

tion, as they are proverbial for their poverty" and that my dream is verified, and I am actually married to that goblin Elbow.

Well, Fannie, I have another revelation to make, which will astonish you as much as it did me. Philip Hubert, my husband, and Philip Hubert Warner, Mr. Warner's brother, and my father's friend and heir, are all one person, and I am actually in my home; for upon my arrival here, my husband laid in my hand papers which transferred my father's property to his child. The papers were made out some time ago, and to this knowledge was I indebted for a second proposal from Mr. Weston.

Mr. Warner, or Hubert, as I will continue to call him, returned from his travels about the time the will was discovered, he saw my advertisement for a situation, and induced his brother's wife to answer it. So it was to him that I was indebted for my home there.

You say you will come when the honeymoon has begun to wane, and you infer from our novel and stormy wooing that their reign will not belong.

Dear Fannie, it is but a silver crescent yet, and Hubert says when it has attained the full zenith of its splendor, we will stay its course in mid heaven, and it shall envelope us in its rays forever. So do not wait, but come at once. I am anxious to witness the complete fulfillment of the dream; for doubtless the goblin Elbow will peer in upon us as he is seldom absent from my side when out of the office. As ever, thine,
FRANKLIN WARREN.

The Reporter.

FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 2, 1859.

BRIDGTON ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

This exhibition occupied two evenings, Monday and Tuesday of last week. The first evening was devoted to the Prize Declamations, which were contested with much and admirable spirit. There were nineteen competitors for the Prize, all which declaimed as if they meant to deserve the Prize whether they did or not. Hence we had some excellent speaking. We did not hear the three first declamations, and therefore cannot speak of their faults or merits. Indeed, in writing out a report of this exhibition, it is not our design to play the critic. We did not expect that perfection would be exhibited by the young ladies and gentlemen, in their manifold performances; that is rarely attained by the most finished people either in saying or doing, beneath the sun. The wonder is that they did so well, when we reflect upon the short time they had to spend in making preparation, and how much they had to do in various ways. We are constrained to say, and that, too, without the shadow of puffery, that all of the exercises pleased us much. Being appointed one of the committee, to award the Prize to the best declaimer, it will not be amiss for us to offer a few comments upon the speakers. We will begin with J. M. KNOX. The two preceding speakers were judged by Dr. Pease.

WENDELL WOODBURY spoke well, but adds the Doctor, "over done."

GEORGE BARKER, we heard only in part, and were so cold, having been out for some hours, that we could not fairly judge him.

CHAS. H. GOULD spoke his piece moderately well, but he has not the elements of an orator.

J. M. KNOX was self-possessed, and did the fair thing by his piece. He manifested no marked excellence as a speaker, but still, by a rigid self-examination and by getting a thorough knowledge of the rules of speaking, he may yet excel. He must begin by imagining himself a long way from perfection.

JOHN C. WEBB has all of the elements of a good speaker—earnestness, humor, and a self-exciting temperament. With these elemental gifts, he has only to read much, know the orator's art, and he can be a first class speaker. He did well on the occasion under notice.

ENOCH M. DEERING speaks intelligently—that is, with a good understanding of the author whom he rehearses, but has a habit of drawing out his words that is unpleasant, and greatly mars his speaking. He is a little too precise and measured in his tone and manner. Still, he has energy, and with careful training, will make a respectable speaker.

MELVILLE E. WENNS spoke well, although he made on our mind no impression of special excellence. We marked against his name, after hearing him, "rather good."

FRANK C. WOODBURY spoke rather prettily, but not powerfully—judging not so much from recollection as from the mark, and observation we recorded at the time.

GEORGE W. PEASE pronounced his words distinctly, represented his author well, but lacked in spirit. A little more of the orator's fire, would render him a good speaker. This he will have in time, if he faint not.

JOSEPH BENNETT did capitally. He is a young man of good speaking abilities. We marked him high.

JOSEPH P. THOMPSON declaimed finely, and rendered his piece, the "Raven," with admirable skill and discrimination. His manner is more finished than powerful.

amended his style, but his piece, Spartacus, was not nearly so hard to speak as the Raven, and it was this fact that determined the judgment of the awarding committee.—Bennett has powers that will render him an effective speaker.

ROLISTON WOODBURY gave only a middling declamation. We find little in his speaking to either praise or blame.

BYRON KIMBALL spoke well. His enunciation is clear and distinct, and he speaks out the meaning of the author he declaims. He only wants fire to make a good speaker.

GEORGE LEWIS has energy of temperament and force of mind to make an orator, but needs assiduous discipline to compass anything notably good in this line.

MELVILLE E. INGALLS' manner did not please us, but for all that he has, we could see, latent merit, if not as a speaker, perhaps as a person of good general abilities. He is a little too still in his manner to please. In declamation it is not well to assume a virtue if you have it not. Most persons see directly through the trick, unless you "imitate humanity" with tolerable skill.

OSCAR R. HALL was unwell, and did not make a great effort. Still his reading was spirited, though too rapid.

