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THE SKATER'S SONG.

BY ALBERT LEIGHTON.

Though the winter winds are whistling loud,
And the skies look cold and grey,
Though the earth lies mute beneath her shroud,
The skaters! what care they?

A happy throng,
With mirth and song,
O'er fields of ice we gladly glide
As the sea-birds sail above the tide.

O well we know the winter hours
Fly faster as we sing—
That sooner come the birds and flowers,
And loveliness of Spring;

So night and day,
Away! Away!
O'er crystal plains with mirth and song,
We speed, we speed like the wind along.

The heated room the crowded hall,
Where pride and fashion meet,
While wares of music rise and fall
We time to dancing feet—

We seek not these;
Gird us the breeze,
And the gleaming floor o'er which we go
Like arrows shot from the hunter's bow.

Then loud the stormy winds may blow,
And skies look cold and gray;
The earth may wear her robe of snow—
We'll laugh the hours away!

With mirth and song,
A merry throng,
O'er fields of ice we'll swiftly glide.
As sea-birds sail above the tide.

From the Literary Miscellany.

JOSEPHINE—THE STAR OF NAPOLÉON.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

On the 9th of March, 1796, Josephine was married to Napoleon. The Revolution had swept away everything that was sacred in human and divine institutions, and the attempt had been made to degrade marriage into a partnership which any person might contract or dissolve at pleasure. According to the Revolutionary form, Josephine and Napoleon merely presented themselves before a magistrate, and announced their union. A few friends attended as witnesses of the ceremony.

Napoleon had in the meantime been appointed commander of the French forces in Italy. In twelve days after his nuptials he led his bride, and hastened to the army, then in the lowest state of poverty and suffering. The veteran generals, when they saw the pale faced youth who was placed over them all, were disposed to treat him with contempt. Hardly an hour elapsed after his arrival, ere they felt and admitted he was their master. He seemed insensible to mental exhaustion, or fatigue or hunger, or want of sleep. He was upon horseback night and day. Almost supernatural activity was infused into the army. It fell like an avalanche among the Austrians. In fifty days after he took command of the army he proclaimed to his exulting and victorious troops:

"Soldiers! you have gained in fifteen days, six victories; taken one and twenty strongholds, fifty pieces of cannon, many standards and conquered the richest part of Venetia; you have made fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded ten thousand men."

Paris was perfectly intoxicated with amazement, day after day, of these brilliant achievements. The name of Napoleon was upon every lip, and all France resounded with his praises. "This young commander," said one of the disheartened veteran generals of the Austrian army, "knows nothing of war, but he knows the art of war. He is a perfect ignorant. He sets at defiance all the established rules of military tactics. There is no doing anything with him."

Napoleon after a series of terrible conflicts and most signal triumphs, drove the Austrians out of Italy, pursued them into their own country, and at Leoben, almost within sight of the steeples of Vienna, dictated a peace which crowned him, in the estimation of his countrymen, with the highest glory. Josephine now came from Paris, to meet her triumphant husband. They took up their residences at the castle of Montebello,

a most delightful country seat in the vicinity of Milan.

And here Josephine passed a few months of almost unalloyed happiness. The dark and tempestuous days through which she had recently been led, had prepared her to enjoy most exquisitely the calm which ensued. She had been in the deepest penury. She was now in the enjoyment of all that wealth could confer. She had been widowed and homeless. She was now the wife of a victorious general, whose fame was reverberating through Europe, and her home combined every conceivable attraction. She had been a prisoner doomed to die, and her very jailer feared to speak to her in tones of kindness. Now she was caressed by nobles and princes; all the splendors of a court surrounded her, and every heart did homage. Josephine presided at all her receptions and entertainments, with elegance of manners so winning, as perfectly to fascinate the Milanese. "I conquer provinces," said Napoleon of her at that time, "but Josephine wins hearts."

The vicinity of Montebello combines, perhaps, as much of the beautiful and sublime in scenery, as can be found at any other spot on the surface of the globe. Napoleon sympathized most cordially with Josephine, in her appreciation of the beautiful and romantic. And though he devoted the energies of his mind with unsleeping diligence to the ambitious plans which engrossed him; he found time for many delightful excursions with his fascinating bride. There is perhaps, not in Italy, a more lovely drive than that from Milan, along the crystal waters of lake Como, to lake Maggiore. This romantic lake, embosomed among the mountains, with its densely wooded islands and picturesque shores, was a favorite resort for parties of pleasure. Hear in gay parties they floated in boats; with well trained rowers, and silken awnings, and streaming pennants, and ravishing music. The island of Isola Bella, with its arcades, its hanging gloom, was Napoleon's favorite landing place. Here they often partook of refreshments, and engaged with all vivacity in rural festivities. It is stated that while enjoying one of these excursions, Josephine, with one or two other ladies was standing under a beautiful orange tree, loaded with fruit while their attention all absorbed in admiring the beauties of the distant landscape; Napoleon, unperceived, crept up to the tree and by a sudden shake, brought down quite a shower of golden fruit among the ladies. "The companions of Josephine screamed with fright, and ran from the tree. She, however, accustomed to such pleasantries, suspected the source, and remained unmoved. "Why, Josephine!" exclaimed Napoleon, "you stand firm like one of my veterans." "And why should I not?" she promptly replied, "Am I not the wife of their commander?"

Napoleon, during these scenes of apparent relaxation, had but one thought—ambition. His capacious mind was ever restless, ever excited, not exactly with the desire of personal aggrandizement but of mighty enterprise, of magnificent achievement. Josephine, with her boundless popularity and her arts of persuasion, though she often trembled in view of the limitless aspirations of her husband, was extremely influential in winning to him the powerful friends by whom they were surrounded.

The achievements which Napoleon accomplished during the short Italian campaign are perhaps unparalleled in ancient or modern warfare. With an army even inferior to that of the Austrians, he maneuvered always to secure at any one point, numbers superior to theirs. He cut up four several armies which were sent from Austria to oppose him; took 115,000 prisoners, 170 standards and 1150 pieces of heavy battering cannon and field artillery and drove the Austrians from the frontiers of France to the walls of Vienna. He was everywhere hailed as the liberator of Italy. He was living with all the pomp of a monarch, and received such adulation as monarchs rarely enjoy.

The Directory in Paris began to tremble in view of the rapid strides to power which this ambitious general was making. They surrounded him with spies, to gather up his words, to watch his motions and if possible to detect his plans. But the marble face of this young man told no secrets. Even to Josephine he revealed not his intentions; and no mortal scrutiny could explore the thoughts fermenting in his deep and capacious mind. His personal appearance at this time is thus described by an observer of his triumphant entrance into Milan:

"I beheld with deep interest and extreme attention, that extraordinary man, who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something that seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him very like his portrait, small in stature, thin pale, with the air of fatigue, but not in ill health. He appeared to listen with more abstraction than interest; as if occupied rather with what he was thinking of, than with what was said to him. There

is great intelligence in his countenance, along with an expression of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that daring mind, it is impossible not to suppose that some designs are engendering which shall have their influence upon the destinies of Europe."

