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ABEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland.

## THE TWO SISTERS.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The following story, the simple and domestic incidents of which may be deemed hardly worth relating after such a lapse of time, awakened a degree of interest a hundred years ago, in a principal seaport in the bay of Massachusetts. The rainy twilight of an autumn day, a parlor on the second floor of a house, plainly furnished, as becomed the circumstances of its inhabitants, yet decorated with curiosities from beyond the sea, and a few specimens of Indian manufacture, these are the only particulars to be presented in regard to scenes and persons. Two young and comely women sat together by the fireside, nursing their mutual and peculiar sorrows. They were the recent brides of two brothers, a sailor and a landsman, and two successive days had brought tidings of the death of each, by the chances of Canadian warfare and the tempestuous Atlantic. The universal sympathy excited by this bereavement, drew numerous condoling guests to the habitation of the widows. Several, among whom was the minister, had remained until the close of evening, when, one by one, respecting many comfortable passages of scripture, that were answered by more abundant tears, they took their leave, and returned to their own happier homes. The mourners, though not insensible to the kindness of their friends, had yearned to be left alone. United as they had been, by relationship of the living, and now more closely so by that of the dead, each felt as if whatever consolation her grief admitted, was to be found in the bosom of the other. They joined their hearts, and wept together silently. But after an hour of such indulgence, one of the sisters, all of whose emotions were subdued by her mild, quiet yet not feeble character, began to recollect the presence of resignation and endurance which she had taught her when she did not think to heed them. Her misfortune, besides, as earliest known, should earliest cease to interfere with her regular course of duties; accordingly, having placed the table before the fire, and arranged a frugal meal, she took the hand of her companion.

"Come, dearest sister, you have not eaten a morsel to-day," she said. "Alas! pray you, and let us ask a blessing for that which is provided for us." Her sister was of a lively and irritable temperament, and the first pangs of sorrow had been expressed by shrieks and passionate lamentations. She now took from Mary's words like a wound inflicted from the hand that revives the throbs.

"There is no blessing for me, neither will I ask it," said Margaret, with a fast burst of tears. "Would that it were ill will that I might never taste more!"

As she trembled at these rebellious emotions, almost as soon as they were uttered, and by degrees Mary succeeded in bringing her sister's mind nearer to a calmness of her own. Time rolled on, and the usual hour of their repose arrived. The brothers and their brides had married state with no more than the slender means which then sanctioned such a step, and confederated themselves in one household, with equal access to the parlor, and claiming exclusive privileges in two sleeping rooms contiguous to it. Thither the widowed ones, after heaping ashes upon the dying embers of the fire, and placing a lamp upon the hearth. The doors of both chambers were left open, so that the interior of each, and the light from their unenclosed curtains were mutually visible. Sleep did not steal from the sisters at one end at the same

time. Mary experienced the effect often consequent upon grief quietly borne, and soon sunk into temporary forgetfulness, while Margaret became more disturbed and feverish in proportion as the night advanced with its deepest and stillest hours. She lay listening to the drops that came down in monotonous succession, unswayed by breath of wind, and a nervous impulse continually causing her to lift her head from the pillow, and gaze into Mary's chamber and the intermediate apartment. The cold light of the lamp threw the shadows of the furniture up against the wall, stamping them immovable there, except when they were shaken by a sudden flicker of the flame. Two vacant arm chairs were in their old position on opposite sides of the hearth, where the brothers had been wont to sit in young and laughing dignity, as heads of families; two humbler seats were near them, the thrones of that little empire, where Mary and herself had exercised in love a power that love had won. The cheerful radiance of the fire had shone upon a happy circle, and the dead glimmer of the lamp might have benefited their union now. While Margaret groaned in bitterness, she heard a knock at the street door.

"How would my heart have leapt at that sound but yesterday," thought she, remembering the anxiety with which she had so long awaited tidings from her husband. I care not for it now; let them be gone, for I will not arise."

But even while a sort of childish fretfulness made her thus resolve, she was breathing hurriedly and straining her ears to catch a repetition of the summons. It is difficult to be convinced of one who we have deemed another self. The knocking was now renewed in slow and regular strokes, apparently given with the soft end of a double fist, and was heard through several thicknesses of the wall. Margaret looked to her sister's chamber, and beheld her still lying in the depths of sleep. She slightly raised herself, trembling between fear and eagerness as she did so.

"Heaven help me," sighed she. I have nothing left to fear, and methinks I am ten times more a coward than ever."

Seizing the lamp from the hearth, she hastened to the window that overlooked the street door. It was a lattice turning upon hinges, and having thrown it back she stretched her hand a little way into the moist atmosphere. A lantern was reddening the front of the house, and melting its light in the dark puddles, while a deluge of darkness overwhelmed every object. As the window grated on its hinges, a man in a broad brimmed hat and blanket coat stepped from under the shelter of the projecting story, and looked upward to discover whom his application had aroused. Margaret knew him as a friendly inkeeper of the town.

"What would you have, good man Parker?" asked the widow.

"Lack-a-day, is it you, Margaret?" cried inkeeper. "I was afraid it might be your sister Mary, for I hate to see a young woman in trouble, when I have not a word of comfort to whisper to her."

"For heaven's sake, what news do you bring?" screamed Margaret.

"There has been an express through the town within this half hour," said good man Parker, travelling from the westward, jurisdiction, with letters from the governor and council. He tarried at my house to refresh himself with a drop and a morsel, and I asked him what tidings on the frontiers. He told me we had the better in the skirmish you wot of, and that thirteen men, reported slain, are well and sound, and your husband among them. Besides he is appointed one of the escorts to bring the captivated Frenchers and Indians home to the province jail. I judged you wouldn't mind being broke of your rest, and so I stepped over to tell you. Good night."

So saying, the honest man departed; and the lantern gleamed along the street, bringing to view indistinct shapes of things, and the fragments of a world, like order glimmering through a chaos, or memory roaming over the past. But Margaret stayed not to watch these picturesque results. Joy flushed into her heart and lighted it up at once, and breathless and winged steps, she flew to the bedside of her sister. She paused, however, at the door of her chamber, while a thought of pain broke in upon her.

"Poor Mary!" said she to herself. Shall

I awake her to feel her sorrow sharpened by my happiness? No; I will keep it within my bosom till the morrow."

She approached the bed to see if Mary's sleep was peaceful. Her face was turned partly upward to the pillow, and had been hidden there to weep; but a look of motionless contentment was visible upon it, as if her heart, like a deep lake, had become calm, because its grief had sunk down so far within. Happy it is, and strange that the lighter sorrows are those from which dreams are chiefly fabricated. Margaret shrunk from disturbing her sister-in-law, and felt as if her own better fortune had rendered her involuntarily unfaithful, and as if altered and diminished affection must be the consequence of the disclosure she had to make. With a sudden step she turned away. But joy could not be even repressed by the circumstance that would have excited heavy grief at another moment. Her mind was thronged with delightful thoughts till sleep stole on and transformed them into visions more delightful and more wild, like the breath of winter (but a cold comparison) working fantastic tracery on the window.

When the night was far advanced Mary woke with a sudden start. A vivid dream had lately involved her in his unreal life, of which, however, she could only remember that it had been broken in upon at its most interesting part. For a little time slumber hung about her like a morning mist, hindering her from perceiving the distinct outline of her situation. She listened with imperfect consciousness to two or three volleys of rapid and eager knocking. At first she deemed the noise a matter of course; like the breath she drew next it appeared a thing in which she had no concern and hastily she became aware it was a summons necessary to be obeyed. At the same moment, a pang of recollection darted into her mind; the pall of sleep was thrown back from the face of grief; the dim light of the chamber, and the objects therein revealed, had retained all her suspended ideas, and restored them as soon as she unclasped her eyes. Again there was a quick peal upon the street door. Fearing that her sister would also be disturbed, Mary wrapped herself in a cloak and hood, took the lamp from the hearth, and hastened to the window. By some accident it had been left unclasped, and yielded easily to the hand.

"Who's there?" asked Mary, trembling as she look forth.

The storm was over, and the moon was up; it shone upon unbroken clouds above, and below, upon houses black with moisture, and upon little lakes of fallen rain, curling with silver beneath the quick enchantment of a breeze. A young man in a sailor's dress, wet as if he had come out of the depths of the sea, stood alone under the window. Mary recognized him as one whose livelihood was gained by short voyages on the coast; nor did she forget that previous to her marriage, he had been an unsuccessful wooer for her hand.

"What do you seek here, Stephen?" said she.

"Cheer up, Mary, for I seek to comfort you," answered the rejected lover. "You must know that I got home some ten minutes ago, and the first thing my mother told me about was your husband; so without saying a word to the old woman, I clapped on my hat and ran out of the house. I couldn't have slept a wink before speaking to you, Mary, for the sake of old times."

"Stephen, I thought better of you," exclaimed the widow, with gushing tears, and preparing to close the lattice, for she was no whit inclined to imitate the first wife of Zadi.

"But stop and hear my story out," cried the young sailor. "I tell you we spoke a brig yesterday afternoon, bound in from Old England, and whom do you think I saw on deck, well and hearty, only a bit thinner than he was five months ago?"

Mary leaned from the window but did not speak.

"Why, it was your husband himself," continued the generous seaman. "He and three others saved themselves on a spar when the vessel turned bottom upwards. The brig will beat into the bay by daylight, with this wind, and you will see him here to-morrow. There's the comfort I bring to you, Mary. So, good night."

He hurried away, while Mary watched him with a doubt of waking reality, that seemed stronger or weaker as he alternately entered the shade of the houses,

or emerged into the broad streaks of moonlight. Gradually, however, a flood of conviction swelled into her heart, in strength enough to overwhelm her, had its increase been more. Her first impulse was to arouse her sister in law, and communicate the new born gladness. She opened the chamber door which had been closed in the course of the night, though not latched, advanced to the bedside, and was about to lay her hand on the slumberer's shoulder. But then she remembered that Margaret would awake to thoughts of death and woe, rendered not the less bitter by the contrast with her own felicity. She suffered the rays of the lamp to fall upon the unconscious form of the bereaved one. Margaret lay in unquiet sleep, and the drapery was displaced around her; her young cheek was rose tinted, lips half opened in a vivid smile: an expression of joy, debarring its passage by her sealed eyelids, struggled forth like incense from her whole countenance.

"My poor sister, you will awaken too soon from that happy dream, thought Mary.

Before retiring, she sat down the lamp and endeavored to arrange the bed clothes, so that the chill air might do no harm to the feverish slumberer. But her hand troubled against Margaret's neck, a tear also fell upon her cheek, and she suddenly awoke. Their mutual joy was made known, and they wept in each other's arms.

For the Bridgton Reporter.

When the lonely shadows gather,  
Gather on the distant hill,  
And the wood beyond the river  
Dimmer grows and dimmer still;  
When twilight waves her raven pinion  
Lulling all the world to rest;  
What is this that holds dominion  
O'er my soul as from the blest?

Know you that when softly, lowly  
Go, one by one to rest. Oh! then  
Bend the Angels sad and holy,  
Weeping o'er the sins of men.  
O'er the tender lambs, straying  
Where the shadows ever frown  
Where no gleam of joy is playing  
The Angels look in pity down.

