

The Bridgton Reporter.

HORACE C. LITTLE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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WHOLE NO. 192.

THE Bridgton Reporter.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY
HORACE C. LITTLE.

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Publisher. Communications intended for
publication should be accompanied by the
name of the author.

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also advertising for the Reporter, and re-
ceipt for the same.
CHAS. J. LITTLE, PORTLAND.
GEO. M. ROAK, AUBURN.

Magnolia

envelopable

Loss of Voice

Medicated Eyes

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said I, the wine making me rather taut;
'weight, one hundred and fifty-five, din-
ner included; age, say twenty-five, more
or less, generally more; and mighty
good looking for a man of my size.'

Here I put my back against a conven-
ient post and began to whistle—the wo-
man all the time apparently eyeing me
closely. Then she came toward me, and
said in a low, sweet voice—at least I
thought so then:

'Will monsieur pardon me?'

'Of course I will, mademoiselle, since
you don't owe me anything, and are not
likely too,' said I, thinking myself un-
commonly civil, which was owing to the
very good wine I drank.

'Is monsieur a doctor?'

'I have that honor, mademoiselle.'

'A surgeon, monsieur?'

'Not quite equal to monsieur Blandin,
but still a surgeon, at your service.'

'Monsieur is an Englishman,' she said,
perceiving from my accent that I was a
foreigner.

'I am,' returned I, elevating my head
with an air of pride.

'The Englishmen are brave.'

'Some of them, Mademoiselle.'

'And they are also gallant.'

'They possibly have that fault, if fault
it is, especially when a pretty woman is
in the case.'

Here my fair unknown, as if without
thinking, so clever was the art, pushed
back her hood and showed me, by the
dim light of a neighboring lamp, one of
the sweetest, prettiest, most bewitching
faces I had ever seen.

'Monsieur is a doctor, surgeon, and En-
glishman, and a brave and gallant gen-
tleman, therefore, monsieur will come with
me and save a sufferer's life by his great
skill.'

'Of course I will,' said I, steadying
myself by the post, for the wine had
somewhat been increasing its power over
me since leaving my friends. 'Of course
I will, mademoiselle—only too happy to
serve such a beautiful creature—non the
honor of a Frenchified English gen-
tleman surgeon. Pray lead the way,
mademoiselle.'

'Will monsieur be so kind as to take
my arm?'

Monsieur was so kind—monsieur would
have done almost anything had he been
asked just then.

Twenty paces or so brought us to the
steps of one of the ports leading down in-
to the Seine. My fair unknown descend-
ed, and so did I, without asking where-
fore. If she had jumped into the water
just then; probably I should have jumped
in after her. She didn't though, and
and that probably accounts for my not
being a drowned doctor to dry.

Well, as she and I reached the stair
above the wash of the river, a boat rowed
by two men shot up to us, and before
I exactly comprehended what was doing,
or how it was done, I found myself seated
on one of the thwarts, my unknown angel
beside me, and the boat rapidly going
some wheres still rowed by the two men.

'When I thought I, here is an adven-
ture whether I will or no. Dr. L.—
you gouty wine-bibber, you have probab-
ly made an ass of yourself, and are now
going to have your throat cut for the
little money you are supposed to have,
but you haven't got it about your person.
Well, it's too late to whine or repine
now, and so not a word! And not a
word did I say, rather liking it than
otherwise, all except the murdering part,
which I hoped might be a mere fancy of
my own, so really fond was I of adven-
ture. We were not many minutes on
the river, and during that time we shot
along past houses, under bridges, and
among river craft with great rapidity,
not a word being spoken. Suddenly we
ran into a low dark arch, and soon after
came to a stop in some place, where, so
far as seeing was concerned, I couldn't
have told myself from a barrel of ink.

'Not a word, monsieur le docteur;
your life depends on it,' said a low, stern
whisper in my ear.

'I am dumb as a post,' said I, 'more so
if anything. If you hear me speak be-
fore you are ready, blow my brains out
—that is, what few I have left.'

'Silence! You are a brave man, will
not be harmed, and will be well paid for
your trouble.'

'Thank you—all right; and being all
right, as Dory Crockett used to express
it, go ahead.'

This was not all the talk of the wine.
I was getting sobered up pretty fast, and
almost wished myself in bed in my lodg-
ings, but thought it best to carry out
my previous *sans froid*.

'A capital surgeon, so far as coolness
is concerned,' I heard whispered from
one to the other.

'Come, follow as I lead, and remem-
ber?' said that stern whisper again, and
at this moment a strong hand took hold
of mine.

I arose, stepped from the boat to some
stairs, went up the steps, and through a
long narrow passage, and then down
some stairs, and through another long,
narrow passage, and then up and through
and then down and through, till I hear-
tily prayed I might soon get through,
and all the time in darkness that might
have been cut with a knife, so to speak,
and in silence that death itself might
have been satisfied with.

At last we entered an underground
place, that seemed to be a large crypt, as
I hastily surveyed it by the light of a
flambeau that a masked figure held in his
hand. The other masked figures, all in
black gowns, or dominoes, were standing
beside them, and a glance at my guide
showed him habited and masked in the
same manner. The girl was not present.

'Monsieur le chirurgien,' said a stern
voice aloud, 'swear by your honor as a
gentleman, you will never reveal ought
of this night's adventure—of what you
have seen or shall see—of what you have
heard or shall hear—of what you know
or shall know.'

'I swear never to make the slightest
revelation while I remain in France,' I
replied.

'Enough. Secret assassination will be
the penalty if you break your oath. Now
follow us.'

I was conducted up stairs, two or
three flights, into a small and elegantly
furnished apartment, in one corner of
which was a bed, and on the bed a young
man, with face as white as a sheet, and
groaning at every breath. One of my
mysterious showed me a leg completely
shattered at the knee, evidently by a pis-
tol or musket ball.

'Well, monsieur?' said an anxious
voice.

'There is no help for it—the leg must
come off,' I replied, by this time com-
pletely sobered.

'Monsieur will take it off then?'

'I have not my implements with me.'

'Here is all monsieur can need.'

A complete and beautiful set was pro-
duced. Without another word, I took
off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, and
proceeded to the work, the masks assist-
ing me. The poor sufferer fainted under
the painful operation. When all was
finished, one of the men said to me, in a
low, anxious tone.

'Will he survive?'

'With careful attention and nursing, I
think he will.'

'Thanks! Monsieur le docteur will
write down all necessary instructions.'

Pen, ink and paper being furnished me,
I proceeded to do. When this
was completed, a heavy purse was placed
in my hand, and the mask said:

'Monsieur le docteur will not forget
his oath?'

