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Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. I.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1859.

NO. 45.

Bridgton Reporter,
IS PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness and despatch.

For the Reporter.

**Five days Behind the Masts:
OR LIFE ON THE CANAL BOAT.**

When the Turkish Rear-admiral visited our shores, a year or more ago, there was great excitement among the people in consequence of his arrival and great were the exertions made to make his visit a pleasant one, and to impress upon his mind the importance of our national works and resources—our armies, our navies, our asylums, our public schools, our merchant vessels, and all the blessings resulting from a free government. The press, each day, gave an account of his movements—the movements of the TURKISH REAR-ADMIRAL! Thus a foreigner gets lionized, when he comes to this country, while a native born American with four times as much talent and education is passed by unnoticed.

On the morning of the 29th of August, 1859, I made my way to the wharf at the canal-boat landing in order to take a short pleasure trip down the lakes, river and canal to Portland, and from thence to Yarmouth; and as I trudged along with my valise and firkin, no mayors, city councils, or representatives of some august body, waited upon me with a barouche and four, and the accompaniments of military and civic processions; no, no! I was not a *furriner*, therefore, I might lug my valise and firkin till doomsday, if I pleased.

But smothering my indignation I traveled on till I reached the wharf where the canal boats lay moored, all laden and ready to start on the voyage. Long Pond glistened as the morning sun shone upon it, while the breeze was so gentle as to cause a ripple on her fair blue bosom. At the wharf I found our Editor, who like me had determined to try "A life on the ocean (?) wave," and was waiting for the crews of the boats to make their appearance. The boatmen came at last, and here begins my log-book.

MONDAY, AUG. 29th

Weather pleasant.—At 7 1-2 o'clock, A. M., I stepped on board the *Green Luke* bound for Yarmouth and Portland. The crew consisted of Capt. Fields Messrs. Plummer and Bates. We were accompanied by the *B. Walker*, Capt. Gibbs, with the crew, Messrs. Ballard and Mains, and the passengers, Messrs. Lamson (of the Bridgton Reporter), Hall and Weymouth. There was scarcely any wind, and the two boats went lazily along side by side till we reached the foot of Long Pond—passed under the draw-bridge, and entered upon Brandy Pond, when the wind springing up we soon crossed and were following the crooked course of Songo river—time: about noon. We passed through the Songo lock and by the vine covered cottage of Mr. Woodman and continued on our voyage now pushing the boat along with heavy poles, and now setting the sails so as to catch the breeze as we followed the serpentine course of this river. The banks of the Songo are covered with trees and underbrush, with the exception of here and there a farm, and the channel is so crooked that at one place we sail several miles and get back to a certain old decayed tree from where we started.—Through the river, we crossed Sebago Lake—under the bridge at the foot of the lake—across the "Basin"—then the head of the Presumpscot River, and entered the canal. The *Ben Walker* followed at a short distance, and ever and anon the shouts of her jubilant crew were echoed by our own crew as we passed through the locks, or glided silently along o'er the still, clear waters of the canal. We reached "Gambro" at about sunset. Deep darkness soon settled over the land, and as we threaded our way through the dark forests, Mr. Plummer, who has had long experience as a *voyager*, related many thrilling stories of adventures on the canal when boating there was in its infancy, how he and others had been followed by catamounts and being lost by other wild beasts; how boat crews had been frightened and fled into the cabins for safety; and how one timid individual had been frightened, one night while following the horse on the tow path, by seeing a horse without a head coming towards him bearing some fearful monster on its back!

We continued on till we reached the "Sev Locks;" where we stopped for the night. Time: 11 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

TUESDAY, AUG. 30th

Weather pleasant.—We started at an early hour and reached Portland at 8 o'clock, A. M., where we found quite a number of boats at the "Guard Lock." I strolled about the city till afternoon, when in company with the *B. Walker* and the *Ocean Ranger*, Capt. Gammon, we set sail with a fair wind for Yarmouth. While going down the harbor the three boats were hatched one behind the others with all sails set, and the boatmen got together and had a jolly time over the flags, cigars, and lemonade, which they had provided for the occasion. But we soon parted company and sailed a short distance apart, when Capt. Gammon seated himself on the bows of his boat and with his clarinet played many spirit-stirring tunes. We passed several islands, on one of which a large picnic party had erected a tent and appeared to be having a fine time. We passed many vessels and smaller crafts, the latter of which we looked down upon with utmost contempt, quite forgetting that though they the occupants were humble in their pretensions, yet "a man's a man for a that." We reached Yarmouth harbor at sunset, having followed with difficulty the narrow, crooked channel. The other boats were not so fortunate, having got stuck in the mud.

Soon after arrival we were pleased to see Mr. Hall coming toward us, he having preceded us by railway. During the night the tide having risen the two boats arrived and the cargoes on deck were unloaded.

WEDNESDAY AUG. 31st.

Cool and Cloudy. We all set sail on an early hour for Portland and beat up against a strong wind. At one spot we saw a large number of seals darting their heads above the water, or crawling on to the rocks. We arrived at P. at 10 12 o'clock, A. M., passed the two wharves intended for the *Great Eastern*, and fastened our boats to the pier where we were to stop for the remainder of the day, and next night. During the afternoon had a smart shower.

THURSDAY SEPT. 1st.

Weather pleasant. Left Portland at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M., and started on our return voyage "alone in our glory," for the other boats could not make it convenient to start when we did.

There is to be a great trotting match at P., to-day between Flora Temple and Princess.

Leaving Portland, the scenery becomes beautiful—fair cottages and elegant mansions half hidden by the rich foliage; green lawns sloping down to the water's edge, where the willows and other shrubs bend gracefully and are reflected in the glassy surface of the canal; little boats drawn up on the bank; the many bridges; the view of some distant village; the occasional appearance of a canal boat—all conspire to form a picture seldom surpassed.

A little upchin digging clams and wearing a tall beaver hat, calls forth many jocular remarks from the boatmen. At one place we pass a host of naked urchins bathing in the canal. Pass the pleasant village of Stroudwater on the left of us. Pass through seven locks and meet six boats:—time: 2 1-4 o'clock, P. M., Pass Sacarapa at 3 o'clock—pass "Congin" and another small village at 3 1-2 o'clock, and across or rather under a railroad—meet two boats—pass through two locks and cross Pleasant River at right angles, by means of a bridge with water-tight sides and bottom, and arrive at Little Falls, Gorham, at 6 1-4 o'clock, P. M., Meet another boat, and pass through "Gambro" at 7 o'clock—meet one boat, and after passing through three locks reach Kemp's, where we stop for the night. Time: 8 o'clock, P. M.—distance from Portland fifteen miles. The *Ocean Ranger* lays along sides of us.

FRIDAY, AUG. 21.

Cloudy and Lowery. Leave "Kemp's" at 5 o'clock, A. M., and after passing through six locks and meeting one boat we arrived at Great Falls, Gorham, at 7 o'clock. Great Falls is quite an extensive as well as a pleasant village; the Presumpscot furnishes a strong water power which seems to be well improved; but as the boat did not stop I had not time to note anything in particular, with the exception of a country store, and a millinery shop, near by.

Go through four locks and pass a small village containing a saw mill and a few dwellings—meet another boat—pass through another lock. Weather more pleasant. We pass through two locks and are at the head of the canal. Distance from Portland; twenty miles.

And now good-bye to the canal through which we have been so long sailing and have enjoyed such views of pleasant villages, farm-houses and villas "cradled mid the clustering hills," roads, rustic bridges, and the Presumpscot River which, a part of the way, goes dashing onward many feet below the canal side.

