

men. "You hear," said the speaker, "these gentlemen do not seem to place entire confidence in your story. It is truly pleasant to invent accidents than to act as a man of honor."

"If that means that Signor Filippo is kept away by cowardice, it is a base lie, for which heaven will hold you accountable," she replied firmly, looking at them one after the other.

"You are warm, little one; I suppose you are the Signor's beloved?"

"No; the Madonna knows I am not," she answered in her deepest tones. They whispered together. She heard one say—"Treppi is Tuscan; and another reply—Do you believe a word of this story?" the third said—"He is as much as Treppi as—"

"Come and see him yourselves," she exclaimed. "But lay aside your arms, or I will not conduct you."

"Foolish girl! do you suppose we would hurt such as you?"

"No, but him."

"Have you any other condition to specify?"

"That you bring a surgeon with you. Is there one among you?" They once more began whispering, and one left the pavilion, shortly returning with a fourth, who seemed not to know the men.

"It was evening before they reached the heights. Treppi seemed as quiet as usual. Only a few childish faces peered from the by. When they reached her house there was a group of contrabandistas talking before the door, and servants were busy with the heavily-laden horses. As Fenice and the others approached, silence fell on the contrabandistas, who moved aside to let them pass. Fenice spoke a few words to her maid Nina, and then opened the door of her chamber. The wounded man was seen stretched on the bed, and beside him, crouching on the ground, an aged woman from Treppi.

"How goes it, Chiaruccia?" asked Fenice.

"Not worse, thanks be to the Madonna!" replied the old dame, as she gazed upon the man who followed Fenice into the room. "Filippo awoke, and the colour came into his pale face as he recognized Fenice."

"I have brought your antagonist here," she said, "that he might convince himself it was impossible for you to come. And a surgeon is also here."

"Filippo suffered his glazed eye to wander over their faces, and then said, feebly—"He is not there. I know them not."

"It is enough that we know you," said the one who had spoken to Fenice. "We have orders to arrest you. Letters have been seized from which it appears that you were coming into Tuscany not so much about the duel as about a conspiracy. You see before you the Commissary of Police; and here are my instructions."

"He held a paper before the eyes of the wounded man, who, however, sank back in unconsciousness. 'Examine his wounds,' said the commissary to the surgeon. 'If his condition by any possibility admits of his being removed, we must move him at once.' Fenice disappeared. The surgeon commenced his examination, during which voices were heard outside, a tramping to and fro, and the sudden appearance of faces at the window, which quickly disappeared, betokened some unusual excitement. The surgeon, on completing his survey, pronounced that the removal was possible, though dangerous; so dangerous, that he could take none of the responsibility upon himself. He was near to Fenice's wounds, as to permit instant departure."

"Milza," said the commissary, "these horses that are outside." As the shirr obeyed, and opened the door, he started back at the sight of a room full of angry faces. In front stood two resolute contrabandistas. Fenice advanced, and said, firmly—"You will be kind enough to quit this room without delay, and without the wounded man—or you will never see Pistoia again. Blood has not been spilled in this house so long as Fenice Cattaneo has been its mistress, and Madonna keep it pure! Go; and make no attempt to return, if you value your lives. You remember the pass where only one at a time finds footing over the precipice! A child could defend that pass by simply rolling down the blocks of stone which overhang it. We shall place a watch there till this gentleman is well and safe. Now go, and tell your fellow-citizens how you deceived a poor girl, and would have murdered a wounded man!"

"The faces of the shirr darkened, and a long pause ensued. Then all three drew out their pistols, and the commissary said coldly, 'We come in the name of the law. Six of you will be shot if you force us to make the law respected.'"

"A growl ran through the assembly. 'Quiet friends,' exclaimed Fenice, with sublime courage. 'They dare not. They know well enough that for every man they shoot, they and their kin will have to pay tenfold. They dare not pull a trigger. You talk absurdly,' she said turning to the commissary. The fear which speaks in your face speaks more sensibly; do what it bids you, and depart unharmed. The way is free, signori!"

"She stood aside, and pointed to the door. There was a pause. The shirr were irresolute. The peasants looked implacable. After whispering together, the shirr with tolerable composure walked through the room, followed by the energetic curses of their conquerors, and were soon out of sight."

"During the whole of this scene the wounded man, half raised on his elbows, looked on in amazement. La Chiaruccia now approached, settled his pillow, and said—"Quiet, my son, be quiet. La Chiaruccia will watch while you sleep, and Fenice will take care that you are safe."

"Ten days and ten nights was Filippo under the care of the old woman. He slept well at night, and the greater part of the day he was at the open door enjoying the fresh air and solitude. When he was able to write he despatched a letter to Bologna, and received next day an answer, but whether it was pleasant or unpleasant could not be read in his pale face. Except with the Chiaruccia and the children of Treppi he spoke with none. He only saw Fenice in the evening as she drove the cattle home, for she rose at sunrise and left the house during the entire day. Even when she came home she never spoke to him, and seemed to be quite unaware of his presence. Her face was pale and rigid; her eyes without fire."

"One morning she came into his room, and said quietly—"You are now well enough to go home. La Chiaruccia says so. I have a horse and a guide for you to-morrow; and I only ask of you one thing—the promise that you will never return here."

"I promise it, Fenice, on one condition. She was silent. He looked in her eyes, and said tenderly—"If you go with me?"

"She looked angry, as she said, 'No, nothing. I exact the promise without conditions; and I claim it from you as a man of honour.'"

"What! will you reject me after making me yours for ever by a love-philtre?"

"She quietly and sadly shook her head. "Henceforth there is no witchcraft between us. You lost blood before the philtre had worked—that destroyed it. And it is well so, for I did wrong. Let us speak no more of it. Only say that you are ready to go."

"If this magic fails, then must another be employed, Fenice."

"Silence," she exclaimed, "I am deaf. I now know that one cannot buy a human soul neither with services, nor with seven years' waiting. Do not think you have made me miserable; you have cured me."

"Answer me," he said passionately. "On your soul, speak truly! Have I cured you of your love?"

