

The Bridgton Reporter.

V. NO. 29.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1863

WHOLE NO. 235

HORACE C. LITTLE
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

Bridgton Reporter.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY

H. C. LITTLE.

Persons required to publish notices
under the Probate Court may select the
day in which such notice may be published.

1863. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
Advertisements. One square 16
lines, one insertion 75 cents, 3 insertions
\$2.00, 6 insertions \$3.50, one
month \$5.00; 1-4 column \$18.00; 1-2 column
\$30.00; one column \$50.00
PRINTING executed with neatness,
expeditiously, and despatch.

Bridgton Business Cards.

ADAMS, JAS. R., Furniture, Clockery
Ware, Paints, Oils, Dry Goods & Groceries
L. E. & S. W. 1/2
ALLEY, EDWARD T., Shoe Manu-
facturer. Custom Work done to order.
BELLING, LUTHER, Dry Goods, Hard
Ware, Clockery, W. I. Goods & Groceries
DRAKE, MRS. L. T., Milliner and
Dress Maker. Temperance Building.
BROWN, G. H., Wholesale & Retail Dealer
in Furniture, Coffins, &c. N. Bridgton
DALL, REUBEN, Confectionery, Toys,
Dance Goods and Medicines.
HORN, MARSHALL, Pondicherry House,
Bridgton. Stabling for Horses.
EXTON, ALFRED, Shoe Maker, Cus-
tom Work to order. Boarding House.
JERHAM, W. W., Shoe Dealer, Cus-
tom Work and Jobbing done to order.
JOS. CENTER & JORDAN, Tanners
& Curriers. Hides, Skins & Bark wanted.
LEAVES, ROBERT, Livery Stable,
and Teams constantly on hand to let.
LEAVES, NATHAN, Dry Goods, Choice
Family Groceries, &c. &c.
LEAVES, B. C. & SON, Stoves, Tin
Ware. Jobbing done to order.
LAWRENCE, F. B. & J. H., Jewellers,
Watches, Clocks, &c. Repairing done.
RADWICK & HOOTHBAY, Proprietors of
Forest Stocking Mill.
AVIS, MIAL & SON, Bridgton House.
Good Stabling connected with this Hotel.
AVIS, MIAL, Carriage Maker, repair-
ing and painting done in a neat manner.
EGG, ALBERT, Tanner and Currier,
Bridgton Center, Maine. Bark wanted.
RUBS, RUFUS, Proprietor of Cumber-
land Mills. Charles E. Gibbs agent.
RUBS, RUFUS, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Flour, Groceries, &c. &c.
DAVID, Attorney and Counsel-
lor at Law, Bridgton, Maine.
HYDEN, S. M., Drugs, Medicines, Per-
fumery, &c. Bookseller & Stationer.
ARMON, S. M., Confectioner and At-
torney at Law, Bridgton, Maine.
ARMON, WALTER, Blacksmith. All
kinds of jobbing done in this line.
OPKINS & PERLEY, Sash and Blind
Manufacturers. Jobbing attended to.
KERS, J. E., Dealer in Shooks, Hoops,
Barns, Corn, Flour and W. I. Goods.
HLEFIELD, E. A. & I. K., Dealers
in Dry Goods, Groceries and Meats.
HONSON, RUSSELL, Deputy Sheriff for
Cumberland and Oxford Counties.
HLEFIELD, N. S. & F. J., Coun-
sellors and Attorneys at Law.
EWS, HARTLEY W., Barber, Shav-
ing and Hair Cutting.
ELSON, A. M., Dry Goods, Groceries
Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Carpentry
and Mill, Physicians & Surgeons.
Office in Odd Fellows Building.
ONE, DIXEY & SON, Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Paints, Oils, Hardware & Groceries
WART, E. T., Merchant Tailor. Gar-
ments made to order.
HLOE & PERRY, Proprietors of the
New Woollen Factory.
HIMPSON, M. W., Ambrotypist and
Phototypist Saloon. Prices \$10 to \$15
EBB JAMES, Custom, & Retail Boot
and Shoe Maker, North Bridgton.
HILLARD GEORGE H., Blacksmith.
Strict attention paid to Horse Shoeing.
EBB, J. P., M. D., Physician and
Surgeon, Bridgton Center, Maine.
EBB, JOHN, Blacksmith Horse &
Shoeing. Jobbing neatly done.
KER, BENJAMIN, Grist & Saw
Mill, Canal Boats, Lime and Plaster.
ROBERT, JOHN, Fruit, Confec-
tionery, Cigars, Saws, Gummed & Filled.
ROBERT, J. F., Manufacturer Furni-
ture, Bedsteads, Planing Sawing, Job-
bing.
E. E. E., Harness Maker and
Trimmer, &c. &c.
HUR, GEORGE C., Manufacturer
of Shoes, Ladies Boots, &c.

