

Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. I.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1859.

NO. 19.

Bridgton Reporter.
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, despatch and despatch.

Bad Company.

It is an old saying, that a man is known by the company he keeps, and a saying more true was never uttered. This means that the person is judged by such company and such judgment must have a powerful weight against the character and interests of any person. A simple life picture—one drawn from actual observation—will illustrate my meaning.

In a small country town lived a wealthy machinist named Clark. By industry and perseverance he had carried on a handsome property, but he still carried on his business the same as before—save that he did not work at the bench, having as much other business as he could attend to. Among his workmen was a youth named Nathan Wilder. Nathan was now almost twenty-one years of age, and had been in Mr. Clark's employ nearly seven years, having been bound to him as an apprentice. He was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, and was respected and loved by all who knew him. His direct qualities were all good, and his personal appearance was not only manly, but eminently handsome.

Yet Nathan had one fault. He had contracted a habit of associating with some of the reckless, and unprincipled youths of the town. He loved to go away in the evening and meet them at some store or hall, and join with them in laugh, story, and jest; and his social nature was of that ardent impulsive kind, which leads one to join with them in just such sport as may chance to be started. Such a youth would never project a bad plan, but should his companions do so, he would be almost sure to join them. Some of these youths were low and degraded in character; but yet managed to hold on to a certain degree of respectability, through the influence of respectable connections. Young Wilder knew that they were jolly good fellows, because he had heard them say so, and he looked at nothing beyond this. He felt sure that nothing could induce him to an evil deed, and with this self-assurance he was satisfied.

Where now? asked Mr. Clark, as Nathan was preparing to go out one evening. The young man lived with his master, and had been as a member of the family during the whole term, thus far, of his apprenticeship. O, just going out to spend the evening with a few friends, replied Nathan with a slight smile.

Anything particular going on? pursued Mr. Clark.

Why, I believe some of the boys think of going over to the village, answered the youth with some hesitation.

For what?

Well there is to be a sort of a party there to-night.

Where?

At Billy MacWayne's.

And did you think of going with them?

Why, answered Nathan, looking down upon the floor. I thought if the rest went, I should go. I didn't suppose you would forbid it.

No, Nathan, I should not forbid it, but I should not give you my consent, for I should hope you would not go.

But why? A lot of my friends are going, and they are only going for a little sport.

But do you know what kind of sport they will have before they get back? Now mark me Nathan, I do not wish to deprive you of any real pleasure, but I do wish to keep you from any danger. You know the character of those who are going, and you know that they will be very sure to commit some evil deeds before they get back. I heard some of the boys in the blacksmith's department talking about it this afternoon. The Peterkin boys will be there, and so will the Hamptons and Lumby's. You know that they will get rum at McWayne's and that they will disturb the peace.

But I should not engage in any such thing as that, said Nathan, with much earnestness. I never take a part in their doings.

You only go to see the sport, eh? queried Clark, with a significant smile.

Why—yes—I suppose so. So I thought. And now I want you to understand this thing: A man is known by the company he keeps. There is no mistake about this. Now you know that most of the people over in the back village are poor, though they may be industrious and frugal. And you know too that the boys in our village go over there to have their scrapes, because of the poverty and ignorance of the people there. Hence, the very starting point is not only wrong, but low and cruel. Only last week, poor Johnny Eastman's fence was torn down, and his barn doors carried off, besides several other tricks of the same stamp. Perhaps you know of this.

Nathan Wilder hung down his head and blushed and a faint yes sir, escaped from his lips.

You were there weren't you? pursued Mr. Clark.

Yes, sir, I was; but I had nothing to do with that—not a thing.

But you stood by, and laughed to see it done?

I couldn't help laughing, sir.

I am sorry, Nathan, that you should have thus helped the evil disposed ones in their work. You needn't look so wonderingly at me, for I mean just what I say. These wicked rakes ask for no other pleasure but to cause poor people pain, and make their companions laugh. Anything at which you would laugh they would do. Now, I cannot conceive of a meaner or more niggardly act than that. Had they come here and tore down my fence, it would not have been half so criminal, morally speaking, for Eastman is poor, and must feel such a loss very much.

I know it was a mean trick, and I would not join them in it, said Nathan.

But you stood by and saw them do it?

Yes sir; because I didn't want to come home alone.

I understand it, Nathan; and let me assure you that the best way to avoid coming home alone is never to go in the company of any one who may do that of which you may be ashamed. Just as sure as you continue to be seen in that company, just so sure will you be judged with them. Now I am going to give you a bit of information. Only yesterday a young gentleman asked me what kind of a young man that Nathan Wilder was. Of course I told him that you were a good youth, and asked him what he meant. He then informed me that you were with the party who tore down Eastman's fence, and did other things of equal shame and sin. He did not know that you lived in my family and only asked for information, as he had seen you often and supposed you to be a fine young man. I hope you will not go out this evening.

Of course I shall not, if you do not wish it.

But do you wish to go?

The youth hesitated. The fact was, he had been anticipating the sport for two days, and he could not immediately give it up.

Cooper is going, he said, after some moments of thought.

Joseph, do you mean?

Yes, sir.

I am sorry for it, then, for Joseph Cooper I know is a kind, generous, honest youth, and he ought not thus to ruin his reputation.

You look surprised, but I speak the truth. No man, be he ever so pure, can associate long with evil companions without losing his standing among respectable people. Why, you are looked upon by some as having had a hand in the mischief of which I have spoken.

But people who know me would know better, uttered Nathan, quite confidently.

How should they know better? You seek those evil companions, and are present at their evil work. You know who pulled down Eastman's fence, of course. I don't mean to ask you who did it, but I say you know.

Yes, sir, I do.

And yet were you asked who did it, you would not tell?

Of course not. I would not expose a companion.

So I supposed. And now look at it: You were in the company—one of the party; the party did certain deeds, and you must bear your share of the blame. But let this pass. You know that those young men with whom you would associate, are evil disposed; and you know too, that if they go over to McWayne's to-night, they will be up to some sort of mischief. I think I have said enough to enable you to understand the rest. Now you may spend the evening with Mabel or you may go over to the back village, just as you choose.

Nathan Wilder started as he heard these words; but before he could make any reply, his master was gone. But he was not long left alone, for in a moment more a bright eyed, lovely girl of some nineteen summers, came tripping into the room. She was Mr. Clark's only child. Long had the youth loved that fair girl, and he knew that she loved him in return; but he had not yet had the courage to mention the subject to his master, for he was only an apprentice now, though a few short months would set him free. But

a strange hope started to life in his bosom now. Those last words of her parent and the peculiar tone in which they were spoken, and the look which accompanied them meant something.

Are you going out this evening? the girl asked.

No, he promptly responded.

Good. I shall have company, for father and mother are both gone out to spend the evening.

Half an hour afterwards Joseph Cooper called for Nathan to accompany him, but his mission was fruitless. He urged and urged, but Nathan said, No.

When will you go? asked Cooper.

Never again on such scrapes, and I advise you to follow my plan.

Cooper at length found that the youth was in earnest, and with a derisive laugh he went his way.

We need not tell how happy he was. But one thing we will state. Very late, after many very meaningless things had been talked about, Nathan arrived at a point where he found courage to ask Mabel if she thought her father would ever consent to receive him for a son in law.

He has spoken with me on the subject, answered the maiden frankly, and firmly, and he said if you made as good a man, morally and socially, as you had thus far been as a boy and youth, he should be happy to see me your wife.

For some moments after that, the youth thought more than he spoke, and the glistening tears which stood in his eyes, told how deep were his feelings.

On the following morning, Nathan went early to the shop, happy and buoyant. About an hour afterwards, Joseph Cooper made his appearance, looking sleepy, and with a pale face.

Well, Joe, said Nathan what sort of a time did you have last night?

Glorious—glorious! cried Cooper. Rum enough—though I was fool enough to drink some.

This last cause was spoken in a changed tone.

Why, I didn't know that you ever drank!

Said Nathan, with much surprise.

I don't like to; but I had to do it last night. They hung on so that I couldn't get rid of it.

Ah, Joe, you'd better taken my advice last night.

And how long is it since you have become so nice? asked Cooper with some irony.

Only since last evening, kindly replied Nathan; and then I became so only from the plain advice and counsel of another.

But what kind of sport was it?

O, some—I tell you. And as Cooper this spoke, he gave a significant wink, and then went to his bench.

Joseph Cooper was only two-and-twenty, and had been an apprentice to Mr. Clark until his majority, since which time he had been at work as a journeyman.

