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THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

BY FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

It was a starry night in June; the air was
soft and still,
When the "minute men" from Cambridge
came and gathered on the hill.
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us
frowned the fleet,
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, with-
in our bosoms beat.
And every heart rose high with hope, and
fearlessly we said,
Will be numbered with the free, or number-
ed with the dead.

"Bring out the line to mark the trench, and
stretch it on the sword."
The trench is marked—the tools are brought
—we utter not a word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work with
mattock and with spade,
A thousand men with snewy arms, and not
a sound is made;
Still were we, the stars beneath, that
scarce a whisper fell;
We heard the red coat's musket click, and
heard him cry,—"All's well."

And here and there a twinkling port, reflect-
ed on the deep,
In many a wavy shadow showed their sullen
guns asleep.
Sleep on ye bloomy, hireling crew! In
careless slumber lie!
The trench is growing broad and deep—the
breast-work broad and high—
No strappings we, but bear the arms that
held the French in check,
The drum that beat at Louisburgh, and thun-
dered in Quebec!

And thou whose promise is deceit—no more
thy word we'll trust,
Thou butcher, Gage, thy power and thee we'll
humble in the dust;
Thou and thy tory ministers have boasted
to thy brood,
"The lintels of the faithful shall be sprink-
led with our blood!"
But, though these walls those lintels be, thy
zeal is all in vain,
A thousand freemen shall rise up for every
freeman slain!
And when o'er trampled crowns and thrones
they raise the mighty shout,
This soil their Palestine shall be! their al-
tar this redoubt!

See how the morn is breaking! the red is in
the sky—
The mist is creeping from the stream that
flows in silence by—
The lovely's hush looms through the fog, and
their work have spied,
For the ruddy flash and round shot part in
thunder from her side,
And the Falcon and the Cerberus makes ev-
ery bosom thrill,
With gun, and shell, and drum and bell, and
the boatswain's whistle shrill.
But deep and wider grows the trench, as
spade and mattock ply.
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and
the time is drawing nigh.

Up with the Pine Tree Banner! our gallant
Prescott stands
And the plunging shell and shot, and plants
it with his hands.
Up with the shout! for Putnam comes upon
his reeking bay,
With bloody spear and foamy bit, in haste to
join the fray,
And Pomeroy, with his snow-white hairs and
face all flash and sweat,
Casualty by French and Indian, wears a
youthful glory yet.
But thou whose soul is growing in the sum-
mer of thy years,
Unvanquishable Warren, thou, (the young-
est of thy peers.)
Wert born, and bred, and shaped, and made
to act a patriot's part,
And dear to us thy presence is as life-blood
to the heart!

Well may you hark, ye British wolves, with
leaders such as they,
Not one will fall to follow where they choose
to lead the way.
As once before, scarce two months since, we
followed on your track.
And with our rifles marked the road you
took in going back.
Ye slew a sick man in his bed—ye slew with
hands accursed,
A mother nursing, and her blood fell on the
babe she nursed.
By their own doors our kinsmen fell and
perished in the strife,
But as we hold a hireling's cheap, and dear
a freeman's life,
By Tanner Brook and Lincoln Bridge, be-
fore the shot of sun,

We took the recompense we claimed—a score
for every one!

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The bar-
ges at the wharf
Are crowded with the living freight—and
now they're pushing off;
With clash and glitter, tramp and drum, in
all its bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifices move slowly
o'er the bay;
And still and still the barges fill, and still
across the deep,
Like thunder clouds along the sky, the hos-
tile transports sweep;
And now they're forming at the point—and
now the lines advance;
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished
bayonets glance;
We hear near the throbbing drum, the bug-
le challenge ring,
Quick bursts and loud the flashing sword and
rolls from wing to wing.

But on the height our bulwark stands, trem-
endous in its gloom,
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a
tomb.
And as we waited till we saw at scarce ten
rifles' length
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its
stubborn strength,
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jag-
ged rampart burst,
From every gun the livid light upon the foe
accurst.
Then quailed a monarch's might before a
freeman people's ire,
Then drank the sword the veteran's life,
where swept the yeoman's fire;
Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their
serried columns reel,
And full, as falls the bearded rye beneath the
reaper's steel,
And then arose a mighty shout that might
have waked the dead—
"Hurrah! they run—the field is won! Hur-
rah! the foe is fled!"

And every man has dropped his gun to clutch
a neighbor's hand,
As his heart kept praying all the while for
home and native land.
Thrice on that day we stood the shock of
thrice a thousand foes,
And thrice that day within our lines the
shout of victory rose;
And though our swift fire slackened then,
and reddening in the skies,
We saw from Charlestown's roofs and walls
the flamy column rise,
Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still
maintained the fight,
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon
that blood-stained height.

What though for us no laurels bloom, nor
o'er the nameless brave
No sculptured trophy, scroll nor hatch re-
cords a warrior's grave?
What though to us the day was lost? Upon
that deathless page
The everlasting charter stands, for every
land and age!
For man has broke his felon bonds and cast
them in the dust,
And claimed his heritage divine, and justifi-
ed his trust;

While through his rifted prison bars the
hues of freedom pour,
O'er every nation, race and clime, on every
sea and shore,
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when,
'mid the darkest skies,
He saw above a ruined world the bow of
promise rise!

THE BRAIN. One of the readiest roads to
the head is through the lungs. You may
reach the brain in a minute with chloroform,
for example. The power of this drug is
something marvellous. When under its in-
fluence, a man may have his limbs cut off
without any sensation whatever; and even
when he recovers from the artificial trance
he may still have neither pain nor uneasiness.
Why? Have you ever seen a person
after a fit of epilepsy? After a fit of that
kind people have no remembrance of any-
thing done to them during the fit. During
the epileptic paroxysm, the brain is all put
completely torpid. The same thing hap-
pens after the anæsthetic sleep of chloro-
form. In neither case can a man remember
what he never felt. But mark what may
happen after amputation performed on a pa-
tient under chloroform. The same man who
felt no pain in the stump, even during or af-
ter the operation, may continue for many
successive months to be attacked with the
identical local symptoms for which the limb
was removed, at the hour of the day or night
when he was wont to suffer martyrdom be-
fore its removal. And more than this, if
seized by his old enemy during sleep, he may
awake, exclaiming, "Oh, my leg, my leg! it
pains me the same as when it was on."—
More curious still, he may tell you his case,
so far as his own feelings are concerned, ac-
tually move the foot of the amputated limb.
What do these facts prove? They prove,
first, that the brain is the source of all mo-
tion and all sensation, morbid or sane; they
prove inversely, second, that the brain is
the source of rest and remission, sleep includ-
ed; they further prove, third, that the
brain is the source of all paroxysmal
recurrence, whether the more prominent
symptoms be general or local.—Medical
Practice.

SUSA WHITE'S COSSET.

Early in the spring of 1774, a farmer
living in the eastern section of the town of
Windham, carried into his house one cold
stormy morning, a young lamb whose dam
had perished in the storm. The poor little
thing was chilled and almost dead. He laid
it on the kitchen hearth, and his wife wrapped
it carefully in a warm flannel blanket.
When it gave signs of life, she put into its
mouth some warmed milk, and rubbed it
tenderly, until it licked her hand, and bleat-
ed in answer to her caresses.

"What can I do with it?" she asked her
husband, when he came to dinner. "Tis a
nice lamb, as white as snow; but with the
prospect just now before us, I shan't have
much time to raise cossets; for when the
'Sons of Liberty' are called to the field, the
women will have to raise the bread."

"That's a sartin fact, Amy," replied her
husband, "and the time is at hand! I couldn't
bear to leave the little critter to die, though.
I'll tell you what we will do with it wife!—
There's the minister's little gal, who comes
out here sometimes, and who seems to have
a great liking for pets; we'll just keep it a
few days till it gets strong and lively, and
then carry it to her. She'll like it, I know!"

Farmer Cary was not mistaken in this
conjecture. The bright eyes of Susa White
were brighter than ever the morning when
the new pet was carried to the parsonage.—
Its coat, she declared, was softer than silk
and whiter than snow. She would take the
very best care of it, and keep it until it was
an old sheep. Her father, who was consult-
ed about a name, advised her to give the
lamb no fancy name, but to call it Nebuch-
adnezzar, because some day it would have to
eat grass like the old king of Babylon.—
Susa thought it rather a hard name, but
said that Nubby or Neb would do very well.

