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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness and dispatch.

From the New York Saturday Press.
REUBEN MORETON'S TEST.

BY JOHN W. WATSON.

"Am I to understand from this that you refuse me the same social entree that you enjoy yourself?"

"No! not refuse, Moreton."

"What do you mean then by saying that you think it better I should not make one of the club?"

"You have heard my reasons."

"I heard your reasons, Walling, but to me they seem as false as they are weak. You say that my entering upon a new life should prevent me making any new compacts of sociality among men exclusively. If the social companionship that I know exists in that club, worthy of my attention while single, it is to be equally so when married. I will not pursue the subject further, Walling, but only ask you bluntly, if you will propose me as a member of 'The Club Without a Name,' at the very next meeting?"

"I would prefer not to."

"Very well! there can be but one issue to this: if I am unworthy, and unfit to share your socialities, I am also unworthy to become the husband of your sister. As much as I love Marion, I shall not drag her into a union with one who is unworthy of her."

This refusal of yours must cast a shadow between us, that admits of but of one end—a total estrangement.

There was a heavy shadow passed over the face of John Walling as these words were spoken, and then in a moment the calm expression came back, and he spoke again to Moreton.

"Heaven knows, Moreton, if anything I could say would keep you from your wish, I would say it. I am too much your elder, and love you and my sister too well, to allow you to sacrifice her and yourself, to any rash, overstrung resolve you have just spoken. You shall be proposed a member of 'The Club Without a Name;' the rejection or acceptance of your membership is a question of time."

The two, Reuben Moreton and John Walling, had been friends for many years. Fast, firm friends, though a great disparity of ages was between them. Reuben Moreton was ten years the junior of John Walling. Could there have been wonder excited at strange friendships, this was one where there was much opening for such an element.

John Walling was the cold, passive, un-demonstrative man of business; brought up in a strict school at the North, he had, on reaching manhood, transferred his talent to New Orleans, where, notwithstanding the general wild and reckless manner of those of his own age, he had pursued such a course that, while it carried him safely over the opinions of the business world, it had at the same time allowed him to make and to hold the good will of all others.

Walling had risen rapidly. Twenty-five years ago, fortunes were made by the merchants of our Southern cities, in little time. Money was lightly held, and the Northerner who gave way to any effort, could scarcely fail to achieve it. He had been fortunate and grown rich, and with his wealth won great popularity. When he had left his home, he had left a mother and one sister to watch and await his success: before Walling had been two years in New Orleans, there came to him news of his mother's death. Not many days passed from this time before he clasped his sister his only relative, in his arms, and bore her away to his new-made home. He had been a good son; he was a good brother, and many a beautiful Creole looked upon the carriages and affection lavished by John Walling on his fair sister, and earnestly wished to share them as his wife. But John Walling had now reached the age of thirty-five, and showed no signs of responding to their wishes.

And John Walling's sister? There could be no wonder to any one who looked upon that fair-skinned, blue-eyed Northern girl, that he loved her. Who would not love the

child-like beauty? Who could not dream over the soft voice and gentle eyes of Marion Walling?

Reuben Moreton thought so. Wild and obstinate as he was, that same voice of Marion always called him from erratic ways, and those same gentle eyes told him that, whatever his faults, she loved him dearly, and believed that for her sake he would be all she wished. Indeed, it required no very searching eyes to see the great change that her love had wrought in Moreton. From the passionate, headstrong man, looking only on his wealth as a means of personal enjoyment, Reuben Moreton had become thro' his love of Marion Walling, and his friendship for her brother, quiet and yielding, while many a grateful blessing him for the good he was enabled to achieve from his superabundance. It was only in occasional burst that the old heart would show, and Reuben Moreton break into some passionate freak, bringing back his past. It was at such a moment that we introduced him. Many times he had asked Walling to offer his name as a member of a club to which he belonged. A club which to Reuben Moreton possessed great interest, from the very mystery that surrounded it. For many years he had known it existed, among the very cream of the young men of New Orleans, but had always been unable to find among his acquaintances a member, from the fact of each keeping the secret of his membership carefully guarded. It was not until by accident that he had discovered John Walling's connection, and he had been able to ask, what had always been a wish, that he could become one of their number. And now Walling had consented that he should be proposed, but consented unwillingly.

Moreton pondered over this unwillingness, but could form no theory in his own mind to account for it. The night, however was set—only one week distant—when he was to be received, and the mystery, perhaps, explained, or some light let in upon it. As day by day went by, he could see the shadow upon the face of Walling growing deeper and deeper, and what was still more strange, it was falling upon the face of Marion. Why was this? Did it arise from her solicitude for her brother? Had she marked the change upon him, and was herself disturbed on that account? Or did Moreton only imagine her sadness? No! Deeper and deeper, each evening that they met, grew the shade upon the face of Marion Walling, until Moreton, impatient at writhing under a displeasure of which he knew not a cause, spoke:

"Marion, within a week I have noticed a great change; you are no longer the Marion of old. Why is this? What have I done?"

"Ask your own heart, Reuben, if there is nothing that should disturb me?"

"Is it for me, Marion, or for your brother, that this shadow seems to have fallen upon you?"

"For both. Why should I be happy if he is not? and why should I be happy when I know that his care comes from his love for you?"

"Yes, Moreton, for you. It is not for me to know why; it is only enough for me to know that his unhappiness proceeded from you, and your determination to do that which he believes will result in misfortune."

To Moreton, this was more a mystery than ever. Could it be that all this was only to discourage him from an intention to join the club, lest it should lead to dissipation? It could not be a solution. He could not accept it as one. And yet he watched the sad face of her who sat beside him, and knew that something more was embarked in its lines than mere trifling woman's fear.

The few days went rapidly by up to the night of his initiation, and still Moreton remained in darkness, and still the shadow was upon the face of Walling and Marion. The night came. Moreton was to join Walling at his own house, from thence they would go to the club rooms. Walling was waiting anxiously. Marion had been crying. There was something in it all that struck a chill to the heart of Moreton, but yet he forebore to speak again; time would solve the mystery; he would leave it to time. They were leaving the house, and for a moment he lingered behind Walling for one word from Marion. She sat still and gloomy, as her brother left the room. Moreton advanced toward her and took her hand; there was not a word spoken on either side; but one great burst of tears from Marion made their parting, Moreton hastening away too much troubled and mystified to trust himself with words.

It was a beautiful room, in one of the finest houses on Chartres street, into which Moreton was ushered. There was nothing in the appearance of this club room that differed from any gentleman's parlor equally furnished and fitted. Moreton looked about it with anxiety, that he might see what mystery hung over its meetings or its members. At the different tables through the rooms sat groups, many of them Moreton's intimates, with their wine, or quietly

playing some game at cards. It was then as he saw the occupation of the members, that he thought of Walling and Marion's conduct. This was the cause of their fears; it was lest he should yield from sociality to the vice of gambling, and bring ruin upon himself. Moreton laughed within himself, as he thought of this solution, and their false fears. He was to spend the evening socially with the club, and at its close he would be balloted for. As he passed down the room, exchanging a pleasant word here and there with those whom he knew, and stretched out his hand and placed him in a seat beside him. Moreton gave way to the good fellowship of the moment, without knowing or caring to what ultimate end this club tended, what were its aims, or what it achieved. He listened to the hum of conversation about him, when suddenly very near him he heard the name of Marion Walling spoken. He turned suddenly, believing it might have come from her brother, but he was at the farther end of the room engaged in a low and apparently anxious conversation with a stranger. Moreton knew then that it came from some one of the group close behind him.

"I would not marry her," said one of these "if I were sure she would be the richest heiress in the State of Louisiana."

"Why?" asked a second.

"Why! well, you see, my boy, I have been to the spot where John Walling and that sister"—he spoke this word with a sneering emphasis—"came from."

"And then?" said the other.

"Why, the simple fact is—oh, we're all men of the world. I don't blame Walling; we'd all do the same. I dare say he wants to pension her off, by this time—to get rid of her, in fact."

There was a quick scuffle, a blow struck, a dozen interposing arms, and two men, with flashing eyes and passion-swollen veins, were standing face to face, held each by strong hands.

A few moments only, and the first crash was over; but each of those glaring, passionate men, was crying for the life of the other. There must be no delay. He who had been struck called for his vengeance on Moreton; he could not wait, he could not sleep—it must be immediate—there, upon the spot where the insult was given, it should be wiped away. Moreton was willing, even anxious; the blood of the defamer was the only atonement that could be offered, and he looked about the room for Walling to act as his second. Walling had gone—had left the room, they said, previous to the affray. There was no time to send in search of him; the friend who had called him to a seat—Ward, Dr. Ward—would arrange everything; and soon everything was arranged. The doors were locked that none could pass out of the room. One of the parties must die, so each declared. Therefore it was decreed that they should draw for the first fire; he who was the winner should have the naming of time, place and distance.

