some jokes on the discarded patch, and a ringing of laughing voices—but here the curtain falls.'

THE JUDGE AND THE MUMMY.

Less than a hundred years ago an antiquary from Grand Cairo, brought a mummy with him presumed to be at least three thousand six hundred years old. Our *savant*, tired of the diligences in which he had been traveling from Marseilles, took a barge at Fontainbleau which landed him safe and sound at Port St. Bernard. Eager to see his family, he had his effects loaded on a litter, but left his precious mummy in the bottom of the boat. The custom-house officer on boarding it, discovered a box, of a strange shape and aspect. Suspecting it contained contraband goods, he had it opened. What a spectacle! A woman, swathed in linen bandages from head to foot! No doubt this was a wretched victim strangled by a jealous lover or grasping heir. The commissary of police was instantly sent for, and made his appearance, flanked by two surgeons as skillful as himself in archæology. The crime was recognized, a report made of it, and the body transported to the *Morgue*, that the friends might come and identify it. It is presumed that none of them made their appearance. Our learned traveler, however in taking an inventory of his effects the next day, bethought himself of his greatest curiosity. He flew to the boat, when the learned commissary and three minions of the law seized him and took him before a magistrate:

Aha! my fine fellow,' cried the Judge, 'we've got you!'

'Will your Honor favor me with the reason of this extraordinary proceeding?'

'It remains for you, sir, to explain the circumstances of the murder you have committed.'

'Murder!'

'That is the word sir.'

'The murder I have committed!' cried the *savant* aghast.

'Or at least the crime in which you were an accomplice.'

'Good heavens! your worship is dreaming.'

'Ah! I'm dreaming, am I? No, sir; you'll find me wide awake to your cost. The eye of justice never closes. Did not my vigilant officers discover the body of your victim strangled and shut up in a box? Here's the report of the discovery, duly sealed, signed and attested, sir.'

'Is that all?' said the antiquary, with a hearty laugh.

'Hardened ruffian! cried the Judge, do you indulge in levity with a shadow of a crime so black hanging over your head?—Now sir, look me in the face and answer the questions I shall put. By whom was that young girl put in the box in which she was discovered?'

'By myself, sir.'

'Mr. Clerk, please take down his confession,' said the magistrate. 'Who has swathed her with linen bandages from head to foot?'

'I did, your Honor.'

'Write down Mr. Cerk, that he admits this horrid crime.'

'The expression is rather strong, sir.'

'The deed is heinous. How old was this unfortunate girl?'

'About nineteen years.'

'Of what country?'

'Memphis, I think.'

'Fancy importing a girl such a distance, to murder her! When did her death take place?'

'Three thousand six hundred years ago.'

'Prisoner! how dare you to indulge in this misplaced levity?'

'I am not joking, sir. I asure you the deceased lived in the reign of the Pharaohs,' insisted the antiquary.

'I'll put the handcuffs on you, rascal.'

'Your Honor,' said the prisoner, sternly, 'let me say, sir, that you are the most marvelously ignorant man that ever sat upon the judicial bench. Where were you brought up, that you haven't even suspected that for two days you have been holding an inquest on the pretended murder of an Egyptian mummy?'

'A mummy!'

'Of course, sir; and if you had conducted your examiniation properly, you would know that you are addressing Count de D——, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.'

'My lord,' said the Judge, 'I beg a thou-

sand pardons. I hope your lordship will forget—'

'I will forget everything. Give me my mummy, and try in future to obtain experts who will come a little nearer than three or four thousand years in guessing at the date of a person's death.'

The police magistrate, very much mortified at his blunder, gave up the mummy, but he never heard the last of the story.

A GREAT APRIL FOOL. The greatest April fool on record was Napoleon Bonaparte. In 1810, he was in the very zenith of his power and glory, aided by the peculiar circumstances of the times—his own military genius, and the good sense and tact of his devoted wife Josephine, he had risen from humble life to be Emperor of France surrounded with more power and splendor than any other potentate of Europe, or the world.—But with this he could not be content. He began to look about him and inquire to whom should he leave all this power. He had made kings of all his brothers except one, (Lucian, who wouldn't have any of his crowns,) but he had no children and was not likely to have by [illegible] known that she was a widow when he married her and had two children, a son and daughter by her first husband. The daughter had married Napoleon's brother Louis.—But there came no children to him to heir his throne. What was to be done? Why just get divorced from his faithful wife Josephine, and marry some of the young Princesses. This was done, and an alliance made with the Emperor of Austria, and the hand of his daughter Maria Louise demanded in marriage. This was granted, and on the 1st of April (all fools day) 1810, they were married. In process of time a son was born to him, and Napoleon, poor man thought his throne established in his family forever by legitimate succession, and not only that, the chances also were that in addition to the throne of France, the lucky boy might possibly inherit the sceptre of the house of Hapsburg, and be ruler over both France and Austria. This was a glorious dream.—and the sequel proves that it was but a dream. A half century is passed by since that marriage, and many who remember the excitement and speculation to which it gave rise at the time, can now look over the whole and note the results. Napoleon lost his throne and died an exile on the lonely isle of St. Helena—Maria Louise his favored young empress was also dethroned and afterwards married a Count of no celebrity.—The young Napoleon II. grew up to manhood and then died, possessing at the time no power. But who sits on the throne of France—a Bonaparte to be sure, but a descendant of Josephine—a child of her daughter who married Napoleon's brother. Thus the very woman whom Napoleon cruelly thrust from him, now has her posterity on the throne from which she was rudely driven—while there is no child nor family of her husband in the land of the living. Isn't there retributive justice in this?—Maine Farmer.