Neb grew famously, and soon became as
great a pet, almost in the village, as his
mistress. Susa White's lamb was privileged
to go anywhere he pleased, nibbling either
grass or flowers, as best suited his taste.
That was one of the pleasantest springs
of Susa White's life, though a season of sore
perplexity and darkness to the older and
wiser in heart. From north to south there
was a fluttering of wings for freedom. Act
after act of oppression had roused the incip-
ient nation to a trial of its strength. The
American army was not then organized, but
association was the order of the day, and
the watchword of all was 'Liberty.' Enough
had been heard of the absolute power of
Parliament: the colonies were no longer ac-
cused to stand up boldly and declare, "The
People have rights, and only Heaven is Su-
preme!" Such was every where the state of
feeling when the infamous act for closing
the port of Boston reached that patriotic
city. The king had declared his determina-
tion to starve his subjects into unreserved
submission.

It was the tenth of May when the Port
Act was received, and tidings of it were
waited speedily as possible from town to
town, and from colony to colony. Sections
traversed by stage-coaches were favored at
that era, for the coaches had always the lat-
est news from the seat of disaffection, and
news was what the people of all ages and
ranks awaited and expected with the great-
est anxiety.

Long before the hour for the weekly stage,
a group of men might have been seen collect-
ing around the old Stanford Tavern in
Windham, discoursing on a subject of com-
mon interest to all. From the court-house
and from the counter, from the work-shop
and from the plow, they came, eager to catch
the first sound of the driver's horn, and to
hear the rattling of the heavy wheels down
the eastern hill. Women with their children
in their arms stood at the doors to look out
at the four-horse vehicle, and prisoners in
the gloomy old jail gazed through their grat-
ed windows to watch it as it passed.

"There she comes!" exclaimed half-a-dozen
voices, from the tavern stoop. "I hear her
on the top of Zion's Hill. Smith toots loud-
ly to-day. He's got news, no mistake about
it."

Blowing his horn most vigorously, the driver
came dashing down the dusty road, his
fine horses scarcely touching the ground over
which they passed. Beautifully they de-
scribed their circle in front of the stage house,
bringing the coach-door and the ladies' en-
trance side by side. While the driver with
one hand was guiding his team through
their well-known figure, with the other he
scattered handfuls of paper amidst the by-
standers; copies of the Boston Port Bill,
edged with black, in token of mourning; also
an appeal from the citizens of Boston, asking
council and aid of the sister colonies in
their time of trial. Sad news this from
'good old Boston'—for Boston, then, as now,
was the pride of New England.

Before the coach was started again on its
way to Hartford, the bills were posted all
over the village; one on the great elm be-
fore the tavern door—the same tree on which
the jolly little Bacchus sat for so many long

years astride his turn; a second to another
large elm farther to the north; a third to
the whipping-post, which stood on the meet-
house corner; and the fourth to the court-
house door. Before night they were sent to
the remote sections of the town, and all true
Windhamites pledged themselves not only to
make common cause with the suffering col-
ony, but to wage perpetual warfare against
tyranny.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Parson
White, who, like most New England clergy
of his time, was a flaming patriot, carried
the subject with him into the pulpit, and
made a most earnest appeal for their brave,
suffering brethren. He recounted all they
had done, and all they had suffered since the
first odious revenue act had spread consterna-
tion and alarm throughout the land; he
spoke with enthusiasm of their resistance to
the stamp act, and of the course they had
pursued in regard to the tea question, for
which they were now suffering the vengeance
of the British parliament, and being brand-
ed the chief of rebels." In conclusion, he
exhorted them, as men who loved their fel-
low-men, to concert some measure for car-
rying what aid they were able to the beleag-
uered city.

There was no lack of attention on the
part of the parson's audience that day—no
nightmare of election hung on his words;—
it was a rousing call to action, such as the
heart of man loves and approves in things
temporal and spiritual. The weakest intel-
lect in the house could comprehend the sub-
ject and its requirements; and, before the
discourse was ended, many were calculating
what they could spare from their own im-
mediate necessities. Poor little Susa White,
as she turned her eyes for a moment from
her father's high pulpit toward the door,
and caught sight of Neb, standing with his
front feet on the sill, chewing his cud, and
looking so sleek and handsome, felt, for the
first time, the appeal directed to herself.—
Her bright eyes quickly filled with tears.—
"Poor Nubby!" she thought, sorrowfully, "I
cannot give him up. He would not make a
mouthful for so many, if I did. He's all the
pet I've got, and I promised good Deacon
Cary to keep him until he was a great sheep."
This last reflection was a momentary sooth-
er.

As soon as the blessing was pronounced,
she hastened to the door, feeling very sorry
that Neb should have been foolish enough to
show himself there that afternoon. "Every-
body will be saying now, there's one of the
minister's little gals has got a nice fat cos-
set, which she can spare as well as not. I
know they will; and well they may, too;—
but, then, I can't give him up. Poor Nubby!"

Nubby, wholly unconscious of what was
passing in the mind of his youthful mistress
frisked about her as usual, flicking her un-
gloved hands, and testifying his joy in the
best way he could at her release.

"He's grown famously," said old Mr. Tinker.
"He'd make a fine roaster."
"I guess he won't," said Susa, in an under-
tone, bending over as if to pet the lamb, but
in reality to hide her tears. "Savage man,
isn't he, Neb?"

No one could speak to the lamb, or pet
him that night, but Susa fancied they were
thinking she ought to lay him on the altar
of her country and humanity, when such a
thought never entered the mind of a single
one of her father's parishioners. On the con-
trary, they would, one and all, have protest-
ed against so great a sacrifice on the part of
their little favorite. It was the voice of her
own conscience speaking to little Susa White,
and the voice of humanity, also, asking the
sacrifice of her pet lamb.

A town meeting was called immediately, to
deliberate on what was to be done, and how
soon. "The Port Bill was to take effect the
first of June; and then from many hundreds
of the poorer citizens would arise a daily
cry for food, for the hands of industry were
most effectually bound. There was a grand
rally from every quarter of the town on the
day appointed for the meeting. The old
meeting-house was crowded to its utmost ca-
pacity, and there was no lack of zeal or en-
thusiasm. A number of young men express-
ed their determination to offer their services
to the blockaded city in case of outbreak,
and to do it in person. These would bear
whatever contributions their fellow-town-
people had to offer. The galleries were full
of women and children, eager to hear and
see all that was done; and some of the for-
mer of these had a widow's mite to add to
the offering.

"Sally Lincoln says her brother is going
to volunteer," whispered Susa White to her
older sister. "I should hate to have our Dy-
er, shouldn't you?"

"Well, that's a patriot's privilege, Susa.—
There's no use holding back the purchase
money when once the field is to be bought. I
only wish I were a man myself, to help
drive every British officer out of Boston."

"O dear!" everybody is braver and more
generous than I, thought Susa, bending down
her head, thoughtfully. "There's the poor
widow Lincoln, whose oldest son has offered
to go, has just given a sheep. Maybe she
brought it up by hand, and likes it as much
as I like Nubby. Then, she is a poor wo-
man, with ever so many little children to
take care of. I saw her wipe her eyes just
now; but then I think it is because Nathan
is going away, and not the sheep."

The galleries were beginning to be cleared,
but Susa White lingered; for she had not
yet learned the full amount of the contribu-
tion. It was not long, however, before Mr.
Solomon Huntington, who was moderator,
gave notice that two hundred and fifty-seven
sheep and lambs were then on the paper,
ready for delivery. The young men who had
volunteered to drive them would be ready to
start the next day at noon. If there was no
more business before the meeting, they would
adjourn.

Then Susa went down and stationed her-
self a little way from the front door, to wait
for her father. Nubby was not there; she
had taken the precaution to shut him up in
the stable before leaving home, lest his fat
body should excite further remark. Her
father came out at last, talking with one of
his neighbors. She went and put her hands
in his softly, and looked up in his face to
attract attention.

"What's the matter, Susa? What do you
want now?" he asked, in a careless way.

"To give Nubby to the patriots," she said,
bursting into tears.

Mr. White stood regarding his little daugh-
ter for a moment without uttering a word.
His companion turned away to wipe a tear
from his eye. Everybody in town knew the
child's fondness for her pet.

"So you wish to send Neb to the hungry
children of Boston, do you?" her father in-
quired at last. "I am glad you are willing
to make a sacrifice for the good of others,
my daughter. The liberal soul shall be
made free."

"I want to speak to Deacon Cary about
it," she said, "for he may think it strange."
And again the child's feelings were too much
for her.

"A cause that has not only the 'widow's
mite,' but the infant's sacrifice, will be pros-
pered of the Lord, sir, and no mistake," said
Colonel Dyer. "Let the women and children
work with us, malt the barley, and dry the
sage; leaving alone the tea and the coffee,
and the foreign gew-gaws, and the old coun-
try will come to her senses by-and-by!"

Then, while the minister went back to add
the last gift to the roll, he laid his hand
caressingly on Susa's head, and said, "You
have a brave, generous heart, my dear little
girl."

Susa only shook her head in reply. She
did not speak all the way home, and when
they had reached the lane, perceiving some
children there who had come to play with
her and Nubby, she ran along to the orchard
gate, slipped through, and was soon lost
sight of amidst the thickness of the trees.