There was a deadly silence in the room while this was being done, and at its end the stranger was announced the winner. Without a moment's hesitation, he declared the time, immediately; the place, the room in which they stood; the distance, length of the table where the blow was struck. There was a groan of horror from those who listened; but there was no appeal, and Moreton bowed to what he knew was his death warrant, only requesting time to write a few words. These words were to Marion, reiterating his love, and declaring his belief in her truth.

There was a cold, terrible stillness, as the men were placed. Moreton, a few moments before so flushed with passion was now as calm as though passing through any ordinary avocation; there was no tremor in his hand, no wavering in his eye. They stood six feet apart, and the signal was to be the dropping of a handkerchief. It was given, and the stranger, taking deliberate aim, fired. A strange smile passed over the face of Moreton as the smoke cleared away, and they all saw him standing unharmed. A loud murmur of astonishment, and his hands were grasped on every side, with a hundred whispers of congratulation. There was no time to waste upon feeling. There stood the defeated man, who had so strangely missed at a distance that seemed impossible for him to fail. There he stood awaiting his fate. The pistol was thrust into Moreton's hand, but in a moment the weapon was lying on the table, and Moreton turned away.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have been taught that is honor, but I am no assassin. I cannot miss at six feet. I give that man his life."

For one moment there was a stillness, as though that group had suddenly become stone, and then the shout that rose was heard far up and down the silent streets, and Moreton was smothered in the embraces of all about him, while a portion of them seized his late antagonists with huzzas, and bore him toward Moreton, and in spite of the

struggles of the latter, their hands were forced together, amid the cries of all about him, each striving to speak as if in explanation. Walling, who had made his reappearance immediately on the breaking out of the noise, being quite as vociferous as the rest.

It will not take many words to explain. In those days of duelling, in the South, it was held imperative that before one was fitted for association with what was so termed the elite of society, his courage shall be tried by at least one "affray." I was under this regime the nameless club originated, and the terms of initiation were that each member, before being balloted for, should have some test that should, if bravely faced, stamp him as a man of courage, or should he fail in the trial, he would be rejected as a member, but the secret should be carefully kept. The members of this club were sworn to secrecy in all things appertaining to it. Moreton's test was carried out by his conversation leading him into the quarrel, the duel with unloaded pistols, and the sequel, which displayed his honor as well as his courage. Reuben Moreton had grown older in that single hour; he had been balloted for, and admitted, and that night as he walked home with Walling, and listened to how this trial had preyed upon his mind, the fear Moreton would not stand the ordeal, though he, Walling, did not know in what form the test would be applied; how Marion had divined some portion of his trouble, and had drawn from him the fact that it arose from his desire to prevent Moreton joining a club of which he was a member. What this club was, or what the cause was for Moreton's not joining, she did not know; it was enough that it portended danger to Moreton, and that it was against her brother's wish. And this was the terrible read of Moreton's sorrow. Moreton was admitted a member of the club, and his curiosity satisfied, but he came no more to its meetings. That night was the great turning point of his life, and whoever afterwards knew Reuben Moreton, spoke of him every way a changed man, and none who would look, at this day, upon the grave Senator, the quiet, domestic husband and father, and the true man, would believe that all these have sprung from the wild and reckless Moreton. And none would look upon the stout matronly woman, would believe that it was once the childlike belle, Marion Walling. In the end, they have both profited by so terrible a test.

TOM MACDONOUGH,

The Press Gang's Victim—A Sea Sketch.

BY M. B. FERRIN.

Some time during the month of June 1809, the American brig Sarah, of and from Norfolk, Va., entered the port of Liverpool with a full cargo. She was commanded by Capt. William Brown, and his first mate was Tom Macdonough, a true-hearted Yankee sailor, who hailed from somewhere in the little State of Delaware.

After the brig had been duly entered at the Custom House, she was soon cleared of her cargo, and within one week after her arrival, she was loaded for home.

On pleasant evening—the one preceding the day on which the brig was to sail Tom Macdonough took a stroll up town. He had been at work all day in arranging the cargo and having merely started out for a stroll, he had not thought it worth while to change his dress. He had been up as far as the Exchange, and was returning by the way of the docks, when he was accosted by a man who appeared to be a citizen.

"Good evening, stranger."

"The same to you," returned Tom, never once mistrusting that there was harm in the way.

"Do you belong to any of the vessels in the river?" asked the other, as he cast a scrutinizing glance over the somewhat rough habits of the American sailor.

"Yes—I belong to the American brig Sarah."

"No—no; that won't do."

"What won't do?" asked Tom, not a little amazed at the remark.

"O, I know you," returned the stranger. "You are a deserter from the frigate."

As he spoke, he placed a small whistle to his mouth, and a moment after its shrill note had cut the air six marines came rushing out of a tap room close at hand, and at a motion from the stranger, they seized hold upon Tom and made him a prisoner. In vain was it that Tom insisted that he was second in command of the Sarah; and in vain that he threatened vengeance. But against the power of six stout fellows he could make no effectual resistance, and so he was taken along to the naval landing, where five others were awaiting their embarkation. A boat was in waiting, in the command of a lieutenant, and into it was Tom, with the rest of the unfortunate seamen, unceremoniously hurled, and in less than half an hour he found himself on board an English frigate, which lay at the mouth of the river.

"A fine set of men," said the English captain as he ran his eyes admiringly over the stalwart forms of the impressed seamen. "They will just fill up the list of our main-topmen."

"Are you the commander of this frigate?" asked Tom, addressing the man who had just spoken.

"Captain Downie, at your service," replied the commander with mock gravity.

"Then, sir, if you demand my immediate release; I am second in command of an American brig, now ready for sea, and no power in England can legally detain me."

"That won't go down, youngster," replied the captain with a sneer: "you are a little too young for such an office. The King needs men, and you must take your chance with the rest."

"Do you mean to say that I am to be detained on board your ship?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir," replied Tom, while his eyes flashed fire, "you do it at your peril. Already have your people run up a heavy reckoning and the day shall yet come when your King will have to settle it. I am exempt by your own laws from impressment, and you know it."

The captain showed a little anger as our hero spoke, but turning to one of his lieutenants, he said—

"Mr. Monson, have these men's names entered, and then station them and mess them and without further remark he walked aft to the cabin. In a moment Tom's mind was made up, and without assistance or remark of any kind, he allowed his name to be entered on the purser's books, and his station and mess to be assigned him, after which a hammock and bedding were served out to him, and he was directed to "turn in" as soon as possible. The frigate was well guarded by sentries, there being two upon the poop, one at each gangway, one on the fore-castle, and one on the bowsprit, besides those which were stationed at various posts below so no further notice was taken of the new comers after they had received their bedding, excepting to give the sentinels additional caution with regard to watching well that no one left the ship unless he was passed by the officer of the deck.

Tom's hammock was already cleared, and having hung it up, he turned into it without undressing. The night was warm and sultry and as a means of giving a circulation of fresh air, the gun deck ports were lowered, and from the place in which our hero swung he could look out upon the water, as it sparkled beneath the beams of the bright moon. Tom lay quiet until midnight; but as yet he could think of no means of escape. Shortly after that hour had passed, he heard the relief guard called, and in some ten minutes the corporal of the first guard came down upon the gun deck and unlashed the hammock which hung next his own; which operation being performed, he proceeded to undress himself, hanging his clothes as he did so upon the clews of his hammock. The four hours duty had given the corporal an excellent appetite for sleep, and in less than five minutes after he touched his mattress, he began to snore.

"Now, or never," thought Tom, "is my chance and with this idea in his mind he slipped quietly out from his hammock, and proceeded to divest himself of his clothes, which having accomplished, he very unceremoniously substituted those of the snoring corporal in his place, and then sat down upon the breeching gun to meditate further upon his plans.

One bell struck, and the sentinels passed usual "all's well." Then Tom heard the corporal, as he started to go his rounds, and ere long he descended the main hatch ladder, to visit the post below. No sooner had the marine officer passed beyond the galley, then our young hero sprang up the ladder and gained the spardeck. The officer of the deck upon the starboard side; the sentries were walking their posts with regular tread, while the old quarter-master stood upon the poop with his nightgown under his arm. The sentries performed their walk upon the gang boards, raised even with the bottom of the hammock-nettings and running forward from the ladders. The starboard gangway was shaded from the light of the moon by the awnings—and walking deliberately up the ladder, Tom looked over the ship's side.

"Sentry," said he, in a mumbling-sort of a tone, "what boat is that at the boom?"

"The second cutter, returned the marine, showing by his manner that he had no suspicions of the spurious corporal.

Tom immediately walked aft to where stood the officer of the deck, and being quite assured by the mistake of the sentry, he pulled his cap down over his eyes, and touching his visor respectfully remarked—

"I should like to overhaul that second cutter, sir; for I think there is rum aboard of her."

