

# The Bridgton Reporter.

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HORACE C. LITTLE  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION  
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## Bridgton Reporter.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY

H. C. LITTLE.

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

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## Original Poetry.

May.

BY LEAH LEE.

Hail! merry month of May;  
Thou comest in verdant foot-prints on the earth,  
And springing flowers that share thy name  
and birth.

In the pale green that marks the birchen trees,  
And scarlet of incipient maple keys;  
In furry buds the drooping willows wear,  
Like chrysalis that bloom in upper air,  
And Violets kneeling on their mossy banks,  
To offer nature's orison of thanks.

Hail! merry month of May;  
Thy motives greet me in the song of birds,  
Beating of flocks and lowing of the herds,  
In leaping brooklets crowned with diadems,  
Vieing in splendor with substantial gems;  
In leaves unfolding from the tender vines  
In gentle breezes whispering in the pines,  
And from the stagnant pools where dark and deep,  
Amphibious minstrels ceaseless vigils keep.

## Our Story Teller.

Down in Dixie.

There was, once upon a time, a very nice young Hessian Sergeant, who, while in command of a picket down in Shenandoah Valley, gradually became aware that there was a very pretty girl in the habit of passing 'quite promiscuous' while he was on post.

Very pretty girls, indeed, were all three of the Miss Jeffs. Dark of hair, bright of eye, and keen of wit, they knew the rules of courtesy, and to Omega, better than they did their prayers, and took interest in observing their practical effects.

The family lived just inside our lines, and were neutral—that is to say, they had two brothers with Ashby, and used to sell meals, etc. (etc., in Virginia, generally means whiskey,) to our officers and soldiers, at about ten times their fair value, all the while wishing 'this horrid war would cease.'

Our young Sergeant's natural modesty having been overcome with great difficulty, he speedily became quite intimate, not to say gallant, with the young lady and her sisters.

Why, shouldn't he, pray? He had not seen a white female in three months who had not scowled or spat at him but one, and she threw a brick—a sort of thing which though amusing at first, grows tiresome by repetition: so that when he met a good-looking feminine, who did neither, he was fascinated.

Though he took his meals at their house (at fifty cents each,) and made himself generally agreeable to the best of his ability, our Sergeant never forgot that he had command of an unusually large picket, sent out purposely to give timely warning of an expected raid on the station, and never left the road without posting a force too strong to be cut off by cavalry dash before an alarm could be given, and would not leave his men after dusk for all the beauty of Virginia.

After declining several invitations to spend the evening, a few days before the time of his return, he received a most pressing invitation to bring his men to partake of a dinner prepared by the Miss Jeffs. 'They had behaved so gentlemanly, so unlike the usual coarse mercenaries, that really they must accept of our hospitality. And you will come, I know.'

Who could resist such a speech, accompanied as it was with a blush and a look which would have brought General Wool himself on his marrow bones?

But I can't leave the roads unguarded.—My orders are—

'Oh! never mind that. Isn't the road in plain sight from here? Why can't you leave one man, and bring the rest up? There is no danger in the day, to be so much afraid of. This is Northern courage, is it?' with a snuff,

highly derogatory to the aforesaid Northern production.

Of course, it was the old story over of Samson and Delilah; and this speech, with a little more wheedling, produced an acceptance of the invitation; and the Sergeant, after taking a short leave of the family in general in the parlor, and a long and affectionate one of Miss Jeff in particular, on the stairs, effected a retreat.

'Flattering, isn't it, that she should take such a great interest in me,' he soliloquized. 'But then to ask the men! I am blessed if I can see through it, anyhow.' And he fell into a brown study, from which he was startled by a whisper.

'Massa—Massa Sergeant!'

The Sergeant started, looked around and half drew his revolver; but seeing nothing but a juvenile darkey ensconced in an angle of the wormfence, he thrust it back again.

'Hallo, Nick, you imp of darkness?' he cried, recognizing one of the house servants of the Jeffs, upon whom he had bestowed several small favors.

'Step here, Massa Sergeant. Don't let no one see you, and I'll tell you somethin'.'

A long and anxious confab ensued, interspersed with considerable cussing on the part of the military gentleman, at the end of which the Sergeant took his way to camp, instead of the post, in a study far browner than that from which he had so recently emerged.

At precisely noon of the next day, a look into the dining-room of the Jeffs would have disclosed the Sergeant and, under his command, sitting at the table, their arms stacked in the hall, making an onset before which the dinner vanished like chaff before the wind.

One hour passed.

Suddenly steps were heard on the piazza.

'Don't disturb yourselves,' said one of the young ladies, going to the window. 'It's only some of the niggers.'

'I won't,' replied the Sergeant, with a tender glance.

The steps came on the stairs—up them; the young ladies glanced uneasily around; but the Sergeant never stirred. There was a stir in the hall, followed by a sudden rush, and about twenty-five of Ashby's cavalry made their entree, with an utter disregard to the proprieties of life and the presence of ladies.

'You may as well give yourselves up quietly,' smiled the Sergeant's conquest(?) to her adorer and his followers, who were consulting in the corner to which they had retreated. 'My brother always treat their prisoners well, and we have your guns.'

'Well, darned if ever I saw such perfidy!' cried the Sergeant, throwing his hat from the window in a rage.

'Give me five minutes to collect myself, Lieutenant,' turning to the commander of the troop—and I'll tell you what I'll do.

'All right, my boy—take six,' returned the young lady's brother, in the most good-natured manner, sitting down and pitching into the dinner like a half-starved dragoon as he was—an unceremonious example, which was imitated by his followers.

Five minutes passed. A tramping was heard outside.

'Darn those horses!' exclaimed Lieutenant Jeff, with his mouth full of corn bread and briled chicken. 'There's no guard there. Tom, go down and see if they're getting unhitched.'

Tom filled his mouth full of the same article, picked up his carbine, and started.

He looked back as he reached the door.

'Keep me some fodder, Lieutenant, I am—What the deuce is—'

Bang!

Blue wreaths of smoke circle into the room and sluggishly roll upward,

Tom pitches heavily forward, with a bullet through his brain, never more to rise, while several files of the 298th Regiment emerged from the smoke and marched over him, their muskets at a charge; and at the same time, each of the pickets at the other end of the room produced his revolver and marked his man.

'Have to trouble you to surrender, gentlemen,' remarked the Sergeant, with a condescending wave of his hand toward the Secech. 'You see you haven't got all our arms.'