Nothing more was said on the subject of last night's scrape until near the middle of the afternoon. It was near three o'clock, when the deputy sheriff entered the shop, and inquired for Joseph Cooper.

Where is Cooper? the officer asked of Nathan Wilder.

That's him at the other end of the shop, sir.

Let's see, resumed the visitor, glancing over a paper he held in his hand; where were you last night?

At home, sir.

You didn't go over to the back village?

No, sir. I've concluded to let that company go without me, hereafter.

Good! I'm glad of that, uttered the sheriff, emphatically; and then he went along to where Cooper was at work.

He spoke with the young man, and the latter turned pale as death. There was much evident begging and praying, but in vain. The officer had come for Joseph Cooper, and he could not go without him. So Joe washed his hands and put on his coat and hat, and then, with a trembling step, he accompanied the officer from the shop.

When Nathan went out, after his day's work was done, he learned the whole story. On the night before, a party of young men had gone over to the back village and had a carousal at Billy McWayne's; and on their return tore down fences, carried away barn doors, opened barnyards, and let the cattle out, stole water melons, and several other things of a like character. News had been received there that a party were coming, and they were watched. They were seen to do these things, and though it was too dark to distinguish their faces at the time, yet all who were at McWayne's were known, and they had been traced to this mischief.

That very evening, the whole party, fourteen in number, were arraigned before a justice, and the complaint was entered against them. Poor Cooper pleaded that he had had nothing to do with the work; and while tears rolled down his cheeks, he asserted his innocence.

You have been in this same company before? said the justice.

Yes, sir, hesitatingly answered Cooper.

And you have known their character for mischief and disturbance?

Yes, sir; but I—

Never mind now, interrupted the judge. You should have thought of all this before.

No one man of this party would have ever gone alone and done that work. It takes a gang to make such doings worth a while, and you have been a member of that gang some time. If you would be pure and above suspicion, you must beware what company you keep.

After this, the justice went on to speak of the many wicked deeds which had been done in times past, and which for the sake of the friends of the perpetrators, had been passed over; but the thing could not be overlooked now. The crime may have been sport to the doers, but poor, honest people had suffered heavily. A stop must be put to it.

I, said the judge, can only impose a fine of twenty dollars, and as I think that the enormity of the offence demands a heavier penalty, I must commit you to be tried at the next term of the Supreme Court.

Each of them was required to give bail in the sum of one hundred dollars. Nathan Wilder became bail for Cooper, and the others found bail among their friends.

That night Nathan went home a wiser man, and in his heart he thanked Mr. Clark for the counsel he had given. Joseph Cooper went home wiser, too, but he was miserable and unhappy. He now saw what evil company had done for him, and he wished that he had been wise before.

Within a week, eleven of the guilty party went and saw the people whose property had been abused, and not only confessed their error, and offered to make pecuniary restitution, but they also implored forgiveness, and promised to do so more. The consequences was, that at the next term of the court no complaint appeared against the contrite youths. Only the three ringleaders—three low, reckless, hardened youths—were tried and were sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jail.

It was a good lesson to many a youth in that town, and from that time forth there were no more such disturbance of the peace, and injuring of property; for the more virtuous of the youths had learned how dangerous it was to be found in bad company, and had consequently withdrawn from all connection with such, while the few who were evil in mind, dared not go alone upon any such work, having lost the respectable cloak which the presence of decent people had formerly thrown over their deeds.

In time, Nathan Wilder became the husband of Mabel, and a partner in business with Mr. Clark. He is now a middle aged man, and has a family of noble children, and no lesson of social life does he urge more strongly upon his children than the simple truth, "A man is known by the company he keeps."

Tough Stories.

An Englishman who was traveling on the Mississippi river, told some rather tough stories about London thieves. A Cincinnati chap, named Case, heard these narratives with a silent humph! and then remarked that the Western thieves beat the London operatives all hollow.

"How so?" inquired the Englishman, with surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?"

"Not a great deal. I undertook to set up in business in Des Moines Rapids, a while ago, but the rascally people stole nearly everything I had, and at last a Welsh miner ran off with my wife."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Englishman, "and have you never found her?"

"Never to this day. But that was not the worst of it."

"Worse! Why, what could be worse than stealing a man's wife?"

"Stealing his children, I should say," said the implicable Case.

"Children?"

"Yes, a negro woman, who hadn't any of her own, abducted my youngest daughter, and sloped and joined the Indians."

"Did you see her?"

"See her! yes; she hadn't ten rods the start of me; but she plunged into the lake and swam off like a duck, and there wasn't a canoe to follow her with."

The Englishman leaned back in his chair, and called for another mug of "half-and-half," while Case smoked his segar and eyed his credulous friend at the same time, most remorselessly.

"I shan't go any farther West, I think," at last, observed the excited Englishman.

"I should not advise any one to go," said Case, quietly. "My brother once lived there, but he had to leave although his business was the best in the country."

"What business was he in?"

"The lumber business. He had a saw-mill."

"Yes, and saw-logs, too."

"Saw-logs?"

"Yes, whole dozens of the black walnut logs were carried away in a single night."

"Is it possible?"

"True upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it, and hired men to watch his logs, but it was all of no use. They would take them all away, as easy as if there had been no one there. They would steal them out of the cove and even out of the mill-house."

"Good gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea of how they can steal out there," sending a sly wink at the listening company "just to give you an idea—did you ever work in a saw-mill?"

"Never."

"Well, one day my brother had an all fired fine black walnut—four feet three at the butt, and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log anyhow, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the hill above the mill, built a fire and then sat down on the log to play cards just to keep awake, you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log, bark two inches thick."

"Well, as I was saying, they played cards and drank whiskey all night, and when it began to grow light, went to sleep astraddle of the log. About a minute after daylight brother George went over to the mill to see how they were getting on, and the long was gone."

"What were the Scotchmen doing?"

"Sitting on the bark! The thieves had driven an iron wedge into the butt end, which pointed down the hill, and latched a yoke of oxen on and pulled it right out of the shell, leaving the Scotchmen there astraddle of it, fast asleep. Fact!"

Tom Wild's Ghost.

"Mr. Travers," said one of my village pupils to me, one morning, on the opening of the school, "it is reported in town (so he called the village of a few dozen houses) that Swamp Dick saw Tom Wild's ghost last night."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed; "did you hear the particulars?"

"No, sir, except that he saw it at the gate as you come out of town."

This Tom Wild had been in his lifetime, just one of those persons whose ghosts, in the opinion of lovers of the supernatural, are apt to be seen after death. He had been a very dissipated, reckless young man, and at the time of his decease, was under bail to appear at the next term of the County Court to stand a trial for shooting his father-in-law, and wounding him so severely that his life was for some time considered to be in danger.

Having business in the village that evening I took advantage of the occasion to question Swamp Dick about his adventure. This individual, by-the-by, was a slave belonging to a gentleman of St. Joseph's, and he had received his singular sobriquet from a previous place of residence.

"Dick," I asked, "did you see Tom Wild's ghost last night?"

"Yes, marster, I did."

"Tell me what it looked like, and all about it."

"Yes, sah. You see, Marse Travers, I was er workin' out at de place his master's plantation all day yisserday; un as I was er comin' ullong home in de ebenin', I stopt at Dan Low's quarter ter hab ullittle talk wid im 'bout er' possum dat he cused me er takin' out his gum. We had a verry warm talk 'bout it, un Dan said I cussed im, (but I didn't do no such er thing), un dat he was er going to hab me turned out er meetin' fur it. I tell yez what, Marse Travers, dat Dan Low is de wus nigger in de neighborhood. He's allers arter quarrellin' he is; he'd druther quarrel den eat, anytime."

It may be necessary to inform the reader that a gum is a trap for opossums or rabbits, and it is of a section of a hollow gum-tree.

"But Dick," I said, "you are forgetting the ghost."

"Oh, no, sah. Well, den, you see, marster, Dan un me was er jawin' each other so long dat it was most dark when I lef de quarter. You know las' night was er werry dark night, un I felt verry lonesome us I come ullong through de woods, where you could barely see your hand fore your face. Den I was er thinkin' 'what would happen ter me if dey was ter hab me turned out er meetin'; un den I 'gun to think dat maybe 'twasn't right in me, arter all, ter git so mad, un ter talk as I did."

"But about the ghost, Dick."

