

# The Bridgton Reporter.

CHARLES LAMSON  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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## Bridgton Reporter.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY  
C. LAMSON.

All letters must be addressed to the  
Publisher. Communications intended for  
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name of the author.

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tions for us at our Lowest Rates.

## Original Poetry.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.  
BY LEAH LEE.

Up rose the rosy morning,  
With gold the hill-tops hemming,  
The mottled groves adorning,  
The paring hills beginning.  
It was the Indian summer,  
Of autumn, grey November,  
The brightest of their number,  
Its date I well remember.  
Dear friends were hovering round me,  
Affection's incense flinging,  
And a spell of bliss had bound me,  
Like angel music ringing.  
We roamed the leaf-strewn valley,  
We clomb the rugged mountain,  
With many a witty sally,  
Our experience recounting.

Again it is November—  
Again 'tis Indian summer,  
And like that I well remember,  
I mark this annual come.  
Just so seem insects dosing,  
On couches atmospheric;  
And nature seems reposing,  
In a sleep almost mesmeric.

Just so the frosts of autumn,  
Dye the groves brown, serene and golden,  
The self-same hues they brought them,  
On those blessed days long olden.

But to-day alone I ponder,  
On that far-off old November,  
And those friends, until (what wonder?)  
My heart grows warm and tender.  
Some have fallen where cannon's rattle,  
'Neath the star-spangled banner;  
Some in life's more arduous battle,  
Some in an inglorious manner.  
Still the same is this November,  
Not a feature is deranged,  
From that I so well remember,  
But I am, Oh! how changed!

Denmark, Nov. 2, 1862.

## Our Story Teller.

[For the Reporter.]  
THE RUBY CROSS.  
(Continued.)

It now seems strange what spirit of ill  
omen could have possessed Mr. Nelson, when I  
suggested that he should ask my father to  
let me remain until the next morning,  
when he would himself take me home. I  
saw the gathering cloud upon my father's  
face as he refused the proposal, and I felt  
the burning blushes mounting to my face  
again, and my utterance was choked as I  
bade Mr. Nelson good bye, and stepped  
into my father's carriage.

I pretended to wave my handkerchief  
to the girls, who stood on the upper bal-  
cony kissing their hands to me, but I  
meant it more for Mr. Nelson, who stood  
gazing after me until a turn in the road  
intercepted the view.

When I turned round in the carriage I  
saw that my father had been watching  
me all the while, and I felt as if he had  
been reading all my thoughts. He was  
saggy I was sure, and I saw no way to  
avert the coming storm.

He opened the conversation very abrupt-  
ly by asking—

'What kind of an affair I had been carry-  
ing on with that man who left standing  
on the piazza?'  
I replied evasively, that he was the pre-  
ceptors brother, and an assistant in the  
school.

'A fine assistant, I should think,' pur-  
sued my father, 'spending his time in gal-  
lantly the school-girls. Will he be here  
next term?'  
I might have answered that I did not  
know, but I was frightened, and I said I  
supposed he would.

The corners of my father's mouth con-  
tracted, and he looked as he always did  
when he had resolved to punish me.

Fannie's father had come after her at  
the same time, and I could see them talk-  
ing so merrily together, while Fanny had  
coaxed the reins out of his hands, and was  
chirping and chattering to their old fam-  
ily horse, as though he was conscious of  
all she was saying to him.

I might have tried something of that  
kind myself, but I felt no heart for it,  
and we rode on in silence a great portion  
of the way, even our conversation was of  
that constrained character to which si-  
lence is preferable.

Then I had another great trouble on  
my mind, which had never occurred to  
me before. My father was Post Master,  
and invariably attended to the mails him-  
self, unless prevented by illness or some  
other uncommon occurrence; so there was  
no possibility of my getting a letter from  
Mr. Nelson without its passing through his hands.

The following week Rufus Gordon came  
with his sisters to visit Fannie and I, and  
it seemed that father and Mr. Bernard  
were trying to see which could show them  
the most marked attention. As for my-  
self I was forcibly reminded that the chil-  
dren of Capt. Gordon must be treated  
with the utmost courtesy; and since I  
had been such an offender in another  
matter, I tried to be very obedient in this.

Sarah, the elder sister, stopped with me,  
and Annie stayed with Fannie; while  
Rufus spent the days at our house, and  
the nights at Mr. Bernard's. The last  
afternoon of their visit they all spent with  
me, and then for the first time I noticed  
a peculiar reserve in Fannie's manner  
when Rufus was present. Then Annie  
called her sister, in a significant sort of  
way that aroused my suspicions, and af-  
ter they were gone I coaxed Fannie to  
spend the night with me. After we had  
retired and blown out the light, I asked  
her if she was engaged to Rufus Gordon.  
She said 'no,' in such a cold forbidding  
manner that I made no further remark,  
and we both fell asleep.

There was very little enjoyment for me  
in any way about that time, expecting  
and dreading, as I did, the coming of Mr.  
Nelson's letter.

It came at last, and with it the antici-  
pated indignation of my father, to em-  
bitter all the joy I felt at seeing my name  
written in those bold many characters.  
When he insisted upon availing himself  
of his right to inspect his daughter's cor-  
respondence, how those tender words with-  
ered, like the leaves of a sensitive plant,  
beneath his scornful glance.

With all this harshness it is but justice  
to say, that mine was not an unkind fa-  
ther in common matters; but he had a  
peculiar standard of propriety for females,  
to which he resolutely resolved to bring  
me, and as for my mother, she held no  
opinions which he did not approve.

'You are not going to encourage this,'  
said he, half commandingly, half inquiry-  
ingly.

I did not reply and he continued—

'An affair of this kind would be very  
likely to result seriously, and I could  
never consent that my daughter should  
live in poverty, for a teacher's salary is a  
mere pittance at best.' Go now, like a  
sensible girl, and write him a reply,  
dismissing the whole thing at once.'

'And tell him I do so by your orders,' I  
added.

A vivid flush overpread my father's  
stern features as he said—

'Have you not self-respect enough to  
dismiss on your own account a trifling  
fellow, who has dared to make preten-  
sions to your favor?'

I could not brave my father's anger  
and tell him how that trifling fellow was  
all the world to me, and I would rather  
share the miserable pittance of a teacher's  
salary with him, than live in a palace  
with any other man. I could not tell  
him this, I say, and so I wrote, under his  
dictation, the most chilling, heartless dis-  
missal, and signed to it my own name  
with a trembling hand and through blind-  
ing tears. I can see now how black and  
rigid those characters looked on that pure  
white paper, and oh! how my heart  
yearned to add some tender word, some  
explanation of the part I was forced to  
play; but my father took the note when  
I had finished it, and after reading it over  
carefully to make sure, as it seemed to  
me, that it contained nothing that breath-  
ed of a lingering affection, folded it, plac-  
ed it in an envelope, and carefully sealed  
it. At his request I wrote the super-  
scription, and he took it to the Office.

Fannie came over the next morning and  
joined me to walk. I went, but I could

not talk to her, and the whole world was  
so dark and dreary to me, that I only  
wished the trees under which we were  
walking, would throw down their green  
mantles upon me, so that I might never  
look up or speak again.

Fannie noticed my changed appearance,  
and thought I was ill. I think my father  
and mother were touched by my utter  
wretchedness, and made an effort in their  
way to beguile me of my pain. Although  
they declined sending me back to school  
the next term, they took me to various  
places of amusement, and to Capt. Gor-  
don's on a visit.

Rufus had been frequently since the  
close of school, to call on Fannie and me;  
but this visit he took as such direct en-  
couragement, that he suspended his calls  
at Mr. Bernard's, and came only to our  
house.

