

Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. I.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1859.

NO. 18.

Bridgton Reporter,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
S. H. NOYES,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
BRIDGTON, ME.

CHARLES LAMSON, EDITOR.

TERMS. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE; one dollar fifty-cents at the end of the year.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. One square 16 lines, one insertion 75 cents, 3 insertions \$1.00; 3 months \$2.00; 6 months \$3.50; one year \$6.00; 1-4 column \$18.00; 1-2 column \$30.00; one column \$50.00.

All letters must be addressed to the Publisher. Communications intended for publication should be accompanied by the name of the author.

JOB PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness and despatch.

LONGING.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul comes thronging,
Which one is e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful, as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glow down the wished Ideal,
And Longing molds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must open the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons—
That some slight good is always wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fall in action.
—James Russell Lowell.

Feruling Anna Hawkes.

"Buzz—buzz—buzz—buzz!"

"Indeed I cannot stand this. You'll drive me quite crazy with your buzz, buzzing. I must and will have silence. I find that plain, pleasant persuasion will not do; I shall be forced to resort to a harsher method. Now listen, one and all, while I assure you that the first scholar, old or young, miss or master, young gentleman or lady, whom I shall see whispering without leave, I will ferule!"

The teacher, Mr. Arthur Stone, closed his bearded lips firmly, and glanced about the old fashioned school room with a determined expression, as he ceased speaking. He evidently meant just what he had said—meant it in the face of the stout stalwart young gentlemen, and pretty, witching, bright-eyed girls around him. For a moment there was a dead silence among all, while every eye was fixed upon the handsome, resolute face of the teacher. But in the little crowd of eager, upturned faces, there was but one on which his eye caught intuitively; drawn, as it were, by some strange mesmeric power. One face, and one at that moment which was a pretty picture of piquant beauty, with its saucy, inquisitive blue eyes, which met his own fully and daringly;—its strawberry red mouth, pursed up from the most provoking and daring of smiles, that said it as plainly as words could have said it. "You won't ferule me, Arthur Stone, if I whisper ever so much."

A sudden flash of anger redened up into the cheeks of the young man, and shot from the depths of his fine gray eyes, as he said determinedly, in answer to the smile of the red mouth and blue eyes, and the toss of the dainty head—"I repeat it; I will ferule the first scholar whom I see whispering without leave!"

This time there was no mistaking it; there was a perceptible motion of Anna Hawkes' pretty head, an unmistakable light in her eyes, and a whole unbroken sentence wreathed about the curve of her lips, as she turned carelessly to her books—"You can ferule me if you choose," she said mutely, not believing that he would venture to do it.

"And I certainly will," was the silent reply of the young man, confident the while that she would not allow him an opportunity of putting his threat into execution. But he was ill at ease as he turned moodily to the arithmetic class from which his attention had been drawn by the unusual confusion. Affairs had taken a disagreeable turn, an unexpected course, and whatever he might do he could not better them. There was but one way for him. He must put a stern face on the matter. He must maintain his dig-

nity as a teacher, even if he was obliged to thrust aside his own wishes and inclinations. Anna Hawkes, pleasant, witching, graceful Anna—the one bright star that threw so much light upon his arduous, tiresome duties; the warm hearted girl who had grown nearer and nearer to him, as the dull, wintry days went by, till he dared hope, silently but earnestly, that some time he might be more to her than any one else in the world, even if she came between him and duties, must be sacrificed. It was a miserable thought and he greeted it with a long, deep drawn sigh.

Not once during that forenoon, did he venture to look towards Anna's seat, or allow himself to pause anywhere in her vicinity, for fear his ear might be greeted by a provoking odious whisper. Not once, I say, but I must except the long recess, during which he watched her eagerly, as she bent over her slate, working out her algebraic problems, apparently lost to everything about her. Two or three times he started from his seat to go to her assistance, as she knit her white brow perplexedly, but a strange, new feeling like pride, kept him back. He thought he had never seen her look half so pretty or loveable as then, as she sat there bending thoughtfully over her book, with one hand running rapidly and gracefully over her slate. Her dress of dark crimson cloth, with its full sleeves, confined at the wrists by black velvet bands; fastened high in the neck, but in such a manner as to display her full, white throat, was strangely becoming to her. He had never thought of it before, but there was a certain refinement in her taste that was truly pleasing. It was visible in everything she wore—the dainty cambric collar confined at the throat by a small, cameo breast pin; the knots of black velvet ribbon fastened about her luxuriant brown braids; the petite black silk apron, with its girdle of silk cord, and full large, drooped tassels, and the slender, shining little kid boots that peeped daintily out from the folds of her ample skirt. In all his life, Arthur Stone had never looked upon a face or figure so pleasant or captivating. But as he watched her, she raised her eyes to his face. In a moment the pretty seriousness which had rested so becomingly on her features was gone. A provoking smile curled upon her rosy mouth, and went with a sudden rush of triumph over her whole face, dilating her finely curved nostrils and sweeping like a sunshine over the blue of her eyes, making such rare dimples about her chin, as one might have supposed to have been fitted by the cunning fore-finger of Cupid himself.

Arthur Stone was vexed, but was too much a man of the world to allow the young girl to know how much she was capable of annoying him, and so after the first flame of petty anger had died out from his cheeks and forehead, he said in a voice, the coolness of which surprised even himself:—

"Can I be of any assistance to you, Miss Hawkes?"

"None, sir, thank you. I have quite conquered my exercises alone to day."

Foolish fellow! The very coolness of his manner betrayed the secret which he strove to hide. There was little need of covert if there was nothing to conceal. And so it was that the forenoon slipped unpleasantly away, and the afternoon came in its stead. The teacher's rule so far was a good one. If Anna Hawkes had not been present, Mr. Stone would have counted it a success, but as it was, he was in a constant tremor of fear.

A raised hand in the neighborhood of her seat and a timid application for assistance was met with something like an unreasonable frown. In a hurried and nervous way he proceeded to explain away the difficulty to the timid applicant, anxious to be free from such dangerous surroundings. Just as he was congratulating himself upon his success, and was about turning away, a rapid whispered volley of words rattled past his ears. There was no avoiding it. He knew the source from whence they came as well as did every scholar that heard them. He could not pass thoughtlessly along.

The dread alarm had come with such a sudden distinctness as to surprise him into an involuntary start. Every pair of eyes was turned inquiringly and curiously to his face. He was forced into doing his duty.—The heavy beard about his mouth was friendly to him then, for it covered a suspicious pallor that settled there as he turned about and rested his eyes sternly upon the blushing, piquant face of Anna Hawkes. She was the picture of innocence just then, with her brown lashes drooped low upon her cheeks and the pearly white teeth crushed cruelly down upon the crimson of her lips.

"Miss Hawkes, can you tell me who whispered a moment since?"

"Yes, sir."

The white lids were thrown wide open and the clear eye fixed firmly upon his own.

"Who?"

"I, sir."

"Will you oblige me by stepping this way a moment?"

He led the way out in the floor.

"Yes, sir, certainly."

She followed him promptly, pausing beside

the desk and resting one hand prettily upon the top.

"I suppose you listened to my rule this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"You understood it, too, doubtless?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly."

"Understanding it perfectly, then, you have been pleased to break it. Can you name my duty?"

"It does not admit of a question. Ferule me, sir." She commenced drawing a slender gold ring from her left hand. "This hand?" she asked, suddenly, looking up in his face.

"We have plenty of time, Miss Hawkes; do not hurry," he said, evading her question. "I have something to say to you."

She leaned her elbow upon the desk, and her burning face upon her hand. "I shall be happy to listen to you," she said.

"I will trouble you but a moment, only to say that I regret more than I am able to express, that a scholar whom I have endeavored to treat with uniform courtesy and respect, and in whose advancement I had felt a lively interest, should by so glaring a misdemeanor, such an utter contempt of my wishes, as to disregard for me as a teacher and a friend. Such a display is unpleasant enough if a mere child willfully breaks the rule of a school, but when instead, a young gentleman or lady so far forgets him or herself, it is intensely painful. I assure you that I deeply regret this."

Anna bowed gracefully as Mr. Stone ceased speaking. Again her white teeth were bared into her lips, while the brown lashes trembled close upon the deep burning red of her cheeks.

"Your hand if you please."

The little white hand was reached forth as if it were to receive a caress instead of a blow. As it lay so tenderly and trustingly upon the broad hand of the teacher; he inwardly cursed his stars. He called himself a brute, a tyrant, a monster. He had a mind to get down on his knees and pray for a big-mouthed earthquake to come and swallow him; for a sudden flash of lightning (in the winter time) to melt him into nonentity; for a whirlwind to sweep him with its rapid rushing winds from off the face of the earth.

