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The Mother's Brooch.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND

"Mr. Rood just left this here for you, Ma'am," said the servant, with a very broad smile, as she stood in the chamber door holding out a small pearl box to her young mistress.

She was combing her fair hair at the mirror, that Christmas morning, and she turned round with a little eager cry, while the blood leaped into her cheeks. "Has he gone, Betty?"

"Yes, and he left 'merry Christmas' for you."

Genevra Wild unclasped the delicate casket with quick but tremulous fingers; and then, as the beautiful gift met her eyes, she sprang to the window, threw aside the curtain, and held it up to the light.

It was Christmas morning, and the night before had covered the earth with a thick matting of snow, but the rising sun had scattered the clouds, and rode up gloriously in the east to rejoice over the Anniversary; and its full light flashed down upon the curious, antique, but most beautiful gift with which Norman Rood had commemorated the day for his betrothed.

It was a brooch, with a singularly artistic design; a rose, of carbuncles, set among leaves of emerald, fastened to a stem of gold and the rich jewels flashed up currents of crimson and amber, as the lady waved them in the sunbeams.

"How beautiful! how beautiful!" she murmured to herself, in the ecstasy of youth and delight. "How kind Norman was, to send me this, and what exquisite taste he has!—How I wish that I had something better than that to give him," and she looked regretfully upon the handsome velvet riding cap which hung upon the chair, and which her own tasteful fingers had been so many hours in executing.

Genevra Wild had the face of a picture; of a soft girlish picture, with curls of sunny brown, and eyes of Summer blue, and cheeks of faintest pink. Somewhat did she resemble the portraits one finds in old English galleries, except that her style was more delicate and fragile. She was an only child, the daughter of wealthy parents, petted, caressed, doted on from her youth upward.

She was all the best, at twenty-two, that, with her character, such a life could make her. She was gentle, loving, lovable, with no great force or earnestness, and perhaps no broad soul sympathies; and of course she was unconsciously selfish and exacting, for what else could a life like hers make her, but she was full of good impulses, and warm affections, and accomplished, after the fashion of her day, generation and society.

Norman Rood loved her, and was her affianced husband, and she had promised to resign her girlhood in one week from that Christmas morning. He was a finer character than she, on the whole, that is, he had more breadth, more strength, more loftiness of soul, but he had not her womanly instincts, sympathies, affections; here a woman has always the advantage of a man. He had graduated five years before at college, but he had no particular taste for any of the professions, but he occupied a lucrative and responsible position in the bank, and all Genevra's friends thought she would "marry well."

And on that Christmas morning of which I write, and in the very hour that the servant handed to Genevra Wild the gift of her betrothed, a young girl stood in the large, old-fashioned parlor of a farm-house, in the village of Pentonville, some ten miles from the

city where we have met the former. A bird's nest was curling up the chimney, and giving a ruddy tone to the whole room, but it did not flush that girl's face with its look of radiant eagerness, as she stood gazing at a roll of bills which an old farmer, in a white, shaggy overcoat, and blue pantaloons, had just placed in her hands.

"Yes, Mr. Ritter, sixty dollars, it is all right. I am very much obliged to you."

"Well," answered the old man, drawing on his woolen gloves, "I hope you'll have a merry Christmas, and a good vacation, and be ready to take up school brain new, two weeks from Monday. I guess you'll need the rest anyhow, for you don't look over strong, and it's an obstreperous lot enough over yonder. Anything I can do for you?"

"Well, Mr. Ritter, I should like very much to have the pipe mended, so it won't smoke so, and a new latch put on the inside door to keep the wind out."

"Well, I'll attend to it; and now Mr. Ritter, and the children will like to have you come over there, and stay two or three days, we're plain sort o' folks, but I guess we can make you comfortable."

"I don't doubt it, Mr. Ritter, and I shall be very happy to come."

Then the kind hearted "school trustee" shook hands with the young teacher, and took his leave. She shut the door, and paced rapidly up and down the great parlor, with the little roll of bank notes clasped tightly in her hands.

"To think," she murmured, "I have sixty dollars,—all my own, and I earned it. I who am not yet sixteen; and I can get back that brooch of Mamma's. I wonder how much it will be. The jeweller only gave me thirty dollars for it, and of course there'll be enough left of this to get a new dress, a pair of shoes, and a collar. These will last me till next time. Oh, I am so glad, so glad I can get the brooch back, I who would not have sold it for anything in the world, but to get Mamma buried respectfully. Oh, it is the first Christmas since——" here the girl gave way to the light faded from her face as the shadows of memory rushed over it; she burst into tears, and sat down on a low cricket by the fire, and sobbed as the lonely and the living sob for the dead.

Christiana Lynde had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. The few years of her life were thickly mottled with shadows, although a few words will tell her history.

Her father, who was a clergyman, died soon after her birth. Her mother was a gentle, sensitive woman from an old, but decayed English family, who had come to America to repair their fortunes. Mrs. Lynde's husband left her no property, and her own barely managed to support her and her child, as the lady became an invalid soon after her husband's death. She had never been accustomed to the practice of economy, and habit, and her failing health rendered the luxuries of life necessities with her. So year by year her small fortune disappeared, and at length, with the remnants of it, she retired to the village of Pentonville, as all her immediate relations were dead, and she needed country air and quiet. Here she resided several years, superintending the education of her daughter. The last years of her life, her faculties became partially paralysed, and the entire care of the household devolved upon her daughter, whose mind was thus stimulated to precocious activity. They were obliged to dispense with their only domestic, and at last Christiana was forced to dispose of a portion of their furniture to procure her mother's medicine, and the few delicacies which tempted her failing appetite.

With rare discretion in one so young, the child of fifteen concealed their straightened circumstances from her mother, who little imagined as she lay in the bedroom of her small cottage, that the parlor and chamber were stripped of their furniture.

At last the end came, and the gentle, long suffering invalid roused for a brief interval, to the full possession of her faculties, gave her child some advice respecting her course in future, and then blessing the broken hearted girl, the life of Mrs. Lynde went slowly down under the old solemn arches of the River of Death. Christiana Lynde waked up from the first paralysis induced by the loss of her mother, to find that immediate action on her part would alone secure her mother from a charitable burial, from which the soul of the proud, sensitive girl revolted. They had but few acquaintances in the village of Pentonville, and although these were very kind in rendering her any neighborly offices still she could not endure the thought of applying to them for means to defray the expenses of her mother's funeral.

There was but one resource left; her moth-

er had a valuable brooch, the sole relic of "better days," which Mrs. Lynde had greatly prized because it belonged to her mother, and both ladies had worn it at their weddings. It cost Christiana a great effort to part with this brooch, so precious because of its associations, but there was no alternative. She prevailed upon a neighbor to take her to Boston, the morning after her mother's death, disposed of the brooch for forty dollars, after receiving a promise from the jeweller that she should have it for sixty, if she called for it within four months.

