

The Bridgton Reporter.

HORACE C. LITTLE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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CHAS. J. LITTLE, PORTLAND.
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Poetical Selections.

A BOY'S SONG.

BY THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lie and sleep,
Up the river and over the lee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustered nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Life's sweet maidens from the play
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadows among the hay!
Up the water and over the lee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"ASPIRATION FOR HEAVEN."

"The bird let loose in eastern skies
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wings, nor flies
Where idle wanderers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadows dim her way."

So grant me, God, from every care
An I staff of passion free,
Aloft through virtue's pure air
To hold my course to thee;
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul at home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings."

Our Story Teller.

MY MATTER-OF-FACT COUSIN.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

I had just been admitted to the bar—
Before me lay my Aunt Fannie's letter,
Urging me to pay a visit to her, Uncle
James, and the girls.

At dinner time I told my father of my
plans.

"Very good," he said approvingly. "You
will have the free, fresh air that the doctor
recommends; and if you choose to
fall in love with your cousin Molly, I
shall give my consent to the match."

"She's a dear good girl!" said my mother.

I instantly resolved to hate Molly.—
Fall in love with "a dear, good girl!" I
—a poet—a genius—seeking on this des-
ert earth, for a kindred soul—a heart to
beat in unison with mine—a bright eth-
ereal being formed to be worshipped, but,
of course, willing to bow before my my
superior mind! "Dear, good girl!"—
brought up a vision of a little bread-and-
butter Miss, always ready to wait on ma-
ma and courtesy to a strange gentleman.

I fell in love with her! nothing could
relieve my disgusted feelings but a canto
to "my ideal love," which I finished be-
fore bed time.

The next evening found me in the quiet
home circle at Lee, already more than
half in love with—not the recommended

Molly, but her sister, the fair haired, blue
eyed Leonie. Together we soared to the
realms of thought; we quoted Byron—
we compared favorite passages, and ecsta-
sy! she, too, confided her inmost thoughts
to paper—she, in short, wrote poetry!—
She was unhappy, too, in want of sym-
pathy. None of the family believed in her
inspiration or genius. Her father said
"Trash!" to her finest effusions; and
her mother advised her to spend her time
in making cake, if bread was too common-
place.

Molly had a small but neat figure, and
her dainty slipper and dress both fitted
exquisitely; her hair was dark-brown,
and braided in heavy loops; she had
soft brown eyes, fair complexion, and a
bright cheerful face.

Leonie, tall, slender, and graceful,
wore a white dress which might have
paid a visit to the wash-tub with advan-
tage; but my admiration rested on her
face. The features were Grecian, and the
large languid blue eyes, and long
loose curls, made a fair picture, which,
to my blinded eyes, was improved by a
half reclining position, and pensive ex-
pression.

"Leonie," said her father, what are you
looking so dolorous about? Toothache?"
A look of scornful impatience excited
at once my sympathy, and the laughter
of the rest.

"O? I see," said Uncle James; "you
are composing an ode on a summer's
night. Eh, Molly?"

"Including mosquitoes," said Molly,
quietly. "Of course! Come, let's have
the first verse," said the poor girl's tor-
mentor.

"Papa, spare me! Torture not my
calm repose by dragging forth my sor-
rows to the world."

"Come, Lenny, sing for us," said her
mother; "and no nonsense!"

"So 'Love not,' and 'The Broken-Heart-
ed' were sung in agonizing manner; and
then, at her father's request, Molly sang,
in a blithe, sweet voice, some Scottish bal-
lads; after which Leonie and I wander-
ed out on the piazza—to gaze at the moon.

The first evening will stand for a pic-
ture of many more. The sentimental po-
etries were right when she told me no one
sympathized with her, for all tried by
ridicule, or more gentle warning to bring
her from fancied heaven to the neglected
duties blocking up her path. I labored
in vain to win her a sister's gentle sym-
pathy—Molly was impenetrable. It was,
"Molly, walk with us, on this lovely
morning, to woo the gentle summer's
air, and seek, in the mazes of the wood,
the murmuring brook and whispering fol-
liage."

"Can't indeed, cousin Ned; I must
help mamma with the preserves."
She was always busy. Leonie, who
never rose till ten o'clock, was ready for
my proposed stroll or reading at any la-
ter hour, and I forgot her untidy dress,
tumbled hair, and slipshod feet in the
melodious voice, the questioning sym-
pathy, and soft flatteries of my blue eyed
cousin. Yet, though I fancied I looked
down upon the commonplace Molly, it
was a pleasant sight to meet her little
graceful figure always neat, whether in
the tidy morning chintz or the lighter
evening dress—a pleasant sound to hear her
cheerful voice—a pleasant thing to notice
her ever busy fingers always employed to
lighten her mother's cares, to give her
father a pleasure, or repair some negli-
gence of her sister's. She spent part of
her time in her own room; but the
breakfast-table never waited for her, and
hers was the first kiss to welcome her fa-
ther's return at night.

I had been at my uncle's two weeks,
and had already decided that Leonie was
my second self, and my life a Paradise or
a desert, according as she would to accept
or reject my hand, when, one day, wait-
ing for Leonie to walk with me, Molly's
voice called,

"Edwin! Edwin, come here! Hurry!
Leonie has fallen!"

I rushed into the entry. My idol had
caught her foot in a rent of her dress,
and taken a flying leap down stairs; she
lay insensible at the foot. I knelt down
and called upon her by every endearing
name.

"Don't be silly!" said Molly, in a quick
anxious tone. "You are the only one
here who can lift her. Take her to her
own room, and then send John for Dr.
Wallace."

I obeyed. Lifting the inanimate fig-
ure, I followed Molly's light footsteps up
the stairs up to Leonie's room. Even in
my terror I could not escape the impres-
sion that the room gave me. My aunt
made it a rule that the girls should take
care of their own rooms, and I had fond-
ly imagined Leonie's to be a bower of
of beauty—a resting-place haunted by
the works, the pictures of great minds—
a home where one could rest secure, of
no jar from outer life. I saw at midday,
an unmade bed—a dusty, greased, dirty
carpet—open, disorderly drawers from
which straggled ends of dresses—brushes,
soiled collars, and manuscripts in direful
confusion—a crushed bonnet on the table
with a volume of Shelley in the crown—
and a writing desk open on the window-
sill.

My aunt came up in a moment.

