

# The Bridgton Reporter.

CHARLES LAMSON  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION  
\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

VOL. V, NO. 2.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1862.

WHOLE NO. 208

THE  
Bridgton Reporter.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY  
C. LAMSON.

Letters must be addressed to the  
author. Communications intended for  
the editor, should be accompanied by the  
name of the author.

Advertisements. One square 16  
lines for three insertions 75 cents; 3 insertions  
for one month \$2.00; 6 months \$3.50; one  
year \$6.00; 1-4 column \$18.00; 1-2 column  
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He was looking finely that day, dressed  
in his most becoming suit of black, and  
had brought me, as a present, a very fine  
volume of poems for which he had heard  
me express a desire. He had traced a  
pretty original poem in pencil on the fly  
leaf, and it was evident he had studied to  
please me. This will be a severe mortifica-  
tion to him if I refuse it, thought I, and  
I accepted it very cordially.

Embodied by this, he went on to say  
how much he was at my service always  
and forever, and how delighted he should  
be if I would accept him also. I do not  
now remember the precise terms he used  
in that proposal, but it was all well ar-  
ranged and graceful, and wrought upon  
as I then was by my father's late entreaties,  
I accepted him.

I can never describe to you the strange  
sensation which followed the utterance of  
those words. When I attempted to look  
at him, those same glorious eyes, from  
whose gleaming depths the first ray of  
love-light had penetrated my soul, came  
between us, and I saw nothing more. He  
evidently thought it charmingly ro-  
mantic in me to faint at such a time, a  
circumstance which brought my father  
and mother back to the parlor, and I had  
no time to revoke my unhappy promise  
before Augustus came back for him and  
he bade us good night, and left, appar-  
ently in a very pleasant frame of mind.

When he was gone I broke down alto-  
gether, and told my parents how I had  
perjured my own soul, and had no more  
hopes of happiness in life. I did not tell  
them whose image stood between me and  
Rufus, it was sufficient that my whole  
nature revolted at the connection, and I  
dared not for his sake violate my inclina-  
tions toward him. My father begged me  
to wait a few days, and assure myself that  
it was not some groundless prejudice by  
which I was influenced, but true rather  
increased than diminished my repugnance,  
and on the third day I told my father  
that I could no longer endure such tor-  
tures of mind as I had felt for the past  
three days.

How I wished I had been constituted  
like the Luna, with the power to lay  
down my life when its burdens became  
too great, but I saw my father turn from  
me in grief and disappointment as he said  
—"you must decide for yourself, Jane,"  
and I still lived and suffered on. My  
mother pitied me, while she shared my  
father's disappointment; but I gathered  
strength amid it all to write a farewell to  
Rufus, and ask him to forgive me the  
great wrong I had done him.

About a week had elapsed when my  
father brought in a package mailed in a  
distant city to my address, and containing  
this note and this little box. I opened  
the package, but I had grown so weak  
and nervous that I commenced crying and  
dropped the note, which my mother took  
up and read aloud. I eye read it to you  
now with less emotion than I heard it  
then.

"Farewell, farewell! sweet dream of  
my boy-hood—thou last flow, like the  
visions of midnight away; and I look up  
on life, which was but a few days ago so  
full of promise to me, as a blight, and  
something to be endured rather than en-  
joyed. Perhaps, too, I have had ecstasy  
enough for one life-time, and its intensity  
makes amends for brevity; but all that  
remains to me now of existence seems  
hardly worth accepting.

You see, Jane, I had purchased our en-  
gagement ring, a little golden circlet  
set with pearls, and I fancied how proud  
and happy I should be when I placed it  
on your dainty finger as a token whereby  
I might establish a more extensive claim  
on a very distant day. But when that  
fatal note came to me—fatal to all my  
hopes in life, I exchanged that little ring  
for this ruby cross; and I think it would  
suit me better if those blood red stones  
were so many drops from my bleeding  
heart instead. Not that I would cast a  
blight upon your existence. No, I would  
rather suffer all that I now endure than  
cause you one pang; hence I thank you  
for your sincerity in telling me your true  
sentiments before it was too late. I can  
see how wrong that foolish it was in me  
to urge my suit against your manifest de-  
sire; but I vainly fancied that my own  
great love would conquer your indifference.  
The friendship you so kindly ex-  
tend to me now was all you ever had to  
bestow, and I accept it, assuring you that  
I shall never be less than a friend to you.  
And when this useless life of mine grows  
wearisome and merges into recklessness,  
which others will soon and condemn,  
tillation.—[Age]

your gentle heart will pity and forgive.—  
Again I say, farewell sweet dream of my  
boy-hood, and farewell Jennie—thou  
light of my soul, for to-morrow at dawn  
I shall make my home upon the billows.  
How we wept together then, my pa-  
rents and I, and I think that event estab-  
lished a bond of sympathy between us  
that extended through all our later years.  
Here aunt Jane paused, and wiping  
her spectacles with her silk apron, went  
about replacing the trinkets in her casket.  
"But don't stop there, aunt Jane, said  
I.

"I have told you the story of the ruby  
cross," she replied.  
"But you have introduced characters  
and left them entirely unfinished. What  
became of Mr. Nelson, and Fannie Ber-  
nard, and Rufus Gordon, and Augustus  
Coleman—in short, what became of you,  
aunt Jane?"

"I never saw Mr. Nelson again, but I  
heard from him a few years ago, still  
unmarried, and almost a recluse in his  
habits. Rufus Gordon visited several  
foreign countries, but at length returned  
to marry a woman far beneath him in so-  
cial position, with whom he leads, as far  
as I can learn, a quiet, respectable life,  
though his friends were deeply chagrined  
at the match.

The acquaintance between Fannie Ber-  
nard and Augustus Coleman, ripened into  
friendship, and from friendship into  
love, and Fannie, instead of yielding to  
the melancholy of her first disappoint-  
ment, took such a philosophic view of the  
thing, that she is one of the happiest,  
most loving of wives.

As for myself, after the succession of  
painful events I have narrated, my life  
took a more sober tinge, and I spent my  
time with my parents and a small circle  
of select friends. Rufus Gordon did not  
make me an offer of marriage, for many  
of the respectable bachelors and wid-  
owers who have proposed to take me for  
better or for worse, but I have never for a  
moment contemplated such a step, with-  
out feeling that same earnest glance bent  
upon me that I had met so many years  
ago at a boarding school, and as I said  
before, those same glorious eyes still come  
to me in dreams, and my spirit finds its  
companion with them.

Had it been my lot to occupy any other  
position in life than what the world  
terms an old maid, I must of necessity  
have been deprived in a measure, of the  
ability to watch over and care for my  
parents, as I found myself enabled to do  
in their declining years. The child of  
their youth, I grew to be the companion  
of their old age; and with deep and fond  
regret I saw them consigned to the bosom  
of mother earth, leaving me with no near  
kindred to whom I could look for sym-  
pathy.

The old homestead was very lonely to me  
then, and when my estates were fully set-  
tled, at their earnest solicitation, I went  
to reside with those dear friends of my  
childhood, who, for the sake of adding a  
little romance to my story, I have distin-  
guished by the names of Fanny Bernard  
and Augustus Coleman.

"My father and mother!" I exclaimed.  
"Yes," said aunt Jane, "and when my  
niece and name-sake comes in possession  
of her promised inheritance, she will find,  
among other articles, which she will be  
at perfect liberty to use as she pleases, a  
Ruby Cross.

