

The Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. III.

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NO. 1.

The Bridgton Reporter

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

BY S. H. NOYES.

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100 PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness, and despatch.

WIND AND SEA.

The Sea is a jovial comrade. He laughs wherever he goes; His merriment shines in the dimpling lines That wrinkle his hale repose; He lays himself down at the feet of the Sun, And shakes all over with glee, And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore, In the mirth of the mighty Sea!

II.

But the Wind is sad and restless, And cursed with an inward pain; You may bark as you will, by valley or hill, But you hear him still complain. He wails on the barren mountains, And shrieks on the wintry sea; He sobs in the cedar, and moans in the pine, And shudders all over the aspen tree.

III.

Welcome are both their voices, And I know not which is best— The laughter that slips from the Ocean's lips, Or the comfortless Wind's unrest. There's pang in all rejoicing, A joy in the heart of pain, And the Wind that saddens, the Sea that gladdens, Are singing the self-same strain!

[Putnam's Monthly.]

A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

NIGHT ON MOUNT KIERGARRE. [A part of the following article, published in the Boston Herald, and published in that paper a few weeks since. It has been considerably lengthened, however, especially for the Reporter.]

Those of our readers who may have been fortunate enough to spend a few summer weeks in Fryburg, will have often admired the graceful slopes of the mountain which rises in the north, like a mighty pyramid, to the height of 2,700 ft. It is Mount Kiergarre. It was formerly so much visited that a house of two stories was built on its summit, but the house is now abandoned; and the ascent and return is generally made on the same day.

Some nineteen young people, ladies and gentlemen, who were hungry for the splendid prospect the mountain affords, and for a genuine, rustic adventure, laid plans to take the excursion to the mountain and spend a night on its summit. A capacious double wagon and other conveyances were made ready, and baskets were generously stored with eatables. All searched up their thickest shoes and threw a shawl into the wagon, for we, like school boys, were expected to furnish our own bedding—and at about 8 o'clock Thursday morning we drove away from Fryburg, in right good spirits.

The night before, the clouds gathered and threatened rain and the morning sky was very suspicious, but soon after we started the clouds broke away and the day was delightful. I do not know as there is any special necessity of saying, what young writers are apt to say, that "earth's mantle of green assumed its richest hue," and that "the birds carolled their sweetest songs," &c.—"Everybody knows what a delightful day" being this fine scenery signifies. We were first to reach North Conway—some ten miles distant—take our dinner among the Ledges and then drive some three miles further to the mountain. The ride to North Conway was full of pleasure. The Saco swept up to the roadside and greeted us once or twice, and the long, sharp ridge of the Mote Mountains had the wilderness of hills beyond, moved prettily out into view from behind the immense Rattlesnake Mountain which lay in our path.

The stately form of Chocorua was displayed to excellent advantage. The sun shone full on its steep, rocky sides, broken by dark ravines, and torn by slides, and made the ledges glitter half way down its slopes. We passed quickly away, and after driving through a long covered bridge over the Saco, and a patch of woods beyond, we had passed Rattlesnake Mountain and the lofty slopes of Kiergarre burst into sight, and the much famed "Ledges" of No. Conway. These ledges are steep cliffs, with granite fronts—almost quite perpendicular. The highest peak is about 960 feet above the Saco. A few ledges brought us into No. Conway—that charming place, which woe so many artists and scenery lovers, by the richness of its landscapes and the grandeur of its mountain scenery. It has become a very fashion-

able summer resort; I should judge there were nearly a thousand at its hotels this summer, and they give the village quite a gay appearance. After a little stop we left No. Conway and forded the Saco where it delightfully

"Falls" in the green lap of Conway's "intervales."

We drove away from the river towards the Ledges, which are about three miles from North Conway, and soon encountered the rest of our party, who had been separated from us several miles behind. A little before we reached the Ledges we turned into a by road which led down to Echo Lake. We alighted and rambled about on its shores a little while, and

"Set the wild echoes flying" From the ledge just opposite. The little pond lies secluded in the woods, at the foot of the lower ledge, and at low water one can drive around it and shout to the Ledges opposite which will respond with considerable distinctness. I suppose our Methodist brethren, however, would call them rather "teble responses." We drove a little way from the pond and turned our horses into the shade, close by one of the ledges. Viewing the ledges from this point they make a very imposing appearance. The long, almost perpendicular wall, hundreds of feet high, frowns on you like a vast, impregnable fortress. It is said to bear resemblance to the Saguenay Cliffs.

