

# The Bridgton Reporter.

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BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1863

WHOLE NO. 223.

## Bridgton Reporter.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY

H. C. LITTLE.

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

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IN THE CHURCH, MIAL & SON, Bridgton House, and Stable connected with this Hotel.

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## Original Poetry.

### Welcome to Spring.

BY LEAH LEE.

Yes, welcome Spring, thou art here again,  
And in thy train are seen,  
The gushing streams and gentle showers,  
The singing birds and fragrant flowers,  
And meadows dressed in green.

Aye, welcome to thee, merry Spring,  
Memento of the hours,  
When innocence made earth a heaven,  
Ere careful time to life had given,  
The thorn to guard the flowers.

Thrice welcome Spring, you to my mind,  
The blessed assurance bring,  
In summer's heat and autumn's gloom,  
That even the winter of the tomb,  
Hearld's immortal Spring.

## Our Story Teller.

### The Young Widow.

OR HOW

Captain Champion's Heart Was Touched.

'Rub the horse down, and don't feed him till he is perfectly cool.'

The words were addressed to the hostler of a hotel at Brighton by a handsome middle aged gentleman dressed in the height of fashion, as he alighted from an elegant black horse and tossed the rein to an attendant.

'And now,' said the horseman, addressing the waiter, 'show me to a private parlor.'

A well dressed man, who rides a handsome nag, is always sure of a welcome at a public house all the world over. Our friend soon found himself in a neat parlor with flowers and vases on the mantle piece, and the blinds, (for it was a summer afternoon) carefully closed, while the open window permitted the free current of air to circulate through the apartment.

The waiter remained standing near by the door.

'Any orders, sir?'

'No—yes, stay. Who came in that handsome phaeton I saw standing in the yard.'

'A lady, sir.'

'Ah!'

'A young widow.'

'Bah!'

'She is very handsome.'

'Go along and shut the door after you,' muttered the traveler testily.

'A young widow,' he soliloquized; 'I am glad I don't know her. I am certainly very fortunate to have attained the age of forty without any feminine attachments. Peculiarly independent—not ill-looking, I think I must admit that—I should make what those busy-bodies, match makers, call a grand catch. But, thank my stars, I have happily preserved my content and independence so far and I am not likely to succumb now. No! no! Jack Champion was born to live and die a bachelor. And now for the newspaper.'

In the meantime another horseman had come to the hotel, his horse reeking with sweat, and literally unable to place one foot before another.

The same hostler now made his appearance.

'Pat,' said the young man fashionably attired, 'put my mare in the stable and do the best you can for her.'

'Och, Mister Traverse, and she's kilt entirely.'

'I'm afraid so.'

'And what in the devil made you crowd her so?'

'No matter. Is my sister here?'

'Yes sir, Show the gentleman into the ladies' parlor.'

'Ah, Belle,' said the young man, 'you are here.'

'Yes,' replied a beautiful young woman rising to meet him, 'but what's the matter with you?'

'Nothing, Belle, nothing.'

'Something is certainly the matter. You look flushed and excited.'

'That's not all.'

'Oh, tell me what has happened?'

'I must be brief, for I'm pursued.'

'Pursued?'

'Yes. You know that fellow who insulted you in the coach,' said the young man.

'Well, I have been on his track for more than a week. I met him to-day in the street, and gave him a confounding horse-whipping. I handled him very roughly I'm afraid. He instantly got a warrant against me, and not wishing to be dragged into court till I was ready, I mounted my horse and gave the officers the slip. Perhaps I had better waited and braved it out; but having taken this step, I'm bound to baffle them. To-morrow I will surrender myself. Now, Belle, if your pony will take me to your uncle in five minutes, I'm your man.'

'Poor Charley could not do it,' answered the lady.

'Then I will make other arrangements. By the by, I will meet you at the villa.'

From the drawing room the man rushed into the stable.

'Pat,' said he, 'give me a horse—a good one.'

'Sorra the horse we've got in the stable except the black, and he belongs to a gentleman who came just before ye. Och, but he's a good one, your 'anner—2.40 to a cut.'

'I'll borrow,' said Travers, jumping on his back. 'Tell Bell to drive the gentleman to the villa, and he can have his horse again.'

'But yer 'anner?' remonstrated the hostler.

In vain, Travers had spurs to the horse, and was off like a thunderbolt.

'O wirra, wirra, what'll become of me? I'm ruined entirely.'

Shortly after Mrs. Leslie rang for her phaeton, and at the same time Mr. Champion, the old bachelor, rang for his horse. The pony came round to the front door, and at the same time the young woman stepped into the phaeton.

'All right,' she said to Pat with a smile, nodding and taking the reins.

'Give him his head.'

'Och, it's all wrong,' replied Pat, keeping a tight hold on the rein.

