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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness
and despatch.

IS HE A CHRISTIAN?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Is he a Christian?"

"The question reached my ear as I sat con-

sulting with a friend, and I paused in the

silence I was uttering, to note the an-

swer of the questioner.

"Oh, yes; he is a Christian," was replied.

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so. I was

aware of it before," said the other.

"Yes; he has passed from death unto life.

last week, in the joy of his new birth, he

gave himself to the church, and is now in

communion with the saints."

"What a blessed change!"

"Blessed, indeed. Another soul saved;

he has washed his robes, and made

him white in the blood of the Lamb. There

is joy in Heaven on his account."

"Of whom are they speaking?" I asked,

turning to my friend.

"Of Fletcher Gray, I believe," was replied.

"I am glad to hear of his conversion. He

was a good man, and a true Christian."

"By the fruits you shall know them," re-

sponded my friend. "I will believe his claim

on the title of Christian when I see the fruits

of his life, as they say, he will work

the work of righteousness. A sweet foun-

tain will not send forth bitter waters."

My friend had expressed my own senti-

ments in this, and all like cases. I have

learned to put small trust in "profession";

for nearly all the ground in which that high-

er and purer love takes root. It is all in

vain to talk of love as a mere thing. Love

is an active principle, and, according to its

quality, works. If the love be heavenly, it

will show itself in good deeds to the neighbor;

but, if infernal, in acts of selfishness

that disregard the neighbor.

"I will observe this Mr. Gray," said I, as

I walked homeward from the company, "and

see whether the report touching him be true.

If he is, indeed, a Christian," as they affirm,

the Christian graces of meekness and char-

ity will blossom in his life, and make all

the air around him fragrant."

Opportunity soon came. Fletcher Gray

was a storekeeper, and his life in the world

was, consequently, open to the observation

of all men. He was likewise a husband

and a father. His relations were, therefore, of

a character to give, daily, a test of his true

quality.

It was only the day after, that I happened

to meet Mr. Gray under circumstances favor-

able to observation. He came into the store

of a merchant with whom I was transacting

some business, and asked the price of certain

goods in the market. I moved aside, and

watched him narrowly. There was a marked

change in the expression of his coun-

tenance and in the tones of his voice. The

former had a sober, almost solemn expres-

sion; the latter was subdued, even to plain-

"Not a word of it. Didn't you observe his

subdued, meek aspect, when he came in?"

"Why, yes; now that you refer to it, I do

remember a certain peculiarity about him.

Become pious! Joined the church! Well,

I'm sorry!"

"For what?"

"Sorry for the injury he will do to a good

cause. The religion that makes a man a

better husband, father, man of business, law-

yer, doctor, or preacher, I reverence, for it is

genuine, as the lives of those who accept it

do testify. But your hypocritical pretenses

I scorn and execrate."

"It is, perhaps, almost too strong language,

this, as applied to Mr. Gray," said I.

"What is a hypocrite?" asked the mer-

chant.

"A man that puts on the semblance of

Christian virtues which he does not possess."

"And that is what Mr. Gray does when he

assumes to be religious. A true Christian

is just. Was he just to me when he crowded

me down in the price of my goods, and rob-

bed me of a living profit, in order that he

might secure a double gain? I think not.

There is not even the live and let live prin-

ciple in that. No—no, sir. If he has joined

the church, my word for it, there is a

black sheep in the fold; or, I might say,

without abuse of language, a wolf therein,

disguised in sheep's clothing."

"Give the man time," said I. "Old habits

of life are strong, you know. In a little

while, I trust that he will see, clearer, and

regulate his life from perceptions to higher

truths."

"I thought his heart was changed," an-

swered the merchant, with some irony in his

tones. "That he had been made a new crea-

ture."

I did not care to discuss that point with

him, and so merely answered.

"The beginnings of spiritual life are as

the beginnings of natural life. The babe is

born in feebleness, and we must wait through

the periods of infancy, childhood, and youth,

before we can have the strong man ready

for the burden and heat of the day, or full-

armed for the battle. If Mr. Gray is in the

first effort to lead a Christian life,

"there is vast room for improvement,"

said the merchant. "In my eyes, he is, at

this time only a hypocritical pretender. I

hope, for the sake of the world and the church,

both, that his new associates will make some-

thing better out of him."

I went away pretty much of the merchant's

opinion. My next meeting with Mr. Gray

was in the shop of a mechanic to whom he

had sold a bill of goods some months pre-

viously. He had called to collect a portion

of the amount which remained unpaid. The

mechanic was not ready for him.

"I am sorry, Mr. Gray," he began, with

some hesitation of manner.

"Sorry for what?" sharply interrupted

Mr. Gray.

"Sorry that I have not the money to set-

tle your bill. I have been disappointed."

"I don't want that old story. You prom-

ised to be ready for me to-day, didn't you?"

And Mr. Gray knit his brows, and looked

angry and impatient.

"Yes, I promised. But—"

"Then keep your promise. No man has a

right to break his word. Promises are sac-

red things, and should be kept religious-

ly."

"If my customers had kept their promises

"That wasn't right in me, I know," said

the mechanic, as Gray left his shop. "I'm

sorry, now, that I said it. But he pressed

me too closely. I am but human."

"He is a hard, exacting, money-loving

man," was my remark.

"They tell me he has become a Christian,"

said the mechanic. "Has got religion—been

converted. Is that so?"

"It is commonly reported; but I think

common report must be in error. St. Paul

gives patience, forbearance, long-suffering,

meekness, brotherly kindness, and charity

as some of the Christian graces. I do not

see them in this man. Therefore, common

report must be in error."

"I have paid him a good many hundreds

of dollars since I opened my shop here," said

the mechanic, with the manner of one who

felt hurt. "If I am a poor, hard-working man,

I try to be honest. Sometimes I get a little

behind hand, as I am now, because people I

work for don't pay up as they should. It

happened twice before when I wasn't just

square with Mr. Gray, that he pressed down

very hard upon me, and talked just as you

heard him to-day. He got his money, every

dollar of it, and he will get his money now.

