

M. J. Walker

The Bridgton Reporter.

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OUT OF WORK.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"It is no use, Maria, I have tried every-where."
"But you are not going to give up, Peter?"
"Give up? How can I help it? Within four days I have been to every bookbindery in the city, and not a bit of work can I get."
"But have you tried anything else?"
"What else can I try?"
"Why, anything that you can do."
"Yes; I've tried other things. I have been to more than a dozen of my friends and offered to help them if they would hire me."
"And what did you mean to do for them?"
"I offered to post their accounts, make out bills, or attend to the counter."
Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband thus spoke.
"What makes you smile?" he asked.
"To think you should have imagined that you would find work in such a place. But how is Mark Leeds?"
"He is worse off than I am."
"How so?"
"He has nothing in the house to eat."
A shudder crept over his wife's frame.
"Why do you tremble, wife?"
"Because, when we shall have eaten our breakfast to-morrow morning we shall have nothing."
"What?" cried Peter Stanwood, half starting from his chair. "Do you mean that?"
"I do."
"But our flour?"
"All gone. I baked the last this afternoon."
"But we have pork."
"You ate the last this noon."
"Then we must starve!" groaned the stricken man, starting across the room.
Peter Stanwood was a book-binder by trade, and had now been out of employment a month. He was one of those who generally calculated to keep about square with the world, and who consider themselves fortunate if they keep out of debt. He was now thirty years of age, and had three children to provide for, besides himself and wife, and this together with house rent, was a heavy draft upon his purse even when work was plenty, but now—there was nothing.
"Maria," said he, stooping and gazing his wife in the face, "we must starve. I have not a single penny in the world."
"But do not despair, Peter. Try again to-morrow for work. You may find something to do. Anything that is honest is honorable. Should you make but a shilling a day we should not starve."
"But our house rent?"
"Trust me for that. The landlord shall not turn us out. If you will engage to find something to do, I will see that we have our house room."
"I'll make one more trial," uttered Peter despairingly.
"But you must go prepared to do anything."
"Anything reasonable, Maria."
"What do you call reasonable?"
"Why—anything decent."
The wife felt inclined to smile, but the matter was too serious for that, and a cloud passed over her face. She knew her husband's disposition, and she felt sure he would find no work. She knew that he would look for some kind of work which would not lower him in the social scale, as he had once or twice expressed it. However, she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him now, and she let the matter pass.
On the following morning, the last bit of food was put upon the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food. For years he had been gay, thoughtless and fortunate, making the most of the present, forgetting the past, and leaving the future to take care of itself. Yet the truth was naked and clear; and when he left the house he said, "something must be done."
No sooner had her husband gone than Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her eldest child was a girl seven years old and her youngest four. She asked her next door neighbor if she would take care of her children until noon. These children were known to be good and quiet, and they were

and the other to Mrs. Dixall's. And the new carrier worked all day, and when it came night he had earned ninety-seven cents. It had been a day of trials but no one sneered at him, and all his acquaintances whom he met greeted him the same as usual. He was far happier now than he was when he went home the night before, for now he was independent.
On the next day he earned over a dollar; and thus he continued for a week, at the end of which time he had five dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, besides having paid for all the food for his family, save some few pieces of meat which Snow had given them. Saturday evening he met Mark Leeds, another binder, who was discharged from work with himself. Leeds looked careworn and rusty.
"How goes it?" asked Peter.
"Don't ask me," groaned Mark, "my family are half starved."
"But can't you find anything to do?"
"Nothing."
"Have you tried?"
"Everywhere; but it's no use. I have pawned all my clothes save those I have on. I have been to the bindery to-day, and what do you suppose he offered me?"
"What was it?"
"Why he offered to let me do his handcarting! He had just turned off his nigger for drunkenness, and offered me the place! The old curmudgeon! By the powers, I had a great mind to pitch him into the handcart and run him off to the —"
"Mark mentioned the name of an individual who is supposed to dwell somewhere in a warmer region, somewhat warmer than our tropics?"
"Well," said Peter, "if I had been in your place I should have taken up with the offer."
"Mark mentioned the name of the same individual again."
"Why," resumed Peter, "I have been doing the work of a butcher's boy for a whole week."
"Mark was incredulous, but his companion convinced him, and they separated, one going home happy and contented, and the other going away from home to find some sort of excitement in which to drown his own misery.
One day Peter had a basket of provisions to carry to Mr. W. It was his former employer. He took the load upon his arm and started off, and just as he was entering the yard of the customer, he met Mr. W. coming out.
"Ah, Stanwood, is this you?" asked his old employer, kindly.
"Yes, sir."
"What are you up to now?"
"I'm a butcher's boy, sir."
"A what?"
"You see I've brought your provisions for you, sir. I'm a regular butcher's boy."
"And how long have you been at work thus?"
"This is the tenth day."
"But don't it come hard?"
"Nothing is hard so long as it is honest and will furnish my family in bread."
"And how much can you make in a day at this?"
"Sometimes over a dollar and sometimes not over fifty cents."
"Well, look here, Stanwood, there has been no less than a dozen of my old hands hanging around my counting-room for a fortnight, whining for work. They are stout, able men, and yet they lie still because I have no work for them. Last Saturday I took pity on Leeds and offered him the job of doing my hand-carting. I told him I would give a dollar and a quarter a day; but he turned up his nose and asked me not to insult him! And yet he owned his family was suffering. But do you come to my place to-morrow morning and you shall have something to do if it is only to hold your bench. I honor you for your manly independence."
Peter grasped the old man's hand with a joyous, grateful grip, and blessed him fervently.
"That night he gave Mr. Snow notice that he must quit, and on the following morning he went to the bindery. For two days he had little to do, but on the third day a heavy job came in, and Peter Stanwood had steady employment. He was happy—more happy than ever, for he had learned two things; first, what a noble wife he had; and second, how much resource for good he held within his own resources.
"Our simple picture has two points to its moral. One is—no man can be lowered by any honest labor. The second—while you are enjoying the fruits of the present, forget not to provide for the future; for no man is so secure but that the day may come when he will want the squanderings of the past.
A western editor says he was taught, when a boy, to refrain from grumbling at two things; the one is, that which he cannot help, and the other, that which he can help.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.
COURAGE OF A REBEL PARSON.
The regions of the Delaware are noted for their natural elegance, and have always been famed for their romantic attributes and delightful general disposition. In the Revolution when the Delaware and everything thereabouts were even more beautiful than now, the extreme rage of politics was seen in all places. Here were nature was so lavish other charms and whens one might have been tempted to say, in the words of Moore: If there's peace in this world to be found, The heart that is humble might hope for it here.
some of the bloodiest scenes of the tragedy of the old continent were enacted and devised. Notorious loyalists lurked there with their hirelings, to deeds of violence, and meted out oppression, like the snakes and other unclean things which choose the loveliest flowers to hide beneath and watch for prey.
Among the bands of Tories which were quartered in this vicinity through 1782 and 1783, one was called 'The plunders, led and commanded by a Captain Brooks.—This man, the size of a pigny, with courage that for disregard of results, was unequalled. His strength, for one as small as he was astonished all who witnessed its scope. He could bend a bar of iron, half an inch thick, across his knee, (so say the chronicles) and hold an antagonist so firmly that resistance was substituted by tame or constrained submission. His character was singular. At one time he would be all ferocity and cruelty, at another he was as facile and generous as the most peaceful of the community. To day he would take a man's hand as his friend—to-morrow burn his house and slaughter his family. Those who knew him intimately pronounced him to be partially insane, which no doubt he was. His great strength may have been from the unnatural tension of the muscles so frequently visible in those whose wits are disordered. Religion was his scorn, and to profess adherence to any faith was to make him your bitterest foe.
The Methodist itinerant clergyman who flourished during our war, were with few exceptions, anti-boyal, and animated the people to fight against the king's representatives in obedience to the will of the Almighty.—Not unfrequently the preacher would with a prayer book in one hand and a sword in the other. The Methodist clergy, at that day were rare divines. They would sermonize and fight, as opportunity offered, and were quite as capable of cutting short a man's mortal career as of charging him with a proper consideration of the destiny of his moral attributes. Joel Sawyer, who lived along the Delaware, was one of the finest specimens of this political religious class, and Captain Brooks hated him with more than a deadly spite of malice. The Captain and Joel had never encountered each other, however there was hope of strife, and altho' their names and characters were familiar to them, they did not know each other. Brooks had sworn to kill Joel, and Joel declared that he would keep out of his way, and prevent him from indulging in that luxury.—Tate, however, would not permit the preacher to escape so easily.
One day in the summer 1783, he was journeying solitary and alone, in the wood in the vicinity we have spoken of and suddenly came upon a man who instantly demanded his name.
"My name is Joel Sawyer," said that person meekly.
"Oh! Hum! Mine is Capt. Brooks. Your time has come. I've been looking for you these two years."
"Man, meddle not with me, cried Joel with a sanctimonious snuffle, "for we are but two, and I may give thee a sharp tussle."
"We'll try as to that," said the captain; as he seized the minister who had taken off his coat.
As it they went, and tore and tugged until they were both in rags and contusions, perspirations and scratches. Neither had resorted to other aid than that which nature's weapons allowed them, until Brooks felt Joel's gripe about his throat, when the former feeling for and obtaining his pistol, struck the latter just back of the ear, and felled him. He then blew a whistle which hung about his neck, and waited patiently after repeating the signal four or five times, until his men should arrive. They came in about five minutes, when Joel was beginning to recover from the stunning effects of the blow.
"Here!" cried the captain to his comrades, who numbered four, the plunders have got the canting preacher, Joel Sawyer, at last.—What shall we do with him?"
"Kill him—that's all!" said one of the fellows who seemed prepared to accomplish that laudible suggestion with a short sword which he flourished.
"Not yet," said the captain interposing; "he's fought with me, and he must enjoy a little honor for that before we swing him up."