Not a word was said in Susa's presence
about her offering that night; but, at the
breakfast-table next morning, her father
told her that Mr. Tinker had been over to
offer to send one of his sheep in place of
hers. It was the same old man who had
spoken to her about Nubby on the way from
church, and whom she had suspected sinister
motives.

"Good old man!" she exclaimed, with quiv-
ering lip; "I am ashamed because I thought
so hard of him!" Then she frankly confessed
what feelings possessed her when he praised
her lamb. But she would not allow him to
redeem Nubby. He was a poor man, whose
children were obliged to go out to work, and
she knew he could not afford it. She had
given the lamb, and she would not take it
back; for, when Susa had fully made up her
mind, there was no shrinking from its de-
cision of right; and, then, the minister's
children were every one as staunch patriots
as their father.

Every member of the family, except little
black Kate, approved the child's sacrifice.—
She stamped, screamed, and pulled away at
her stout tow frock with a vigor which would
have been destruction to a modern fabric,
when she heard that Neb, her own pet as
well as Miss Susa's, was to be driven away
to Boston.

"Mama White's folks o'ny got one little
sheep," she said; "everybody else got a heap
on 'em. Ole Wobetic Mountain all alive
wid 'em—good enuff sheep to be eaten. They
wanted Neb thar own self!"

But Parson White found no fault with the
garland; he thought only of the altar on
which the victim was to be laid.

All the children in the village followed
the flock up the eastern hill, very proud of
their donation, and prouder of the young he-
roes who accompanied it—the first young he-
roes for freedom. Susa White was with
them, feeling very much like crying for Neb-
by, until she saw her little schoolmate, Sal-
lie Lincoln, bravely trying to say a cheerful
'good-by' to her brother.

In about two weeks the Boston stage
brought a grateful message to the citizens
of Windham for their ready aid and sympa-
thy. Theirs was the earliest donation from
Connecticut—the earliest, save one, beyond
the colony of Massachusetts.

Mr. Bancroft has made honorable mention
of this fact in the "History of the American
Revolution;" but, as the donors' names have
nowhere been chronicled, we offer to the pub-
lic the above tradition of Susa White's cos-
set.

DRIVE ON.

The best advice to the young man just
setting out in the world, is to "drive on."—
In other words, live energetically. Where-
ever you undertake, do it with a will, and do
it well. Do it as far as possible in the com-
pletest manner. In this way alone can an
efficient, useful and successful career be ac-
complished. "Drive on." But not recklessly.
We suppose that whoever give this short
article a perusal will understand that it is
addressed to young men who think before
they act; who are, in short, possessed of a
little common sense, such as every young
man should strive to obtain, and without
which he will be poor indeed.

Davy Crockett—and Davy, or David which
is all the same as of old, was a shrewd fel-
low—once said, "Be sure your right, then go
ahead." Whether or not Crockett gave ut-
terance to this saying, it contains a great
truth and the wisest of counsel. It means,
simply this—study and know what is best,
what right, what honorable, what useful
what profitable in life, and then drive on,
turning neither to the right nor left. Why
so many young men fall in life; why they
look on the retrospect with so little re-
joice over and so much to regret, as to be
found in the fact that they have not started
right, and driven on as they ought. Their
energies have been spent in the wrong di-
rection, and have proved fruitless of good.—
They have failed either to comprehend the
true purposes and ends of life, or have failed
either to comprehend the true purposes
and ends of life, or have allowed themselves
to cowardly evade them. It has often been
said by the distinguished Paxton of England
—whose life is full of instructive interest—
that men accomplish what they will; that
is, if they address themselves to a given
task, and faithfully meet its demands, they
can achieve their desires. Mr. Phaxton him-
self rose from the common walks of life, on
his own admirable theory, to a seat in the
House of Parliament, where he became one
of its most useful and honored members.—
His motto was, in effect, "drive on." He did
drive on, first choosing a path that was sure
to result in success of the most substantial
nature. He aimed high—within the possi-
bility of attainment—bent all his energies
upon the end in view, and reached great em-
inence. And yet he possessed no element,
no energy that is at all exclusive. Ninety-
nine young men in every community have
equal opportunity for distinction, and could,
if they would meet the requisitions, attain
equal fame, position, influence. "Drive on!"
should be the motto of all young men. Let
them know themselves, know what they pur-
pose in life, and they will have put them-
selves to blame if they do not succeed.

Facts are stubborn things, said a lawyer
to a female witness. "Yes, sir, and so are
women," she replied; "and if you get any-
thing out of me just let me know it."—You'll
be committed for contempt," said the lawyer.
"Very well," said she, "I shall suffer justly,
for I feel the utmost contempt for every law-
yer present."

BALLS, SHELLS AND BOMBS. The correspondent of the Springfield Republican, writing from Troy, N. York, May 8, says: "The Watervliet Arsenal, situated at West Troy, is as you doubtless know, the largest arsenal for the construction and fabrication of military implements, other than small arms and cannon, in the country; and as many more indirectly, in the neighboring foundries, are kept busy night and day. Through the thieving of Floyd and the recent requisitions of government, the Arsenal has been nearly stripped of muskets, pistols and cannon; but of other munitions there is yet an ample store. A large number of hands are engaged in the preparation of ammunition; sixty thousand ball cartridges are made daily. Most of these are intended for the Minnie rifle, but large numbers of the old fashioned round ball cartridges are also manufactured. The rapidity with which a cartridge is made is wonderful. A boy sits at a counter with a cylindrical stick—a pile of greased balls and one of prepared paper before him—a simple roll of the paper and stick, a jerk and a twist at one end, a twist of a string, and a cartridge is ready for filling in less time than it takes to read this description. They are then taken into another room, placed upon end in shallow boxes, and a man, by a simple instrument, fills them with an equal and specific amount of powder, at the rate of thirty a minute. A twist at the open end, and the cartridge is complete. The manufacture goes on so fast that it requires a dozen men and boys to pack, box and remove the finished cartridges. In another apartment, a number of men and girls are employed in the manufacture of cannon cartridges of all sizes, from the mightiest columbiad down to a six pounder. The material of which they are made is a kind of woolen goods—more—imported from England especially for the purpose.—Thousands of yards of this material were in the process of being cut up and manufactured. Cannon cartridges are not filled here, but at the place where they are intended to be used. In still another department, grape, canister and strapped ammunition are in course of preparation, while huge cartloads of bombshells and spherical shot are hourly arriving from the neighboring foundries.—The grape-shot are larger than I supposed, and might more properly be called peach shot than grape-shot. Some six or more of these are packed in a sort of wire corkscrew arrangement, and fitted into a tin case, and when thus finished have much the appearance of jars of preserved meats or fruit.

The manufacture of bombshells is also a matter of much interest. The preparation of these I witnessed is briefly as follows:—The shell is first filled full with old fashioned round leaden bullets; melted sulphur is then poured in to fill up the interstices and bind the bullets in one solid mass; the shell is then put into a kind of lathe, and a cylindrical hole of the exact size of the orifice of the shell is bored through the bullets and sulphur. This cavity is filled with powder, even with the interior edge of the orifice, a six-inch shell of the kind here described, holding about half a pound. The fuse fitted into the orifice is a recent Belgian invention, made of pewter, and resembles the screw-cap used for the patent fruit-cans. An examination of this pewter cap shows, however, that it is made of two hollow discs of metal, screwed together, and filled with meal powder. A number of fine holes are drilled in the lower disc, while the outer disc is entire, and marked with figures in a circle, 1, 2, 3, 4. In this state the shell is water and weather proof. When taken for use, the gunner, by means of a small steel instrument, scoops out a portion of the outer soft metal surface and lays bare the charge of composition powder below it. If the shell is desired to explode in one second after leaving the gun, the scooping is made on the figure 1; if in two seconds, on the figure 2, and so on—the idea being that the shells of this description shall first strike the object aimed at and do execution as a ball, and then explode, sending the bullets forward as if from another cannon located at the point where the flight of the shell is arrested.—Large shells of eight or ten inches are filled with powder only, and bursting, do execution by means of their fragments. These large shells are generally fired by means of a fuse of meal powder, extending through a brass plug screwed into the mouth of the shell. In both cases the fuse is fired by the ignition of the charge in the gun."

