

B Walker

The Bridgton Reporter

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1862.

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TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE... TERMS OF ADVERTISING: One square 16 lines, one insertion 75 cents...

THE LETTERS: OR, MARY AND MARY. BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

I am surprised at you, Jane, said the Widow Allen to her daughter, near the close of the pleasant summer afternoon...

Yes, mamma, she said, hesitatingly. And kind hearted? Yes, she said.

And don't he love you? And isn't he the richest man in town? I know all that, mamma, but—

How ridiculous! When you have reached my age, you will find out that marriage and love have very little to do with each other.

Jenny drew her needle through her work with so much energy as to snap the thread, while quite a perceptible pout creased her rosy mouth.

I wonder, too, mamma, she said. I am sure that it would look a great deal more sensible in him to choose a wife somewhere near his own age.

The buxom widow cast a complacent glance at the mirror opposite, which afforded a glimpse of her well preserved beauty.

I don't know why, mamma, responded Jenny, a little mischievously, perceiving her advantage.

claimed. "She shan't complain of me upon that score." We will explain the meaning of these words anon, or rather let the story explain itself.

"Dear me! said the Widow Allen, the next day, as she looked out of the window, if there isn't Square Jones coming up the lane.

"She is gone out to take a walk, mum. She told me if you inquired for her to tell you that she'd be back in the course of an hour."

"Just like her, muttered the widow. I'll warrant that she knew that he was coming, and so got out of the way.

"Are you aware, young man, said the widow, loftily, that my late husband left his daughter to my sole guardianship, with the express provision that she was to marry no one without my approval?"

"Certainly, madam, returned Mr. Fred. erick Sedley, with unruffled composure. But I hope to obtain that approval."

"You are very presumptuous, then, let me tell you, said Mrs. Allen, indignant at what she deemed his want of comprehension; and the best advice that I can give you is that you look out for a wife somewhere nearer your own station in life.

It cannot be denied but that our hero looked slightly abashed at this decided rebuff. But determined not to give it up, he said, I assure you Mrs. Allen, that my salary, though not large is amply sufficient to surround my wife with every comfort, and there is a fair prospect of its being increased.

"Affections? Fiddlestick's end! interrupted the widow, in a tone of supreme contempt. What does a child like her know about affections? I can imagine all she said to you, but she would say the same to any decent looking young man who talked with her half an hour.

"What is the matter, Fred? said Harry Gray to his friend Sedley, the following evening, as the latter crushed in his hand with an ejaculation of impatience, a note that he had just been reading.

"Jenny's but a foolish child, she said, hastily, and knows no more what is for her true interests than a baby! After I have talked with her, she will view your proposal in a very different light."

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intercede for you, which is far more than you deserve, I will say nothing more about it. Though I must consider it to be a most unlooked-for and singular proceeding."

However that might be, quite as singular a one occurred not many weeks after, and quite as agreeable to the parties concerned, which resulted in the widow's (now a widow no longer) abdicating "Ashburn Cottage" in favor of her son-in-law, and being duly installed mistress of the "Squire's new house."

A YANKEE TRICK. Speaking of men on the Islands in Penobscot Bay, and of their fortitude and courage, a story is related of a Capt. Haskell, in times of old, when the British used to make prizes of American vessels for loading in what they were pleased to term 'English waters.'

It was then the fashion to indulge rather freely in the spirit of evil, which is now abroad in the world, and which frequently incites men to deeds, sometimes of daring, but more frequently to criminal actions, yet it seems to have been used to some purpose in effecting the rescue of the vessel from the power of its captors.

By some means, Capt. H. had previously discovered that one of the prize crew was anxious for an opportunity to desert, when he at once made a confident of him and engaged him to assist him in carrying out his plans.

Accordingly, on the night in question, after finding all his customers sound asleep, he ascended to the deck with his accomplice. The Captain then proceeded to pay out the cable. Making a most tremendous noise on deck, the prize master was roused, and coming up the companion way, hailed with—

"Hullo, there! what is all that noise what is all that noise on deck?" "Paying out cable, responded the Capt. or else I guess the brig will go adrift."