'Not very likely to, with assassination
in prospective,' said I.

'Enough. Come!'

I followed my conductor down into
the crypt again, and then in total dark-
ness was led through a succession of long
narrow passages, alternating with stairs
the same as before—but not ending where
I began—for a door was at last thrown
open, and I suddenly found myself in a
dark narrow street. I heard a slight
click behind me, and on looking around
was greatly surprised to find myself
standing alone, beside a church, and on-
ly a blank wall where I expected to see
a door at least. The stones were alike, as
far as I could see, and nothing to indicate
an opening of any kind. And yet I had
either come through that wall, or else I
was dreaming. Was I dreaming? I
was not quite sure, though the purse
that had been put into my hand felt very
heavy.

Well, thought I, this will do for one
night, at any rate; and now, like the
Dutch burgomaster in the play, I will
go home and think.

It was some distance from the Seine;
but I soon found the river, and, in less
than half an hour after, my lodgings al-
so, which I reached just as the day was
breaking.

I went to bed, and went to sleep, and
slept till noon, and then got up and
counted my money—fifty napoleons in
good, hard, heavy, yellow gold.

'Well,' said I, 'if my last night's ad-
venture was a dream, I only hope and
pray I may keep on dreaming so every
night.'

But what was all this mystery?—what
could it mean? Pshaw! Why trouble
my brain about it, since probably I should
never know?

On taking my breakfast—or dinner, if
you choose—at the Cafe do Tactoni, I
looked over the columns of Le Moniteur
Universel, and soon found myself deeply
interested in the details of the astound-
ing assassination of Madame —, a well
known favorite of the king of the French.
Her apartments had been entered by a
band of masked assassins, and the lady
stabbed in her bed. Her dying screams
had brought assistance, but nothing suf-
ficient to secure the ruffians, all of whom
escaped, though one had been shot and
carried off by his companions. One hun-
dred thousand francs reward was offered
for the apprehension and conviction of
the ruffians, or any of them.

'O ho?' said I to myself, 'I think I
know something!'

But I said it only to myself. Neither
the king of the French, nor any of his
subjects, was ever made wiser by my
knowledge. I never heard that either of
the assassins was ever arrested; but, to
this day, I believe I was made fifty napo-
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CHARLES LAMSON, Editors.
HORACE C. LITTLE, Jr.

Bridgton, Friday, July 11, 1862.

FOURTH OF JULY IN BRIDGTON AND VICINITY.

The Fourth passed off in this section of our country very rationally and enjoyably. The boys commenced, as is usual with them in most all places, to celebrate early in the morning—rather, early in the night—and kept the fires of patriotism burning till into the evening of the Fourth, when they subsided into due quiet. We heard a good imitation of the martial music of '76 during the night, from fife, snare, and bass drum, as it passed and re-passed near our dormitory. A gun or two was fired during the night, and fire-crackers innumerable, and, as we learn, a good deal of fun was made during the night. The morning dawned beautifully, and promised finely for every description of celebration. In this village two picnics were got up, one to go across Long Pond to Cape Monday, and the other to go to Croteched Pond. We had an invitation to go on both excursions, but as we could not be in both places at once, we chose that which was most accessible, and which would subject us to the least exertion. We are getting old, and must content ourselves with such pleasures as are nearest to us. Besides, the party we went with was small and cozy, and was waited to the scene of festivity in the "Monitor," which is a most delightful craft, and which sails in fine style, and with great fleetness. We embarked about ten o'clock, a party numbering eleven, all told, five ladies—all good looking—and six gentlemen—present company not excepted.

As the times are war like, and as the day admits of the liberal burning of gun-powder, we took with us a small cannon, but which had the reputation of being an excellent spokesman. As we glided away, we gave the lower shores of the pond a few parting salutes, and also fired a few as we went up, for the benefit of our friends who live on either shore of the pond.

We touched at a beautiful island mid way the pond, but on consultation all round, we concluded we could suit ourselves better farther up. Accordingly we re-embarked and sailed up to a lovely little island near Fowler's. This ground is amply spacious for a picnic, conical in shape, and of tolerably smooth surface. A little levelled would make it the best place of resort of any island in the pond for social and festal occasions. We shall name it "HARMONY ISLAND." As we approached it, a maternal Fowler's Island. They did not seem to affect our prospective society, and scattered in apparent trepidation. We however landed in season to capture one of the four-legged excursionists, but he took the "bagging" so much at heart, and was so young, he was permitted to depart in peace.

But we must not devote too much space to this picnic, as it will be considered egotistic and partial. We landed ourselves and plentiful effects, which latter consisted of most of the fruits of the season, and every other eatable and drinkable substance that could tempt the palates of temperate people—and in due season, partook of them all heartily. We had some choice tinging, as well as eating and drinking, and such miscellaneous discourse as is common among "us youth," on occasions of the kind.

After a stay of some three hours on the island, we again set sail, and sailed around the pond, enjoying the good breeze, occasionally discharging the gun, which the ladies, with commendable courage, tolerated, and in some respects enjoyed, although their patience was at last sorely tried with the many and frequent obstreperous detonations. But they bore it well on the whole, and doubtless will be the mothers of heroes. We return our own, and the thanks of his other guests, to Mr. CHARLES E. GIBBS, for the enjoyment of this delightful excursion—to whose liberality we were indebted for everything that rendered it so pleasant.

PIC-NIC ON CAPE MONDAY

Was of a more general character. We learn that there was about three hundred persons on the ground—some from Harrison—some from the Ridge—some from Pinhook—and quite a large number from this village. From all accounts, it must have been a very nice affair. There were two canal boats full, from this place, and a jolly and merry set they must have been. The table that contained the eatables was a hundred and fifteen feet long, and was most sumptuously furnished with every delicacy which the gastronomic ingenuity of our ladies could produce. We of course have to speak from hearsay, and cannot therefore do the festive feast that justice which an eye-witness could. We can imagine, however, that the occasion must have been replete with pleasantness and jollity, and that all had a glorious time of it. Three swings were furnished, wherein some fine capers were cut, and other pleasurable resources were in abundance. Among other luxuries was that of a capital chowder. We hear it spoken of with great praise. Of course, among so large an assemblage of young folks, there would be a due amount of "killing and cooing," and we'll wager a leather sixpence, the only coin we have, that many hearts were completely done to. We judge so, from the fact that we have witnessed among those who were present some

down-east faces, which distinctly denotes that the hearts, which these faces reflect, are pierced by the arrows of Cupid. That is as it should be, and we hope that at least half a dozen happy marriages will result from this great picnic.