ROBERT B. KENDALL, notwithstanding his piece was on the "Destruction of Jerusalem," did not appear as if he was in the humor to smite very hard. He spoke in a free-and-easy manner, but not forcibly. There is good stuff in the lad, nevertheless.

On the whole, the declamations were very creditable to the speakers, generally. They were far above the average of school declaiming, and we heard little or no fault found with it. The Prize was, of a general satisfaction, awarded to JOSEPH P. THOMPSON of Kennebunk. The Trustees of the Academy seemed to regret that they had no prize to award Charles Bennett of this town, whose speaking was generally praised.

The North Bridgton Brass Band was present, and contributed largely to the entertainment of the occasion. Great praise, and we should say some pay, is due to this fine company of musicians for their assistance. They however very generously volunteered their indispensable services for this and the succeeding evening. The Congregational Meeting House was densely crowded to hear the speakers, and gave very good attention for the most part.

TUESDAY EVENING. The exercises on this occasion were the reading and speaking of original Prize dissertations. The Brass Band was again present, and played with its wonted skill and spirit. After a voluntary by the Band, prayer was offered to the "giver of every good and perfect gift," by Rev. Mr. Blake of Cumberland. After prayer, appropriate music by the Band.

Next came a Salutatory Oration in Latin by George M. Pease of this village. As near as we could guess, it was well performed, but we should rather have heard George in the vernacular. Still, classic appearances must, we suppose, be kept up, in our seminaries of learning.

George W. Woodbury followed with a piece on Patriotism, which was good. We are satisfied that George will make a good citizen.

Robert B. Kendall next gave us his views of Napoleon I. Kendall, if nothing untoward happens to him, will make a strong and popular man. His talents, and free-and-easy way of delivering himself, will warrant him fair success. After a tune from the ever-ready Band, Miss Colin M. Cleaves favored us with an ingenious article, entitled "Review of the 'Combalants.'" It was a good, and original performance, and well read.

We next had an essay on the "Discovery of America" by Melville E. Ingalls. The theme is a hackneyed one, but Ingalls got on quite well with it.

George Lewis followed with his views on the Deluge. His dissertation was quite good. Lewis has a deal of mental pith in him, of which he will give a fair account, some day.

Webster Woodbury then set before us the "Example of ancient Rome," which we hope this country will not follow in all respects. However, Woodbury is a good writer for his time of life, and holds forth a goodly promise of future usefulness in some scholarly vocation. He has a good head, and a mental temperament.

"Hope" was next very hopefully, prettily, and moderately treated of by Miss Sophronia B. Brown. We were very much pleased with both her matter and manner.

Joseph Bennett followed with a well-written dissertation on "The Missionary Enterprise." He did himself decide credit.

Byron Kimball's remarks on "The Lawyer" were creditable to both speaker and subject. Kimball will make a good lawyer himself, if he wills to be one. He makes a good honest appearance on the stage.

Maurice B. Blake has a poetic mind, and spoke beautifully, and somewhat freshly of the "Records of the Past." He has a poet's head, and a poet's temperament, and sees things through an atmosphere of beauty.—Strike the Lyre, Maurice, and may generations to come hear your music.

J. M. Knight now discoursed to us of the "Last Days of Pompeii," in rhyme. The theme was a grain too ambitious, but our young friend bore himself well in the matter, and came near boring his audience, too, as the poem was too long.

Miss E. Adelia Stevens next read us a good biographical sketch of "Mary Queen of Scots." Mary was seen, by the fair reader, in a romantic and favorable light, as she doubtless ought to be. The theme was well-chosen, and presented in excellent taste.

Harriet E. Cushman followed with a well-executed treatise on the "Love of Fame," that

"last infirmity of noble minds." As near as we could judge from her rather low reading, we should say it was a very meritorious performance.

Enoch M. Deering's dissertation on "The Pilgrims" was well considered and expressed. Deering is a good writer.

The "French Essay" by Elizabeth S. Whitman we cannot judge.

"Government," by Roliston Woodbury was a vigorous thing.

"Tasso" by Ellen Hawes, of this village, was a beautifully-written and interesting sketch. It was a credit to the school and occasion.

Charles Bennett did himself honor in his composition, as in his declamation. He has a decidedly keen intellect. He is bound to climb in the world. Go ahead! friend. You will make good your "claims as a scholar," we doubt not.

"American Aristocracy," by J. P. Thompson was a capital thing, and we shall soon print it. Thompson would make a good editor, and would adjust himself handsomely at an off-hand speech. He is an accomplished young gentleman, as well as a person of very ready talent.

"Fun and Humor" by Susan W. Cleaves of this village, was the hit of the occasion. The subject, comparatively new, and difficult to treat, was handled with a ready skill that really made us stare. Her analysis of "Wit and Humor," though not profound, was workmanlike and entertaining. She quoted Dickens discriminatingly, and showed that not only that author, but her theme was after her own heart. Miss Cleaves' essay was the most original one of the evening, and, by a long shot, the best read one. Her reading, of itself, was a triumph.