THE CAMPHOR TREE. It is something  
more than a wonder that a tree, in itself  
so absolute, and so entirely susceptible of  
successful cultivation in the United  
States, should so long be totally neglected  
for its arboreal culture. As the camphor  
tree is quite as hardy as any of our apple  
trees, there is, perhaps, no good reason  
why it should not succeed well where-  
ever the apple tree will grow. It is in-  
digenous to all parts of China, Japan,  
Formosa, Borneo, Chinese Tartary, and  
flourishes even as far north as the Amou  
country; but it is found in the greatest  
abundance along the eastern coast of  
China, between Amoy and Shan ghai.

In the districts of Kwang-tung and Fuh-  
cheu it grows in dense forests, the trunks  
attaining a size equaling that of any of  
our North American forest trees. The  
principal market for the camphor lumber  
is Amoy, where I have measured boards  
thirty inches in width. The camphor  
gum of commerce does not, in any case,  
exude from the tree, as has been so gen-  
erally supposed, but is obtained from the  
leaves, twigs, and smaller roots, by dis-  
tillation.—[Age]

## CHAMPAGNE AND REAL PAIS.

BY O. P. Q.

This half-pungent collocation of words  
is very significant and very suggestive.  
I remember one champagne party, and  
expect to remember it as long as I live.  
There came more real pain as a conse-  
quence than was bargained for. It was  
just before I left college. There were  
three dashing young girls in the house  
where some of them boarded, each of  
whom had been made love to at least  
half a dozen times by over susceptible  
young men; but they still remained heart-  
free. And at the time of which I write,  
one of them was a special favorite in the  
eyes of two of the students, who hailed  
from the states of Mississippi and Ten-  
nessee. The young lady was coquettish,  
but really indifferent. Vanity made her  
enjoy her conquest, and trifle with her  
brave of lovers.

One splendid October day, we made up  
a riding party. Stopping at a tavern  
some ten miles from town, we ordered  
wine and refreshments. I would have  
demurred, could I have done so and not  
been misunderstood. As this was out of  
the question, I joined with apparent  
heartiness in the gay scene of festi-  
vity that followed. Toasts were drunk,  
songs sung, and stories told, the young  
ladies taking their part with a gay abandon  
that removed instead of imposing re-  
straint.

All at once there occurred a bod-  
ing stillness. We were yet at the table, I  
did not observe the cause, for my attention  
had been diverted by one of the girls  
ladies with whom I was talking. But,  
I was soon aware that something had been  
said by the student from Mississippi that  
had given deep offence to the one from  
Tennessee. I afterwards learned that the  
unfortunate words uttered under the ex-  
ception of the student, been intended to  
disparage the Tennesseean in the eyes of  
the young girl in whose good graces each  
were trying to win a place.

The countenance of my friend from  
Tennessee, whom I had known always as a  
mild, even-tempered young man, was  
almost livid with rage. He had a bottle  
in his hand, and was raising it as I looked  
up. Before there was time for inter-  
ference, he hurled the dangerous missile at  
the other, and striking him on one of his  
temples, dashed him insensible to the  
floor. The bottle crushed as it struck,  
and left a deep wound.

We were a sadder party when we re-  
turned than when we were in the morning's  
joyous going forth. A carriage conveyed  
the young man, who remained insensible,  
back to town. An immediate examina-  
tion of the wound was made by a surgeon,  
who detected a slight fracture and a  
slight depression of the bone. But his  
skill was not equal to the need. He was  
unable to restore the bone to its right po-  
sition, and to the grief and dismay of all  
parties, the young man remained insensi-  
ble. Days, weeks passed; but life con-  
tinued, hiding itself in the vital organs,  
and all attempts to force it to the ul-  
timate of the body, failed.

The painful duty of writing to the  
young man's friends devolved on me.—  
They came in all haste, and removed the  
student to New York, where the most  
skillful surgeons tried in vain the work of  
restoration. Two years the young man  
lingered in hopeless paralysis and then  
died.

Alas! but the evil did not stop here.—  
Another life had to be sacrificed. An  
older brother of the Mississippi, under  
a false notion of honor, demanded a meet-  
ing with the almost heart broken Tennessean,  
who went with him to the field of  
mortal combat, and received a ball into  
his heart, without even pulling the trigger  
of the pistol, which had been placed  
in his hand.

It was my last champagne party.—[Ar-  
thur's Home Magazine.

ELUCIDATION.—Elucidation consists in feel-  
ing a truth yourself and making those  
who hear you feel it. Oratory is not vo-  
luntariness; it is not stamping a hole in  
the platform, nor hearing all the dust out  
of the cushion of the pulpit; nor tearing  
off your coat tail in the violence of your  
passions, a la Givanni; it is not hold-  
ing the breath until the face is purple  
and the eyes bloodshot; it is not hang-  
ing through the teeth like the fangs of a  
foul, nor croaking down, then bound  
ing upward like a wild-cat springing on a  
jessum, nor ranting about from one  
side of the forum to another, until the  
skin is stretched in perspiration, and the  
body weakened into helplessness; you are  
not eloquent in this, unless it be for the  
grave, for it is suicidal.

How to get on.—To push on in the  
world, every male or female struggler  
must use his shoulders. It is a better place  
than yours presents itself just beyond  
your neighbor, elbow him and take it.—  
Look how a steadily purposed man or  
woman at a ball or exhibition, wherever  
there is a competition and a squeeze, gets  
the best place; the nearest the sovereign,  
if bent on kissing the royal hand; the  
closest to the grand stand, if minded to  
go to Ascot; the best view and hearing  
of the Rev. Mr. Thumpington when all  
the town is rushing to hear that exorci-  
stic divine; the largest quantity of ice, cha-  
mpagne, cold pale, or others in or out of  
favorite flesh pot, or gluttonously inclined,  
at a supper whence hundreds of people  
came empty away. A woman of the  
world will marry her daughter and have  
done with her, get her carriage and be  
at home and asleep in bed, while a third  
mamma has still her girl in the nursery,  
or is beseeching the servants in the cloak  
room to look for her shawls, which some-  
one else has whisked away with an air of  
importance. What a man has to do in society  
is to assert himself. Is there a good place  
at the table? Take it. At the treasury  
or home office? Ask for it. Do you  
want to go to a party to which you are  
not invited? Ask to be asked. Ask A.,  
ask B., ask Mrs. C., ask everybody you  
know; you will be thought a bore, but  
you will have your own way. What  
matter if you are considered obtrusive,  
provided you obtrude. By pushing stead-  
ily, ninety nine people in a hundred  
will yield to you. Only command per-  
sons, and you may be pretty sure that a  
good number will obey. If your neigh-  
bor's foot obstructs you, stamp on it, and  
do you suppose he won't take it away?  
—William Makepeace Thackeray.

—The following dialogue occurred in a  
man of letters' sanctum, in England.—  
A distinguished editor was in his study.

A long thin, ghastly-visaged gentleman  
was announced. With an asthmatic voice,  
but in a tone of studied civility, for  
otherwise the editor would have trans-  
fixed him with a fiery paragraph at the  
moment, the stranger said—"Sir, your journal  
of yesterday contained a false inter-  
view." "Impossible, sir! But tell me  
what you allude to?"  
"True."  
"Condemned!"  
"Very true,"  
"Haug!"  
"Most true."

