

The Bridgton Reporter.

HORACE C. LITTLE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

A Local, Family Newspaper. Strictly Neutral in Politics.

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THE Bridgton Reporter.

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HORACE C. LITTLE.

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ized to take Advertisements and Subscrip-
tions for us at our Lowest Rates.

Poetical Selections.

HEAVEN.

The following beautiful lines are by the
author of that exquisite poem, 'Over the Riv-
er,' Miss Nancy A. W. Priest, and are cop-
ied from the Springfield, Mass., Republic-
an:

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy
skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by
shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through these enchanted bowers.

Thy city's shining tower we may not see,
With our dim earthly vision;
For death, the silent wanderer, keeps the key,
That opens these gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western
sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault
After,

Oh, land unknown! Oh, land of love divine!
Father, all wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering wayworn feet
Into these pastures vernal.

Story for the Family Circle.

VERA VANCE:

OR

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

And so, Cousin Jimmie, you love me! Well the words stir up a little thrill in my heart, though, I know from the calm tone of your letter, 'tis only a kind of platonic love, that might, in its warmest moments, be a brotherly affection—nothing more. I do not mistake your feelings, yet the words thrill my heart, because they stir up some half-buried memories.

Love! What is it? It has been nine-tenths of my life until now, and now I turn down fiercely its pleading fingers that would fain grasp my heart-strings.

I wonder why God gave people the power to love, when he meant it to be a source of restless pain to them? Nonetheless! I've never loved! It is true when I received my first proposal, nearly two years ago, I did cry and say, 'In four years, if he would let me!' Pshaw! It's the same stereotyped old story: A misunderstanding—a final engagement—then nothing but memory! Nothing—did I say nothing? Was the eager, yearning paleness that crept over my features, nothing? Were the restless days and nights nothing? No, I was a child, they told me, and yet the weight of its sixteen years pressed heavily upon my heart. Who loved me next? Yes, I remember; but when he was seven-teen years old he had betrothed himself to his cousin. She loved you Marion.—You never told me in so many words that you loved me; yet somebody says, 'the heart knows no rhetoric of words.'

Well we know none. There had been no guilty words of tenderness between us. There was no tie binding you to me; and, Marion, you kept the engagement! I could not have loved you, or I should have died ere this.

What next? Fred loved me! How the words mocked me when he wrote how gladly he'd give his life just to live one hour in the sunlight of my love! What mattered it? I didn't care for him and no doubt he has got over it long since.

What next, did you ask? Oh, nothing only there's a dear face, with glorious regal eyes, haunting me; and, though I don't love it yet, I realize that I might worship it under different circumstances. But now the lesson my life has spent learning, rings up to me. I'll repeat it over, for a great fear tugs at my heart lest I forget it. Listen how much wisdom is expressed. Shall I chain myself down in poverty's relentless arms? Has so much pains been expended upon me that I may marry some poverty-stricken lover, and feel every finer feeling and ennobling impulse dying out 'mid the unending round of toil? And when health, fame, comfort, and friends, are all gone, a taunting friend to whisper, 'When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out of the window!'

There! I do know my lesson. Forget it, indeed! Isn't it written in burning characters of fire all along the quivering life-chorde of my whole being?

So ran the majority of a letter, dated 'Rose Heath, Nov. 8th,' and signed 'Vera Vance.'

It was a fair, young, boyish face that bent over it, and a pair of pitying eyes were dim with misty tears. 'Twas only a moment—then, as if determined to shake off the haunting thoughts, he glanced at the beginning of the letter, with a faint shadowy smile and said,

'What a penchant we Kentuckians have for calling each other cousins?'

I wish I was her cousin, her mother's own nephew! Yes, I wish I was her brother—then perhaps, I wouldn't make a fool of myself by laboring under the absurd hallucination that I'm in love.—would I have her when I know she'd only marry me for my money? Don't her letters speak as plainly as possible? She loves no doubt, some poverty-stricken genius, that pride won't let her marry.

And now after my confession of love—calm in its very depth and intensity—she can see it is only a kind of platonic love. Bah! It's my opinion women are the greatest idiots on the globe—except—except perhaps the men who love them!

And Jimmie Mason walked to the window, and tapped on the shining panes impatiently.

'Here I've been writing to her the dullest only knows how long,' he broke out fiercely; 'and now on the strength of her last letter, so absurdly sentimental, I was lunatic enough to propose, and this is the end of it!'

There was a moment's silence, and then he continued,

'But it ain't the end of it. It shan't be the end of it! I love the girl! I've got money! Who cares if she does marry me for my money? She shall have it! I'll marry her! What do I care who loves her—she'll be mine!'

And with the fierce passion waves beating his soul to madness, the young man grasped his pen with desperate defiance, and in an hour another letter was sent!

CHAPTER II.

'There's the church bell, father, shall we go?' It was Vera Vance that spoke, as she took the arm of a tall, blue-eyed gentleman, who was looking in the library for some old musty tomes, such as the cowboys of his brain doubtless carved.

'Young Alwood preaches to-night, does he not?' returned the father, bending a scrutinizing glance on the blushing face, that faintly answered,

'Yes, sir.'

'My daughter, the voice was very calm and deliberate, 'this Alwood may be a very clever fellow; but I've taken too much pains with your education to throw yourself away on the first chap you happen to fancy, when there's no security of his being able to take care of you. I've labored hard to do my duty. I've reared you up too tenderly to see you the poor neglected wife of a country parson.'

'Why, father, Mr. Alwood has scarcely ever spoken to me,' returned the girl while a painful quivering round the mouth told of a smothered tempest.

'I know he hasn't, and yet you are ready to give your affections unsought.—Ready to leave your father who has taken care of you all your life, and shielded you from every hardship, to share the fortunes—no, the miserable fortunes—of a poor stranger.'

'No, father, I'm not willing to do this!' answered a low, steady voice, and a paleness—the paleness of determination—crept over the girl's face.

'Twas an excellent sermon—rang out in musical tones—flushed up in the royal splendor of a pair of glorious eyes; but amid the listening audience, where some wept with feeling, some smiled with approbation, and others were quiet with unutterable admiration, there was one still, white face, with dumb despairing eyes, that gazed in stern agony on the features of the young preacher, noted the broad, genius-haunted brow, the dark mysterious eyes, and gentle lovable mouth; and then, with unfinching fingers, threw the dark mantle of despair over the quivering heart that would have lain bowed to the radiant image of goodness, intellect and beauty.

'Ah, Vera, a letter came for you this evening. I had forgotten it. Here.'

They had reached home, and were sitting in the little, old fashioned library. Vera Vance held out her hand half impatiently, and read with flushed cheeks, yet half scornful lip, the letter that to Jimmie Mason had seemed a part of his very life.

'Read it aloud,' asked the old gentleman, after Vera had finished and was folding it up in a kind of absent-minded way. The voice was very low and coaxing as if the father's yearning heart would fain give his child the tenderness she so needed.

'It is long and uninteresting,' returned Vera. 'He merely loves me, and urges an immediate and decisive answer,' concluded the girl half despondently.

'What answer shall you return?' queried the father.

'Shall I except him?' she asked.

'If you love him, my child.'

The old man's voice was pleading and mournful.

'If I love him! Bah! what difference does my love make?' and now the pale face was crimson with its high tides of excitement.

'My child, my child, because I love you too well to see you wear out beneath the galling chains of poverty, yet I do not want you to marry merely for wealth. It is as easy to love a rich man as a poor one. Do not marry this man merely because he has money.'

The girl made no reply, save to wind her arms around her father's neck, and drop her head on the heart whose great mournful throbs beat out a world of anxious tenderness.

For a time the fire burned, the clock ticked, and the Autumn wind hurried shivering through the pine trees, but no word broke the stillness in that little library. At length rising her white, desolate face from her father's bosom, Vera said:

'I will wait a week, father, and then I will send my answer.'

Once, twice, thrice the old man essayed to speak, then with a weight of unshed tears pressed on his heart and stifling the power of speech, he folded Vera in his arms, and the good-night kiss and embrace were far more eloquent witnesses of his affection than any words could have been.

It was a week after this Vera Vance was an unobserved hearer of the following:

'You are going home with me, to night Alwood, are you not?'

'I suppose so. Who will be there?'

'None but the family, excepting Miss Vera Vance.'