"No," she said, firmly. "But it is mine. You have no right or power over it. Go!"

"He was at her feet. Passionate and incoherent words issued from his lips; deepest sincerity flashed from his eyes. Her own eyes began to rekindle, and her cheek to flush. And at sunrise on the following day, the lovers were seen descending the mountains on their way to Genoa, whither Filippo had resolved to withdraw. The pale man rode on a horse, and his radiant bride walked at the side, her hand on the bridle. On both sides rose the heights of the Apennines; the eagles screamed over the ravines; and in the distance shimmered the blue sea, like their own bright future to the wanderers."

The Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, FEB. 4, 1859.

CONVERSATIONS IN THE SANCTUM. No. 1.—Enter Flambo and Jangle.

Editor. Good evening gentlemen, I'm glad to see you, as I'm quite at leisure, just now, and disposed to have a chat. The paper is out of the way for this week, and I have got quite an incubus from my mind.

Flambo. Why so? I thought this getting up of papers is a very agreeable business—it allers seemed so to me.

Editor. Quite natural you should think so, Bro. Flambo,—every man thinks that his neighbor's business is easier and more agreeable than his own; but, sir, "every heart knows best its own bitterness" from whatever source that bitterness may come; and every trade and every profession has its unpleasant side. The great Dispenser of avocations has mingled therewith, in due proportion both sweets and bitters.

Jangle. "Bitters!" does the "great Dispenser" furnish them? If so, I shall drink with a freer conscience than ever. It has allers bin said that the 'toter character furnishes the critter.

Editor. No nonsense in my sanctum, Jangle, you know what I mean. It is very likely that the kind of "bitters" you have in mind, are furnished by the "toter character. I'm a temperance man, and don't associate anything positively hurtful with the dealings of Providence.

Jangle. A temperance man, did you say—don't you ever take a drop?

Editor. Rarely, if ever, as a beverage. No liquor passes my lips without consent of a doctor. But, it should be understood, I am

Flambo. (Takes out his pipe and accretionary.) Do you low smoking in your room, Mr. Editor?

Editor. By no manner of means, Flambo,—if you persist in lighting your pipe in this sacred inclosure, I shall put both you and pipe out of it! There are two places under my immediate command, into which neither tobacco smoke or juice shall enter,—namely, my sanctum and my sleeping-room. Tobacco smoke I detest, but have the heroism to endure where I have no right to interdict it. If I venture into your pen, when murky with the deadly vapors of the weed, I shall "suffer and be strong" (with the odor of tobacco) but I shall soon "dig out." Tobacco smoke greatly impedes my breathing, and badly convulses my lungs. I'm sure there'll be no smoking in heaven. The lower-most room of the future House of Life will be appropriated to smokers. You now have my reasons for not permitting you to smoke in the sanctum.

Flambo. Wall, I don't blame you,—smoking is a bad habit—but it lifts a fellow up a little, and makes him feel kinder good. Natur' does really seem to want to be assisted a little, sometimes. Stimulants, of some kinds, are as common to all mankind as is the belief in a future state. It would seem from this fact that Natur' does really require some outside help to keep the wheels of life a-rolling.

Editor. Your reasoning may seem plausible, Flambo, but it is amazingly faulty, after all; in the same degree that tobacco elevates you above the medium and healthy plane of feeling, you are prostrated below it, when its stimulus abates. Old Dr. South said well, when he declared, "If the devil sometimes elevates a man, in wrestling with him, he does so that he may the more easily throw him." Nature determines about such a motion to the "wheels of life;" and if they receive snifter impetus from an extraneous motive-force, when that force is withdrawn they will rotate with a proportionate inverse sluggishness. Nature suffers, with impunity, no interference with her arrangements. If you at one time overdraw upon her forces, you must at another time underdraw. Another thing to be looked at in this matter, is, in giving "nature a jog" (as the phrase is,) your extra friction sooner wears out the gearing of our life-mills. Now tobacco, to drop all metaphor, has precisely this effect: In furnishing stimulus—in quickening the organs of feeling, it hastily disorders them, and they become the instruments of pain. Flatulency, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, and frequent "blues," result from using tobacco. It must be a very bad state of feeling which obliges a man to leave his bed on nights to suck a tobacco-pipe, or to take in an extra cud. Most inveterate smokers and chewers have to do this in order to sleep. Life is a glorious boon if its sources are not polluted by intemperance.

Jangle. Come, come, old fellow, don't bore us with a stupid temperance lecture. If talking up temperance would effect anything, we

should all be the pinks of health. But liking to roll sin (or tobacco) as a sweet morsel under our tongues," we are—what we are.—If life has about so much enjoyment in store for us, what matters it whether we take it in regular or irregular instalments?

Editor. It is useless to talk to such inveterates as you are. You are given over to hardness of heart and blindness of mind" in everything relating to temperance. Still, I grant that there is such a thing as canting temperance. Many persons would enforce its rules, not from philanthropic motives, but because they have acrid dispositions, and choose this channel through which to vent their natural spleen. They should speak the "truth in love," as I do, and then the demon of intemperance would be overcome. Another type of temperance men have "axes to grind," and make the cause their grind-stone. To effectually succeed in any moral reform, we must engage in it for its own sufficient sake. Exterior aims must not be thought of.

Flambo. How do you like the Lyceum? From your speeches the other night it appears that you are a woman's rights man.—Did you speak your real sentiments?

