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Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. I.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1859.

NO. 16.

Bridgton Reporter,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
S. H. NOYES,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
BRIDGTON, ME.

CHARLES LAMSON, EDITOR.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE; one dollar fifty-cents at the end of the year.

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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness and despatch.

For the Reporter. JACKALANTERNS.

In my younger days my grandfather used to relate to me wonderful and strange stories respecting Jackalanters. He was among the first settlers of Bridgton, and had previously to his settlement here followed the sea for a livelihood.

He was quite an observer of the operations of nature, and particularly the state of the weather, which he prognosticated with a great degree of exactness, which undoubtedly he acquired by following the sea. His observation of things, and especially his manner of expression, always rendered his stories very interesting. The little folks of the neighborhood took much pleasure in assembling together at his house, to hear him relate stories, of which he, always had a goodly store on hand. For the most part his stories were of the nature not to frighten, but to recollect on one occasion when we small folks had met together at his house to pay him an evening visit, and had spent the evening very agreeably and were about to leave for home, he introduced a Jackalanters story. We were very ignorant of an *ignis fatuus*, and consequently gave our strictest attention to his marvelous story. He proceeded at once to describe the nature and character of the Jackalanters, which he portrayed in astonishing colors. We were all exceedingly amazed with his story, and as he went on our excitement was constantly increased. He now had to tell us some of Jackalanters particular exploits, in which he had mysteriously characterized himself. What was very peculiar about his nature and not a little frightful, was that he took the greatest pleasure in leading people into some old bog or swamp, which he accomplished by his brilliant and charming powers of attraction. The idea of his having the power of leading people where he pleased and that too, almost always into some horrible pit, frightened us severely.

He told us he had heard of many persons being thus captivated and drawn away by the magic power of Jackalanters, and left almost swallowed up in the mire in some old slough where they frequently perished, being unable to extricate themselves from their lamentable situation. After he had gone through with his story, we asked him if there was no possible way by which people could avoid being led away by this magic power. He told us he knew of but one way, and that was to hide one's eyes so they could not see him. We asked him what we should do in case we should see one going home. "Why," says he, "you must put your hands over your eyes and hide them completely, or he will surely draw you off into some dismal hole, but if you cover your eyes so that you cannot see anything, you may, in this way, reach home in safety." Of course we believed every word he told us, for children are apt to credit things which they do not understand, when told by older persons. I recollect one evening in particular that we young folks went to spend with him and hear his stories. We were very agreeably entertained until the latter part of the evening, when he introduced a Jackalanters story, and a tough one it was too, you may depend. I thought it was true as the Bible and without exaggeration, it frightened us excessively and it being too, as we were upon the point of going home; of course it seemed doubly appalling. We were aroused to the height of excitement, and imagined that all the Jackalanters of *Purgatory* were let loose and we about to encounter them. As we were leaving his house, he says, "now if you see any of these awful creatures, you must hide your eyes in a trice, or the Lord only knows where he will carry you." We had but just started from his house and were surveying everything with a keen eye and thro' burning heart when one of our number suddenly exclaimed, "I see one, I see one!" Quick as thought every eye was hidden by our hands and breathless stillness seized our minds for a moment. Blinded by our hands, we were all immediately separated, one going awkwardly one way and another another, picking our way as best we could. I had pro-

ceeded but a few steps when I went "chuck up" against the old stone wall, and grand-sire's old gander seeing me wandering about like a fool, lit on me like a hawk on a chicken, and the way feathers flew was a caution to Turkey Buzzards; but I was so terribly frightened I could not positively tell whether the feathers flew out of me, the Jackalanters, or the old stone wall. But I kept up a terrible screaming and hollered, he's got me, he's got me! My yells of agony terrified his associates beyond measure, and "they put legs to it" with all their might, not daring to remove their hands from their eyes. A stick here, and a stub there caught them by the toes and threw them head-long upon their faces. They picked themselves up with bruised faces and bloody noses, and scampered home almost frantic with fear, while I, poor fellow, they said was caught by a Jackalanters. Indeed, I was in a dreadful dilemma; the wall in front, and the old gander at my back, his bill fast hold of my frock, while he walloped me confoundedly with his mighty pinions. I screamed bitterly, to the top of my voice, grandpa! grandpa! He immediately ran out to my rescue; snatching up a stick as he came, dealt a severe blow at the old gander, which I thought was really a Jackalanters, and broke his neck short off, and seizing me up in his arms, said, "I've killed him, I've killed him!" I dared then, for the first time, take my hands off from my eyes after the attack, and had the satisfaction of seeing my foe flop a few times and expire. For some time after this grandfather called us the Jackalanters boys, and joked us considerably, but when we ascertained the truth of the story, and the death of his old gander, and how he came to his end; ever after this when he saluted us with, "Oh you Jackalanters boys," "Ha, grandpa," said we, "do you know who was the man that killed his own gander, and in consequence of which never raised a gosling for the year?"

