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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness
and despatch.

THE CLERGYMAN'S LIEUTENANT.

Miss Jellyaby rose at six one beautiful au-
tumn morning, and throwing open her cham-
ber window, sniffed once or twice at the fra-
grance coming up from the roses in the gar-
den below. Then she hunted a moment for
her spectacles upon the bureau, and putting
them on, looked eagerly at Randall cottage
over the way. A very modest, pretty little
house it was, with syringas growing under
each window, and woodbine and jessamine
climbing over the door; but Miss Jellyaby
was not admiring its beauties just then.—
She looked up at a front window on the sec-
ond floor, and gave a vicious snort.

"As I expected! She isn't up yet and here
it is six o'clock! And where is he, I won-
der?"
Before she had time to answer this ques-
tion as it was asked—Meantime the front
door of the cottage opened, and Miss Jellyaby,
staring behind her curtain, saw a hand-
some, sun-burnt man come out and go down
the garden walk, with a sugar in his mouth,
kiss easy to see, by the slight roll in his
neck, that he was a sailor, though for the
rest of that, his bearing, handsome fea-
tures, and frank and hearty manner, would
have told the tale if he had never stirred a
suspicion. With his hands in his pockets, he
entered among the roses, bending down to
kiss them, as if to say good morning to
the fairest, and always removing the sugar
from his lips when he did so.

"He would do no more if he were speaking
a roman," said the spinster, applying her
ear to the hole left purposely in the white
curtain. "The man is mad about flowers, I
believe; and she is a touch beyond him."
Each a thing can be. Ah, there she comes,
and dressed in blue gingham, too. I won-
der what her morning gown cost her
enough the year? And her slippers—oh,
well, there!
Words failed the worthy spinster. Mean-
while the owner of the slippers—and a very
pretty little affair they were, (bronzed, lac-
ed and rosetted with a sapphire that shone
like dew drop)—tripped down the walk
toward the gentleman did not hear
a step, and coming upon him as he bent
over a bed of violets, gave him a push that
sent him on his face among them. To see
him laugh—to see him blunder up and chase
through the alleys—to see him kiss her
when he was imprisoned here at last in his strong
arms—and to see her pretend to box his ears,
was a sight for a loving heart to watch;
but Miss Jellyaby, over opposite, nearly faint
away with horror. She rang her bell
loudly, and a square-faced, sour-looking
man made her appearance.

"Susan!"

"Well," said the admirable domestic, brief-
ly, "Miss Jellyaby could speak, the un-
pleasant pair in the opposite garden trans-
gressed against propriety again."

"Walking up and down in broad daylight,
with her arm around her waist—just look
at her, Susan! Do you mean to stand there
and tell me that man is only her brother?"
"Dear me, ma'am how can I tell? I only
see they look alike, and they have the
same name—Helen and Philip Grayham. I
told so."

"Humph! It is my opinion that some
body ought to speak to Mr. Fullerton?"
"The minister? What for?"

"Are you such a fool, Susan, as not to see
that it all means? They are no more bro-
ther and sister than you and I are?"

"Well, what are they, then?"

"That remains to be told, the wretches!
Mr. Fullerton will soon set them to
rights. I shall go and see him after break-
fast. I don't know what the poor man
will do without me."

"Give some peace, I suppose," muttered
Susan, under her breath, as she followed
Miss Jellyaby down to the parlor.

Breakfast being over, Miss Jellyaby sallied
forth to the parsonage.

The good pastor looked up with a meek
smile as that lady entered his study.

The clergyman was a quiet, peace-loving
man, somewhat timid withal, and the spin-
ster always overpowered him with her argu-
ments when she attempted to do so. She
had nearly half an hour with him, and at
the expiration of that time, people who were
in the lookout saw her conveying the un-

happy pastor in the direction, and at last
through the very gate of Randall cottage.

A tidy-looking old servant admitted them,
ushered them into a pleasant nursery-room,
and said she would go and tell her mistress
of their arrival. Mr. Fullerton sat on the
edge of his chair, very uneasy in mind, and
wishing with his heart that he was at home
again. Miss Jellyaby strode up and down
the room like a dragon, eyeing everything
about her, and making observations in an
undertone, which, however, he could not
help hearing.

"Such extravagance! Look at that carpet,
now—all roses and lilies, and straggling
green vines. Why can't they be contented
with a druggist, as I am?"

She took another turn.

"And a guitar! Spaniards, I don't doubt,
or Italians; And the rest follows as a mat-
ter of course. Mr. Fullerton, I believe these
people are heathens!"

"Hardly, I think, or they never would have
come to church last Sabbath."