'Then I must respectfully decline going, as that young lady's father already looks as dagger if I speak to her. I have no desire to induce her to disobey the only commandment with promise!'

They were gay, almost boyish looking creatures, and in a moment more forgot their words. But the flushed, quivering face of Vera Vance told that she could not so easily forget.

'The conceited jackanapes!' she murmured indignantly. 'No doubt he imagines that exposed to the fascinations of his entrancing presence I should immediately break 'the first commandment with promise,' by worshipping his supernatural perfections. But, without the aid of his philanthropic shield from tempta-

tion, I think Vera Vance knows her duty to her father and mother. Love—happiness—what mocking words they are! What a superlative humbug the world is anyhow!

That night Vera Vance forced smiles of mock gaiety on her lips and whispered—

'I have excepted Jimmie Mason. Bless me, father.'

The old man was deceived and was joyful in his child's counterfeited happiness. The world was deceived—fairly entrapped into rendering a verdict of approbation when Vera Vance and Jimmie Mason were married. It was a truly splendid affair!

You are not expected to drop any tears, sentimental reader. To be sure my own eyes are dim to tell you of it, but such things happen every day.

What if people do fancy their hearts broken? Girls frequently do such things but they eat, and drink, and sleep, and live, and die, apparently just as they otherwise would have done. What does the world care? Nothing. Nobody cared if Vera Vance did grow old, and stern, and sarcastic, and miserable.

'She wasn't an old maid!'

ARTEMUS WARD MEETS A TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

At Ann Arbor, being seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of something to drink. As I was stirring the beverage up, a pale faced man in gold bowed spectacles laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said:

'Look not upon the wine when it is red!'

Sez I, 'This ain't wine. This is Old Rye.'

'It stingeth like an adder and biteth like a serpent!' said the man.

'I guess not,' said I, 'when you put sugar in it.' That's the way I allers take mine.

'Have you sons grown up?' the man asked.

Well, sez I, as I put myself outside my beverage, 'my son Artemus junior, is going on 18.'

'Ain't you afraid if you set this bad example be' him he'll come 2 a bad end?'

He's come to a wax end, already. He's learning the shoemaking bizness,' I replied. 'I guess we can both on us get along without your assistance sir,' I observed, as he was about going to open his big mouth again.

'This is a cold world,' sez the man.

'That's so. But you'll get into a warmer one by and by, if you don't mind your own bizness better.'

I was a little riled at the feller, because I never take anything only when I really need it. I afterwards learned that he was a temperance lecturer, and if he can induce men to stop setting their innards on fire with the frightful licker which is retailed about the country, I shall heartily rejoice. Better give men prussic acid at once, than to pizen 'em to death by degreaze.

THE ART OF LAUGHING.—The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma; his face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders, or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him—their hands instinctively go half way to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in a groaning key. He laughs you out of our faults, while you never dream of being offended with him, and never knew what a pleasant world you are living in, until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

A mechanic, having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour, by calling out that the family was sitting down to the table.

'Thank you,' said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap. 'Thank you, but I never eat anything during the night.'

Christ did not count his converts by thousands, nor yet by tens; but he counted them by units, saying, 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.' He valued individuals; and yet shall he welcome his redeemed as an innumerable multitude, whom no man can number.

Joseph Hawes, Esq., formerly of Yarmouth, editor of the Commercial Bulletin at Panama, died at Panama on the 15th of April. He was thirty-eight years of age and leaves a wife and two children. His mother and sister reside in this city.—Argus.

PAYING THE CONDUCTOR.—On one of the railroads the directors have come down on the dead head system and very much curtailed the free list. An individual who has been in the habit of traveling to and fro without any charge, recently applied to the superintendent for a pass, and was much offended when it was refused. As he was leaving the room, he angrily exclaimed: 'I'll pay my fare this time, but the road shan't be any the richer for it—I'll pay the Conductor!'

Parsons, a Chicago lawyer, was trying a case before a jury, being counsel for the prisoner. The Judge was very hard on him, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Parsons moved for a new trial. The Judge denied his motion and remarked, 'The court and the jury think the prisoner a knave and a fool.'

Instantly the counsel replied; 'The prisoner wishes me to say he is perfectly satisfied—he has been tried by a court and jury of his peers.'

The Worcester, Massachusetts Spy reports that some of the schoolmarmes who were recently sent to North Carolina to instruct the negroes, 'are not so intent upon teaching the young idea how to shoot,' as upon flirting with the officers, in a manner not entirely consistent with morality. Gen'l Hunter is going to send some of the misbehaving misses' home.

A TOTAL ECLIPSE.—The Confederate Almanac for 1862, published by Rev. Dr. Sumner, at the Southern Methodist Publishing House, announces an 'eclipse of the sun, visible over the Confederate States!'

To this Nashville Union adds, that about the same time 'there will be a total eclipse of the Confederate States, visible over all creation.'

Timothy Titecomb, moralizing in his beautiful way on unfinished humanity, says: 'I never knew a Christian to set himself up as a pattern. So far as I know, they are very shy of pretensions, and deprecate anything more than the thought that anybody should take them for finished specimens of the work of Christianity in human life and character.'

CRINOLINE ASHORE AND AFOAT. We're mail-clad vessels; iron grates Our ladies robes conceal;

Our ships' sides fenced with armor plates; Our girls with ribs of steel.

Steel ribs will save from capture make Her majesty's marine;

But whom do you expect to take A wife in Crinoline.

—Landon Punch.

Samsays.—'Fred, don't never imagine woman is an angel. If you ever have symptoms of that kind, just take a good dose of catnip tea and go to bed; for it's a disease worse than the measles if it happens to strike in'—I had it once.'

Joy is heightened by exultant strains of music, but grief is caused only by low ones. 'A sweet sad measure' is the balm of a wounded spirit. Music lightens toil. The sailor pulls more cheerily for his song.

Prentice says unquestionably the rebels have immense energy, but it has all settled in their legs.

A little girl went into a large drug store, and walking up to the proprietor, asked in a half whisper—'If a little girl hain't got no money, how much chawin' gum do you give her for nothin'?''

A medical journal tells of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. We have known ladies to live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

To do much good, and make but little noise, is a singular thing. Some say much, but do nothing; but Christians should do much, and say nothing.

The great subterranean phenomenon in Edmondson Co. Ky., the giving up of Nashville, and the surrender of Island No. Ten, are three mammoth caves.—Prentices

'I shouldn't care so much about the bugs,' said a thin, pale lodger to his landlady, but the fact is, ma'am, I hain't got the blood to spare.'

'Why don't you ask your sweetheart to marry you?' I have asked her?—'What did she say?' Oh I've the refusal of her,

Bonaparte said he got five millions of revenue from the love of brandy, and he would like to know which of the virtues would pay as much.

Agricultural Department.

LORD PALMERSTON ON LAND DRAINAGE.

The following letter is extracted from the current number of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of Eng.: 24, PICCADILLY, Jan. 6, 1862.

'My dear Sir—I have received your letter of to-day. The question of which it relates seems to me to be as clear and as simple as anything can be.

'It is demonstrated that under-draining must render more dry the atmosphere of the lands drained, and it is equally plain that it cannot materially, if at all, diminish the supply of water to any river that flows through such lands. Under-drained land is like a sponge; it is saturated with the moisture which, by capillary attraction, it draws up from below, and with the moisture which in certain conditions, such as sea-fog, it imbibes from the atmosphere, and with the water which falls in the shape of rain or snow. The moisture thus held by this spongy upper stratum of the land is got rid of mainly by evaporation into atmosphere in contact with such land; and the quantity of water with which that atmosphere is thus charged is in some cases very considerable, and, being much greater than the air can hold in solution, it is precipitated in the shape of mist and fog, to the detriment of the health of the inhabitants of the district.

The effect of sufficient under-draining is to convert four or five or six feet of the upper crust of the land from the condition of a sponge to that of dry earth.—That thickness of crust no longer draws moisture from below by capillary attraction; and the water which falls upon it as rain or snow, or which is deposited upon it by sea-fogs, instead of rising into the atmosphere by slow evaporation, finds its way rapidly into the drains, and is carried off by them. The soil would, however, always, by its retentive nature, keep a certain amount of moisture for the wants of vegetable roots. The good effect, then, of draining upon the atmosphere of the district drained, are demonstrable in theory; and everybody who, like me, has had drained a large extent of land, which before was very wet, will have amply experienced these good effects in practice. The improvement in the atmosphere of that part of the valley of the Test which extends from a mile above Romey to two miles or so below it, is most striking and satisfactory, and is entirely owing to the drainage works which have been executed within those limits.