We left the canal and sailed up the mouth of the Presumpscot, then across the "Basin," and entered upon Sebago Lake when the wind blowing a gale, we ran for safety into Cape Standish. Time: 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M., We were soon joined by the *Ocean Ranger*, and at about noon by the *B. Walker* bringing Mr. Lamson and Mr. T. Hall. After partaking of a most savory dinner we set sail at 1 1-2 o'clock, but the gale continuing with unabated fury, we ran in and anchored at Frye's Island; but the *Ocean Ranger* and *B. Walker* ventured to cross, though they seemed likely to be capsized at any moment.

The island consists of a large tract of land covered with the forest, while a house and farm have been erected and land cleared in the immediate vicinity. Four of us went a blackberrying and with tolerable success.—At 7 o'clock, P. M., the wind lulled a little we again set sail to breast the foam crested waves of the grand Sebago. But we found that the wind had lessened but a little, but still bowed with great violence from the westward while black clouds just rising from the horizon looked rather squally but we hoped to reach the opposite shore ere we should feel their effects. The waves ran high and our boat tipped sideways to a fearful extent as ever and anon a big wave dashed over the deck; but our little vessel ploughed gallantly through the waters under the guidance of our skillful helmsman; while the faint light of the moon aided in making the scene one of unusual grandeur and sublimity. But we at length drew near to the dark outline of the opposite shores and at 9 o'clock ran safely into the mouth of the Songo, and there the scene changed as if by magic—no longer the sound of the wind and waves, but, on the contrary, a death-like stillness. The darkness of the forests on either side of the river was intense, but the river itself was visible in consequence of the reflection of the sky upon its surface.

The stillness was unbroken, save by the steady tramp, tramp of the boatmen as they walked the length of the boat, pushing it along with heavy poles; while the northern lights, which shone with remarkable brilliancy, danced to and fro like phantoms, and gave weird-like influence to the scene.

But it was 10 o'clock, and so I turned in to my berth in the cabin. "Where are we?" asked I, the next morning as I peeped out from my berth, "are we out of Songo yet?" "yes, at Mutton Cove," was the reply. I arose and went on deck; the sun was shining brightly; the wind had wholly subsided, and we were at the *Bridgton wharf*.—W. H. P.

A JOKE AND NO JOKE.

When the Duke of Alva was in Brussels, about the beginning of the tumults in the Netherlands, he had sat down before hulk in Flanders; and there was a provost-marshal in his army who was a favorite of his, and this provost had put some to death by secret commissions from the duke. There was one Captain Bolea in the army, who was an intimate friend of the provost's; and one evening late he went to the captain's tent, and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as it was his custom. He told the captain he was come to execute his excellency's commission and martial law upon him. The captain started up suddenly, his hair standing upright, and being struck with amazement, asked him, "Wherein have I offended the duke?" The provost answered, "Sir, I am not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my commission;—therefore I pay prepare yourself, for there are your ghostly father and executioner."—So he fell on his knees before the priest, and having done, and the hangman going to put the halter about his neck, the provost threw it away, and breaking into laughter, told him "There was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his courage, how he would bear the terror of death." The captain, looking gaily at him, said, "Then, sir, get you out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office." The next morning, the said Captain Bolea, though a young man about thirty, had his hair all turned gray, to the admiration of all the world, and the Duke of Alva himself, who questioned him about it; but he would confess nothing.—The next year the duke was recalled, and in his journey to the court of Spain, he was to pass by Saragossa; and this Captain Bolea and the provost went along with him as domestics. The duke being to repose some days at Saragossa, the young-old Captain Bolea told him "that there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency, which was a *casa de loco*, a bedlam-house, such a one as there was not the like in Christendom." "Well," said the duke, "go and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow in the afternoon." The captain having obtained this, went to the warden, and told him the duke's intention, and that the chief occasion that moved him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him, who was subject of times to fits of fren-

zy; and because he wished him well, he had tried divers means to cure him but all would not do, therefore he would try whether keeping him close in bedlam for some days would do him any good. The next day the duke came with a ruffling train of captains after him, amongst whom was the said provost very shining and, fine: being entered into the house about the duke's person, Captain Bolea told the warden, pointing at the provost, "That's the man," the warden took him aside into a dark lobby, where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in his cloak, seized upon his sword, and hurried him into a dungeon. The provost had lain there two nights and a day; and afterwards it happened that a gentleman coming out of curiosity to see the house, peeped into a small grate where the provost was. The provost, conjured him as he was a Christian, to go and tell the Duke of Alva his provost was there confined, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did his errand; and the duke being astonished, sent for the warden with his prisoner; the warden brought the prisoner in *corpsa*, full of straws and feathers, madman-like, before the duke who at the sight of him, burst into laughter and asked the warden why he had made him prisoner? "Sir," said the warden, "it was by virtue of your excellency's commission, brought me by Captain Bolea;" who stepped forth and told the duke, "Sir, you have asked me oft how these hairs of mine grow so suddenly gray: I have not revealed it to any soul breathing; but now I'll tell your excellency." And so he related the passage in Flanders; and added, "I have been ever since beating my brains to know how to get an equal revenge of him, for making me old before my time come." The duke was so well pleased with the story, and the witiness of the revenge, that he made them both friends; and the gentleman who told me this passage, said that the said Captain Bolea is now alive, and could not be less than ninety years of age.—[Howell's Letters.

THE VOLUNTEER COUNCIL.

John Taylor was licensed when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar of—He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. The graces of his person combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty.

Twelve months afterward, the husband was employed by a wealthy firm of the city to go a mission as land agent to the West. As a heavy salary was offered, he bade farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when the husband received a letter from his employers that explained all.

Shortly after his departure for the West, his wife and her father removed to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained divorce by act of the legislature married again forthwith, and to complete the climax of her cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to that of Marks, her second matrimonial partner.

This perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career, from that moment, became eccentric in the first degree. Sometimes he preached, sometimes he pled at the bar; at last a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.

At an early hour on the 6th of April, 1840, the court-house in Clarkville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Save in the war times there had never been witnessed so large a gathering in the Red River country, while the strong feeling apparent in every flushed face will be sufficiently explained by the matter following:

About the close of 1839, George Hopkins one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men of northern Texas, offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his chief overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage wherupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door.

The murderer was arrested and held to answer the charge. This occurrence produced intense excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular opinion, or at least to mitigate the general wrath which was violently against him, circulated reports infamously prejudicial to the character and standing of the woman who had suffered such cruel wrongs at his hands.

She brought her suit for slander. And two cases, one criminal and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy were pending at the April Circuit Court for 1840.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issue, became far deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansas, and the celebrated S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, each by enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for defense.

The trial of the indictment for murder ended on the 8th of April with the acquittal of Hopkins. Such a result might well have

been foreseen, comparing the talents of the counsel engaged on either side. The Texas lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the arguments and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of dwarf against giants.

The slander suit was for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in number as well as excitement. And what seemed strange, the current of public opinion now ran for Hopkins. His money had procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates; indeed, so triumphant had been the success on the previous day, that when the slander case was called, Mary Ellison was left with an attorney; all had withdrawn. The pigmy pettifoggers dared not brave the wit of Pike and the thunder of Prentiss.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mille, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir, they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent.

"I will your honor," said a voice from the thickest of the crowd situated behind the bar.