We climbed a little, rough ascent and came into a broad, lofty cave, about forty feet in depth and sixty feet in height. "A gloomy niche, capacious, blank and cold," which visitors have named the Cathedral.

By this time, for it was now noon, we were hungry, and without much delay we were distributed upon the rocks and busy with dinner. Now green lawns, and murmuring brooks, and majestic mountains are very proper subjects of admiration, but we found that cold biscuit, and doughnuts, and hard boiled eggs, served up in the "Cathedral," were not so palatable, as interesting objects as the before named beauties of Nature.

During dinner we gathered up the statistics of our party—found that we numbered nineteen, sixteen of whom were intending to ascend the mountain—eight gentlemen and as many ladies. We had among us our Academy Principal, "two or three or more" students, a few young ladies who were teachers, and some others whose position in life will probably depend upon circumstances.

After dinner we were soon on our way to the mountain. We arrived at its foot about 3 o'clock. We left our tired horses at a little farm house, and made ready for the ascent. We passed up through an open pasture under a hot sun, laden with shawls and baskets, and soon struck into the woods.

Hear the road narrowed into a common bridle path, and we dropped into single file and silently set about the labor of climbing the mountain. The path was free from prostrate trunks, and stones, and underbrush, and was finely shaded by the overhanging trees, so that we got along quite comfortably although it was no romance but hard work to climb up the steep path. By and by we came out from the woods, which extend perhaps half way up the slope of the mountain. Here I suppose, part of our company hastened to enjoy the partial prospect which this place afforded,—but I usually prefer to deny my eyes while I am ascending a mountain, and experience the thrill of delight which the whole vast landscape awakens when it suddenly and for the first time breaks on the view from the mountain summit. After leaving the woods the path winds circuitously round to avoid the steep bluffs which lie in the direct course to the summit; and every little way we stopped to pick the mountain blueberries which were abundant, and a little before we came to the house we were delighted to find a cool spring of water.

After more than two hours patient climbing the topmost steep was scaled and we stood on the rocky summit of Kiergarre. But we were too tired just then to be very appreciative, and quickly entered the deserted house which stands alone among the clouds, the play of the winds and storms,—and threw ourselves unceremoniously down in the first available place of rest. The wind whistled wildly over the summit and every available shawl was immediately put in use. If I am faithful in my history of the excursion I must say that some of our party looked a little crest-fallen at the idea of spending the night here, with no conveniences for fire, no beds, in a house without windows or doors, and which had been for years at the mercy of the lawless tempests, and more lawless visitors, who seemed to have taken an unaccountable delight in mutilating it in every possible manner. But they soon got the better of these foolish feelings, and by evening we were a very merry company, and that evening clear and beautiful, behind a ridge of hills, away in the dim horizon,

more than ample compensation for our toil. I then, for the first time, allowed my eye to sweep over the Diorama which was unfolding in all its grandeur and beauty below—The eye is first struck with the rich completeness and the fine commingled grandeur and beauty of the vast landscape. Then it dwells on some single mountain or valley and tries to bring order out of what is at first a confused though beautiful and vast landscape. Among the wild wilderness of mountains in the north, there is one that towers above all, in unequalled grandeur—that is unmistakably Mount Washington.

A little way to the right a sharp peak pierces the clouds—that must be Mount Jefferson. Southward in the confused array of mountains and interminable forests a little thread of silver sparkles brightly in the sun. Very often it is lost behind some hill or wood, but the eye can trace it many miles, till it is lost in the beautiful intervals of Fryeburg: That is the Saco. Just below us, in the Saco's path, is the lovely valley of North Conway—resting in "an atmosphere saturated with beauty"—Beyond it, in the west, is the long, desolate ridge of the Mote Mountains. Just over their sharp summits we gladly recognize the lonely peak of Chocorua and greet it as an old friend, for we have become very much attached to Chocorua. Then the eye wanders over a less striking, but more beautiful landscape broken into gentle hills and rich in green valleys, gemmed with ponds and refreshed by wild mountain streams. Little villages are sprinkled over the plain, and the rough farms creep far up to the hill sides. Beyond that fine meadow in the south is the pleasant village of Fryeburg, and far away is Pleasant Mountain—its air enough glory. If the atmosphere was "Portland," we might detect the spires of Portland, on the dim horizon.