VICTOR EMANUEL. The King of Sardinia, Victor Emanuel, who looks like a man of about forty years of age, is frank, sincere, vigorous, temperate, an early riser, and a keen sportsman with gun and dog. He bears the fatigues of a long day's shooting better than many of the most active mountaineers, and he generally starts on such excursions before sunrise. He makes a very light breakfast, merely a piece of bread and a slice of cold meat or cheese, which he eats like a peasant, without sitting at table; but he always makes a hearty dinner, laying aside all etiquette, without court or chamberlains. One day, when out shooting, he met a peasant, who, on seeing the king bring down two partridges' right and left, with his double-barrelled gun, went up to him and said, "You shoot well, you do." 'It was not amiss, was it?' responded the king. 'Perhaps you could rid me of a fox that steals my hens?' 'Most willing.' 'If you do, I will give you two mutte.' (70 cents,) 'Agreed said the king. 'I will come to-morrow morning with my dog, and shoot your fox.' 'Give me your hand on it,' said the man. The king immediately shook hands with him, and true to his word, went the next morning, found the fox, and shot it.—'Thank God for that,' exclaimed the peasant, 'you have fairly earned the two mutte, and there they are.' The king took them, and said, 'This is the first money I ever earned.' Then, tossing up the pieces in his hand, he added, 'It is a pleasure to receive money one has fairly gained.' The next day in exchange for the two mutte, his majesty sent a dress, necklace, and carings for the peasant's wife.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT. Every man should let his wife have the management of the Home Department, and give her as Secretary, the control of the different bureaus.—Don't let her have anything to do with the War Department.—Exchange.

Then how is she to bring the 'infantry' up to the 'breastworks,' we should like to know, in case of an attack of the measles? It is evident the writer of the above has never been in many 'engagements.'—New Haven Register.

☞ Some music teacher one said:—

'The art of playing on a violin requires the nicest perception and the most sensibility of any art in the known world.'

An editor commenting on the above says:

'The art of publishing a country newspaper and making it pay, beats the art of fiddling higher than a kite.'

The Bridgton Reporter.

BRIDGTON FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1861.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

It is said the most useful reading in the world is Biography. It tells more of what lives have been—and lives of men are the world's history—than any other class of reading. We speak thus far of the practical, historical knowledge of the past. But there is another Biography, that written or unwritten, follows us and speaks to us in every turn of this life journey. It is the memory of those who have fallen by the wayside and the earth covers forevermore from us. Oh! how tender and plaintive are the tones of the departing, as we remember them. How connected with our own lives were theirs. If we could learn the real ties that bind us together, should we not better profit by the lessons which their sundering teach. In an old periodical, we found the following simple though valuable thoughts upon this subject and we ask the attention which it deserves.

"In almost every household there is an enshrined memory, a sacred casket where a lock of shining hair, a ring or faded picture tells of some one long since gone. The younger children, as they grow up, learn to look on the picture of the dead brother or sister as on the face of an angel. They wonder if they shall be as good as these were! They look with tender awe upon the various relics of a sister never known, the broken plaything, the unfinished piece of work with the rusted needle, just where she left it; and seeing their mother's tears, and hearing her talk of the child that was or would have been more lovely and intelligent than any of the rest, they meekly wonder if they shall ever deserve to be loved as much as she who is now in Heaven!

The orphan longing for a mother dimly remembered is sure if she had lived he never could have dishonored her, never could have been ungrateful or disobedient.

Yet our daily life together is subject to many disturbances. Parents forget to be patient with children; the noisy, trying little things are often roughly treated, their feelings wounded, and their gayety checked; children of a family quarrel and overbear; friends grow critical and cold. To look upon the surface of general domestic and social life, it sometimes seems as if there were a few only would not be happier separated. But when by death some are removed, then only can we measure the depth of real affection that was cherished for them.

One beautiful trait of our humanity is the tenderness with which we cherish the memory of the departed. Let death take from the household the troublesome and ungovernable child, and all that is remembered is his sweet and gentle words, his rare qualities, his loving ways, his beauty and manliness. The child stands before his parent's eyes, not as what he was, but as what he might have been had all God put in him been perfected by love and grace. He is now always "dear child," in their thought, and no longer selfish or unlovely. The children long for their dead companion with real and tender grief—they would be pleasanter were he back again; they are surprised to find how much they loved him. Friends long to have the opportunity, now lost, to show their love. Why did I not prize him more—why did I not serve him better, is the universal feeling.