Original Poetry.

"Only one Wounded."

BY E. W. ASA.

I
"Only one wounded!"
The sentinel said,
"Only one fallen!"
"Only one dead!"

And the gathered group grew silent and sad
Grew tearful at the eye just merry and glad,
For the fallen youth was a bold bravo lad.

II
To a far off cot
Where the widow dwelt,
Where morning and eve
For years she had knelt.

And plead for her boy, her hope and her all,
Came tearful tidings that told of his fall,
And she droops and fades and awaits her call.

III
Blue eyes that were bright,
Are heavy and dead;
From the pearl pale cheek
The rose has all fled;

A heart is broken—and despairs dull tread
Sound through the ruins from whence hope
Has fled.

O sentinel say—when the swift ball sped?
Was there only one wounded, only one dead?

Our Story Teller.

Seven Up.

In a pleasant farm house, one wintry
eve, after supper and a hard day's
work at threshing, Samuel Gray rose
from his chair, with a sad, weary look,

and stood before the drawer of an old
bureau.

"Samuel, what is thee doing?" said
his mother following him. "Thee is
not going out to-night, when so tired?"

"Yes, mother," he replied, taking up
with a sigh a small calico bag, which
seemed well filled.

"Why, that is the mortgage money,
Samuel; what dost thou want with
that?"

"I know it, mother; but I must have
this money this night," he answered in
a determined tone.

"For what, my son? Thee has al-
ways told me everything. We earned
the money together."

"I know it, mother. All these years
we have toiled to pay off that mortgage
left on the farm at my father's death,

and now it has all come to nothing.—
Sit down in your chair, mother, and I
will tell you the truth, as I trust I have
ever done. I do not fear your blame,

as I have always loved your praise.—
This one egregious error has taught me
great lessons already. They say women
can bear trouble better than men."

Samuel's mother trembled very much,
but she sat quietly down. Her face
was pleasant to look at—healthy and
fresh, with a clean Quaker cap crimp-
ed about it. She could not believe her
son had done anything so very wrong;

but all was a mystery.

"Last evening you know how late I
staid away, and I presume you thought
I was with Ellen at the farm; but I
was not; more is the pity. I went on
an errand to the tavern to get some oil
for our lame horse's leg. The bar-room
was a blaze of light, and all the boys
there, and I stepped in to warm. There
were two finely-dressed gentlemen from
Boston sitting around the table, call-
ing for the best of port wine, and treat-
ing the company. They called me to
join so cordially that I consented, and
felt rested with the good fire and exhil-
arating glass. Soon one of the stran-
gers brought out a pack of cards, and
played with Joe Lampson and Jim
White. I sat and smoked in the cor-
ner, and did not take much notice of the
game. They played for cigars and
wine, and then for money, and the
game was 'Seven Up.' Now, when I
was a boy, I used to have an excellent
run of luck at cards, and beat every-
body; and I suppose I was elated at
my reputation, for when Joe Lampson
said, 'I have won two hundred dollars,'