I have barely enumerated some of the beauties of the landscape. I hope there is not one of my readers that does not appreciate the features of a mountain prospect and the actual view which is presented by a great deal of beauty which adds infinitely to a mountain prospect, but which cannot be at all described. There is the wealth of sunlight flooding all the plain and hill sides in beauty, and making the river sparkle like a chain of silver; the great shadows chasing each other over the mountain tops; and hurrying across the valley; the clouds floating in the smiling sky or resting on the mountain tops; the rich dark green of the foliage and the murmuring of the wind through the pines, the beautiful diversity of shade and color, and, in short, the rich perfection of everything. You must see and feel all this—it cannot be painted in words.

By and by, after we had abundantly satisfied our love of the beautiful, we collected ourselves together again, at the old shattered house, and made ready for supper. The old house gave evidence of no intention of "putting itself out," to wait on its visitors;—it provided no table, or chairs, but allowed us to distribute our baskets, and ourselves on its bare floor. No credit to the uncivil house; but we enjoyed our supper all the better, for taking it in such rustic style. The ladies drew of sundry towels, from the mouths of numerous baskets, well laden with cold chickens, cold eggs and biscuits, doughnuts and cheese, and a general proclamation went forth for all "to help themselves," which invitation needed no repetition. If there were any dyspeptic individuals seated around those baskets, they forgot at that time to weigh their food, and kept out of mind the doctors' doleful cry that the "American people, as a whole, eat too much."

Someone, during supper time, proposed that a toast-master should be appointed, and sundry toasts should be offered, but we were too much engaged in supplying the wants of the inner man to give much thought to things intellectual, and so the motion was laid on the table, and would undoubtedly have been eaten, if it had been eaten.

We ate our supper in the attic, which was partly destitute of a roof, and through the break in the house top we had an excellent point of observation. But we were under the necessity of rising from the floor to avail ourselves of this lookout, and it is with reluctance that I say that the announcement was made that the sun was just sinking behind the horizon, not even the splendor of a sunset viewed from a mountain top were a sufficient inducement to lead all of our party to rise from the floor, and from supper, to look on the scenes. This, however, by no means proves that we were unappreciative individuals, but proves certain other things—not necessary to be named.

I will not linger to attempt a description of the beauties of a mountain summit; it has been so often described by such accurate and accomplished word painters as Bayard Taylor, that a description of mine would be mere repetition. Suffice it to say the sun set that evening clear and beautiful, behind a ridge of hills, away in the dim horizon,

and the glory of the scene, re-tested to the truth those words in the holy scriptures;—"Heavens declare the glory of God, and firmament showeth his handy work."

After supper the growing coolness of the evening, we long for a fire, but no conveniences—sent for availing ourselves of that luxury. The house contained no stove or fireplace. But, at last, the idea of a bonfire suggested itself, and no sooner mentioned than all strayed away from the summit, and our ankles among the rocks, in search of necessary wood. The bare and desolate summit, on which there is now no vegetation, presents nothing in the way of fuel as here and there a withered branch which hangs since fallen from a crumbling tree whose life has been destroyed by the fires at hand, in times past, ragged on the mountain. Then there are the diminutive stumps of little shrubs which have long ago died off which are now fast becoming as dead and desolate as is every thing around them on the barren sides of the summit. There is a peculiar loneliness about the mountain top. You see the "wild glow," beautiful in nature's morning, as are out- side with the homes of men, but living things and above all this, as the air moves around you. The sky far below, but to harness in the eye of the eagle are heard only the shrill "rattle" of rocks around you. The among the tops of grass, and the green trees delicate of the general world below, and all on seek to gain top is barrenness and desolation.

But I have wandered,—I would, by no means, have the impression gathered from the previous paragraph that we, a company of sixteen pleasure seekers, were lonely, for we did not give wings to our fancy then, but gave diligent search for fire-wood. One after another fair ladies as well as fair men kept arriving and throwing down armfuls of sticks and decayed stumps in a cleft of the logs just by the house, and soon a huge pile was heaped, and a little fire was kindled, and we were seated up high into the air. We threw ourselves down on the rocks beside it, and passed away the time very merrily. The singers in the company made the mountain top vocal with the "Star Spangled Banner"—"America"—and other tunes—an Principal Wellington, with the steady light of the fire and of a candle, which he held kept putting to sleep, spite of us—read Parson's beautiful and touching Ballad of the Willey house and of the sad fate of the little household who perished in the awful wrath of the mountain and the storm, among the White Hill's years ago.