This money, with that neighborly assistance which country people usually render each other in times of trouble, defrayed the expenses of that quiet funeral. Then Christiana Lynde bestirred herself, for she had that hard problem which Carlyle says is the first of all philosophy, the keeping of soul and body together. Persistent energy is sure to triumph sooner or later, and in a short time the young girl obtained the situation of District school teacher, in the village of Pentonville, and her first term had closed the week before Christmas.

The young teacher was still sitting with her head bowed on her hands, before the fire, when there was a loud shout at the door, and then five noisy, bright faced boys and girls broke into the room, and the little, silent figure in the corner sprang up, and put on smiles again at the joy of the children; smiles partly assumed, and partly real, for Christiana was very young, and those who suffer early have great recuperative power. So the children gathered round her with noisy, gleeful shouts, and held up their toys for her to examine, and the oldest boy, James Price, placed in her own a small, but very pretty carved work-box, neatly furnished with needles and tape, thimble and thread, saying, with a smile and a blush,

"Please Ma'am, Mother says its your 'merry Christmas' from all of us children."

Then the glad tears leaped up to the little teacher's eyes as she took the gift, and felt that she, too, orphaned though she was, was not among all God's creatures desolate.

"A little more in the center, Mattie; there, now, the orange buds are just right. Oh, don't they look exquisite?"

"Don't they, though?" and the two young bridesmaids stepped back, and surveyed, with looks of intense admiration, the blushing girl who was to take upon herself, in about four hours, the new name of wife.

She looked very beautiful as she stood there, blushing up softly through the bridal veil she was "trying on," and whose embroidery fell all about her like some silver cloud that enshrouds a May sky at noon.

"We shall have a beautiful evening, Mamma was saying, this morning, she never saw a finer New Year's day. Ah, Genevra, darling, its a good sign to have fair weather at one's bridal."

"Is it, Lottie?" responded the destined bride, half abstractedly. "Come, girls, do take these things off, and let me have a little rest. You don't know how worn out I am, with trying on finery, looking at the cake, giving all sorts of orders, and kept in a state of constant excitement. I declare, if I had known what work it was to get married, I don't believe I'd ever consented, ever in the world."

The bridesmaids clapped their hands, and a peal of laughter thrilled the room and the hall, and floated down the stairs, and caught the ear of a young girl, who stood on the steps.

"Well, now, poor Genevra," said Lottie, with a little kindly satire in her voice, while she unclasped the bridal veil, "as you have martyred yourself to this terrible work of getting married, do tell what jewelry you are to wear on the occasion."

"Nothing!"

"Nothing!" echoed the bridesmaid, in dismay.

"Nothing except a brooch Norman sent me last Wednesday, for a Christmas gift. You see he is not partial to jewelry, and would rather I wear very little."

"But the brooch, do pray let us see it."

Genevra Wild stepped to her drawer, took out a small pearl box, and handed it to her friends.

"How strange! how beautiful!" cried the fair girls, as they bent over the rare brooch, or held it up so that the sunbeams sprinkled its cluster of carbuncles, and leaves of emerald.

Just then, Betty put her head inside the door. "There's a young lady who wants to see you a few moments, very much, Miss Genevra."

"Oh, dear! who is she?" inquired, pettish tones.

"I don't know, Ma'am. I never seed her face before, but she is very urgent. I'm in an awful hurry, too," answered Betty, whose long services in the family gave her a certain familiarity with her mistress.

"I wouldn't see her, Genevra," interposed Lottie; "its probably some curious, intrusive person, who wishes to find out all she can about the wedding. Beside that, its quite time we got to work at our hair."

"She says she won't detain you but a minute, and she wants to see you quite alone; so I axed her into your Ma's bedroom," subjoined Betty.

Perhaps Genevra's curiosity was a little stimulated, and perhaps she was glad of a few moments release from the dreaded process of hair-dressing, for she said, after a moment's thought, "Well, I guess I'll see her, girls—only a moment, you know;" she hurried from the room, down the stairs, and found there a small, girlish figure, draped in black.

"I heard you wished to have a private interview with me," said the soft voice of Genevra Wild; and she bowed with that grace so peculiar and habitual to her.

"Yes;" the girl's manner was fluttered, and there was mingled eagerness and embarrassment in her voice. "I hope you will pardon my intrusion, but Mr. Sells directed me to come here, and I couldn't leave without seeing you."

"Mr. Sells! I think there must be some mistake."

"No; I am certain this was the number. I mean Mr. Sells, the jeweller, on Park street, the one to whom I sold my mother's brooch."

Genevra started.

"Your mother's brooch?"

"Yes; he said he remembered writing the name himself, on the envelope of the box, as the gentleman who bought it wished it sent immediately to Miss Genevra Wild."

"And will you tell me what sort of a brooch it was?" asked Genevra, much interested.

"It was a rose of carbuncles, with leaves of emerald. It was my mother's last gift," and here the voice trembled, and tears forced themselves into the speaker's brown eyes.

"Mr. Sells promised to keep it for me three months, but the term expired two weeks ago, and I had not the money until now."

"I have a brooch like that you describe. A friend brought it to me for a Christmas gift," said Genevra, and there was wonder and pity in her tones, as she looked on the pale young girl.

"It must be the same. I would not have parted with it for the world, except—— except to bury my mother;" here Christiana Lynde broke down utterly, and the tears chased themselves over her soft, thin cheeks.

Genevra was greatly touched. "I knew nothing of this," she answered, "neither did the friend who bought the brooch for me. And now I suppose you want it again?"

A quick, hungry eagerness kindled up the large eyes of the girl. "Oh, I will give you every dollar I possess on earth for it. You see it belonged to my grandmother, and she and my mother both wore it at their weddings; it almost broke my heart to part with it as I did; but I earned the money to regain it, and now——"

Her lips closed over these words, but her face said the rest.

And Genevra Wild looked at the friendless orphan girl, whose only portion was her mother's brooch, and she thought, as she had never thought before, of the wide difference between her guest and herself. She felt, then for a moment, what she really was; the spoiled, petted child of fortune, with all this world's gifts poured on her young head, even to that one which is the crowning glory of a woman's life. She felt it, and the good rose up in the soul of Genevra Wild. She stepped quickly to Christiana Lynde, and laid her hand, almost caressingly, on the young girl's shoulder. "You shall have the brooch," she said, "for you have a far better claim to it than I, but I should like it just this one night—its my bridal—are you not willing I should wear it?" and the tears came into the lady's blue eyes.