I was astonished, especially when the
trappings, showing how swiftly they
strangers paid it over as quick and easy
had traveled. Two strong men had
as they would brush off a fly. I thought
if dull, Joe has won so quickly such a
house. The host came obsequiously to
sum, why not I, who am so lucky at
cards? They urged me to take a hand,
and the sight of the new bills on the
Merchants' Exchange Bank so won up-
on my better understanding, that I
grew right up to the table. I thought
only of winning, I never thought of los-
ing. We played and won, and played
and lost. 'Oh! mother, I lost all this
money as quick as a flash; and they
taunted me that I could not pay; but
I must pay it, or have my honor lost
before the whole village. I know how
wrong it was, but if hard work will
make it up to you, you shall never
want.' Here Sam drooped down, and cri-
ed like a child.

"Thee is welcome to take the money,
Sam," said his mother, quietly. "I
wish thee would promise never to touch
a card again."

"Dear mother, I solemnly—"
"No, Sam! no oaths. Remember
thee will be tempted this very night to
do it, and win back this very money."

"No, I have seen too many winks
pass between these two men. They
are gamblers, who have come down to
impose upon us 'greenhorns' in the
country. When I think of how many
hard days work I have performed, and
how many chickens and eggs you have
raised to sell, all for one good object,
and that my cursed folly has ruined all,
I am ready to despair."

"I shall not live long to want money,
Sam; I only thought of thee and Ellen,
who is so soon to become thy wife."

Samuel groaned, and left the house
with a heavy heart. He knew by the
twinkling light across the fields that
Ellen sat watching for his visit, but he
sped on toward the village, until, stamp-
ing the snow from his shoes, he entered
once more the tavern. Again, in a
private parlor, he found the compan-
ions of a previous night. He went
firmly up to the table and deposited the
money. "I have come," he said, in a
bold voice, "to pay you what you won
from me last night." The man merely
waved his hand, on which shone a jew-
el, toward him. "Oh, a mere trifle,"
he said; "time enough by and by."

Sam turned toward the fire, with a
groan. Evil thoughts took possession
of his mind. "Can some men make
money thus easily by the toss of a card
or the turn of a die? and yet, after all
my honest labor, must I be turned from
my humble home, and my happy pros-
pects broken up for life by two desper-
ate gamblers?" Fierce passions seem-
ed at war within him, as the sweet vi-
sions of former hopes passed away.—He
did not notice that there were mutter-
ings of wrath at the table, as one after
another was felled in his turn. Cries
of 'unfair, unfair play!' were met by
contentious sneers from the success-
ful men who pocketed the gains.

Samuel's little roll of bills still laid
upon the table, and he could not bear
to leave it there. It seemed sacred
money. "How little my father thought
when he left me the farm, with only
this mortgage as an encumbrance, that
I could prove so recreant to my solemn
engagement to take care of my dear
mother. Oh, God, forgive me and
spare me, that I may do better in the
future." And at that moment a softer
emotion sprung up in his heart. He
felt a longing of sin of all kinds that
he had never felt before, and a determina-
tion to shun even the smallest deviation
from duty, if its retribution was so
dreadful. This was a more desirable
state of mind; and a humble spirit
breathed its blessing over him, as he
rose up and buttoned his thin coat over
his breast, again to face the cutting
wind of a wintry night.

About this time a handsome sleigh
had driven up to the door of the tav-
ern. The horses were flecked with
foam, and the frost hung about their

cut off close up to the body, the ar-
ties taken up, and he seemed to be de-
ling well. Subsequently one of the
s all arteries sloughed off. An inci-
sion was made, and it was once more
taken up.

"It was well it was not the main ar-
tery," said the surgeon, as he performed
the operation; "he might have bled to
death before we could have taken it up."

But Charley got on finely, and was a
favorite with us all.

I was passing through the ward one
night about midnight, when suddenly
as I was passing Charley's bed, he
spoke to me—"H—, my leg is bleed-
ing again." I threw back the bed-
clothes, and the blood spirted in the
air. The main artery had sloughed
off.