Fannie, however, did not visit me as of  
old, indeed she seemed cold, almost un-  
friendly when we met. One day Rufus  
brought his cousin, Augustus Coleman, to  
call on me, and I proposed that we should  
go over and see Fannie. There was a  
painful reserve in her manner toward  
Rufus no less than myself, and no amount  
of persuasion could induce her to go home  
with me. She had been too dear to me  
to yield her up without a struggle, and I  
went over the next day with a full deter-  
mination to fathom the mystery of her con-  
duct. She always received me kindly, and  
then she would seem to go into a cloud,  
from which she would not emerge until  
I proposed leaving.

I tried in vain to approach her in the  
old confidential way, but she would listen  
to what I had to say, and then lead off  
with some common-place remark, which  
left me farther from the point than when  
I began.

At length I said to her, 'you are great-  
ly changed of late Fannie, and I insist  
that you shall tell me the cause. If I  
am in fault, do not deprive me of the  
opportunity to make amends; for as God  
is my judge, I would not wrong you for  
my eyes.'

She saw at once how earnest I was, and  
throwing her arms around my neck burst  
into tears.

'Now you will tell me,' said I, 'what I  
have done to make you so wretched; and  
forgive me too, for I have wounded you  
through ignorance.'

'You have done nothing wrong,' she  
said at length, 'and I have rather need to  
ask forgiveness of you for having in-  
dulged in such a foolish freak.'

There was still some vestige of the cloud  
in her manner, and I said, 'that does  
not satisfy me Fannie, for you are not one  
to indulge in whims and freaks. Has  
Rufus Gordon anything to do with this  
estrangement?'

'Rufus Gordon belongs to you, and I  
have no claims upon him,' she replied.

Notwithstanding this direct reply, I  
felt sure that I was on the right track. I  
told her there was no acknowledged en-  
gagement between Rufus and myself, nor  
could there ever be if he had wronged her,  
my then dearest friend in all the world.  
She came out of the cloud then, tho'  
her tears fell like rain while she said;—

'I was foolish to think he cared for me,  
when I saw how his sad eyes followed  
you; but he called me pet names, and  
said he had only a friendly regard for you,  
and I believed him because I loved him;  
and I think we are always easily con-  
vinced of what we desire to be true.'

So it was only a friendly regard for me  
that had induced him to seek my compa-  
ny so much, and on every possible occa-  
sion to pour into my ears the story of his  
undying love. I told Fannie upon my  
honor, that I had no engagement with  
him; that he had probably intended to jilt  
me, and that if I dismissed him at once,  
he would probably return to her in good  
faith.

'Do not attempt to deceive me,' said  
she, 'for have I not seen that he only  
needed an opportunity to devote himself  
to you, and his love-making to me was  
only a pastime to beguile him of his loneli-  
ness at loss of you. He can never come  
back to me in good faith, for my confi-  
dence in him is gone; and I was so fool-  
ish as to feel almost unfriendly toward  
you for taking him back, as though he  
were a piece of property you had placed  
in my hands for safe keeping; and in  
truth I kept him safely, but I sacrificed  
my own happiness in so doing.'

Then I told Fannie how my first, fond-  
est hopes of life had been blighted, and  
how very cold and bleak the world had  
appeared to me since. She gave me some

consolation in her sympathy, and pro-  
posed that I should write to Mr. Nelson, and  
let her send the letter and receive the re-  
ply in her own name; but I knew my  
father was too shrewd to be deceived by  
any such arrangement, and what would  
be a mere correspondence avail me, when  
my father had assured me that I could  
never receive his visits at my home, and  
to unite myself with him I must sacrifice  
the dear ties of home and kindred.

I think we were mutually relieved by  
this outburst of confidence, and the next  
time Rufus Gordon called on me I refused  
to see him. My father was absent at the  
time, and I think my mother was so  
fearful of offending him, and so hopeful  
of changing my determination, that she  
invented some apology for me which de-  
prived Rufus of a true understanding of  
my conduct and motives.

I always supposed from the amicable  
manner in which my parents lived that  
they married from the purest motives of  
mutual affection, but they certainly at-  
tempted a matter of bargain and sale with  
me. My grief for Mr. Nelson had made  
a woman of me, and I defended my cause  
quite bravely at first. I had never ques-  
tioned my father's opinions or wishes be-  
fore, and I expected he would be terribly  
angry with me, when I told him that I  
would meet Rufus Gordon as a friend,  
but I would not submit to those marked  
attentions, and long, tedious calls, which  
were becoming more and more frequent,  
though I had given very little encourage-  
ment of late.

Then it came out that he had asked  
and obtained my father's consent to ad-  
dress me,—a very great outrage upon my  
refined ideas of wooing.

(Concluded next week.)

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—Dr. H—  
of the pleasant city of Elms, has been  
noted for many years, for always driving  
the gentlest and most sober but at the  
same time the most fearfully 'homely' of  
horses. The steeds will always stand  
wherever he pleases to leave them, but  
they have rather a venerable and woful  
aspect, that renders them anything but  
pleasant objects to the casual observer.—  
A few years ago there came a caravan  
to town, and several horses were badly  
frightened by the elephants, so that a  
number of accidents occurred. A day or  
two after, old Dr. Knight met Dr. H—  
and speaking of the accidents, Dr. Knight  
remarked that he had not dared to take  
his horse out while the procession was  
passing through the streets.

'Oh, ho!' said Dr. H—, 'why, I  
took my mare and drove right up along-  
side of them, and she wasn't the least bit  
scared!'

'Hum—yes,' says Dr. Knight, 'but how  
did the elephant stand it?'

The question, though pertinent, was  
hardly complimentary to the Doctor's  
'beast.'

When a good talker once gets the  
whole of the conversation to himself, his  
auditors listen as they would do to an  
overhead soliloquy, and there is no chance  
for lesser minds and men.

When commended examine impar-  
tially our own deserts; and if you find  
not what is your said, note that tongue  
for the instrument of flattery. Know  
thyself, says Bias; so shall not flattery  
deceive thee.

A man might frame and let loose a  
star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have  
done so memorable a thing before God,  
as he who lets go a golden orb thought  
to roll through the generations of time.

We give our friends a high compli-  
ment, and one that is seldom unappreci-  
ated, when we exert ourselves extraordi-  
narily to please them.

In the effort to please, there is in-  
volved a subtle flattery that is all the  
more acceptable from its sincerity never  
being suspected.

Praises, when the reasons for it are  
given, is double praise; censure, with-  
out the reasons for it, is only half cen-  
sure.

To be personally great is to forget  
all personal greatness.

Posthumous praises are like praises  
on a lie.

It is better to look round on pros-  
perity than back on glory.

YOUNG AMERICA.—In a small village,  
not a thousand miles away from here,  
lives a certain Capt. Watson, whose  
schooner plies between that place and N.  
Y. The captain's crew consisting of only  
two men, besides his son George, the  
youngster was often detailed to do the  
marketing. Now it so happened that  
George, by his frequent visits to the city,  
had acquired a decided taste for theatri-  
cals not exactly consistent with his father's  
ideas of propriety. On the afternoon  
in question, as George was lounging a-  
round the deck, trying to invent some  
method of persuading his parent to ad-  
vance the funds necessary for his visiting  
the theatre, his father called him.

'Here, George, take this, (Handing  
him half a dollar.) go up to the market,  
and buy us some steak.'

George took the money, and proceeded  
leisurely along the dock, when suddenly,  
as if struck by a bright thought, he snap-  
ped his fingers, and exclaiming—'That'll  
do!' walked quickly to the market. But  
instead of buying steak, he bought a  
calf's head for the sum of five cents, had  
it neatly done up, and returning in great  
haste he attempted to jump aboard, and,  
accidentally of course, stumbled, and in  
trying to save himself dropped the parcel  
overboard.

'Are you hurt, George?' enquired his  
anxious father.