'But then as to the effect of under-draining upon the supply of water to rivers; rivers are supplied with water by rivulets which flow into them, and by dyes of catnip tea and go to bed; for it's a disease worse than the measles if it happens to strike in'—I had it once.'

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Palmerston

'My dear sir, yours faithfully,

L. B. Denton, Esq.,

Bridgton Reporter.

Bridgton, Friday, May 23, 1862.

CREDULITY VS. INCREDULITY.

Credulity, to its credit be it said, is a vague indication, or presentation of truth. A predisposition to believe pre-supposes something to believe in, as every faculty of man, or least, has a correspondent object. No faculty was given for mere mockery, but for useful ends. That the faculties of the soul may be misdirected, or inverted, is of course conceded. All, or most all, of our mishaps in life occur through this very common inversion of our faculties; reason must preside over them all, and keep them in their lawful limits. Credulity, or an easy faith, is a venial fault—one that always leans to virtuous side, betokening a man of noble ingenuousness, and inexhaustible hope. This easy belief is the needle that always trembles toward the regions of truth. It surely indicates the near presence of good things to be believed in. The credulous soul is always near to the truth—is kept alive and animated by its all-encouraging and beneficent spirit. The unconsciously believing man is ever sustained through all material misadventures—is rich in unfulfilling hope, let what will betide his outward estate. When fortune darkens on his external prospects, the inward perennial light grows more luminous, and the untailing heritage of truth looms richly on his joyful vision. You cannot long depress the soul so rich in natural faith. The material world is under his feet, and if he cannot walk on it, he can always betake himself to his wings and fly to the "spiritual mount of vision," where all is fair and everlasting!

Why should we not be believing? How much there is in heaven and earth for the soul of man to embrace! Think of the exceeding richness, and the vast variety of material good with which this universe abounds! Why ignores this incalculable aggregation of entities and verities, or any part of them? They were designed to enrich and feed the mind, as well as to be of bodily use. An infidel mind is a poor, narrow, paltry thing, although it is generally full of arrogant conceit. Of course, denying the truth, the great revelations of the spiritual and material universe, awfully belittles the mind of man. By closing his spiritual eyes on the light of truth, which beams so largely and benignantly, a man puts himself on a level with the owl, who does his poor seeing, and dull monotonous hooting in the night time.

The incredulous man is seldom generous. Regarding the universe of God as a meagre, parsimonious affair, he thinks necessity demands of him to be the same. He patterns his conduct on the character of the miser, his narrow and contracted view of truth. The trouble with him is, he is so wise in his own conceit that he will not believe in anything that he did not have a hand in getting up, or which does not shine along the low level of his paralyzing eyes. He will not believe anything that does not exactly tally with his pre-conceived notions. The little pent-up store house of his soul is full of stale, common-place lumber, which suffices for his sordid wants. The eternal sun shines not for him; and if the fact of its existence were made, by some rude shock of demonstration, apparent to him, he would, in the spirit of Milton's devil, exclaim—

"O sun, I hate thy beams!"

Condemnation is sure for the unbelieving man. He is condemned already in the miserable poverty of his unbelieving heart. He stumbles over the dark mountains, and falls in the plainest paths. He opposes himself to eternal truth, the very truth that invites the soul of man to a never-ending feast of fat things. Ah, poor man! I pity him, although he will not appreciate our sympathy, because he has chosen, in his exceeding blindness and folly, the untimely heritage of negation. He will not believe that there is anything higher and better for him than what he is already in possession of. He will sneer at the credulous man—call him a fool, when he is the poor fool that "denies the Lord that bought him," and stubbornly veils his eyes to the ever waiting banquet of life.

As for the credulous man—the man of easy faith—he sometimes blunders, and "gets into the wrong pew," while threading the sanctuary of truth, and is often put to inconvenience by his misplaced trust. But he is not essentially injured by embracing some of the deceiving semblances of truth. It is his capacity for believing—his hungering after the million-fold forms of truth, that constitutes his blessedness. The object is always ample for the subject, though they may not always duly and lawfully embrace. The subject may blunderingly fumble for its object, and may "hit or miss" as the fellow did who had a great penchant for shouting "Amen!" But the "Amen" was in him, and that was sufficient. The believing man's good consists in his capacity for belief, even as the lover is mainly blessed by his pre-disposition to love, rather than by the objects of his esteem.

We may believe all the mind can possibly hold, and still there will remain, in heaven and earth, enough to meet the mind's ever-enlarging powers of receptivity. We need have no fears that we shall lack for the "raw material" for the most voracious faith or credulity. Marvel as much as we may, still the *marvelous* will infinitely transcend the utmost stretch of our marvelous powers.

ARTEMUS WARD AND JACK DOWNING.

The two most humorous, Simon Pure writers of "genovine" Yankee in this country are natives, respectively, of Bridgton, and the adjoining town of Waterford. Sabe Smith (Major Downing) was born at North Bridgton village, unless we are greatly mistaken, some over sixty years ago, and we believe was a scholar in the Academy of that place, when it was kept in the old Andrews Hall. We can just remember his visit to Miss Zilpha Andrews' school in which we were a very promising pupil, which was also kept in the old Hall. He was accompanied by Squire Howe. We recollect that the word *stuck* was "put out" to us to spell, and not being then very well acquainted with the dissimilarity of the articles thus pronounced, we spelt it *stake*. The Squire remarked, that, in the event of the correctness of the spelling, the article must be rather *tough*. We can recollect that Sabe was a clerkly looking fellow—quite genteel, and of pale and delicate aspect. He not long after that delivered an address before the Masons of this and other towns, on the occasion of a celebration of St. John's Day. A few years subsequent to this he established a paper called "The Portland Courier," in Portland, and commenced his much renowned Jack Downing letters. He shortly became a confidential "friend" of "General Jackson," and accompanied him on his Eastern "Tour." We remember that his letters were all the rage, and were copied into most of the papers. It appears that he has got in with Old Abe, and has had with him a characteristic confab about what disposition shall be made of the negroes. The letter containing an account of the interview, is instructive as well as amusing, and shows that the Major has lost none of his homely Yankee logic.

Artemus Ward will make good the Major's place, his humor being of a similar type, although having more of Western breadth. He is a most genuine humorist, and doubtless was inspired somewhat by his predecessor, the Major.

It is not a little creditable to this town and Waterford that the two best humorists of the country should have originated in them.

KINDLY DONE.—We insert this week an installment of the good and kindly things which some of our exchanges have said of us. Thanks, gentlemen; we will reciprocate your compliments when a proper occasion occurs.

NOTICES OF THE REPORTER.

THE BRIDGTON REPORTER.—The Bridgton Reporter of May ninth, comes to us as bright and handsome as any rural lass to be found in the romantic region of Long Pond. This is the first issue of the Reporter since it passed into the hands of Horace C. Little, formerly chief manager of the Advertiser Job Printing Office. Mr. Charles Lamson has again taken *reluctant* charge of the paper, and will do the business up right. A paper so neatly printed as the Reporter, and editorially conducted with a view to local affairs, should be liberally patronized in subscription and advertising, by the local inhabitants of Bridgton and vicinity. —[Portland Advertiser.]

—Mr. Horace C. Little, lately connected with the Portland Advertiser, has purchased the Bridgton Reporter. Mr. Little is a young man of energy, and with fair experience in his chosen business. Mr. Charles Lamson, the first Editor of the paper, has taken charge of the editorial department, and its columns exhibit evidence of taste in its selections as well as in its editorial matter. Success to the Reporter and its enterprising publisher. —[Leicester Herald.]

THE BRIDGTON REPORTER.—Mr. Horace C. Little, one of the late publishers of the Portland Advertiser, has recently purchased the Bridgton Reporter, and from his well known enterprise and energy, we have no doubt but that the Reporter will fully sustain its former character as being a "live paper," and up to the times in all departments. —[Portland Price Current.]

BRIDGTON REPORTER.—Mr. S. H. Noyes, the late publisher of the Reporter has sold the establishment to Mr. Horace C. Little, lately of the Portland Advertiser. The new proprietor has installed our friend Lamson in the editorial chair, and promises to maintain the character the paper has already won, as a faithful local journal. —[Oxford Democrat.]

