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The Bridgton Reporter.

VOL IV.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1861.

NO 2.

The Bridgton Reporter

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BY S. H. NOYES.

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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness, and despatch.

RAFFAELLE SMITH'S ADVENTURE.

The down train from London had just entered the great Cokerhampton station; the hour was 9:50 A.M., the time a lovely June morning, a couple of years since. At Cokerhampton, the railway traveller is allowed to leave his carriage for a few minutes in order to snatch a hasty cup of coffee or a basin of soup; but it being, as every one knows the custom at Cokerhampton, to keep both these stimulants at a boiling point, the request is usually performed under considerable difficulties.

Among the rest of those whose steps were directed by appetite towards the refreshment saloon was a straight, long-limbed, handsome young fellow, with a brown shooting jacket, brown moustache, and a wide awake that had seen service. This was my friend, Raffaele Smith, of Clipsestone street, London, landscape painter, journeying in the search of 'Bits' of nature, as he termed them 'for his next year's pictures.' As this may be a little too technical for the general readers, we may more clearly express what we mean by stating that, according to custom, the young artist was going to the West country to sketch from nature.

Now, it happened on this particular occasion that although Raffaele Smith had been out of his bed since dawn, he had spent so much time in packing his easel, canvasses, colors and other baggage of his artistic campaign, that it came to be a question whether he should breakfast and lose the train, or catch the train and lose his breakfast—breakfast, as the least important, was sacrificed. Accordingly my friend found himself at Cokerhampton, some 60 miles from London, with a most acute sense of emptiness of stomach, just as the railway guard was calling out, 'Train starts in ten minutes—goats.'

To a man in my friend's unbreakfasted condition such an intimation could not have the effect of checking the ardor with which the traveller usually seeks the Cokerhampton refreshment saloon. A very sharp appetite, and the exigencies of the railway time table gave promptness to Raffaele Smith's movements, and he caused that young luminary of art to be among the first of them to refreshment at Cokerhampton's refreshment counters. Accordingly the pressing question of the guard had scarcely been answered when my friend found himself in the most plentifully garnished portion of the saloon. The Cokerhampton waitresses are well neat handed than natty, and Raffaele Smith's appetite would, doubtless, have been quickly appeased, had not the following interruption interrupted his perfunctory call for

There a gentleman here named Smith? The artist scrutinized the face of his fellow-travellers, in order to ascertain whether the question were addressed to any of them; but no one replied, he himself went 'jump' the servant.

It appears that I am the only Mr. Smith here, you want me?" "I want a Mr. Smith who has arrived by train from London."

"But I am unknown to a single individual in this town."

"I know that sir," answered the groom solemnly. "That is the reason I am sent to answer to Mr. Smith."

The name why you are sent to me, I repeat, Smith in great astonishment. "By what name?"

the course of a few seconds with the solution of this enigma. The groom who had heard the latter remark, put on a broad grin, and when they were in the street, said:

"Beg pardon, sir, but wasn't you having a laugh at them gents? They'll be precious mistaken if they think you are going back to laugh there!"

"I tell you what, young man," replied Smith, irritated by the manner of the groom, "mark me, if you don't explain everything at once—if you have had the misfortune to be charged with a practical joke at my expense—I shall not leave you without a sound thrashing" (the groom bowed respectfully), "for causing me to lose my lunch and miss my train."

"Ah, sir, I see you're a gent as wishes to have his joke," replied the imperturbable groom. "Now, sir, don't you know very well that you will not leave Cokerhampton to-day? As for the lunch, I don't think you will mind that, when you see the magnificent spread getting ready for you up at the villa."

The last phrase, though not more comprehensible than the other portion of the groom's conversation somewhat calmed the artist's ire.

"Then I am expected to dine by your master?"

"You'll be good enough to speak about dinner with my mistress," answered the messenger.

"A lady, a good dinner, and a mystery! Well," cried Raffaele, flickering off the dust from his boots with his handkerchief, that is not very alarming. The adventure is taking a rather interesting turn. Once more, he added, to the domestic, are you quite certain it is to me, Raffaele Smith, Clipsestone street, London, landscape painter, that your mistress has sent this cordial invitation?"

"Your very gent, sir," answered the groom readily; "and here's the note she sent to you."

Raffaele hastily snatched a little note which the groom held towards him. The address was plain enough, 'Mr. Smith,' although the writing was completely unknown to the artist. He tore open the envelope, impatient to see what signature was at the end epistle; but to crown the mystery, the note was anonymous, and contained only these words:

"Mr. Smith is awaited with the greatest anxiety, and he is begged instantly to follow the bearer of this note. Every reliance is placed upon his alacrity and discretion."

Now this was an adventure that commenced in too charming a fashion not to follow it up. Raffaele at once forgot the refreshment counter at Cokerhampton and the next train. He boldly commanded the groom to go on.

"It is not two minutes' walk answered the servant, leading the way.

"All the better," thought the artist; "for I am literally dying with hunger and curiosity."

But on suddenly turning a corner out of the High Street, Raffaele saw an elegant brougham, into which the groom invited him to enter. The artist took his seat therein, and the driver instantly whipped his horses into a fast pace. Raffaele had learnt nothing from his interrogation of the groom. He threw himself back on the seat, and designed himself to await the denouncement of his travelling adventure. "Ah, ah!" he said to himself, as the brougham dashed along the gravelly road, the whole thing resembles an incident in the play, and I am at this moment performing the part of a fashionable lover flying to a secret rendezvous with his lady love. At any rate it will be a good story to tell my friends—that is, provided the play does not terminate in a lugubrious fashion. One thing is certain," he continued, "which is, that I don't know a single individual in Cokerhampton. Can any of my friends have come down here without my knowledge? No, that hypothesis will not stand, for I left London without telling a single soul where I was going—None of my clowns know where I am, and I only intended to bid them good bye by letter, after I had put about fifty miles of railroad between us."