Strike that little dimpled hand with a cruel two-inch rule? He had rather cover, aye, blister it with kisses, instead. It trembled within his grasp, and about the mouth of the owner a little white line was islanding the redness of her lips. For a moment he thought he'd kneel before her and ask her to give the pale prisoner entirely to him. It would be his hand then, and no one could blame him for not wishing to injure his own property. A thought struck him.—He might strike his own hand instead of Anna's. He could shield her and take the blow himself. He was in a mood for cracking every knuckle that he owned.—He raised his ruler. Anna raised her eyes to his face. His fixed, determined expression startled her. She would bear the blow without starting, she thought, but O, she would hate him, hate him, hate him, as long as she lived! As the thought passed through her mind, a gay, dashing looking sleigh drawn by a pair of fine horses came rapidly up to the school house door.

Lucky, lucky Mr. Stone, the rule fell harmlessly on the fair rosy palm of Anna, and he turned his eyes toward the window, and exclaimed hurriedly:

"The committee, Miss Hawkes. You can take your seat now; but remain to night, after school. Even for this interruption I should feel justified in letting the affair pass."

"The last committee man upon earth that I would care to see," exclaimed Mr. Stone to himself, as he bowed low before the pompous young gentleman, known by the cognomen of Dr. Wesley Barker; who rapped with his whip upon the door—said young gentleman being one of wealth and education. But the teacher did not care a fig for his wealth—he did not envy him—or anything, for his education—his own was quite equal to it. But what he did care for was, that Dr. Barker was a great admirer of Anna Hawkes, and in the present state of affairs he did not care about having rivals around. Everything went along smoothly during school hours, as it always did during the visits of the several committees, but the moment school was dismissed, Dr. Barker stalked across the school-room floor, and up to Anna Hawkes' seat.—Mr. Stone bit his lips with vexation. His rival made his appearance quite in the nick of time. He desisted meanness heartily, denounced it, but now in spite of himself, he stood and listened eagerly to catch the few words that dropped from Dr. Barker's and Anna's lips.

"I'll ask Mr. Stone to excuse me," he heard Anna say.

"Which of course he will do," replied Dr. Barker.

"I am not so certain," was the smiling reply, as she started towards his desk.

"I hope you will pardon me for daring to ask such a thing, but Dr. Barker wishes me to drive with him in his new sleigh, which I

am very anxious to do, and so I'd like to be excused from remaining to night to take my feruling, promising to come early to-morrow morning."

Mr. Stone bowed and said, "very well," though the words almost choked him. He secretly wished Dr. Barker and his new sleigh in China, and himself free from the vocation of school teaching. He thought as he stood moodily by his desk watching Anna Hawkes pin her plaid shawl closely about her throat, and tie under her chin the blue ribbons of her quilted hood, preparatory to her drive with Dr. Barker, that he was the most miserable man in existence, and that he would purchase a farm, work at shovelling on the railroad, would do anything, rather than teach another school. He had engaged already to take charge of the village Academy the following spring, but now he resolved that he would not do it—he would throw up the engagement at once.

"No doubt she thinks me a very brute," he said to himself as the gay equipage went dashing down the street. Perhaps after all, she has not meditated that ruthless attack upon his dignity and patience. Indeed, now he thought of it again, the whisper was more like a sudden exclamation than anything else. Yet he had not given her the slightest chance for an explanation, but like the executioner, who loved his occupation, hurried her forward to the punishment—the bolt that he called himself. He had a very poor opinion of Arthur Stone just at that moment. He was sure that he would like to horse whip him.

A fair counterpart of the pupil's thoughts were those of the teacher. It was a dull dreary drive that Anna Hawkes took with Dr. Barker. She hadn't a heart to enjoy it after the folly of the afternoon.

"He thinks that I do not care for nor respect him," was the thought uppermost in her mind, whichever way she turned. "And this is the return that I am making him for all his kindness to me—all the interest he has taken in my studies, both in and out of school. O, if he could but know the truth!"

"The truth!" the young girl started herself by the words. And what was the truth? She buried her burning face in her hands as she asked herself the question. It was this. She loved Arthur Stone! loved him better than life itself! A cry of pain went from her lips, as the knowledge softly settled down upon her heart. But what proof had she given him of this? What proof that she was any other than a vain, selfish thing?—None, alas, none! Like any woman who is conscious of her power, she gloried in her own Arthur Stone. But how was he to know that it was any but the glory of a fickle, heartless coquet, rather than that of a strong, loving, true hearted woman, who makes her power a golden chain about the heart of the man she loves, by which she draws him tenderly towards her? How, O, how was he to know this? The thought was agonizing to her.

She resolved at last to go to him in the morning and confess her fault, humbling as it was. He should know, at least, that she held his feelings to sacred too wound them wantonly. But in the morning she was sick and feverish, scarcely able to lift her head from the pillow. She could not see Arthur that day, and so she must contentedly wait for the next. Against her wishes, Dr. Barker was summoned, who croaked dubiously of a fever that was hanging about her. She must be careful, be very quiet and follow his directions, he said he would come again in the afternoon, to learn how she was getting along. He came in the afternoon, but at an unlucky hour. Anna sat leaning back in the rocking chair, by the window, looking eagerly up the street. But while he prated learnedly at her side, he saw a rapid red stain through the whiteness of her cheek, and an eager light break out from the clear blue of her eyes. Arthur Stone was passing by the house, and viewed with a scornful curl of the lip the handsome equipage of Dr. Barker. He did not look beyond it to the pale face bent so eagerly towards him, but turned happily down the street, while Anna sank back with a sigh into the softly cushioned chair.

Next morning she refused to remain away from school another day. Arthur Stone would say she was cowardly, that she feared a feruling, that she absented herself purposely, because of the misunderstanding of Tuesday afternoon, which she was too guilty to face again. She would go to school though she dropped fainting on the way. She could not rest until her mind was unburdened of this heavy load. So she went pale and trembling at an early hour to the school-house.

"How he scorns me—how he hates me!" she thought, as Mr. Stone quietly raised his eyes to her face, and bowed a silent good morning as she entered the room. How could she ever face that stern, cold gaze, and make excuses for not keeping her appointment of the previous morning!

"I was too ill to come out yesterday morning," she said, in a trembling voice, or I should not have broken my promise. Will this morning do as well?"

Mr. Stone glanced keenly into her face.—The blanched cheeks and white quivering lips testified to the truth of what she had said.

"Are you able to be here now?" he asked, in a tone of voice that had more of tenderness than ought else running through it.

"Hardly. You can ferule me, and I will go home, she said while her cheeks crimsoned with shame."

Mr. Stone bit his lips to keep back a reply which rose involuntarily to them. Again was that tender, white hand before him waiting mockingly for its punishment, now weak and trembling from illness. Did she think him a brute? Quite evidently from her action.

"I regret that I wounded your feelings Tuesday," she said, raising her eyes to his face. "I am thoughtless, I hope not heartless. Will you pardon me?" The question was asked in a low, quivering voice, half choked with tears.

"Pardon you!" Mr. Stone repeated the words slowly in a clear, emphatic tone.

"It is too much to ask? You will not refuse me a— you could not refuse me if you knew—"

"What?"

"How utterly miserable I am. I cannot stay here—here's my hand—be quick—let me go home!"

With a quick, rapid movement, the teacher grasped the little feverish hand that was outstretched to him, and covered it over and over again with fervent passionate kisses.

"Forgive you," he said, while his fine eyes grew deep and tender in their expression, "forgive you, yes, a thousand times, and then not be able to show you a millionth part of the love which I bear for you. Forgive you—but I'll dare ask more than you dare hope, perhaps more than you care to hope—that you will love me, that you will place yourself and this sinned against, abused little hand in my keeping. Tell me, Anna, have I asked too much?"

The answer was faint and low that came from Anna Hawkes' lips, but nevertheless it was a satisfactory one, for the sweet little mouth from whence it came took immediate reward in kisses.

So it all ended. And a few weeks after, Anna Hawkes became Mrs. Arthur Stone, much to the satisfaction of the wondering school at Elton.

THE CONSIDERATE DOCTOR. A poor girl who had just recovered from a fit of sickness, gathered up her scanty earnings and went to the Doctor's office to settle her bill. Just at the door, the lawyer of the place passed into the office before her on a similar errand.

"Well, doctor, I believe I am indebted to you, and I should like to know how much?"

"Yes, said the doctor, 'I attended you about a week, and what would you charge me for a week's services?' 'Oh," said the lawyer, "perhaps seventy-five dollars."

"Very well, then as my time and profession are as valuable as yours' your bill is seventy-five dollars."

The poor girl's heart sunk within her, for if her bill should be anything like that, how could she ever pay? The lawyer paid his bill and passed out, when the doctor turned to the young woman and inquired her errand.

"I come," said she, "to know what I owe you although I know not that I can ever pay you."

"I attended you about a week."

"Yes, sir."

"What do you get a week?"

"Seventy-five cents," said she.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then your bill is seventy-five cents."

The poor girl paid him thankfully, and then went back with a light heart.