CHEAP AND EXCELLENT INK. We like ink that is as black as midnight, (says the editor of the Country Gentleman) and as glossy as a raven's wing. Bad ink is a decided nuisance. There is scarcely anything more undesirable than to receive a long letter with bad spelling and worse penmanship, on another man's business; but the annoyance is greatly aggravated if written on dull blue paper, with ink about the color of muddy water.—Good ink may often be had by paying a good price for it, say about fifteen cents per quart, but after the manufacturer has got his reputation he is tempted to sell a cheap and miserable article. The best way is for all to make their own ink, and save at least one thousand per cent. as ink is commonly sold at retail between the first cost and final price. But how shall we make it easily and cheaply? Thus: Buy extract of logwood which may be had for three cents an ounce, or cheaper by the quantity. Buy, also, for three cents, an ounce of bi-chromate of pot-

ash. The former orange red, the latter clear yellow. Now take half an ounce of logwood, and ten grains of bi-chromate of potash, and dissolve them in a quart of hot rain water. When cold, pour it into a glass bottle, and leave it uncorked for a week or two. Exposure to the air is indispensable.—The ink is then made, and has cost five or ten minutes labor, and about three cents besides the bottle. This ink is at first an intense steel blue, but becomes quite black.—We have recently given this ink a fair trial, "and know thereof we affirm." So far as we know it is new.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE is abundant, and this with the low prices of imported and manufactured goods, materially aids the poor—and there are now few that do not feel poor—in these hard times. We had anticipated good prices for the farmers, supposing that the withdrawal of thousands from the fields of corn to the fields of battle, together with the wastes of war, would lessen the supply for an increased demand. It appears however that the abundant harvest of the last year is followed with equal abundance this season, while the breadth of land under cultivation is increased and the market of the South cut off. The consequence is that the fields are full, the granaries of the West are full, the stores of the East are full, and abundance is everywhere. We take the State of Iowa as an illustration, for that has become one of the chief producing States.—The Agricultural Bureau of Iowa has issued a carefully prepared circular giving the crop prospects of that State. It appears the breadth of wheat sown in the State is about one fourth more, of corn nearly one-fifth more, and of pork for market there will be at least one third more than in 1860, there appears to be over one-third, and of wheat over one-fourth on hand. That the indications for a good crop of wheat were never better, and that the yield would fully equal that of last year. In addition to the above, preparations are making for a greater breadth of sorghum and imple than in any previous year. Last year the yield of wheat was upward of 19,000,000 bushels, or an average of 16 bushels to an acre; and for the additional breadth of land sown last fall and this Spring at the same average per acre, at least 4,000,000 bushels and we have the probable amount of 23,000,000 bushels for 1861—all of which can be spared out of the State, as there are about 5,000,000 bushels on hand for home consumption for a year.

We thus have that one State, that twenty years ago was a wilderness, affording this season a surplus of more than a bushel of wheat to every man, woman, and child in the free States. The corn goes into beef and pork, and Iowa is expected to yield the value of ten million dollars of these. To show present prices there, we quote from a private letter dated Iowa city, June 11th. It says "we have no reason to complain of hard times. The country is full of everything but money; butter sells at 6 cents a pound, eggs 4 cents a dozen and corn is only 10 cents a bushel. A man recently sent 600 bushels of corn to market and the net return was about \$19."

Of course we never can see any such prices in this part of the world, but it has been many years since we have seen farm produce so low as now. We will not quote the prices to day; but when corn sells from 52 to 55 cents, pork and beef must be correspondingly low; and when grass is so abundant and hay promises to be low, we find butter and cheese relatively the same, while eggs and poultry and vegetables are cheap enough, as all persons will discover on inquiry.—Newburyport Herald.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE. The man who stands upon his own soil—who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed by any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man who is the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which, fashioned by the will of God, and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, apart of his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers.—They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their last footsteps over the scenes of his labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit was planted by his father's hand.—He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadows. Through the field lies the path to the village school of early days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which calls his fathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint them, gold cannot buy them; out of the deepest fountains of the heart, they are the life-springs of a fresh healthy and generous national character.—Edward Everett.

We all preach—if not by precept, then by example.

The Bridgton Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1861.

DEATH OF CAVALIER.

Europe has lost its greatest statesman.—Cavalier, the strong man, the head and front of the sentiment that must rule the States of the Continent, is dead. The bold foe to Monarchy, the still bolder one of the unrelenting and volcanic Red Republicanism, is laid low, and as it would seem, at a time when the world can ill afford to spare him. He possessed the largest share of love of country, but had more prudence than any of the former Italian patriots. He was not only a good friend, but a safe counsellor. He belonged to a class of men—statesmen—hard to find in Europe, and his death has left a serious void in their front rank. We have not time to write what we would like to write, upon the life and character of this man; but content ourselves with annexing hereto an article from an exchange paper—the Courier.

Death is no respecter of persons, or of positions in life. Great men on whose Herculean shoulders, it would seem, the very frame work of government rest, are suddenly cut down as if they were nought. We are ever reminded of the solemn words of Schiller:—

"With hasty steps death passes on,
Nor grants to man a moment's stay;
He falls ere half his race is run,
In manhood's pride is left away;
Prepared or unprepared to die,
He stands before the Judge on high."

We are accustomed to attribute too much importance to the influence and power of individual men in the governance of human affairs. These affairs are most unquestionably in the hands of that All-wise Providence to whom is cognizant even the fall of a sparrow. These great men, whom we worship as demigods, and who, perhaps, regard themselves as such as much the subject of that overruling Power as is the humblest of that which crawls; and when their appointed work is finished they are summoned from the stage of action, either by death or by other suspending circumstances. God rules in the armies of Heaven and among the inhabitants of earth, and His hand cannot be stayed.

Nevertheless, it is natural and meet that we should feel, and do homage to great men, because God is more especially manifested through them. As Mr. Carlyle very strongly contends, we are naturally hero-worshippers, and the reverence we pay to good and powerful men, is morally wholesome. But let us be careful not to elevate them to the position of gods, because they are, after all, weak and dependent creatures like unto us of more limited influence. Though so-called great men die, principles do not faster nor stagnate, but go steadily on with their development, because of their potent power, power, and wisdom, are their motive force.

Count Cavour was one of the great men of the earth, and at the time of his death, filled an important position. He died in the midst of his years and intellectual strength, being not far from 51 years of age. He was one of those rare spirits who are at the same time both radical and conservative, the very best kind of characteristics for statesmanship, one would think. He has been an invaluable assistant in organizing the new Italian Kingdom, and was supposed to be nearly equal in statesmanship to the French Emperor. They, it seems, were in some sort kindred spirits, and have worked together. But death has arrested one of these master spirits of Europe, and how much longer the other will hold on his way, Great Providence has as yet given us no intimation.

The Atlantic Monthly has come for July. It is as good as ever—better if possible. "Our Orders" is a pretty little poem on the first page. "Agnes of Sorrento" follows, but as we shall not read it till we can read it entire, we cannot speak of its quality. "Sun Painting and Sun Sculpture" is a learned production. One of the most beautiful and "taking" papers of the number, is "Washington as a Camp," by the author of "The New York Seventh Regiment" in the June number. Like that article this has the ring of the true metal. Poor Winthrop! it is a sad thought to the readers of his racy papers, that thou sleepest in the green valley of thy New England home—having fallen in the van of the column facing the Rebel battery at Big Bethel. We find an increasing interest in this justly popular magazine.

SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY. For a week past, we have had our attention called to the peculiar fact that the school children of this village are outraging public sentiment by their noisy behaviour in the streets. Every occasion of their passing along home from school, or from home to the school, witnesses a demonstration that would have done credit to the aborigines of this or any other land.—We don't know but that it is an exercise prescribed by their parents or physicians to strengthen lungs, but we fancy that these same parents would change the treatment if they knew just the facts of the case. We love to see children enjoying themselves, and even noisy; but we cannot see the forces of going through the streets with a series of prolonged howls that have neither aim nor method.

From the most approved data, we imagine the following to be a reliable estimate of the Confederate Army, although there undoubtedly are many fragments beside, making it a little over 100,000.

Virginia	30,000
Tennessee	15,000
Kentucky	8,000
Mississippi	2,000
Louisiana	4,000
Florida	8,000
Alabama	5,000
Georgia	6,000
North Carolina	10,000
South Carolina	6,000

The citizens of Cornish are to have a celebration on the Fourth of July. Arrangements on a large scale are being made, and no doubt the occasion will be worthy the public spirit of that community. Edwin W. Wedgwood, Esq., is to deliver the oration.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Clipper.—That was all a joke about the Government having closed a contract with Mr. Rarey to subdue some of those Southern Cruisers. Reported "hoax-tilities" had nothing to do with it.

Scientific Enquirer.—They have desisted from the plan of getting water at Fort Monroe by means of an Artesian well. That thing has been run into the ground.

Gardener. We know of only one way to keep bugs from cucumber vines. Take your young plants and set them in iron kettles filled with gravel from the bank of some river. Then build a board fence around the kettles, say, eighteen feet high, either of matched boards or with the cracks filled with putty. Leave an orifice at the top about a foot in diameter. Upon the top place a well-conducted hen-coop. Every effort on the part of the bugs to effect an entrance, will expose them to the double danger of being eaten by the chickens or a heavy fall on the sharp gravel at the bottom. It has proved a decided success as far as heard from.