We feel their gentle influence stealing  
Low with strange and magic spell  
Something in our hearts revealing  
That earthly voices may not tell;  
And like Life's uneven billows  
That oft in mournful murmurings roll,  
Their tears, like sorrow's bending willows  
Sweep the harp-strings of the soul.

Do we know they have been weeping?  
Mark the flowrets of the glen—  
Ask the Honey-suckle, creeping—  
What hath graced her diadem?  
Even thus in morning hours  
Where the foot of man hath prest,  
We may mark upon the flowers  
Where the Angel's tear drops rest.

"OUR COTTAGE."  
Evanston, Ill., Jan. 1861.

SOCIAL AFFECTIONS.

Love is our first lesson. The very first thing a little infant learns is to love her who supplies its wants and soothes its pains. The love of the father never precedes this love; how should it? His kind looks and endearments soon call forth reciprocal affections; but, under every sense of need, the infant instinctively turns to its mother. It can do without him; it cannot do without her. And though individual character sometimes neutralizes class distinctions, so that here and there is found a mother less tender than a father, yet as a rule, it is admitted that the masculine character is less endued with parental tenderness than the feminine; and with regard to the irrational creation the rule has no exceptions. The mother loves the child as part of herself, but with a love so purely unselfish, that from the very first she will sacrifice to it her own rest, comfort and pleasure. The unselfish nature of this love inevitably refines, purifies and exalts her own character; so that, though the average of single women may be capable of being very good mothers, she who is already a mother is something higher than they are, unless she is false to herself.

It is possible to predicate with precision the moral standard of a nation by the strength or weakness of this tie; for mothers form their sons, and by their fruits you shall know them. The first ten years of a man's life, says Dr. Cumming, are in your keeping. Awful, yet happy responsibility! The native Australians, who rank lowest in the scale of humanity, are the most deficient in parental affection. What a noble idea is given us of the country that could produce Cratesicles, who, being told that Ptolemy demanded her as a hostage for her son

Cleomenes, cheerfully exclaimed: 'Is this the thing which you have so hesitated to communicate? Pray put me immediately on board a ship, and send this carcass of mine wherever you think it may be of most use to Sparta.' And seeing her son full of emotion as she was on the point of embarking, she put her arm about his neck, and whispered: 'Oh! let none see us weeping. This alone is in our power; the rest is in the hands of God.' It is no more surprising that a woman of this mould should be the mother of a hero, than that Julia, the daughter of Germanicus, should produce a Nero. And each was the type of her country.—[London Eclectic.

SMUGGLING ARRANGEMENT.

A gentleman from Paris writes the following: I saw through one of the windows of the Mayor's office, in the twelfth arrondissement, what seemed to be the body of a negro hanging by the neck. At the first glance, and even at the second, I took it for a human being, whom disappointed love, or perhaps an expeditious judge, had disposed of so suddenly; but I soon ascertained that the ebony gentleman in question was a large doll, as large as life. What to think of this I did not know, so I asked the door-keeper the meaning of it.

'This is the contraband museum,' was the answer; and on my showing a curiosity to examine it, he was kind enough to act as my cicerone.

In a large dirty room are scattered over the floor, on the walls, and along the ceiling, all the inventions of roguery which has been confiscated from time to time, by those guardians of the law, the revenue officers. It is a complete arsenal of the weapons of smuggling all, unfortunately, in complete confusion.

Look before you; there is a hog'shead dressed up as a nurse, with a child that holds two quarts and a half. On the other side are two logs, hollow as the Trojan horse and filled with armies of cigars. On the floor lies a huge boa constrictor, gorged with China silks; and just beyond is a pile of coal, curiously perforated with spoils of cotton.

The colored gentleman who excited my sympathy at first, met with his fate under the following circumstances: He was built of tin, painted black, and stood like a key-duck of Ethiopian chasseur on the foot-board of a carriage, fastened by his feet and hands. He had frequently passed through the gates, and was well known by sight to the soldiers, who noticed that he was always showing his teeth—which they supposed to be the custom of the country.

One day the carriage he belonged to was stopped by a crowd at the gate. There was as usual, a grand chorus of yells and oaths the vocal part being performed by the drivers and cartmen, and the instrumental by their whips.

The negro, however, never spoke a single word. His good behavior delighted the soldiers, who held him up as an example to the crowd.

'Look at the black fellow,' they cried:—see how well he behaves! Bravo, nigger!' He showed a perfect indifference to their applause.

'My friend,' said the clerk at a barrier, jumping upon the foot-board, and slapping our sable friend on the shoulder, 'we are really much obliged to you.'

'Oh, surprise! the shoulder rattled. The officer was bewildered; he sounded the footman all over, and he was made of metal, and as full as skin could hold of the very best contraband liquor, drawn out at his feet.

The juicy mortal was seized at once, and carried off in triumph.

The first night the revenue people drank up one of the shoulder, and he was soon bled to death. It is now six years since he lost the moisture of his system, and was reduced to a dry skeleton.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHERS.

The old-fashioned mothers have nearly all passed away with the blue check and homespun woolen of a simpler but purer time.—Here and there one remains, truly 'accomplished,' in heart and life, for the sphere of home.

Old-fashioned mothers—God bless them! who followed us with heart and prayer, all over the world—lived in our lives, sorrowed in our griefs; who knew more about patchwork than poetry; spoke no dialect but love; never preached nor wandered; 'made melody with their hearth,' and sent forth no books but living volumes, that honored their authors and blessed the world.

The old homestead! We wish we could paint it for you, as it is—no, we dare not say as it is—as it was; that we could go together from room to room; sit by the old hearth, round which that circle of light and love once swept, and there linger, till all those ampler, purer times returned, and we should grow young again.

And how can we leave that spot, without remembering one form that occupied, in days gone by, the old arm-chair—that old-fashioned mother—one in all the world, the law of whose life was love; one who was the divinity of our infancy, and the sacred presence in the shrine of our first earthly idolatry; one whose heart is far below the frosts that gather so thickly on her brow; one to whom we never grow old, but in the 'plumed troop' or the grave council, are children still; one who welcomed us coming, blessed us, going, and never forgot us—never!

And when in some closet, some drawer, some corner she finds a garment or a toy that was once yours, how does she weep as she thinks you may be suffering or sad. And when spring

"Leaves her robes on the trees," does she not remember your tree, and wish you were there to see its glory?

CHOOSING HUSBANDS. When a girl marries, why do people talk of her choice? In ninety nine cases out of a hundred, has she any choice? Does not the man, probably the last she would have chosen, select her? A lady writer says: 'I have been married many years; the match was considered a good one, suitable in every respect—age, position and fortune. Every one said I had made a good choice. I loved my husband when I married him, because he had, by unwearied assiduity, succeeded in gaining my affections; but had choice been my privilege, I certainly should not have chosen him.' As I look at him in his easy-chair, sleeping before the fire, a huge dog at his feet, a pipe peeping out of the many pockets of his shooting-coat, I cannot but think how different he is from what I would have chosen. My first penchant was for a clergyman; he was a flatterer, and cared but little for me, though I have not forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a lawyer, a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after walking, talking, dancing and flirting, left me. Either of these two would have been 'my choice,' but my present husband chose me, and therefore I married him. And this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way with half the married folks of my acquaintance!

AN INCIDENT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Romantic Elopement on an Ox-Sled. The Detroit Free Press relates the following, for the truth of which it vouches, but we don't: An ox team attached to a lumber sled, and bearing across its cross-benches a coarse-grained young man and a buxom girl of eighteen, dragged its slow length along Leeward street yesterday, and halted in front of Justice Purdy's office. The couple dismounted and entered the office, where they made known their wishes, and requested to be married immediately. The expectant bridegroom said he had come to town with a load of produce for his employer, who owned the team, and as Susan wanted to buy a kalikar dress, he had brought her along on the sleds. On the way in they talked the matter over, and in view of the fact that they sorter liked one another, and had done considerable courtin' on the sly, concluded to get married. They declared themselves of age, and took the bonds for the better or the worse. The bridegroom was much elated, he kissed the bride an unreasonable number of times. Then requested the Court to kiss her, and even went so far as to intimate that all respectable persons among the spectators might enjoy the same privilege. He was especially elated on the newspaper question. 'Put 'er in,' he said, in a reckless manner. Put 'er in the paper, and make Susan's name all capitals. I'll pay for big letters. What's the use in gettin' married to a putty girl unless you can get it in the papers? In the midst of this jubilation the thought of the old man struck him, and he sobered down as though a shower bath had fallen on his head. 'Come Susan,' he said, taking her hand, 'let's go home and see it out. Lord! won't he be mad?' And he drew a sigh and switched up the cattle, whose slow gait seemed too fast for his palpitating hopes and fears.

THE DEGRADATION OF EUROPEAN WOMEN.—It is well known that European women of all classes are held in very little esteem. If they are poor, they are considered mere cattle; if of the higher class, they are regarded only as a means of pastime, and are married or obtained only for fashion or convenience. This is unfortunately, too much the case in this country, but they are never used as cattle here. On the European continent you will see them wielding the sickle and the scythe, guiding the plow and carrying on their backs manure for the fields; while near by you behold huge, strong fellows lying on their backs, observing the labor of their wives with perfect indifference. It is also well known that great laxity of morals prevails on the continent of Europe. An explanation of the degradation and immorality of women in that part of the world has lately been given, which, though



only partly covering the ground, is certainly entitled to an important place among the reasons that can be assigned for the existence of this state of things. The kingdoms of that continent are so continually engaged in war, that men are at a premium. All experience shows that nothing will sooner produce the enslavement of women, and licentiousness in any land, than this destruction of the equilibrium between the numbers of men and women. Now in Europe the men are continually thinned by wars, and snatched up and marched away by the conscriptions. The result is that those who are left are very much in the condition of the ten thousand Spartans, who were sent back at the interposition of the Lacedaemonians.

Utah and California present, or did present, striking instances of the result of the scarcity of either sex in any community. In Utah, where men are scarce, they are privileged characters, and the women degraded in every respect. In California and some Western States, where equilibrium has not yet been restored, the men are degraded, as far as the stronger sex may be, into a state of slavery to women, while they are still as immoral as the circumstances will permit.

An equilibrium, then, of the sexes, is one grand necessity of every community, a scarcity of either sex producing most terrible results.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

WANTED—A PRINTER.—“Wanted—a printer,” says a contemporary. Wanted—a mechanical curiosity, with a brain and fingers a thing that will set so many type a day—a machine that will think and act, but still a machine—a being who undertakes the most systematic and monotonous drudgery, yet one the ingenuity of man has never supplanted mechanically—that’s a printer.

A printer—yet for all his sometimes dissipated and reckless habits—a worker, at all times and hours day and night; sitting up in a close and unwholesome office, when gay crowds are hurrying to the theatres—later still, when the street revelers are gone and the city sleeps—in the fresh air of morning—in the broad and gushing sunlight—some printing machine is at his case, with its eternal, unvarying, click! click!