Napoleon was fully confident of the jealousy he had aroused, and of the vigilance with which he was watched. His caution often wounded Josephine, as he was as impenetrable to her in reference to all his political plans as to any one else. While she at times loved him almost to adoration, she even felt in awe of the unexplored recesses of his mind. She saw him ever lost in thought, perfectly regardless of the pomp and the pagentry with which he was surrounded, and giving unmistakable indications that he regarded the achievements he had accomplished as very trivial—merely the commencement of his career. She once remarked to a friend, "During the many years we have now passed together, I have not once beheld Bonaparte for one moment at ease—not even with myself. He is constantly on the alert. If at any time he appears to show a little confidence, it is merely to throw the person with whom he converses off his guard, and to draw forth his real sentiments; but never does he disclose his real thoughts."

Napoleon now deemed it expedient to visit Paris, for he despised the weakness and inefficiency of those who, amidst the surges of the Revolution had been elevated there to supreme power. He already secretly contemplated the overthrow of the government, as soon as an opportunity promising success should be presented. Josephine, with her children, remained in Milan, that she might dazzle the eyes of the Milanese with the splendor of the establishment of the liberator of Italy, and that she might watch over the interests of her illustrious spouse.

She gave splendid entertainments. Her saloons were ever thronged with courtiers and the illustrious guests she possessed, enabled her with ease and self-possession, to preside with queenly dignity over every scene of gaiety. She was often weary of this incessant grandeur and display, but the wishes of her husband and her peculiar position seemed to afford her no choice. Napoleon unquestionably loved Josephine as ardently as he was capable of loving any one. He kept up a constant correspondence with her. Near the close of his life he declared that he was indebted to her, for every moment of happiness he had enjoyed upon earth. Ambition was, however, with Napoleon a far more powerful passion than love. He was fully conscious that he needed the assistance of his most accomplished wife to raise him to that elevation he was resolved to attain. Selfish as he was, regardless as he ever appeared to the opinions or the advice of others, Josephine had more influence over him than any other mortal.

Her expostulations not unfrequently modified his plans, though his high spirit could not brook the acknowledgement. Hortense and Eugène were with Josephine, at Milan. Eugène, though but seventeen years of age, had joined Napoleon in the field as one of his aides, near the close of the campaign, and had signalized himself by many acts of bravery.

Josephine rejoined her husband in Paris, where she essentially aided, by her fascinating powers of persuasion, in disarming the hostility of those who were jealous of his rising fame, in attracting to him such adherents as could promote his interests. In the saloons of Josephine, many of the most heroic youth of France were led to ally their fortunes with those of the young general whose fame had so suddenly burst upon the world. She had the rare faculty of diffusing an atmosphere of cheerfulness wherever she went. "It is, indeed," beautifullly remarked, "a necessity of my heart to love others, and to be loved by them in return. There is only one occasion," she exclaimed, "in which I would voluntarily use the words, I will, namely, when I would say I will that all around be happy!"

WAKEFUL HOURS. There is something beautiful as sublime in the hum of midnight. The myriad quiet sleepers, saying down each their life burden, insensible alike to joy or sorrow; helpless alike—the strong man as the infant—and over all the sleepless eye, which since the world began has never lost sight of our pillowed head—Thoughts like these come to us in our wakeful night hours, with an almost painful intensity. Then eternity only seems real, and every-day life a fable. But morning comes, and the stir and hum of life come then away, as the warm sun dries up the dew drops, while like these thoughts performed their reviving mission, are they departed.

Madame Lind Goldschmidt reappeared in a concert at Exeter Hall, London, on the 21st ult. The oratorio of "Elijah" was performed.

A LESSON FROM BYRON.

God makes the wren of man praise him. He who despises his law soon becomes an example of the miserable results of his disobedience, and thus teaches an admonitory lesson. The life of Byron affords a striking illustration of these truths.

His career, it is well known, was one of sin. He was wayward as a child, debauched as a youth, and dissipated as a man. He seemed to sin without shame, and to take a morbid delight in giving publicity to his vices. He was an infidel and blasphemer. He cherished a sort of pantheistic belief in God, but doubted the immortality of the soul, and could see need of a Savior. He seemed to think that there was something sublime in standing aloof from Christianity, and treating it as trivial. He scoffed at revelation, and dared make the angels of heaven the personnel of a farce. He made a human skull the winecup of his youthful orgies; and in contempt of Christian burial, he had the remains of his friend Shelley buried amid bacchanal revelry. He was false to his wife. He brought ruin upon an unfortunate girl whom his poetry had infatuated, and made public the affair by alluding to his illegitimate offspring in a poem. In disposition he was sullen, anti-social, and revengeful. His own description of the character of Lara and of Corral the corsair has been applied to him, and in many respects not inappropriately.

Such was Byron. He possessed some excellent and redeeming qualities but they were exceptional. What, asks the reader could have been the sober reflections of such a man?

We have his own testimony, and as might be expected, it is a gloomy one. Many of the dreariest passages of Coleridge Harold and of Manfred are but reflections of his own feelings. His miscellaneous poems and private letters abound in the most cheerless allusions to himself. In the midst of his unparalleled literary career we find him declaring that the number of the happy days of his life had not reached a dozen and that he feared he would never reach that number.

After penning his sublime passages on Lake Lemnos, familiar to the readers of Coleridge Harold, he writes in his journal—"Neither the music of the Shepherd, the clashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity, in the majesty and the power and the glory, around above and beneath me." "I have often wished for insanity," he said on one occasion, "for to quell memory—the never dying worm that feeds on my heart. And in like manner sings the muse:

"What exile from himself can more?
To zone though more and more remote,
Still still pursue, wherever I be,
That blight of life—the demon Thought!"

The poem of Byron entitled "To Augusta, is illustrative. It is a frank exposure of his private feelings, and the Augusta for whom it is inscribed, was his own sister. Its spirit is epitomized in the following extract—
"And I at times have found the struggle hard
And thought of throwing off my bonds of clay;
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive."
"A strange man is thy father's son and past
Revering, as it lies beyond redress;
Revered for him our grandeur's fate of joy—
He had had no rest at sea, but I on shore.

"If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
O'peas, overgrown or unforeseen,
I have sustained my share of worldly sorrows.

The fault was mine, nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defective paradox;
I have been cunning in my overthrow.
I've carried pilot of my proper woe.

And were my faults, and mine be their reward,
My whole life was a contest since the day
That gave me being, gave that which married
The gift—a fate, or will that walked away.

Thoughts bitter and suicidal. Tortured, indeed, must have been the mind that entertained them. But what more curious sorrows could be expected of one whose recollections, according to his own confession, afforded him no prospect here or hereafter, and who, as he himself acknowledged, was "Prometheus, with all the tortures of a guilty conscience let loose upon his soul?"

The moral of such a life would be evident had it not already been foreshadowed. Who would wish to imitate such a character, and at last
"in roosting in the ruins of a life,
Nightmare of youth, and specter of himself."

"Admiral Byron. He never made a voyage without a tempest.
Independent.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

A circumstance which fully illustrates the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction," recently came before Judge Searwood in the District Court. Had it not been for the legal question involved in the events to which we refer, they would have never, probably, had any publicity given to them. Some time since there was a couple residing in this city, who were surrounded with many blessings. The husband possessed a comfortable share of worldly goods, his wife and himself were fondly attached to each other, and together they doted upon an only child. The first blow to their happiness was in the loss of their little one, who sickened and died, leaving its parents heart broken. The death of the child fell like a shadow upon the household; the parents became unhappy, moodiness came in the train of their melancholy, and absolute aversion for the society of each other followed. The sored and discontented pair finally determined upon a separation, and a divorce was procured.