"Some water, Molly dear!" she said
taking her post at once by Leonie. "And
cologne! Where is the cologne?"

"Don't stop to look here, Ned. Go to
my room; there is a bottle on the man-
dle piece," said Molly.

I went hastily, found the bottle, and
was then unceremoniously requested to
retire, and send the doctor up as soon as
he came. Where did I go? Straight,
on my word, straight back to the room of
my matter of fact cousin. I was fascinat-
ed by the glimpses I had had of it, and I
actually had the imprudence to go for
another.

I knew that my cousins were allowed
to furnish and decorate their rooms as
they pleased, and it was a revelation to
look at Molly's. All the furniture was
of a cool grey (cottage), with pretty flow-
ers seated over it. The dainty white bed,
neatly made, stood under curtains of
soft rose colored gauze; the pretty car-
pet, grey and flower-strewn like the fur-
niture, looked as if dust had never touch-
ed it. Every article stood in its place,
and there was a bewitching air of finish-
ed neatness about the whole that repudi-
ated the idea of a servant's fingers. The
book shelf held a choice selection of stan-
dard works, protected from dust by a
curtain of the rose colored gauze, and a
few landscape pictures hung on the walls.
The work basket and writing desk were
in loving companionship on a table near
the window, white curtains gave a shade
to the whole room. A small vase on the
bureau held one rose, half-blown, with
a cluster of its own green leaves.

Leonie's injuries proved slight; but
she kept her room for a week, and Mol-
ly and I were thrown much together. I
cannot tell you how much she roused in
me an ambition to be a nobler, better
man; how her earnest, useful life, her
gentle intelligence, and the glimpses I
caught of her well cultivated and well
trained mind, shamed me from my
dreams and many aspirations and resolu-
tions. I left Lee determined to deserve
my cousin Molly's regard.

One year later I renewed my visit.—
We had corresponded during our absence
and when I left the second time, I
brought home, for my bride, my MATTER-
OF-FACT COUSIN.

ALWAYS ROOM UP STAIRS.—A young
man who was thinking of studying law,
said to Daniel Webster:

"Mr. Webster, I understand the profes-
sion of law is quite full and that there
are more lawyers than are needed. Do
you think there is any chance for me?"

"There is always room up stairs," was
the reply, and as true as it was ingenu-
ous. Only a few persons reach the high
places, and these are always in great de-
mand.

"There is room up stairs."

First class mechanics, as well as phy-
sicians, lawyers &c., always find plenty
of room, plenty of work, and good pay.
Whatever calling you may choose, it
matters little, if it be an honest one, re-
solve to go into an upper story; but do
not try to jump there by a single leap,
or you may fall disabled. Rather begin
at the bottom of the ladder and patiently
step upon each round.

The following is a good story about
a clergyman who lost his horse one Sat-
urday evening. After hunting in com-
pany with a boy until after midnight, he
gave up in despair. The next day, some-
what dejected at his loss, he went into
the pulpit took for his text, the following
passage from Job;

"Oh, that I knew where I might find
him!"

The boy, who had just come in, sup-
posing the horse was still the burden of
his thoughts, cried out:

"I know where he is; he's in Deacon
Smith's barn."

AMERICANISM.—America is indebted to
the Old world for nearly all its verbal
vulgarisms and cant phrases. What is
called the "nasal drawl" of Yankee land,
for example, is a gift from Norfolk and
Suffolk, England, where they say
"send" for end, "keow" for cow, "eout"
for out, just as some folks do in Connet-
cut and Massachusetts. The old Dutch
settlers have supplied us with a good
many queer words. For example, "cook-
ey" is a slight modification of *hockje*, a
little cake; "kruller" is from the Dutch
verb *krullen*, to curl; "speck and ap-
ples" is a slight modification of *spec en
appletjes*, the name for fried pork and ap-
ples among the Hollanders; and "boss"
is an improvement on the Dutch word
baass, employer. To the Mexicans we owe
several outlandish phrases, such as to
stampede, chapparel, ranch, rancho, etc.,
—the last being an adaption of the Span-
ish verb *ranos*—literally "let us go."

But the "mother country" has furnished
nine-tenths of our vocabulary. To her
we are indebted for such lingual delica-
cies as "happ," "mizzle," "let up," "let
on," "yourn," "hera" and "theim." "She's"
is also used in some parts of England,
but we have not as yet imported that
symbol of feminine ownership. "Bogus"
is another Anglicism. It is, we believe,
the vulgar for "Borghese," the name of
a forger who "operated" somewhat ex-
tensively across the water about twenty-
five years ago. He passed false tokens
and counterfeit bills to the amount of
many thousand dollars, and hence the
term "bogns" is applied to whatever is
false and fraudulent.

STOR WORRYING.—In a social gather-
ing, a few evenings since, the conversa-
tion turned upon the prevalent tendency
among men to fret over evils, whether
imaginary or real; and the subject was
so impressive upon my mind as to change
many a subsequently gloomy thought into
brightness and peace. A clerical
friend present related an incident in his
own experience, the moral of which is too
valuable to be lost to the public.

At a certain watering-place he met a
lady who seemed hovering on the brink
of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow
and wan, her manner listless, her step
languid, and her brow wore the severe
contraction indicative both of mental and
physical sufferings, so that to all observ-
ers she was an object of sincerest pity.

Some years afterward he encountered
the same lady, but so bright, and fresh,
and youthful buoyancy, and so joyous in
expression that he questioned himself if
the was deceived with regard to her
identity.

"Is it possible," said he, "that I see be-
fore me Mrs. B., who presented such a
doleful appearance at the springs a few
years since?"

"The same."

"And pray tell me, madam, the secret
of your cure. What means did you use
to attain to such vigor of mind and body
—to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"

"A most simple remedy," returned she
with a beaming face. "I stopped worry-
ing and began to laugh—that was all."

How to be MISERABLE.—Think about
yourself; about what you want, what
you like, what respect people ought to
pay you, what people think of you; and
then to you nothing will be pure. You
will spoil everything you touch; you
will make sin and misery for yourself out
of everything that God sends you; you
will be as wretched as you please on
earth, or in heaven either.

In heaven either I say. For that proud
greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would
turn heaven into hell. It did turn heav-
en into hell, for the great devil himself.