"Nothing," said Capt. H. with great gravity, "only we're ashore." "Out with the kedge, men, and get her off," cries the prize master.

"All right!" exclaimed Capt. H. who was once more master, "we're now on Yankee ground!" "The amazement of the British crew may be imagined. They expected nothing less than close quarters at least, but they were soon released, and Capt. H. sailed without further molestation.

This is but one of many instances of herdhood and daring, which may be enumerated concerning the rough, hardy sons of New England in the olden time.

Woman is inferior to man, only in physical power. In all the fine, heroic sentiments, she is his equal if not his superior, generations, in whatever age of light, take their hue and shape from the impress of her power.

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nal nature has never been fully obscured. Glimpses of the heroic and heavenly have shot out from the darkness-Spartean and Roman mothers have answered for the sex—and even the wilderness has not wanted noble specimens of the true woman, among the savages of our race.—Give woman the place of companionship which God gave her, and the scales of our civilization will never droop on the side of humanity.

WHAT THEY SAY ABROAD. When the steamer Edinburgh left England the news of Mill Spring battle had but just arrived, on the 5th. The Cork Advertiser of that date has a few words of comment, which as will be seen, are quite complimentary to the rebels—over the left :

There has been a battle in Kentucky, and such a battle! Seventy-five killed on the side of the federals, and two hundred and something on the side of the confederates. Yet the latter fled, leaving their cannon in the hands of the former! They might as well, for they didn't know how to use them. How often have we said that they had better give up, for that of fighting they had no more notion than if a musket had never been in their hands. This is thoroughly disgraceful, and we presume it occurred under one of their best generals, Sydney Johnston. Nothing is said on the subject, but it seems not improbable, as he was in Kentucky, Gen. Buell surrounded him with a superior force. If it be, and if McClellan can route the other Johnston (Joseph) and Beauregard in the same fashion on the Potomac, and set them flying in the same 'confusion,' we don't see what business the South will have prolonging the struggle.

A HINT THROWN AWAY. A few weeks after a late marriage, the doting husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his last clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of washing. He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning and kindled the fire. When putting on the kettle, he made a noise on purpose to arouse his easy wife. She peeped over the blankets and exclaimed, "My dear—what are you doing?" He deliberately responded, "I have put on my last clean shirt, and am going to wash one for myself." "Very well," said Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash one for me, too, for I need it as much as you."

Experience shows that the discharge of heavy artillery is usually followed by rain. The battles of the French armies were succeeded by copious rains that rendered small streams impassable, and at the battle of Solferino, a storm of such fierceness arose that the conflict was suspended. The same result attended the battles of our present war. After Gen. McClellan's four different battles there were heavy rains on the following days, respectively, and Gen. Beauregard, in his report of the battle of Bull Run, says he was prevented following up his victory by the heavy rains of the following days.

The army on the Potomac have nearly completed a road of logs, covered with earth and gravel, wide enough for two teams to pass, from the extreme of Gen. Porter's division to the Potomac Aqueduct, saving a distance of some miles, which is all important in the present almost impassable state of the common roads in that direction. The National Intelligencer quietly observes, "We are glad that this solid road has been made into Virginia during the war, by our sturdy Northern soldiers, because on the return of peace Virginia would object to such an internal 'improvement' as unconstituted and in violation of the resolutions of '98."

A deplorable railroad casualty happened near Buffalo, N. Y., last Monday. A switch engine on the New York and Erie railroad, while crossing a road near the Dunkirk station, ran against a sleigh occupied by Mr. James, of Sheridan and his wife. The latter jumped to the track immediately in front of the engine, and was instantly crushed beneath it. Mr. James escaped harm, but on seeing his wife thus mangled, leaped from his sleigh exclaiming "You have killed my wife!" and fell to the earth, dead.

An exchange paper very aptly and truthfully says —
"Before you go a shopping, take the advertisement of a newspaper. The man who advertises liberally is a liberal dealer, he sells more goods than old fogies who hide their light under a bushel, and is, therefore able to sell cheaper."