"Comin' to it de'ec'ly, sah. Us I was er sayin', I was er thinkin' dat, ef dey was to turn me out er meetin' maybe de debil would git me. I felt verry bad 'bout it all de way I was er comin' ullong home, un kep' er wishin' dat I could meet wid somebody er gwine inter town. Well, jus' us I got ter de top er de hill, jus' us you come inter town dere, I see er man ullittle way ahead me, in er big obercoat. I walk fas' fur ter try fur

ter ketch up wid him, but I couldn't. Den when he got right tujder gate he turn roun' so as I could see his face, un den went straight out er sight same as ef he had sunk right inter de groun'."

"Was that the ghost you saw?"

"Yes, sah."

"How could you see his face, as dark as it was last night?"

"Dun know, marster; but I see his face plain unough, dough, for all dat."

A few days afterwards the same pupil told me that Tom Wild's ghost had been seen again.

"By whom was it seen, this time?" I asked.

"By Aunt Caroline, sir,—old Mr. Wild's cook."

Some time afterward, meeting Aunt Caroline, I asked her if what I had heard was true.

"Yes, undeed, sir," she answered; "I seed him jes' as plain as I see you now."

"How did it happen, aunty?"

"Night afore las' jes' ullittle arter daylight down, I thought I hear somebody er talkin' in de backyard, un I step out er de kitchen ter see who 'twas. Un dare I see un plain unough, standin' in de backdoor uv de house."

"Saw them? I thought you had seen but one ghost."

"No, sir; dare was two uv um—Marse Tom un little Josh."

Little Joshua was a brother of Tom Wild's, and had died a short time after him.

"Well, aunty, I asked 'what did the ghosts do? Did they say anything to you?'"

"No, sir; dey jes' look unround at me—dat's all."

"Did you speak to them?"

"Yes, sir; when I see un standin' dare, I say, 'Ah, is dat you?' un den I went back inter de kitchen."

Aunt Caroline seemed to take ghost-seeing as coolly as I was to be a very common affair.

"Were the ghosts still standing in the yard," I questioned her again, "when you returned into the kitchen?"

"Yes, sir."

"How were they dressed?"

"Marse Tom hab on dat big obercoat he used ter wear so much. You reckleek dat coat, Marse Travers?"

I nodded "yes."

"Un little Josh hab on de blue yarn suit he used ter wear to school every day."

"Did you see anything of them afterward?"

"No, sir; peber seed un sence."—[The Old Plantation, by James Hungerford.]

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

One of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's 'stunning sentences,' reminds me of a sermon preached in the 'old Bay State,' some forty or fifty years ago, by a famous minister, in which the same point was made, and probably, to his audience, with as telling an effect. His text was 'Search the Scriptures,' and after enforcing it in a variety of ways, he clinched his argument by the following narrative, of which I omit and qualify some portions as somewhat too homely for your columns!—"My dear brethren, God works in a mysterious way, and ain't above using the humblest means to bring his critters to their senses, when he sees them stouthead in business, and agog down to hell with their eyes shut; and here's a case in point, which affords solemn warning to all who neglect this great duty. Some time ago, I knew a man down to Marblehead Point—a fisherman, desecrate, wicked man, a profane swearer, a drunkard, who never darkened the doors of the meetin'-house, or took delight in holy things. He had a family—a wife, three sons and two daughters—all bad as himself, all a-goin' straight down to hell as fast as their legs could carry them. But at last they were brought to their senses in this wise, and from limbs of Satan, transmogrified into children of light. Once upon a time there was great trouble in the heads of this family. It was long since they had been moved or raked, and so to speak, they were vermin in the grass. They all got desperate uneasy, and to come to the point at once, there was a loud cry for the 'fine-tooth comb.' But, my friends, nobody knew where it was. It could not be found! And so it went from bad to worse. Scratchin' was of no use—'twas too bad for scratchin'. Lookin' wouldn't do—'twas too bad for lookin'. They hunted everywhere for the old fine-tooth comb—from garret to cellar, and from cellar to garret. They ransacked every closet and every drawer, but it couldn't be found." Here the preacher paused, and looked around; then went on in a low solemn and earnest tone. "At length it was found. Who found it? I don't know; but it was found, to the great joy and everlasting salvation of all that family. And my friends where do you think they found it? I say where do you think they found it? A long pause—"They found it in the old family Bible. (canto voce). They found it in the old family Bible, (in a voice of thunder) and the dust lay so thick on it that you might writt demanition on the kiver—Therefore, (in a tone of deep emotion) my beloved brethren, search the Scriptures."

The Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, MAR. 19, 1859.

THE THAW. Since our last issue we have had a great thaw—the first one of any note this year. A large quantity of snow has been dissolved, yet a good deal remains with us. The roads look ragged and dirty, and we may expect but little good traveling till the ground becomes bare. Farmers will have enough to do in preparing wood for next winter's use, and to get ready for their summer campaign. Our traders, who will have less to do for a short time, can look over their books—calculate their chances for getting their pay—"take account of stock"—and prepare for their spring purchases. Those who have a disposition to loaf can do so now without much necessity for offering excuse for their idleness, as there will be little demand for their labor. In fact, we shall all have to keep pretty still for a while, and take bitters to dispel the jaundice. Meanwhile, we hope that many-voiced Nature will soon awaken her vernal melodies, bring us the song of birds and frogs—and the "glory of the grass and splendor of the flower." We confess it, we are weary of the snow and the frost, and of the dreary, barren landscape. Our spirits are impatient to bud and blossom, and will be ready to start forth with the vegetable kingdom.

Come, O come, thou soul of flowers!
Quickly bird and blossom bring!
O the heart is weary waiting!
Hear us then, thou lingering Spring!
Incense-breathing, sacred Spring!

Triumph!—Triumph!—Lo! a flushing
On the south-side of the hill:
Triumph!—Triumph!—There's a crashing
Of the ice on yonder rill:
Spring is stooping o'er the rill!

Spring—dead Nature's shining Angel!
Thou hast come to prisoned winter—
Back the stone of slumber rolling
From the sepulchre of Earth—
Giving life and light to Earth!

The prospect for a fruitful season is good, and we hope all of us will have plenty of remunerative labor.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION. The election in New Hampshire last week resulted in favor of the Republican candidates, though with a majority somewhat diminished from last year. We were pleased to see that our friend and neighbor, Hon. ALBIN BEARD, has again been elected Mayor of the city of Nashua.—We thought he would not consent to receive that honor this year, knowing that his proper business as editor, printer and publisher of the New Hampshire Telegraph is about as much any one man ought to attend to. But the Republican party demanded his services, and he is too patriotic a man to withhold his name. We observe, too, that our friend of the Gazette, Hon. B. B. WHITTEMORE is one of the School Committee. He ought to have been one of the Representatives to General Court, but the opposite party said "no," and so he stays at home this year. But there is a "good time coming," if we may believe the poets.

We notice that quite a number of our old acquaintances in Nashua and vicinity, are in luck this year, in getting office. We congratulate them on their success, and offer our sympathies to those who came out of the little end of the horn. Between this and November 1860, there will be a fine chance to play some shrewd political games.

We do not admit communications into the Reporter thinking they will suit all of our readers. "What's one's meat is another's poison," will hold good in literary matters as well as in things pertaining to physical food. Hardly two persons can agree in relation to the quality of writing.—What will please one, will disgust another. Critics are not always discerning, and besides, they should try to remember that an editor has a great many different tastes to suit. Please, dear critic, don't expect that everything must be measured by your standard. Make the case your own, and be charitable in judging of a newspaper article.—Don't find fault, unless you think you can do better than another. Meanwhile, we would say to those who write for us, do your best for your own sake, as well as for our readers. Don't write hastily and carelessly, because in so doing you greatly lessen your chances for literary success. You may not expect to succeed as a writer unless you work hard to do so.

SORR THIR. 'Tisn't often we lose any thing, for the good and sufficient reason we haven't much to lose. Our readers will perhaps remember that we expressed an expectation, last week, that we should be rewarded by a large piece of pie for some good and true remarks we made in relation to good cooks, and to one in particular. We were not disappointed. The lady in question made us a whole pie, which we had hoped to "eat in pieces." We deposited the gooey in a drawer in our dormitory, designing to take it to this office to share it all round,—not forgetting the "devil." But

"When we got there
The drawer was bare,"
for some prowling, thievish scamp or scamps had abstracted our precious deposit, and doubtless devoured it. We think we know who the rascals are, for they have often been charged with committing the like sin before the past winter. We hereby offer a reward of three bung-towns for their apprehension. Our worst wish about the greedy dogs is, that they will have the belly-ache for a fortnight. If this wish isn't pie-ous, it is just.