The horses still maintained their fast pace, and Raffaele threw himself back in the carriage, giving free rein to his imagination. "I have it!" he cried, suddenly slapping his knee, "I have found the key of the enigma! I'll wager that it is the work of Thomson or Meglip. I don't know which, but I have a faint recollection of one of them telling me he had an uncle living in the neighborhood of Cokerhampton. That's it! Either Thomson or Meglip is rusticated down here—has seen me get out at the railway station—and (and I mean idea!) has sent me an unprovoked invitation. A clever and discreet groom—a mysterious note—I am carried off—I alight at the arched door—delightful surprise—introduction—good dinner—capital little party choice wine—lights—conversation. Ah! a good joke!"

Raffaele had no sooner brought his soliloquy to a satisfactory termination, than he thrust his head out of the window. He was resolved to put his idea at once upon an authentic basis by extracting a few confirmatory replies from the groom. "Hi, coachman! just pull up a moment, Young man," he continued, addressing the groom, "I want you to answer a question." The coachman pulled up his horses; the groom was at the door in an instant. "Your master's name is Thomson?" inquired Raffaele. The groom touched his hat. "No, sir?" "Then you are in the service of Mr. Meglip?" "Don't know any person of that name, sir," responded the laconic groom. Raffaele fell back on his seat thoroughly routed. In an instant the active groom had resumed his place beside the driver, and the vehicle was whirling rapidly along the road. Raffaele pulled his hat over his eyes, crossed his arms, and felt like a general whose elite corps, sent forward to turn the tide of battle, had just been repulsed—annihilated. At the end of ten minutes the brougham stopped before a little green gate, which was immediately opened. The artist descended and mechanically followed a servant, who led him across the garden. After proceeding along a trimly garden walk, he reached the back entrance of a country mansion. "Beg pardon, sir," said the domestic, "but mistress thought you would not mind coming into the house through the kitchen as you might not like to be seen by the company till you had changed your dress."

"Don't mention it," replied Raffaele, casting a glance at the great fire, the spit and the bright stewpans. They crossed the kitchen, and the servant, opening the door, led the way up the narrow staircase.

"Hush! Be silent as you can, sir, we are on the private stairs of the house leading to your apartment. Pray take care; hold on by the rail; follow me!" Raffaele ascended on tip-toe. "This is your room, sir. Will you take a seat while I go and inform my mistress?"

"Raffaele Smith, dropped into a chair, once more entangled in an extricable maze, of supposition. "There's evidently some mistake here. It is quite clear that I am taken for some one else. When the lady of the house discovers that I am a total stranger—well I shall be politely shown to the door, amidst the laughter of the company—that's all! Come, the affair is now taking a tragic turn. That splendid repast on which my imagination dwelt, is being whisked from under my nose like saucy punch's dinner. But if it turns out so, muttered the enraged artist between his teeth—"if I am ejected from this house, my unappetized appetite will drive me to half kill that villainous dunkey who has brought me into this scrape. Hark! I hear foot steps! They approach! The catastrophe is now at hand!"

The servant entered and said in a whisper to Raffaele—

"Hear is my mistress!"

At the same instant a lady entered the apartment. She appeared to be about fifty years of age. Grave, self-possessed, and perfectly lady-like, her deportment reassured the bewildered painter. The lady requested the servant outside, advanced, and held out her hand with a smile, in which there was a shade of well bred familiarity. Raffaele responded to this polite reception by making several bows of an aristocratic character.

"What on earth is she going to say to me?" thought the young painter. "The lady appears to look upon me in the light of a friend. I wonder what reason she will assign for my abduction?"

"Ah, sir!" began the lady, "we have been awaiting your arrival with the greatest anxiety. It appears that Charles has not accompanied you, as we requested him to do. At any rate, we have received you." (Another smile on the part of the lady—giving her in Raffaele's eyes, the most Sphinx-like attributes). "I am sure you'll agree with me when I say that that is the essential point. How many thanks and apologies do we not owe you!"

"Owe me, madame! I am sure—yes—ah!" replied the young painter, judging that in such a reply there was nothing to compromise him.

"Yes sir. But Charles has made you acquainted with the imperious motives which have caused us to act in this abrupt manner; and these strange and exceptional circumstances will, I trust, completely excuse us in your eyes. Only an intimate friend to my son—a friend whom he has known since boyhood; a gentleman in whom we could confide as him—such a person only could we admit to a complicity in our plot."

The eulogium which Charles passed upon you in his letter of yesterday, informing us of your immediate departure from London, has fully satisfied us. My dear sir, I am certain we shall never have to repeat having repented our entire confidence in you—of

having confided to you will never have cause to regret having placed implicit reliance on the honor of Charles and of ourselves."

"I am certain of it, madame," answered Raffaele, whose curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch.

"But the time draws near. You are somewhat late," continued the lady; "all the company are assembled in the drawing room. Write to inform us that he had arrived everything with you. I assure you nothing is neglected. Ah! I see you are in your travelling dress, and in your haste, have forgotten your luggage at Cokerhampton—You will find in that wardrobe some clothes of Charles's. He wrote to us that you were both of the same stature. I see that you are a little taller. However that is not material. Pray attire yourself as quickly as you can. In a quarter of an hour my brother and the major will come hear for you. He will introduce you to the family and to our friends. Adieu, for the present, then, my dear sir—I may almost say my dear Smith," said the lady, holding out her hand with another elegant but most inexplicable smile—and she went out, leaving my friend in a condition bordering on complete stupefaction.

"Well, well," he said, when he had something recovered himself, "if this is a farce, it is not a bad one. I must admit that the matron of the piece plays her part in the most captivating manner. But I think I may be allowed to call her a most puzzling old lady. Ah! if I fully understood but one single word of this affair! If I only knew her son who is called Charles, and her brother, the major who is come to conduct me to the assembled company, to introduce me, and to offer me—something to eat, I hope!—But I must hush to put on the clothes of Charles—my most intimate though unknown friend! The lady said they were in the ward robe. Ah! this is capital! Coat, waistcoat, patent leathers, all here; and on the dressing table, oils, brushes, cosmetics—Charles is evidently a swell of the most respectable character!"