Mrs. Partington has a friend in the army. Being asked one day what his station was, she replied: "For two years he was lieutenant of the horse marches, and after that he was promoted to be captain of a squad of sapheads and miners."

The mind is like a trunk. If well packed, it holds almost everything; if all packed, next to nothing.

The Bridgton Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, FEB. 23, 1862.

TO OUR PATRONS.

We would respectfully say to our patrons that we have engaged the services of Mr. D. HALE, (a gentleman well known to this community) in conducting the Reporter.

As heretofore the paper will be strictly neutral in Politics and Religion. With these subjects we have, as Publisher of the Reporter nothing to do. We believe in the Bible, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. But we go for letting every man put his own construction on those instruments, unassisted by the floods of light that might doubtless be reflected upon them from our columns.

We shall continue to be devoted to the interests of Bridgton and its vicinity. We don't aspire to the responsibility of managing the affairs of all creation, we leave that to the voracious journals of New York and Boston and their trustworthy correspondents. In each number we shall give a concise statement of what has occurred during the week. This will be "an abstract and brief chronicle of the time."

From time to time we mean to present interesting facts in agriculture and its kindred arts and sciences. We trust that the Reporter will be a welcome visitor to every family it may reach, and that each number will contain matter both entertaining and instructive.

Our terms are a dollar a year in advance. Country produce taken in payment. So pass in your Bread stuffs. For the Fruits of the earth we'll give you Fruit plucked right off the tree of knowledge. S. H. NOYES.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY.

Much surprise has been manifested by some of the leading journals of the country, at the position assumed towards us in our present complications by the English Government and people. This can be the result only of profound ignorance of the whole course of British policy toward foreign nations. There is not another government in the world, at whose doors lies the guilt of so many crimes against humanity as at hers. England has repeatedly waged desolating wars, for the avowed purpose of crippling powers whose further prosperity she feared would be detrimental to some of her interests, but against which she had not the least ground of complaint. To preserve the "Balance of power" has been the pretext for nearly all her conflicts with the other nations of Europe, and to such an extent has this balancing policy been frequently carried as to justify the sarcasm of one of her poets.

"Now Europe's balanced neither side prevails.
"For nothing's left in neither of the scales."

A favorite part of her system has been to foment dissensions between neighboring states, and then come in to settle the dispute by reducing both to servitude. The manner in which she governs the countries unhappily subject to her is as atrocious as that by which she gained her dominion.

A few of the more conspicuous events of her history will fully prove the truth of these assertions.

All have heard the names and know the deeds of Wallace and Bruce. They gained their immortality by driving back the hordes of English, who had dethroned their native Scottish prince and were striving to make their country a province of England. Ireland was less fortunate in her struggle for independence, and her wretchedness and poverty well attest the beneficence of British rule. Her territory has been repeatedly ravaged by fire and sword. Almost her whole native population have been, at different times reduced to beggary by the confiscation of their property. The courts established by her conquerors have been as fatal as the bayonets of her soldiers. "The Bloody Assizes" of Jeffries, celebrated and execrated, wherever the English language is spoken, is but a sample of judicial proceedings in Ireland.

But there's another land far away under the tropics, the seat of a civilization, perhaps the most ancient of the world, whose British philanthropy has made its most striking displays. The limits of the present article will allow of no details, but we may say without danger of reputation, that the worst excesses of Roman proconsuls did not surpass the rapacity and cruelty of the English governors of India, and these governors have ever had the active support of the British Parliament and Cabinet. History will be searched in vain, to find instances of more shocking barbarities, than were practiced upon the captured Sepoys. Each one of them was chained to a cannon's mouth, and blown to pieces. Their crime was a struggle to throw off the yoke of foreign usurpation. The war recently waged against China, to force upon her a deleterious drug, in order to increase the profits of British commerce, has been dwelt upon too often of late to need further remarks.