After "breaking camp," nearly two-thirds of the picnickers got aboard a canal boat, and sailed nearly to Naples and back, which furnished up the pleasures of the day, save what lingered in retrospective reflections.

EAST FRYEBURG.

Quite a number of our young men went over to the "Peak" to celebrate there. All concur in saying that they had a most agreeable and civil time, and that all the exercises of the occasion were conducted with a decorum and order that well becomes the spirit of this great day. We are glad to hear this. Quite a number of good speeches were made from the platform, one of which was made by our neighbor, Mr. HENRY B. CLEAVES, whom we are told, has an excellent oratorical gift. We like this sort of ambition, and hope Henry will always, when called upon, as in this instance, be ready to respond with words of heartfelt patriotism. The Ball in the evening, we learn, was attended by fifty-two couples. We should like to have been present had circumstances permitted. But it gives us pleasure to record that the day was worthily spent in East Fryeburg, and that the people of that vicinity are so public-spirited as to promptly celebrate our National Birthday. "Long may they wave!"

On the whole, the Fourth was never, we will venture to say, heretofore, better spent than this present year. We are not aware that it was particularly observed at North Bridgton, or Harrison Village; and so we have nothing to record of doings in those places.

The editors of this paper took a short ride last Saturday down to South Bridgton, and to Sebago, to stir up the purists of our parishioners by way of remembrance, and to remind them that we need their co-operation now in our efforts to send out a good paper. Some of our old friends down there, for reasons they deemed cogent, have dropped away from the support of the Reporter; but we trust they will soon see good and sufficient reasons for coming forward once more to our support. We have none but the best feelings toward all of our townspeople, and we have no other end in view but to promote the best interests of the whole community, regardless of party considerations. We claim to be patriotic, but mean not to be fanatical. We shall treat all parties alike in our columns, and if we are not strictly neutral, or seem not to be, we will take it most kindly of any one if we have erred in the matter or pleaded partiality. Of course, we claim to have very decided political notions, but have no disposition at all to ventilate them in these columns. It is no place for them, we well understand. Therefore we ask our old friends to re-subscribe. Many of them have cheerfully done so, and express themselves pleased with the Reporter. Indeed, we will not disguise the fact that we are pleased with the many words of approbation we have received of late from various sources, and we shall certainly strive to deserve them still more. This paper will, as it should do, look especially after our local interests. We will leave it for papers published abroad, of which our people are pre-eminently liberal patrons, to do up the cholography in politics, and news-vending. We shall philosophize sometimes, and talk big, but not in a manner to hurt people's feelings a bit, unless they are very absurd.

We hope, therefore, our people, one and all, will come forward and insert their names upon our list, and give us what job work they can, and all the advertising it may be in their power to furnish us.

The Portland Press don't think much of "ghosts" because they can't vote. To this low standard does a mere politician reduce the most sublimated state of things. Glorified Saints are at a discount with such people; Can't vote—therefore, of no account! Out upon such grovelling materialism!—Augusta Age.

We are pleased to learn that Bro. Pike is so far progressive as to entertain the notion that men, in their ghostly condition, may advance to a period beyond voting. That is a great gain over the sublimated state of things. Bro. Pike, though somewhat concerned in politics, still sees a prospect higher up, where such "grovelling" matters will be transcended. Good for him; his "rotary" views will soon be exchanged for Spiritual ones.

The Newburyport Herald, speaking of the scarcity of change, says if it disappears in the next month as it has in the past, we shall be driven to fractional bills. We have one thing to comfort us—it will not greatly embarrass our goings on, as we should be but little better off if it were as plenty as Canada thistles. We do not hear of the scarcity of change here.

How timely everything is that depends on the provisional order of Providence! We had just begun to need rain—the heat and wind fast evaporating the earth's moisture—and lo! it comes down with sweetly refreshing power that makes all hearts glad.

Most every body about here seems to think that the new levy of troops called for will have to be drafted. We think this will be the readiest way to get the required number, as volunteer patriotism is about "played out."

Somewhat, our friend E. A. Gibbs, we believe, brought us in, as a matter of curiosity, we suppose, a small and remarkably dingy extemporized sheet, which hailed from Key West, Florida, and which bore the name of "The Key West Herald." Feeling called upon to say something about this paper, we remarked that it looked and read "tolerably well, all things considered." The editor thereof, not liking to be "damned with faint praise," made, in his issue of June 28th, quite a "spurge" in the way of resentment of our remarks, which shows him to be a little too thin skinned for an editor. To allay his poorly disguised anger, and to make the matter all right with him, we will now say that his paper is a remarkably fine affair in all respects, and that he is at the top of the profession. We humbly beg pardon for the lukewarmness of our commendation. "Dixie" is a great country, especially Key West. The Herald—for a sight at which we are again indebted to friend Gibbs—is entirely worthy of the flowery region. By the way, paper must be plenty and cheap "way down South," as "The Herald" has the most margin of any paper we ever saw, and is the finest "issu" of blank paper that we ever laid eyes on.

Pretty Good.—Dr. Sawyer of Denmark, who is always genial and jovial, popped in to our office the other day, and told us a good "gonk," of which he himself was the victim. We wish we could convey an idea of the gusto with which the Dr. told the story. He was going down to Sebago not long since, to visit a patient, when a woman whose house he was passing, came out and wanted to know who was sick in the neighborhood, observing that she saw him pass a day or two previous. The Doctor assured her he had not been that way for a good while. "Then," said she, "it must have been your apparition—I could not mistake you—for there is no other sick looking critter anywhere about here!"

WHY IS IT.—The Portland Dailies do not reach us with much regularity, which surprises us a good deal, as we are not very distant from that city, and as the mail route is tolerably direct—very direct every other day. It can't be that they are not put into the Portland Post office! The Press, which has quite a list here, did not reach town last Tuesday eve, much to the chagrin of those who have a right to look for it. Where rests the fault? Is it nabbed by the way? The Advertiser also occasionally fails to come, as does the Courier. We believe the Argus is prompt in its appearance.

The following choice bit of grammar was sent to us by a young lady. Her endorsement of this work is "Vonderfully," sure enough.

—Some one who seems to be well grounded in the rudiments of counting is an irregular, active, transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with the girls—wonderfully. So says the Transcript.

HAS RESIGNED.—Rev. Mr. Ayers, who was appointed by the Methodist Conference to preach to the Methodist Societies of this Village and of Harrison, has resigned on account of ill-health. He has preached a few Sabbaths in this village, and was much liked, as a preacher. We are sorry he has resigned, but still a man must have health to be an efficient evangelist.