"Now, sir, I am the gentleman him-  
self."  
"Impossible!"  
"I assure you it is a fact; and now I  
hope that you will contradict what you  
have alleged."  
"By no means, sir."  
"Now, what do you mean?" you are  
dismayed?  
"I may be so, sir, but I will not do it."  
"I will complain to a magistrate."  
"As you please, but I never retract."  
"The most that I can do for you is to an-  
nounce that the rope broke, and that  
you are in perfect health. I never de-  
ceive."

—After all, ugliness is only a whim  
and a fancy. Beauty is in the eye of the  
beholder, some one says, and I am inclined  
to think there is much of mere philo-  
sophy in that idea. Not many days  
ago, I chance to hear a conversation  
between two colored damsels. One of  
them had been for many months away  
from any of her race and color. In  
speaking to her sister of this exile,  
she said, "Oh, Sally! how my heart did  
jump when I saw once more some lovely  
black faces." After which remark,  
she turned away satisfied that somehow her  
two might be considered a beauty. Love of  
physical beauty is an inborn instinct with  
most people; and yet when the great End  
cometh, what will beauty be? Only the  
beauty of pure hearts and white robes  
will avail then. Quaint old Tertullian  
says, "The census of God is eternity."  
So, when the great Census Taker comes,  
let us be ready with beauty of purity and  
goodness rather than of face or form.—  
[Correspondent of the Home Journal.

Sue had Them There.—A lady in  
town chances to be unfortunate in the  
opinion of some of her neighbors. A  
physician has of late been necessitated to  
visit her family rather frequently. There  
being no hitching post before the lady's  
door, the doctor several times fastened his  
horse to a neighbor's residence. This he  
was shortly warned not to do again.  
So, when next the Esculapian made his  
appearance, he asked the lady, who was  
at one of the windows of the house,  
where he should "tie up." "Let the  
horse stand," was the prompt reply; "the  
neighbors will watch him for you."  
Enough of those same neighbors heard  
the complimentary remark—we only  
hope it did them good.—[Ex.

## Agricultural Department

FARM.

Implements—the thrifty man will not  
only know where they are, but see that  
they are never exposed to rusting or rot-  
ting by dews and rains. As a rule, tools  
are depreciated more by exposure than  
ware. A hint to set the reader to think-  
ing on the subject is all we have room for  
here.

In-Door.—Does your wife blister her  
fingers trying to cut cloth with dull,  
loose-riveted shears or scissors? A ham-  
mer for the rivet, and a whetstone or  
grindstone, on a file will brighten the  
edge and wife and daughter's counte-  
nance at the same time. Then, there are  
the dull knives; how much arm work  
and vexation they make in haggling  
meat. Desert the talking regiment at  
the store or post-office some night, and  
fix up housekeeping tools; do it often,  
and your notions will be dealt out more  
regularly, and in better shape. Finely  
cut lard (lard and potatoes) is a good,  
wholesome food, particularly for those  
who have sore teeth; but it is hard work  
to cut it fine with a dull chopping knife.  
Keep that tool sharp. Hile's meat cut-  
ter is cheap (\$2 1/2 to \$4) and will cut  
more lard or sausage meat, in five min-  
utes, than you can cut with an ordinary  
chopping bowl in fifty minutes, and do  
the work better. It will cut the meat  
and potatoes together. Do you want an  
intelligent wife and children? Then let  
them read the papers, and talk with them  
about the news of the day. The boy  
should be hard at work farming, while  
king Jack Frost has his hands tied.—  
Study the agricultural papers and books  
instead of merely reading them. In  
studying over a hundred pages, you will  
be likely to hit upon a hint or two, or  
get a thought that will result in a  
hundred dollars profit. The only money  
we ever have made in farming, garden-  
ing or publishing, has resulted from  
plans laid while sitting in the dark, or  
lying in bed thinking. Hard work which  
ought thought may keep you from starva-  
tion; hard work with well digested  
plans may yield a competence. Get from  
books and papers all of other men's  
thoughts you can; it won't impoverish  
them, while enriching you.

Leaves from the forest.—Every one  
knows the value of black soil from the  
forest for fruit trees, and for the garden  
generally. It is equally good for the field  
crops. This material is only the decayed  
leaves mixed with a little of the sur-  
face soil. It will pay to collect all the  
leaves accessible, for the manure heap,  
for the hog pen, and for the horse and  
cow stalls. Hens they will furnish a  
good fertilizing material; or they will  
be a good mulch (both protection and  
manure if spread on the soil around fruit  
trees; in the forest they may take fire,  
and destroy much valuable timber.

Manures—a gill of foul water from the  
barnyard, or a handful of manure (ani-  
mal droppings, decayed straw, leaves or  
muck) put into a hill will produce at  
least one more good ear of corn; a hun-  
dred gills of liquid, or a hundred hand-  
fuls of the manure, will produce a hun-  
dred ears. How about a hundred bushels  
more? Every possible shovel-load of manure  
that can be collected or made anywhere on  
the premises, should be cared for. Let  
the imagination dwell upon a mountain  
of good manure next spring, and finery  
the result it will yield; then make a  
business this Winter, beginning to day,  
of increasing the mountain to the largest  
possible size, and having it of the best  
possible quality. Gather up the frag-  
ments; see to it that not an ounce of vag-  
etable or animal matter be permitted to  
waste its gases in the air, nor a gill of  
brown liquid to run to waste from the  
yard or stables, or privy. It pays to  
save it all to be placed in the soil to nour-  
ish growing plants.

Plowing in Autumn is highly beneficial  
The new soil turned up (and some should  
be every year,) is ameliorated by frost.—  
The herbage turned under is saved; on  
the surface much of it would be lost in  
decay, or washed away by rain or melting  
snows. Soils plowed now are dry and  
warm at an early day in spring, and  
ready to plant or sow sooner. Plow up now  
every acre possible.  
Pumpkins—Avoid fences in fall; get  
sown in a cool dry place, always free  
from frost; remove seeds when fed; dry  
as directed last month.—American Agri-  
culturist.



## The Bridgton Reporter.

CHARLES LAWSON, Editor.

BRIDGTON Friday, November 21, 1892.

## EXHIBITION AT NORTH BRIDGTON.

The Fall Term of the Bridgton Academy closed, with much eclat, in an admirable Exhibition, on Friday evening of last week. We do not propose to give a minute report of the exercises of the occasion, but to speak of them in general terms.

In the first place, it is due to the Institution to say that it has, generally, the rare faculty of getting up good and entertaining exhibitions. It excels, in this matter, all the schools which exhibitions we have attended. We do not weary in a three hours' sitting, when the scholars of our good Academy flower out at the end of their Fall Term. Their exercises never "come tardily off," neither do they falter or limp, through their dialogues, their declamations, their recitations, their musical parts, and their compositions. Their preparation is generally complete. Their merit in this matter is not simply negative, but positive. The audience is not merely called upon to good naturedly endure, but it is really entertained with a most pleasing and enlivening variety of intellectual performance—performances that are creditable to themselves. This uniform success in the Exhibitions of this School is due somewhat to many of the good people of North Bridgton, who have no connection with the Academy or scholars. These people enter heartily into every thing that tends to secure the success of their school. They fraternize with the scholars, and thus make their stay at the Institution socially desirable. The school, and scholars, have no more efficient friend, for instance, than is Mr. Albert Gould, the excellent chemist and artist of that village, who enters most heartily into every good work that tends to make things go off pleasantly as well as profitably. Rev. Mr. Harris, too, has a deep regard for the welfare of the scholars, as we learn, and has a happy faculty of rendering himself agreeable and useful to them. Dr. Gould and Mr. T. H. Mead have always been efficient friends of the Academy, as have many other residents of North Bridgton whom we might mention.

