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ABIEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland.

SEARCHING FOR CONTRABAND GOODS.

BY HANSEY MARTINDALE.

It has been customary among civilized nations for ages to levy duties on certain kinds of goods imported from other countries. These duties vary according to circumstances, sometimes being little more than nominal, and sometimes so enormous as to amount to a prohibition. It has also been customary among a certain class of individuals, whenever high duties are established by government, to avoid a payment of the same if possible, and thus cheat the government of its dues. A volume might be written on this subject, showing the various ingenious devices of unscrupulous men to defraud the revenue, and an inquiry made into the reasons why some men, who are regarded in community, and believe themselves to be strictly irreproachable in morals, and would shrink from the idea of cheating an individual, can coolly and deliberately swear to a false statement at the custom house, and resort to the most unworthy and mean artifices to deceive the revenue officers, and swindle the government, which protects their persons and property.

Were smuggling to become obsolete, and the prescribed duties promptly and honestly paid, the expenses of our revenue department, with hosts of officers, cutters, &c., would be comparatively nominal, and the amount of funds required for the expenses of government would be greatly reduced. As it is, in consequence of the prevalence of mankind to smuggle—and womankind, also, for the dear creatures are by no means exempt from this weakness, as is shown in innumerable instances—one half of the receipts of the custom houses is paid away to prevent government from being cheated out of the other half!

But this is a digression. It is not my intention at this time to write a treatise on smuggling, although I might be employed to write a treatise on the subject, but merely to relate an incident connected with the subject, and which also will illustrate the fact, that while honesty may be easily imposed upon, rascality will sometimes sharpen one's wits.

During the war with England, declared in 1813, there being only an indirect and uncertain communication with Great Britain, all articles of English growth or manufacture were of course entirely prohibited, became exceedingly dear, and ensured an enormous profit to those who were so fortunate as to succeed in smuggling them into this country. This kind of smuggling was carried on very extensively. The proximity of the British Provinces, with navigable rivers and seaports, furnished facilities which were eagerly embraced, and costly English goods, contraband of course, were smuggled freely into the seaports of New England, and distributed throughout the country. Owing to the vigilance of the revenue officers many of these attempts to smuggle were frustrated, and parcels of goods of great value were frequently seized and confiscated, the informer or detector receiving a goodly portion of the spoils.

This business of introducing contraband goods was carried on to a very considerable extent in Boston as well as elsewhere; and there can be no doubt that large quantities of articles, the growth and manufacture of the enemy, were brought in coasting vessels from the frontier ports, landed on Point Shirley or some of the larger islands in the right, and conveyed away in wagons to safe receptacles in some of the neighboring towns, and subsequently sold at high prices to persons who made no inquiry into the mode in which they reached this part of the world. Sometimes an informer would give a clue to deposits of this description, when the proper officers would be despatched and the goods seized, and the individual on whose premises they were found mulcted in a heavy amount.

On one occasion, a merchant engaged in business in Boston, but living in handsome style in Medford, whom I shall designate as Col. Jepson, was interested in contraband goods to a very considerable extent, which were landed at Bristol's Island, and conveyed to Col. Jepson's residence, and snugly stowed away in his capacious cellar. Every precaution, it was supposed, was taken to keep

this fact from the knowledge of the officers; nevertheless, some person, who was actuated more by the expectation of a rich pecuniary recompense than by a patriotic sense of duty, betrayed the secret with which he was entrusted, and gave information to the Collector, embracing all the details, the precise character of the goods, where they were landed, and the place in which they were deposited at that moment. It accordingly so happened that the next morning, at the time Col. Jepson was about to leave home in his chaise for his counting-room in Boston, congratulating himself on the success of his bold smuggling speculation, and his heart overjoyed with generous feelings toward all mankind, a revenue officer, clad in authority and dispatched by the Collector, with a formidable posse at his heels, was about leaving the custom house on a journey to Medford to seize the very goods, which after much risk had been safely landed, and snugly deposited in Col. Jepson's cellar!

The parties met on Charlestown Neck, and were well known to each other. The Colonel turned pale at the sight of the officer, and his face, so short and jolly when he left home, rapidly assumed a longitudinal figure. The officer, on the contrary, smiled and gave the Colonel a significant wink, as much as to say, "We are not to be fooled so easily as you imagine!"