Editor. Lyceums are good things, and I like them for others' sake. But their general character is too popular for me. I like nothing that is popular, to tell the truth. What suits the "boys," don't suit me. They, naturally enough, like surface views of things, and the more superficially a question is argued, the louder they will applaud. I am so far advanced in life, that still and deep waters are my preference. In regard to Woman's Rights, I am for having her first definitely understand them. She should know her own real wants in this respect. If her nature demands that she shall vote and hold office—if her faculties normally aspire to political action, why then I should be in favor of granting her the privilege to exercise them in a political direction. It would be her unquestionable right. Our destinies must be in accordance with our primitive faculties, or as Fourier expresses it, according to our passionate attractions. But my present view is that women have little hankering after the ballot box. They generally prefer the voter to the vote. If they sometimes take an interest in politics, it is as sheer partisans. They never feel any weighty responsibilities in political matters. As a general thing, women side in politics with their husbands, papas, or beaux. They rarely think independently on any subject save such as belong exclusively to the feelings. It is a woman's great province to feel rather than to think. Politics proper, require severe and patient thinking, and tend to dry up the feelings. Consequently, women are averse to political action. They wouldn't even sustain me as their political champion, the other night, she ingrates! But,

getting tedious, and I'll dismiss you to your pipe, and you, Jangle, to your potato. I wouldn't care to have a good cup o' tea, myself. (Exit Omnes.)

TEA AND COFFEE. Very contrary to the common impression, it has recently been proved, by ample experiment, that tea and coffee are food as well as drink—that they contain a property that prevents, in a good degree, the waste of the body. We are glad to hear of this, their conservative character, and shall go on indulging in their use with an augmented sense of their safety. Of course, they are not to be used in excess. We are not to live altogether upon these stimulants, but can with advantage, drink moderately of one or the other of them at every meal. They have been proved to be not unnatural to our systems. That they are great luxuries, the experience of most of us is point-blank testimony.

But shall we indulge in luxuries?—shall we deny the flesh that the spirit may wax stronger,—or rather will the spirit wax in beauty and strength by reason of a stern denial of the flesh? We think not. The flesh, or more properly the enjoyment of the outer senses, was ordained by the self-same Creator that is the "Father of our spirits." This susceptibility of sensuous pleasure is God-given, and may be indulged in to a proper extent. We may indulge our appetites, but must ever keep them in with a taut rein—the rein and curb of reason. 'Tis only when we give up reason and all the glorious immunities of the spirit, to the control of the sensuous appetites, that we become debased.

WINTER. We do not wish to be understood as finding fault, but we cannot well help expressing some discontent with this winter weather. The snow is beautiful, and many days the atmosphere is clear and glowing, but then it is cold. We love beauty, but our attention to it is more engrossed when it is accompanied with the attributes of life and warmth. We like to look at the distant mountains clothed in pure and dazzling white, but soon the chilling winds that rush from their tops discourages our admiration, and we start for some genial but more homely side. Just so do we turn from your lofty touch-me-not human beauty to the rosy every day damsel or matron whose sympathies are warm, homely and inextinguishable.

Not that we wish to dictate to the "powers that be," but if it will suit their purpose just as well, we pray them that they will lay their "icy fingers" rather more lightly upon us during the residuum of the winter. The winter of our discontent" will be some lessened thereby.

We are a little scant of local matter this week, but are not responsible for the deficiency. The winter weather indisposes people to move more than can be helped.—Local news items are not to be manufactured to order.

Editorial Correspondence.
HARRISON, Feb. 1, 1859.

Although I am within shouting distance of home, I prefer not to distend my lungs to the necessary compass, and will therefore communicate with the silent pen.

Since I was a little boy I have known but little of Harrison. When an urchin, and living with my friend, Mr. Henry Carter of No. Bridgton, I used to be in Harrison often. As Mr. Carter's right hand boy, I have even done "yeoman's service" in this town, by assisting him to build any number of rods of stone fence on the farm, I believe, of Mr. W. Haskell, some mile or two from this village. I was quite a smart chap then, and haven't quite forgotten it all yet. I used also to come through the woods a fishing at the head of Long Pond, with Mr. Oliver Barnard, then a boy as well as myself. But if I recollect aright, we never had great luck in that line. Mr. Barnard will remember when he and Greenleaf Blake were out, a mile or two from the "Flat," hunting partridges, they stumbled upon a bear's den, wherein were some four or five fat ones, and how they were captured by a crew of men from this place. If I knew the story well, I'd tell it for the edification of the children of this generation. But I have forgotten the particulars, and will not venture on the narration. I have many choice recollections of Harrison and vicinity, and therefore love the place as any person would when thus associated with his early boyhood. Long years have intervened, and I have come back to the old haunts, and now mean to renew the acquaintance, and thus bind the present indissolubly to the past!

I am not going to write a long letter now;—this is only preface. I shall now barely proclaim my intention of renewing old acquaintance with this place. I mean the people here shall know me as they would the Town Pump, if they had one, and take me as familiarly by the hand. Every body who has the honor of my acquaintance, knows that I am a cosy, social critter, and a general favorite. And now I mean to make myself as welcome to all of the families of the town as Master Burchell was in the family of Dr. Primrose. In fact, I am a sort of Burchell—minus the estate. If the reader doesn't understand my learned allusion, he is referred to Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, one of the best books in creation.

On reading the above, the thought may occur to some that modesty is not among my good qualities. But I wish it to be understood that it is a settled tenet of my creed to think and speak well of myself. Charity should begin at home. A man not in good humor with himself, will hardly be in good humor and fellowship with others. We look at everybody and everything through the atmosphere of selfhood. If that atmosphere, as a consequence of our own attributes and habits, be pleasant and agreeable, why the objects seen through it will wear a similar hue. Good natured egotism is justifiable on this ground. But that narrow egotism that stops short in self.—The Great I and little u—this regarding one's self as a mighty great pumpkin, and every one else as a small potato, is certainly reprehensible.

I am now stopping at the Green Mountain House, at present kept by Mr. Almond Kneeland. Mr. K. has not been in this house long, but I find him a kind and accommodating landlord, and Mrs. Kneeland a very pleasant landlady. The Masonic brethren had a meeting here not long since which I meant to have attended, but was at that time absent in New Hampshire. They dined here at Mr. Kneeland's, and he wished me to return his thanks to that noble and liberal company for their manly treatment of him. It is Mr. K.'s intention to open his house next summer for the accommodation of pleasure-seekers. Harrison is a lovely place for summer resort, situated as it is at the head of Long Pond. Now is the time to think of putting a Steamboat upon these romantic and pleasant waters—namely, Sebago Lake—Songo river—Brandy and Long Ponds. For variety and beauty of scenery we challenge the world to exceed it, and a small boat judiciously managed, could not fail to pay well. However, more of this by and by.