Altogether the English government is a false friend and a dangerous neighbor, and we may wish her farther off. Americans may safely rely on the courage and devotion of her sons, as a protection against all dangers; but when she rests her hopes on the good faith and philanthropy of the English people she will be lost indeed.—That nation has of late, sought diligently for an excuse for commencing hostilities against us. According to present indications, in a few months we shall be in a situation to gratify her wishes on that point, to the fullest extent, in which case, should she continue her insolent aggressions, it would not be strange if the guns that thundered around Fort Donelson, should be heard at Halifax and Quebec, and the fumes who there gathered in deadly strife "in well-becoming ranks, march all one way," towards the Canadas.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The Atlantic for March is before us, and we never recollect to have seen a number of this justly popular magazine so crowded with intellectual treasures as the present. It contains several papers of marked ability on subjects of general interest at the present time, one in particular by Edward Everett. The contributions of Professor Agassiz will doubtless give a renewed impulse to those delightful studies which they illustrate. The "Country Parson" gives us another of his essays written in his most graceful style. Maj. Dorsheimer concludes his graphic narrative of "Freemont's Hundred Days in Missouri." It contains the usual number of stories and novelettes, all of the highest character. But the great feature of this number is the last effort of Mr. Bird O. Freedom Sawin, in which he relates his conversion. Since the days of Hudibras nothing has appeared in the department of comic poetry to excel the "Biglow Papers," and the last is the best of all. Every patron of American literature will procure the magazine.

CONSERVATIVE PREACHING. Beloved Brethren, said a western preacher, "Have you heard what's a goin on away over yonder to Jacksonville? The Sons of Temperance are over there, and I'm afraid they'll be down here on to Timber Gut. Now my dear brethren, you recollect when we built this large and beautiful Metelin' House we raised a subscription, and when we got through there was just seven dollars and a half left, and then you know we went off and got a barrel of good old Monongahela whiskey and there was just three souls to a gallon. But now your dear old brother Coombs has to come away down here on the Timber Gut and wrestle with Satan for souls, and there's never a drop in the keg."

THE THIRTEENTH MAINE—Waiting for the Dawn East Boys—Their Arrival—Scenes at the Depot—A Stirling Spectacle in the Cradle of Liberty—How we felt about what the "Muddails" have done and are doing.

Boston, Feb. 20, 1862.

Mr. Editor.—Day before yesterday it was known here in Boston that the 13th Maine Regiment, Col. Neal Dow, had left Camp Beaufort, Augusta, and was en-route for this city, where it would probably arrive some time in the evening. So at an early hour Tuesday night I went to the Boston and Maine depot, to see the gallant Down East Volunteers when they came. Seven o'clock, and the depot began to fill with expectant people; 8 o'clock, and the crowd grew larger; and at 9, the hour designated for the arrival of the troops, the "gentleman's room," the platform, the rails,—in fact, every part of the building was alive with persons of both sexes, waiting and watching, with more or less impatience, for the coming train.—Here were gentlemen and their wives, standing on the edge of the broad platform, looking earnestly toward the signal lights on a curve of the road; boys, whose only motive was curiosity to see the "sogers"; natives of Maine, who felt an interest in all that pertained to that famous country, Down East, and especially those brave ones going out to help strike the death blow to the foul rebellion; policemen, with their bright buttons and silver star—all mingling together; while here and there the votaries of vice, in the shape of rouged and unrouged filles de joie, were collected in knots of three's and four's—come for the express purpose of entrapping some of the more unsophisticated (as they thought) of the Maine soldiers—but in this I am happy to say, they were totally disappointed. We waited and waited; but the train came not. Every body continued gazing northward; but no light but the usual signal was seen. Half past nine—ten—half past ten, and no signs of the Maine boys as yet. Toes grow cold, fingers ditto; but the people were determined to wait.

Eleven o'clock! "Hark! there's the whistle!"—the bell!—Yes and there comes the locomotive puffing and blowing, with its long train of twenty-five passenger, and five or six baggage cars. The police cleared the platform at one side of the depot, to give the troops room to march from the cars into the street. The engine rolled slowly into the building, and the cars could be seen filled with blue uniforms and flashing muskets.