Our cemeteries, carefully kept and richly ornamented, may sometimes betray the harsh ostentation of wealth, but usually the polished and elaborate marble speaks the tenderness of grief, striving to do here what it feels had been left undone before. Absence lends to a less degree the same halo of perfectness. So soon as we are separated from those we really love, then they seem more than ever desirable and necessary to us, and we send back messages of regret for past selfishness and unfriendliness. Perhaps it is a phase of selfish nature, this lamenting for those that are gone—a selfishness that looks for companions who give us everything and need no forbearance or sacrifice of ours; and finding none such among the living turns to the idealized memory of the dead. Yet it is a worthy feeling it it hallows the memory of those who are gone, and still more, if it inspires us to a greater consideration for those who remain. But children, scarcely conscious of it, bring down their parent's gray hairs to the grave, through wilfulness; still parents provoke their children, and withhold from them sympathy and help—still friends distrust, harrasses, try one another. If we could only, while together, realize that tenderness spent in unavailing longings for the dead; if we could only see each other as in the light of what we shall be—looking on our children, think of them as angels standing ever before the face of our Father—when tried by each other, remember how uncertain is our opportunity of enjoying each other, and how deep and lasting will be our self-reproach if we fail to serve one another in love. But in this life, happiness is either always before us, not yet attained, or behind, buried beyond our enjoyment. Yet our duty at least is doubtless with those that remain, those that we once loved being gone—so to live that harmony, peace, and Christian culture may take the place in our social intercourse of harsh selfishness and inconsiderate neglect.

☞ Dr. Sanger, we believe is going to lecture at Lovell and Fryeburg. We hope that he will find abundant encouragement in those places, as his ability certainly entitles him to public confidence.

FROM THE SOUTH.

The President's Declaration—Fort Pickens Reinforced—Surrender of Fort Sumter—Half Million Appropriated by New York—The President's Reply to Virginia—Concentration of Forces at Washington—Proclamation of President Lincoln—Call for 75,000 Volunteers—Congress to be Convened.

BOSTON, April 14. 5 P. M.

President Lincoln's reply to the Virginia Commissioners reiterates his inaugural—declares he will use the whole force of the Government to retain Federal forts, and repossess Fort Sumter, if captured in the unprovoked attack made upon it. Also intimates that mails through seceding States will be stopped.

Fort Pickens was reinforced Friday night.

Anderson's surrender was communicated to President Lincoln Saturday evening. He manifested no surprised and remarked that the supply vessels could not reach him and he did right.

Details of the surrender of Fort Sumter are received. Anderson's flag staff was shot away, and at 1 1-2 o'clock he run up a flag of truce. Negotiations followed, which resulted in Anderson's surrendering the fort, and he with his command were to embark on board the federal fleet off the harbor this morning. Anderson had five men wounded, and all were greatly exhausted by over exertion.

Explosions in Fort Sumter were caused by fire communicating with [illegible] reported, none of the rebels were hurt during the cannonade.

Intense jubilations at the result in Charleston.

Despatches from Washington report great excitement there, and immediate measures will be taken to concentrate a strong military force for the protection of the capital.

The New York Legislature appropriated half a million dollars for the instant equipment of the militia.

WASHINGTON, April 13th.

The following is the reply of President Lincoln to the Virginia Commissioners:—Gentlemen, as a committee of the Virginia Convention you present me a preamble and resolution in these words:

"Whereas, in the opinion of the Convention the uncertainty which prevails in the public mind as to the policy which the federal executive intends to pursue towards the seceding States is extremely injurious to the industrial and commercial interests of the country—tends to keep up an excitement which is unfavorable to the adjustment of the pending difficulties, and threatens a disturbance of the public peace, therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of three delegates be appointed to wait on the President of the United States and present to him this preamble and resolution, and respectfully ask him to communicate to this Convention the policy which the Federal Executive intends to pursue in regard to the Confederate States"

In answer I have to say that having at the beginning of my official term expressed my intended policy, as plainly as I was able, it is with deep regret and mortification I now learn that there is a great and injurious uncertainty as to what that policy is, and what course I intend to pursue. Not having as yet seen occasion to change it, it is my purpose to pursue the course marked out in the inaugural address. I commend a careful consideration of the whole document.

As I then and there said, I now repeat—"the power confided in me will be used to hold, occupy and possess property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties on imports, but beyond what is necessary for these objects there will be no army of force against or amongst the people anywhere." By the words "property and places belonging to the government," I chiefly allude to the military posts and property which were in possession of government when it came into my hands. But if, as now appears to be true, an attempt is made to drive the United States authority from those places, I shall hold myself at liberty to repress it, if I can; and in any event I shall, to the best of my ability repel force by force.