In a very short time Raffaele, transformed into an elegant cavalier. While he was contemplating himself with some satisfaction in a glass, and taking in by several holes, the band of that article of attire which envelops the neither extremities, with a view of silencing the murmurs of the stomach, an individual entered the apartment and Raffaele heard behind him, in a deep bass voice—

"Well my dear Mr. Smith, are you now ready?"

A glance at the tall, meagre, military form, that hooked nose, that white moustache, told the painter that it was the major. Raffaele was by no means comfortable in spirit as he turned towards the old man. The latter, however, seemed to review him from head to foot with an air of satisfaction.

I am glad to find that Charles has not deceived us. I must admit that you are a smart young fellow, and not ill-suited to the business we have before us. Your hand given you by Charles?"

"On that point my dear sir," replied Raffaele, "you may be quite easy. I can assure you that I have not forgotten one word of what Charles has told me."

"Very good. You will recollect my niece's name is Emily, and that it is absolutely essential in order to save her in the eyes of the world, and particularly in the eyes of my old cousin Lucy's friends—it is imperative I repeat, in order that our proceedings may not appear strange, unbecoming and abrupt, that you should pretend to have made the acquaintance of my niece while she was staying with her mother in London a year ago. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, major, perfectly."

"Then let us go down at once."

Raffaele Smith experienced considerable hesitation at this critical moment; but the singularity of the adventure, the desire to see the conclusion, and it must also be added, the devouring appetite which tormented him, all united in compelling him to follow in the major's footsteps. The latter led the way down a vast and richly decorated staircase, and opening a door ushered him into a magnificent drawing-room, where the bewildered painter found himself in the presence of a brilliant and numerous assembly. The entrance of major and painter produced a general sensation.

"I have the honor," said the major to introduce to you Mr. Smith—the future husband of Emily Shuttleworth, my niece."

At this extraordinary announcement, Raffaele felt his knees giving way beneath him—all the blood in his body seemed to be rushing into his cheeks—he was a victim to vertigo—he was fairly stunned—and if the major had not supported him, he would certainly have fallen backwards.

"Be cool," whispered the major; be self-possessed, Smith! master your emotions!"

To recover himself cost the young artist the greatest effort he made in his life. The major conducted him towards the lady whom he had already seen, and who was introduced to him as the mother of Emily. In a very short time Raffaele found himself surrounded by the relatives and friends of the young lady, whom he had no more idea of marrying than allying himself, matrimonially, with a squaw of the Choctaw Indians. Raffaele felt himself somewhat of a culprit, as he stood there receiving congratulations, and overloaded with marks of respect and friendship from the well-bred people congregated in a house wherein he had no better claim present than a burglar. In an excess of embarrassment Raffaele turned in search of his military guide. He was resolved to put an end to an affair which was rapidly becoming too serious and too alarming for any man of delicacy to prolong by his silence.

The major, taking him aside into a recess; one of the spacious windows, cut short the first efforts of the artist to carry out his honorable intention.

"Tut tut!" said he with true military promptitude; "not a word my dear Smith. I repeat your arrival makes me the happiest man alive!"

"But my dear sir—your niece—" "My niece thinks as I do, sir, and as her mother thinks. Mr. Smith just imagine what we felt when we heard that a train had been run into only a few miles from Cokerhampton—several carriages smashed, sir—and had you been in that train, my niece would have lost a fortune of fifty thousand pounds."

The perplexed Raffaele could only repeat the numerals in reply.

"Yes my dear Smith," continued the major, "fifty thousand pounds, sir! For to-morrow the date given in my old cousin Lucy's will expires."

"To-morrow the date given in your old cousin Lucy's will expires, was all that Raffaele could repeat."

"To-morrow at twelve, sir! But that stupid dog, Charles should have told you all this. But perhaps, he has only very imperfectly explained to you my cousin's extraordinary will."

"Very imperfectly," replied Raffaele.

"Well, I will furnish you with all the details. You must know that my cousin Lucy died a year since, leaving a sum of money amounting to fifty thousand pounds. Now that sum was left to my niece, Emily on the express condition that she should be a married woman a year and a day after the date of the testator's death. Failing in which, all the property goes to charities. We loved Emily too much to force her into a hasty and distasteful union. Emily has not reached her twenty-first year; and she has never yet met one on whom she could bestow her loving heart. Time went on, and we were on the point of resigning the brilliant fortune which had been left to her on such extraordinary conditions, when, a few days ago her brother Charles suddenly wrote to us—'Emily shall be married before the appointed time! We at first received this intimation as a piece of idle pleasantry; but Charles spoke of you with so much admiration—he drew such a favorable picture of your disposition, your principles—he spoke in such a touching manner of the brotherly love which had united you and himself since your school days, that my sister and myself consented to render Emily rich and happy. You know the rest my dear Mr. Smith. Charles sought you—he offered you the hand and heart, which you accepted—and in a few hours you came here to become my nephew and the husband of our dear Emily. Yourself, Emily, her mother, Charles and myself, are all to whom the secret of this impromptu marriage is yet known. In order to keep up appearances, we have told every one that you and Emily have known each other since the time of her spending some months in London, a year since; and that for a length of time you have been soliciting her hand. Hence you see why my sister and myself pretend to hail you as an old acquaintance from the first moment of your entering the house."

That is my story, my dear nephew."

At the instant when the major had concluded his speech, and when the artist was about to avow with exemplary frankness and honesty, that he was not the real and expected Smith, there arose a great commotion in the drawing room.

"Hasten, my dear friend," cried the major, "hasten to give your hand to your future wife at the altar! The carriages are at the door."