Parnassus.—You say you have "a longing for fame—in fact an itching to be able to write poetry." You had better consult that fine old work, "Combe On The Head."

Cook.—You are wrong in your statement about the "house of contention." It is unfit for anything but a "family stew."

Martha Jane.—You want to go to the wars and serve your country—good woman. We cannot give you all the requirements, but remember amongst the rest that you must be thirty years old and of good behavior. You must dress very plainly and discard hoops. You must have a good constitution, so that with good clothing and wholesome food, you can stand the fatigues of the camp.

And above all, you must be able to take care of yourself, everything being provided for that purpose. You will have to wear very warm clothes, and changed often. In damp weather or in the nights, you will wear an outer suit of india-rubber cloth, or something impervious to moisture, as the chief thing is to be sure and keep dry.

Last Thursday evening, a Mr. Somebody exhibited "Banvard's Panorama of War, Secession &c.," and by virtue of having a right to do so, we looked in about a ninnion. It was a solemn scene. The room was dark as night. In front was a piece of white cloth, probably a high coat sheeting, quadrilateral in shape, and almost four feet large, surrounded by drapery of a dark hue—the whole "toe assembly" reminding one of a momentary lull in conversation at a quilting, where twenty old ladies work their way to the center of the "coverlet" for the minister's wife.

Immediately behind this, next the audience, on a tripod, was an article of almost as formidable proportions as an old-fashioned foot-stove, from this box proceeded a light "soft as the first faint blush of dawn," and changing views soon riveted thirty-six or forty eyes upon the aforesaid "factory cloth." A very learned and forcible address explaining upon the matter—"accompanied the machine, from or by a large man"—Mr. Banvard perhaps—who gave some "majestic and techio" information, and which produced a marked effect upon several of the young gentlemen with their sisters—being as near a "melting mood" as is usually observed in this "imperfect state of existence."

As a moral effect, no words of ours, nor fifteen cents in money would seem to be of much account in comparison; and as a work of art, to "behold and tremble," go as naturally together as chills and fever. It was a splendidly magnificent thing—in fact "fast rate"—and if Mr. Banvard's life don't go out in glory somebody will be to blame.

A HARD CASE. In a recent daily paper, we find the following remarkable advertisement:

WANTED.—By a young lady possessing some knowledge of French, German, vocal and instrumental music, literary subjects, experience in the sick room and culinary department; one conversant with all the intricacies of domestic machinery—a situation as Housekeeper in the establishment of some affluent, taciturn and importunate widow, or misogynistic Benedict, who can produce unexceptionable references as to character, moral and intellectual. Address: Psyche, Lynn, Mass. Those of the misogynistic type preferred. None others need apply.

We seldom meddle with such subjects, but we can hardly pass this one, without paying that female our profoundest regards. Oh! it is so refreshing, to find occasionally among the masses of humankind, such a character. Behold her! "Possessing some knowledge of French, German," can play and sing like a "symp," has got both the "literary" and the "culinary,"—conversant with all the intricacies of domestic machinery—

"A soul replete with every noble quality," (to use a popular expression slightly changed) "Sound on the Magdalene." The only man with whom she can break bread, must be rich, silent and immovable, and of a sublime moral character. Look here Misogynistic, close up that contract. She will "go up," first thing you know. Common earth doesn't stick to her clothes.

Young Gilman, mentioned in our last as being implicated in the affair of Mrs. Swan's death, waived an examination before a justice and was committed to jail at Paris last Thursday, to await the action of the Grand Jury at the August Term of the S. J. Court. No new facts of any importance have been elicited since our account of the matter last week.

The city of Portland pays weekly \$317 for the relief of families of volunteers.

FROM THE SQUILL.

MORE FEARS FOR THE CAPITAL. New York, June 24. A Washington despatch to the World says that all the latest advices represent the intention of Beauregard to advance on the Federal lines, in anticipation that such a movement is essential to keep up the spirits of the rebels. All our regiments have been under arms for the last twenty-four hours, as the Government was perfectly satisfied that Sunday was intended for the attack by the traitors.

An extensive spy system has been carried on here by letters being carried some thirty miles down the Potomac, thence across, finally reaching Jeff. Davis. Measures have been taken to forestall it.

Two women Saturday afternoon requested an officer of the Connecticut regiment to escort them home. They being fearful of going alone, he did so, but has not been seen since. A squad of soldiers afterwards visited a house in search of him, but found no one there.

Professor Lowe makes an aerial ascent near Falls Church on Monday, to take a view of the rebel camps at Fairfax and Manassas. It is believed that the Navy Department will make an average of all the bids for gun boats awarding them to contractors who will build the vessels within sixty days.

A despatch to the Tribune states that Baltimore, although apparently quiet, is profoundly agitated in its depths, but on the first insurrectionary outbreak Gen. Banks has orders to shell the city from Fort McHenry, and he will do it.

Commodore Vanderbilt has addressed a letter to W. O. Bartlett, authorizing him to tender his steamship Vanderbilt to the Government at a price to be determined on by Com. Stockton and two active Commodores now in the Navy, and if not on these terms he adds—"will the Government please accept her as a present from their humble servant."

He is also authorized by the Pacific Steamship Company to offer the steamship Ocean Queen, of nearly 300 tons, the Champion and Daniel Webster, to the Government at a price to be determined on by the above board. He was induced to make this offer because he was desirous to protect the government against speculation, and to make it known that vessels can be obtained by the Government without resorting to those owned in the Confederate States or those sailing under a foreign flag.

Private Willie Richardson of Stoneham Co. P., of the Massachusetts 6th, accidentally shot himself Sunday afternoon, in the breast, while loading a revolver. There is a bare possibility of his recovery. He was a great favorite.

THE FEELING IN TENNESSEE.—Operations of the Rebels. Federal Troops on the Alert.—New York, June 23. The Tribune's Washington despatch says: Hon. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, with three friends, were fired at on their way up here by 15 Virginians at Cumberland Gap, but they all escaped without injury. Mr. Johnson thinks that with a fair canvass and six weeks time the whole of Tennessee could be carried for the Union. Both the Tennessee and Kentucky Unionists want arms. Could the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad be possessed by Government and a daily mail via Cumberland Gap be instituted, it would materially assist the Unionists and prevent the transportation of Southern troops into Virginia. A traveler from Richmond on Saturday reports 40,000 troops marching thence to Manassas, probably an over estimate. The rebel forces are very impatient to make an attack. Col. Stone has sent for reinforcements, as the traitors are erecting a battery on the other side of the Potomac, which threatens his camp.

The Times' Washington despatch says:—Consul Spencer at Paris, in consequence of his traitorous proclivities, has been ordered to close his Consulate and deposit his papers with the American Minister. It is understood that Gen. Dix will assume the command on the other side of the Potomac. The Government has appointed a Commission to inspect all provisions for the subsistence of the army. The State Department has been advised that Beauregard's force has been removed from Manassas to Fairfax Court House. It is reported that batteries are being erected by the rebels at Mathias Point, and also one near Falls Church. Two telegraph operators just arrived, state that numbers of Northerners have joined the rebel army as the only means of getting near the lines of the frontier, when they intend leaving for a free country. They report that communication with the South is kept open at Louisville, whence great quantities of provisions ammunition, &c., are sent to the rebel army.

FROM FORTRESS MONROE. Fortress Monroe, June 22—via Baltimore, June 21. The propper Fanny started for Norfolk this morning with a flag of truce, but was not allowed to proceed beyond Sewall's Point, where she was met by a rebel steamer and her passengers conveyed to their destination. Among them was a lady having sons in both armies.

It is now known that the first shot from Sawyer's cannon struck a corner of the rebels' magazine scattering the rebels like a bolt from Heaven, and came near producing explosion. The batteries have consequently been removed. The rebels are not safe within four miles of this terrible projectile.

Many pieces in the Fortress are being rifled. The Union guns are being mounted. Hampton Roads swarm with shipping and immense storehouses are in process of erection for Government supplies.

Quartermaster Tallmadge will in a few days receive five hundred additional horses for the use of the army, and complete the garrison and camp equipment for 10,000 men.

The worthless garments of the New York volunteers will soon be exchanged for suitable Government uniforms.

Another flag of truce arrived from Great Bethel to day, requesting the exchange of a "symp," has got both the "literary" and the "culinary,"—conversant with all the intricacies of domestic machinery—

No person shall be permitted to land at Fortress Monroe or to visit the camp through motives of curiosity. Neither will any person not having his home or business within this Department be permitted to remain without a special permit from headquarters. All persons having business, or coming properly accredited, will be permitted to land, but the operations of the Department cannot be interfered or demoralized by pleasure seekers merely. The government line of steamers between Baltimore and this point is for the use of the government, and not a line for pleasure travel. (Signed)

Major General BUTLER. Col. Butler goes to New York this evening with important Government despatches. The steamer Fanny which has just returned, was permitted to go as far as Craney Island. Gen. Huger sent a despatch to Gen. Butler that a steamer from Norfolk on Tuesday will bring a large number of fugitives. Craney Island and the adjacent mainland are bristled with cannon. The rebels are fast throwing up entrenchments for batteries at the extremity of Sewall's Point, also opposite Rip Rap.