—Horace C. Little, Esq., recently of the Portland Advertiser, has become proprietor of the Bridgton Reporter, and Mr. Lamson has returned to its editorial chair. Mr. Lamson has the right "guts" for such a position, and the Reporter is one of the neatest as well as most sprightly paper on our exchange list. —[Bath Times.]

—That neat little paper, the Bridgton Reporter, has passed into the hands of Mr. Horace C. Little, late of this city. Our old friend Lamson is again in the editorial chair where he is entirely at home. Under these new auspices the Reporter is bound to flourish. —[Portland Transcript.]

—S. H. Noyes, Esq., formerly proprietor of the Bridgton Reporter, disposed of his interest to Mr. H. C. Little, by whom it will hereafter be published. It will be under the editorial direction of Chas. Lamson, Esq.—The Reporter is one of our best local exchanges. —[Maine Farmer.]

—Horace C. Little, Esq., late of this city, has become the proprietor of the Bridgton Reporter, a neat, pretty country paper. He has our best wishes for his success. —[Portland Transcript.]

Matters about Town.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' COURT.

A hearing before the County Commissioners in relation to a road which the Selectmen of last year laid out for Thomas P. Kimball and others, and which the town, by a vote, did not sanction, was had in South Bridgton, last Tuesday. The town ignoring the doings of the Selectmen in the premises, caused the parties wanting the road, to petition the County Commissioners to come on and confirm the doings of the Selectmen in reference to the particular location made by them. This hearing was an interesting affair, not only because it involved principles that lie at the bottom of civilized life, but because the whole affair was conducted with a good degree of ability and spirit by the counsel on either side. It seems that the road located by the Selectmen, and which the petitioners prayed the County Commissioners would confirm, is to run through the best field of Mr. Noah D. Sawyer, who feels aggrieved by this, in his view, unnecessary mutilation of his property. He and others think that the petitioners can be well accommodated without occasioning this mutilation. Mr. Sawyer expressed a willingness to even give the land for, and build the road gratis, if it can be located near the Western boundary of his field, and which, if we may credit the testimony of the people of that section of the town, will serve the petitioners as well as will the way located by the Selectmen. N. S. & E. J. Littlefield, Esqs., appeared in behalf of Mr. Sawyer. S. M. Harmon, Esq., for the Town, in the capacity of its agent, and who no doubt truly represented its views in relation to the controverted matter. The town does not of course, though perfectly willing to accommodate all its citizens with the right of way, wish to lavish its money to gratify individual notions of convenience. Although the Selectmen located the road in accordance with the wishes of the petitioners, they are now doubtless satisfied that they were premature in the matter, and would wish to revise their former proceedings, and make, to the town, a more satisfactory, and therefore less expensive location of the road. This, we believe, is the feeling of the chairman of the present board of the Selectmen, and who was one of the last year's board which made the premature location. Circumstances which have recently been brought to his attention, have induced this change of his former views of the matter.

We have room to give only an outline of this extensive Court, and would simply say further, that a good deal of legal ability and readiness was evinced by the counsel on both sides. A. A. Strout, Esq., of Harrison, and David Hale, Esq., of this village, appeared for the petitioners.

The Commissioners did not make a decision on the ground, but we have heard that they decided to confirm the location of the Selectmen, and against the wishes of the town.

FIRE IN THE WOODS.—There have been numerous fires raging about us in the woods, recently doing much damage. Old Bald Pate in South Bridgton has been singed over, and much property has been destroyed for Col. Perley, and Mr. R. Cran of Portland. There has been a fire in Long Woods, and the house of Mr. Ralph Sabornier was with difficulty saved. It became necessary to remove a sick woman from the house, so dangerous was the fire. There has also been a fire on Pleasant Mountain; but whether it was a matter of accident, or purposely fired, as a necessary preparation for a future blueberry crop, we do not know. At any rate, many of these destructive fires, which ravage our wood-lands, making them grim deserts, are the results of sheer and criminal carelessness. When the brush of new clearings is fired, care should be taken that the lawless and destructive element should be kept within bounds. These fires not only do great mischief to property, but they impart a desolateness to the landscape that is painful to witness. They, it would seem, sometimes assume an epidemic character, so simultaneously do they occur. All over the country, they have been raging for days back, during the dry snap.

THE SEASON FORWARD.—The present season is in many respects forward in this section of the country. The exceeding warm days we had last week put things along on the "double quick," as the military would phrase it, and we now have quite an advanced state of vegetation. The apple-trees and cherry-trees are in blossom, and the grass and grain fields have a thriving look. And we hear it stated among our farmer friends that apple-trees are blossoming very fully this season.

The weather thus far has been quite favorable for early planting, notwithstanding the fears expressed, a while since, that the great body of snow would retard agricultural operations. Heavy and late snows must be considered favorable to the early coming forward of vegetation. The birds, too, bobolinks among the rest, are in full note, and make glad the landscape with their joyful and exultant songs. Warm earth is in a holiday mood.

FIRE IN HARRISON VILLAGE.—We learn that the Nealing-house, connected with the Wire Factory of P. Tolman & Co. was destroyed by fire Wednesday afternoon. Loss between four and five hundred dollars. The citizens of the village worked like beavers to save the building, and friend Tolman wishes through the Reporter, to return them his sincere thanks for services they rendered to the Company. We did not learn whether the property was insured or not.

The trouting season is coming on with a rush. We hear every day of this one and that, one catching a hundred of the speckled beauties—or the "best string of trout" that was ever brought into this town, all which great and wondrous stories we fully believe, in accordance with the doctrine of our "clever" in to-day's paper, and which we ask all of our readers to pursue for their future guidance. What we have to lament in the premises is, that we don't catch 'em. In the midst of this great abundance of our favorite fish, we have a sorry "trout" to lay our jaws to. We have not had time to go yet, and we respectfully request that all further angling shall be suspended till we have an opportunity to go ourselves. Let us have fair play in this matter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—An article on "Futurity" has turned up in our drawer, which we shall insert next week. It is smoothly written, and contains many good thoughts. Other articles may have been sent in, but they have not been seen by us, and we are not responsible for their non-appearance. We are glad to receive well-written communications if they are not too long. Study briefly if you would succeed as a writer, is our advice to all who may be disposed to write.

HAVING occasion to purchase a Trunk while in Portland, we made Messrs. J. & W. McAllene, on the cor. of Elm and Federal Streets, a call. We learned that the above firm were formerly engaged in business in this place. They keep a good assortment in every branch of their business, and have a well known reputation of fair dealing at fair prices. We were pleased to add their names to our subscription list.

THE ENTERPRISE is undergoing extensive repairs down at Jonah's, and will soon be re-launched into the pond. She is to be the "Flag Ship" of our inland "Knave," and if the "dull hours" are not conquered by her and the junior crafts, we shall be greatly mistaken. Their armament will consist principally of pocket pistols, which are sure of the enemy at arm's length.

Last Tuesday noon, we happened to see from our office quite a rush toward the Pond. We hastened to the spot, fearing a child was drowning. But our fears were soon turned to laughter when we observed a *coat overboard*. The unfortunate victim was relieved from her perilous situation, apparently satisfied with a ducking, judging from her subsequent antic movements.

WE learn from the Portland Advertiser that Dr. Kimball, of this village, has resigned his commission as Assistant Surgeon of the 15th Maine Regiment. This takes us by surprise, as we heard that the Doctor, now at home on a furlough, was to return to his regiment this or next week. If he has resigned, it is doubtless on account of ill health.

GREAT FIRE IN GREENWOOD.—We learn from the Oxford Democrat that a great fire recently occurred in Greenwood, Oxford Co. Quite a number of houses, and much other valuable property, was destroyed.

NEW PAPER IN PORTLAND.—We hear from the Advertiser, and other reliable sources that John T. Gilman Esq., now of the Bath Times, and Joseph B. Hall, Secretary of State, are to start a new daily paper in Portland. Both of these gentlemen are able and experienced editors, and can hardly fail to command success in the contemplated enterprise. It is true, the newspaper field is pretty well taken up, but we hardly doubt that Gilman and Hall will win the necessary support. It will, we dare predict, be a racy and able paper, and will be independently and fairly conducted. We shall see. Its politics have not been definitely foreshadowed, but we presume it will advocate progressive Republicanism.