Click! click! the polished types fall into the stick; the mute integers of expression are marshaled into line, and march forth as immortal print. Click! and the latest intelligence becomes old—the thought a principle—the idea a living sentiment. Click! click! from grave to gay, item after item—robbery, a murder, a bit of scandal, a graceful and glowing thought—are in turn closed by the mute and impressive fingers of the machine, and set adrift in the sea of thought. He must not think of the future, nor recall the past—must not think of home, of kindred, of wife or of babe—his work lies before him, and thought is claimed to his copy.

You know him by his works, who read the papers and are quick at typographical errors—whose eye may rest on these mute evidences of ceaseless toil; correspondents, editors and authors, who scorn the simple medium of yord fame, think not that the printer is altogether a machine—think not he is indifferent to the gem of which he is but the setter—a subtle ray may penetrate the recesses of his brain, of the flowers he gathers may leave some of their fragrance upon his toil-worn fingers. But when you seek a friend, companion, adviser—when you would elevate one who, for sympathy may represent either or both—when you want Judges, Legislators, Governors, and Presidents—O, ye people, advertise: “Wanted a printer.”

GABRIEL. Of all the comparisons which have been made for him there are none which are not very wide of the reality. He has, indeed, none of the qualities of statesman, dictator or commander. That which belongs to him exclusively is a species of popular inspiration and influence as by electric contagion of emotions. More than to warriors or politicians he belongs to the order of religious enthusiasts. It is a character infusing itself through a nation. One story there is in history which in some moments recalls the features of his. One character there is with whom his has some traits of likeness. Utterly unlike, as in many respects it is (and without instituting a purely fanciful comparison,) there is something in the great Liberator of the spirit of the Maid of Orleans. Sprung like her from the depths of the people with whom he is identified in every fibre of his heart, he too, in the extreme need of his country, has upraised it by almost miraculous career. As in hers, the destinies of his country are bound up in his mind with the will of Providence, from whom deliverance is looked for by a faith truly religious. She, the simplest and purest of spirits, went forth from her peasant home rapt almost in a trance through pity for the realm of France, and intense belief in the greatness of her people, and carrying daring and devotion to the verge of fanaticism, awoke in the very depths of society the heart of the nation out of the midst of despair, until by the sheer strength of native worth, the overwrought people had vindicated for themselves their honor and salvation, in spite of every human obstacle, and in defiance of every recognized means of aid. A spirit not absolutely of another kind burns also in him. He, guarded almost to madness at the sight of his country's degradation, and called forth by the consciousness of a nobler destiny, has given up his every thought, act, and wish as to a sacred cause; and touching the inmost heart of his brothers calling them toward a king in whom the nation itself is idealized before his eyes, has

led them on to incredible success, and inspired them with unconquerable faith. She who breathed life into France, her work once done, was a peasant girl again. So, too, the rock of Capra lives in the hearts of millions of Italians as the emblem of perfect worth, of moral dignity, and of faith unwavering.—[Westminster Review.]

## The Bridgton Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, FEB. 15, 1861.

### THE PARDON OF CAPTAIN HOLMES.

The public were startled when they heard of the President's unconditional pardon of this man. The facts and incidents of the trial are fresh in the minds of us all. A jury of his countrymen found him guilty of the murder of a sailor on the High Seas, and the verdict of the law was pronounced against him. His sentence was to be hanged. That sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life; but ere it had scarcely begun, an unconditional pardon comes from the President.

We have never been an advocate of Capital Punishment—we have no confidence in it so long as prisons are secure—for, the restraining power of punishment, does not consist in its kind or severity, but in its certainty. Therefore it matters little whether the crime of murder is to be punished with death or imprisonment for life. If punishment can deter men, either of these is certainly sufficient. Few men would commit a crime if they knew first, that it would come to light, and second, that they should be deprived of life or liberty on account of it. We are sadly afraid that before long we shall have no restraining influence left—that even the last reason why the vicious should obey the laws, will have no practical effect. John A. Holmes killed poor Chadwick—as brutal, cold blooded a manner as ever the face of the earth or waters witnessed. It was without color or excuse. It was not a single blow given in the heat of passion; but a deliberate and even systematic taking of life. Every right under the laws, was granted him in the trial. The verdict of the world was “Guilty.”

The whole community had a right to be protected from further fiendish cruelties from him. The blood of the murdered sailor called from the waters of the great deep for justice—not vengeance—simple justice would have protected the rights of the poor children of the ocean. But John A. Holmes had money, friends and influence, without scruple these have been applied from the first, and to-day the man who has forfeited all claim upon society, a murderer unpunished and unregenerated, walks abroad in defiance of the laws, and contrary to every sentiment of safety and justice.

We wish men could pardon as God can pardon—where there is a new life, and the old is known no more—no future sins. But men cannot safely do this. The heart may urge forgiveness of the felon's offense, but the demands of justice and the interest of community cannot afford such a pardon.—The safety of that society from him and the restraint upon others, demands—not cruelty—reasonable punishment.

Now “self-preservation is the first law of Nature.” It is a sacred individual right;—and it must be therefore, just as sacred, as a community interest. What right has the Executive to do this thing? We claim in the first place, that it is not safe as a general rule to turn a felon out upon the world without due punishment or some permanent and actual expiation of the offense. We claim again, that the influence upon others is of the most dangerous character. It whispers to the rich murderer the hope of bribery in every stage of the proceeding.

It contravenes every careful provision of the law. It insults the whole community at once. It is in many cases, just as unwarrantable as a rescue by a mob, of an offender. Where is the difference? This man had not suffered punishment. True he had a holiday confinement in jail, and even then had the presumption to demand an unconditional pardon. His sentence was commuted, but he had expected more. Where was the evidence of that man's appreciation of his relation to society? If he had been a poor sailor like the one he ruthlessly murdered, would he have expected such clemency? If he had been poor and friendless, and his crime had simply been of a nature which would have insured two or three years in the State's Prison, would he have talked of pardon in less than a year? We can see there, just what principle even he recognized. It was direct or indirect bribery—the power of some undue and unequal influence. We do not charge that the Executive was bribed. We only assert that he was influenced to do this (let us all hope) by unwarrantable representations. We blame him and so ought the whole world, but we do not believe him guilty of any criminal design. The most unfavorable feature of the whole, is, the effect it is going to have on community. It is establishing an overwhelming power against the exact and impartial working of our law. It is acknowledging a power behind and beyond the laws, greater than the laws themselves. It is a deadly thrust at the spirit and heart of Justice.

A few more outrages like this, and a reign of terror would come. Suppose a murderer in our own community, against the feelings of safety and wishes of our people, should, through the influence of money or some other unwarrantable means, be let loose again. Would it not call up feelings of revenge? Should we not feel as though we, the public, who were the interested party,

had a right to be indignant? And is it too much to believe that a few such occurrences would drive the people into a disregard of all law? It is whispered even now, in sailor-circles, that John A. Holmes shall not escape the justice of the verdict pronounced against him. We hope that no violence may be perpetrated, and that however unjust was this pardon, it may not have an unfavorable effect: but we cannot console ourselves with the prospect. There is real danger in every such occurrence, while there is safety and only safety in an exact conformity to the well established laws of the land.

THE WEATHER. This week so far, we have had approaches to a winter thaw. But oh! what weather that was last week! It was colder than ever visited this region since the flood. “The oldest inhabitant” feels absolutely “hurt” about it, for it spoils all his stories told for years passed. We came from Portland that day, and know something about it. The atmosphere was a great sheet of frost. Men, women and children went to and fro and about one out of three, got frost bitten. The mercury, was some forty degrees below public opinion at the time, and a good deal of the time below police of even “white folks.” A neighbor of ours, insists that it went down to the bottom of the tube, in one case, and he hung it on a sink-spout and it went down through that, and actually “run the thing into the ground.” Water froze in all possible shapes.

In many places near the village, it was entirely solid, still preserving its eddies and fanciful shapes as in prosperous times. It was not uncommon to see it in one grand icicle as it fell over the dams. We are told that one fall of twenty feet or more, froze in a solid mass of ice, and all the time looked so natural, that the next morning children went and held pails under it as usual, for their daily supply of that excellent summer beverage. On another dam, it is claimed to have been still colder. A log happened to drift over it, just at the freezing period, and when it got about half way down the fall, it stopped completely frozen in; and they had to hitch on oxen and pull it out through the bark.

LEGISLATIVE VISIT. Last Friday, by invitation of the City authorities, the Legislature visited Portland. We happened to be there on the occasion. There were no formalities at all. The visit was intended simply to give them an opportunity to examine the building where probably, sooner or later, they will convene, instead of Augusta. We know that the proportions of the building, as well as the generous hospitality of the people must have favorably impressed them. The most interesting feature of the occasion was the singing in the large Hall, by the Members. It seems that they make it a regular exercise of the session. We discovered no particular skill in this exercise, though like the Penobscot's dancing, it was “powerful strong.” The music was exceedingly simple, being mostly a collection of “Penerials” of “ye olden time.”

We were particularly struck with the “gratue and volubility” with which they “put through” “Sennox.” On the whole, had it not been for the almost endurable state of the weather, their visit must have been a pleasant thing to all concerned.

TEMPERANCE LECTURES. Dr. B. Colby agent of the State Temperance association and of the Grand Division of the State, will lecture in Oxford County as follows. Will the friends of temperance in each of the places see that arrangements are made and due notice given:

Buckfield, Saturday eve. Feb. 9.  
Paris, Sunday eve. Feb. 10.  
Norway, Monday eve. Feb. 11.  
South Paris, Tuesday eve. Feb. 12.  
North Norway, Wednesday eve. Feb. 13.  
Waterford, Thursday eve. Feb. 14.  
North Waterford, Friday eve. Feb. 15.  
Sweden, Saturday eve. Feb. 16.  
Lovell, Sunday eve. Feb. 17.  
North Fryeburg, Monday eve. Feb. 18.  
Fryeburg, Tuesday eve. Feb. 19.  
Brownfield, Wednesday eve. Feb. 20.  
Hiram, Thursday eve. Feb. 21.  
Denmark, Friday eve. Feb. 22.  
Bridgton, Saturday eve. Feb. 23.  
North Bridgton, Sunday eve. Feb. 24.  
Harrison, Monday eve. Feb. 25.  
Bolster's Mills, Tuesday eve. Feb. 26.  
Oxford, Wednesday eve. Feb. 27.

We learn that a man by the name of Willard, belonging in Waterford, was so severely injured last Saturday by the falling of a limb upon him, that he died the following day. He was in the employ of Mr. Cram of North Bridgton. The particulars we have not been able to learn.

On an early occasion, we propose to give our readers an abstract of the report of Superintendent of Common Schools, particularly so far as it relates to the late appropriation for a Normal School.

FOURTH OF MARCH BALL. Our friends at Lovell are planning a good time for Tuesday evening March 5th. They know just how to do it.

Meeting to-night (Thursday) at the ante-room of Temperance Hall, of all those interested in getting up a Levee under the auspices of the Lyceum.

For the benefit of our readers who are interested in the “war time” now engaged in speaking of the Forts &c. of the Government, we clip the following from the Scientific American.