At the sound of the voice many started half from their seats, and perhaps there was no heart in the intense throng that did not beat somewhat quicker—it was so unethically sweet, ringing and mournful.

The first sensation was changed, however, into laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure, that no person present remembered to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd and placed himself within the bar.

His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphynx herself. His high, pale forehead and his small, nervously twitching face seemed active with the concentrated essence of genius; but his infantile blue eyes, hardly visible beneath their massive arches, looked dim and dreamy, and almost unmeaning, and his clothing so shabby that the court almost hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge suspiciously.

"It is immaterial about my name being on your rolls," answered the stranger, his thin bloodless lips curling up into a sneer. "I may be allowed by the courtesy of the court and bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America," and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment.

The trial immediately went on. In the examination of the witnesses the stranger evinced little ingenuity as commonly thought. He suffered each one to tell his own story without interruption, though he generally managed to make each one tell it over two or three times. He put few cross questions which, with keen witnesses, only served to correct mistakes; and he made no notes which in strong memories only tend to embarrass. The examination being ended, as counsel for the plaintiff he had a right to the opening as well as the closing speech.—But to the astonishment of every one, he declined the former, and allowed the defenses to lead off.

Then a shadow might have been seen to fit across the features of Pike, and to darken the bright eyes of Prentiss. They saw that they had "caught a tartar," but who it was or how it happened, it was impossible to guess.

Col. Ashley spoke first. He delt the jury a dish of that close, dry logic, which years afterward, rendered him famous in the Senate. The poet, Albert Pike, followed with a vein of wit, and a half torrent of ridicule, in which neither the plaintiff nor her ragged attorney were forgotten or spared.

The great Prentiss concluded for the defendant; with a gorgeous flow of words brilliant as a shower of falling stars, and with bursts of oratory that brought the house down in cheers, in which even the sworn jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the stern order of the bench. Thus wonderfully susceptible are the Southern people to the charms of impassioned eloquence.

It was the stranger's turn. He had remained apparently abstracted during the previous speeches. Still and straight in his seat, his pale forehead shooting high like a cone of snow, and but for that continued twitch that came and went perpetually in his shallow face, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or a human form carved in ice. Even his dim dreary eyes were invisible beneath those shaggy eye-brows.

But now at last he rises—before the bar, not behind it—and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his bony finger. With eyes half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, with thin lips curled as if in scorn, slightly apart and the sound comes forth:

At first it is low and sweet, insinuating itself into the brain; as an artless tune, winning its way into the deepest recess of the heart like the melody of a magic incantation—while the speaker proceeds, without grace

ture the least signal of excitement, to tear in peices the arguments of Ashley, that melt away at his touch, as frost before the sunbeam. Every one looked surprised: His logic was at once so brief and so luminous clear, that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without an effort.

Anon, he came to the dazzling wit of the poet, lawyer Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up, and his eyes to open—dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes, and glaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in his eye; the whole heart streamed out of his face. In five minutes Pike's wit seemed the foam of folly, and his finest satire horrible profanity when contrasted with the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasms of the stranger, interspersed with jests and anecdotes that filled the forum with roars of laughter.

Then without as much as bestowing an allusion upon Prentiss, he turned round short upon the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into atoms, and hurled in their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled as with ague, and two of them actually died in dismay from the court house.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul seemed to hang upon the burning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the power of his own passions. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. He was the sun to the sea of all thought and immolation which rose and fell and boiled in billows as he chose. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glance furtively at the assassin, Hopkins, and his lean taper finger to assume the same direction. He hemmed in the wretch with a circumvolution of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He piled up huge bastions of facts. He dug beneath the feet of the murderer and slanderer, ditches of dilemmas such as no sophistry could overleap, and no stretch of ingenuity evade; and thus having as one might say, impounded his victim, and girt about him like a scorpion in a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions, before graceful as the wave of a golden billow in the breeze, now grew impetuous as the motion of an oak in a hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlpools, deafening the ear with the crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet under song of softened cadence. His face was red as a drunkard's his forehead glowed like a heated furnace, his countenance was haggard like that of a maniac; and even and anon he flung his long and bony arms on high, as if gasping after thunderbolts.

He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that, in comparison, hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted the slitherer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday, when shining upon that accursed monster; and then fixing both portraits upon the shrinking Hopkins he fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness. All at once the speaker descended from his perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead, and for the living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment as her tears flowed faster—till men wept and women sobbed like children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders. He advised the panel, after they should bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words not to lynch the villain, but leave his punishment with God.

This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to ensure vengeance.

The jury returned a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night after, Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchers and beaten nearly to death.

As the Court adjourned, the stranger made known his name, and called the attention of the people to the announcement—"John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle light."

The crowd all turned out, and Taylor's sermon equalled, if it did not surpass, the splendor of his forensic effort. This is not exaggeration. I have listened to Webster, Clay and Calhoun—to Dewey, Tyng and Bascom—but never heard anything in the form of sublime words even remotely approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire. And this is the opinion of all who have heard this marvelous man!

HUMAN LIFE. When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and best, but like a forward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet until it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

The Reporter.

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16, 1859.

TRIP DOWN THE CANAL—continued. As a correspondent, who went down the canal at the same time we did, has taken the wind out of our sails in some degree, we shall cut short our account of the voyage. We are willing to share with our friend the history of the glory.

Let's see—we were, at the last account, at sleep in the canal boat, at the head of the seven locks, near Stroudwater. We wake up about sunrise as the boats are making their way through the locks in Dole's woods. We are now on what was once familiar ground to us. We lived in Stroudwater when the canal was dug, and used, in company with other lads and lasses, to walk out, of pleasant Sabbath evenings, with our sweet-heart, on the new tow-path. That is over thirty years since! Where is that rosy-cheeked, black-eyed damsel now? We know not that she is living on the earth! "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," in love, as in all other matters! When, in those evenings long past, we used, rapt in the sweet spell of young love, to walk through these woods during the twilight of Sunday evenings, we were ineffably green; but, then, we were innocent! We were as fresh as rosy June mornings, and free from the scars we have all since received in the grim battle of life. But shall we not come round, in the wide-sweeping circle of our being, to those Eden days once more? We were all then eager for the untold strife of life, because "hope told a flattering tale" of the good, and the enlarged bliss, that the then coming years had in store for us. We have all been disappointed, doubtless; but, after all, will not the dear prophecies of young hope be fulfilled somewhere in the boundless realms of existence? We are assured by the large-minded and large-hearted and present old saint and bachelor that it does not enter into the heart of man to conceive of the joy that those who love the Lord, and, of course, all his creatures, shall ultimately experience.

But we are wandering away from the boat. We are now opposite old Stroudwater, which has changed but little, in external aspect, for over forty years. It at once adjusted itself to our eyes, and while in sight of it, annihilated time and change, and made us once more a boy. When we got past, we cast "longing, lingering looks behind" till we reach Vaughn's Bridge. Things have changed a good deal in Cape Elizabeth. The great oil factory, erected within a year, makes quite a show, as does the State Reform School, a little further inland.

But we must hurry on. We get into Portland—go ashore—go up into town—see the sights—return to the canal boat, and between two and three o'clock, set sail for Yarmouth, to deposit the ship timber we have as freight. We have, as our correspondent says, a pleasant passage, and reach the mouth of Yarmouth river before sundown, and get stuck on the flats. We are without fresh water, and have to construct a raft to go ashore for that necessary article. It is a frail concern, but our friend Ballard, the cook, gets upon it and skillfully navigates it shore-ward, and soon returns with the drink. Meanwhile we look about us, and contemplate the numerous objects of interest that abound upon the seashore. Yonder on the bare flats is an innumerable company of sea-gulls. The sea, as well as the land, has its gulls, and in both localities they are generally found on the flats.