SINCE writing the above, we have received the Prospectus of the new paper which is to be called the "Portland Daily Press," and to be edited, as we have already named, by Messrs Gilman and Hall, and published by N. A. Foster, & Co. Its politics are to be distinctly Republican, with strong leanings to emancipation. We omit further remarks till the Press appears, which will be as early in June as is practicable. A weekly Press is also to be issued at \$1.50 per year.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.—Our readers will observe in our advertising columns a card of the above named Hotel, kept by our friend Solomon Myrick. We speak from experience when we say Mr. Myrick keeps a first-class house in every respect,—"he can keep a Hotel." Those visiting the city will do well to patronize the man who knows so well as he does how to cater for their wants.

WE refer our readers to Charles C. Hall's advertisement headed "New Goods." Mr. Hall is a man of energy and a shrewd purchaser. He offers his goods at Boston Wholesale Prices, and our traders will do well to give him a call before looking elsewhere.

AN IMPOSTER.—A correspondent, a Mason wishes to caution the public against a man, who is travelling through this country, so lifting arms, whom he alleges to be an imposter. We know nothing of the facts of the case; but simply suggest that if application is made to any person for aid, careful inquiry will be likely to prevent imposition. —[Oxford Democrat.]

EQUINE.—The number of horses in the world is estimated at about 57,000,000; of this number, the United States have 5,000,000. The general estimate has been eight to ten horses in Europe for every hundred inhabitants.

Condensed War News.

Nothing decisive has occurred in the army since our last issue, although matters seem to be fast moving to some very marked crisis. There has been a further movement of the federal gun-boats up James River, and within eight miles of Richmond met with successful opposition in the shape of river obstructions, and heavy land-batteries. A severe fight took place, in which the Galena, Monitor, and Naugatuck took the chief part. The Galena received some 23 shots which, however, did not disable her, though a number of her men were killed and wounded. She would have doubtless disabled the batteries had her ammunition not been exhausted. She stood fire admirably, fully confirming her character for impregnability, but as she could not elevate her guns, she could do no execution upon the batteries. The Naugatuck was disabled by an explosion of a heavy Parrott gun. The army of Gen. McClellan is advancing near to Richmond every day, and, judging from his well-known caution, he will be sure of his position as he advances. We think we may safely rely upon the General's operations, and in due season may reasonably expect that he will be in possession of the rebel capital, and defeat the rebel army if it do not keep out of harm's way. This army will not dare, we think, to risk a battle with Gen. McClellan's army.

Apparently, Gen. Halleck's army before Corinth is quiet, but we presume strenuous preparations are going on in it to meet the shock of Beauregard's forces, or to commence an onslaught upon them. It is thought by many that the main body of Beauregard's forces have left Corinth for parts unknown, while the residue of it remains before Halleck's army to cover their retreat. Gen. Halleck believes that the entire rebel army is still at Corinth, and that Beauregard intends to give him intense battle. We shall know soon how this is, for events are doomed to march on, as they are pushed by the force of irresistible gravitation. There can be no rest or long delay, when the mighty earnestness and anger of contending hosts are nearly up to an explosive point. At no time since the beginning of this frightful war, have things assumed so critical a state, if we take into the account the almost threatening attitude of England and France towards us, from which countries we may expect pernicious intermeddling of some description. Instead of bragging, or exulting over the rebels, we must grid up our loins for serious work, and do the "mutual admiration" after we get entirely out of the woods. President Lincoln has by Proclamation repudiated that of Gen. Hunter who went the entire figure on emancipation in the military district under his command. It is not a little singular that this General should assume prerogatives that even the President, who is Commander-in-chief of the army and navy, would be slow to exercise. But there are a good many feather heads in the army, and they hardly know how to properly act when they are placed in positions of trust. Gen. Hunter is hardly the man for so responsible a position. And besides, too "many cooks spoil the broth," and our Generals would do well to fight with might and main, and let Uncle Abe do up the emancipation business as in his wisdom, and that of the Constitution of the United States, it may be required.

Camp Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS 13TH REG. RIFLES.

MANASSAS JUNCTION, VA., April 27th 1862.

Dear Father:—I received your letter of the 20th inst. to-day, also a letter from Eugene, and a letter and paper from Uncle Washington. I am glad to hear that you are all well;—and will again repeat my thanks to all those who hold me in remembrance, manifested by these letters, and in other ways. It does go far I can assure you, in lessening the toils of this varied life, of the soldier. I have no news to write, all being quiet here; the main body of our army, more directly under the command of Gen. Banks, are several miles in advance of Warrenton. Our boys dislike our Brigadier General very much, and as the 12th and 16th Indiana Regiments are twelve months' men, and their time is out on the first of May, when they go home, we are in hopes of being transferred to some other brigade, and thereby coming under another General—one that is not quite so much disposed to slum danger as our present commander.

Dyer (Eugene's Friend) has got a Master's Mates berth in the Navy; his discharge from the army has been received, so we shall lose him from our mess. The situation he has obtained is similar to the one filled, as I understand, by Charles Whitman; Dyer had been at sea more than six years before entering the army one year since. I shall send my heavy winter blanket by him to Alexandria, where he will put it in Adams' Express, for Boston. I have bought a lighter one for two dollars and seventy-five cents, more suitable for the coming season; and it will be less cumbersome while on the march, a very important consideration as we advance to the South.

The pocket knife in Eugene's letter came safe—it is a nice one; since I lost my old one I have been put to much inconvenience, for a Yankee without a knife is but half a Yankee, so it seemed to me.

Our Chaplain has been to Cincinnati on business and has just returned; so after dress parade, this afternoon, we had religious services.

While we were at Manassas one of Frank Leslies Artists was in our camp four or five days and took several sketches, one of the old Fort where we were stationed; I was standing, with two or three others, on the parapet, to the right of where the Artist is seated. It is quite a good picture of the place; you will find it in the paper of the 12 instant.

It has got to be quite dark, and as it is not time to light the mess candle, I will lay by my paper for the present.

LATTET STATION, (Near Warrenton) Junction May 4, 1862.

Our company left the old camp ground at Warrenton, which is about a mile and a half from here, on Friday forenoon, May 2d, and came down here to guard commissary stores; there are but one or two houses and one store-house; all we have to do is to guard the stores; the duty is rather light and we have the first chance at these trailing sutlers, that are about every camp, who vend pies and cakes for a living.

We have pitched our tents in an apple orchard about three hundred yards from the station; there is a very pretty brook running in front of our tents, and a spring of pure water near by, so there can be no pretext for uncleanness now. The apples are in full blossom—beneath the shadow of one of them I am now writing. Owing to some delay the waggons did not arrive at our tents in season, and we did not commence pitching them till afternoon, when we were then hurried in our movements considerably by the appearance of a large black cloud in the South. We had barely got our tent pitched, and before we had a chance to trench it, there commenced a regular thunder shower. I never saw it rain harder than it did for fifteen minutes; I certainly thought we should be all drowned; after the shower we started off and chased some boards for a floor, and some hay upon; then, with the addition of a goodly made ourselves comfortable.

I have no news whatever; everything is quiet; they all seem to be waiting (from Yorktown, I hope our army will get it soon. Some of our boys have got a note that we shall all go home soon; but I think the war will end without more fought battles. The Indiana Regiments about leaving for home—the 12th and 16th I have not heard whether they have been requested to stay longer.

The Soldier is allowed \$40.00 a year for clothing—the Government furnishing the articles at the following prices, viz: Coats, \$7, 20; Dress-coats, nearly \$10; Browsers, \$2.15; Pants, \$3.00; Bracers, 50 Cents; Shoes 1.25; payment for these things is deducted from the first six months' pay, and then all made right at the end of the year.

You can send me a Boston paper occasionally if you please; it seems good to get a paper from home, though the news is anti-pated by the Baltimore papers which come to camp quite regularly.

I must draw to a close I am so sleepy; I was on guard duty last night, so farewell.

LATTET STATION, VA., May 12, 1862.

Dear Father:—I received your letter of the 6th on the 9th instant.

Company A have been stationed at this place since I wrote you last; it is on the Alexandria and Orange Railroad.

I see by the papers that the Maine 2d and Porter's Battery were in the battle of West Point, Va., and did good service; you will recollect that I saw these troops when I was at Manassas.

I hear that young Dan, the only boy in the 13th from West Cambridge, besides myself, is dead; he was ill some time. I learn that Andrew Kenny, also from West Cambridge, was killed at the battle of Williamsburg.