It was by pride, by seeking his own glo-
ry—so, at least, wise men say—that he
fell from heaven to hell. He was not
content to give up his own will and do
God's will, like the other angels. He
was not content to serve God, and rejoice
in God's glory. He would be a master
himself, and rejoice in his own glory;
and so when he wanted to make a private
heaven of his own he found that he
had made a hell. When he wanted to
be a little god for himself, he lost the
life of the true God to loose which is eter-
nal death. And why? Because his
heart was not pure, clean, honest, simple
unselfish. Therefore, he saw God no
more, and learned to hate Him whose
name is love.—*Kingfisher Sermons.*

—Do not all that you can do; spend
not all that you have; believe not all
that you hear; and tell not all that you
know.

Suggestions for Health.

The season is now upon us when, owing
to the summer heats and atmospheric
influences, fevers, prostrate, and diarr-
rheas exhaust multitudes, who, during
the debilitating season of the year, are
comparatively exempt from disease. Yet
this class of complaints may generally be
avoided. The readers of the *Agricultur-
ist* should be well enough acquainted with
the subject of Health-Preservation to
know that it does not depend upon med-
icines. These would rarely be necessary,
if we were as anxious to take care of our
health as a thrifty farmer is to take care
of that of his sheep and hogs. Men are
apt to employ less common sense in their
own behalf, in this regard, than in be-
half of their swine! They will carefully
study and profit by information relative
to the ailments of their herd, and how
to avoid them, while the preservation of
their own health, and that of their child-
ren, is a subject rarely thought of.

Worse still, sparing neither pains nor ex-
pense to procure the most wholesome
food for their animals, they debilitate
their own stomachs with that which they
know to be unwholesome. The general
rules and requirements of health are sim-
ple and easily learned. In fact, one has
but to watch the sensations of his offa-
cories, skin and stomach, and heed them,
to keep clear of all danger from ordinary
diseases. The sense of smell warns him
against inhaling impure air; the skin,
by dryness, feverishness, or irritation, in-
dicates a want of that frequent bathing,
which is so essential to health; and the
stomach calls for food when needed, re-
pels it when enough has been eaten, and
in a natural state, betokens generally
that which is unwholesome. A little
pains to notice these indications will
greatly sharpen the preceptions.

It may be set down as a general rule
that ordinary diseases can not obtain a
foothold where only pure air is inhaled,
the skin is clean and healthy, and the
stomach kept in good condition. The
latter involves the most difficulty, owing
to the depraved habits of diet in "civilized"
society. But a few rules, well lived up
to, will rarely fail, viz: Be regular as
to the time of eating; do not exercise vi-
olently either immediately before or im-
mediately after meals; and let the last
meal of the day be light and easy of di-
gestion, so that sleep may be undisturbed
and refreshing. In the morning, any
bilious disturbance of the stomach is
known by the bitter taste in the mouth.

Heed this warning, by restricting diet to
plain bread, vegetables, and ripe fruits;
and if it increases go without supper, and
take a thorough warm water bath—
rinsing off in cool water—just before re-
turning to bed. As a general dietetic rule
for summer, persons in any degree deli-
cate should use plenty of ripe, raw and
cooked fruits at meals, and but little, if
any fat meats. Let all dietetic changes
be gradual; and for the most part use
food that required chewing, and chew it
well, in order to give the stomach the
full benefit of the assistance of the saliva
in digestion. Avoid sudden changes in
quantity of clothing, cooling off sudden-
ly when heated and perspiring, and all
sudden changes. In keeping the skin
clean, do not neglect the most important
part the scalp.—*Agriculturist.*

Sunshine, heat, air water, food, and
exercise are the chief necessities of life.
People who are deprived of sunlight
grow like potato vines in a cellar. Dark-
ness is the cause of many fatal diseases.

Warmth is a condition, as well as a re-
sult of vitality. The rule of temperature
is to keep comfortable. Long chills ex-
haust a low vitality.

Health, the highest revelation of God
in nature, is the fountain of strength,
beauty, intellect, and happiness.

Heat and cold, up to a certain point,
stimulate the vital powers; carried too
far, they are alike debilitating.

Clothing, night and day, should give
sufficient warmth, with perfect cleanliness
freedom of motion, and free transpira-
tion. Feather beds, cotton comforters,
oil-cloth and India-rubber clothing, are
civilized abominations.

No air is fit to breath which has been
breathed before, unless it has first mingled
with the whole body of the atmosphere.

The law of food is, that man should
eat what is good for him, at such times,
and in such quantities as nature requires.

Agricultural Department

OPERATIONS FOR JULY.

Clear the dock for action. The great
fight of the year is now close at hand—
with many of our readers already begun.

When the grass is fit to cut, haying must
take the precedence of every thing else.
The few days of cultivation that remain,
should be improved to the utmost. Keep
the horse, hoe and cultivator moving
until the corn is too large to allow the
horse to pass. Hoeing even to the time
of silking pays. The stirring of the
soil not only destroys weeds but admits
air and moisture freely to the roots of the
plants. Cloudy days can sometimes be
improved in hoeing, even at the last of
this month.

It is miserable economy to undertake
haying with a short supply of help.
There is less need of it now that we
have the help of the horse in mowing and
reaping. The mowers and reapers have
reached almost every neighborhood, and
the small farmer who does not wish to
buy a machine, can hire his work done
with one. This saves the muscle and
money at the same time. It puts the hay
into the barn just at the time when it is
worth the most for fodder. A single day
of overwork under a burning sun, some-
times lays a man up for a month. Hired
labor will pay in the hay harvest, if at
any time.

Barns and sheds should be put in order
immediately, if not ready to receive
the new mown hay. There should be
barn room enough for all the hay made
upon the farm. As grain is now so gen-
erally thrashed soon after harvest, it is
of less importance to put it under cover.

If stacks must be built, make them
very large, and remove them to the barn
in the Winter for feeding out. We hope
to see the practice of foddering at the
stack yard banished from the northern
farm. It is hard on the cattle, and still
harder on the farmer's purse.

Butter—nothing requires nicer hand-
ling than this article. Perfect cleanli-
ness in the utensils and thorough working
so that all the buttermilk is expelled,
will add several cents a pound to the
market value. A cool spring in the milk
room is of great value in this business.—
every dairy farmer ought to have an ice
house. With this he can always man-
age the temperature of the milk and
bring his butter to market in the best
condition. Sour milk and whey should
be kept at a safe distance from the milk.

Cheese can be made where the facili-
ties for making butter are not first-rate,
or on farms too remote to admit of weekly
marketing.