"To be sure you shall," cried the eager voice of Christiana. "How shall I thank you for this. I do not know as I can pay you as much as you gave the jeweller, but you shall have all I have," and she drew out her purse.

Genevra put it softly back. "I shall restore it to you," she said, firmly, but with a smile that made her words very sweet, "without any remuneration. It is enough that you permit me to wear the brooch to-night. It seems somehow as if there was a holy influence about it."

Poor as Christiana was, she had all the pride of the race she came from, and she would have urged the contents of her purse

on her hostess, had she not seen it would be quite useless to do so. She tried to thank her hostess, but broke down here, utterly, and Genevra stood by her side, and her soft, fluttering hands kept up their caress on the young girl's shoulder.

At last Christiana grew calmer, and rose up.

"If you will come, or send for the brooch, any time after to-morrow, you shall have it. I will leave it with Mamma."

And Christiana remembered that Deacon Ritter was to be in town that week, and she said, "I will send for it."

And then taking the lady's hands, and looking into the fair girlish face, she said, "And now may God bless your bridal, and all your after life, because of this you have done for me."

"Amen!" said Genevra, bending her head solemnly.

And so the two girls kissed each other, and separated.

"Genevra Wild, I want to know if the fact that you are to be married to-night has entirely escaped your mind?" was Lottie's and Mattie's first exclamation, as the bride returned to her chamber. "Here it is nearly five o'clock, continued the latter, and not the first thing done to you hair yet. Do, Lottie, light that gas and set Genevra, yourself down in that chair."

And she obeyed. "Don't scold me for my long absence, girls," she said, in a low voice, and then lapsed into silence.

And the vivacious girls grew silent, too, thinking how the solemn foreshadowing of that new widowhood she was about to take upon herself must have visited Genevra's soul, and so, silent and thoughtful, the preparations for the bridal went on, and the stars of the New Year's night came up softly, and wrote their glorious rhetoric on the sky.

"Now, Norman, are you not quite satisfied? Did I not do just as you would have me?"

They were standing together in the deep embrasure of the parlor window—Norman Rood and his newly-made wife. She looked very fair that morning, in her tasteful brown traveling dress and hat, and she held in one ungloved hand a small pearl box, on whose snowy cushions rested the antique brooch.

The bridegroom was a fine looking young man, by no means handsome, but he had an impressive bearing, and a manly, individual face.

"Yes, darling, you did quite right, and just like your own, true, generous self," and the young husband looked down very fondly on the beautiful young creature he had taken to his heart and life.

A soft blush fluttered into her cheeks.

"You know, Norman, I hated to part with it because it was your gift; but really she had the best right to it."

"Decidedly the best, dear, and——"

"Come, come, Genevra, this won't do," interrupted the bride's mother, as she came with a half-pleased, half-bustling air toward the newly married couple. "I think you and Norman owe a little attention to your guests, and I am sure you have had billing and cooing enough for the past year. Besides, the carriage will be here in a few moments."

"You may go into the parlor, Norman, and make yourself agreeable," laughed the bride, and drawing her mother aside, she talked with her a few minutes, very earnestly, and ended by placing the pearl box in her mother's hand, and saying, eagerly, "I may depend on your seeing that the brooch is restored."

"You may depend upon me, my child; there, the carriage has come."

Eight years have passed. It was a bright but rather blustering day in early March. In the pleasant parlor of a modest, but genteel looking residence in the suburbs of the city, sat a young and fine looking man, with a boy of some six years by his side, playing with his cane. He was a remarkably beautiful child, though his deep golden curls, his fair complexion, and sunny blue eyes, bore little resemblance to his father.

"Shall you like to live here awhile, Gerald, my boy?" said the parent, looking down fondly on his son.

The child's eyes wandered around the small, tastefully furnished parlor.

"I don't know, Papa. Can I have my rocking-horse, and play kite, and go sleighing every day?"

"My poor child, I'm afraid the lady will find you a spoiled boy," sighed the parent.

At that moment the mistress of the house entered the parlor.

"Mr. Rood, I believe!" she said, with her soft, lady-like voice and smile.

"Yes; and have I the honor of addressing Miss Lynde?" asked the gentleman, with a

bow whose grace was somewhat marred by his look of extreme astonishment, as it rested on the lady. She was so unlike what he had fancied this small, delicate girl-woman, who looked as if she had hardly come out of her teens, while the gentleman had expected to confront some tall, belated, maiden lady, the very antipodes of the one that stood fair and apparently in her first youth, before him, for Christiana Lynde did not look her years, and they were only twenty-five.

"I am she, sir, and this is the little boy about whom you wrote me," and she gazed down tenderly on the sweet, upturned face of the child.

"Yes; this is my little Gerald, and as my business imperatively summons me to Europe for this Summer, I wanted to find some quiet pleasant home for the child, and the friend of whom I wrote assures me that I can obtain this with you. He has been motherless for two years," and the man's voice shook, "and the death of my wife broke her mother's heart, so I have no one with whom to leave my boy."

There were tears in the soft eyes of the young teacher, as she asked, "Will you come to me, my boy?" and Gerald looked at her a moment, and then went up to her, and she took the child on her lap, and smoothed his shining curls, and looking at the two then, Mr. Rood thought, "I can trust the child with her."

So the arrangements were all consummated that morning. It was settled that Gerald Rood should join the company of half dozen boys and girls, which Miss Lynde received into her house as boarding scholars, while she had a day school of some thirty other children.

You can readily divine, reader, that to accomplish all this without fortune, or for a long time influential friends, Christiana Lynde must have been no ordinary woman. In that small delicate figure was comprised a world of persistent energy & early misfortune had developed and matured it at an age which made the contrast between her appearance and her achievements a very forcible one. She had remained a district school teacher, in Pentonville for nearly two years; then an opportunity offering, she had removed to the city, where she enjoyed greater advantages for educating herself, and established a private infant school, which gradually expanded, until she resolved to take a home of her own, on discovering an opportunity of receiving a couple of scholars into her family. The first year she had met her expenses, and the next partially paid for her furniture. So God had blessed the young orphan, and she was now a cultivated, symmetrical, and Christian gentlewoman. She was happy in the midst of her duties, and among her children, but there were times when the deep heart of Christiana Lynde yearned for that one fountain of tenderness which, for her, in the wide world "was not."

Eight months had passed. It was Christmas eve, and the young teacher sat in her room, looking a great hennock branch with gifts for her children; now and then their soft, gleeful breaks of laughter rose up from the room below, and a happy smile started over the lady's lips as she continued her work. She paused suddenly, for there came the quick running patter of child's feet along the passage, an eager hand grasped the handle of her locked door, and then a child's voice shouted up sudden and glad, "Miss Lynde, Papa has come! Papa has come!"