We are under marching orders and shall probably start for the Rappahannock today; we expect to join McDowell's force. We have a new Brigadier General by the name of Hartstaff; the story is that he petitioned to the War Department to be put into active service; whether that is so, or not, I don't know, but one thing sure, we are going to move.

Capt. Fox has not re-joined our company yet, he has been absent four months.

The two Indiana regiments, that have been brigaded with us for some time, having served out their time, have gone home.

I am informed that the mail closes this minute, leaving me just time to say, farewell.

WARREN H. FREEMAN.

ARKANSAS AND NORTH CAROLINA are sending into the Union line. Gen. Curtis has the loyal sentiment strongly prevailing in Arkansas; and the Auburn Progress states that Gov. Clark has notified Jeff Davis that he has received all the aid from that quarter he could expect, and that no troops would be hereafter permitted to leave the State. Gov. Clark has ordered the North Carolina troops home. Gov. Clark informed the rebels that they could use railroads in their treating homeward, and that they would run their own risk of being intercepted by a Union force at any part of the State.

The target rifle used in Col. Berdan's corps contains a telescope so powerful, that the color of a man's eyes can be distinguished at 400 yards, and the rifle will do execution at 1000 yards.

A writer in the Portland Argus advises the City Fathers as a matter of revenue to the city, to go to skinning dogs which are put out of the way for non-payment of license.

The receipts on the Grand Trunk Railroad for the week ending May 18th, were \$4,956 more than for the corresponding week last year.

Prentice says Wise, Floyd, Diller and Price are four-runners of the rebel defeat.

News.

The Cox crew a monster scot River? "The little v scot River, a scow contains a saw contains on the largest on the west set in the world to run it, and is situated bet is situated bet the scot and the ri tends entirely being 150 feet high, there are in it upright saws, machines, one single machi powers. The o millions of lum is sawed twent change says a about twenty n which will be r all for this one

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The rebels inquired if Gen. Butler who used der the St. Charl Ben now occupy ever, the baseme upper rooms as g fling derives edge "Augusta Age."

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EAST OXFORD A Annual Cattle Sh ty will be held at day and Thursd tober, next.—[De

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The Great E pected to arrive in days. She is anno port for Liverpool o

Lieut. Horace of the Age, had his by a cannon Ball burg. He is now i care.

A bill has bee dian Parliament for the Grand Trunk a road Companies.

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The rebel pr ocan is of great va wards repaying th fleet.

U. S. Stocks ar Biston. The sixes 100. The 7-30 1 103 3-4.

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On Sunday after named Isaac L. To was drowned in Belm

A correspondent states that the 10th Femont in Western

The report of fo is effect on stalks—l down 2 per cent.

The Richmond i with the prospect that in Virginia.

Cons. Fouts was a Wednesday, quite feeb

News and State Items.

The Commercial Bulletin thus describes a monstrous saw mill on the Penobscot River, about eight miles above Bangor. It is a saw mill which is not only the largest in the world, but probably the largest in the world. It takes one hundred men to run it, and is called the "Basin Mill." It is situated between an island on the Penobscot and the right bank of the river, and extends entirely across the stream, its length being 400 feet and its breadth 65 feet. There are in this mill four gang saws, eight upright saws, two large circular saws, one machine, one clapboard machine and one single machine—all propelled by water power. The capacity of this mill is thirty millions of lumber each season. In 1860 it sawed twenty-seven million feet. An estimate says there are now at this mill over twenty-five millions feet in logs and about twenty millions more up the river, which will be run down when the ice is out, all for this one concern.

Count Mercier, the French Minister, is reported to be amazed by the rebel retreat from Yorktown. When he was at Richmond, Davis, Wigfall and the rest assured him that beyond any doubt they should succeed in holding Yorktown and defeating the Yankees there, and he sent dispatches home to that effect, as did some of the other foreign ministers. Mr. Mercier now exclaims, with abundant French shrugs—"What can I believe? Whom am I to trust? They told me they would never give up Yorktown, and now!"

The next news from the South may be giving the heart of the rebellion—Charleston! Gen. Hunter and Commodore DuPatte, it is now evident, are about to pay respects to the city. The capture of the city, the North of Charleston, and the taking of batteries just below that city are indications of what is about to be done. The capture of Sumpter would be a fitting end to this war. We should like to see General Pickens compelled to run up the old flag on that fortress.—*Boston Post.*

The rebels while ago contemptuously ignored Gen. Butler was the same Ben. Butler who used to keep a barber's shop under the St. Charles Hotel at New Orleans. He now occupies the St. Charles, not, however, the basement story as barber, but the upper rooms as greater than landlord. The flag derives edge from the circumstance.—*Applaud Age.*

A man was arrested on the 8th in New York at the banking house of Thompson & Brother, while offering a large amount of counterfeit notes on the Allegheny party Bank of Pittsburgh. He is supposed to belong to the same gang who issued great Shute and Leather counterfeits.

The extremes of national finances may be stated. In December, 1859, it bore at one cent a month on Treasury bonds at one year to escape stopping payment. In May, 1862, with the prospect of \$30,000,000 of national debt, its twenty cents bonds sell at par.

Two females at Fredericksburg, who have been assiduous in signaling to the enemy and harboring rebel emissaries, were arrested by order of Gen. Patrick. Military Governor of the city, and are now in confinement. Not an unnatural condition for ladies, says the *Union Post*.

Five Sisters Drowned.—A sad tragedy occurred near Toronto, Canada, the other day. Five sisters went out with their brother in a boat, and said to say, the whole crew were drowned by the upsetting of the boat.

EAST OXFORD AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Annual Cattle Show and Fair of this Society will be held at Canton Mills, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 8th and 9th of October, next.—*Democrat.*

The Boat Mill, Lowell, were stopped on Saturday last for two or three months, on account of the extensive alterations and repairs which are to be made in the building and machinery.

A destructive fire had on the 13th inst. raging for several days on Long Island, burning over sixty thousand acres of wood land and destroying property estimated at over \$300,000.

The Philadelphia Press says it is stated that the resolution of censure passed by the House on Hon. Simon Cameron, will cause him to resign the mission to Russia.

The Chicago Post states that a fleet of powerful steam rafts have been for some time in course of construction for Government service on the Mississippi.

The great Eastern steamship is expected to arrive in New York again in a few days. She is announced to sail from that port on the 31st of May.

Gen. Horace P. Pike, son of Dr. Pike, of the Age, had his left foot carried away by a cannon ball at the battle of Williamsburg. He is now in Baltimore under good care.

A bill has been reported to the Canadian Parliament for the amalgamation of the Great Trunk and Great Western Railroad Companies.

The prisoners Maria and Alfred arrived at New York, 21st, from off Charleston, where they were captured while trying to break the blockade.

The real property taken upon the basis of great value, and will go far towards repaying the cost of the blockade.

The New York lawyers complain of very dull times at the bar, and say not fifty out of three thousand there are making a living.

C. R. Banks are rapidly advancing in value. Sixes of 1861 have reached \$70. The 7-20 Treasury notes reached \$104.

C. A. Welch, who was wounded in the battle of Antietam, says—"that was schust as I was fighting as I want."

On Sunday afternoon, 4th of a young man, named Isaac L. Toothaker, of Searsmont, was drowned in Belfast Bay.

A correspondent of the New York Post writes that the 10th Maine is with Gen. Canby at Western Virginia.

The report of foreign intervention has been denied on states—United States Sixes are at 104 1/2.

The National Whig discusses itself as a paper that the invaders will set on fire.

Gen. Foote was at Cleveland, Ohio, on Sunday, quite feeble from his wound and unable to move.

Pillow and rebel defeat.

Marriages.

In Bethel, May 11th, by H. Haddon, Esq., Mr. Wm. W. Bird to Miss Caroline A. Jordan, both of Bethel.

In Portland, 16th inst., by Rev. D. M. Graham, Mr. Jas. Dingley to Mrs. Lydia Howard, both of Auburn.

In Saco, 6th inst., Mr. George Hodgdon, of Sanford, to Miss Asenath G. Tranton of Alfred.

Deaths.

In South Bridgton, May 17, Mr. Jesse Knapp, aged 68 years and 10 months.

Mr. Knapp was a native of Bridgton, but has long been a resident of Boston. He came to visit his native place, and to see his friends once more, and after a brief stay with each of them, he was taken suddenly down with a illness, and died at the house of his brother, Mr. Nahum Knapp. Boston papers please copy.