An old rich man of my acquaintance was once remarking to the doctor, that no one earned their money so easily as he, or could get rich so easily. The doctor reminded him of the many losses he incurred, as they must visit the poor as well as the rich.

"Well," said my old friend, "you charge the rich more, and then you can afford to lose by the poor."

Not many weeks after, the old man was obliged to employ the doctor for some time. At the last visit his bill was presented and strongly protested against as enormously high.

"But," said the doctor, "you know what you told me, and I have only followed your advice."

Not a word more was said, but the amount was immediately paid.

DIVORCED FROM HER DARKEY. Miss Judson who married the negro at Pontiac, Michigan, a while since, has just returned from Indiana where she has been with her brother and got a decree of divorce.

A CUNNING DEVICE. The Chattanooga (Alabama) Advertiser relates the following. A nice respected lady, not a thousand miles away, had long noticed, to her dismay, that her worse half, was growing foolishly suspicious and jealous of her. She resolved to teach him a lesson. Some evenings since, as he was leaving, she told him he need not hurry back, she would not be lonely; she wanted her ducky to enjoy himself, etc.

Benedict smelt a venerable 'mice' under that hypocrisy, and resolved to be avenged. About eight o'clock, an individual about his size might have been seen cautiously creeping along to the door, and noiselessly. Benedict peeped in. Just as he expected, there they were—a pair of boots, a coat on the back of a chair, and a hat on the table.—Benedict shivered like an aspen leaf, as he stooped pulled off his boots, and drew a pistol from his coat pocket. With resolutions flashing from his eye, he made tracks for the bedroom. There he was, kneeling at the bedside, coat and vest off, and head on the pillow. Miserable villain—his time had come. 'Say your prayers, villain! your time is short'—and a flash and a report told that the bullet sped on its fatal mission. Help! murder! watch!—oh is that you? and mad—am popped her little head up from the foot of the bed. Benedict seized the body, and it was a miscellaneous collection of old coats, vests, pillows, handkerchiefs and the like, made up for the occasion. 'I say, dear, what does this mean?' said the husband, with a black, sheepish look. 'Well, dear,' replied the wife, 'I got lonely after all, and just amused myself by dressing up that puppet' and making believe you were at home. I'm sure I didn't think you'd suspect—' There, there, said the chagrined husband, 'say no more about it; I thought it was a robber; dear creature, I'm so glad it didn't hit you. Benedict repeated 'Now I lay me,' etc. and went to bed, resolved not to watch any more at present.

DIALOGUE ON NEWSPAPERS. "How does it happen, neighbor B., that your children have made so much greater progress in their learning, and knowledge of the world, than mine? They all attend the same school, and, for aught I know enjoy equal advantages."

"Do you take the newspapers, neighbor A?"

"No, sir, I do not take them myself. I let my now and then borrow one, just to read. Pray, sir, what have newspapers to do with the education of children?"

"Why, sir, they have a vast deal to do with it, I assure you. I should as soon think of keeping them from school, as to withhold from them the newspaper; it is a little school of itself. Being new every week, it attracts their attention, and they are sure to peruse it. Thus, while they are storing their minds with useful knowledge, they are at the same time acquiring the art of reading, &c. I have often been surprised, that men of understanding should overlook the importance of a newspaper in a family."

"In truth, neighbor B., I frequently think I should like to take them, but I cannot well afford the expense."

"Can't afford the expense! What, let me ask is the value of the two dollars a year in comparison with the pleasures and advantages to be derived from a well-conducted newspaper. As poor as I am I would not for fifty dollars, a year deprive myself of the happiness I enjoy in reading and hearing my children read, and talk about what they have read in the papers. And then the reflection that they are growing up intelligent and useful members of society. O, don't mention the expense! pay it in advance every year, and you will think no more of it."

THE HOUSE OF A TURKISH LADY. The following description of a house in Turkey, is from the pen of Mrs. Himmly. Who wouldn't be a lady of the harem and live in a beautiful painted cage like a pet bird?—These rooms were prettier of all, and looking out to the garden. They were hung with pale blue silk instead of flowered chintz like the others; for the lady inhabitant had been a present from the Sultan, and etiquette demands that her apartments be better furnished and adorned than all the rest. Her bedroom was charmingly fitted up; a deep alcove covered with rich Persian carpets, filled with luxurious cushions and embroidered coverlets, taking up one side of it. On the other side was a light green and gold bedstead, covered with gauze curtains. The toilet table was extremely pretty, dressed with muslin and lace, after a fashion; a Persian looking glass shaped like a sunflower, in mother of pearl, hanging above it. The ceiling was painted with a trolle-work of birds and flowers. Three steps led into the cool and shady garden. Opposite the alcove were doors; one led into a sitting room hung with the same blue silk, and furnished with richly embroidered divans; the other opened into a beautiful white marble bath, the air still heavy with steam and perfume.

The voices of all Nature are free, why not O man, lay down rules for the regulation of the wind's strong whistle or the bird's sweet carol.

The Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, MAR. 11, 1859.

THE LYCEUM last week was quite entertaining. The following question was discussed: "Resolved, That Maine holds out stronger inducements to settlers than the West"—or something to this effect. The affirmative side of the question was maintained by Mr. JOHN BRAY, and very ably maintained. We knew well enough that Mr. Bray was a fine singer, but was not prepared to witness so marked a display of oratory from him as we did in his discussion of this question. Indeed, so conclusive was his argument, and so persuasive his eloquence, that the negative could hardly be brought to the scratch at all. Mr. PERRY, who is generally a very ready debater, rose to reply under great embarrassment. He was non-plussed at the outset. As Dr. PEASE said, the "negative surrendered" after firing a few scattering guns. Mr. BRAY not only gained the question, but he roused up the "House" like a "spirit-stirring drum." Such enthusiasm—such thumping of feet, we have not heard this many a day.

All this induces the inquiry, where has Mr. Bray been all winter that we have been deprived of the help of his all-animating voice? Why, the man heated us all up with the speed of a sheet-iron stove! The Rev. Mr. HAWES, though agreeing with him in the main, cast some doubts upon the statistics of the eloquent gentleman, and advised him, should he have "occasion to use a second edition of his speech," to rectify them. Mr. BRAY rose the second time to justify his statistical authority, but whether he succeeded or not is not known to us.

There will be but one more evening of the Lyceum this season, and that will be Thursday evening of next week.

THE FLORAL EXHIBITION at the Town Hall, Tuesday evening, was, as we predicted it would be, quite a successful and brilliant spectacle. Had the weather been fair there would doubtless have been present a great throng. As it was there was a very respectable house, and what was lacking in numbers was amply made up in cozy enjoyment. The entire performance, with its variety of music, was quite successfully carried along, and the ladies engaged in it did themselves great credit. It was a sort of musical drama, and required a good deal of pains and skill, to bring it out. We heard nothing of this agreeable exhibition—only one lady who, in singing "good morning" pronounced it "good mornin'"—which sounded a grain ludicrous. But no harm was done thereby to the general effect, and we only mention it in a friendly way that the little defect may be remedied if the coronation be repeated.

We can hardly claim to be a judge in matters of the toilet, but we thought that the ladies dressed not only appropriately, but splendidly withal. The fair QUEEN, of whom it will not be invidious to make special mention, looked the Queen in all respects, and received the suffrage and fealty of her charming subjects, with a very becoming grace.

The opening speech by Mrs. B. CLEAVES, was well-timed, well-worded, and well-spoken. She had the womanly candor to acknowledge the dependence of the fair sex upon the "lords of creation" in the trifling matter of *funds*. The remarks of Mrs. Cleaves were received with considerable applause.

After the close of the exhibition, came the ice-creams, and general chit-chat, all which was extremely pleasant, and not bad to take.

As the weather was extremely unfavorable for the exhibition, we presume it will be repeated some evening this week.

P. S. It will be repeated this (Thursday) evening.

No, NEVER! We never dun—nor do we like to be dunned. But we would say to some of our subscribers, who it was understood would pay in advance, that we are getting rather short, and consequently feel a little "down in the mouth." We can never hold up our heads unless we have a *little* change in our pockets. And now will our friends just think to hand over that dollar? We think they'll esteem it a privilege to help our brooding "phelinx" just a little. It is true, we made a special bargain with some of our subscribers not to call on them to pay till it was perfectly convenient for them to do so, and we shall not. But there were others who said they would pay us in a few weeks. Now if you can, beloved brethren, you will do us a great favor. You can pay over to the editor or to the publisher, as you please.

Those who intend to pay us in Woon or CORN for the Reporter, will please forward the articles, as we want the wood to be seasoned, and the corn to make hominy and chasty pudding. We are getting hard up for fodder.

CAPRICIOUS WEATHER. A more lovely day we have seldom witnessed than we had on Monday. The atmosphere was intensely blue, clear, and calm—the sun warm and most kindly genial, and the snow dissolved rapidly under its steady and fervent eyes. But this morning (Tuesday) how great the change!—The wind is north east, and it now snows big guns. Well, well! a better season is coming, and we will try to be reconciled.