"Oh, you don't know that; perhaps they
had some private end to gain by it," said
Miss Jellyaby.

The spinster's unreasonable suspicions
tickled Mr. Fullerton beyond measure. She
saw him laughing, and grew indignant.

"Let those laugh who win, I say, Mr. Ful-
lerton. I don't doubt you will feel more
like crying before this business is settled."

"Not I," said the minister with a rueful
look.

"A crucifix, as I am a sinner!" she mur-
mured a moment afterwards. "There Mr.
Fullerton, what did I tell you? hanging on
the wall here in broad daylight. Shall I
pull it down?"

"Are you beside yourself, Miss Jellyaby?"
said Mr. Fullerton, springing up and arrest-
ing her hand just in time.

The sound of voices and of laughter, what
the garden presented to her mind. There was
a race on the broad path, which sobered
down into a walk when the young couple
nearly the windows, followed by the old ser-
vant, who had been in the grounds to call
them.

"She wears a different face from that," he
said to himself as he shook hands with
them.

They turned to the spinster, who had
bolstered herself up against the chimney-
piece, and stood eyeing them with sour dis-
dain.

"Your neighbor, Miss Jellyaby," said Mr.
Fullerton, adding in a low whisper to her,
as they sought about the room for easy
chairs, "it's all a mistake, my good creature
—there is nothing wrong here. I'll have
nothing to do with the matter. Say noth-
ing, and let this pass as a morning call."

"Say nothing, indeed! Mr. Fullerton, I
am astonished at you!" was her reply, too
audibly made, however, for Mr. Grayham
heard it, though he was too courteous to look
surprised.

"Pray take this easy chair, Mr. Fullerton,"
said Helen, who wondered inwardly at the
strange behavior of her guests.

"No my child," said the clergyman kindly.
"Sometime I hope to come again. I can
only express my sorrow at having been per-
suaded against my better judgment to en-
ter these doors on such an absurd errand—
and leave you."

"My dear sir, forgive me if I do not quite
understand," exclaimed the captain, while
Helen made up her mind that both her vis-
itors were mad.

"I will tell you at another time, said Mr.
Fullerton nervously. I will only say in ex-
planation of this intrusion, that it was caus-
ed by a most ridiculous mistake. Miss Jel-
laby, will you allow me to accompany you
home?"

Miss Jellyaby folded her arms, looked at
them all viciously, and thundered out—
"No!"

"Is she mad?" whispered Helen to the cler-
gyman. "What does it all mean?"

Miss Jellyaby heard her.

"It means this, madam—this and nothing
more—that if Mr. Fullerton is to be ensnar-
ed by a pretty face, and frightened out of
doing his duty, I am not."

"Was there ever such an unfortunate piece
of business? Miss Jellyaby, I cannot allow
you to commit such an act of folly, or to in-
sult these young creatures. I command you,
as your minister not to speak."

"I take no orders from a man who shrinks
from his duty," said the spinster loftily.

"Pretty behavior, I am sure, to leave the
worst part to me, Mr. Fullerton. However,
no one shall say I shrink from my duty."

"We are waiting to know what heinous
crime we have committed," said Captain Gra-
ham, drawing the bewildered Helen close to
his side. Miss Jellyaby gasped at the ca-
ress; then it seemed to give her fresh ener-
gy.

"Before my very eyes, sir?"

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose you will kiss her next?"

"Well now you mention it, I think I will."

And he did. Miss Jellyaby nearly fainted
away with horror.

"Mr. Fullerton, how can you stand there
so quietly, and watch this shameful con-
duct? As for you, sir, added, turning to
the good humored captain, you need not
think every one will tolerate your auda-
cious!"

"Take breath, Miss Jellyaby."

"It is infamous," shouted the enraged spin-
ster. "Brother and sister indeed! you are no
more her brother than you are mine, Capt.
Graham."

"I know it. I never said I was."

Mr. Fullerton looked rather puzzled—Miss
Jellyaby was triumphant.

"Well, you are brazen, at least not to hold
say. This upon it."

"I never knew it was a crime not to be a
woman's brother before," said the captain,
quietly. "However, there is a relation be-
tween us, if it please you any better."

"What is it?"

"I am her cousin—the ward of her father,
and I have always lived with her family in
England."

"Oh!"

There was a world of meaning in this
simple exclamation.

"Also I have the honor to be—her hus-
band!"

Mr. Fullerton uttered a most unclerical
hurrah, and shook hands with the young
couple over and over again.

"Her husband?" faltered the old maid. I
—I never thought of that."

"Allow me to hope, madam, that you will
try to have your wits about you before you
try to create another scandal," said the cap-
tain surely. "I have the honor to wish
you a very good morning."