'Just my luck!' cried the Lieutenant. 'Here I am, taken prisoner before I have half eaten the only dinner I've seen in a month.'

'Don't let me interfere,' interrupted the Sergeant, with a native politeness. 'Take you to camp any time.'

The Lieutenant looked at his men and winked. They grinned back their response. But the Sergeant was oblivious, and the meal proceeded.

All at once its progress was interrupted by dropping shots on the road, the galloping of horses, and the hurrahs of charging cavalry.

The Lieutenant pricked up his ears, and winked a second time at his men.

'I reckon, Sergeant,' he remarked to his captor, who remained as cool as a cucumber, 'that the tables are changed again. Those are our boys—there's no mistaking that noise. That's—'

He was interrupted by a sudden cessation of the cheering, and the heavy boom of cannon, so near the house that the windows rattled and the glasses danced upon the table. The sound was repeated, and a few minutes later, a volley from infantry.

'What the deuce is that?' he exclaimed, starting up in great agitation. 'Our boys had no heavy cannon.'

'I know it,' remarked his captor, with serenity; 'but our Colonel thought them such handy things to have around, that he posted two pieces and a few men, last night, in the brush where the road forks, and I rather guess they have given Ashby particular fits.'

The Lieutenant dropped into his seat, and made a faint attempt to swallow some more corn bread; but it was no use. Slowly he laid aside his knife and fork, and rose from the table with the air of a man who had rather more than his good for him.

'Take us Sergeant,' he said, resignedly.

And he did take them, men, women, horses, darkeys and all.

Their fate was the usual one. The contrabands skedaddled; the horses went to the Post Quartermaster (that is some of them did; the rest were, somehow, lost, though envious people said that the line officers of the 298th all got new horses about that time); the men were paroled.

The ladies, of course, took the oath, and were discharged; for our great Republic does not war on lovely women.

—The writer of the Declaration of Independence was passionately fond of fiddling, and is said to have excelled in playing that instrument. In 1770 his family mansion was burnt. Mr. Jefferson used to tell, in after years, with great glee, an anecdote connected with the fire. He was absent from home when it occurred, and a slave arrived out of breath to inform him of the disaster. After learning the general destruction, he inquired: 'But were none of my books saved?' 'No, massa,' was the reply, 'but we saved the fiddle!'

—NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF LOAFERS.—Different nations have different kinds of loafers. The Italian spends his time in sleeping; the Turkish loafer, in dreaming; the Spanish, in praying; the French, in laughing; the English, in swearing; the Russian, in gambling; the Hungarian, in smoking; the German, in drinking; and the American, in talking politics.

## Miscellaneous.

BEAUTIFUL TRADITION.

Many of the legends of the Northmen are highly poetical, but we have seen none more striking than this:

It was on that fearful Friday when our Saviour hung in agony upon the cross, when the sun turned into blood, and the darkness was upon all the earth, that three birds flying from east to west passed by the accursed hill of Golgotha. First came the lapwing, and when the bird saw the sight before him he flew around the cross, crying in his querulous tone:

'Plinham! plinham! torment him!'

For this reason the lapwing is forever accursed, and can never be at rest; it flies round and round its nest uttering a plaintive cry; in the swamp its eggs are stolen.

Then came the stock, and the stock cried in its sorrow and its grief of the ill deed done:

'Styark ham! styark ham! give him strength!'

Therefore is the stock blessed, and wherever it comes it is welcome and the people love to see it build upon their houses: it is a sacred bird, and forever unharmed.

Lastly came the swallow and when it saw what was done, it cried:

'Sval ham! sval ham! refresh him! cool him!'

So the swallow is the most beloved of the three; he dwells and builds his nest under the very roofs of men's houses, he looks into their very windows and watches their doings, and no man disturbs him, either on the palace or the houses of the poorest peasants. For this reason, as you travel in Denmark, you will observe the swallow's nest remains undisturbed; no one would for a moment dream of scratching them down or destroying them.

To this tradition the Swedes add a fourth bird, the turtle dove, who, perching on the cross, in its anguish cried:

'Kurrie! kurrie! kurrie! Kyrie, Lord!'

Since that day the dove has never been glad, but flies through the forest still repeating its sad notes.

Two Brothers.—Two members of the Society of Friends, a country and a city Friend, had dealings. Some months since the country merchant called on the wholesale house to settle an account. In adjusting the details, there was some difference in the views of the parties, and, as often happens the country dealer was dissatisfied with some of the charges of the city house. At last, however, everything was settled, the money paid, and a receipt in full taken, when the country merchant addressed his city friend as follows:

'Friend Samuel, we have had dealings together more than thirty years, and I have always paid every dollar I owed when it was due, and have never asked any delay or favor and we have now settled once more. If these please, I wish to say a few words before I go home.'

'Certainly, friend Robert; I shall be happy to have thee.'

'Well friend Samuel, I have known thee like a book for thirty years, and I must say that, though I have known a good many hard customers, thee is the meanest specimen of a white man I ever had anything to do with.'

'Friend Samuel listened with as composed a countenance as if the speech had been complimentary in the highest degree, and replied:

'Friend Robert, did thee ever know my brother Amos?'

'Neither said another word, the rejoinder was irresistible.—Harper's Monthly.

The great pyramid of Egypt stands upon a base measuring seven hundred feet each way, and is five hundred feet high, its weight being twelve thousand seven hundred and sixty millions of pounds.—Herodotus states that, in constructing it, one hundred thousand men were constantly employed for twenty years.

## Agricultural Department.

A PLEA FOR THE GARDEN.

We believe in the garden; not the forsaken, neglected out-of-the-way corner usually denominated such, and aptly described by a member of one of the New York Horticultural Societies a few years ago, as 'a place at the back door where the dish slops were thrown, and where was raised a miscellaneous collection of coveumbers, turnips, beets, thistles and barngrass;' but in the good sized, well kept and neatly fenced garden. We believe that the garden is an institution that pays; that it will furnish more wholesome and nutritious food for a family, than any other plat of its size upon the whole farm; that the time spent in planting and taking care of it through the season, which can be done at odd jobs and in broken days, will pay a better return than the same time spent at any other labor; and that rainy days can be turned to a better account in making gates, &c., for the garden, than in lounging at the village stores. We believe in fresh vegetables upon the farmer's table, grown in his own garden; and in having a supply of them in the cellar for winter use, from the same source; we believe in keeping the weeds down, and giving the garden crops a chance to grow, and in applying special fertilizers, and also in watering daily through the dry season; we believe in asparagus, tomatoes, beets, cabbages, and the whole list of vegetables, and that no garden, however small, should be regarded as complete without a supply of them. We believe that the farmer who ignores the advantages of a garden, or who neglects to prepare one for the enjoyment and benefit of himself and family, deserves to be kept on printers' diet, and while others are luxuriating upon the freshest vegetables of their season, he should be placed upon a fare of salt pork and last year's potatoes.