Raffaele reflected a moment. "If I speak now," he said to himself, "I bring trouble, scandal, despair, upon this excellent family. I must tell the truth to the major when we enter the carriage—feign illness—anything to save my honor!"

The major little suspected what was passing through the mind of the young man, whose arm was in his own, conducted him to a seat in an elegant brougham, which was drawn up with several other vehicles before

the door of the villa. Raffaele Smith was an honest man, and his conscience revolted at the act he was about to perform. He leaned forward and clutched the hand of the major, who sat opposite to him, with a cold and convulsive grasp. He could hardly stammer out, in a low voice—

"I must speak out before we proceed a step further!"

The pallid features of the trembling voice of the young man, who had the will to speak.

"What is the matter?" he cried, "what can you have to say at such a moment as this?" "Sir," said the artist, "I am not the man whom you expected."

The major fell back on his seat as if struck by a cannon shot.

"You are not Mr. Smith!" he cried in a clanking voice.

Hereupon the painter related with loyal frankness, the incidents which had conducted him to the house of Emily's mother; the error which had kept him there to the moment of his introduction to the guest in the drawing-room, and the real, though apparently trivial, motives which prevented him from proclaiming the truth.

"Ah! sir," cried the major in despair, "what shall we do now?—what step can we take? My niece is ruined. And that is not the worst, her reputation is compromised! lost!—as well as her mother's and my own! Before more than twenty persons we have all three declared that we knew you some time. How can we retract those words without drawing upon ourselves the most terrible ridicule and scandal? This will kill my niece sir!"

"I am ready to do anything," said Raffaele. "How can I repair the misfortune of this fatal mistake?"

"It is too late," cried the major. There is no way of saving ourselves.

At this moment the coach pulled up at the church door.

"What is to be done?" inquired the artist, as he alighted before the door of the sacred edifice.

"My dear sir," answered the major—whose military decision seemed to be restored—"this is to no use; you must marry my niece. It is true you are a stranger to me; but so is my nephew's friend. The manner in which you have just spoken the truth to me tells me you are a man of honor. Hasten, sir—take Emily's hand!—but remember not a word of this to any one; its a secret between us both."

And with these words the major hastily pushed Raffaele into the church. In a few moments the artist stood before the altar, beside a young and charming girl of twenty, whose face wore an expression as tender and pure as that of a Madonna painted by one of the old masters of Italy. She cast up her eyes at the approach of the young artist—her glance at first timid became in an instant more reassured as she saw what a handsome and more than all, what an open, honest face looked upon her own. As the major afterwards declared, it might have been seen by any one that the emotion and blushes of both Raffaele and Emily clearly betokened an affair of love at first sight.

The marriage was celebrated, and the ceremony was followed, to the great joy of the bridegroom, by a splendid repast. The major took advantage at a favorite moment to slip out so as to intercept his nephew Charles, with his friend, the other an original Mr. Smith. He met them in a hotel in the neighboring town to Cokerhampton. He learnt that both had been passengers in the train which had been run into. Charles had escaped unhurt, but his friend had received a severe injury.

The major told all to his nephew. Poor Smith No. 1 after lying for some time in a dangerous condition, at length recovered, and was induced to go back to London, without making any protest against the marriage, to which a common form of surname and the accidents of steam had given rise—Charles at first wanted to lodge the contents of a five-barrelled Colt's revolver in the breast of his improvised brother-in-law; but after a few months he shook hands warmly with the man whom he found to be dearly loved by his sister, and soon became as devoutly attached to him as to the Smith of his school-days.

Raffaele made an excellent husband. Chance has made this pair more happy than thousands who have spent time and thought in choosing. Emily loves her husband—Raffaele Smith adores his wife, but he is very careful never to tell her he was 'married for a dinner!'

Barry's Boy. Speaking of the Ball's Bluff affair, the Philadelphia Ledger says: "For cool bravery no troops in human history surpassed in determined courage and true discipline of our troops engaged in the action. Old Pennsylvania and old Massachusetts have covered themselves with glory, and the Empire State with her almost invincible soldiers, stood with them shoulder to shoulder."

Gen. Scott's physicians, it is announced have advised him to visit Europe for his health, and it is expected that he will sail for France soon.

features of its teeth, and the outlines of the clarity are points of similarity in both, which would be more striking if Beauregard were not of the true Louisiana Creole tint, while McClellan is fair-complexioned. Beauregard has a dark, dull student's eye, the dullness of which arises, however, from its formation, for it is full of fire, and its glances are quick and searching. McClellan has a deep clear eye, into which you can look far and deep, while you feel it searches as and deep into you. Beauregard has something of pretension in his manner—not hauteur, but a folding-armed meditative sort of air which seems to say, "Don't disturb me; I'm thinking of military movements." McClellan seems to be always at leisure; but you feel at the same time you ought not to intrude too much upon him, even when you seek in vain for the grounds of that impression in anything that he is doing or saying. Beauregard is more subtle, eratic, and astute; McClellan is more comprehen-

The annual meeting of the State Teacher's Association assembles at Richmond on Monday of Thanksgiving week. It continues three days. Ladies will receive gratuitous entertainment.

tioned stood up or improperly remained seated in prayer time; whether a proper proportion of Squire D's family were at church, and whether Squire D's wife was attended in a manner "becom[ing] a mortal traveling to the tomb;" whether her nephew George—"wicked boy"—didn't steal an occasional glance towards neighbor A's rosy

Mount Washington is entirely covered with snow.

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The New York Commercial Advertiser compiles a list of the losses on both sides since the outbreak of rebellion, commencing with the attack of the Massachusetts troops in Baltimore, and embracing the numerous fights and skirmishes that have since occurred, and the result is as follows:—Federal—killed 960, wounded 2,441, prisoners 2,371. Rebels—killed 4019, wounded 16,044, prisoners 20,335, these figures, however do not include the killed and wounded of scouting parties of which there is no official record.