Our friend BRAY, assisted by some ladies, will favor us with some fine singing at the next and last meeting of the Bridgton Lyceum. So it will have

"A swan-like end, fading in music."

H. W. BEECHER. There never was a more deservedly popular preacher, than H. W. Beecher. He has won himself a position before the public where he can speak with the utmost freedom upon all subjects. While one may not be able to agree with him in many of the views he advances, yet one is fully convinced of the truthfulness of his motives, and the goodness of his heart. A Spiritual paper, called the Banner of Light, has a full report of one of his sermons every week. We read these sermons with great delight, if not to our profit, and have a notion that many of our readers would be also pleased with here and there a scrap from them.—They are truly delectable discourses.

Here's what he says of people of taste: "We are not to use our taste merely as men use an instrument of music in their chamber, to soothe their own weary hours; but we are to carry it as horses carry their bells, that are ringing out o'er the crisp, moonlight frost, for the warning and cheer of others, as well as for those that ride. This element of taste is a very selfish one. There is not a selfishness in the moth of selfishness is so effectually at work. When persons become exquisitely refined, they become exquisitely selfish. Very finely organized and very exquisitely attuned persons are very, very selfish, and therefore, devilish."

At first thought the above would appear untrue, but on further reflection we must pronounce the remark veracious,—although, as, Beecher says, it should not be so. For "Spirits are not finely touch'd but to fine issues."

The better and finer our organizations, the better should be our lives. He gives us below a very good off-hand description of a true Christian. It is quite to the point, and novel withal.

"The more a man becomes a Christian, the more transparent he ought to be. When a man is not a Christian he is opaque; when a man begins to be a Christian, he is translucent; when a man gets to be a good deal of a Christian, he is like a crystal that has flecks in it, so that you can see through some parts of it, while you cannot through other parts; but when a man is a real Christian, he is like a pure crystal, every part of which you can see through, and in which you can see light glancing and dancing, no matter which way you turn it. That man who is morose and dull may be called a Christian: I hope he is. I believe a mud-turtle is an animal that God made, but I don't believe he is an animal that God made to express liveliness, or beauty, or grace. And I hope these morose and dull persons will go to heaven; I believe they will, many of them; I believe they will be born again. But to hold up such men as the ideal of Christianity and of religion is too bad. A Christian is a singer; a Christian is a sparkler; a Christian is radiant; a Christian is one whose heart is full of joy, and whose life is one round of music and gladness."

What he says about *opacity* is true.—The better a man is, the fuller he is of light.—has no clang-dog sneaking ways about him. Sneaks will and ought to be damned.

"O, For a lodge," &c., where we can get out of the way of smokers. From some hints we have given out, it may be inferred that we do not greatly affect tobacco smoke. It is pizen to us, but to make war on smokers would not be profitable. If we could "put out the pipes" of those of our friends and neighbors who smoke, and still be on good terms with them, we would do so. But we are fully satisfied that were they called upon to either part company with us or their pipes, they would leave us in the lurch.—Therefore, what cannot be cured must be endured. But we make no bones in saying that it is an unworthy practice, that of puffing away at an old black greasy pipe. We know of no hard smoker who has a healthy countenance. We know of very worthy people who smoke, and we wish they could be induced to abandon the practice.

But what's the use of talking? We rejoice that the Spring is near that we may soon be able to inhale an atmosphere that is not poisoned with tobacco smoke.

LUMBERING has been carried on to considerable extent this winter, in this vicinity. Mr. Gibbs' mill-pond is full of logs, and quite a large quantity of them are lodged on the ice of Crooked Pond. These logs are mostly hemlock, minus of bark, which was peeled off for the benefit of our large tanneries. Our several saw mills will be busy for a long time to come. There seems to be no lack of business in our village, and none need be idle but those who deliberately choose to be so.

HE IS COMING. Mr. Elwell, of the Portland Transcript, will give the closing lecture before the Bridgton Lyceum, next week, Thursday evening, at Temperance Hall. This will be the last evening of the Lyceum for the season. We presume, if the weather is any way decent, that a large audience will greet Mr. Elwell. We understand that he is an entertaining lecturer, as we are sure he is one of the best of editors. The lecture will commence at 7 o'clock.

INK THAT IS INK. Don't go to Philadelphia for your Ink, for Col. Webb of North Bridgton makes as good "writing fluid" as you can get in the greatest cities in the world. He gave us a pint the other day, and it flows from the pen as freely as words do from the lips of women. It is a capital article, and no mistake. It does all that can be required of Ink—flows easy—is black, and looks clean on paper.

WE saw it stated in the Nashua Telegraph that Rev. Mr. Harding was to soon lecture, in his church, on "The Character of Adam and Eve." He'll have a fine range for his imaginative and speculative tendencies.

Make truth credible, and children will believe it; make goodness lovely, and they will love it.

GOOD COOKING. Praise be all good cooks! Good health is a component part of morality, and good cooking is one great essential of good health. Commend us to the lady who takes good care of our stomachs. When we have a good appetite, eat a sweetly reliable breakfast, dinner, or supper, our feelings revert reverently and gratefully, to that woman whose culinary skill has given us the great pleasure. We eat on without fear. We are sure that the food which is so sweet in the mouth, will occasion no bitterness in the belly. A good cook is one of the greatest benefactors of the race, because she cooperates harmoniously with those gastronomic laws upon which physical being is based. If our digestion is bad,—as it assuredly will be if our food is badly cooked,—we are apt to be ill-natured,—irreconcilable,—gloomy and savage. The whole aspect of nature and society takes it hue from our stomachs, and cooks have the sanity of our stomachs in charge! A good cook is said to be born with an especial aptitude in that direction. It would seem so, certainly. A good cook must have a fine organization—must, at least, be endowed with a fine sense of flavor—and an intuitively fine judgment. There is a great affinity between a good cook and a wise, appreciative eater. They are both geniuses in their way. There can be but little peace in a family where the heads thereof are diverse in this particular. An epicurean husband should have a good cook for his wife—else he will be a great sufferer. The praise of all good cooks should be upon the lips of every true eater. If he cannot articulate his grateful approbation by reason of his crammed mouth, let him show his good will by mumbling gratitude.

This article is but an ebullition of our gratitude to good cooks. While we would praise them universally, we have one particular person to whom our present incense is offered. Through her good cookery we have become quite a rosy, robust man, and we are thankful for it. This article is dedicated to her, and we shall expect a thumping piece of pie for it. Amen!

THE MURDER that was kicked up in Brownfield, not long since, has not entirely subsided yet. It is one of the most enigmatical cases we ever were cognizant of. Some think that Woodman, the victim of the lynches, will appear at the pending Paris Court, against them, and others think that he will not, and are willing to back their opinions by bets of suits of clothes and any number of dinners, &c. This disgraceful affair has caused a great deal of excitement, and has been carried even into the politics of Brownfield. As near as we can learn, Woodman doesn't greatly illustrate any of the cardinal virtues, nor do we think his persecutors did exactly right. We hold to obeying the laws; and if they will not, when put into force, promptly punish offenders against them, why let them run at large. In our generally good and peaceful communities, Judge Lynch is hardly required to redress our wrongs, and we cannot help being a little suspicious of the motives of those who resort to his unscrupulous code. It seems to us that their indignant virtue can afford to wait, because said indignant virtue is but little better than the worst crimes when it breaks forth in such sanguinary forms.

MR. EVERETT is not a newspaper writer, nor never can be. With all his immense talent he could not make a daily paper live six months, unless said paper was sustained by means outside of its legitimate income. The same remark will apply to Washington Irving, Longfellow, and all the other well-known literary gentlemen in this country. The least readable daily paper issued in this country is the one published at Burlington by Saxe the witliest poet in Vermont. Saxe is a wit, scholar, and a man of genius, and yet he could no more make a readable newspaper than he could overturn the Pyramids.

True as Gospel. Mr. Everett's papers for the Ledger are no great things. They are a sort of baby-talk. That is, he tries to come down to suit the mob of readers, which isn't natural for him to do. The Ledger, to make it a universally popular paper, needs some strong, thoughtful articles. All of the big bugs who write for it, seem to think that they must dilute themselves. Instead of elevating the paper up to their own commanding altitude, they lower themselves down to its rather trashy level. Fanny Fern's short pieces do more to redeem the Ledger than all its other contributions,—and her quality is none of the finest.

DENTISTRY. We are requested to say that Dr. HASKELL's next regular visit at Bridgton, will occur on Monday, March 14, and those who wish to employ him, must call before Saturday night following—or they will be disappointed.

An "era of good feeling" seems to have prevailed in Harrison in choosing Town Officers. They had a "citizens ticket" which predominated.

THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT enters upon its twenty-third volume the ninth of April. See advertisement in another column.