I did think, knowing that he had joined the

church and made a profession of religion,

that he would bear a little patiently with

me this time. That, as he had obtained for-

giveness, as alleged, of his sins towards

Heaven, he would be merciful to his fellow-

man. Ah, well! These things makes us

very sceptical about the honesty of men who

call themselves religious. My experience

with 'professors' has not been very encour-

aging. As a general thing I find them quite

as greedy for gain as other men. We out-

side people of the world get to be very sharp-

sighted. When a man sets himself up to

be of better quality than we, and calls him-

self by a name significant of heavenly vir-

ture, we judge him naturally, by his own

standard, and watch him very closely. If

he remains as hard, as selfish, as exacting,

and as eager after money as before, we do

not put much faith in his profession, and

are very apt to class him with the

rest. We ask for good works, and are not

satisfied with anything else. By their

fruits ye shall know them."

On the next Sunday I saw Mr. Gray in

church. My eyes were on him when he en-

tered. I noticed that all the lines of his

face were drawn down, and that the whole

aspect and bearing of the man were solemn

and devout. He moved to his place with a

slow step, his eyes cast to the floor. On

taking his seat, he leaned his head on the

pill in front of him, and continued for nearly

a minute in prayer. During the services I

heard his voice in the singing; and through

the sermon, he maintained the most fixed

attention. It was communion Sabbath; and

he remained, after the congregation was

dismissed, to join in the holiest act of worship.

"Can this man be indeed self-deceived?"

I asked myself, as I walked homeward. "Can

he really believe that Heaven is to be gained

by pious acts alone. That every Sabbath

evening he can pitch his tent a day's march

nearer Heaven, though all the week he have

failed in the commonest offices of neighborly

love?"

It so happened, that I had many opportu-

nities for observing Mr. Gray, who, after

joining the church, became an active worker

in some of the public and prominent char-

ities; and can we not trust the result with

him. Let us look on the bright side, and

hope, amid all the fears which naturally

arise, that good, not evil, will follow our

efforts, and have faith to believe that it

will be so."

"Yes," replied the mother, "we will cheer-

fully receive him into our hearts, and by

love and kindness strive to win him to truth

and virtue."

"And I, said Harriet, will be a sister to

him; as I would in like circumstances, an-

other would be to my brother, and he shall

never know our hesitation or fears on his

account."

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," all that

was mortal of Emily Martin is consigned to

its last home, and her orphan boy has be-

come an inmate of the family of James Ford,

there sharing the same advantages with their

own, attending the same school, assisting in

the labors, sitting around the same fireside,

joining in the same sports, loving and be-

loved by them all.

And here the affectionate solicitude be-

stowed upon him, with the mental and moral

tone of the family, where improvement and

intelligence were combined with entertain-

ment and playful vivacity, to make home

more attractive to its inmates than elsewhere,

began to show their influences upon him;

and stimulating to more correct deportment,

and higher and more earnest views and

aims of life. And yet, with this to encour-

age them, the parents saw, with many fine

qualities of mind and heart, how much there

was, both in nature and education, which

needed careful and constant training; much

which caused anxiety and a great respon-

sibility to rest upon them.

Often there was cause for fresh fears of

his influence over their own; often the

mother, remembering the last request of the

dying mother, prayed yet more fervently for

her own, and him committed to her charge;

and thus, trusting in her God, was comfort-

ed. And here, amidst their hopes and fears,

six years have elapsed since Frederick

Martin entered the family of James Ford,

and now, on the threshold of manhood, he

is leaving the home he loved so dear,

to go forth into the world, and act for him-

self in life's drama. Emotions too great for

utterance, crowd upon him as he thinks of

the disinterested kindness, care, and affection,

that has been bestowed upon him in the

home of his adoption, and gratitude, such as

together like the pennies and smooth sixpence in his pocket. The diaphragm should bounce up into the thorax, and the liver change places with the pancreas, and the heart kick lustily against the ribs, and the lungs swell and fill like the bellows of Vulcan. No minister should trust his orthodoxy till he has inaugurated some such hygienic process as this, in the round of his diurnal duties. For the fact is not to be ignored, that the theology of some divines has got dyspepsia awfully, having been begotten from the wedlock of a weak stomach and a smoky brain.

Therefore we exhort all church committees who want genial orthodoxy and good digestion and a radiant cheerfulness in their pastor, to pass around the hat and buy him a horse.—[Bocher in the Independent.]

PUNISHING A WOMAN-WHIPPER. My attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who waited on the table during dinner; his dress was more that of a country gentleman than a servant, and his countenance peculiarly sad and subdued. I found my eyes continually wandering towards this individual, whose manner disquieted me, for he moved about wearily, and as if his task was a weary one. After dinner the superintendent asked me if I had observed the waiter. "Yes. What is he? Who is he?" "The richest man in Eastern Paraguay. He has a very large, well-stocked estancia." "And yet he is here as a servant?" "Yes; he was guilty of the ungallant act of whipping a woman, and the President has degraded him to be a servant at the iron works. He will at least liberate himself only by paying a sum, or its equivalent in cattle." So much for the rights of woman, and the summary administration of the law in Paraguay.—[Travels in Paraguay.]

TYRANNY OF FASHION. Madame de Genlis, in her *Memories* describes the training she underwent to fit her for Parisian society during the last century:—"I had two teeth pulled out; I had whalebone stays that pinched me terribly; my feet were imprisoned in tight shoes, with which it was impossible for me to walk; I had three or four thousand curls put on my head, and I wore for the first time in my life a hoop—in order to get rid of my country attitudes, I had an iron collar put on my neck; and as I squinted a little at times, I was obliged to put on my goggles as soon as I awoke in the morning, and these I wore four hours—I was, moreover not a little surprised when they talked of giving me a master to teach me what I thought I knew already—to walk. Besides all this, I was forbidden to run, to leap, or to ask questions."

YOUNG MEN. In his recent charge to the grand jury in Washington, Judge Crawford addressed himself to a subject, paramount in importance, and made the following just remarks:—

If the young men, who are to be the future men of the country, were brought up with a more decided home rule, and compelled, (when expulsion was necessary,) to devote themselves to the acquisition of skill in some useful and respectable vocation, there would be less occupation for courts and juries. The engagements and habits of the boy will cling to the man, and upon his training and education under the domestic roof will depend his standing and character and his usefulness or the reverse of life.