I shall write again from Harrison next week, and will therefore close this epistle.

A THOUGHT. Mr. G. W. Barker of this village presented to us a very handsome trout, which he caught last week, from Thompson's Pond, in Otisfield. He caught a very handsome string which he distributed with a liberal hand. Many thanks to him for that one, and we wish him abundant success in his angling excursions. May he continue to remember us in like manner. There has been some dispute whether the fish he gave us was a trout or not. It must, we think, have been one of the species of the trout kind, as it certainly very much resembled the brook trout. It had a slightly different taste, and might have been what is called Tongue. Trout or Tongue, we will venture to eat another, if any one will have the benevolence to present it to us. We never think of sneezing at a mess of pickerel, even when a string is put into our hands by some noble angler for our acceptance.

CITIZENS'S BALL. There will be a grand Ball on Wednesday evening next, February 9, at Temperance Hall. The music will be done by Chandler's Portland Quadrille Band. All those fond of good music will of course not fail to be present. Tickets two dollars including coaches, and supper at the Pondicherry House. Citizens are requested to obtain tickets previous to the ball, at the stores of S. M. Hayden, Adams & Walker, and at Gibbs's.

Thursday—Another rousing snow storm.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February. This Magazine is not only very lively, readable and fresh, but has turned over a new leaf in literature. It gives more and more evidence of new and independent thought. And by independent thought, we do not mean that impudent slashing and lawless writing which, with many, goes under that name, but we mean liberal, humane, tolerant and expansive thought, which is uttered without any reference to partisanship of any kind. Now there are many writers of the so-called liberal school who would fain create a new truth, rather than develop what already exists in the eternal fullness and fitness of things.—They would overhaul the order of Providence, and inaugurate a new and more expeditious style of operations in the management of human affairs. They are entirely discontented with the slow, but sure, tramp of events, and would get up moral steam engines, and bring the world to perfection in a prodigious hurry. And because they cannot do this they are full of bitter and illiberal denunciations, and thus disgust many who would unite with them to bring about all needed practical reforms in every department of civilized society. Now the writers of the Atlantic Monthly, though of the liberal and progressive school, are not of this impatient and peppy style of folks. Their object seems to be to get at truth in its multifarious directions. They think and write freshly,—take independent views of things, and therefore make the Atlantic Monthly an original and very attractive work. We therefore commend it to all those persons who are after something new in literature—especially American literature. They will find this Magazine to wear a very inviting physiognomy—beaming more or less with the vital hues of the morning time.

I. O. O. F. At a meeting of Pequot Lodge, No. 46, at Brownfield, the following officers were elected: A. C. Morrison, N. G.; S. B. Bean, V. G.; Eli B. Bean, Secretary; Z. Gilson, Treasurer.

For the Reporter. SEWING CIRCLES.

DEAR SIR:—Permit me to express through your columns many thanks to the parties concerned, for the opportunity of attending a circle on Wednesday evening the 26th ult.—I have attended many circles in my time, but never before one like unto this, for it was not a political circle, or a private family circle; it was nothing less than the North Bridgton Ladies Sewing Circle, held at Dr. M. Gould's residence. The object of the society is a good one, viz: the foundation of a public library; may success attend them in their every effort. It is a step in the right direction, for there are few individual families in country villages that are able to purchase a goodly library, but in the collection of a public library it gives every one an opportunity of contributing something, either in money or books, not for his own benefit alone, but for the benefit of his neighbors, and if judiciously selected, it will in time produce a collection from which all may from time to time find something adapted to their reading taste. So far as I have had the opportunity of observation, I find the people of this vicinity, both old and young, much inclined to read; and it is gratifying, for it is ominous of knowledge, information, morality, virtue and piety. On arriving at the circle I found a respectable number of respectable ladies in attendance, each one engaged at some kind of work. I am informed that they take in work of all kinds and get up many articles on their own account, and when the accumulation will warrant it they open a Bazaar for the sale of said articles, together with numerous other ways they adopt for the accommodation of funds. All seemed to enjoy themselves right well and everything passed off agreeably, even to the repast, which is furnished by each member in turn entertaining the circle, according to constitutional rules, I am told. There is one feature however in their circle which I think is not common, and which is indicative of wisdom in the good ladies of No. Bridgton, viz: the admission of the gentlemen as members into their circle. From the very nature of things it makes their meetings much more social and agreeable, for what would the ladies be without the gentlemen: they would be like a ship without a rudder, a village without a meeting-house, an electric telegraph without a battery, a railroad without a locomotive, night without day, vegetation without the genial influences of the god of day.

Notwithstanding all Mr. Editor I was greatly disappointed for I carefully listened with good ears throughout the whole proceedings but found it not. Do I hear you saying you hope it was nothing bad? It was nothing bad; it was a pleasing disappointment to me, for I hate the article with a deadly hatred. I presume you are aware that it hath been heretofore said that these sewing societies have been fraught with more evil than good in consequence of (I will speak it softly for I never desired to believe it) the lady members dealing more freely in scandal, backbiting, mischief making, &c., than in the application of their needles to their various kinds of sewing. I repeat, I listened attentively but did not hear one word uttered that could be construed in that direction; hence the pleasing disappointment. And I now more than ever desire to feel that they have been shamefully misrepresented in that matter. May they ever refrain from the like, and always remember to judge not that they be not judged, and to do unto others as they would wish others to do unto them, and if they have any spare time aside from their business, employ it in the reading of good books, devising ways for relieving the poor, healing the sick and comforting the afflicted, and they will ever find their humble servant holding up both

hands for the perpetuity of the sewing circle. But remembering your columns are not lengthy, I will close this infinitesimal by wishing them all health and prosperity while remaining on this earth below, and on leaving it a happy and blissful entrance into the world of spirits above.

Yours, &c.,
C. B. THOMPSON.

North Bridgton, Jan. 31, 1858.