'No-o,' said the boy, picking himself  
up, and dubiously rubbing his shins, 'but  
I've lost the meat.'

'Oh, never mind that; here's another  
half; go and get some more.' It is not  
necessary to state that George visited the  
theatre that evening.—Lynn R. Porter.

FANCY DREAMS OF A YOUNG LADY.—  
Some ladies regard marriage as a fairy  
land, where violets and roses perpetually  
blossom—where the cedar tree and the  
cinnamon tree ever flourish—where the  
waters of tranquility and sweetness ever  
flow. Tell them there are thistles and  
briers in that state, and though they do  
not contradict, yet they do not credit you;  
for they believe that their love, their de-  
votedness for each other, will exempt them  
from the cares, the vicissitudes, the anx-  
ieties, which generally pertain to human-  
ity. All lovers before marriage conceive  
their destiny will be an exception to the  
general rule. Could you give them a  
sketch of the pages in their future history,  
they would not believe a word; they  
would set you down as a misanthrope, a  
painter of gloomy and unnatural scenes,  
an imitator of the hopes and aspira-  
tions of youth. The dark spot which  
the telescope of your experience might  
discover, they would regard as shadows  
or mole hills in the moon. If they would  
but reflect a little, how much misery they  
might avoid.

READING.—Of all the amusements that  
can possibly be imagined for a working  
man, after daily toil, or intervals, there  
is nothing like reading a newspaper or a  
book. It calls for no bodily exertion of  
which the mind has had enough—per-  
haps too much. It relieves his home of  
dullness and sameness. Nay it accompa-  
nies him to his next day's work, and  
gives him something to think of beside  
the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-  
day occupation; something he can enjoy  
while absent, and look forward to with  
pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste  
which would stand by me under every  
variety of circumstances, and be a source  
of happiness and cheerfulness to me  
through life, and a shield against its ills,  
however things might go amiss, and the  
world frown upon me, it would be a  
taste for reading.—Willis.

The best language in all countries is  
that which is spoken by intelligent quar-  
ters, of too high rank for petty affecta-  
tion, and of too much request in society  
for deep study.

THE CAP OF LIBERTY.—The explana-  
tion of the cap of liberty is this:—After  
the death of Caesar, the conspirators who  
had secured his death, marched out with  
a cap, as an ensign of liberty, carried be-  
fore them on a spear—the cap without  
the head indicating that the tyrant had  
lost his power. From that fact, and for  
this reason, it has ever since been an em-  
blem of liberty.

As distrust is sometimes the moth-  
er of safety, so security may be the gate  
of danger.

## Agricultural Department.

FARM.

Corn.—Dampness and frost combined,  
injure it for food, and especially for seed.  
Much of the corn that is now in this  
market is sold as 'unsound.' The sooner  
it can be husked and placed in a dry room  
the better. The crib should never be  
more than 3 or 4 feet wide, and let plenty  
of air holes be left, by slats at the bot-  
tom and the sides. The roof should be  
project far over the eaves, to prevent storms  
beating in upon the sides. A little rat  
terrier dog chained under or in the corn  
house is the best rat-trap we know of.—  
If the crib be set on posts covered with  
tin or wide projecting tin or sheet iron  
caps placed on the top of the posts, rats  
and mice will find it hard work to get in.  
Seed corn should have been selected from  
the earliest and most productive hills,  
husked and kept dry. If not done, im-  
mediately select the best yet available. A  
shilling's care now may save the loss of  
an acre next season. Nice corn husks,  
torn in shreds, make excellent filling for  
beds.

Drainage.—This pays in the field. In  
the garden, and around the barn yard, to  
keep out washing water. A drain or  
two in Spring, and makes the product  
much better, by letting in warm air and  
prevented the chill produced by the evap-  
oration of the water from the surface  
during Summer. The same reason are  
produced in the field. No one who drains  
an acre and note the results, will fail to  
drain other acres afterwards. It pays on  
almost all soils, even those usually con-  
sidered dry. Try a little drainage this  
month, and if it don't pay, change the re-  
sult to our account—crediting us with  
the good done of course. Remove the  
standing water by an under-drain, from  
that sickly tree, and it will smile upon  
you with its load of blushing fruit. Run  
out this morning, and clear the obstruc-  
tions from the dead-furrow drains in the  
winter grain. Frost will not kill wheat  
or rye; frozen water in the soil will;  
water on freezing expands one eighth of  
its bulk and tears the leaves and roots;  
perfectly dry soil expands none in freez-  
ing; moist soil expands but little.

Fruit.—though plenty this year, it will  
pay for careful saving. Apples should  
be kept as cool as possible, without be-  
ing touched at all by the frost. Sort  
frequently, handling with care; one  
bruise rots the apple, and the disease  
spreads rapidly to others. Apples pack-  
ed in dry oats, or bran or cut straw, or  
leaves, and kept cool, will remain sound  
long after their usual time of decay.

Fuel.—It takes the heat of almost one  
half of green or soggy wood to burn up  
the other half. Water in changing to  
vapor absorbs and conceals a thousand de-  
grees of heat. A cord of charcoal gives  
out more heat in burning, than a cord of  
wood. A cord of thoroughly dry wood  
loses a thousand times less heat in the  
smoky vapor, than if burned when green.  
Therefore get the winter's fuel to drying  
out, under cover as soon as possible. It  
will save fuel, time vexation and health  
and be a mercy to the housewife.

Grain usually keeps better in the bin  
than in the mow or stack, especially  
when mice abound, and in the bin it is  
ever ready for the market when the signs  
come right. The straw can be turned  
to account for feeding and bedding. Do  
not burn it, even in the new rich prairie  
regions. Let the cattle nest on it. It  
can not be used, but it lies even five or ten  
years; there will be in it at every surely be  
some place that will be benefited by an  
application of well rotted vegetable mat-  
ter. Clean the grain for market well.—  
A bushel of chaff, foul straw, or shew-  
n grain in one hundred, will lower the  
price of the whole 3 to 10 cents a bushel—  
an important difference, and one which  
must pay for an extra fanning and screen-  
ing. 'Like produces its like,' so save the  
best and pluckiest kernels for seed.—  
We know this pays by not a little expe-  
rience of our own, and by that of many  
others.

Horses.—Horse, next to man, need clean  
well ventilated, well lighted quarters.—  
The currycomb and brush do more than  
make them look well; a clean skin pro-  
motes health. It is cruel and had econ-  
omy, to drive a horse until he sweats,  
and then let him stand five minutes with  
a half blanket across the middle of the  
back. The cover should go well over the  
shoulders and the hips, and down far  
enough to ward off currents of cold air  
from the thighs, belly and shoulders.

—American Agriculturist.



## The Bridgton Reporter

CHARLES LAMSON, Editor.