VERDICT IN A PATENT CASE. Portland, July 27. In the case of Cahoon and Furbush, assignees of C. W. Cahoon's Patent vs. Aaron Ring, which has occupied the attention of the Circuit Court, Clifford, J. presiding for nearly three weeks, the jury this morning returned a verdict sustaining the validity of the Cahoon Patent for sewing seed vertically, and finding Rings machine an infringement of the Cahoon patent on the first specification in his letters patent, and not on the second and third as claimed by the plaintiff—George T. Curtis, Esq., of Boston, and Edward Ford, Esq., of Portland, counsel for plaintiff, and Wm. Whiting, Esq., of Boston, and Geo. F. Shepley, Esq., of Portland, counsel for defendants.

A drove of sheep were grazing in a meadow near Philadelphia during a severe thunder storm, a few days since. There was a hickory tree in the meadow, and a lightning bolt descended upon the topmost branch. A moment afterwards, eighty-five sheep, who had sought shelter lay dead. Two of the farthest from the tree had been struck while running hither, and died with their limbs extended from under them, as though a heavy weight fallen upon their backs had crushed them down. With the exception of one sheep, who stood touching the trunk of the tree with his body, not a lock of their fleece was ruffled. They all lay in their natural recumbent position, with their eyes opened, and, to all appearances, tranquilly reposing.

THE LAST AND "THE LAST." A German shoemaker, in the little village which is shut from sight by the vivid screen of "Cedar Hill," was arrested by one of our metropolitan officers, and taken to town, to confront his first wife, who was "after him with the law's sharp stick," to secure a participation in the earnings which it was alleged he was now sharing with a second life companion. "Which wife," asked a voluble and unreflexing bystander, "will he be obliged to take?" "He is a shoemaker," answered our ready divine, "and must of course stick to his last."

THE GREAT EASTERN. The statement of an English correspondent of the *Troy Whig* that the Great Eastern would not be ready for sea until next Spring, seems to be disputed by the following from the *Liverpool Times* of July 16th; the progress which, during the last four weeks has been made in fitting and equipping the Great Eastern steamship for sea, has been so rapid that within three weeks or a month, or at the latest, her steam will be up, and she will be on her way across the Atlantic. The entire cost of this vessel ready for sea, will be about five million dollars.—[Gardiner Pearl.]

A well-primed lover of the bottle, who had lost his way, reeled into a teetotal grocery, and hiccupped:—"Mr.—do you keep—anything—good to take—here?" "Yes," replied the temperance shopkeeper, "we have excellent cold water—the best thing you can have."—"Well! I know it," was the reply; "there is no one thing—that's done so much for—navigation—as that."

Mr. Wedduburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, was once asked whether he really delivered, in the House of Commons, a speech which the newspaper ascribed to him? "Why to be sure," said he; "there were many things in that speech which I did say, and there are more I wish I had said."

"That's the rock on which we split," said Charley to his wife when she asked him to rock the cradle.

The Reporter.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 5, 1859.

"DON'T KNOW WHAT TO GET." We are, this week, in the position that benevolent and anxious house-wives sometimes find themselves when their larders are rather lean. Their desire is to get something good to eat, something that will relish well, but what it shall be they are at their wit's end to know. They have had this thing and that, and to get the same thing over again, will not answer the palate's demand for variety. This is our present predicament. We are anxious to please and gratify our readers, in the making up of our paper, but we are at a loss how to proceed. We have no special thoughts in our own mind that insist on being uttered, and if we had, we are not sure they would interest our readers. What may seem to us a mighty nice thing, may seem to the reader a matter of little consequence. As for news, either local or foreign, there are none. Country people are busy this season of the year getting their hay, and cannot make news—their lives are necessarily monotonous. In a word, it is impossible to get up a stirring or a surprising newspaper in the country. We wish our readers to take note of this fact, and not expect anything of a volcanic character of us. We could write essays on various subjects, but unless we could contrive to make them "sensational," the majority of readers would pass them by. It would be an easy thing for us to moralize, and be as wise as the looks of an owl, but this business, too has been over-done. Giving grave and solemn advice upon this matter or that, is a bore to most all classes of people. We could, perhaps, cook up a dish of abuse and slang-whang, but this would be in bad taste, and in a long run dangerous. We don't choose to vent our ill-nature in public. We could perhaps write something on politics, but this again would be dangerous, as some of our readers would say that we had violated our professed neutrality.

What then shall we do? why pick up and present such mental fare as we can find.—We are to start this week on a short tour, and will next week relate, for variety's sake, our travels.

THE PEACE hastily concluded between the Emperors of France and Austria, seems to be a cry of peace where there can be no peace. A Vienna correspondent of the *London Times* says there will be no Congress as the two Emperors have agreed to settle their differences without the intervention of neutral powers. "Neutral powers" may not consent to this agreement, possibly. Wonder if Lombardy, Naples, and other parties immediately interested, are to have a voice in fixing upon the precise terms of peace? The French Emperor will not have done much better in this war than did one of his predecessors, who is said to have, with twenty thousand men marched up the hill and then—down again. Napoleon has done but a trifle more than this. Even in Paris the terms of peace have occasioned feelings of disappointment and indignation, and have seriously damaged and lowered the Emperor in the opinion of all classes of society. In Turin, the Sardinian capital, the people are exasperated and greatly dejected at the lame and impotent conclusion of the war. Mr. Nap has evidently missed a figure this time. Modena and Parma are said to be in a state of revolt. It is somewhat significant, too, that the Austrian army is to remain in position, and to be kept fully up to the war footing.

The fact is, this war has only half done its work, and consequently it must be done over again at no very distant day. Italy will be more "plague than profit" to any master, or set of masters other than those of her own free choosing. The time for the freedom of Italy has come, and it will be doubtless better for the peace of Europe for the leading powers thereof to establish it at once.

The following significant bit will show the character of the "biliary" which has been achieved for Lombardy. The caution administered to editors betrays the source from which it emanates:—

The government of Lombardy has cautioned editors against using invectives against recent events, and recommended them to assume sentiments of moderation, under pain of suppression or suspension.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is to make the village of Waterford, Oxford County, his residence during the remainder of the summer. Bro. Lamson of the *Bridgton Reporter* is hugely tickled, being a warm admirer of that distinguished philosopher and reformer, as it brings him into a closer relationship and a nearer presence to intellectual greatness and goodness than he ever experienced before. Be patient, Br. L. you shall come and visit us in our sanctuary, one of these fine days—nay, you shall really eat and sleep under the same roof with us, in "our own hired house." Think of that, and be happy!—[Gardiner Pearl.]