He held the door open as he spoke—she
could not take the hint, and she rushed out
of the house into her own, in a state of mind
verging upon distraction. Staying to be
laughed at and sympathized with, was what
she could not endure. The cottage was shut
up the next day, and she and Susan were
far away. Miss Jellyaby had found her
match, and the village has known peace
since her departure—for the first time.

How A SOLDIER FEELS IN BATTLE. The fol-
lowing, which went the rounds of the press,
some time ago, has additional interest now.

A young French officer thus writes of his
first experience in battle:

"Our officers sent us back, for we were not
numerous enough to charge upon the enemy.
This was most prudent, for the murderous
fire, so fatal to the white coats, did us but
little harm. Our conical ball penetrated
their dense masses, while those of the Aus-
trians whistled past our ears and respected
our persons. It was the first time I had fa-
ced fire, nor was I the only man. Well, I
am satisfied with myself. True, I dodged
the first balls, but Henry IV. did the same at
the beginning of every battle. It is in fact,
a physical effect, independent of the will.—
But this tribute paid, if you could only feel
how each shot electrifies you! It is like a
whip on a racer's legs. The balls whistle
past you, turn up the earth around you, kill
one, wound another, and you hardly notice
them. You grow intoxicated. The smell of
gunpowder mounts to your brain. The eye
becomes bloodshot, and the look is fixed up-
on the enemy. There is something of all the
passions in the terrible passion excited in
the soldier by the sight of blood and the tu-
mult of battle. Everybody who has tried it
testifies to the peculiar intoxication that is
produced by being in battle. There is an in-
fatigable influence about the smell of pow-
der, the whistle of a bullet, and the sight of
human blood, that instantly transforms men
from cowards to heroes—from women some-
times to monsters. No one can tell of the
nature or mystery of that influence but those
who have been in the fray themselves."

We find self-made men very often, but
self-unmade ones a great deal oftener.

A WOMAN'S WORDS.

The *Proctor* (Ill.) Daily Union recently
published the following patriotic address of
a "Massachusetts Lady" to the officers and
soldiers at Camp Mather:

"SOLDIERS—BROTHERS; Noble, manly hearts,
that are inspired with patriotic zeal, must
also possess a chord that will beat respon-
sive to the touch of sympathy. Believing
this, I cannot refrain from addressing a few
words to you, as a representative of my interest
in your welfare."

I have looked through your ranks, but I
can claim no kindred there, save the com-
mon bond of brotherhood; your faces (save
in a few instances) are unfamiliar; but I
do not forget that each is some woman's son
or brother, some woman's father or husband,
and my heart goes forth in gratitude toward
you. If I need offer an excuse for manifest-
ing this interest, I can only say, look to the
old Bay State and see what spirit animates
her sons and daughters—in the Massachu-
setts 8th you will find my kindred, and ten
years' residence on the broad free prairies of
the West has allowed no rank weed of sec-
sion to choke out those principles that were
planted by the stern "Pilgrim Fathers"—
watered by the blood of the heroes of Con-
cord and Lexington, and that have blossom-
ed and ripened under the heaven crowned
tower of Bunker Hill.

Col. Butler said, when all the sons of Mas-
sachusetts should fall a sacrifice on their
country's altar, her daughters would step
forward and fill the ranks. I thank God
that the spirit is not confined to my dear na-
tive State, but it has found its way through
the deep valleys—across the mountains—
brought by the winds to day in the hearts of
the brave daughters of this garden State of
the West. I do not make an appeal to your
patriotism; it is too not doubt, else we
should not sit quiet by our fire-side, and
trust to your hands the life and honor of our
"peerless goddess."

Patriotism, what is it? It is the noblest
passion of the human mind—the concentrated
essence of fraternal, paternal and conjugal
love combined—a passion that is almost
divine. It has caused you to break (no
break) but to loosen those ties that have bound
you to home and loved ones, and to offer
yourselves a sacrifice for the love of your
country. The latent fire that has so long
laid smoldering till we hardly knew whether
its ashes could again be enkindled, has
received an impetus that has caused it to
burst forth and to spread like the wild-fire,
of the burning prairie.

You are about to go from among us—ach-
ing hearts and busy fingers have been em-
ployed in your outfit, and you are nearly
ready for the conflict. You are about to go
forth, and you leave your dear ones in our
care—and now comes the question, have we
done all we can do? For one, I answer no,
no! I do not claim more benevolence than
belongs to my sex generally, therefore I feel
safe in pledging my word to you, that we
"will enlist for the war"—we will take the
"oath of allegiance," not like the Daughter
of the Alps or the maid of Orleans, to go
forth to lead your regiment to the battlefield
—no, there are brave men enough for that;
but in the spirit of the Divine Master, we
will go about doing good. We will cheer,
comfort and sympathize with your wives and
your children. So help us God.