After a time both married again, and they became utter strangers to each other so far as social intercourse was concerned. It so happened that it became necessary to remove the remains of the dead child from the grave where it had been interred, and the father was notified of the fact. A handsome lot was procured by the latter in one of the cemeteries north of the city, and a day was fixed for the reinterment. The father notified his former wife, and the mother of the child, of the circumstance and informed her by note, that if she thought proper she could attend the burial of the remains. The mother accepted the invitation, and with her second husband repaired to the cemetery. The father, with his second wife, was already there. The little coffin was placed near the open grave, and the parents of its occupant advanced to it while the second wife and husband stood in the back ground. The couple who had so long been estranged, and who had again met so strangely over their dead hopes, gazed earnestly at each other, the solemnity of the hour revived their old tenderness, and falling into each other's arms both burst into tears. The reinterment took place and the parties returned to their proper homes.

With the consent of all who were interested the father of the dead child visited, on terms of friendship, his former wife, and they were in the habit of riding out together. Not long after this singular reconciliation the father of the child took sick and died. Before his death he placed in the hands of a friend two city bonds of a thousand dollars each, to be handed over to his first wife in the event of his death. In his will he appointed, as his executor, the friend who was custodian of the bonds, and his first and second wives. The friend, in his capacity of trustee, was uncertain as to the legality of the gift under the circumstances, and he made application to the Court for a decision in the matter, so as to secure himself from loss. The legal heirs of the deceased offered no opposition to the ante-mortem bequest, and the Court decided in favor of its legality. The famous scene of the reconciliation of Mrs. Haller to her husband and band, in the play of the "Stranger," which generally melts under-hearted spectators to tears, is inferior in respect to genuine effect, to this drama in real life, which culminated beside the coffin of the dead child.—[Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

INFLUENCE OF FEMALES. It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's soul by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the play of the theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious to their nature.—All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure.—Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, saucy and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well regulated kindly woman, about her girl coming out, of her boy lion, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral men, depend upon it.—Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we fight our pipes and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves, our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to thank somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—[Thankers.

As our winter schools are about commencing, we republish the following excellent paragraphs from a lecture before an Institute of teachers.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Our acts have an oratory, that is even more impressive than our words. We teach by what we are, more than by what we do or say.

The teacher engraves himself upon the forming character of his pupils. Little things make perfection in a teacher but perfection when reached, is not a little thing.

Kind accents of the voice, a firm but benevolent mien, an affable, artless, address, a generous and graceful deportment, give to the teacher a power which neither talents nor learning impart.

Avoid even the appearance of favoritism or partiality, either in the district or in the school. A teacher's usefulness ends with just suspicions of this nature.

As a skillful navigator is to a ship at sea, so is the accomplished teacher to the popular school.

Habits of order, neatness, dispatch and strict punctuality are essential qualities in a successful teacher.

A teacher, when he enters a District, should aim to excite a deeper interest in behalf of the school. Zeal, like fire, kindles zeal. And a healthy interest awakened, will produce permanent and gratifying results.

If a clergyman's usefulness depends half on faithful parochial visits, the teachers usefulness and popularity will depend no less on familiar and entertaining visits.

A teacher should be free from loose, vulgar or filthy habits. Neatness is a virtue; but temperance a greater. The school room is no place for a man devoid of principle, or one who will not bear to be taken as a model for others.

A teacher's usefulness will depend very much on the state of bodily health. Good health depends on a sound constitution, regular sleep, virtuous habits, a calm and pure mind, exercise in open air, simple, refreshing diet, an easy and comfortable dress, and cheerful and elastic spirits.

Never lose your patience, when unreasonable parents interfere, and perplex or scandalize you; nor when stupid, idle, restless pupils try you. Avoid hobbies doubtful experiments, and everything like empiricism or deception, in school. If a teacher attempts to "show off," or "fix" his classes for examination, and thus put on a show of knowledge and improvement, which does not exist in fact, it is sheer deception; and has the sad effect of teaching falsehood by the power of example, such as weighs far more than words.

A Pedantic Schoolmaster, is thus described by Charles Dickens:—

"He is some one hundred and forty other teachers had been lately turned, at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principle, like so many piano-forte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land surveying and leveling, vocal music, and drawing from models, were all as at the end of his ten chilled fingers. He had taken the bloom of the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin and Greek. He knew all about all the Water Sheds of all the World, and all the names of all the rivers and mountains, and all the productions, manners and customs of all the countries, and all their boundaries and bearings on the two and thirty points of the compass. Ah, rather over done. If he had only learned a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more!"—[Penn. Educator.

FASHIONABLE DISEASE. The day when it was considered interesting and lady-like to be always ailing has gone by. Good health, fortunately is the fashion, sleek is no longer considered vulgar, and a fair, shapely allowance of flesh on the bones is considered the style. Perhaps the great secret that good looks cannot exist without good health may have had something to do with the care now taken to obtain it, whether this be so or not, fashion promulgators are the givers all the same. A languid eye and a waxy bloodless complexion, may go begging now for admiration. The elegant stoop in the shoulders, formerly considered so aristocratic was also miraculously dispensed. Women walk more and ride less, they have many suits of apparel too, which superficially never was known to exist afloat, assuming being the only atmosphere in which the human battery was supposed to float. In short, "the fragile women of America" will soon exist only in the old journal of some English traveler; who will of course, stick to the bygone as a still present reality.

ty, with a dogged pertinacity known only to that amiable nation. FANNY FERN.

THE BUSHMEN OF SOUTH AFRICA. On the flanks and in the valleys of Snowberg or Snowy Mountains, which form the northern boundary of the cape, humanity is found in the very lowest state of degradation in which it has ever been exhibited. The Bojesmans or Bushman, two or three specimens of which race were brought to this country a few years ago, present an exaggeration even of the hideous form which characterizes the Hottentot. Hunger, and cold, and nakedness, and every description of privation and distress, have so dwarfed their forms and depraved their minds, that they present a spectacle painful to look upon. The stature of these pigmy inhabitants of the desert, rarely exceeds four feet, or four feet two inches. Thieves by profession, cruel and treacherous, without a fixed habitation, without society, without any sort of common interest or government, and living only from day to day, and from hand to mouth, they were objects of pity to neighboring tribes, even before Europeans had approached their country. The more civilized of the Hottentots and Kafirs waged a deadly war against them; and the sight of one of these diminutive savages is said to rouse the passions of that race to an uncontrollable fury. Many years since, a Kafir saw in the Government House at Cape Town, among other domestic, a Bushman eleven years of age. With the impulse of a beast of prey he darted upon him, and transfixed him with his aggressions.