We refer our readers to J. D. Cheney's card in our advertising columns. To those wishing anything in his line, we can assure them of receiving the first quality from this manufacturer. Mr. Cheney manufactures his Melocells and Harmonicons, and from what we hear of him is prepared to give entire satisfaction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"MILLIE MAPES" very neighborly chapters shall appear. We like them because of their naturalness, and the quiet vein of reflection which pervades them. We congratulate you on having such agreeable neighbors as the numerous family of "Martins." We have lived by 'em and affect their society something as you do.

SUICIDE.—We learn from the Lewiston Journal that Miss Ann Briggs, committed suicide Sunday evening last, by drowning. Her body was found Monday morning in a pond. Cause, temporary insanity by religious excitement.

The Advertiser of Wednesday had a good article, its leader, on the "American Union." We desire to see more such.

A DEEP HOLE.—It is said that the bed of the harbor and bay of San Francisco presents most remarkable inequalities of surface. Just to the left of the track of the Oakland boats, and about half way from Oak Island to Oakland, it is said there is a hole 700 feet deep, with nearly perpendicular sides; and only a few rods in diameter. Of course it can be nothing but the crater of an extinct volcano.

The Skowhegan Clarion says they have a baby in that place weighing 383 pounds, and intimates that such specimens are not uncommon. B-wells must be cheaper than brains in that region.

The French Princess are at the Parker House in this city. They express great admiration of the military abilities of Gen. McClellan, and have no doubt of his ultimate success.—Boston Traveller, 8th.

The Skowhegan Clarion says, the river at that place runs east and west. Up outside and "down the middle," probably.—Press.

John Merrill, a moulder in the factory at Auburn, was drowned while bathing last Monday morning.

Matters about Town.

STOCKING MILL.—We took a brief look round this mill the other day with Mr. Chadwick, one of the proprietors, and got a pretty good idea of the way of making socks, or stockings, or whatever else may be the style of the article bearing these names. The mill is spacious, having two large rooms, one for preparing the raw materials, and the other for carding, spinning and knitting. The knitting machines, three in number, are very curious and complicated in structure, and do very rapid, as well as very good and substantial work. The article of socks produced are of the best quality, and are far more durable, as we learn from those who have worn them, than the best hand-knitted socks. The work, too, is nice—not nearly so clumsy as feelings knitted by hand.

We believe that this is the only mill for making socks in this State; and why can't it get a contract to supply the army, or at least our Maine soldiers, with socks? We saw a sample of the feet furnished to the army by some other establishments, and they are poor rotten things, full half shoddy. Boothby and Chadwick of this mill can furnish a vastly better and more durable article, and we beg to call the attention of the proper authorities to their excellent goods. They use good wool—and only wool—and will warrant the feeling they make to wear well. As Maine is now to raise new levies to carry on the war, we bespeak for Boothby & Chadwick the privilege of furnishing our boys something good and comfortable to clothe their feet. They use at present about 800 lbs of wool a week. They have a capital water-power, having a wheel which gives them thirty horse power.

HOT WEATHER.—We have had some pretty hot weather lately—the hottest, it is said, that we have had for a great number of years. The glass denoted over a hundred degrees of heat in the shade, on Sunday last. It being tolerably wet, vegetation took a rapid start, and we thought we could almost hear it grow! We haven't heard for a wonder, a bit of croaking for a week or two, which indicates that there are no possible grounds for criticizing Providence. The crops without a single exception, are full of the richest promise. Hay will be good, and, a fair crop, after all the discouraging remarks made in reference to it. What a blessed thing it is that the Good Providence don't mind much about the faithless whinnings of weak mortality!

We call attention to the advertisement of J. R. Adams. He has, it will be noticed, always on hand household furniture neatly arranged, and can furnish forth, completely as any other establishment in the State. No need going out of the place for any house-keeping implements, be they in the shape of a nice wife, or anything else in the line of domestic convenience and use. People in the "region round about" will not fail to call and look over Mr. Adams' Goods, before they set up their "household gods."

There is some prospect that a Shoe-nail Factory may be established here. No better location for a Factory of this kind could be found in the States. We have plenty of motive-power—plenty of wool for two dollars a cord—plenty of everything good and wholesome to eat, also, at comparatively cheap rates—cheap rents, good schools, good meetings, and a first rate good people to live among. If a business man can live anywhere, he can here. We trust, therefore, that not only the nail-factory will be established here, but numerous other factories, as there undoubtedly will be, ere long.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. C. E. Gibbs was thrown from her horse, last Tuesday, and injured, though we trust not seriously. She was thrown once before recently, but received no injury. The horse got frightened on both occasions, and suddenly shied. Mrs. Gibbs is a good and fearless equestrian, but we have had fears for her safety when we have seen her dash along the road with such fleetness. Horse-back riding is excellent exercise for women, but they should ride safe animals, and be duly cautious.

It will be seen that our young neighbor, A. S. Webb, has bought out Mr. R. Dall, and is doing nicely at the old stand. He means to keep a good assortment of Groceries, and such nick-nacks as are often needed, and which can not always be found in the large kind of stores. We have ever found this to be a convenient establishment. We think Mr. W. will get a good share of trade, as he is quite accommodating, and has the air of a good and ready salesman.

RANSING.—The basement story of Mr. Perry's new mill was raised on Monday. It is to be quite a spacious mill, and built of heavy timber. He is driving the work along as rapidly as possible. Mr. Aaron Littlefield, who is seventy odd years of age, superintends the frame-work, and exhibits the vigor of a young man.

GREAT LOAD OF WOOL.—Wool is pretty high in price, but a big load of it came into town for our neighbor Gibbs' Factory, the other day—7200 lbs., on one team. The load was so high that branches of trees along the road had to be cut off to admit its passage. Six more such loads remain to be conveyed to his mills.

BLUEBERRIES.—The first lot of blueberries we have seen this season was bought by Marshall Davis, Esq., on Tuesday last.—They were picked in Denmark and were handsome.

Condensed War News.