THE BALL OF ONE HUNDRED. A Fancy ball, of splendor unheard of, was to be given in the saloons of the *Frederic Provencence*, last month. There was to be fifty ladies and fifty gentlemen, and it was agreed that no one should appear in a costume which had ever before been conceived of. There is a famous maker of fancy-dresses in Paris, by the name of Babin, and the demand upon his skill is said to be very difficult to supply. One gentleman is going as "a bush," another as a "windmill," a third as a "clarinet." The most extravagant one in cost (one thousand francs) is said to represent an expensively engraved "gold cup." (How will all these articles contrive to *jamme*?)—[Home Journal.]

For the Reporter.

FOUND IN THE HIGHWAY.

My dear, dear Angelina: Your sweet beautiful letter was received this morning, and I hasten to reply, that I may express my thanks.

Yes, my dear friend, you have surmised too correctly. You have guessed the fearful truth. I am miserable. Only four weeks married, and already heart-sick. I know not what I should do were it not for your sweet sympathy. O! what would become of poor deceived wives, if they could not have the sympathy of the tender hearted of their own sex. But I hasten to pour into your confiding bosom, the causes of all my woe.

Well, you know, Edward let me choose whether we should go into the country or to Saratoga on our bridal tour. I have been so often to Saratoga that I did not care to go there, and Edward wanted to go into the country. I have read delightful stories about pleasing one's husband, and I thought it would be so sweet to please Edward, so I kissed him tenderly and yielded gracefully. And O, Angelina, what do you think Edward did? He went right to work and shaved off that delightful moustache. I came near fainting! I think I should have fainted if Egbert Carroll had not come in just that moment. You know what splendid perfume he uses. I haven't kissed Edward since. How can I ever kiss him again? His bare mouth looks so unpressed! Well, after my emotion had somewhat subsided we started for the country. After jolting over rocks and every horrid thing imaginable, for two days, Edward drove up to a red house and coolly informed me that we should stop there. I felt as if I should die, but did not have a chance to speak before out came a woman in a calico dress, and black cap and Edward took the dreadful looking creature right in his arms, and kissed her. Then came a man out of a dirty little place, (which I have since learned was a barnyard,) with a great long frock, I believe they call it, hanging below his knees, made out of some blue and white stuff. Edward shook his hand till I thought it would come off. Then he darted away, and caught a red faced vulgar looking girl right up from the ground and kissed her. She had just come out of that dirty place, too. She had a whole pail full of milk in her hand. I never saw such a sight. Then Edward came along to the carriage, saying, I had almost forgotten my wife, Euphelia, this is my father, mother, and sister, as each one came a long. I did not hear any more, but full senseless right on the ground. Only think, Edward's father and mother are nothing but vulgar farmers. O, dear, what shall I do if it is found out here.

When I recovered my consciousness, I found myself inside the house, on a low stool, leaning against Edward's sister, while his mother was bathing my temples with her great brown hands, in some liquid she called "camellia." I thought by the smell it was camphene. I should cry myself to death were I to tell you all the dreadful disagreeable things I saw there. That sister, making butter with her hands! Edward's sister, too! He says he is going to have her come here and take lessons on our piano. And don't you think he told me, she could play much better than I. If she comes, what shall I do! I don't believe she's got a better dress in the world than a pink calico. What will become of me?

Edward is not free from the vulgar habits of those farmers, either. For instance—he will put his knife into his mouth when he is eating. I think it is so disgusting to see any one eat with their knife instead of their fork.

O, Angelina, I wish I had never got married. Do come and see me soon, or my heart will break. I can't write any more at present, my grief is so poignant. Do write to-morrow, and I will write again, soon. You are all the friend I have in the world. Good by, darling Angelina.

Your suffering friend,
EUPHELIA.

For the Reporter.

SENAGO, March 8, 1859.

MR. EDITOR:—Our Town Meeting yesterday passed off without but very little partisan feeling, as the following vote for town officers will show.

For Moderator,
E. L. Pike, (dem.) 63
Gen. D. Hall, (rep.) 62
For Town Clerk,
Rev. S. Tyler, (rep.) 101
J. D. Martin, (dem.) 48
Selectmen, Assessors, and Overseers of the Poor,
Wm. D. Pike, (dem.) 112
Stephen R. Porter, (rep.) 84
Arthur Boothby, (dem.) 96
Reuben Sanborn, (rep.) Treasurer; Almon Young, (rep.) Constable and Collector; E. L. Pike, (dem.) Town Agent; O. D. Dike, (rep.) G. W. Gray, (rep.) J. C. Babb, (rep.) Superintendent School Committee.

FROM CALIFORNIA. New Orleans, March 8. The steamship Quaker City is below, with San Francisco dates of the 19th ult. There had been heavy rains throughout the State. The prospects were good for a large trade.

The mining accounts are favorable. Water is plenty in the gold districts. The steamship Uncle Sam had again sailed with troops for the Colorado River.

By this arrival we learn that Miramon was still preparing to march on Vera Cruz, at which place Juarez was preparing to make a desperate resistance.

A Dutchman being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy, for the rheumatism, said he had heard of the remedy; but added, "I dosh better as dat; I drinks de brandy, and den I rubs my leg mit de pottle."

BY THE GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION,

FOR A DAY OF

Public Humiliation, Fasting, and Prayer.

With the advice of the Executive Council, I hereby designate THURSDAY, the twenty-first day of April next, to be observed by the people of this State, in accordance with a venerated usage. As a day of Public Humiliation, Fasting, and Prayer.

A sense of dependence upon the Supreme Being, and a consciousness of unmerited mercies from an All Gracious Benefactor pervade all rational beings, and should inspire a devout spirit of penitence and supplication. States, as individuals, are alike dependent upon the same Guardian Providence, a public expression of whose submission to the will of the Sovereign Ruler of the earth, becomes them as Christian Commonwealths.

As on this day of recognized Public Worship, are contemplated the exalted perfections and tender mercies of the Heavenly Parent, may emotions of humility fill all hearts; existing in His boundless love, may generous sympathies for men be quickened; the recipients of His impartial grace, may a sense of equity govern the ways of all; paying adoration to Him "who sends his rain upon the just and upon the unjust," may all be purified from every taint of intolerance.

And especially as homage and praise ascend to the Common Father for His forbearance towards our beloved country, may all unite to deprecate the vicissitudes of public disorder which mar its glory, all factious emulations and animosities which disturb its peace and expose it to peril; and above all, my sincere obedience to the Divine precepts of Christianity, may personal and public evils be averted, the favor of Heaven secured, and the blessings of civil and religious liberty perpetuated.

Given at the Council Chamber, at Augusta, this twenty-fourth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and fifty-nine, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-third.

LOT M. MORRILL.

By the Governor:

NOAH SMITH, Jr., Sec'y of State.

A CLOCK HUNG UNDER A HOOP. A good-looking female, wearing a huge crinoline, arrived in a carriage some days ago at a hotel in the Rue de Seine, and giving her name as Madame Rolin, hired the best apartment in the house, and had a splendid breakfast served. In the evening she went out, saying that she was going to the railway to seek her luggage, and she never returned. The people of the hotel, in entering her apartment, found that she had carried off all the tinware from the chimney-pieces, and as she had nothing in her hand when she left she must have placed it, heavy as it was, beneath her crinoline! She has not since been found; but she has been condemned by default, by the Tribunal of Correctional Police, to fifteen months imprisonment.

THE BURNS PRIZE POETESS. Miss Isa Craig, the prize poetess of the Crystal Palace Burns Centenary, happening to be "all with weary task foredone," found it necessary to throw work on one side and take rest by changing the muscles of her mind. She shut herself up in the attic, wrote off the poem at a sitting, and "sent it in." She actually forgot all about it, and was quietly sitting at tea, when a mechanic came on some errand, and modestly ventured to ask the lady if she had seen the newspaper announcing that her verses had carried off the prize. "That was the first announcement of it to the authoress." Since then she has received an avalanche of the most kindly and considerate letters from all sorts of great, celebrated, and high-born people,—in short she is the lioness of the season.

Returning to London, Jerrold was recognized in the railway carriage by a gentleman who wished—seeing the enthusiasm with which he pointed to the beauties of the landscape—to ingratiate himself by the assumption of an equal enthusiasm. "But the counterfeit was plain and revolting. 'I take a book, said the stranger, 'retire into some unfrequented field, lie down, gaze on God's heaven, then study. If there are animals in the field, so much the better; the cow approaches, and looks down at me, and I look up at her.'—'With a filial smile?'" asked the wit.

GLASS. Pliny tells us the art of making glass was discovered in the following way: "As some merchants were carrying niter, they stopped near a river issuing from Mount Carmel. Not readily finding stones to rest their kettles on, they used some pieces of niter for that purpose; the fire gradually dissolving the niter, it mixed with the sand, and a transparent matter flowed, which, in fact, was no other than glass." Chronology says that glass was invented in England, by one Benalt, a monk, A. D. 694; and that it was first used in private houses in 1180. Lord Kaimes however, observes: "The art of making glass was imported from France into England, A. D. 674, for the use of monasteries, and that glass windows in private houses were rare even in the twelfth century, and held to be a great luxury."