“The Columbiad or Paixhan (pronounced pay-zhan) is a large gun, designed principally for firing shells—it being far more accurate than the ordinary short mortar.

A mortar is a very short cannon with a large bore some of them thirteen inches in diameter, for firing shells. Those in use in our army are set at an angle of 45 degrees and the range of the shell is varied by altering the charge of powder. The shell is caused to explode at just about the time that it strikes, by means of a fuse, the length of which is adjusted to the time of flight to be occupied by the ball, which of course, corresponds with the range. The accuracy with which the time of the burning of the fuse can be adjusted by varying its length is surprising; good artillerymen generally succeeding in having their shells explode almost at the exact instant of striking. In loading a mortar the shell is carefully placed with the fuse directly forward, and when the piece is discharged, the shell is so completely enveloped with flame, that the fuse is nearly always fired. The fuse is made by filling a wooden cylinder with fuse powder, the cylinder being of sufficient length for the longest range to be cut down shorter for shorter ranges as required.

A Dahlgren gun is an ordinary cannon, except that it is made very thick at the breech for some three or four feet, when it tapers down sharply to less than the usual size. This form was adopted in consequence of the experiments of Captain Dahlgren of the U. S. Navy, having shown that when a gun bursts it usually gives way at the breech. The Niagara is armed with these guns, and at the Brooklyn Navy Yard there are sixty, weighing about 9000 pounds each, and six of 12,000 pounds weight each, the former of which are capable of carrying a nine inch, and the latter a ten inch shell a distance of two or three miles; and there is one gun of this pattern which weighs 15,916 pounds, and is warranted to send an eleven inch shell four miles!

A casemate is a stone roof to a fort made sufficiently thick to resist the force of cannon balls, and a casemate gun is one which is placed under a casemate.

A barbette gun is one which is placed on the top of the fortification.

An embrasure is the hole or opening through which guns are fired from fortifications.

Loop holes are openings in walls to fire musketry through.

WHAT IS A ZOULAVE. A fellow with a red bag having sleeves to it for a coat; with two red bags without sleeves to them for trousers; with an embroidered and braided bag for a vest; with a cap like a red woolen saucap; with yellow boots like the fourth robber in a stage play; with a moustache like two half-pound paint brushes, and with a sort of sword-gun or gun-sword for a weapon, that looks like the result of a love affair between an amorous broadsword and a lonely musket, indiscreet and tender—that is a Zouave.

A fellow can “pull up” a hundred and ten pound dumb bell; who can climb up an eighty foot rope, hand over hand, with a barrel of flour hanging to his heels; who can do the “giant swing” on a horizontal bar with a fifty-six tie to each ankle; who can walk up four flights of stairs, holding a heavy man in each hand, at arm's length, and who can climb a greased pole feet first carrying a barrel of pork in his teeth—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can jump seventeen feet four inches high without a spring board; who can tie his legs in a double bow knot round his neck without previously softening his chin bones in a steam bath; who can walk Blondin's tight rope with his stomach outside of nine brandy cocktails, a suit of chain armor outside his stomach, and a stiff northeast gale outside of that; who can take a five shooting revolver in each hand and knock the spots of the ten of diamonds at eighty paces, turning summersaults all the time and firing every shot in the air—that is a Zouave.—[“Doesticks,” in the Sunday Mercury.]

BIG WAVES. When the great ocean is disturbed it forms surface waves which are sometimes of great magnitude. In a gale such waves have been more than once measured, and it is found that the height from the top to the deepest depression of large storm waves has been nearly fifty feet, their length being from 400 to 600 yards, and their rate of motion through the water about half a mile a minute. Such waves, breaking over an obstacle of any kind, or mingling with clouded atmosphere ranging above, are the wildest grandeur and most terrible phenomena of nature. When they approach land they break up into much smaller bodies of water, but these are often lifted by shoals and obstructed by rocks till they are thrown up in masses of many tons to a height of more than a hundred feet.—The tidal wave is another phenomena of water motion of a somewhat different kind, producing an alternate rise and fall of the water over all parts of the ocean every 12 hours. In addition to the waves there are also many definite streams or currents of water conveying large portions of the sea from one latitude to another, modifying the temperature of the adjacent land, and producing a mixture of waters at the surface or at some depth which cannot but be conducive to the general benefit of all living beings. Storm tides, or those waves which occasionally rush without and pause along narrow and confined seas or up funnel-shaped inlets, have occasionally proved disastrous to a fearful extent. Thus it is recorded that upwards of 100,000 persons perished in the year 1232, and again in 1242, in this way numerous complete villages and towns being washed away by a wave advancing from the north sea over the low lands of Holland. Between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the ordinary spring tide often rises to a height of a hundred feet, sweeping away the cattle on shore.

The monarch tree of the Sierra Nevada, California, known as the “Minister's Cabin,” was blown down by the hurricane of the 14th ult. It was thirty feet in diameter, and supposed to be 3000 years old.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT. The scenery amid which we are born and brought up, if we remain long enough therein to have passed that early period of existence on which memory seems to have no hold, sinks, as it were into the spirit of man; and becomes a part of his being. He can never cast it off, any more than he can cast off the body in which the spirit acts. Almost every chain of his after thoughts is linked at some point to the magical circle which bounds his youth's ideas; and even when latent, and in no degree known, it is still present affecting every feeling and every fancy, and giving a bent of its own to all our words and our deeds. I have heard a story of a girl who was a captive to some Eastern Prince, and wore upon her ankles a golden ring. She learned to love her master devotedly, and was happy as one could be in his love. Adorned, adorned, and cherished, she sat beside him one day in all the pomp of Eastern state, when suddenly her eye fell upon the golden ring round her ankles, which custom had rendered so light that she had forgotten it altogether. The tears instantly rose in her eyes as she looked upon it, and her lover divining at once, asked, with a look of reproach, “Would you be free?” She cast herself upon his bosom and answered, “Never!” Thus, often the links to early scenes and places, in which we have passed happy and unhappy hours, are unobserved and forgotten, till some casual circumstance turns our eyes thitherward. But if any one should ask us whether we would sever that chain, there is scarcely one fine mind that would not also answer, “Never!” The passing of our days may be painful, the early years may be chequered with grief and care, unkindness and frowns may wither the smiles of boyhood, and tears bedew the path of youth; yet, nevertheless, when we stand and look back, in latter life, letting memory hover over the past, prepared to light where she will, there is no period in all the space laid out before her, over which her wings flutter so joyfully, or on which she would so much wish to pause, as the time of our youth. The evils of other days are forgotten; the scenes in which those days pass are remembered, detached from the sorrows that overpowered them, and the bright, misty light of life's first sunrise still gilds the whole with a glory not its own. It is not alone, however, after long years have passed away, and crushed out the gall from sorrows endured, that fine and enchanting feelings are awakened by the scenes in which our early days have gone by, and that the thrill of associations is felt in all its joyfulness, acting as an antidote to the poisonous sorrows which often mingle with our cup.—[J. P. R. James.]

A COUNTRY SLEIGH RIDE. The following graphic account of a country sleigh ride we find in an exchange uncredited; but whoever the author may be, we are confident “he has been there and spent the evening.”

“What pleasure in a night sleigh ride! Good gracious! Six steaming, spanking horses, and a driver as furry as a polar bear his nose just visible above the dasher. Two or three dozen girls and boys, muffled to their eyes, stowed away with the hot bricks, under the buffaloes. The amiable light of pairs of lovers for the coveted “back seat” where are no curious eyes to overlook the young man who, tying his lady love's tip pet under her chin, ties his heart in with it, or tucking the buffalo robe close about her shoulders, forgets to remove his arm after the operation.

What pleasure, with the warm blood tingling in cheeks beneath eyes that flash like diamonds; what pleasure, when snow-powdered trees, fences and houses fly past like magic to the merry sounds of musical bells—spelt with and without an e. What pleasure when the country inn is reached, where your supper was bespoke the day before, and rolling out of your manifold wrappers, you lift to your lips glasses of hot mulled wine: what pleasure, when we gather round the table, laughing at each other's rosy faces, and discuss oysters and fowl, and more “mulled wine,” till bones and empty glasses remain; we have a good old fashioned “blindman's buff,” or an unceremonious dance in our comfortable winter dresses.

What pleasure, when after being deliciously warmed and fed, we pile into the sleigh again, nestling close to the one we like best, and telling the driver to go the longest way home, look up at stars that never gleamed brighter, and defy fate ever to make us shed a tear for anything.”

THREE THINGS THAT A WOMAN CAN'T DO.—There are three things that a woman can't do. First, she can't sharpen a lead pencil. Give her one and see. Mark how jaggely she hacks away every particle of wood from round the lead, leaving an unsupported spike of the latter, which breaks up immediately, you try to use it.

Well then, secondly, a woman can't do up a bundle. She takes a whole newspaper to wrap up a row of pins, and a coil of rope to tie it, and it will come undone at that.

Thirdly, I may allude to the fact that women cannot carry an umbrella; or rather to the very peculiar manner in which they perform that duty; but I won't. I scorn to turn traitor to a sex, who, whatever may be their faults, are always loyal to each other. So I shall say, as I might otherwise have said, that when they unfurl the parachute alluded to they put it right down over their noses—take the middle of the sidewalk, raking off men's hats and women's bonnets as they go, and walking right into the breakfast of some unfortunate night, with that disregard of the consequent grasp, which to be understood must be felt, as the offender cocks up one corner of the parachute, and looks defiantly at the victim who has the effrontery to come into the world, and hazard the whalebone and handle of her “umberell!” No, I won't speak of anything of the kind; besides, that when “dear woman is cross, it is only when she is sick.” Let us hope he is right. We all know that it is the cause of a man's crossness. Give him his favorite dish, and you may dine off him afterwards—if you want to.

FIRE.—In Portland, on Sunday morning, 3d inst., a two story wooden building, occupied as a store and dwelling house, was badly damaged by fire. Owned by Richard R. Duddy. Loss \$1200. Insurance \$500. The fire caught in the store, and was discovered by Mr. Duddy just in time to save his family. One of his children woke up and called for a drink of water. He arose to get it and discovered the smoke. At this time the store was nearly all in flames, and he had just time to get his family out in their night clothes. During the same forenoon fire was discovered in the extensive printing office of Brown Thurston, Esq., but was soon extinguished; not however until considerable damage had been done to Mr. T's office and the Transcript office. The loss was fully covered by insurance. The fire caught under the steam boiler.

TERRIBLE INUNDATION IN HOLLAND.—A respondent of the London Daily News, writing from Rotterdam on the 16th inst., describes a terrible inundation which occurred in Holland:

“In the beginning of January it was served that the vast accumulation of ice in this district was causing the river to rise to a dangerous extent. With ice and dread the inhabitants watched the increase of the invading waters, not with immense masses of ice, and strong exerted themselves to strengthen the dike, which alone Holland is preserved from submersion. But still the flood rose, the ice-masses formed themselves, as into huge battering rams, pressing their irresistible strength against the dike and dams. Higher and higher rose the ice, and soon the surface of the shifting ice-mass stood within half of the dike-level. At last a bulging of the dike directed the anxious gaze of one spot—for the waters were pressing upon it. With the strength and despair they tried to stay the progress of the flood as it sought egress from the row channel into their fields and dunes.