The last dissertation was by Orran R. Hall of Naples, and was esteemed the best. At any rate, the Prize for the best composition by the gentlemen, was awarded to him. It was quite an elaborate and finished performance. Miss Harriet E. Cushman of Mechanic Falls, took the Prize for the best lady composition. The prizes were, after being awarded by the committees, presented, respectively, by Messrs. Bean and Stone, the Principals of the Academy.

Our space does not permit us to indulge in many general remarks in relation to the school. We were told by competent judges that the examination on Tuesday, in the school room, was very satisfactory to the Trustees, and to all interested spectators. The scholars have had a profitable term of it. They have worked with their instructors, who have striven to present a good account of their stewardship. They have done so, as was clearly evident at the two evening exhibitions. We never attended better ones, and those who took parts in them, will bear us witness that we gave willing ear to their performances.

One word or two more in relation to the Band. North Bridgton has reason to be proud of that musical institution, and should be liberal of its means for its support. The Band has performed a good many "labors of love"—that is, worked for nothing, and now justice demands that something, in the pecuniary line, shall be done for it. It is scarcely second in skillful playing to any Band in the State, and should be fostered as a matter of pride. Its music on the occasions above reported, did much to give the *clat* that characterized them. We remember attending an Academy exhibition not long since where the scholars paid \$50 for four musical performers, who did not furnish half so good an entertainment as did the Band at No. Bridgton the other evenings. The fact is, an admittance fee of 15 cts should have been taken at the door, to meet expenses, and the Band should have had its share of it. No one should be so mean as to begrudge fifteen cents for such an entertainment as was offered by the Academy scholars, and Band, on the occasion of which we have written.

The last number of the Atlantic Monthly which by the way we have not seen, closes up the "Minister's Wooing." We think Mrs. Stowe has introduced into this work as much of untruthfulness as possible. Aaron Burr in a country widow's attic with a spinning girl and her theological Doctor Iceberg in love, are equally unnatural and improbable.—[Bath Times.]

Ain't you a little fast, Bro. Gilman, in your criticism? Unless history greatly belies Aaron Burr, it would not have been a very great cross for him to go up into "a country widow's" garret to have an interview with a pretty "spinning girl." As for "theological Doctors," they should not be icebergs, at any rate, nor are they, generally, if common report speaks truly. We really do not think Mrs. Stowe has fallen in naturalness in respect to these two characters. We think she did not do so well in yanking the *French* lady.

Winter seems to have fairly set in, though it has begun its reign mildly. The snow here is about a foot deep on an average, and the sleighing was never better.—The foot of crocheted pond is frozen over, and if necessary, the boys will amputate it with their skates. We observe the sport has already commenced. We presume the ladies will not skate much this year, as the foremost among the skaters, last year, are now married, and have family duties to attend to. Instead of sweeping the snow from the ice, they have now, alas! to sweep the kitchen floor!!!

What boundless resources the ladies have! They will take a "shocking bad hat," that even an editor wouldn't wear, and make it over into a "love of a bonnet." Just so, when they take the notion into their heads, will they make a scoldy man into a very decent boyed—and vice versa!

THE LACON OF A CHILD. Miss Isabel Athelwood, of Frankford Pa., writes thus of the mirth of a child, Isabel should, says the Revue, conduct the laughing choruses of a household of them.

"I love it—I love it—the laugh of a child. Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild; Ring out on the air with its innocent gush, Like the trill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;

Floating up on the breeze like the tones of a bell, Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell.

Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free, Is the merriest sound in the world for me!"

We take the above from the Railroad (Grotton, Mass.) Mercury, and beg leave, below, to express our views of the cry of a child, believing that both sides of the picture should be presented.

THE CRY OF A CHILD. I hate it—I hate it—the cry of a child, Now whimp'ring and savage, now loud and now wild;

Ringling all through the house with a discordant rush, Like the shriek of a night-hawk in the evening's soft hush;

Floating up on the air as the tones of a bell, That's crack'd into pieces like a cocoa-nut shell.

Oh! the cry of a child, so disgusting and free, Is the "cursedest" sound in the world for me!

SHAKESPEARE was undoubtedly quite a man. He wrote some very brilliant and true things, upon a vast variety of subjects. Had newspapers been common in his day, he would have been their friend, and would have spoken good treatment for them. He would have advised no man to "stop his paper." He would have said, "Continue your subscriptions, my friends, and pay in advance; and especially don't neglect your local, country newspaper!" The players, in his day, stood in the stead of newspapers. He was their friend. Hence he said to old Polonius: "Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed! Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time: [Just what the newspapers are now]. After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live."

Now in reading the above, just substitute for the word "players," newspapers, and you'll have the great and just poet's sentiments with respect to them. Yes, treat the newspapers well—take great pains to keep the breath of life in them, and they'll be all the more able to puff you when you deserve.