In Roxbury, Mass., Gideon Augustus Perkins of Consumption aged 34 years 11 mos. and 9 days, eldest son of James B. and Joanna F. Perkins of West Bridgton. He was a member of Mechanics Infantry 7 years, Also 5 years a member of the Fire company, Chester, No. 4.

O, why should anxious thoughts Oppress the sinking mind; Go fall before your Father's throne, And sweet relief you'll find. In Providence, R. I., 9th inst., Perry Davis. He was widely known as the inventor of a patent medicine.

Special Notices.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY

Just Published in a Sealed Envelope.—Price 6 cents.

A LECTURE BY DR. CULVERWELL, ON THE CAUSE AND CURE OF SPERMATORRHOEA, CONSUMPTION, MENTAL AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, NERVOUSNESS, EPILEPSY, IMPAIRED NUTRITION OF THE BODY, LASSITUDE, WEAKNESS OF THE LIMBS AND BACK; INDISPOSITION, AND INCAPACITY FOR STUDY AND LABOR; PULSATION OF APPETITION; LOSS OF MEMORY; AVERSION TO SOCIETY; LOVE OF SOLITUDE; TIMIDITY; SELF-DISTRUST; DIZZINESS; HEADACHE; AFFECTIONS OF THE EYES; PIMPLES ON THE FACE; INVOLUTIONARY DYSPEPSIA, AND SEXUAL INCAPACITY, AND THE CONSEQUENCES OF YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION, &c. &c.

This admirable Lecture clearly proves that the above enumerated, often self-inflicted evils, may be removed without medicine and without dangerous surgical operations, and should be read by every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, to any address, in a plain sealed envelope, on the receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps, by addressing—DR. CHAS. J. C. KLINE, 127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box 4586.

WANTED.—To purchase on lease an Oil Cloth Factory with Machinery & Tools ready to go to work with. Also an experienced and active Oil Cloth Manufacturer, who is thoroughly posted up in the Business or a Party who will carry on this business, and have the stock furnished them.

Please address this Office.

New Advertisements.

NEW GOODS!!

FLOOR OIL CLOTH

4-1, 5-4 & 6-4

CANTON STRAW MATTINGS!

PAPER HANGINGS!

WINDOW SHADES!

COCOA MATTINGS!

The above Goods will be sold at

WHOLESALE BOSTON PRICES!!

131 MIDDLE STREET, 131

MUSSEY'S BLOCK, - - - - - UP STAIRS.

Charles C. Hall.

Portland, May 23d. 3mos*

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

PORTLAND, ME.

SOLOMON MYRICK,

PROPRIETOR.

*Continued 23

DR. CALEB THOMAS

will remain

THIS WEEK

at the

BRIDGTON HOUSE,

Where he will be pleased to meet such as are afflicted, hoping and believing he can give them relief.

Dr. Thomas after this week will be absent for about ten days.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining uncalled for at Bridgton Post Office, May 15th 1862.

LADIES: Elizabeth P. Pike, John Hall, Mary L. Howe, George Deering, Chimane Clark, Gentlemen: Freeman Thorne, Hiram Church, D. C. Varney.

LUTHER BILLINGS, P. M.

Sewing Machines

FOR TEN DOLLARS!

Warranted to do all kinds of family sewing giving perfect satisfaction. For sale at F. B. & J. H. CASWELL'S,

22 Bridgton Center, Me. 11

Home Advertisements.

DIXEY STONE & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

AND

GROCERIES.

PAINTS AND OILS,

HARDWARE.

CROCKERY, &c. &c.,

BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

Notice.

THE subscriber, grateful for past favors, would respectfully give notice, that he is again prepared to furnish

Boots & Shoes,

of every description, and of the best material and workmanship, to all who favor him with their patronage.

REPAIRING

done at short notice. Also,

Sole Leather, Shoe Findings

and almost all kinds of

SHOE STOCK,

on as good terms as can be had at any other establishment.

JAMES WEBB,

North Bridgton, March 4, 1862. 1118

Notice.

THE subscriber offers for sale at the store formerly occupied by A. & R. H. Davis, a large and well selected

STOCK OF GOODS!

which will be sold at very low prices for ready pay.

WANTED.

1000 BUSHELS OATS;

1000 " CORN.

FOR SALE.

2000 POUNDS CLOVER SEED;

100 BUSHELS GRASS SEED.

A. M. NELSON,

Bridgton, March 6, 1862. 1811

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.

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

JANE W. FOWLER, named Executrix in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of David Fowler late of Bridgton in said County, Gentleman deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

It was Ordered, That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested by causing notice to be published three weeks successively in the Bridgton Reporter, printed at Bridgton, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Portland, on the First Tuesday of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed, as the last Will and Testament of said deceased;

WILLIAM G. BARROWS, Judge.

A true copy.—Attest,

25 EUGENE HUMPHREY, Register.

BRIDGTON ACADEMY

AT NORTH BRIDGTON MAINE.

THE SUMMER TERM of this Institution will commence May 27th, 1862, and continue ten weeks.

Teachers.—C. E. HILTON, A. B. Principal; Miss ELIZABETH ABBOTT, Teacher of Music and French; Miss L. K. GIBBS, Teacher of Drawing and Painting.

The pleasant and quiet locality of this Institution offers peculiar facilities for thorough and systematic study.

Constant and earnest effort is made for the welfare of the pupils.

Tuition.—Common English Branches \$3.00; Higher English Branches, \$3.50. Languages \$4.00; Music \$6.00; Use of Instrument 2.00.

Board near the Academy, \$2.00 per week. T. H. MEAD, Secy.

No. Bridgton, April 21, 1862. 24

NOTICE.

THE undersigned, Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor, of the Town of Bridgton, give notice, that they will be in session at the Town House, within said Town, on the first and third Saturday of each month, from one o'clock until five in the P. M., for the purpose of transacting such business as may come before them in their official capacity.

Families of Volunteers needing relief are requested to give their attention at the time and place above stated.

THOMAS CLEAVES, JACOB BAZEN, GEORGE E. MEAD,

Bridgton, March 8th, A. D., 1862. 19

Arrears of Pay

...AND...

BOUNTY MONEY OF SOLDIERS

Secured by

S. M. HARNON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BRIDGTON, MAINE.

Office in Temperance Building.

REUBEN BALL,

dealer in

Prime Groceries, Flour, Paints, Confectionaries, Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals.

BRIDGTON CENTER ME.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

PICTURE FRAMES!

All sizes Gilt Picture Frames made to order at CASWELL'S

JUST OPENED!

A Large and Attractive Stock of MILLINERY

AND

FANCY GOODS.

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

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

All the above together with an assortment of

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Fringes, Buttons, Velvet Ribbons, Nets, Undersleeves, Collars, &c., will be offered at the lowest market prices.

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

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

L. E. GRISWOLD

Bridgton, April 24, 1861. 25

GROUND

PLASTER!

The subscriber has for sale at his Mill, Bridgton Center, a large lot of

Windsor Plaster,

in barrels or by the bushel, which he will sell for Cash or exchange for Country Produce.

Also, 200 Casks Thomaston

LIME!

received by the Canal Boats, which he offers very low for cash.

BENJAMIN WALKER.

Bridgton Center, Dec. 12, 1861. 611

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.

J. F. WOODBURY,

Manufacturer of

FURNITURE BEDSTEADS, &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.

Pondicherry House.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he is ready to entertain at the above

House, travellers in a good 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.

MAIRIE J. BACON.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 14, 1861. 111

J. P. WEBB, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

REFERENCES.

Prof. Frank H. Hamilton, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

S. C. Bunking, M. D., Windham.

S. H. Tewksbury, M. D., Portland.

W. B. Richardson, M. D., Portland.

W. W. Green, M. D., Gray.

42

DENTISTRY.

DR. HASKELL

Will be at Bridgton, March 12, and give his attention to those who may wish his professional services.

Dr. H. is Agent for a superior SEWING MACHINE. Price \$25.00 and upwards.

Bridgton, March 6, 1862. 1118

J. D. WOODBURY,

DEALER IN

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY,

CIGARS, &c.,

BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

Also—Saws GUMMED and FILED at the shortest notice.

DAVID HALE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

BRIDGTON, ME.

Office over N. Cleaves's Store.