The little intelligence which the Bushmen possess is displayed chiefly in robbery and the chase. Rivaling the antelope in fleetness, and the monkey in agility, they accompany their wild, half famished, savage dogs until they come within bow-shot of their game, or run down the object of their pursuit. Arrayed generally with a bow, a quiver full of arrows, a hat and a belt, leather sandals, a sheep's fleece, a gourd, or the shell of an ostrich's egg, to carry water, these creatures wander over their parched and desolate plains, supported by a food which, unless when occasionally varied by the luxuries of the chase consists entirely of roots, berries, ant eggs, grass-hoppers, mice, toads, lizards and snakes. They smere the arrows which they use for hunting and in war with a poison which, extracted from a bull, mingled with venom drawn from the jaws of the yellow serpent, forms a compound of the most noxious character, for no creature was ever pierced by a dart prepared with the deadly virus, and lived. They have another poison more fearful in its effects, which is extracted from a caterpillar. The agony produced by it, Dr. Livingston says, is so intense, that the person wounded cuts himself with knives, and flies from human habitations a raving maniac. The effect upon the lion is equally terrible. He is heard moaning in distress, becomes furious and bites trees and the ground in his rage.

They are said to be totally void of natural affection; and there are instances," adds a missionary (Mr. Kiecherer) who lived for some time in their neighborhood, "of parents throwing their tender offspring to the hungry lion who stood roaring before their cavern, refusing to depart until some peace offering was made to him. They shun the face of strangers, concealing themselves amongst rocks and bushes, and even throwing themselves over precipices rather than fall into the hands of their enemies. But they have been known, when escape had been cut off, to fight with the most determined resolution. Religion they have none.—They regard the thunder as the voice of an angry demon, and they reply to it with curses and imprecations. Their language is inarticulate to all but themselves; and there appears to be scarcely even a possibility of either civilizing or converting them. In the northeast of Natal, where the Bushmen appear in their lowest type, they reside in holes of the earth scraped out with their nails, or rather with their claws. "They will not receive kindness," says a close observer of their character; "or if they do, they only make a return of treachery, robbery and murder.—No presents of cattle or corn, or inducements to locate and settle, can prevail upon them to relinquish their wild life, or to make any approach towards civilization. The only satisfactory thought connected with them is the belief of their gradual extinction. They exist in the meantime, an awful proof of degradation to which humanity, in its gradual deterioration, can fall, and an instance of physical and moral degeneracy probably unparalleled in the world.—[London Quarterly.

THE DANGERS OF THE ALPS. Mr. Charles Packe, Jr., informs a London paper that, on the nineteenth of August, "I started with three gentlemen and four guides, for the Recluse of the Maladetta, an overhanging rock at the foot of the glaciers of the Maladetta proper, which is the usual sleeping place preparatory to ascent. At 4 A. M., we started, with Mercury shining brightly for a morning star, and by thirty minutes past six had reached the Postillon, the spot where you quit the rock and pass on to the Glacier de Nethou. The passage of this generally occupies not quite two hours, but we were obliged to make several detours to clear the crevices, which seemed wider and more frequent this year. About three-quarters of the way across we sat down to repose in a spot where the snow seemed perfectly smooth. We were, of course, roped together with an interval between each of about eight feet. There was a call for something

to drink, and the last guide detached himself to hand the wine bottle to each of us. He was passing before us, and when certainly not more than three yards from the spot where I was sitting, he suddenly dropped through the snow and disappeared. There was no sound, either cry or cracking of the ice, but the glacier quietly swallowed up its victim. It was horrible to witness; but, of course, there was only one thing to be done. We speedily disengaged the rope from our bodies, and carefully holding it in our hands, approached the hole, which was not a very large one, Pierre Barrau, my guide, being the first. We let down the rope through the hole and anxiously awaited a reply to our shouts; for some seconds, however, we could get none. At last it came, but the voice sounded fearfully indistinct and distant, stifled as it were by the snow and walls of ice. The man, the guide said, fell eighteen metres, but from the rope let down I should say about thirty feet. Thanks however, to the bed of snow which fell with him, and in which he was partially buried, he was not hurt, and he was able to fasten the rope around his body, so that in about five minutes we drew him up, none the worse but fearfully cold. He described his position as having been very perilous, having been caught on a ledge, below which sunk an abyss, the bottom of which we could not have reached."

THE WALRUS. I never in my life witnessed anything more interesting and more affecting than the wonderful maternal affection displayed by one poor walrus. After she was fast to the harpoon, and was dragging the boat furiously among the icebergs, I was going to shoot her through the head that she might have time to follow the others; but Christian called to me not to shoot as she had a "junger" with her. Although I did not understand his object, I reserved my fire, and upon looking closely at the walrus, when she came up to breathe, I then perceived that she held a very young calf under her right arm, and I saw that he wanted to harpoon it; but whenever he poised the weapon to throw, the old cow seemed to watch the direction of it, and interposed her own body, and she seemed to receive with pleasure several harpoons which were intended for the young one. At last a well aimed dart struck the calf, and we then shortened up the lines attached to the cow and finished her with the lances. Christian now had time and breath to explain to me why he was so anxious to secure the calf, and he proceeded to give me a practical illustration of his meaning by gently "string up" the unfortunate junger with the butt end of a harpoon shaft. This caused the poor little animal to emit a peculiar, plaintive, grunting cry, eminently expressive of alarm and of a desire of assistance, and Christian said it would bring all the herd round about the boat immediately. Unfortunately, however, we had been so long in getting hold of our poor little deary-duck that the others had all gone out of hearing, and they abandoned his young relative to his fate, which quickly overtook him in the shape of a lance thrust from the remorseless Christian. I don't think I shall ever forget the faces of the old walrus and her calf as they looked back on the boat! The countenance of the young one, so expressive of abject terror, and yet of confidence in its mother's power of protecting it, as it swam along under her wing; and the old cow's face showing such reckless defiance for all that we could do to herself, and yet such terrible anxiety as to the safety of her calf!

SILENCE IN NATURE. It is a remarkable and very instructive fact that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in an unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods it with glory as one bright wave after the other falls from the fountain millions of miles away. There is no creaking of heavy axels, or groaning of cumbersome machinery, as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system performs its revolutions. The great trees bring forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flowers; but the whole transaction is unheard. The change from snow and winter winds to the blossoms and fruits and sunshine of summer is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell the mighty transformation.—The solemn chant of the ocean, as it rises its unchanged and unceasing voice, the roar of the hurricane, and the soft notes of the breeze, the rushing of the mighty river, and the thunder of the black-browed storm; all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest wonder in the universe is the most unobtrusive.—[Ex.

A SMART GIRL. "Sally, you seem to be ignorant in geography; I will examine you in grammar. Take the sentence, 'marriage is a civil contract—parse marriage.' 'Marriage is a noun because it's a name. And though Shakespeare asks, 'what's in a name?' and says 'a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' yet marriage being a noun, and therefore a name, shows that the rule established by the Bard of Avon has at least one exception. For marriage certainly is of great importance, and being a noun, is therefore a name.' 'God; well, what is the case of marriage?' 'Don't know, sir.' 'Decline it, and see.' 'Don't feel at liberty to decline marriage after having made Bill the promise I have. I'd rather conjugate.' Insult not another for his want of talent you possess—he may have others you want.

The Brighton Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, DEC. 6, 1861.

THE BLUES.