Knowing that a Bridgton friend and former school mate, whom I had not seen for several years—a young man of my own age, who left his business and went to Washington in the Massachusetts 5th, as three months volunteer, and was in the front of battle at Bull Run—knowing I say, that he was aboard, I ran hastily along beside the train, the instant it stopped, and inquired for his company. Directed to the right car, I pushed my way among the troops, and found my friend standing up with a heavy knapsack on his back—they all wore their knapsacks—leaning on his burnished musket. After our warm greetings were over, the troops nearest me began eagerly to inquire as to where they were to go that night.

"We've had to march all over Portland, with our heavy knapsacks, and are tired most to death," they would say.

"Where are we going to stop?"

"You are going to Faneuil Hall, I understand."

"How far off is that?"

"Only a little ways—between a quarter and half a mile," I would reply.

Soon the troops began to dole out the cars in regular order; and as they moved along, one behind the other, some began singing "Paddy on the Railing," as if glad to seek their place of rest for the night. At last they were all outside the depot, drawn up four deep. The moon shown bright, and the sheen of flashing muskets was seen a long distance up and down the street, as the troops stood awaiting the order to march.—At last the word "Forward!" was shouted; the drums rolled; and the column was in motion. My friend told me to step into the ranks beside him—as the crowd pressed close against the troops—which I did, he and I joyously remarking that I should pass for the captain of the regiment; and with drums beating and bayonets flashing, we marched to Faneuil Hall. The company I marched in was the second to enter. Tramp, tramp, tramp, came the troops up the broad stairs, and it seemed as if there was no end to the column. The main hall was filled, the galleries were filled—the hall overhead was filled—every nook and corner was occupied by volunteers—for a thousand men is so small a number to put into one building. At last the troops were all in, and soon knapsacks were unstrapped and piled up, and arms stacked in rows at regular intervals. But nothing had been provided for the troops, to eat, and they had to camp down supperless, except the officers and what few others that were allowed to go out and get an oyster stew.

I have been in Faneuil Hall during hot political campaigns, when the vast audience were swayed by the burning eloquence of some political champion—when storms of applause greeted the speaker whenever he alluded to the glorious Union—when those living words of the immortal Webster (whose portrait adorns the walls) were proclaimed the watchword of their party, and the voices of the people rose in one tumultuous cheer; but little thought I, that I should in a few years, yet, almost a few months, hear those venerated walls echo to the tread of armed men." But so it is. And in this mighty struggle the Pine Tree State may justly be

praised for the sons she has sent out to the field.

Col. Dow's regiment is highly spoken of—and well it may be, for they are a fine set of men, morally, physically, and intellectually. To-day (Thursday) they are to embark on the *Mississippi* for Ship Island.

Everybody is jubilant at our side of victories. Mill Springs, Roanoke Island, Fort Henry—the news of these brilliant achievements sent the public mind up to fever heat. Then we heard of a desperate struggle going on at Fort Donelson. Next day about noon came the news of its surrender, and every body was wild with joy. The flags went up, and the bells pealed merrily forth. Indeed it was the news of Cornwallis's capture over again. It is the general belief that the rebellion is about crushed.

Yes, the cause of the Union is advancing with rapid strides! It must go on; it must succeed!
"No force can restrain it—no strength can detain it!"
Whatever may resist, it breaks gallantly through!

But I must close this hastily written letter by saying that I trust we shall continue to hear "good news, good news."

Yours in haste,
G. O. S.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

The Thirteenth Maine—Waiting for the Dawn East Boys—Their Arrival—Scenes at the Depot—A Stirling Spectacle in the Cradle of Liberty—How we felt about what the "Muddails" have done and are doing.

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"How far off is that?"

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praised for the sons she has sent out to the field.

Col. Dow's regiment is highly spoken of—and well it may be, for they are a fine set of men, morally, physically, and intellectually. To-day (Thursday) they are to embark on the *Mississippi* for Ship Island.

Everybody is jubilant at our side of victories. Mill Springs, Roanoke Island, Fort Henry—the news of these brilliant achievements sent the public mind up to fever heat. Then we heard of a desperate struggle going on at Fort Donelson. Next day about noon came the news of its surrender, and every body was wild with joy. The flags went up, and the bells pealed merrily forth. Indeed it was the news of Cornwallis's capture over again. It is the general belief that the rebellion is about crushed.