Suddenly the dike yielded, and the flood rushed through—the ice-masses and rose above it, and swept on in their course, submerging fields, barns and stables, drowning the cattle, destroying the aged and the sick, the women and men, sought a refuge in their attics, benumbed with cold, without bedding, fire or provisions, they had to pass an inexpressible terror—of horrible stage. For a long time it was impossible to approach them, and it is feared many of its inhabitants frozen to death on the masses. One family of seven persons, rescued from the attic in which they sought shelter, so thoroughly exhausted and hunger that they could not answer the questions of their deliverers, poor mother with her infant, to which had given premature birth, was lying, bleak alive of her homely dwelling.”

As I write, fresh intelligence arrives of the inundated districts, detailing scenes of wretchedness—people dying hunger and cold; their houses cut off by the ice. Holland has often suffered from inundations, but never with memory of living man has an inundation been accompanied with so much destruction—with so much heart-rending grief and despair.”

A MISSOURIAN ON SECESSION. Hon. W. Noell, a Missouri member of Congress writes the editor of the St. Louis Republic the following under date of Jan. 21:

“DEAR SIR:—My attention has been called to a despatch in the Bulletin of the inst., which closes with these words: ‘Missouri delegation recommend immediate secession.’ In order that no false impression may be made on the public mind, as I am concerned, I desire to say, in your columns, that no man ever heard me say one word that would justify any conclusion. I not only am not for immediate secession, but I utterly repudiate the doctrine of secession, and deny that right exists under the Constitution. Missouri will be the last State to reach this extreme Revolutionary measure, will be one of the last men in the State to give up the Union. If the people, the yeomanry of the land, would take the liberties of the country in their own hands and trample under foot northern agitators and southern disunionists alike, might yet be well. If the country is ruined, and the Government destroyed, will be because the people have transgressed. North and South, to reckless political leaders. Very respectfully yours, J. W. Noell.

A MAN FROZEN. Last Thursday while the mercury was so far below zero to astonish our oldest inhabitants, Mr. F. W. Withington, a stepson of Capt. Dan Stone of Dorchester, in whose employ was started in a sleigh from Quincy, two young women belonging in Dorchester. Mr. Withington had carried young woman to Quincy during the afternoon, accompanied by the young man mentioned above. His horse became ened and capsize the sleigh, and the males sought shelter, which they fastened applying at two or three habitations. The frozen body of Withington was seated behind the sleigh the next morning, the horse having broken loose and run to Dorchester. He had folded up the sleigh and placed it carefully in the sleigh, and was benumbed by the frost. The women had their ears and faces frozen. The deceased was about forty years of age and leaves a wife.

London letters say that the Prince of Wales has been supplanted in the office of his dog, presented by the people of the household. When on board ship, a boy put to look after him. He got so fond of the boy that he would not take notice of the Prince. The morning they came into Southampton, the Prince gave the boy 50 shillings the dog out of the ship; but as fast as he did so, the dog jumped on board again. Prince was at last obliged to take the dog, and he stopped there five days. The Queen gave him £15 and a new coat. He returned to Plymouth, where there but one day, when he had a letter, because the dog would not eat. He sold his sailor's clothes, and thinking a gentleman for life.

FIRE.—A Woman Burned to Death. The Farmington Chronicle says:—“A full disease is making sad range as usual, in every direction. In one small town in Cheshire, we understand ten persons have fallen its victim in brief period. In one family the father while his child was being covered in the house at one time, and fast prostrated with the disease. Scores of illies in this and adjoining towns are giving the loss of one or more loved ones have been smitten suddenly down by fatal disease.”



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### RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

There will be a series of religious meetings in the Baptist Church in this village, commencing on Monday the 18th inst., and continue during the week and perhaps longer. Ministers from abroad are expected to be present to preach and in other ways to add to the interest of the meetings. All are respectfully invited to attend. A. SNYDER.

**LOSS OF SLEEP. IF THERE IS ANYTHING** more wearing to both mind and body than loss of sleep, or if any difficulty or disease can be often traced to other than loss of sleep, then experience has lost its power, or Sidney Smith, the great English Physiologist, is not to be relied upon. Of this, let the experience of thousands answer and try the Toin Anodyne, and they will be ready to endorse the remark of one of the friends of the proprietor, who writes, "were the directions to be covered with sovereigns to purchase, I would do so, for I have found it will experience by its use. See advertisement, and call for pamphlets." 4w13

**DENTISTRY.**  
DR. HASKELL is in town for a season call on him early nov17f

### Bridgton Academy AND NORMAL SCHOOL, AT NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.

THE SPRING TERM will commence on WEDNESDAY, February, 27th, 1861, and continue eleven weeks.

C. E. HILTON, A. B., Principal, MISS ELIZABETH ABBOTT, Teacher of Music, MISS L. K. GIBBS, Teacher of Drawing and Painting.

Such other competent teachers will be secured as the interest of the School may demand.

A NORMAL CLASS will be formed at the commencement of the term, in accordance with the Legislative Act of 1860, for which requisite instruction will be furnished.

Board near the Academy can be obtained for \$2 per week, wood and light extra. Students can reduce their expenses by boarding themselves.

No pains will be spared to render the School pleasant and profitable to all who attend. Text Books supplied at Portland prices. T. H. MEAD, Stable, North Bridgton, Feb. 9, 1861. 3w15

### Rare Chance.

THE subscriber will sell his rich and extensive assortment of English, French and American

### DRY GOODS

at cost. Also an invoice of Ready Made Clothing.

Over Coats \$3.00, and upwards. Under " \$2.00 " Vests " 75 cts. " Which must and will be sold if low panic prices will do it. N. OSGOOD.

No. Bridgton, July 15, 1861. 15 2w

### JONATHAN SEAVEY'S ESTATE.

PURSUANT to a license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Cumberland, I shall sell at Public Auction at the office of N. S. & F. J. Littlefield in Bridgton, on SATURDAY, the 6th day of April A. D. 1861, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, so much of the real estate of JONATHAN SEAVEY, late of said Bridgton, deceased, including the reversion of the widow's dower therein if necessary, as will produce the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars, for the payment of the debts of said deceased, charges of Administration and incidental charges. Said real estate consists of the homestead farm of said Jonathan Seavey, owned and occupied by him at the time of his death, situated in said County of Cumberland. Dated at Bridgton, this 15th day of February A. D. 1861.

HARRIET C. SEAVEY, Administratrix. 3w15

### NOTICE.

BY virtue of license from the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Cumberland, I shall sell at private sale at my place of residence at the residence of SAUL B. SEAVEY, the 16th day of March next, at ten o'clock, A. M., so much of the real estate of CALVIN SEAVEY, late of Harrison, in said County deceased, subject to the widow's right of dower therein, as shall produce the sum of three hundred and eighty five dollars, for the payment of his just debts, charges of Administration and incidental charges. HULDAH S. RUSSELL, Administratrix. Harrison, Feb. 11, 1861. 3w15

### GUARDIAN'S SALE.

THE subscriber, duly authorized by license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Cumberland, will sell at private sale, part or whole of the real estate of MELVILLE E. WEBB, minor son of Joseph Webb late of Bridgton, in said County deceased, after thirty days from this date. Said estate consists of the interest of said minor in the homestead farm of said deceased.

M. GOULD, Guardian. Bridgton, Feb. 15, 1861.

At a Court of Probate, held at Portland, within and for the County of Cumberland, on the first Tuesday of February, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

MELVILLE SMITH, Widow of BENJAMIN E. SMITH, late of Bridgton, in said County, deceased, having presented her petition for the assignment of her Dower in the Real Estate, of which he died seized, and also her petition for an allowance out of the Personal Estate of which said Benjamin E. Smith, died possessed.

It was Ordered, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing notice to be published three weeks successively in the Bridgton Reporter, printed at Bridgton, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at said Portland, on the first Tuesday of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

WILLIAM G. BARROWS, Judge. A true copy: Attest, 15 EUGENE HUMPHREY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Portland, within and for the County of Cumberland, on the first Tuesday of February in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

CLAS BLAKE Administrator of the estate of JONATHAN M. BLAKE, late of Bridgton, in said County, deceased, having presented his Final account or administration of said estate for probate:

It was Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing notice to be published three weeks successively in the Bridgton Reporter, printed at Bridgton, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Portland, on the first Tuesday of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

WILLIAM G. BARROWS, Judge. A true copy, attest: 15 EUGENE HUMPHREY, Register.

### F. C. FARINGTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, LOVELL, Oxford County, Maine.

Particular attention paid to collecting.

### Especial Notice!

THE subscribers, being about to close up their present business, offer the remainder of their LARGE and VARIED

### STOCK OF GOODS

AT COST—FOR CASH!

RARE BARGAINS can be bought for a few days. ADAMS & WALKER. 101f

Bridgton, Jan. 11, 1861.

### THE ORIGINAL T. B. BURNHAM,

BURNHAM & BROTHERS, Take this method to inform the citizens of Portland and vicinity, that we have fitted up a new suit of Rooms for the purpose of making Daguerotypes, Ambrotypes, and Photographs, in all their branches, at

NO. 90 MIDDLE STREET, (Opposite J. E. Fernald's Tailoring Establishment.)

These Rooms have been fitted up expressly for the purpose, and entirely without regard to expense—having two large Sky Light Rooms for the convenience of the different kinds of Pictures, and so arranged as to open them into one large Group, which makes the largest Room to operate in to be found in this section.

CARD PICTURES, \$3.00 per dozen. SMALL PHOTOGRAPHS, \$1.00 for 24. A Miniature Album for holding fifty of these little pictures. Price only one dollar, bound in Turkey Morocco.

Miss Burnham will wait upon visitors as usual. Please call and see for yourselves a large collection of finished Photographs. Yours respectfully, T. B. BURNHAM. Portland, Feb. 6, 1861.

### BOOKS

TO BE SOLD AT GREATLY

### Reduced Prices.

The subscribers, in order to close out their EXTENSIVE VARIETY OF BOOKS,

Will sell the same

### AT COST,

And many of them at less

THAN HALF THE RETAIL PRICE!

Those wishing to replenish their Libraries will do well to call on

R. J. D. LARRABEE & CO. 69 Exchange Street, n14 PORTLAND, Me. 6m

### JOHN W. PERKINS & CO.,

Wholesale Dealer in

### PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

CHEMICALS,

PATENT MEDICINES

Drugs, Dye Stuffs, Glass Ware,

GLUE, BRUSHES.

### Sign Painters' Materials.

COLORS OF ALL KINDS,

SUPERIOR TRIPLE REFINED

Camphene and Burning Fluid,

86 COMMERCIAL ST., n13 PORTLAND, ME. 6m

### JOSIAH BURLEIGH,

Wholesale and retail Dealer in

### Ready Made CLOTHING,

CLOTHS, AND GENT'S

### Furnishing Goods.

NO. 163 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND,

Custom Garments Made to Order. 12 S. R. SHEHAN, Cutter.