"Ha, the villains!" uttered the lieutenant. "Up to those old tricks again. Go, corporal, get down into the boat, and if you find rum in her they'll catch it."

Tom started quick forward, but just as he got abreast of the fore hatchway, he saw the Simon Pure corporal's head rising above the combings. The marine ascended no higher; for with one blow of his fist Tom sent him back from whence he came, and then sprang quickly out through the port upon the swinging boom, and having reached the place where the second cutter's painter was made fast, he hauled up the boat and leaped into her. The flood tide was setting up the river strongly, and as quick as thought Tom cut the painter and rapidly dropped astern.

"Help! help!" shouted our hero, at the top of his voice. "The boat's got loose."

"Git out a couple of oars, you lubber," cried the officer of the deck, as he jumped upon the poop on hearing the cry, where he arrived just as the cutter was sweeping past the quarter. "You can hold her against the tide."

Tom did get out a couple of oars—but the moment he got them balanced in the oarlocks he commenced pulling for dear life, and to the utter consternation of the lieutenant, the boat began rapidly to shoot up the river. All the sentries on deck were immediately called upon the poop, and their muskets were fired at the deserter but though two of the balls whistled near the boat, yet none of them did any harm, and on the next moment Tom heard the third cutter called, but he knew the men were all sound asleep in their hammocks, and so he felt secure. It was ten minutes before the third cutter cast off from the ship, and long ere they reached Tom he had gained the shore, and was running at a remarkable speed towards the city, where he reached in safety, and before two o'clock he was on board his own brig.

The next morning the Sarah dropped with the ebb tide and as she passed the frigate, Tom saw the second cutter swinging in her usual place, and as he gazed upon the proud flag that floated at the Englishman's peak, he murmured to himself:

"If I live, I'll some day take the pride from those proud tyrants."

How literally was that saying fulfilled.—Tom Macdonough had been Decatur's favorite mislispinnax at the siege of Tripoli, and "wherever Decatur led, he dared to follow." Subsequent to that brilliant chapter in the page of our history, occurred the event which is embodied in our sketch; but five years afterwards on the 11th of September, 1814, Thomas Macdonough met one of England's proud fleets on Lake Champlain. At the first broadside, the English Commodore, Downie, fell, and at the end of the fight, which lasted two hours and twenty minutes, without intermission, Commodore Thomas Macdonough was the conqueror of Champlain. He gained a proud victory; he had indeed humbled the pride of the tyrant; and that day's achievement forms one of the brightest pages in the history of America.

Commodore Thomas Macdonough—the hero of Tripoli—the conqueror of Champlain; he was a noble, true hearted man, and the terror of all enemies of his country. Peace to his ashes, and everlasting honor to his memory.

SCHOOL GIRLS IN WINTER.

We wish to put in a special plea for the girls. Making their dresses short enough to swing clear the snow and mud and give them good water-proof boots to wear to school. Yes, we insist upon it—they should have boots. Women's shoes of the present fashion are no more fit to be put upon bad roads in the winter, than an Indian's birch bark canoe is fit to cross the Atlantic. Boots will not look quite so trim about the ankle or step so lightly upon the floor, but they will do what is of more consequence—preserve the health to show off their graces in after life, and to take a great many elastic steps that otherwise might be fewer, and those leading directly down to the grave.

Another thing we are glad to see coming in fashion: the ladies are learning to skate, and for this they must have boots. Now girls, get each of you a pair of skates to fit and the first ice that forms in your neighborhood, large enough, go out with your brothers, or somebody else's brothers, and learn to skate. Be prudent about it, and not overdo the exercise, and you will find it a capital medicine—next to horseback.

The only way to bring about a race of healthy women, is to attend to the physical development of the girls before they are dilated in the false system of fashionable accomplishment, that fits them for nothing but elegant imbeciles.—[Ohio Cultivator.

There are many who affect a want of affection, and flatter themselves that they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who think them capable of revenge.

The Reporter.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 23, 1859.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GARDINER, Nov. 17, 1859.

Dear readers:—It is always best to begin at the beginning, and not do as the Dutchman did in building his chimney—begin where he should have left off, at the top.

You see from my date that I am in Gardiner. I came here yesterday. I hopped on with Jerry—we all know John—and rode, at a very fair speed, over to South Paris. It being pleasant, and the air very clear, and the company loquacious, I enjoyed the ride extremely. We arrived at Paris in ample season to get some dinner before the cars left for Portland, although I didn't have quite time to masticate my steak as much as it should have been, for in fact it was a little tough—no uncommon attribute with that article. However, I managed to stow away enough to keep the inner man in countenance till I should reach the place of my destination.

In due time the cars came thundering down, stopped to take breath a little while, took in their new recruit of passengers, and whirled on again. After I got aboard and settled myself easily into a seat, I gave myself up to the contemplation of "heavenly and divine things." Not that I was unmindful of the external and visible. No! I looked at my fellow-travellers (I never talk about the cars) as scrutinizingly as I could—studied their characters as I found them written in their faces, and took occasional views of things outside of the cars as we rushed past them. But what I mean by "heavenly and divine things" is this: When I am in the right frame of mind—the "superior condition"—I discern a great deal of the heavenly, and divine even in the most common every-day things. Unless one can do this, he or she is very poorly off in this lower world. What makes this life so miserably poor to so many people? Because they do not see, nor feel, the divinity—the ideal or poetry that pervades and envelops it! That's the trouble. Poets, and prophets, see and feel this all-satisfying divinity everywhere. If they take the wings of morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, God is there; if they make their bed in hell, (supposed to be a very uncomfortable place!) behold God is there. To my mind, it is a very clear truth that God is, in various measures, incarnated in everything that is pleasant, healthy and beautiful. Having our spiritual eyes opened to discern this, we come gradually, but surely, to love Him supremely and our neighbor as ourselves. Even in the poor fallen sensualist and criminal, we may feel sure there is the latent fire of divinity, which may by proper and patient effort be fanned into a pure and heavenly flame.

From the above remarks, dear readers, you may get an inkling of what I mean by saying that I gave myself up, in the cars, to a contemplation of heavenly and divine things. I was at peace with all the world—had, for the time being, a "conscience void of offense"—and the prospect of a pleasant ride. The Atlantic and St. Lawrence R. Road cars are very pleasant and easy to ride in. The conductors are quiet, unobtrusive, and efficient public servants, and one feels that they are friendly and thoroughly trustworthy men. This road is admirably managed. A good deal of the land which it traverses, between Paris and Portland, seems to be good for little else than to hold said road up.

But here we are at Yarmouth, and I must transfer my corporeity to the Kennebec Cars, when they come along from Portland. Here they are! and I, all aboard, we trundle, swiftly toward Kennebec river. The atmosphere in these densely crowded cars is rather stygian. Travellers seem to have very little idea of the uses of oxygen. Here and there a man will shove up a car window to eject an exhausted quid, or his accumulated spittle, (I wonder at the consideration of the man!) and a little pure air thus rushes merrily in; but, as a general thing, the said air is allowed no admittance, even on business! No! we marvel, knowing how shy people are of the fresh air, which is so essential to health, that so many people have hollow and sickly looks, and that they don't live out half of their days? No, we need not. But what's the use of talking about the world's shortcomings in this respect? It learns slowly the most essential of its lessons.

The deadened autumn landscape is not inviting; otherwise I should look out and admire the scenery as we advance along, but the glories of Kennebec county must be seen, to be properly appreciated, during the season of bud and blossom.

At 3 o'clock we arrive at Gardiner, and I make tracks, circuitously, for the Maine River office, whither I am bound. I get there at last, shake hands with Bro. Brock, who does not recognize me. He talks to me in a common place style and tone, taking me to be an up-river old codger and bore. I have to remind him as to whom he has the honor of talking with—he shakes my flipper with a new and more emphatic zeal, and excuses his short-sightedness as to my identity by saying—the fly rouse!—that I looked fourteen years younger than I did when he saw me in Nashua! There is hope of Brother Brock, as he now admits (in private) that Louis Napoleon is a little bit of a rascal.

When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may take it for granted that it is high time for him to join the temperance society.

NOTICE. We would say to the citizens of Sweden, Lovell and Fryeburg, who may chance to read this notice, that they will soon have an opportunity to subscribe for the Reporter to Capt. J. F. Potter of No. Bridgton, who will ere long call on them.—We see no reason why we should not have a good list of patrons in these towns. We are their neighbors, and they should love us as they do themselves, if they would maintain the character of good christians. We love them, and want to do them good through the medium of our paper, and we will, if they will but subscribe.