FRINDLY.

A Remarkable Dream.

"Dreams are but children of an idle brain. Begot of nothing but false fantasy."

So saith Shakespeare; but what may hold good in some cases does not hold good in all cases, otherwise there would be general rules without exceptions, and that is held by logic to be morally impossible. With me a dream is a dream, and there is an end on't; but not so with everybody. There are some men in this world who attach considerable importance to the "baseless fabric" of a dream which fits unbidden through the brain; and I believe as a general thing, it is conceded that the female portion of humanity has an abiding faith in dreams, whether they be of good or evil import. Why this should be so, I am not prepared to say, and leave the question to those deeper versed in human nature than I am for a solution, but I do say that the most intelligent lady that I ever was acquainted with was a firm believer in the fore-shadowing of dreams.

Come to think of it the greatest affront I ever gave a lady, was owing to a dream. She was passed a certain age, and used to annoy me by asking me what "sign" it was to dream of this or that?—just as if I was a second Joseph, whose special mission was to interpret dreams. I bore it with great good humor for a long time, but my patience finally gave away, and I ended the nuisance summarily. One evening I was one of a select company assembled in a parlor, and we were having a "time of it generally." When all the ordinary topics were exhausted, and conversation began to flag, the lady in question turned her vinegar face towards me, and said:

"By-the-by, I had a most singular dream last night. I actually dreamed that I was married to two husbands! Now can you tell me what sign that is?"

"Certainly, Miss. It is a sign that you are old enough to fulfill half the dream at least."

Murder! What a malicious rascal I must have been in her estimation! She said nothing, but her eyes flashed like those of a hyena, while her thin white lips quivered with rage! She never asked me to interpret another dream; in fact, if I recollect rightly, she did not speak to me at all for several years after this rather free interpretation.

But to my story of a remarkable dream; and if there be truth in the tale of the dreamer—and there is no reason to doubt his word—then, indeed it was a remarkable dream.

Some years ago, in a little city of the West lived Richard Miller, an honest, industrious, sober shoemaker. He had emigrated from Philadelphia a few years previous to the opening of my story, with his wife and child; and by economy and the closest attention to business, he managed to lay up six hundred dollars. This sum he would undoubtedly, so increase as to place himself and family beyond the reach of want in a very few years, had it not been for that insidious monster Consumption. The fell destroyer came to him as usual in such cases, in a bad cold, and for a long time he flattered himself into the belief that it was only a bad cold; but like

a skillful sapper and miner, it soon undermined his constitution, and he soon began to have some faint glimmering of his real condition.

There was no use staying any longer in the West, so he sold out his stock and fixtures, and returned to Philadelphia, where he took up his permanent abode. Having become entirely too weak to work, he spent his days in that inactive, but petulant state so common to consumptives.

One day he took it into his head to consult an eminent physician—a Professor of a medical college—in order to ascertain his true condition. He called upon him and stated his case, and underwent the customary examination.

"Young man," said the Professor, "your lungs are badly affected, and I am only dealing frankly with you when I say that, in my opinion, you are not long for this world!"

Miller's heart sank within him as he heard his doom. He had the most implicit confidence in the Professor; and as he thought of his wife and child, he felt very much as if for the future the world would be black to him.

"Did you ever drink whiskey?" inquired the Doctor, as he paced the room.

"Never, except upon one or perhaps two occasions," said Miller.