The Colonel tried hard to look cheerful and unconcerned, and addressing the officer, while both parties stopped their horses, said, "Good morning, Mr. Graball; how far are you riding this morning?"

"Not far, Colonel Jepson; only to Medford, on a visit to a dear friend of yours."

"Indeed! And may I venture to ask what is the cause of your visit at this unusual hour?"

"Oh, certainly! He has been dipping deeply into speculations lately, and is likely to get into trouble, and requires the revenue officers to help him along. But come, Colonel; it is of no use to affect ignorance; we know all about it."

"About what, my good sir? Your language is a riddle, which my poor brains are unable to solve!"

"Well, Colonel, to be plain with you," replied the officer, in a tone bordering on earnestness, "we know that you have been smuggling a cargo of cassimere and broadcloths of great value, and that the goods are at this very moment stowed away in a room in your back cellar, which we expect to have the pleasure of entering in a very few minutes."

"Sir," replied the Colonel, in a tone of offended pride, "you are entirely mistaken in your calculations. Your informant has been hoaxing you for some purpose of his own. You will find no contraband goods in my cellar—nothing of any kind except a few vegetables, raised in New England. If you and your assistants wish to avoid a storm of ridicule about your cars that will last for a lifetime, you will turn back at once and resume your ordinary avocations."

"I thank you for your advice, and the concern you manifest about our reputations," said the officer dryly; "but we prefer to go forward and examine for ourselves. Our information is from a source that may be relied on. We shall be glad of your company, however."

"I thank you," replied the Colonel; "I will gladly do anything in my power to facilitate your search. But you will find nothing here, I assure you."

"We shall see," replied the officer, in a tone which put an end to the argument.

Colonel Jepson accordingly turned his horse round, and took the lead on the way to Medford. On reaching the village, he rode boldly up to the front gate of a stylish looking house. "This is my residence, gentlemen," said he to the officers. "Please to alight, walk in and satisfy yourselves."

The officer who commanded the expedition noting the confidence and apparent indifference of the Colonel, began to entertain doubts of the correctness of the information received at the custom house. But, like an active and trustworthy man, he determined to make a thorough search throughout the premises before he abandoned the quest after the contraband goods; and so he told the Colonel, who with a smile of approval told him to "go ahead."

The Colonel opened the front door and entered the parlor, where the lady of the house was sitting upon a sofa, engaged in sewing. She looked up with some surprise at the sudden entrance of several persons, only one of whom she recognized. But the Colonel gave her a significant wink, and a look which spoke volumes. "My dear," said he, "you are surprised to see me so soon returned, but on my way to Boston I met these gentlemen, who labor under a strange hallucination which will amuse you much. They insist upon it, and rather obstinately, I think, that our cellar is full of smuggled goods. Now, my dear, I wish you would take the trouble to conduct them to the cellar, and when they have examined it as much as

they wish, show them over every part of the house, not forgetting the garret, the closets and outhouses. I wish them to be thoroughly satisfied that we have no smuggled goods concealed in any part of our house. I would accompany them myself, but you know, my dear, I sprained my ankle last Monday in getting out of the chaise, and have hardly been able to walk since."

"Certainly, my dear," replied the lady, "with pleasure. Please to follow me gentlemen."

She led them to the cellar; but there were no goods there, nor were there any signs that goods had ever been there. She guided them through other parts of the house, and through the kitchen, sheels, &c., but it was clear to the officers that if the goods had been landed, of which they now began to entertain doubts, they were never brought to Col. Jepson's house.

They returned crest-fallen to the parlor where the Colonel was sitting, with a placid smile on his countenance, looking kind and forgiving, notwithstanding the trouble to which he had been exposed, and the imputations on his character as an honest man and a good citizen. "Well gentlemen," said he as the principal officer entered, "have you found anything?"

"Nothing whatever," replied the officer; "and I regret exceedingly to have put you and your lady to so much inconvenience. Nothing would have induced me to occasion you so much trouble, but information which we believed to be correct in every particular."