In case it proves true that Fort Sumter has been assaulted, I shall perhaps cause the United States mails to be withdrawn from all the States which have seceded, believing that the commencement of actual war against the government justifies and possibly demands it.

I scarcely need to say that I consider the military places and property situated within the States that claim to have seceded, as yet belonging to the United Stutes as much as they did before the supposed secession.—Whatever else I may do for the purpose, I shall not affect to collect the duties on imports by invasion of any part of the country;—not meaning by this that I may not land a force deemed necessary to relieve any fort on the border of the country.

From the fact that I have copied a part of the Inaugural Address, it must not be inferred that I repudiate any other part, the whole of which I re-affirm, except so far as I now say of the mails may be regarded as a modification.

CHARLESTON, April 13th.

Hostilities have ceased and the victory belongs to South Carlonia; with the display of a flag of truce from the ramparts of Fort Sumter, the firing ceased. After Major Anderson's flag-staff was shot away, Col Wigfall with one of Gen. Beauregard's aids, went to the Fort with the white flags to offer assistance in extinguishing the flames. He approached the burning fortress from Morris Island, while the firing was raging on all sides, and effected a landing. Major Anderson met him at a port hole and said he had displayed a white flag, but the firing from the batteries was kept up. Col Wigfall replied that he must haul down the American flag; that no parley would be allowed: that "surrender or fight" was the word.—Major Anderson then hauled down the American flag, and displayed a flag of truce. All firing instantly ceased, Senator Chesnut and other officers then came over in a boat and stipulated with Major Anderson that his surrender should be unconditional for the present, subject to the terms of General Beauregard. Major Anderson was ordered to remain in the Fort while Senator Chesnut and Ex-Governor Manning came over to the city. They were met by hundreds of citizens, and as they marched up the street to the General's quarters the crowd swelled to thousands; shouts rent the air, and the wildest joy was manifest.

A boat with an officer and ten men was sent from one of the four ships in the offing to Gen. Simonds, commander of the forces on Morris Island, with a request that a merchant ship or one of the government vessels be allowed to enter and take off the commander and garrison of the fort. Gen. Simonds replied that if no hostilities were attempted during the night, and no effort made to reinforce or re-take Fort Sumter he would give them an answer at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning. The officer signified that this was satisfactory, and returned. The writer of this accompanied the officer of Gen. Beauregard on a visit to Fort Sumter. None but officers were allowed to land however. They went down in a steamer which carried 3 fire engines for the purpose of extinguishing the flames. The fire had however been previously extinguished by the exertions of Major Anderson and his men.

Visitors reported that Major Anderson surrendered because his quarters and barracks were destroyed, and he had no hopes of reinforcements. The fleet laid idly by during 30 hours, and either could not or would not help him; besides his own men were prostrated by over-exertion. There were but five men hurt—four badly and one mortally—but the rest were worn out. Explosions were caused by the burning of loaded shells which were ignited by the fire, and could not be removed quick enough. The fire in the barracks was caused by the quantities of hot shell thrown from Fort Moultrie. Within Fort Sumter everything but the casements is in ruins. The whole thing looks like a blackened mass of ruin. The guns are dismounted. The side opposite Cummings' Point is the hardest dealt with, as the rifle cannon from this place made great havoc with Fort Sumter. The wall looked like honeycomb on that side; holes as big as cart wheels.

Fort Moultrie is badly damaged. The officers' barracks and quarters are torn to pieces. The farm houses on the island are riddled with shot in many instances, and the whole ends of houses are torn out. The fire in Fort Sumter was put out, but caught three times during the day. Dr. Crawford, Major Anderson's surgeon, is slightly wounded in the face. None of the South Carolinians were injured. Major Anderson, his officers and all his men are in Fort Sumter. I approached near enough to the walls to see him and bid his visitors adieu to this conversation to-night.

Boats were sent to officially notify the fleet at the bar that Major Anderson had surrendered. It is not known when the South Carolinians will occupy Fort Sumter, or what will be done with the vanquished. Every one is satisfied with the victory, that there has been no bloodshed. After the surrender the bells of the city were rung and guns fired.

CHARLESTON, April 14th.

Morning.—Negotiations were completed last night, and Major Anderson with his command will evacuate Fort Sumter this morning and embark on board the war vessels off the bar.

When Fort Sumter was in flames, and Major Anderson could only fire guns at long intervals, the men at our batteries cheered every fire which the gallant Major made in his last struggles, but looked defiance at the vessels of war whose men stood without firing a gun or attempting to divert the fire from a single battery. Five of Major Anderson's men were wounded.

The steamer Isabel will take Gen. Beauregard to Fort Sumter, which will be turned over by Major Anderson to the Confederate States.

It is reported that Major Anderson and his command will be taken to New York in the steamer Isabel.