The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away—snuffed Joel, who had regained his feet. If it be his will that I shall now yield up my unworthy life, so may it be."
"D—, no preaching!" exclaimed one of the men.
"Yes, that's it," shouted the captain in an ecstasy of delight; "th shall preach us a sermon, and he shall preach it against the whigs too. Harrah! a sermon is a novelty; and now we'll bear it."
"Preach against my brethren? denounce my own cause? If I do I am not Joel Sawyer."
"You will," exclaimed the captain, energetically, "or I'll whip you to death."
"I will not!" was the prompt reply of the wounded preacher.
"We'll try and make you!" was the equally prompt response of his enemy.
Accordingly he was seized and stripped.—His wrists were made fast together, and he was faced up against an oak of respectable dimensions. A long graps-vine rope tied to his wrists and fastened in such a manner that he stood upon his toes with the principle weight of his body upon his hands. A number of heavy switches were now procured, and a revolutionary flagellation was begun. A dozen lashes were administered, and Joel was asked if he would preach against the Congress. He was firm in his refusal. Again the cruel switch fell, and the quivering back exhibited bluish red streaks. Two dozen blows had fallen, yet he would not yield. Three dozen! No answer. The blood was streaming to his heels, and oozing from beneath his blackening finger nails.—Sixty! And yet his only answer to all the questions put to him—I will not preach against the Congress! Seventy strokes had been given ere he fainted. The murderous torturers did not unbind him then—not they, indeed. In the true spirit of torism they ran for water, procured it, and dashed it over him until he revived. Still he was firm in his original determination not to belie his sentiments.
"Will you preach a sermon without making allusion to the war, then?" inquired Captain Brooks, who appeared exceedingly anxious for a sermon of some kind.
"No, I will not disgrace the Word of God, and by expounding a holy text to such as these!"
"By God I'll make you!"
The Captain then laid on thirty lashes with all the terrible effect of his unnatural strength, and again the poor Methodist fainted. The ablutionary process of restoring the wounded man was at this juncture employed without effect. He was insensible, bleeding, and as the plunders thought dying.
"Let's finish him!" suggested the gentleman with the sword, who had before spoken of killing.
"No!" was Captain Brooks' remark; "if you do, I'll finish you!"
He was impulsively generous. One of his fits of magnanimity was upon the tory leader, and he determined that he would break his vow recorded against the life of Joe Sawyer. He ordered his men to put Joel on the grass, to untie his wrists, and bathe him with rum, which they had in their flasks.—This treatment partially restored him to his senses, but his mental faculties were in too obscure a state to serve him. The plunders could make him understand nothing, and so they left him. Captain Brooks declared that preachers were a great deal better men than he had taken them to be. All that day and night, and until late the following day, the poor itinerant Methodist lay where his tormentors had left him. It was not until the next day that, lacerated, clothingless, half-famished, he was enabled to crawl to a place of shelter and human succor.—Four months after his flogging he traveled to Pennsylvania, after the report of his courageous resistance had reached every rebel freddie, and it was his good fortune to preach with a beautiful effect it is to be hoped, to the largest kind of congregations. Revivals were the result—revivals through the state. Captain Brooks never forgot Joel, and after peace was ratified he sought him out and entreated his friendship. Joel, who never bore malice, he said gave the tory his hand, and retained it with a friendly hold until the movements of the authorities compelled the captain to fly with others of his villainous, bloody stamp to the British province of Nova Scotia.
A letter from St. Louis, says that sixty thousand people have left that city this season. Rents are reduced one half,—business houses even more. One business house on Fourth street, which in good times rented for \$200 per month, now stands empty, though offered at \$60.
Twenty thousand men are said to be thrown out of employment on the rivers by the embargo at Cairo.
Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy.

