

The Bridgton Reporter.

HORACE C. LITTLE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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ceipt for the same.

CHAS. J. LITTLE, PORTLAND.
GEO. M. ROAK, AUBURN.

Poetical Selections.

THE REBEL FLAGS
Exhibited at the Capital, Feb. 22, 1862
BY JOHN W. FOWLE.

AIR—"The Sword of Bunker Hill."
Sadly we gazed upon the Flags,
Torn from our brothers' hands;
And shed a tear for those once loved,
Now joined in traitor bands.
They've put our flag beneath their feet,
They've trailed it in the dust;
And to the breeze their flag unfurled,
And placed it in their trust.

Mark what a treacherous deed it was,
From the good flag to turn;
With us they dwell beneath its folds,
They've left the Flag of WASHINGTON,
The Flag our fathers gave;
A richer hoon was never given,
Or prouder flag to wave!

But when the traitors raised their flag,
And marshalled for the fight,
Six hundred thousand freemen rose,
To battle for the right.
Then to our God the prayer went up—
Protect our noble band;
God blessed our cause, our flag now waves
Within the traitors' land.

Then down, down with the Rebel Flags,
Tread them beneath your feet,
And gaily to the breeze unfurl
That Flag we love to greet.
Wave on ye glorious STARS AND STRIPES!
And still our song shall be—
Long live, long live the good old flag!

Three cheers, three cheers for FREE!

Our Story Teller.

A HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE.

A lady whose husband had entered our
army in the West, desiring also in some
way to emulate his example of self sacri-
fice, patriotism, volunteered her serv-
ice as a nurse in one of the military hos-
pitals. Some of the incidents of her ex-
perience she very touchingly describes in
a communication to a Western paper:

On entering the hospital, I found the
attending physician, Dr. L., there, and
introduced myself.

"I have nothing to do," I said, "and
want you to employ me. Can I render
assistance in any way?"

"Yes, madam," was the prompt re-
sponse. "If you will come in sometimes
and prepare something nourishing, and
talk to them to keep them in good spir-
its, we shall be very glad."

"I shall certainly do so. I am glad if
I can be of use."
I laid aside bonnet and cloak, without
further ceremony, and went to the sick-
est man I saw.

"How do you feel?" I asked, bending
over him. "Weak, ill—nigh unto death."
in a tone so pitiful and full of deep des-
pair that I felt the tears springing to my
eyes. I sent them back to their source,
however, and spoke in a full, firm, yet
kind tone.

"Oh, no, You are not near death. You
are ill, but you will not die. Uncle Sam
has use for you yet, and in a few days
you'll be up and ready to shoulder your
musket again. Don't you think so?"

His eyes sparkled in their deep sockets,
and a momentary flush rose to his pale
cheek.

"O, if I could only think so! but the
time drags so slowly, and here I lie use-
less, helpless, keeping those who could
fight away to take care of me."

"O, well, you needed a little rest any-
way," I said cheerfully. "Now I want to
do something to cure you. Do you want
your face bathed?"

"Yes, if it is not too much trouble," he
said eagerly.

"Not a bit. Now be easy, I'll soon
have you feeling nicely."

I got a basin of water, combs, brushes,
sponge and soap, and came back to him.
His large, dark eyes rested with childlike
pleasure on my face, as I carefully bathed
his face and hands. He had grown so
feeble that he could hardly connect a sen-
tence without pausing, and lay panting
on his pillow from the slightest exertion.

After bathing his face, I took the comb
and straightened out the snarled masses
of long black hair that grew thickly over
his brow. I soon found that illness had
made him childish, though I at first start-
ed at his childlike bluntness.

"You are mighty puty," he said sudden-
ly, and for a moment I did not know
what to say, but then I thought, "I may
seem so to him, poor fellow," and only
smiled in reply. "What's your name,"
he next asked.

"S." I replied.

"You ain't married are you?"

"Yes, and my husband's gone to fight,
as you did at Fort Donelson."

"O, dear," he said, fretfully, "I'm sor-
ry. What did you get married for?—
Never mind, I'll put a spider in his dum-
pling when I get well."

"With the last words, a mischievous
light broke over his face, and his black
eyes twinkled. I laughed merrily at him
and he seemed to enjoy it hugely. Poor
fellow! little enough amusement he had.
If he could amuse himself at my expense,
I could have no objection.

My next patient was an orphan boy,
sixteen years of age. Frank B. belong-
ed to Birge's Sharpshooters, and a braver
than that which throbbed in his.

While bathing his face, I asked what
induced him to leave his home and friends
in Nebraska, to come away and peril his
life at such an early age. His reply is
worthy to be written by that of the noble
Nathan Hale, who regretted having but
"one life, to offer to his country." He
said:

"I joined the army because I was young
and strong. I have but one life, and that
would be nothing to me if not offered to
my country."

"Noble boy! how many more like him
have fallen willing sacrifices!"

The next day I carried a basket of ap-
ples, oranges, pies, tea, etc., to the hospi-
tal. As I went in, several of the men
lifted their heads, and nodded pleasantly.
"I am glad to have you come back,"
said one, and another thought "it looked
so homelike to see a woman among them."

"My admirer! with the black eyes clasp-
ed my hand when I offered him an orange
and kissed it gratefully.

"If I live," he said, "I'll always pray to
God to bless you. If I die, I'll watch
over you."

Poor fellow! I wonder if that in heaven
to which his spirit has flown he is watch-
ing over me to-night, as I pen these lines!

Frankie's blue eyes greeted me with a
glad smile before I was near enough to
speak to him. When I bent over and
asked how he felt, he answered me cheer-
fully, saying he hoped to be able soon to
return to his regiment.

I bathed his face, gave him a cup of
tea, with some toast, and left him sleep-
ing sweetly.

Those who have never visited the hos-
pitals, can not conceive of the wretched
condition in which the men were brought
into them. That day twenty-eight were
brought from Donelson and Savannah,
and such objects I never saw. Their fac-
es and hands were stiff with coal dust
and burning with fever, their hair long
and matted—beard uncut and full of dirt.

It was a serious task to attempt render-
ing them comfortable, but I did not
shrink from it. On the contrary, I felt
grieved at my inability to serve them one
at a time. O! how I longed for the
power to stir some of our own sex,
who in that town passed the days in
thoughtless idleness, to action, if only for
an hour, to assist in bringing those poor
sufferers to a comfortable condition!

From morning till noon I toiled faith-
fully, glad to my heart, and thankful for
the impulse that had sent me there. I
went home and dined, and feeling tired
wanted to lie down and rest. But then I
remembered that I had promised to
bring some fruit to the boys in the after-
noon, and I could not feel satisfied till I

had so, knowing that I could rest any
time, while they lay tossing and restless
with fever and pain, perhaps longing for
a cooling draught they could not get.

It was four o'clock before I got away
again, and then I was really tired. So
days merged into weeks, and it became a
regular routine. From eight till ten or
eleven, and from half past one till four,
I took pleasure among them, while every
pain stirred my heart to see their suffer-
ings. One by one I could see them fac-
ing. No care or skill could save them.

They had offered their lives to their coun-
try, and she accepted the sacrifice.

P. or little Frank B. daily grew weak-
er—Nothing could tempt him to eat, and
his cough grew worse, while his face be-
came thin and pale. He never lost
his joyous spirit, but always seemed hope-
ful, even when too ill to rise from his
bed.

One afternoon I was startled on enter-
ing by the most pitious cries, and found
that they came from my little favorite,
generally so brave and patient.

"Why, Frankie, what is the matter?"
I asked, bending over him.

O, you have come! I did wish for you
so much. O! I shall die; and I want-
ed somebody by who seemed to care for
me a little. You do like me, don't you,
dear Mrs S.? You've been so kind to
me. O, this pain! I can't stand it long!"

His hand grasped mine, nervously, and
every fiber of his frame quivered with
pain. I saw that the dews of death were
standing thickly already, on the broad
beautiful forehead, over which the hair
clustered so prettily, and my eyes filled
with tears of sorrow deeper than words
could express. I stooped to kiss him, and
a glad cry escaped the poor blue lips of
the dying boy.

"O, kiss me again, won't you? That is
like my sister. O, I wouldn't mind to
be loved like this." "O, how I love me a little."