Latest.—Major and men leave to-night at 11 o'clock, in the steamer Isabel for New York. The fleet is still outside.

It was a thrilling scene when Major Anderson and his men took formal leave of Fort Sumter.

NEW YORK, April 15.

A special despatch to the Herald from Charleston announces that the fire has again broken out in the ruins of Fort Sumter.—Two fire engines have gone to extinguish the flames and if necessary flood the magazines.

The Herald special despatch from Charleston says that Major Anderson saluted his flag, the company present. He formed his command on the parade ground and marched out on the wharf with drum and fife, playing *Yankee Doodle*.

During the salute a pile of catridges burst in one of the casements, killing two and wounding four. One of the dead was buried in the fort with military honors, the other will be buried by the South Carolians. The wounded men will be taken to Charleston.

The fort has been burned to a mere shell. The guns on one side of the parapet are entirely dismounted, others split, and the gun carriages knocked into splinters.

Major Anderson is reported to have ordered not to sight men but to silence batteries.

Fort Sumter has been garrisoned by the Palmetto Guards under command of Col. Ripley.

Fire has again broken out in the roofs of the fort, and engines have been sent down.

Special Washington despatches to the Post state that the Cabinet is in session, and that a call will soon be made for 100,000 additional volunteers.

Gov. Curtain had an interview with the Priest, and offered him the immediate services of 100,000 men.

Gov. Andrews, of Mass., is hourly expected with a similar offer.

The army is to be organized into three divisions one to guard the Capitol, one along the sea coast, and the ether from the West to pass down the Mississippi.

Advices from Maryland state that she will send her quota of men.

Southern despatches state that General Beauregard has been ordered to Pensacola, and that an attack will be made on Fort Pickens Tuesday; but it is thought to be a blind to cover the attack upon Washington.

Papers are now being prepared at the Post Office Department for cutting off the mails in all the seceding States. It is not believed here that ten Irish regiments from the North have been offered to Jeff. Davis.

Washington despatches to the Commercial state that all the clerks in the Departments will be required to take the oath of allegiance.

The news of the patriotic volunteering at the North and in Maryland strengthen the Administration and encourages it. General Scott has hoisted the flag over the War Department. Massachusetts will be urged to hasten the organization of two Regiments, and to despatch them to Washington at once by companies, for service there.

The troops at Charleston have been ordered to march on Washington, and all Volunteer are ordered on duty.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 15.

The Assembly this morning took up a bill authorizing the Government to enroll 30,000 men for public defence for two years, unless sooner discharged.

They are to be organized, officered and equipped in such a manner as the Government may direct, without regard to existing military districts, and to be in addition to existing military organizations of the State.

The officers and men are to receive the same pay and rations as the same in rank in the army of the United States, and to be liable to be turned over to the service of the Federal Government on the order of the Government. The remainder of the bill is detailed provisions for the maintannance sustenance of &c. the above mentioned.

The bill appropriates three million dollars to carry out its provisions and take effect immediately.

The war bill has passed, and the Governor has issued his proclamation accordingly.

PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

WASHINGTON, April 15.

Whereas the laws of the United States have been for some time past and now are opposed and the execution thereof obstructed in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas by a combination too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings or by the power vested in marshals by the laws, now, therefore, I Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power vested in me by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth and do hereby call forth the militia of the several States of the Union to the aggregate number of 75,000, in order to suppress said combinations and to cause the laws to be duly executed The details of this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities through the War Department. I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity and the existence of our national Union and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress the wrongs already long enough endured. I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth will probably be to repossess the forts, which have been seized from the Union, and in every event the utmost care will be observed consistently with the object aforesaid, to avoid any devastation, any destruction of or interference with property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens of the country. I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid, to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within 20 days from this date.

Deeming that the present condition of public affairs presents an extraordinary occasion, I do hereby, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution, convene both houses of Congress. Senators and Representatives are, therefore, summoned to assemble at their respective Chambers at 12 o'clock M. Thursday, the 4th of July next, and there to consider and determine such measures as in their wisdom the public safety and interest may seem to demand.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 15th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1861, and of the Independence of the United States the 85th.

By the President:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

WASHINGTON, April 15.

The following is the form of the call on the repulsive State Governments for troops, issued to-day through the War Department.

SIR: Under the Act of Congress for calling out the militia to execute the laws of the Union to suppress the insurrection and repel invasion, &c., approved Feb. 28th, 1795, I have the honor to request your Excellency to cause to be immediately detached from the militia of your State, the quota designated to serve as infantry or riflemen for the period of three months, unless sooner discharged. Your Excellency will please to communicate to me the time at about which your quota will be expected at its rendezvous. It will be met as soon as practible by an officer or officers to muster it into the service and pay of the United States. At the same time the oath of fidelity will be administered to every officer and man. The mustering officers will be instructed to receive no man under the rank of Commissioned officer over 45 years, or under 18 years, or who is not in physical strength and vigor.