We suggest that we avail ourselves of the present opportunity, and dig a few clams.—The clams are dug, and whoppers they are, too. We have a good feast of them. At last the tide rises—we fleet—move up river—unload—return to the mouth of the river, and anchor till morning's dawn. The dawn comes—we up anchor, and beat up against a pretty stiff wind to Portland, meeting with no noteworthy incidents save a hair-breadth's escape from being wrecked upon Hog island ledge. After we get along side a wharf, we go up into the city—dine with one friend, and sup with another, and in due season go aboard the boat and turn in for the night. In the morning, after breakfast, we again go up town, and take a look at the new Court House, now being built, which will be a magnificent structure. We wanted to go in and shake flipper with some of our editorial brethren, but we had some doubts about our reception and so thought we would shy 'em. We failed, therefore, to bask ourselves in the light of their countenances. City folks don't care about meeting their country cousins—on their grounds.

Luckily, we met our hospitable friend, A. T. Noyes, who insisted we should take dinner with him, which we unhesitatingly did. From the dinner-table we went, in company with Mr. Noyes, to see the famous trot.

But in our haste to return, and especially to finish this article,—in which last act our readers greatly sympathize with us,—we cannot stop to describe more till we get to Sabago Lake. We should not even stop here, but Uncle Thomas has reported, as we hear, that we were some frightened when we recrossed the raging waters. No such thing! 'Tis true, the sea ran high, and the boat "awaked" round in a somewhat convulsed manner, but we have full confidence that we were not born to be drowned. The wind blew almost a hurricane, and the angry waters dashed over our boat in a no very respectful manner. But we beat the boat bravely across and entered the Sabago in triumph, and got home safely in five days from the time we started on the voyage.

We had a glorious time, many thanks to Capt. Grass and his crew. We were accompanied on the voyage by Dr. Weymouth, who went as physician and surgeon of the vessel. The doctor's medicine-chest was by no means empty, especially after we arrived at Portland. He gave us one evidence of his good faith as a doctor—he freely took his own medicine which is not the common practice of the fraternity.

ELECTION in this town went off rather quietly, externally, though there was quite a strong under-current of excitement. The republicans, much to their own and their opponents' surprise, carried the town by a large majority. Of course they are somewhat jubilant, as it should be expected they would be. We shall not tell how we feel about the matter, being newspaperially neutral. We can neither cry nor laugh through our columns; should we do either, there would be a respondent cry from various quarters, "stop my paper." Therefore we "hold in," and secretly condole with or congratulate ourselves as our case may require. Democrats! we cannot mourn with you. Republicans! we cannot rejoice with you.

There's one thing we can do, however, and we think we will, since it was suggested to us by a prominent republican who is also a shrewd financier—and that is, send out a few bills for collection. Our friend suggests that it will be a good time to collect small bills now as there must be a good deal of loose change extant. We shall act upon the hint, and hope to receive our pay promptly. We are much in need just now, and would like to have our little dues paid.

TUNES IN HIO. We took a ride with our friend, Mr. John Bray, last week as far as Hio, and spent the night with him, and had a very pleasant time. The crops in Hio are good, corn has got beyond the reach of frost, and will yield nearly an average crop.—While at Mr. Bray's, we rode over as far as west Bridgeton and was surprised to see corn in such a state of forwardness there. It will soon be ripe enough to harvest. We observe, too, that apples, especially natural fruit, are quite abundant. This will settle the question of baked apples, and apple-sauce. Potatoes are entirely free from rot in this section, and of excellent quality, but will not yield largely. However we hope there be enough and some to spare.

Notwithstanding we have had quite a cold season, the earth has given us even a bountiful harvest. We do not remember the season that has produced so variously and so generally well. Vegetation seemed determined to manifest itself largely in spite of the apparently adverse season.

As next year the eighth census of the United States is to be taken, the following suggestion from the National Intelligence, is pertinent, as it would, if carried into effect, facilitate the business. It is this:—

"That each farmer this Fall, as he gathers his crops, shall keep something like an accurate amount of the quality and value of the same; and, if he will take the trouble to make out a statement of the names and ages of his family; the number of acres of land cleared and timbered; the number and value of his horses and mules; the number of bales of cotton, barrels of corn, bushels of wheat, oats, rye, barley, potatoes, &c., and the value of each, and leave it in some place where any member of the family who may be at home when the Deputy Marshal shall call, can readily get hold of it, will save time to all concerned, and very greatly assist to make the census returns perfect, completely and satisfactory."

Major Ben. Wheelbarrow Poor has turned *Zonave*, and drilled a company of his "feller sgers" at a recent Muster in Massachusetts, in the august presence of Gov. Banks and Gen. Wool. Ben is a lucky fellow; born with a "silver spoon in his mouth," and being a sort of Admirable Crichton in his way, he manages to be most of the time a lion.—His Wheelbarrow exploit, however, constitutes the hub of his renown.

BARBUX has made a beautiful artificial pond in East Bridgeport, Conn., a mile long and one eighth of a mile wide, upon the banks of which he intends to build a new Iranistan. Wonder if he has entirely given up humbugging? We presume so, for Barbux must be too shrewd a person not to know that no man can hold a perpetual lease as a humbugger.

Bro. Hall of the Aroostook Pioneer is informed that we have modified our notions about our age. We have concluded to consider ourself quite a youngster, since Dame Partridge has remarked that she doesn't consider a man old till he is an "octagon or a centurion."

What's become of the Bethel Courier? Did giving birth to that famous poetic bantling entirely exhaust the doctor? Or is he on another Steamboat excursion

"Adown the pleasant Androsoggin?" We haven't seen the Courier for two weeks past, and are some worried about the doctor.

BATH TIMES. A keen and extremely wide-awake paper is the Bath Times. Its "Editorial and selected Paragraphs" column is an attractive institution. A comatose individual of those diggers complains that the Times is a little too kinky. Strange accusation!

Horace Greeley, writing from California, expresses the opinion that Humboldt river is the meanest river of its length on the face of the earth.—[Exchange]

How came they to give it so fine a name, then?

THE "MELANCHOLY DAYS" ARE AT HAND.—The "sere and yellow leaves," now visible on every hand, and the loud shrill whistle which frigid king Boreas is sounding from his pavilion, all denote that Nature's vegetative period is nearly at an end for this year, and that, in this regard, she is to give herself up to repose. Although a part of Autumn and Winter have, at first thought, something of dreaminess in their aspect, yet how necessary are they to satisfy that demand for change and variety so urgent on the part of both the human body and mind! Man's mind is stronger and more active in Autumn and Winter than in the season of vegetation. When the earth is clothed with blossoming verdure, the mind is attracted to the inviting scenes of the outward world.—But when the once fair face of Mother Earth is shrivelled up with the cold breath of the "stern North," the mind withdraws to its own spiritual realm within, and there acquires from its natural element its proper food, and thereby grows stronger. So, too, the body increases in volume and strength by reason of a purer air, and the fresh products of the earth.

And when, too, outward nature withholds its attractions, we resort to those of a social character which are the products of our own inner life. Love, friendship, and sweet-social intercourse, which are spiritual results, abound more in winter than in summer, and consequently afford us, negatively, more of genuine life than the latter.