Yes, the cause of the Union is advancing with rapid strides! It must go on; it must succeed!
"No force can restrain it—no strength can detain it!"
Whatever may resist, it breaks gallantly through!

But I must close this hastily written letter by saying that I trust we shall continue to hear "good news, good news."

Yours in haste,
G. O. S.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

The Thirteenth Maine—Waiting for the Dawn East Boys—Their Arrival—Scenes at the Depot—A Stirling Spectacle in the Cradle of Liberty—How we felt about what the "Muddails" have done and are doing.

Boston, Feb. 20, 1862.

Mr. Editor.—Day before yesterday it was known here in Boston that the 13th Maine Regiment, Col. Neal Dow, had left Camp Beaufort, Augusta, and was en-route for this city, where it would probably arrive some time in the evening. So at an early hour Tuesday night I went to the Boston and Maine depot, to see the gallant Down East Volunteers when they came. Seven o'clock, and the depot began to fill with expectant people; 8 o'clock, and the crowd grew larger; and at 9, the hour designated for the arrival of the troops, the "gentleman's room," the platform, the rails,—in fact, every part of the building was alive with persons of both sexes, waiting and watching, with more or less impatience, for the coming train.—Here were gentlemen and their wives, standing on the edge of the broad platform, looking earnestly toward the signal lights on a curve of the road; boys, whose only motive was curiosity to see the "sogers"; natives of Maine, who felt an interest in all that pertained to that famous country, Down East, and especially those brave ones going out to help strike the death blow to the foul rebellion; policemen, with their bright buttons and silver star—all mingling together; while here and there the votaries of vice, in the shape of rouged and unrouged filles de joie, were collected in knots of three's and four's—come for the express purpose of entrapping some of the more unsophisticated (as they thought) of the Maine soldiers—but in this I am happy to say, they were totally disappointed. We waited and waited; but the train came not. Every body continued gazing northward; but no light but the usual signal was seen. Half past nine—ten—half past ten, and no signs of the Maine boys as yet. Toes grow cold, fingers ditto; but the people were determined to wait.

Eleven o'clock! "Hark! there's the whistle!"—the bell!—Yes and there comes the locomotive puffing and blowing, with its long train of twenty-five passenger, and five or six baggage cars. The police cleared the platform at one side of the depot, to give the troops room to march from the cars into the street. The engine rolled slowly into the building, and the cars could be seen filled with blue uniforms and flashing muskets.

Knowing that a Bridgton friend and former school mate, whom I had not seen for several years—a young man of my own age, who left his business and went to Washington in the Massachusetts 5th, as three months volunteer, and was in the front of battle at Bull Run—knowing I say, that he was aboard, I ran hastily along beside the train, the instant it stopped, and inquired for his company. Directed to the right car, I pushed my way among the troops, and found my friend standing up with a heavy knapsack on his back—they all wore their knapsacks—leaning on his burnished musket. After our warm greetings were over, the troops nearest me began eagerly to inquire as to where they were to go that night.

"We've had to march all over Portland, with our heavy knapsacks, and are tired most to death," they would say.

"Where are we going to stop?"

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G. O. S.

Good Luck. Some young men talk good luck. Good luck was to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck if you only a shilling a week, was to live upon a penny and save a penny; good luck was to trouble your heads with your own brains, and to let your neighbors alone; good luck was to fulfil the commandments, and have unto other people as we wished them unto us. They must not only work hard. They must plod and persevere. Pence must be taken, because they are seeds of guineas. To get on in the world they must take care of home, sweep their own door-ways clean, try and help the people, avoid temptations, and have an eye in truth and God.—[De Kraine's Letters.]