CHURCH ETIQUETTE. We think there is good sense in a suggestion made by an American who thus writes from London:—"In the churches wherever come first, whether gentleman or lady, takes the further seat in the slip, and those that follow fill up the remaining seats, and thus prevent the awkward disturbance which occurs in our churches here in the process of filing out and in by men, in order to isolate women at the further end of the pew. It is said the habit so universal among us, originated with the early settlers, who sat near the door of the pews, so that in case of an attack by the Indians, they might be ready for action. In many instances this marching out and in, like a parcel of soldiers, is a perfect nuisance and the custom might well be changed."—[Home Journal.]

CAERAGE AND DITTO.—"I love you like anything," said a young gardener to his sweet heart, pressing her hand. "Ditto," said she, returning the pressure. The ardent lover was sorely puzzled to understand the meaning of *ditto*. The next day, being at work with his father, he said, "Daddy, what is the meaning of *ditto*?" "Why," said the old man, "this here is a cabbage-head, ain't it?" "Yes, daddy." "Well, that's *ditto*." "Drat it!" ejaculated the indignant son; "then she called me a cabbage head!"

The difference between Cupid and a coquette is, that the former keeps his arrows and the latter her *beau* in a quiver.

Woman has found her true "sphere" at last; it is about twenty-seven feet round, made of hoops.

A PICKLE FOR THOSE WHO ARE

FOND OF SUGAR.

Amiable creatures are women—to each other; charitable—above all things charitable! Always ready to acknowledge each other's beauty, or grace, or talent. Never sneer down a sister woman, or pay her a patronizing compliment with the finale of the inevitable—"but." Never run the cool, impertinent eye of calculation over her dress, noting the cost of each article, and summing up the amount in a contemptuous toss, whether it be fifty cents or five hundred dollars, merely likely when it is the latter! Never say to a gentleman who praises a lady, what a pity she squints! Never say of an author, oh, yes—she has talent, but I prefer docile virtues; as if a combination of the two were necessarily impossible, or as if the speaker had the personal knowledge which qualified her to pronounce on that individual case.

Well bred too are women—to sister women. Never discuss the color of her hair, or the style of the arrangement, her smile, her gait, so that she can hear every word of it. Never take it for granted she is making a dead-set at a man, to whom she is only replying—"very well I thank you sir." Never sit in church and stare her out of countenance, while mentally taking her measure, or nudge some one to look at her, while recapitulating within ear-shot all the contemptible gossip which weak minded, empty headed women are so fond of retailing. Adorable creatures!

Just endure the infliction of a visit from one of them. When you have a male visitor, he confines his migrations to his bed-room and your parlor, unless he is specially invited to other parts of your house. If you are obliged to leave home for an hour or more, you don't find him on your return with his back up, like a cat who sees a belligerent dog approaching, and whom you must needs pat and coax and wheedle into quiet. He has sense enough to understand things;—takes a book or a paper in your absence, and makes himself easy, and loves you all the same when you come back; nice fellow—may he come again!

Now just let her come! Don't you know that her eyes are peering into every corner and crevice of your house all the while she is "sitting" and "sneezing" you? Don't you know that her lynx eyes are on the carpet for possible spots, or mis-matched rugs? Don't she touch her fingers to the furniture for stray particles of dust? Don't she lead your tumbler up to the light, and examine, microscopically, the quality of your table cloths, and napkins, and improvise an exordium into the kitchen to inspect your culinary arrangements, to the infinite disgust of Bridget, who is up to such lady-like tricks? Don't she follow you all over the house, till you are as nervous as a cat in a cupboard? Don't she sit down opposite you for dreary hours, with folded hands, and that quenchable—"now talk-to-me-air"—which quenches all your vitality—and sets you to gazing, as inevitably as a minister's "Seventiethly." Angelic creatures, how I adore them! or should, were I a man—no doubt. Ah, that would be another thing. Now—the lambency of the creature! What sacrifices it will make!—of what devotion is it capable! How unwearied its patience and fortitude! How angelic its nature!

Ah, the children! How could I forget the little children? I clasp the hand of the *vernal woman* on that; Heaven knows I don't want to hurt the creatures. I like them immensely—at a distance! After all, do I ever allow anybody to abuse them but me? Never!

In a Court of Special sessions, recently, a man was arraigned for stealing a demijohn containing three gallons of whiskey. "Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk. "Wal you can tell it what you likes; I tuk the whiskey, that I admit, and drank it, top." "You took it without leave, did you not?" "I never wait to be asked, when that article's round."

A penny-a-liner never uses the word *toat*, but defines it thus:—"To insert nutritious pabulum into the denuded office before the nasal protuberance, which being unsatisfied, perigrinates through the cartilaginous cavities of the larynx, and is finally domiciled in the receptacle for digestible particles," in this way, he turns three letters into five lines. He knows his trade!

Dull writers should be careful not to steal brilliant passages, lest the brilliancy betray them by the contrast. A fellow stole a fish in the market-place and slipped it under his vest. A gentleman, meeting him as he passed out, and seeing several inches of the tail below his vest, advised him either to wear a longer jacket or to steal a shorter fish.

A dandy with a huge beard offered himself to a young lady, who refused him on the ground that she would never marry such a *beard-faced* creature. The dandy at once had his physiognomy clean shaved, and then renewed his application; but the girl again refused him, on the ground that he was now more *beard-faced* than before.

Don't live in hope with your arms folded. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put shoulders to the wheel that propels them on to wealth and happiness. Cut this out and carry it in your vest pocket, ye who idle in the bar-rooms and at the corners of the streets.

A farmer, the other day was told by his landlord that he was going to raise his rent. "Much obliged," said he; "for I find it impossible to raise it myself."

GIVING AND RECEIVING. In the anatomy of the hand we find that the muscle by which we shut it is much stronger than the one by which we open it; and this holds true as to giving and receiving.

Before marrying a lady for her money, consider what a terrible incumbrance you will find your wife in the event of its being lost.

We have all heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone, but a gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks a young lady's hand and gets her father's foot.

Life is the jailor of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death; what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death is a passport to life.

The man who travels a thousand miles in a thousand hours may be tolerated quick-footed; but he isn't a touch to the woman who keeps up with the fashions.

The Emperor of Russia having removed the restrictions from the Press, one hundred and eighty daily papers have been already started in St. Petersburg.

REAL AN

Courses in

tween sem

scene.

"A wo
gel thoug
the dance
staided w
hold his a
light of r
gutter, wil
pail for w
massy, exc
her whole
an angel f
a world of

A Blac
the travel
home; wh
way, was
his affect
however

as a me
some le
conceal m
fine too
would so
heritage—

BRIDG

CORRECT

Round Hog
Flour,
Corn,
Rye,
Oats,
Beef, 5 0
Pork,
Hams,
Shoulders,
Bacon chop
Butter,
Cheese,
Lard, \$1

PORTH

One of t

NOW IS

The POI

er upon if

if April n

may its p

to make a

ture, bel

cently we

ge of an

to give

together w

ally prop

tion in nut

seful bir

thoughts f

abuses an

—all makin

er, veler

giving ev

ially wlc

The Princess of Moscow.

CHAPTER 2.

BRIDGE. The time at which we open our story is mid-winter, and towards the close of the seventeenth century. Russia is the scene.

In the suburbs of Moscow, and very near the river Moskwa, stood an humble cot, which betrayed a neatness of arrangement and show of taste, that more than made up for its smallness of size. Back of the cot was an artisan's shop and other out-buildings. This shop was devoted to the manufacture of fire-arms, mostly. Some swords, and other edged weapons were made here upon special application. The master of this tenement was the hero of our tale, Ruric Nevel. We find him standing by his forge, watching the white smoke as it curled up towards the throat of the chimney. He was a young man, not over three-and-twenty, and possessed of a frame of more than ordinary symmetry, and muscular development. He was not large—not above medium size—but a single glance at the swelling chest, the broad shoulders, and the sinewy ridges of the bare arms, told at once that he was master of great physical power. His father had been killed in the late war with the Turks, and the son, leaving his mother with a sufficiency of sustenance to go to Spain, soon after the bereavement. There he found work in the most noted armories; and now, well versed in the trade, he had returned to his native city to follow his calling, and support his mother.

Near by stood a boy—Paul Peepoff—a bright, intelligent lad, some fifteen years of age, who had bound himself to the gunmaker, for the purpose of learning the art.

Claudia Nevel, Ruric's mother was a noble looking woman, and the light of her still handsome countenance was never brighter than when gazing upon her boy. She had a thankful, loving heart, and a prayerful, hopeful soul.

"It is snowing again, faster than ever," remarked Paul as he took his seat at the supper table, in company with the others.