"Yes, a great deal, Frankie; as much
as if I were your sister. Don't you think
so?" I'm sure you are a good boy, and
I'm sorry to see you suffer so."

He drew me down towards him, and
pressed his face close to my arms. I
could endure no more. The boy's mute
appeal to tenderness and sympathy in his
dying hour, far from home, breathing out
his young life amid strangers, unwept
me. I drew that young bright head to
my bosom, and my tears fell fast upon
its sunny curls.

Did the gentle sisters he loved have
one thought of the scene that was trans-
piring that night, while, perchance, they
sat and talked of him, their only and pet-
ted brother, in their far-off home in Ne-
braska?

"You will stay with me to-night, won't
you?" he pleaded again. "O, you won't
leave me to die alone?"

"No, Frankie, I'll stay with you."

He was comforted, and became quiet
as I clasped his hands and tried to sooth
him. Gradually a purple hue overspread
his face. Now his lips became whiter
and the large, clear eyes grew restless—

When he could no longer speak, those
eyes pleaded for some kind of endear-
ment, and each time that I pressed a kiss
upon his forehead, a look of deep and
earnest gratitude softened the suffering
expression of his face.

About nine o'clock he breathed his
last, and now every time I look down at
my hand, and see the little ring of mine
he wore before he died, I seem to see the
parting look of his great, sad eyes ere
they fixed in death. How sad the task
to brush back the damp locks from the
cold brow, and compose the blue limbs
in their last repose! That night I wept
and prayed for the sisters as I had nev-
er wept and prayed for myself, for he
was all they had.

A few days after this another of my
patients, one who was fast recovering, I
thought, had a relapse, and was again con-
fined to his berth. There had been a
storm that dashed in the windows, and
he got wet.

On Friday he asked me to write some
letters to his brother, sister and betroth-
ed. I did so, while he dictated. He
appeared to be well educated, and had a
rich vein of mirth and sentiment prevad-
ing in his nature. This I soon discovered
in his dictations, and was much interest-
ed. He showed me the miniatures of his
friends, and talked of soon returning
home; bade me say to his sister that he
was coming home soon; if he couldn't
get a turlough he would make one, etc.

Saturday found me almost blind from
inflammation of the eyes, and I did not get
to the hospital again till Monday morn-
ing. Sad faces greeted me. Matrons,
physicians and nurses wore serious faces,
and the steward quietly placed letter
miniatures, and descriptive roll in my
hands. I looked towards Fred's place—
it was vacant.

O, that was a sad task that I had then
to perform! To sit down, three days af-
ter writing those pleasant hopeful letters,
and tell them that the heart that dictat-
ed them was still forever! I wrote to
the lady he would have made his wife,
and returned her letters. I had rather per-
formed any other task on earth. The
poor old father and mother, whose bent
forms were fast tottering to the grave,
the bright, sweet-faced sister, the loving
brother—to all these I must convey tid-
ings that would sting the hardest heart.
Yet such are the fortunes of war.

These are but a few of the many in-
stances of the kind which might be given
to the public. Every day for three or
four weeks, I witnessed such scenes, per-
formed such tasks as those I have named.

A FEW INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.
THE BATTLE AT PITTSBURG.
BY A LADY.

Two weeks ago I was on board a boat
that was chartered at Cincinnati, and
went up the Tennessee for the wounded.
I went in search of friends as thousands
of others have done and will do ere the
close of this unholy war.

When we arrived, we at once made
land at Pittsburg Landing, and began to
bring on the wounded as fast as possible.
The intelligence of the safety of my
friends had set my heart at rest, and I
gave my whole attention to the suffering
around me.

THE BOAT WAS DIVIDED INTO FOUR WARDS—
two in the middle and one on each side.
These wards were crowded as thickly
with sufferers as we could place them,
and then came the task of making them
as comfortable as circumstances would
allow.

With sponge, combs and brushes, we
ladies toiled till past one o'clock at
night. There were seven of us, and all
eager to perform the sad, yet grateful
task. Some were talking and laughing,
others moaning, a few sobbing with pain,
weariness and home-sickness—the latter
boys from fifteen to eighteen years of age.
Their wounds were various in severity
and form. One had an eye shot out,
another his arm shattered, another a
foot, two of them had their limbs crush-
ed just above the knees, and one man had
received a ball in his temple, which pass-
ed in behind the eyes, protruding them
upon the cheeks, and coming out at the
other temple.

I had not believed it possible for a
being to retain life in such a condition,
till I saw this fearful sight. Nor had I
ever thought I possessed the power to
witness all I then witnessed, without a
shriek of womanly weakness. For a mo-
ment I did not shrink. My nerves grew
like steel, and my intense sympathy ex-
tinguished every selfish feeling in my
heart. I had no thought of myself
while bathing the fevered brows and
dressing the mutilated limbs of my poor
countrymen and fellow-beings.

The following morning everything was
in order, and our patients doing well.
The boat was loaded with everything we
needed, mentionable, and everybody ap-
peared cheerful.

About ten o'clock the friends and ac-
quaintances of some of the soldiers visit-
ed them on board. We had three con-
federate prisoners, badly wounded. A
colonel and a captain—friends of one of
them, though belonging to our army—
had come amongst others. I was stand-
ing near the confederate soldier when one
of the officers addressed me.

"Madam," said he, "may I ask you to
give this poor boy some attention? It is
true that his arm has been lifted against
us; but I have known him for years—
knew all his family—and he is a good
man, notwithstanding his great fault,
into which he was literally driven by his
own family. The father and brothers
are Unionists, and so would he have been
but for an unhappy family difference.
They lived in Greene county, Kentucky,
and are of Southern birth, but loyal.
This man now regrets—has long regret-

ted—his sympathy with the rebels, but
only when too late, and now he lies there
wounded unto death, by the hands of
those very ones for whom his heart throbb-
ed most in sympathy. Will you pity
and care for him a little while his life
lasts? It cannot be long; and, even
were it not so, surely we should not turn
against him now."

"No, sir," I responded earnestly, "I am
working for humanity's sake, and party
interest does not affect me here. I will
do what I can for him, rest assured."

He thanked me, and, turning away, I
busied myself with the sick man.

He was young—not more than twenty-
two—and had a pleasant, frank face.
He looked up gratefully when I asked
him, in a kind sympathetic tone, if he
wanted anything: replied that he would
like to go to sleep, but feared to do so
while alone, lest he should never wake
again. I talked to him a few moments,
asked some questions, and then sat down
beside him, and began chafing his fore-
head with a sponge. His eyes closed
wearily, and in a few moments I thought
he slept.

"Do you think he will live?" I asked
one of the men in the ward adjoining,
and directly opposite where I sat.

"I do not know; I hope so," I returned
unwilling to disturb the man, in case he
should not be asleep. "Others have been
wounded as badly and recovered."

"Well, it's a pity he should, if he
should want to go back to the cursed
rebels again," he said, bitterly.

Instantly the poor man's eyes flashed
open, and his frame shook with excite-
ment which he seemed striving to control.

"Charley, Charley," I said, gently lay-
ing my hand upon his arm, "control your-
self; do not allow yourself to become
excited now. Men at death's door, with
but one chance in a hundred to live,
should not destroy that with useless agi-
tation, which goes down to the
same beautiful soil."

Large tears gathered under his now
closed eyelids, and fell slowly over his
pale cheeks—his feeble hand sought mine
and clasped it gently. He said no word
in reply, but the storm was lulled, and
he lay quiet for some time. He did not
sleep, however, and at his request I went
and begged a piece of corn bread for him,
of the cook. After giving it to him, I
left to dress a boy's wound, at the lower
end of the boat, and did not come back
for several minutes. When I did so, I
asked Charley how he liked his bread.

"It was delightful," he said. "I divided
it with my neighbor."

I turned and looked at the man oppo-
site. He was eating the bread, but his
eyes were tearful, and his voice husky,
as he said to me—

"I will never again speak unkindly of
a suffering man, be he friend or foe.
That is right," I said heartily; "I see
you have a right kind of a heart, after
all, and I am very glad of it."

Then I turned to Charley—

"Love your enemies, do good unto those
who hate you, pray for those who de-
spitefully use you. You have done this
Charley, and, if God wills to take you
now, there will be a bright jewel added
to the crown he holds for those who have
in love and humility obeyed his will."

The grateful smile that wreathed his
pale lips stirred my heart to its depth.