Correspondence of the Reporter.

AUGUSTA, JAN. 24, 1859.

Nothing of especial interest has transpired in Legislative proceedings the past two weeks except the re-election of Hon. W. P. Fessenden, U. S. Senator for the term of six years from the fourth day of March ensuing. The election took place the eleventh ult. As I watched the calm deliberation of the members in the consummation of so important an event I could but contrast it, in my mind, with the intense anxiety manifested by both parties prior to, and during the balloting for U. S. Senator, the tenth day of Feb. 1854,—the time of Mr. Fessenden's first election. At that time parties were nearly equally balanced as to numbers and while Mr. Fessenden's friends believed in his success, his opponents with so able a competitor as the present incumbent of the gubernatorial chair were sanguine of being able at least to prevent an election. The result was, Mr. Fessenden received seventy-eight votes in the House, ten more than was cast by his opponents, the Senate he received sixteen votes, just enough to elect. On the eleventh ult. received in the House, ninety-three votes, in the Senate, twenty-nine votes. The Senators who did not vote, Messrs. Berry & Skifford, were at home sick.

In the Senate there has been some "marching and counter marching," relative to the present session to sixty days. Deliberative action to shorten the session was produced the opposite result by eliciting debate upon the subject. The average length of the Legislatures since the organization of the State, is eighty-one days. I have been informed that the matter of moving the seat of Government to Portland will not come up until another winter.

The members of the Board of Agriculture convened in the Agricultural Hall, in basement of the State House, last Wednesday, and proceeded to elect Robert Martin of land, President, S. L. Goodale of Saco, Secretary. After which they proceeded to adjourn the usual business before the Board. annual State Temperance Convention was off the same day. The attendance was so large as usual, yet there was much manifested for the progression of the same. Speeches were made by Neg. Dow, J. Dunn, and others, and resolutions passed. The present law for the suppression of intemperance is regarded as stringent enough enforced, and the probability is that it need not be amended at present. The Maine Temperance Society met here the same day above. But with so much at once, one is loath to loose a part, therefore I can say nothing of the latter from observation. If some of Photographic artists would just bring their artillery to bear upon some of these abodes and "take a picture," it would hold for years, judging by the past, for the faces with slight changes are represented the front view of the scene, year after year.

FIRE. Concord, N. H., Feb. 1. The engine depot building of the Concord Railroad took fire this morning, from the stove in telegraph office, which spread over the building by means of the breaking of the gas to such an extent that the flames could be got under.

St. Catharine's, C. W., Jan. 31. A fire broke out here at 12 o'clock on Saturday night, destroying the St. Catharine's House, and entire block adjoining. Less estimated \$100,000. The office of the Montreal Telegraph Co. was destroyed for the second time within a few weeks. Two men were injured.

MURDER IN WORCESTER. A farmer of Mury, named William S. Tainter, was assailed in the Half Way House, on the Mills road in Worcester, by a party of Irishmen Tuesday night last, and was beaten on the head with a green stick of wood so violent that he died at 2 o'clock on Friday morning. It appears that the Irishmen in question were in the bar room, in a drunken and quarrelsome state, and that, at the request of a person in charge, Mr. Tainter aided in an attempt to eject them. While pushing out of the ruins, he fell upon the floor, his projecting outside of the door. At that moment one of the Irishmen, named Cornelius Duggan, returned with a green cart shaft five feet long and two and a half inches diameter, with which he struck a violent blow upon the head of Mr. Tainter. They then never recovered consciousness after receiving the blow.

William Covenhoven, Esq., of Charlestown, Montgomery county, Ohio, lost five children by the scarlet fever in five days. Four of these little ones—all brothers—lay each other in death's embrace, and were buried and buried the same day in one common grave. In some parts of Pennsylvania this disease is making very fatal ravages.

The Rochester Union announces the death of jumping off the cars when they were rapidly motion between Pittsford and Carleville, of a burglar whom a sheriff was conveying to Sing Sing Prison. He struck against a stone and dashed his brains out.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Two Women Killed Worcester, Jan. 30. As the Western Railroad train left this city yesterday afternoon, came upon an Irish funeral procession, string one of the carriages. Two married women were killed, and another had an arm broken.

ANOTHER GREAT EXPRESS ROBBERY. Augusta, Ga., Jan. 31. Adams Express Company was robbed of \$40,000 between Montgomery and Atlanta, on Friday. The money was in five tens and Georgia and South Carolina banks. A reward of \$5000 is offered.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

BEAUTIFUL STANZAS.

How few, who, from their youthful day,
Look on to what their life may be!
Painting the vision of the way
In colors soft, and bright and free
How few who to such paths have brought
The hopes and dreams of early thought!
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire,
Who pant to tell for God and man
And view with eyes of keen desire,
The upward way of toil and pain—
Almost with scorn they think of rest
Of holy calm, of tranquil breast,
But God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

A lowlier task on them is laid—
With love to make the labor light;
And there their beauty they must shed
On quiet homes and lost to sight.
Changed are their visions high and fair,
Yet calm and still they labor there;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

The gentle heart that thinks with pain,
It scarce can lowliest task fulfill;
And, if it dare its life to scan,
Would ask but pathway low and still.
Often such lowly heart is brought
To act with power beyond its thought;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

And they, the bright who long to prove,
How fresh from earth their grateful love
Can spring without a stain or spot—
Often such youthful heart is given
The path of grief to walk in heaven;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

What matter what the path shall be?
The end is clear and bright to view;
We know that we a strength shall see,
Whatever the day may bring to do.
We see the end, the house of God,
But not the path to that abode;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

A HARD CUSTOMER.

A green looking customer observed a sign hanging over a grocery store, reading thus: "Wholesale and Retail Store." He worked his way through the crowd of ladies and gentlemen, until he got to the counter of the clerk, who was exhibiting some fine sugar to a young lady, when he broke out with: "Say, Mister, who's boss here?" "The proprietor has just stepped out sir." "Well, be this a retailing shop?" "The young man hardly comprehending green's thoughts, simply answered: "Yes, sir, a wholesale and retail store." "Guess you understand your trade?" "O, yes," replied the clerk, wrapping up a bundle for his lady customer, "what can I do for you?" "Well as the cold weather is coming on, I thought I might as well come and give you a job."