HEROISM. We perceive, by the Traveller, that Grace Greenwood has been lecturing in Boston on "Heroism in Common Life." This matter of "heroism" is pretty well done for. Since Carlyle's book on the subject, imitators have been quite busy with the sound-biting theme. Now heroism, and *heroism* too, for that matter, is all well enough as a thing of silent action, but a very weak affair when bandied about by the dainty pens and tongues of carpet knights and *color de rose* women. What in the name of all that is stalwart, and true, and earnest, have these dawdling literateurs, who have had little or no sorrow or hardship save what have resulted from their own selfishness, to do with heroism, which is but a resolute pursuit of the good and true, under the most trying difficulties! It became Carlyle, perhaps, to celebrate this great attribute of the human soul, because he is at least a heroic thinker, if not an actor. If he has no special call to be actively heroic himself, he is by nature, and culture adapted to truly appreciate genuine heroism wherever he recognises it. But the twattlers—the apes—and the drivellers should let the subject alone, as it is altogether too strong and down-right a thing for them to handle. Let them stick to the playthings of life, and amuse themselves and others, if they can, but let them not venture upon sacred, tragic ground. Their appearance there is both ludicrous and disgusting, and is likely to bring heroism into disrepute. It is worse than foolish for people to be continually be-lauding and recommending that which neither their circumstances nor characters adapt them to meddle with. Besides, so much talk about heroism is indicative of its declension.

We attended the Exhibition, got up the Scholars of the Bridgton Academy, on Monday and Tuesday evenings of this week, and cannot speak too highly in praise of the exercises on those occasions. Indeed so well do we think of them, that we cannot find time to present a just report of them in this week's paper—the rather, as we go to press earlier than usual, that we may all have leisure to fully attend to Thanksgiving. A tolerably full report of the exhibition may be expected, therefore, next week, if we don't disable ourselves by eating turkey. We would just remark here that we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. LORNE, of Lewiston, read for an hour after the young gentlemen had got through with their speaking, and was highly delighted. His readings of some of Saxe's pieces, and *Famine*, by Longfellow, were great luxuries in their line. The "Orator's Climax" made us all laugh "consumedly," which is the best possible comment that could be made upon the rendering thereof. Mr. L. is, in our way of thinking, a fine reader.

LITERARY MOVEMENT. The Boston Transcript states that John Neal is about to reappear in the literary world after a long retirement therefrom. The same paper also states that a Portland lady who has recently figured largely in the Magazine is engaged in writing a work of fiction which is characterized as "sparkling, spicy, profound, to the point"—attributes not often found in a novel. We shall look for this book with ardent expectations, and be ready to worship the new literary divinity. Dr. Halsey of the Advertiser wants to know who this wonderful Portland lady is, and seems to be surprised that Boston folks are so much better posted in relation to "our literary matters than ourselves." Then Boston people are knowing critters, Doctor!

Master Hen-sever Burnham is as funny as ever, even in jail. As he can't stir the toddy-stick there, he resumes his pen, and writes letters, and amuses himself by catching flies. He says:—"Since yesterday (he is writing to the Boston Bee) I have within the confines of my cell a fellow-prisoner—as Sammy Weller would say, "a wheel within a wheel." A venturous fly intruded within my prison bars, and I trapped and juggled him—with some of his "extension" run, probably.

SNOW STORM. We are having to-day, (Tuesday) a smart snow storm. Between 8 and 9 inches have already fallen, and it still continues to come. Should it not turn to rain we shall have great sleighing for Thanksgiving. We shall, however, be hardly reckoned to have winter set in without more rain. The ponds, springs and wells are all low in this section.

CAN'T MAKE IT GO. Joe, our ex d., who wants to advance pretty fast, has been trying to cultivate a moustache, but having had luck with it, has finally shaved off the few meagre hairs he made out to coax together. It's no use—nature won't "bury up" her moustaches to please even Joe.

There will be a Tea Meeting of the Lady's Sewing Circle, at Brackett's Hall, Denmark, Wednesday Evening, Nov. 30th.

KISSES. Dr. Holmes in his last talk in the "Atlantic," says:—"The sound of a kiss is not so loud as a cannon, but its echo lasts a deal longer." Very true—and kisses, he might have added, have killed and taken captive more people than cannon ever did.—Notwithstanding the destructive power of kisses we had much rather face a battery of lips than of cannon.—[Bridgton (Me.) Reporter.]

Courageous fellow. Doubtless you had. Conclude you've had some experience in kissing the "down east girls, as well as some slaps on the face for doing it. We don't know exactly how loud a report a kiss will make; but old Mrs. Jones confirms, somewhat, Holmes' remark. She heard a something go off one night when her darter and Siah Williams were courting. "There goes my yeast bottle," said she, springing from her bed as the echo died away.—[Railroad (Mass.) Mercury.]

Well, we have, but not the slaps. The down east girls are too gracious—too highly christianised—to render evil for good—or at least, what is always meant for good.

For the Reporter.

MEDICAL UNIVERSITY, N. Y. Mr. Editor, Thinking perhaps, that a concise description of the facilities for obtaining a medical education, as presented in this city, might not be out of place in the columns of your paper, and not wholly uninteresting to your readers, I take the liberty to send you a short communication on that subject.

First, of the 14th Street College, as it is known. It was first founded in the year 1828, on Broadway and prospered for several years when from some cause, unknown to me, Prof. Mott, then President resigned his office and founded the present one located on East 14th Street, in 1842, and soon after the former one suspended further operations. Under the able board of teachers it secured, its liberal offers and its numerous connections with hospitals and dispensaries, it soon induced many young men from all parts of this continent to come here for instruction. Some changes have been made in instructors, from death and other causes, and now it presents the following faculty. Physiology and Chemistry, J. W. Draper, Anatomy, Wm. Van Buren, Medical Medicine, Martin Paine, Obstetrics, G. S. Buford, Surgery, A. C. Post, Practice of Medicine, John Metcalf.

The number of graduates have continued to increase from year to year; last commencement numbering 128. Since 1842, there has issued 1856 M. D.'s from this institution alone. Two hospitals and numerous dispensaries, to all of which the student is admitted. More than 100,000 prescriptions are given by them every year; and over 50,000 patients admitted. This one college treats more than 6,000 each session; free to the patient so as to induce others to correct the clinics that every student may see the disease and the treatment, and know the result. Thus causing a familiarity with disease which would take a long time to acquire for one commencing practice.

A STUDENT.

A WEALTHY MAN. The New York correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent gives the following description of George Law:

If anything don't pay, George Law respectfully drops it. He now owns nine-tenths of the Eighth Avenue railroad, which alone is an income of a Prince, and growing more valuable every day. He also owns nearly all the stock of the Ninth Avenue Railroad, which, when completed, will run from the Battery through Greenwich street to the Ninth Avenue, and thence to Harlem river—a nine mile concern. Half the ferries belong to Law. He owns the Dry Dock Bank, and the Bank owns almost forty acres of docks, houses and land, almost in the heart of the city. Law owns the Staten Island ferry boats, and two miles of water front nearest New York, that in a few years will be worth for docks ten millions. He really owns the Flushing Railroad, and heaven knows how much more he owns. That immense thinking brain keeps accumulating. I don't think he goes into large operations now, for the purpose of making money. I think he works to keep from stagnating. Though not a politician, he wields a powerful influence upon politics, especially upon local affairs. Most persons have an idea that he is an old man. No such thing. He is only fifty-one years old, and possesses one of those vigorous constitutions that will last him forty-nine years more.

SAD ACCIDENT. On Tuesday morning last at about eight o'clock, Mr. Carlton, a young man, who had been employed at the paper mill of Joshua Norton Jr., some three weeks, was engaged in holding a belt away from a pulley while another man was mending it, when the belt slipped from his hand on the pulley and caught his arm, by which he was instantly carried round the shaft with a velocity of 180 revolutions in a minute, striking against the wall of the room at each revolution of the shaft; his clothing was almost entirely stripped from him, his right arm torn off just below the shoulder, his legs broken, and his body crashed in a most horrible manner. Dr. W. D. Lamb was called, and he was taken to his boarding house where he died about three hours.—[Lowell Courier 17th.]

THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES. At the taking of the first census under the federal Constitution, in 1790, the population of the United States amounted to 3,929,827. At intervals of ten years the census have been taken regularly, and the result of each period is as follows:—

Census of 1790,	3,929,827
" 1800,	5,305,925
" 1810,	7,239,814
" 1820,	9,638,131
" 1830,	12,866,020
" 1840,	17,069,453
" 1850,	23,191,879

The census will again be taken in 1860 and will show a population within the limits of the United States of more than 3,000,000.

Says a Southern exchange:—"A specimen from the rural districts dined at the Gibbo House the other day, when they had apple dumplings with butter and sugar sauce for dinner. He got through with the sauce when mine lost kindly inquired, 'Will you have some dumpling, sir?' 'No sir, thank you,' quoth Bumpkin. 'But I'll thank you for a little more of the 'tincture' (ointment)."