Our readers have probably all heard, or read the particulars of the great battles near Richmond. Two important reasons Gen. McClellan had for the evacuation of his old base of operations. The former position was unhealthy, not only because it is a swamp, but because it had been the scene of a fierce and destructive battle, which could not but render it untenable on account of the stench arising from dead horses, and half-buried human bodies. This was one reason, an important sanitary one, why the army should occupy a new position. The other reason was that Gen. McClellan knew that his right was to be assailed by a greatly superior force, which would greatly hazard the whole army and its supplies, which were deposited at White House Landing. He must change his base of operations or do worse. His army was insufficient to cope, in its then attenuated form, with the fierce hordes of rebels that were ready to pounce upon him. He was too old for them and commenced his evacuation of the old battle-ground, and succeeded as we have all seen. The enemy assailed our forces with tremendous vigor and bravery, but were repulsed with great loss on every occasion. The retreat to James River, if retreat it may be called, was conducted by our army in the most deliberate order, and with comparatively small loss, when we consider its inferiority of numbers. Nothing but consummate discipline, bravery, sturdy intelligent wills, and admirable maneuvering, could have saved it from annihilation. In a certain sense, the forced evacuation may be considered a misfortune, and adverse to our cause, but it was the best that could be done under the circumstances. The waiting country was expecting, that, instead of retreating from Richmond, Gen. McClellan was about to take it. We were led to suppose that it would fall before our victorious arms in a few days; and therefore the backward movement of the army of the Potomac could not but be regarded by the country as, in some degree, a defeat. We have not been permitted to know much about the doings of the war-department. Stanton, who, because he was so egregiously befuddled when he first became secretary of war, tho't that he must do the smartest possible things, and therefore did, no doubt, the foolishest possible things, which has embarrassed Gen. McClellan's movements, and finally endangered the very existence of his army. Stanton began his military career by deceiving military strategy in the New York Tribune, when he ought to have known that good discipline, and perfect military organization can only succeed in the end. Victory or any and all kinds is "organized," altho' that idea "filled" this shallow-pated secretary with awe.

other he hated Gen. McClellan and was determined, in conjunction with other scoundrels, to thwart him, and bring him into disgrace. But the result is only disgrace and "confusion of face" to him and all his miserable abettors. Had not McClellan been the best and bravest of men, another vastly worse than Bull Run would have been the result. But thanks to his wisdom and skill, that he saved his glorious army, which when reinforced, will march upon the rebel capital and take it. It is on its way to it once more, but the approach will be cautious as before, and no false steps will be taken. We cannot better close this article than by subscribing Gen. McClellan's address to his army on the Fourth. It sums up the history of the immediately preceding battles in a masterly style, and is a document that cannot be excelled in eloquence, terseness, and comprehensiveness. We desire to embody it in this paper.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac. Camp near Harrison's Landing, July 4, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:—Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces and without hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations, by flank movements, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns except a few lost in battle, taking in return, guns and colors from the enemy. Upon your march you have been assailed, day after day, with desperate fury by men of the same race and nation, skillfully massed and led. Under every disadvantage of number, and necessity of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter. Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history. No one will now question that each of you may always with pride say, "I belonged to the Army of the Potomac."

You have reached the new base, complete in organization, and unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines; let them come and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat. Your government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people. On this our nation's birth day, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the capital of the rebellion, and secure internal peace and external security to each State, and must shall be preserved, cost what it may in time, treasure and blood.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

As the interests of the war now center on Richmond, we hear but little of military movements elsewhere. Until the final battle before that city is decided, we shall be likely to have little done at other points of the great conflict.

We have rumors of McClellan's being reinforced, but we know but little about it. We shall know soon. The following from

the Newburyport Herald is probably nearly correct:

"Ox to Richmond."—The telegrams from Washington, and private letters from the South, assure us that Gen. McClellan, reinforced by Pope, Burnside, and the Pennsylvania reserves, making his numbers larger than before, will at once march on Richmond. If he is strong enough for the work now is the most favorable time he will ever have to strike the blow; but it seems hard to bring the men who have suffered so much in the last two weeks to an immediate fight, unless the reinforcements are very strong, and the fresh must be weak. Gen. McClellan's judgment, however, will be as good as any man's. He is prudent and safe and brave. The army believe that within two weeks they will possess the rebel capital. God grant that it may be so.

Camp Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS 13TH REG. RIFLES. MANASSAS JUNCTION, VA., June 22, 1862.

Dear Father:—Here we are back at old Manassas again; this makes the third time we have been here. We are encamped about two miles from the Junction, with wood and water handy; the place has very much improved since we were first here. There is a Government Bakery in operation; you can purchase a loaf of bread for five cents, quite as cheap as you can buy bread in Boston.

I received your letter of the 15th last day. You draw my attention to letters and statements from members of our regiment, printed in the Journal and enquiring if they are correct? They are not strictly correct—there is much exaggeration in some of these I know—we have enough to eat of wholesome food besides good coffee and sugar; but when on a forced march, and two or three days rations are served out at the same time—men will sometimes come short on account of their improvidence in the care of their rations, or perhaps eating up our scant fare during a forced march of several days. But this could not be guaranteed against on account of severe storms, rendering the roads almost impassable for large trains. What we complain of is not the food, but the manner in which it is served. We were compelled to make the march in the rain, and it was a very bad thing. We were in contact with the rail, on platform cars; the ride, if it had occurred, in which I been very dusty would have been pleasant.

I think the army has all left there, since we last week charged division came in yesterday; we are now at a reserve; this being a continually in his deportment, and troops can be sent off as reinforcements in several directions.

John Webb, with the leader of the rebels, came across the river to see me last Monday; of course I was glad to see him and his brother are well. He and there was no truth in the story about them. Here the Macs losing their instruments when pursued the rebels a few weeks since.

Those rings that I sent home, you may dispose of as you please, I wrought them with my pocket knife; though you see doubt my ability to do it; they are certainly valuable from the fact that they are the Pennsylvania wrought from the root of the gorgeous taken from the battle field of Bull Run. The Laurel is found growing by the streams here, it has a beautiful number of men in the well-fornished blossom.

June 22.—We are still at Manassas—how well as you please, we have been paid for our services appear to range from 50 to 52 for full sutler. We have two drills a day—high as 50 to 52 for full sutler. We are now in the "Army of the Potomac" under Gen. Pope. I am glad to hear of McDowell; I do not think he is the kind of a man to have so important a position as he held, but I may be mistaken; he is still under him but he does not seem much power as formerly.

I see by the papers that cousin George Brown's regiment has been in a severe fight; I was glad not to see his name in list of killed and wounded.

We had a smart shower here on last week, our tent did not leak much, but a stream three inches deep the whole width of the tent came down it, I had to prop my knapsack and other things up on a stick to keep them from being swept away. After the shower started off after rains, then came a fire to dry our blankets, &c. I tell you I slept butly that night, it was the best we have had for a long time. We went into the mud about two inches, but our blankets kept much of the dirt out.

On a march, in a rain storm, we put rubber blankets over our shoulders, and then fell below the knees, this afforded considerable protection from the weather. We halt for the night, if there is a fence in sight, you ought to see a regiment of boys break for it—it takes just five minutes to level half a mile of Virginia fences; soldiers look upon them as a God-send; besides using them to make camp, when the ground is wet, we lay upon them, or make a little frame and throw our blankets over them to protect us from the weather, &c.