"You can keep yourself alive two years—probably three—by the moderate use of whiskey. It is a dangerous prescription, but in giving it to you, I have reason to believe that you will not let it obtain the mastery over you. Get the best whiskey you can buy, and drink a pint of it a day."

Poor Miller, ready to grasp at the merest shadow of relief, went to a liquor store and purchased a demijohn of Bourbon whiskey, and commenced to take doses of it at intervals throughout the day.

A year rolled away, and Miller was much improved. His cough was easier, and the stimulus appeared to impart a kind of artificial strength to his body; but I regret to say, his appetite, which never before craved alcoholic drinks, had assumed an abnormal condition, to appease, which it now required not less than a quart per diem. He felt that he was not doing much towards restoring his march down to the grave; but the heavy doses of alcoholic stimulants invested the present and future with a feeling of obligation that was quite a relief to his melancholy broodings over his misery when he was properly himself.

When in this state, Miller loved solitude; and he frequently walked as far away from home as his strength would permit him—generally in the neighborhood of the brick yards, in the south-western part of the city.

One day having extended his walk beyond his usual limits, and being overtaken by a thunder-storm, when he reached the brick yards, he took shelter under the shed of one of them. Having drank an unusual quantity of whiskey during the day, he fell asleep upon the wheelbarrow, on which he was resting, while the storm was still raging; nor did he awake until the dawn of the next day.

At first he was mystified; but he soon recalled to his recollection the storm and the brick yard, and feeling somewhat drowsy, he composed himself for another nap. It is uncertain how long he slept—probably not over half an hour—but during that time he had a remarkable vision. He dreamed out the principles of a machine for the manufacture of brick—a machine that would, in a great measure, supersede all hand labor. Every wheel, or cog and casting passed through his brain, and in his dream he even saw the machine in practical operation. When he awoke it was quite light, and he hastened towards his home. His mind was entirely taken up with the machine, his dream having evidently made an impression upon him as in indelible as any idea ever conceived in his most wakeful hours. Long before he reached his home he resolved to carry out the spirit of the dream. After breakfast he made the necessary preparations to work out a model.

The obstacles that interposed were legion, but he overcame them all. Tools that he could not borrow, he bought, and it was now that he went to work most patiently and perseveringly, paying very little attention to the whiskey, as his whole soul appeared to be wrapped up in one grand object.

His wife, from the very beginning of his work, thought that his mind was giving away; and the poor, patient, enduring woman, finding their stock of money rapidly decreasing, took in sewing, while he sawed, planed and chisled at his model. He grew morose, and seldom spoke. Sometimes he would gaze abstractedly upon the model for a long time, and then, as if re-insured, he would go to work again with renewed energy; and so he continued for many long and weary weeks until the model was finally completed, and stood before him perfect in all its parts. As he worked at it in the presence of his wife, a gleam of satisfaction sat upon his countenance and he smiled. It was the first smile that had illumined his countenance since he had been at work on the model. He carried it off to a finished mechanic, who engaged

to make a fine duplicate for twenty dollars; and when he had finished his job the wife saw him take that amount from their slender store more in sorrow than in anger, but she knew the utter fallacy of protesting.

Richard Miller now for the first time consulted a friend in the matter; and that friend having had some experience in procuring patents, gave him the benefit of his knowledge. To procure the patent would cost thirty dollars more. This alarmed Miller; but the patent must be had, and that amount went. In due time the letters patent arrived, and he had the rough model and the document—nothing more. Out of these it would be next to impossible to realize anything. No, he must have a machine capable of working. He felt satisfied that nothing short of a machine would enable him to dispose of his right. But how to get a machine built was a question which puzzled him sadly. No one capable of making a machine would undertake the job for less than one hundred dollars. Alas! he had no longer that sum of money in his house. Miller was almost bordering on despair, when one of the mechanics to whom he had spoken, called upon him in order to make a more minute examination of the model. He was eminently a practical man, and he made a most thorough examination, at the end of which he declared that his firm conviction was that the machine was a great invention. At all events he would be willing to build one on a contingency. If it failed to work he would charge nothing; if it answered the expectations of the inventor, then he would charge two hundred dollars for the machine and risk. This was virtually taking an interest in the success of the invention, and Richard closed with him. The mechanic was prompt and energetic, and putting his whole force to work, in a few days turned over to Miller a complete machine.