The labors of the season will be so pressing upon the farm help, that a disposition will be manifested to neglect the garden for other field work; a disposition, which, from the necessity of the case, will be more readily yielded to now than formerly. What then? Must the garden be neglected or entirely swept from the farmer's premises? By no means. A large part of the labor of the garden can be better performed by women than by men, and we know they will engage in such a work with a zest and spirit that would do honor to the mothers of the Revolution. The preparation of the ground can be done by the male help, and the work of planting, &c., largely given up to the female members of the household. In this way the benefits of the garden will not be lost, but its treasures of fruits and vegetable while ministering to the enjoyment and luxury of the family board, will also aid in ministering health and happiness to those who engage in their culture.

We are somewhat surprised, considering the cheapness at which they can be purchased, and the ease with which they can be grown, that the choicer varieties of the small fruits—currents, strawberries, raspberries, &c.—do not find a place in our kitchen garden. They pay a good return for the attention given them; and the common varieties of current and gooseberry, and the strawberries, blackberries, &c., of the field and hedge, should at once be superseded by a selection of the best sorts now cultivated.—Maine Farmer.

POTATOES, ROOTS, ETC.—It should be remembered that we have not yet quite finished the war, and that our army medical staff are recommending the increased use of potatoes and other vegetable esculents, among the soldiers. Do not be afraid that every one will raise potatoes.

Maine Farmer.



## The Bridgton Reporter.

MISS LIZZY FLY. - - - - -  
BRIDGTON, Friday, May 8th 1863.

## MISFORTUNE.

Who are the unfortunate? Put this question to a hundred persons, and you will get as many solutions to the simple interrogation. It is like so many views of a single landscape, taken from different points by different assistants. All may be true to nature, and yet so widely different that one unacquainted with the locality would never suspect the relationship between them.

A warm-hearted, Molinian wife reads a flaming obituary of a brave patriot who yielded up his life a willing sacrifice in the defense of his country's honor. She goes over the record of his many virtues and excellencies, the charitable deeds he has done, the offices of trust and honor he has filled, the number of moral societies of which he was a member, how pious, how devoted to the church with which he was connected, when this monument of earthly perfection is capped by reference to his bereaved and disconsolate widow. Oh, how the readers heart flows out at her eyes in such tears of sympathy perhaps more genuine grief than the object of her pity can shed, for in reality the subject of all this eulogy might have been a political enthusiast, an ostentatious philanthropist, a religious bigot, an intemperate in domestic affairs, an exacting and capricious companion who made his home exercising happy.

In the same list of casualties of war, a crusty old bachelor reads the death of a soldier he has known from childhood as a reckless, hair-brained boy, who was always setting dogs by the ears, firing pebbles at the birds, slivering young pines, robbing orchards, a constant source of anxiety to his parents and a pest to the neighborhood generally, and the reader with a hearty gusto soliloquizes—that was a lucky bit—and in the withered, petrified organ, located somewhere behind his vest fold, and which he dignifies by the name of heart, he congratulates them on their fortunate riddance.—the while a mother's heart, which never wandered from her offspring under any circumstances, often clinging with greater tenacity to the crumbling ruins about which there is no other sightly object, is bleeding and bursting with genuine regret and sorrow, not only for the sudden life, but for the hopes that died before, and those which still lingered in credulous fancy of what he might yet be.

Now which of these twain bereaved women is the unfortunate? The rich man builds a stately mansion on a slightly eminence—he improves and ornaments his grounds. He adds dollar to dollar, and acre to acre, fares sumptuously every day, wears costly raiment, is honored of men and has apparently every facility for happiness. But alas, alas—the canker of discontent and ungratified desires is rankling in his heart. In some humble nook his culture eye spies out some Mordred whose very existence has power to rob his life of rest.

In the dingy, pent up rooms of a dilapidated tenement in the dark and narrow ally of a babel city, lives, or rather dwells, a poor man.—Yes, as the world have it, an unfortunate man. Ill luck has pursued him like a hungry bloodhound, nor ever missed his track, death, pestilence and war have driven him from pillar to post, robbed him of home, health and family, till by weary toil and bodily pain he earns literally day by day his daily bread, and temporarily speaking, the vista of the future is narrowing to a point. Yet that man is cheerful, even hopeful and happy. "Fool!"—says the world. "How can this be?" Perhaps the world will never know the secret; for the great world is very apt, like many of its constituent individuals, to persist in seeing with its own eyes. Perhaps he could not satisfactorily explain to the world the source of his enjoyment; for he has no miraculous conversion or wonderful christian experience to relate; he has no great praiseworthy deeds to refer to, except nothing better in a future world than he has found in the present.—Perhaps he is himself incapable of discerning the never failing fountain of peace from whence such pure, soul invigorating waters flow. It may never have occurred to him that the domestic happiness he enjoyed with his family has left in memory no bitter regrets, only a hoard of pleasant recollections that have become ministering angels, from which no break of fabled fate can sever him. The realm of happiness comes not by observation, and the pure in heart alone can see the wisdom of its arrangements and the harmony of its operations.

He who is haunted by the ghosts of neglected opportunities for doing good and getting good, indifferent to the blessings which crown the present, and tantalized with hopes and expectations that are never to be realized, is an unfortunate man; while he, who lives by the past in the present, or the future, is fortunate, let his surroundings be what they may.

We have heard many a tale of large fortunes indicative of large understanding and many like signs quite consistent to the possessors of overgrown pedal extremities, but the following is the first we have ever seen in print upon the advantage of large hands.

Perhaps some who have indulged in efforts to reduce the size of their hands, will read the following and there will be less straining of small kids; still we would not recommend delicate young ladies to soak their pretty little paws in hot water and use other inconvenient means to increase their size, merely to suit the taste or caprice of the writer.