Reader—do you not know people who always bring a chilly breath of air into a room, when they enter it; who always send the thermometer down full forty degrees, when they approach it; who in the brightest June mornings, when the birds are singing never so sweetly, when the flowers are blooming on every lawn and by every roadside, when the air is soft and balmy, and the whole world is beautiful in the smile of God,—will persist in looking at all this loveliness through blue spectacles, and draping everything in the gloomy hue which darkens their own bosoms; who will walk forth in harvest time and cast their eye on their broad fields of golden corn and waving grain, on their ample herds feeding on the hill side, and on their own pleasant homes—and yet murmur and grumble that they have "no more," and talk of their "hard lot," and, what a rough, cold world this is;—in short—reader, people whom, in some last moment, you thought deserved to be clothed in sack cloth and ashes, for the rest of their unhappy existence, and be compelled to chaunt, day after day, that sad strain—

"This world's a vale of tears!" We all know, to our sorrow, that this world is allotted to people who are incessantly and deplorably blue; who are dissatisfied, discontented and unhappy. Why is this so? We live in a beautiful world. There are a great many roughnesses and hardships in life, it is true, but they are needed to make men of us. But this world is not a gloomy one by any means! There is not a man, with a soul in his bosom, but will say heartily, that this world is a grand testimony to the benevolence and kindness of its creator. Everything in nature tells us, that man was made to be happy. Why then do so many hang down their heads like bulrushes, and go "mourning to the tomb?" We will name two or three causes of mental depression; and submit it to our readers whether man is not responsible—to a large extent—for the existence of every one of them.

You know that when a man is perfectly healthy and vigorous he is likely to be cheerful and happy. But do you know of a lean, pale-faced man or woman,—whom Satan has cursed with that foul angel of his—dyspepsia,—that is light hearted and happy? Possibly you may think of here and there one, who in spite of disease, maintain a cheerful spirit. They ought to thank God that they are able to do it. But in the great majority of cases ill health is one of the chief causes of despondency. Every medical man will endorse this statement, with an emphasis,—and the reader's own experience and observation will testify to its truth. A fat, ruddy, red-faced little boy, playing out of doors, in the dirt, on a summer day, is the picture of happiness and contentment. He is in perfect health! But his little sister, in the house,—pale and thin with her pains—cannot tell you how tediously she the days wear away. But when her pulse begins to bound with returning health, she will grow happy and merry again. Of any two men, the one who is healthy and robust will be contented and happy—other things being equal—while his dyspeptic, ailing brother will be peevish and sour. This is a physiological law—not to be found in "the books," perhaps, but endorsed by the spirit of every syllable that ever was written on the human system, we will venture to say, though our knowledge of medical works is not very extensive. What further inducement do we need to take diligent care of these bodies, that have such wonderful control over our emotional natures! And yet men are wantonly neglectful of their physical culture; and so the world is full of complaining, unhappy mortals, to whom life is an oppressive burden, and who perchance eagerly long for their silent home, in the church-yard.

Another cause of an unhappy spirit is a restless conscience and a deep dissatisfaction with one self. We are not going to preach a sermon on evil and its results; but every man—saint or sinner—knows that his conscience is a miserable burden if he has a mean, dishonest spirit; and knows that nothing makes "one's own company" so insipid, so positively unwelcome, as a bad conscience. We don't wonder that a man that is frittering away his life like a butterfly feels dissatisfied with himself; and is continually annoyed by the calls of his better nature,—to rise to something higher and nobler. Byron—gifted, but sensual, selfish, corrupt, and misanthropic—felt this keenly when he wrote that wail of perfect misery: "My days are in the yellow leaf, The flowers and fruits of love are gone, The worm, the canker and the grief, Are mine alone."

The magnanimous, the noble, and the good, will enjoy this life far better than the narrow minded, and the base. And then, furthermore, there is a class of persons who are healthy enough and whose characters are tolerable, but who always carry that miserable burden—a discontented mind.—There is no need of it,—none whatever; but they determinately persist in always looking on the dark side of things; in magnifying their evils and ignoring their blessings; in calling light darkness and roughly blotting the golden hue in which God has dressed so many of the things of life. We have no whit of patience with this class. "God might pour down before them all the earth's sunlight and music of birds and the multiform

glories of nature and they would immediately struggle to get above these things and stretch their necks toward the horizon to search up two or three little clouds to grumble over." They seem to use all their efforts to make life as un-eragreeable as possible,—they instinctively press into every morass and swamp, and shun the beautiful and happy places of earth. We have no word of condolence to offer this class; they have simply to learn to look at things hopefully and sensibly, or they must go "mourning on to the tomb."

From the reasons which we have named and others,—the world of mankind is thickly sprinkled with dissatisfied, unhappy spirits; and every hill side and valley almost is scourged with several of these human, indigo plants. We urge them,—they have little hope of its doing much good, to come forth from the swamps of life and drink in its sunshine and its joy. We might ask them if,—every time they walk through the green fields; or hear the happy robins sing; or hear the soft and sweet murmuring of the mind through the pines; or see the hills and rich meadows, lying in the glory of the morning sun, or think of their friendships, of a sweet home and wife and children, of the numberless good things that have crowned their life,—if at each time they do not hear a voice, whispering to them, that these things were given them to enjoy, that they ought to be happy?

Now if our gloomy-hearted friends will hear us, we will venture to suggest two or three remedies for a discontented spirit; and for that uncomfortable and degrading disease the blues!

As we have said before—health has a vast deal to do with happiness. Henry Ward Beecher—the eccentric, the brilliant, the illogical and careless, but singularly gifted pastor of Plymouth Church,—wouldn't throw off such a cloud of hopeful, happy, liberal, large-hearted sentiments, were he not the uncommonly healthy and vigorous man—physically—that he is. There is more significance in those words "muscular Christianity," than people generally accord to them.

And then cultivate a hopeful disposition. Just cast your eye back and see how many anticipated calamities have faded like shadows, before they reached you. It does no conceivable good to grow sad with the thought that, perchance, such and such imagined evils may befall you. Many people suffer vastly more from dreamed evils and forebodings than from actual disasters. You want that disposition that can say, "Come then oh care! oh grief! oh woe! Oh troubles, mighty in your kind, I have a balm ye never can know— A hopeful mind!"

We suppose there is nothing like employment to drive the blues from the door of your heart. The mind that is unemployed, soon gets to preying on itself and almost invariably gets into a morbid and unhappy frame. And can you, when there is so much to be done in this world, to alleviate human woe and suffering, to carry outward the noble schemes of philanthropy, to make men better and wiser and happier,—can you hope for happiness when you are deaf to these urgings; and when you ignore the duties which belong to you as a member of the human family! But beside this consideration,—which appeals to you as a man with human sympathies,—employment of the right kind has a direct tendency to keep a man's mind and body elastic and healthy. It toughens his muscles, it makes his digestion vigorous, it sends the warm blood bounding freely all over his system, it occupies his mind and keeps him from "self-brooding," it gives him a sweet consciousness that he is living for some purpose and that he is not wasting his noble powers. Be healthy—be hopeful—be diligent, and the clouds which may have settled about your heart will depart from you as far as the east is from the west.

A BRIGHT RECORD. We have great respect for sober poverty—the craft have proverbial need of it, even in pursuit of the selfish proverb, that "charity should begin at home." And yet our organ of respect for the industrious worker was somewhat unusually affected this afternoon by a visit from a poor, but earnest and honest woman, who subscribed for the weekly "Journal" some time since, and told us at the time that she was bent on working and earning extra money enough to pay for her paper, for (said she) "I must have a home paper, and some food for my mind, even if I have less for my body, for that reason." As she handed us a dozen or two of ten cent pieces, assuring us, that they were the product of many an hour's hard work, snatched from her household routine, we must confess we never put money in our pocket with less pleasure, and I never did we feel more like thanking God for strengthening this life with silent, heroic lives! How many such sweet, saintly lives there be, that the world knows not of, which the Recording Angel loves to pencil in lines of golden light, against the dull record of flimsy Fashion and Cast.