Hon. Aaron V. Brown of Tennessee Post Master General, died at Washington on the 8th of this month at the age of 64.

THE FLORAL EXHIBITION was repeated last Thursday evening, and went off with a good deal more of animation than it did the previous evening. The ladies had become rested, and besides, the weather was far more favorable for singing. The house was nearly full of young people, and all appeared to enjoy themselves first rate.

Mrs. Frederick Brocklebank, on going out of the door, slipped, and by putting up her left arm to save the fall, broke the thumb bone. It was set by Dr. Kimball.

[Correspondence of the Reporter.]

AUGUSTA, March 14, 1859.

As the readers of the Reporter get the proceedings in the Legislature earlier than they can be had by way of the Reporter, I will speak only of matters and things of general interest.

By reference to Chadbourne's Register it is perceived that the oldest member of the House—Ira Fish of Lincoln, is sixty-nine years old. The youngest member A. D. Palmer, of Barnard, is twenty-three. The average age of members is forty-five and sixteenth years, which is a little older than the average has been for several years.

The average of Senators is forty-seven and sixteenth years. The oldest Senator John N. Swasey of Bucksport, is seventy, while the youngest Senator, T. H. Marshall of Belfast, is thirty-two years old.

In the House there seems to be more debating talent than there has been for several years past.

Among the most able debaters are Pike of Calais, Blaine of Augusta, Smart of Camden, McCrellis of Bangor, Gilbert of Bath, and Dow of Portland. Pike is one of those free and easy speakers who argue in a straightforward and logical manner, and have the faculty of arresting the attention of the hearer. Blaine, though a young man (being twenty-seven years old) probably has not his superior as an energetic and forcible debater in either branch of the Legislature.—Always bringing out the strong points in the case, if it has any, and if they are not bro't out it is readily inferred there are none.—Smart and McCrellis argue in a sort of professional style, yet none the less interesting if less argumentative. There is no member of the House who has seemed to have the influence that Mr. Smart has had. Gilbert handles a question in a blunt and pointed manner, often interspersed with sarcastic humor, so that what would otherwise appear dry and uninteresting cannot fail to attract the attention and please. As to Dow almost everybody in America as well as in Europe has heard him talk, and knows that he can talk three hours together without stopping to take breath, or give the audience a chance to laugh at the humorous display of his unexceptionable wit.

A few days since there was a little play upon words between Mr. Dow and Mr. Smart in the House. Mr. Dow told about carrying "niggers to the niggerless," and Mr. Smart says something about "shooting down citizens in the public street." Now this is all very funny as long as both gentlemen hold their temper, but what "niggers" or "shootings" has to do with legislation we neutral folks cannot perceive.

It is generally thought that Mr. Smart will be the next Democratic nominee for Governor, and should he ever arrive to the honors of the gubernatorial Chair, he would undoubtedly fill it to the entire satisfaction of his party. Mr. Dow is strongly talked of as the Republican candidate for Governor, and should Mr. Morrill refuse another nomination his chance of success is as good as any other's, though E. L. Hamlin of Bangor, and Noah Smith, Jr., (the present Secretary of State) are mentioned by their friends.

The Knox County Bill, which was an especial favorite of Mr. Smart's was knocked a few days ago the politicians having leave to withdraw.

The Legislature will probably rise by the last of this month. Should it rise by the 31st, it will make the session only eighty days long, which is very favorable, considering the large amount of business that has already been turned off since the commencement of the session.

THE LATEST HARD SHELL STORY. A traveler called at nightfall at a farmer's house—the owner being from home, and the mother and daughter being alone, they refused to lodge the wayfarer. "How far then," said he, "to a house where a preacher can get lodgings?" "Oh, if you are a preacher," said the old lady, "you can stop here." Accordingly he dismounted. He deposited his saddle-bags in the house, and led his horse to the stable. Meanwhile the mother and daughter were debating the point as to what kind of a preacher he was. "He cannot be a Presbyterian," said the one, "for he does not dress well enough." "He is not a Methodist," said the other, "for his coat is not the right cut for a Methodist." "If I could find his hymn book," said the daughter, "I could tell what sort of a preacher he is." And with that she thrust her hands into the saddle-bags, and pulling out a flask of liquor, she exclaimed—"La!—mother, he's a Hard-Shell Baptist."

ACCIDENT IN BRUNSWICK. We regret to learn that early yesterday (Friday) morning, Isaac Center, Esq., of Brunswick, was very seriously if not fatally injured by the explosion of a fluid lamp, which he was lighting by another lamp. By the inhalation of flame he seems to have been injured inwardly to such an extent that his recovery is considered very doubtful. The prompt assistance of a gentleman who was near at hand, not only was timely for the sufferer, but doubtless saved the house from destruction.—[Bath Times.]

A rencontre occurred in Lawrence, a day or two since, between Dr. Charles Robinson, (the old Free State Governor under the Topeka Constitution) and M. J. Conway, also a Free State man, in which the ex-Governor was caned by the Judge.

For the Reporter.

My sweet friend: Your last letter has just been placed in my hands, and I cannot resist my importuning heart, in its demands for an immediate reply.

Every fibre of my soul yearns for you, my darling girl. Words are inadequate to express my sympathy. Will you accept what your own finely attuned soul will tell you I feel for you, instead of the few impotent words I offer?

I, you know, can speak from sad, sad! experience, too. True, I do not suffer from the same causes that are worrying the life blood from your gentle heart. My husband was of high origin, and no low people come near me. But there are many things to disturb my equanimity. Clarence, although so highly educated, is at times very boorish. He has no mercy upon my sensitive nerves. (Nerves are a dreadful curse to people.) He sits at the table and sips, or rather drinks his coffee from his saucer, and sets his cup upon the table cloth, without regard to the presence of any one. You know what a breach of propriety it is to drink from one's saucer instead of their cup!

He is never guilty of anything quite so low as that of putting his knife into his mouth. But he picks his teeth at the table to the infinite disgust of his own servants.—He will help himself, by reaching clear across the table, to anything he happens to want, although a servant stands right at his elbow. No matter what his sleeve may fall into or upset! It matters not to him. O! the soul-harrowing, infinite annoyances that occur in married life!

I think I shall call on you, my poor, unhappy friend, this afternoon. The walking is rather bad I know, but I have a splendid new set of furs, a magnificent cloak and a new pink hat, (you know I look divinely in pink) which I am anxious to display. I have a most beautiful, new handkerchief, exquisitely embroidered, which I expect to bedew with my tears of sympathy, for your sorrows, and my own. Till then adieu.

Your equally unhappy friend,

ANGELINA.

A LITTLE CHILD LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS.—The Gettysburg, (Pa.) Compiler gives an account of the loss of a little boy, four years of age, a son of Mrs. Oyer, of Cumberland county. He strayed from home, and the whole neighborhood started out on the search, scouring the surrounding mountains through the day, and displaying lighted torches after night. After two days and nights the dead body of the little fellow was discovered nearly nine miles from his home. The Compiler adds:

The little dog which had been the child's playmate, and which had accompanied him in his long and fatal journey, was found nestled in the child's bosom, with his head reclining on his cold and lifeless form. The faithful dog had tramped quite a path around the lifeless body of the sleeping innocent, thus betraying the affection that it had for the youth, and in the fond caresses had licked back the hair upon the child's forehead. The corpse was conveyed home to its weeping mother, who, under the peculiarly afflicting circumstances, was almost frantic with grief.

INCREASE OF LONGEVITY. It is a prevailing impression among many that long life is more common in the time of our ancestors than at present. Facts would seem to prove otherwise. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, one-half of all who were born died under five years of age, and the average proportion of the whole population was but eighteen years. In the seventeenth century, one-half of the population died under twelve years. But in the first sixty years of the 18th century, one-half of the population lived over twenty-seven years; in the latter forty years one-half exceeded thirty-two years of age. At the beginning of the present century one-half exceeded forty years. The average longevity of these successive periods has been increased from 18 years in the 16th century, up to 43.7 by the latest reports. This increase in the duration of life is believed to be the result of improved medical science, improvement in the construction of houses, drainage of streets, and superior clothing.

THE WAR FEVER in Europe is now sweeping all before it, and no one can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth. The influence of Prince Napoleon and the Army may prevent a pacific policy on the part of the French emperor, should he incline to it. The minds of the people of France and Italy are dwelling upon war, and ample preparations are being made for war, and it shortly may not be in Louis Napoleon's power to prevent war. The attitude of Austria is really heroic. All the people, from him that sits on the throne to the humblest menial, are united in defence of their rights, and the safety and honor of their empire. They make little noise, but steadily they are preparing for the worst, and it may be that France will find her way to victory so easy. All of Germany will unite with Austria; for every where the feeling is one—resistance to the dictatorship of France in the affairs of Europe.—[Newburyport Herald.]