"You comfort me," he said earnestly.

"I have long tried to live for God's will,
and you have helped me now to gain a
victory over myself. I wanted to prove
to you that I have no enmity in my
heart, though you can never know the
sting of his words."

How glad I was that no other feelings
than a desire to render all the assistance
I could to the suffering animated me in
that hour. I repeated inwardly, "Inas-
much as ye did it unto the least of these,
ye did it unto me."

MORAL COURAGE.—Have the courage to
acknowledge your age to a day, and to
compare it with the average life of man.
Have the courage to make a will, and
what is more, a just one. Have the
courage to speak your mind when it is
necessary you should do so, and to hold
your tongue when it is better you should
be silent. Have the courage to set down
every penny you spend and add it up
weekly. Have the courage to pass the
bottle without filling your own glass, and
to laugh at those who urge you to the
contrary.—British Standard.

Agricultural Department

A BAD PRACTICE.

In travelling along the highways in the
country, we find the habit of filling up
the sides of the road with all kinds of
rubbish is still practiced by many of our
farmers. When an orchard is trimmed,
the brush is all thrown over the fence in
the public highway, to annoy travelers,
especially those who walk. How often
we find irregular small stones scattered
here and there, to remind the passer-by
that this article, too, has been added to
the brush and old stumps to keep compa-
ny, that they may not be lonesome. And
to complete the scene, we find sundry
old wagons, plows, wood, and an indefi-
nite number of old things scattered in
promiscuous confusion in the high way,
to impede the traveler, and convince the
most incredulous that neatness has not
become a habit among many of our rural
friends.

Kind reader, I do not mention these
things to find fault, but to gently remind
those who have indulged in this habit,
that the road never was intended for such
things, but for the benefit of the travel-
ing public. When an orchard is pruned
how easy to gather the limbs into one,
two, or more piles, and immediately,
leaving a tidy appearance, and no shelter
for mice, the great enemy of young trees.
How easy to remove all loose stones, not
needed for immediate use, to some by-
place, and pile in snug heaps until
wanted. And how easy, if a resolution
is made to reform, to remove every old
thing from the road and make it look
neat and commodious.

Let all who have been guilty of this
very untidy practice, begin this coming
season, and bring about a much needed
reformation. After you have tried it
one or two years and have seen the great
change compared with the former mode,
double work: beautifying your home,

and teaching your children an important
lesson—a lesson that they will never for-
get to practice during life; for children
learn to imitate their parents in this re-
spect as well as others. The practice of
filling the road with all kinds of refuse
matter should be discontinued at once, to
teach by example that the highway
should be kept neatly, if you would
make "Home, Sweet Home" beautiful
and pleasant above all other places.—
Rural New Yorker.

DRY FOOD FOR HOGS.—A correspond-
ent of the Country Gentleman says:—

"Many hogs are kept comparatively
poor by the high dilution of their food.
They take in so much water that there is
not room for a good supply of nutriment.
Hence the reason that those farmers who
carefully feed undiluted sour milk to
their hogs have so much finer animals
than those who give them slops. The
hog has not room for much water, and if
food which contains much is fed to him,
it makes him big-bellied, but poor."—
Hogs, as well as all other animals, should
be allowed all the water they will drink,
but it should not be mixed with their
food in excessive quantity—the hog should
not be obliged to take more water than
he wants, in order to get the food he
requires."

PRUNING A CLIMBING VINE.—In prun-
ing a climbing rose, all the very strong
and vigorous shoots of last year should
be preserved, and all weak and decayed
ones, as well as old shoots exhausted by
abundant flowering, should be cut away.
It should also be an object to get good
strong shoots as low down towards the
root as possible, as the finest flowers,
coming from the strongest shoots, are
thereby equally diffused over the whole
plant.

USUALLY CASTLE.—An old cow that
is accustomed to throwing fences, may be
prevented doing so by taking a large wire
and bending in the shape of a bow; then
bend the points in the shape of a fish-
hook; tie the two strings to the wire, place
the hooks in the nostrils lightly, and tie
one string to the point of each horn.
This will prevent the most unruly or
cow from throwing fences.

TANNERS' BARK.—Peel from hemlock
and oak, as soon as it will "run" freely,
and pile it when partially dry, so as to
protect from rain.

News and State Items.

THE NEWS FROM THE SOUTH IS GLORIOUS! Federal fleet, no more than a week ago, within four miles of Charleston, and we probably have the news of the fall of Richmond, its headquarters. Oh, how we long to hear that that infernal flag is blotted out!

When Texas looms up with old Sam Houston—San Jacinto—at the head of the "Know Nothings"—the dark lanterns—again in the 1. We hope the old hero may once more Governor of Texas, which twice before he resented and saved; and again take his place in the United States Senate. We never thought Houston, the disciple of Andrew Jackson, could be a traitor; and now how long will it be for his eventful life to run in a sunset of fresh glories. All hail "Sam!"—*Newburyport Herald.*

A BOY JUMPED FROM A TURN STONY WENTON TO ESCAPE CASTRATION.—Tuesday evening a boy fell from the third story of the mercantile office, who was a son of one of the firm. Father and son were in a room together. The latter had been reprimanded with punishment for staying away from home, and as his father approached him he got out of the window and letting himself down at arms' length dropped upon a sidewalk. His skull was fractured and a right shoulder broken by the fall. It thought that he cannot survive the injuries. The unfortunate boy was nine years of age.

The correspondent of a New York paper who is with the army before Richmond, in letter dated the 2d inst., says of Gen. Meade: "I felt to-day for the first time a full sense of the vast labors he undergoes, and of the exceeding heavy burden of the responsibility which weighs down his heart and his brain, when I saw him dismount from his horse at a brook, and baring his head, asked an orderly to bathe it with water scooped up in his hands. Overburdened, harassed, hampered soldier, may the God of Battles give you success and give you rest!"

HON. C. W. WALTON'S SUCCESSOR.—The Auburn correspondent of the *Advertiser*, speaking of the candidates for the short term occasioned by the appointment of Mr. Walton to the Judgeship says: "From all I can learn, I think public opinion is concentrated on Judge Edward T. Little of Auburn, as a candidate to fill out the term of Judge Walton in Congress. A better selection cannot be made. Mr. Little is a staunch Republican, a popular man, and worthy and well qualified to represent the people of this district in Congress."

A SWARM OF BEES ON A MAN'S HEAD.—A most singular incident occurred in Bridgewater a few days since, illustrating the peculiar habits of bees. Mr. A. P. Benson, noticing an unusual stir among his hives, proceeded to examine the cause, whereupon an entire swarm withdrew from his old hive and settled upon his head and shoulders. Mr. B. without any serious inconvenience, succeeded in transferring the swarm safely to a new hive.

MR. SCOTT, the Assistant Secretary of War, having resigned his position, Mr. E. P. Walcott, of Ohio, has been appointed in his place. Mr. W. is said to be an old Democrat in politics, possessing much energy of character, great business talent and administrative capacity. He was lately General of Ohio, and was last year the agent of that State for the purchase of arms, &c. He is said to be the right man in the right place.

A Washington correspondence writes: the heroism of the Sickles brigade is on every lip. Massachusetts has a share in the bravery of this fine division. On the early attempt of Mr. Sickles to form it, several companies of Massachusetts men came on and formed the early nucleus. Nearly all the men are of the fighting order, and will give a good account of themselves anywhere.

THE POTATO RACKET DISCONTINUED.—The New England Dedicating Company which has been engaged in putting up dried and ground potatoes for the army and navy, have discontinued their works in this city, the result of which produced a decided decline in prices for potatoes, as will be noticed by our quotations.—*Portland Price Current.*

THE KENNEBEC JOURNAL says Dr. Holmes has entered the field of operations connected with the Scientific Survey of the state. He will spend a few weeks in the vicinity of the Sebasticus, Arrostook county, exploring for the existence of marble. He will afterwards explore the Island along the coast.

CHICAGO LUMBER MARKET.—Chicago is now considered the largest lumber market in the world, and we are pleased to notice the fact that business in that line is beginning to revive, and the coming year will probably show a larger lumber business done in Chicago than at any time since 1857.

Union meetings are being held in various places throughout Tennessee, and there seems to be a growing disposition among the masses to recognize the old flag as the legitimate one, and the United States government as their only safe protection.