A DUEL FOR A DAUGHTER.
The following is an authentic anecdote from the land of secession, Bowie-knives and pistols:
An eccentric old Texan planter, of immense wealth, known familiarly by the name of "Old Mose," had one fair child—Menia, "sole daughter of his house," and heiress of all his land and negroes. Menia had many suitors, of course; but what the old man demanded as the *sine qua non* in his son-in-law was—not wealth, or family, or distinction, but simply—pluck!
A rising young sprig of the law, having won the affections of the fair Menia, proceeds to ask her of her parent. Without anticipating the least opposition to a step so innocent and desirable, the young attorney, so soon as he had settled the matter to their mutual satisfaction with the daughter, proposed the subject, in faltering terms, to the father.
"I am amazed at the extent of your impudence and presumption," responded old Mose, with a look of astonishment, and casting an ominous glance at the silver handle of his bowie-knife.
"I can furnish you with ample proofs as to the respectability and wealth of my family," urged Hilton.
"I care not if you were worth millions," returned Miller, with a disdainful frown.
"Of what nature, then, can be your objection?" inquired the youth, in tones of surprise.
"Your want of courage," was the stern reply.
"I cannot imagine from what fictitious data you have deduced your conclusions," said Hilton, with a heightened color.
"Cowards is so common," retorted the father, "that I hold every man a craven until he shows evidence to the contrary."
"What testimony would you have on so nice a point?" asked the suitor, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.
"Fight a duel!" exclaimed the other imperatively.
"But no person has insulted me, or offered the slightest provocation for a quarrel," affirmed Hilton, scarcely able to credit his senses at such a strange suggestion.
"You lie!" thundered old Mose; "for I insult you, and unless you have the nerve to accept my challenge, be sure that my daughter never shall be yours!"
"Such a combat would disgrace us both!" retorted the lover, in accents of horror.
"Did I not say that you were a coward?" shouted the duelist, in a towering rage. "Be off instantly from my premises, and never let me see your pale face again within a league of my dwelling!"
And he drew his murderous blade of battle to enforce prompt obedience when the disappointed suitor made a hurried exit, without so much as the formality of an adieu.
But the inconsolable grief and despair of the fair Menia, for the loss of her lover, affected her father to such a degree, that he adopted a sudden resolution, and set out for Corpus Christi. There he found Abiel Hilton in the street, and without uttering a word, began to chastise him by the shameful punishment of a horse-whip. The latter resisted with all his might, but his efforts proved futile, for he seemed helpless as a child in the iron grasp of the old giant.
As soon as he had laid on the lash sufficiently to disgrace the victim forever, the duelist exclaimed:
"Young man, you will fight me now, I suppose?"
"Yes! yes! let us arrange the affair at once!" cried the other, eagerly, trembling with ungovernable rage.
The parties immediately selected their seconds, settled the terms of the hostile interview, and proceeded to the field of honor, accompanied by an excited throng of spectators, anxious to witness the terrible sport. The ground being measured off, the principals took their positions, at the unusual distance of fifteen paces.
At the word both adversaries fired, but without effect, and old Mose called out in courteous tones:
"Is the gentleman satisfied, or does he wish another round?"
"Nothing can wash away my shame, but your blood or my own," replied Hilton in accents of inconceivable sadness.
Their friends then reloaded the pistols, and the foes discharged them with a similar result, when Miller declared:
"I am willing to apologize."
"It is too late!" answered the youth, in a mournful voice, or rather wail, of unspeakable sorrow.
Once more they prepared their weapons, and this time pulled their triggers with steady, unwavering aim. Again old Mose missed, and at the same instant tottered and fell upon the earth; but he quickly recovered his feet, the ball having merely cut across his breast, touching the bone, without inflicting a dangerous wound.
The veteran duelist, with a smile of pleasure, reiterated his proffered apology, adding the singular explanation:

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I could have shot out your eye at the first fire, had I been so disposed; but I only sought to test your bravery. I have found it to the highest order, and now you may have Mena and welcome!"

The Bridgton Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, AUG. 16, 1861.

Pay up those little bills you owe for the Reporter.

Some of the best subscribers on our list owe for two years and more, and many even since this paper had an existence. You must remember that the expense of conducting a newspaper is the same at all times, and the printer has to "pay down" for stock, with a continual "wear and tear" of the office and machinery. Now his money is in the hands of a whole community, one, two and three dollars in a place.

You know that he ought to have it, and that these little sums you ought to volunteer to bring in.

Togas. Perhaps you have never been to "Togas"? It is about six miles from the last place you ever visited, and as the road is rough, they give you splendid measure. It is situated upon a piece of land—that is, the house—that looks like a gentle hill, and yet has a thousand appearances like a meadow. It slopes from the sun, and would be a "cold look" in the winter. The grounds are finely laid out, and the general appearance, after you "go in" slightly, is rather pleasant. The house—the hotel—is splendid in proportions and well appointed. It has a thousand appointments, arranged only for "mechanical and medicinal purposes."

It has a bowling alley and a billiard room, near which there are said to be some fine stereoscopic views which you can see with the "eye peeler," or with a cheap glass—though better with a series. The Spring is twenty rods from the house and is enclosed and covered by a summer-house of circular shape. The water is raised by a power which you soon discern to be suction. You taste of it, and your mind goes back to the teachings of the catechism, as to what may happen to sundry wicked men.

You hear strange stories of its virtues. One gentleman spoke of the case of a young lady who was so prostrated by a sudden attack of moonlight and manlaughter that good people had little hope of her—in fact she was very low. She went to "Togas" and took to drinking—this water.

In three days she cut a cord of wood and the acquaintance of about a dozen of her early friends. We don't vouch for the truth of the story,—you know there are a thousand ruses going. Who is safe from being imposed upon?

It is related—and the man looked honest when he said it—that a young man took a room in the vicinity and took a barrel of cider as a weight to practice lifting upon. He was a clerk of small means—sickly and out of spirit—when he arrived. In ten days he could lift the barrel and throw it over his head. The water is clear and leaves a taste of gunpowder in the mouth. One young man of our party felt so sensitive about his breath, after drinking it, that when he was called into the parlor to be introduced to some ladies, he put into his mouth more than a dozen Cardmon seeds.

There is little doubt about the virtue of this water, although the ditch outside, where pond-lilies and other irrepressible exotics abound, is on a suspicious level with the spring. We believe in it. Our party were five, and we had a chance to get a pretty thorough expression.