Flag-officer Foote is beloved by all here. The night after he captured Fort Blount, a gentleman said to him that he was "so nervous and must have some sleep." "I slept better in my life than I did the night before the battle, and I never prayed so fervently than on that morning; I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of poor fellows on board the Essex," he replied—a reply which at once revealed whole character; for he is not only a man, but humane, self-sacrificing; and openly recognizes the claims of Christianity and lives up to his profession.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

GREAT SPECULATION IN PORK. It is estimated that in Cincinnati, last Saturday, the whole stock of Pork—worth over six million dollars—was taken out of market, an advance of a dollar and a half per barrel offered, but refused. Orders were received by the commission merchants to purchase at any price. In consequence of this speculation it is said to be prospective opening of the Southern market for western provisions.

Some of the cotton brokers and merchants are likely to loose by holding cotton and cloth for high prices. Cotton has risen in New York, two cents a week for the last six weeks; and the English, who have a large stock of goods for which they find a sale, are sending them to New York to compete with our home manufacturers, and reduce the prices.

The New York World quotes the following from the Articles of War. "Whoever is convicted of holding correspondence, or giving intelligence to the enemy, directly or indirectly, shall suffer death. If this were enforced every editor in New York would be in his grave within a week."

A Runaway Volunteer, arrested at New York, N. H., was permitted to get married to make all safe, one of his hands handcuffed to one of the lady's hands; they retired at night! In the morning the bracelet was taken off, and the prison taken to his regiment.

A Saxon Princess, who refused the hand of the first Napoleon, is now living in London. She is over eighty years old, and never married. She has two sisters, sixty years old, who have also refused offers from dukes innumerable, and are leading lives of unalike celibacy.

The New York Herald says that after fight at Fort Donelson but 140 effective were left of the 11th Illinois Regiment, in company G there were but 16; all the rest were dead, wounded or prisoners. This is true, it indicates a much greater loss than has been reported.

A North Carolinian upon hearing that grass was growing in the streets of his native city became frantic with joy. In Carolina grass would grow anywhere; in New York it was perfectly delightful to see grass grow in the streets of a city.

Homburg von der Hoke, one of the gambler's places of Germany, has been the scene of three suicides, one a young Prussian, who had ruined himself at the gaming table; the second a rich Russian, and the third of a traveler passing through, who had both begged themselves in the same manner.

In the Queen's prison, London, William Miller, an aged prisoner, has been kept for fifty years, for a debt of a thousand pounds that he says he doesn't owe. He owns property, and because he wouldn't sign it away the other day and was bankrupt, he was ordered to an insane asylum.

One-third of the army clothing is made entirely worthless, and the Secretary of War has ordered that payments to contractors at once suspended. One lot of twenty thousand coats, which were rejected, cost the government over one hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

A private letter from New Orleans, dated 10th inst., says there exists a large sentiment, and the people are beginning to express their opinions pretty freely. There is no doubt that on the approach of the rebels the city will be surrendered without any fighting.

Ex-Governor Pennington, of New Jersey on Sunday last week, from the effects of an apothecary's mistake in putting morphine for quinine.

Fort Henry has been named Fort M in honor of the gallant Commodore M captured it.

Gen. Burseide's official report makes loss at Roanoke 50 killed, and 222 wounded. The rebel loss was 13 killed, and 39 wounded.

Cumberland Gap and Russellville, no possession of our troops, are important sea in a military point of view, particularly the former. Here a few months ago was proposed to make a formidable station. The late accumulation of our victorious demolished rebel expectations in that quarter, and hence the cave.

England and France have boasted of their clads vessels of war, but the United States have been first to put them to the test.

Twenty disabled soldiers belonging to Butler Expedition arrived at Boston Monday, per ship George Green, from Island.

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MISCELLANY.

SIDWINTER.

Althwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS INSURANCE COMPANY

THIS Old and substantial Company, with
a Cash Capital and Surplus of
\$225,000.

GRANT'S COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.

Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of
COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATUS
AND GRAIN TALKER.

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine for 1862!

The nineteenth volume of the Home Magazine
will open with the number of January,
1862.

DR. LA CROIX'S PRIVATE MEDICAL TREATIES

Physiological View of Marriage.
250 PAGES AND 130 ENGRAVINGS.—Price
only 75 CENTS.

We have recently devoted much of our
time in VISITING THE BUREAU OF THE
PILLS, which we are enabled to introduce
into our practice.