Draining is an item always on hand,
when other things are not pressing.—
Drains are best laid in dry weather, and
if we could have our choice of seasons we
would always take Summer and Fall.—
Improve any leisure between hay and
autumn to make drains. The proofs
of the profitability of this business are
so clear when we have once begun, that
it is rarely abandoned, until the farm is
sufficiently drained.

Fences will need little attention, if
they were thoroughly repaired in the
Spring. The enclosed grain and clover
fields will need looking after to guard
them against cattle.

Hoeing—Let no weeds grow among
the corn, and substitute the horse for the
man as much as possible, in destroying
weeds. Keep the hoe and cultivator very
near the surface, lest the corn roots re-
ceive damage.

Oats—cut at early maturity, as directed
for wheat and Rye. Store where
there is good ventilation and thrash early.
The fall market is sometimes best for
oats. At any rate it saves the depreda-
tion of rats, which cannot be prevented
in the stack and mow.

Potatoes—The ground should not be
disturbed after blossoming until digging.
Dig early varieties as they mature and
sow turnips and set cabbages. There
is ample time for a good crop of either if
manure be used. There is often a differ-
ence of fifty per cent in the price of po-
tatoes this month and the next—hence
market early.

Seed rye, Wheat, etc.—Save the best
parts for seed, and leave until fully ripe.
Remove all weeds and trash with flails
soon after harvesting.

Rye—cut before fully ripe, when the
grain is passing out of the milky state.—
American Agriculturist.

The Bridgton Reporter.

CHARLES LAMSON, 1
HORACE C. LITTLE, 2

Bridgton, Friday, July 4, 1862.

POLITICS, AND POLITICIANS.

The term politics is not necessarily associated with anything of an evil character. Legitimate and honorable politics is an essential concomitant of civilized life. Civilization presupposes government, and government necessitates politics. Government is a practical matter, and is established and maintained by voluntary human agents, and, legitimately, for the common human good. These agents are named statesmen and politicians. A statesman always, in a full definition, includes the politician, but a politician does not necessarily include the statesman. A man may be a politician, and an honest and true one, and yet fall far short of statesmanship. A statesman is a governing agent who comprehends, and proceeds upon, the abstract principle of government. He is scientific—develops the governing idea in true scientific order. He does not substitute his own superficial and arbitrary notions for the principles of eternal law and order—those existing in the nature of things—but fashions his policy, or governmental art, after the methods of the universe. If he caters, as all true artists must, to keep strictly within the circle of eternal law. In a certain sense, to "re-enact a law of God" is sure to end in grievous disaster. If we attempt to be wise above what is written in the all-comprehending book of nature, our "wisdom" will prove the veriest folly imaginable.

The true statesman, therefore, does not strive to transcend the wisdom of nature—does not attempt to "re-enact the laws of God"—as clearly discernable in the laws of the universe, and which may be more or less clearly read in the profounder consciousness of man, but builds his governmental structure after the benign order of nature.

"Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere; In action faithful, and in honor clear; Who broke no promise, served no private end; Who gained no title, and who lost no friend."

The true statesman cannot be a *partisan*. He is "born for the universe"—and gets his initial governing data from universal methods. He may *join* a party, but his party must be national, or selfish, but embracing, without the least reservation, the common weal. The statesman must not follow, save in the sense already indicated,—but lead; his must be the master mind—the controlling and directing agency in the affairs of human government.

We have intimated that the statesman may be a politician—he must be one, inasmuch as the art of governing necessarily includes the use of *policy*. The subjects, and incidental circumstances involved in the processes of government, must be wisely managed, and directed into the channels of order—must be moulded to the purposes of good, through the intervention of well devised laws. The compassing of political ends constitutes practical statesmanship, and demands earnestness, *placé*, and expediency in the governing agent, all which must be subordinate to the benign, *practical* idea of government. To root out the devilish element in man, or rather to keep it within the limits of order, salutary instrumentalities must be used, though not with *caustic* malice. The wisdom of the serpent must be used, but always with the harmlessness of the dove. The passions of the subjects of government must be controlled by cunningly devised policy. The statesman cannot always, directly, reach the ends of government. He encounters all manner of obstacles in the shape of human ignorance, prejudice, and intractable passions. These various individual hindrances to the common good must be in a degree shorn of their blind and unreasoning power through the intervention of law, and yet, according to the great democratic axiom, "with the consent of the governed." Though government be, in itself, a *very* arbitrary and despotic, yet it must not *seem* to be so. The great statesman is necessarily arbitrary; but the crowning merit of his statesmanship is to shine in the mild and benign light of reason. Reason is despotic, all-acting, because it is unmitigated. It cannot compromise but it can be polite, mild-mannered, and conciliatory.

The above is our view, in brief, of the statesman, and statesmanship. We challenge contradiction of our opinion. Now let us say what the mere politician is. Why, he is a greatly inferior, yet perhaps necessary, governmental agent. He is the governmental hewer of wood and drawer of water—yes, he can, honestly, go as low down as to be a *scavenger* in the political line. The mere politician is a governmental operator who knows nothing of the sovereignty of ideas. He don't, in his extreme shallowness, mistrust that there is any other element involved in government than that of human wills, and human wisdom. He knows nothing of the great controlling necessity that underlies the petty chicanery of politicians. His notions are essentially atheistic. He may mean tolerably well, but he is ignorant, and yet may imagine himself most wise. Human infatuation will be, as a general thing, in exact proportion to human ignorance. So much for the politician who has not an iota of statesmanship in his composition. He is a petty concern, clothed with no sovereign dignity, though

not, perhaps, a "vessel of dishonor." But what shall we say of that large and devilish brood of politicians who are entirely self-seeking and conscienceless, and who are but *termini* upon the body politic? We'll not say much, but only denounce the entire pack of them as shameless scamps, that are ever the disgrace, and sometimes, the ruin of the nations. They proceed on the notion that the State was made for the satisfaction of their greeds, in the shape of notoriety and lucre. The State, they seem to think, is one vast cow, with innumerable teats, at which they seek to tug, year in and year out, without once thinking that said cow is for the common benefit. These persons are well named by Shakespeare, "scurvy politicians," who would "cumberst God," to promote their private ends. Of course, this class of illegitimate politicians are unstable, always ready to vary with the shifting currents of political influences. Having no honest political convictions, they are ready at any time to face about, careless of the fact that their careers bristle with self-contradictions. One year of their lives gives the lie to the other; and yet, such is the current political corruption, that they pass muster as respectable men, and are even permitted to have political leadership. Office seekers we cannot abide. Napoleon Buonaparte, though something of a rascal himself, doubtless, was yet a great statesman—or at least he knew well what was corruptive of public morality. He thus speaks of office-hunting: "The Love of place is the greatest check to public morals. A man who solicits a public post feels his independence sold before hand." In England, the greatest families, the whole peerage, disdain not to hunt after places. Their excuse is that the enormous burdens of taxation deprive them of the means of living without addition to their income. Pitiful pretence! It is because their *passions* are more decayed than their fortunes. When people of a certain rank stoop to solicit posts for the sake of emolument, there is an end to all independence and dignity of national character."