"Don't understand you, stranger," replied the clerk, who began to think the fellow was in the wrong box. "Zactly so; well I'll tell you." "Explain what you mean, my friend," said the clerk, as he saw him produce a bundle from under his coat. "Well, as I said before, the cold weather's coming on, I thought I might as well be fixing for it. Come mighty near freezing, 't'other winter, tell ye I did, but—"

"Stranger, I hope you will tell me what you want, so I may serve you, interrupted the clerk, seeing there were a number of customers waiting to be served, but who, in fact, had almost forgotten their errands in the rich conversation between the clerk and his droll customer. "Certainly, squire, certainly, I always do business in a hurry, and just as quick as the old master will let you, I want you to retail these old shirts! Let 'em come down to about the knees, kase I don't wear any drawers!"

The effect may be imagined, but, as the novelists say, can't be described.—The loud burst of laughter which followed, served to convince the poor fellow he had committed himself and his long legs were put in motion at the rate of 2,40.

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he continues to manufacture Boots & Shoes of every description, at his old stand at North Bridgton, where may be found a general assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

He also has the right, and manufactures MITCHELL'S PATENT

Metallic Tip Boots and Shoes, for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples, Watford, Sweden, Lovell and Fryburg; and will be happy to furnish those in want of anything in his line.

Orders filled with as much dispatch as the nature of the business will admit. JAMES WEBB. No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858.

SAWYER & WISWELL,
BRIDGTON, MAINE.
Manufacturers and dealers in
**PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
GRAVE STONES,
Monuments,**

Tomb Tablets, Table Tops, Chimney Pieces, Counters, Soda Pumps, Shelves, Hearth Stones, Soap Stones, &c., &c.
All of the best materials, and for style and Execution, unsurpassed.
All Orders Executed Promptly, at the Lowest Possible Cash Prices. 1 ly

E. E. WILDER,
HARNESSE MAKER AND CARRIAGE TRIMMER.

Harnesses, Carriage Trimmings, Halters, Surcingle, Brides, Horse Blankets, Whips, &c., constantly on hand and for sale.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. *1 ly

Hair Dressing & Shaving Room.

W. M. P. HODSDON would respectfully inform the citizens of Bridgton, and vicinity, that he has opened a room over the Post Office at Bridgton Center where he will attend to the

HAIR DRESSING BUSINESS,
in all its branches. Particular pains taken in cutting Ladies' and Children's hair. Also Whiskers and Hair dyed in the neatest possible manner. Razors also honed and put in order.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. 1

In connection with the above business he keeps a full assortment of the popular NEWSPAPERS and PERIODICALS of the day, and will also take yearly subscriptions for any of the weekly or monthly publications that may be desired.

BRIDGTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pondicherry House.

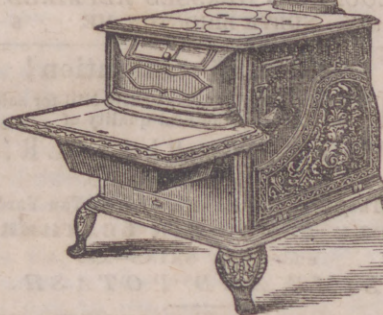
THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he is ready to entertain, at the above House, travellers in a good and substantial manner, and for a reasonable compensation. The Pondicherry House is kept on strictly temperance principles, and travellers will find it a quiet resting place. My House is also fitted up for boarding, and all who see fit to take board with me, will find a comfortable home.
I have also, good Fitting for Horses.
MARSHAL BACON. 2 ly
Bridgton Center, Nov. 10, 1858.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HASKELL'S visits at Bridgton, will continue once in three months through the year, commencing with the second MONDAY in December, March, June and September. Thanking his citizens of Bridgton and vicinity for their liberal patronage heretofore, he respectfully solicits an increase of the same, and assures all who may need the services of his profession, that it will be for their interest, in every respect to call upon him before going elsewhere.
Dr. H. will, when requested, visit patients at their residence without extra charge, but all who wish such visits, or intend to employ him, are particularly requested to make it known at an early hour. 2 ly

The Best Cook Stove

IN USE IS THE
BAY STATE.



YOU can do double the work with one half the wood, and get twice as long, making it worth four times as much as any other Stove and does not cost any more. This Stove is kept constantly on hand by

B. CLEAVES & SON,
Where may be found a good assortment of
Cast Iron Parlor Stoves,
open and close front.

AIR TIGHT, PARLOR OVEN AND BOX STOVES;
FIRE FRAMES, CAULDRON KETTLES,
Pumps, Sheet Lead, Zinc, Tin Ware, and other things too numerous to mention.

All kinds of **JOB WORK** done at short notice.
N. B. Country Produce taken in exchange. Bridgton Center

ADAMS & WALKER,
Manufacturers, Wholesale & Retail dealers in
FURNITURE,
of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, FEATHER BEDS,
Mattresses, Carpets and
PAPER HANGINGS.

ALSO, DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS,
CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES

West India Goods, &c.
PAINTS AND OIL.

J. R. ADAMS, 1
C. B. WALKER, 1
BRIDGTON CENTER.

LIVERY STABLE.

THE subscriber would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bridgton and vicinity, that he may be found at the old stand, (the Gage Stable) where good Horses and Carriages can be obtained for Cash.

Also Saddle Horses. Pleasure parties furnished with double teams and careful drivers, at short notice.
ROBT A. CLEAVES.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858.

REUBEN BALL

KEEPS constantly on hand for sale a good assortment of
Family Groceries,
such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Apples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese, &c.

Also—
of different kinds—in a word, most every thing for family consumption.
Farmers' Produce taken in exchange for Goods.
Purchasers will find it for their interest to call.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. 1

F. D. HANSON,
Dealer in all sorts of

GROCERIES.
TEA, COFFEE, MOLASSES, SUGAR.