That's what we will. There's only one thing that darkens the prospect of the visit—and that is, the proverbial fact that editors' tables—dinner tables we mean do not generally present a very inviting bill of fare. The pleasure of a "near presence of intellectual greatness" is greatly enhanced by being associated, in our case at least, with "creature comforts." "A word to the wise" &c. We shall go to Waterford to see Mr. Emerson, but shall probably, only "peek threw the pens."

Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Parliament are not counterfeited, why should there be such difficulty in passing them?

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN. By a retired Maid-of-all-work. I may premise that girls are far enough from being perfect; although they would like to have the young men think they are. They have one thing to learn which will have a very important bearing upon their future welfare; and that is to be useful! Girls don't think much about this. They are not wanting in their care for externals. They take great pains with their hair—with their dress;—they have ample hoops, and make themselves externally, quite presentable. As they are seen in the streets, mincing along, they look exceedingly pretty,—so I've heard the young men say. They look a little too much so. The niceness of their looks out of doors, shows plain enough that they spend little time in learning to be useful, in-doors. A woman, though she should always be tidy when she walks out, should not in her fixings try to give the impression that she is not a house-keeper. We should not think much of the men, if when they "dress up," they should try to ape the dandy, and thus endeavor to make it appear that they don't "work for a living." It is just as improper—just as absurd for young women to try, when they appear on the streets, to ape the belle, as it for workmen to pass for dandies. Both dandies and belles are exceptional characters, and the mass of men and women should not intrude upon their sublime privileges. In one word, a young woman should not be ashamed for every one to know that she is, and above all things else wishes to be useful! We cannot, man nor woman, be happy, or blest, unless we are useful—unless we willingly serve others as we would have them serve us.—Girls must get that foolish and weak notion out of their heads that it is the "chief end and aim" of their girl-hood to be pretty and doll-like! A pretty girl, who is nothing but pretty, is really a sad sight in the eye of true wisdom. Gentility without growing from genuine usefulness in some sphere, is a dreadful cheat—like the apples of Sodom.

But as I'm to give another installment of this advice, I will cut the present one short. I feel competent to give advice to girls, as I've been one myself. I call myself a retired Maid-of-all-work; by which it may be understood that I am now a happy wife, and the mother of an interesting family.

REV. J. A. BARTLETT. We had the pleasure a few days since of meeting our "friend of other days" whose name stands at the head of this article. We were rejoiced, too, in learning that he has fully recovered his old sound tone of health, and that as a consequence he is prospering in his profession. We are aware that he has had some difficulty with a committee of discipline of the Universalists Convention of this State, but as the matter has been amicably adjusted between all the parties, we do not feel warranted in interfering with the matter,—although we thought at the time they "suspended" him, they did not take just the right course in relation to his case. "But all is well that ends well," and we are happy to learn that our friend is restored with good reason, to the fellowship grace of his ministerial associates. Brother Bartlett has excellent pulpit talents, is popular as a preacher, and calculated to do good in the world. "We want," says Emerson, "but one verdict; and if we have our own, we are secure of all the rest." We none of us need have fears of committees of discipline if we do as near right as we can.

It is proper that we should state definitely that Mr. Bartlett has received a letter of fellowship signed by many of the best clergymen in the Universalists order, which will be as good for him as one formerly presented by the convention. We are glad to learn that he is to preach the ensuing year in Lovell and Fryeburg, where he has many and strong friends. He resides in Lovell, where he can be addressed.

THE DROUGHT continues its severity in this vicinity to the great detriment of vegetation. We are occasionally morked by the appearance of rain in regular dog-day fashion, but still none comes. We understand that vegetation suffers more in Fryeburg than it does here. Blueberries have nearly dried up on Pleasant Mountain, and it is feared that Capt. Bill and the doctor will not get their customary supply in their customary way. They are usually "lucky dogs" on their blueberry expeditions.

The Gardiner Pearl says "the liveliest feature about Bath appears to be its daily paper." Bro. Chaney is entitled to our hat.—[Bath Times.]

As "Bro. Chaney" is in Boston, entirely unsuspecting of the "windfall" that awaits him we shall write him to call and take that on his way home, next week—unless it is a "shocking bad" one, as it probably is, belonging to an editor!—[Gardiner Pearl.]

When you write Bro. Brock, remind your colleague to institute a search inside of the hat before he puts it on, as there may be something in it even more lively than a *Times* editorial.

MINNEHAHA is welcome to our columns.—Although we do not in all things have full faith in the "vows of woman," yet we are fain to in her particular case, as what is called the internal evidence is conclusive of her originality. Please write us "some more" verses, and let them come bright and shining from the mint of your brain.

We observe that a small patch of snow remains on, or near Mount Washington. It looks defiance at dog days, though they are generally supposed to conquer all snow-banks.

The following from the *Newburyport Herald* expresses our views exactly in regard to Louis Napoleon.

PEACE. It is generally conceded now, that Louis Napoleon has cheated everybody. Not a few of our readers grumbled a few days since, when we intimated that this might be the result of the war; but if we had done differently we should have been more surprised, as the whole race of Bonapartes are thorough and desperate rogues—as near to total depravity as we can conceive. Now, everybody that has trusted to him has been deceived and cheated. He has cheated France till it is on the verge of revolution; he has cheated Sardinia by failing to fulfil his promises to drive out the Austrians; he has cheated the Italian people in refusing to allow them to declare what form of government they would have, and seek their own connections—upholding the Pope and enlarging his powers on one hand, and returning the Austrians to power on the other; he has cheated Garibaldi and his men in not establishing unity and freedom in Italy; he has cheated Kosuth, Klappa and the Hungarians, in putting his foot upon the first flames of revolution in their native land; he has cheated all the nations by the creation of a new power in Italy subservient to his interests; and cheated all the lovers of freedom in Europe, in giving the bold lie to all the fair words of promise with which he started the war.