The Cumberland County delegation, on Friday last week, reported a bill establishing the salaries of the Clerk of the Courts and the County Commissioners. By this bill the Clerk of the Courts is allowed a salary of \$1500 per annum, and \$1000 for clerk hire, in lieu of all fees. The County Commissioners are allowed a salary of \$500 per annum, each, in full of all expenses.

MOVEMENTS OF GRAIN. Oswego, March 11. The Commercial Times annual statement of trade and commerce, published this afternoon, shows, (reducing flour to wheat) that the total movement of grain over Lake Ontario in 1858 was 21,800,000 bushels, against 18,000,000 bushels in 1857. The total shipments from the Lake regions by various routes eastward in 1858, were 59,400,000 bushels against 45,400,000 bushels in 1857.

KEEP YOUR WINGS DRY. If you will go to the banks of a stream, and watch the flies that come to bathe in it, you will observe that, while they plunge their bodies in the water, they keep their wings high out of the water; and, after swimming about a little while, they fly away with their wings unsoiled through the sunny air. Now, that is a lesson for us. Here we are immersed in the cares and business of the world; but let us keep the wings of our soul—our faith and our love—out of the world, that, with these unsoiled, we may be ready to take our flight to heaven.

A THOUSAND-DOLLAR HUSBAND. A curious case came before the Supreme Court last week, which sheds incidental light upon the matrimonial brokerage in this city. A suit is brought by Robert G. Nellis against George Crouse and his wife for \$1000 commission in getting a husband for the woman, which husband is the defendant George. Four years ago, Mrs. Crouse was a gay widow in search of a partner. She was in excellent health, of good bodily vigor, ample fortune, and of an amorous and affectionate disposition. She wanted a husband and told Nellis that if he would introduce the proper person for such a situation she would pay him a thousand dollars. Nellis accepted the commission, and brought up John Cummings of Canajoharie, in this State. Cummings was on probation for a while, but did not suit.—Nellis started for the country again, and succeeded in capturing a military man known as Major Freeman, all the way from Saratoga County. Freeman had a long siege of courtship, but the twin failed to unite, and Freeman is a free-man still. The third effort is traditionally the grand trial; if that fails abandon hope. Nellis made a third essay, and this time induced the defendant Crouse, a kinsman of his own by the way, to undertake the difficult task of suiting a widow.—Fortune and the widow smiled upon Crouse, and a year ago the bargain was completed by marriage. Nellis asserts that, by his introduction of Crouse the widow got the much desired husband, and that she or they rightfully owe him \$1000 commission as promised, but never paid. The complaint is certainly a strange one; but the defense is still more singular. The promise does not appear to be denied; the service is apparent for there is the husband brought in as proof; but the ex-widow's council argues that the claim is against public policy, and that no such system of brokerage is recognized in common law, as it is against good morals. The case excited considerable excitement last week and strenuous efforts were made to keep it out of the newspapers; so we suppose we ought not to say anything about it. Judge Davis, before whom the case was brought, has taken the papers and will give a decision hereafter.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUTH. A little boy in destitute circumstances was put out as an apprentice to a mechanic. For some time he was the youngest apprentice, and of course had to go upon errands for the apprentices, and not unfrequently to procure for them ardent spirits, of which all, except himself, partook, because, as they said, it did them good. He however used none; and in consequence of it was often the object of severe ridicule from the older apprentices, because, as they said, he had not sufficient manhood to drink rum. And as they were reveling over their poison, he, under their insults and cruelty, often retired and vented his grief in tears.—But now every one of the older apprentices, we are informed, are drunkards, or in the drunkard's grave; and this youngest apprentice, at whom they used to scoff, is sober and respectable, and worth a hundred thousand dollars. In his employment are about one hundred who do not use ardent spirits; and he is exerting upon many thousands an influence in the highest degree salutary, which may be transmitted by them to future generations, and be the means through grace of preparing multitudes not only for usefulness and respectability on earth, but for an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

WHISTLING.—We believe in whistling—we love to hear it, and to do it. The boy or man at the plow who whistles, indicates that he is contented, and he will plow more than your silent glum one, who had no music in his soul near, in his life. The Albany Times is right when it says that a man who does not believe in whistling, should go a step further and put a muzzle on bob-links and mowing birds. Whistling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, and supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly than any other man, but works more constantly. A whistling cobbler will earn as much again money as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Mean or avaricious men never whistle. Who ever heard of a whistler among the sharp practitioners of Wall street? We pause for an answer. The man who attacks whistling, throws a stone at the head of his misery, and would if he could rob June of its roses—August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to.

Stephen Hopkins, the Quaker patriot of Rhode Island, had been afflicted with a paralytic stroke, in consequence of which his hand trembled badly. John Adams usually acted as his amanuensis, and at the signing of the Declaration of independence, asked him if he should sign his name for him. He replied "No! I will sign it myself."—If we are hungry for signing it, you shall not be hung for signing it for me." Mr. Adams then, in imitation of Hopkins, took his pen, clasped his wrist with his left hand, went through the tremendous motion of signing his own name and in the language of Hopkins, emphatically said, "I may hand trembles, John Ball will find my heart won't!" which Mr. Adams said, electrified all Congress, and made the most timid firm in their purpose.

CORRECT SPEAKING. We advise all our young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of good language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be past in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably, doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste for the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use—avoiding, at the same time, that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

A SOFT PILLOW. Whitfield and a pious companion were much annoyed one night, at a public house, by a set of gamblers, in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitfield's abhorrence and pious sympathy that he could not rest. "I will go to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he lay down to sleep. His companion asked him, rather abruptly, "What did you gain by it?" "A soft pillow," said Whitfield, "is the reward of fidelity—the companion of a clear conscience. It is a sufficient remuneration for doing right, in the absence of all other reward."

DEATH AT SEA.

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold;
And my presence seemeth dearer,
When thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon 'twill miss me in your berth,
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say,
Ere the veil my vision darken,
And I go from hence away;
I am going, surely, going,
But my hope in God is strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing
That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I might one day meet him,
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother, God assist her,
Now that she is growing old,
That her son would glad have kissed her,
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, watch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'd speak of now,
Tell—oh! tell her how I missed her,
When the fever burned my brow!
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when last I held them
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And he never will forsake her,
For he's said so in his Word.

Oh! my children! Heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me,
Would I could once more caress them
Ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were I'll not tell,
But they've gained an orphan's portion,
Yet he doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
By the thoughts her memory stirred;
Tell them I never reached the haven,
Where I sought the precious dust,
But have gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urges them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there,
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for each a share;
Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking,
'Tis, I know his voice so well,
When I'm gone, oh! don't be weeping,
Brother, here's my last farewell.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH. It is related of this singular but gifted man, that being, as was supposed, upon his death bed, several persons who had been his enemies, called upon him to offer acts of kindness. Among others, was the late John C. Calhoun, who desired a reconciliation with Randolph before his death, especially for his political benefits. Randolph received him kindly, and accepted his proffers of sympathy, and freely forgave him for his previous opposition, and accepted an amicable settlement of all difficulties.

Calhoun was delighted with this manifestation of kindness, but what was his surprise when on taking leave of the exhausted, and as it was supposed, dying Randolph, the latter called him back to his bedside with this exclamation: "Now, Calhoun, remember, if I get well, all this goes for nothing." He did get well, and took an active part in politics, but never spoke to Calhoun again during the balance of his days. It did all go for nothing.

THREE TRINITIES. One of the subscribers to the Reporter has three boys, and lately he catechized them about the trinity. He had just told them that holiday day meant holy day, and as he was now in the religious mood, they thought he was pursuing the subject.

"Bob, do you believe in the trinity?"
"Yeth, thir."
"What does trinity mean?"
"Christmas, New Year's, and Thanksgiving."

"Tom, what is the trinity?"
"4th of July, Fast Day and 1st of April."

"Pete, what is the trinity?"
"I know 't—Washington's Birthday, 8th of January, and Battle of Bunker Hill."

These new views of the trinity, by his trinity, the father stood treat to mince pie all round.—[City (Boston) Reporter.]

SUCCESS. Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, and cheerful endeavor; always willing, fulfilling, and accomplishing his task; that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success is nothing more than what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares for so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting, to hear the echoes of our own voices.—[Long-fellow.]