So obvious are office-seeking politicians to the common views of political honesty, that some of the Dictionary quote the celebrated remarks of Dean Swift to illustrate their definition of them:—"The man who can make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass grow on the spot where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and render more essential service to the country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

The *FORGOTTEN*.—Our paper for this week bears a very patriotic date, which renders it the more necessary that we should make especial mention of the day. The custom for newspapers to "splurge" on the occasion of notable days has rendered such themes commonplace. We will not therefore say more than to express the hope that the Fourth will continue long to be the birth-day of a great and united nation—a nation whose years will extend far down the track of Time, and which will come out of its present tribulation wiser in all respects, as we know it will come out of it with an immeasurable sadness. We shall not feel too very jubilant; for, whatever advantages we may have gained over this deadly rebellion, has been at the cost of precious blood, and much treasure. May the dread necessity of this civil warfare result in our good and teach to every scion of our common country the need of studying those blessed charities that alone will bring peace and abiding prosperity to our present afflicted borders.

WE HAVE GOT A NEW HAT, and a first rate one it is, too. Our old hat having seen much and various service, was getting to be shocking bad, and it has been seen for some time past that we should have soon to be re-hatted. Some have been so foolish as to say that we should be re-hatted. While we acknowledge our head to be an old 'un, we are sure that it will last to wear out a great many more hats. And while it needs a cowering, we shall endeavor to seek one from from Mr. E. N. Perry, 140 Middle St. Portland. For his card is another column. His style and make of hat is the very best we know of, and those who, with us, want to be in the *mode*, will go straight to Perry's and purchase one of his superb titles.

THE *CORRESPONDENT* MONTHLY we have received of it—and like it much. Mr. Kimball's story, "Was he Successful," is thus far written with much power. Its portraiture of character is keenly and truly discriminating, and clearly shows the hand of a master in that difficult line of writing. Some of the articles have no interest for us, as we do not sympathize with their style of literature. The "Continental" has enough of good reading beside these, to us, objectionable articles, and which warrants us in expressing a favorable opinion of it. May it live, and grow wise as it grows older. Its papers, however, appear to us quite unequal in merit.

Bro. Gilman of the Portland Press, says a friend of his, well qualified, wants to obtain a situation as a country editor. A friend of ours, a very intimate one, wants to obtain a situation as a *city* editor—not so much for his own benefit, as for that of the paper he may edit. He thinks that a country importation or two would freshen the life of city papers, though he thinks it would not add to their *greenness*.

Bro. Ellwell, d'y'e think our forenoon nap improves our editorials? If so, do you not "judge" that it would be well for you Portland editors to go and do likewise?

—An army correspondent at Richmond writes as follows:—

"One thing has not yet been made public in the remarkable conversation of Brigadier Gen. Howell Cobb, under a flag of truce, with our own officers.—Gen. Cobb said previously to the order of General Butler in regard to the women of New Orleans, the gulf between the North and South was not unfaithful, but that order had made the gulf deeper than hell and broader than eternity. He said it had just been read to the troops under command; that it had touched the most secret springs of pride on the one hand and revenge on the other, and that now there could be no union.—Exchange."

This is rather strong language, Mr. Cobb as it would be difficult to have anything broader—"than eternity," or "deeper than hell"—a place said to be bottomless. Such extreme language must be listened to with large discount. It needn't trouble us in the least.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and "Hygienic Teacher" for July have reached us. "Hygienic Teacher" takes the place of the old name "Water-Cure Journal," and we think it an improvement. The essential character of the "Teacher" will be as it was under the former cognomen. It is an excellent Hygienic guide, and conducted in the most comprehensive manner. It greatly simplifies the cure in a, while at the same time it is duly scientific and learned. It gives us great pleasure to add our humble commendation of the work. The Phrenological Journal ever was, and ever will be, a favorite work with us.

Reader, just take a peep over our advertising columns this week. We have got a lot of new ones, and what is more, good ones—that is, they signify that the various dealers who thus invite trade are live business men; and those are the persons that the community should trade with. Being in earnest in their expressed desire to trade, they will do well by their customers, because they are wise enough to know that it is the best policy to do so. They enter into mercantile life, with a view to live and "grow fat," and they will take that honorable and wide awake course that will best serve the desired end.

Bro. DEXLEY of the Lewiston Journal, writes a deal of satire in reading your paper: it is full of good things. Now if you can possibly afford to send us your *Daily* instead of your weekly, we should like it better, and should be more benefited by the ration you grant us, in having them come in small installments. The weekly aggregation is too much for us at once. We had rather have little of a good thing at a time, and have it often. You know how that is. Look us for your *Daily*, won't you?

See Croswan and Poo's Card in our advertising column. We take especial pleasure in calling attention to this firm, because we are assured that they are very honorable dealers in their line of trade, which of course implies that they keep the best of articles, and at fair prices. As apothecaries, they are regarded in Portland, as very reliable men. *Especially*, if you want a good glass of soda, something genuine and refreshing you will not fail to find it at their fountain.

Bro. Elwell of the *Traveller*, moves the formation of an Editorial club in his city. The idea is a good one and we hope he will go ahead.—*Press*.

We trust the club will not be used for mutual mauling. It is left for Bro. Elwell to use, he will so maul it that its whisks will fall easy; but should Bro. Elwell be allowed to wield it, we are afraid mischief will be done. Don't let him come into the arrangement.

We have got a new and very unique *Diaper*—consisting of two nicely adjusted rollers, covered with a quick-absorbing substance which makes ink "dry up" in no time. We should think that Uncle Toby's "recording angel" had better have one, which would enable him to economize his tears. It is quite an ornamental Tair, and the ladies would call it "splendid!" It may be found at Hall & Davis's store at 53, Exchange Street, Portland.