Bridgton, Friday, Nov 14 1862

## NEW VOLUME.

We this week commence the fifth volume of the *REPORTER*. Most ever since its commencement here, the times have been denominated "hard;" but it has managed to keep along and not run in debt. The concern owes but a few dollars—say, only a dozen or so—and has, perhaps, a hundred dollar or more due, mostly from persons who are able to pay. It speaks well for this community that it pays pretty promptly its newspaper bills. We are daily expecting to receive all its dues. It has a fair list of subscribers, and three names, on an average, are added to its books where one is taken off. So we are in a hopeful way. We are encouraged to commence this new volume, at any rate, and have no doubt of another year's life. The *Reporter* has its sincere friends, and they are among the most intelligent and best citizens of this section. They make but few pretensions to friendship, but promptly hand in their dollar, in advance, and when they have a job for us they pay for it down, and no grumbling. When they help us, they suppose they are helping themselves at the same time. They have no idea they are offering us a gratuity when they employ us to do what they need to have done with our type and press. Sensible and honorable people, these! As for ourselves, we don't go round "cozening fortune without the stamp of merit." We claim that we print a very good little paper—well worth the money we receive for it, whatever this or that foolish fault-finder may say to the contrary. We care but a little for inebriate critics. The *Reporter* has its share of approbative notice from its cotemporaries—they consider it a good local newspaper—and so it is. This isn't bragging a bit. It is a genuine benefit to old Bridgton—its farmers—its mechanics—its manufacturers, and they should see to it that it is well supported. They should not be niggardly in reference to it. True it is, they can get newspapers from Portland, from Boston, and from New York, but they don't suffice for local purposes. Bridgton needs an organ, or an oracle, as well as the people of the city. Business interests are increasing in this town—it is (we have now on our venerable head the cap of prophecy,) yet to be a large place, and that at no distant day, and a newspaper is, and will continue to be more and more so, an indispensable social, educational and business appliance. The people of this section—the wise among them—must do what they can to foster its life and due prosperity. They must not deem its establishment among them a matter of mere eleemosynary *sufferance*, but as a positive benefit to the place—something needful—something that concerns the common good! If a printing press is a good thing anywhere, it is in the town of Bridgton—a town that has some public spirit, but not half enough to develop its natural resources. Its public spirit is not commensurate with its great natural advantages. It is very true, that most every individual is in pretty sharp pursuit of his *personal* good, but this individualism should culminate in a noble socialism—yea, even in a glorious *universalism*, by which we mean we should have a high regard for the common good. This narrow selfishness makes a community look mean.

The nature of man requires enlargement—individual interests are identical with our social or aggregated interests. A true public spirit always looks to the general good—the good of community. But we will go no farther in this strain—we have said enough to be understood. A newspaper contributes, in the very nature of things, more to the common good than any other single instrumentality, and should therefore be promptly supported. The measure of support accorded to its newspaper, is the best possible test of the intelligence, the civilization—*public spirit* of any community.

We have had a snow-storm at last. Three inches or more fell on Friday night, but it was succeeded by a long and heavy rain. We need much more rain before winter sets in, as wells and springs are low in this vicinity.

**REMOVAL OF GEN. McCLELLAN.**—We are glad that Gen. McClellan is at last removed from the command of the army of the Potomac. We do not know that he is not a good general, but it must be confessed, that, from the cause or other, the army that has been under his command has not done a great business. It may be that Little Mac is over-ambitious—or it may be that he has been untried in his command by parties outside of the army—of this we can only conjecture. At any rate that great army has done comparatively little to arrest the rebellion. We are glad that McClellan has been removed for his own sake, if the fact of the army's inactivity has not rested with him, glad for the country's sake if it has. The removal is well; if there is better generalship to be had, the country wants it now. Mac should not stand in the way, and we believe he does not wish to. It will be now soon demonstrated whether it was McClellan or the Government that prevented the onward movement and success of our armies. McClellan has been deemed the chief stumbling block—the main "rock of offence." If he shall have proved a lump, he is a stupid person; if he is indeed our ablest general, then he has been dreadfully abused, and a fearful reckoning awaits his calumniators. We repeat, we are glad that McClellan is no longer to be a bone of contention. It is due to himself, now that he has been twice deprived of his command, to resign. He perhaps has done his best to serve his country in its time of need, but his services are not adequate to the ends demanded, no fault can be found with him.

Since writing the above we have read the "explanation" of Gen. Halleck addressed to the Secretary of War. It is evident from this that Halleck is no friend of McClellan. We hope that the latter will now break his long silence, reply to his enemies, and give us some light relative to his course hitherto. It is due to his tried friends to meet Gen. Halleck's charges, either before a military tribunal, or before the true tribunal of his country.

We can but hope that the war will now be prosecuted with vigor. If it is not, it will be clear that Gen. McClellan was not altogether in the fault. As for Gen. Burnside, he is without question an able general and a noble man. But he is left with a hard work to perform, but we trust he will do it well, and bring this dreadful, wasting, fratricidal struggle to a speedy end.

## BELLS.

'Tis merry to hear at evening time  
By the blazing fire the sleigh-bells chime.  
And higher up from the lofty church towers  
Come the voices of bells calling to the house of God, where parents and children resort for holy communion, and little feet are taught to tread the narrow path that leads them to Heaven. Such are the sweet voices of bells to the domestic circle whose ranks remain unbroken; but they speak a different language to the *war*, operative, as they ring from the tower of some extensive manufactory, calling from the unrefracting slumber of an overtasked system, beings, who, thinly clad, hurry through the black streets to those noisy rooms, where

All day long it is work, work, work,  
At the loom and busy wheel;  
Though the flax grows weak,  
And the heat grows faint,  
And the sick heads swim and reel;  
And the web of life grows thin and short,  
While the loud bells boom and peal.  
There is another voice from the soft church bells, and it stiles the blushing bride, and half-prudently, half-timidly she takes the arm of one who is to be her solace and support through life, and prophetic indeed seem the tones of the merry marriage bells. How can they change to the dismal, funeral knell, slowly and sadly numbering the years of the just gone out.

Few are the ponds for the early dead, but oh, how the lonely heart is stirred by each solemn note.  
To chiming and peals and deep-toned knells  
The heart is stirred by sounding bells.

We took a trip to Harrison last week and found business pretty lively in the village. We called upon our friend TOLMAN, and who was hard at it in his wire-factory. In fact, Bro. Tolman is the greatest "wire-puller" in all the region, and yet we believe him to be a perfectly honest one. His firm is doing a good business, we understand.

We stopped with our friend KNEELAND of the Elm house with whom we always feel at home. Travellers and way-arrers will be well cared for at his house, and at reasonable charges.

We note too, that Capt. SAMSON, and Mr. E. LIBBY, have opened a new and very full store on the Bridgton side of the river. Mr. Blake, too, we perceive was filling up his large store, and we judged from this that the merchants of the village were doing a large business. The Harrison traders are noted for their enterprise.

In returning, we noticed, (it was evening) torch lights upon Bear Brook, and we suppose the boys were taking a few trouts. Quite a lot are generally speared every fall.

In going over, we called at Col. Webb's, at North Bridgton. The "boys" were very busy on their cartridge box contract. By the way, the Portland papers would have it that they were making cartridges, and they had application, through letters, for employment in this explosive business.

The O'Connell's shop is the liveliest place in North Bridgton. He makes a capital boot, or ladies shoe; let it be remembered.

Why is Mount Washington like a nun? Because it has taken the white veil.

The snow is all gone.

Who is not weary of the sound of war? Not only of the fierce battle cry and the cannons' roar; but the more remote echoes which greet our ears at every turn in the form of daily news and discussions. Scarcely are the usual greetings past when comes the stereotyped inquiry—"What news from the war?" and then follows the detailed account of the promotion of this General, and the removal of that—a defeat here, and a conquest there, till the heart sighs in vain for peace, though it be but oil upon the troubled waters, staying the wrathful billows but for a season.

And from these revolting details our throats go out to you poor soldiers, to whom the real scenes are becoming as familiar and as tedious as their history is to us.

Many of you have gazed in the red eye of battle till the spell of its fascination is broken, and your hands refuse the bloody work assigned them, but you cannot turn back, and desperation alone nerves you to the struggles. God pity your sinking hearts, and renew the smouldering fires of patriotism till our native land is safe. Tearful eyes and gone the lands are raised to heaven in your behalf, and a place at the bedside awaits your return. Blood and treasure alone be the price of that peace for which we sigh, waste not that precious resource in delay.

Gooley's Lady's Book for December completes the sixty-fifth volume. This Magazine is fully deserving the high literary rank it has attained. It will be seen by the present number that they have engaged the exclusive productions of Marion Harland, which together with their already select corps of writers, renders the Lady's Book one of the most desirable periodicals of the day. The following are the terms of subscription:—

One copy one year, \$3. Two copies one year, \$5. Three copies one year, \$6. Four copies one year, \$7.