HON. ABNER CUBURN, of Skowhegan, was nominated for Governor by the Republican State Convention, which met at Portland on Thursday last week. He is said to be one of the best business men in the State.

The cotton factory in Augusta has been engaged for some time in the manufacture of the India fiber, mixing it with a portion of American cotton. The bales of India cotton are handsomely pressed and very compact.

HOUSES IN THE UNITED STATES.—There is one house to every six persons in the country. In New York City there are thirteen persons to a dwelling on the average; in Boston about nine; in New Orleans, nearly seven.

The Richmond despatch says McClellan must wade through seas of blood before he can capture the rebel capital. Oh, dry up with your blood and your ditches—that sort of talk is played out.—*Boston Post.*

The receipts at the New York Custom-House for the month of May were four millions seven hundred thousand dollars; it must have been one of the best paying months ever known.

GOOD FORT OHIO.—A regiment of volunteers was recruited in Columbus, Ohio, within twenty-four hours, one day last week, the men continued to crowd the recruiting offices clamoring for enlistment.

The official reports made the killed, wounded and missing at the battle of Shiloh 24,963, of whom 13,661 were Americans, and 10,699 rebels.

It is estimated that the "pension bill," recently passed by the House, will draw from the treasury no less than \$10,000,000 annually.

Marriages.

In Naples, June 8th, by Elder John Dodge, Mr. Frederick Marble of Bridgton, to Miss S. A. Larrabee of Naples.
In Portland, 8th inst., by Rev. Mr. Rugg, of Bath, Mr. Zeus Thompson, Jr., to Miss Lottie Day.
In Bethel, 31st ult., Mr. Ezekiel Pinkham, to Miss Alfreda F. Jordan, both of Casco.

Special Notices.

PROBATE NOTICE.

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

ALBERT P. BURNHAM, Administrator of the estate of Mary Burnham late of Bridgton in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of said estate for probate.

It was Ordered, That the said Administrator 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 July next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Sheriff's Sale.

CUMBERLAND, ss.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at the store of Emory Eyles, at Eyles Falls, so called, in Naples in said county, on Saturday, the 12th day of July, A. D. 1862, at 10 o'clock A. M. All the right of equity which Sewall A. Edwards of Naples in said county, has or had on the 6th day of November, A. D. 1860, (being the date of the original attachment), to redeem the following described real estate, situated in said Naples, to wit, a certain house and the land connected with the same, being about two acres, situated at Eyles Falls and called the Eyles house. The above described premises being subject to a mortgage given to Wilkinson Eyles, on which there is now due about two hundred dollars.

Further particulars made known at the opening of the sale.

LYMAN HALL, Deputy Sheriff.
Dated at Naples, this 4th day of June, A. D. 1862.

Notices.

I HEREBY give to my son, John P. Day, his time. I shall claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

Denmark, June 12 1862.
Attest, H. D. CONSON ABRAHAM DAY.

New Advertisements.

New Summer Goods!

Just received at

R. GIBBS,

An Invoice of New

Summer Goods!!

Consisting of ELEGANT PRINTS,

DELAINES AND

Summer Balmorals!!

A FINE ARTICLE,

Which can be bought for \$2.00—and every other description of goods demanded for the

SUMMER MONTHS.

Please give us a call, for you can find at this Store what you want, and at satisfactory prices.

GENTLEMEN'S, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

BOOTS AND SHOES!

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for goods.

CASH

paid for Wool. Also a good assortment of Blankets and Flannels—Yankee Broad Cloths and Horse Blankets.

Bridgton, June 12, 1862.

ATTENTION!

ONE MORE CHANCE!

One Company for the 10th Regiment is to be raised in this vicinity, to be commanded by—

Capt. T. E. Wentworth,

AND ONLY ONE.

Pay and rations to commence on the day of enlistment, and \$100. at the close of the war.

ALL NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

To be appointed from the Ranks!

Recruiting Office open till the first of July, at the PONDICHERRY HOUSE.

MARSHAL BACON, Recruiting Wm. D. STEVENS, Officers.

Bridgton, June 13, 1862.

BRADLEY & WEBB,

Commission Merchants

AND DEALERS IN

FLOUR, GRAIN & PROVISIONS,

No. 83 Commercial Street, Thomas' Block,

PORTLAND, MAINE.

Robert Bradley. M. G. Webb.

6th June 13

New Advertisements.

PROCLAMATION!!

DODGE'S GREAT PANORAMA!

—OF THE—

WAR,

Which has been painted by the best Artists IN BOSTON,

Has now started on its tour to canvass the principal towns in the State of Maine.

COL. S. DODGE,

Being one of the first who responded to the call of the President for putting down the rebellion, and having had Military experience heretofore, is thoroughly qualified to give information in regard to the present difficulties that now threaten the liberties of our country.

Will exhibit at TOWN HALL, Bridgton, Friday Evening June 13th.

Doors open at 7—Mirror moves at 8 o'clock. Tickets 15 cents. Children under 10 years of age, 10 Cents.

No postponement on account of weather. May C. C. DODGE, Agent.

Bridgton, June 13, 1862.

SAMUEL W. CLIFFORD,

Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in SYRUPS, ELIXIRS, CORDIALS, ESSENCES, FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

NATIVE WINES & C.

No. 57 & 404 Commercial St., Boston.

Orders from the Trade respectfully solicited and promptly filled. For List of Prices, address the Agent at

FRYBURG, MAINE.

Where all orders must be sent to ensure the prompt delivery of the Goods.

RICHARD KELLY, Agent.

2nd June 13

DAVID HALE,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

Office over N. Cleaves's Store.

SPECIAL ATTENTION!

given to securing Arrears of Pay and BOUNTY MONEY OF SOLDIERS.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. J. Perry, Oxford.

H. P. Dean, Esq., Portland.

D. W. Fessenden, Esq., Portland.

Luther Billings, Esq., Bridgton Center.

1st June 13th

CLARK, WEYMOUTH & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Commission Merchants

AND DEALERS IN

W. I. GOODS & PROVISIONS,

No. 71 Commercial Street,

PORTLAND, ——— MAINE.

W. M. Clark, W. D. Weymouth,

Warren P. Chase.

6th June 13

DR. CALEB THOMAS

has returned and may be consulted

FOR A FEW WEEKS ONLY

at the

PONDICHERRY HOUSE.

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

3rd June 13

R. J. D. LARRABEE & CO.,

69 Exchange Street,—PORTLAND, ME.

Importers and dealers in

ARTIST'S MATERIALS,

ENGRAVINGS,

—AND—

PICTURE FRAMES!

Particular attention paid to

Framing Paintings & Engravings,

In any desirable style

Burnishing & Ornamental Gilding

Satisfactorily executed. All kinds of

MOULDINGS.

in any quantity.

LINE AND MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS.

Lithographs and Photographs

of new and old subjects.

All articles generally kept in such a store may be found here.

17

Arrears of Pay

AND BOUNTY MONEY OF SOLDIERS

Secured by

S. M. HARMON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BRIDGTON, MAINE,

Office in Temperance Building.

PICTURE FRAMES!

All sizes Gilt Picture Frames made to order at

CASWELL'S

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.

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.

H. BROWN

Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in

FURNITURE

of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES

PICTURE FRAMES, FEATHERS,

CHAMBER SETTS.

Extension, Center and Card Tables.

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

ALSO, READY-MADE COFFINS.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

LOOKING-GLASSES REPAIRED.

NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.

CARPET

WARE-HOUSE!

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

CARPETINGS,

—LATEST STYLES—

In Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry,

Inglen, Superfine and Stair!

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS;

all widths.

Straw Mattings, Rugs, Mats, &c.

Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures,

Drapery Materials of Damasks and Muslins.

Feathers and Mattresses

Bought at Reduced Rates and will be sold

Very Cheap for Cash, by

W. T. KILBORN & CO.

(Successors to E. H. Burdett)

FREESTREET CARPET WAREHOUSE

Chambers No. 1 and 2, Free Street Block.

Over H. J. Libby & Co.'s,

25 PORTLAND, ME.

17

J. P. WEBB, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

REFERENCES.

Prof. Frank H. Hamilton, M. D. Brookline,

N. Y.

S. C. Hunking, M. D., Windham,

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

W. R. Richardson, M. D., Portland,

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

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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

Fun and Sentiment.