But here comes a rumor that we are pack up immediately and start for Richmond to reinforce McClellan. It is correct I may not be able to write again soon as usual, so I bid you all farewell.

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News and St.

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A lovely young she re n, has just been capu a Va. She was arme, severe like one or w ill more, and suiting it popped a bullet thro n captain who was is only eighteen, tho s

ABON.—The follow a pardoned by the Gov their late session, viz Jackson Smith, Wate son, John Burin Port, Simon Cole, Cornis el Stedley, August liam Card, B. unswie nolly Duntou, Liouot for larceny.

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News and State Items.

The telegrams from Gen. McClellan, dated the 21st and 22nd inst., and the Pennsylvania Railroad, which were sent to the President, are enough to show that the man who cannot survive the war, but who will have suffered so much, and who is now in an immediate danger of death, is the man who is the cause of the explosion not known.

Gen. McClellan's son, a young man of this city, a bright little fellow, was killed by a shell which exploded near him. The man who cannot survive the war, but who will have suffered so much, and who is now in an immediate danger of death, is the man who is the cause of the explosion not known.

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Bridgton Prices Current.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE REPORTER.

Hay, -	\$13 to 14 00
Eggs, -	10 to 12
Bees, -	8 to 12
Butter, -	12 to 15
Bacon, -	5 to 6
Shoulders, -	6 to 7
Hams, -	7 to 9
Pork, salt, -	10 to 12
Beef, -	5 00 to 6 00
Oats, -	40 to 45
Rye, -	75
Corn, -	85
Flour, -	\$5 50 to 8 00
Round Hogs, -	6 to 7
Woolskins, -	50 to 100
Beans, -	2 50
Apples, bus., -	75 to 1 25
Apples, bl., -	2 75 to 3 00
Dried Apples, -	8 to 10
Turkeys, -	9 to 10
Chickens, -	8 to 10
Wood, -	1 50 to 2 00
Bark, -	4 50
Northern Clover, -	10
Red Top, -	\$1 to 1 40
Herds Grass, -	\$2 50
Potatoes, -	33 to 35
Wool, -	40 to 45

Marriages.

Bridgton Center—July 4th, by Rev. J. T. Hayes, Mr. Lewis Chubb, to Miss Mary B. Shirley, both of Freeborn. Also by the same on the 5th inst., Mr. Charles D. Fessenden, to Miss Carrie E. Goldthwait, both of Brownfield.

Paris—July 2d, Mr. Daniel W. Allen of Bethel, and Mrs. Fannie A. Farwell of Paris.

Deaths.

Naples—July 3d, Widow Sanborn, formerly of Harrison, aged 83 years.

Bethel—June 27th, Mr. Daniel Young, formerly of Gray, aged 72 years.

Saco—June 21st, Elder Samuel Boothby, aged 42 years, 2 months.

Special Notices.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Executrix of the last will and testament of DAVID FOWLER, late of Bridgton, in the County of Cumberland, gentleman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; she therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same for settlement to JANE W. FOWLER, Bridgton June 3, 1862.

New Advertisements.

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING in the Post Office, Bridgton, unclaimed for, July 4th, 1862

LADIES:	GENTLEMEN:
Catherine M. Sherry	J. M. Blake
A. J. Newton	Asa Barker
Mary G. Lewis	D. Dyer
M. W. Dyer	H. T. W. W. W.
Elizabeth Clark	John March
Mary Burnham	C. W. Noyes
	G. W. Parker
	William Snyder
	J. B. Wolfe
	H. E. Warren

LUTHER BILLINGS, P. M.
Bridgton, July 4th, 1862.

J. R. ADAMS,

—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE,

Of Every Description,

—SUCH AS—

LOOKING GLASSES!

MATTRESSES!

Carpets, Paper Hangings,

Crockery Ware,

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES!!

PAINTS AND OILS!!

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Bridgton Center, - - - - Maine.

FARMING TOOLS!!

Seythes, Seythe-Snaaths, & Rakes!

All of the Very Best Kind and Styles

For Sale at

Gibbs's Store.

FARMERS

Will be well to call and see these

PRIME ARTICLES,

NOW'S THEIR TIME!!

Haying will commence ere long and Farmers will need to get ready

ALGENON S. WEBB,

Dealer in

Confectionery,

GROCERIES, &c., &c.,

Bridgton Center, - - - - Maine.

Portland Business Cards.

NEW TEAS, NEW TEAS.

China Tea Store,
135 Middle St., Portland.

At the above place you can find the greatest assortment of TEAS, SUGARS, COFFEES, SPICES, DRIED FRUITS, &c., and at fifteen per cent less than can be bought elsewhere. Please call and see for yourselves.
6m July 4 GEO. E. SHAW, Proprietor.

R. O. CONANT & CO.

Wholesale Grocers

- AND -

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

133 COMMERCIAL STREET, 133

Alvah Conant, S. C. Rand

Portland, Me.

*6m July 4

WESTON & KEAZER,

Late Noyes Weston & Co.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

AND FLOUR DEALERS,

Willis Block, 105 Commercial Street, head of Commercial Wharf,

PORTLAND, - - - - - MAINE.

Thomas H. Weston. David Keazer.

6m July 4

TRUE & MILLIKEN,

Wholesale Grocers

- AND -

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

141 - Commercial St. - 141

D. W. True, S. M. Milliken.

Portland, Me.

*6m July 4

ALBERT WEBB & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Corn, Flour, & Grain,

Head of Merrill's Wharf,

COMMERCIAL ST., PORTLAND, ME.

6m July 4

LYMAN C. BRIGGS,

Wholesale Dealer in

Flour, Grain, Feed & Grass Seed,

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES,

92 Commercial St., "Thomas' Block,"

PORTLAND, MAINE.

6m July 4

BRADLEY & WEBB,

Commission Merchants

AND DEALERS IN

FLOUR, GRAIN & PROVISIONS,

No. 83 Commercial Street, Thomas' Block,

PORTLAND, MAINE.

Robert Bradley M. G. Webb.

6m July 13

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.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

PORTLAND, ME.

SOLOMON MYRICK,

PROPRIETOR.

*6m May 23

EBEN COREY,

IMPORTER OF

IRON, STEEL,

AND GRINDSTONES,

9 & 11 - - - - - Monton St. - - - - - 9 & 11

Between Fore & Commercial Sts., Portland.

Anvils, Screw Plates, Vices, Bellows, Stone Hammers, Blasts, Axes, &c., &c., &c.