We therefore hail the approaching winter with something of joy. Now, in early Autumn, when time is

"Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth Of trembling winter," is an opportunity afforded us to garner up such "creature comforts" as the frigid season does not yield, and which it makes so highly necessary to life and health. Now is the time to be provident and diligent, and to lay up our winter's store of food and clothing.

O, THE "VINDERS!" Young and marriageable widows are proverbially "cute creatures." We heard a good anecdote of one a few days since. It seems the impression had got abroad that she was rich. This rumor reached the sordid ears of a fortune-hunting bachelor, who repaired to the presence of the supposed rich lady in weeds, and, in an indirect manner, catechised her in relation to her reported wealth. She frankly "owned up" as to the truth of her rumored valuable possessions. "I suppose," quoth the bachelor, "your property consists of real estate?"

"Not exactly," minced out the charming creature.

"In Bank stock, probably?" further insinuated the greedy Hunks.

No, sir, in live stock—I have four lovely children which I value at a thousand dollars apiece!

The old bach was taken suddenly aback, and all at once bethought him of a pressing engagement he had elsewhere, and left at once the lady's presence, who bowed him out with a most mischievously merry twinkle in her eyes.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for August is before us. Its articles are all of an interesting character, as their titles indicate:—First, we have one on "Guizot's Memoirs." Then one entitled "Painters Patronized by Charles First." The "Wanderings of an Artist" calls attention to a book by Paul Kane, containing sketches and pictures illustrating of North American Indians and scenery. Another paper which, as relating to this country, will gain attention here, is entitled "New England Provincial Life and History." In another article we have an interesting account of the formation of *Glaciers*. This will attract such readers as are of a naturalistic and inquiring turn of mind. To us the most attractive article in this number, is a review of Tennyson's new poem, "Idylls of the King." We have great faith in the reviewer's judgment of this beautiful poem, which is highly favorable. The North British is a very lively Review.

FIRE AT EAST FRYEBURG. We learn from a correspondent that the large and commodious Blacksmith shop of Mr. James Watson took fire about one o'clock on Thursday morning of last week, and burnt to the ground.—None of the contents of the shop were saved save the riveting apparatus and that in a very damaged condition. No insurance.

BISHOP ONDERDONK. This prelate, having repented, as he says, of the sin for which he was suspended from his bishopric, years ago, is now trying to be reinstated to his former position. Should he be replaced he should be dubbed Bishop Onderdonkey.

A SQUALL. We had a powerful squall here on Wednesday morning, during which we had a copious treat of rain, hail and snow. It seemed as if old Æolus had let loose upon us the entire contents of his seven wind-bags.

MAINE ELECTION. The returns indicate that Gov. Morrill is re-elected by an increased majority of over last year. The vote for Morrill, in this town, was 341—for Smith 262. For representative G. L. Cleaves had 349, and E. Strout had 246. Mr. Cleaves was the republican candidate—Mr. Strout the democratic.

MODERN SCHOOLING. "What are you writing there, my boy?" asked a fond parent the other day of his hopeful son, a shaver of ten years.—"My composition, this."—"What is the subject?"—"International law, this," replied the youthful Grotius.—"But, really, I shall be unable to concentrate my ideas, and give them relation if I am continually interrupted in this manner by irrelevant inquiries."

FROM EUROPE. The steamship Anglo-Saxon, Capt. Ballantine, from Liverpool 31st ult., passed Father Point Sunday afternoon, but owing to the interruption of the line by a storm, her news could not be transmitted until Monday.

The crew of the ship Ben Bolt, reported lost in the report of the Ocean Queen's news, were saved. The vessel was insured in London. She had sailed from Trieste for London with her Havana cargo.

Zurich Conference. A late Berne telegram says that the reports current as to the proceedings of the Conference were quite contradictory, and that there was every reason to believe that the Sardinian Plenipotentiary would not affix his signature to any protocol in favor of the return of the deposed rulers of the Italian Duchies.

Great Britain. The directors of the Company owning the Great Eastern, had declined Mr. Lever's offer to charter her, and their original programme is to be carried out. The ship had been closed to the public, and was to leave the Thames in a day or two.

Leigh Hunt the popular author, died in London on the 28th, in his 74th year.

France. The Emperor remained in retirement in the Pyrenees. It was asserted that he would shortly proceed to Cherbourg, and also pay a second visit to the Chalon Camps.

The Constitutionnel, in a leading article, says the Emperor will fulfil loyally his Villafranca agreement for the restoration of the former reigning Princes of the Duchies, but if he should not succeed in reuniting the Princess and the people in mutual accord, it is not his intention to force one or the other.

Italy. There was no change in the situation of affairs in Italy.

A deputation of the National Assembly of Modena had gone to Paris on a special mission to Napoleon.

The people of Naples were much excited in regard to the high price of corn.

An earthquake at Sorcia killed 500 persons, and injured a large number of others.

FROM CALIFORNIA. New York, Sept. 12 Steamship Star of the West arrived at this port this morning. Her dates are San Francisco, Aug. 20.

The Star of the West brings upwards of \$2,000,000 in treasure, and 450 passengers. Steamer Golden Gate, with the New York passengers and mails of July 29, arrived at San Francisco on 13th August; and the Cortes, of the opposition line, on the 14th.—The Star of the West left Aspinwall on the 2d, and Key West 7th inst.

There was a severe gale at Aspinwall on the 29th ult., which did considerable damage to buildings. One man was killed by falling timber.

The British mail steamship, Valparaiso arrived at Panama, with \$335,696 in specie, of which \$12,798 were for Panama and the United States.

Advices from Valparaiso are to the first, and Callao the 12th of August.

Fresh outrages had been committed by Aurecanti Indians, in southern Chili, and a meeting of the Caciques had been held to consult upon measures for destroying the frontier towns on the other side of the Bistio, but hopes were entertained that their designs would be frustrated by the government.

The storehouse of Doe, Rio & Co., in Valparaiso, had been destroyed by fire, and 50,000 fanegas of wheat burnt.

A new rich copper mine had been discovered near the port of Pau de Azua, 10 miles north of Chaveral de los Animas, in a very favorable locality for shipping purposes.

PROBABLE MURDER IN BOSTON. Ellen Robinson, living at 122 Charlestown street, died Sunday afternoon, under circumstances that will doubtless render it a case of murder.—Her right arm was found out between the wrist and the elbow, by which the main artery was severed, causing her to bleed to death. Her daughter Catharine, a woman of 22 years, says that her mother committed suicide; a representation which is not credited. The whole family, three in number, had led a dissipated life for some time past.

When found by the police the father and daughter were both in the room. They were taken into custody. It is believed that the mother and daughter had been fighting, and the latter took a razor and inflicted the fatal wound. She says her mother refused to have it bound up. A physician was called, but it was too late to save her life. The daughter has led a loose life of late, and is reputed to have been married to a sailor named Waters, who is at sea. The police have frequently been called into the family to suppress troubles arising from drunkenness.—[Boston Bee.]

THE SHOE BUSINESS IN LYNN. We have to report a very quiet state of the shoe business at this time, and no very flattering prospect ahead. The Fall sales for the Southern and Western markets are now nearly over, and they have been lighter, with perhaps one or two exceptions, than they have been for many years past. Our manufacturers, fortunately, have not large stocks, and confine themselves principally to the filling of orders. If the present state of things should continue many shoemakers may find it difficult to procure work during the hard winter. We trust, however, that no such fact is before them, but that a favorable change in the aspect of business may soon be noted.—[Lynn Bay State, 1st.]