Cool.—The Lewiston Journal has this incident of the retreat of the Maine 10th, in Gen. Banks' column:

"Mr. Small tells a good story, which shows that although the men were retreating, they were not very much scared or thrown off their guard. One of the lieutenants in the 10th (Lieut. Binney, we believe,) noticed a piece of soap lying by the roadside in the midst of the retreat, and remarked to a man near him that he should probably be 'pretty dirty when he got through,' and should need it. Stopping to pick it up, a shell burst in his face and eyes, almost burying him alive in mud and dirt. His companions looked on supposing nothing but a corpse could be dug out. What was their surprise, however, on the smoke clearing away, to see the Lieutenant peer out through the dirt, and holding up his soap, coolly exclaim—'Well, boys, don't I want to need this soap!'"

—A lady in California, gives an amusing incident in her travels:—"In 1854, my husband went to Texas to buy a drove of cattle, and I went with him.—From Little Rock, in Arkansas, we traveled by land. One day the pole of the carriage broke and we had to stop at a farm house, while the driver went back several miles to get the pole mended.—Among our baggage I had my guitar, and as it had not been unpacked since we left New York, I took it out to while away the hours. The woman and children of the house heard the music, and gathered around me to listen. At length the old lady held up both hands and exclaimed, 'Well the land's sake! I've heard tell of pygmies, but I never seed one afore.'"

—An Ohio editor recently attempted to describe the powerful effect of warm weather and here is one instance:

A small negro boy injudiciously leaned up against the sunny side of the house yesterday and fell asleep. In a few minutes he began to soften, and in three quarters of an hour he ran all over the yard. His mother dipped him up and put him in a wash-tub.

—A spunky secesh girl is the author of the following cutting lines on "honest Old Abe":

"Jeff Davis rides a white horse, Lincoln rides a mule.
Jeff Davis is a gentleman,
And Lincoln is a rascal."

She concludes by saying that "she will be for Jeff Davis till the tinicce river freeze over, and then, he for him, and scratch his name on the ice!"

—THE WEARING OF MOURNING.—There are many obvious reasons why this expensive and demonstrative show of private sorrow, is, as a custom, objectionable. A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* argues against it, saying that the world is melancholy enough without this, and the stricken heart is its own memento.—"Willis' Home Journal."

—Charles, said a father to his son while they were working in a saw mill, 'what possesses you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age, I could go with the first cut.' "But," said Charles, "the first cut is always a slab—did you know that?" "Help me turn this log, Charles-quick."

—The editor of the Portsmouth Chronicle, riding in Elliot, saw two cows yoked to a cart, which struck him as wrong; but this impression was softened directly by seeing a woman chopping wood. Perhaps the woman was more 'unevenly yoked' than the animals.—*Argus*.

—The following important announcement is made by the *Louisville Journal*: It is rumored that the Devil, in compliment to the rebel women, has concluded to leave off his breeches and wear petticoats.

—An Athenian, who was lame in one foot, joining the army, was laughed at by the soldiers on account of his lameness. "I am here to fight," said the hero, "not to run."

—We have heard of an economical man, who always takes his meals in front of a mirror. He does this to double the dishes.

—If a woman could talk out of the two corners of her mouth at the same time, there would be a great deal said on both sides.

—This life's contradictions are many. Salt water gives fresh fish, and hot waters produce coolness.

—Rich men have commonly more need to be taught contentment than the poor.

—Added eggs can't hatch chickens, but added brains can hatch false reports.

—Persons often lack courage to appear as good as they really are.

—Slander never killed a sterling character and it never will.

—Scandal, like a kite, to fly well, depends on its tale.

Home Advertisements.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

JOB PRINTING HOUSE!

THE REPORTER OFFICE,

TEMPERANCE BUILDING, BRIDGTON,

MAINE.

ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY

JOB PRINTING,

Executed with neatness and Dispatch, and at the most reasonable prices.

We have all the facilities for doing JOB WORK which are to be found this side of Boston, and shall endeavor, at all times, to see that the work is promptly and faithfully executed.

OUR ESTABLISHMENT

Has all the necessary material to do first-class work, and we intend, at all times, to keep up with the NEW IMPROVEMENTS and NEW TYPE, and give our customers as good work as can be secured.

We are prepared to execute, in the best style of the Art,

Posters of all sizes,
Hand Bills,
Programmes,
Circulars,
Bills of Fare,
Bill Heads,
Town Reports,
Labels of all kinds,
Catalogues,
Town Blanks,
Insurance Blanks,
Fair Bills,
Pamphlets of all kinds,
Business Cards,

Wedding Cards, Visiting Cards, Invitation Cards, Professional Cards, &c., &c.,

As cheap as at any other establishment this side of Boston.

Persons wishing for work in our line, are invited to call, as we can suit them, both as to style and price.

PRINTING!

DONE WITH

Blue, Black, Green or Red Ink,

OR WITH

TWO OR MORE COLORS.

Particular attention paid to BRONZE WORK in all its branches.

Bridgton, May 30, 1862. 1*

GRAY CELEBRATED HAIR RESTORATIVE.

\$100! PREMIUM. \$100

IT IS NOT A DYE!

Will cause Hair to grow on Bald Heads!

Will Restore Grey or Discolored Hair to its ORIGINAL CONDITION AND COLOR.

Will prevent the Hair from falling Off and promote a New and Healthy Growth; completely eradicates Dandruff; will give the Hair a Clean, Glossy Appearance;

Is a certain Cure for all Diseases of the Hair

IT IS A PERFECT AND COMPLETE DRESSING FOR THE HAIR.

Read the following testimonial:—

U. S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE

New York, Nov. 6, 1861.

WM. GRAY, Esq., Dear Sir:—Two months ago my head was entirely bald, and the little hair I had was all grey and falling out very fast, until I feared I should lose all. I commenced using your HAIR RESTORATIVE, and it immediately stopped the hair falling out, and soon restored the color, and after using two bottles my head is completely covered with a healthy growth of hair, and of the same color it was in early manhood. I take great pleasure in recommending your excellent Hair Restorative, and you may also refer any doubting person to me.

ROBERT MURRAY, U. S. Marshal, Southern District, New York.

PRICE 75 CTS. THREE BOTTLES FOR \$2.

Prepared and sold by the Proprietor, WILLIAM GRAY, at Tremont, Westchester Co. N. Y.; at wholesale by F. C. WELLS & CO.

115 Franklin Street; D. S. BARNES, 202 Broadway; HALL & RUCKEL, 218 Greenwich Street, New York, and retained by all responsible Druggists throughout the United States.

N. B.—Druggists or others sending cash orders for the Restorative, will be supplied with circulars containing certificates from people of the highest respectability, from all parts of the country.

341y.

OLD FRIENDS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Herriek's Sugar Coated Pills!



The best family Cathartic in the World; used twenty years by five millions of persons annually always give satisfaction; contain no injurious ingredients; patronized by Principal Physicians and Surgeons in the United States.

The Union; elegantly coated with sugar.

Full directions with each box. Warranted superior to any pill before the public.

READ THE EVIDENCE.

Racine, Wis., Nov. 2, 1860.

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

HERRIEK'S KID STRENGTHENING PLASTERS cures in five hours pains and weakness of the breast, side and back, and Rheumatic complaints of almost all other kinds. Spread on beautiful white linen skin, their use subjects the wearer to no inconvenience, and each one will wear from one week to three months. Price 18-34 cents.

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

HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS.

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

LARGE PACKAGE, 25 CENTS.

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

Practical Chemists, Albany, N. Y. Sold in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden, 1y39.

E. BLANCHFIELD, Traveling Agent.

DR. L. A. CROSBY'S PRIVATE MEDICAL TREATISES

ON THE

Physiological View of Marriage.

250 PAGES and 120 ENGRAVINGS.—Price only twenty-five cents. Sent free of postage to all parts of the Union. On the influences of youth and maturity, disclosing the secret follies of both sexes of all ages, causing debility, nervousness, depression of spirits, palpitation of the heart, suicidal imaginings, involuntary emissions, bluishings, defective memory, indigestion and lassitude, with confessions of terrible interest of the Boarding School Miss, a College Student, and a young married Lady, &c., &c. It is a truthful adviser to the married and those contemplating marriage, who entertain secret doubts of their physical condition, and who are conscious of having hazarded the health, happiness and privileges to which every human being is entitled.