An arch boy being at a table where there was a piping hot apple-pie, putting a bite into his mouth, it burnt it so that the tears ran down his cheeks. A gentleman that sat by asked him why he wept?
"Only," said he, "because it is just come into my remembrance that my poor grandmother died this day twelve-month."

"Phoo," said the other, "is that all?"
So, whipping a large piece into his mouth, he quickly sympathized with the boy; who, seeing his eyes brim full, asked him, with a malicious sneer, why he wept?

"A pox on you," said he, "because you were not hanged, you young dog, the same day your grandmother died."

A CLOSE THING. The Manchester (N. H.) Mirror says that at the election on Tuesday in the town of Auburn in that State, eight ballots were had for Town Clerk. The vote was a tie on Governor. There was a tie vote on Representatives the first time. John Clark and his son George, both living under the same roof, both excellent men, the father Republican and the son Democrat, were candidates. There is no doubt that they complimented each other with their votes, but the second time the father led one. As far as they are concerned it was all in the family; and they were bound to be pleased with the result.

On Tuesday last the town of Hooksett, N. H., voted to discontinue its liquor agency on April 1st, and to divide the liquor on hand equally among the legal voters. Such of the latter as do not call for their share on the 24th are to forfeit it.

GENERAL IMPORTANCE OF AGRICULTURE.

Every reflecting man recognizes the value and admits the value of agriculture every such man is not himself a farmer, can he conveniently become one—the many being cast in other departments of labor. Probably there are more who cultivate farms if they were fortunate enough to possess them, than there are who, posing them, would forsake them for a vocation less stable. Age, with its wisdom, like farm better than youth with its to free vain show and empty aspirations.

If it be true, as Montesquieu observes, "countries are not cultivated according to their fertility, but to their liberty," the publican America must soon rank second no other nation in her perfection of culture. Our agricultural population, not lead or control the country, yet they the trust sword in its defence; and in heat of any contest, will infuse new vigor from the recollection of their pleasant enduring fields at home.

I desire to present some thoughts upon subject, in the form of distinct propositions.

1. As to the roots and trunks of a tree to its branches, so is agriculture to see it upholds it, and draws from the earth dispenses its nourishment to the different branches of the social fabric, while at same time it derives new vigor from reciprocity. Hence,

2. Agriculture is the foundation of an established nation, and the most stable element of its wealth, and greatness. Therefore,

3. Agriculture should receive the foster care of the State, and the respect and encouragement of every patriot.

4. Every farmer, to prosecute his business successfully, should feel and cherish ambition in it, and a conviction that he is the man for it; and however unletting may be, under such incentives he will a great progress, not only in the profitable cultivation of his farm, but also in mental improvement. If he has not the stimulus emulation, he should choose a business which may be thus prompted, as agriculture will spare the "stolish in business."

5. Although farmers as a body may expect to become erudite scholars, each every one would be greatly benefited by a small library of standard agricultural miscellaneous books. They are faithful panoplies, that always instruct and elevate.

6. If it be the "mind that makes the man" it is not alone in its intellectual phase, also in its moral. Every farmer who can attain to a degree of intellectual culture and the moral standard second to none, can and ought to make himself the "high style of man."

7. Although, in their well-being, vocations are dependent, to greater or less degree, farmer should never mistrust the value his profession, but should defend its dignity and worth by a commensurate independence before all men.

MRS. PARTINGTON PATRIOTIC.—"Hurra," said Ike, as he read the fact in the paper, "here's O'Regan admitted to the Union." "A furriner, I should judge," remarked Mrs. Partington, looking very wisely at the star that rose from the teens and formed his cloud near the ceiling. "but I'm glad they let him come in to enjoy our political rights and lefts and other prerogatives. Their room enough, and the rear of our institution should be extended. I don't believe a man should be cut off because he wasn't born in this country for twenty-one years, which course wasn't any fault of his, for every one would be born here if they could have their own auction consulted. 'It means,' said a 'new State.' 'Well, child,' replied 'the odds is only the difference—States 'men,' 'tis all the same. Let 'em come in our grand constellation, where the exp shall spread its proud opinions over 'em, make 'em happy in an unlimited brotherhood, like the Siamese twins.'"

"I beg leave," said Mrs. Partington, "to take you from the cups, and joined in one else that seemed to represent the Union she was depicting. Ike had a better illustration, he took the five preserved peaches on his plate, and put them into one.—[Boston Evening Gazette.]

THE KENTUCKY TRAGEDY. A Coat of Mail appeared that Lowe one of the victims of the tragedy at Havesville, Ky., wore a steel shirt or coat of mail, which fitted right to his whole body. The Louisville Journal says:

Our informant who was a spectator of the scene, says that at least between seventy-five and a hundred guns and pistols were fired at Lowe, and their were 32 bullet and ball, shot holes through all portions of his coat, and that not a solitary ball or shot entered his body or even drew blood. Heavily loaded, edged guns were fired at him at a distance of 500 not more than six feet, and he was repeatedly knocked down and whirled around by the Hams, missiles, yet no wounds except contusions were inflicted. The ball which struck his thigh made a very severe bruise but did not enter the skin. Our informant saw a cheese, strong man strike him four times with eggs, bowie-knife, but the point of the weapon turned without penetrating.

Lowe it will be remembered was subsequently murdered in jail by two men who gained forcible admission. It is alleged that he had declared his determination to take their lives when he got out. What is singular, the grand jury have declared that the two men were justified in what they did on the ground of self-preservation.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. The evening train on Friday, from Boston, on the Boston & Maine road, ran over an insane woman at Melrose, severing her head and one arm and leg from her body. She was 40 years old, belonged in Maine, and was on her way to the Massachusetts Asylum, when she wandered from the house of a relative and met with this sad fate.

AMUSING. A plain spoken woman lately visited a married woman, and said to her—"How do you contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse!" said the other, starting, "do you know I have my house work to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see you have it to do, but as it is never done, I concluded you must have some other way of passing your time."

"What do you mean, you rascal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth that had seized him by the nose in the street. "Oh, nothing, only I am going to seek my fortune, and father told me to be sure to seize hold of the first thing that turned up!"

FROM KANSAS. A letter from Kansas says business in all parts of the Territory is reviving. The Pike's Peak emigration, already commencing, and likely to be the largest ever witnessed on the continent, is making a fine market for stock, corn, groceries, wagons, &c., &c.

Winter is fast bleeding to death.

Tom
blarin
spirits
whooes
"make i
"counte
ful att
scientific
the ind
not con
one; and
tions, a
The co
this we
less the
annual
And to
million
powers,
advance
of man
tenshi
drug
cetic
cock of

Strun
course, it
They a
They ar
of the bl
us every
are fair
these die
they ar
cleaves
the bloo
effectual
from the
your Sero
able Aye
nation of
SAPARILLA

HAD AC
A boy at
Kean of
spring i
train, wh
of last w
snow, h
and the
bone bot
most sh
dressed, r
leg could
tation wi
probably
[Hallowe

"Hold
has the f
an incide
Quite a
ranean Chu
a few ev
much gr
Of the inc
a brother
quently, v
stentorian
"Who dr
The res
dictum of
pray; he's
you am"
er Ryan

Judge J
ing with b
to be tried
There.
The ma
him, aske
"At whi

"I
said an o
—I beg le
—that I w
that you
Vulgar be
in your st

New Y
owner of
rested to
libel and
by order

BRID

CORRE

Round Ho
Lowe, and
shot holes
his coat, C
and that
body or eve
drawn bloo
Heavily lo
ed, edged
at a distan
of Beef, 5
not more
and he was
repeatedly
Pork, kno
knocked do
whirled ar
by the Hams
missiles, ye
no wounds
except cont
usions were
inflicted. The ball which struck his thigh made a very severe bruise but did not enter the skin. Our informant saw a cheese, strong man strike him four times with eggs, bowie-knife, but the point of the weapon turned without penetrating.

Lowe it will be remembered was subsequently murdered in jail by two men who gained forcible admission. It is alleged that he had declared his determination to take their lives when he got out. What is singular, the grand jury have declared that the two men were justified in what they did on the ground of self-preservation.

In Bost
rmerly c

remain

town Th
rockleba
lake Mis
rmetts C
righam A
rnyard J
ruden M
rden W
rpin M
rsk Mi
rard M
rte J
rvis Fra
rton B
rvis Lev
r G R
rvis Ch
r Bartle
rth E

I ERD
I Seed
Bridgton

BOSTON.
THICK BOOTS. F. D. HANSON has
hand Thick Boots of his own manu-
facture, which he will sell low for cash or
change for Produce.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

For the Reporter
CUPID AND THE LOVERS.
Within his fleecy cloudland bower,
Cupid retired at the twilight hour,
And mused awhile, as he looked around,
To see if employment could be found.