His next business was to give the machine a trial. He went over to Camden, where he had an acquaintance in the brick business, and prevailed upon him to let the trial take place at his yard the next day at 11 o'clock. The proprietor had very little faith in the machine, but as he had a large lot of bricks for sale he was willing to submit to almost anything to attract attention to his yard. To this end he slyly inserted an advertisement in several of the daily papers of Philadelphia announcing the trial of a wonderful patent brick machine, naming the time and place— which of course he thought would only be another addition to the long catalogue of failures in that line of inventions.

Next day Miller partook of an early breakfast, and then possessed himself of the last dollar in the house, to pay current expenses. He bade his wife be of good cheer—that he thought he should return before night with not less than five hundred dollars. The poor woman thought it more likely that he would return dejected, brokenhearted and ready to die; but she said nothing.

From his house he went direct to the machine shop, and had his invention taken to the ferry-boat and had it safely landed, put up and ready to operate at the appointed hour. He knew nothing of the advertisement in the papers, and was therefore a little surprised to see upwards of a hundred persons congregated in the yard. He did not like it, for in case of failure the mortification would only be greater; and he consoled himself that in case competition might spring up and enable him to realize one thousand for his right, instead of five hundred dollars, at which moderate figure he held it.

The day having been elevated, the horse started and the machine moved. It was a minute of intense anxiety to every one, and painfully so to Richard Miller. Eureka! it was a triumph! Mould after mould of beautiful brick were carried off, until in an incredibly short space of time, a thousand were finished and drying in the yard.

There stood Richard Miller gazing upon his invention. It was the full realization of his dream in the minutest particulars. It was the happiest moment of his life. He was just on the point of offering the right of making and vending the machine in the United States to the highest bidder, when an old Yankee tapped him on the shoulder.

"Young man," said he, "that's a very good machine of yours, but I see where a very important improvement can be made. Under such circumstances, I will give you fifty thousand dollars for your right, title and interest in it."

Miller grasped one of the levers of his machine to keep from falling. No it could not be; the whole thing must be a continuation of the dream.

"How much did you say?" asked Miller, in doubt.

"Fifty thousand!" said the man, evidently ready to increase the amount if Miller demanded it.

"I'll take it!" gasped the inventor, who still could not believe the evidence of his senses.

"Then come with me."

A few moments more and they were on their way to Philadelphia; and in crossing the river, Richard Miller paid his last sixpence he had in the world for ferrage. Once arrived in the city, they went directly to the office of a lawyer, where the necessary papers making a full assignment, were drawn up. Miller all the while doubting the possibility of the man having anything like the amount of money he offered; but still resolved in his mind that he was safe if he got a single thousand in cash and the balance in worthless promissory notes. At length the assignment was finished and signed, and the man handed Miller a check, payable at one of the principal banks for the entire amount, on the back of which the attorney certified to Miller being the owner of the check.

The patentee was still incredulous; but satisfied that if the check was worthless it would be an evidence of fraud, and the sale not valid, the papers were exchanged and he left the office. He hastened to the bank and presented his check to the paying teller. That gentleman scrutinized it a moment, and then asked him how he would have it.

Richard Miller was again nonplussed. He stood like a statue, gazing upon the teller, until the question was repeated.

"Gold and silver?" said Richard.

"Gold and silver!" said the teller in surprise—"have you a draft?"

"Beg pardon," said Miller. "Let me have a bag of a thousand dollars in gold and silver and the balance in bank notes."

A bag with that amount in mixed coins was soon placed before him, and forty-nine packages of one thousand dollars each were laid on the counter. Miller had by this time in a manner regained his self-possession, and after stuffing the notes into his pockets, he shouldered his bag of coin and left the bank.

As soon as he saw an omnibus he hailed it and rode to within two squares of his home. When he reached the latter, he staggered in beneath his load, and walking directly to the bed he emptied the bag of glittering coin upon it, to the infinite amazement of his wife. But what was her astonishment when he drew from his pockets packages of bank notes. He contained himself until he had thrown down the last package upon the bed, when he gave way to the wildest and most extravagant feelings.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed hysterically—"my dream is out! The machine works! Fifty thousand! Ha! ha! ha!"