The Secrets of Youth Unveiled.
A Treatise on the Cause of Premature
Decay—A solemn warning.

Attended daily, from 8 in the morning
till 9 at night, and on Sundays from 2 till 5
P. M.

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WILDES MOTEL,
No. 46 Elm Street,
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J. W. PEARL & CO.,
Wholesale Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS,

Patent Medicines,
Drugs, Dye Stuffs, Glass Ware,
GLUE, BRUSHES.

Superior Triple Refined
Camphine and Burning Fluid,
No. 60 COMMERCIAL ST.

G. H. BROWN,
Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in
EVERY KIND OF
LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES

Extension, Center and Card Tables.
BEDSTEPS, of the latest and most im-
proved style, with Spring Bottoms.

Attention
FAMILY GROCERIES,
NOW in store which will be sold for the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

DUGS AND MEDICINES,
STATIONERY,
AND PATENT MEDICINES,

Confection
AND FANCY GOODS,
JAMES B. ADAMS.

They go right to the Spot.
INSTANT RELIEF! STOP YOUR COUGH
PURIFY YOUR BREATH!
STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

SPALDING'S Throat Confections

ARE GOOD FOR CLERGYMEN,
GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,
GOOD FOR SINGERS,
GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Spalding's Throat Confections.
LADIES ARE DELIGHTED WITH
Spalding's Throat Confections.

Spalding's Throat Confections.
They relieve a Cough instantly.
They clear the Throat.

PRICE 25 CENTS.
My signature is on each package. All
others are counterfeit.

HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK.

Cephalic Pills CURE CICK HEADACHE.
Nervous Headache CURE All kinds of Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic
attacks of Nervous or Sick Headache may be
prevented;

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AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

The Strongest Glue in the World.
The Cheapest Glue in the World.
The Most Durable Glue in the World.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE
Is the only article of the kind ever produc-
ed which

WILL WITHSTAND WATER.
IT WILL MEND WOOD,
IT WILL MEND LEATHER,

IT WILL MEND MARBLE,
IT WILL MEND CHINA,
IT WILL MEND PORCELAIN.

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

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE.
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Very Liberal Reductions to Wholesale
Buyers. TERMS CASH.

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78 WILLIAM STREET

Important to House Owners
Important to Builders
Important to Rail Road Companies.

JOHNS & CROSLEY,
IMPROVED
GUTTA PERCHA
CEMENT ROOFING,

IT IS FIRE AND WATER PROOF.
It can be applied to new and old Roofs of all
kinds, steep or flat and to Shingle Roofs
without removing the Shingles.

AND IT IS AS DURABLE.
This article has been thoroughly tested in
New York City and all parts of the United
States.

IT CAN BE APPLIED BY ANY ONE,
and when finished forms a perfectly FIRE
PROOF surface, with an elastic body, which
cannot be injured by Heat, Cold or Storms.

LIQUID
GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT,
For Coating Metals of all Kinds when expos-
ed to the Action of the Weather, and

SAVE THE PIECES! DISPATCH!
ECONOMY!
A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!

As accidents will happen, even in well re-
gulated families, it is very desirable to have
some cheap and convenient way for repair-
ing Furniture, Toys, Grocery, &c.

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HENRY C. SPALDING,
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AGENTS WANTED.
We will make liberal and satisfactory
arrangements with responsible parties who
would like to establish themselves in a
creative and permanent business.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.
We can give abundant proof of all our
claims in favor of our improved Roofing Ma-
terials, having applied them to several build-
ings and Roofs in New York City and vicinity.

TO THE PEOPLE
OF THE
UNITED STATES!

IN the month of December, 1858, the un-
dernamed for the first time offered for
sale to the public, Dr. J. BOVÉE DODD'S
Imperial Wine Bitters, and in this short period
they have given such universal satisfaction

IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS
from all who have not used them. We chal-
lenge the world to produce their equal.

These Bitters for the cure of Weak Stom-
achs, General Debility, and for Purifying
and Enriching the Blood, are absolutely
wholesome by any other remedy on earth.

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