"How well and happy my boy is looking, and he is greatly attached to you. I do not know with what words to thank you for all your care, Miss Lynde," said Mr. Rood, half an hour later, as he sat with the young teacher, and Gerald was fluttering between them.

"You need not seek for the words, Mr. Rood. The care has brought its own reward," and as the boy rushed up to her, Christiana bent down, and passed her hand caressingly over his fair face. Her guest started suddenly, though unseen by her. Then he too, bent down, and glanced at something on her waist, and as she lifted her head, a curious, significant glance met it.

"Miss Lynde," he said, with a little abruptness, and yet very earnestly, "will you pardon me for asking permission to look at that brooch you wear? It is a very singular one."

"Yes! it was my mother's," returned the lady, as she unclasped it from her collar, and laid it in the gentleman's hand. "I do not often wear it, only on festivals, or something of the kind."

quickly to her, "May I ask you, also, Miss Lynde, if you ever parted with this for a short time?"

She looked surprised and the color came into her cheeks. "I did."

"And it came into the possession of a lady who returned it to you?"

"How do you know all this?" interrogated the astonished teacher.

"That lady was my wife—the mother of my boy!"

"Is it possible! is it possible! her lips quivered out the words, and then as memory brought up the sad scenes of her youth before her, and her meeting with the joyous young bride, the lady bowed her head, and burst into tears.

The Winter had not quite gone, and yet Norman Rood had grown to be a very frequent guest at Miss Lynde's. The two sat together that night in her parlor, and she was just folding up a paper from which she had been reading a little stray poem which sparkled among its prosy columns like rare diamonds.

"It is beautiful, exceedingly," murmured the gentleman, but it was in an abstracted tone, as though he had not half listened to the words, and then he leaned forward, and said abruptly, "I wish you would wear that brooch, Miss Lynde."

"Do you?" she looked surprised, yet, not quite so much as the strange speech might have warranted, for she and her guest had grown very well acquainted.

"I will put it on the next time you come." "Thank you; but I shall be better pleased to see you wear it another time. Shall I tell you when?"

"If you please."

"And will you promise to wear it?"

"Yes; if you wish it."

"Christiana," she started quickly, as he thus addressed her; "that brooch has been worn at three weddings. I wish, now, you would wear it at another."

"At whose?" she said, but her voice was faint, and the quick widening of color in her cheek told that she had half anticipated the answer.

"Yours and mine."

She did not answer now, only with an agitated gesture she placed her hand over her eyes.

Norman Rood rose up, and drew softly, but tenderly that fair, small hand away, and looked down into the clear, warm depths of Christiana Lynde's soft eyes. Her lashes drooped over them, but not before he had read

"Christiana, you promised to wear the brooch when I wished. You will not recant what you said." You will be my wife, my boy's mother, loved tenderly as she, and not with the love of my youth, but of my manhood."

For a little while there was silence, but he knew by the rapid throbbing of her pulse, by the changes that hurried over her white face, that the heart and soul of Christiana Lynde, were stirred within her.

"Say, oh, say you will wear it, then. I cannot bear this," he whispered, putting his face down close to hers, and his voice quivered as a man's only does when his future hangs on the answer of a woman.

She looked up, and he knew, then, even before she said the words, "I will wear it, Norman, my mother's brooch."

SINGULAR CASE OF SUDDEN DEATH. The Philadelphia Bulletin of the 26th, says:—

"Last evening a young man of respectable appearance went with a young woman to a house of bad character on Maple street."

They procured a room, and soon after the man was taken very ill, and a physician sent for. The man died in half an hour.

Alderman Hibbard acting for the coronor, held an inquest in the case at a late hour. The persons in the house testified that both the man and the woman were strangers to them, neither of them to the knowledge of the witnesses, having been in the house before. The deceased proved to be a member of a very respectable family, and a married man. He had always enjoyed an excellent character.

The female who was in company with him at the time of his death, testified that she was a married woman, who was living apart from her husband. She stated that she was passing along the street last night, when she met the deceased. They were acquainted from childhood, and he joined her, and walked with her. While passing along 8th street he complained of feeling very ill, and said he would have to go into some house.—At her proposition they turned into Maple street, and went to the house where he afterwards died. The witness testified that she knew nothing of the character of the house, and that she had never been in it before.—The jury rendered a verdict that the death of the deceased was caused by disease of the heart."

In the celebration of the marriage of the Rev. William Jones to Miss Mary Darby, at Coalbrookdale, which took place at Stoke Court, near Windsor, the seat of Abraham Darby, Esq., recently, there were twenty-six oxen killed, affording twenty thousand pounds of meat, and forty-two sheep and calves; fifteen thousand gallons of ale, and three thousand two hundred loaves of bread were required, to be distributed amongst the work-people of Coalbrookdale.

SAD. A few days ago we copied from an exchange an item stating that an infant child of George W. Wendell, of Great Falls, sprang from its mother's arms, fell down stairs, and was killed. The event drove the mother to madness, and last week she committed suicide.—[Union N. H. Democrat.

The Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, DEC. 3, 1858.

SOUTH BRIDGTON. We last week visited this thriving and picturesque section of our town. We found our fellow citizens there ready and willing to do their part towards upholding our newspaper. This promptness on their part we regard as an indication of intelligence, and a highly commendable public spirit. Indeed, the people of that part of the town have always had the credit of being excellent citizens, and they do not need that we should make a long proclamation to them in order to be persuaded that a local press will be of incalculable benefit to the whole town and vicinity. And they are furthermore aware that a paper cannot live in a community unless the members thereof do the little mite required of them to sustain it. The southern of this town do not appear to think, when they sign for our paper, that they are doing simply an act of generosity, but that they are investing their dollar in an enterprise that will yield them back more than their little investment.

But it was our design to write somewhat of the business of So. Bridgton. We had not thought that it carried on so much of business as it does, thinking it entirely a farming community. We soon found, however, that we were mistaken. There are in the place, two Stores, quite an extensive Carriage manufactory carried on by the Messrs. Barkers; a number of Shoe and Boot makers shops, two or three saw-mills, and one of the best grist-mills that we ever stepped inside of the property, we believe, of Mr. F. Foster. It was built upon the most modern and approved plan of such mills, by our old school and play-mate, Mr. Albert Berry, of this town, who is one of the best mechanics in or out of the State. The Messrs. Knapps, too, are about to erect a mill of some kind, near the grist-mill, which is to go into operation next spring.