Then snatching up his child he continued, pacing the room—

"My boy—you are no beggar! Fifty thousand! Ha! ha! ha!"

Thus he shouted, raved and stamped. Large drops of perspiration stood on his brow, his face looked haggard, and his eye had the wild glare of the maniac. In vain his wife tried to calm his agitation; he raved until he ruptured a blood vessel. He sat down in his chair with his child in his arms, the blood gushing from his nose and mouth. He drew back his head to indulge in another hysterical laugh, but it was checked by a gurgling noise, and the next instant Richard Miller was a corpse! His spirit had passed away, in the language of Longfellow:

"Like the glorious roll of drums,
In the triumph of a dream."

The reader must note that we have used fictitious for real names. The machine, which went under the name of the purchaser, made him an independent fortune and is still in use; but others, better adapted to the age in which we live have nearly crowded it out of the market.—[Sunday Dispatch.

President Hitchcock has broached what we think must be termed a rather sublimated theory, namely—that our wars, our actions, even our thoughts, make an indelible impression upon the universe. This proposition he endeavors to sustain by an appeal to well established principles of science. He shows by the doctrine of mechanical reaction that every impression which man makes by his words, or his movements, upon the air, the waters or the solid earth, will produce a series of changes in each of those elements which will never end. Not a word has ever escaped from mortal lips, he contends, but is registered indelibly upon the atmosphere we breathe; and could man command the mathematical superiority of mind, every particle of air thus set in motion could be traced through all its changes, with as much precision as the astronomer can point out the path of the heavenly bodies. In like manner the pictures of every object pass through themselves through the medium of light on the retina of the eye, so that the picture of the universe may be still to embrace the pictures of the past. So also an electric fluid is excited and propagated by almost every muscular effort, every chemical change within us, every variation in the state of health, or vigor, and especially by every mental effort.

"Every one who has been in love knows that the passion is strongest and the appetite weakest, in the absence of the beloved object, and that the reverse is the case in her presence."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

In a city of New England, a young hand, maiden of the Mount Vernon fund, was assigned to a certain district to canvass every house. Some people gave her large sums, some small, and some nothing at all. But she went piously to every door, and gave every-body the opportunity of sharing in the good work. One day she went into a very humble shop, where an old woman sold cakes and candies, and stated her mission.

"My dear young lady," replied the old woman, looking at her sadly, "I have sold nothing to day or yesterday; I have a family to support; and how do you think I can spare anything for such a purpose?"

"Oh! I did not expect you to give me anything," answered the young handmaiden. "But I thought you might like to have the chance, that you might not feel that you had been neglected."

The young lady turned to go, but the old woman looked so wishfully, that she lingered at the door.

"I wish I could give you something," she said at length earnestly.

"I will take the good wishes, and thank you kindly," replied the younger.

"I suppose you only take large sums of a dollar and more?" asked the other.

"Oh, no! I take anything that anybody chooses to give."

"Well, my young lady, it would do me good to give you something for there is nobody I have ever read of whom I love as I do General Washington. I always cut out of the newspapers every scrap that tells about him, and lay it by to read at night after I have shut up my shop. I wish I could give you something."

She said it musingly and hesitatingly, and at last, after asking again, whether any sum was not too small, she took a three-cent piece from her pocket, and handing it to the young woman said, gently:

"There it is; nothing; and you won't put it down in your book, please, but I shall feel happy if I know I have done ever so small a thing for the honor of Washington."

WHAT WE EAT.

Argument and ridicule seem equally powerless to effect any radical change in the habits of eating which prevail in this country.