"You should not give credence to stories reflecting on the character of a respectable man, without the fullest proof," remarked the Colonel; "but," he added in the blindest manner, under the peculiar circumstances, your proceedings are excusable. You have done your duty, and in a very gentlemanlike and agreeable manner. I wish you a pleasant ride home. Give my compliments to the Collector, and assure him from me, that on the word of a gentleman, he will never find any smuggled goods in my house!"

The officer with his posse departed. Col. Jepson, turning to the lady who had passed for his wife in the presence of the officers, thanked his fair neighbor for so readily acquiescing in his scheme for deceiving the emissaries of the custom house, and proceeded in all haste to his own veritable dwelling near by, summoned a gang of trusty men, hired wagons, and in the course of an hour the smuggled goods were taken from his cellar and conveyed away to a safer place, where it would puzzle the most astute and lynx-eyed of revenue officials to find them.

In the meantime, Mr. Graball and his worthy adjutants returned leisurely to town, and proceeded to the custom house, where a statement that their errand had been a bootless one was made to the Collector. No contraband goods were found on the premises.

"It cannot be!" exclaimed the Collector somewhat excited. "The goods were there at seven o'clock this morning. Are you sure you have made no mistake? Who showed you over the house?"

"Col. Jepson's wife," replied Mr. Graball. "Col. Jepson's wife?" repeated the Collector; "why, the Colonel has no wife. You have been humbugged. How did you find the house?"

"We met the Colonel on our way to Medford and he turned back and carried us directly to his house," replied the alarmed officer.

"He did no such thing!" shouted the Collector. "He carried you to a house which did not belong to him. I see it all now. What did he say?"

"He told me to give you his best respects, and assure you that on the honor of a gentleman you will never find any contraband goods in his house."

"And the smuggling rascal sent me that message, did he?" exclaimed the Collector.

"His impudence is unequalled. Mr. Graball, you have been humbugged, I tell you. You have been egregiously humbugged. But it may not be too late. Master your men and horses, and gallop back to Medford. Take Mr. Reimard with you. He lives in Medford, and can show you the Colonel's residence. Lose no time in hastening thither and making a thorough search for the goods, or the Colonel will be sure to keep his word."

Mr. Graball, mortified and indignant, retired from the presence of the Collector, and in accordance with the suggestions of his superior, lost no time in again passing over the ground between Boston and Medford. Guided by Mr. Reimard, he proceeded directly to Col. Jepson's house, which was not the house he had already so thoroughly searched.

The Colonel, his countenance lighted up with a benevolent smile, met him at the front door. "Ah Mr. Graball," said he, making a courtly bow, and extending his hand, which the ill-treated officer, with daggers flashing in his eyes, refused to grasp. "So soon returned! To what happy circumstance am I indebted for the pleasure of this

visit? Or perhaps your business is with Mrs. Jepson—if so, I will call the lady!"

"Colonel Jepson," replied the officer, in a loud voice, every muscle quivering with rage. "I have nothing to say to you, now or hereafter. My business is to search this house for contraband goods."

"Ah, indeed! Well, I consider this a very unkind proceeding on the part of my friend the Collector, after I had assured him on the honor of a gentleman, that he would find no contraband goods in my house. Did you give him my message, Mr. Graball?"

The indignant officer did not reply. His feelings were too big for utterance. He proceeded to his work, and found in the cellar strong presumptive evidence that goods of some kind had been there deposited. The hunters found the lair of the lion, but the beast had escaped.

Col. Jepson and Mr. Graball often met afterwards in the course of business, but never exchanged words with each other. The sight of the officer always called up a good-humored smile on the Colonel's handsome face, which was responded to on the part of the greatly abused functionary by a repelling frown.

OLD LOVE AND BURGLARY.

About two weeks since the wife of a Sacramento street merchant, whose residence is in Stockton street, was suddenly awakened late in the night, by foot steps in her bedroom, and the next moment the light of a dark lantern flooded her face, so near that she could almost feel the heat and hear the suppressed breathing of the intruder. She was entirely alone. Her husband had gone to Sacramento two days before, and the only person in the house, besides herself, was the servant girl, who slept in the story beneath. She comprehended all. The house had been entered by burglars who knew of the absence of her husband; and the person who held the lantern was probably armed and prepared to silence the first attempt at alarm with the stroke of a knife or a bill. Her presence of mind did not forsake her. It doubtless requires resignation and fortitude to witness, or listen to, without a scream or expostulation, the ransacking of laces, and the appropriation of jewelry and other valuables; but the lady very rationally deemed her life of more consideration than all the laces and diamonds in the world, and without thinking what the rascal would help themselves to, or what leave as worthless, she closed her eyes and awaited the result.