But to this special Exhibition: It commenced with a beautiful and appropriate Cant by Miss Odlin and Miss Stevens, accompanied by Miss Abbott on the piano. This was followed by an appropriate prayer from Rev. Mr. Harris. The opening address by Hiram Gage was both well written and spoken. It was in good measure historical of the Academy, and interested us in particular. It spoke of the year when the present building was erected. We remember well, for the reason that we, then a small shaver, used to watch the progress of the work, with much exultation, from our old master Carter's sheep pasture, situate a mile or so north of the Academy. We then entertained (living at that period of our days some literary aspirations) the expectation of attending the Institution, and it seemed to us as if it would be "the very gate of Heaven to us." But alas! we didn't have the precious privilege of learning anything in that school.

Of the few compositions read, we can have nothing to say, as we could not, from our remote position in the meeting house, hear one word distinctly. The crowd was very great, and a little noisy, as persons will be when jammed so closely together. The musical part of the entertainment was especially good and unexceptionable. We mean no disparagement to the other singers when we name Miss Odlin of Concord N. H., as being a very fine singer. She has an especial gift in this regard, and will yet attain distinction as a singer. Miss Stevens, too, has a good voice and musical culture. She contributed much to the interest of the occasion. To Miss Abbott, the musical instructor of the Academy, much of course is due for the admirable training which the singers manifested. We surely, except from the masters of the art divine, never listened to better music than the scholars gave us on that occasion. The audience, so far as we could learn, were unanimous in regarding the music excellent. The comic parts, always popular, were capably "done" by Thos. Chadbourne,

and Miss Griffin. Thos gave us a very life-like rendering of the great ATTEMAS. Would that he could have been present and seen himself so well reflected! Chadbourne's burlesque of the Sufferer before "Gen. McClellan," was very amusing, and showed a good perception of the ludicrous. The *figure* of the honest trader was unique. Mr. Heald's plan of the Campaign was stupendous! and quite as feasible as those offered by the General's many critics.

Miss Griffin showed very good acting talent in the part of the Irish woman, whose alternate scolding and whimpering on account of the absence of her boy, was characteristic and amusing. The closing of the scene "brought down the house!" Fun comes into an exhibition of this kind with a deal of relish, if there be comical talent enough among the exhibitors to make it genuine. It was good on the occasion under notice.

But it will serve no good end for us to particularize further in this report. We were delighted with the whole affair, and with all who participated in it. The young ladies who recited poems, are sweet little poems themselves—much more charming than are the poems they read. This from a young fellow might sound like meaningless gallantry; but from a grave old man like cursing the girls may regard it as a deliberate and sincere compliment.

In "The Comedy of Seclusion," they presented a fine appearance, and acted their parts to the life. The whole thing was well conceived and played.

The closing address, though measured and formal, was nevertheless creditably done.

We had no time to attend the previous examination of the scholars in the school room, but have no doubt that they acquitted themselves well. The Term, we hear, has been a progressive one, and does honor to the Principal, Mr. O. E. Hilton, and his associates, Mr. Hantress, Miss Abbott, and Miss Gibbs. The Board of Instruction, judging from what we hear, was never better than at present. Mr. Hilton is a townsman, and takes, of course, a lively interest in the educational progress of his native town, and a pride in it as a center of learning. Long may it prosper.

## ROAD-ANA.

It is well worth the time of any observing man to occasionally take a journey on foot. All the better if he goes dressed ordinarily, and has the appearance of walking to church. The first thing to be decided is which side of the road to take. If he is a prudent turn of mind, he will take the "right as the law directs," to be on the safe side and not have to turn out too much. While you are fresh and before the legs have become weary, your eyes are instantly wandering to take in all the varied beauties, and you are just becoming absorbed in some distant view, when the sound of approaching carriage wheels arouses you, and you find suddenly to notice the vehicle and its occupants. The former may be a well-dressed, well-washed, lively team, and the latter, a young couple taking a pleasant ride. As they pass, young America gives you a very comely-looking look, which says, "don't you wish you could ride?" and young America feminine gives you a hasty glance, as if her lip proudly, and turns her eyes lovingly upon her companion.

Then you will meet the elderly man of wealth, tramping with his family and his own team. If he is a mere snob he and his waddle family will treat you contemptuously, but if he is a gentleman, you will receive a look of genuine pity.

As you approach a house you will be announced by the incessant barking of the dog, which will say, at you, bark, and keep up his yelling till you are nearly out of sight. Your first impulse is to take a stone and cut the existence of the cur, but a second thought says, "let him alone, he is like so many men, all noise but no deeds, if you pay no attention to them they are harmless"—notice them, and they may soil your garments with their dirt. If you take the trip in the fall you will meet market men quite often. One is always whistling and happy, feeling no intent of getting any price. His genial countenance assures you that he will endeavor to get the "quarter of a cent" and other things for "another," the school book for Joan, and also a few tin snips for Sam. And when he returns, you know that the *war* *supper* will wait, and that there will be no one happy family.

Ten chances to one, the very next man you meet will be a sour old cuckold, who will make a hearty laugh at the "Cuckoo," and whose return home he met by the piano of the wife, and that approaches by the children, till they learn whether "father" is good or bad.

The "ast man" will come dashing along, not more likely than to drive on you, with a loud, and so close that you are obliged to go out into the gutter to save your toes. Then there is the moon-winking man, who

thinks everything by the standard of the dollar. As he passes you he signs you from head to foot, and his look says more harshly than words—*seeley*; and you are almost sure to get a living by his *brains*. But! just like a three minute horse, smart enough to make a show but never smart enough to win.

Bye and bye the legs begin to get weary and you look wistfully at the passer-by, hoping that somebody will ask you to ride. Hark! there is the sound of wheels coming, you look back and see that one occupant in the carriage. "Ah, here's a chance, he will surely invite me in," you exclaim, and you assume a worried air as possible, to excite his sympathy. But no, that old pharisee lives past without even looking at you. And so they continue till you fill you begin to get discouraged and to think some rather wicked thoughts against humanity in general, and people on that road in particular, when the good Samaritan comes along, and takes you into his carriage. At your new seat, in somewhat rested, you think over its incidents, and the most provoking of all was where the geese ran after you, thrust out their homely necks and *hissed* you so. Oh, how it did try your temper, and what destructive feelings were up for a moment, but then you wisely thought, "Let them hiss, if I attack them I shall only make a *ghost* of myself." And so a retrospect of the whole convinces you that quite a little stock of philosophy may be needed in performing a journey on foot.

ALBERT GOULD'S PHOTOGRAPHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—One of the chief attractions of North Bridgton Village is the above named establishment. The building itself is spacious and neatly modelled, and in full keeping with the use for which it was designed. The operating room is large and convenient, with light arranged in the best possible manner to secure good impressions of the "human face divine." All the appointments of this important room are such, in point of peculiar convenience, as only a skillful operator and chemist could devise. In respect to size and convenience, this is probably the best room for taking pictures in the State, if not in New England. This may be saying a good deal, but Mr. Gould is not only a good operator, but a very thorough chemist. So much for this department of his Establishment. The drawing room or parlour, with its operating department. It is 13 by 23 feet. Looks out pleasantly upon the main street of the village, and is appropriately decorated with some excellent paintings by Miss Gibbs and others.