Down East was represented by a young man—an early friend of ours—whose parents were rich, and he himself was "pretty well off." There was an "Orville," good fellow, too, who began his earthly career in Scarborough, and who, true to the instincts of early impressions, began to look about the low grounds to see what kind of a chance it would be to "yard" lobsters! We sort o'like him—he will pay for you to know—his eye is sharp, for straight, has a spiteful toss of the head, and uses "boughten" tobacco. You'd better look him up—round the Grand Trunk. C. C. (short for Columbus) is a great fellow for fun, and kept laughing us all the time. He would be a great man to put Freshmen through. The driver, who from his relation to types, seemed a Foster-brother to us in more senses than one. He has a pleasant countenance, though strange to say, seldom, if ever, "smiles." He evidently has "an eye for billiards," but never touches "on the red." One might safely take a "cue" from him. He tells a story well, though professing not to "see the point." We asked no questions. But our time was limited, and as the Knight came round, we all "cut sticks" for home [That's a joke about the sticks.] Seriously, there's not a place in all our acquaintance, more desirable for health and comfort than Togas. Fact.

About one third of the machinery is put into the new factory, and the owners hope to have it running in two weeks. It is to manufacture knit goods, and considerable contracts are already made.

An ex-editor Bro. says: "Elwell was mistaken for a clergyman, while on his recent tour through New Brunswick." Pretty hard hit on—the Clergyman!

COMMENCEMENT AT BOWDOIN.—The Brunswick Telegraph has an interesting account of the annual exercises at Brunswick.

Among the many exercises, perhaps there are none that furnish more fun than the report of the "Chronicle," an extract from which we give below:

Oldest man in the class	29 years 2 mos.
Youngest,	19 " 1 "
Number who use tonics,	17
" don't use tonics,	31
" use no water in whiskey,	10
" dilute,	7
" smoke,	26
" don't smoke,	25
" smoke incessantly,	1
" and not drink,	13
" drink and not smoke,	1
" use eye glasses,	4
" squint,	1
" sing well,	20
" sing bad,	9
" sing not all,	21
" howl,	1
" play musical instruments,	13
" write poetry,	1
" don't write poetry,	47

Thurlow has added 50 lbs. to his weight by temperate eating during the College course. No other man equals his gain.

Stanwood has grown most in height—six inches.

Number who shave,	40
" try to shave,	6
" use the scissors,	2
" despair,	3

A young lady of Brunswick has kindly furnished us with the following data, which will be of interest to nobody but unmarried females, who are always supposed to be between fifteen and twenty-one.

Number of our class engaged,	10
" who have been "	16
" engaged to Brunswick ladies,	2
" who have been engaged more than once,	5
" acquainted with no ladies but the Endwomen,	26
" acquainted with only one Brunswick lady,	1

Largest number of ladies any single man knows, 306 |

Number popular with Topsham ladies,	1
" Brunswick "	15
" not popular with either "	35
" who think student's "horrid,"	1
" who don't think "	999

ANOTHER BATTLE. We have no room left for the long telegraphic accounts of the recent battle in Missouri.

We understand the facts to be that Gen. Lyon's force of eight to ten thousand men went out to Springfield and attacked Ben. McCollough's force of some 20,000—so the papers say. Lyon was killed and so were McCollough and another Rebel Gen. Price.

It was a desperate battle, but Gen. Seigel who took Lyon's place encamped in the enemy's position Saturday night, having destroyed all his baggage and tents. But the next day retired upon Rolla.

SCHOOL FOR BOYS. We gladly call attention to Dr. True's notice of his proposed School at Bethel. He writes us: "I do not intend to have it interfere with any other institution of learning whatever. It is designed for those who want their boys to learn in the most thorough manner possible, and are willing to pay a corresponding price. My prospects are quite flattering considering the hard times."

We believe the system of instruction which would naturally enter into such a relation and discipline, to be almost necessary to a consistent and uniform education. Nothing is plainer than that the ever changing of schools and teachers is one of the greatest causes of the inefficiency of our boy-education; while a uniform, systematic course under the same teacher, and moreover, one who stands in loco parentis, as the lawyers say, is the most valuable and enduring of all. We heartily and honestly commend his plan, and believe the Doctor the man to make it "go," since "there's go in it."

THE NEW STATE MAP. The surveys for this important map are being completed with the same care with which they were commenced. We observe Mr. Chase is in town preparing a plan of Brunswick for it, as he has all the important towns of the State. We have watched the progress of this great undertaking with much interest. The publishers deserve the thanks and patronage of every citizen of Maine. We shall know infinitely more of each other geographically than ever before. No detail of roads, streams, ponds, &c., is intended to be omitted.

Messrs. Hitchcock and Holmes, the State Geologists, give the work their highest praise, so far as completed, as do also Mr. Longfellow, of the Coast Survey, and the Messrs. Blunt, of New York, the latter having adopted it in the preparation of their Coast Charts, which are authorized and adopted by Government as the standard for accuracy.

The persistent energy and enterprise that push this work ahead in spite of obstacles and discouragements, are deserving of the highest praise.—[Brunswick Telegraph.]

We should have mentioned, last week the fact that the ladies of Bridgton have just sent off a generous contribution of hospital clothing and other articles of comfort to our soldiers at Washington, consisting of 8 pairs slippers; 7 pairs socks; 61 pairs drawers; 92 shirts; 64 flannel bandages; 60 handkerchiefs; 102 towels; 24 sheets; 10 pillow cases.

SUDDEN DEATH. We learn by a gentleman from Hiram, that Mr. Jedediah Stuart, of that town, dropped dead last Saturday—probably from disease of the heart. He was highly respected, and leaves a large family.

HIGH SCHOOL. We would call the attention of our people to the notice of the school to be commenced here soon by Mr. Eaton, who comes highly recommended by those who know him.

THE PERIWINKLES.

In proposing to submit a paper with the above title, we are aware that men will ask at least two questions. "Is it incendiary?" "Has it a local signification?" We answer in general terms, No; and let our querulous neighbors bear this in mind.

The Periwinkles are a representative class and, though they have eminently a "name," they positively have no "local habitation" in all the earth. It is true that they thrive like other mortals, upon a diet, either vegetable or animal, and do not possess features or forms very unlike the race of mankind.—But why ask!

No actual member of the Spike family ever went up and down the streets of Hornby, inciting her people to insurrection and deeds of daring, even to blood. No Hosea Bigelow ever lived in the flesh. No real John Phenix ever usurped control of the San Diego Herald. No Paul Potiphar pined his life away, while his wife occupied his wealth "up town." No rosy-cheeked Widow Bedott ever held carnival over tea-tables and talked a neighborhood to sleep. No Ruth Partridge sits in the sanctum of the Saturday Evening Gazette. Indeed, it may be truthfully asserted that even the immortal Pickwick lived only "in a Pickwickian sense!"