If while you are fighting for our fire-sides
we allow them to suffer, for our gold and
silver become as worthless in our hands, as
the dross in the crucible. If we neglect
them, we deserve not the blessing which
through your instrumentality, we hope again
to enjoy.

You will in all human probability, suffer
innumerable hardships, but remember you
do not suffer alone—woman suffers, more in-
tensely, perhaps, through her affections—
therefore her sacrifices equals yours—and
her brow will wear with you, the victor's or
the martyr's wreath. Remember the loving
anxious hearts you leave behind—and if, in
the Providence of God, you come back to us,
come in the dignity of your manhood. What
to a loving heart would matter the loss of
the outer form, if the gold of the spirit were
kept untarnished? She who would love you
less or turn aside from you because your per-
sonal beauty was marred by the bullet or
the sabre, deserves never to bear the sacred
name of wife or mother. Come back to us
bearing the same brave, noble hearts—and
though you may be so changed that loved
ones cannot recognize you, we will receive
you with open arms and hearts warm with
affection, and point to your wounds and
scars as a richer wreath than poet ever wore,
a nobler diadem than ever shown on mon-
arch's brow.

If, perchance, in the vicissitudes of war,
it should be your lot to die—alone, perhaps
unheeded, in the strife around you, O let
this thought cheer you—you will not be for-
gotten; many hearts will throb for you man-
y eyes will weep for your sufferings, and
your memory will be embalmed in the heart

of your country. And remember that angel
eyes—it may be of some dear friend—will
watch over you ready with outspread arms
to conduct your spirit to the patriot's seat in
Heaven. God keep you and bless you."

THE AGED MAN.

As I sat at my western window, gazing
out upon the splendor of creation, made more
radiant by the last beams of the parting king
of day, an aged man stood before me. It
was a long time that I had been looking at
him.

picture—the old man standing in the fore-
ground, silver ringlets playing around his
temples, a heavenly smile brightening his
fading features, while far behind him the
eye could range over bright fields, little cot-
tages and happy dwellings, extending to the
golden horizon and the setting sun,—was one
calculated to fill the soul with emotion pec-
uliar and inexpressible. Raising his shrivel-
ed hand the old man pointed behind him to-
wards the sinking sun and gilded horizon,
and said:

"Young man, behold! another day is leav-
ing you—the twilight hour, the happiest and
most beautiful hour of all the day, is fast
usher in another span of time into eternity.
Listen to my story, an aged man's experi-
ence, for in it there are instruction for the
young and consolation for the aged."

The old man that stands before you was
once young and beautiful. Well do I remem-
ber a pleasant cottage on a gentle hill,
where I lived many years ago as a family as
happy as plenty and contentment could make
them. A plump and rosy boy, the "Pock-
et" was my name, and all the many play-
things of a happy boy. Ah! those were
joyful days! I well recollect how frequent-
ly I was told by older minds that these were
the happiest years of life, and I often thought
that it might be so. This thought sometimes
would cause a dread of future life and the
duties of manhood. Such thoughts were mo-
mentary. The boy was happy.

The boy lived on. A youth is now before
me. Full of love and supported by fond
hopes of the unknown future, the ripening
youth goes out from his boyhood's home to
breast the storms of the business world with
smiles of gladness. A gentle maiden comes
to meet him. Together they promise to
weave garments for the eternal sphere, to-
gether they will mould their crown of ever-
lasting life. The youth is happier than the
boy.

The youth is now a young man. Filled
with new love and new hopes, not idle in
the world's broad battle field, with much to
do, much to love, and much to hope for, how
can he be but happy? An innocent babe is
the joy of a fond father. Full well the old
man remembers the laughing dimpled cher-
ub, but the memory of his first born child is
clouded by the recollection of its transient
stay on earth. The young man is blessed
even in his bereavement. As he gazes upon
the lifeless form of his darling for the last
time, he murmurs turning to the mother who
has been his consoling friend—"His true love
has gone: but this stroke shall put one star
in the crown that we are moulding, shall
add one breadth to the garments we are
weaving, and we will wear them in the bet-
ter world. God is our friend." Thus com-
forted the young man is blessed. Yes, the
young man is happier than the youth.

The man hurries on. There is yet room
for enjoyment. Children brighten his fire-
side. He stops to leave a kiss for each, and
then is at his work. Old Time seems to have
got excited. He drives his ponderous reli-
cious on with redoubled fury, and the man is
carried with him. Wrinkles are becoming
plain on his brow; his cheek is furrowed.—
The man, yes, in all his excitement, is
happier than in his younger days.