MEATS
Bought and sold at all times on favorable terms.
F. D. HANSON also keeps on hand, for sale a superior article of

FLOWER,
made from selected wheat, ground and put up at the Saccarappa Mills.
Cash paid for Hides, Calf and Wool Skins.
Bridgton Center.

BLACKSMITHING!

A. C. BURNHAM would inform the people of Bridgton and vicinity that he is prepared to do at his Shop all varieties of blacksmithing. He will give especial attention to

Horse Shoeing,
Carriage and Sleigh Ironing,
MACHINE FORGING,
—AND TO—
STEEL WORK,
generally. All work in his line promptly attended to.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858.

200 BBS. FLOUR! in store for sale low for cash by
ADAMS & WALKER.

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 instruments 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, elasticity of action, beauty and durability of workmanship, are unsurpassed by any other manufacturer.

These Instruments are all manufactured from the best of materials, and fully warranted. Satisfaction will be given in all cases.
REED ORGANS MADE TO ORDER,
WITH 4, 6 AND 8 STOPS. 2 ly
N. B. Our Instruments took the

First Premium
at the State Fair of '57 and '58.

CARPETING!

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.

EDWARD H. BURGIN,
FREE STREET CARPET WAREHOUSE
Chambers No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block,
OVER H. J. LIBBY & Co's.,
PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

LARGE STOCK OF Boots and Shoes!

At No. 20, Market Square,
TO BE SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH
THE subscriber being desirous of bringing his business to a close, so as to pay 100 cents on the dollar to all persons having demands against him, of longer or shorter standing, (by the 23d of Feb., 1859, at which time his lease expires,) will sell his entire stock of Boots and Shoes at from

5 to 15 PER CENT. CHEAPER
than goods of the same quality have been sold in Portland, for the last two years, to say the least, (either at a Variety Store or Shoe Store) At No. 20, Market Square,
DIRECTLY OPPOSITE CITY HALL STEPS.
(Saco Democrat please copy) 2 3m

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
Altko on Canvas, Paper, Glass (called Ambrotype) Metal or Leather, in as good manner and at as low prices as any other establishment in the city.

Small pictures can be copied and enlarged to any desirable size.
SATISFACTION WARRANTED.
2 ly M. F. KING.

JOHN W. PERKINS, & Co.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,
VARNISHES, DYES,
CAMPENE AND FLUID.

No. 165 Commercial Street,
PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

WM. H. WOOD,
STOCK, EXCHANGE & MONEY BROKER.

NOTARY PUBLIC.
Stocks of every description Bought and Sold.

EXCHANGE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

ARTISTS SUPPLY STORE.
No. 69 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

R. J. D. LARRABEE
Wholesale and Retail dealer in
FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ENGRAVINGS, PICTURE FRAMES,
LOOKING GLASSES, &c. GILT AND ROSEWOOD FRAMES,

of all sizes, both oval and square, always on hand, and made to order. Directions and materials for the Grecian Painting, with 3 engravings furnished for \$5.00. All patterns of GILT AND ROSEWOOD MOULDINGS, Also, New and Standard Sheet MUSIC 1/2

J. L. HOWARD, & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Furnaces, Ranges, Office, Parlor,

COOKING STOVES, &c., &c.
—ALSO—DEALERS IN—
Pumps, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, all kinds of Tin, Copper, Sheet Iron.

JOB WORK DONE TO ORDER.
John L. Howard, Edw. B. Howard,
Franklin A. Howard.
No. 35 Exchange Street, Portland. 1 ly

HARRIS BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

TEAS, W. I. GOODS,
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
No. 202 FORE STREET,
[Recently occupied by Bibber & Cole.]

ALBION F. HARRIS, B. F. HARRIS,
PORTLAND, ME. 1 6m

MANNING & BROWN,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Flour Produce, Fruits, &c.,
Agents for the Shaker Mill's Flour,
222 and 224 Fore, Corner Union St.,
CHARLES F. MANNING,
CHARLES D. BROWN,
PORTLAND.

REFERENCES—J. R. Brown & Son and Sanborn & Carter, Portland; Brickett, Denison & Co., Boston; W. J. Emmett, New York. 1 6m

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

C. W. ROBINSON & CO.,

HAVE ONE OF THE BEST AND CHOICEST STOCKS OF
Dry Goods in the City,
comprising every article usually found in a FIRST CLASS DRY GOODS STORE.

WE devote special attention to the purchase and sale of RICH FOREIGN FABRICS, such as DRESS SILKS, SHAWLS, VELVETS, FRENCH EMBROIDERIES, FRENCH AND ENGLISH PRINTS, &c., &c.

Also, to our Stock of LINEN AND HOUSE KEEPING GOODS, which is very large. We have always on hand LINEN SHEETINGS, PILLOW AND FRONTING LINENS, TABLE DAMASKS, DAMASK TOWELS, NAPKINS, and DOYLIES, of the very best and most reliable manufacture.

Also, wide SHEETINGS, BLANKETS, QUILTS, BATTING, WARP YARN, &c., &c. We are constantly receiving new FOREIGN GOODS. Our arrangements are such as will enable us to have the choicest of the new styles of DRESS GOODS as soon as they are received in Boston or New York.

Patterns sent by mail, postage free. Orders will receive our personal attention. Address,
C. W. ROBINSON, & CO.,
No. 125 Middle Street, Portland, Me 7



PAINTER,
No. 2 Market Square,
PORTLAND, ME.

SIGNS will be painted twenty per cent. less in the style of those got up by Drummers who hurry off their work and use poor materials for the same.

NEW SILKS!!

A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF SILKS, in all Styles, such as
RAYADERE, FIGURED, PLAID, STRIPED AND PLAIN.
ROBES OF EVERY KIND.

—Also, more of those—
DESIRABLE BLACK SILKS.
Warranted superior to any in the market
BROAD BLACK VELVETS,
Some very Rich.

Cashmere, Long & Square Shawls, MANTILLA SHAWLS.
EMBROIDERIES, in every variety.
A NEW STYLE OF KID GLOVES,
VERY DESIRABLE—to which the attention of Ladies is particularly invited.