Some physiologists are talking of climate as affecting our national health, and expressing doubts of the perpetuity of the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent; but constitutions that can withstand our diet, are proof against any climate. Mr. Higginson, who is a zealous apostle in the matter of physical health, says:

"Contrast the difference of living in the Canadian cities—Montreal, for example—where there are two sets of hotels, English and American. In the one you find English customs—abundance of water, towels of the dimensions of the mainsail of a man-of-war, admirable beef and bread, which are eaten moderately; in the other you find pint pitchers of water, pocket handkerchiefs, towels, and you breakfast on bad coffee, fried rhinoceros, flapjacks, and flap dish pies. Here is one explanation of American disease, without climate. Somebody has said—'tell me the food of a nation, and I will tell you its character.' In the Canadian schools you can at once distinguish the American from the English children; the school mistress will tell you that the former are smarter than the others, but they stay at home every other day because they are sick. You know that an average American child carries to school for dinner or luncheon a piece of mince pie, very white and ill-digested; at the bottom, and with untold horrors in that middle, a pound cake, two doughnuts, a piece of cheese, a pickle, and a cold sausage. Talk of Pandora's box of old! the modern Pandora's box is an affectionate mother's mince pie and cake, and it does not have hope at the bottom. But what does the English child carry to school for dinner? Bread and meat, or butter, or bread and apples—nothing more; and the bread is English bread, not such as is seen in these regions, where housekeepers buy in their supplies for a year, a pound of saleratus to a pound of flour."

Garrison. "What on earth is gained by this pacific, mean, and diabolical practice? It is unmanly, unwomanly, un-oly, foolish, and demoralizing. Nothing is gained thereby—it is unseemly, disagreeable, cowardly, contemptible, and devilish. It is unworthy of man, woman, or child—of anything but fiends and demons. Show me a habitual grumbler and I will show you a weak mind, an unsocial unhappy person, and a small, unprogressive, stunted soul. It is a habit of the most injurious nature and worst tendency. God has surrounded us with blessings innumerable, given us every cause to be thankful, and a rejoicing grumbling spirit is rebellious and insulting toward the Most High. Let the grumbler imagine himself pious; pity makes men happy."

The Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, FEB. 25, 1859.

Editorial Correspondence.

NORTH BRIDGTON, Feb. 25, 1859.

One day last week I made a flying visit to the residence of my old master, Henry Carter. Mr. C. and wife, though declining in the vale of life, looked and appeared some as they did of old. They were glad to see me and I was glad to see them. I lived with them three years, when a little shaver, and when my days were happy, and extremely hopeful. Things have outwardly changed a good deal since then, but I find my friends essentially the same. It is true enough as Emerson says, "Nothing in a person's experience can ever be quite repeated. If you see the same trees and hills, they do not appear the same from year to year. Yesterday they were new and strange. You and they were young together. To-day they are familiar and disregarded. Soon they will be old friends, prattling to gray hairs of the brown locks and bounding breath of youth." Thirty years will change us a good deal outwardly. But if we are right-minded, and right-hearted people, we shall change only in the matter of growth in love and goodness. The change in my dear old friends has been in the right direction. They have been in all things well prospered, and their prosperity has extended from without to the inner man of the heart. On the old familiar landscape I did not look. I reserve that pleasure to the time when Spring and Summer shall clothe us in verdure and bloom. Then I shall visit my friends again, and shall pay my respects to the scenery about them.

I also made a short call on Mr. Carter's near neighbor, Col. A. S. Frisbee. I found him, too, and Mrs. F., the same kindly and sympathetic friends that they were in my boyhood. I used to be in their family a good deal, and I retain a grateful remembrance of their kindness to me. I found that they remembered me well, and soon after the first greeting was over, they stood before me as in the light of childhood. I was wafted back "through the dark postern of time long elapsed," and the "light of other days" beamed around me. "By-gone images, and scenes of early life stole into my mind, like breezes blown from the spice-islands of Youth and Hope—those two realities of this phantom world!" Pardon my egotism, dear reader, but I like to dwell upon, and linger with matters that pertained to early boyhood. I can hardly express how well I love those whom I familiarly knew then—and how I love every spot of my native town! "Heavens about us in our infancy" and childhood. We are unconscious of it then, and look for it in the far future. When we reach unto that to childhood, far-off future, we find we have missed the heavenly prize, and discover that "it lay on the 'spice-islands of Youth and Hope,'" which were so eager to leave forever behind us. After reaching maturity and culminating life, and find we have been vainly travelling inward from the shore of heavenly life, we would circle back to the memory-hallowed starting point, and set up our spiritual rest. This is just how I feel, dear reader. I have discovered that the true life consists in loving, hopeful and faithful sympathy—just that state of the soul—that is common to a right-hearted child. Ay, verily, we must become little children before we can enter the "Kingdom of God." "Kingdom of God!"—Reader, did you ever thoughtfully weigh these words? The deep still heart can only know their full meaning. I found, too, that the Col. and his wife had also increased in "basket and store, and that their declining sun sheds on their heads a soft, golden, and mellowing light. The Lord God be ever with them.