That reminds us to say that our neighbor BILLINGS has presented us a lamp—Kerosene—with all its belongings, and thus satisfied our aspirations in that direction. May he sell what he's got on hand, at a good round profit.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW FOR OCTOBER. We always, when one of the English Reviews reaches us, have a "feast of reason," if not a "flow of soul." Especially is this the case when we get hold of the Westminster. The present number has many articles of marked excellence, among which is one on Rousseau's Life and Writings. It is an abstract of his Confessions, and a critical view of his theory of life, which he taught should be totally unartificial. Rousseau was a powerful genius, and one of the investigators, indirectly, of the French Revolution. The article on him is full of intense interest.

Another leading elaborate article in the Review is on Spiritual Freedom. It powerfully vindicates the right of the spirit of man to act untrammelled by external authority. The earnest student would be greatly benefited by reading this article. It has a very just criticism, also, upon Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," "Contemporary Literature," gives us much in a little of all the current thinking of the day.

We repeat what we have said a good many times before that these Reviews are invaluable works, and constitute a library of themselves. All four of them can be had of L. Scott & Co. 54 Gold Street, New York, for \$10, with Blackwood thrown in. A very reasonable sum for so much very choice reading.

SERMON ON MEAN MEN. Rev. W. R. Alger preached, recently, a discourse in Boston on "Mean Men," of whom, we understand, there are a number of specimens in that city.—The sermon was founded on the following text:—

"The mean man boweth down."—Isaiah li, 9.

The preacher divided mean men into four classes:—

1. Aristocrats, who inherit wealth and position acquired by their ancestors, and who wished to appropriate all their resources to pampering themselves.

2. Beggers, who get a subsistence by wearying with their importunities, too mean to earn it themselves.

3. Knaves, consisting of fast livers, gamblers, bar-keepers, etc.

4. Men of good standing in society, who forget to pay the printer.—[N. Y. Home Journal.]

The question which puzzles us most to solve is, how a man can obtain a "good standing in society" who fails, either through forgetfulness or malice aforethought, to pay the printer. Of all acts of meanness this is the one sheaf.

Read the new story on the first page. We rather thought we were made the hero of the story, until we saw that Hubert was represented as extremely homely. We were at once satisfied that we did not sit for the character, as the author, we are sure, could make no such mistake, and thus disparage our beauty.

Our devil likes to tinker so well that he will break glass that he may have the pleasure of setting new panes.

We are cross, to-day—"salvage"—and in comparing notes round, we find a number of others in a similar state of acerbity. We know of no special provocation for this disagreeable feeling, and must therefore charge it to the account of the atmosphere—to meteorological "predominance."

This reminds us to remark upon the disposition so common among men to charge their shortcomings upon something external to themselves—or upon something their wills cannot control. Old Brown is hereditarily insane. Capt. Holmes is insane, and it is very evident that something is not right with us all when we do not feel and act right. Says Shakespeare:—

"This is the excellent foppery of the world; that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, adulterers, (of licence) by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of man to lay his faultish disposition to the charge of a star."

We are apt to feel cross just before a storm—and we are greatly relieved, whether the storm comes from within or without.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR DEC. This Magazine has fairly vindicated its claims to be considered the best Magazine that this country ever produced. There is no fault to be found with it. The foremost talent and genius find it a channel of publicity. It cannot be better, unless some new vein of intellectual power is "opened up" among us. We should like to see a few more articles in it from Emerson's pen, and some from Hawthorne's but it will do as it is. Its contents are sufficiently varied to suit every grade of advanced readers. We say advanced readers, because to relish the papers in the Atlantic Monthly, one must have some culture.

The "Minister's Wooing" is finished in this number, and we are not sorry. The story, such as it is, is told out. It does not, though intensely interesting in some portions of it, leave a very powerful impression. You cannot feel that it is a great book.

Neither are we sorry that Doctor Holmes has got through with his table-talk. We would like to have him appear in some other form, as we have reason to hope he will, although he is not announced for a new part.

Our friend Comfort has killed his pig, which weighed 419 lbs.—a good 'un for a mere pig. We had, from the hands of his better half, some of the "sassafer meat," and, like Oliver, "want some more" from whatever source it may providentially come.

Mr. Blaine, for two years past editor of the Portland Advertiser, has recently retired from that post, and his place is to be filled by John A. Poor, one of the proprietors of the paper. Mr. Blaine is a very able writer.

GO! BACK AGAIN. We are glad to learn that our friend, Mr. J. L. Brown, has got back on to the Saco Stage. Can't get along without Jim, on that route. He is a most faithful and accommodating driver.

We have had some manuscript, this week, that we have had to study as hard as we should the Hebrew character. We were obliged to "decipher it" out to the compositors as anciently the hymns were to the choir.

Kate's ear-ache was completely cured by Bob's whispering a few words in it.—[Exchange.]

We have known the heart-ache to be cured in like manner.

We observe that the papers of last week were full of Thanksgiving. We were so full of it ourselves, that we could not write the customary article.