"Ah," returned Ruric, resting his knife a few moments while he bent his ear to listen to the voice of the storm. "I had hoped 'twould snow no more for the present. The snow is deep enough now. And how it blows!"

"Never mind," spoke the dame in a trustful tone, "it must storm when it listeth, and we can only thank God that we have shelter, and pray for those who have none."

"Amen!" responded Ruric, fervently. The meal was at length eaten, and the table set back, and shortly afterwards, Paul retired to his bed.

Ruric drew his chair close up to the fire-place, and leaning against the jam he bowed his head in absorbing thought. This had become a habit with him of late. His mother having observed these fits of abstraction, became uneasy, and pressed Ruric to tell her what it was over which he was so constantly, and so moodily brooding. Being thus urged, Ruric confessed that it was of Rosalind Valdaï (the orphan daughter of a nobleman, and now the ward of Olga, the powerful and haughty Duke of Tula) he was thinking.

Ruric's father, and the father of Rosalind had been comrades in arms in their youth, and their children had been playmates. But when the elder Nevel was slain in battle, Ruric was yet a boy, and the widow and her son remained poor and obscure; while Valdaï more fortunate, had risen to a high rank, and dying, left Rosalind a little and a fortune.

The young people, however, had not forgotten each other. Ruric loved Rosalind with all the fervor of his being, and he felt assured that Rosalind returned his love. As he and his mother sat debating the matter on that stormy night, a loud knock upon the outer door startled them.

"Is there any one here?" the gunmaker asked, as he opened the door, bowing his head and shielding his eyes from the driving snow with one hand.

"Yes," returned a voice from the Stygian darkness. "In God's name let me in, or I shall perish."

"Then follow quickly," said Ruric. "Here give me your hand. There—now come."

The youth found the thickly gloved hand—gloved with the softest fur—and having led the invisible applicant into the hall he closed the door, and then led the way to the kitchen. Without speaking, Ruric turned and gazed upon the newcomer. The stranger, who was equally desirous of ascertaining what manner of man Ruric was, was a monk—and habited something like the Black Monks of St. Michael. He was of medium height, and possessed a rotundity of person which was comical to behold.

At length, after warming himself by the fire, the guest asked if he could be accommodated with some sleeping-place, and being answered in the affirmative, Ruric showed him to a chamber and then retired himself.

The next morning, after breakfast, the Monk went with Ruric to his shop; and examined with much interest the various weapons therein. Ruric questioned him closely as to whether he had ever met him before, but the Monk replied evasively, and after saying that in case the gunmaker should ever, in any great emergency, need a friend, that he might apply to him, he took his leave.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, just as Ruric had finished tempering some parts of a gun-lock, the back door of his shop was opened, and two men entered. They were young men dressed in costly furs, and both of them stout and good-looking. The gunmaker recognized them as the Count Conrad Damonoff and his friend Stephen Urzen.

"I think I speak with Ruric Nevel," said the Count, moving forward.

"You do," returned Ruric, not at all surprised by the visit, since people of all classes were in the habit of calling at his place to order arms.

"You are acquainted with the lady Rosalind Valdaï?" he said.

"I am," answered Ruric, now beginning to wonder.

"Well, sir," resumed Damonoff, with much haughtiness, "perhaps my business can be quickly and satisfactorily settled.

It is my desire to make the lady Rosalind my wife."

Ruric Nevel started at these words, and he clasped his hands to hide their tremulousness. But he was not long debating upon an answer.

"And why have you come to me with this information, sir?" he asked.

"Ruric Nevel, you shall not say that I did not make myself fully understood, and hence I will explain." The Count spoke this as speaks a man who feels that he is doing a very condescending thing, and in the same tone he proceeded: "The lady Rosalind is of noble parentage and very wealthy. My own station and wealth are equal with hers. I love her, and must have her for my wife. I have been to see the noble Duke, her guardian, and he objects not to my suit. But he informed me that there was one impediment, and that was her love for you. He knows full well—as I know, and as all must know—that she could never become your wife; but yet he is anxious not to interfere too much against her inclinations. So a simple denial from you, to the effect that you can never claim her hand, is all that is necessary. I have a paper here all drawn up, and all that I require is simply your signature. Here—it is only a plain simple avowal on your part that you have no hopes nor thoughts of seeking the hand of the lady in marriage."

As the Count spoke he drew a paper from the bosom of his marten doublet, and having opened it, he handed it towards the gunmaker. But Ruric took it not. He drew back and gazed the visitor sternly in the face.

"Sir Count," he said, calmly and firmly, "you have plainly stated your proposition, and I will as plainly answer. I cannot sign the paper."

"Ha!" gasped Damonoff, in quick passion. "Do you refuse?"

"Most heartily."

"But you will sign it!" hissed Damonoff, turning pale with rage. "Here it is—sign! If you would live—sign!"

"Perhaps he cannot write," suggested Urzen contemptuously.

"Then he may make his mark," rejoined the Count, in the same contemptuous tone.

"It might not require much more urging to induce me to make my mark in a manner not at all agreeable to you, sir, the youth retorted, with his teeth now set and the dark veins upon his brow starting more plainly out. "Do you seek a quarrel with me?"

"Seek?—I seek what I will have. Will you sign?"

"Once more—No!"

"Then by heavens you shall know what it is, to thwart such as me! How's that?"

As these words passed from the Count's lips in a low hissing whisper, he aimed a blow with his fist at Ruric's head. The gunmaker had not dreamed of such a dastardly act, and he was not prepared for it. Yet he dodged it, and as the Count drew back Ruric dealt him a blow upon the brow that felled him to the floor like a dead ox.

"Beware, Stephen Urzen!" he whispered to the Count's companion, as that individual made a movement as though he would come forward. "I am not myself now, and you are safest where you are."

The man thus addressed viewed the gunmaker a few moments, and he seemed to conclude that he had better avoid a personal encounter.

Conrad Damonoff slowly rose to his feet, and gazed in his antagonist's face a few moments in silence. His own face was deathly pale, and his whole frame quivered.

"Ruric Nevel," he said, in a hissing, maddened tone, "you will hear from me. I can overlook your plebeian stock."

And with this he turned away.

"Paul," said the gunmaker, turning to his boy after the men had gone, "not a word of this to my mother. Be sure."

On the following morning, as Ruric was preparing for breakfast, he saw Olga the Duke, pass by, and strike off into the Borodino road. Now, thought he, is the time to call on Rosalind; and as soon as he had eaten his breakfast he prepared for the visit. He dressed well, and no man in Moscow had a nobler look when the dust of toil was removed from his brow and garb.

He took a horse and sledge, and started off for the Kremlin, within which the Duke resided.

In one of the sumptuously furnished apartments of the palace of the Duke of Tula sat Rosalind Valdaï. She was a beautiful girl; molded in perfect form, with the full flush of health and vigor, and possessing a face of peculiar sweetness and intelligence. She was only nineteen years of age, and she had been ten years an orphan. There was nothing of the aristocrat in her look—nothing proud, nothing haughty; but gentleness and love were the true elements of her soul.

"How now, Zenobie?" asked Rosalind, as her waiting maid entered.

"There is a gentleman below who would see you," the girl replied.

"Then tell him I cannot see him," said Rosalind, trembling.

"But it is Ruric Nevel, my mistress."

"Ruric!" exclaimed the fair maiden, starting up, while rich blood mounted to her brow and temples. "O, I am glad he has come. My prayers are surely answered. Lead him hither, Zenobie."

The girl departed, and ere long afterwards Ruric entered the apartment. He walked quickly to where Rosalind had arisen to her feet, and taking one of her hands in both of his own he pressed it to his lips. It was with difficulty he spoke. But the emotions of his soul became calm at length, and then he received Rosalind's promise that she would never permit her hand to be disposed of to another by the Duke of Tula. Ruric informed her of the visit of Count Damonoff to his shop, its purpose, and the result. Rosalind was astonished and alarmed. Still she could not believe that the Duke meant to bestow her hand upon Damonoff. The Duke owed him money, she said, and might perhaps be playing with the Count.

Ruric started as a new suspicion flashed upon him. Had the Duke sent Damonoff upon that mission on purpose to get him into a quarrel. "Aye," thought the

youth to himself, "the Duke knows that I have taught the sword-play, and he knows that the Count would be no match for me. So he thinks in this subtle manner to make me an instrument for ridding him of a plague." But the youth was careful not to let Rosalind know of this. He thought that she would be unhappy if she knew that a duel was likely to come off between himself and the Count.

After some minutes of comparative silence, Ruric took leave of Rosalind, and was soon in the open court. Here he entered his sledge, and then drove to the barracks in the Khitigorod, where he inquired for a young friend named Orsa, a lieutenant of the guard. The officer was quickly found, and as he met Ruric his salutation was warm and cordial. After the first friendly greetings had passed, Ruric remarked, "I may have a meeting with Count Conrad Damonoff. He has sought a quarrel—insulted me most grossly—aimed a blow at my head—and I knocked him down. You can judge as well as I what the result must be."