Many people, especially ladies and lady-like young men, seem to consider a small hand as a very desirable thing, and as a measure establishing their claims to gentility and a high rank in the scale of humanity. Now, one distinguishing characteristic of the white race of Europe from whom the people of our country have sprung, is a large hand as compared with the inferior races of Asia, Africa, etc.

A large hand is, therefore, in a degree, an index of great qualities, capacity for a great physical and mental effort; in short, a large calibre. When, therefore, a person appears to be proud of a small delicate hand, it may be set down as indicating that such persons come of a degenerate stock, or has the blood of an inferior race in his veins. We never heard of but one great man with a little hand, and that was Bonaparte.

The Newburyport II raid contains an account of a fearful tornado which visited Illinois a few days ago. It burst with tremendous fury over the town of Mazon, causing destruction of property and loss of life. The storm came up very unexpectedly being accompanied by severe thunder and lightning, but hail fell in large quantities with great force and some of the stones were as large as hen's eggs. Its sudden approach gave the people no time to prepare for safety, and as the storm cloud came up it presented a funnel shaped appearance. Nothing could withstand its devastating force to which the largest and strongest houses yielded, leaving them a mere skeleton. One house, forty-five feet square, built of the strongest materials was taken up and dashed to atoms. Forty acres of forest trees, some of them of great size, were prostrated in one locality.

ords of another terrible shipwreck. The steamship Anglo Saxon, from Liverpool 16th inst., and Londonbury 17th, for Portland or Quebec, should the St. Lawrence be open, was wrecked about three miles east of Cape Race.

The Anglo Saxon had 300 passengers, and a ship's crew of 84 men. She was wrecked four miles east of Cape Race, on the noon of the 27th, during a dense fog. 73 persons escaped from the wreck by means of ropes and spars, and 24 in two lifeboats. The total number saved is 97. The deck broke up in about an hour after the Anglo Saxon struck. There was a heavy sea with a dense fog.

The commander of the Anglo Saxon is supposed to be among the number drowned. The purser, first and second engineers, and the doctor are among the saved, as also one cabin passenger.

At North Fryeburg, April 27th, Mr. John Stevens aged 73 years. Also April 30th, Mrs. Mary S. wife of Mr. Joseph Stevens, aged 70 years.

It is now becomes our painful duty to record the demise of one more worthy or more highly esteemed than Mrs. Stevens. A devoted christian, a faithful and affectionate wife and mother, and a kind and benevolent neighbor, her loss to her family and large circle of friends is irreparable. We feel a pleasure in reverting to our own personal knowledge of her many amiable qualities, and may God in his mercy comfort the bereaved husband with whom she lived the most harmonious wedded life for the space of forty-five years.

The Waterville Mail states that the owners of the water power at Benton have recently offered a free gift of two thousand dollars, in addition to the site and necessary water power, to a company who talked of building a manufactory there; and an exchange says that an additional inducement has been offered by the town's engaging to exempt the property from taxation for some number of years.

The telegraphic news up to May 6th is exciting but not definite. As yet the contest is an unequal although everything looks favorable to the success of the Union arms. Gen. Hooker has taken from 6000 to 15,000 prisoners.—He has lost some 5000 or 6000 men and is still in a good position. Reinforcements to the number of 30,000 men have been sent him. Gen. Hooker in reply to the President on Monday night, said that the matter of retaking Fredericksburg was of no consequence.

## Matters about Home.

## THE FESTIVAL.

To the credit of the ladies of this village as it known that the entertainment at Town Hall, May day evening, was a very successful affair, and highly creditable to the parties who superintended the arrangements.

The walls of the room were ornamented with wreaths of evergreen, while the ample folds of our national flag were tastefully disposed at one end of the hall, giving evidence of that patriotic love with which our nation's emblems are regarded.

Through the center of the room extended a table, laden with cakes and fruit and other dainties, contributed by the ladies, and all beautifully ornamented with flowers and evergreens. A pyramid of flowers and evergreens, which occupied the center of the table was very pretty and gave a very fine effect.

The performance of the Band, besides being one of the most interesting features of the evening was highly creditable to that association, and really surpassed our most sanguine expectations of their success. The earlier part of the evening was spent in a social way listening to the music and conversing during the intervals until supper was served by a levy of white aproned damsels, gallantly assisted by several young men. When the repast was ended, of which we doubt not all ate and were filled, the tables disappeared as if by magic, and the hall was cleared for the introduction of what Artemus would term, those innocent amusements known as Copenhagen. Round the carpet here we stand, whereupon several proceeded to take their true love by the hand, and the more active games of Chase the squirrel, which tested the agility of both pursuer and pursued. While this last named performance was in progress we took occasion to withdraw from the scene, highly pleased with the results of the evening nor can we say too much in commendation of such gatherings. With none of those efforts at a grand display which draw so largely upon the time and means of the people, it was small contributions from many sources, and by common consent the people were drawn together to participate in enjoyments they had not anticipated from so small an outlay.—The young ladies who acquitted themselves so well in this affair, ought to take courage from their success, and renew future day.

Our young people ought to feel thankful for the timely organization of the Band, which must add much to the interest of their assemblies.

## OUR RIDE.

A ride in the open, building country with fine scenery and agreeable company always puts new life into us, and makes us feel better satisfied with all God's beautiful creation. Such we have just enjoyed in the fullest sense. It had been so long since we visited Harrison that we had quite forgotten that little town had so much of business like bustle and stir about it. Considerable quantity of logs are in the pond at that place, and many of them have been left high and dry by the late freshet. The roads however are in much better condition than we anticipated.—We called at the photograph rooms of Mr. Gould, at North Bridgton, the arrangement of which is all that could be desired in such an establishment. He has recently taken a view of the Academy with all the students standing in the yard and the members of that institution are quite eager to possess themselves of copies which he furnishes at the low price of twenty five cents. Those acquainted with the students can easily distinguish them in the picture, and we cannot wonder that they should desire so interesting a memento, since the present term of the school is to close this week. The road to North Bridgton is a flowery way indeed, for the May flowers are peeping out at the passers by on all sides with the prettiest pink blush on their faces, really inviting themselves to a place in some tasty bouquet. We crossed through the beautiful grounds of Mr. R. Gage to the road leading to Frogville proper, and that reminds us, some one has recently christened that last named locality, Roseville, and we can but hope the new and more poetic cognomen may be universally adopted.

Mrs. Barker and Miss Gibbs have returned from the city with a new stock of spring goods which it is quite unnecessary we should recommend to the notice of the ladies, as their rooms are already crowded with customers from morning till night.