THE PAY AND PENSION OF OUR ARMY. The following recapitulation affords information to volunteers and their families:—

1. After being mustered into the United States, volunteers are paid the same as regular troops.
2. If disabled by wounds received in service or disease contracted in service are entitled to an invalid pension, life, or as long as the disability continues.
3. If any are killed or die in the service of the United States, leaving a widow, entitled to what pay was due her in life and a pension. If there is no widow, child or children of such volunteer entitled to the pay, and a pension until sixteen years of age.

4. If there is no widow, or child, years of age, the other heirs of the volunteer are entitled to the pay due the volunteer, time of his death—no pension. And neither the volunteers nor any heirs are entitled to land warrants, but there is an act of Congress will be passed, July, granting one hundred and fifty acres of land to every volunteer who shall serve ten days, or engage in battle and be discharged—first to the widow, second to the children, third to the mother, fourth to the father; and if all the foregoing be dead, fifth to the brothers and sisters, and those who may serve and die while receiving a warrant, in like manner, volunteers who served in Mexico are rewarded. Seamen and others who are wounded, and those performing meritorious service will undoubtedly be rewarded with the honors of war. Those patriotic men who suffer from robbery in the States under the name of confiscation, almost certainly be rewarded, according to the scriptural rule, fourfold from the rebels—all State confiscations will be punished, and Congress will pass a proper and efficient law whereby the United States Government from the unfaithful and unjust acts of the rebels who may have, and to the faithful and true servants of the several States have passed and acts granting pay from the State to

A GLANCE AT THE REBELS. An 6th New York Zouaves, who, Yorktown with the flag of truce, writes:—

We met a good many secessionists, principally cavalry, all desperate looking characters, and who looked very black. Nothing occurred except a particular row escape from being shot. This was a village called Cockletown, where we saw a school of negroes, and a school of white men, talking with the members of a company of infantry, dressed in a remarkable uniform. As soon as our red cap talons became visible, every man company rushed into the school, and spoke a few quick words to the company, waving at the white flag. The captain ordered a man to fall into line; no one obeyed, and we, our muskets on their shoulders waiting for us to get abreast. The captain drew his sword, thrusting it each man, and drew them into line, but this they would not do. The butts of the muskets instinctively to their shoulders; with a gigantic captain sprang at them, and fear the musket into position. After a long and howling, he compelled them to disarms, and then our guide came. "Forward!" and we rushed through the soldiers or citizens, in a dozen plain road, had it not been for the energetic of the officers who guided us.

GETTING THEIR EYES OPEN. The papers, for a long time past, have given about the superior fighting of the Southern cavalry. One Southern good for six, eight, or ten Yankees. Some of the recent events in Virginia opened their eyes a little, and they acknowledge that possibly they were mistaken. The Charleston is particularly disgusted with their recent contests with the great troops, and thus gives vent to some feelings:—

"The reported retreat of the two regiments of Virginia cavalry before a party of United States troops, who were crossing swords with them, is a credible news. We do not know of it. Is the thing possible? In said, in extension of this apparently tardy conduct, that one company of Virginia cavalry were without the use of pistols in a sabre charge of cavalry upon cavalry. It is stated that the two companies of United States troops, and a company of riflemen, were ordered to make? Why, with their rifles, two sabres to a man, and they ought to be this trailed in the dust? An hour for old light horse Harry would wield his daring, dashing blade, our meagre accounts from the Rebels are strangely incorrect. The Rebels should be torn from the shoulders of their State, and a court martial should be held from the ranks of the army."

INSCRIPTION AT THE PENITENTIARY. Louis. Jefferson City, June 18. An attempt was made this afternoon to break through the walls of the Penitentiary in the walls and force their way out. They had all dined together at the hall, and were about to go to their respective cells by the guard, some previously concerned plan upon the latter and completely subdued. Then they poured out into the prison, and commenced breaking a hole in the wall, when they were discovered by the stationed without, who instantly alarmed. In less than ten minutes a company of United States troops had at the spot. They encamped the scaled the walls, and shot down the convicts who was about to force his way out. Two or three were wounded, and they were all driven back to the point of the bayonet into the secured. No one escaped.

On Saturday, N. H., while saw arm severed some two inches above was it done that hurt all he saw beside him. The patient is no

The Governor of Mr. Granger, now in Boston, a to copy the picture Hall. The will be placed in House.

At the granite the 11th inst. Mr. ing a train of quarry to the was instant.

A young girl, Balfest, is able men's boots as w other sex. Through bravely learn depending upon o

During the first about 10,000 to Washington by the road. The numb 6000.

Bills of indictment against two army P., and they have the sum of five th are charged with ing for the soldier

Charles F. Hall the Bangor Light V. M., died in Wa

Hay is selling in Gardiner.

DEN DR. HASKELL call on him early.

She: CUMBERLAND, TAKEN ON EX- Corey again Carter, and will on SATURDAY, July next, at four S. M. Harmon's right in equity of Carter had when on the original w tion issued, or not ing described re, piece or parcel o thereon, situated of Cumberland to wit: Westerly from Bridgton Ce and easterly by the late Richard land owned by M gaid real estate b dollars. Further at the time of sal

Dated at Bridgton of June, A. D., 1861. 3w34 J. D. V

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F. B. & J JEW BRIDGTON

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JUST

MISCELLANY.

The following, from the pen of one of our well-known correspondents, is as pretty as 'tis patriotic and reasonable.—[Ed.]

E. FLURIBUS UNUM.

BY LEAH LEE.

Rise in your strength, brave men and free,
And to the battle fly,
Let Liberty and Union be,
Your constant battle-cry.

Think how your sires for freedom fought,
When both by field and flood,
They, to secure the boon they sought,
Shoulder to shoulder stood—

The snow-clad plains whereon they bled,
And yielded up their breath—
Camps where disease and lack of bread,
Brought slow but certain death.

'Twas no mere war of words they waged,
Those heroes brave and true,
Their fortunes to the cause they pledged,
Their lives and honors too.

Union and freedom was the goal.
They sought with pen and sword,
Shall trifles break this golden bowl,
And lose this silver cord?

Let discord never break the band,
That links your fates together,
Your watchword this throughout the land,
"Many, yet one forever!"
Denmark, Me.

HOW TO FORETELL THE WEATHER.

The sensibility of many animals and plants to the varying conditions of the atmosphere is so great, that a careful study of their movements will often indicate with certainty approaching changes in the weather. When a storm is impending the spider shortens the threads of his web, and lengthens them again when the storm is about to pass off; careful observers even pretend to foretell how long weather will pass, from the degree to which the web is extended. If the spider is quiet, it is a sign of rain, but when he goes to work during a shower, be sure it will soon clear off. The swallow is also an infallible barometer, flying low, almost touching the earth, and uttering a low, plaintive cry before a rain, but sailing back and forth high in the air during settled weather; when a violent tempest is about to break out, he soars even to the clouds, and adopts a slow, majestic motion, very different from his ordinary one. In pleasant weather the crow will, at any time, leave her nest in search of food; but if she feels a storm approaching, nothing will attempt her off till her mate takes her place to protect the young. The peacock foretells rain by his frequent cries; the woodpecker, by its cooings; the parrot, by its chattering; and the guinea-fowl, by going to roost. The goose manifests great uneasiness, plunging into the water, and rapidly returning to the land. The sea-gulls seek the shores and are only seen far from land in settled weather. The petrel, on the contrary, dashes off boldly into the midst of the storm and tempest. The chirp of the cricket is a sign of fair weather, but the cry of the tree-toad indicates rain. When the air is overcharged with moisture, the odor of flowers is strong and penetrating, and in dry weather, is soft and agreeable.

THE ENFIELD AND MINIE RIFLES. The Enfield derives its name from the place where it is made, namely the government armory at Enfield, and it is in more respects like the American army rifle, made at Springfield, Mass. The barrel of it is formed of the best charcoal iron; its length is 39 inches; bore 480 of an inch; it has three grooves, 1.16 of an inch wide and 500th of an inch deep. The pitch of the grooves is 6 foot 9 inches. A hollow conical ball, with a plug of wood placed in the base is used in this rifle. A graduated back sight, set for ranges from 200 to 1000 yards, is fixed on all the Enfields.