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

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

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

Price \$1 per box. They can be mailed to any part of the United States or Canada.

TO THE LADIES.—Who need a confidential medical adviser with regard to any of those interesting complaints to their delicate organization renders them liable, are particularly invited to consult us.

The "Electro-Galvanic Protector" for married ladies whose health will not admit, or who have no desire to increase their families, may be obtained as above. It is a perfectly safe preventive to conception, and has been extensively used during the last twenty years. Price reduced to \$10.

The Secrets of Youth Unveiled.

A Treatise on the cause of Premature Decay.—A solemn warning. Just published, a book showing the insidious progress and prevalence among schools, (both male and female) of this fatal habit, pointing out the fatality that invariably attends its victims, and developing the whole progress of the disease, from the commencement to the end. It will be sent by Mail on receipt of two (2) cent stamps.

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

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

Dr. L. A. Crosby is still located as established under the name of DR. L. CROSBY, at No. 31 Maiden Lane, Albany, N. Y. 1y46

"They go to the right Spot."

INSTANT RELIEF! STOP YOUR COUGH

PURIFY YOUR BREATH!

STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

SPALDING'S

Throat Confections

ARE

GOOD FOR CLERGYMEN,

GOOD FOR LECTURERS,

GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,

GOOD FOR SINGERS,

GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

GENTLEMEN CARRY

Spalding's Throat Confections.

LADIES ARE DELIGHTED WITH

Spalding's Throat Confections.

CHILDREN CRAVE FOR

Spalding's Throat Confections.

They relieve a Cough instantly.

They clear the Throat.

They give strength and volume to the voice.

They impart a delicious aroma to the breath.

They are delightful to the taste.

They are made of simple herbs and cannot harm any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot."

You will find them very useful and pleasant while traveling or attending public meetings for stilling your Cough or allaying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

My signature is on each package. All others are counterfeit.

A package will be sent by mail, prepaid on receipt of Thirty Cents.

Address,

HENRY C. SPALDING,

NO. 45 CEDAR ST., NEW-YORK.

Cephalic Pills

CURE

Nervous Headache

CURE

All kinds of

Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of Nervous or Sick Headache may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Aches and Headache to which females are so subject. They act gently upon the bowels,—removing Costiveness.

For Literary men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of sedentary habits, they are valuable as a Laxative, improving the appetite, giving tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural poise and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, and the absence of any disagreeable results renders it easy to administer them to children.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other Dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail prepaid on receipt of

PRICE 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,

48 Cedar Street New York, or to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston sole Wholesale Agents, for New England,

1y2

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The Bridgton Reporter.

HORACE C. LITTLE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

A Local and Instructive Family Newspaper. Strictly Neutral in Politics.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL IV, NO. 83.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1862.

WHOLE NO. 189.

THE Bridgton Reporter.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY
HORACE C. LITTLE.

All letters must be addressed to the
Publisher. Communications intended for
publication should be accompanied by the
name of the author.

Persons required to publish notices
by order of the Probate Court may select the
paper in which such notice may be published.

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The following persons are authorized
to receive names and subscription money,
also advertising for the REPORTER, and re-
ceipt for the same.

CHAS. J. LITTLE, PORTLAND.
GEO. M. ROAK, AUBURN.

Poetical Selections.

THE JOURNER A-LA-MODE.

BY JOHN G. SAKE.

I saw her last night at a party,
(The elegant party at Meade's)
And looking remarkably hearty
For a widow so young in her weeds;
Yet I knew she was suffering sorrow
Too deep for tongue to express—
Or why had she chosen to borrow
So much from the language of dress?

Her shawl was sable as the night;
And her gloves were as black as her
shawl—
And her jewels flashed in the light.
Were black as a funeral pall;
Her robe had the hue of the rest,
(How nicely it fitted her shape!)
And the grief that was leaving her breast
Boiled over in billows of craze!

What tears of vicarious woe
That else might have sullied her face,
Were kindly permitted to flow
In ripples of ebony lace!
While even her fan in its play,
Had quite a lugubrious scope,
And seems to be waving away
The ghost of the angel of Hope!

But rich as the robes of a queen,
Was the somber apparel she wore;
I'm certain I never had seen
Such a sumptuous sorrow before;
And I couldn't help thinking the beauty,
In mourning the loved and the lost,
Was doing her conjugal duty,
Although regardless of cost!

One surely would say of devotion
Performed at so vast an expense,
Betrayed an excess of emotion
That was really something immense;
And yet as I view at my leisure,
Those tokens of tender regard,
I thought: 'It is scarce without measure—
The sorrow that goes by the yard!

Ah! grief is a curious passion;
And yours—I am sorely afraid,
The very next phase of the fashion
Will find it beginning to fade.
Though dark are the shadows of grief,
The morning will follow the night,
Half tints will be token of relief.

Till joy shall be symbolized in white!
Ah!—well!—it were idle to quarrel
With fashion, or ought she may do;
And so I conclude with a moral
And metaphor—warranted new—
When meads come handsomely out,
The patient is sated, they say;
And the sorrow is mildest, no doubt,
That works in a similar way!

Our Story Teller.

A YANKEE MAN-TRAP.

Ethan Balch was not swearing exactly;
yet he was undeniably wishing unchar-
itable wishes, respecting the future of
certain Englishmen, and using excla-
matory epithets to do it with. It was
August the 15th, 1813, and Mr. Balch
was walking slowly homeward from the
sea-shore of New London county, Con-
necticut; and as he went, he whistled.
The precise expressions in which he indulged
were these:

"Consarn the darned Britishers to dar-
nation! Blame their everlastin' peters!
I hope to gracious the plaguy old boat
will go slam down with 'em, earse and
all!"

Then, after a pause, he added:
"Just as ef I mightn't a knowed they'd
a done it! Ef I'd only kept her hum-
till night, and crept round, I could a
gone strate into New London just as easy.

Near about two hundred dollars gone
slap-dab for nothin'? O, good thunder!
cried the mourning young Yankee in the
bitterness of his soul, as this crowning
misery rose fresh to his mind.

It is no wonder that he was seriously
displeased, for the British, then main-
taining a strict blockade upon Commo-
dore Decatur, who with the frigates
United States and Macedonian, and the
brig-of-war Hornet, had run up the River
Thames, had that day made prize of a
certain small craft, in which together
with her cargo, was invested a full moi-
ety of his private worldly estate.

Nevertheless, with continuous whit-
tling, and many quaint excretions, home-
went Ethan, and told his sad tale to his
parents, who sympathized with him and
were grieved.

"Who was there in the boat, Ethan?"
asked Mr. Balch, senior.

"That's the worst on't, father," said the
junior gentleman. "I've got to go'n tell
Marthy Robbins—and what on earth she'll
say, I don't know. They was Peleg and
Zack Robbins; and them darned ever-
lastin' rotten pizen cusses has got 'em
and the boat besides, and sarse enough
to keep the fleet a week."

"Wal, my son," said the old gentleman
"I rather guess you'd better go right
over'n tell her, and hev it done with. She'll
take on sum at fust, that's sartain; but
the boys'll come back some time or an-
other, and she'll Misses Robbins kin
come'n stay with us ef they're a mind to.
I guess we could tend up to that 'ere lit-
tle farm, a while."

For Mrs. Robbins's, the widowed moth-
er of 'Marthy,' and of Peleg and Zach-
ariah, owned and occupied, with her chil-
dren, a small farm near by, and carried on
the same; and the capture of her two
stout sons had, of course, left the farm
quite bare of men. Ethan walked mod-
estly over to Mrs. Robbins's house. He was
warmly welcomed by the two women,
but received their greetings with so much
embarrassment, that they perceived that
something was wrong.

"What on 'arth's the matter with ye,
Ethan?" asked the lady, cocking back
her head so that she could peer at him
through her spectacles, which usually
abode some ways down her nose; you
are shorter'n pie-crust, seems to me."

"Perhaps," said Miss Robbins, with a
small smirk, 'he didn't want to come—
Tain't necessary to come here unless you
enjoy it, Mister Balch."

"Well, well!" expostulated the discon-
solate Yankee, "Don't go plaguin' a man,
when he's in trouble already. I did
want to come, and it's the first time; and
you know it Marthy. But wasn't cos I
wasn't glad to see you. I s'pose I might
just as well out with it. Them ere darned
British has ketch'd the boat, and Peleg
and Zack along with it."