WHAT WE EAT. A man in active life requires 36 ounces of solid food per day—say 9 ounces of animal and 27 ounces of vegetable—according to established scales of diet in the English and French army regulations. Of food and drink, a man will consume about 1,500 pounds a year. Of course, many persons consume much more food, but this is the average estimate.

The Boston Atlas and Bee says that the inauguration of the Webster Statue, on the 17th inst., will be a general holiday, as it is the anniversary of the settlement of the Modern Antheons. The oration by Mr. Everett, upon which he has been engaged for some time, will be a masterpiece of his life.

A LUCKY COLORED MAN. The New Orleans Delta says that Bob Harlan, the colored man who accompanied Mr. Ten Broeck to England and who is one of the best race managers in the United States, won \$30,000 on the recent success of the American horse.

THE GREAT EASTERN AND NOAH'S ARK. The New York Courier and Enquirer goes into the estimate calculation by which it arrives at the conclusion that the Great Eastern is some thousand of tons larger than Noah's ark.

BEQUESTS. The late George Brown of Baltimore has given \$50,000 to the House of Refuge for the support of female inmates; \$20,000 to the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore, for a new meeting house, and \$20,000 to the Princeton, N. S. College.

RECEPTION OF THE GREAT EASTERN. The committee appointed to make arrangements for the reception of the steamship Great Eastern, made a report to the City Council on Friday evening, recommending that the following demonstrations should be made on the occasion of her first visit to America.

1st. That a public dinner, and ball be given by the citizens and under their direction.

2d. That the City Council cause suitable salutes to be fired, the bells to be rung, and the public buildings to be decorated.

3d. That the City Council request a general illumination by the citizens on one evening.

4th. That the City Council have a display of fireworks, accompanied by suitable music on one evening.

5th. That a committee of reception and entertainment be appointed.

6th. That the City Council make the necessary arrangements for steamer excursions in the harbor and bay.

7th. That there will be a military encampment during the time the Great Eastern is here, provided the military will turn out for such an occasion, and that—dollars be appropriated for the purpose.

The committee also voted to extend invitations to the President of the United States and his Cabinet, to Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, to the Governors of the several States in the Union, to the Gov. General of Canada and Ministry, to Gen. Williams, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in North America, and to the Governors of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, with Ministry, to visit our city and view this eighth wonder of the world.

No order was passed at this meeting appropriating money for the purpose, as the sub-committees were not ready to report upon the probable amount that would be needed to cover the expenses of the dinner and ball will be borne by the citizens, and will not be taken from the city treasury.—[Portland Argus.]

CANADA WILL NOT SUPPORT A THRONE.—Speaking of the expected visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada, the Toronto Leader significantly remarks:—

"His Royal Highness will receive all the respect due to an heir to the English throne, and the sign of a constitutional sovereign, whose reign has been marked by a series of practical reforms. On his part he visits this country with the full knowledge that, from its position, it never can support a throne for any of his numerous family, and that this loyal people will one day—it may be far distant—march quietly to national independence. But even when that day comes, it will be a matter of real satisfaction and just pride to England that she has given her masculine language, her just laws and her free principles to a second nation in the new world. And in that feeling of pride and satisfaction it will not be beneath a constitutional sovereign to share."

MODERN ELIJAH. It is not well always to look on the shady side of affairs. There are men who came into existence under a shadow, and the shadow has dogged their lives, and all that is bright and pure and beautiful takes the sombre hue of their own fancies. Their religion consists of bemoaning the evils of this world, in lamenting the gradual decalence of good, and in regarding all home evils and foreign complications as "signs of times." They are the Eliahs, who retire into the wilderness of their own contemplations, saying, "I, even I only am left," unconscious that all the time there are not only the "seven thousand who have bent the knee unto Baal," but the multitudes are everywhere obeying the gospel call. They are the Jonahs sitting under the gourd of their own security, amazed that the judgments of God do not descend upon a guilty world. These hypochondriacs are seldom found among those who see its evils and sit by with folded hands.

BURNED TO DEATH. New York, Sept. 9. The oil factory of William Hyde, valued at \$5000, and the cooper shop, house and lot of J. & J. S. Brooks, valued at \$500, Commercial street, were totally destroyed by fire last night. No insurance on either.

SINGULAR IGNORANCE. During a recent all there was a large number of ladies present, who caused a gentle murmuring all while. The usher called out remarks "Silence!" when the judge mildly said, "Usher, don't you know better than to silence when ladies are in court?"

A lover received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers:—"Dear I send by the boy a bucket of flour. It is like my love for you. The night shall be dark. The dog feil menses I am a slave. Rosie red and posis pall; m for a shall never fail."

SINGULAR AFFAIR. On Saturday last Wm. Edwards of Raymond was arrested for the murder of a female named Sarah J. Verrill about 11 years ago. The accused at that time resided in Poland. The girl, who is said to have been a low character, also resided in that town, and Edwards is said to have been familiar with her. One morning both of them were missing. Edwards was seen with the girl on the previous evening. He returned to his family in about four weeks, but denied all knowledge of the girl, and last week Joshua Edwards, a brother of the accused, made a confession, stating that he and William murdered the girl by tying or chaining her on to a pile of brush, then setting fire to it, and burning her alive.—Upon this confession William was arrested.—[Portland Argus.]

FIRE AT ST. LOUIS. St. Louis, Sept. 10.—A fire broke out this morning in store 101 Fourth street, occupied by J. J. Shore as an artists' emporium, and Boggs & Leathers, picture-frame manufacturers, which was almost entirely destroyed, with the stock it contained. The China and glass warehouse of Gay & Co. on North street, was also seriously damaged, with the clothing establishment of Silgman Bothers, on Sixth street, which was also considerably injured. The losses as far as ascertained are as follows: J. J. Shore \$13,000, Boggs & Leathers \$27,000, Gay & Co., \$40,000. Total loss by the fire upwards of \$80,000.

Mr. Wm. Owens, of Southampton county, Va., died at his residence, in that county, on the 25th ult. He had attained the age of one hundred years five months and eleven days. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and was in many of the most important engagements against the British. A most remarkable circumstance in the life of Mr. Owens was, to the day of his death he had never known what sickness was, and having never tasted medicine, insisted to the last to die a natural death, and refused everything in the shape of physic which was offered him.

There is no knowledge so thorough as that which is gained at last, after years of baffled and wondering inquiry.

EXAMINE THOROUGHLY. If under all circumstances, a man does not go round his ideas, to examine them under their various aspects, this man is incomplete, and in danger of perishing.—[Baltimore]

Rev. Thomas Hill has been elected President of Antioch College successor to Rev. Mann.

Arango, when shown an encyclopedia, said "Ah! if we had but a dictionary of what we are ignorant of!"

A WISE PHILOSOPHY. I am for the philosophy that fits us for the world, not that cures us to abandon it.

THE LIGHT OF A CAREFUL FACE. There is no greater every day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men, like sunshine to the day, or gently, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good-humor. As we might fog, and cloud, and vapor, hope clinging to the sun-illumined landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful in ways. There is no path but will be lighter, in shadow on heart or brain but will lift us higher in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happy and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. It seems to us as provisionally as good—and it is good, if we rightly apply its lessons; not then, cheerfully accept the light, and blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy and Christianity. What is gained by provision sadness and sullenness? If we are ill, as we are cheered by the trust that we are soon to be in health; if misfortune befall, let us be cheered by hopeful visions of the future; if death robs us of the dear ones, let us be cheered by the thought that we are only gone before, to the blissful home where we shall all meet, to part no more. Cultivate cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear duty and burden better by being cheerful. It will be your comfort in solitude, your support and commander in society. You will be more sought after, more trusted and more loved for your steady cheerfulness. It is bad, the vicious, may be boisterously and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

Col. Schofield known in the old country, the oldest person in the country. The New Englanders are by our word.