### REMOVAL.

The undersigned would inform the public of their removal to

NO. 80 COMMERCIAL STREET, (THOMAS'S BLOCK.)

and avail ourselves of this opportunity to call attention to our present large and well assorted Stock of

Drugs, Paints, Oils, Leads, &c. &c.

Having increased facilities and accommodations in our New Store, we feel confident of our ability to give satisfaction to all who may favor us with their patronage.

We would also call attention to our

### WHITE LEAD & COLOR MANUFACTORY,

On Munjoy Street, where we are manufacturing all kinds of COLORS, White Lead, Japan, Putty, &c. &c. Giving our personal attention to this branch of our business, and using the best stock in their preparation, we are enabled to offer to the public articles of this line equal to any in the Market, at Manufacturers' Prices.

WILSON & BURGESS. Portland, Jan. 16, 1861. 11f

### Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, Mary E. Kilborn, of Bridgton, in the County of Cumberland and State of Maine, on the fifth day of June, A. D. 1857, conveyed by deed of mortgage to said Bridgton, a certain parcel of land numbered six in the eighteenth range of lots in said town, and being the same conveyed to the said Mary E. Kilborn by Moses Stickney, by his deed dated May 22 A. D. 1848, and recorded in the Cumberland Registry of Deeds, Book 218, Page 422, together with the buildings since erected thereon. The condition of said mortgage has been broken, by reason whereof I claim a foreclosure of the same. JOHN KILBORN.

Dated at Bridgton, this twenty-fourth day of January, 1861.

JOHN MEAD, Carriage, Sign and Ornamental PAINTER, NORTH BRIDGTON, ME. Signs, Banners, and all kinds of Lettering neatly executed. Carriages, Sleighs, and Furniture Painted and Ornamented in the best style. Orders from neighboring towns solicited. North Bridgton, Dec. 14, 1860. 6

### EYE, EAR AND CATARRH.

DR. LIGHTHILL, Surgeon to Dr. Lighthill's Institute for the treatment of diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat, No. 24 St. Mark's Place, New York, will be at the United States Hotel, PORTLAND, for one month, commencing February 4th, where he can be consulted by those afflicted with diseases of the Eye, Ear and Catarrh in its various forms, and diseases of the Throat.

Deafness, Noise in the Head, Discharges from the Ear, Earache, Catarrh in its various forms and diseases of the Throat permanently removed. All the various diseases of the Eye successfully treated. Operations for Cross Eyes, Cataract, etc., performed to the entire satisfaction of the patient.

Patients are requested to call at as early a date as convenient, that in case personal attention should be required, they may have the full benefit of the Doctor's full stay. Jan 18 11f

### PICTURES!



BENNETT IS IN BRIDGTON, AND would respectfully inform the public that he would be happy to execute

### AMBROTYPES

At his SALOON, near the Bridgton House, in all styles, and insert them in CASES, PINS, RINGS, LOCKETS &c., at the lowest possible prices. Bridgton, Jan. 30th, 1861.

### ARE YOU INSURED?

EVERY prudent man will forthwith put himself in a condition to answer in the affirmative, if he cannot already do so.

The BELKNAP COUNTY M. F. I. CO., continues through the subscriber as their Agent, to take good Fire Risks on the most favorable terms.

THE SPRINGFIELD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO., one of the most reliable and safe Stock Companies in New England, insure country Dwellings and their contents at one to one and a half per cent. for five years, making the cost from 20 to 30 cents a year on a \$100 and no assessments.

Applications received by W. H. POWERS, Agent. July 12, 1860. 13 35



E. T. STUART, MERCHANT TAILOR, Bridgton, Me.

### HOUSE KEEPERS.

Burnet's "Excelsior" Baking Powders. Cannot be surpassed for the immediate production of BREAD, BUCKWHEAT CAKES, and every description of PASTRY without YEAST, in less time than ANY other process.

Saves 35 pr. ct. in use of Butter & Eggs. These powders are more economical and healthier than any in use. One trial will convince the most skeptical.

Increases the weight in Bread 15 Pr. Ct. Dyspeptics can eat HOT BREAD, BUNS, BISCUITS, &c., with impunity if made with these POWDERS. For Sale Everywhere.

Burnet's Celebrated Washing Powders! Bleaches clothes beautifully white, and softens the HARDEST WATER.

SAVES ONE HALF THE SOAP. Does not injure the texture of the finest LINES, LACES, or CAMBRICS.

Saves One Half the Labor in Washing. Washes all Clothing superior to the best Washing Machine in the world, without injury, particularly Flannels, which are washed soft, without shrinking.

Cost of a Large Washing 2 Cents. Manufactured only by WILLIAM BURNET, 45 & 47 Pine Street, New York city. For Sale EVERYWHERE. Cash Orders promptly executed. 6m9

### NEW STOCK!

F. B. & J. H. CASWELL Would call the attention of those wishing to purchase to their new and well selected Stock of

### WATCHES

AND JEWELRY!

Consisting of Hunting and Open Faced LEVERS, LADIES GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, Ladies Watch and Neck Chains, Gents Vest Chains, Ladies and Gents

Breast Pins, Belt Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Shirt Studs, Lockets, Bracelets, Silver Thimbles.

A larger and better Stock than ever before offered in this place.

### SILVER AND PLATED SPOONS.

A large stock of Silver, Plated and Steel

### SPECTACLES!

A large variety. Also all sizes made to order.

### CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY REPAIRED.

FRANCIS B. CASWELL. JOHN H. CASWELL. Bridgton Center, May 10, 1860. 27

### BRIDGTON HOUSE,

BRIDGTON, Maine, KEPT BY

### MIAL DAVIS & SON.

This House is entirely refitted and furnished in the most approved style; and the Proprietors respectfully solicit a renewal of patronage so generously bestowed in former years. Sept. 14. 1145

### ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY.

DIXEY STONE & SON, —DEALERS IN—

### DRY GOODS!

WEST INDIA GOODS

### GROCERIES!

Would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Bridgton and vicinity to their

### Now Stock OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Which have just been purchased, and are NOW OFFERED FOR SALE!

The Stock consists of the different varieties of

### LADIES' DRESS GOODS!

WOOLENS, AND

### Tailor's Trimmings!!

For Gents, all styles.

Shawls, Flannels, Shirts and Drawers, Hoods, Gloves, and Hosiery, Scarfs and

Scarf Trimming, White Linens, Linen Handkerchiefs;

### DOMESTICS

OF ALL KINDS.

Thread, Pins, Buttons, Needles, and FANCY ARTICLES,

too numerous to mention.

A large and well selected Stock of

### Hats, Caps, and Furs,

Buffalo Robes, &c., &c.

Also, a new line of

### BOOTS AND SHOES,

for Ladies and Gents.

### HARD-WARE CROCKERY,

Kerosene Lamps and "Fixings"

in all the new styles, and varieties as usual; and finally a nice stock of

### FAMILY GROCERIES!

In which as to quality, and general assortment, we think, we cannot be surpassed.—We feel confident we are now offering one of the best assortments of Goods ever brought into this vicinity, and are constantly making additions to the same.

Please give us a call, and satisfy yourselves. DIXEY STONE & SON.

Bridgton, Oct. 11, 1860. 11 49

### SAM'L ADLAM, Jr.,

—DEALER IN—

### PARLOR, CHAMBER

—AND—

### PLAIN FURNITURE,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

CHINA, CROCKERY AND

Glass Ware, BRITANNIA WARE, TABLE CUTLERY,

PLATED WARE,

And a general assortment of

### House FURNISHING Goods

The attention of purchasers is invited to the large stock of HOUSE KEEPING GOODS now in Store as above, comprising as it does nearly every article usually needed in the FURNITURE AND CROCKERY department. Being one of the largest stocks in the State, purchasers can find almost any variety of rich, medium and low priced Goods, suited to their different wants.

Those commencing House keeping can obtain a complete outfit at this establishment, without the trouble and loss of time usually attending a selection of this kind; and the subscriber is confident that, combining as he does the various branches of the House Furnishing business, he can offer goods at prices that will not fail of proving satisfactory on examination.

138 and 140 Middle Street, jy12 PORTLAND. 1136

### GRANT'S COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.

Original Establishment.

J. GRANT, Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of

COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATUS

AND CREAM TARTER, New Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 13 and 15

Union Street, PORTLAND, Me. Coffee and Spices put up for the trade, with any address, in all varieties of Packages, and Warranted in every instance as represented. Pea-Nuts, and Coffee Roasted and Ground

For the Trade, at short notice. 1y All Goods entrusted at the owner's risk.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ANALOGATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word "Cephalic" is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Cephalic remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

### 'ARDLY REALIZED.

Had I "ardly" Cephalic this afternoon had I stepped into the bathhouse hand says it to the man; "Can you hearse me of an 'ardache?" "Does it hache 'ard," says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says he, hand upon 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'an 'elache.

HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention, till too late to be remedied; and its indications should never be neglected. Head aches may be classified under two names, viz, Sympomatic and Idiopathic. Sympomatic Headache is exceedingly common and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism, and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting sick headache, of hepatic disease constituting bilious headache, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches; Anemia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of nervous headache, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly heralded by depression of spirits or curvity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named Neuralgia.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

BURNET.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Pills, no, a bottle of Preparat Cephalic Pills—but I think that's not it; neither; but perhaps ye'll be after knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of the same as she's relaved her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and ye've said it, here's the quarter and give me the Pills and dont be all day about it aither.

### CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so



MISCELLANY.  
From the Home Journal.  
A POEM FOR THE TIMES.  
BY MRS. EMELINE SMITH.

THE SISTERS.—AN ALLEGORY.

"My daughters," said a dying man,  
"My daughters, young and fair,  
Ye've grown in every loveliness,  
And well repaid my care;  
But you must lose this guidance now—  
List, then, my latest prayer.

Oh! live, as ye have always lived,  
In unity and love,  
Be to each other kind and true,  
And gentle as the dove;  
Thus shall my spirit bless ye still,  
From its far home above."

The good man died as he had lived—  
With soul serenely grand;  
And left, to sorrow o'er his loss,  
That fair, bright household band—  
The loveliest sisterhood that e'er  
Graced any age or land.

Awile they lived in union sweet;  
Awile they kept unstained  
That golden heritage of love  
Which from their sire they gained;  
Awile in all their happy hearts,  
Sweet Peace and Concord reigned.

How beautiful those sisters were,  
Linked by such holy ties,  
Men came from far and near, to view  
Their charms with wondering eyes;  
And star-struck angels, smiling, kept  
Watch o'er them in the skies.

As years went by—alas! alas!  
That such a thing should be!  
A change came o'er that happy band,  
A change most sad to see—  
Sad as the blight that Eden's bowers  
Received at Heaven's decree.

It was a little thing, at first,  
That wrought the grievous ill;  
A little thing—a wayside ill;  
For hearts are mysteries still,  
And "trifles light as air" can oft  
Their inmost pulses thrill.

"Why do you wear your former fringe  
Upon your garment yet?"  
Twas thus an elder sister spoke,  
As she a younger met—  
"I hate the fashion; change it, pray,  
For one that I have set."

"I wore it in my father's time,"  
The younger maid replied,  
"And all that he approved is still  
My pleasure and my pride;  
Yet had your boon been kindly asked,  
Your plan I might have tried."