Silver locks are thick upon his head—the
furrows deepen—the gait is unsteady—his
hand is shriveled, and he finds that he has
reached that period of life in which he was
told in his boyhood's days he would be a
burden to himself and to all around him.—
The thought comes to his mind is it true?
Is he tired of existence? Are those around
him burdened by his presence? He thinks
rapidly, and these questions are asked all
at once.

The old man sits in his easy chair, look-
ing out upon the green before the door. His
joyous grandchildren play around the yard.
He hears their merry voices, and their mel-
low laughter rings in his deafened ears,
bringing to his mind memories which are
sweet and pleasing. His eyelids droop—the
voices become distant, and now are unheard.
The old man is a little babe. He feels his
mother's embrace. She kisses his white fore-
head, pats his round arm, pinches his dim-
pled cheeks, shakes his tiny hand, laughs at
his sparkling eyes, and he seems to know
that she is happy.

The old man turns in his chair. He is
playing upon the lawn with his little sis-
ters. He strikes the ball, and it flies far
over the neighboring trees. He hears the

merry laughter of his sisters as they—o it
go. He chases the yellow butterflies over
the fields; gathers the wild flowers in the
meadow; plucks the beautiful white lilies
from the pond; fishes in the babbling brook
under the old oak tree—now he hears his
mother's voice calling him across the lots,
new bells tripping away along the road to
the old woodpecker's nest, with many
happy children, "Helen and him; and now
he is sitting on the hard board bench, list-
ening to the reading and muttering prayer of
his mother."

these scenes rise up before him. He lives
his life over again with all the
buoyancy that he ever experienced.

Again the scene is changed. Many pleas-
ant pictures of various stages or periods
of his life rise up before him, imagination
which he enjoys as much as of old. It
would require a large volume to begin to
describe them. He bends over the bedside
of a dying comrade. He kneels to crave the
help of heaven for a departing friend. He
looks at the form before him,—it is white
and rigid; and he is happy in the assurance
that his friend has joined the sweet chorus
of angelic voices.

His imagination at last paints himself an
aged man, and he sits before an open door.—
The scenes of his whole lifetime are before
him, and he enjoys in one short hour all
the happiness of his long life. Carried in
faucy's arms, he sails through the whole pe-
riod of his existence and marks the many
happy moments of a well-spent life. His
old upward weary of life? His dreams
has answered the question. Like the clos-
ing sunset hour of a long and tiresome day,
old age has come to him laden with fond
memories and quiet, happy moments. It is
fitly compared to the peaceful twilight, when
all minds are involuntarily led to happy
thoughts. The old man rises to his feet
and exclaims—"I have spent a happy life;
but in all my existence no joys have been
sweeter than the thoughtful moments of my
last days. My life may well be compared
to a river; springing in a small brook, the
shores of its happiness have continually wid-
ened, until a broad stream shall at last em-
pty its waters into the great ocean of felicity."

The old man is happier than the man.—
Young man, this experience may be yours!

I looked up. The old man had vanished;
the sun was hid behind the western hills,
and it was growing dark. I was alone;—
but, raising my eyes toward heaven, I could
not refrain from exclaiming, in the oft-re-
peated language of Balaam—"Let me die
the death of the righteous, and let my last
days be like his!"

"How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight from toil and pain!"

"So when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last;
The loveliest is the evening hour."

A GOOD BARGAIN.

Old V., a well-to-do farmer in Illinois, had
some four marriageable daughters; and be-
ing one of those men who think their girls
should get married as soon as they are out
of their short clothes, felt somewhat chagrin-
ed that his girls should remain so long.

Now there was a young fellow in the neigh-
borhood who had been waiting on the V. girls
for some time, and had gone the round from
oldest to youngest; and the old man had
been anxiously waiting, for, and expecting
young B. to "ask his consent" for some one
of the girls, but as yet he had waited in vain.
B., however had proposed and been accepted;
but the old folks had not been acquainted
with the fact.

Now, in the meantime, young B. had pur-
chased a fine horse of the old gent, and had
given him note on six months' time, for one
hundred dollars. Well pay day was fast ap-
proaching and B. had not the "ready" to
meet it. The day before the note came due,
young B. made his way over to the old gent's
determined to ask him for his daughter—hop-
ing to get an extension on the note at least.