It appears that the Maine 10th arrived in Portland last week, but the officials were not prepared to pay them off and many went to their homes and returned Tuesday to be mustered out and receive their pay. Many of them it is thought will enlist after a short visit to their homes.

Various expedients have been recommended for our benefit during the flood which prevailed here for a season, the necessity of which is now superseded by the waters having subsided and cast up a high way of dry land, over which Pharaoh and his hosts might now pass with impunity. We are just as much obliged for the friendly suggestions however.

There is no escaping the draft by running away to Canada now, for a bill has been introduced into the Canadian Parliament for a return to the United States of all deserters from our army, and by the new conscription law every man whose name is drawn, and who fails to appear is denominated a deserter and will, when caught be punished accordingly.

If our Bro. of the Banner Times considered our prediction of May Flowers for May Day, "poetic license," we only wish he could have realized its fulfillment as we did in the decorations of the tables on the evening of the festival. Have a good mind to send you a bouquet now Bro. Brock.

The editor of the Marblehead Mirror says that the disagreeable weather of late has made him look yellow and feel blue.

Does he understand the result of these colors combined?

The people of Marblehead are rejoicing in the prospect of military defenses to be established by Government in that locality.

## In our notice of the Cases Mills

a few weeks since we made a slight mistake, or rather misunderstood Messrs. Taylor & Perry in their statement of their weekly manufacture. They run ten Broad Compton looms, from which they fill three cases per week, each case containing twenty pieces, and thirty yds. in a piece, producing 1800 yds. per week.

They have hitherto been making clothing, but are now to engage in the manufacture of repellent or water proof cloths. Around these mills will soon cluster a thriving little village if their present prosperity is continued to them. They are intending the coming summer to put up a large boarding house and probably a cottage or two, and people wishing to invest money would do well to secure house lots in that vicinity.

A very sad accident occurred at Denmark last Tuesday. Mr. Joseph Noble and Mr. Albion Merrill had been building a boat and went out to try it for the first time in Little Pond. When about mid way of the Pond the boat capsized and both men proceeded to swim for the shore. Mr. Noble being the better swimmer, was ahead, but was probably attacked with cramp and sank before Mr. Merrill could reach him. Efforts to recover the body were immediately made which proved successful after the lapse of about two hours. He leaves a wife and two children who are almost frantic in their grief at this sudden and afflictive dispensation.

Mr. A. B. Gee is making arrangements to open his house at Conway, to be ready for visitors by the 20th of this month. Mr. Gee has a rare talent for the business of Hotel keeping and can not fail to make his house a most desirable resort for city visitors and travelers. We understand that his house was crowded all last summer, and doubt not he will have the same liberal patronage the coming season.

There is quite an improvement in our neighborhood which admonishes us to be clearing up our own door yard. Mr. Benton with his usual promptness has got his large wood pile nicely stowed away and we hope to be able to emulate his example.

A gentleman of this place dreamed of a silver dollar the other night. He took some alarm lest it should prove an evil omen, but we have been trying to comfort him with the reflection that it was but a dream.

The Portland and Bangor papers give lengthy accounts of the career and death, in the late terrific fight at Chickadee, of Major General Hiram G. Berry, formerly of Rockland Maine. He first entered the service as Col. of the 4th Maine Volunteers in June 1861 from which post he had gradually risen in rank through his meritorious conduct, to the position of Maj. Gen. and since Gen. Hooker's accession to the chief command, Gen. Berry has had command of Gen. Hooker's old corps at the head of which he met his death driving the enemy. But his memory will go down to posterity on the pages of history with those of many other brave heroes who have fallen in the service of their country.

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## Condensed War News.

## Washington, May 4.

The following dispatches were received this forenoon at Gen. Meitzelman's headquarters from Gen. Stahl:

Fairfax Station, 3d.—A heavy fight occurred this forenoon near Warrenton Junction, between a portion of my forces, under Col. DeForest, and the Black Horse cavalry and Mosley's and other guerrilla forces. My forces succeeded in routing the rebels after a heavy fight. The rebel loss is very heavy in killed and wounded. Templeton, a rebel spy, was killed, and several other officers are wounded, but not dangerously.

Later.—Fairfax Station, 4th.—The rebels, who fled in the direction of Warrenton, were pursued by Major Hammond, of the 5th N. Y. cavalry, who has returned, and reports our charge at Warrenton as being so terrific as to have thoroughly routed the rebels and scattered them in every direction. I have sent in twenty-three of Mosley's command as prisoners, all of whom are wounded, and the greater part of them badly. Dick Morgan is among the number. There are also three officers of Mosley's command among the wounded.

Latest.—Fairfax Station, 4th, 10.30 A.M. I have sent in this morning to the Provost Marshal 28 prisoners and 60 horses, captured in the late reconnaissance.

## New York, May 4.

The Times' correspondent, dated two miles below Fredericksburg, Sunday, 8 1-4 o'clock A.M., says Barney's brigade, Newton's division, consisting of the 121st and 16th N. Y., 27th and 5th Maine, and 96th Penn. are charging upon the rebel batteries in front of the Bonnell house, led by the 96th Penn. It has been fired from with considerable precision, annoying us to a considerable extent. Fredericksburg is occupied by Chechane's old brigade and the troops of Newton's division.

9 A.M.—After a temporary lull musketry firing has again commenced, and we are losing some men.

9 10 A.M.—The artillery on both sides have again opened, and firing at each other rapidly. The division hospital has been moved back from the river, owing to several of the rebel shells bursting near it. Our troops are now protected behind the right side of the Richmond road.

9 20 A.M.—Our batteries on the left have changed position, and are doing better execution.

9 30 A.M.—A pontoon bridge has been thrown across at Fredericksburg, and persons are passing too and fro. The rebels have removed their guns from the earthworks on the left bank. Our signals are on this side are waving an occasion at shed.

## MEMPHIS, May 4.

Rebel reports represent that Gen. Dodge had advanced eleven miles east of Tusculum. He had met the rebel Gen. Forrest, and fighting was reported going on on the 29th. Gen. Dodge was in possession of Courtland, Ala., on the 21st.

A Jackson, Miss., dispatch of the 29th represents Gen. Grant at Clifton Church, on Saturday road.

A Jack-on dispatch, dated 9 P.M., 29th, says communication with Grand Gulf has been reestablished. After six hours firing the Federal gunboats withdrew. About 3300 shot were fired by them. Rebel loss was three killed and twenty-two wounded. C. J. Wake, of the artillery, was killed. Two gunboats were apparently disabled, but the damage is unknown. They lay three miles below on the Louisiana shore.