Fortunately I knew just what to do,
and in an instant I had pressed my
thumb on the place and stopped the
bleeding. It was so close to the body
that there was barely room for my
thumb; but I succeeded in arousing
one of the convalescents, and sent him
for the surgeon, who came in on the
run.

"I am so thankful, H—," said he,
as he saw me, "that you were up and
knew what to do, for he must have
bled to death before I could have got
here."

On an examination of the case, how-
ever, he looked very serious, and sent
for other surgeons. All came that
were within reach, and a consultation
was held over the poor fellow. One
conclusion was reached by all. There
was no place to work save the spot
where my thumb was placed; they
could not work under my thumb, and
if I moved it he would bleed to death
before the artery could be taken up.—
There was no way to save his life.

Poor Charley! He was very calm
when they told him, and requested that
his brother, who was in the same hos-
pital, might be called up. He came
and sat down by the bedside, and for
three hours I stood, and by the pres-
sure of my thumb kept up the life of
Charley, while the brothers had their
last conversation on earth. It was a
strange place for me to be in, to feel
that I held the life of a fellow mortal
in my hands, as it were, and stranger
yet to feel that an act of mine must
cause that life to depart. Loving the
poor fellow as I did, it was a hard
thought; but there was no alternative.

The last words were spoken—Char-
ley had arranged all his business affairs,
and sent tender messages to absent
ones, who had little dreamed how near
their loved one stood to the grave.—
The tears filled my eyes more than once
as I listened to those parting words.—
All was said, and he turned to me.

"Now, H—, I guess you had bet-
ter take off your thumb."

"O Charley! how can I? I said.
"But it must be, you know," he re-
plied, cheerfully. "I thank you very
much for your kindness, and now good-
bye."

He turned away his head; I raised
my thumb, once more the life current
in a gully on the other side of the road,
he forthwith loaded his cart, drove up
to the place, and had nearly finished
throwing off his load by hand, when
the 'boss' told him that was not the
way.—He must tilt or dump his load at
once. Paddy replied that he would
know better next time. After loading
again, he drove to the chasm, put his
shoulder to the wheel, and upset the
cart, horse, and all into the gully.—
Scratching his head, and looking rath-
er doubtful at his horse below him, he
observed: "Bedad, it's a mighty expen-
sive way, but it must be trying to
the best!"

EXPEDITIOUS BUT RATHER TRYING.—A
Hibernian, fresh from the green isle,
having sufficient means to provide him-
self with a horse and cart, (the latter a
kind probably he never saw before,)
went to work on a public road. Being
directed by the overseer to move a lot
of stones up and deposit them in a
gully on the other side of the road,
he forthwith loaded his cart, drove up
to the place, and had nearly finished
throwing off his load by hand, when
the 'boss' told him that was not the
way.—He must tilt or dump his load at
once. Paddy replied that he would
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the best!"

A TOUCHING SCENE.

I was conversing not long since with
a volunteer.

"I was in the hospital, as nurse, for
a long time," said he, "and assisted in
taking off limbs, and dressing all sorts
of wounds; but the hardest thing I ever
did was to take my thumb off a man's
leg."

"Ah?" said I, "how was that?"

Then he told me:—

"It was a young man who had a se-
vere wound in the thigh. The ball
passed completely through, and ampu-
tation was necessary. The limb was

Agricultural Department

A FEW HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

Thus far the season has been cold
and wet, and vegetation comes forward
slowly. But the weather has been
highly favorable for grass, and we have
rarely seen the prospect of abundant
hay crops more promising on the tenth
of May than at the present time. The
winter grains, too, are looking unusu-
ally well; and although there was but lit-
tle snow upon the ground in this State
during last winter, we heard no com-
plaints of 'winter kill' among our neigh-
bors. The present is a stirring time
with farmers, and the scarcity of labor
and high price of help will demand
the shrewdest management on the part
of those who are short handed, in order
to accomplish the work of the farm.—
We trust that no temptation of high
prices to be realized in the future, will
tempt any of our farmers to put more
land under the plow the present season
than can be well taken care of. Noth-
ing tends so much to impoverish the
soil as that slovenly neglected culture,
in which, for want of help and time,
after a long struggle between the weeds
and the farmer, the weeds get the up-
per hand.