It is the strangest thing in the world that either the governments or the people will consent to allow this mad and desperate adventurer longer to run at large; and this last turn of the wheel will suffice the liberal and Republican leaders that not Hungary and not Italy are the places to commence revolution, but Paris. The point of attack is the Tuilleries; and their foe—the embodiment of their foes—is Louis Napoleon—the traitor to the constitution and liberty of France, the murderer of defenceless people in Paris, the jailor of the nation that relied on him, the destroyer of the republic of Rome, and the deceiver of all who put trust in his words.

For the Reporter.
"So the dreams depart—
So the fading phantoms flee;
And the sharp reality
Now must act its part."
[Westward's "Beads from a Rosary."]

How pleasant a thing it is to dream! To close the eye's of one's soul upon the harsher outlines of life's scenes, and find far away on the rolling prairies where imagination delights to wander, gardens—Eden-like in luxuriance, whose gorgeous beauties combine all our wildest conceptions of eastern magnificence, with the impossible splendor of fairy land—softly gliding rivers glancing in the moonlight, between whose green embowered banks our light skiff bears us so happy.

Are there not sweeter dreams than even these? When our heart hears words which the lips of those we love never spoke, and when our lips answer what we never yet but thought? O yes! it is very charming to shut ourselves up in our soul's inner chambers, and pass the long hours in waking dreams, while the great world hurries on by our door with its clatter and noise all unheeded! But where is the good of it? Silence echoes—where? Our hearts grow no better nor stronger, and the bitterness of waking some stem *gives us back to reality*, gives more pain than the fancy has delighted. It unites us for entering into any cold matter-of-fact which demands our attention, and in consequence follows neglect of things of more importance than all the air-castles ever built in a life-time.

An habitual day-dreamer is an habitual do-nothing. Leave dreaming then, to dreaming time, to the still night hours, and

"Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

Enter with soul and might into something, into everything which claims your efforts and promises reward; and you will soon find that there is some employment under the sun more satisfying and pleasure giving than living wholly within and for one's self.

Life is short, will seem when viewed from the great future like a fleeting, troubled night vision. We have much to do in a very little time, therefore "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

MINNEHAHA.

It is said that quite a number of officers of both armies remained on the field unburied on the third day after the battle of Solferino. One of them—an Austrian—had evidently lived some time after falling for he had taken his port mornae out of his pocket, and taken from it his visiting card, which he placed upon his breast, that he might be identified when his body should be found. As a general thing, the officers were buried in separate graves, instead of being thrown like the common soldiers into a common trench. The body of Prince Windgratz, which was found on the field, was sent into the Austrian camp at the special request of the Emperor.

A young French soldier writes to his mother from Castillon: "Dear mother, I am yet living and lively; but I am not quite complete. The surgeon of the regiment has cut off one of my legs. I have been used to having the leg by me, and the parting was cruel. Do not weep, dear mother, but rejoice, rather, for I will rejoice you now, not to leave you again. I will always be, now part of your little card party, thanks to the wooden leg."

We would call the attention of those individuals who sell berries by wine measure to the following act, passed in 1858. "The dry measure shall be the sole authorized public standard for measuring all fruits, vegetables and nuts, whenever the same be sold by measure; and any person that shall sell any such articles by any other than dry measure shall forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding ten dollars for every such offence, to the use of the city or town in which prosecution is commenced."—[Newburyport Herald.]

Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port.

"Why don't you ask your sweetheart to marry you?"—"I have asked her."—"What did she say?"—"Oh, I've the refusal of her."

For the Reporter.
JOHN HAMPTEN. To us, who have been nursed and reared in a land of liberty, the deeds and characters of her noblest sons, have an irresistible charm. Wherever or whenever they have lived, whether in our own country, and hence endeared to us, by the ties of countrymen, or in other lands, so that the spirit of liberty, alone is common to us both, whether contemporary with us, or brought to our view only through the reviving power of history, a fraternal feeling exists between us, both the sons of liberty and both laborers for the same great end.

We almost revere the character of Washington, "the Father of our Country;" and doubtless feel an uncommon interest in the life of one, who most strikingly resembled him in the scenes through which he passed, and in his whole general character. John Hampden has been rightly styled, "the Washington of the great Rebellion." He was born in 1594. After completing his education at the age of 23, he entered upon public life. In considering this, comprised as it is, within the space of a very few years, public opinion will be divided as long as there exists a conflict between the principles of liberty and slavery which has raged for centuries, with more or less violence. Yet it, has been maintained by some of his bitterest political enemies, that his life was one of the strictest public and private integrity, nor have the artful and scurrilous writers which abounded in the party of Charles the First—ventured to throw the slightest imputation upon the morals or manners of Hampden. That which first called into exercise the spirit of liberty within him, was unjust taxation. The same which kindled the first spark of freedom in the hearts of England could not extinguish.

He was ever to be found upon the side which he conceived to be the side of truth and equity; and in his opposition to the unjust and oppressive measures of the King, was unwavering; nor could the prospect of a gloomy life's imprisonment, nor in ignominious death upon the scaffold, deter him from his undertakings in behalf of liberty.

He was modest and unassuming; but when he felt a call for action, he firmly and unflinchingly acted in behalf of what he deemed to be the right. Cautious, yet independent in forming his opinions; he acted when once convinced, with a firmness that nothing could shake, with an energy that could not be resisted. "What I admire," says Guizot "in Christopher Columbus, is not his having discovered the new world, but his having gone to search for it on the faith of an opinion." Weakness of conviction always causes weakness of action. Hampden fully convinced himself of the correctness of his position before he acted from it, and never feared the responsibility of acting as he believed. His most noble characteristics were fearlessness in discharge of duty, purity for the most extended views—a judicious and penetrating understanding—a calmness and energy in execution, and a spirit equally removed from jealousy, at the success of another, and from triumph at his defeat. He was killed in a battle between the troops of Parliament and Prince Rupert at Chalgrovefield, boldly fighting against despotism; and his last words were, in the agonies of death, "O, God save my country."

His career was short; but he lived long enough to win for himself laurels, honorable and abiding—to endear himself to the minds and hearts of his countrymen—to benefit in the highest sense, his country—to inflict a mortal blow on tyranny—to set an example of honor, integrity and patriotism to coming generations. He had, indeed, in the language of the gifted Macaulay, left none like him behind. There still remained, truly in his party, many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts; but in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities, necessary in such a crisis, to save the State. Others might possess the qualities necessary, in a crisis of danger to save the popular party, he alone had the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer, he alone could reconcile.—Others might as skillfully command on the field of battle, but in civic discords, amid the vices and ignorance, which tyranny had generated, England missed in Hampden, that sobriety of judgment, that perfect self-command, that rectitude of intention, to which history furnishes no parallel, or a parallel in Washington alone.