The quota for each State is as follows:

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin one each;—Massachusetts and Tennessee. two each;—Ohio, three: New Jersey, Kentucky and Missouri, four each; Indiana and Illinois, six each; Pennsylvania, sixteen; New York, seventeen; Arkansas, one; North Carolina, two Ohio, thirteen instead of three; Maryland, four; Virginia, three regiments.

It is ordered that each regiment consist of 780 officers and men. The total thus called out is 73,391. The remainder is to be composed of troops of the District of Columbia, thus completing 75,000.

The War Department, by telegraph to-day accepted Gov. Sprague's offer of the Rhode Island regiment. He is requested to send them to Washington without delay.

The first and second regiments of the District of Columbia militia, have tendered their services to the Government.

The prevalent rumors that martial law will be immediately declared in the District of Columbia, are untrue.

BALTIMORE, April 15.

The Union feeling is strong this morning, the minute men organization is 2500 strong who have been drilling since election, as a military organization, threw out the stars and stripes this morning, from their head quarters with the motto, "The Union and the Constitution."

INDIANAPOLES, April 15.

Governor Morgan has information from all parts of the State indicating that volunteer companies are forming everywhere and that 30,000 men can be relied upon to respond to any call for their services in defending the National flag.

PROVIDENCE, April 15.

The Directors of the Bank of Commerce have informed Gov. Sprague that they are ready to advance a loan of $30,000 to the State, for aiding in the outfit of troops.—Large offers from private citizens have also been made to Gov. Sprague for a similar purpose.

The Globe Bank this morning also tendered to the State a loan of $50,000.

The stars and stripes float from the Custom House and from the Municipal flagstaffs.

New York, April 15th.

Several officers have been reported as denouncing the Government and will be summarily dealt with.

One thousand volunteers from Baltimore have tendered their services to the Government in Maryland's quota.

The Secretary of War says tenders of money enough have been made to carry on a raging war for two years.

☞ Gov. Washburn has called a special session of the Legislature to assemble in Augusta, on Monday next, 22d inst., to take action in reference to the present state of national affairs.

☞ Mr. Stephen Porter brought us a handsome lot of maple syrup a few days ago, for which he has our thanks. All *such* contributions will be sure of an *insertion!*

☞ We see by the papers that the next County Fair is not to be held here, as was rather expected by some, but will go to Gorham.

☞ Last Saturday and Sunday we were visited with a timely rain which has done wonders towards removing the great body of snow.

MURDER IN WELD. On Friday, Aug[illegible] says a correspondent of the Farmington Chronicle, James L. Boynton and [illegible] Dyke, together with another man [illegible] the house of Boynton, in Weld, and [illegible] freely of liquor. In the afternoon [illegible] started for the house in which Dyke [illegible] Boynton arrived there first, and [illegible] leges that when he arrived he found [illegible] ton *troubling his wife.* Dyke, [illegible] ed Boynton out of the house. He [illegible] soon returned with his gun. Another [illegible] of words ensued when Dyke ordered [illegible] off again. He went as far as the [illegible] on turning towards the house again [illegible] discharged a gun at him, the ball [illegible] fect in his abdomen and passing [illegible] the opposite side. Dyke then loaded [illegible] again, but on looking out he saw [illegible] reel and come near falting. He [illegible] walked into the house without [illegible] tance, and got upon the bed. He [illegible] along until Saturday morning at [illegible] when death came to his relief. He [illegible] intensely the whole time.

A coroner's inquest was held, [illegible] verdict rendered was "the deceased [illegible] his death by the hand of Sidney [illegible] Dyke admits the shooting, but [illegible] it in self-defence. He will have [illegible] the next term of Court.

CLEANING HOUSE. There are [illegible] clean house once a year, and it [illegible] till the next. It is no way to [illegible] comfortable or happy, to allow the [illegible] of the parlor to accumulate dust [illegible] for a year, and then think a deluge [illegible] suds will keep all things tidy till [illegible] leaf out again. A little here and [illegible] there, is a much better rule, according [illegible] our notions. It put us in mind of [illegible] low who could not see how people [illegible] their hair every day, "he did it only [illegible] week, and then it most killed him"—[illegible] ton Traveller.

☞ The first organ ever heard in [illegible] worship in this country, was sent from [illegible] don in 1714. The organist came out [illegible] England with the instrument, as no [illegible] in the colony was to be found able [illegible] sume its charge. The first organ ever [illegible] in this country was made by Edward [illegible] field, who died in August, 1756. This [illegible] is stated on his tombstone.

☞ An old darkey was endeavoring [illegible] explain his unfortunate condition. 'I [illegible] see,' remarked sambo,' it was in this [illegible] as far as I can remember,—fust my [illegible] died, and den my mudder married again, [illegible] den my mudder died, and my fader married [illegible] agin; and somehow I doesn't seem to [illegible] no parents at all, nor no home, nor nuffin.