As good luck would have it, he met the old
man in the yard, and was about to go thro'
the interesting ceremony of asking consent,
when, imagine his surprise and joy, the old
gent broke out with the following:

"Look here, B., you young rascal, you have
been courtin' my gals morn' a year; you
have been paddin' and cuttin' round with the
tall on 'em. Now your note comes due to-
morrow, and I'll tell you what I'll do. You
shall marry one of my gals—I don't care a
snap which—and I'll give you a good settin'
out, and your hundred dollar note to boot;
and if you don't let me see you, by thunder."

"It's a bargain," says B., "I'll do it!"
And the next week there was a tall wedding
dinner at the old man V.'s; and to this day
B. shudders over the way the old man gave
his consent without asking, and a hundred
dollar note to boot.

But upon this point we have no fear, notwithstanding, not even the shadow of a doubt. Gen. McClellan might send away a hundred thousand men from the Potomac and still defy the army of Beauregard. The simple truth is, that with the failure of the rebel conspiracy to seize Washington, this Southern rebellion was a failure. Had Abraham Lincoln been assassinated on his way to Washington, or had his inauguration been prevented by a midnight descent upon the city by Ben. McCulloch and Henry A. Wise

I never expect to take any comfort in living. I never got a moment's rest. I'm on my feet all day, and half the time I can't sleep nights. But I don't complain! Very likely you won't see

Gen. Butler is to visit this State again in a few weeks.

ates entirely, and in the course of a few days. A slight swelling in the region of the nose is the only external abnormal symptom. The affection is called "the horse disease," and all remedies, though they operate as expected, fail to cure or allay the affection. Large numbers have died.

Upwards of sixty thousand rifles, sent from the Prussian government to the city of Philadelphia, arrived in New York recently, and have been sent to their destination.

the
York
stin-
essars of life.
St. Louis, Oct. 19. It is now
that the large number of men re-
have deserted from Gen. Price's an

MISCELLANY.

MAKE HOME BRIGHT AND PLEASANT

More than building showy mansions,
More than dress and find array,
More than stables and lofty steeples—
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant—always fair,
Where each heart will rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty, swelling titles,
More than fashion's luring glare,
More than Mammon's gilded honors,
More than thoughts can well compare—
See that home is made attractive
By surroundings pure and bright;
Trees arranged with taste and order,
Flowers with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely—
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot.
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest song;
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belong.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam,
Or if roaming, still will cherish
Memories of that pleasant home.
Such a home makes man the better;
Pure and lasting its control;
Home, with pure and bright surroundings
Leaves its impress on the soul.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

His wants are few and well supplied
By his productive fields;
He craves no luxuries beside,
Save what contentment yields.

More pure employment labor gives
Than fame or wealth can bring;
And he is happier who lives
A farmer than a king.

YANKEE "CAPTAIN."

During the war of 1812, a schooner, laden with silks and other valuable articles, belonging to Stonington, Conn., was hailed on her home passage from France by a British armed brig, when the following dialogue took place between the commanding officer of the brig and master of the schooner.

"Schooner ahoy!"

"Who commands that schooner?"

"Brother Jonathan, used tow, but I dew athan?"

"Why must be a darned fool not to know brother Jonathan: everybody in town knows him."

"Send your boat on board."

"I don't know whether I shall or not; for the boat's all soggy, and I haint new clothes."

"Brother Jonathan's got a new coat; if he's a mind to go he may, but I'm sure that I shan't."

"Strike."

"Strike! Why I haint got nobody to strike but dad; he's cooking, he's crazy; and if I strike him, he'll strike right back again—so it's no use."

"What are you loaded with?"

"Bale goods, and hens, and hen's husband's and hob-goblins, and long-faced gentry."

"Where are you bound to?"

"Stonington."

"Where's your bale goods?"

"By this time the officer had boarded the schooner."

"There they be," pointing to some bundles of clapboards and shingles.

"You confounded fool, do you call them bale goods?"

"Why sartin! Don't you?"

"Where's your hen's and hen's husband's?"

"There they be, in that coop there."

"Where's your hob-goblins?"

"There they be, in that are tother great coop there."

"Where's your long faced gentry?"

"There they be in that pig sty."

"Have you got anything to drink on board?"

"We had some rum when we come away but the keg's way down under the load; and if you try you can't get it, so it's no use."

The British officer having received but little satisfaction, and having no doubt become disgusted at the ignorance of the Yankee, returned on board the brig, and left the poor simple creatures to take care of themselves.

A few days afterwards, the vessel arrived at Boston, with a cargo valued at one hundred thousand dollars.

They are telling a good story in Troy, as follows: "It was rumored that a gentleman known to be a loyal citizen, had a secession flag flying from his house! Of course there was a tremendous hue and cry raised, and an excited party started for the premises.—On reaching the house, it was found to be a lady's balminal, that had been washed and hung from a back window to dry. The husband avowed his determination to stand by that flag as long as he lived, and the effervescent crowd exploded and disappeared."