Washers, Borax, Horse Shoes & Nails, Chain Carriage Bolts, Pump Chain and Fixtures, Drill Presses, Tyre Benders, &c.

6m 35

W. & C. R. MILLIKEN,

Wholesale Grocers

113 COMMERCIAL ST., PORTLAND.

Arrears of Pay

AND

BOUNTY MONEY OF SOLDIERS

Secured by

S. M. HARMON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BRIDGTON, MAINE.

Office in Temperance Building.

Portland Business Cards.

J. D. CHENEY,
Metallurgist and Harmonium
MANUFACTURER,
135 1-2 Middle Street, Portland.

N. B. J. D. C. has received more first premiums for best Instruments than any other maker in the State.

REPAIRING & TURNING,
Promptly and Personally attended to.
3m July 4

LOWELL & SENTER,

WATCH MAKERS

and dealers in

WATCHES, CHRONOMETERS, JEWELRY

SURVEYORS COMPASSES

AND

FANCY GOODS,

64 EXCHANGE ST. - PORTLAND.

Abner Lowell. William Senter.

A. E. STEVENS & CO.

Importers and Dealers in

Iron and Steel,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

Head of Widgery's Wharf,

PORTLAND, - - - - - MAINE.

6m July 4

TYLER, RICE & SONS,

DEALERS IN

HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL

149 COMMERCIAL STREET,

PORTLAND, - - - - - MAINE.

*6m July 4

A. ROBINSON,

DEALER IN

Books Magazines

News Papers and Musical Instruments,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

No 51 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine.

6m July 4

HALL L. DAVIS.

STATIONER,

MANUFACTURER OF PAGED ACCOUNT BOOKS

Importer and dealer in

Foreign & Domestic Stationery & Paper Hangings,

NO. 53 EXCHANGE STREET,

Portland, - - - - - MAINE.

6m July 4

CROSMAN & POOR,

Druggists and Apothecaries,

NO 75 MIDDLE ST., FOX BLOCK,

PORTLAND, - - - - - MAINE.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Medicines receive especial attention.

6m July 4

JOHN W. PERKINS & CO.

Wholesale Dealers in

Paints, Oils and Varnishes,

DRUGS, DYE STUFFS, GLASS WARE,

FLUID, KEROSENE OIL, &c.

86 Commercial St., Thomas Block,

6m July 4 PORTLAND, ME.

O. L. SANBORN & CO.

Late Sanborn & Carter,

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,

and manufacturers of

ROOM PAPERS,

55 Exchange Street, - Portland, Me.

6m July 4

HATS! CAPS! & FURS!!

The Subscriber has removed from the Old Stand that he has occupied for the last 20 years to the

NEW AND COMMODIOUS STORE,

131 - - MIDDLE STREET, - - 131

Next door to Emery & Waterhouse.

PORTLAND, - - - - - MAINE.

Where he will keep a large and well selected assortment of all kinds of Goods that are usually kept in a

HAT, CAP, & FUR STORE.

At Wholesale and Retail

VERY CHEAP FOR CASH!!

Those in Want will do Well to Call.

*6m July 4

E. N. PERRY.

DAVID HALE.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

Office over N. Cleaves's Store.

SPECIAL ATTENTION!

given to securing

Arrears of Pay

and

BOUNTY MONEY OF SOLDIERS.

REVIEWS.

Hon J. J. Perry, Oxford.

H. P. Dean, Esq., Portland.

D. W. Fessenden, Esq., Portland.

Luther Billings, Esq., Bridgton Center.

*1w July 13

Home 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.

CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR!

AND

FAMILY GROCERIES!!

ALWAYS ON HAND.

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.

CASH

paid for Wool. Also a good assortment of Blankets and Flannels—

Yankee Broad Cloth and Horse Blankets.

Bridgton, June 12, 1862, if

DIXEY STONE & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

AND

GROCERIES.

Fun and Sentiment

The following anecdote is related of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher:—Once while engaged making some parish calls on Saturday in his Sunday coat, one of his admirers presented him with half a dozen fine large eggs, which placing in his coat tail pockets, he forgot by the time he reached home, and hung the garment, eggs and all, on the accustomed peg, in readiness for the Sabbath. When he took his seat in the pulpit the next morning, the corner of his bandanna was sticking from one of the pockets that held the "hen fruit," and, of course, as he sat down, he not only reclined upon the sofa, but upon a mixture of egg and handkerchief, so that when he became excited over the text, "Be not afraid, it is I," or something of that sort, in which he delighted, and the perspiration streamed down his cheeks, he nervously pulled forth the handkerchief to wipe his face, and completely smeared his dignified frontpiece with the yolks of the eggs, the yellow liquid streaming all over coat and collar and shirt bosom to his intense astonishment and the delight of the boys on the back seats, while the amazed congregation looked on in a state half way between choke and burst.

MISERIES OF A NEWSPAPER EDITOR—If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he tells things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes he is a mullet. If he does, he is a rattle-head, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite—is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.

A gentleman called at the house of an honest old lady, for the purpose of collecting a debt. Not recollecting the amount, he promised to send in his bill that evening. The old woman supposed that he meant his son William, replied:—"O la, our Sall never set up with any one yet; but Bill's a clever boy, and they may build a fire in tother room."

Perpetual sunshine suits not the success; is by no means favorable either to human happiness or virtue. Hunger is necessary to give a relish to food; the gloom of winter is the happiest recommendation of the cheerfulness and bloom of spring.

A beggar in New Orleans approached a well dressed citizen and held out his hand for alms. The citizen offered him a confederate note. "No," said the poor fellow, taking a mournful survey of his own dilapidated dress, "I have too many rags already."

"If I place my money in the Savings Bank," inquired a newly-arrived, "when can I draw it out again?" "Oh," responded his Hibernian friend, "sure, an' if you put it in to-day, you can get it out again to-morrow, by giving a fortnight's notice."

SHAKESPEARE ON THE SOUTHERN REBELLION—"The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an oppositor."—*King Henry.*

"My friend has got a great reverence for truth," said a baronet to a gentleman. "So I perceive," was the reply, for he always keeps a respectable distance from it."

A minister putting his hand upon a young urchin's shoulder, said: "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you."

"I believe he has, too," was the reply. "Many a married soldier, says Prentice, goes through a campaign without a scratch, and that's better than he might do at home."

Some married folks keep their love, like their jewelry, for the world's eyes; thinking it too precious for every day wear at the fireside.

An Irish stationed, after advertising a variety of articles, gave the following *nota bene*:—"To regular customers, I sell wafers gratis."