He closed his laborious life, not after victory had been secured and peace restored, but on the battle field, his soldiers defeated and the cause for which he had shed his blood apparently declining. He died in the midst of a conflict, which his genius only, was adequate to understand and to direct.—At a time when Parliament roused at last, to the importance of a more vigorous policy, was prepared to raise him to the position to which he was entitled by his prudence—his integrity and his patriotism. He chose rather to die in the cause of freedom than to live a pampered menial in the corrupt court of a crowned King. Hampden bleeding for liberty at Chalgrove, towers like a God above the prostrate form of King Charles kneeling on the throne to be beheaded. The plain man seems to look down upon the crowned martyr, like some grand and solitary pillar, which casts its shadow far beyond a ruined capital at its base.

The "foreign nationalities," as represented in New York, are making arrangements for a grand mass meeting in the Park, at an early day, to denounce Louis Napoleon, almost as warmly as they had praised him a few months ago.

A country newspaper thus describes the effects of the recent thunder storm:—"It shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid homesteads waste, and overturned a haystack."

The reason why the whales frequent the Arctic seas is probably because they supply the northern lights with oil.

FATAL CARRIAGE ACCIDENT. Two have been killed within a few weeks of the fright of horses. In these cases, believed the accidents were the result of some imperfection either in the harnesses, and we published, a communication upon this subject from a valued correspondent. A similar accident last week occurred in London upon which the *Courant* of the remarks as follows:—

"The sad fate of Mr. James M. B. leading our citizens to use greater care in all the tackling connected with the harness. The kindest, most tried and best old family horse is liable to be meted from his property by the breaking part of his harness. It is asking too much of horse nature to expect any animal proof against accidents of this nature. Prudent citizens of our acquaintance, makers to be inspected by a man acquainted with the trade. It was a good idea. But discovered to be missing, and various other of condition. So with the harness, it is old, or in any manner open to suspicion, get a new one; the harness must sanction that step, and you will find satisfaction of knowing that you are saving the lives of your family to saving the outlay. In the case of Mr. B. it is said that the harness was sound and remained uninjured; but the iron hold back on the thill, and that let the whiffletree onto the wheels. If the strap which connects the hold back had been round the thills in the manner prescribed, the hold back might have broken without letting the wagon legs of the horse. The straps which held the wagon back, temporarily it is safe to let both your harness and riages undergo professional inspection at intervals."

FROM CALIFORNIA. St. Louis, Aug. 1. Overland Mail of the 8th ult. reached city last night.

Reports from Carson's Valley indicate election of Major Dodge as delegate next Congress.

The loss by the fire at Weaver's 5th of July, is estimated at up \$100,000.

Great excitement existed in New Eldorado counties in consequence of discovery of new and extensive gold on Walker's river east of Sierra Nevada.

Advices from Fort Smith, Texas, the Creek and Cherokee Indians, as en hostilities in consequence of several committed by the former the hundred Creeks were armed and the movements of the Cherokees.

CORK TREES IN CALIFORNIA. The Pacific having obtained seeds of the cork tree Europe, sent several packages to California, which possesses a climate to France and Spain, where it grows these seeds were planted at Sonoma, about 87 per cent of them have come give promise of becoming steadily one of the most useful and valuable articles connected with the arts, and will substitute which can take its place. We annually about \$200,500 worth of cork 18,000 worth of the bark of the tree, tree prospers in California, of course considerable saving will be effected in the manufacture of all the articles of cork we are consumers, but we will not here.

Suffers from Scrofula and Scrofulous tfections, clean up! Why wear your face blotches, Ulcers, Sores? Why have you twisted out of you by Dissepia, Rheum and Gout? Why suffer Syphilis and curial diseases to rot the bones in your flesh off your bones? Why let sluggish blood drag, and scatter its pers through your veins? Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures these complaints, cleanses them out of the system, faithfully and you bring to society a fair, cleaner, and far more acceptable being.—[Democrat, Baltimore, Md.]

HOW TO RESTORE PEOPLE WHO IN When anybody faints, instead of making noise or dashing water upon him, lay at full length on his back on the floor, his clothing, push the crowd away, so allow the air to reach him, and let him lie. The philosophy of a fainting fit, heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain. If the person in that blood has to be thrown up hill, lying down, it has to be projected laterally. Which requires less power is apparent.

An Irish tramp called for relief at St. Peter's Hospital, Bristol, and complained of ill, when the doctor gave him an order some medicine. When he presented the order and heard what it provided, Pat said did not want it. The nurse declared he did, for the doctor said so. "Am what," was the reply; "I know better than the doctor! 'Tisn't physio I want at all, it's sausages and tay!"

Since the union of the two Canadian debts has increased from six to sixty millions and the annual expenses of the government from a million and a quarter to eleven millions and a half. The great expenditures have been made to conciliate various localities and to fatten speculators, and the people feeling themselves outraged, begin so talk about gain about repudiation, revolution, and annexation to the United States.

A fire occurred in Portland on Thursday night, the buildings destroyed were a large factory, occupied by a Mr. Moore; the machine shop of Mr. Hall, the probable loss in which was \$12,000; the paint shop of Messrs Stephen Noyes; a blacksmith shop and the cooper's shop of Mr. George McEllan, the which shocks to the amount of \$3000 of stock \$4000 were consumed.

When packages of tea were sent to Scotland as rare luxury, one good housewife boiled tea to make a mess of greens, while another made it into a gravy to pour upon roast meat. The Caledonians probably know better now. The luxury of tea and coffee was known in the Shetland and Orkney islands long before it was known in London.

A country newspaper thus describes the effects of the recent thunder storm:—"It shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid homesteads waste, and overturned a haystack."

The reason why the whales frequent the Arctic seas is probably because they supply the northern lights with oil.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

UP THE HILL A BERRYING.

On a sunny summer morning
Early as the dew was dry,
Up the hill I went a berrying;
Need I tell you—tell you why?
Farmer Davis had a daughter,
And it happened that I knew,
On each sunny morning, Jenny
Up the hill went berrying too.