An outburst of lamentation from the
women interrupted the further progress
of the tale, which Ethan's awkward at-
tempts at consolation did not avail to
quench. They gradually recovered them-
selves, however, and proceeded to inquire
how it happened.

"It was," Ethan said, 'by means of a
well-known row-galley belonging to Ad-
miral's, the flag ship, Ramilies, seventy-
four, which had already captured many
small coasting crafts, and which had se-
cured its booty, in the present instance,
by 'snakin' out,' as he described it, 'with
the joint use of sails and oars, the fair
breeze with which the Martha (as Ethan's
boat was named,) had set sail, having un-
expectedly died away nearly to a calm.'"

Miss Martha Robbins having cried a
good deal, did now, as woman-kind are
often apt to do, experience a sudden and
not very reasonable reaction into anger;
and chose to innuendate, first that her lover
had very cunningly avoided any personal
risk to himself, by sending her brothers
off with the boat alone; secondly, that
anybody who had not sufficient brains to
keep him from such losses as that, was
hardly likely to make a thrifty or a pros-
perous helpmate.

These aspersions Ethan vigorously re-
pelled, asserting that 'the boys' had
chosen to go together, but desiring to
visit New London; and that as they
were not necessary for managing the boat
or for selling the cargo, he had given
them their own way; and as to the lat-
ter part of the accusation, he inquired:

"I want to know ef you think a man
ort to hev brains enough to know exactly
when it's agoin to fall calm on the Sound
ten hours ahead?"

But, Miss Robbins being, as we have
insinuated, a womanly woman, vouch-
ed no answer to these considerations,
which he urged by way of argument—
argument being a thing totally unknown
to the majority of the female sex—and of
the male, too, for that matter. And she
accordingly said over again what she had
said before, rather more loudly and earn-
estly; and having thus refuted Ethan in
the discussion, she informed him that un-
less he could get her brothers out of the
captivity into which he had been the
means of their felling, he need not look
upon her face again.

Ethan remonstrated, and even Mrs. Rob-
bins ventured a few mild expostulations,
but all in vain; the Yankee damsel's
blood was up, and the discomfited lover,
not considering that it was highly com-
plimentary to him that his lady-love
should take it for granted that he was
simply able to rescue the prisoners from
the whole British fleet, pursued his home-
ward way in much dejection of mind.

"I wish to gracious there'd been fifty
men in her!" he exclaimed. "Twould a
been frustrate fun to jump up and gin 'em
a volley!"

Then his keen Yankee intellect, pursu-
ing the train of thought thus started, a
scheme suggested itself to him which seem-
ed to promise him both a fair revenge and
the means of liberating the two brethren
of his obdurate mistress. Hastening
homeward, he consulted with his father,
and, after some difficulty, succeeded in
gaining his co-operation. Early next
morning the two men, harnessing up the
old farm-horse, drove speedily over to
New London, and procuring introduc-
tions from one or two gentlemen of stand-
ing in that place, who bore witness to the
trustworthiness and abilities of the bear-
ers, they proceeded up the river to Nor-
wich, near which place the three Ameri-
can vessels were moored.

With the customary formalities, they
were admitted on board the Macedonian,
then Commodore Decatur's flag-ship, and
having introduced themselves and pre-
sented their testimonials, they proceeded to
request his assistance in carrying out the
scheme which they unfolded to him. After
careful investigations and inquiry
the mode, time, and manner of proceed-
ing were agreed upon, and Decatur a-
greed that a sufficient number of marines
should be at the appointed place upon
the afternoon of the succeeding day, and
having partaken of the refreshments
which the hospital sailor set before them,
the well-satisfied Yankee farmers set out
on their return.

We pass over to the next day, at a
little past noon. At that time there
crept out of Mystic river, taking the
inside passage between Ram Island and
the main land, a sail-boat, heavily laden
and managed by two men. With a fine
breeze from the West of North, they
steered along, close hauled and hugging
the shore, until they had passed Long
Point, perhaps a third of the distance
between the mouth of the Mystic and
New London Light. They could now
see distinctly the lofty hulls and tower-
ing masts and rigging of Sir Thomas
Nard'y a fleet, riding at single anchor in
side of Fisher's Island; the two seventy-
fours looming up in the warm air, and
attended, as it were, by the smaller
Orpheus and Eolus frigates, and by two
or three gun brigs and tenders. After
passing Long Point, the sail-boat stood
rather further out to sea.

"Don't bear away too far, father,"
said Ethan—for he and Mr. Balch, senior
constituted the boat's crew—"they'll
smell a rat."

"No they won't my son," said the
old gentleman, luffing a little, however.
"They don't give us no credit for know-
in' how to handle a boat—I'll reckon
they'll have to allow that we kin
manage a frigate, though! There they
be, Ethan," said the old man, his eyes
brightening with excitement. "Set still,
set still. They've got good glasses—
they'll see us. Make 'em see you don't
see nothin' on em."

And sore enough as he spoke, there
shot out from behind the Ramilies, the
low, long, black row galley, which had
been the means of so many petty depre-
dations along the coast. Hoisting a lug
sail and bracing sharp up, she steered,
with the double impetus of sail and oar,
straight across in a direction to cut off
the deeply laden and slow moving boat.

"Ain't it almost time to go about,
father?" asked Ethan, after ten minutes
of rather uneasy silence.

"Don't git worried, my son," said
the old gentleman, drily. "Your father
has sailed a great many boats. We was
to run ashore with them two high trees
in range, wasn't we?"

"Yes—there 's a peeled pole on the
beach, jest at the spot."

"Wal, I reckon we kin see them fellows
aboard the galley now," said the elder
Balch, with a grin. "You kin be jest
as frightened as you please."

And he pretended to spy the unfriend-
ly pursuers for the first time; and with
an elaborate display of terrified haste
and awkwardness, the boat was put about
and steered straight for the beach, now
nearly half a mile distant. The English
galley hereupon slightly varying her
course, came in pursuit. Ethan and his
father, as the foe approached, by way of
maintaining the deception, crouched out
of sight, occasionally popping up, as if
to watch the enemy, and then quickly
hiding again.

"Peck a boo!" said Ethan, looking up a
moment. We shall be hard aground in
three minutes, father. They're coming
up hand over hand. There's the pole on
the beach."

"Come well aft, Ethan," said his father,
'lets run her well on.'

"Hello, there, you Yankee lubbers!"
hailed the English lieutenant, now
within three rods, if you beach the boat
we'll shoot you!"

But as he spoke the boat grounded, and
the two men quickly disappeared over
the steep sand hills bordering the shore.
The English galley grounded fast on the
sand in full pursuit. As she stopped,
fifty American marines rose from behind
the crest of the sand hills, poured in a
fatal volley, and rushing forward, cap-
tured the remaining crew. One third of
their number were dead or desperately
wounded, the lieutenant and two or
three others being all that were unhurt.

"You've paid rather mor'n 'ts wuth,"
said Ethan, pointing to the load of cob-
ble stones. "I reckon we're even with ye
now for hookin' that boat-load of garden-
sars of mine, day before yesterday, and
ketchin' them two fellers."

In the exchange of prisoners, shortly
after negotiated, the liberation of the
Messrs. Robbins was secured, and this
fulfilment, by Ethan's means, of the hard
commands of his lady-love, restored, and
even enhanced, the amiable relations of
the relations heretofore existing between them.
—New Haven Palladium.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.—Costly ap-
paratus and splendid cabinets have no
magical power to make scholars. In all
circumstances, as a man is, under God,
the master of his own fortunes, so is he
the maker of his own mind. The Creator
has so constituted the human intellect
that it can grow only by its own action,
and by its own action it must certainly
and necessarily grow. Every man must,
therefore, in an important sense, educate
himself. His books and teachers are but
helps, the work is his. A man is not ed-
ucated until he has the ability to sum-
mon, in case of emergency, all his men-
tal power in vigorous exercise to effect
his proposed object. It is not the man
who has seen the most, who can do this;
such an one is in danger of being bourn
down like a beast of burden, by a over-
loaded mass of other men's thoughts.—
Nor is it a man that can boast merely of
native vigor and capacity. The greatest
of all the warriors that went to the siege
of Troy had the pre-eminence not because
nature had given him strength, and he
carried the largest bow, but self-discipline
had taught him how to bend it.—Daniel
Webster.