While we were in So. Bridgton we received the kind hospitality of Col. Perley, of Mr. Ithamar Littlefield's family, and of W. F. Fessenden, at whose residence we had some pleasant talk with Dr. Fessenden, his father. Nor last, but not least, must we forget to say that we received the polite attentions of our well-known townsman, Maj. Moody Foster. All will accept our thanks for their kindness.—Should we live till another summer, we intend to give sketches of the variegated scenery of this town, and shall have occasion to again speak of the South Bridgton.

The Young Folks' Concert, on Thanksgiving evening, at Temperance Hall, under the direction of Miss Helen Ball, was an interesting and pleasant affair. The children looked well, sang well, all things considered, which speaks well for their excellent instructor, and all concerned. Miss Ball is evidently at home in the business of teaching children, and they certainly have made commendable progress under her instruction. We said that the children looked well, but little thin-soled slippers are hardly the things for them or anybody else to wear where they are necessarily exposed to the cold. We noticed that many of the children were embarrassed by hoarseness, occasioned, we think by the thin clad feet above mentioned. Good taste demands that we should dress on all occasions with reference to health and of course the weather.

We wish to say a word or two in relation to giving applause. For the most part this "applause" goes for nothing, being indiscriminate. The practice of *encoring*, or calling for the repetition of pieces, is simply absurd, save in rare instances, when the execution of a given thing is very fine. The loudest applauders in concerts are generally those who least understand the true merits of performers. Boys are fond of making a noise under any pretext whatever.

THANKSGIVING. This time honored festival day was passed in this town after the usual custom. Some went to church, and some didn't. For ourselves, Noyes, Lamson, and boys, we worked, as a matter of necessity, in the fore part of the day, and "loafed round" in the afternoon. About three o'clock, we took turkey and plum pudding, very nicely cooked, with our friend and brother, the Deputy, in whose family we felt perfectly at home. [That basket of "sass" will be gratefully received at any time when it is convenient to pass it over.] In the evening, in a very sleepy and unappreciative mood, we went to hear the children sing; after which we formed a profound intimacy with Morpheus. Thanksgiving always makes us "twice glad"—glad when it comes and when it goes.

We are peculiarly unfortunate in the matter of Umbrellas. If we happen to own one, which is rarely the case, we are sure to lose it. If we borrow one, which is often the case, we forget to return it. We hereby wish to make a general apology for our outrageous delinquency in this particular. We don't mean to do wrong to the owners of umbrellas, but we forget that they are not, after all, common property. We borrowed one of these very convenient articles of a friend in So. Bridgton, a week or so since, and promised to have it returned. We meant it should be, but our old carelessness intervened, and we left it somewhere to find its way home as it best might. Will some one, down south, if a strange umbrella happens to be in their premises, return it to Mr. I. Littlefield, their neighbor, from whom we borrowed it?

Winter takes an early start, this year.

THE BALL. Our Thanksgiving Ball, although not conducted in the old-fashioned manner at first contemplated, was nevertheless a very pleasant and highly satisfactory affair. The thought, or practical attempt to revive the customs of days long since passed away, is probably futile in the very nature of things. The customs and manners of thirty-five years ago, grew naturally out of the peculiar culture and circumstances of that period, and we could go back to, and realize those happy days only in a theatrical sense. Therefore we have no fault to find that we did not witness that style of procedure which was common in this town in those past times which it is so pleasant for us to remember. As it was, we utter only the simple fact in saying that the Ball was admirably, though quietly managed, and furnished one of the most agreeable occasions it ever fell to our lot to attend. The company was made up of mostly residents of this village, or former residents of it, and all could not but enjoy, as they seemed to, themselves highly.

The supper, which was served at eleven o'clock, was in all particulars faultless, and did much honor to our friend GEE, and all concerned with him in getting it up. We heard but one opinion expressed in relation to it, and that was one of unqualified praise. It was not only substantial as to viands, but really *recherche* in all respects. In looking over the table before the company was summoned to the feast, we could have imagined ourselves in the garden of Hesperides, so fine was the dessert. We speak in this strain, not in the spirit of a puff, but because the ball, supper, and all connected with it, was creditable to our village, to the Bridgton House and its excellent manager. The Music, too, by Messrs. Raymond, Weeks, Burckett, and company, was capital and gave entire satisfaction. The occasion has been rare when we have heard better playing than that we heard on this occasion.

LYCEUM. Are we not to have a Lyceum this winter? If we are, it is about time to move in the matter. Thanksgiving, with its bodily feeding, and physical enjoyments, is fairly over, and we should now make some preparations for more deeply rational and intellectual amusements. In a village like this, there are always people who eschew dancing, and such merely physical amusements, and who still want some more excitement than our ordinary daily life affords; and the lecture-room and the debating club meet their wants. Indeed we all,—though in many cases, persons are unconscious of the fact,—have intellectual wants, and the Lyceum is a good place for many to get their supply. We are so essentially social beings, that we grow better intellectually under the stimulus of society. When we bring our individual heats and lights together, and merge them into one common flame, the good results are larger and more sure. We help one another with our personal magnetisms, and provoke thought by our inevitable antagonisms.

But we need not, in these enlightened times, dilate upon the manifold advantages of Lyceums. Their great uses are so manifest, that the most illiterate and stupid of persons must be conscious of them. There is no sort of reason why we should not revive the one of last winter, which we are told, excited a good deal of interest, and we trust that the officers of the old institution will now beset themselves in the work of reanimation.

BROUJARY. Thanksgiving evening, while Mr. R. Ball was absent from his store, some person, pretty well acquainted with the situation of the premises, thrust a hand through, or removed, we hardly know which, a pane of glass, opened his desk, which stood near, and took therefrom a small scrap-box which contained a pocket-book, filled with notes and other papers, and from five to ten dollars in change. The box, with pocket-book and papers all safe, was found near the residence of Mr. Jackson, but minus the change.

We do not know that any one is suspected of the theft, but from the fact that the tracks seen under the window, were small, it is presumed that the offender is a youngster. That circumstance places "old Comfort," the Captain and the "Commodore" entirely above suspicion! We are glad for their sakes.—The affair has created some sensation, as stealing is a vice scarcely known in this vicinity.

WE shall send this week's paper to quite a number of old friends and former acquaintances who are natives of this good old town, and who will, we are sure, be glad to see that it has a newspaper. This newspaper, too, we think they will esteem it a privilege to take that they may hear weekly from the home of their childhood and youth. If they will but remit a dollar, we shall cheerfully send it to their several addresses. We will keep them "posted" upon all that will be going on here, which we know will be gratifying to them to hear of.

If one must have a cud of some kind, especially the boys, one of spruce gum is far better than tobacco. Man is a ruminating animal, and must have something; it would seem, to chew, as well as an ox or a sheep. Mr. B. Pearson, of Portland, whose advertisement appears in another column, keeps, at very reasonable rates, the best ruminating materials whether used in the smoking or chewing form.