"What! we think not that we daily see 'About our earth, angels that are to be.'" [Exchange.]

It seems to us that the editor would have shown far more real generosity, and a higher appreciation of the "heroic" spirit of the poor woman, if he had returned to her "the dozen or two ten cent pieces," instead of pressing them into his pocket, and then indulging such a grand, eloquent strain. There is an infinite deal more of real humanity in taking money out of your pocket and bestowing it on the deserving poor,—than in talking of "silent, heroic," and "sweet saintly" lives, "that the Recording Angel loves to pencil in lines of golden light," &c. "Deeds not words"—are true indexes of character.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while witty sayings are as easily lost as the petals slipping from a broken string.

MASON AND SLIDELL vs. CORCORAN AND EDT. Months ago, the desperate forces of the South sent forth into the high seas those infernal craft, whose banner is the black flag and whose watchword is death. A nation must be reduced to the last extremity to make these a part of its machinery of war. Well, from time to time, these vultures have fallen into our hands and the men, branded with a pirate's name and a pirate's crimes, have been sentenced to a pirate's doom.

Some were fearful that the government, pleading expediency—would ignore the aggravated nature of these pirate's crimes, and commute and lessen their punishment. But it sentenced them to death. Thereupon the rebel government was greatly incensed, and by way of retaliation, selected an equal number of our men, and reserve them for the same punishment. It would have been vastly more sensible and dignified and humane if the South had allowed their men to suffer the penalty which always attaches to the crime of piracy. But they showed ranker injustice in selecting "captains, coloels and congressmen" to offset the same number of desperate pirates. A people in arms never gain anything by ignoring the principles of humanity and honor in their dealing with their enemies.

The highly enraged South, which has dealt so in threatening and retaliatory measures, has the wind taken from out its sails rather unceremoniously. In the good fortune of war, Mason and Slidell, two of their very highest functionaries, have fallen into our hands. And they "are to be held answerable with their lives for the fate of Corcoran and Ely, and the other brave men held by Cottonwood."

We rejoice in this fruness of the administration. It is just what is needed! The South will respect us more; nations, over the sea, will respect us more; we shall respect ourselves more, by decided, straightforward dealing with Southern arrogance, than if we cringed before their haughty threats.

The following is an extract from a letter to the Reporter:

"Harvard College students, from the various departments, have entered and are preparing to enter the government service.—There is not at the present time a single student here from the Rebel States, but there are several law students from the loyal slave States. About one year ago there were twenty-seven law students from the Rebel States, and quite a number in the other departments, but since that time the allurements of Miss Secession have attracted them home."

CORRECTION. In our article on "Literary matters" last week, the printer made us say, in reference to Saxe's poetry, "precious volumes," instead of "precious volumes." These volumes may be "precious," but we didn't intend to apply quite so endearing an adjective to them.

A lady writes to the Philadelphia Inquirer that "several negro insurrections have been attempted in South Carolina, but"—[we are glad to know, for we have no wish to have the war lead to any such barbarous scenes]—"they have been suppressed."

The Newburyport Herald speaks highly of Artemus Ward as a lecturer. He is coming to Waterford, on a visit, about the time he lectures in Portland; cannot we secure him for an evening!

The people of Lovell and vicinity contributed the following articles for the benefit of the soldiers, so says the Oxford Democrat. 60 pairs of socks, 22 quilts and comforters, 13 blankets, 25 sheets, 32 pillows, 41 pit loaves, 24 shirts and handkerchiefs, 13 towels, 7 pairs slippers, 2 pairs drawers, also bandages, lint, yarn, &c. One half were sent to Col. Sibley's Regiment—the remainder to Boston.

The Oxford Democrat says: "Rev. Souther is collecting materials for the History of Eyreburg. This is a town rich in its local history, and we doubt not it will be eagerly sought after and read."

In point of scenery Eyreburg hardly falls below the far famed valley of N. Conway.

THE ACADEMY. We are glad to know that the Academy at No. Bridgton has commenced its winter term with a good number of scholars.

If things go on as they have begun South Carolina promises soon to be the weak-hold instead the stronghold of secession.

PRENTECIANA. Secession is as cunning in its frauds as was Prometheus when he deceived the "king of gods and men" by transferring to him, as an offering, the skin of a bull filled only with its bones instead of the flesh. And the punishment of Prometheus is now the punishment of secession, for the vulture of secession feeds on its own bosom.

Perhaps members of congress wouldn't get into so many outrageous blunders if some of them didn't take too much "angle-foot." Cotton has no sale in the South, but the mighty fleet that is said to be in pursuit of it has had a very fine sail indeed. Jesse D. Bright hasn't cast his lot with the loyalists, but the loyalists are encamped upon his lot.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

This week we have nothing of very special interest from the army, to satisfy insatiate demand for news! We are going intently to get reliable information respecting the battle at Fort Pickens, a strong probability is that Bragg, in his attempt to storm Fort Pickens, has been defeated. The despatches in the Southern papers are exceedingly meagre and untrustworthy. We shall soon learn the facts.

The inhabitants about Fort Royal, got to cotton to our forces! Gen. Sherman instructed Gen. Sherman to seize cotton, rice and crops of various sorts within his reach. He is also to avail himself of the service of negroes, wherever he can make them serviceable."

Their honors—Mason and Slidell, Extraordinary from the Rebel government, Fort Warren, are safely enclosed in the retreating retreat, and there is no probability that England will interfere on their behalf. Meanwhile, what colossal sense is there in the various threats and bravadoes which the American press freely indulges in, apparently to the Britons that "we don't care a whit if they interfere; that we are indifferent to her opinions or demands,—and when John Bull thunders; when we desire greatly the good will of the nation."

A small Canadian steamer has been off our coast by a U. S. Revenue Cutter. The steamer had among her cargo some muskets and clothing and munitions of war. She was bound from Canada to the States. It is reported that a large steamer, with munitions of war has recently sailed for London for the Confederate States.

Gen. Bank's division, it is reported, soon remove their quarters from Fredericks to Frederick. They do not propose to leave winter quarters. Frederick is easy of access and has railroad and canal facilities. We shall have, doubtless, important intelligence to communicate soon from the lines in the West. General Halleck probably attempt to descend the Bay about Christmas, and by that time the forces collected on both sides will equal those that swarmed about the Potomac during Halleck's command will number some 120,000 men, amply equipped and furnished.

From Port Royal. Major Pangborn of the Boston Bee, says the Free Press contains the important fact, not stated as far as we have observed, that the rebel forces at Charleston and Savannah has been run by the rebels since the taking of Port Royal. Such is the uniform report of the negroes, and the observations of the rebel parties which have pushed into the city of the railroad confirm the statement. P. has with him one of his prizes, a coronet, of the value of seventy-five dollars. Maj. Pangborn brought with him from Port Royal, and left with the secretary of the Navy, what is believed to be the original diploma of Secession of the State of South Carolina—a beautifully engrossed parchment, bearing the signatures of all members of the Convention which passed and accompanied with the photographs of the signers. This document was found in a fully boxed, in the house of Mr. Lucius Rielt in Beaufort.