THE ALARM AT CHARLESTOWN, VA. Washington, Nov. 18. 87 infantry and riflemen left Alexandria for Charlestown to-day via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. 60 men with four pieces went by a special train on the Manassas road via Strassburg, and thence will march 18 miles to Winchester.

Government to-day ordered 2000 pounds of powder and a large number of Minie balls and howitzer shells from the Washington arsenal to Harper's Ferry.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 18. The Harper's Ferry excitement last night was caused by the burning of a wheat stack about three miles from Charlestown. The military and populace were called to arms, and the wildest terror prevailed among the people, the general supposition being that Col. Davis had some information of approaching danger.—The panic among the people extended to the colonel, and a messenger was sent by him to the Ferry, with a despatch for Gov. Wise, calling for two companies of cavalry, this morning. The fire was found to be the work of an incendiary, and no person could be found in the county on whom suspicion could rest.

There are now 1000 men under arms, and no enemy to be found to encounter. The troops from Alexandria arrived at Charlestown this afternoon. Those by the way of Winchester are expected to-morrow morning.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have sent Col. Shatt with an armed posse to Harper's Ferry to guard the bridge, and the property of the company at that point.

There is much dissatisfaction both here, and at Charlestown, at the precipitate action of Col. Davis, in sending dispatches for troops, instead of sending first a posse to enquire into the cause of the fire. They think they have been made to appear ridiculous before the country.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., Nov. 21. We have cavalry, artillery and infantry enough to encounter a small army of sympathizers. It is rumored that Gov. Wise has received a despatch from Gov. Chase of Ohio, informing him that a large body of men, from 6000 to 1000, are arming for the rescue under command of John Brown, Jr., and will undoubtedly start for Charlestown. Gov. Wise is said to have replied that if Gov. Chase allows them to cross the line, he will take proceedings against him for treason. Also, a despatch was received on Saturday from U. S. Marshal Johnson, of Ohio, stating that from 600 to 1000 men were arming for the rescue in that State. John Brown, Jr., is their reported commander.

MISSING WOMAN FOUND.—The Mystery Unravelled. A young woman of 17 years, Mrs. Nellie Sprague, daughter of Dr. Frederick Morrill, 43 Howard street who has been missing from her home since Saturday last, Nov. 12, and whose absence had created no little alarm, besides giving rise to a \$500 offer for her discovery, was found on Friday afternoon at the house of two maiden ladies in East Cambridge. She has been sequestered, it appears, nearly all the time at the residence of Constable Isaac A. Coolidge, 101 Brighton street, having gone from her father's house to that place. The police had made several visits to the house, but were unable to discover her, the inmates alleging that they knew nothing of her whereabouts. On one occasion while in the house, they visited every apartment, but failed to find her. She had with her many rich dresses, jewelry, &c., of the value of some \$500, nearly all of which have been recovered.

It appears that she married a young merchant on Tremont street on the 25th October last, but that she did not put her heart into the contract, that having been previously and in other quarters mortgaged. It is surmised that this ungenial match induced her to withdraw from it in the summary and mysterious manner we have recounted. Her expectation was that she could get away from the city, join the "aid of her heart," as the poet or some one else expresses it, and thus get into a bright atmosphere. In this she nairsed a figure.—[Boston Atlas & Bee.]

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN. A writer in the Worcester Spy says that according to the census of the United Kingdom, taking in 1857, next to agriculture, strangely enough, the fishing interest stands as the largest employer of women. In the pilchard fishery there are some thousands. The Jersey oyster fishery alone employs one thousand. Then follows the herring, cod, whale and lobster fisheries. From this class came Grace Darling. There are 200,000 female servants, and 500,000 business women. One item in the latter list was 20,000 butcher-wives, women who do not merely preside over the business, but buy stock, put down meat, and drive a cart if necessary.

On Friday last the workmen engaged on the Western Railroad bridge over the Housatonic river, removed the nuts from four bolts. A freight train backed on the bridge, when the structure gave way, and the train was precipitated into the river. Three cars went into the stream, loaded with beef, lime and quartz sand for Boston. Four men were badly injured.—Thomas Squires dangerously. The bridge had just been built under Howe's patent, and was very strong. It cost 3000 dollars. The Housatonic Railroad bridge, adjoining it, was injured so badly that trains do not pass.

A correspondent of a Troy paper says—"In Frankfort-on-the-Main and in Munich are dead houses to which bodies are sent previous to burial, where they are kept for some two or three days for the purpose of ascertaining whether life has become extinct or not. On the fingers of the corpses are placed thimbles which are attached to a cord communicating with a bell. The slightest movement of a finger rings the bell, and thus, in cases of suspended animation, efforts are made to restore the body instead of burying it alive, as no doubt, often happens in this country."

A dishonest servant girl suspected by the proprietor of a N. York hotel was "overhauled" as she was about to depart, and concealed among her hoops and clothing were found half a dozen old glass tumblers, three or four glasses of currant jelly, several collars and other articles of wearing apparel; four fine linen handkerchiefs, two of which she used as garters and with the other she secured her skirts, which were rather heavy from the weight of the glass ware; also two fine sheets wrapped around her person and \$15 sewed in the lining of her dress—all of which had been stolen from various persons in the house. It took a long time to unpack her.

There are four Shaker Societies in Ohio, numbering 1055; one in Connecticut 200, two in Maine, numbering 150; two in New Hampshire, numbering 500; four in Mass., numbering 709; two in Kentucky, numbering 100; three in New York, numbering 1050—making in all eighteen societies, and comprising 1570 members.

HUMAN OCCUPATIONS. Why is it that we find so many in all professions and trades who are dissatisfied men? They seem to be moving in a sphere in life for which they are neither fitted by education nor taste. The answer to this question is the most important view of the theme. It is because the profession, trade or occupation is forced upon the child before his mind has acquired the power of judging, before his tastes are developed, and his genius or aptitude to any one pursuit is evinced. Many men study law who had better have been farmers or mechanics; and many mechanics had better have been lawyers. The parent, instead of studying the disposition of his child, gives him such a chance as agrees with his own taste rather than the child's, and, perhaps, by this course unfits him for all hope of usefulness.

There is, undoubtedly, such a thing as natural taste—a taste not innate, but resulting from organization, or early, insensible education. The eye of the painter, the ear of the musician, the love of mathematics belonging to sedentary men, and the phlegmatic temperament, all prove this. If, then, this natural taste should be consulted, instead of pursuing the arbitrary course now so common, we might hope for better work in all the occupations of life. Besides, a man's moral character often depends upon the interest he feels in his occupation. When they dislike it, they take every occasion to rid themselves of it for the time, and contract habits of idleness, which lead to poverty, and poverty in nine cases out of ten leads to vice.

FOLLY OF PRIDE. Take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man. Behold him, creature of a span, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of Heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night like dust on the wheel he is rolled along the heavens through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flitting above and beneath. Is this a creature to make for himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock his fellow sprung from that dirt to which they both will return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons he is not of the stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of men; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.—[Sydney Smith.]

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE. How touching the tribute of the Hon. T. H. Benton to his mother's influence:

My mother asked me never to use tobacco. I have never touched it from that time to the present day; she asked me not to game, and I never gambled, and I cannot tell who is winning and who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I have attributed to having complied with her correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence, at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body, and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe it to my mother.

The receipts of wheat and flour at the various western ports are largely in excess of last year. At Chicago the footings are seven millions bushels against four millions last year; at Milwaukee, 1,200,000 against 900,000 last year; and at other ports the proportion is nearly the same. The receipts of wheat were at last accounts, however, beginning to fall off, the farmers holding on as usual for better prices. The shipments east, however have not as yet been much in excess of former years. The European demand has already manifested itself, and last week the freight engagements of grain for England were 65,000 bushels, being more than the entire shipments for the ten months previous. The western corn crop is also very large, estimated at some eight or ten times as much as wheat. The crop in Iowa will average forty or fifty bushels to the acre, and in Illinois 200,000,000 bushels are said to be a small estimate. In the far west corn is selling at from ten to fifteen cents a bushel. The hog crop, also an important item with the West is large this year.

PHYSICAL LAZINESS. Physical laziness is one of the most destructive vices of the age. It causes the weak, badly, "speshy" bodies, which are always getting out of sorts, and are so weak that a strong mind is completely thrown away upon one. In fact a strong mind in a weak body is like a superior knife blade in a weak and miserable handle. Its workmanship may be ever so finished, its temper ever so true, its edge ever so keen, but for want of means to wield it properly, it will not cut to much purpose. Ambitious youths who intend to carve out fame and fortune with their sharp intellects, should think of this simile, and to it, that their bodies—the handles whereby they are to manage that wonderful weapon, the human mind—are kept in a sound, jointed, firmly riveted, perfectly cleaned condition.—[Hall.]