☞ The principal of an academy, [illegible] advertisement mentioned his female [illegible] ant, and the 'reputaion for teaching [illegible] she bears,' but the printer—careless [illegible] —left out the 'which;' so the advertisement [illegible] went forth, commending the lady's [illegible] she bears.'

☞ 'Brudder Jones, can you tell me [illegible] difference 'tween dying and dieting?' 'Yes, [illegible] of course I can, Samuel. When you die [illegible] lib on noffin, and when you die you have [illegible] fin to lib on. 'Well, dat's different [illegible] what I tort it was. I tort it was a [illegible] atween doctors' stuff and starvation, [illegible] which would kill first.'

☞ If men could find the fabled fount [illegible] that is said to restore youth, and health [illegible] beauty, with what eagerness they would [illegible] to drink its waters! Yet with scarcely [illegible] eagerness do they rush to drink of [illegible] that bring upon them premature old [illegible] and disease, and loathsome ugliness.

☞ The Springfield Republican says [illegible] the United States government manufactured [illegible] 1200 guns at their armory in that city during the month of March, an increase of [illegible] over the previous month. A few boxes [illegible] these guns were forwarded to Washington on Tuesday for the use of the Federal troops.

☞ During an election time a candidate called upon a tradesman and solicited his vote. 'I would rather vote for the devil than for you,' was the reply. 'What in case *your friend* should not come forward said the candidate, 'might I then count your assistance?'

☞ The seeds of the grape possess a remarkable vitality. A lady in Columbia, California, in making jelly last year, had a quantity of grapes. The place where she threw the seeds, after they were boiled, has since become covered with grape vines.

☞ It is said that the explosive kerosene oil is an adulteration—a mixture of cheaper articles, camphene and burning fluid, with the kerosene, to increase the profits. Lives are thus sacrificed through the avarice of parties selling the supposed article.

☞ 'Summer sown corn, and woman's advice, turn out well once in seven years,' say the Germans; and the Spaniards hold that 'woman's counsel is no great thing, but he who does not take it is a fool.'

☞ It is actually contemplated by several prominent spiritualists in the U. States to issue a new edition of the Bible—proof sheets of which shall be through mediums, revised by the original authors.

☞ The Oxford Democrat records the death of Mr. Samuel Ackley, of Rumford, aged 99 years 8 months and 6 days. He is now but one revolutionary pensioner in Oxford County, Isaac Abbot of Fryeburg.

☞ A noted miser having relented so much as to give a begger a sixpence, suddenly dying, soon after, the attendant physician gave it as his opinion that it was an enlargement of the heart.

☞ The New York Tribune is now printed from stereotype plates, the moulds being made of papier mache by a new process. The moulding and casting must be done with great rapidity.

☞ Maria Louisa Victoria, widow of Edward, Duke of Kent, and mother of the present Queen of Great Britain, died at her residence, near Windsor on the 16th ult.

☞ Lady Yarmouth asked Garrick, one day, why love was always represented a child. He replied, 'Because love never reaches the age of wisdom and experience.'

☞ Statistics of Syrian massacres show that 16000 Christians were killed, and 3000 women and young girls sold into Turkish harems.

☞ If you cannot have friends without continually cultivating them, the crop is not be worth the trouble.

☞ The first human sin was improper indulgence in eating, and it has been among the chief sins ever since.

☞ Cold in the head isn't half so common as cold in the heart, but it is a great deal oftener complained of.

☞ The number of deaths from dipsomania in the United States during the past year is said to be no less than 10,000.

SEEKING FOR TREASURE. A correspondent of the following account of the delving of the Lynn Hermet for hidden treasures. Reports of his labors have occasionally found their way into the newspapers for several years past :

"Hiram Marble has been prosecuting his labors for the last twelve years, searching for hidden treasure, supposed to have been buried among these rocks by pirates many years ago. He works, and is directed how to work, he says, by spiritual communication from Tom Beale, who was second in command of the pirate band. He has drilled and blasted into the solid rock about one hundred and fifty feet, in a zig-zag course, some seven feet in height by six in width, and in depth some fifty feet below the surface of the earth, making a dark cavern, which, on entering, causes one's nervous sensibilities to be slightly stirrred as he follows the guide, who carries a light. This Marble who, in everything but this marvelous delusion appears to be a sensible man, day after day pursues his task, supported by the charity of those who, from curiosity, are led to seek the scene of his labors, and who bestow small sums of money in return for the narration of the incidents connected with the burying of the treasure, and which he readily gives. When asked what induces him to dig so constantly, his answer invariably is, "I can't help it."

ANNEXATION OF ST. DOMINGO TO SPAIN.—The Havana correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* writes :

"The Dominican cause flourishes. The Spanish army to protect the people on their path home to the political bosom of their loving Spanish mother, is composed of 7,000 men, of all arms and in good conditions, with all necessary war munitions, for effective field service. The inauguration annexation was to take effect the 25th ult., in the presence of a large Spanish fleet, the Spanish army, and such citizens as may be of curious disposition.