'Your carriage can take two inside.'

'What do you mean?'

'Oh, wirra—your brother has been stealing a horse.'

'Stealing a horse?'

'Yes, this gentleman's and he said you were to take him to the villa, to get him back again.'

'Very singular,' said the widow; 'but William was always very eccentric.'

At this crisis Mr. Champion appeared.

'My horse is ready?'

'Jump in sir.'

'I didn't come in a carriage.'

'In wid ye,' shouted the hostler.

'Take a seat beside me, if you please, sir,' said the widow with the most fascinating smile.

Mr. Champion approached the step to inquire the meaning, when the hostler seized him with a vigorous hand, and thrust him into the phaeton, while the pony startled by the movement dashed off at a run.

Poor Captain Champion! here was a situation! a confirmed old bachelor, boldly abducted by a fascinating young widow. The Captain had to lend his assistance to the young lady, in managing the pony, who was shortly reduced to his usual slow gait. For his assistance, Mrs. Leslie told him that in a few minutes he should be in possession of his horse, which had been borrowed by a gentleman. This was all the explanation she had vouchsafed. She required in turn to be made acquainted with the name of her champion after her own.

In a few minutes the Captain began to be somewhat at ease—in fact he began to like his position. He had never sat so near a pretty woman in his life, and he began to ask himself, whether if the proximity was so pleasant for a few

moments, a constant companionship might not prove as agreeable. While her attention was engaged on her horse he had an opportunity to survey her features. Her large dark and luminous eyes seemed to be literally swimming in their liquid lustre. Her cheeks were as soft and blooming as the sunny side of a peach. Her profile was strictly Grecian, and her parted lips showed a row of pearls. The most delicate tapered fingers, encased in French kid, closed upon the reins, and the varnished tip of a lady's boot indicated a foot that Cinderella might have envied.

'Do you live far from here, Madame?' said the Captain.

'Not very far. The pony can mend his pace if you are in a hurry.'

The widow turned those bewitching eyes of hers upon the old bachelor, and smiled.

It was all over with him. When he sprang out at the villa and touched the fingers of the widow as he assisted her to alight, his heart was irretrievably lost.

A red faced old gentleman, in a dressing gown, received them at the door.

'My friend Captain Champion,' said the lady to the old gentleman. 'Walk in—warm day.'

'Very,' said the Captain.

And indeed his looks seemed to corroborate his statement, for he was as red as a peony.

The Captain and the old gentleman were talking together familiarly, and the former felt himself completely at home. After an hour was spent in this manner, his host excused himself and the bachelor was then left alone.

A dreamy reverie was interrupted by the sound of voices in the hall. The Capt. easily recognized the widow and a glance through the half opened door showed him that her companion was a handsome young man.

'There dear Belle,' said the young man, 'do not scold any more. I won't do so again. Give me a kiss.'

A hearty smack followed. It was a veritable genuine kiss—the Captain saw and heard it. A pang shot through his heart.

'The only woman I could ever love,' said he to himself, 'and she is engaged.'

The widow tripped into the room. If she was perfectly bewitching in her drawing room attire—Champion could now see the whole of that fairy foot.

'My dear sir,' said she, 'your horse is at your service now.'

Champion rose.

'But,' she added, 'if you stay and take dinner with us, my uncle will be very much delighted, and I shall be highly pleased.'

'The coquette!' thought Champion. 'I am obliged to you, madam, but I have an engagement,' he said.

'Then we cannot hope to detain you, sir, but you must allow me to present you to my brother.'

The fine young man made his appearance, and shook hands with the bachelor.

'That's the horse thief, Captain,' said the widow, laughing.

The young man apologized and explained the circumstances which had impelled him to take the liberty.

'I'm sorry,' he added, 'that we cannot improve the acquaintance thus casually made by enjoying your company at dinner. I am very sorry you are otherwise engaged.'

'Why, as to that, said the captain, drawing off his gloves, 'your offer is too tempting and I feel compelled to accept it.'

So the horse was remanded to the stable, and he stopped to dinner. After dinner they had music, for Mrs. Leslie played charmingly. Then he was persuaded to stay to tea, and in the evening secured ten minutes *te-te-te* with the widow, in a summer house, overgrown with Maderia vines, and inhabited by a spider and six car-wigs.

It was ten o'clock when he mounted his horse to return to Boston, but it was bright moonlight and he was quite romantically inclined.

The next morning he repeated his visit, and the next—and the next. In short the episode of the borrowed horse produced a declaration and acceptance; and though years have passed away, the Captain has no cause to regret his ride with the widow in the pony phaeton.