A marble Henry Clay Philadelphia now or it is out of shape of a sufficient size, containing the man. The beautifully blems.

DR. WIS Ballon's F

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J. H. PHYSI

Office Residence

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

For the Reporter.

THE WINDS.

I am weary, sad and weary,
In my heart, no sunbeams rest;
And the shadows dark and dreary,
Gather thickly in my breast.
Often when the stars are sleeping
On their azure bed, on high;
Darkness, o'er the mind is sweeping
Shutting out Life's sunny sky.

On the night, the winds are feeling
Down the casement dark and lone,
Up the silent stairway stealing
With the same pathetic tone;
To th' eternal Future rushing
Wafted from the eternal Past;
Onward Life's young flowers crushing
Low and mournful to the last.

As they seek in vain, a greeting
Lightly at the window pane;
(Like the distant drum's soft beating)—
I ask myself from whence they came,
Something tells me they are coming
Down through centuries long gone by;
Fragments of the same low humming
That swept across fair Eden's sky.

That whistled 'round the ark of Noah,
Riding on the swelling tide—
On the wave, around the shore,
Seeking there, in vain to hide.
O'er the hosts of Pharaoh sweeping,
Driving o'er their sandy beds
Waters deep, in anger, meeting
Over their devoted heads.

Something tells me they have sounded
In the ears of all the dead
And their steps have lightly bounded,
O'er th' illustrious sleeper's bed
Bringing thereto sighs and sadness
Dark forebodings to impart—
Dispelling every ray of gladness
From the threshold of the heart.

But how vain, this idle dreaming,
Building castles in the air!
From these busy wind-tones teeming,
We should learn a lesson there.
'Let us too be up and doing
With a heart for every fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait.'

"OUR COTTAGE."

For the Reporter.

LINES TO A BRIDE.

Let not my friend B. now a wife,
Bid all her fears adieu
Comforts there are in married life,
But there are crosses too.

I do not wish to mar your mirth,
With an ungrateful sound,
But yet remember bliss on earth
No mortal ever found.

The rites which have joined your hand
Cannot ensure content;
Religion forms the strongest bands,
And love the best cement.

Tho' you will leave a parent's wing,
Nor longer ask its care;
It is but seldom husbands bring,
A lighter yoke to wear.

Should he see cause to reprehend,
Bear it with mild address;
Remember he's thy dearest friend,
And love him ne'er the less.

No anger nor resentment keep,
Whatever is amiss;
Be reconciled before you sleep,
And seal it with a kiss.

Mutual attempts to serve and please,
Each other will endear;
Thus may you live with ease,
Nor discord interfere.

And may the Lord your ways approve,
And grant you both a share,
Of his redeeming saving love,
And providential care.

For the Reporter.

LINES

Written on the Death of Charles D. Sawyer.
Amid the happy hosts of Heaven,
One cherub form was wanting there
To swell along that chorus even,
With sweet hymns of praise and prayer.

The angel Death, was on his mission sent;
To pluck one of earth's fairest ones;
The messenger came, as soon as sent,
And chose Charlie for his victim.

It was hard to give thee up, sweet one;
With all thy winning way, and charms;
But Death was relentless in his claim,
And bore thee away in his arms.

We know thou wert too beautiful for earth,
That quickly fade, earth's brightest flowers;
And feel thou hast gain'd immortal birth;
To ever dwell in fadeless bowers.

There parents in that land of bliss,
In Heaven's own immortal bowers;
Far removed from the pains of this—
Blossoms thy loved and cherished flower.

P. F. B.

A young man at Margate having been crossed
in love, walked out to the precipice, took
off his clothes, gave one lingering look at
the water beneath him, and then went
home! His body was found next morning
in bed.

"I didn't dare to tell you, wife, before we
were married, that my teeth are false."—
"I could get along well enough with you, husband,
if your teeth were the only false thing
you carry in your mouth."

A juryman was asked whether he had
been charged by the judge. "Well," said he,
"the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit
and stares over the crowd in a lecture,
but I don't know whether he charges any-
thing or not."

"I hope you are not disposed to question
the character of my milk," said a dairyman
to his customer. "Oh, no, indeed, it has evi-
dently been pumped enough already."

Every man thinks that Caesar's wife ought
to be above suspicion, but he is far less par-
ticular as to what Caesar himself ought to be.

BRIDGTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

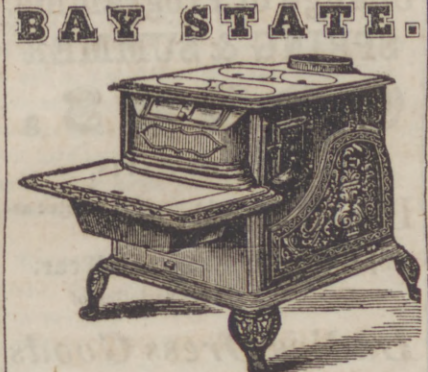
DENTISTRY.

DR. HASKELL'S visits
at Bridgton, will continue once
in three months through the
year, commencing with the second MONDAY
in December, March, June and September.
Thanking the citizens of Bridgton and vicin-
ity for their liberal patronage heretofore,
he respectfully solicits an increase of the
same, and assures all who may need the ser-
vices of his profession, that it will be for
their interest, in every respect to call upon
him before going elsewhere.
Dr. H. will, when requested, visit patients
at their residence without extra charge, but
all who wish such visits, or intend to employ
him, are particularly requested to make it
known at an early hour.

Pondicherry House.

THE subscriber would inform his
friends and the public that he is
ready to entertain, at the above
House, travellers in a good and
substantial manner, and for a rea-
sonable compensation. The Pondicherry
House is kept on strictly temperance prin-
ciples, and travellers will find it a quiet rest-
ing place. My House is also fitted up for board-
ing, and all who see fit to take board with
me, will find a comfortable home.
I have also, good Stabling for Horses.
MARSHAL BACON.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1858. 2tf

The Best Cook Stove IN USE IS THE BAY STATE.



YOU can do double the work with one half
the wood, and will last twice as long,
making it worth four times as much as any
other Stove and does not cost any more.—
This Stove is kept constantly on hand by

B. CLEAVES & SON,

Where may be found a good assortment of
Cast Iron Parlor Stoves,
open and close front.

AIR TIGHT, PARLOR OVEN AND BOX STOVES;

FIRE FRAMES, CAULDRON KETTLES,

Pumps, Sheet Lead, Zinc, Tin Ware,
and other things too numerous to mention.

All kinds of **JOB WORK** done at
short notice.

N. B. Country Produce taken in exchange.
Bridgton Center.

ADAMS & WALKER,

Manufacturers, Wholesale & Retail dealers in

FURNITURE,

of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, FEATHER BEDS,

Mattresses, Carpets and

PAPER HANGINGS,

ALSO, DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES

West India Goods, &c.

PAINTS AND OIL.

J. R. ADAMS, 1 BRIDGTON CENTER.

RUFUS GIBBS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

BED BLANKETS

—AND—

FLANNELS,

SUCH AS

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Superfine WITNEY

BLANKETS;

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Witney BLANKETS;

12, 11 & 10-4 Swiss Blankets.