A MAN SHOT.—On Saturday last, a lad named Colley, fired a gun, passing seven buck shot at a freight train, passing Montpelier Junction. The charge struck the saloon car, and two shot lodged in the side of an employee of the road. Colley has been arrested and bound over for trial.—[Montpelier Jour.

NEW PAPER. We have received the first Nos. of the Bridgton Reporter, a very neatly printed and ably edited sheet. Under the name of the "Oasis," this paper was published at Nashua, N. H., for a number of years, but within a short time its proprietor, Mr. S. H. Noyes, has moved the establishment to Bridgton, Me., and adopted a new name. We hope it will meet with good success.—[Me. Farmer.

The above gives us a good opportunity to say a word in relation to the sterling agricultural paper from which we take the above compliment. It is considered among intelligent farmers to be one of the best agricultural papers published in the Union. We have never been able to keep the Farmer long in our sanctum, as an appreciative reader in Nashua was sure to call for it before we could fairly look it over. As we by and by intend to have an agricultural column, we hereby announce that no 'good natured friend' can have the loan of it.

BRIDGTON REPORTER. Our friends Noyes, publisher, and Lamson, editor, recently of the Nashua Oasis, appear to us again, greatly improved, in the columns of a paper titled as above. Bridgton is in Maine. We wish our friends abundant success. [Union N. H. Democrat.

We mean to deserve success, friend Campbell, and are having it in a good progressive degree. We hope to have the Democrat from week to week, as we always read it with great satisfaction, and should hardly know how to get along without it.

BRIDGTON REPORTER. We have received a copy of this paper, published by S. H. Noyes, formerly of the Nashua Oasis. It patterns after the Oasis, and looks very well. Success to friend Noyes in the Pine Tree State.—[Peterborough N. H. Transcript.

Thank you for your good will, friend Scott. We are proud of a good word from old neighbors.

THE NASHUA OASIS. This sprightly little paper, that we have had the pleasure of looking over nearly every week, for the last sixteen years, has been removed to Bridgton, Me., and now makes its appearance as the Bridgton Reporter. The paper seems to have lost none of its interest by the transfer; and we congratulate the citizens of that locality, on having so good a paper established in their midst. [Nantucket Mass. Mirror.

The Mirror reflects our sentiments "zactly." We shall continue, we trust, to look into the Mirror with the same pleasure as formerly. It is a true reflector.

BRIDGTON REPORTER is the name of a paper just started at Bridgton, Me., by S. H. Noyes, formerly of the Nashua Oasis. It is a very neat paper.—[Maine Dem.

UNCLE ABNER is known to be a genuine humorist. He one day went into the barber shop in this village, and submitted his, at times, grave face to the tonsorial operator, who knew nothing of the individual he had in hand. After being handsomely shaved, and rubbed off after the most agreeable style of the magnetic art, Abner seated himself on the sofa, and in a sort of querulous and remonstrative voice, thus broke out upon the barber:—

"Young man, don't you consider me a very good natured and christian person?"

Quoth the barber, in some astonishment in being thus abruptly addressed—"I know nothing to the contrary, sir."

"Yes, young man, you can't help thinking so; for here you've been pinching and soaping my face, tweaking my nose, rubbin' my head, pullin' my hair, and puttin' your finger into my mouth, and I haven't uttered a word of complaint, and you may well suppose me to be a christian man! If I'd been in one of my savage spells I should have bit your finger right off!"

The barber was "struck all up into a heap" at this strange and rather hostile address, being totally unconscious of having offered any offense. But Uncle Abner eased him off, by complimenting his shaving, and informing him that he should call to be in like manner insulted once a week.

On Wednesday last, which was a very beautiful day, the skaters, men, boys, and girls, were out in great numbers on the pond, having slick times of it. In the evening of the same day, too, we noticed two great fires on the ice, and "we longed to be there." As we go to press, a snow storm appears to be on the tapis, and, if so, the glitter, and glory, and fun of skating will be brief, this year.

THE VIRTUES OF BORAX. The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax-powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (required to be made very stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax, being a semi-neutral salt, it does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the finest linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and, therefore, it should be kept on every toilette table.

An amusing and painful incident recently took place in Cincinnati. Two gentlemen afflicted with St. Vitus dance met, and each supposing the other to be mocking him, a fight ensued of the most desperate character. Finally, a mutual acquaintance found them struggling in the gutter, and succeeded in separating them and making known their mutual mistake, when they shook hands and apologized to each other.

EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE. Stroudsburg, Pa., Nov. 29th. As a locomotive on the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad exploded at noon to day. Thomas Longman the fireman, was killed, Edward Hawley fatally injured, and two others were seriously hurt.

For the Reporter.

NASHUA, N. H., Nov. 23, 1858.

DEAR REPORTER:—You are not the first "old friend" who has come to us, having a new name, yet you are most cordially welcome. There are many pleasant associations connected with "The Oasis" which do not attach to the new title. Instead of a fertile spot in the arid desert, where the traveller may slake his thirst, and repose beneath the grateful shade, there rises a most woful vision of "Tribune Reporters"—vide Illustrated Edition of "Pluzibustah." Nevertheless, I trust you will continue, with your old-time companions, the Telegraph and Gazette, to grace our table in the little sitting-room at "Vinetree," and cheer us with "words fitly spoken." I am not willing to give ye up, for you are my "first love"—newspaper love, I mean. My first human love, was a little boy with red hair, whom I called Nathan. "The course of true love" ran smoothly enough, until we reached the mature age of five years, when came the bitter parting. "It was many, and many a year ago," and Nathan is now the husband of a wife, and the father of a red-haired baby, while I, — sit here—writing nonsense.

Talking the other day about you, to my friend Sophia, I mentioned the lines, "Have a heart for any fate," whereupon she repeated a verse from Byron's "Lines to Thomas Moore," which is so nearly similar to those in your columns, that I copy it for you,

"Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me—
Here's a heart for any fate."

The "moral" is well enough, even "excellent," but Byron is not generally considered the orthodox standard of morality. Certainly, here is an instance of human thought repeating itself, with astonishing accuracy.

If it be true, that "he, who derives noble delights from the feeling of poetry, is a real poet, even if he had never made a verse in his life"—how many "voiceless" ones, may exclaim with joyous humility—"I too am a poet." In such moments of inspiration, how life glows with a new, strange beauty. Then, if ever, may be heard "the still small voice" of the spirit. Poetry comes to us, with a most sweet and precious benediction—thrilling the soul with "messages of purer life"—developing and refining the whole being.

The political parties are sounding the clarion of defiance, and the respective Editors are doubtless busy collecting a store of "diabolical good words" wherewith to abuse each other in the coming contest. Alas! for the "brave old days"

"When none were for a party
But all were for the state,
And the rich man helped the poor man
And the poor man loved the great."