## Miscellaneous.

**LIGHT-HEADED.**—A new feature in the application of gas to domestic purposes is said to be on the point of introduction here. Fire-flies of gold and brilliants already sparkle upon the graceful white feathers and fresh green leaves that adorn the brows of some of our youthful queens. Clusters of diminutive gas-lights are now to spring from the elaborate tresses of beautiful matrons; the jets will issue from burners measuring a twentieth of an inch per hour, within transparent shades exquisitely cut, not larger than a cherry. The tubing is to be of solid gold, connected with a reservoir of the same valuable metal, which is to be concealed in the meshes of luxuriant hair behind the head. The pressure will be applied to the golden tank, which is supported by an elaborate back comb, the top of which forms a row of little gas-lights. Before entering the ball-room, the husband will 'turn on the gas,' light up his blushing bride, and usher her into her sphere of conquest, revolving like her prototype, the moon, among the lesser lights around.—*American Gas-Light Journal.*

**SET THINE HOUSE IN ORDER.**—Alas for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded from the present! The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which he gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, the feet totter, and the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, 'Set thy house in order.' The playmates of youth, the fellow-laborers of manhood, die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.—*Tholuck*

**TOO GREAT INQUISITIVENESS.**—A gentleman on his way from Boston to Vermont, stopped at a tavern where he met an inquisitive country fellow, who said:

'Where are you going, if I may be so bold?'

'I am going to Vermont.'

'Who are you going to see there, if I may be so bold?'

'Widow M., of——.'

'Are you a married man, if I may be so bold?'

'I am a widower.'

'Are you going to marry the widow, if I may be so bold?'

'Ahem! that's too bold.'

**SHARING HAPPINESS.**—Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

The celebrated Henderson, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow student, who not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said:—'That, sir, was a digression—now for the argument.'

'Which,' asked Zimmermann, putting a very pertinent question to his correspondent, 'is the real hereditary sin of humanity? Do you imagine that I shall say indolence. He who conquers that, conquers all.'

## Agricultural Department.

### KITCHEN GARDEN.

When the Calendar for March was prepared, there was every prospect of an early Spring—much more so than now, as a month later we make up these directions for April. The ground is frozen, and we have more snow than during February. Still, before this paper reaches the readers, the spell of winter will perhaps be broken, and the weather admit of active operations in the garden. Nothing is to be gained by 'hurrying the season;' the ground must have time to thaw, settle, and become warm, and this will take place much earlier if the garden has been properly drained. —To those who have a good garden, nothing need be said upon its importance. To those who have not given sufficient attention to this valuable part of the homestead, we would say, it will pay to make one. A good warm, rich soil is best, but if that be not found near the dwelling, almost any soil can be brought into good condition by draining, deep plowing and plenty of manure. We know that the garden is almost always the most profitable part of the farm. Keep a careful debt-and-credit account with it, crediting every item taken off at a fair valuation, and our statements will be proved. Should there be a slight deficit in the course of two or three years, it will be more than made up by the pleasure given. Have a good garden, even though it diminish the staple field crops by a few bushels. A wealthy farmer friend of ours always has early and choice vegetables upon his table, but to save trouble, he buys them in the market of a neighboring city. This may do for him, and others of like means, but not for the great mass. But every one may, with a little exertion, have most luxuries of the garden without going to market. It may be owing somewhat to imagination, but we always think the vegetables of our own raising are better than any that can be bought.

In these hints we often refer to hotbeds and cold frames,—the former a glass-covered box with a bed of warm, fermenting manure under the plants; the latter the glass covered box without the fermenting manure. Their construction has often been described in the *Agriculturist*, and they are so cheaply made, so easily managed, and so convenient, that they may well find a place in most gardens. But when they cannot be had, other methods may be adopted to secure early plants. Small earthen pots are the best, but one of the cheapest is the use of sods. Cut up good green turf three or four inches deep, and divide it into many little squares with a knife or spade. Pack these pieces closely together, bottom side up, in boxes, or on boards, and plant in the center of each piece, one or more seeds, of any plant desired early—vegetable or flower—corn, peas, tomatoes, melons, cabbages, etc. Whole or cut potatoes may also be put in. Set in a warm place, as on the south side of the barn, house, or shed, but carry them to the cellar or a warm room, if a cold night or day occur. The more sunshine they have the better. The only further care needed will be to always keep the sods moist, *not wet*. This may be done by wetting on the under side along the bottom-boards, or by occasional light syringing or sprinkling from above, as needed. The seeds will start and get two or three weeks' growth—a clear gain of so much time. When the soil and season admit, separate the pieces, and set them out in hills or drills, as required, putting the earth well around them. The plants will grow right on, all the better for having the sod decayed around the roots.

Beans.—Should not be planted until all danger of frost is past. In some places Early Valentines and Six Weeks may be planted late in the month.—*American Agriculturist.*

back the root and top.—*American Agriculturist.*

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