I had no time to call on my friend Oliver Barnard. We shall have a fine talk soon, and I hope, meanwhile he will, for the gratification of our young readers, write out the bear-story for the Reporter.

Shows, &c. We are not opposed to amusements, healthy and lawful ones, but we do not like those which come to us now-a-days, in the shape of shows and "concerts," simply because they are not amusing. They are, for the most part, unmitigated humbugs—may worse, *nuisances*. We have had two tricksters along this season, a blind concert, and a panorama, and we know not what else, and nothing could be more stale, if we except the moving picture, than were these exhibitions. The fact is, the whole dispensation of shows, traveling exhibitions, concerts, &c., has become about effete. We are outgrowing such childish things, and require amusements of a higher order. We do not see what induces these jostling people to go round grimacing for the community. They certainly do not get very extravagantly paid for their pains. Their services are not needed, and will not be till they bring along something that is really new and interesting. We do not object to being tickled, but desire not to have our risibles mocked and befooled. Laughing we hold to be healthy and very agreeable, but bogus fun induces unspeakable dullness. We advise no showmen to come to Bridgton unless they have something really worth seeing. In that case, they will have to stay over the second night to have the merits of their shows proved. We shall not, however, be greatly offended if they give us the go-by, we will try to amuse ourselves.

"There were an uncommon number of (s)oughers in church last sabbath," said a punning, clergyman, the other day, in reference to the many of his congregation who had had colds.

A word to young folks. Will our young folks listen to us a minute or two. We are not much in favor of giving advice, for we seldom take any ourselves. We have had to work out our own salvation thus far, such as it is, and we suppose our young friends will have to do the same. It is meet that they should. We say work it out &c. This word "work," is full of meaning. It seems to have been ordained that we shall not substantially enjoy anything without we work for it—obtain it through the exertion of our own faculties. We may accidentally come into the possession of desirable things, but we do not so really enjoy them as we should had they been gotten through the more natural medium of our efforts. Work itself is a pleasure, however much we may, thank to the contrary. Work, motion, sends the life currents through the brain, which thrill us with joy and sweet animation. We cannot have "fulness of life" unless we act. We must "work out our own salvation" be it of whatever kind it may. Salvation and work are inseparably connected as cause and effect. The work of itself is salvation. It must be our heaven to be active—active in lawful, legitimate directions. There is no enduring enjoyment apart from work. Virtue and sweet content abide with those who are honestly industrious. But the idle, pleasure-seeking man or woman is inevitably wretched—is always having the "blues." Their unemployed powers prey upon themselves, and they are put to the rack, as they certainly ought to be. Nature knows perfectly well how to manage us—and if we do not act up to her requirements she "puts us through a course of sprouts."

We have been prompted to write this article from recently observing the unhappy movements of an idle young man about twenty years old. He has sound physical health—fair natural powers of mind, but having an indulgent mother to maintain him, chooses to be idle and utterly worthless. But he is, in consequence, a restless, wretched fellow. He is encompassed about by the flames of hell. Now could he be persuaded to go work in some good and useful way, how soon he would right himself, and, unless depraved to his very core, become a happy and manly person. A great many young persons, of both sexes, are eagerly coveting a "life of elegant leisure." They see nothing beautiful or desirable in a life of useful activity. They are straining their powers of contrivance to escape the all-appointed lot of labor. They foolishly enough think that they can slip round the hill that confronts the door of heaven and get in without laboring up the toil-some-slopes. But they must know that heaven is a lofty location, and that we must go up to reach it.

Now, as we said before, we are not going to offer advice to our young friends, but to intimate to them the necessity of their becoming true workers. Labor is one of the cardinal virtues. If you wish to beautify your lives—wish to become refined—wish to cultivate the graces, it is not necessary that you should eschew productive work. We cannot flower out unless we grow up under common conditions of willing and lowly usefulness, no more than a vegetable can that has no root in the common soil.