In connection with his Photographic Rooms, Mr. Gould has an extensive Chemical Laboratory—a shop where the student of science of chemistry is diligently questioned by Mr. Gould, who is an ardent devotee.

This is Mr. Gould's central business—Photography is only an incident in his chemical operations. He prepares chemicals for artists far and near. He is a chemist by profession, and we may say by nature, as the science is the delight of his life. His shop is extensive, possessing all the facilities for various chemical resources and experiments. Having ample means at his command to obtain the requisite fixtures for a first class laboratory, and knowing, too, exactly what was wanted, it may be supposed that he is in every respect adapted for extensive and the most advanced chemical operations. We are proud that such an Establishment has its location in our town, and that we can boast of one really scientific man—one who loves science for its own sake.

In addition to his large Laboratory and Photographic Rooms, Mr. Gould's new building contains a roomy and very convenient Hall, admirably adapted for lecturing, concerts, musical reunions, and dramatic readings. The whole establishment is, in a word, an honor, a convenience, and an ornament to the town and especially to the village of North Bridgton. What more graceful and useful, useful pendant could the Academy of that beautiful place have than this Establishment? As a local journalist, we hail with pleasure anything in this vicinity that calls us "up higher" into the realm of science and art. The mass of letters and the mass of science is the real benefactor of his fellow citizens, and to him all our honors should be gratefully rendered.

If we were less accustomed to magnify the duties assigned us, we should go about our daily toil with less reluctance, and what we term the burdens of life, so far from depressing us, would sit lightly on our shoulders, and become ornaments instead of impediments.

Heroism is not confined to the ranks of battle. There are tests of courage and strength without the stimulating influences which the pomp and circumstance of war affords; daily struggles and combats, and the world forgets to applaud the victor. There is some excitement in doing a brave act while scores are cheering and encouraging the actor, but when a strong array of evil passions and habits challenge the individual to single and secret combat, all but the true hero shrink from the contest.

EXORCISM WICKEDNESS.—A man up in New Hampshire says, "the most wicked thing he ever did in his life, was when he got snow in his sup, and boiled it down, and sold it for good sugar."

Why is a newspaper like a sleepy ass?

Because it cannot be got up without the use of a tick.

The following is the biographical notice of Gen. Ingalls, briefly alluded to last week. It is from the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Rafus Ingalls, United States Army, Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac, entered West Point as Cadet in 1839, and graduated in 1843. He was born in Denmark, Maine, August 23, 1820; was first sent to duty in Louisiana, with the celebrated 11th regiment, formerly Second Dragoons, now the Second Cavalry, and served under the late Rebel General Twiggs, on the border of Texas, when that State was a Republic.

In the year 1834, he was promoted to a Lieutenant in the First Dragoons, and joined that regiment at Fort Leavenworth, in May of that year. At the breaking out of the Mexican War, he was Adjutant of that post, which was most of the time under General Kearney, and assisted in mustering in and drilling Doniphan's famous regiment. He marched, afterwards, to New Mexico with General Kearney, where he served in various parts of the Territory until the autumn of 1849, when he was relieved and ordered to California.

He was present in the conflict at Embudo and Pueblo de Taos, during the insurrection in the early part of 1847; and when Captain Burgeson fell in the latter battle, February 4th, 1847, he was by his side, and assumed command of the Regulars on the field. He was brevetted for "gallantry and good conduct" on that occasion.

In January, 1849, he was made a Captain in the Quartermaster's Department, and in April following sailed for California, via Cape Horn, with the 6th regiments that went to that coast. He served at Monterey, San Francisco and Los Angeles until May, 1849, when he went to Columbia river to prepare for the arrival and accommodation of our troops, about arriving there for the first time.

He served in Oregon until 1852, when he was sent, for a short time, to Fort Yuma, on the Colorado, to organize the Quartermaster's Department there. In 1853 he was ordered to Washington, where he remained on duty until the spring of 1859, when he left and crossed the Continent, by the South Pass and Great Salt Lake City, to San Francisco, under the command of Col. Steptoe.

His services on this expedition were of a meritorious character, and his successful conduct of the affairs of the Post, Commissary and Quartermaster's Departments elicited the highest commendations of the Quartermaster-General and Secretary of war.

He returned by Panama to Washington, at the termination of the expedition, in October, 1859, and remained on duty there until the following February, when he was again ordered to the North-west Coast. He resumed duty at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia river, on the 10th of March, 1860, when the whole country was being desolated by the bloody Indian wars of that period. For the two succeeding years he was engaged in fighting out the many expeditions against the hostile Indians, who were not subdued until the fall of 1859, by Gen. Wright. He served under Gen. Heintz during his tour there, and remained on duty until late in 1860, when he returned to Washington.

He served with great distinction on the Pacific coast, where he is well known to all for his sterling social qualities and prompt business habits. He was a pioneer on that coast, and has witnessed its unexampled rise and prosperity. He considers the banks of the Columbia his home. He was one of the first in those troubles to urge prompt measures to crush the Rebellion before it had time to assume dangerous dimensions.

Before the attack on Fort Sumter he sailed with the command of Colonel Brown, as his Chief Quartermaster, to reinforce Fort Pickens, where he served until July, 1861, when he was withdrawn, and ordered to duty as Chief Quartermaster on the south side of the Potomac, at Arlington, where his duties were laborious and responsible, and where he served with signal success, in consideration of which he was appointed Aide-de-camp, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel to General McClellan, August 28, 1861.

When it was decided by General McClellan to move against Richmond by the Peninsula, Colonel Ingalls was appointed to take the direct charge of the transportation and supplies of his army.

It is well known to all who have been with the army what his labors have been, with what judgment and promptness every want has been anticipated in the changing of depots from Fortress Monroe, via Ship Point, Cheverman's Creek, Yorktown and the White House, on the Pamunkey, around to Harrison's Landing, on the James river with numerous fleets of vessels and trains of wagons.

On the 12th of January, 1862, he was made a major in the Quartermaster's Department, by act of Congress, for fourteen years' faithful service in that department, and on the retirement of General Van Vliet, Colonel Ingalls was announced as Chief Quartermaster of the army of the Potomac.

It will thus be seen that since his entrance into the army, for more than twenty years, he has been constantly on duty, and always in positions of trust and importance. In and out of the army his record is without a blemish, and his reputation is irreproachable. He is now a Brigadier General by virtue of real merit, and unlike many others who have had promotions to excited rank thrust upon them, or who have obtained it through political friends, he has risen to his present grade by his own individual exertions and acknowledged meritorious services.

## Our Spice Mill.

We like to see medical impostors, who go about the country robbing people by palming their worthless nostrums upon them, taken down a peg or two, and their ignorance exposed.

A case occurred the other day worth reading. One of those itinerant ignoramuses called on a merchant and wanted to sell him some snuff. Merchant is up to snuff himself, saw through the man at a glance, and resolved upon exposing him. We will give the conversation in the language of the parties.

Merchant—Are you a physician?

Doctor—Yes sir, I have practiced several years.