A CITY FULL OF GRAIN. The total amount of grain (exclusive of rye and barley) in store at the present time in Chicago is calculated at 3,900,840 bushels. The warehouses are so full that they will hold no more, and the current receipts have to be put into vessels. All the railway companies (excepting the Rock Island and Burlington) have given instruction to their agents not to receive any more grain in bulk at their respective stations for the present.

THE SOLID MEN OF EASTPORT. The Eastport Sentinel publishes the names fifty-thre citizens of that town who weigh upwards of two hundred pounds each. The heaviest man in the lot is Mr. John French, whose weight is 300 pounds, and the aggregate weight of the fifty-three is 11,872 pounds an average of 224 pounds each. The first twenty on the list have an aggregate weight of 4968 pounds, or an average weight of 248 1-2 pounds.

"Accept a lock of my hair," said an old bachelor to a widow, handing her a large curl. "Sir you had better give me the whole wig." Madame, you bite hard, but don't risk breaking your beautiful porcelain teeth."

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

WILLIAM H. POWERS, Administrator of the estate of EPPS BURNHAM, late of Bridgton, in said County, deceased, having presented his First account of administration of said estate for probate :

It was Ordered, That the said Administrator 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 May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

WILLIAM G. BARROWS, Judge.

A true copy, attest :
23 EUGENE HUMPHREY. Register.

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.

LIFE'S BATTLE-FIELD.

Each has his own one path in life,
A circle small within his ken—
And a small circle, too, perchance—
We cannot all be famous men!
And duties are not truly done
By panting vainly after fame,
Or fretting for the want of chance
To quickly make a brilliant name.

A brilliant name! Too oft is this
The phantom that leads many on,
Until, too late, they wake, and find
The time for real endeavors gone!
Better to fill a lowly place,
And labor there with soul and heart,
Than dream ambitiously of wealth
Till time and youthful strength depart.

Do I speak sadly? Truth it is
That in the lowest place of life
A man can act a hero's part,
Amid the daily toil and strife!
Aye, amid hourly din and care,
Even though within the humblest home,
Can shine in virtue great and grand
As ever glided ancient Rome!

Life's heroism does not need
A spacious or a lofty stage:
Life's greatest deeds are not all writ
Upon the flaming golden page!
Believe me, glorious work is done,
As the world's wheels still onward go,
Which ten-tongued rumor never yet
Have blazoned, or will ever know.

Self-conceit, self-devotion—these
Are the high gifts which give to all
Who own them that well-tempered mind
Prepared alike to win or fall—
Prepared, with fitting men, to meet
The happy good or bitter pill:
Unshaken whether fate the cup
With nectar or with gall may fill!

Each of these words, in loftier truth,
Is a sure talisman in life
To guard and strengthen heart and brain
In time of hourly din and strife:
All stations they alike befit—
The peasant's cot or monarch's throne—
To every man a priceless gift
They bring, in self-respect alone!

TO BE READ AT SEVEN P. M. The dangerousness of evenings to youth in cities, is thus expressively stated by Geo. Hillard:—

To a young man from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are between sunset and bed time; for the moon and stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in its whole day's circuit. To the gentle hearted youth, who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and "stands homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of lonliness and desolation, which comes down on the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him, books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless.

RAISING A HOUSE. The Tremont House, at Chicago, Illinois, a brick building about four hundred feet square—one of the largest hotels in the place—is being raised from its foundation by means of screws. There are five thousand screws under the house, and a gang of five hundred men employed, giving each man the supervision of ten screws. The power was applied at ten o'clock on Monday forenoon, and at eleven o'clock the immense weight of the buildings had been raised three inches. It has yet five feet nine inches stories, which will be accomplished on Saturday night next.

PRIDE OF WEALTH. A prudent and well-disposed member of the "Society of Friends" once gave the following friendly advice:

"John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married."

"Yes," replied John, "I am."

"Well," rejoined the man of drab, 'I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry to a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth just fifty shillings, and she was worth sixty-two; and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd shillings."

The memories of the loved and lost steal upon us "as the sweet South upon a bed of violets;" they come like the breath from the gates of heaven's bower, left ajar when they entered.

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.

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sendieg their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch.

One reason why the world is not reformed is because every man is bent on reforming others, and never thinks of reforming himself.

A hungry man ne doubt wishes himself a horse, when he hasn't for a long time had a bit in his mouth.

Dogs are said to speak with their tails.—Would it be proper to call a short-tailed dog a stump orator?

Did you ever know a woman that would not think you intelligent, if you said her children were pretty?

Poor paymasters should learn wisdom from the mosquito, who settles his bill the moment he finds you.

An Irish lover remarked that it is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when your 'swateheart is wid ye."

Faith is the angel that leads Religion through the dark by the light of her wings.