It will be unnecessary to remind the reader that by evening, we were very tired. For we had not only climbed that lofty mountain, but we had had a long search for wood and a part of our number had gone out, after thick darkness had settled over the mountain, in search of water. I cannot write a history of their adventures in quest of a spring, for I was not one of them, but judging from the account given by them on their return, they were frequently in positions of great danger, on the brinks of ledges and among the jagged rocks, and in the wild paths among the cliffs, which were so hidden by the darkness that they were in a most emphatic sense, "in risk of limb and neck." But they brought the much desired water and received the hearty thanks of the whole party. It was now time we were safely arranged for the night. But no warm beds awaited us; only the cold bare floor. However we expected this and I think we had too much of the spirit of adventure to grumble at our accommodations. One room, the most comfortable in the house, was fitted up for the ladies as well as our scanty means allowed. The windows were boarded up, an old door was set up in the place left vacant by the probable violent death of its predecessor, and a board laid on a few bricks was all the furniture we were able to provide for the room. The gentlemen were treated to an apartment that hadn't a vestige of furniture. But we managed to survive the night with no special difficulty; though the temperature, on the top of Mount Kiergarre, in the night, isn't, to say the least, offensively warm—and on the whole, it is more comfortable to sleep on beds than on the floor.

I must now put my story short. It would be unjust however to omit all mention of one new feature of beauty, which opened to us with the morning. I cannot tell you how finely the fog looked which covered the valley far below, like a vast sea, out of which rose here and there the mountain and hill tops;—the atmosphere was perfectly clear on the mountain, but over all the Southern valley the broad white expanse spread itself out like a vast sheet of water—and looked exceedingly beautiful.

About nine o'clock we left the mountain abundantly satisfied with our visit, which we enjoyed greatly, both in anticipation and realization, and we now enjoy it in the retrospect.

THE GRANARY.

A Tale which every Person will Read.

BY REV. A. C. THOMAS.

"Whoso's readeth let him understand."

Jonathan Homespun, having purchased an extensive farm, and provided himself with everything requisite to prosperous husbandry, proposes to furnish subscribers with one quart of wheat weekly, at the low price of two dollars in advance or at two dollars and fifty cents if paid after six weeks.

"The facilities afforded by the government, for the transportation of wheat to every section of the country and adjacent provinces, are such as must prove satisfactory to every subscriber; and the proprietor of the Granary assures all who may patronize him, that he will exert himself to apply an article of the first quality."

N. B. will be allowed a generous percentage. Address, post paid, Proprietor of the Granary, Hopewell. The prospectus issued by my friend Mr. Homespun. Feeling a lively interest in his welfare, I visited his farm, although it was a long journey from my home, and was pleased to find everything in nice order. He informed me that he had contracted a large debt in the purchase of the premises, stock and implements of husbandry, but he had no doubt of his ability to discharge every obligation in a few years. He also stated that he had already received many hundred subscribers, and that in four or five weeks he would commence the delivery of the wheat according to the proposal.

The scheme appeared plausible; and my friend was so confident of success, that I had not the slightest doubt of his prosperity. I entered my name as a subscriber, and when I left him he was preparing many thousand quart sacks.

Every few weeks for the space of two years, I received my quart of wheat, and concluded from its excellent quality and prompt delivery, that everything was going on as usual. Jonathan Homespun and his farm. So I gave myself no concern about my indebtedness to him, for, said I, "to a farmer so extensively patronized as he is, the small pittance of two years' arrearages would be but a drop in the bucket." It is true, there was occasionally printed on the sacks a general notice to delinquents—but I never suspected that this was intended for his friends.

The notice, became more frequent, and having leisure, I concluded I would visit my friend, the proprietor of the Granary. He greeted me cordially—but I saw that there was trouble. He was evidently worn with toil and anxiety, and in the conversation of the evening he entered into particulars.

"Here have I been laboring day and almost night for two years; and I am more in debt now than when I began. My creditors are pressing for payment; I am conscious of inability to meet their demands, and can perceive no result but bankruptcy and ruin."

"But have you not a large list of subscribers?" said I.

"Yes, a very large list," was the reply;—"but too many of them are like you!"

"Me!" I quickly rejoined in amazement;—"too many like me!"