A CHILD'S CARRIAGE ON THE RAILROAD. One day last week, as the mail train Greenport was leaving the Cutlergrove station, and was under full headway, the engineer discovered a child's carriage on the track. The breaks were applied by a signal from the engineer, and the motion of the train was nearly arrested when the cow caught the little carriage and tossed it off the track. A little boy rolled out of the tiny vehicle, and was picked up by a passing train. The child, however, having received a scratch. The child went out with his little carriage and hid himself unconcernedly in it, was picked up on the railroad.

The relatives of the first wife of Douglas residing in North Carolina, have obtained government permission to take their boys to that state as they are entitled to the estates in North Carolina and Massachusetts, which under the recently enacted laws of rebel confederacy, are in danger of confiscation on account of the non-residence of children. It is not announced what the government has given.

On Monday last, three little boys, children of Mr. Hilman Johnson, and son of James Thorne, of Wayne Village, ventured upon the ice of the pond at No. Mr. Thorne's son was drowned. In the fall of the Johnson boys held on to the ice, also kept hold of his brother until he came to his relief.

The ladies of Rhode Island are preparing to send each volunteer from that State a Christmas gift of a pair of socks. The motto is the name of each soldier, and that of the company to which he belongs are attached to the articles.

The volcano of Chilian, in the Andes recently broken out. The explosive streams of lava can be seen with the eye at a distance of miles.

The Farmington Chronicle says that it is still raging fearfully through the county, numbers dying every day from fearful attacks.

When is an Irish girl most disposed to take compassion on her lover? When her heart goes pity pat.

Rev. John Allen, the famous "Camp John," has been appointed chaplain of Col. Dow's regiment.

They who pine in their youth, and look spruce in old age.

It is now reported that Gen. Price is advancing into Missouri. Rebels, like firewood, should be cut by the cord.—[Prattice.]

SHOCKING ACC. The Lewiston daughter of an son was sent by her She went to a river which the water supported on a earth. The fell thirty feet cries for assistance here she lay, before she was rescued was a terrible struck being rou

A LARGE MIL in the Lewiston number of operat that town, for labor each and 16,000, being The mills are ac ten hours per d contract for dur nary times 11 3 work.

That arch fier spect no quarter case he falls into ling Green Corr Do you suppos ter from them? ville Journal.

A schoolmaste who had been w next room is wit on a whaling ex

Tas See who has tried it. Let all who v Of catching The names of The pain ar Rheumatic ar (These play Just use a fe Just made See advertise

MA In this town, Mr. Geo. A. Kil rick, all of Brigt in Lynn, Ma. Sewell, Mr. Wil town, Mass., to South Bridgton.

Dance MESSRS SECOND LESSON ING. will be at DAY EVENING 12 Lessons for 4

TERMS To \$7 and ROUND In Northampton, Da. Hays's Woman's disease is speedy and re beds, even are s four hundred ca alysis, and loss restored; and a great many haling had lingered with the success in ti plants, and the ish Chemical at sent gratis. Needing a litt confer as well will make a few long expenses b

Home M T. S. ARTICE VI

The miscell azine will open ry, 1862. In a time to maint from the begin to give a magi trations of the high moral cha men women a sife: a magazin home to his w father, to his certain that in haidis only wha

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J. H. E PHYSICAL BR O'Brien and 7 Stone's stor

WEEK. I very frequently satisfy the eye are watching information seekers. The Royal have Thomas has 123 all the sorts within the cotton benefit of the rail himself ver he cau dell, Envoys verment to 1 in that in no present interest in conceivable breathing can press so o show the "bit" if she ferent as to will laugh n really we the English

A LARGE MILL. We learn from an article in the Lewiston Journal that the ordinary number of operatives in the Bates Mills, in that town, is 2000. The amount disbursed for labor each month is between \$15,000 and 16,000, being about 200,000 a year. The mills are now in operation about fourteen hours per day, in order to fill a large contract for duck, for government. In ordinary times 11 3/4 hours constitute a day's work.

That arch fiend, G. D. Prentiss, need expect no quarter from Southern soldiers in case he falls into their hands. [Camp B'wing Green Correspondence.] Do you suppose we should expect a quarter from them? No, not a cent. [Louisville Journal.] A schoolmaster requesting a little boy who had been whispering to step into the next room is wittily spoken of as starting on a whaling expedition.

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 discharge," The pain and grief of wheezing,— Rheumatic anguish swollen throat, (These plagues that come together.) Just use a few of Herriek's Pills, Just made to suit the weather. See advertisement on third page. 1yr39

MARRIAGES. In this town, Nov 29, by Rev Mr. Hawes, Mr. Geo. A. Kilborn to Miss Sarah M. Morris of Bridgton. In Lyman, Mass. Nov. 21st, by Rev. Mr. Sewell, Mr. William H. Lyman of Water-town, Mass. to Miss Carrie S. Burham of South Bridgton, Me.

Dancing School. MESSRS GEE & WEEKS. SECOND LESSON IN DANCING AND WALTZING, will be at Temperance Hall, on MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 9 at 8 o'clock. P. M. 12 Lessons for \$3 per couple. GEE & WEEKS.

TERMS REDUCED To \$7 and \$10 per week, at the ROUND HILL WATER CURE, in Northampton, Mass. Open Summer and Winter. Dr. HARSTED'S success in the treatment of Woman's diseases is well known. The cure is speedy and reliable. Those brought on early, are soon enabled to walk. Over four hundred cases of spinal diseases, paralysis, and loss of the use of limbs have been restored; and numerous cures have been made of various stubborn difficulties which hindered without help for years. For his success in treating more ordinary complaints, and the great favor given the Turkish Chemical and other Baths, see circular sent gratis. Needing a little change, and desiring to confer as well as to receive benefit, Dr. H. will make a few professional visits, traveling expenses being paid, without charge.

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine for 1892! EDITED BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. The thirteenth volume of the Home Magazine will open with the number of January, 1892. In all respects, the work will continue to maintain the high ground assumed from the beginning. Our purpose has been to give a magazine that would unite the attractions of choice and elegant literature with high moral aims, and I teach useful lessons to men, women and children, in all degrees of life: a magazine that a husband might bring home to his wife, a brother to a sister, a father to his children, and feel absolutely certain that in doing so, he placed in their hands only what could do them good.

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

ARE YOU INSURED? This old and successful company, concluded with rigid economy, having accumulated a large cash fund, has been enabled to reduce the rates of premium below 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.

ARE YOU INSURED? With a short time, I have paid \$25,000 to parties in this city and vicinity, or lives of persons insured at this Agency, some of whom had been insured but a short time.

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

ARE YOU INSURED? W. D. LITTLE, General Agent, Portland, or to ENOCH KNIGHT, Bridgton, Me.

ARE YOU INSURED? THE ORIGINAL T. B. BURNHAM, BURNHAM & BROTHERS, Take this method to inform the citizens of Portland and vicinity, that he has fitted up a new suit of Rooms for the purpose of making Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, and Photographs, in all their branches, at NO. 90 MIDDLE STREET, (Opposite J. E. Fernald's Tailoring Establishment.)

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ARE YOU INSURED? 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.

ARE YOU INSURED? 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. 4, 1891.

Bridgton Academy AT NORTH BRIDGTON, ME. THE WINTER TERM will commence on TUESDAY, Dec. 3, 1891, 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, Sec'y. North Bridgton, Nov. 12, 1891.