Local censuses just taken show that the population of San Francisco is 70,000, and of Sacramento 10,764. While the permanent male population of Sacramento is 4743, nearly all over 21 years of age, the females population is only 1795, and of this number 444 are unmarried. The floating population is put down at 3003, and the children at 1253. The detailed statistics of San Francisco are not given.

MURDER IN SOUTHWICK. Springfield, Nov. 18. Mrs. Henry Holcomb of Southwick, Mass., was found this morning in the cellar of her house, with several deep gashes on her head, and a cloth near her covered with blood. She was still alive, but cannot recover from her injuries. Her husband's clothes were found in his bedroom, covered with blood. He has not been seen since yesterday.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION. Albany, Nov. 18, 10 p. m. The following are the majorities according to the Atlas and Argus' figures: Jones, Secretary of State, (dem. and Am.) 928, Richmond, State Engineer, (dem. and Am.) 1100; Skinner, Canal Commissioner, (dem. and Am.) 125; Forrest, State Prison Inspector, (republican,) 500.

EVADING PUNISHMENT. One of the assistant female teachers in one of the public schools in Cincinnati undertook to chastise a little urchin, a few days ago, and the little scamp raised her garments and took refuge beneath her hoops. She was compelled to agree to a truce before the imprudent little chap would come out.

INSTINCT OR PRESENTMENT. In Schuchman's *Spiegel der Natur* (Mirror of Nature) the author relates in his chapter on instincts the following facts as proofs of a certain vine impulse in men:

A gentleman, an acquaintance of the celebrated French authoress, Mme. Beaumont, was about making a pleasure trip on a river with a party of friends. Everything was ready, and he was just entering a boat, when his sister, a deaf mute, came suddenly and most anxiously running at him, and seizing her brother's arm and coat, to keep him back; but finding this unavailing, she threw herself at his feet, and held his knees, expressed by the most exploring gestures, her wish that he should desist from going on the water.

Touched by the painful, entreating pressure in the face and posture of the mute, several persons joined in the persuasion of the poor girl, and her brother yielded to their wishes. It was fortunate that so, for the boat had gone but a short distance on the river, when a sudden wind made it capsize. Several of company found a watery grave, and he could not even swim, would, no doubt, met with the same fate, if his sister, by divine presentment, had not prevented going.

Once, on an evening, a rich and a farmer felt by some sacred impulse, led to send at a late hour, some articles of food to a poor family in the neighborhood. "Wherefore so late? cannot this be done well to-morrow?" said those around him. "No," replied he, "it must be done now." While insisting, the worthy farmer did not know that a blessing his benevolence was just then to the tenants of the poor for there the father—who had to support and sustain the family—had fallen ill, the mother was infirm already, and children had been crying for bread for more than two days—the youngest was dead from hunger. Thus their most pressing wants were at once removed and perhaps some lives saved.

Another gentleman, living near some mines in Silesia, awoke one night from sleep with an irresistible impulse to go down in his garden. He rose, went down; same impulse led him out of the back of his garden into the fields, where he arrived just in time to save the life of a man who in climbing up a ladder, mismaneuvered and fell down the shaft into a tub, which his son was at that time climbing up by the increased weight was unable to now alone.

A venerable clergyman in England felt, likewise, an unexpected desire to late at night, a visit to a friend of his, he knew to be of a very melancholy turn of mind. Though extremely tired by the day and labors of the day, and though the distance to his friend's house was very great, the venerable gentleman could not resist his secret impulse. So he went, and after some time, arrived there just in time to prevent his friend from taking his own life. The night visit and friendly exhortations had such a wholesome effect on the depressed spirits of his friend, that he never attempted to commit suicide.

Prof. Bachner, at Marburg, being in very pleasant company, felt a strong desire to go home and remove his bed to its old place to another corner of his room. He yielded to the impulse. Early in the morning, he felt again at ease and went to his friends. During the night a portion of the ceiling in the room, just where his bed formerly stood, crumbled down, and would no doubt have crashed him to death had it not been removed from there.

There is a Mr. Marble, at Lynn, who has been blasting at Dungeness Rock for the eight years to obtain the treasure of Captain Kidd. Guided in his labors at first by rayons, and latterly by spiritualists, the blighted man has, with the assistance of his height and breadth nearly a hundred feet into the solid rock. The last blast he developed a fissure at the bottom—an occurrence—from which issues a current of foul air, that will extinguish a flame he over it. Mr. Marble believes he has reached the foot to go to reach the long sought-after.

HYDROPHOBIA. Mr. Benj. R. Richardson, Needham, was bitten by his dog in the leg some six weeks since. The dog proved to be rabid and died shortly after. Since that time Mr. R. has shown no symptoms of hydrophobia until within a few days. He is considered hopeless. During this attack he is represented as foaming at the mouth with his eyes glassy and set, striving to kill all and everything within his reach. Mr. R. is 60 years of age, and his case excites much sympathy.

MYSTERIOUS CONDUCT. About a month ago a widow lady in the north part of Oneida County, N. Y., was awakened from her slumber at eleven o'clock at night. Opening the door she saw a man standing in the room. She asked him what he wanted to do, and he was followed by another man who had a new born baby in his arms. Their business was evident. They persuaded the widow lady to receive the child and care for it, at the same time leaving a considerable sum of money for trouble. Three weeks after they reappeared in the night as suddenly and bore the child away.

An excited crowd of Missourians, residing in the vicinity of Mansfield, Ill., recently found three men in their community, who had \$10,000 worth of counterfeit money in their persons. They took two of them before Judge Lynch, tried, condemned, and hung them on the spot. The third one, being a citizen of Illinois, the Missourians handed him over to the citizens of Mansfield, to be dealt with as they might see fit.

PLOT TO ROB AND MURDER DEBATED. A respectable connected young man, named Webster Wheeler belonging in Winchester, Ky., but who has been for some time past at the chair business in Templeton, Mass., was plotted to waylay, rob and murder a Jew of Fitchburg, Mass., named Wm. Barker, who was in the habit of going home from his late at night. Wheeler disclosed his plot to a room-mate, who informed the police, and Wheeler was arrested just as he was preparing to strike down Mr. Barker with a club. [Portland Advertiser.]

Dr. Edward Cullen has entered into contract with the Peruvian Government for the introduction into that country of 25,000 Irish emigrants, who are to renounce the allegiance to their government and become citizens of Peru. The Peruvian Government pays their sea passage, and gives to each colonist about nine acres of land, at an estimation of four thousand feet above the level of the sea.

A good many of the flying rumors of the day would be more appropriately designated, by taking off the letter E.

MISCELLANY.

"WHERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST."

Mother! mourning for the infant
Now released from sin and pain,
Call not back the ransomed spirit
To the weary world again.
Though the hues of earth have faded,
Lone thy house, and sad thy breast,
Ye shall meet again, rejoicing,
"Where the weary are at rest."

Warrior! 'mid the din of battle
Dealing death on all around,
Marring ruthlessly God's image,
Felling brothers to the ground,
Cease the strife, and turn to Heaven!
Break the sword, and doff the crest!
Scenes like these will never lead thee
"Where the weary are at rest."

Toiling slave of wild ambition!
Scheming for a monarch's crown,
Spending years of early promise
Seeking for the world's renown.
Cease thy vain pursuit of phantoms!
Quench the fires within thy breast!
Stuffs like these will never lead thee
"Where the weary are at rest?"

Miser! gloating o'er thy coffers
Saddened with a wealth untold,
Know'st thou not thy dross will perish?
Dimmed will be thy shining gold!
Seek the treasures of pure Heaven!
Even such was God's behest:
Free are all things from corruption
"Where the weary are at rest."

Young and lovely maiden! wrenthling
Hope's bright blossoms round thy brow,
All things smile in love upon thee,
Bright the world before thee now.
Ere that world shall disappoint thee
Let thy Saviour be confessed!
Steer thy bark toward the haven
"Where the weary are at rest!"

Drooping one! o'er earth a wanderer,
Friendless, houseless, dost thou roam?
This is not for thy abiding,
Heaven shall be thy lasting home.
Cheer thee then though now thy spirit
Be by worldly woes distressed,
Endless joys thou shalt inherit
"Where the weary are at rest."

Christian sufferer! worn with anguish,
Racked by more than mortal pain,
Longing for release and Heaven,
Clasps thy spirit as her chain?
Soon the bounds of earth shall sever,
Thou'lt be numbered with the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Jack Frost. There is a mellow ring in
this "elegant extract," which befits the mellow
days of autumn:

Mr. Jack Frost does not kiss the chaste
face of nature, and behold! how she blushes
in the maple, the willow, and oak, and
turns all manner of colors in the beech, the
linden, the chestnut and the elm. How
beautiful she looks in her heightened color!
But her brilliant complexion is, alas! but a
hectic—an evidence of frailty—a precursor
of speedy decay. Consumption imparts this
glorious and exquisite loveliness to her coun-
tenance, but the expression is not of this
world; it is celestial, the ushering in of the
indescribable future.