Just so true it is, that not a Periwinkle breaks bread within—miles of the place we write. It is possible that they who seek justice in its sternest character, will ask whether we are impartial, whether we may not bear some relation to the subject matter? We answer that we write for the world as well as the family, and we will do justice.

But the question of relationship, and consequent interest is differently understood.—Perhaps you remember the old musician who had engaged to play for a parlor-dance at a neighbors house, and who appeared promptly at the hour, notwithstanding the death of his wife in the mean time. On arriving, he was gently told that they had engaged another, on hearing of his affliction, not deeming it generous to hold him to his promise. He said that perhaps people might think it somewhat strange, but why? "She was no blood relation!"

Our remove is greater even than that; and our only province or interest, is simply that of the voracious journalist.

The strict origin of this family, is known to a very few. We have a personal acquaintance with an old lady, who, though she is not entirely supplied by the books, is nevertheless in possession of "legends and traditions" which show an ancestry anything but Saxon. Her own private beliefs are, that she is of the direct line, and inclines to the opinion that, (to use her own words) "the name and family belong to the French Huguenots"—she never liked "them anglin Saxons";—they were others anglin' arter sumthin that didn't belong to 'em."

The family is very large, and what is peculiar, abounds largely in females. This same feature has been observed by others.—For instance an intelligent Hibernian, once speaking of them, remarked that "three fourths of the able-bodied menfolk were widows."

This apparent excess of females, like leaves upon the trees and flowers in the meadows, is only another illustration of the profuse manner in which Heaven dispenses cheap blessings—or perhaps, as Henry Ward would have it—"an illustration of the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things."

But we see no occasion for this fine saying, in defense of the fact; for we can fortify our own position and statement, by that impregnable, though possibly paradoxical truth, and just as apparent in the rigid economy of Nature as in a country store, viz: "The dearest articles are always the cheapest."

The females of this family, even at a period in our own memory, formed a very large proportion of the matrimonial stock in trade; and relying on the probable truthfulness of the guess or belief—(when a young man married)—men said—and from this arose the expression—"He married a Periwinkle."

As a family, they could not boast of the refinement of the boarding school, knew little of polite literature, of music and French; but they nevertheless have their forte, which, like George Washington's, consisted in not being resembled by anybody else, "to any alarming extent."

These papers will treat principally of a single character, and her relation to the world and her family; and yet we cannot refrain from mentioning some characteristics of the other members of the household, showing, as we believe, the most remarkable "checks and balances" and "combinations and differences."

The young men, though reared in the country, and to no particularly elegant manners born, were decidedly chivalrous and fashionable. They always invested largely in those commodities that make the "style," and though almost without visible means of leading a jaunty life, never went out of "store clothes."

We remember one of them perfectly well, indeed we had a familiar personal acquaintance with him. He fell in love; and just in the last stages of the complaint, and while it was apparent that the chronic period was approaching—for to use his own expressive term, it was no use to deny that "That's what's the matter with him"—he suddenly discovered that she who hitherto had been as confiding and faithful as the sweet daughter of Acadie, or that rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,

had grown cold, and even repulsive to him, by reason of her worldly style of thinking—materialism. She was the only girl of his acquaintance, who had ever dared to profess

anything but the strictest Platonic love; and it is true that once in awhile these instances will be found; for while females are generally of the tenderest and most artless material in the world, it cannot be denied that many have a great back-ground of worldly care and business culture. The incident which justice to him forces us to relate, illustrates this quality in a strong light, and shows, that though both might have been right, yet unable to agree; and though bound by those mystic ties of familiar intercourse, yet furnishing a fearful example of how suddenly a man can cease to love even her to whom his early vows were given—what the unthinking world paints a "cruel separation" What the circus Punch and Judy represent as "Now you see him, and now you don't see him." He belonged to the modern school of enthusiasts, who would almost seem to cherish a religious belief that the world owes each man a living. She had learned of life in the school of formidable truths, and in the painful lessons of human short-comings; and yet, up to the time of which we speak, he had never found fault with her. Matters progressed, with changing luck, till one sweet and holy Sabbath evening, they walked and talked of the future as though it were made for them.

He spoke of his happiness, his fulness of contentment, while deep in her every look was written a lesson of anxious fears. He spoke of his faithfulness and his certainty of success in the future, while her only reply was a convulsive upturning of her deep, earnest eyes, whose clear azure depths seemed more like visitations to earth than earthly soul-widows, while her trembling lips could only murmur: "Charles Augustus, it looks blue." Stunned for a moment, she was turned with that melo-dramatic gaze that every male member of the family could so suddenly assume, and thus addressed her: "My adorable Mabel Flora Gertrude, it's all in your eye; and though such prospects be blue, blue as the azure fields above us, I have lived in them, I can and must live in them.—Oh! say, wilt thou be mine, wilt thou, wilt thou?"

It was only a momentary struggle with her love. Business triumphed. Tenderly, sorrowfully, yet firmly she whispered "I will not!" and from that day, his capital in danger, his constitution impaired, he went forth and every thing about him looked as-seedy. He left one literary production that told the story of his love, closing thus:

"We strolled beyond the old mill-dam, Oh da-m—m!" &c.

It is a matter of constant study and speculation among Naturalists, that there should be such differences between members of the same family.

The Periwinkles are an extreme illustration of this remarkable phenomenon. While the young men, from the above example, could not endure the cold calculations of the world, the girls never lost sight of material truths. Contrary to the general rule, they could give a reason for the faith that was in them, for their foundations were laid deep in material things. A simple illustration will show how faithfully they had been "taught in the rudiments of desperate studies." We have a personal acquaintance of the facts, for the old lady above named, has them carefully preserved and tells the story with no little pride. The girl in question was her own niece, and though young and apparently like others of her age, yet exhibited that same clearness of vision that marked the ancestry. Her powers of concentration were absolutely astonishing. She always looked to the main chance, as will be seen by the ordeal.

Early in life, when just turned of girlhood, she was loved by a young man who was doing business on a salary of three hundred dollars in a dry-goods store. He was a nice young man, of no great experience in the world, although it was evident he had "travelled," and his life generally, like his plaid pants, was largely checkered, according to the fashions.

She loved him *per se*, but always kept an eye to business. He assured her that his prospects bore him out in promising her an elegant outfit and a splendid house, and all the luxuries that affluence brings; for even if his present resources were cut off, he allowed that there was little doubt concerning his ability to keep a public house! But Periwinkle had, in a thousand senses, proved herself equal to any occasion, and had thus far combated successfully, the propriety of trusting to luck in the great business of life. Skilled in all that pertains to farm labor, she had stored up much valuable information as to real life. Her conversation was matter of fact, while he himself invariably inclined to the scarlet, to poetry.