All Goods at the VERY LOWEST PRICES!
A. D. HALL,
42 Middle Street, Portland.

DR. J. H. HEALD,
SURGICAL DENTIST
No. 175 Middle Street, Portland, Me.

HAVING learned all the best methods of setting Teeth in this Country and Europe, is now prepared to set Teeth in a great variety of ways, either American, French or English style, at such prices, that all persons can have good substantial Teeth at prices to suit them.

For best Gum Teeth, on fine Gold, per set \$30 to \$50; best partial sets, on Gold, per Tooth, from \$3 to \$5; best Gum Teeth on Silver, a set 15 to \$20; partial sets on Silver, from 1 to \$2; sets Cheoplastic style, \$10; temporary sets, from 7 to \$10; filling with Gold, per Tooth, 75 cts. to \$1.50; filling with Tin Foil, 50 cts.; filling with French Amalgam, 75 cts.

Dr. H. having practiced in this City fifteen years, will be happy to give those not acquainted the best of reference, by calling at his Office. 1 ly

ROBERT I. ROBINSON,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Sperm, Whale, and Lard Oil
LOW FOR CASH.
No. 17, Exchange Street,
PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

J. AMBROSE HERRILL,
—DEALER IN—

Watches, Jewelry,
—AND—

MILITARY GOODS

139 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME. 1 6m

MOSES G. DOW, & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN
CORN, MEAL, OATS, SHORTS, &c., &c.

Pure Ground Rock Salt.
And all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Orders & Consignments Solicited
Nos. 5 & 7 Long Wharf, Bethel Build'g
MOSES G. DOW, A. C. TUTTLE,
PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

WILLIAM A. PEARCE, Plumber,
MAKER OF
FORCE PUMPS, AND WATER CLOSETS,
No. 124, Exchange Street, Portland, Me.
Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths, Wash Bowls, Brass, and Silver Plated Cocks.

Every description of WATER FIXTURE for Dwelling Houses, Hotels, and Public Buildings, Ships, etc., arranged and set up in the best manner, and all orders in town or country faithfully executed. All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to. 4 ly

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

SAMUEL W. WILSON,

Wholesale dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
GERMAN WINDOW GLASS,
DRUGS, DYE STUFFS, GLUE,
Brushes, Sign Painters' Materials and Colors of all kinds.

PORTERS' BURNING FLUID,
Agent for J. M. COOK'S Cut and Stained Glass,
NO. 63 COMMERCIAL STREET,
PORTLAND, ME.
N. B. All Goods delivered to the Boats or Cars, free of charge. 3 ly

CHAS. R. MILIKEN,

—WHOLESALE—
WEST INDIA GOODS
—AND—
PROVISION DEALER,
19 Commercial Street, head of Long Wharf,
PORTLAND, ME. 3 ly

INGERSOLL'S
EATING HOUSE,
Three Doors West of Post Office,
PORTLAND, ME. 3 3m

J. G. TOLFORD & 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., &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 BUSINESS, 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 the earliest arrival, and at prices to correspond with the times.

J. W. BLANCHARD,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
French and American Soft Hats
LATEST Styles SILK DRESS HATS,
BLACK DRAB AND PEARL CASHMERE HATS,
FUR, PLUSH, CLOTH & GLAZED CAPS,
Youth's and Children's Fancy Hats and Caps
FOX BLOCK, 75 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME. 3 ly

"YOUNG AMERICA"

Fashionable Clothing
HAT, CAP & FURNISHING DEPOT
No. 76 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME.
T. C. WEBBER, Proprietor. 3 6m

Fresh Oysters.
80 Cents per Gallon.

NO. 85 FEDERAL STREET.

The subscriber having made arrangements for a large supply of OYSTERS during the winter, is now ready to supply all orders, in large or small quantities, at the LOWEST BOSTON PRICES.

All orders, by mail or express, to meet with prompt attention, should be directed to
JAMES FREEMAN, Portland. 3 3m

LOOK! LOOK!
In consequence of the increased sales of my Original Pure Refined spruce Gum and wishing to devote most of my time to that branch, I will sell my large stock of

Candies, Cigars, Tobacco & Nuts
at greatly reduced prices. Call and see a large stock and get Good Bargains for a short time.

105 FEDERAL ST., 5 DOORS ABOVE ELM HOUSE, PORTLAND.
3 3m B. PEARSON.

CULLEN C. CHAPMAN,
—DEALER IN—
Flour, CORN AND PROVISIONS,
No. 38 COMMERCIAL STREET,
(HEAD OF FRANKLIN WHARF),
PORTLAND, ME. 3 ly

AMERICAN HOUSE,
Corner of Fore and Lime Streets,
PORTLAND, ME.

GEO. H. BARRELL,
PROPRIETOR.
SARGENT & PATRICK,
Manufacturers of
Picture, Portrait & Looking-Glass Frames,
No. 167 MIDDLE STREET,
CHAS. H. SARGENT, }
DAVID W. PATRICK, }
PORTLAND.

Ovals of all sizes constantly on hand. Orders in the above line solicited and executed at the lowest cash prices. 3 3m

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

Elm House,

PORTLAND, ME.
S. M. MARBLE & CO., Proprietors.

The undersigned would say to their Bridgton friends, that having leased the **ELM HOUSE**, for a term of years, and having reduced the price of Board to
\$1.25 cents per day,
they hope to receive a generous share of their patronage. No pains will be spared to render their guests comfortable, and make them feel at home. S. M. MARBLE & CO. Portland, Nov. 1858. 3m 2 ly

M. L. HALL,

Dealer in
Foreign, & Domestic Dry Goods
SHAWLS, CLOAKING
BLACK SILKS,
warranted to wear well.
FANCY SILKS,
of all desirable styles.

STRAW BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, LADIES CAPS, & HEAD DRESSES, EMBROIDERY, GLOVES, HOSIERY,
All at the lowest prices
100 Middle St., Portland, Me