Merchant—Well, sir, have you taken to practicing for Catarrh as a specialty?

Doctor—Yes, sir, and I understand it, too, from beginning to end. I have cured cases that had been given up by all the Boston doctors!

Merchant—Indeed! then you must understand that troublesome malady thoroughly, and as I have been afflicted with it a long time, you are just the man I want to see!

Doctor—I can cure you, sure.

Merchant—In my case it is hereditary, and now, doctor, I want you to give me a scientific explanation of the effect upon the second generation, if the disease is not promptly attended to.

Doctor—"I will do that with pleasure. If you neglect hereditary Catarrh, and do not attend to it in season, it will soften the Peter-God-Process, fall down on the Brouchitis, and end in consumption!"

Courting is a great Institution, particularly in the back country towns of New England. The most prominent feature of the business is what is called *sitting up*, which consists in the gentleman's going to the residence of the lady about dark Sunday evening, and staying in the parlor with her until the wee sun's hours of Monday morning. When a couple have been raised within two rods of each other from infancy, been playmates, schoolmates, and almost as closely associated as brother and sister, when they take it into their heads to marry each other, a due process of courtship must be gone through with, as though wasting a certain amount of midnight oil was an essential preparatory step.

One old couple within the limits of our acquaintance ventured to get married without the preliminary step, and everybody was holding up their hands in holy horror, exclaiming "Dear me! but he never courted her!"

Another couple, more observant of customs, were both employed as help in a large family, she as cook and housemaid, and he had charge of the stock, made the fires—in short was generally useful about the household. Notwithstanding this constant association, it was thought necessary by this worthy couple to dress up in their best clothes every Sunday evening, and sit up by the kitchen fire till near daylight Monday morning. And this custom has resolved, in the course of human events, a single intend marriage, a due process of courtship is quite as essential as the services of the minister or justice.

There used to be a young fellow by the name of Watkins in Washington, N. H., who was a little nose comp, and was generally the victim of all the jokes, and especially E. J. Healy. One day Watkins went puffing into the store where there was quite a crowd, Healy among the rest. "Eq-said Watkins, 'how big a hole can a fox go through?' " "O a fox can go through a pretty small hole," replied Healy. "Well, how big?" repeated Watkins. "A fox can squeak through a hole as small as my arm," Healy said. "Well, by jolly, you E. J., can't he go through a bigger one?" exclaimed Watkins.

"O, papa, said little Lucy, turning back in great haste from her way to school, 'I want my pencil, please, that I lent you yesterday. I can't do without it no longer now. I had to borrow Jane's, and she so many times yesterday, and the teacher says we mustn't borrow such things, it makes so much confusion in school.'"

"Well, here it is my dear, take it and run along or you'll be late to school."

"O, have you got it? I thought you had lost it. Well, you may keep it, for I've got another, and I don't have to use one now either."

YOUNG AMERICA STILL LIVES.—A few evenings since a party of children were assembled in this place, when the nine o'clock bell announced the closing hour of the merry gathering.

One little boy had obtained the consent of a little girl to escort her home, but in going to the door he learned that his brother had similar designs upon the same little miss, whereupon a downright quarrel began; and before it was ended a third member of the disputed fair one took her in charge, and marched off with her.

CEREMONIES.—A cast off glove from the hand of Providence.

Some shattered spokes from the wheel of time.

A broken tooth from the mouth of a cave.

A look of hair from the head of a pond.

A few stray links from the chain of circumstances.

An infallible recipe for sweetening bitter memories.

## Camp Correspondence.

## LETTER FROM CAMP.

CAMP GROVER, Near the Monksbury Co., Md., Nov. 18, 1892.

Dear Reporter.—Your portmanteau has trumped me last; but as I promised to try to do so. We reached last night, and shall probably stay in a day or two. We will follow the Potomac to Washington. I think that as near Chain Bridge, we will over into the sacred city.

Notice. We hear rumors of movement in our army, but nothing definite. It, but nothing definite. At 10 o'clock before we get sight of a few regulars, way to Washington; our lines on Friday. I have been from one of them as will send it to the Editor. They conversed freely of their recent sentiments; this war would not be a paper. They said they were honest men, but they were not. They acknowledged that they were not honest men, but they were not. They acknowledged that they were not honest men, but they were not.

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## Correspondence.

FROM CAPT. H. C. LAMONT, NEAR GREAT FALLS, N. H., Nov. 11, 1862.

Nothing of the kind has occurred since I promised to write you. I think the object is to get the object of the war.

We have lived in the same house for two years. We are in the same house for two years.

I think the object is to get the object of the war. I think the object is to get the object of the war.

There is not such a thing as a free lunch. There is not such a thing as a free lunch.

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It is not every editor who gets what he asks for, and even more. Bro. Elwell asked us to send him a pint of beer. We sent a quart. When you eat them, Bro. E., think of the fact that Truth is contained in a nut-shell—and seek it with the simplicity with which you will endeavor to lead the "meats" of those cuts of their shell. You will be happy.

By the way, we tried the other day that best makes excellent coffee, when roasted and ground like the variable berry. Try it, Bro. E. We would do so, but we sent you all we have.

Patrick had been saving wool quite rightly all the morning, when, suddenly, he dropped his saw, and burst into a most curious fit of laughter, which threatened to burst out in buttons and button holes. His master, hearing his but peals of mirth, hastened to leave the cause.

Wass Patrick could not say his words enough to speak, he replied—Och, and its something Mike told me father in the old country, and if I did not remember what it was.

Tas Hyacinth Teacher.—The Nov. number of this highly useful paper contains many truly valuable and interesting articles. Among the latter class is the continuation of rambling Reminiscences by R. T. Trail, M. D.

The many important suggestions regarding the promotion and preservation of health given in acceptable style, under the efficient management of the above named Dr. Trail.

THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER.—Although it contains fewer illustrations than usual it is not lacking in scientific interest. A portrait of Brig. Gen. W. F. Smith, and a likeness of the bust of James Greely are the only cuts the present number contains, but this column is occupied by able articles from the pens of R. T. Thomas Hill, Ward Beecher, Horace Greely, and other writers of ability.

We learn that some very entertaining dramatic exhibitions are to be got up this winter under the auspices of the North Bridgton Band.

We hope that this will be done, for this community needs some amusement of this kind. There is excellent dramatic talent at North Bridgton.

Arthur's Home Magazine for DECEMBER is upon our table, and the present number does honor to the established reputation of this periodical. You, who are seeking an additional charm for the winter fire-side, cannot do better than to send for Arthur's Home Magazine.

"Steel your heart, my dear," said an anxious mother to his daughter, who was about to visit a military encampment.

"Alas! dear father, it is already stolen," was the innocent reply.

Who is the one who has been changed since the creation?

The bed of the Ocean.

What is one of the strongest fortifications of the Southern Confederacy?

Stone walls.