"Pardon me," said my friend in a melancholy tone—"pardon me, for oppression will make even a wise man mad. You have had a quart of wheat weekly for two years, and I have not a cent of payment; I have a large list of the same kind of patrons, scattered here and there over thousands of miles; if they would pay me the trifles they severally owe, I should be directly freed from embarrassment, and go on my way rejoicing. But they reason as you reason; and among you I am brought to the door of poverty and ruin."

I felt the full force of the rebuke, and promptly paid arrearsages at the increased prices named in the prospectus, and also a year in advance. I bid adieu to the worthy and wronged farmer, resolved to do everything in my power to repair the injury which had accrued from my delinquency.

Oye patrons of Jonathan Homespun!—wherever ye are or whoever ye are! ye have received and eaten the wheat from his Granary, without making payment! Ye are guilty of a grievous sin of omission. Therefore repent. Pay the farmer what you owe him. Uncle Sam's teamsters bring you the sacks of grain every week, and Uncle Sam's teamsters will carry the money safely to Jonathan Homespun.

TESTS OF CHARACTER. A great many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had but broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep a while when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she slips it herself, and often it cups hand-

ed back to her to be refilled before she has had time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that the breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this is not for one, but for every morning perhaps, through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it, and see. Oh, how does woman blame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah, it is these little things which are the tests of character; it is by these "little" self-denials, borne with much self forgetting gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eye of angels.

Refus Choate, who recently died, was—in his time—the greatest Advocate before the jury panel, that our country could produce! The following anecdotes, illustrating his oratorical power, will be read with interest for his memory is yet fresh in the minds of the American people; it is from an article on the genius of Choate in Putnam's Monthly:—

We once heard a lawyer who had often heard Choate speak, declared that the finest exhibition of eloquence he ever heard from him, was in a little country office, before a judge of probate, upon the proving of a will. It was a winter morning, and the judge sat before the fire, with his feet up in the most careless manner. He evidently had a great contempt for oratory as applied to law, and was quite resolved to have none of it; so turning up his head, as he saw the counsel for the heir looking at a pile of papers on said, in the most indifferent way, "If you've any objections to make, Mr. Choate, just state them now." (The idea of asking Rufus Choate to "just state" anything!) Choate began in the most tame manner he could assume, by running over a few dry legal ass's, and some musty and stale precedents.

The old judge began to pick up his ears; soon the argument advanced from a mere legal principal to a trifling but telling illustration of it, crouched, however as far as possible, in legal phraseology; the judge gave more attention, and the advocate enforced the illustration by a very energetic argument, but not yet flowery; and speedily the judge's legs came down one after the other, his body turned round, and his eyes were fixed on the speaker; and at last, as he rose into his congenial and unfettered field of argument, and pictured with flaming passion the consequences of the whole domestic and social state of New England, if the construction for which he contended should not be applied to the wills of the farmers of New England, the judge fairly nodded in admiring acquiescence, and the unequalled advocate carried the case and the tribunal, at the point of the bayonet.

The peroration of one of his arguments, as we now recall it from memory, after an interval of some years, was an affecting illustration of the tender and beautiful traits of his speaking. It was an argument to a single judge sitting without a jury, to hear a libel for divorce. Daniel Webster was on the other side, and he supported the husband's petition for a divorce, on the ground of the alleged wrong of the wife. Choate defended the wife on the ground that the principal witness in the case was not to be believed, and that the wife was falsely accused by the husband, who perhaps was impatient of the matrimonial chain. He wound up a close and clamorous attack upon the witness who swore to certain improperities of a young man with the lady, his client, by the vehement declaration that if this were true, "That young man is the Alcibiades of America;" this he uttered with vehemence and impassioned energy, "fire in his eye, and fury on his tongue;" and then he made a full stop; he looked into the stern grand face of Webster, he looked at the scowling husband, and the tearful wife; he looked at the solemn judge; his eyes seemed to moisten with his thought; and presently a grave, calm and plaintive tone broke the deep stillness: "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. I beseech your Honor, put not away this woman from her wedded husband, to whom she has ever been true, but keep them still together; and, ere long, some of the dispensations of life, some death bed repentance of a false witness, giving up her falsehood with her dying breath, some sickness, some calamity touching this husband's own heart, shall mend his diseased mind, and give her back to happiness and love." The sublime gentleness, and plaintive beauty of this appeal to the stern image of Justice, aptly personified in the single Judge, sitting silent before him, was made more marked by the bold, strong way in which Webster, who instantly rose to reply, began his argument. For conscious, apparently, of the strong sympathy which Choate had raised, he launched a heavy blow at his feeling, at the outset. He opened by a very powerful, but unpolished and inharmonious, comparison of

SCOTT. Nov. 1. ...