100 BUSHELS

CANADA GRASS Seed, for sale at HANSON & HILTON'S, at 2 1/2 per bushel.

Also one tun Prime Clover Seed.

PROGRAMMES AND TICKETS.

THE Bridgton Reporter Office has facilities for furnishing Programmes and Ticket for Concerts, &c., at low prices.

HERDGE GLASS SEED \$2 per bushel.

Clover Seed 9 cents per pod, and fus Glbs' store.

BUCK WHEAT AND FLOUR

Just received by HANSON & HILTON.

Portland Advertisements.

UNION

CLOTHING-STORE

The largest and best Stock of

CLOTHING!

GENTS

Furnishing Goods

AND CLOTHS.

Ever offered in this State, may be found at

BURLEIGH'S

163 Middle Street, Portland,

Consisting in part of

OVER COATS,

From 3.50 to \$15.00.

DRESS FROCK COATS,

From 4.00 to \$10.00

SACK COATS,

From 2.50 to \$10.00

Pantaloon,

From 1.25 to \$5.00.

VESTS,

From 75 cts to \$7.00

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,

Of every description.

Rubber Clothing,

BROADCLOTHS,

CASSIMERES,

DOESKINS,

OVER-COATINGS,

AND VESTINGS,

of every description, all of which will be sold very low for cash.

No. 163 MIDDLE STREET,

[PORTLAND]

JOSIAH BURLEIGH.

Oct. 10 1861. 6049

CARPET

WARE-HOUSE!

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

CARPETS,

Miscellaneous Reading.

"Hoop-de-wooden-Do."—The most amusing incident of the day transpired yesterday afternoon in front of this office. A sweet blooming miss of about seventeen summers, accompanied by a young gentleman, (no doubt her husband in prospective,) were lovingly walking side by side, when, at the point above named, the young lady was seized with a sudden faintness, and grasped the arm of her companion for support. The latter supposing the fair one to be sick, was about summoning help, when the lady, in a soft voice, said: "No, don't, Andy, it's only my hoops falling off." The next moment revealed the fact that the expander had broken from its original place, and was quitting its fair owner. The difficulties becoming great, the young lady assumed a bold stand, and stepped from the unruly crinoline, and, with her companion proceeded on up Baltimore street. The hoops lying upon the pavement, and hundreds of ladies and gentlemen passing, great speculation was indulged in—some supposing that the owner of the trap had suddenly sunk into the earth, while others advanced the idea that the wearer had gone up in a balloon. After much amusement had been indulged in, the naughty crinoline was picked up by a negro woman, who stalked away with the prize amid the laughter of a crowd of gentlemen.—*Balt. Clipper.*

Dog Dignity. Sir Walter Scott declared that he could believe anything of dogs. He was very fond of them, studied their idiosyncracies closely, wrote voluminously in their praise, and told many stories of their unaccountable habits.—Once he said, he desired an old pointer of great experience, a prodigious favorite and steady in the field as a rock, to accompany his friend Daniel Terry, the actor, then on a visit at Abbot'sford, and who for the nonce, voted himself for a sport excursion. The dog wagged his tail in token of pleased obedience, shook out his ears, led the way with a confident air, and began ranging about with the most scientific precision. Suddenly he pointed, up sprang a numerous conveyance. Terry bent on slaughter, fired both barrels at once, aiming for the center of the enemy, and missed. The dog turned round in utter astonishment, wondering who could be behind him, and looked Terry full in the face and after a pause, shook himself again and went to work as before. A second steady point, a fusillade, and no effects. The dog then deliberately wheeled about and trotted home at his leisure, leaving the discomfited venator to find for himself during the remainder of the day. Sir Walter was fond of repeating the anecdote, and always declared it was literally true, while Terry never said more in contradiction than that "it was a good story."

Parson Brownlow has repeatedly assured Prentiss that he never swore an oath, never played cards, never took a drink of liquor, never went to the theatre, never attended a horse race, never told a lie, never broke the Sabbath, never wore whiskers, and never kissed any woman but his wife.

It were worth a V to see this man, as his like never before existed.

There is a hotel in Springfield that only charges half-price for lovers; and yet the proprietor says he makes more money out of this class of boarders than any other people about the house. Let a youth, he says set up with a yellow sponcer and blue eyes on Sunday night, and he will feel so heavenly that he won't get down to pork and beans again 'till the latter part of the week.

At a camp-meeting out West, a zealous brother excused himself for "hooking" and appropriating to his own necessities some "good old rye," by saying, "My dear brethren, here of all places, the 'spirit' should be most freely 'poured out.'"

A parson, reading the funeral service at the grave, forgot the sex of the deceased, and asked one of the mourners, an Elder, "Is this a brother or a sister?" "Neither," replied Pat, "only a coffin."

"Massa says in you pay dis bill?" "Your master is in a great hurry—I am not going to run away."

"No; but I golly ole massa is going to run away hecel."

The Richmond Whig thinks that such Generals as Floyd and Pillow "are sores upon the fair body of the Southern Confederacy."

A loyal editor says: "Yes, running sores, no doubt."

Five dollars worth of beaver to cover the cents worth of brains, is thought by an exchange to be a neediest waste of property.

An exchange speaks of the chastisement of unruly children as a *strenuous* duty.

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, Furniture, 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.

ESTABLISHED 1810, President, J. C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.

Apply to W. D. LITTLE, General Agent, Portland, or to GEO. G. WIGHT, in Bridgton.

who are also agents for other good Stock and mutual Companies 1851

GRANT'S COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.

Original Establishment.

J. GRANT, Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATUS, and CREAM TARTAR.

New Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 13 and 15 UNION STREET, PORTLAND, Me.

Coffee and Spices put up for the trade, with any address in all varieties of Packages, and warranted in every instance as represented. Pea-Nuts and Coffee Roasted and Ground for the Trade, at short notice.

All Goods entrusted at the owner's risk.

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine for 1862!

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The nineteenth volume of the Home Magazine will open with the number of January, 1862. In all respects, the work will continue to maintain the high standard 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 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 his 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.

All the Departments, heretofore made prominent in the work, will be sustained by the best talent and command. The Literary Department, the Health and Mother's Department, the Toilette, Work Table and Housekeeping Departments, the Children's Department, etc., etc., will all present, month after month, their pages of attractive and useful reading. Elegant engravings will appear in every number, including the fashions, and a variety of needlework patterns.

RARE AND ELEGANT PREMIUMS Are sent to all who make up Clubs.

Our Premiums for 1862 are, beyond all question, the most beautiful and desirable ever offered by any magazine. They are large sized Photographs, (15 by 10 inches), each one, in the highest style of the art, of magnificent English and French Engravings, four in number as follows:

1. Herring's "Glimps of an English Homestead." 2. The Soldier in love. 3. Doubts. 4. Heavenly Consolation.

The prices of the engravings from which these beautiful photographs have been made are, for the first and third, \$10 each; for the second and fourth, \$5 each.

YEARLY TERMS IN ADVANCE.—\$2 a year 2 copies, \$3; 3 copies, \$4; 4 copies, \$5; 5 copies, \$6; 6 copies, \$7; 7 copies, \$8; 8 copies, \$9; 9 copies, \$10; 10 copies, \$11; 11 copies, \$12; 12 copies, \$13; 13 copies, \$14; 14 copies, \$15; 15 copies, \$16; 16 copies, \$17; 17 copies, \$18; 18 copies, \$19; 19 copies, \$20; 20 copies, \$21; 21 copies, \$22; 22 copies, \$23; 23 copies, \$24; 24 copies, \$25; 25 copies, \$26; 26 copies, \$27; 27 copies, \$28; 28 copies, \$29; 29 copies, \$30; 30 copies, \$31; 31 copies, \$32; 32 copies, \$33; 33 copies, \$34; 34 copies, \$35; 35 copies, \$36; 36 copies, \$37; 37 copies, \$38; 38 copies, \$39; 39 copies, \$40; 40 copies, \$41; 41 copies, \$42; 42 copies, \$43; 43 copies, \$44; 44 copies, \$45; 45 copies, \$46; 46 copies, \$47; 47 copies, \$48; 48 copies, \$49; 49 copies, \$50; 50 copies, \$51; 51 copies, \$52; 52 copies, \$53; 53 copies, \$54; 54 copies, \$55; 55 copies, \$56; 56 copies, \$57; 57 copies, \$58; 58 copies, \$59; 59 copies, \$60; 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