His bow and arrow were close at hand,
'But,' said he, 'methinks I'll weave a band'
With silver rays of starry light,
He bound in gems by the moonbeams bright.
But oft, full oft would he look, and wait,
He saw two forms at a garden gate;
A blue-eyed maiden rosy and fair,
And black-eyed lover were standing there.

He wove a beautiful snatch of song,
The plaintive sigh that bore it along,
Then he braided forget-me-not blue,
And leaves of the fragrant rosemary too.

He wove in next a beautiful blush,
That was rosy as the sunsets flush;
Then a bright glance from the lovers eye,
As he watched her color come and fly.

Then he stooped to catch the silent kiss,
A token of life's enduring bliss,
With joy he bound the holy thrill
That can only once our whole soul fill.

He bound in a lock of his golden hair,
The ring that circled her finger fair,
When a gentle tone and loving word
As ever from maiden's lips were heard.

Ah! said the boy, I have fixed the fate
Of you who stand at the garden gate;
And o'er them threw the beautiful chain,
A happy one were the youthful twain.

VINE.

A wager was laid on the Yankee peculiarity of answering one question by asking another. To decide the bet, a down easter was interrogated.

"I want you," said the better, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question."

"I kin du it, mister," said the Yankee.

"Then why is it New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?"

"Du they?" was Jonathan's reply.

Robert Hall did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in his madhouse, and said, in a whining tone,—"What brought you here, Mr. Hall?"

Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, "What'll never bring you, sir—too much brain."

FLATTERY. Men who praise you to your face are ever to be suspected. The Italians have a very expressive proverb on this subject:—"He who caresses you more than he is wont to do has either deceived you, or is about to do it." I have never known the sentiment in this proverb to fail.

In a church a person entered a pew, and, believing he had got a good seat, unfortunately sat down upon the dress of a lady who happened to be rather highly crimined. In an instant he rose to his feet and begged the lady's pardon in these words:—"Yers pardon, men; but I'm ferd I've broken your umbrella." "Nothing wrong" said the young lady, blushing.

It is a literal fact that at a dinner given on the 32d of February at Pittsburg, Pa., Dr. Duke gave as a sentiment:—"When Gabriel blows his horn, may George Washington be the first to arise."

A wit having been asked by another person whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend of theirs money, said, "what! lend him money! You might give him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it."

G. H. BROWN, Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in

FURNITURE of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES, PICTURE FRAMES, FEATHERS, CHAMBER SETTS.

Extension, Center and Card Tables. BEDSTEADS, of the latest and most improved style, with Spring Bottoms.

ALSO, READY-MADE COFFINS. PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER. LOOKING GLASSES REPAIRED.

at NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.

ADAMS & WALKER, Manufacturers, Wholesale & Retail dealers in

FURNITURE, of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, FEATHER BEDS, MATTRESSES, CARPETINGS and PAPER HANGINGS.

ALSO, DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES, West India Goods, &c.

PAINTS AND OIL.

J. R. ADAMS, C. B. WALKER, 1 BRIDGTON CENTER.

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, 1853

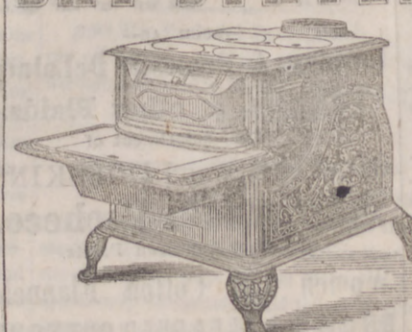
Pondicherry House. THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he is ready to entertain, at the above House, travellers in a good and substantial manner, and for a reasonable compensation. The Pondicherry House is kept on strictly temperance principles, and travellers will find it a quiet resting place. It 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. 12, 1853. 2 tf

BRIDGTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Best Cook Stove IN USE IS THE

BAY STATE.



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

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

AIR TIGHT, PARLOR OVEN AND BOX STOVES; FIRE FRAMES, CAULDRON KETTLES, Pumps, Sheet Lead, Zinc, Tin Ware, and other things too numerous to mention.

All kinds of **JOB WORK** done at short notice. N. B. Country Produce taken in exchange. Bridgton Center.

DENTISTRY. DR. HASKELL'S visits at Bridgton, will continue once in three months through the year, commencing with the second MONDAY in December, March, June and September.

Thanking the citizens of Bridgton and vicinity for their liberal patronage heretofore, he respectfully solicits an increase of the same, and assures all who may need the services of his profession, that it will be for their interest, in every respect to call upon him before going elsewhere.

Dr. H. will, when requested, visit patients at their residence without extra charge, but all who wish such visits, or intend to employ him, are particularly requested to make it known at an early hour.

REUBEN BALL KEEPS constantly on hand for sale a good assortment of

Family Groceries, such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Apples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese.

ALSO—of different kinds—in a word, most every thing for family consumption.

Farmers' Produce taken in exchange for Goods. Purchasers will find it for their interest to call. Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1853. 1

F. D. HANSON, Dealer in all sorts of

GROCERIES. TEA, COFFEE, MOLASSES, SUGAR.

MEATS Bought and sold at all times on favorable terms. F. D. HANSON also keeps on hand for sale a superior article of

FLOUR, made from selected wheat, ground and put up at the Sacchara Mills. Cash paid for Hides, Calf and Wool Skins, Bridgton Center. 9

FARMERS---Attention! THE subscribers have at their Mill for sale 100 TONS of the best quality of

WINDSOR PLASTER, in lots to suit purchasers. They have also for sale, at their Tan Yard, SOLE AND UPPER LEATHER, and—CALF SKINS—also

LIME AND POTASH. WANTED---HIDES, CALF SKINS, AND BARK, for which CASH will be paid. CROSS, SENTER & JORDAN. Bridgton Center, Jan. 1, 1853. 3ms

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

Metalic Tip Boots and Shoes, for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples Waterford, 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, 1853. tf

E. E. WILDER, HARNISS MAKER AND CARRIAGE TANNER.

Harnesses, Carriage Trimmings, Halters, Surcingle, Bridles, Horse Blankets, Whips, &c., constantly on hand and for sale. Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1853. 1yl

SAWYER & WISWELL, BRIDGTON, MAINE. Manufacturers and dealers in

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL GRAVE STONES, Monuments, Tomb Tables, Table Tops, Chimney Pieces, Counters, Sash 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

S. M. HARMON, Attorney & Counsellor at Law. BRIDGTON, MAINE. 1

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

M. L. HALL, Dealer in

Foreign, & Domestic Dry Goods, SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS,

BLACK SILKS, warranted to wear well. FANCY SILKS, of all desirable styles.

STRAW BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, LADIES CAPS, & HEAD DRESSES. EMBROIDERY, GLOVES, HOSIERY &c. All at the lowest prices. 100 Middle St., Portland, Me. Opposite Casco Bank. 2 tf

FILES & EMERY, Wholesale and Retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, AND FURS, 170 MIDDLE ST., PORTLAND, ME. FURS! FURS! FURS!

The best assortment of Foreign and Domestic Furs ever offered in this market. This is entirely a new house, and thus avoiding the risk of getting old Furs. All of our Fur Goods are fresh made and selected from the best houses in New York. M. B. C. Files, F. C. Emery. 2 ly

AUGUSTUS BLANCHARD, Wholesale Grocer, AND—COMMISSION MERCHANT, NO. 79 COMMERCIAL STREET, Corner Custom House Wharf, PORTLAND, ME. 1 6m

Paper Box Manufactory, 144 MIDDLE ST., PORTLAND, ME. Boxes, of all kinds manufactured at short notice. All orders addressed to

CHARLES H. JEWELL, will be promptly attended to. 2 ly CHAS. H. JEWELL.

J. W. BLANCHARD, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

French & American Soft Hats, LATEST Styles SILK DRESS HATS, BLACK DRAB AND PEARL CASE-MERE HATS.

FUR, PLUSH, CLOTH & GLAZED CAPS, Youth's and Children's Fancy Hats and Caps. FOX BLOCK, 75 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND, ME. 3 ly

J. G. TOLFOED & CO. NO. 6 FREE STREET BLOCK, PORTLAND, ME. DEALERS IN

Silks! Shawls! Velvets! Flannels WOOLENS, EMBROIDERIES, LINENS, HOUSEKEEPING, GOODS, &c.