It is to be feared that many a woman tears her hair ostentatiously at her husband's death, after having torn his much worse in his lifetime.

A fellow out West gets off the following definition of "widow":—"One who knows what's what, and is desirous of further information on the subject."

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, 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.

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 the Back; Indisposition, and Incapacity for study and Labor; Aversion to Society; Love of Solitude; Timidity; Self Distrust; Dizziness; Headache; Affections of the Eyes; Pimples on the Face; Involuntary Emissions, and Sexual Incontinence; 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, 4127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box 4386.

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 HAZEN, GEORGE E. MEAD, 4127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box 4386.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HASKELL

Will give his attention to those who may wish his professional services.

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

Bridgton, March 6, 1862.

Miscellaneous.

NEW GOODS!!

FLOOR OIL CLOTH

4-4, 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.

Smos*

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.

ATTENTION!

ONE MORE CHANCE!

One Company for the 16th Regiment is to be raised in this vicinity, to be commanded by—

Capt. I. 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.

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, 1018

North Bridgton, March 4, 1862.

G. 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 REPA. RED

NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.

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 comfortable 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 boarding, and all who are fit to take board will find a comfortable home.

I have also, good Stabling for Horses.

MARSHAL BACON, 21

PICTURE FRAMES!

All sizes Gilt Picture Frames made to order at

CASWELL'S.

Portland Advertisements.

H. H. HAY,



Junction Free & Middle Sts.,

DEALER IN

Medicines, Chemicals,

Apothecaries' Glass Ware,

Perfumery, Leeches, Trusses,

Pure Wines and Liquors, (For Medical and Mechanical uses.)

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

Dye Stuffs, Kerosene and Lard Oils, And Fluid, &c., &c.

Including all articles wanted by Druggists, Physicians and Country Merchants.

Portland, June 27, 1862.

"UNION FOR EVER!"



STAND FROM UNDER!!

The Greatest Slaughter

Ever offered in

SPRING & SUMMER CLOTHING,

in Portland, will be offered as

BURLEIGH'S

163 Middle Street, Portland,

Consisting in part of

Frock and Sack Coats,

Business Coats.

PANTS, VESTS, UNDER SHIRTS,

AND DRAWERS,

of every description, all of which will be sold very cheap for cash. Also a very large stock of

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods!

Coatings of every description,

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

Doeskins and Vestings,

Of every quality which will be sold wholesale or retail at very low prices.

CUSTOM GARMENTS

Of all kinds made to order and warranted. Just call and see for yourselves. We are determined to sell goods at low prices at

NO. 163 MIDDLE STREET,

PORTLAND.

JOSHUA BURLEIGH.

June 6th, 1862.

CARPET

WARE - HOUSE!

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

CARPETINGS,

-LATEST STYLES-

in Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry, Ingrain, Superfine and Stair!

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS;

all widths.

Straw Mattings, Rugs, Mats, &c.

Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures.

Drapery Materials of Damasks and Muslins.

Feathers and Mattresses

Bought at Reduced Rates and will be sold

Very Cheap for Cash, by

W. T. KILBORN & CO.

(Successors to E. H. Durgin,

Chambers No. 1 and 2, Free Street Block.

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

PORTLAND, ME.

FREESTREET CARPET WARE HOUSE

25

Medical.

TO THE PEOPLE

OF THE

UNITED STATES!

IN the month of December, 1858, the undersigned, Dr. J. Boyce Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters, and in this short period they have given such universal satisfaction to the many thousands of persons who have tried them that it is now an established article. The amount of bodily and mental misery arising simply from a neglect of small complaints is surprising, and it is therefore of the utmost importance that a strict attention to the least and most trifling bodily ailment should be had; for diseases of the body must invariably affect the mind. The subscribers now only ask a trial of

DR. J. BOYCE DODS'

IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS!!

from all who have not used them. We challenge the world to produce their equal.

These Bitters for the cure of weak Stomachs, General Debility, and for Purifying and Enriching the Blood, are absolutely unsurpassed by any other remedy on earth. To be assured of this, it is only necessary to make the trial. The Wine itself is of a very superior quality, being about one-third stronger than other wines; warming and invigorating the whole system from head to the feet. As these Bitters are tonic and alterative in their character, so they strengthen and invigorate the whole system, and give a new tone and healthy action to all its parts, by equalizing the circulation, removing obstructions, and producing a general warmth. They are also excellent for Diseases and Weakness peculiar to FEMALES, where a Tonic is required to strengthen and brace the system. No lady, who is subject to lassitude and faintness, should be without them, as they are revivifying in their action.

These Bitters will not only cure, but prevent Disease.

and in this respect are doubly valuable to the person who may use them. For

IMPERIAL CONSUMPTION,

Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Dis-

ease of the Nervous System, Paralysis, Piles, and for all cases requiring a Tonic.

Dr. Dods' Celebrated Wine Bitters

ARE UNSURPASSED:

For Sore Throat, so common among the

Cergy, they are truly valuable.

For the aged and infirm, and for persons of a weak constitution—for Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, and all public speakers—for Book-keepers, Tailors, Seamstresses, Students, Artists, and all persons leading a sedentary life, they will prove truly beneficial.

As a Beverage, they are wholesome, innocent, and delicious to the taste. They produce all the exhilarating effects of Brandy or Wine, without intoxicating; and are a valuable remedy for persons addicted to the use of excessive strong drink, and who wish to refrain from it. They are pure and entirely free from the poisons contained in the adulterated Wines and Liquors with which the country is flooded.

These Bitters not only cure, but prevent Disease, and should be used by all who live in a country where the water is bad, or where Chills and Fevers are prevalent.— Being entirely innocent and harmless, they may be given freely to children and infants with impunity.

Physicians, Clergymen, and Temperance advocates, as an act of humanity, should assist in spreading these truly valuable Bitters over the land, and thereby essentially aid in banishing Drunkenness and Disease.

In all Affections of the Lungs, Sick Headache, or Nervous Headache, Dr. Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters will be found to be a most reliable and Effectual Remedy.

FEMALES.

The many certificates which have been tendered us, and the letters which we are daily receiving, are conclusive proof that among the women these Bitters have given a satisfaction which no other have ever before. No woman in the land should be without them, and those who once use them will not fail to keep a supply.

DR. J. BOYCE DODS'

IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS

Are prepared by an eminent and skillful physician who has used them successfully in his practice for the last twenty-five years.

The proprietor before purchasing the exclusive right to manufacture and sell Dr. J. Boyce Dods' Celebrated Imperial Wine Bitters, had them tested by two distinguished medical practitioners, who pronounced them a valuable remedy for disease.

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