The light was withdrawn from her face, she heard the opening of drawers, and the rustling of silks, the picking of locks, and occasionally a low whisper of surprise or disappointment. Then there was silence for a full minute—it seemed an hour to her—and a soft footstep approached the bed, and the glare of the lantern again fell upon her face. Through the closed lids of her eyes she saw the light, but remained calm and motionless in its scrutinizing rays, fearful that the last movement might imperil her life.

What a moment of suspense! The light was removed from her face, and she felt that some one was leaning against the bed. Still she remained motionless—now more through a feeling than the counsel of policy. Nor did she stir when the warm breath of the burglar touched her cheek. Not until his lips pressed her forehead did she spring up and half shriek "Who is in this room?"

"Hush!" responded a voice in a hoarse whisper, while a rough hand was laid on her shoulder. "Speak nothing and fear nothing." The next moment she heard the sound of retreating footsteps and the creaking of a shutter, and then all was still again. Satisfied that she was alone, she sprang from the bed and touched a lighted match to a brazier, and sank into a chair completely prostrated with the danger which she had passed. Recovering, she closed and fastened the window through which the burglar had entered, and then looked around to ascertain of what she had been plundered.

The drawers had been ransacked, and almost everything with a lock to it had been opened, but, strange to say, little or nothing was missing. A casket of jewelry was open on the bureau, but the diamonds and gold were all there, and her watch hung where she had placed it on retiring. Beside the casket she discovered a little roll of paper. She picked it up and found that it enveloped a hard substance, that the hard substance was a ring, and that ring had been given to her many years before, and been in her possession ever since. Half bewildered at the singular proceeding, she was about casting the scrap of paper from her, when her eyes caught the marks of a pencil upon it. She carefully opened it, and read;

"This ring which was once mine, tells me in whose house I am. I did not know you were in California. You know I am an outlaw—the world knows it, and I do not care to deny it; but I have fallen as I am, I cannot rob you, Maria. Forgive me, and God bless you. HENRY."

This explained all. She read the scroll, and dropping upon her knees, prayed for him

who had written it. And who was Henry?

Ten years ago he loved the same Maria, when they had both lived in Brooklyn; and he would have made her his wife, had he not taken to drink and gambling, and finally forged the name of his employer for which he was given a home in Sing Sing.

When he was worthy of her love he gave her that ring.

On the return of the husband from Sacramento, the wife related the adventure and showed him the note; but he was not jealous nor has he attempted to arrest the burglar.—[California Magazine.

A BEAUTIFUL JEWISH ALLEGORY.

The following Talmudic allegory, relating to David, the "Sweet Singer of Israel," is from the Hebrew Review, and is entitled The Songs of the Night:—

As David in his youthful days was tending his flocks on Bethlehem's plains, the spirit of the Lord came upon him, and his senses were opened, and his understanding enlightened, that he might comprehend the songs of the night. The heavens proclaimed the glory of God; the glittering stars all formed one chorus. Their harmonious melody resounded on earth, and the sweet fulness of their voices vibrated to its utmost bounds. "Light is the countenance of the Eternal," sang the setting sun. "I am the hem of his garments," responded the rosy tint of twilight.

The clouds gathered and said, "We are his nocturnal tent." And the waters in the cloud, and the hollow voice of the thunders, joined in the lofty chorus—"The voice of the Eternal is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth; the Lord is upon many waters."

"It did fly upon my wings," whispered the wind, and the silent air replied, "I am the breath of God, the aspiration of his benign presence."

"We hear the songs of praise," said the parched earth; all around is praise; I alone am silent and mute!" And the falling dew replied, "I will nourish thee, so that thou shalt be refreshed and rejoice, and thy infants shall bloom like the young rose."