DON'T EAT TOO MUCH. The celebrated
Abernethy once remarked to a friend:—
"I tell you honestly what I think is the
whole cause of the complicated maladies
of the human frame; it is their gorman-
dizing, and stuffing and stimulating the
digestive organs to excess; thereby creat-
ing irritation. The state of our minds is
another cause—the fretting and discon-
tending themselves about what cannot be
helped—passions of all kinds;—malig-
nant passions, and worldly cares pressing
on the mind, disturb the central action,
and do a great deal of harm."

A German periodical says, that of
twenty deaths of men between the ages
of eighteen and twenty-five, one half origi-
nate in the waist of the constitution by
smoking. The same periodical says, to-
bacco burns out the blood, the teeth, the
eyes, the brains.—Uncle Toby

Ladies Department.

LADIES ON HORSEBACK.

Learning that our article on Saddle
Horses, a few months ago, interested many,
and was the occasion of benefiting
several invalids, the writer will now pre-
sent a few hints on female equestrianism.
As a mere accomplishment for young la-
dies, it ranks high. Perhaps in no place
do female charms appear more fascinat-
ing, than in the saddle. You may think
it is the jaunty cap and plume our Belle
wears, or her flowing dress, or the fresh
color which riding brings into her cheek,
and the sparkle it gives her eye; you
may say it is the spirited motion of her
palfrey, or the contrast between his rug-
ged strength and her delicate beauty.
Analyze it as you please, it will yet be
confessed, (certainly by every young man
open to conviction) that Belle never looks
so charming as when on horseback. We
have heard of more than one susceptible
youth who has lost his peace of mind by
witnessing such a sight. Indeed, to old
or young, it is very pleasing. And then
if to this sight you add several young
ladies and gentlemen in different colored
dresses, prancing along the highway to-
gether, you make a picture worth look-
ing at.

The healthfulness of this exercise, few
will question. It tends to give a young
lady an erect posture; it strengthens her
arms, chest and limbs; expands the
lungs, gives tone to the stomach, and
clearness to the brain. If the digestion
is impaired, it will restore it much quick-
er and better than bran-bread. The fine
effect it has upon the spirits is enough
to recommend it. How much more en-
livening it is than rolling luxuriously
over a smooth road in a modern, spring-
seated, close-covered, velvet-cushioned,
carriage! Yet, many of our sighing
young misses prefer the latter, 'tis
so much more refined! They think
their complexions of satin softness and
lily whiteness, would suffer from the
exposure of horseback riding! Did you
but know it, young lady, nine out of ten
young gentlemen would be more pleased
with you, if your complexion had the
healthier tinge that comes from vigorous
exercise in the open air. Who has not
known or heard of invalids so weak that
they had, at first, to be lifted into the
saddle, but who, by steadily pursuing
horseback riding for a period of weeks
and months, have recovered vigorous
health? All of us have known invalids
with pulmonary affections, who, having
tried the prescriptions of doctors of every
school in rain, and having traveled to
the sunny South to little purpose, have
at last resorted to the saddle, and gained
therein more advantage than from all
things beside. Many a lady needs out-
door exercise, but is too feeble to walk a
great distance. Mount your horse, then,
not your luxurious carriage. Mount your
saddle, and you will find your weak back
strengthened, your nerves braced, your
head-ache dissipated, and every part of
your system tuned and invigorated. Your
horse will do the hard work for you, and
yet give you all needful exercise. He
will bear you over the hills and far away
into the woods, to gather flowers and
see the birds, and if you like, down yon-
der gorge to see a waterfall, and over the
bridge to a certain farm house to visit
some friend, and see her pleasant occu-
pations. Wherever you will, you can
ride, and then come home refreshed and
inspired with new health. In England
the ladies ride horseback more than in
the Northern United States. It often
forms a part of their education to learn
to sit in the saddle gracefully, and to
manage a horse with skill. In the South-
ern States of this country, it has long
been a very common practice. The writer
of these lines has often raced with Vir-
ginia lasses, leaping brooks and ditches,
and low fences, side by side with them,
and he confesses that he generally (gal-
lantly?) come off second best in the con-
test—as in duty bound. We are happy
to know that female equestrianism is
becoming, of late, more popular among
us. In many of our cities, riding schools
have been established, and along our
parks and broad thoroughfares, many a
gay company of lady riders can be seen
almost any fair day. So too in the
country generally, there is an increasing
fondness for this exercise.—American Ag-
riculturist.

—It is rumored that Madame Goldsch-
midt (Jenny Lind) will visit the United
States next autumn.

Agricultural Department.

FRENCH METHOD OF CULTIVATING THE TOMATO.

The best French gardeners are quite
particular about topping their plants, so
that as nice a balance may be maintained
between fruit and leaves as in a peach
tree. They are not satisfied with mere
toppings as soon as there are plenty of
flowers, and with pinching off laterals
afterwards. Their method is this: As
soon as a cluster of flowers is visible,
they top the stem down to the cluster,
so that the flower terminates the stem.
The effect is that sap is immediately im-
pelled into the two buds next before the
cluster, which push strongly, and pre-
sently produce another cluster of flowers
each. The moment these are visible, the
branch to which they also belong is also
topped down to their level; and this is
done five times successively. The effect
is to form stout dwarf bushes, not above
eighteen inches high. In order to prevent
their falling over, sticks and strings are
stretched horizontally along the rows, so
as to keep the plants tolerably upright.
In addition to this, all laterals whatso-
ever are nipped off. In this way the ripe
sap is directed into the fruit, which ac-
quires a beauty, size and excellence unat-
tainable by other means; and we are
assured that fourteen pounds of ripe
tomatoes per plant is no very unusual
produce—even sixteen pounds being
known.

The London Gardener's Chronicle re-
marks as follows upon the mode practised
in France:

Whether or not this exact method is
suited to our climate, (England) may be
doubted; but the soundness of its prin-
ciple is beyond dispute. Five successive
toppings are more than our short sum-
mers will justify, except in very hot dry
places. Three we should consider quite
enough: for although the fourth and
fifth toppings would doubtless increase
the quantity of the fruit, yet there is
little probability of such late fruit ripen-
ing well; and it must be safest to direct
the energies of the plant to bear a small-
er quantity, of the highest excellence
that our soil and climate can secure, in a
species which grows best in a country
where the summer heat rises to 100 deg.,
and does not fall below 50 deg., and
with a mean in the warmest month to 73
degrees.

INSECTS ON FRUIT TREES.

On looking over my apple trees to-day,
in company with a friend from New-Bed-
ford, I chanced to remark that it was a
pity some sure and cheap preventive of
the depredations of insects upon our fruit
trees and of fruit could not be devised,
that was capable of being applied by the
least skillful operator. He surprised me
by remarking that he was not sure but
that had already been attained, and in-
stantly an experiment of a man of his
acquaintance that last season took a piece
of light canvass, cut it in the form of a
cone, tying the small end around the end
of the trees, expanding the base with a
hoop, and encasing it over with tar.
This made a bringing up place for all
such insects as pass up the tree. They
were found in large numbers in the folds
of the canvass, and they and their larvæ
were lost. A lady visiting in the neigh-
borhood of this gentleman, stated that
for two seasons past a man in the vicinity
of Providence, R. I., scraped his trees
clean of old bark and bugs, then tied
cotton batting around the trunk, which
has proved, for two years past, a com-
plete barrier to their ascent into the
tree. The insects become entangled in
the cotton, deposit their larvæ there,
and both die without hope or escape.
Incredibly numbers of them are found all
through the loose batting.

Would it not be well for these simple
reputed remedies to be tried very gener-
ally by all, on a few trees, even now, and
report the result? The expense is a mere
trifle, and the trouble small. Should
success attend the experiment, the facts
cannot be too widely known.

TO CURE SHEEP SKINS WITH THE WOOL ON.—Take one tablespoonful of alum, and
two of salpêtre; pulverize well, and mix
together thoroughly. Sprinkle this pow-
der on the flesh side of the skin, and
fold together with the wool out; hang
up in a cool place. In two or three days,
as soon as dry, take down and scrape the
flesh with a blunt edged knife till clean.

To cure warts on cattle, dissolve
potash to a paste and cover the wart
with it for half an hour and then wash
it off with vinegar.