Five copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, \$10.

Eight copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, \$15.

Eleven copies one year and an extra copy to the person sending the club, \$20.

"Men," says Goethe, "are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest; the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and the perfect, that every one should study, by all methods, to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of these enjoyments; it is only because they are not used to taste what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new." For this reason our ought, every day, at least, to read a little song, read a poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible speak a few reasonable words."

Peterson's Magazine for December closes the forty-second volume of this valuable periodical.

The printed prospectus accompanying this number has by some means been misplaced, which is our excuse for not inserting it, but we take pleasure in recommending this magazine to the reading public as particularly deserving their patronage.

In addition to the choice reading from the pens of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, T. S. Arthur and others of like merit, Mrs. Jane Weaver contributes a great variety of patterns for embroidery and fancy articles of great value and interest to the ladies.

Terms two dollars a year; to be had either of Charles J. Peterson, 306, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, or of his principal agents in New York and Boston.

One of our soldiers, in Capt. Little's company, who was considered by most every one a physically indomitable to do a soldier's duty, writes home that, he has got to be as tough as an old—! and as black as most niggers. He says "some of the boys went out the other night, and came in with three sheep—one three-year-old beaver—eight hives of bees! which they stole from the seceder's round here!" This is coming it fat upon our seceder friends. If the army of the Potomac is not very well clothed, it must be, at this rate, pretty well fed. Who about here stole our friend Deering's honey?

The following item from an exchange shows that California's wealth consists not alone in the products of its mines, but the wealth of generous souls.

The New York Sanitary Commission acknowledge the receipt of a contribution of \$100,000 by the people of California, for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers under their care. This is the second donation of the same amount which has been received. The committee also acknowledge, in addition to this, a sum of \$1735 from the same source, collected at the polls on election day, and \$2,000 more the overplus of an appropriation for the celebration of the fourth of July. Telegraphic advices announce the donation of \$30,000—partly from interior towns in California and partly from San Francisco.

We see by the Portland *Press* that Mrs. Goldard is lecturing in many of our large country villages. Her experience must be highly interesting.

Whoa Now!—An exchange says three hundred horses are being purchased in the State for the Maine Cavalry. That is hardly to be compared with Kentucky when the rebels run off seven hundred horses to Tennessee in a few weeks last season.

The snow is all gone.

## Our Spie Mill.

For occasional sallies of genuine original wit, give us a country grocery winter evenings and rainy days, and the parlors of country hotels. As an instance take the following, which occurred in a bar-room not long since. There was quite a collection and our friend S., who is a Democrat, and friend M., who is a Republican, had been earnestly but pleasantly discussing politics; and as a lull took place in the conversation, S. spoke up as follows:—M., how many public men are there who are really temperance men?

"O, I don't know," replied M.  
"Well," said S., "I don't know but one that I can speak positively of on our side, and that is Gen. Case."

"Well," said M., promptly, "there is President Lincoln on our side, certain."

"Guess not," said S., incredulously.

"Guess yes," replied M., warmly.

"But you don't pretend to say that President Lincoln is a temperance man?" asked S.

"Yes I do," answered M., and can maintain the statement."

"Well now, I tell you that Abraham Lincoln is as fond of his to-d as any man living," replied S. earnestly, and I can prove it to you."

"Well, I tell you that he isn't," replied M., who began to get excited, "that he is as pure and strict a temperance man as there is in the country."

"I contend," replied S. with provoking coolness, that Abraham Lincoln is so fond of his to-d that it is the last thing he thinks of when he goes to bed, and the first when he wakes in the morning."

"It's a confounded loco-foco lie!" exclaimed M., springing to his feet.

"Hold on, friend M.," said S. "what was Lincoln's wife's name before she was married?"

"Todd, by thunder," exclaimed M. jumping more than a foot from the floor, "boys, let's adjourn to the other room."

A friend of ours relates the following as having occurred at a Town Fair in Vermont. He was aiding a friend in the sale of some oysters, when an old lady came up, very seriously adjusted her spectacles, pointed to a plate of the bivalves and exclaimed, "Be them oysters?"

"Yes marm," we replied as politely as we could, "will you have some? they are very nice ones."

"Be they alive?"

"No marm."

"Is they cooked?"

"No, they are raw."

"Be them really oysters?"

"They certainly are, fresh ones."

"Well, I never see any afore, and I'd sooner eat with my lags than them nasty things."

And the old lady jerked her spectacles from her eyes and walked off with an attitude of supreme contempt.

Definitions from the newly patented gutta percha dictionary.

Physician—One who amuses the patient, while nature performs a cure.

Lawyer—A man who has the legal ability to circumvent the ends of justice.

Politician—A man who is expected to give every one who votes for him a fat office.

"Well, Mr. Smith, as you are so sharp this morning, will you please tell me how Adam and Eve left the garden of Eden?"

"Why, they walked out, of course."

"No sir."

"Can't exactly say that I know them."

"Well, sir, they were snaked out!"

Some people grumble over the election in New York, but we think it quite natural that men who are shut up inside brick walls should occasionally take to the woods and Brooks.

Why shouldn't they get out where they can see more? (Seymour.)

"I say, Mr. Jones, can you tell me why a certain classical scene in Germany is like the sight of a drove of hogs?"

"My intellect is not quite equal to the task, and I yield the point."

"Why, because it is a view on the Rhine!"

"Do you keep hug-me-tights?" said an innocent young lady to an interesting shop keeper.

"Yes marm, of the most approved style," replied he, giving his arms a preparatory stretch.

The New York *Tribune* is very sore over the election in that state, but if Horace would avoid ship-wreck, he must keep his vessel more to Se(a)-ward, and indulge more freely in the use of the *Weed*.

Your theology is at fault, Bro. Elwell. The way to be saved in the next world is to be first saved in the present "evil one."

"Behold the righteous are recompensed in the earth."

Brother Tenny of the Brunswick *Telegraph* says he is an "unmitigated fool." This is a singularly frank admission on the part of Bro. T.

Mt. Washington, to which we make a profound salam every morning, has put on its vestal robe. This is a sign that wintry weather is near at hand.

Commodore, how much did that pig weigh? Won't have resort to the pitch knots, will you?

## Camp Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS 13TH REG. RIFLES.

NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD., October 3, 1862.

Dear Father:—I have not heard from home since I last wrote, and have received no paper—seen only the *Reporter* sent to Dornum, which is my latest news from Bridgton. I have not been well for the last two weeks; have been troubled with headache, pain in my limbs, and very weak, am not confined to the camp hospital, though I have not been in the ranks lately.

We have changed our camp twice since I last wrote so as to be nearer water—we now have to go to the river for water, which is a quarter of a mile distant. I hope we shall not have to cross the Potomac again. The boys are about discouraged I can assure you. I wish I may never set foot on "sacred soil" again; we are now within eight miles of where we were last March.

Our Division has gone out to be reviewed by President Lincoln. They went out yesterday, but the President did not make his appearance so they have had to try it again this morning.

We have about 250 men in the regiment; there are 35 in Co. A. As to officers, we have but two captains and four lieutenants in the regiment—one company is commanded by a corporal; however, there is quite a number of officers and men that will return to the ranks when their health is recruited.

Monday Oct. 13th.

Yesterday morning at 1 o'clock there was an alarm, and our Division was routed out and marched off about a mile and a half, when we halted and laid in the road the rest of the night and till near the close of the day, when we marched back to camp again. I suppose they expected a rebel raid, or something of that kind. My health is better and I have gone into the ranks again.