THE SECRET OF HEALTH.—(By one who has tried it.)
Let all who would avoid the woes
Of catching cold and sneezing—
The nameless horrors of "black dose,"
The pain and grief of wheezing,
Rheumatic anguish swollen throat,
(These plagues that come together.)
Just use a few of Herriek's Pills,
And made to suit the weather.
See advertisement on third page. 1yr39

Bridgton Academy
AT NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.
THE WINTER TERM will commence on TUESDAY, Dec. 3, 1861, and continue eleven weeks.
C. E. HILTON, A. B., PRINCIPAL.
Board near the Academy can be obtained for \$2.00 per week, wood and lights extra. Students can reduce their expenses by boarding themselves.
No pains will be spared to render the School pleasant and profitable to all who attend.
Text Books supplied at Portland prices.
T. H. MEAD, Secy.
North Bridgton, Nov. 12, 1861.

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

Moses Gould, Guardian of **MARY S. DEERING**, minor heir of Mark Deering, late of Bridgton, deceased, having presented his first account of Guardianship of said minor for Probate.

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

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

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

Moses Gould, Guardian of **CHARLES M. WHITMAN**, minor heir of Charles Whitman, late of Waterford, deceased, having presented his third account of Guardianship of said minor for Probate.

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

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

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

IT WILL BE SHORT WORK!
NATHANIEL PEASE, Collector.
Bridgton, Oct. 30, 1861.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PITTSFIELD, MASS.

THIS Old and substantial Company, with a Cash Capital and Surplus of \$225,000,
All paid up and invested in the best securities—continues to insure against loss or damage by Fire, on

Village Stores, Merchandise, Druggists, Fur, and Tanners, Mills, and Farm Property, on the most favorable terms.
First Class Village and Farm Houses, and Barns; also, Hay, Grain, and Live Stock, may be insured for One, Three, or Five Years, at very low rates, without any liability to assessments.

All losses promptly and liberally adjusted, and paid at the Agency in Portland.
EXETER H. KILBOURNE, President.
J. C. GOODRICH, Secretary.

Apply to **W. D. LITTLE**, General Agent, Portland, or to **GEO. G. WIGHT**, in Bridgton who are also agents for other good Stock and Mutual Companies. 1yr1

WEBSTER IN THE SENATE.

THE magnificent National Engraving representing that scene witnessed in the United States Senate March 7th 1850—Webster delivering his great speech for the Union and the Constitution, is now being published from new plates, and can be had for the nominal sum of \$1 25. It contains over one hundred Portraits, and is the largest and most expensive engraving ever sold in this country for less than \$5 to \$10 dollars. Sent post paid to any address on receipt of price.

AGENTS WANTED.
We want to secure the services of some lady or gentleman in every county to act as an exclusive agent, and will make such an arrangement as will enable them to make \$100 per month profit. Send for terms, enclosing \$1 25 for specimen copy.

JONES & CLARK, Publishers,
1 m 61. 83 Nassau Street, N. Y.

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 business of boarding and livery, and feels confident that by furnishing good Board, good care and well appointed livery teams, he can give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

Veterinary Surgery!

DR. RIPLEY still continues to treat diseases of Horses, Cattle, and all domesticated animals, upon the most approved principles, at his old stand, Elm House Stable, Temple Street, Portland.
E. F. RIPLEY, V. S.
3m49

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!
GENTS
Furnishing Goods AND CLOTHS,
Ever offered in this State, may be found at
BURLEIGH'S
163 Middle Street, Portland,
Consisting in part of
OVER COATS,
From 3.50 to \$18.00.
DRESS FROCK COATS,
From 4.00 to \$16.00.
SACK COATS,
From 2.50 to \$10.00.
Pantaloon,
From 1.25 to \$5.00.
VESTS,
From 75 cts to \$7.00.

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,
Of every description.
Rubber Clothing,
BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
DOESKINS,
OVER-COATINGS,
AND VESTINGS,
Of every description, all of which will be sold very low for Cash.

NO. 163 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND.

JOSIAH BURLEIGH.
Oct. 10, 1861. 6m49

MILITARY CAPS!

We can furnish MILITARY COMPANIES with any style of
Military Caps
at the LOWEST PRICES.

Will send samples when ordered.

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

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

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

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

138 and 140 Middle Street, y12 PORTLAND. 1f36

J. H. KIMBALL, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BRIDGTON, ME.,
Office and Residence nearly opposite Dixey Stone's store. 1f13

DIXEY STONE & SON,
—DEALERS IN—
DRY GOODS,
AND
GROCERIES,
PAINTS AND OILS,
HARDWARE.
CROCKERY, &c. &c.,
BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.
A NEW STOCK OF
WINTER GOODS
JUST RECEIVED.

The undersigned would inform the public of their removal to
NO. 500 1/2 CENTRAL STREET, (THOMAS'S BLOCK.)
and avail ourselves of this opportunity to call attention to our present large and well assorted stock of
Drugs, Paints, Oils, Leads, &c. &c.

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

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

WILSON & BURGESS.
Portland, Jan. 16, 2861. 1f11

ARE YOU INSURED?

The attention of those contemplating **LIFE INSURANCE** is requested to the system and advantage of this Company. Insurance may be obtained, at reduced rates of premium, with the **STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,** OF WORCESTER, MASS.

Chartered in 1854.—Cash fund, June 1, 1860, nearly \$300,000.

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 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. Premiums may be paid annually, semi-annually or quarterly.

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

Within a short time, I have paid \$25,000 to parties in this city and vicinity, on lives of persons insured at this Agency, some of whom had been insured but a short time.

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.

Apply to
W. D. LITTLE, General Agent,
Portland, or to **ENOCH KNIGHT, Bridgton** is 1f 2

THE ORIGINAL T. B. BURNHAM,
—OF—
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.

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

Miss Burnham will wait upon visitors as usual. Please call and see for yourselves a large collection of finished Photographs.