"Joyfully we bloom," replied the refreshed meadows. The full ears of corn waved as they sang, "We are the blessings of God; the hosts of God against famine."

"We bless you from above," said the moon. "We bless you," responded the stars; and the grasshopper chirped, "Me, too, he blesses in the pearly dew drop."

"He quenched my thirst," said the roe, "and refreshed me," continued the stag; "and he grants our food," said the beasts of the forest; and he clothes my lambs," gratefully sung the sheep.

"He heard me," croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken and alone." He heard me," said the wild goat of the forest, "when my time came and I calved."

And the turtle dove cooed, and the swallows and all the birds joined their song.—"We have found our nests, our houses; we dwell on the altar of the Lord, and sleep under the shadow of his wing in tranquility and peace."

"And peace," echoed the night—and echo prolonged the sound, till clairvoyance awoke the dawn and crowded—open the portals, the gates of the world! The King of Glory approaches! Awake! arise! ye sons of men; give praises and thanks to the Lord, for the King of Glory approacheth!"

The sun arose, and David awoke from his melodious rapture. As long as he lived the strains of creation's harmony remained in his soul, and daily he recalled them upon the strings of his harp.

THE WONDERS.

This world of ours is filled with wonders. The microscope reveals them not less than the telescope, each at their extreme of creation. In the insect creation, particularly, there is so much to know that has never been dreamed of—wheels within wheels, without computation of number. Let us take a rapid glance at the proofs of this statement.—The polypus, it is said, like the fabled hydra, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are four thousand and forty-one muscles in the caterpillar. Hooke discovered fourteen thousand mirrors in the eye of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, thirteen thousand three hundred arteries, vessels, veins, bones, etc., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins his web; so that what we call a spider's thread, consists of more than four thousand united. Leuwenhoeck, by means of microscopes, observes spiders no bigger than a grain of sand, and which spin threads so fine that it took four thousand of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

SHAYS' INSURRECTION.

In the year 1786 an insurrection took place in Massachusetts. "A heavy debt lying on the State, and almost all the corporations within it; a relaxation of manners; a free use of foreign luxuries; a decay of trade; with a scarcity of money; and above all the debts due from individuals to each other, were the primary causes of this sedition.—Heavy taxes necessarily imposed at this time, were the immediate excitement to discontent and insurgency."

The leader of the malcontents in Massachusetts was Daniel Shays. At the head of three hundred men, he marched to Springfield, where the Supreme Judicial Court was in session, and took possession of the Court House. He then appointed a committee, who waited on the court with an order couched in an humble form of a petition, requesting them not to proceed to business; and both parties retired. The number of insurgents increased; the posture of affairs became alarming, and an army of four hundred men was at length ordered out for their dispersion. This force was placed under the command of Gen. Lincoln. His first measure was to march to Worcester; and he afforded such a protection to the court at that place, that it resumed and executed the judicial functions. Orders were given to General Shepard to collect a sufficient force to secure the arsenal at Springfield. Accordingly, he raised about nine hundred men, who were reinforced by eight hundred militia from the county of Hampshire. At the head of this force he marched, as direct, to Springfield.

On the 25th of January, Shays approached, at the head of eleven hundred men.—Shepard sent out one of his aids to know the intention of the insurgents, and to warn them of their danger. Their answer was, that they would have the barracks, and they proceeded within a few hundred yards of the arsenal. They were then informed that the militia were posted there by order of the Governor; and that they would be fired upon if they approached nearer. They continued to advance, when Gen. Shepard ordered his men to fire, but to direct their fire over their heads; even this did not intimidate them or retard their movements. The artillery was then levelled at the centre column, and the whole body thrown into confusion. Shays attempted in vain to rally them.—They made a precipitate retreat to Ludlow, about ten miles from Springfield. Three men were killed and one wounded. They soon after retreated to Petersham; but General Lincoln pursuing their retreat, they finally dispersed.

Some of the fugitives retired to their homes; but many, and among them their principal officers, took refuge in the States of New Hampshire, Vermont and New York.

SAVING FOR OLD AGE.