Except for the hardest crops, which
require the full length of the season
for their growth, such as onions, beets,
parsnips and the like, nothing is gained
by planting very early. It is folly to
put seeds into the ground when it is as
cold as a clam bank, for if they do not
rot in the ground the germs receive a
chill which stunts their growth, and
from which the plants never fully re-
cover.


Plowing upon heavy lands should be
abstained from until the earth is warm
and light. Soils plowed when satur-
ated with moisture can at no time during
the season be rendered so light and fri-
able, as they should be, by any amount
of after culture with hoes or harrows.

The market reports and the general
state of the country will readily suggest
to the farmer the amount and variety
of his crops for the coming year. But
as his calculations will be governed
more than usual by the scarcity of farm
hands, it will be well for every one to
consider how he can produce the great-
est amount in value with the least out-
lay of manual labor.

While the staple products of New
England farms command the prices
which they now do, and seem likely to
continue, we would not recommend any
very extensive experiments with new
and untried products. If we can raise
good crops of hay and corn, which find
a ready market, we may well afford to
let the Western farmers have a monop-
oly of the flax culture—at least until
the war is over.—*Flowerman.*

KITCHEN SLOPS AND TOMATOES.—N.
K. Meriam, of Grafton Station, Mass.,
has adopted a simple and cheap expe-
dient for growing early tomatoes and
disposing of the slops from the kitchen
at one operation. The kitchen yard is
in a warm, sheltered place, with a
Southern exposure. Barrels are placed
near the wall nearly filled with rich
earth. In these tomato plants are placed
early in the season and may be eas-
ily covered up on cold nights. As the
plants grow and increase in foliage
and thus throw off large quantities of
moisture, the kitchen slops are poured
into the barrels for watering the plants.
The warmth, moisture, and elements of
fertility thus supplied, produce an ear-
ly growth; while the confinement of the
roots in the barrel prevents too
much running to stem at the expense of
fruit. The barrels should not be wa-
ter tight, but admit of drainage. Any
number of barrels may be placed
in a row, and be planted with cucum-
bers and other vegetables. If proper-
ly trained, they present a neat and orna-
mental appearance, and the barrels
serve as reservoirs to get rid of kitch-
en slops, so often a nuisance about
kitchen doors.—*Annual Register.*

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contamination is varied disease, low living, unhealthy food, impure habits, the depressing

Ayer's
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dotes that medical
this afflicting distemp
disorders it entails.
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bine virtues truly ex-
upon this class of c-
proven by the gre-
known and remarka-

Glandular Swellings, Pimples, Blisters, Bores or Sores

Rheum, Scald Head
Tuberculous deposit
Swellings, Debility
Dyspepsia or Indigestion
Syphilitic Infection
Female Weakness
series of complaints

cases may be found in ALMANAC, which is for gratuitous distribution. I have learned the direction of the remarkable cure of all other remedies here. Those cases are portions of the country, may have access to see him of its benefits. Scrofula depresses the leaves its victims face and its fatal results. Hence it terribly shortens the life. The vast improvement has led us to a remedy which is advised we now offer to the AYER'S SARSAPARILLA composed of ingredients, best of *Sarsaparilla* itself and you may procure

the foul corruptions
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vigorous health will
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CHERRY
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assure the public that
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Prepared by Dr.
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Sold by all druggists
S. M. HAYDON, DR.
North Bridgton; **SI**

NEW STOCK
A. M. N.
Has just received from
BROADCLOTH
DOESKINS, F
AND
With all the fixtures
a complete stock of
DRY

Which will be sold
sortment of

CROCKE

Hard

With a gene

GROC

Carpetings, Paper

Which will be sold
sortment of

CROCKE

Hard

With a gene

GROC

Carpetings, Paper