In a country Lyceum once, we heard the sequel to the story of the engagement. It was nearly in the following words—a *la Oisian*:

Through lattice and curtains damask of that old fashioned room, where oft he'd wandered of a Sunday night to while away the passing hour, and the look of Love from hazel eyes to steal, the moon from heaven gemmed with coral wreaths and glistening pearls, shed a holy light, soft and pale. 'Twas eve's deep hush, and round them were the spell of beauty and the lists of passion thrown. Oh Time! thou'lt all too short— but stay one moment still. On bended knee he fell; in his own he held those little dimpled hands. His forehead on that mantling cheek round which dark curls of raven hair flowed loose; and in the mirror of her lustreous eye he saw his own. Still he lingered, for he would again drink in from coral lips another wave of lucence—"One more

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kiss I crave!"—when starting up like one from dream awakened, with a tender, yet troubled look, but full of that calm assuring fondness that breathed through her whole soul, as she tried to picture some sweet white cottage near a gentle stream, and a large number of acres of "interval," and the poor to be blessed with the milk of human kindness—she whispered, as none but a confiding woman can whisper "Say, 'squire, d'ye call 'late to keep a cow?"

We have read Roman history to little purpose, if there be not in the terrible earnestness of such womanhood, that same quality of stern virtue, that guarded the homes of the Eternal city; nor do we believe the whole history of Scottish matrons, in the fierce bloody days of Church persecution, furnish bolder examples of singleness of purpose.

But, as we said in another place, these references to different members of the family, were hardly within our original plan; for it is for the old lady above mentioned, that we entertain the highest regard. Sweet and fresh no doubt, are a thousand fruits of this family-tree, but to the "old forsaken bough," we love to cling, and our work shall be dedicated to her.

We look upon her as "a soul replete with every noble quality." From the fountains of her earnest life are gushing forth those blessings that help to fill the earth. Her manners are plain, for in early life she had few advantages. Married when only sixteen, and soon involved in household cares, she had little time to become eminent in refined literature; but she was of the strongest cast of liberal bodies, that sooner or later must be acknowledged—the real "salt of the earth."

Few ever looked upon Dorothy McLucas without loving her unassuming grace. We can yet see the elegance of the outlines of her form, though bent by trouble; for her step is heavier than when she danced among the laurels of youth. She is treading now the last walk in Life's Autumn, and the cypress shades are thick about. Dear old lady! it would be wicked to laugh at you, and yet we have seen times when we could hardly help it; but it is not wayward or wicked to hand down to less fortunate persons, what they might never know should we withhold these pages:

And as no man's, or woman's, life can be understood without their diary and correspondence, we must in these remaining lines, suppose her talking, as we have often heard her to some younger members of the family, with that mysterious power of control that attacks to oracles.

Reuben Periwinkle was an orphan, nephew of the old lady. Before the wide, open fire, in the old homestead, he loved to listen to her who had adopted him. He was a wild boy, but she loved him—indeed it seemed as though she could not live without him. For hours she would talk to him thus:

"Bring your chair up close to me; I feel like talking to you to-night about your future—yes your future, Reuben. When the snow is whistling and the rain is beating, you little think in the first place, what 'tis to have such a birth and such assisters as you had, Reuben. You are a wild boy, at times, tho' most of your ways, as the minister told me, are laudanum enough. You are an easy boy, you run ventures too much. The nuss ollus said you was rash, and the doctor tho' that you might break out ag'in with it; he ollus said that you had it proper bad, and never 'zactly got over it. But Reuben, you are so much better off than the orphanless widders that have to 'pend on the guawin's of charity for a livin'. An' then, ag'in, how would you have got to be the boy you are, if you had been born, as some one says, 'in the dark edgeways,' before the light of other days bust on the sensations of a wicked and roverse generation. Them was dreadful dark days I spect. No longer ago than my men'ry sars me, there warn't a fluid lamp in a circus of three miles, and 'tain't much likely that candles was any *tu* cheap. But I said I was agoin' to talk to you about your family. The Periwinkles have ollus made their mark when they had elbow room to do it in. They was a drivin' family, great for a livin', not a drop of lazy blood in no Periwinkle you ever heard on—they was regular scrubs. My husband, as was, had three brothers, and better lookin' and better educated young fellers never lived round these parts, if I do say it.

They was all married about the same time, and 'tain't perhaps for me to say how all 'em made out. I tried to be good and do right, and I guess most embody 'll tell you that there was 'no better housekeeper in the lot than Dorothy McLucas made,—I guess they'll tell you so. And I ought'er been, Reuben—I ought'er been a good wife. Perhaps I did'n't ollus do as I should do, but—let bygones be bygones, Reuben, that's what I say.

You can't remember your uncle Joseph, but of course he could never look to anybody else just as he did to me. Oh! I remember just when I fust got acquainted with him. General Jackson stood in the Presidential chair. He airly dislikvered that Mr. Periwinkle (my husband as was tu be) was a risin' man; and I d'u'spect he was one of the earliest risers in the neighborhood. The General warn't long in dislikvering that Mr. Periwinkle (my husband as was to be) had estinguisht hisself in one or two very sang've engagements in the war (tho' I can't help thinkin' there was some mistake about this, for he told me when we plited our troug that he never was engaged afore in his life.) Enylow he got comot and afterwards the General sot out to make him Minister Pcutentiary.

In due time (as the newspapers says) we

was married—and such a wedding! My body was there, and everybody said Dorothy McLucas never looked better. Then there was the Minister—Oh! the trig man he was—so neat about his head with his throat hussy with his feathers, his eyes and nose confused with tears, dear man, I sent his widdler some way not three weeks ago) and he told us of his hands. Then looking at Josephus (my husband as was tu be) asked him if he was small wife if he'd take Dorothy McLucas be his wife through evil and good, everything love and protect her as he fully welded concert, and he said he understood it. Then he looked at me and said if I'd take Mr. Periwinkle (my husband as was tu be) for my support, his true and abidin' relic, and I said—member jest how I sed it—I was trypin' seem chery) 'yes, sir, if you please, then everybody larfed.

Then we took a tower, and afore moved into his great white house, we into the quiet hubbubs of the town. Oh! he was so full of solitude for my nesses! But poor, dear man, he was with a terrible melody, and then he debility sot in, and he did'n't live no length of period. But, Reuben, you've seen what a picture of grief and bereavement I was, how I jined the Blue Circle and made rugs for the heathen, found a hospitaly for aged and infirm females. But Reuben, it is arter all the distressed things to be a widdler, hope you never'll know what 'tis, I never will.