From such a slight beginning, mark  
How dark and wild a close!  
One angry word engendered more,  
Till scorpion broods arose:  
And these fond sisters—fond as fair—  
Became like deadly foes.

How hatred lights his baleful torch  
At every flashing eye;  
Now bitter words from lip to lip,  
Like poisoned arrows fly;  
And in this warfare, heaven-born peace  
And loving kindness die.

One sister took part with that,  
Another joins with this;  
Their looks are like the lightning's stroke,  
Their voice like serpent's hiss;  
Till all, by swift degrees, have fallen  
From their pure state of bliss.

Oh! pray! ye men most wise and good,  
As ne'er ye prayed before,  
That Heaven, to this misguided band  
May harmony restore,  
And link their hearts in love again,  
As they were linked of yore!

SOME PRICKS. Good old Dr. Bigler (we  
call him) was a Baptist preacher in  
Indiana, and never liked to have any one  
bent him in telling a round, full proportioned  
story. A day seeing him coming down  
the street, said to his cronies—"Now I mean  
to stamp that old gentleman." So, in his  
approach, he said:

"Doctor, I really wish you had seen a  
piece of land I have on White River. I  
planted corn and pumpkins on five acres,  
and when I cut off the corn the pumpkins  
were so thick along the ground, that I could  
step from one to the other cross the whole  
field!"

The Doctor, nothing loth, drew up, and  
eyeing him a moment broke forth:  
"Why, sir, that was very well, but I had  
a ten acre field last fall, on which the pump-  
kins lay so close to each other, that when I  
stood at one corner and hit one pumpkin  
with my feet, it jarred the whole ten acres  
of them!"

CONSIDERATE. In a village not a hundred  
miles from Cork, a medical gentleman was  
one night disturbed by repeated tapings at  
his door, and on getting up found a labor-  
ing man soliciting his immediate attendance  
for his wife.

"Have you been long here?" asked the  
doctor.  
"Indeed I have," answered Pat.  
"But why didn't you ring the night-bell?"  
"Och, because I was afraid of disturbing  
your honor!"

A young lady said to her beau after five  
years' courtship, "Charles, I am going  
out of town to-morrow. Where? I don't  
know." "When are you coming back?" "I  
am going to look for something which you  
have not, never had, and yet can give me  
without loss to yourself." "You are very  
welcome to it; but what is it?" "A hus-  
band." "Why, you might have had that  
fifteen years ago, if you had only said the  
word! but I was afraid to ask you the ques-  
tion!"

In a single day New York State can bring  
more militia into the field than all the se-  
ceding States can muster in a twelve month,  
and the city of New York alone can furnish  
more money in six hours, than those States  
can hire, beg, or steal in six months.

HUNNEWELL'S  
UNIVERSAL  
COUGH REMEDY.

This valuable preparation, freed of all the  
common components, such as Opium, or  
Expectorants, which not only run down the  
system, but destroy all chance of cure, will  
be found on trial to possess the following prop-  
erties, and to which the most valuable tes-  
timonials may be found in the pamphlets.

For Whooping Cough, and as a Soothing  
Syrup it meets every want, and by early use  
will save the largest proportion of ruptures in  
children which can be traced to Whooping  
Cough.

In ordinary Coughs and Bronchial Com-  
plaints, the forerunner of Consumption, its  
splendid tonic properties make it not only  
the most perfect enemy to disease, but builds  
up and sustains the system against a re-  
currence of the Complaint. No misery should  
be without it, nor should parents fail to get  
a pamphlet, to be found with all dealers as  
the only way to do justice to its value.

HUNNEWELL'S  
CELEBRATED  
TOLU ANODYNE.

This great Neuralgic Remedy and Natural  
Opium calls for special attention and inter-  
est, being free of Opium, or preparations of  
Opium, or of any but the strictly vegetable  
and medicinal properties. For Neuralgia Rheu-  
matism, Gout, Tooth and Ear Ache, Spinal  
Complaints, Bleeding at the Lungs or Stomach,  
Rheumatism, Headache, Catarrh, and all  
the most Nervous Complaints.

For Loss of Sleep, Chronic or Nervous  
Head Ache, Sick Head Ache, it has no equal,  
and to which we offer testimonials from un-  
doubted sources.

For Delirium Tremens is a Sure Rem-  
edy.

For Bowel Complaints, including Cholera  
Mortis, it is splendidly adapted, in not only  
removing the pains but acting as a physic, a  
great contrast with Opium, which not only  
constipates and drugs the system, but makes  
the remedy worse than the disease.

From Physicians we ask attention, and on  
demand Formulas or Trial Bottles will be  
sent, developing in the Anodyne an Opium  
which has long been wanted, and in the  
Cough Remedy such as rest entirely on one  
central principle.

From Invalids we ask correspondence for  
Pamphlets or explanation, without "postage-  
stamps."

PRICES.  
Large Cough Remedy, 50 cents per bottle.  
Small " " 25 " "  
Tolu Anodyne, 50 " "

JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, Proprietor,  
CHEMIST AND PHARMACEUTIST,  
No. 9 Commercial Wharf, Boston, Mass.

For sale by all usual wholesale and retail  
dealers in every town and city.  
S. M. HAYDEN, Bridgton; Silas Blake,  
Harrison; D. F. Soyce, Norway, Agents—  
W. F. Phillips, Portland; W. L. Alden & Co.  
Bazor, Wholesale Agents. 1y29.

MARRETT, POOR & CO.,  
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
CARPETS,  
Paper Hangings,  
Feathers, Mattresses,  
—AND—  
UPHOLSTERY GOODS.

85 & 87 Middle St., (up Stairs.)  
PORTLAND, ME. 26

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

ROBERT I. ROBISON,  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
SPERM, WHALE, AND LARD OIL,  
LOW FOR CASH.

No. 17, Exchange Street,  
PORTLAND, ME. 11y

ASTHMA, AND PERMANENT CURE OF  
this distressing complaint use  
FENDT'S  
BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,  
Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & CO.

107 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.  
Price, \$1 per box; sent free by post.  
31 FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS. 6m

BURNHAM BROTHERS  
DAGUERRETYPE,  
Ambrotype and Photograph  
ROOMS,  
206 Middle Street, —PORTLAND.  
J. U. P. Burnham, 42 T. R. Burnham.

J. L. & S. M. BOOTHBY,  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
AND JOBBERS IN  
TEAS,  
West India Goods, Groceries,  
LUMBER AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
Head Commercial Wharf,  
38 PORTLAND, ME. 1y

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

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

BUCK WHEAT AND FLOUR, A fresh  
lot just received by  
HANSON & HILTON.

A. H. WALKER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
41 FRYBURG ME. 6m

FLOUR! Choice brands selling low at  
BALDWIN'S.

RUFUS GIBBS,  
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds  
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,  
3-4 SHAKER AND DOMET FLANNELS,  
Horse Blankets  
—AND—  
YANKEE BROADCLOTH.

Also, dealer in  
Dry Goods,  
WEST INDIA GOODS.

GROCERIES,  
of every description  
All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wan-  
ted in exchange for Goods.

CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent.  
Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1858. 115

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  
BOOT, 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 Fryburg,  
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. 11

Custom Work.  
A. HENTON would an-  
nounce to his former custom-  
ers and the citizens of Bridg-  
ton generally, that he has  
recommenced making CUS-  
TOM WORK, and is now ready to attend to  
all orders in the line of  
BOOT AND SHOEMAKING,  
for either men, women or children.  
Work respectfully solicited.  
Bridgton Center, Sept. 2, 1859.

MRS. L. E. GRISWOLD  
WOULD respectfully invite the attention  
of the Ladies to her NEW and SPLENDID  
assortment of the latest and most fash-  
ionable styles of  
MILLINERY  
—AND—  
FANCY GOODS,  
—consisting of—  
HATS, BONNETS, BONNET SILKS,  
AND RIBBONS;  
French and American Flowers,  
Ruches, Gloves, Hosiery,  
DRESS TRIMMINGS, &c.  
Bonnets and Hats Bleached & Pressed,  
Rooms opposite L. Billings's Store.  
Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860. 1123

S. M. HAYDEN,  
—DEALER IN—  
BOOKS, STATIONERY,  
FANCY GOODS  
—AND—  
CUTLERY.  
Also, DRUGS, CHEMICALS,  
and most of the  
POPULAR MEDICINES  
of the day.

PURE WINES  
for medicinal and medicinal purposes.  
BRIDGTON CENTER.

BOURBON ELIXIR.  
The proprietor introduces his Elixir to the  
public with a positive knowledge that it  
will perform all that he claims for it. He  
did not originate it for the sake of having  
something to sell, but to cure himself of Dy-  
spepsia, and Sore Throat, of years standing—  
He succeeded completely in doing so, and  
now, after having established its remarkable  
curative power beyond a doubt, by its use in  
a great variety of other cases, with equal suc-  
cess, he offers it to the public for the relief of  
the suffering.

Try it ye gloomy and desponding, there is  
Health and happiness in store for you yet.  
IT CURES DYSPESIA;  
IT CURES CONSUMPTION;  
IT CURES SORE THROAT;  
IT CURES A SLUGGISH LIVER.  
It strengthens and regenerates the Infected  
System; And there is no medicine known that  
so successfully "does so much good, that adds  
so much health," nutrition to the Blood and  
Vital Forces of the system as the Bourbon  
Elixir.

For sale in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden.  
Prepared and sold by W. A. Sleeper, Nash-  
ua, N. H. 51 ly.

Attention  
Is called to a prime lot of  
FAMILY GROCERIES,  
NOW in store which will be sold for the  
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES, for  
Cash or Produce. I shall henceforth keep a  
first class quality and a prime assortment of  
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,  
STATIONERY,  
AND PATENT MEDICINES,  
which will be sold for a small advance on the  
cost. Also, a large quantity and  
prime assortment of  
Confection  
AND FANCY GOODS,  
REUBEN BAILL.  
Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860. 231f

ON fine and common Paper, for Business  
and Legal Notices, cheaply and expedi-  
tiously printed at the Reporter Office.

Health and Happiness  
SECURED.  
THE CONCENTRATED CURE  
THE CONCENTRATED CURE  
A POWERFUL REMEDY  
A POWERFUL REMEDY

FOR WEAKNESS  
FOR WEAKNESS  
FOR EARLY INDISCRETION  
FOR EARLY INDISCRETION  
TRY IT! TRY IT!  
TRY IT! TRY IT!

The Concentrated Cure!  
A CERTAIN AND POWERFUL REMEDY FOR  
WEAKNESS OF THE  
PROCREATIVE ORGANS.

It is prepared by  
AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN OF THIS CITY,  
And has long been known here as  
THE ONLY REMEDY

That would surely and permanently restore  
to a Natural State of Health and Vigor,  
persons weakened by excess, or by  
THE INDISCRETIONS OF EARLY YOUTH.