Yours respectfully,
T. B. BURNHAM.
Portland, Feb. 6, 1861.

GRANT'S COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.
Original Establishment.

J. GRANT,
Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of
COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATUS AND CREAM TARTER,

New Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 15 and 16 Union Street, PORTLAND, ME.

Coffee and Spices put up for the trade, with any address in all variety of Packages, and Warranted in every instance as represented.

Pea-Nuts and Coffee Roasted and Ground 51 for the Trade, at short notice. 1y

All Goods entrusted at the owner's risk.

CAUTION!

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing a note given by me to William H. Larabee, dated June 25th, 1861, for forty-five dollars in six months, as the same was without consideration and will be paid by **ABIGAIL W. KIMBALL.**
Bridgton, Sept. 25th, 1861. 3w47

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.
The Buildings are new and commodious.
This valuable property is one of the most desirable locations in this region. It is within 1 1/2 miles of the Academy, quarter of a mile from the District school house, and only 1 1/2 miles from the Post office.
Possession will be given either this Spring or next Fall.
Terms of payment easy. For further particulars apply to **AARON GIBBS,** or **BENJAMIN WALKER,** Bridgton, April 4, 1861. 1f22

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

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

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

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

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. 42

S. M. HAYDEN,
—DEALER IN—
BOOKS, STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS
AND
CUTLERY.

Also, **DRUGS, CHEMICALS,** and most of the **POPULAR MEDICINES** of the day.

PURE WINES for mechanical and medicinal purposes. **BRIDGTON CENTER.**

BOOKS TO BE SOLD AT GREATLY Reduced Prices.

The subscribers, in order to close out their **EXTENSIVE VARIETY OF BOOKS,** Will sell the same **AT COST,** And many of them at less

THAN HALF THE RETAIL PRICE!
Those wishing to replenish their Libraries will do well to call on
R. J. D. LARABEE & CO.
69 Exchange Street. n14 PORTLAND, ME. 6m

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.** 42

H. H. HAY & CO.
Wholesale dealers in
Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Artists' Materials, Apothecaries' Glass Ware Swedish Lenses, Cigars,

MINERAL WATER, GOLD FOIL, &c. Burning Fluid and Camphene.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal and Mechanical purposes only.

STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES, etc Always at lowest market Prices. **Lessons of 25c and Middle Street.** PORTLAND, ME. 201f

F. B. & J. H. CASWELL,
JEWELERS,
BRIDGTON CENTER, MAINE.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY
—AND—
PLATED WARE.

SPECTACLES, of every description. A superior article, with Periscope Glass.

All repairing faithfully attended to.

JOHN MEAD,
Carriage, Sign and Ornamental **PAINTER,**
NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.

Signs, Banners, and all kinds of Lettering neatly executed.

Carriages, Sleighs, and Furniture Painted and Ornamented in the best style.

Orders from neighboring towns solicited. North Bridgton, Dec. 14, 1860. 6

J. D. WOODBURY,
DEALER IN
FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS, &c.,

BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

Also—Saws GUMMED and FILED at the shortest notice. 1f

DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS of all kinds—Sold cheap at **BALL'S.**

CARPET WARE-HOUSE!
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CARPETINGS,
—LATEST STYLES—
In Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry, Ingrain, Superfine and Stair!
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS; all widths.
Straw Mattings, Rugs, Mats, &c.
Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures, Drapery Materials of Damasks and Muslins.

Feathers and Mattresses
Bought at Reduced Rates and will be sold Very Cheap for Cash, by

W. T. KILBORN & CO.
(Successors to E. H. Burgin,
FREESTONE CARPET WARE HOUSE
Chambers No. 1 and 2, Free Street Block.
Over H. J. Libby & Co's, 25 PORTLAND, ME. 1f

JUST OPENED!
A Large and Attractive Stock of
MILLINERY
AND
FANCY GOODS,

consisting of Bonnets, Ribbons, Silks, Laces, and a large assortment of French Flowers.

Also, Ladies' Misses' and Children's Hats of all styles, Blondes, Ruches, Shaker Hoods, Frames, &c.

All the above together with an assortment of **DRESS TRIMMINGS,** Fringes, Buttons, Velvet Ribbons, Netts, Undersleeves, Collars, &c., will be offered at the lowest market prices.

Bonnets Bleached and Pressed, Also, Bonnets and Hats Dyed in the most superior style.

Those wishing to purchase a Bonnet cheap will do well to call soon.

L. E. GRISWOLD
Bridgton, April 24, 1861. 25

CAUTION!
MY wife, **SARAH O. SANBORN,** having left my bed and board, without any provocation, all persons are cautioned against trusting her on my account as I shall pay no bills of her contracting after this date.
DANIEL S. SANBORN.
Sebago, Sept. 27, 1861. 25w

MARRETT, POOR & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
CARPETINGS,
Paper Hangings,
Feathers, Mattresses,
—AND—
UPHOLSTERY GOODS,
85 & 87 Middle St., (up Stairs.) 26

OLD FRIENDS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.
Herriek's Sugar Coated Pills

The best family Cathartic in the World; used twenty years by five millions of persons annually always give satisfaction; contain nothing injurious; patronized by the principal Physicians and Surgeons in the Union; elegantly coated with sugar—Large Boxes 25 cents, 5 Boxes one dollar. Full directions with each box. Warranted superior to any Pill before the public.