We desire to be distinctly understood that we shall give our correspondents the "largest liberty," consistent with the management of such a paper as we intend ours to be. At the same time our readers will understand, one for all, that the editor's will not be responsible for all views and opinions correspondents may advance.—*Portland Press*.

Of course they will, people ought to be responsible for only their own sins—it's enough.

When any of our folks are down to Portland, and have occasion to lunch, or eat a powerful and (tip-top) meal of victuals, we would just whisper, *styly* and confidentially, in their ears, that they can get that same at Amos Smith's Dining saloon, 14 & 16 Exchange Street. He keeps the best of everything in the eating line, that's sure.

Most of the Snowbegan Clarion has put on a new dress, and looks first rate. He can now thrust forth the "Poringer" with a better grace, and with a better chance of having it filled. People are more prone to give to the well-dressed needy, than to those who are seedy in appearance.

Bro. FINEON, when are you going to return that call we gave you, some three years ago? Now's a good time to come over. You can pay us a flying visit at any rate. Don't delay—John will bring you over and return you back, safely.

The *Advertiser* is enlarged to the size of the Boston Journal, and of course must take the lead of the Portland *Dellies*.

Condensed War News.

We have been something, for a few days past, in the situation of old Tantalus, in relation to war news. We have had, in rather spare dribbles, accounts of a great battle fought before Richmond, which has left us in alternate doubts and fears. Still we are prodigiously hungry for a full installment of definite news, but we cannot get it. The "Newspaper Generals" have had a grand opportunity to display their ideal generalship, and some of them have ciphered out a splendid victory, and others have agonized a dire defeat. These wise-ones have had a great chance to figure their profound military knowledge, and we hope they will "feel better for it."

But one thing is certain, and that is, a battle has been fought before the rebel city, and we think we can untangle from the snarled accounts received from the scene of action something like a fair estimate of the result of the battle thus far. From all the accounts we have had, assurance has been given us that everything has come out well, and was intended by Gen. McClellan. His line extended to a long distance, and was thus weakened. He had, previous to the engagement, too much ground to defend. He needed to get his forces into a more consolidated form, and this attack of his right wing by Stonewall Jackson showed that the concentrating movement occurred none too soon. He withdrew his right wing from its weak and attenuated position, and will now make the James River the base of his operations, where he cannot be cut flanked, nor have his supplies cut off. Besides he is now on healthy ground, and can have the cooperation of the gun-boat fleet.

He is in a far better position than he was before, and by the evacuation of his right wing of the old swampy position, he has cut the enemy's force into two parts, each of which he can now attack with his whole force, and thus overwhelm them. Fort Darling, too, is at his mercy, and can no longer check the advance of the gun-boats toward Richmond. We can see no ground for despondency or panic. The evacuation by the right of McClellan's army was no unpremeditated retreat, but a *strategic* manoeuvre, which, it is true, was attended with a great deal of hard fighting, and with a proportionate loss of life. But it was a necessary part of the bloody programme to be carried out near the rebel city, and will have greatly facilitated the great result. Of course, in the absence of a report from the commanding general, we cannot make any definite statement of what may be considered the decided gain of the events thus far transpired. They appear to have resulted favorably to our side, as Gen. McClellan intended they should. We think we may set down the movements of our army there, so far as we have correctly ascertained what they were, as resulting in decided gain to us. Having, so far as we can learn up to this present writing, no direct telegraphic communications with Gen. McClellan's army, we are without sufficient data to give anything like a clear account of the battles of last week, or of what is going on now, before Richmond. But we feel entirely easy about matters, because we see no shadow of a reason to feel otherwise. The rebel army probably exceeds our own in numbers, but it is likely we have the advantage of them in discipline and arms.

There seems, as things work now, to have been some gross mismanagement of military affairs on the part of *somebody*. Here's old Stonewall Jackson, pitching into McClellan's right, whom we supposed was in the Shenandoah Valley, fighting Fremont, Banks and McDowell! Who are those Generals with their loss of soldiers? Why are they not after this crafty old rebel? Why are they not thundering at his heels. Can't they keep up with him? Or has he so crippled them that they can't move after him? It seems strange—these things, and we don't know what to make of them. We are inclined to think that Secretary Stanton is the Mar-Plot. He is altogether too smart for the place he is in.

The President at the instigation of the Governors, has called for 300,000 more men. Drafting will doubtless have to be resorted to. We hope not, however.

There has been a fight on James Island, near Charleston, and our troops have been repulsed. This is the result of attacking the enemy's well fortified works with an inadequate force. When will our Generals learn better than this to oppose their me to such fearful chances? We have had a good deal of this fool-hardiness, and many precious lives have been worse than uselessly sacrificed.

CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATES.—As the time of election draws near, the partiality of friends begins to bring out their favorite names. The leading candidates thus far, have been the Hon. J. B. Brown and the Hon. W. H. Vinton. We presume they have their strong friends, who desire to place them in nomination and see them elected to this honorable position. Yesterday, our correspondent "B." brought out the name of E. P. Weston, Esq., of Gorham, a gentleman well known throughout the District, and whose ability and integrity eminently qualify him for this position.—*Portland Observer*.

The Kennebec Daily Journal has been discontinued. It was but an experiment, which, it seems, does not work well. We liked the *Daily*, because it was spicy and genial. The Weekly Journal is a capably printed and edited sheet.

We appreciate the politeness of S. Barry, Esq., agent for the associated Press, in sending us a Liverpool paper. Such acts of courtesy are gratefully received.

Our farming friends will do well to call and see Gibbs' new haying implements. We "looked over the property," and thought it would be fun to work with the new style rakes he has recently received. His sayes too, are of the newest pattern, and the snaths he has completely correspond. See Advertisement.

PICNIC ON THE FOURTH.—We learn that there is to be a picnic party go from this village over across Long Pond to Cape Monday to day. The boats will start about 8 o'clock. There will be a grand time.

We are having, Thursday morning, another fine rain. It rained smartly Wednesday night. Grass is picking up amazingly.

Matters about Town.