Although not many months have elapsed  
since it was first generally introduced by  
means of extensive advertising, it is now cur-  
ing a vast number of

THE UNFORTUNATE!  
Who having been led to  
MAKE A TRIAL OF ITS VIRTUES,  
are rapidly recovering their wonted  
HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

This preparation is NOT A STIMULANT, BUT  
A PURELY MEDICINAL REMEDY.  
The afflicted are invited to try it.  
IT WILL SURELY CURE.

Send for a Circular first, read it carefully,  
and then you will send for the medicine.  
Price per Vial, One Dollar.  
Can be sent by mail. One vial will last a  
month.

K. CRUGER, AGENT.  
No. 742 Broadway N. Y.  
A PLEASANT STIMULANT.  
For the GENERAL ORGANS can be obtained by  
sending \$5 to the Agent as above.

SENT FREE BY MAIL.  
Circulars or medicines can be procured of  
Druggists everywhere. ALLEN & CO. Bos-  
ton. June 2nd 34

DR. MOTT'S  
CHALYBEATE  
RESTORATIVE  
PILLS OF IRON.

An aperient and Stomachic preparation of  
IRON purified of Oxygen and Carbon by  
combustion in Hydrogen. Sanctioned by the  
highest Medical Authorities, both in Europe  
and the United States and prescribed in  
their practice.

The experience of thousands daily proves  
that no preparation of Iron can be compared  
with it. Impurities of the blood, depression  
of vital energy, pale and otherwise  
sickly complexions indicate its necessity in  
almost every conceivable case.

Inexhaustible in all maladies in which it has  
been tried, it has proved absolutely curative  
in each of the following complaints, viz:  
In Debility, Nervous Affections, Emocion-  
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhea,  
Dysentery, Impure Blood, Scrophulous  
Tuberculosis, Salt Rheum, Misconstruc-  
tion, Whites, Chlorosis, Liver Complaints,  
Chronic Headaches, Rheumatism, Intermit-  
tent Fevers, Pimples on the Face &c.

In cases of GENERAL DEBILITY, whether  
the result of acute disease, or of the contin-  
ued diminution of nervous and muscular en-  
ergy from chronic complaints, one trial of  
this restorative has proved successful to an  
extent which no description nor written at-  
testation would render credible. Invalids  
are to be seen in the busy world as if  
just returned from protracted travel in a dis-  
tant land. Some very signal instances of  
this kind are attested of female Sufferers,  
enabling them to resume their former vigor,  
sanguineous exhaustion, critical changes,  
and that complication of nervous and dys-  
peptic aversion to air and exercise for which  
the physician has no name.

IN NERVOUS AFFECTIONS of all kinds, and  
for persons familiar with medical men, the  
operation of this preparation of iron must ne-  
cessarily be salutary, for, unlike the old ox-  
ides, it is vigorously tonic, without being ex-  
citing and overheating; and gently, regu-  
larly apparent, even in the most obstinate  
case of costiveness without ever being a gas-  
tric purgative, or inducing a disagreeable  
sensation.

It is this latter property, among others,  
which makes it so remarkably effectual and  
permanent a remedy for Piles, upon which  
it also appears to exert a distinct and specifi-  
cally beneficial influence, by dispersing the local tendency  
which forms them.

IN DYSPESIA innumerable as are its cau-  
ses, a single box of these Chalybeate Pills  
has often sufficed for the most habitua  
cases, including the attendant Costiveness.

In Dysentery, both Chronic and Inflan-  
matory—the latter, however, more decid-  
edly—it has been invariably well reported,  
both as alleviating pain and reducing the  
swellings and stiffness of the joints and mus-  
cles.

IN INTERMITTENT FEVERS it must neces-  
sarily be a great remedy and energetic restor-  
ative, and its progress in the new settlements  
of the West, will probably be one of high  
renewal and usefulness.

No remedy has ever been discovered in the  
whole history of medicine, which exerts such  
the prompt, happy, and fully restorative effect.  
Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid ac-  
quisition of strength, with an usual disposi-  
tion for active and cheerful exercise, im-  
mediately follow its use.

Put up in neat flat metal boxes contain-  
ing 50 pills, price 50 cents per box; for sale  
by druggists and dealers. Will be sent free  
to any address on receipt of the price. All  
letters, orders, etc., should be addressed to  
R. B. LOCKE & CO., General Agents  
1132 N 20 CHURCH ST., N. Y.

PRINTERS AND HAND BILLS  
The Reporter Office with new  
and showy type, at fair living prices.

DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEM-  
ICALS of all kinds selling cheap at  
BALDWIN'S.

BEST LONDON PORTER for the sick,  
at BALDWIN'S.

J. F. WOODBURY,  
Manufacturer of  
FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, &c.  
PLANING, SAWING, &c.  
Done at short notice, and with dispatch.

JOBBER  
attended to with promptness and dispatch  
Please give us a call.  
Shop next door to Adams & Walker's Store.  
BRIDGTON CENTER. 42

J. P. WEBB, M. D.  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.  
REFERENCES.  
Prof. Frank H. Hamilton, M. D. Brooklyn,  
N. Y.  
S. C. Hunking, M. D. Windham,  
S. H. Tuckabury, M. D. Portland.  
W. R. Richardson, M. D. Portland.  
W. W. Green, M. D. Gray. 42

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

DOORS,  
Sashes, and Blinds.

THE Subscriber has removed his Factory  
to the LARGE NEW SHOP near the  
Cement Mill, and having fitted up in  
the best manner, is now prepared to supply  
customers, or will make at short notice,  
Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Door and Window  
Frames, Mouldings of all sizes, House  
Finish of any description, Pump-tub-  
ing, and all the various kinds of  
BUILDING MATERIAL  
that can be advantageously prepared by his  
Machinery.

We also Plane and Saw all kinds of Lum-  
ber; Joint and Match Boards; Plane, Joint,  
and Square Clapboards in the best manner.  
Builders and others in want of such  
articles are invited to call and examine our  
work.

I. S. HOPKINSON,  
Bridgton Center, Feb. 16, 1860. 3m15

\$1200 A YEAR made by any one with  
enough inclination to retail for \$150.  
With activity this amount may be realized in two  
weeks' time. The only reliable source for these  
Tools is at Fullam's American Stencil  
Tool Works, the largest and only permanent  
Manufacture in the World, located at Sprin-  
gfield, Vt. Salesrooms 212 Broadway, New  
York, 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston, and  
Springfield, Vt. A beautiful photograph of  
the American Stencil Tool Works and sur-  
rounding scenery, on Black River, sent on  
receipt of 25 cents. These Works command  
the exclusive and entire control of the whole  
River, at all seasons, and the machinery for  
manufacturing Stencil Tools is driven by a  
water wheel of seventy-five horse power af-  
fording immense and unlimited advantages,  
which no other concern can pretend to claim.  
The \$10 outfit is for cutting small name  
plates and business cards. Tools for cutting  
large work of all sizes furnished for \$25.—  
No experience is necessary in using any of  
these Tools. Do not fail to send for samples  
and circular. And if you buy Stencil Tools,  
be sure to get Fullam's, as they are univer-  
sally known to be the only perfect cutting  
Tools made. Address or apply to  
A. J. FULLAM,  
Springfield, Vt., 13 Merchants' Exchange,  
Boston, or 212 Broadway, New York. 42

HANSON & HILTON  
Keep constantly on hand and for sale a good  
assortment of  
FAMILY GROCERIES,  
such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Ap-  
ples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese.

Also, Corned and Fresh BEEF, MUTTON  
and clear Northern PORK, packed in store.

FLOWER,  
of the best brands for sale low for Cash, or  
in exchange for Grain or Bacon Hams.

BEST CURED HAMS can be had at our  
store for 10 cents per pound.

Wanted, all kinds of Produce, Wood,  
Hoops and Shooks, in exchange for Groce-  
ries. Bridgton Center, 161f

DIMOND OIL CO.,  
13 Market Square, PORTLAND, ME.

THE DIMOND OIL is a Pure, Safe and  
Odorless article, warranted to burn in  
any of the Kerosene Lamps. Will burn ten  
per cent longer than any other Oil.

BURNING FLUID, CHANDELIERS,  
LAMPS, &c., at Wholesale and Retail.  
Old Lamps altered to burn Dimond Oil.  
Sept. 22. 6m46

Pondicherry House.  
THE subscriber would inform his  
friends and the public that he has  
ready to entertain, at the above  
House, travellers in a good and  
substantial manner, and for a rea-  
sonable compensation. The Pondicherry  
House is kept on strictly temperance prin-  
ciples, and travellers will find it a quiet resting  
place. My House is also fitted up for board-  
ing, and all who see fit to take board with  
me, will find a comfortable home.

I have also, good "Chairs" for Horses.  
MARSHALL BACON.  
Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1858. 21f

H. H. HAY & CO.  
Wholesale dealers in  
Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals,  
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,  
Artists' Materials, Apothecaries' Glass Ware  
Swedish Larches, Cigars,  
MINERAL TEETH, GOLD FOIL, &c.  
Burning Fluid and Camphene.  
Pure Wines and Liquors, for Medicinal and  
Mechanical purposes only.  
Always at lowest market Prices.  
Junction of Free and Middle Street.  
PORTLAND, ME. 201f

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONARY, for all  
kinds at  
BALDWIN'S.

Take Them and Live.  
NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.



HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILL  
AND KID STRENGTHENING PLAS-  
TER.—These unsurpassed remedies have  
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 Affections of the Kidneys, and the  
sale unquestionably is treble that of all  
other kinds. In full doses they are active Chi-  
lantine, in smaller doses Tonic, and clear-  
ing in all Bilious Complaints, Sick Head-  
ache, Liver Diseases, Kidney Derangement,  
Stomach Disorders and Skin Affections. These  
Pills are composed of a coating of pure  
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  
pleased 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 as easily taken as bits of con-  
fectionary. FAMILY BOXES, 25 CENTS  
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 in  
the cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Wa-  
tery and Inflamed Eyes, and these disor-  
ders, resembling the whizzing of the wheels  
spread from resins, balsams and gums. A  
Beautiful Kid leather, renders them peculiarly  
adapted to the wants of Females and chil-  
dren. Each Plaster will wear from one to four  
months, and in rheumatic complaints, sprains  
and bruises, frequently cures, where 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 15 3-4 CENTS.

Dr. Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Wa-  
tery and Inflamed Eyes, and these disor-  
ders, resembling the whizzing of the wheels  
spread from resins, balsams and gums. A  
Beautiful Kid leather, renders them peculiarly  
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be found on the back of each. Public speak-  
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others, will strengthen their lungs and im-  
prove their voices by wearing them on the  
breast. PRICE 15 3-4 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 United States, have been found, after  
over years' continued use 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 reason-  
ings are given to test their value and  
judge of their goodness.

LARGE PACKAGE, 25 CENTS.  
The above articles are sold by 25,000  
agents throughout the United States Cana-  
da and South America, at wholesale by all  
large Druggists in the principal cities.

HERRICK & BROS.,  
Practical Chemists Albany, N. Y.  
Sold in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden. 1y33

MOFFAT'S  
Life Pills and Phenix Bitters.

THESE MEDICINES have now been  
before the public for a period of THIRTY  
YEARS, and during that time have main-  
tained a high character in almost every part  
of the Globe, for their extraordinary and im-  
mediate power