The beauty of the world is most ravishing,
when first touched by the magical finger of
the frost, which is at once the death-stroke
of the foliage, and a cause of its dying-dol-
phin splendors. Thus the sun shades a lus-
tre over creation at its setting, surpassing
his noon-day glories, filling the universe with
a flood of light and beauty, as if to indemnify
mankind for the privations of both during
the approaching night. So nature dresses
herself in her wonderful beauty, as a part-
ing pledge of her love, and as a memorial
for us to take and to cherish during the flow-
ery days of the coming winter, when no flow-
ers can blossom, no verdure quicken.

"DODGE THE BIG ONES. A gentleman re-
lates an anecdote of the Mexican War, which
has never been published:

When the American Army was forming
line for the Battle of Buena Vista, General
Lane was riding up and down the line of his
Indiana regiment. The Mexicans had station-
ed some small guns on a neighboring light
and were blazing away most furiously on
Gen. Lane's regiment. But as their guns
were badly aimed, the balls in every case
passed over their heads, but sufficiently near
to cause the men, as they heard the peculiar
wiz of the balls, to involuntarily 'jack' their
heads.

General Lane happened to notice this and,
in his rough, stentorian voice, he bawled
out:

"Indiana Regiment! No dodging!

In about five minutes after, the tremendous
wiz of a twenty-four-pound shot passed close
by the head of the gallant Brigadier, and in
an instant he involuntarily bobbed his
head. The men saw this and commenced a
tittering along the line, which the old Gen.
saw. Turning around with a sort of quizzical
expression, he thundered out—

"Indiana Regiment! Dodge the Big Ones!"

"Mike, what kind of potatoes are those you
are planting?"
"Raw ones, to be sure! Be the hourly pouk-
er! an' does yer honor think I would be
after plantin' billed ones?"

Aunt Betsey has said many good things,
and among the rest, that a newspaper is like
a wife, because every man ought to have
one of his own.

A Connecticut schoolmistress having a
troublesome big boy to manage sat down
upon him. She was a large woman and
quite "crushed out" his insubordination.

Why is a country girl's cheeks like French
calico? Because they are "warranted to
wash and retain their color."

"A man is generally, better pleased," says
Dr. Johnson, "when he has a good dinner
upon the table, than when his wife talks
Greek."

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

WILSON & BURGESS,
Wholesale dealers in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
of all kinds,
Japan, White Lead, French Zinc, Putty,
Window Glass, Pure French
VERDIGRIS IN OIL,
H. WOOD & CO'S COLORS,

BURNING FLUID, CAMPHENE, &c.
Together with a full assortment of
PAINTS,
of every description. Also, a large and
carefully selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, and
PATENT MEDICINES

of all kinds; which they offer as low as
they can be procured in New York or Boston.
* * * Dealers will find it to their advantage
to call before purchasing elsewhere.
63 COMMERCIAL STREET,
Near the Grand Trunk Depot, and opposite
the Cape Elizabeth Ferryway.
17 PORTLAND, Me.

A. P. OSBORNE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
W. I. GOODS,

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES
Foreign & Domestic Fruits,
CHOICE CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
IMPORTED ALES, &c.

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

PORTLAND DISTILLERY.
N. E. Rum, Alcohol & Burning Fluid,
W. C. OSBORNE,

DISTILLER AND MANUFACTURER,
All orders for the above to be forwarded to
A. P. OSBORNE, Agent,
No. 10 Market Square, Portland, Me. 1y32

H. H. HAY & CO.
Wholesale dealers in
Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
Artists' Materials, Apothecaries' Glass Ware,
Swedish Leeches, Cigars,
MINERAL TEETH, GOLD FOIL, &c

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

BYRON GREENOUGH & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves,
BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES,
NOS. 148 & 150 MIDDLE ST.,
PORTLAND, ME.

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

DAVIS & BRADLEY,
General Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS IN
FLOUR, CORN,
OATS, SHORTS AND FEED,
No. 87 Commercial St., Head Portland Pier,
PORTLAND, ME.

J. ALLEN DAVIS. 6m33 **ROBERT BRADLEY**

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 Greenian Painting, with 3 en-
gravings furnished for \$5.00. All patterns or
GILT AND ROSEWOOD MOULDINGS,
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—
Pumps, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, all kinds of
Tin, Copper, Sheet Iron.

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

No. 85 Exchange Street, Portland. 1 tf

MISS A. HAMLIN'S
NEW MILLINERY STORE,
Where may be found a good assortment of
READY MADE MILLINERY,

Consisting of
French Hats, Caps, Head Dresses,
RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c.

Also, Ready Made Mourning Bonnets and
Hair Work.
Bonnets Bleached, Pressed and Repaired.
Orders promptly attended to.
NO. 3, UNDER U. S. HOTEL,
PORTLAND, ME. 1y 7

CULLEN C. CHAPMAN,
—DEALER IN—
FLOUR, CORN AND PROVISIONS,

No. 33 COMMERCIAL STREET,
(HEAD OF FRANKLIN WHARF.)
PORTLAND, ME. 3 ly

A. B. BUTLER,
Fancy Dry Goods
TRIMMINGS, &c.
3 Clapp's Block, PORTLAND, ME. 1713

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
BY **J. CRAM,**
CORNER MIDDLE AND LIME STS.,
(Opposite the Post Office.)
44 ly **PORTLAND, ME.**

AMERICAN HOUSE,
Corner of Fore and Lime Streets,
PORTLAND, ME.
GEO. H. BARRELL,
PROPRIETOR.

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 Mus-
lins, Feathers and Mattresses, Bought
at Reduced Rates and will be
sold very Cheap for Cash.

EDWARD H. BURGIN,
FREE STREET CARPET WARE HOUSE
Chambers No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block,
OVER H. J. LIBBY & Co's,
PORTLAND, ME. 1f

CHARLES E. JOSE,
Importer of
CHINA, CROCKERY & GLASS WARE,
[And dealer in
PAPER HANGINGS,

Solar Lamps, Britannia Ware, &c.,
156 & 160 Fore, foot of Exchange Street,
33 **PORTLAND, ME.** 6m

J. W. MANSFIELD,
Wholesale and Retail
Saddle, Harness, Trunk, Valise,

—AND—
CARPET BAG MANUFACTORY,
No. 174 Middle St., opposite U. S. Hotel,
1f **PORTLAND, ME.** 33

GEORGE F. AYER,
Dealer in
FASHIONABLE MILLINERY

—AND—
EMBROIDERY,
154 & 156 Middle, Corner of Cross Street,
PORTLAND. 33

H. PACKARD,
NO. 61 EXCHANGE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME.

Offers for sale MISCELLANEOUS and
School Books,

—ALSO—
SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES
1y **AND QUESTION BOOKS.** 44

SHAW BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
—And Dealers in—
WEST INDIA GOODS,
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
Commercial Wharf,
PORTLAND, ME.

A. Shaw, 6m36 **C. E. Shaw.**

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY
FRUIT, CIGARS, TOBACCO
Boston Co. Card Matches,
PURE REFINED
SPRUCE GUM,
&c., &c., on the most favorable terms at
105 FEDERAL ST., 5 DOORS ABOVE
ELM HOUSE, PORTLAND.
B. PEARSON. 32

BIBBER & WHITMORE,
Wholesale Dealers in
Teas, W. I. Goods,

General and Fancy Groceries,
Fruits, &c., &c.,
No. 176 Fore, foot of Exchange Street,
W. A. Bibber, } 44 **PORTLAND, ME.**
S. Whitmore, }

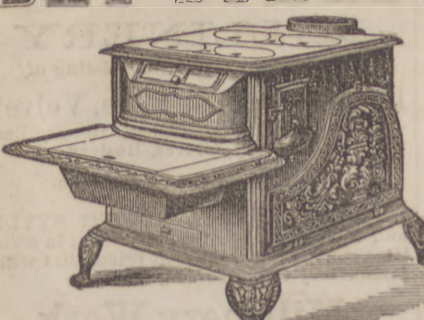
JOHN E. DOW
Auctioneer and Real Estate Broker
Also Agent for the
ETNA LIFE INS. CO., of Hartford, Conn.
Capital and Surplus, \$308,000,
HAMPDEN FIRE INS. CO., of Spring-
field, Mass. Capital and Surplus, \$250,000.
CONWAY FIRE INS. CO., of Conway, Ma.
Capital and Surplus, \$254,000
CHARTER OAK FIRE AND MARINE
INS. CO., of Hartford, Conn. Capital
and Surplus, \$342,000.