The enemy engaged a large body at Hard Times, five miles above Gulf and Gulf.

Six gunboats with two transports passed Grand Gulf on the 28th.

The enemy is on the Louisiana shore below.

Mobile, 30th.—Official information says the sloop-of-war Preble was destroyed by fire on the 29th off Pensacola. She is a total loss.

## New York, May 5.

The Washington Republican, in their postscript yesterday afternoon says: "Our advances up to noon today are that the victory of Gen. Hooker's army is more complete than was at first supposed; all that the most sanguine could hope for has been realized. We congratulate the army and country upon this important success. There are facts connected with this movement which cannot at present be stated, but when it is completed they will develop themselves and be appreciated."

The following has just been received by mail, nothing in the shape of war news being allowed to be transmitted over the wires. The Post prints the following: The following latest intelligence from Hooker's army is just received from Washington: The battle of Sunday was renewed on Monday morning. The enemy appeared to have forces equal in number to our own and his successive attacks were made with a desperate spirit. The destruction of the railroad over the Mattaponi and Mattaponi Creeks, south of Fredericksburg, has suddenly been accomplished, and the road to Richmond is thus cut off from the enemy.

Eight hundred prisoners, including one entire regiment, the 231 Georgia, were brought to Washington this morning and marched down Pennsylvania Avenue to old Capitol prison. Their appearance was the subject of universal comment and remark. They were well and comfortably clad, and not one looked as though he had not had enough to eat. There is a rumor current that Gen. Sherman had captured Gordonsville.

The Revenue officers have been on the boards, shingles and other lumber is not within the meaning of the producers of them are not to take out licenses as manufacturers.

The women of Calais, are holding a Grand Fair on the 1st of July, money to build a City Hall.

## News and State

Portland Post Office.—Mr. Sweet has resigned his situation in the office, intending to remove to the Postmaster has divided the office, formed by Mr. S. and has appointed A. Carl and William Cherry.

These appointments, while they are clerical force in the office, involve no expense than before.—Portland.

Gen. Dow, who was fined by Orleans Court, for taking sugar property from the plantation of Johnson, has been sustained in Gen. Banks, and the fine annulled.

MAPLE SUGAR.—At the Merchants' Mount, Hon. S. F. Perley, of N. H., exhibited some specimens of maple sugar, of his own manufacture, attracted considerable attention. It was pure, and about as white as white.

SUDDEN DEATH IN WATERVILLE.—A student at Waterville writes: "Gen. Garland of that town fell dead, street, Tuesday morning, 5th inst., been intoxicated in the street, and was put in the lock-up previous. Immediately after in the morning he died." Our correspondent adds, "Thirty unfortunates run the street were the cause."

Col. Baker, the Provost Marshal, Washington, was offered \$10,000 certain rebel prisoners to escape a portion of the bribe, handed to the Sanitary Commission, and there rascals who offered the bribe.

Gov. Coburn, whose visit of the Potomac just on the eve of the advance movement, gave assurance to our Maine soldiers, have stand, intimidated his intention of with the army until the result movement is decided. In case fighting which may reasonably be expected, his presence in the hospital the wounded soldiers from Maine the most useful service he can State of which he is chief magistrate.

An Irish girl and operator paper mill, Lee, recently found \$1000 treasury notes in the paper another girl in another mill, in chain valued at \$60.

Mrs. Semmes, the wife of the Alabama, who has been residing in nati, protected by our Government, has not scrupled to express dissent Government and snub it, has awarded to Dixie by Gen. Burnside.

The receipts at the May Mass, given in City Hall by the Bangor, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, amounted to nearly \$400.

RE-ENTRY.—The Boston Journal previous to the departure of Me. Regiment from Virginia, the mass voted to return to serve short vacation at home.

A little girl named Foss by Sawyer's Confectionary Factory of Hampshire St. on Faneuil Street, and that dead of another team picked up the child.

The Alton Pa. Register male just returned to that city in rice of eighteen months in the out having her sex discovered in part in three battles, and in twice, first above the eye and the arm, the latter wound capital in close her sex.

KILLED.—Samuel Whipple, 60 was accidentally killed near West B., on the 13th inst. He was the son of James Carr, and was rolling saw logs, when the saw caught him and he was crushed by the saw.

STAMEN CASE IN DORCHESTER.—At Biddeford, last week, a named Andrew Abbott had a small Tarbox had spoken in times. About six o'clock bringing his knife and threatening the man Gowen, when Marshall stepped up to him. Abbott was inflicting a deep and dangerous wound of neck, and then instantly throat. Both wounds were fatal. Sawyer, and both men are now leaving the scene with the police.

ALYDRED GREENHACKS.—A male, altered to fifteen, and in one hundred dollars, are in alteration is laughably due, and is to be detected.

The barn of Capt. Billings of Deer Isle, was burned on the 17th ult., with all its contents, oxen, two cows and seventeen sheep supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

The citizens of Exeter, Me., to the Sanitary Commission, 1 died apples and a large box of with \$16.00 in cash.

The Revenue officers have been on the boards, shingles and other lumber is not within the meaning of the producers of them are not to take out licenses as manufacturers.

## Bridgton

BRIDGTON  
[RECAPTURE]

Hay,  
Eggs,  
Cheese,  
Butter,  
Bacon chops,  
Shoulders,  
Hams,  
Pork, salt,  
Beef,  
Oats,  
Rye,  
Corn,  
Flour,  
Round Hogs,  
Woolskins,  
Beans,  
Apples, bus.,  
Apples, bl.,  
Dried Apples,  
Turkeys,  
Chickens,  
Wool,  
Bark,  
Northern Clover,  
Red Top,  
Hards Grass,  
Potatoes,  
Wool.

## Spi

THERE will be a meeting of the S. J. Webb on next, at 2 o'clock, aming teach

Soldiers,  
men, rushing it of a Soldier's life for the fatal Sore and Scur to follow. Not ally during the health to ever, box.

## A Friend

DR. SWEE MEAT is propa Stephen Sweet, bone doctor, and since for the last astonishing fact it is without a more speedily ti For all rheumatism is truly laudable Wounds, Sprain healing and po- erties, excite th isment of all w for the treatment, markable cures, last two years, a timent

WANTED  
town and  
ness to engage in sex by which fre be made. Person can make from 50 sample with full l all who inclose r and address BR A N. H.