No one denies that it is wise to make a provision for old age, but we are not all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly, we shall want a little money for a destitute old man is indeed a sorry sight, and suggests to every one the suspicion that his life has been foolishly if not wickedly spent. Yes save money by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are most apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy, which he will never feel the want of until he is seventy, and then, how much he will want it! It is curious, but true, that a bottle of champagne at twenty may intensify the rheumatism at three-score. It is a fact, that overtaking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles, at forty instead of eighty. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxim holds good with regard to health as money—waste not, want not. It is the greatest mistake to suppose that any violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty.

Nature forgives no sin, no error. She lets off the offender for fifty years, sometimes, but she catches him at last; and inflicts the punishment, just when, just where, just how he feels it most. Save up for old age, but save more than money; save health, save honor, save knowledge, save the recollection of good deeds and innocent pleasures, save pure thoughts, save friends, save love. Save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time cannot diminish, nor death take away.

Lawyers are said to live longer than men of other professions. Perhaps it is because they have more to repent of than others, and are therefore allowed more time to repent in.

If money is worth five per cent a month, what is a man worth at the end of the year, who has paid such a rate per cent?

The death smile is the grandest thing in the world. It makes the dark Past an arch of triumph into a radiant Future.

MISCELLANY.

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house as mossy and old,
With its eumet roots old and new,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the seabirds drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pastures
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them,
They sit in the sun alone;
And the old wife's ears are falling,
And she looks to the well known tone.

That was her heart in her girlhood,
That she soothed her in a care,
And praise her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bride—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunbeams still are golden,
But it falls on a silvery head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her water time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown,
Since, cased in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown a dim old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyes with balm;
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of one solemn psalm.

Like a bride pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road,
That leads to the beautiful city,
"Where builder and maker is God."

Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give her lost youth back;
And the flowers of a vanished spring time
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his youthful prime;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlived time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair,
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had put there.

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west,
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's house in the skies.

As a humble soul knows that the stars
Have their situation in heaven, though some-
times he sees them by their reflection in the
bottom of a well, or in a ditch; so he knows
that golly souls, though never so poor, low
and contemptible, as to the things of this
world, are fixed in heaven, in the region
above; and therefore their poverty and
meanness is no bar to hinder him from learn-
ing of them.

It was a wise and a Christian speech
of Charles V. to the Duke of Venice, who,
when he had showed him the glory of his
princely palace and earthly paradise, in-
stead of admiring it, or him for it, only re-
turned him this grave and serious memento:
"These are the things which make us un-
willing to die."

Of little human flowers, Death gath-
ers many. He places them upon his bosom,
and he is transformed into something less
terrible than before. We learn to gaze and
shudder not, for he carries in his arms the
sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes.

As when we have thoughtlessly look-
ed at the sun, our dazzled eyes, though clos-
ed, behold it still, so he who is smitten by
love, beholds by day and by night, the radi-
ant image of her upon whom he has too
rashly gazed.

Harsh words are like hailstones in
summer, which, if melted would fertilize
the tender plants they batter down.

The superfluous blossoms on a fruit
tree are meant to symbolize the large way
in which God loves to do pleasant things.

At midnight the blue sky bends over
us, dewy and soft, and radiant with innum-
erable stars, like the inverted bell of some
great blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust
and breathing fragrance.

Stay awake in church. It is a shame
for the church to be made a cemetery, where
the living sleep above ground as the dead do
beneath.

The column is an emblem of faith—
it springs from earth to heaven; the arch
symbolizes mercy—it descends from heaven
to earth.

When we find ourselves more inclined
to persecute than persuade, we may be cer-
tain that our zeal has more of pride in it
than charity.

Age may give the heart something
better than its youthful delusion, but cannot
give again the sweetness of that delusion.

There is no day born but comes like
a stroke of music into the world and sings
itself all the way through.

ARE YOU INSURED?

The attention of those contemplating
LIFE INSURANCE
is requested to the system and advantage
of this Company. Insurance may be ob-
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STATE MUTUAL

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
OF WORCESTER, MASS.

Chartered in 1844—Cash fund, June 1, 1860,
nearly \$300,000.