Enoch Knight, Esq., will lecture before the Bridgton Lyceum this week.

"Mr. Captain," said a son of Erin, going on board a vessel in the port of Cork, "you looked so much like the mate that I took you to be the cook. Will you be after lending me the lane of your broadaxe to saw an empty barrel of flour in two, to make my cow a hup-pen?"

A writer of the last century quaintly observed that when the cannons of the princes began war, the canons of the church were destroyed. "It was," said he, "first nitre that governed the world, and then nitre—first Saint Peter, and then saltpetre."

"How old did you say your sister was?"—"Twenty five."—"You must be mistaken. I was under the impression she was only twenty."—"She wears hoop skirts, doesn't she?"—"From appearances I should say she did."—"Well, then, twenty-five springs at least have passed over her head."

It is stated that the President's Message, and the accompanying reports, will not be printed in advance of their delivery to Congress; and all official safeguards have been doubled to prevent the possibility of a leak; instant removal is threatened against any employee who shall reveal an item.

A young fellow, the son of an eminent dancing master, applying to a friend as to what trade or profession it would be best for him to pursue, was answered, "I think you cannot do better than follow the steps of your father!"

BRUTAL MURDER. Wells River, N. H. Nov. 25. Franklin Wright of Woodville, in Haverhill N. H., killed his wife this afternoon with a butcher knife. He is under arrest, confined in the jail here.

The following remarks from the pen of Gov. Morris of the Home Journal, in relation to Gen. Jackson, we respond to with all our hearts. We hope the work alluded to, one volume of which has been recently issued from the press of Mason & Brothers, New York, will have a large sale, as it undoubtedly will. It will be by far the best life of the old Hero that has yet been written. We hope some of the books will be for sale in this town:—

PARTON'S LIFE OF JACKSON. There is but one other name that stirs the hearts of the American people like that of Andrew Jackson before whom all foes went down in hopeless defeat, and who always returned from battle laden with the trophies of victory. He is the hero of heroes; indomitable, incorruptible, ever pugnacious, never fagulous; unfading Old War Horse—immortal Old Hickory. To this hour, whenever great national troubles arise—when some lengthy foe needs a dignified rebuke—when there is any great work to be done, and no official nerve to do it, the universal prayer goes up from the American people, "Would that Old Hickory were president!" And he won this universal trust and love fairly. Among a race and generation of unusually brave and true men, he was the bravest and truest—the spontaneously elected chief of heroes. And his brave heart, like all genuinely brave hearts, was also tender and loving. He was one of the most affectionate and devoted husbands ever known. His tenderness of heart was so exquisite, that he could not even hear a lamb bleating in a storm at night, without getting up and going out to relieve its distress. He was honest, too. He paid his debts promptly, though it took his last farthing, asking no "extension," no compromise. From the day when, a mere child, his British captors dragged him, wounded and bleeding, from his home to a prison, where he saw revolutionary martyrs dying all around him, to the day of awful retribution at New Orleans, and on to his last span of life, he was the same honest, unflinching, tender-hearted, heroic Andrew Jackson. The story of such a man's life is fairly told, must, of course, be full of interest and fascination. And Mr. Parton has not only told the story of Andrew Jackson's life fairly, but thoroughly, conscientiously, and enthusiastically. He has ploughed deep, turned up fresh soil, and garnered a rich harvest of facts touching the old hero's life, that have never before been given to the public. Consequently, his "Life of Jackson," one of the most readable of books. Every page is alive. It is as romantic as a medieval romance, and yet has the advantage of being true. It is full of adventure—glorious, pathetic, heart-rending, heroic, and glorious. No such book could be written in America, for no other land could "grow" such a hero, or furnish the biographic material to portray his life and narrate his deeds.

Four Irishmen, in order to save the bridge toll, undertook to cross the Connecticut river in a skiff at Chicopee on Saturday. Two being a high wind, and the waves running high, the boat was swamped, and three of the four men were drowned.

"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours and found no game."—"Just so. I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

An advertisement reads as follows:—"Whoa! a watch worth ten guineas. If the thief will return it he shall be informed where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

Let youth cherish sleep, the happiest of earthly boons, while yet it is at its command, for there cometh the day to all, when "the voice of the lute nor the birds" shall bring back the sweet slumbers that fell on the young eyes as unbidden as the dew.

Bauzu presented a poet to M. de Henry, saying, "Sir, I present you with an individual who will give you immortality; but you must, meanwhile, give him something to live upon."

An Irish coachman, driving past some of the best fields during summer, admiring a young girl engaged in sheaving, exclaimed, "Arrah, me darling, I wish I was in jail for stealing ye!"

"I didn't denounce you," said a saucy young fellow to an editor, "but only your subordinate; I merely made a fling at your staff."—"Well, sir," replied the editor, smiling at the action to the world, "then my staff shall have a fling at you."

"Gentlemen," said a tavern-keeper to his guests, at midnight, "I don't know whether you have talked enough or not, but as I myself I am going to shut up."