The Minie rifle derives its name from Lieutenant Minie, of the French Infantry, who first applied the hollow expanding bullet to the army rifle, and by whose exertions it was first brought into actual army use.—The French rifles have four grooves, .01758 inches in width, .03758 in depth, and one turn in 6 feet. The bullet is hollow and conical, and weighs 492 grains; no wedge is now used. Formerly elevating sights were fixed on the French army rifles, but these have been dispensed with so as to render the arms more simple. The back sight of the rifle is elevated at 78 of an inch above the barrel.

A French soldier of the line aims at the waistband of the foe, and with his fixed rifle sight he is sure to strike him within or at 280 yards distant. When firing at greater distance, he uses his thumb nail for a back sight, by placing it across the barrel, and by long practice in judging of distances by the eye, he obtains wonderful precision in his aim. The special corps of Chasseurs and Zouaves have elevated sights on their rifles.—Scientific American.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR. For some six weeks past a young girl named Maggie Wilson has been missing from her home at Brooklyn N. Y., and all attempts to ascertain her whereabouts have proved unsuccessful. On Tuesday, 4th inst., however, a letter was received from a member of Col. Townsend's New York Regiment, that the missing girl, under the name of Charlie Marshall, and dressed in male apparel, had enlisted in that regiment, and had proceeded with it to the scene of war. She was assiduous in the performance of her duties, and remarkable for her quiet reserve and disinclination to participate in the carousals

of her companions. How a discovery of her sex was made is not stated, but by the unanimous vote of the regiment she was appointed to the office of "Vivandiere," and dressed in more appropriate clothing for a woman. She has commenced the performance of her new duties.

DUCKS IN SUMMER.

Aaron was a tall strapping fellow, near seventeen. You never saw a more susceptible youth. Being good looking, the girls were all easily smitten with him. They used to flock out to the country Friday evenings. Talk of a colt! There is no such romp as a town girl turned loose in the country. She races, she jumps, she climbs the trees shaking the wild berries upon the timorous beaurs beneath her. Oh, she is the most beautiful, winning, delightful creature in the world. Mose was much younger than his cousin. He knew Aaron was taking on about that haughty lass, May Stelton. And May was in love with Aaron. May and Troup, and Sue and Polly, all came out on Friday evening with Mose's sister, Angeline. Mose got off early Saturday to let Aaron know; Aaron was for running over to his aunt's.

'No,' says Mose, 'bring the gun, the woods are full of squirrels.' We might kill a dozen of them in walking the two miles.'

The road led along the creek bank; Aaron was in a brown study, thinking of May—Mose was looking up in the tree-tops and among the bushes, anxious for a pop at something. It was the shadiest and quietest of places. So far, and no game.

'Let's leave the road a bit, and go to the road of the creek,' said Mose. 'It's so out of the way nobody ever disturbs it.'

'We'll see something there.'

And they did. Let it be dated July 24. 'Shoe!' hissed Mose through his teeth.

'What is it?' asked Aaron, aroused a little.

Mose put his hand to his ear. 'Ducks—the biggest kind!'

'This time of year?'

'I see 'em.'

'Give me the gun?'

'No; couldn't think of it.'

'Click, click.'

'Well blaze away; they'll fly if you go any nearer.'

'The bushes are in the way,' said Mose, bringing the piece down from the shoulder.

'Shoot any bow?' said Aaron, running up.

'It's the girls in a swimmin.'

They sat down like snow flakes. They were as white as the petticoats strewn on the pebble beach. Their teeth clattered. A long silence. At last Aaron looked slowly around at Mose with the meanest sort of a countenance. Mose's face, as he returned the glance, was a regular sheep-looking one.

'Can they find it out?'

'I reckon not, if we are sly.'

Let's climb up the tree, it leans right over them.

They crept along like snakes. They reached the tree. Mose being the lightest gave the gun to Aaron, and climbed far out on a branch over the creek, and got into a squirrel's nest. Aaron wasn't so high.

It was a pretty sight of course. You've read about nymphs, &c. They couldn't compare. Hair loose, floating on the water, arms, &c., glistening in the water. They splashed and paddled, and shatted like mad.

Soon the tree began to shake. Aaron had a terrible ague fit, and Mose began to burn, commencing at the ears.

There was a louder noise than usual among the unconscious bathing beauties.—Aaron stretched his already elongated neck, at the same time hitching the gun forward. Unfortunately, the trigger caught in a vine, and it went off with a deafening report. It was the climax of the adventure. Mose tumbled from excitement into the creek, plump right in between Sue and Polly.

The girls they dove badly, strangled and run up the bank, gazed at by the eyes of the fish hawk that pounced among them. They are robbed in a twinkling, but not one with her right dress on, Aaron dashed into the woods. There was a terrible scream as he ran right into their midst. All split in different directions, and came dropping in one after another at Mose's mothers.

The boys took a long turn into the woods, and did not get back before night. They said they had been deer hunting, and hadn't seen the creek.

The girls appeared to believe them.

DR. MOTT'S CHALYBEATE RESTORATIVE PILLS & IRON.

An aperient and Stomachic preparation of IRON purified of Oxygen, and Carbon, by combustion in Hydrogen, and 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 anemic complexion, indicate its necessity in almost every conceivable case.

Innocuous 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, Emaciation, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Dropsy, Incurable Consumption, Scrophulous Tuberculosis, Salt Rheum, Menstruation, Whites, Chlorosis, Liver Complaints, Chronic Headaches, Rheumatism, Intermittent Fevers, Pimples on the Face, &c.

In cases of GENERAL DEBILITY, whether the result of acute disease, or of the continuing diminution of nervous and muscular energy from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written attestation would render credible. Invalids who have been long bed-ridden, or who have been in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly re-appeared in the busy world as if just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Some very signal instances of this kind are attested of female Sufferers, emaciated victims of apparent marasmus, sanguineous exhaustion, critical changes, and that complication of nervous and dyspeptic aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.

In NERVOUS AFFECTIONS of all kinds, and for reasons familiar to medical men, the operation of this preparation of Iron must necessarily be salutary, for, unlike the old iron, it is vigorously tonic, without being exciting and overheating; and gently, regularly, and even in the most obstinate cases of costiveness without ever being a gastric purgative, or inducing a disagreeable sensation.

It is this latter property, among others, which makes it so remarkably effective and permanent a remedy for Piles, upon which it also appears to exert a distinct and specific action, by dispersing the local tendency which forms them.

In DYSPEPSIA innumerable as are its causes, a single box of the Chalybeate Pills has often sufficed for the most habitually cases, including the attendant Constipation.

In UNCHECKED DIARRHOEA, even when advanced to Dysentery, confirmed, emaciating, and apparently malignant, the effects have been equally decisive and astonishing.

In the local catarrhs of the bowels, and the debilitating cough, and remittent hectic, which generally indicate SCROPHULOUS CONSUMPTION, this remedy has allayed the alarm of friends and physicians, in several very gratifying and interesting instances.

In SCROPHULOUS TUBERCULOSIS, this medicine has had far more than the good effect of the most cautiously balanced preparations of Iodine, without any of their well known liabilities.

The attention of females cannot be too confidentially invited to this remedy and restorative, in the cases peculiarly affecting them.

In RHEUMATISM, both Chronic and inflammatory—the latter, however, more decided only—it has been invariably well reported, both as alleviating pain and reducing the swellings and stiffness of the joints and muscles.

INTERMITTENT FEVERS it must necessarily be a great remedy and energetic restorative, and its progress in the new settlements of the West, will probably be one of high renown and usefulness.

No remedy has ever been discovered in the whole history of medicine, which exerts such prompt, happy, and fully restorative effect. Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength, with an usual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use.

Put up in neat metal boxes containing 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, &c., should be addressed to R. B. LOCKE & CO., General Agents, 1532 N. 20th Street, N. Y.

BOURBON ELIXIR. The proprietor intrudes 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 Dyspepsia and its consequences.

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 success, he offers it to the public for the relief of the suffering.

Try it, you gloomy and desponding, there is Health and happiness in store for you yet.

IT CURES DYSPEPSIA;
IT CURES CONSUMPTION;
IT CURES SORE THROAT;
IT CURES A SLUGGISH LIVER

It strengthens and regenerates the Enfeebled System; and it does so much good, that it adds a much healthy nutrition to the Blood and Vital Forces of the system as the Bourbon Elixir.

For sale in Brighton by S. M. Hayden. Prepared and sold by W. A. Sleeper, Nashua, N. H. 51 ly.

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

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS. He also has the right, and manufactures MITCHELL'S PATENT

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

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

No. Bridgeton, Nov. 10, 1853.

Custom Work. A. BENTON would announce to his former customers and the citizens of Bridgeton generally, that he has recommenced making CUSTOM WORK, and is now ready to attend to all orders in the line of

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING, for other men, women or children.

Work respectfully solicited. Bridgeton Center, Sept. 2, 1853.