I have recently received two letters from home, and I was right glad to get them.—You ask if I could not send home some trophies of the Antietam battle-field? I would have picked up any number of guns, swords, knapsacks, cartridge boxes, &c., but I had no way to carry them. I found several rebel letters and brought them away, but I have lost them. All I have got is some flag rope which I took from a rebel knapsack. I have not been on the battle field since we left it several weeks since. I was sick and not able to go with the boys, who have been there frequently.

One of the boys, who was on the field a few days after the battle, told me that in the part he visited he saw eight or ten heaps of dead rebels that our men had gathered together to bury, and he counted the bodies in one heap and there were 130. Our men were engaged between four and five days in burying the dead of both armies and carrying off the wounded. When the rebels retreated from the Antietam battle-field they took all their wounded that they could carry, or that could hobble along on foot, and then left more than four thousand for our army to take care of.

You ask if any one was shot near me? Yes, my file leader, the man who stood directly in front, was shot in the head and fell heavily upon me. I supposed at first that he was killed, but he is living now.—Samuel S. Gould stood within five feet of me when he was mortally wounded; he had been in the company but four or five days. The color guard and colors were between our Co. and Co. E. and as I am very near the right of the company I was quite near the colors.

There were seven out of the eight color guard and one of the color bearers killed or wounded, they dropped pretty fast at one time—one of the color bearers was shot in three places—he was a Belmont boy, named David Cheney. We had 41 men in our company, 21 of whom were killed or wounded. My rifle was so hot that I could hardly touch the barrel with my hand—but it worked well, that was the reason I was able to fire so many rounds. Some of the boys only fired thirty times, their rifles got foul and it took a long time to load. After I had fired forty rounds I went to Gould and got some of his cartridges, he was living but not able to speak—he died before the battle was over. During most of the day we were between three and four hundred yards of the rebel lines—a good easy range for our rifles. I came out of the battle very well. Of course I had many narrow escapes from death during the day—a ball grazed me just below the temple, taking off the skin, drawing blood, and stunning me for some moments, and I was struck on the shoulder, by some hard substance which whirled me round and lamed me for some days—but I never thought these casualties worth mentioning in my previous letter, and should not speak of it now, only as you speak of Eastman's having a ball lodge in his rubber blanket.

I felt quite cool and collected, and had no personal fear during the battle. The scenes of blood and strife that I have been called to pass through during the weeks that are passed, and my "baptism in blood" have nearly destroyed all the finer feelings of my nature.

Samuel D. Thurston was in the last fight with us—he did well; he brought a letter of introduction from you, he looks as rough as the rest of us now.

We have a new Brigadier named Taylor, in place of Hartsuff who was badly wounded as I have mentioned before. We are to have a brigade drill this afternoon, and as it is about time to be getting ready I must draw to a close.

October 25.—We have just received our new uniforms, blankets, &c., we needed them long since. I have not had a chance to write before for some days; our General keeps

us drilling so much of the time that we hardly have an opportunity to cook our food. There is to be a division review this afternoon, but as I am on guard I get clear off I am pretty well, but this river water does not agree with the boys. We are to march into Virginia immediately and then may fare better in this respect. Dornum is in one of the hospitals near Washington, I have not heard from him recently.

I must bid you all farewell.

WARREN H. FRELLE.

The papers speak of the army being supplied with shoes and boots. This is all very well, but our neighbor Dornum is a man who makes a capital boot, is almost daily receiving orders from the army for his ready-made shoes. The lads are taking the matter in their own hands—or rather feet, and are determined to have good underwear. They will soon be able to defy Virginia mud, if they don't Virginia rebels.

We shall next week, give from the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, a brief sketch of the life of GEN. REYNOLDS, an honored soldier of the American army, and a son of a neighboring town of Denmark. We will remember when the General went to Point, then a lad of about 18 years, yet in his character the promise of future distinction.

Our town readers must not overlook the new advertisement of A. S. Webb, who has commenced trade in earnest, and should have his share of custom. By the way, a package of a new kind of coffee to try. We did test it, and found it a very reliable drink, and without equaling, as it claims to be. Try it, you who love coffee.

Thanksgiving Ball at East Fryeburg. There is to be a Thanksgiving Ball at East Fryeburg in the Hall of our old friend and patron, A. O. Pike. He is famous for the tact as caterer for these social and festive occasions. We dare say the young folks will have an excellent dance, and we know they will have a tip-top supper. Old as we are, T. Starr we are sorely tempted to attend and go to a few dances.

We understand that our friend, B. Gee, will open a dancing school in the village soon after Thanksgiving. No one from this village should be without a few dollars!

Our near neighbor, L. S. Barker, will probably commence a Singing School soon after Thanksgiving. Prepare to "Sound."

The present indebtedness of the government is estimated to be over \$100,000,000—Ex.

That is the size of the mole, but can any one give us the true dimensions of the liabilities of our own government? A splendid drove of beavers passed through this village on Monday.

Where is I. H. Barkett? We have received notice from the Bethel Post Office that the paper sent to his address, by order, is not taken from the office. He owes two dollars, and we would like to have our money. He has gone away, why didn't he notify us to stop his paper and pay up. That is the question.

DEATH OF MR. JOHANN GREEN.—This excellent friend and neighbor departed this life on Wednesday morning last, aged, we believe, 70 years. Mr. Green has been long a resident of this town—grew up with it—and from one of its most industrious and prosperous farmers. The familiar and cheerful face was a good townsman, neighbor and friend, and full of years, at last bows to the decree of nature to which we all must submit.

PENNSYLVANIA.—An old acquaintance is about starting a school here to teach Epistolary and Business branches of necessary accomplishment, and we hope a liberal patronage for him, knowing he will do his best to give satisfaction.

A writer in the Portland *Press* estimates that Gen. McClellan is suspected of high quarters, of treason, and was about to take forcible possession of the Government. What an awful wicked man Little Mac! He wasn't turned adrift any too soon, if he be true.

We are having some more very fine and beautiful weather, after the snow.

We learn from the papers that a number of the Maine Regiments are sent to Texas, among them is the 23d, on duty near the Potomac. This Texas expedition to be under Gen. Banks.

Our distant subscribers can read their dollar in United States currency, those of them who wish to retain the *Reporter*. We will promptly send them a receipt.

Mrs. Hannah Lovejoy, aged 62, of Seabrook, Me., was precipitated from a height of about ten feet upon the bare floor, by the ladder slipping, while attempting to mend the haymow, breaking the radius of the right arm.—*Press*.

Diphtheria has been prevailing in the town of Charlotte and Pembroke, Washington County. Mr. Sprague, of Charlotte, lost three children by this disease, in the year

BRIDGTON. A snow-storm at last. Three inches or more fell on Friday night, but it was succeeded by a long and heavy rain. We need much more rain before winter sets in, as wells and springs are low in this vicinity.

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## State News.

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## BRIDGTON MARKET.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE REPORTER.]

Hay,	\$12 to 13 00
Eggs,	18
Cheese,	8 to 12
Butter,	16 to 17
Bacon chops,	5 to 6
Shoulders,	6 to 7
Hams,	7 to 9
Pork, salt,	10 to 12
Beef,	4 00 to 5-50
Oats,	40 to 45
Rye,	75
Flour,	\$6 50 to 8 00
Round Hogs,	6 to 7
Woolskins,	50 to 1 00
Beans,	2 00
Apples, bus,	15 to 33
Apples, bl,	75 to 1 00
Dried Apples,	4 to 6
Turkeys,	9 to 10
Chickens,	8 to 10
Wood,	1 50 to 2 00
Northern Clover,	10
Red Top,	\$1 to 1 40
Herds Grass,	\$2 50
Potatoes,	25 to 33
Wool,	50 to 60

## New Advertisements.

## NEW AND FRESH GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and prime lot of

## FLOUR,

best brands, Also a fresh lot of

## TEAS, COFFEES,

And every description of Groceries. all to be sold as reasonable as can be found elsewhere.