"And where was the man stabbed?" asked an excited lawyer of a physician. "The man was stabbed about an inch and a half to the left of the median line, and about an inch above the umbilicus," was the reply—"Oh, yes, I understand now; but I thought it was near the town hall."

"This little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bombshell a mile than a feather, even with artillery."

A SMART RETORT. A doctor went to bleed a dandy, who languidly exclaimed—"Oh, doctor, you're a good butler." "Yes," rejoined the knight of the lancet, "I am used to sticking calves!"

"They go right to the Spot."

INSTANT RELIEF! STOP YOUR COUGH!

PURIFY YOUR BREATH!

STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

SPALDING'S

Throat Confections

ARE

GOOD FOR CLERGYMEN,

GOOD FOR LECTURERS,

GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,

GOOD FOR SINGERS,

GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

GENTLEMEN CARRY

Spalding's Throat Confections.

LADIES ARE DELIGHTED WITH

Spalding's Throat Confections.

CHILDREN CRAVE FOR

Spalding's Throat Confections.

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 cannot harm any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant while travelling or attending public meetings for stilling your Cough or allaying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will never afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

My signature is on each package. All others are counterfeit.

A package will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of Thirty Cents.

Address,

HENRY C. SPALDING,

48 CEDAR ST., NEW-YORK.

Cephalic Pills

CURE

Sick Headache

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 *Costiveness*.

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 *passivity 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.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,

48 Cedar Street New York, or to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston sole Wholesale Agents, for New England,

32

A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!

ECONOMY! DISPATCH!

"A STRICH IN TIME SAVES NINE!"

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE needs all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each bottle.

Price 25 cents.

HENRY C. SPALDING,

No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name, SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, is on the outside wrapper; all others are winking counterfeits.

Something or the Times!!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

JOHNS & CROSLY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

The Strongest Glue in the World.

The Cheapest Glue in the World.

The Most Durable Glue in the World.

The Only Reliable Glue in the World.

The Best Glue in the World.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

Is the only article of the kind ever produced which

WILL WITHSTAND WATER.

IT WILL MEND WOOD.

Save your Broken Furniture.

IT WILL MEND LEATHER.

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

IT WILL MEND GLASS.

Save the pieces of that expensive glass bottle

IT WILL MEND IVORY.

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, it is easily repaired.

IT WILL MEND CHINA.

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

IT WILL MEND MARBLE.

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

IT WILL MEND PORCELAIN.

No matter how broken, Pitcher did not cost but a shilling, a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

IT WILL MEND ALABASTER.

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't mend it, mend it, it will never show when put together.

IT WILL MEND BONE, CORAL, LAVA, and in fact every thing but Metals.

Any article Cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

EXTRACTS.

"Every housekeeper should have a supply of Johns & Crosley's American Cement Glue."

—[New York Times.]

"It is so convenient to have in the house."

—[New York Express.]

"It is always ready; this commends it to everybody."—[N. Y. Independent.]

"We have tried it, and find it as useful in our house as water."—[Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.]

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

\$10.00 per year saved in every family by One Bottle of

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE.

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Very Liberal Return on Bottle.

Buyers. TERMS CASH.

For sale by all Druggists and Storekeepers generally throughout the country.

JOHNS & CROSLY,

(SOLE MANUFACTURERS.)

78 WILLIAM STREET

Corner of Liberty St., NEW YORK.

Important to House Owners.

Important to Builders.

Important to Rail Road Companies.

Important to Farmers.

To all whom this may concern, and to whom it is necessary to buy.

JOHNS & CROSLY,

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, steep or flat and to Shingle Roofs without removing the Shingles.

The cost is only about One-Third that of Tin and it is TWICE AS DURABLE.

This article has been thoroughly tested in New York City and all parts of the United States, Canada, West Indies and Central and South America, on buildings of all kinds such as Factories, Foundries, Churches, Rail Road Depots, Cars, and on Public Buildings generally, Government Buildings, &c. by the principal Builders, Architects and others during the past four years, and has proved to be the Cheapest and most Durable Roofing in use; it is in every respect a Fire, Water Weather and Time Proof covering for Roofs of all kinds.

This is the Only material manufactured in the United States which combines the very desirable properties of *Elasticity and Durability*, which are universally acknowledged to be possessed by *GUTTA PERCHA AND INDIA RUBBER*.

No Heat is required in making application.

The expense of applying it is trifling, as an ordinary Roof can be covered and finished the same day.