GENERAL AND MRS. McCLELLAN.—[From the Washington Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald Tribune.] Sweet Mrs. McClellan, with the pretty and pleasant manner, has often been watched for in the midst of a crowd—some pleasant word for each one, kindness and consideration for all—and her name, and seemingly happy, too; but I can never in my mind to the happy part! There is a hovering, anxious look in her eyes, which she would not let us know. And no wonder that it is so. She would not be full of thought, who is a mother is exposed to the dangers which give her husband? You would smile, could I tell you all the enthusiasm for our brave, young General. I am glad that you are, and not a bit of the Laura Matilda in style; and yet, the blood is warmer in my veins when I remember the calm grace and dignity which outshone that noble lie. Did you know such quiet meekness and reverence under their tall and undecorated uniforms? I tell you, that man must and will make his mark upon the granite of the age—make a mark which future historical geologists will regard with a wonder—a testimony of the rock that our children's children will reverence as we now do the memory of Washington, or any other great military of humanity. An old German proverb tells us that the miller's gold grain shows, but that their grinding is very true and sure. So I hope that even now the mills of God may be grinding our dear country slowly, but very true and sure. Scouring the earth from the waste, dispersing the darkness and bringing us the golden days once more.

MEXICO IN CALIFORNIA.—The recent discovery of silver mines in Mariposa County causes much excitement. Over 600 claims are located on a line of 35 miles long, some of which are partly owned, and from which choice specimens of rock yield \$500 a ton, giving into estimated parties much confidence in the value of the discovery. There is such a rage for discovering new mines that companies are organized, and selling stock before the companies take place. The mining companies organized in San Francisco within a few days have a capital of \$1,000,000 of our money, and are now in the country slowly, but very true and sure. Scouring the earth from the waste, dispersing the darkness and bringing us the golden days once more.

THE WINTER term will commence on Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1862, and continue seven weeks.

C. E. HILTON, A. M. Principal.

T. H. MEAD, Sec'y.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office unclaimed for Nov. 15th 1862.

LADIES: Ellen L. Mayberry, 2; C. W. Simpson, 2; R. S. Roy, 2; Charles F. Allen, 2; BENJAMIN, 2; Andrew J. Mayberry, 2; Thomas O. Rice, 2; Gordon M. Hicks, 2; LUTHER BILLINGS Postmaster.

There are 411 Post-mistresses in the United States. If there were 14,011 it would be a well for the Post Office department and the people.

ADVANCE IN THE PRICE OF NEWSPAPERS.—The Detroit Tribune, New London, Chronicle, Hartford Press and Hartford Courant have increased their rates on account of the great advance in paper and everything else in making a newspaper.—Newburyport Herald.

## Marriages.

In Brownfield, Nov. 16, by Thomas P. Cleave, Esq., Mr. William H. Morley to Miss L. Adams, both of Brownfield.

## BRIDGTON MARKET.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE REPORTER.]

Hay,	\$12 to 13 00
Eggs,	8 to 12
Cheese,	5 to 6
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,	20
Corn,	20
Flour,	\$9 00 to 9 50
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,	4 50
Red Top,	\$1 to 1 10
Herds Grass,	\$2 50
Potatoes,	25 to 33
Wool,	50 to 60

## New Advertisements.

## NEW STOCK! NEW GOODS!

A. M. NELSON, Has just received from Boston a new stock

—OF—

BROADCLOTHS, CASHMERES,

DOESKINS, FLANNELS, PRINTS,

AND DELAINES,

With all the fixtures necessary to comprise a complete stock of

DRY GOODS?

Which will be sold low. [Also, a prime assortment of

CROCKERY, GLASS.]

—AND—

Hard-Ware!

With a general assortment of

GROCERIES!

—ALSO—

Carpetings, Paper-Hangings, &c., &c.

and 29621f

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,

—AND—

CUTLERY?

also for sale.

Earners Produce always taken in exchange for goods.

Next to ALGERNON S. WEBB.

Arrears of Pay

—AND—

BOUNTY MONEY OF SOLDIERS

Secured by

S. M. HARMON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BRIDGTON, MAINE.

Office in Temperance Building

BRIDGTON ACADEMY,

—OF—

NORTH BRIDGTON, MAINE.

THE Winter term will commence on Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1862, and continue seven weeks.

C. E. HILTON, A. M. Principal.

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## Portland Advertisements.

H. H. HAY,

DEALER IN

Medicines, Chemicals,

Apothecaries' Glass Ware,

Perfumery, Leeches, Trusses,

PURE WINES AND LIQUEURS, (For Medical and Mechanical uses)

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

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

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

Portland, June 27, 1862.

—OF—

CARPET

WARE-HOUSE!

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

CARPETINGS,

—LATEST STYLES—

In Velvet, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry,

Ingrain, Superfine and Stair

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS;

all widths.

Straw Mattings, Rugs, Mats, &c.

Gold-Embroidered 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. Burghin,

Chambers No. 1 and 2, Free Street Block.

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

25 PORTLAND, ME.

R. J. D. LARRABEE & CO.,

69 Exchange Street, —PORTLAND, ME.

Importers and dealers in

ARTIST'S MATERIALS.

—AND—

ENGRAVINGS,

—AND—

PICTURE FRAMES!

Particular attention paid to

Framing Paintings and Engravings.

In any desirable style

Burnishing and 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.

DOLE & MOODY,

General Commission Merchants

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Flour, Corn and Produce,

No. 5 GALT BLOCK, COMMERCIAL STREET.

AND PORTLAND.

Aug. 22d, 1862.

—OF—

STAGE NOTICE.

Stage leaves Bridgton Center for Portland

Daily at 7 A. M., passing through North

Bridgton, Harrison and Norway, to South

Bridgton, thence by Railroad to Portland, and

arrives in Portland at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Returning, leaves Portland at 7 o'clock, P. M.

at 11 A. M. for South Portland, thence by

stage to Norway, Harrison, North Bridgton,

and Bridgton Center, arriving at Bridgton

at 7 o'clock, P. M.

The above stage runs to Falmouth, Monday,

Wednesday and Friday Evenings. Returning to

Bridgton, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday

days, in season for stage to South Portland

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

cars for a free ride to the extra charge.



## Fun and Sentiment

A GREEN SENTINEL.—A drafted man, on guard says the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, at Camp Howe, yesterday, hailed Col. Stockton as he was passing, thus: "Say, here, who the— are you?" Col. S.—"I believe I'm Colonel of a regiment." Sentinel—"The—you are, Colonel, give us a clow tobacco." After getting a supply of the weed, he stuck his musket in the ground, and very complacently remarked, "It's rather wet out here, believe I'll go in and set down awhile, and went to his quarters."

"Mamma," said an inquisitive little lady of six summers, "what makes the sea so hot in a storm?" "Not my dear?" mamma answered, "what makes you think it is hot?" "Why, mamma, I have just been reading about the boiling waves."

—Said a Pennsylvanian recently:—"I sought the direction of Heaven and I heard a voice saying unto me 'go,' and I was on the point of going when Gov. Curtin countermanded the order!"

—The dove recoiled, did not return to Noah with the olive branch, till the second time of her going forth; why, then, should you despond at the failure of a first attempt.

—The most sudden change of base recorded in this war is that of a party of Maine soldiers who made a frying pan of what they supposed to be an empty bomb shell, and were surprised by an explosion which scattered the provender but fortunately injured no one.

—The editor of a country newspaper, in answer to a reader's complaint that he did not give news enough, advised him to read the Bible, which he had no doubt would be news to him.

"There now!" cried a little girl, while rummaging a draw in a bureau—"where Gran-pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles; what will he do?"

A man who had been quaffing porter till he was completely drunk, hiccupped out that porter was both *meat and drink*. Soon after, going home, he tumbled into a ditch, on which a companion who was lending him observed, that it was not only *meat and drink*, but *washing and lodging* also.