## CAPS, THICK BOOTS,

## FANCY GOODS,

## COTTONS,

## STAGE NOTICE.

Stage leaves Bridgton Center for Portland Daily at 7 A. M., passing through North Bridgton, Harrison and Norway to South Paris; thence by Railroad to Portland, and arrives in Portland at 2 o'clock, P. M.

RETURNING—Leaves Grand Trunk Depot, at 11:4 o'clock P. M., for South Paris, thence by stage to Norway, Harrison, North Bridgton, and Bridgton Center, arrives at Bridgton at 7 o'clock P. M.

The above stage runs to Fryeburg, Monday, Wednesday and Friday Evenings; Returning to Bridgton, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, in season for stage to South Paris and Portland.

By taking this route, Passengers arrive in Portland in season for trains going West, and for Boston and Bangor Boats, and are carried to the Western Depot and to the boats without any extra charge.

Fare from Fryburg \$2.00, from Bridgton Center, North Bridgton and Harrison, \$1.75. Down tickets to be had of the driver. Up tickets for Harrison, Bridgton and Fryeburg sold at the Grand Trunk Railroad Depot, Portland. You will have to pay \$2.00 for up tickets, and if you stop at Harrison or Bridgton, the driver will pay you back 25 cents.

J. B. STOWELL, Proprietors, J. W. FOWLER, Driver, Bridgton, Nov. 7th 1862.

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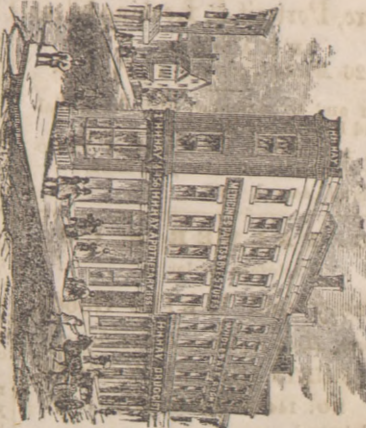
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## Portland Advertisements.

## H. H. HAY,



Junction Free &amp; 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 Fluids, &amp;c., &amp;c.,

Including all articles wanted by Druggists, Physicians and Country Merchants. Portland, June 27, 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, Rags, Mats, &amp;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 &amp; CO.

(Successors to E. H. Burghin, FREESTREET CARPET WAREHOUSE

Chambers No. 1 and 2, Free Street Block, Over H. J. Libby &amp; Co's,

25 PORTLAND, ME. 11

R. J. D. LARRABEE &amp; CO.,

69 Exchange Street,--PORTLAND, Me. Importers and dealers in

## ARTIST'S MATERIALS,

## ENGRAVINGS,

## PICTURE FRAMES!

Particular attention paid to

Framing Paintings &amp; Engravings, In any desirable style.

## Burnishing &amp; Ornamental Gilding

Satisfactorily executed All kinds of

## MOULDINGS.

in any quantity

Lithographs and Photographs of new and old subjects.

All articles generally kept in such a store may be found here. 17

## DOLE &amp; MOODY,

## General Commission Merchants

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

## Flour, Corn and Produce,

No. 5 GALT BLOCK, COMMERCIAL STREET, Andrew T. Dale, ) Franklin C. Moody. ) PORTLAND. Aug. 23d, 1862. 6m

## Arrears of Pay

...AND...

## BOUNTY MONEY OF SOLDIERS

Secured by

## S. M. HARMON,

## ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BRIDGTON, MAINE.

OFFICE in Temperance Building

## NEW WINTER STYLES

## HATS, CAPS,

## MEN'S FURGOODS,

Just issued, and to be sold low, by

## HARRIS

Opposite Post Office, Portland. 21.6r.

## 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.

## OUR ESTABLISHMENT

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.

## 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, Catalogues, Town Blanks, Insurance Blanks, Fair Bills, Pamphlets of all kinds, Business Cards, Wedding Cards, Visiting Cards, Invitation Cards, Professional Cards, &amp;c., &amp;c.,

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

## PRINTING!

Blue, Black, Green or Red Ink

ONE WITH TWO OR MORE COLORS.

Particular attention paid to BRONZE WORK in all its branches.

Bridgton May 30, 1862 13\*

## THE GREAT CAUSE OF

## HUMAN MISERY.

Just published in a sealed envelope; never before.

A LECTURE BY DR. CULVERWELL, ON THE CAUSE AND CURE OF Consumption, Mental and Physical Debility, Nervousness, Epilepsy, Impaired Function of the Body, Lassitude, Weakness of the Limbs and Back, Indisposition and incapacity for study and labor, Dizziness of the Head, Loss of Memory, aversion to society, Love of solitude, Fidelity, Self Distrust, Dizziness, Headache, Affections of the eyes, Pimples on the Face, inveterate miasms, and Sexual Incontinence, the Consequences of youthful Indiscretion, &amp;c., &amp;c.

This admirable Lecture clearly proves that the above enumerated, often-cited afflictions, 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 by postage stamps, by addressing

Dr. CHAS. J. C. KLINE, &amp; Co., 127 BOWERY, NEW-YORK, Post Office Box, 4536. 1314

## To Consumptives.

THE undersigned, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for Consumption, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &amp;c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, Kings County, New York. 442m

## 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 MEAD, 13

Bridgton, March 5th, A. D. 1862.

## Home Advertisements.

## J. R. ADAMS.

—DEALER IN—

## FURNITURE,

Of Every Description,]

—SUCH AS—

## LOOKING GLASSES!

## MATTRESSES!

## Carpetings, Paper Hangings

## Crocker Ware.

## J. V. COO'S AND GR. CARRIES!

## PAINTS AND OILS!!

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Bridgton Center, - - - - Maine.

July 1st

## DIKEY STONE &amp; SON,

—DEALERS IN—

## DRY GOODS,

## AND

## GROCERIES.

## PAINTS AND OILS,

## HARDWARE,

## CROCKERY, &amp;c. &amp;c.,

BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

## Notice.

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

## Boots &amp; 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, Old 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, 1313

## J. D. WOODBURY,

DEALER IN

## FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY

## CIGARS, &amp;c.

Also—Saws GUINNEED and FILED at the shortest notice. 6m May 9

## EDWARD P. BANKS,

72 EXCHANGE ST. PORTLAND.

## Spectacles!

CALL AND

Portland, Aug 5, 1862. 6m

## E. E. WILDER,

## Carriage Trimmer,

AND MANUFACTURER OF

## HARNESSES!

OF ALL KINDS,

Bridgton Center, - - - - MAINE

alters, Brilles, Collars, Whips, Blankets, and Sarcinles, on hand or made to order

Repairing promptly attended to. Bridgton, August 13, 1862. 11

## Notice.

The subscribers have this day entered into partnership in the practice of

## PHYSIC AND SURGERY.

OFFICE, — IN ODD FELLOWS BUILDING.

Rooms back of CASWELL'S JEWELRY SHOP.

Nathaniel Pease, M. D., Charles E. Hill, M. D. Bridgton, Aug 11, 1862. 11

## DENTISTRY.

DR. HASKELL, will be at Bridgton, March 12, and give his professional services.

Dr. H. is agent for a superior SEWING MACHINE. Price \$25 00 and upwards. Bridgton, March 5, 1862. 1312



He been a giant or in which we call Sarsaparilla lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces or is produced, by an enfeebled, a tired state of the blood, wherein that fluid becomes impure, and is unable to sustain the vital force in their vigorous action, and leaves the system to fall into disrepair and decay. These morbid

contamination is variously caused by more or less disease, low living, disordered digestion from unhealthy depressing vices, and above all, by the venereal infection. Whenever he is afflicted, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children into the third



## Fun and Sentiment.

—Charles the second and the eminent Stillingfleet being in conversation, the King asked Stillingfleet how it was that when he preached in the court chapel he always used a written discourse, and kept his eyes upon it, while when he preached elsewhere it was extempore? 'Because,' said Stillingfleet, 'when in the presence of royalty I am abashed and dare not look up.'