Lonely work is picking berries,
So I go down on the hill;
"Jenny, dear," said I, "your basket's
Quite too large for one to fill."
So we staid—we two—to fill it,
Leading where the hill was steepest.
Picking berries up the hill.

"This is up hill work," said Jenny;
"So is life," said I, "shall we
Climb it each alone, or Jenny,
Will you come and climb with me?"
Reader than the blushing berries
Jenny's cheeks a moment grew,
While, without delay, she answered,
"I will come and climb with you."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

O, there is still within this world
A brilliant, fadeless light,
Which, like the star, shines through the
clouds.

Of sorrow's darkest night—
Which hovers round our pathway here,
Where'er we may rove;
It is the light reflected from
A mother's holy love.

There is a boon—a blessed boon—
Unto us mortals given,
Which gives us here a foretaste of
The happiness of heaven;
And when the storms of sorrow rise,
And clouds grow dark above,
It lingers round us to the last;
That boon—a mother's holy love.

'Tis that oft our footsteps roam,
Through pleasure's flower-maze,
And we forget the ties of home,
In life's deceitful ways;
Yet there's a charm to lure us back,
Like some poor weary dove—
That charm so pure and beautiful,
Is a mother's holy love.

Mrs. PARTINGTON'S IDEA OF BOSTON. From
Mrs. Partington's new book, "Knitting Work,"
which is soon to be published by Brown,
Taggard & Chase, we learn that when the
old lady had selected a guardian for Ike,
and had come to the city to put the mis-
chievous youth under the care of old Roger,
she was overheard to remark:

"How the world has turned about, to be
sure!" said she; "tis nothing but change,
change. Only yesterday, as it were, I was
in the country, smelling the odious flowers;
to-day I am in Boston, my oil-factories breath-
ing the impure exhalations of coal-smoke,
that are so dilatory to health. Instead of
the singing of birds, the blunderbusses al-
most deprive me of consciousness. Dear
me! Well I hope I shall be restrained thro'
it all. They say that the moral turpitude
of this city is frightful, but it isn't any use
to anticipate trouble beforehand; he may
escape all harmonious influences that would
have a tenderness to hurt him, and, as the
minister of our parish said with judicial
training he may become a useful member
of society; though training is bad generally,
and is apt to make the young run to feath-
ers, like croppie-crowned hens. But he has
genius," looking at him; "it comes natu-
ral to him, like the measles, and every
day it is enveloping itself more and more."
What are you doing, dear?" she said, ris-
ing and going towards him.

MISFORTUNES. Misfortunes are like thun-
der and stormy clouds—in the distance they
appear black, but when over our heads they
are scarcely grey. As bad dreams denote
an agreeable future, so will it be with the
often painful dream of life when it is past.
All our strong feelings, like ghosts, have
their influence for a certain period only;
and if a man were to say to himself this
passion, this pain, this rapture, is sure af-
ter three days to lose its effects on the mind,
then would he always be more composed and
quiet.

The following singular mistake was re-
cently made at Dole, France:—Two per-
sons had died at the hospital in that town,
and were to be buried at the same time.—
The deceased was a young girl and a soldier
of the garrison. Both coffin being placed
alongside of each other, they were so con-
founded that the young girl was accompa-
nied by a platoon of dragoons; with military
honors, while the young soldier, covered with
a white pall of flowers, pious emblems of
purity and innocence, was borne on four fe-
mine shoulders, and followed by a posses-
sion of young girls reciting prayers.

Passing along the street a few days ago,
we observed in the window of a partially
vacant house the following notice:—"The up-
per part of this house to let, containing three
rooms, a cellar, kitchen, and a back-yard."

A CRUEL INSINUATION.
When man fell from his high estate,
As Eve in sin's apple ate,
Quoth Adam: "Woman's curse is great!
'Tis written in the book of fate,
For ever more, IN SIN U-DATE."

Vice and folly may feel the edge of wit,
but virtue is invulnerable; aquafortis dis-
solves the base metals, but has no power to
dissolve or corrode gold.

A San Francisco lady, who obtained a di-
vorce on the 18th of January, got married
again on the twentieth.

Life may be merry, as well as useful.—
Every person that owns a mouth has always
a good opening for a laugh.

Mrs Partington says that Louis Napoleon
is succeeding beyond her most sanguinary
expectations.

It is estimated that the Americans spent
forty millions a year in pleasure travel.

BRIDGTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

A FINE STOCK

NEW GOODS!

May be found at
Luther Billings
Every way suitable for the season. Such as

Brown & Bleached Cottons,

of every kind. Best quality of

LADIES KID GLOVES,

Skeleton Skirts,

In a word, every conceivable article used in
making up

LADIES APPAREL

Gentlemen can be accommodated with the
best of

CALF BOOTS!

CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

—AND WITH—

Ready-Made Clothing,

HATS & GLOVES!

In the tip of fashion. It is useless, perhaps,
to make a minute specification of what can
be had at my Store. I shall keep on hand
the best of

GROCERIES,

BLACK AND GREEN TEAS,

FLOUR AND FISH,

CROCKERY,

WOODEN WARE,

NAILS, AND WINDOW GLASS,

Lamp Oil, Fluid & Camphene,

Paints, and Oils,

Leads, Varnish, Japan & Spirits,

NEATS FOOT OIL

BOYS' GUNS.

DAY & MARTIN'S BLACKING.

GERMAN COLOGNE!

In a word, everything within the circle of real
or imaginary wants of things purchasable.

LUTHER BILLINGS.

Bridgton Center, May 25, 1859.

\$1.50

MEN'S BROGANS for \$1.25, at

Challie De Laines.

25 CENTS CHALLY DE LAINE'S for 15

cents, at BILLINGS.

PALM LEAF FANS, at

TOWELS. Royal Turkish Bathing Tow-

PORK. New England packed clear Pork, at

SHAWLS. Stilla Shawls, at

BOX RASINS at 12 1/2 cts. per lb., at

CASK RASINS at 10 cents per lb., at

CONGRESS HEEL GAITERS! Cheap

ENTS FRENCH CALF BOOTS, just

received at BILLINGS.

CHILDREN'S HOSE!