"Most surely he will challenge you," cried the officer, excitedly.

"So I think," resumed Ruric, calmly. "And now will you serve me in the event?"

"With pleasure."

And thereupon Ruric related all that had occurred at the time of the Count's visit to his shop, and then took his leave. He reached home just as his mother was spreading the board for dinner. He often went away on business, and she thought not of asking him any questions.

On questioning Paul, in the shop, in the afternoon, Ruric, to his great surprise, learned that the Black Monk had been there during his absence, to purchase a dagger; that he had drawn out of the boy a minute account of the visit of Urzen and Damonoff, and that he seemed to be much pleased with Ruric's conduct.

As they were talking, Urzen called and presented a challenge from the Count. Ruric at once referred him to his friend, and he took his leave.

That evening, about eight o'clock, a sledge drove up to Ruric's door, and young Orsa entered the house. He called Ruric aside, and informed him that the arrangements had all been made.

"Damonoff is in a hurry," he said, "and we have appointed the meeting at ten o'clock to-morrow forenoon. It will take place at the bend of the river just beyond the Viska Hill."

"And the weapons?" asked Ruric.

"Swords," returned Orsa. "The Count will bring his own, and he gives you the privilege of selecting such an one as you choose."

"I thank you, Orsa, for your kindness thus far, and you may rest assured that I shall be prompt."

"Suppose I call here in the morning for you?" suggested the visitor.

"I should be pleased to have you do so," the gunmaker said; and thus it was arranged.

On the following morning Ruric was up betimes, and at the breakfast table not a word of the one-all-absorbing theme was uttered. After the meal was finished the gunmaker went out to his shop, and took down from one of the closets a long leather case, in which were two swords. They were Toledo blades, and of most exquisite workmanship and finish. Ruric took out the heaviest one, which was a two edged weapon, with a cross hilt of heavily gilded metal. He placed the point upon the floor, and then with all his weight he bent the blade till the point touched the point. The lith steel sprang back to its place with a sharp clang, and the texture was not started. Then he struck the flat of the blade upon the anvil with great force. The ring was sharp and clear, and the weapon remained unharmed.

"By St. Michael," said the gunmaker to his boy, "Moscow does not contain another such blade like that. Damascus never saw a better."

"I think you are right, my master," the boy returned, who had beheld the trial of the blade with unbounded admiration.

"But," he added, "could you not temper a blade like that?"

"Perhaps, if I had the steel. But I have it not. The steel of these two blades came from India, and was originally in one weapon—a ponderous two-handed affair, belonging to a Bengal chieftain."

The metal possesses all the hardness of the finest razor, with the elasticity of the most supple spring. My old master at Toledo gave me these as a memento. Were I to mention the sum of money he was once offered for the largest one, you would hardly credit it."

After this Ruric gave Paul a few directions about the work, promising to be back before night. Just then Orsa drove up to the door.

Ruric was all ready. His mother was in the kitchen. He went to her with a smile upon his face. He put his arms about her and drew her to his bosom.

"God bless you, my mother—I shall come back." He said this, and then he kissed her.

He dared stop to speak no more, but opened the door and passed out.

"Have you a good weapon?" asked Orsa, as the horse started on.

"I have," Ruric said, quietly; and one which has stood more tests than most swords will bear. And after some further remarks he related the peculiar circumstances attending the making of the sword, and his possession of it.

At length they struck upon the river, and in half an hour more they reached the appointed spot. The day was beautiful. They had been on the ground but a few minutes when the other party came in sight around the bend of the river. The monk was there also.

As soon as the Count and his second and surgeon had arrived, and the horses had been secured, the lieutenant proposed that they should repair to an old building which was close at hand.

"Aye," added Damonoff. "Let us have this business done, for I would be back to dinner. I dine with Olga to-day, and a fair maiden awaits my coming."

"Notice him not," whispered Orsa, who walked close by Ruric's side. "That's one of his chief points when engaged in an affair of this kind. He hopes to get you angry, and so unhinge your nerves."

"Never fear," answered the gunmaker. The party halted when they reached

the interior of the rough structure, and the Count threw off his pelisse and drew his sword. Ruric followed his example.

"Sir Count," the latter said, as he moved a step forward, "ere we commence this work I wish all present to understand distinctly how I stand. You have sought this quarrel from the first. Without the least provocation from me you have insulted me, most grossly, and this is the climax. So, before God and man, be the result upon your own head."

"Out, lying knave!"

"Hold," cried the surgeon, laying his hand heavily upon the Count's arm. "You have no right to speak thus, for you lower yourself when you do it. If you have come to fight, do so honorably."

An angry reply was upon Damonoff's lips, but he did not speak it. He turned to his antagonist and said,—

"Will you measure weapons, sir? Mine may be a mite the longest. I seek no advantage; and I have one here of the same length and weight as my own if you wish it."

"I am well satisfied as it is," replied Ruric.

"Then take your ground.—Are you ready?"

"I am!"

The two swords were crossed in an instant, with a clear, sharp clang.

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which is for sale at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask for the New York Ledger of March 19, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy at any book store, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on the receipt of five cents.

The Ledger is mailed to subscribers at \$2 a year, or two copies for \$3. Address your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann street, New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone. Its present circulation is over four hundred thousand copies, which is the best evidence we can give of its merits.

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he continues to manufacture Boots & Shoes of every description, at his old stand at North Bridgton, where may be found a general assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

He also has the right, and manufactures

MITCHELL'S PATENT

Metallic Tip Boots and Shoes, for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples, Waterville, Sweden, Lovell and Fryeburg; and will be happy to furnish those in want of anything in his line.

Orders filled with as much dispatch as the nature of the business will admit.

JAMES WEBB.
No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858.

E. E. WILDER,

HARNESS MAKER AND CARRIAGE

TRIMMINGS.

Garnishes, Carriage Trimmings, Halters, Surcingle, Bridles, Horse Blankets, Whips, &c, constantly on hand and for sale.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. *1yl

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. 1 ly

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.

C. B. WALKER.

BLACKSMITHING!

A. C. BURNHAM would inform the people of Bridgton and vicinity that he is prepared to do at his Shop all varieties of blacksmithing. He will give especial attention to

Horse Shoeing,

Carriage and Sleigh Ironing,

MACHINE FORGING,

AND TO—

STEEL WORK,

generally. All work in his line promptly attended to.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858

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 reasonable compensation. The Pondicherry House is kept on strictly temperance principles, and travellers will find it a quiet resting place. My House is also fitted up for boarding, 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. 2 tr

200 BBLs. FLOUR! In store for sale at low prices for cash by

ADAMS & WALKER.

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. H. RAND,
—DEALER IN—

BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS,

Millinery & Fancy Goods,

All at a VERY LOW PRICE FOR CASH
No. 115, Russell's Block, Congress St.,
PORTLAND, ME. 24

PHOTOGRAPHS!!!
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

Alto on Canvas, Paper, Glass (called Ambrotype) Metal or Leather, in as good manner and at as low prices as any other establishment in the city.

Small pictures can be copied and enlarged to any desirable size.

SATISFACTION WARRANTED.
M. F. KING.

JOHN W. PERKINS & Co.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,

VARNISHES, DYES,

CAMPENE AND FLUID,

No. 165 Commercial Street,
PORTLAND, ME. 1yl

JOSIAH HEALD,

DENTIST.

117 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME. 1ly

G. H. SASSKRAUT,

CAP MANUFACTURER,

FURRIER.

120 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND.
7 3m

JOHN E. DOW,

Auctioneer and Real Estate Broker.

Also Agent for the

ETNA LIFE INS. CO. of Hartford, Conn. Capital and Surplus, \$208,000.

HAMPDEN FIRE INS. CO. of Springfield, Mass. Capital and Surplus, \$250,000.

CONWAY FIRE INS. CO. of Conway, Me. Capital and Surplus, \$254,000.

CHARTER OAK FIRE AND MARINE INS. CO. of Hartford, Conn. Capital and Surplus, \$342,000.

KENSINGTON FIRE AND MARINE INS. CO. of Philadelphia, Penn. Capital and Surplus, \$300,000.

These companies are all first class stock of offices, and insure, good risks at as low a rate as any companies of equal standing in New England.

Office Canal Bank Building, Portland, Me.
Dec. 31, 1858. 1y. First door east side.

LOOK! LOOK!!

In consequence of the increased sales of my

Original Pure Refined spruce Gum,

and wishing to devote most of my time to that branch, I will sell my large stock of

Candies, Cigars, Tobacco & Nuts

at greatly reduced prices. Call and see a large stock and get Good Bargains for a short time.

105 FEDERAL ST., 3 DOORS ABOVE
ELM HOUSE, PORTLAND.
14 2m B. PEARSON.

MANNING & BROWN,