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

GENT'S Furnishing Goods AND CLOTHS, Ever offered in this State, may be found at BURLEIGH'S, 163 Middle Street, Portland.

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. Pantaloons, From 1.25 to \$5.00. VESTS, From 75 cts to \$7.00.

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, Of every description. A great variety of 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.

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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; and the attending a selection of this kind; and the attending a selection of this kind; and the attending a selection of this kind.

CLUBBING. Home Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Book, or Harper's Magazine, one year, \$5.00. Home Magazine and Saturday evening Post, \$3.00.

Address T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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

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, Dwellings, Insure, Taverns, 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. ENSIGN H. KELLOGG, President. J. C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.

Apply to W. D. LITTLE, General Agent, Portland, or to GEO. G. WIGGINTON, Bridgton, who are also agents for other Good Stock and Mutual Companies. 1951

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.

REMOVAL. The undersigned would inform the public of their removal to NO. 89 COMMERCIAL 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 Manjoy Street, where we are manufacturing all kinds of OILS, White Lead, Japan Putty, &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, 1111 Portland, Jan. 16, 1891.

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

THIS old and successful company, concluded with rigid economy, having accumulated a large cash fund, has been enabled to reduce the rates of premium below 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.

With a short time, I have paid \$25,000 to parties in this city and vicinity, or 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 know something of the advantages of Life Insurance to families and friends in the hour of distress. Let no one neglect it while within reach.

W. D. LITTLE, General Agent, Portland, or to ENOCH KNIGHT, Bridgton, Me.

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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, 1891. 1122

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

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

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 1611

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

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. LARRABEE & CO. 69 Exchange Street, 114 PORTLAND, Me. 6m

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

JOBBER attended to with promptness and dispatch. Please give us a call. Shop next door to Adams & Walker's Store. BRIDGTON CENTER, 42

F. B. & J. H. CASWELL, JEWELERS, BRIDGTON CENTER, MAINE. DEALERS IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY AND PLATED WARE. SPECTACLES, of every description. A superior article, with Periscope Glass.

All repairing faithfully attended to. FLOUR. 50 BARRELS EXTRA AND DOUBLE EXTRA FLOUR, For sale LOW FOR CASH, by Oct 24 JAMES R. ADAMS.

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. 13 and 15 Uxton Street, PORTLAND, ME.

Coffee and Spice 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 5c for the Trade, at short notice. All Goods entrusted at the owner's risk.

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, and is confident that by appointing let 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 in fact, all domesticated animals, upon the most approved principles, at his old stand, Elm House Stable, Temple Street, Portland. 3m49 E. F. RIPLEY, V. S.

J. D. WOODBURY, DEALER IN FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS, & C. BRIDGTON CENTER, ME. Also—Saw GUMMED and FILED at the shortest notice.

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. Birginn.)

FREESTREET CARPET WARE HOUSE Chambers No. 1 and 2, Free Street Block. Over H. J. Libby & Co's, 25 PORTLAND, ME.

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, Biondes, 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, 1891. 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 or be contracting after this date. DANIEL S. SANBORN, Sebago, Sept. 27, 1891. 25*

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

OLD FRIENDS IN THE RIGHT PLACE. Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills! The best family Cathartic in the World; used twenty years by five millions of persons annually always give satisfaction; contains nothing injurious; patentees of 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. To Dr. Herrick, 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 called him to a doctor, 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 more, rubbing him with hot bricks and mustard. 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 thought I would write to you. Yours, ALEXANDER MORTON.

Herrick'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 enviable 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 composites with full directions, & delights all that use it; as a sneezing snuff it cannot be equalled. BOXES 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; ample directions go with each package, and good horses are reinvented to test their virtues and judge of their goodness.

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

HERRICK & BRO., Practical Chemists Albany, N. Y. Sold in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden, 1529 & Broad Street, Traveling Agent.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS. Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Aye, a result of indigestion, and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and you will be restored to health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make

disease. A cold settles upon the lungs, and obstructs the natural functions of the respiratory system, and the surrounding organs, producing general prostration, suffering and disease. While in this condition, exposed by the dampness of the weather, the system is still further debilitated. The natural action of the system, and with it the buoyant feeling of health again. Want of rest and exertion in this tired and exhausted condition, is also the cause of many ailments, which make it doubly necessary to use the purgative effect of the pills. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the body, they are equally, and equally strongly, indicated by the same causes. No one who knows the virtues of these Pills, will neglect to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure.

Sufferers from indigestion, feeling physicians in some of the principal cities, and from other well known public persons.

From a Flourishing Merchant of St. Louis, Feb. 1, 1890. Dr. Ayer: Your Pills are the purgation of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of various nervous troubles, and have been long and incurable for years. Her mother has been long and grievously afflicted with biliousness and pimples on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried your Pills, and they have cured her.

As a Family Physic. From Dr. J. W. Overlight, New Orleans. Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them available to us in the daily treatment of disease.

Headache, Sick Headache, Poor Stomach. From Dr. Edward Bagby, Baltimore. Dear Bro. Ayer: I cannot answer you what complaint I have cured with your Pills better than to say that they ever treat with a purgative medicine. I place great dependence on an efficient cathartic in my daily treatment of disease, and believing as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

Bilious Disorders—Liver Complaints. From Dr. Theodore Bell, 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 many practical points more effectual for the cure of bilious complaints than any other remedy I can remember to have used. I believe that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

Dysentery, Diarrhea, Relax, Worms. From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago. 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 or be contracting after this date. DANIEL S. SANBORN, Sebago, Sept. 27, 1891. 25*

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, Washington, D. C., 14th East, 1891. Sir: I have used your Pills in my general medical 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 derangements 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 to the donor, JOHN G. MCGILLI, Physician of the Marine Hospital.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood. From Dr. J. V. Hunt, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston. Dr. Ayer: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I 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. V. HUNT.

WATERBURY, Wm. Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1891. Dear Sir: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and purify the complexion of the skin.

Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, Fits, &c. From Dr. J. J. Tappin, Montreal, Canada. Too much cannot be said of your Pills for the cure of costiveness. I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I 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.

From Mrs. E. Clark, Physician and Midwife, Boston. I find one or two large doses of your Pills taken at the proper time, an excellent preventive of the natural action of the system, which is so often the cause of biliousness, dysentery and diarrhea. Their sugar-coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children.

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WILDES' HOTEL, No. 46 Elm Street, BOSTON. WESTON MERRITT, Proprietor. 1y

Pondicherry House. THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he is ready to entertain in the most comfortable and substantial manner, and for a reasonable compensation. The Pondicherry House is kept on strictly temperance principles, and travellers will find it a quiet resting place. My House is also fitted up for board, and all who see fit to take board with me, will find a comfortable home. I have also good stabling for Horses, MARRIAGE BACON. Bridgton Center, Nov. 18, 1888. 24

E. I. WILDER, HARNESS MAKER AND CARriage TAMER. Harnesses, Carriage Trimmings, Halters, Sangles, Bridles, Horse Blankets, Whips, &c. constantly on hand and for sale. Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1888. 1y1. PROGRAMMES AND TICKETS. THE Bridgton Reporter Office has facilities for furnishing Programmes and Tickets of Concerts, &c., at low prices.