Seeing that his reply pleased the witty monarch, Stillingfleet asked Charles, 'Why is it, that when you deliver an address to Parliament you always look down upon your pages?' 'Because,' replied the King, 'I so often importune Parliament for money that I am ashamed to look it in the face.'

—At a late printers' festival in Boston, the following capital toast was given:

'The editor—the man that is expected to know everything, tell all he knows, and guess at the rest; to make known his own character, establish the reputation of his neighbor, and elect all candidates to office; to blow up everybody and reform the world; to live for the benefit of others, and the epitaph on his tombstone 'here he lies at last;' in short he is a locomotive runner on the track of public notoriety; his lover is his pen; his boiler is filled with ink; his tender is his censors; his driving wheel is public opinion; whenever he explodes, it is caused by the non-payment of subscriptions.'

—Patrick McQuinn is a baggage master on one of our railroads, and attentive to his business. A few evenings, while at work at his post, accosted by a number of passengers, who in a rude and boisterous manner demanded to know the whereabouts of his trunk. Pat, after several times replying to the interrogatory, lost patience, and thus put an end to the stranger's troublesome questioning:—'Och, mister, I wish to me soul ye were the elephant instead of the juckass, for then ye'd have yer always under yer eye.' That passenger didn't ask for his trunk any more.

A MODEL PREACHER.—A lady, writing to her son at college, is represented as making the following statement: 'Mr. Munday is giving a series of sermons on the building of Solomon's Temple. They are very interesting, and he has such a flow of beautiful words, and such wavy gestures, and he looks so gentlemanly, that I have no doubt he does a great deal of good. The church is always full.'

—Because (as Hazlitt says) 'the unknown is the natural element of genius,' some writers seem to think that obscurity and sublimity are the same thing! They write what nobody can understand, and expect on that account to be thought vastly deep. And so they are. But there is a depth to mud as well as to the ocean, and intelligent readers know it.

—On a grocery store kept by a foreigner at the South End, in Boston, may be seen a large canvass sign with this inscription—a curiosity in its way: 'Butter Fit for a Webster, a Choat, A Clay, or a McClellan' and At 12 to 17 cts & tip top.'

—The little daughter of Phillip Doddridge was once catechizing a favorite lap-dog. 'Do you know,' she said, 'who made you?' The unconscious quadruped answered with a stupid stare. 'Oh! shame on you,' resumed the questioner; 'Dr. Doddridge's dog, and not know who made you.'

—An Irishman called into a store, and asked the price of a pair of gloves. He was told they were four shillings. 'Och, by my soul, thin,' says he, 'I'd sooner my hands would go barefoot than pay that price for them.'

—At a late meeting the following dry toast was given, (the author of which was buttered when he reached home.) 'The Press—the pulpit—and Petticoats—the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second spreads morals, and the last spreads all over the sidewalk.'

—Sombodys has said—'Nothing is more dangerous than one engrossing idea. In its uses, it produces lunacy: in all others it disqualifies the judgment.'

—Flavel says that if men should rise from the dead and read their epitaphs, some of them would think they had got in the wrong grave.

—A drop of the blackest ink may diffuse light as brilliant as the light of day.

—Old age is a relentless tyrant; it forbids the pleasures of youth on the pain of death.

—Modesty is generally the companion of virtue, innocence, and real abilities.

## 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 &amp; CO.

**Wholesale Grocers**  
—AND—  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
1153 COMMERCIAL STREET, 153  
Alvah Conant,  
R. O. Conant,  
S. C. Rand. } **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 &amp; WEBB,

**Commission Merchants**  
AND DEALERS IN  
**FLOUR, GRAIN & PROVISIONS,**  
No. 88 Commercial Street, Thomas' Block,  
**PORTLAND, MAINE.**  
Robert Bradley. M. G. Webb.  
\*6m June 13

## CLARK, WEYMOUTH &amp; 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 ——— Monmouth St., ——— 9 & 11  
Between Fore & Commercial Sts., Portland.  
Anvils, Screw Plates, Vices, Bellows, Stone  
Hammers, Rasps, Files, Axes, Springs, Nuts  
Washers, Borax, Horse Shoes & Nails, Chain  
Carriage Bolts, Pump Chain and Fixtures,  
Drill Presses, Tyre Benders, &c. 6m 35

## HATS! CAPS!! &amp; FURS!!!

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

## NEW AND COMMODIOUS STORE,

151 ——— MIDDLE STREET, — 151  
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, &amp; FUR STORE

At Wholesale and Retail  
**VERY CHEAP FOR CASH!!**  
Those in Want will do Well to Call.  
\*6m July 4 E. N. PERRY.

## STONEHAM BROTHERS,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in  
**Window Shades!**  
**CLOTH AND WIRE SCREENS, &c.;**  
—also, dealer in—  
**FIXTURES, TASSELS & CORD,**  
NO. 104 MIDDLE STREET,  
T. F. Stoneham, } **Portland, Me.**  
P. W. Stoneham,

## Store Shades, of all dimensions made,

lettered and put up at short notice.  
Sign, Fancy and Ornamental Painting.  
Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. tf

## MARRETT, POOR &amp; CO.,

Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**Carpetings Paper Hangings,**  
FEATHERS, MATTRESSES, AND  
**UPHOLSTERY GOODS,**  
85 & 87 MIDDLE ST. (up stairs.)  
J. S. Marrett, Portland. Fred A. Poor,  
Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 1y

## BOOKS,

**Stationery, and Room Papers,**  
**BAILEY & NOYES,**  
No. 56, 58, & 60 Exchange St.,  
P. W. Bailey, Portland. James Noyes.  
Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 6m

## Portland Business Cards.

**LOWELL & SENTER,**  
**WATCH MAKERS**  
and dealers in  
**WATCHES, CHRONOMETERS, JEWELRY**  
**SURVEYORS COMPASSES**  
AND  
**FANCY GOODS.**  
41 EXCHANGE ST. — PORTLAND.  
Abner Lowell. William Senter.

## A. E. STEVENS &amp; CO.

Importers and Dealers in  
**Iron and Steel,**  
**COMMERCIAL STREET,**  
Head of Wadgery's Wharf,  
**PORTLAND, MAINE.**  
\*6m July 4

## TYLER, RICE &amp; SONS,

**[DEALERS IN]**  
**HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL**  
149 COMMERCIAL STREET,  
**PORTLAND, MAINE.**  
\*6m July 4

## WESTON &amp; KEAZER,

**Late, Noyes Weston & Co.,**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
AND FLOUR DEALERS,  
Willis Block, 103 Commercial Street, head of  
'Commercial Wharf,'  
**PORTLAND, MAINE.**  
Thomas H. Weston. David Keazer.  
\*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

## A. ROBINSON,

**DEALER IN**  
**Books Magazines**  
News Papers and Musical Instruments,  
'AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,'  
No. 61 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine.  
\*6m July 4

## TRUE &amp; MILLIKEN,

**Wholesale Grocers**  
—AND—  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
141 — Commercial St. — 141  
D. W. True. S. M. Milliken. } **Portland, Me.**  
\*6m July 4

## ALBERT WEBB &amp; CO.,

**DEALERS IN**  
**Corn, Flour, & Grain,**  
Head of Merrill's Wharf,  
**COMMERCIAL ST. PORTLAND, ME.**  
\*6m July 4

## CROSMAN &amp; POOR,

**Druggists and Apothecaries,**  
NO. 75 MIDDLE ST., FOX BLOCK,  
**PORTLAND, MAINE.**  
—O—  
Physicians' Prescriptions and Family  
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