THE RIDGE.—Who that has ridden or walked over that beautiful locality of our variegated town, called the "Ridge," but must have been more or less impressed with the delightful airiness and picturesqueness of that romance-hued ground! It is about one mile in length, the road passing along its elongated summit, and its emerald and smooth fields gracefully sloping in a circular form on either side, one toward the shore of Crochet Pond, and the other toward a wooded valley, both something more than a quarter of a mile distant from the summit of the Ridge. Quite a number of farm-houses dot the road, at due distances, in which we trust, and think, dwell peace and plenty. The farms that constitute the Ridge are good and productive, and are well cultivated. The place is one of the healthiest in the world, as well as one of the most beautiful. The peculiar topography of the Ridge is always, to us, suggestive of deep romance and poetry. We always associate it with the beautiful and abiding. It is because that, in addition to its own intrinsic and immediate attractions, it affords us such various and sublime prospects. Nearly the whole grand range of the White Mountains looms up before us with just that distance that lends a particular "charm" to the view. We are not so near them as to have the sense oppressed by their abrupt ruggedness, nor are we so far distant from them as to have the sense of their vastness diminished. It savors of childlikeness, perhaps, to "babble of green fields," and of lofty mountains, but we are just child enough to do it. They fill us with a sense of the beauty of the material world, and which sense we charitably wish to share with our readers. In this way we know we possess a good spirit: when we would share with our kind the wealth of our diviner emotions and impressions. It proves that we are not selfish in this particular, at least.

In addition to a fine and full view of the White Mountain range in the north-west, we have, from the Ridge, a good look into the far North, and over the swelling East. Then, too, the near scenery of lakelets and enchanting woodlands, all in mingling a natural picture,—if the license of language will allow us to call that a picture which exists in the most vital reality,—that the eyes never tire contemplating.

Such is the Ridge which we visit as often as we conveniently can. It seems all the more pleasant to us, because we can at any time,—so we suppose,—pop into the cozy mansions of our friends there, and have the most neighborly chat with the inmates, and perchance, sit at their tables and share a meal of savory food with them. We did so the other day at the house of our friend Mr. Levi Ingalls. Very pleasant was the visit, which we shall repeat by and by, and with no fears of wearing out our welcome. Always on these occasions, we take a survey of outdoor affairs. We look at the poultry, stare at the pigs, glance upon the fruit-trees, peep over the cornfields, and, in the season of time, mouse round the grass-fields after strawberries. We notice our Ridge friends are gradually extending the empire of civilization farther down toward the pond, walling more thoroughly, and reclaiming their pasture lands. We are glad, too, that they are renewing their orchards. We can remember when the Ridge orchards were very fruitful,—or those trees which still skirt the road, but which a new bearing the marks of age. Mr. Ingalls has a fine growing orchard down from the road, which has at present a very thrifty look. Very likely his neighbors are not much behind in this respect, for the Ridge farmers seem to be stimulated by the general spirit of progress.

THE BLACK FLY.—The black fly, the pest of every trout fisher and of every lover of forest scenery, is making its appearance in our woods. Three weeks since, we were fiercely bitten by them, while taking a brook in Topham. The irritation and swelling consequent upon the bite, we extend greater than the result of the bite of the mosquito.—*Drumstick Telegraph*.

Let the trout alone, brother Tenny, and the black flies won't trouble you. The flies are the natural protectors of the trout; mind that, now.—*Levee Herald*.

But they don't "make out," to protect them though, in these parts, at least.—Fred J. Littlefield, S. M. Hayden, Jim. R. Adams, Chas. E. Walker, E. J. O. Adams, A. B. Walker, recently went to Clatham, N. H. and from there to Ellis River in Jackson—which is a good trout stream—and caught about a thousand trout—and good sized ones at that. Black flies and mosquitoes were there in full force, but their presence did not avail, so sublimely did our friends feel on this great occasion. This elevation of emotion was occasioned by their exciting success, and by another kind of *lyer* which we will not name.

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We are having, Thursday morning, another fine rain. It rained smartly Wednesday night. Grass is picking up amazingly.

DEATH OF A RETURNED SOLDIER.—We learn from a communication received from North Bridgton, that Edwin, son of Henry and Hannah Carter, died on the 30th inst., aged 19 years, 10 months, and 15 days. We understand that he was among a number of other Bridgton young men who recently returned from the army, sick. He belonged to the Maine 12th, Company C, commanded by Capt. Robinson. Before he went into the army he was quite a healthy and stalwart young man, but the Southern climate was so different from this, camp life so unlike that which he had from his infancy, and his father's house, that we can wonder much that he became the victim of disease. We most heartily sympathize with our dear friends, the parents of young Carter. But they will be consoled when they reflect how bountifully the Heavenly Father has dealt with them in all respects. Edwin was one of seventeen children which have been given to our friends. Till his death occurred, they have had no sickness in the family, a period covering now nearly thirty-four years. Henry, their first child, was born about 40 years ago, when he was a young lad, was an inmate of the family. Henry died at the age of six, since which death they have had no sickness in the family, as we before said, till Edwin came home from the war sick. Fifteen industrious, moral, and healthy children, sons and daughters, yet remain to bless their parents. Surely they have been signally blessed, not only in the gift of numerous and excellent children, but in "basket and in store."

We know our friends will be reconciled to this sad bereavement, believing as they do that all things work together for good to those who love the Lord.

In this connection we will take occasion to mention that our good friends, friends of our childhood, Col. A. S. F. Ishee and wife, living but a few rods from Mr. Carter, have had twelve children born to them, two of whom have left the mortal tenement. One of these two, a son, was drowned early in the year since. These children of Col. F. are also excellent and accomplished persons, and a credit to their parents, and to the native town. The fathers and mothers of these two families, we understand are comparatively in good health, enjoying the simple estates which their patient and well-reared industry has secured to them. In united ages of these four parents are 53 years! May these years be augmented till they have arrived at that fullness of vitality which glides naturally and serenely into immortality.

We thank our young friend for communicating to us the above interesting particulars.

PIKE'S PEAK AND THE REPORTER.—From Pike, who keeps the public house at Fryeburg, was a little disposed to remark we made a few weeks ago about the "bad liquor" we supposed was vended to our young people who visit that locality the Fourth. We certainly did not mean to accuse the residents of that place of impropriety, thing amiss. All we knew of matters there was what we had frequently heard. Pike declares that himself and neighbors get up a bit of a time on the Fourth—the "mutual enjoyment of each other," for the commendable purpose of commencing this day of days. He repudiates his own and his neighbors' behalf, all responsibility for the bad behavior of "larks" who go there on these occasions, and who carry their "bad rum" with them. Friend Pike declares that himself and neighbors are good temperance people, good as we are, at any rate, and we do nothing to the contrary. We do not do anything unjustly to any one, and therefore we make these remarks to our former ones respecting the "bad liquor" of Pike's Peak." We trust our friends there will have a good time today. We mean to go over and see for ourself, but could not conveniently reach there.