## To Con

THE ADVERTI STORED to h a very simple reme several years with and that dead of anxious to make ke the means of co To all who desire of the prescription with the direction the same, which, CUNY or COXSWA rts, &c. The only in conceiving the free selected, and spee convales to be every sufferer will cost them nothing, ing.

Rev Ed Williamsburg, N

## How to M

Was all the HOOD & CO. HOOKER, HAY HUNDRED VAL any city or villa, sees these Secre, any single or mar any Secre have been a lone cost is \$250 When you once part with them for are now making St. gets alone. If the money easily and Book of Secre for three 50 cts., four \$1. Send Govern

EDITOR OF BRIDGTON: your permission I of your paper that I to all who wish it, o directions for mak vegetable Balm. I have, in ten days, weeks, and all leaving the same with I will also mail free Hua Is or Bare Face, information that will growth of Luxuriant Growth of Secre for three 50 cts., four \$1. Send Govern

2ms

## EXECUTRI

THE subscriber I then that she has the Honorable Judge County of Cumberland of Executive of

## NATHAN

ato of Bridgton, in ydized bond as th are requesting \$300 to the estate of said relative payment; a demands thereon, to

## JOHN J

Fire, Marine & Li  
Corporation of Exe  
Feb 63-6m







## Fun and Sentiment.

**BREAKFAST FOR ONE.**—Mr. Russell in his American Diary, states that not less than two thousand five hundred persons are dining at Willard's Hotel, Washington, and the aggregate of their consumption may be imagined when Mr. Russell heard the following breakfast ordered by one of them:—Black tea and toast, scrambled eggs, fresh spring shad, wild pigeon, pig's feet, two robins on toast, oysters, and a quantity of bread and cakes of various denominations.

**SADLY FLIPPANT.**—A local newspaper says:—A marriage was solemnized at Darton on Monday, which excited much interest in that locality. In the procession was seven asses, gaily decked out. A heartless and disrespectful wretch, whom Mr. Punch instantly kicked out of his office, remarked, on reading the paragraph, 'what a fuss to make about five more than ordinary.'—Punch.

—'Gail Hamilton,' in the last Atlantic, talking of husbands, says:—I want him to be submissive, but I don't want him to look so.'

To this an exchange remarks:

Very likely; but isn't it rather too much to ask? To be hen-pecked and yet to carry himself like a cock-of-the-walk is more than is quite possible to any male bled, with or without feathers. That's so, my dear.

—'Poor Hans!' wrote a German to a friend who had been enquiring after his son, 'he bit himself with a rattlesnake and was sick into his bed for six weeks in der month of August, and all his cry was, 'Vater! vater!' And he could eat nothing at all till he complained of feeling at little better so he could stand on his elbow and eat a cup of tea.'

**A MOST TOUCHING PROOF.**—A young lady, who had weathered many summers at the sea side, was accused of dying her hair, which is of a rich raven black. She declared, in the most indignant manner, that there was not the slightest truth in the accusation—more than this, she generously offered to let any one examine her hair, to see how false it was.

—Pleasant enough was the reply of the little urchin, who, on being arranged for playing marbles on Sunday, and sternly asked, 'Do you know where these little boys go to who play marbles on Sunday?' replied, very innocently, 'Yes; some on 'em goes to the common, and some on 'em goes down by the side of the river.'

—A learned writer says of books: 'They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger without bread or money. If you approach them they are not asleep; if you seek them they do not hide; if you blunder they do not scold; if you are ignorant they do not laugh at you.'

—Shortly before he died, Patrick Henry, laying his hand on the Bible, said:

Here is a book worth more than all others, yet it is my sad misfortune never to have read it, until lately, with proper attention.'

—A dentist advertises he inserts teeth cheaper than can be done elsewhere. We rather think he would not do it with so much pleasure or as cheap as a bull-dog we know of.

—One main falsity abroad in this age is the notion that women, unless compelled to do it by absolute poverty, are out of place unless engaged in domestic affairs.

—Mankind generally mistake difficulties for impossibilities. This is the difference between those who effect and those who do not.

—It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principals of true democracy to a lamp post.

—Considering how many people are tied to Time, it is wonderful how the old man can move a step.

## Home Advertisements.

## Horace C. Little.

Publisher, Bookseller and Stationer.

(TEMPERANCE BUILDING.)

BRIDGTON CENTER, - - - MAINE.

THE subscriber having fitted up the front part of the office of

## THE BRIDGTON REPORTER,

In the neatest manner, at much expense, begs leave to inform the citizens of

BRIDGTON,

And the surrounding towns, that he is prepared to sell them such as

BOOKS

STATIONERY! PERIODICALS!

## FANCY GOODS!

As cheap as the cheapest.

Having purchased before such goods increased in price, and having

## Bought For Cash

Will offer superior inducements to CASH PURCHASERS.

## New Store,—New Goods!

Always on hand, and constantly receiving a fresh assortment,—such as

American, English Cap and Letter Papers,

PENS,

INK,

PEN HOLDERS,

WAIFERS,

SEALING WAX

SCHOOL BOOKS,

ENVELOPES,

PORTEMONIES,

BLOTTERS,

LIQUID GLUE,

REWARD OF MERITS

CARDS, LED-PENCILS, KNIVES, &c. &c.

Also, for sale a new lot of

FANCY GOODS;

—SUCH AS—

COLOGNE, HAIR OILS,

PERFUMERY, COMBS,

PORTABLE INK STANDS,

and PRESENTS of all kinds.

Call and see for yourselves!

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

Bridgton, Aug 15, 1862.

E. E. WILDER,

Carriage Trimmer,

AND MANUFACTURER OF

Harnesses!

OF ALL KINDS,

BRIDGTON CENTER, - - - - - MAINE.

Halters, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Blankets, and Saddlebags, on hand or made to order.

Repairing promptly attended to at Bridgton, August 15, 1862.

W. W. WHIPPLE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, &c., &c.

Also CHOICE BRANDS OF IMPORTED CIGARS,

Tobacco, Kerosene Oil, Lard Oil, Bur. Fluid,

No. 21 MARKET SQUARE,

PORTLAND, - - - - - MAINE.

Timber Land For Sale!

LOT No. Seven, in the Seventeenth Range in Bridgton. Inquire of

EBEN INGALLS.

April 3d 1863.