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

Beautiful—as winds the ivy around the trees to the crag the moss patch rests, so did my constant soul to thee; my own, my beautiful—my boots!

Why is Channery Burr a very goodly pored man?—Because he always keeps a dollar (choler) down.

A gentleman in Ohio, who died recently, was quashed to his wife a handsome son, proving in his will that in case she married again it should be doubled.

A lecturer asserted that all bitter things were hot. "No," suggested Brown, "but bitter cold day."

We suppose that a man who never speaks may be said always to keep his word.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE. No children were seen. All our children are anen, and all men are childish.

Whose best works are most trampled upon? A shoemaker's—because good shoes last longer than bad ones.

It is a shame, if any person poorer than you is more contented than you.

"Do you know who built this bridge?"—"A person to Hook."—"No," replied Hook, "if you go over you'll be killed!"

Love is better than a pair of spectacles, make every thing seem greater which is so through it.

There is a man in town so knowing, the people who don't know their own minds, go to him for information on the subject.

It is an old saying that Time waits for no man; but the fair sex would have us believe that he is gallant enough to wait for ladies.

Authorities differ about the height of Young Thumbs. It is variously stated as five feet six, and six feet three.

The Fair at Music Hall in Boston, is the

MISCELLANY.

THE APPLES OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

The apples of New England!
How hang their loaded boughs
Over the gray stone fences.
In reach of the dappled cows;
O! every red cheeked Baldwin
Hath a merry song to sing,
Of some old moss-roofed cottage,
Where the farmer is a king.

Yes, king of his bursting acres,
Whose grain takes a thousand hues
In the wonder-tinting sunshine;
Yes, king in his cobbled shoes;
King of the sturdy ploughshare;
King of the sickle keen;
King over God's full meadow,
Budding in white and green.

The russets of New England,
What ruddy fires they see,
Where the crack of the viny walnut
And the crack of the pine agree;
Where the herbs hang high in the chimney,
And the cat purrs on the hearth,
And the rollicking boys guess riddles,
With many a shout of mirth.

And they hear the fearful stories
That trouble the children's sleep,
Of ghosts seen in the valleys,
And spectres on the deep;
And they burst their sides with laughing,
And fling their rich wines round,
Or dance to a cunning piping,
As the corn pops white at a bound.

Oh! the sweetings of New England!
Of the old Rhode Island stock—
Brought from the English gardens
To grace the land of rock;
As fair as Britain's daughters,
As hardy as her men,
But fairer lads and lasses
Have plucked their fruit since then.

Oh! the pearmain of New England
With its blended milk and rose,
There's a smell of Albion's orchards
Wherever the good tree grows;
A stout old pilgrim brought it,
And to cradle its seed he broke
The sacred soil of Hartford—
By the roots of the Charter Oak.

Oh! the pippins of New England!
What lover's smiles they see,
When their yellow coats in letters
Tell tales at the apple tree;
What rosy cheeks at the quittings!
What kissing in husking time!
That soon lead off to the parson,
Or end in a wedding chime.

Oh! the apples of New England!
They are famous in every land;
And they sleep in silver baskets,
Or blush in a jewelled hand;
They swell in delicious dreaming
On a beautiful crimson lip,
And taste of the nectared blisses
No lover has dared to sip.

They go to the southern islands,
They go to the western wild,
And they tell of their glorious birth-places
To every frolicking child;
Of the home where men are noble,
And the women as good as fair—
Oh! the apples of New England,
They are welcome everywhere!

DISINTERESTED LOVE. Yes, man has a
strong yearning for disinterested love; much
more so than woman. Once convince a man
that you love him, truly for himself—for his
own self—independently of riches, rank, sta-
tion, position, or any of the thousand and one
advantages that may be possessed of—only,
I say, make him feel that and you need not
be very nice about the mode in which you go
to work. Men are as voracious as bon-
apartes, they will swallow almost any quan-
tity of flattery, provided always that it be of-
fered at the right time. It won't do to flatter
one man in the presence of another. Be care-
ful of that; but let a woman take the lucky
moment, seize upon the right opportunity,
and she may make a man—aye, in spite of
all his wondrous sense and reason—her slave
for life.—[Millicent Neville,

ERONEOUS ESTIMATE OF BOYS. Douglas
Jerrold was considered a dull boy; at nine
years of age he could scarcely read. Gold-
smith was a very unpromising boy. Dryden,
Swift, and Gibbon in their earliest pieces did
not show any talent. The mother of Sheri-
dan, herself a literary woman, pronounced
him to be the dulllest and most hopeless of
her sons. The father of Barrow, the great
preacher and writer, is said to have exclaim-
ed, "If it please God to take any of my
children, I hope it may be Isaac." The in-
judicious parent regarded the lad as a mir-
acle of stupidity, but he afterwards proved to
be the glory of his family.

A love-sick traveler from Wisconsin, on
his first visit to the Falls, had to record his
first impressions on the mighty cataract and
its surroundings in the album kept for that
purpose, at one of the points of attraction
for visitors, in this manner:
"Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah,
Is that of seeing Niagara."