[Here the old lady's tears fell on the forehead of the tired boy, as she woke him up, and she minded him of her determination to see Hon. John about his "future," and what propozed to she made, the next paper will chronicle.]

Return, (your coat was able to did not c

WASHI distinguish from emy their Ser not know One of the conte barism, a his action There i is no trut sation bet Sward of messenge the Bull transmit ordinary The ar affected to Vost Guar is not per conversat said that (General i amitation after his aware of coolings i them har Departme Comma Union, ha turo and York, an C. B. Bake females. But Reuben, it is arter all the distressed things to be a widdler, hope you never'll know what 'tis, I never will.

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Visit of PRINCE NAPOLEON to MANASSAS. Of the visit of Prince Napoleon and the rebel camp at Manassas on Thursday the 14th we have the annexed account in the States have ington correspondence of the New York and add. The Prince was escorted by a of Federal cavalry, and Gen. McLucas accompanied him as far as Cloud's Mill. They passed the outermost Union camp about five miles beyond Alexandria, and used of sol the first rebel pickets five miles further, and at a point about four miles from Fairfax Court House. At this point they were met by Captain Irwin, of the Virginia camp, and the officer in command, could be seen of the ed, when he detailed an escort to accompany them to Fairfax Court House. Here, shots, wounded by Col. Stuart, the rebel immediately mandant. The account proceeds: "The rebels were entirely unaware of the presence of the Prince in Washington, and manifested much surprise at his unexpected appearance among them. The commanders mistook the Prince for some effect of a disheveled church dignitary, and in anxiety to learn from the drivers who King to feel priest was. Immediately after dining business causing another change of horses—the Caval, bothers being allowed to select teams from camp, and t over a hundred captured Union horses—most come t party continued their journey, via Cannon damur ville, in the direction of Manassas. Superior town crossed Bull Run at the stone bridge, but, however passed over a portion of the battle ground, thou Traces of the late conflict, in the shape of sev broken wagons, muskets, canteens, &c., were still visible along the road. A courier, ig being dispatched in advance to apprise the Commander-in-Chief of the rebel army, completely o at Manassas, a member of Gen. Beauregard's staff met the party about a mile this side of the headquarters. Upon approaching the contents latter, a salute of three guns was fired, a barb rot gun, captured by the rebels at Bull Run, was b General Beauregard and Johnston, who had both present to receive the imperial messenger.

The Prince was conducted into the primitive frame structure serving as a quarters, and at once engaged in a conversation in French with both Gen. Beauregard and Johnston. The former was remarkably laconic, but the Prince talked great caution and reserve in all his and preserved it throughout his stay. The Beauregard soon found occasion to refer to the Prince an extension of his stay in Richmond; but although he and Johnston were exceedingly cordial, the Prince declared that it would be impossible for him to go any further South. He already late in the evening, and the rebel party being considerably fatigued, a short tour through the camps was made after supper, which is said to have been a decidedly frugal character. The latter sought the plain couch surrendered by General Beauregard at an early hour. Shortly after five o'clock in the morning breakfast was up, and after partaking of a breakfast, as plain as the supper of the previous evening, he sallied out with Beauregard under the guidance of Generals Beauregard and Johnston, upon a tour of inspection through the fortifications and encampments of the rebels, forming a direct line and reviewed by the Prince. The cheering him lustily when he passed the lines.

After the review the field officers of several regiments were introduced by the eral Beauregard to the Prince, who extended some complimentary phrases with respect to what they saw of fortifications, and members of the suite prefer to remain in some of the party; however, he expressed anything but favorable opinions as to the appearance of the rebel soldier, since they turn. They describe them as dirty, ragged and looking half starved. The party, upon their return shortly after nine o'clock, upon reaching Fairfax, they found several regiments drawn up. The Prince drove idly along the line. A Maryland regiment there broke out in "three cheers for three kingdoms for Napoleon," as he passed. Pushing on after relating the party reached Alexandria shortly after eight o'clock last evening. Here they met Generals Dowell and McClellan, and came up to boat with them. According to the information obtained by the members of the rebel force at Manassas is about ten thousand. Five regiments of infantry and two of cavalry are stationed at Fairfax, and several pieces of field artillery are at this point and no signs of an intention to fortify.

The Tribune's correspondence states that when the Prince arrived at Fairfax he

has tried to get out of the town. The pa Rheumat (These Just use Just in Sec advert

ANGOR, A Bangor I completely o ple. Dur staff met the party about a mile this side of the headquarters. Upon approaching the contents latter, a salute of three guns was fired, a barb rot gun, captured by the rebels at Bull Run, was b General Beauregard and Johnston, who had both present to receive the imperial messenger.

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MISCELLANY.

BE A WOMAN.

Oh I've heard a gentle mother, As the twilight hours began, Pleading with a son, on duty, Urging him to be a man.

What's a lady? Is it something Made of hoops, and silks, and airs, Used to decorate the parlor, Like the fancy rugs and chairs?

Mother, then, unto your daughter Speak of something higher far, Than to be mere show and glare.

Yes, a woman—brightest model Of that light and perfect beauty; There the mind, the soul, and body, Blend to work out life's great duty—

In Love with Calico. Some young gentleman in Phoenix has been caught in the meshes of love and calico.

Calico dresses are a grand institution.—Delaines, silks, and even satins are good enough in their place—in the parlor or boudoir, and all such—but after all the old 'stand by,' the substantial, is the shilling calico.

But calico. O! what rich meals we get by it; and how it cheers the suffering as its bright colors and cheerful presence stands with soft hand ministering to our distresses.

But when in addition to all, Calico comes in, rosy with the exercise of kitchen duties which it knows how to do so well, and loves to do so dearly, and sits down at the piano or melodian, and makes the liquid melody flow sweetly forth; ay, even blending its own sweet voice with the music of the instrument, then we appreciate Calico.

The ridiculous and immodest habit which has so long prevailed in fashionable female society of wearing extraordinary low-necked dresses, is hit off very cleverly in the following anecdote:—

A young beardless youth had been captivated by the revealed charms of a fashionable Miss, and one day told his mother his ailment, and declared he must marry his innamorato or die.

A NICE LITTLE HAUL. Some time since, it will be recollected, a large amount of provisions and whiskey was taken by our flotilla on the Potomac (on board the Baena Vista), on the Maryland side of the river.

LARGEST FORTRESS IN THE WORLD. Eighteen miles from Warsaw stands the largest fortress in the world—a fortress with casemated and bomb proof barracks for 40,000 men, and with a circumference of eleven miles.

At the examination of a boy nine years of age for admission to one of the public schools in a suburban town, the teacher, after a satisfactory result in reading and spelling, asked, 'What do you know about the United States?'