Please give my kind regards to all the good people of Bridgton. Au revoir!

MIRIAM WOODBURN.

AN ADDRESS TO THE ECHO.

If I address the Echo yonder,

What will its answer be, I wonder?

Echo—I wonder!

O' wondrous Echo, tell me, please,

Am I for marriage, or for celibacy?

Echo—Silly Bessy!

If then to win the maid I try,

Shall I find her a property?

Echo—A proper ty!

If neither being grave nor funny,

Will win the maid to matrimony?

Echo—Try money!

If I should try to win her heart,

Shall I go plain, or rather smart?

Echo—Smart!

She mayn't love dress, and I again then

May come too smart, and she'll complain then

Echo—Come plain, then!

Then, if to marry me I tease her,

What will she say if that should please her?

Echo—Please, sir!

When cross and good words can't appease her,

What if such naughty whims should seize her?

Echo—You'd see, sir!

When wed, she'll change for love, or stickier,

And love her husband less than liquor?

Echo—Then lick her!

To leave me, then, I can't compel her,

Though every woman else excel her?

Echo—Sell her!

The doubting youth to Echo turned again, sir,

To ask advice, but found it did not answer.

EFFECTS OF FEAR. A Parisian physician during his visits made in a hired fly, had received a bottle of real Jamaica rum as a sample; but found, after returning home, that he had left it in the carriage. He went to the office, and informed the manager that he had left a virulent poison in one of the carriages, and desired him to prevent any of the coachmen from drinking it. Hardly had he got back, when he was summoned in great haste to three of those worthies, who were suffering from the most horrible colic, and great was his difficulty in persuading them that they had only stolen some most excellent rum.

A case of inhuman cruelty by a stepmother has been exposed in Nayada City, Mo. She beat her little step-daughter, four years old in a terrible manner till her own strength failed, and then made the child's brother, nine years old, continue the beating. The little girl died of the infliction, and the boy was charged by his step-mother with having beaten his sister to death, and owned it, having been threatened with death if he told the whole truth. But the facts came out, and the cruel woman is likely to be lynched.

A valuable quarry of lithographic lime, stone has been discovered in Lower Scinde. It is of good color, and takes transfers readily.

HOW A MIRROR CONSOLLED A WIDOW; A lady residing at Brighton (England) recently owned a pair of beautiful Java sparrows, which were the pet of the family and objects of admiration to all who saw them.—One of them suddenly died. Its disconsolate mate refused to taste the food offered it, but sat upon its perch, looking wistfully about, and with sad and gentle notes seemed to be calling its mate. The bird refused to sleep, and after various devices to banish its grief, the lady placed a small looking-glass inside the cage. This reflected its own image, and wrought in a few days an entire change in the manner of the bird. It commenced singing loudly, which it continued to do, but receiving no response from its mate, it is continually quarrelling with its shadow. In its anger it occasionally flies at the glass, striking it with its beak, and is only prevented from injuring itself by removing the glass from the cage until it recovers from its passionate outbreak, when the glass is replaced.

CRINOLINE NOT ORIGINAL. The crinolines cannot boast of originality. Among the Greek ladies, a long time ago, even a better fashion prevailed than that which is now kept up by whalebone, raton, brass, rods, watch springs, and hoghead hoops. They could enjoy stone petticoats. The anyanthus, or asbestos, a native fossil stone, could be split into filaments, and woven like any other threads, into cloth suitable for the sacred purpose in question. Moreover, they were exempt from all wash tub immersions; for when soiled they need only to be cast into the grate, whence they came out unharmed, and whiter than snow, "by considerable."

OUR POOR LIFE. Just as that poetry is the freshest which the out-door life has the most nourished, so I believe that there is no surer sign of the rich vitality which finds its raciest oys in sources the most innocent, than the childlike taste for that same out-door life.—Whether you take from fortune the palace or the cottage, add to your chambers a hall in the courts of Nature. Let earth but give you room to stand on; well, look up. Is it nothing to have for your roof-tree—Heaven?

Have you," said a young lady, entering a music store, and leaning over the counter, and addressing the young man, "Have you 'A heart that loves me only'?"—"Yes, miss," was the reply; "and here is 'A heart to thee, Mary.'" Mary took the songs, and was leaving the store, when suddenly she returned. "Oh, I forgot! I want 'One sweet kiss before we part.'" The clerk glanced at the front store—nobody was there; he looked in the counting-room—the "boss" was out; rapidly he leaned forward; Mary advanced her face, her mouth assumed the "lip-tickle" shape exquisite, and eleven soul-stirring vases were at once turned out in the neatest style of prompt workmanship. "Go thou and do likewise!" And she said she would.

NEW COSMETIC. The cold plunging bath, instead of being "plain water," was a profusion of hay boiled in coppers, of sufficient strength to be the color of very strong tea, and left to get quite cold. No soap was ever such a purifier as this!—No cosmetic such a beautifier, from the marble hardness, smoothness, and freshness it imparts to the skin, and the way in which it cleanses it from every possible secretion; and let the weariest pilgrim only try a footbath of cold hay tea, and he will feel as if he had relays of fresh feet, capable of going any distance.

PIETY AND PROFITS.—A gentleman who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his work-people in a due attendance at church on a late fast day, told them that if they went to church they would receive their wages for that day in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint the employer that if he would pay them for over hours they would attend likewise the Methodist chapel in the evening.

FOR EXTERNAL APPLICATION ONLY. "Ache—ache—ache," Cried the rheumatic, As in his room attic He lay in a blanket, ensconced to the chin— "What shall I take— Brandy, or rum, or whiskey, or gin?" Doctor:—"Take it without—but not within."

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN ILL.—Mattoon, Ill., Nov. 29th. Last night Hugh Harkness, in a fit of delirium tremens, set fire to his house, and himself, wife, and child were burned to death.

Capt. Lafayette Grover, member of Congress elect, from the forthcoming State of Oregon, arrived at his father's in Bethel, Me., on Friday, after an absence of eight years.

Capt. C. Grover, U. S. A., is now at Bethel, Me., on a visit to his friends, from Utah. He describes the social condition of the Mormons as wretched in the extreme.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch has separated from her husband, he paying her \$700. It is said that the net receipts of the lady's lecturing tour have amounted to \$6000.

The other day an old lady rushed into the garden in search of her daughter, in being told that the young lady walked out with a rake.

An irritable man is like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, and pierced by his own prickles.

"DO YOU THINK HE IS MARRIED?"

BY JOHN G. Saxe.

Madam!—you are very pressing,
And I can't decline the task;
With the slightest gift of guessing,
You would hardly need to ask!