The following laconic epistle may be seen
in the window of a London coffee-shop:—
"Stolen from this window, a china cup and
sugar; the set being now incomplete, the
thief may have the remainder at a bargain."

Which rib is it supposed women was taken
from? Ans. The fifth on the left side as that
is nearest the man's heart, and is accounts
for why women are always anxious to get
back there.

A friend thus describes his gardening oper-
ations: "The bugs ate up our cucumbers;
our chickens ate the bugs; neighbor's cats ate
the chickens, and we are in hopes that some-
thing will now eat the cats."

"Coffee, is that the second bell? "No,
massa, dat is de second ringing ob de first
bell. We habn't got no second bell in dis
hotel."

He is a first rate collector who can upon
all occasions, collect his wits.

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,
—AND—
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

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

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

PORTLAND DISTILLERY.
N. E. Rum, Alcohol & Burning Fluid,
W. C. OSBORNE,
DISTILLER AND MANUFACTURER,
All orders for the above to be forwarded to
A. P. OSBORNE, Agent,
No. 10 Market Square, Portland, Me. 1y32

H. H. HAY & CO.
Wholesale dealers in
Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
*Artists' Materials, Apothecaries' Glass Ware,
Surgical 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. 201f

BYRON GREENOUGH, & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves,
BUFFALO AND FANGY ROBES,
NOS. 145 & 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 va-
riety of Style, made of the best materials,
and in a superior manner. 2ly

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. 65 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 Greening Painting, with 3 en-
gravings furnished for \$5.00. All patterns of
GILT AND ROSEWOOD MOUNTINGS,
Also, *New and Standard Sheet MUSIC* 1y2

J. L. HOWARD, & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Furnaces, Ranges, Office, Parlor
—AND—
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. 35 Exchange Street, Portland. 1tf

**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. 3ly

A. B. BUTLER,
Fancy Dry Goods
TRIMMINGS, &c.
3 Clapp's Block, PORTLAND, ME. [17]y

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
BY E. CRAM,
CORNER MIDDLE AND LIME STS.,
(Opposite the Post Office.)
417 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 Danmarks and Aus-
trians, Feather 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
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.

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, J. S. Whitmore, 1
PORTLAND, ME.

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, \$300,000.
These companies are all first class stock of
frees, and insure good risks at no 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.
D. W. MILLER.** 32 6 m.

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

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.

BOOTS & SHOES.
THE subscriber hereby gives
notice that he continues to
manufacture Boots & Shoes
of every description, at his
old stand at North Bridgton,
where may be found a general assortment of
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.
He also has the right, and manufactures
MITCHELL'S PATENT
Metallic Tip Boots and Shoes,
for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples
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, 1858. 1f

ADAMS & WALKER,
Manufacturers, Wholesale & Retail dealers in
FURNITURE,
of all descriptions.
LOOKING GLASSES, FEATHER BEDS,
**MATTRESSES, CARPETS and
PAPER HANGINGS.**
—ALSO, DEALERS IN—
**DRY GOODS,
CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES**
West India Goods, &c.
PAINTS AND OIL.
J. R. ADAMS,
C. B. WALKER, 1 BRIDGTON CENTER.

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 other things too numerous to mention.
All kinds of **JOB WORK** done at
short notice.
N. B. Country Produce taken in exchange.
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** wan-
ted in exchange for Goods.
CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent.
Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1858. 1f5

REUBEN BALL
Keeps constantly on hand for sale a good
assortment of
Family Groceries,
such as Teas, 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 in
all.
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. H. NORRIS

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
the lungs, liver, and internal organs,
pulmonary and liver complaints. I have
Horses and fixings to match, adapted for
this salutary as well as pleasurable exercise,
with which to accommodate those who would
"Witch the world with noble horsemanship!"
PLEASURE PARTIES
Furnished with Double Teams, and careful
Drivers.
**STABLE NEAR THE POST OFFICE
BRIDGTON CENTER.**
August 12, 1859. 1f40
R. A. CLEAVES.

Take Them and Live.
NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.

HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILL.
AND KID STRENGTHENING PLAS-
TERS—These unsurpassed remedies have
by the common consent of mankind, been
placed 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 Tonic, and clearing
up all Bilious Complaints, Sick Head-
ache, Liver Diseases, Kidney Derangements,
Stomach Disorders, and Skin Affections, they
cure as if by magic. These Pills are purely
vegetable, can be taken at any time by old or
young, without change in employment or
diet. Mercury is a good medicine when pro-
perly used, but when compounded in a Pill for
universal use it destroys, instead of benefiting
the patient. Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills
have never been known to produce sore 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 being
them, but are as easily taken as bits of con-
fectionery. **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 others.
Each plaster will wear from one to four
months, and in rheumatic complaints, sprains
and bruises, frequently effect cures, while all
other remedies fail. 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 & 4 CENTS.

Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catarrh Snuff
Has obtained an enviable reputation in the
cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Wa-
tery and Inflamed Eyes, and those dis-
agreeable noises, resembling the whizzing of
steam, distant waterfalls, etc., purely vege-
tables come with full directions, & delights
all that use it; as a sneezing snuff it cannot
be equaled. **BOXES 25 CENTS.**

HARVEY'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

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.
**A LOT OF CLOAPARDS for sale by
DIXEY STONE & CO.**

E. E. WILDER,

**HARNESS MAKER AND CARRIAGE
TAMER.**
Harnesses, Carriage Trimmings, Halters, Se-
cingles, Bridles, Horse Blankets, Whips, &c.
constantly on hand and for sale.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. 1y1

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

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

BURNHAM BROTHERS,
DAGUERRETYPE
ROOMS,
96 Middle Street, —PORTLAND.
J. U. P. Burnham, 42 T. R. Burnham

HORACE BILLINGS,
Commission Merchant
—AND DEALER IN—
HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL.
No. 56 Elm, and 18 and 20 Friend Street,
BOSTON.

Scrofula, or King's Evil
Is a constitutional disease, a corruption
of the blood, by which the fluid becom-
es irritated, weak and poor. Being in the
circulation, it pervades the whole body, it
may burst out in disease on any part of
No organ is free from its attacks, nor is the
one which it may not destroy. The scrofula
taint is variously caused by mercurial ex-
cess, low living, disordered or unclean
food, impure air, filth and filthy habits,
depressing vices, and above all, by the her-
editary infection. Whatever be its origin, it
is hereditary in the constitution, descends
from parents "to children unto the third
fourth generation." Indeed, it seems to be
of him who says, "I will visit the in-
iquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition in
the blood of corrupt or septic matter, in
the lungs, liver, and internal organs, ter-
med tubercles. In the glands, swelling
and on the surface, eruptions or sores. A
foul corruption, which renders the blood
depresses the energies of life, so that the
constitution not only suffers from scrofula
complications, but they have far less pow-
er to withstand the attacks of other dis-
eases. Consequently, vast numbers perish by
diseases which, although not scrofulous in
nature, are still rendered fatal by the taint
in the system. Most of the consumptions
which decimate the human family have
their origin directly in this scrofulous con-
tamination and many destructive diseases of
liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all
organs, arise from or are aggravated by its
same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous
their persons are invaded by this insid-
ious infection, and their health is under-
mined. To cleanse it from the system we re-
quire the blood by an alterative me-
dine, and invigorate it by healthy exer-
cise. Such a medicine we supply in
AYER'S
Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,
the most effective remedy which the mod-
ern skill of our times can devise for this
where prevailing and fatal scrofula. It
combines from the most active remedies
have been discovered for the expurgation
this foul disorder from the blood, and
cures the system from its destructive
sequences. Hence it should be employed
the cure of not only scrofula, but also
other affections which arise from it, such
as Eczema and Skin Diseases, St. AN-
TONY'S FIRE, ROSE, OR ERYSIPELAS, PILES,
POTBLES, BLOTCHES, BLAISES and
TUMORS, TETTER and SALT RHEUM, and
HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, STY,
and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPPY,
PRURITUS, DEBRIDING, and, indeed, all
SKIN AFFECTIONS FROM VITIOUS OR
BLOOD. The popular belief in "drawing
the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula
is a degeneration of the blood. The pos-
sible purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla
purify and regenerate this vital fluid, and
out which sound health is impossible in
tainted constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
For all the purposes of a Family Physi-
cian are so composed that disease with-
out range of their action can rarely with-
stand them. Their penetrating power
search, and cleanse, and invigorate
portion of the human organism, correct
its diseased action, and restoring its
vitalities. As a consequence of these prop-
erties, the invalid who is bowed down
with pain or physical debility is restored
and his health or energy restored by a
at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day
plaints of every body, but also many in-
fernal and dangerous diseases. The sec-
ond low named is pleased to furnish gratis
American Almanac, containing certain
of their cures and directions for their use
the following complaints: Consti-
pation, Headache, arising from dis-
ordered Stomach, Indigestion, Flat-
ulency, Morbid Accumulation of the Bowels, Flow-
ing, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and
kindred complaints, arising from a low
of the body or obstructions of its func-
tions.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, &c.
Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and
the relief of Consumptive Patients in
all stages of the disease.
So widely is the field of its usefulness
so numerous are the cases of its cures,
almost every portion of country abounds
with persons afflicted. Known, who have been
suffered from alarming and even danger-
ous diseases of the lungs by its use. When
tried, its superiority over every other
of its kind is too apparent to an
observant eye, and where its virtues are
the public to longer hesitate what
to employ for the distressing and danger-
ous affections of the pulmonary organs, the
incident to our climate. While many
prior remedies thrust upon the masses
have failed and been discarded, this long
and tried remedy, by every trial, confirmed
on the afflicted they can never forget,
produced cures too numerous and be-
markable to be forgotten.