DEATH OF MR. ARTHUR BRIDGES.—After another of our aged townsmen, we are for the world of spirits. Mr. Bridges was the eldest man in town (as far as we know) when living, died on Wednesday about 5 o'clock, P. M. He had no disease, but died simply of old age. His death took us somewhat by surprise. We saw and conversed with him last week since, in one of the stores of the village. We retain very pleasant and full recollections of Mr. B. He was an earlier in life he knew us, very well, and did us numerous acts of kindness, besides, he mingled with the earliest memories of childhood.

Mr. Bridges was a man of good abilities, of a dry, caustic humor, and strong prejudices. He has been in the village a reader, and was therefore a great man. He was, we believe, a native of Malborough, Mass., and has lived in town nearly, if not quite, sixty years.

CHERRIES.—We are pleased to receive the receipt of a box of luscious cherries from Mr. Matthew Reed of South Berwick. We do like "cherries," and even cherries, on occasion. Your cherries are prime ones, and may your efforts to improve the fruitage of your section of the country, will prove successful. We have, as the cherries are, so abundantly prove.

CONVALESCENT.—We observe that Jamin Walker, Esq., has so far recovered from his long illness as to be out of some. We hope soon to notice his recovery.

—The Bath Times Universalist State Convention, a collection amounting to \$1000, was presented to the Convention in this State.

—The Portland Police Department that Portland is the most popular in the metropolis, as black as—*Levee Herald*.

—A careful perusal of the Standard, and the fact that France and Italy, and perhaps other circumstances will mas.

—A lady sends a drum to the Spring of the Pope of Rome? Because he is a gander—*propaganda*.

—GENERAL JAMISON, received Saturday forenoon, and may have saved his life. —*Bengal*.

—It is said that a man in the village of days ago, an Oxford man, was killed by a firm in St. L. number of soldiers, who are "afflicted with other stupidity," not.

—The Kennebec Journal, 200 or 400 soldiers of the Maine 12th, has been stated.

—In the Hall of the city at Portland, the fire inches wide, of the main north trees.

News and

We copy the nebo Journal. Re vicinity may profit.

RETRAINED SOLDIER. All soldiers in this from their regiment, son or by letter to the U. S. Military, giving in all cases, regiment, company,

Ration money now be paid at any time.

No orders have the payment of sick report in order that may be obtained, and be discharged.

In all cases the men when paid, and Major to each soldier, arrangements have to pass to Augusta.

The Statist (C. the following occurred near that. A raising in Lobo from Stratford, a about one man struck with an axe, nearly men seeing their down, laid their piles swung round, a killing eight men, went launched into.

A correspondent says that on the with a six horse team, goals, and a piano bridge over Hamlin's his way from Port whole load, the two were through, starting of Mr. Gerry's ribs, was severely. The away and thus saved.

The Belfast A. of an accident to the week. One of the boys in descending coach into a deep crevice, one of the he fifteen minutes with him, before he could inside of the coach was, but strange to outside was seriously.

When our first the rubble of a great crowd and proffer to demolish it. fifty place that the created in it when a long been confined. blow it up, they produced on top and tore it down a complete wreck.

The rebel Gen. at West Point, and professor for fifteen years, was a little disposed to remark we made a few weeks ago about the "bad liquor" we supposed was vended to our young people who visit that locality the Fourth. We certainly did not mean to accuse the residents of that place of impropriety, thing amiss. All we knew of matters there was what we had frequently heard. Pike declares that himself and neighbors get up a bit of a time on the Fourth—the "mutual enjoyment of each other," for the commendable purpose of commencing this day of days. He repudiates his own and his neighbors' behalf, all responsibility for the bad behavior of "larks" who go there on these occasions, and who carry their "bad rum" with them. Friend Pike declares that himself and neighbors are good temperance people, good as we are, at any rate, and we do nothing to the contrary. We do not do anything unjustly to any one, and therefore we make these remarks to our former ones respecting the "bad liquor" of Pike's Peak." We trust our friends there will have a good time today. We mean to go over and see for ourself, but could not conveniently reach there.

DEATH OF MR. ARTHUR BRIDGES.—After another of our aged townsmen, we are for the world of spirits. Mr. Bridges was the eldest man in town (as far as we know) when living, died on Wednesday about 5 o'clock, P. M. He had no disease, but died simply of old age. His death took us somewhat by surprise. We saw and conversed with him last week since, in one of the stores of the village. We retain very pleasant and full recollections of Mr. B. He was an earlier in life he knew us, very well, and did us numerous acts of kindness, besides, he mingled with the earliest memories of childhood.

Mr. Bridges was a man of good abilities, of a dry, caustic humor, and strong prejudices. He has been in the village a reader, and was therefore a great man. He was, we believe, a native of Malborough, Mass., and has lived in town nearly, if not quite, sixty years.

CHERRIES.—We are pleased to receive the receipt of a box of luscious cherries from Mr. Matthew Reed of South Berwick. We do like "cherries," and even cherries, on occasion. Your cherries are prime ones, and may your efforts to improve the fruitage of your section of the country, will prove successful. We have, as the cherries are, so abundantly prove.

CONVALESCENT.—We observe that Jamin Walker, Esq., has so far recovered from his long illness as to be out of some. We hope soon to notice his recovery.

—The Bath Times Universalist State Convention, a collection amounting to \$1000, was presented to the Convention in this State.

—The Portland Police Department that Portland is the most popular in the metropolis, as black as—*Levee Herald*.

—A careful perusal of the Standard, and the fact that France and Italy, and perhaps other circumstances will mas.

—A lady sends a drum to the Spring of the Pope of Rome? Because he is a gander—*propaganda*.

—GENERAL JAMISON, received Saturday forenoon, and may have saved his life. —*Bengal*.

—It is said that a man in the village of days ago, an Oxford man, was killed by a firm in St. L. number of soldiers, who are "afflicted with other stupidity," not.

—The Kennebec Journal, 200 or 400 soldiers of the Maine 12th, has been stated.

—In the Hall of the city at Portland, the fire inches wide, of the main north trees.