CRIB AND BERTH BLANKETS.

4-4 SHAKER AND DOMET FLANNELS.

Horse Blankets

—AND—

YANKEE BROADCLOTH.

Also, dealer in

Dry Goods,

WEST INDIA GOODS.

—AND—

GROCERIES.

of every description

All kinds of **COUNTRY PRODUCE** wanted
in exchange for Goods.

CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent.

Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1858. 1tf

Paris Stage Notice.

A STAGE leaves Bridgton Center, from
the Bridgton House, Daily, at 7 o'clock, A.
M., passing through North Bridgton, Har-
rison, and Norway, connecting at South
Paris with the Cars for Portland, which ar-
rive in Portland at 2 o'clock, P. M. Return-
ing, leaves South Paris on arrival thereat of
the 10 o'clock P. M. train from Portland, and
arrives in Bridgton at 7 o'clock, P. M.
The above Stage runs to Fryburg, Mon-
days, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Returns
Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
Down tickets to be had of the Driver; up
tickets for Harrison, Bridgton and Fryburg,
sold at the Grand Trunk Depot, Portland.
1tf J. W. FOWLER, Driver.

SAWYER & WISWELL,

BRIDGTON, MAINE.

Manufacturers and dealers in

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

GRAVE STONES,

Monuments,

Tomb Tables, Table Tops, Chimney Pieces,
Counters, Soda Pumps, Shelves, Hearth
Stones, Soap Stones, &c., &c.

All of the best materials, and for Style and
Execution, unsurpassed.

All Orders Executed Promptly, at the Lowest
Possible Cash Prices.

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

H. H. HAY & CO.

Wholesale dealers in

Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
Artists' Materials, Apothecaries' Glass Ware,
Swedish Leeches, Cigars,
MINERAL TEETH, GOLD FOIL, &c
Burning Fluid and Camphene.

Pure Wines and Liquors, for Medicinal and
Mechanical purposes only.
STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES, &c.
Always at lowest market Prices.
Junction of Free and Middle Street.
PORTLAND, ME. 20tf

PHOTOGRAPHY!!!

PHOTOGRAPHS!!!

The subscriber having fitted up convenient
Rooms, at

NO 11, MARKET SQUARE,

Opposite City Hall, Portland, Me.,

Is prepared to furnish all the known styles of

PHOTOGRAPHS

Alike on Canvass, Paper, Glass (called Am-
brotypes) Metal or Leather, in as good man-
ner and at as low prices as any other estab-
lishment in the city.

Small pictures can be copied and en-
larged to any desirable size.

SATISFACTION WARRANTED.

2tf M. F. KING.

BYRON GREENOUGH, & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves,

BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES,

NOS. 148 & 150 MIDDLE ST.,

PORTLAND, ME.

B. Greenough,
I. K. Morse,
A. L. Gilkey,

Particular attention is invited to our Stock
of Goods, it being by far the largest and most
complete in the market, comprising every var-
iety of Style, made of the best materials,
and in a superior manner. 2 ly

BURNING FLUID AND CAMPHENE

by the Barrel or Gallon, for sale by

WILSON & BURGESS,

63 Commercial st. Portland.

J. & D. MILLER,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

And Dealers in

Flour, Oats, Shorts & Feed,

Commercial Street, Head of Portland Pier.

N. J. MILLER, JR. } PORTLAND, ME.
D. W. MILLER. }

32 6 m.

DAVIS & BRADLEY,

General Commission Merchants,

AND DEALERS IN

FLOUR, CORN,

OATS, SHORTS AND FEED,

No. 87 Commercial St., Head Portland Pier,

PORTLAND, ME.

J. ALLEN DAVIS. 6m33 ROBERT BRADLEY,

CENTER & MOULTON,

WHOLESALE

Grocers & Provision Dealers,

No. 81 Commercial Street,

(Head Custom House Wharf.)

I. H. CENTER, } PORTLAND, ME.
G. M. MOULTON. }

FILES & EMERY,

Wholesale and Retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,

170 MIDDLE ST., PORTLAND, ME

FURS! FURS! FURS!

The best assortment of Foreign and Dom-
estic Furs ever offered in this market. This
is entirely a new house, and thus avoiding
the risk of getting old Furs. All of our Fur
Goods are fresh made and selected from the
besthouses in New York.

B. M. C. Files, F. C. Emery. 2 ly

Paper Box Manufactory,

144 MIDDLE ST. PORTLAND, ME.

Boxes, of all kinds

manufactured at short notice. All orders ad-
dressed to

CHARLES H. JEWELL,

will be promptly attended to.

2 ly CHAS. H. JEWELL.

J. W. BLANCHARD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

French & American Soft Hats.

LATEST Styles SILK DRESS HATS,
BLACK DRAPE AND PEARL CASH-
MERE HATS.

FUR, PLUSH, CLOTH & GLAZED CAPS,
Youth's and Children's Fancy Hats and Caps.

FOX BLOCK, 75 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME. 3 ly

M. G. PALMER & CO.

JOBBERS OF

Straw Goods, Bonnet Ribbons,

FRENCH & AMERICAN FLOWERS

SILKS, SATINS, BLONDE, RUCHE,

FRAMES, AND CROWNS,

144 MIDDLE STREET,

Moses G. Palmer, } PORTLAND, ME.
John E. Palmer, }
Randolph C. Thomas, }

2 ly

JOHN W. PERKINS, & Co.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,

VARNISHES, DYES,

CAMPHENE AND FLUID,

No. 165 Commercial Street,

PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

CHAS. R. MILLIKEN,

—WHOLESALE—

WEST INDIA GOODS

—AND—

PROVISION DEALER,

19 Commercial Street, head of Long Wharf,
PORTLAND, ME. 1

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

A. P. OSBORNE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

W. I. GOODS,
—AND—
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
Foreign & Domestic Fruits,
CHOICE CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
IMPORTED ALES, &c.

CONFECTIONERY,
Manufactured from the best Stock.
Also, Agent for the Star Brewery, for
PALE AND AMBER ALES.

PORTLAND DISTILLERY.

N. E. Rum, Alcohol & Burning Fluid,

W. C. OSBORNE,

DISTILLER AND MANUFACTURER,

All orders for the above to be forwarded to

A. P. OSBORNE, Agent,

No. 10 Market Square, Portland, Me. 1y32

WM. P. HASTINGS,

Manufacturer of

SERAPHINES, MELOPHONES,

AND MELODEONS,

At No. 89, Federal St., Portland, Me.

Where may be found an assortment of in-
struments of every style and variety, finished
in elegant Rosewood Cases, with all the best
modern improvements, which for power,
sweetness, evenness and brilliancy of tone, elas-
ticity of action, beauty and durability of
workmanship, are unsurpassed by any other
manufacturer.

These Instruments are all manufactured
from the best of materials, and fully warrant-
ed. Satisfaction will be given in all cases.

REED ORGANS MADE TO ORDER,

WITH 4, 6 AND 8 STOPS. 2 ly

N. B. Our Instruments took the

First Premium

at the State Fair of '57 and '58.

M. L. HALL,

Dealer in

Foreign, & Domestic Dry Goods,

SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS,

BLACK SILKS,

warranted to wear well.

FANCY SILKS,

of all desirable styles.

STRAW BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOW-
ERS, LADIES CAPS, & HEAD DRESSES.

EMBROIDERY, GLOVES, HOSIERY &c.