Particular attention paid to the

LINEN DEPARTMENT, Which contains at all times a full stock of every description of LINEN GOODS, of the best and most desirable Fabrics, viz:

Linen Sheetings Pillow Linens, Fronting Linens, DAMASKS, NAPKINS, TOWELS, &c. Also, a full Stock of Cotton Goods at very Low Prices.

As our senior partner has had over twenty years' experience in the DRY GOODS BUSINESS, and our facilities for obtaining the BEST GOODS at the lowest prices have been constantly increasing, we are enabled to offer to our customers and the public, the latest NOVELTIES of the season, on their earliest arrival, and at prices to correspond with the times.

"YOUNG AMERICA"

Fashionable Clothing HAT, CAP & FURNISHING DEPOT

NO. 76 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND, ME. T. C. WEBBER, Proprietor. 3 6m

CHAS. R. MILIKEN,—WHOLESALE—

WEST INDIA GOODS—AND—PROVISION DEALER,

19 Commercial Street, head of Long Wharf, PORTLAND, ME. 3 ly

Elm House, PORTLAND, ME. S. M. MARBLE & CO., Proprietors.

The undersigned would say to their Bridgton friends, that having leased the ELM HOUSE, for a term of years, and having reduced the price of Board to

\$1.25 cents per day, they hope to receive a generous share of their patronage. No pains will be spared to render their guests comfortable, and make them feel at home. S. M. MARBLE & CO. Portland, Feb. 1853. 3m14

PATENT MEDICINES. L'ANGLE'S Bitters, Atwood's Bitters, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Wistar's Balsam, Atwood's Liniment, Davis' Pain Killer, Ayer's Pills, Wright's Pills, and all kinds of Patent Medicines for sale by

WILSON & BURGESS, 63 Commercial st, Portland, Me. 4w17

COAL OIL, A superior article warranted equal to Kerosene Oil for sale by the Gallon or Barrel by WILSON & BURGESS, 63 Commercial st, Portland Me. 4w17

SUPERIOR CHINA WHITE POLISH, warranted equal to any article now in use for Parlor Finish, for sale at a low price by WILSON & BURGESS, 63 Commercial st, Portland, Me. 4w17

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!!! PHOTOGRAPHY!! 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 Altko 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. 2tf M. F. KING.

JOHN W. PERKINS, & Co., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DYES, CAMPHENE AND FLUID, No. 165 Commercial Street, PORTLAND, ME. 1yl

JOSIAH HEALD, 117 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND, ME. 1ly

G. H. SASSKRAUT, CAP MANUFACTURER, AND—

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, Ms., Capital and Surplus, \$250,000.

CONWAY FIRE INS. CO., of Conway, Ms. 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 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, 1853. 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., 5 DOORS ABOVE ELM HOUSE, PORTLAND. B. PEARSON.

MANNING & BROWN, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Flour Produce, Fruits, &c., Agents for the Shaker Mill's Flour, 222 and 224 Fore, Corner Union St., CHARLES F. MANNING, CHARLES D. BROWN. PORTLAND.

REFERENCES—J. R. Brown & Son and Sanborn & Carter, Portland; Brickett, Denison & Co., Boston; W. J. Emmett, New York. 1 6m

WM. P. HASTINGS, Manufacturer of

SERAPHINES, MELOPHONES, AND MELODEONS, At No. 89, Federal St., Portland, Me.

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

These instruments are all manufactured from the best of materials, and fully warranted. Satisfaction will be given in all cases. RED ORGANS MADE TO ORDER, WITH 4, 6 AND 8 STOPS. 2 ly

First Premium at the State Fair of '53 and '58.

WANTED! BY FILES & EMERY, Montion Block, 170, Middle Street Portland, 5000 Skunk and 5000 Musk Rat Skins.

CARPETING! English and American Carpetings—LATEST STYLES—In Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry, Ingrain, Superfine and Stair! FLOOR OIL CLOTHS; all widths.

STRAW MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, &c. Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures, Drapery Materials of Damasks and Muslins, Featherbeds and Mattresses, Bought at Reduced Rates and will be sold very Cheap for Cash. EDWARD H. BURGIN, FREE STREET CARPET WARE HOUSE, Chambe rs No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block, OVER H. J. LINBY & Co.'s, PORTLAND, ME. 1

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROBERT I. ROBISON, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

SPERM, WHALE, AND LARD OIL, LOW FOR CASH.

No. 17, Exchange Street, PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

WM. H. WOOD, STOCK, EXCHANGE & MONEY BROKER.

Dealer in Land Warrants. **NOTARY PUBLIC.** Stocks of every description Bought and Sold.

EXCHANGE STREET. PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

ARTISTS SUPPLY STORE. No. 69 Exchange Street, Portland, Me., R. J. D. LARRABEE

Wholesale and Retail dealer in

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ENGRAVINGS, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING GLASSES, &c. GILT AND ROSEWOOD FRAMES,

of all sizes, both oval and square, always on hand, and made to order. Directions and materials for the Green Painting, with 3 engravings furnished for \$5.00. All patterns of GILT AND ROSEWOOD MOLDINGS, Also, New and Standard Sheet MUSIC 1y2

J. L. HOWARD, & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Furnaces, Ranges, Office, Parlor COOKING STOVES, &c., &c.,—ALSO—DEALERS IN—

JOB WORK DONE TO ORDER. John L. Howard, Edw. B. Howard, Franklin A. Howard.

No. 35 Exchange Street, Portland. 1 tf

HARRIS BROTHERS, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

TEAS, W. I. GOODS, GROCERIES & PROVISIONS, NO. 202 FORE STREET, [Recently occupied by Bilher & Cole.]

ALBION F. HARRIS, B. F. HARRIS, PORTLAND, ME. 1 6m

CULLEN C. CHAPMAN,—DEALER IN—

FLOUR, CORN AND PROVISIONS, NO. 33 COMMERCIAL STREET, (HEAD OF FRANKLIN WHARF), PORTLAND, ME. 3 ly

MOSES G. DOW, & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND DEALERS IN

CORN, MEAL, OATS, SHORTS, &c., &c. Pure Ground Rock Salt.

And all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, Orders & Consignments Solicited. Nos. 5 & 7 Long Wharf, Bethel Build'g

MOSES G. DOW, A. C. TUTTLE. PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

WILLIAM A. PEARCE, Plumber, MAKER OF

FORCE PUMPS, AND WATER CLOSETS, No. 124, Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths, Wash Basins, Brass, and Silver Plated Closets.

Every description of WATER FIXTURES for Dwelling Houses, Hotels, and Public Buildings, Ships, etc., arranged and set up in the best manner, and all orders in town or country faithfully executed. All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to. 4 ly

NEW SILKS! A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF

SILKS, in all styles, such as BAYADERE, FIGURED, PLAID, STRIPED AND PLAIN, ROBES OF EVERY KIND.

Also, more of those—DESIRABLE BLACK SILKS. Warranted superior to any in the market.

BROAD BLACK VELVETS, Some very Rich. Cashmere, Long & Square Shawls, MANTILLA SHAWLS.

EMBROIDERIES, in every variety. A NEW STYLE OF KID GLOVES, VERY DESIRABLE—to which the attention of Ladies is particularly invited.

All Goods at the VERY LOWEST PRICES! A. D. GALL, 42 Middle Street, Portland.

J. AMERUSE HERRILL,—DEALER IN—

Watches, Jewelry, MILITARY GOODS 139 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND, ME. 1 6m

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

C. W. ROBINSON & CO., HAVE ONE OF THE BEST AND CHOICEST STOCKS OF

Dry Goods in the City, comprising every article usually found in

FIRST CLASS DRY GOODS STORE. WE devote especial attention to the purchase and sale of RICH FOREIGN FABRICS, such as DRESS SILKS, SHAWLS, VELVETS, FRENCH EMBROIDERIE, FRENCH and ENGLISH PRINTS, &c., &c.

Also, to our Stock of LINEN and HOUSE KEEPING GOODS, which is very large. We have always on hand LINEN SHEETING, PILLOW and FRONTING LINENS, TAB DAMASKS, DAMASK TOWELS, NAPKINS and DOYLIES, of the very best and most

able manufacture. Also, wide SHEETINGS, BLANKETS, QUILTS, BATTING, WARP YARN, &c., &c. We are constantly receiving new FOREIGN GOODS. Our arrangements are such as to enable us to have the choicest of the styles of DRESS GOODS as soon as they are received in Boston