KENSINGTON FIRE AND MARINE
INS. CO., of Philadelphia, Penn. Cap-
ital and Surplus, \$3000,900
These companies are all first class stock of
frees, 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.

J. & D. MILLER,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
And Dealers in
Flour, Oats, Shorts & Feed,
Commercial Street, Head of Portland Pier.
N. J. MILLER, JR. **PORTLAND, ME.**
D. W. MILLER. 32 6 m.

POSTERS AND HAND BILLS
PRINTED at the Reporter's Office with new
and showy type, at fair living prices.

The Best Cook Stove IN USE IS THE **BAY STATE.**



YOU can do double the work with one hal-
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 all things too numerous to mention.

—All kinds of **JOBB 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 vi-
cinity for their liberal patronage heretofore,
he respectfully solicits an increase of the
same, and assures all who may need the ser-
vices of his profession, that it will be for
their interest, in every respect to call upon
him before going elsewhere.

Dr. H. will, when requested, visit patients
at their residence without extra charge, but
all who wish such visits, or intend to employ
him, are particularly requested to make it
known at an early hour. 2tf

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. 1f
No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858.

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.**

RUFUS GIBBS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of
BED BLANKETS
—AND—
FLANNELS,
SUCH AS
12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Superfine WITNEY
BLANKETS;
12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Witney BLANKETS;
12, 11 & 10-4 Witney "
12, 11, 10 & 9-4 Swiss Blankets.
CRIB AND BERTH BLANKETS.
4-4 SHAKER AND DOMET FLANNELS.
Horse Blankets
AND
YANKEE BROADCLOTH.
Also, dealer in
Dry Goods,
WEST INDIA GOODS.
—AND—
GROCERIES.
of every description
All kinds of **COUNTRY PRODUCE** want-
ed in exchange for Goods.
CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent. 1tf
Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1858.

REUBEN BALL
KEEPS constantly on hand for sale a good
assortment of
Family Groceries,
such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Ap-
ples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese,
—ALSO—
MEATS
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, 1858. 1

S. M. HARMON,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law.
BRIDGTON, MAINE. 1y1

ADDRESS AND MARRIAGE CARDS
NEATLY executed at very low prices, o
new type at the Reporter office.

BUSINESS CARDS,
PRINTED at this office in an expeditious
and satisfactory manner. S. R. NOYES

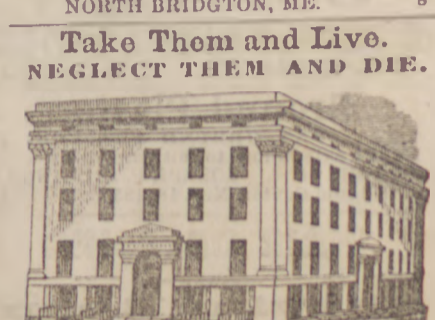
G. H. BROWN, Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in

FURNITURE of all descriptions.

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

Extension, Center and Card Tables.
BEDSTEADS, of the latest and most im-
proved style, with Spring Bottoms.
ALSO, READY-MADE COFFINS.
PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.
LOOKING - GLASSES REPAIRED.
NORTH BRIDGTON, ME. 8

Take Them and Live.
NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.



HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILL.
HAND KID STRENGTHENING PILLS.
—These unsurpassed remedies have
been the common consent of mankind, been pla-
ced at the head of all similar preparations—
Herrick's Vegetable Pills, in universal good-
ness, safety and certainty in the cure of the
various diseases of man, excel all others, and
their sale unquestionably is treble that of all
other kinds. In full doses they are active Ca-
thartics, in smaller doses *laxatives*, instead of be-
nefiting the patient. Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills
have never been known to produce more mouth
and aching joints, as have some others—
Therefore, persons in want of a family Pill,
pleasant to take, certain to cure, and used by
millions, will certainly look for no other—
These Pills are covered with a coating of
pure white sugar, no taste of medicine about
them, but are as easily taken as bits of con-
fectionary. **FAMILY BOXES, 25 CENTS,**
6 BOXES, \$1.

Herrick's Kid Strengthening Plaster.
These renowned Plasters cure pains, weak-
ness and distress in the back, sides & breast,
in five hours. Indeed, so certain are they to
do this, that the Proprietor warrants them.
Spread from resins, balsams and gums, on
beautiful Kid leather, renders them peculiarly
adapted to the wants of Females and oth-
ers. Each plaster will wear from one to four
months, and in rheumatic complaints, sprains
and bruises, frequently effect cures, while all
other remedies failed. Full directions will
be found on the back of each. Public speak-
ers, vocalists, ministers of the Gospel and
others, will strengthen their lungs and im-
prove their voices by wearing them on the
breast. **PRICE 18 3-4 CENTS.**

Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catarrh Snuff
Has obtained an enviable reputation in the
cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Wat-
ery and Inflamed Eyes, and those disa-
greeable noises, resembling the whizzing of
steam, distant waterfalls, etc., purely veg-
etables comes with full directions, & delig-
hts all that use it; as a sneezing snuff it cannot
be equalled. **BOXES 25 CENTS.**

HARVEL'S CONDITION POWDERS.
These old established Powders, so well
known at the Long Island Race Course, N.
Y., and sold in immense quantities through-
out the Middle and Eastern States for the past
seven years, continue to excel all other kinds;
in diseases of Horses and Cattle their excel-
lence is acknowledged everywhere. They
contain nothing injurious, the animal can be
worked while feeding them; ample direc-
tions go with each package, and good horse-
men are invited to test their virtues and
judge of their goodness.

LARGE PACKAGE, 25 CENTS.
The above articles are sold by 27,000
agents throughout the United States, Cana-
da and South America, at wholesale by all
large Druggists in the principal cities.
HERRICK & BRO.
Practical Chemists Albany, N. Y.
Sold in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden. 1y42

LIVERY STABLE.

There is no necessity for
"WAITING FOR THE WAGON."
as you can have one at my Stable, and
"ALL TAKE A RIDE."
IF YOU WISH, IMMEDIATELY!

Those who wish to ride fast, are informed
that I have a few Horses that can go their
MILE INSIDE OF THREE MINUTES.
For those who desire to go at a more moderate
pace, I have Horses that can be
TIMED TO ANY JOG.
My Horses and Carriages will be found in
PRIME CONDITION,
and can be had for journeys, or for pleasure
excursions at short notice, and at rea-
sonable rates for cash. Now is the
time to ride, as the

GLORIES OF AUTUMN ARE AT HAND
SADDLE HORSES.

It is a well known fact that
HORSE-BACK RIDING
is one of the best things in the world for both
pulmonary and liver complaints. I have
Horses and fixings to match, adapted for
this sanitary as well as pleasant exercise,
with which to accommodate those who would
"With the world with noble horsemanship."

Furnished with Double Teams, and careful
Drivers.
STABLE NEAR THE POST OFFICE
BRIDGTON CENTER.
R. A. CLEAVES. 1f40
August 12, 1859.

A LOT OF CLAPBOARDS for sale by
A. DIXIE STONE & SON. 60

HORACE BILLINGS, **Commission Merchant,**

—AND DEALER IN—
HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL,
No. 56 Elm, and 18 and 20 Friend Streets.
BOSTON.

BURNHAM BROTHERS,
DAGUERREOTYPE
Ambrotype and Photograph
ROOMS.
86 Middle Street, —PORTLAND.
J. U. P. Burnham, 42 **T. R. Burnham**

ENOCH KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BRIDGTON, ME.
Office—Over N. Cleaves's Store.

E. E. WILDER,
HARNESS MAKER AND CARRIAGE
TRIMMER.

Harnesses, Carriage Trimmings, Halters, B-
cigles, Bridles, Horse Blankets, Whips, &c.,
constantly on hand and for sale.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. *1y

J. H. KIMBALL, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BRIDGTON, ME.
Office, over Nathan Cleaves Store.
Residence opposite Reuben Ball's Store.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.
A compound remedy in which we have
endeavored to produce the most effectual altera-
tion that can be made. It is a concentrated
tract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined
with other substances of still greater altera-
tive power as to afford an efficient and safe
remedy for the diseases of Sarsaparilla is
It is believed that such a remedy is
by those who suffer from Strumous compen-
and that one which will accomplish these
must prove of immense service to this
class of our afflicted fellow-citizens.
completely this compound will do it has
been proven by experiment many of the
cases to be found of the following complaints:
Scrofula, and Scrofulous Complaints, Eruptions
and Eruptive diseases, Ocular, Nasal,
plea, Blotches, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Head,
Syphilis and Syphilitic Affections, Mercurial
Disease, Dropsy, Neuralgia, The Debility,
Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Catarrh of the
Genito-urinary, Erysipelas, Ring of St. Anne,
Erysipelas, and all the other diseases of the
plains arising from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.
This compound will be found a grand
motor of health, when taken in the
to expel the foul humors which fester in