IT CAN BE APPLIED BY ANYONE,

and when finished forms a perfectly Fire Proof surface, with an elastic body, which cannot be injured by Heat, Cold or Storms, Shrinking of Roof Boards, nor any external action whatever.

LIQUID

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT,

For Coating Metals of all Kinds when exposed to the Action of the Weather, and

For Preserving and Repairing Metal Roofs of ALL KINDS

This is the only Composition known which will successfully resist extreme changes of all climates, for any length of time, when applied to metals, to which it adheres firmly forming a body, equal to three coats of ordinary paint, costs much less, and will last three times as long; and from its elasticity is not injured by the contraction and expansion of Tin and other Metal Roofs, consequently upon sudden changes of weather.

It will not Crack in Cold or Run in Warm weather, and will not wash off.

It is easily repaired with Gutta Percha Cement, and prevented from further corrosion and leaking, thereby ensuring a perfectly water tight roof for many years.

This Cement is peculiarly adapted for the preservation of Iron Railings, Stoves, Ranges, Sinks, Agricultural Implements, &c., also for general manufacturing use.

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT

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

These materials are adapted to all climates, and we are prepared to supply orders from any part of the country, at short notice.

Agents Wanted.

We will make liberal and satisfactory arrangements with responsible parties who would like to establish themselves in a lucrative and permanent business.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.

We can give abundant proof of all we claim in favor of our Improved Roofing Materials, having applied them to several thousand Roofs in New York City and vicinity.

JOHNS & CROSLY,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

Wholesale Warehouse 78 William Street,

(Corner of Liberty Street), NEW YORK.

Full descriptive Circulars and Prices will be furnished on application 48

TO THE PEOPLE

OF THE

UNITED STATES!

IN the month of December, 1858, the undersigned for the first time offered for sale to the public, Dr. J. BOYEE DODS' *Imperial Wine Bitters*, and in this short period they have given such universal satisfaction to the many thousands of persons who have tried them that it is now an established fact. The amount of bodily and mental misery arising simply from a neglect of small complaints is surprising, and it is therefore of the utmost importance that a strict attention to the least and most trifling bodily ailment should be had; for diseases of the body must invariably affect the mind. The subscribers now offer a trial of

DR. J. BOYEE DODS'

IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS!!

from all who have not used them. We challenge the world to produce their equal.

These Bitters for the cure of weak Stomachs, General Debility, and for Purifying and Enriching the Blood, are absolutely un surpassed by any other remedy on earth.

To be assured of this, it is only necessary to make the trial. The Wine itself is of a very superior quality, being about one-third stronger than other wines; warming and invigorating the whole system from the head to the feet. As these Bitters are so easily taken, and invigorate the whole system and give a fine tone and healthy action to all its parts, by equalizing the circulation, removing obstructions, and producing a general warmth. They are also excellent for Diseases and Weakness peculiar to the Female System, and are required to strengthen and brace the system. No lady, who is subject to lassitude and faintness, should be without them, as they are revivifying in their action.

These Bitters will not only cure, but prevent Disease.

and in this respect are doubly valuable to the person who may use them. For

INCIDENTAL CONSUMPTION,

Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Disease of the Nervous System, Paralysis, Piles, and for all cases requiring a Tonic

Dr. Dods' Celebrated Wine Bitters ARE UNSURPASSED!

For Sore Throat, so common among the For the aged and feeble.

of a weak constitution—for Ministers, persons Gospel, Lawyers, and all public speakers—for Book-keepers, and all business men, Students, Artists, and all persons leading a sedentary life, they will prove truly beneficial.

As a Beverage, they are wholesome, innocent, and delicious to the taste. They produce all the exhilarating effects of Brandy or Wine, without intoxicating; and are a reliable remedy for persons addicted to the use of excessive strong drink, and who wish to refrain from it. They are pure and entirely free from the poisons contained in the adulterated Wines and Liquors with which the country is flooded.

These Bitters not only cure, but prevent Disease, and should be used by all who live in a country where the colds, fevers, and where Chills and Fevers are prevalent. Being entirely innocent and harmless, they may be given freely to children and infants with impunity.

Physicians, Clergymen, and Temperance advocates, as an act of humanity, should assist in spreading these truly valuable Bitters over the land, and thus save essentially labor in banishing Drunkenness and Disease.

In all Affections of the Head, Sick Headache, or Nervous Headache, Dr. Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters will be found to be most Salubrious and Efficacious.

FEMALES.

The many certificates which have been tendered us, and the letters which we are daily receiving, are conclusive proof that among the women these Bitters have given a satisfaction which no others have ever done before. No woman in the land should be without them, and those who once use them will not fail to keep a supply.