3w\*

## Miscellaneous.

J. R. STAFFORD'S

## FAMILY RECEIPT BOOK

CONTAINS:

The famous Holland Washing Receipt, which saves nearly half the soap, labor, and wear, and requires neither rubbing nor pounding.

How to make Old Silk look New.

To prevent Colic and Flatulency from Fading of Shrinkage—sure.

What a Dyspeptic should Drink to dilute and carry off the surplus bile.

In what direction of the Compass a bed should stand to prevent the loss of vital or nervous forces from invalids, or nervous persons. The continuous electric earth-current has more to do with feeble or excited nerves than many people are aware of.

Why the Hair turns Gray, and how it may be restored for a few years, if it commenced to change early in life, and how to prevent its falling.

Piles, how they may be relieved and cured. This is a recent discovery, which every one should know.

How Nervous or Vital Forces are generated, how increased, how retained.

Torpid Liver. A harmless and safe substitute for Calomel.

Diphtheria, what to do and how to do it.

Constipation, its cause and cure.

How Catarrh, Bronchitis, Coughs, are cured by a newly-discovered application of Chemical Magnetism, which converts the acrid secretions and Phlegm into gases, ejecting them through the pores of the body.

The above book also contains the celebrated

100 Metropolitan Hotel Recipes.

For cooking, Baking, Making Pastries, Puddings, Preserves, &c. Also, 150 other Recipes, &c., by an American lady who is her own housekeeper. And, also, a brief, but comprehensive

MEDICAL ADVISER.

A similar work does not exist. PRICE, with paper cover, sent free by mail, 12 cents.

STAFFORD & CO., PUBLISHERS,

\*3mfeb20 442 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

R. J. D. LARRABEE & CO.,

69 Exchange Street,—PORTLAND, Me.

Importers and dealers in

ARTIST'S MATERIALS,

ENGRAVINGS,

—AND—

PICTURE FRAMES!

Particular attention paid to

Framing Paintings & Engravings,

In any desirable style.

Burnishing & Ornamental Gilding

Satisfactorily executed All kinds of

MOULDINGS.

In any quantity.

LINE AND MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS.

Lithographs and Photographs

of new and old subjects.

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

CARPET

WARE-HOUSE!

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

CARPETINGS,

—LATEST STYLES—

In Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry,

Ingrain, Superfine and Stair!

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS;

all widths.

Straw Mattings, Rugs, Mats, &c.

Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures,

Drapery Materials of Damasks and Muslins.

Feathers and Mattresses

Bought at Reduced Rates and will be sold

Very Cheap for Cash, by

W. T. KILBORN & CO.

(Successors to E. H. Burghin,

FREESTREET CARPET WAREHOUSE

Chambers No. 1 and 2, Free Street Block.

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

25 PORTLAND, ME. 17

## Notice.

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

of every description, and of the best material and workmanship, to all who favor him with their patronage.

REPAIRING

done at short notice. Also,

Sole Leather, Shoe Findings

and almost all kinds of

SHOE STOCK,

on as good terms as can be had at any other establishment.

JAMES WEBB,

North Bridgton, March 4, 1862. 1718

FARM FOR SALE!

I will sell my farm situated in the town of

Bridgton in the County of Cumberland on

the new County road from Bridgton Center to Naples. There is about fifty acres of

good land, with a new house on the same. About one half the land is well covered with

wood the balance is tillage and pasture land. I shall sell for much less than the actual

value at any time before the first of May next. Call and examine.

Also I will sell with the farm, one horse one yoke oxen two cows one steer and 2 steers and two swine, and farming tools.

Bridgton, March 11, 1863.

CYRUS RECORD.

## Home Advertisements.

## PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

## JOB PRINTING

## HOUSE!

THE REPORTER OFFICE,

TEMPERANCE BUILDING, BRIDGTON,

MAINE.

ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY

## JOB PRINTING,

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

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

## OUR ESTABLISHMENT

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

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

Posters of all sizes,

Hand Bills,

Programmes,

Circulars,

Bills of Fare,

Bill Heads,

Town Reports,

Labels of all kinds,

Catalogues,

Town Blanks,

Insurance Blanks,

Fair Bills,

Pamphlets of all kinds,

Business Cards,

Wedding Cards, Visiting Cards, Invitation

Cards, Professional Cards, &c., &c.,

As cheap as at any other establishment this

side of Boston.

PRINTING!

DONE WITH

Blue, Black, Green or Red Ink,

OR WITH

TWO OR MORE COLORS.

Particular attention paid to BRONZE

WORK in all its branches.

DR. SWEET'S

Infallible Linniment,

THE

GREAT INTERNAL REMEDY.

FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA,

LUMBAGO, STIFF NECK AND JOINTS,

SPRAINS, BRUISES, CUTS AND

WOUNDS, PILES, HEADACHE,

AND ALL RHEUMATIC AND

NERVOUS DISORDERS.

For all of which it is a certain remedy,

and never fails. This Linniment is prepared

from the recipe of Dr. Stephen Sweet, of

Connecticut, the famous bone setter, and

has been used in his practice for more than

twenty years with the most astonishing suc-

cesses.

AS AN ALLEVIATOR OF PAIN it is

unrivaled by any preparation before the pub-

lic, of which the most skeptical may be con-

vinced by a single trial.

This Linniment will cure rapidly and rad-

ically, RHEUMATIC DISORDERS of every

kind, and in thousands of cases where it

has never been known to fail.

FOR NEURALGIA, it will afford imme-

diately relief in every case, however distress-

ing. It will relieve the worst cases of HEAD-

ACHE in three minutes and is warranted to

do it.

TOOTHACHE also will be cured instantly

FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY AND GEN-

ERAL LASSITUDE arising from impru-

dence or excess, this Linniment is a most

happy and unfailing remedy. Acting di-

rectly upon the Nervous System, it strength-

ens and reinvigorates the system, and restores it

to elasticity and vigor.

FOR PILES.—As an external remedy, we

claim that it is the best known and we chal-

lenge the world to produce an equal. Every

victim of this distressing complaint should

give it a trial, for it will not fail to afford

immediate relief, and in a majority of cases

will effect a radical cure.

QUINSY AND SORE THROAT are

sometimes extremely malignant and dan-

gerous, but a timely application of this

Linniment will cure them.

SPRAINS are sometimes very obstinate,

and enlargement of the joints is liable to

occur. The worst case may be

conquered by this Linniment in two or three