THE SECRET OF HEALTH.—(By one who has tried it.)

MARRIAGES. In North Bridgton, on the 31st ult., by Rev. J. W. Harris, Mr. Micajah Gleason and Miss Mary Gibbs, both of Bridgton.

Notice. Those holding POSTAGE STAMPS of the first introduction are hereby notified that they must be exchanged for stamps of the new style on or before the fourteenth day of November, and that the old issue will not thereafter be used in payment of postage letters sent from this office.

Taxes! Taxes!! PAY YOUR TAXES! All persons indebted for Taxes on bills committed to John Kilborn, Jr., who is enabled by reason of sickness, are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber, who is duly authorized to receive and pay the same, having been appointed collector by the Assessors as the law directs.

Farm at Auction! Will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises of Sanders Kimball in WATERFORD, on TUESDAY, the 12th day of November next, at ten o'clock A. M., the Farm situated in the southwesterly part of Waterford, and known as the "James Robbins Farm."

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS INSURANCE COMPANY OF PITTSFIELD, MASS. THIS Old and substantial Company, with a Cash Capital and Surplus of \$225,000.

MILITARY CAPS! WE can furnish MILITARY COMPANIES with any style of Military Caps at the LOWEST PRICES.

BYRON GREENOUGH & CO., 145 and 150 Middle Street, PORTLAND, ME. 40

SAML ADLAM, Jr., DEALER IN—PARLOR, CHAMBER AND PLAIN FURNITURE, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN CHINA, CROCKERY AND Glass Ware, BRITANNIA WARE, TABLE CUTLERY, PLATED WARE, And a general assortment of House FURNISHING GOODS

Boarding and Livery Stable. DR. E. F. RIPLEY Takes this method to inform the public that he has leased and refitted the "OLD ELM HOUSE STABLE," on Temple Street, Portland, for the purpose of carrying on the above business with confidence that by his careful and well appointed staff he will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

Veterinary Surgery! DR. RIPLEY will continue to treat diseases of Horses, Cattle, and in fact, all domestic animals, upon the most approved principles, at his old stand, Elm House Stable, Temple Street, Portland.

FLOUR. 50 BARRELS EXTRA AND DOUBLE EXTRA FLOUR, For sale LOW FOR CASH, by OCT 24 JAMES R. ADAMS.

UNION CLOTHING-STORE The Largest and best Stock of CLOTHING!

BURLEIGH'S 133 Middle Street, Portland, Consisting in part of OVER COATS, From \$3.50 to \$18.00.

ARE YOU INSURED? The attention of those contemplating LIFE INSURANCE is requested to the system and advantage of this Company.

JOSIAH BURLEIGH, Oct. 10, 1861. 6m40

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 set of rooms for the purpose of making Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, and Photographs, in all their branches, at No. 90 MIDDLE STREET.

GRANT'S COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS. Original Establishment. J. GRANT, Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATUS AND CREAM TARTER.

J. H. KIMBALL, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BRIDGTON, ME. Office and Residence nearly opposite Dixey's.

DIXEY STONE & SON, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, PAINTS AND OILS, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, &c. &c., BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

A NEW STOCK OF WINTER GOODS JUST RECEIVED. REMOVAL. The undersigned would inform the public of their removal to No. 300 CENTRAL STREET, (THOMAS'S BLOCK).

WHITE LEAD & COLOR MANUFACTORY, On Manjoy Street, where we are manufacturing all kinds of COLOURS, White Lead, Japan, Putty, &c. &c.

ARE YOU INSURED? The attention of those contemplating LIFE INSURANCE is requested to the system and advantage of this Company.

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CAUTION! All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing a note given by me to Willam H. Larabee, dated June 25th, 1861, for forty-five dollars in six months, as the same was without consideration and will not be paid.

FARM FOR SALE. The subscriber offers for sale his FARM, situated on the "Ridge" in Bridgton, containing forty acres of good land favorably divided into tillage, pasture and woodland, with an orchard.

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

J. P. WEBB, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BRIDGTON CENTER, ME. Prof. Frank H. Hamilton, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

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, BEDSTEDS, &c. PLANING, SAWING, &c. Done at short notice, and with dispatch.

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