READ THE EVIDENCE.
Racine, Wis., Nov. 2, 1860.
To Dr. Herriek, Albany, N. Y.—Dear Sir: I cannot refrain from informing you of the wonderful effect of your Sugar Coated Pills on a boy living with me. While hard at work, drawing cord wood, he fell to the earth, as if in a fit, was insensible and partially cold. We carried him to the house, and sent for a doctor, who bled him and gave him some medicine. He remained all night in the same situation. The doctor said he would die, and left him. My wife insisted upon giving him some of your pills. We administered four in five hours, and shortly after two more, and he was better. The pills operated powerfully. At four o'clock in the afternoon he opened his eyes and spoke, commenced getting better, and in three days went to work. More than fifty of our citizens saw the boy, and will testify to what I have said. You are a stranger to me, but I think I would write to you, **ALEXANDER MORTON.**

HERRIEK'S KID STRENGTHENING PLASTERS cures in five hours pains and weakness of the breast, side and back, and Rheumatic complaints in equally short period of time. Spread on beautiful white lamb skin, their use subjects the wearer to no inconvenience, and each one will wear from one week to three months. Price 18 3/4 cents.

Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catarrh Snuff Has obtained an honorable reputation in the cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Watery and Inflamed Eyes, and those disagreeable noises, resembling the whizzing of steam, distant waterfalls, etc., purely vegetable comes with full directions, & delights all that use it; as a sneezing snuff it cannot be equalled. **BONDS 25 CENTS.**

HARVEL'S CONDITION POWDERS.
These old established Powders, so well known at the Long Island Race Course, N. Y., and sold in immense quantities through the Middle and Eastern States for the past seven years, continue to excel all other kinds; in diseases of Horses and Cattle their excellence is acknowledged everywhere. They contain nothing injurious, the animal can be worked while feeding them; simple directions go with each package, and good horses are inviolably to test their virtues and judge of their goodness.

LARGE PACKAGE, 25 CENTS.
The above articles are sold by 27,000 agents throughout the United States Canada and South America, at wholesale and at large Druggists in the principal cities.

HERRIEK & BRO.
Practical Chemists, Albany, N. Y.
Sold in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden. 1y39
E. BLANCHFIELD, Traveling Agent.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.
Are you sick, bilious, and complaining of indigestion, or of any other disorder? If so, you need Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They are the most reliable remedy for all such disorders. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that can be taken with perfect safety. They are the only pills that can be taken with perfect safety. They are the only pills that can be taken with perfect safety.

As a Family Physic.
From Dr. E. H. Cutler, New Orleans.
Your Pills are the purgative of the age. Their excellent qualities surprise any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effective in their action on the bowels, which renders them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

Headache, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach.
From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore.
Dear Sir: I cannot answer you what complaints I have cured with your Pills better than to say all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine. I have great dependence on an efficient cathartic in my daily course of practice, and believing as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., May 1, 1855.
Dr. J. C. Ayer: Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of the worst biliousness, my body can have by a dose or two of your Pills. It seems to arise from a foul stomach, which cleanses at once.

Yours with great respect,
ED. W. PREBLE,
Chief of Steam Clerks.

Bilious Disorders—Liver Complaints.
From Dr. Theodore Hall, of New York City.
Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effective for the cure of bilious complaints than any one remedy I can remember to have used, and believing as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., 7th Feb. 1856. J
Sir: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their regulating action on the liver is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for all bilious diseases of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of bilious disease so obstinate that it did not readily yield to them. Fraternal regards, **ALAN-ZO HALL, D. D.,** Physician of the Marine Hospital.

Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Relax, Worms.
From Dr. J. J. O'Brien, of Chicago.
Your Pills have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their alternative effect upon the liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in small doses in bilious dysentery and diarrhoea. Their sugar-coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood.
From Rev. J. J. Hayes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.
Dr. Ayer: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood, they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends.

Yours,
J. J. HAYES.

WARREN, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.
Dear Sir: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and purify the fountain of the blood.

JOHN G. NEKAHM, M. D.
Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, Pits, etc.

From Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.
Too much cannot be said of your Pills for the cure of constipation. If others of our fraternity have found them so efficacious as I have, they should join me in recommending them for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although bad enough in itself, is the progenitor of others that are more dangerous. I believe constipation to originate in the liver, but your Pills affect that organ and cure the disease.

From Mrs. E. Stuart, Physician and Midwife, Boston.
I find one or two large doses of your Pills, taken at the proper time, are excellent promoters of the natural secretion from the bowels, and are the best remedy I have for constipation when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very effectual to cleanse the stomach and regulate the bowels. They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend no other to my patients.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of the Methodist Episc. Church.
PERLAGE HOUSE, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 6, 1856.
Honored Sir: I should be ungrateful for the relief your Pills have brought me if I did not cordially recommend you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating neuralgic pains, which ended in chronic rheumatism. Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and more unmanageable. I believe excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well.

SEVENTH CHURCH, Baton Rouge, La., 5 Dec. 1855.
Dr. Ayer: I have been cured of a cold and Rheumatism by your Pills. A painful disease that had afflicted me for years.

VINCENT SULLIVAN.
Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skillful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the danger of its being given to children and women, and its being taken in such quantities as to produce permanent injury. These pills contain no mercury or mineral salts whatever.

Price, 25 cents per Box, or 5 Boxes for \$1.
Prepared by **DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.**
All our Remedies are sold by S. M. Hayden, Bridgton; J. D. Freeman, No. Bridgton; Silas Blake, Harrison. 1y11

WILDES' HOTEL,

MISCELLANY.

BESSIE.

Bessie wears a gown of red,
A homespun gown and apron blue;
She has no hat upon her head,
And her wee brown feet are without a shoe.
Bessie has hair like the sunset's gold,
And her eyes were born from the deep blue sea;
In their depths is a story told;
I love Bessie, and she loves me.

Bessie's hands are hard with toil,
And here cheeks are dark with the wind
and rain;
But her lips are rich with the rosy spoil,
That if once I taste, I must taste again!
Bessie has hair like the sunset's gold,
Nor a crimson hat, nor a necklace fine;
But she wears of cowslips a golden crown,
That I'd rather than any queen's were mine.

Bessie dwells in a lowly cot;
A lonely cabin with trembling walls;
'Tis old and poor, but she thinks it not,
And loves it better than lordly halls.
She counts the stars as she goes to sleep,
And loves to listen the pattering song,
That, over her head the rain-drops keep,
In the April weather, all night long.