This old and successful company, con-
ducted with rigid economy, having accumu-
lated a large cash fund, has been enabled to
reduce the rates of premium about twenty-
five per cent below the ordinary rates of
most other companies and invites all who
propose to provide for a family or friends by
insurance, to look into the system of this
company before insuring elsewhere. Premiums
may be paid annually, semi-annually or
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HON. EMERY WASHBURN, Vice
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CLARENCE HARRIS, Secretary.

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

Having been agent for this excellent insti-
tution for the last fifteen years, I have seen
and known something of the advantages of
life insurance to families and friends in the
hour of distress. Let no one neglect it while
within reach.

Apply to
W. D. LITTLE, General Agent,
Portland, or to ENOCH KNIGHT, Bridg-
ton.

JOHN W. PERKINS & CO.,

Wholesale Dealer in

PAINTS, OILS,

CHEMICALS,

PATENT MEDICINES

Drugs, Dye Stuffs, Glass Ware,
GLUE, BRUSHES.

Sign Painters' Materials.

Colors of all kinds,
SUPERIOR TRIPLE REFINED

Camphene and Burning Fluid,
86 COMMERCIAL ST.,

PORTLAND, ME. 6m

J. L. & S. M. BOOTHBY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

AND JOBBERS IN

TEAS,

West India Goods, Groceries,
LUMBER AND COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Head Commercial Wharf,
36 PORTLAND, ME. 1y

JOHNS & CROSLY,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE IMPROVED
GUTTA PERCHA

CEMENT ROOFING,

THE CHEAPEST AND MOST DURABLE
ROOFING IN USE.

IT IS FIRE AND WATER PROOF.

It can be applied to new and old Roofs of all
kinds, and to Shingle Roofs without re-
moving the Shingles.

The cost is only about One-Third that of Tin
AND IT IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT.

For preserving and repairing Tin and other
metal Roofs of every description, from its
great elasticity, it is not injured by the con-
traction and expansion of metals, and WILL
NOT CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM
WEATHER.

These materials have been thoroughly test-
ed in New York and all parts of the South-
ern and Western States, and we can give a
beyond proof of all we claim in their favor.

The are readily applied by ordinary labor-
ers, at a trifling expense.

"NO HEAT IS REQUIRED."

These materials are put up ready for
use, and for shipping to all parts of the
country, with full directions for applica-
tion.

Full descriptive circulars will be
furnished on application by mail or in
person at our Principal Office and
Warehouse,

78 WILLIAM STREET.

(Corner of Liberty Street.) NEW YORK.

JOHNS & CROSLY.

1y AGENTS WANTED!—TERMS CASH! 2y

GRANT'S

COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.

Original Establishment.

J. GRANT,

Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of

COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATUS

AND CREAM TARTER,

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

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

All Goods entrusted to the owner's risk.

A. H. WALKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

41 FRYBURG ME. 6m

J. H. KIMBALL, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

BRIDGTON, ME.

Office and Residence nearly opposite Dix-
eystone's store.

WM. W. CROSS,

CORNER

BRIDGTON, ME. 3m

BEST LONDON PORTER for the sick
at BALL'S

HOUSE KEEPERS.

Burnet's "Excelsior" Dyeing Powders.
2 Cannot be surpassed for the immediate
production of BREAD, PASTRY,
2 CAKES, and every description of PAST-
RY within the Year, in less time than
ANY other process.

Saves 35 pr. ct. in use of Butter & Eggs.
These powders are more economical
and healthier than any in use. One
trial will convince the most skeptical.

Increases the weight in Bread 15 Pr Ct.
Dyspepsia can eat HOT BREAD,
BUTTER, &c., with impunity it made
with these POWDERS.
For Sale Everywhere.

Burnet's Celebrated Washing Powders.

Bleaches clothes beautifully white,
and softens the HARDEST WATER.

SAVES ONE HALF THE SOAP.
Does not injure the texture of the finest
LINES, LACES, or CAMBRICS.

Saves One Half the Labor in Washing.
Washes all Clothing superior to the
best Washing Machine in the world,
without injury, particularly to Flannels,
which are washed soft, without shrink-
ing.

Cost of a Large Washing 2 Cents.
Manufactured only by
WILLIAM BURNET,
45 & 47 Pine Street, New York City.
For Sale Everywhere.