Don't you see a hint of marriage
In his sober-sided face?
In his rather careless carriage
And extremely rapid pace?

If he's not committed treason,
Or some wicked action done,
Can you see the faintest reason
Why a bachelor should run?

Why should he be in a hurry?
But a loving wife to greet,
Is a circumstance to hurry
The most dignified of feet!

When after the man has spied her,
If the grateful, happy elf
Does not haste to be beside her,
He must be beside himself!

It is but a trifle, may be—
But observe his practiced tone,
When he calms your stormy baby,
Just as if it were his own!

Do you think a certain meekness
You have mentioned in his looks,
Is a chronic optic weakness
That has come of reading books?

Did you ever see his vision
Peering underneath a hood,
Save enough for recognition,
As a civil person should?

Could a capuchin be colder
When he glances, as he must,
At a finely rounded shoulder,
Or a proudly swelling bust?

Madam!—think of every feature,
Then deny it if you can—
He's a fond, comical creature,
And a very married man!

ANGER AND LOVE. Man has an unfortunate readiness in an evil hour after receiving an affront, to draw together all the moon spots on the other person into an outline of shadow and a night-piece, and to transform a single deed into a whole life, and this only that he may thoroughly relish the pleasure of being angry. In love he has fortunately the opposite facility of crowding together all the light parts any rays of its object into one focus by means of the burning glass of imagination, and letting its sun burn without its spots; but he too generally does this only when the beloved and often censured being is already beyond the skies. In order, however, that we should do this sooner and oftener, we ought to act like Wicklemann, but only in another way. As he set aside a particular half hour of each day for the purpose of beholding and meditating on his too happy existence at Rome, so we ought daily or weekly to dedicate and sanctify a solitary hour for the purpose of summing up the virtues of our families, our wives, our children, and our friends, and viewing them in this beautiful crowded assemblage of their good qualities. Indeed, we should do so for the reason, that we may not forgive and love too late, when the loved beings are already departed hence, and are beyond reach.—[Richter.]

"Where did you get so much money, Isaac?" said Mrs. Partington, as she shook a half handful of copper cents before her, grinning all the while, like a rogue as he is, "have you found the horniopia, or has any body given you a request?" She was a little anxious. "I got it from bets," said he, chucking the coin into the air and allowing half of them to clatter and rattle about the floor with all the importance of dollars. "Got them from Bets, did you?" replied she, "and who is Bets, that she should give you money?—she must be some low creature or you would not speak of her so disrespectably. I hope you will not get led away by any desolate companions, Isaac, and become an unworthy member of society." How tenderly the iron-bowed spectacles beamed upon him! "I mean, bets," said he, laughing, "that I won on Burlington." "Dear me," she exclaimed, "how could you do so, when gaming is such a horrid habit. Why, sometimes people are arranged at the bar for it." She was really uneasy until he explained that, in imitation of older ones, he had bet some cents on Burlington, and had won.

Dr. Binns, in his "Anatomy of Sleep," recommends the following means of procuring rest: "Let the person turn on his left side place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line from the head to the shoulders should form; and then, slightly closing his lips, let him take rather a full respiration, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action, that is, the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded. The patient should then depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream; and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive his apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, and he sleeps."

GOOD STANDING.—You desire to be a person of "good standing" in society. How do you stand? We refer now to the artistic or esthetic point of view. If you are awkward, you are more likely to manifest your awkwardness in standing than in walking. Do you know where to put your feet and what to do with your hands? In the absence of any better rule or example, try to forget your limbs, and let them take care of themselves.

Whatever you may choose to give away always be sure to keep your temper.

Portland Advertisements.

Cahoon's Patent Broadcast Seed Sower.

PATENTED SEPT. 1, 1857.—RE-ISSUED MAY 11, 1858.

For Sowing Wheat, Oats, Barley, Grass Seed, &c., &c.



THE HORSE POWER MACHINE

At the walking gait of a Horse, sows from ten to fifteen acres per hour.

THE HAND MACHINE

At the walking gait of a Man, sows from four to eight acres per hour, and is especially adapted to the farms of New England.

These Machines are substantially built, and do the work in a very superior manner as numerous certificates from farmers who have used them fully prove.

They have taken the First Prizes at the United States Agricultural Fair held at Richmond, Va., 1858; Missouri State Fair, in a grand field trial of Broadcast Sowers, holden at St. Louis, 1858; Kentucky State Fair, holden at Louisville, 1858, "with high commendation of the Committee;" Michigan State Fair, holden at Detroit, 1858; Pennsylvania State Fair, holden at Pittsburgh, 1858; Maine State Fair, holden at Augusta, 1858; also, at numerous other State and County Fairs.

Among the advantages of using this Machine, are these, viz:—
First. A complete division of the seed is effected, so that each kernel falls separately upon the ground, giving thereby ample room for its roots and stalks, and insuring the best opportunity for its growth and development; consequently requiring a much less quantity of seed to be used than in sowing by hand.

A Farmer who used one of the Hand Machines last spring in sowing Barley, says that he put into his land with the Machine, 14 bushels of Barley to the acre, where he had always before in sowing by hand put on 24 bushels, and his crop turned out to be the best and largest he ever had.

Second. A man can do four times as much work with one of these Machines (Hand Machines) as he can do in sowing in the ordinary manner.

In a certificate from a farmer in Gray, Me., he states that he sowed with the Machine at the rate of four acres of Rye per hour, and that so evenly and handsomely was the grain spread, that on coming to maturity, although the land was poor, he raised at the rate of 23½ bushels to the acre. He also sowed Grass seed with the Machine, which he states came up finely.

Third. A person can sow with the Machine and do the work perfectly who has had no experience in sowing whatever. A boy can sow with it as well as a man.

A field of Oats near Portland, was sowed with this Machine by a person who had never even seen any one sow before—he was able by the index on the Machine to put on exactly 24 bushels to the acre, and the Oats came up in the most perfect manner, yielding a remarkable crop.

Fourth. The Machine will last a man his life time, being made of iron and put together in the most substantial manner.

Fifth. It is warranted in every respect.

These Machines can be purchased on liberal terms and prices, either wholesale or retail by applying to the subscribers.

D. H. FURBISH, Proprietor.

CHARLES W. CAHOON, Cor. Agent.

Office opposite Portland Sugar House, York Street, PORTLAND, ME.

Circulars containing certificates from Farmers in all parts of the country who have used the Machines, both Hand and Horse Power, will be forwarded on application as allowed.

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A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF SILKS, in all Styles, such as

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ROBES OF EVERY KIND.

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DESIRABLE BLACK SILKS.

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Tin Foil, 50 cts.; filling with French Amalg-

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