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

Cephalic Pills CURE Nervous Headache CURE All kinds of Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of Nervous or Sick Headache may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nausea and Headache to which females are so subject. They act gently upon the bowels, removing Constipation.

For Literary men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of sedentary habits, they are valuable as a Laxative, improving the appetite, giving tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS! The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other Dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail prepaid on receipt of the

PRICE 25 CENTS. HENRY C. SPALDING, 48 Cedar Street New York, or to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston sole Wholesale Agents, for New England, 152

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF SPALDING'S CEPHALIC PILLS,

WILL CONVINC ALL WHO SUFFER FROM HEADACHE,

THAT A SPEEDY AND SURE CURE IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

MASONVILLE, Conn. Feb. 5, 1861. MR. SPALDING, SIR:

I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and I like them so well that I want you to send me two dollars worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige Your obt. Servant, JAMES KENNEDY.

Haverford, Pa., Feb. 6, 1861. MR. SPALDING, SIR:

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, I have received a great deal of benefit from them.

Yours, respectfully, MARY ANN STOKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON Co., Pa., January 18, 1861. H. C. SPALDING, SIR:

You will send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately. Respectfully yours, JNO. B. SIMONS.

P. S.—I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.

Belle Vernon, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861. HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.

Please find inclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. They are the best Pills I have ever tried.

Direct A. STOVER, P. M. Belle Vernon, Wyandout Co., O.

BEVERLY, Mass. Dec. 11, 1860. H. C. SPALDING, Esq.

I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have any of the kind, please send to me.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills, which I sent her.

Respectfully yours, W. B. WILKES.

Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters.

THESE MEDICINES have now been before the public for a period of THIRTY YEARS, and during that time have maintained a high character in almost every part of the globe, for their extraordinary and immediate power of restoring perfect health to persons suffering under nearly every kind of disease to which the human frame is liable.

The following are among the distressing variety of human diseases in which the VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES are well known to be infallible.

DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind, FLATULENCY, Loss of APPETITE, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, RESTLESSNESS, ILL TEMPER, ANXIETY, LANGUOR, and MELANCHOLY, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

CONSTIPATION, by cleansing the whole length of the intestines with a solvent process, and without violence; all violent purges leave the bowels costive within two days.

FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the process of respiration in such cases, and the thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction in others.

The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to cure RHEUMATISM permanently in three weeks, and GOUT in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.

DROPSIES of all kinds, by freeing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder; they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of GRAY-EL.

Also WORMS, by dislodging from the turnings of the bowels the slimy matter to which these creatures adhere.

SURVY, ULCERS and INVETERATE SORES, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood, and all the humors.

SCORFUTIC ERUPTIONS and BAD COMPLEXIONS, by their alternate effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, scall, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.

The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of SALT RHEUM, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. COMMON COLDS and INFLUENZA will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.

PILES.—The original proprietors of these Medicines, was cured of Piles, of 35 years standing by the use of the LIFE MEDICINES alone.

FEVER AND AGUE.—For this scourge of the Western country, these Medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy.—Other medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these Medicines is permanent.—TRY THEM, BE SALT-FIED, AND BE CURED.

BILIOUS FEVERS and LIVER COMPLAINTS.—GENERAL DEBILITY, LOSS of APPETITE and DISEASES of FEMALES.—The Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description:—KIND'S EVIL, and SCORFULA, in its worst forms, yield to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable medicines NIGHT SWEATS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS of all kinds, PALPITATION of the HEART, PAINTERS' COLIC, are speedily cured.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Persons whose constitutions have become impaired by the injudicious use of Mercury, will find these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never fail to eradicate from the system, all the effects of Mercury, infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparations of Sarsaparilla. Prepared and sold by W. B. MOFFAT, 338 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Take Them and Live. NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.

HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS AND KID STRENGTHENING PLASTERS.—These unsurpassed remedies have by the common consent of mankind, been placed at the head of all similar preparations.

Herrick's Vegetable Pills, in universal goodness, safety and certainty in the cure of the various diseases of man, excel all others, and their sale unquestionably is treble that of all other kinds. In full doses they are active Cathartics, in smaller doses Tonic, and cleansing in all Bilious Complaints, Sick Headache, Liver Diseases, Kidney Disorders, Stomach Disorders, and Skia Affections, they cure as if by magic. These Pills are purely vegetable, can be taken at any time by old or young, without change in employment or diet.

Mercury is a good medicine when properly used, but when compounded in a Pill for universal use it destroys the vitality of the patient. Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills have never been known to produce sore mouth and aching joints, as have some others.—Therefore, persons in want of a family Pill, pleasant to take, certain to cure, and used by millions, will certainly look for no other.—These Pills are covered with a coating of pure white sugar, no taste of medicine is given them, but are as easily taken as bits of confectionary. FAMILY BOXES, 25 CENTS, 5 BOXES, \$1.

Herrick's Kid Strengthening Plaster.

These renowned Plasters cure pains, weakness and distress in the back, sides & breast, in five hours. Indeed, so certain are they to do this, that the Proprietor warrants them.

Spread from resins, balsams and gums, are beautiful Kid leather, renders them peculiarly adapted to the wants of Females and others. Each plaster will wear from one to four months, and in rheumatic complaints, sprains and bruises, frequently effect cures, while all other remedies failed. Full directions will be found on the back of each. Public speakers, vocalists, ministers of the Gospel and others, will strengthen their lungs and improve their voices by wearing them on the breast. PRICE 18-3-4 CENTS.

Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catarrh Snuff

Has obtained an enviable reputation in the cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Watery and Inflamed Eyes, and those distressing noises, resembling the whizzing of steam, distant waterfalls, etc., purely vegetable cases with full directions, & delights all that use it: as a sneezing snuff it cannot be equaled. BOXES 25 CENTS.

MARVEL'S CONDITION POWDERS.

These old established Powders, so well known at the Long Island Race Course, the Middle and Eastern States for the past seven years, continue to excel all other kinds, in diseases of Horses and Cattle their excellence is acknowledged everywhere. They contain nothing injurious, the animal can be worked while feeding them; ample directions go with each package, and good horsemen are invited to test their virtues and judge of their goodness.

LARGE PACKAGE, 25 CENTS.

The above articles are sold by 27,000 agents throughout the United States, Canada and South America, at wholesale by all large Druggists in the principal cities.

HERRICK & BRO., Practical Chemists Albany, N. Y. Sold in Bridgeton by S. M. Hayden. 1589

Health and Happiness SECURED.

THE CONCENTRATED CURE THE CONCENTRATED CURE A POWERFUL REMEDY A POWERFUL REMEDY

FOR WEAKNESS FOR WEAKNESS FOR EARLY INDISCRETIONS FOR EARLY INDISCRETIONS TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!

The Concentrated Cure A CERTAIN AND POWERFUL REMEDY 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 the DISCRETIONS OF EARLY LIFE.

Although not many months have since it was first generally introduced, means of extensive advertising, it has gained a vast number of

THE UNFORTUNATE! Who having been led to MAKE A TRIAL OF ITS VIRTUES are rapidly recovering their wanted HEALTH AND STRENGTH. This preparation is NOT A STIMULANT. A PURELY MEDICINAL REMEDY. The afflicted are invited to try it.

IT WILL SURELY CURE! Send for a Circular first, read it, and then you will send for the medicine. Price per Vial, One Dollar. Can be sent by mail. One vial will cure.

K. CRUGER, AGENT. No. 742 Broadway. A PLEASANT STIMULANT. For the GENITAL ORGANS can be obtained sending \$5 to the Agent as above. SENT FREE BY MAIL.

Circulars or medicines can be procured from Druggists everywhere. ALDEN & CO., GOR.

ARE YOU INSURED? The attention of those contemplating LIFE INSURANCE is requested to the system and advantages of this Company. Insurance may be obtained at reduced rates of premium, and a STRIKING IMPROVEMENT IN THE CLARITY OF THE STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF WORCESTER, MASS.

Chartered in 1844.—Cash fund, Jan. 1, 1861, nearly \$300,000.

THIS old and successful company, established with rigid economy, having a large cash fund, has been enabled to reduce the rates of premium below the rates of the ordinary companies, and invites all persons to provide for a family of insurance, to look into the system of this company before insuring elsewhere. It was may be paid annually, semi-annually, or quarterly.

HON. ISAAC DAVIS, President. HON. EMERY WASHBURN, Secretary. CLARENDON HARRIS, Secy.

Within a short time, I have been to parties in this city and vicinity, of persons insured at this Agency, whom had been insured but a short time.

Having been agent for this establishment for the last fifteen years, I have known something of the advantages of Life Insurance to families and friends in hour of distress. Let no one neglect within reach.

Apply to D. LITTLE, General Agent, Portland, or to ENOCH KN