Cash Orders promptly executed. 6m

THE ORIGINAL

T. B. BURNHAM,

BURNHAM & BROTHERS,

Take this method to inform the citizens of
Portland and vicinity, that he has fitted up
a new suit of Rooms for the purpose of mak-
ing Disenchantments, Amulets, and Photo-
graphs in all their branches.

30, 32 MIDDLE STREET,
(Opposite J. E. Fernald's Tailoring Establish-
ment.)

These Rooms have been fitted up express-
ly for the purpose, and entirely without re-
gard to expense—having two large Sky
light Rooms for the convenience of the dif-
ferent kinds of Pictures, and so arranged as
to open them into one for large Groups,
which makes the largest Room to operate in
to be found in this section.

GARD PHOTOGRAPHS, \$3.00 per dozen.
SMALL PHOTOGRAPHS, \$1.00 for 24.
A Miniature Album for holding fifty of
these little pictures. Price only one dollar,
bound in Turkey Morocco.

Miss Burnham will wait upon visitors
as usual. Please call and see for yourselves
a large collection of finished Photographs.
Yours respectfully,
T. B. BURNHAM.

Portland, Feb. 6, 1861.

MOFFAT S

Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters.

THESE MEDICINES have now been be-
fore the public for a period of THIRTY
YEARS, and during that time have main-
tained a high character in almost every part
of the globe, for their extraordinary and nume-
rous cures of all kinds of diseases, and to
persons suffering under nearly every kind of
disease to which the human frame is liable.

The following are among the distressing
varieties of human diseases in which the
VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINE
are well known to be infallible.

DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the
first and second stomachs, and creating a
flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the
stale and acrid kind, **FLATULENCE**, loss of
Appetite, **HEADACHE**, **INDIGESTION**, **NERVOUS**,
STOMACHIC, **ANEMIA**, **LAXITY**, and
RELAXATION, which are the general symp-
toms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural
consequence of its cure.

CONSTIPATION, by cleansing the whole
length of the intestines with a solvent pro-
cess, and without violence; all violent pur-
ges leave the bowels constive within two days.
FEVER, by restoring the circulation of the
blood to a regular circulation, through the
process of respiration in such cases, and the
thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction
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.

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

SCURVY, **LEUCIS** and **INVERTEBRATE**
SORES, by the perfect purity which these
LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood, and all
the humors.

SCORBUIC Eruptions and **BALD-
NESS**, by the perfect purity which these
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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 mechanical and medicinal purposes.

BRIDGTON CENTER.

DOORS,

Sashes, and Blinds.

THE Subscriber has removed his Factory
to the LARGE NEW SHOP near the
Cumberland Mills, and having fitted up
in the best manner, is now prepared to supply
customers, or will make at short notice,
Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Door and Window
Frames, Mouldings of all sizes, House
Finish of any description, Pump-tub-
ing, and all the various kinds of
BUILDING MATERIAL
that can be advantageously prepared by his
Machinery.

We also Plane and Saw all kinds of Lum-
ber: Joint and Match Boards; Plane, Joint,
and Square Clapboards in the best manner.
Builders and others in want of such
articles are invited to call and examine our
work.

J. S. HOPKINSON,
Bridgton Center, Feb. 16, 1860. 3m

G. H. BROWN,

Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in

FURNITURE

of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES,

PICTURE FRAMES, FEATHERS,

CHAMBER SETTS.

Extension, Center and Card Tables.

BEDSTEADS, of the latest and most im-
proved style, with Spring Bottoms.

ALSO, READY-MADE COFFINS.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

LOOKING GLASSES REPAIRED.

NORTH BRIDGTON, ME. 8

BOOKS

TO BE SOLD AT GREATLY

Reduced Prices.

The subscribers, in order to close out their

EXTENSIVE VARIETY OF BOOKS,

Will sell the same

AT COST,

And many of them at less

THAN HALF THE RETAIL PRICE!

Those wishing to replenish their Libraries
will do well to call on

R. J. D. LARGABEE & CO.

69 Exchange Street,
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J. F. WOODBURY,

Manufacturer of

FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, &c.

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Done at short notice, and with dispatch.

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attended to with promptness and dispatch

Please give us a call.