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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, with the STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, OF WORCESTER, MASS.

THIS old and successful company, conducted with rigid economy, having accumulated a large cash fund, has been enabled to reduce the rates of premium about twenty-five per cent. below the ordinary rates of most other companies, and invites all who propose to provide for a family or friends by insurance, to look into the system of this company before insuring elsewhere.

HON. ISAAC DAVIS, President. HON. EMERY WASHBURN, Vice President. CLAUENDON HARRIS, Secretary.

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

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., PORTLAND, ME.

J. L. & S. M. BOOTHBY, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND JOBBERS IN TEAS, West India Goods, Groceries, LUMBER AND COUNTRY PRODUCE, Head Commercial Wharf, 36 PORTLAND, ME.

JOHNS & CROSLY, SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE IMPROVED GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT ROOFING, THE CHEAPEST AND MOST DURABLE ROOFING IN USE.

IT IS FIRE AND WATER PROOF. It can be applied to new and old Roofs of all kinds, and to Shingle Roofs without removing the Shingles. The cost is only about One-Third that of Tin.

THE CHEAPEST AND MOST DURABLE ROOFING IN USE.

For preserving and repairing TIN and other METAL ROOFS of every description, from its great elasticity, it is not injured by the contraction and expansion of metals, and WILL NOT CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM WEATHER.

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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.

Burnet's Celebrated Washing Powders! Bleaches clothes beautifully white, and softens the HARDEST WATER. SAVES ONE HALF THE SOAP.

THE ORIGINAL T. B. BURNHAM, BURNHAM & BROTHERS, Take this method to inform the citizens of Portland and vicinity, that he has fitted up a new suit of rooms for the purpose of making Daguerreotypes, 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 for large Groups, which makes the largest Room to operate in to be found in this section.

Life Pills and Phenix 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.

VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES. Are well known to be infallible. DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a drier, purer, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind, FLATULENCY, LOSS OF APPETITE, HEADACHE, HEAVINESS, LETHARGY, ANXIETY, LANGUOR, and DEPRESSION, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

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S. M. HAYDEN,

BOOKS, STATIONERY, PAINTS AND CUTLERY. Also, DRUGS, CHEMICALS, and most of the POPULAR MEDICINES of the day.

PURE WINES for mechanical and medicinal purposes. BRIDGTON CENTER.

DOORS, Sashes, and Blinds. THE Subscriber has removed his Factory to the LARGE NEW SHOP near the Cumberland Mills, 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-tubing, and all the various kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL that can be advantageously prepared by his Machinery.

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. BEDSTADS, of the latest and most improved style, with Spring Bottoms.

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

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!

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

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

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 BALL, Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860.

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. Tewksbury, M. D., Portland. W. R. Richardson, M. D., Portland. W. W. Green, M. D., Gray.

IMPORTANT TO MARRIED PEOPLE! INFORMATION of Great Importance to Married People and those about to be married, will be sent FREE. Address Dr. J. R. ANDERSON, 3m17 Lock Box No. 111 Boston Post Office.

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.

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

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 preparation 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.

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, Disordered Incipient Consumption, Scrophulous Tuberculosis, Salt Rheum, Menses irregular, 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 continued 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.

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

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

In the local pains, loss of flesh and strength, debilitating cough, and remittent hectic, which generally indicate INCIDENT CONSUMPTION, this remedy has allayed the alarm of friends and physicians, in several very gratifying and interesting instances.

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

In 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 on the appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength, with an usual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use.

Pat up in neat flat 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 price. All letters, orders, etc. should be addressed to R. B. LOCKE & CO., General Agents, 1y32 N. 20 CEDAR ST., Y.

BOOTS & SHOES. THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he continues to manufacture Boots & Shoes of every description, at his old stand at North Bridgton, where may be found a general assortment of BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS. He also has the right, and manufactures MITCHEL'S PATENT Metallic Tip Boots and Shoes, for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples Waterford, Sweden, Lovell and Fryeburg, and will be happy to furnish those in want of anything in his line. Orders filled with as much dispatch as the nature of the business will admit. JAMES WEBB, No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858.

Custom Work. A. BENTON would announce to his former customers and the citizens of Bridgton 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 either men, women or children. Work respectfully solicited. Bridgton Center, Sept. 2, 1859.

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

IT CURES DYSPEPSIA; IT CURES CONSTIPATION; IT CURES SORE THROAT; IT CURES A SLUGGISH LIVER. It strengthens and regenerates the Enfeebled System; and there is no medicine known that secures food to do so much good, that adds so much healthy 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, Nashua, N. H.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLEUC. A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLEUC will save its cost annually.

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"They go right to the Sp"

INSTANT RELIEF! STOP YOUR CURE. PURIFY YOUR BREATH. STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE. SPALDING'S Throat Confection.

GOOD FOR CLERGYMAN, GOOD FOR LECTURERS, GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS, GOOD FOR SINGERS, GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES, GENTLEMEN CAREY.

Spalding's Throat Confection. LADIES ARE DELIGHTED WITH Spalding's Throat Confection. CHILDREN CRY FOR Spalding's Throat Confection.

They relieve a Cough instantly. They clear the Throat. They give strength and volume to the voice. They impart a delicious aroma to the breath. They are delightful to the taste. They are made of simple herbs and are harmless to any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough, Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or a feeble faculty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will instantly, and you will agree with me, "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant when attending public meetings, your Cough or allaying your throat, try one package I am safe in saying you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Dealers in Medicines.

PRICE 25 CENTS. My signature is on each package others are counterfeit. A package will be sent by mail on receipt of Thirty Cents. Address, HENRY C. SPALDING, NO. 48 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK.

Cephalic Cure CURE CURE Nervous Headache CURE All kinds of Headache.

By the use of these Pills the most distressing attacks of Nervous or Sick Headache are prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediately, and sickness will be obtained. They seldom fail in removing the Headache to which females are so liable. They act gently upon the bowels, and Costiveness.

For Literary men, Students, Deacons, and all persons of industry, they are valuable as a Laxative, they give tone and vigour to the digestive organs, and restore the elasticity and strength of the whole system. The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long and careful experiments, having been in use during which time they have relieved a vast amount of pain from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a derangement of the stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in position, and may be taken with perfect safety without making any diet, and the absence of any dangerous ingredients renders it easy to administer. BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS. The genuine have five signatures. C. Spalding on each Box. Sold by Druggists and all other Dealers. A Box will be sent by mail on receipt of the price.

PRICE 25 CENTS. All orders should be addressed to HENRY C. SPALDING, 48 Cedar Street New York, or POTTER, Boston sole Wholesale for New England.

A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLEUC will save its cost annually.

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