—The Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped by the tongue can not be brought back by a coach and six horses.

—"Do you keep nails here?" asked a sleepy looking lad walking into a hardware store, the other day.

"Yes replied the gentlemanly proprietor. "We keep all kinds of nails. What kind will you have and how many?"

"Well," said he, sliding toward the door, "I'll take a pound of finger nails and about a pound and a half of toe nails."

—An old lady, being late at church, entered as the congregation were rising for prayer: "La!" said she, courtesying, "don't get up on my account."

—The majority of human beings are mere tadpoles—dull promises of life, into whom there has not yet entered soul enough to classify them as frogs.

—Though the sun scorches us sometimes, and gives us the head-ache, we do refuse to acknowledge that we stand in need of his warmth.

—It is easy to exclude the noontide light by closing the eyes, and it is easy to resist the clearest truth by hardening the heart.

—A little boy, five years old, while writhing under the tortures of the ague, was told by his mother to rise up and take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder! powder!" said he raising himself on one elbow, and putting on a roguish smile, "mother, I ain't a gun!"

—A LOVING CHILD.—A young lady of New Bedford was intimately acquainted in a family in which there was a sweet, bright little boy, of some five years, between whom and herself there sprang up a very tender friendship. One day she said to him—

"Willie, do you love me?"

"Yes, indeed!" he replied, with a clinging kiss. "How much?"

"Why, I love you—I love you—up to the sky."

Just then, his eyes fell on his mother. Flinging his arms about her, and kissing her passionately, he exclaimed—

"But, mamma, I love you way up to God!"

—An Oriental tale says God created the rose white, but that Adam having looked upon it as it opened, it was ashamed and blushed red.

## Portland Business Cards

**J. W. C. MORRIS & CO.,**  
Manufacturer and dealer in  
**Picture, Portrait, & Looking Glass FRAMES.**  
No. 26 Market Square, — Portland.  
Plain and Ornamental. Gilt, Black Walnut, and Rose Wood Mouldings.  
Also, a complete assortment of Photographic materials constantly on hand.  
Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 6m

**M. G. PALMER & CO.,**  
Wholesale dealer in  
**Millinery and White Goods,**  
Gloves, Hosiery, Laces, Embroideries,  
HOOP SKIRTS AND FANCY GOODS.  
No. 144 MIDDLE ST.,  
M. G. Palmer, } PORTLAND, ME.  
R. C. Thomas, }  
Z. Long, Jr. }  
Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 6m

**G. M. MOULTON & CO.,**  
(Successor to Center & Moulton)  
**Wholesale Grocers,**  
No. 81 COMMERCIAL STREET,  
G. M. Moulton, } PORTLAND, ME.  
A. G. Rogers, }  
Aug. 22, 1862. 6m

**LANE & LITTLE,**  
Dealers in  
**FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS**  
Also, Manufacturers of  
Cloaks, Capes and Mantillas,  
No. 133 MIDDLE STREET,  
P. Lane, } PORTLAND  
A. Little, }  
Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 6m

**STEELE & HAYES,**  
Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**China;**  
**CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE,**  
No. 110 MIDDLE STREET,  
Eben Steele, } PORTLAND, ME.  
Thos. Hayes, }  
Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 6m

**HOBBS, CHASE & CO.,**  
Wholesale dealers in  
**Teas;**  
**GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,**  
No. 163 FORT STREET,  
John P. Hobbs, } Head Central Wharf  
Francis E. Chase, }  
Joshua Hobbs, } PORTLAND  
Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 6m

**EMERY & WATERHOUSE,**  
Importers and Dealers in  
**HARDWARE, CUTLERY & GLASS,**  
AGENTS FOR  
FAIRBANKS' SCALES AND WELCH  
AND GRIFFITH'S SAWS,  
No. 153 MIDDLE STREET,  
Daniel F. Emery, } PORTLAND, ME.  
J. W. Waterhouse, }  
Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 3m

**JOHN LYNCH & CO.,**  
**Wholesale Grocers,**  
—AND—  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
Granite Stores, Commercial St.,  
(Opp. Head Wharf, WIDGERS' WHARF)  
John Lynch, } PORTLAND, ME.  
Thos. Lynch, }  
Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 1f

**Special Notice!**  
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!  
THE Subscriber has in Store the LARG-  
EST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF  
**DRUGS, PAINTS,**  
**Dye-Stuffs, Chemicals,**  
And everything kept in a Drug Store,  
Or used by Physicians, that can be found in  
**The State.**  
Dealers are furnished at **LOWEST POS-  
SIBLE PRICES** and everything sold  
Warranted to be of the **Best Quality**  
Physicians' orders receive particular  
attention.  
Quotations of prices sent to Doctors and  
Dealers, on application.  
Please address, or call on  
**W. F. PHILLIPS,**  
[WHOLESALE DRUGGIST,  
140 MIDDLE STREET. srp5 6m

**W. & C. R. MILLIKEN,**  
**Wholesale Grocers**  
113 COMMERCIAL ST., PORTLAND.

**Buck Wheat and Flour** A fresh  
lot just received by  
HANSON & HILTON.

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

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## Portland Business Cards

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

**A. E. STEVENS & CO.,**  
Importers and Dealers in  
**Iron and Steel,**  
COMMERCIAL STREET,  
Head of Widgers' Wharf,  
PORTLAND, ———— MAINE.  
[6m July 4

**TYLER, RICE & SONS,**  
DEALERS IN  
**HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL**  
149 COMMERCIAL STREET,  
PORTLAND, ———— MAINE.  
\*6m July 4

**WESTON & 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, Bibles, &c.**  
News Papers and Musical Instruments,  
at WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
No. 61 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine.  
6m July 4

**TRUE & MILLIKEN,**  
**Wholesale Grocers**  
—AND—  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
141 - COMMERCIAL ST. - 141  
D. W. True, } Portland, Me.  
S. M. Milliken, }  
-6m July 4

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

**CROSMAN & POOR,**  
**Druggists and Apothecaries,**  
NO 75 MIDDLE ST., FOX BLOCK,  
PORTLAND, ———— MAINE.  
—

**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

**J. W. MANSFIELD,**  
Wholesale & Retail  
**Saddle, Harness, Trunk, Valise,**  
and  
**CARPET BAG MANUFACTORY,**  
174 - MIDDLE STREET, - 174  
(Opposite U. S. Hotel)  
PORTLAND ME  
aug8f.

**J. W. MANSFIELD,**  
Wholesale & Retail  
**Saddle, Harness, Trunk, Valise,**  
and  
**CARPET BAG MANUFACTORY,**  
174 - MIDDLE STREET, - 174  
(Opposite U. S. Hotel)  
PORTLAND ME  
aug8f.

## Portland Business Cards

**NEW TEAS, NEW TEAS!**  
**China Tea Store,**  
135 Middle St., Portland.  
At the above place you can find the great-  
est assortment of TEAS, SUGARS, COFFEES,  
SPICES, DRIED FRUITS, &c., and at *prices 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,**  
1153 COMMERCIAL STREET, 153  
Alvah Conant, }  
R. O. Conant, } Portland, Me.  
S. C. Rand, } \*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. 88 Commercial Street, Thomas' Block,  
PORTLAND, MAINE.  
Robert Bradley 6m July 13 M. G. Webb.

**CLARK, WEYMOUTH & CO.,**  
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**UPHOLSTERY GOODS,**  
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Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 1y

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