A GOOD assortment, just received at

E. T. STUART,

MERCHANT TAILOR

RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of

the public to his choice stock of

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Fancy

Dooskins, and Vestings,

which he is prepared to manufacture in a

style and manner calculated to compare fa-
vorably with the best. Also on hand a choice

FURNISHING GOODS.

Customers wishing a good article of Cloth-
ing made to fit in the newest and best style,
will find this place a desirable one to leave
their orders.

READY MADE CLOTHING

Also for sale at STUART'S.

Terms, *Positively Cash.*

Bridgton Center

THOMAS P. CLEAVES,

Counsellor & Attorney at Law,

BROWNFIELD, ME.

Will attend Courts in Oxford and Cumber-
land Counties.

PHOTOGRAPHS!!!

The subscriber having fitted up convenient

Rooms, at

NO 11, MARKET SQUARE,

Opposite City Hall, Portland, Me.,

Is prepared to furnish all the known styles of

PHOTOGRAPHS

Altogether on Canvas, Paper, Glass (called Am-
brotypes) Metal or Leather, in as good man-
ner and at as low prices as any other estab-
lishment in the city.

Small pictures can be copied and en-
larged to any desirable size.

SATISFACTION WARRANTED.

M. F. KING.

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Portland Kerosene Oil Company

194 Fore St., Portland, Me.,

Recreating Works at Cape Elizabeth,
for manufacturing

KEROSENE OILS,

and will be ready to supply the trade of
Maine early in August next.

Parties in this State, wishing now to en-
gage regularly in the trade, will be supplied
by us with Oils from the BOSTON KERO-
SENE OIL CO.

AT THEIR BOSTON PRICES,

until we are ready to deliver our own man-
ufacture.

S. R. PHILLBROOK,
Selling Agent and Treasurer.

Portland, May 27, 1859.

J. & D. MILLER,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

And Dealers in

Flour, Oats, Shorts & Feed,

Commercial Street, Head of Portland Pier.

N. J. MILLER, JR.

D. W. MILLER.

PORTLAND, ME.

32 6 m.

H. H. HAY & CO.

Wholesale dealers in

Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

Artists' Materials, Apothecaries' Glass Ware,

Swedish Leeches, Cigars,

MINERAL TEETH, GOLD FOIL, & C

Burning Fluid and Camphene.

Pure Wines and Liquors, for Medicinal and
Mechanical purposes only.

STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES, &c.

Always at lowest market Prices.

Junction of Free and Middle Street.

PORTLAND, ME.

20tf

J. G. TOLFOORD & CO.

NO. 6 FREE STREET BLOCK,

PORTLAND, ME.

DEALERS IN

Silks! Shawls! Velvets! Flannels

WOOLENS, EMBROIDERIES,

LINENS, HOUSEKEEPING, GOODS, &c

Particular attention paid to the

LINEN DEPARTMENT,

which contains at all times a full Stock of
every description of LINEN GOODS, of the
best and most desirable Fabrics, viz:

Linen Sheetings Pillow Linens, Fronting Linens,
DAMASKS, NAPKINS, TOWELS, &c.

Also, a full Stock of Cotton Goods at very
Low Prices.

As our senior partner has had over twenty
years' experience in the DRY GOODS BUSI-
NESS, and our facilities for obtaining the
BEST GOODS at the lowest prices have been
constantly increasing, we are enabled to offer
to our customers and the public, the latest
NOVELTIES of the season, on their earliest
arrival, and at prices to correspond with the
times.

FILES & EMERY,

Wholesale and Retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,

170 MIDDLE ST., PORTLAND, ME.

FURS! FURS! FURS!

The best assortment of Foreign and Do-
mestic Furs ever offered in this market. This
is entirely a new house, and thus avoiding
the risk of getting old Furs. All of our Fur
Goods are fresh made and selected from the
best houses in New York.

B. M. C. Files, F. C. Emery. 2 ly

Paper Box Manufactory,

144 MIDDLE ST. PORTLAND, ME.

Boxes, of all kinds

manufactured at short notice. All orders ad-
dressed to

CHARLES H. JEWELL,

will be promptly attended to.

CHAS. H. JEWELL.

J. W. BLANCHARD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

French & American Soft Hats,

LATEST Styles SILK DRESS HATS,

BLACK DEAB AND PEARL CASH-

MEKE HATS,

FUR, FLUSH, CLOTH & GLAZED CAPS,

Youth's and Children's Fancy Hats and Caps,

FOX BLOCK, 75 MIDDLE STREET,

PORTLAND, ME.

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M. G. PALMER & CO.

JOBBERS OF

Straw Goods, Bonnet Ribbons,

FRENCH & AMERICAN FLOWERS

SILKS, SATINS, BLONDE, RUCHE,

FRAMES, AND CROWNS,

144 MIDDLE STREET,

Moses G. Palmer,

John E. Palmer,

Randolph C. Thomas,

PORTLAND, ME.

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JOHN W. PERKINS, & Co.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,

VARNISHES, DYES,

CAMPHENE AND FLUID,

No. 165 Commercial Street,

PORTLAND, ME.

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CHAS. R. MILLIKEN,

—WHOLESALE—

WEST INDIA GOODS

—AND—

PROVISION DEALER,

19 Commercial Street, head of Long Wharf,

PORTLAND, ME.

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BURNING FLUID AND CAMPHENE

by the Barrel or Gallon, for sale by

WILSON & BURGESS,

63 Commercial st., Portland

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

WM. P. HASTINGS,

Manufacturer of

SERAPHINES, MELOPHINES,

AND MELODEONS,

At No. 89, Federal St., Portland, Me.

Where may be found an assortment of in-
struments of every style and variety, finished
in elegant Rosewood Cases, with all the best
modern improvements, which for power,
sweetness, evenness and brilliancy of tone, elas-
ticity of action, beauty and durability of
workmanship, are unsurpassed by any other
manufacture.

These instruments are all manufactured
from the best of materials, and fully war-
ranted. Satisfaction will be given in all cases.

REED ORGANS MADE TO ORDER,

WITH 4, 6 AND 8 STOPS.

N. B. Our Instruments took the

First Premium

at the State Fair of '57 and '58.

A. P. OSBORNE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

W. I. GOODS,

—AND—

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

Foreign & Domestic Fruits,

CHOICE CIGARS AND TOBACCO,