Bessie's step is light like the fawn's,
And her voice like the chiming of silver bells;
I hear it oft in the summer morn,
But I dare not whisper what it tells!
Lingering and dying round my heart,
Ever and ever its echoes be;
Who shall divide us, or what shall part?
I love Bessie and she loves me.

[Old Monthly.]

THE MOON.

The following fine paragraph is from an article on the moon in an old Magazine.—Ed.
This practical tendency need not destroy the sweet, magic charm, which the moon now, as of old, exercises over the soul of man. The poet tell us to-day, as he did yesterday, how the mountains kneel before God in silent prayer, when the peace of the sabbath reigns all around, how the host of stars light up the gigantic temple, and the moon hangs, as the ever-burning lamp of man's worship, high above the eternal altar of nature. The painter studies the quaint, fairy lights of the pale orb, as it pours its mild radiance over field and town. The lover communes with the tender amber round which the moon spreads about her, moving through a fleecy night, and the pained heart find sweet comfort in her peaceful silver light. The Arctic traveller blesses her as she lights up for his faint but ever-welcome favor, the long cold polar night; and the people at large, look up to her for mysterious blessings. For many are the charms of the pale light of the moon, not known to the man of science. How peacefully and kindly she smiles through the window upon the little bed of the infant, and wakes in its childish mind a thousand strange and fanciful notions, until gentle slumber closes those pure innocent eyes! Teasing and playing, she will come between that loving couple in the dark bower, and break in upon their sweet silent communion. Beautiful as some fair saint, serenely moving on her way in hours of trial and distress, she watches like a mild faithful companion by the side of the sick-bed; moving on with peace and heavenly comfort in her sweet, pale face, she soothes the weary eye and shortens the long, painful night. Inspiration itself has asked, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon?" At last her gentle pilgrimage is ended: sinking silently she drops down behind the sky, a faithful witness of the brighter light that is to follow after this faint moonlight life, and a gladsome prophet of the abundance of peace which the Almighty has promised as long as the moon endureth.

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE. How beautiful is the following, and how happy must be the heart that can see these beauties and understand them: "Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their nightly festival around the midnight throne, are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that light forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, yet leaving a thousand streams of affection to flow in Alpine torrents upon the heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be set before us like islands slumbering on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us like meteors, will stay in our presence forever."

Traveling on Missouri railroads must be a little exciting to a nervous man at present. A correspondent from Missouri who was recently on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, writes, "the engine that brought us down—the Missouri—has 61 bullet marks on her, and I am informed of others bearing even more marks of rebel bullets."

Thank God for what he has given freely and spontaneously; but above all, thank God for what he has given us that requires us to work, that requires us to toil for all that is best and good. If it were not for that we should be the most miserable of all creatures, we belong with brains and souls.

Premiere has one of his sharpest hits at the ridiculous habits of swearing, secessionism and the like, to be guilty of disloyalty. You might, however, as well swear a mad dog not to bite.

rew of Massachusetts, has appointed 21st, as the day of annual meeting and prayer.

G. H. BROWN,

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LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES,
PICTURE FRAMES, FEATHERS,
CHAMBER SETTS.

Extension, Center and Card Tables.

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

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which will be sold for a small advance on the cost. Also, a large quantity and prime assortment of

CONFEDERATION

AND FANCY GOODS.

REUBEN BALL.

Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860. 231

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250 PAGES and 130 ENGRAVINGS.—Price only TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Sent free of postage to all parts of the Union. On the intimacies of youth and maturity, disclosing the secret fountains of both sexes of all ages, causing debility, nervousness, depression of spirits, palpitation of the heart, suicidal imaginations, involuntary emissions, bluishings, defective memory, indifference and lasciviousness, confessions of thrilling interest of a Boarding School Miss, a College Student, and a young married Lady, &c. It is a truthful adviser to the married and those contemplating marriage, who entertain secret doubts of their physical condition, and who are conscious of having hazarded the health, happiness and privileges to which every human being is entitled.

Young Men who are troubled with weakness, generally caused by a bad habit in youth, the effects of which are dizziness, pains, forgetfulness, sometimes a ringing in the ears, weak eyes, weakness of the back and lower extremities, confusion of ideas, loss of memory, with melancholy may be cured by the use of this medicine. NEW PARIS AND LONDON TREATMENT.

We have recently devoted much of our time in VISITING THE EUROPEAN HOSPITALS, availing ourselves of the knowledge and researches of the most skilled Physicians and Surgeons in Europe and the Continent. Those who place themselves under our care will now have the full benefit of the many NEW AND EFFICACIOUS REMEDIES which we are enabled to introduce into our practice, and the public may rest assured that the same skill, assiduity, SINCERITY and attention being paid to their cases, which has so successfully distinguished us heretofore, as a Physician in our PECULIAR department of professional practice for the past twenty-five years.

EXACT RESEMBLANCE. Ladies who wish for medicines, the efficacy of which has been tested in thousands of cases, and never failed to effect speedy cures without any bad results, will use none but Dr. Delaney's Female Periodical Pills. The only precaution necessary to be observed is, ladies should not take them if they have reason to believe they are in certain conditions (the particulars of which will be found on the wrapper accompanying each box,) though always safe and healthy, so gentle, yet so active as they are.

Price \$1 per box. They can be mailed to any part of the United States or Canada. TO THE LADIES.—Who need a confidential medical adviser with regard to any of those interesting complaints to their delicate organization renders them liable, are particularly invited to consult us.

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Medicines with full directions sent to any part of the United States or Canada, by patients communicating their symptoms by letter. Business correspondence strictly confidential.

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They relieve a Cough instantly.

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They give strength and volume to the voice.

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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 ever 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.

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Sick Headache.

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All kinds of

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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 paucity 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.

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

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

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Not matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but a shilling, a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

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