THE PULPIT. "The pulpit of itself, and by itself, possesses a power which it is impossible to over estimate." It is an instrumentality demanded by the nature of man. What manner of men shall wield this instrumentality? He should correspond to the weightiness of this sovereign position. He should, to begin with his lower requisites, be a man of good physical robustness. He should, in one word, be a full-orbed man. "The higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower." Brute power, subdued and suborned by a noble and thoroughly rational will, greatly assists in giving force to the oral dispensation of spiritual truth. A man of feeble physical vitality carries no influence in his presence. Then again, he can neither think nor feel energetically. The minister of truth should be a complete battery and shoot in all directions thrilling electric currents. A man who has not vital force enough in him to keep his hearers from sleeping, should not preach. He may take it for granted that he is not "called of God" to be a minister of divinity things. The life dispensed from the pulpit should be quintessence, and quicken in stagnant hearers the most animated interest. The minister should, most emphatically, be a man of genius—so far, at least, as large and quick sympathy for man constitutes genius. He should be a man, too, of thoughtful, pitying humanity, schooled in a varied experience. He must not talk merely to, but with his hearers. He must not presume to play the cold arbitrary mentor to his flock, but must show that he has gained his authoritative spiritual height through temptations and "tribulation deep." He must not carry into the desk a "I-am-holier-than-thou" air. If he does he will repel those whom he should attract and save in the embrace of his sympathies. He must love the people of his charge with exceeding love.

The preacher should be a man of large faculty—should be armed with great spiritual positiveness—should know, experimentally, whereof he affirms. His views of truth should be extensive and deep. He should have every faculty of his mind created greater than ordinary, to dress out a feast for that same faculty in other men, to lift up the lim-lits of enjoyment in that direction, and plant them a little onward in the regions of un-reclaimed thought." He should

"Lure to brighter worlds, and lead the way." He should faithfully treat of heaven and hell, but not as far-off localities, but as ever

present states of the mind. He should talk of salvation not as some abstract element that is to come from afar, but as something that must be wrought out within his own rich spiritual nature, by means of patient and strenuous culture. All men can be made to feel and know this salvation. There is, there can be no other salvation for us. Salvation is a healthy and harmonious growth of our spiritual susceptibilities—a growth in love, in refinement, and in our sense of justice, and in intellectual vision.

To promote this salvation was the pulpit established, and no man should occupy it whose life is not pure, whose sympathies are not large, and whose intellect is not commanding. The man who is to battle with the manifold unreason of the world, should be armed with the clearest rationality, with unflinching sympathy, with a holiness of intent that is proof against all ignoble temptations, with a large and varied intellect, and an invincibly right will. He must be lifted above the petty, selfish warfare of the lower nature into the serenely permanent world of spirituality.

Tricked by the above criterion, it will be discovered that we have few true preachers of the everlasting Gospel. We must therefore make the best of those we have, striving, meanwhile, to induct a truer and more desirable priesthood.

EXHIBITION AT NORTH BRIDGTON. We had the pleasure of attending a fine exhibition in the Academy Hall at North Bridgton, Monday evening last. The exercises consisted of a large and well selected variety of Tableaux, a dialogue, vocal and instrumental music. The whole went off admirably, and evinced spirit, tact, taste, and a good degree of the best culture. It was, we repeat, a capital entertainment, got up for that most excellent of purposes, the purchase of a village library. The Tableaux were managed with fine effect. One of them represented "Zekel Bigelow's" account of his courtship. The first scene, discovering "Zekel peekin' threw the window," tickled the audience "hugely." The figure was comical enough. There was on him the old-time-honored, veritable swallow-tail—the short trouser-locks, and the high dickey. The rearward view of Zekel was better than the front view. His costume, as was the gal's, was a grain too smart, and modern-dandyish. A country green-horn like Zekel, would not be likely to have so flashily a watch-chain. The old lady "sprinklin' clee" was also too stylish. The modern hoop "stuck right out." She should have had on a motley cap, and a checked apron. However, the thing was well done.

That old rascal, the famous Bluebeard, was also represented. We expended a great deal of indignation upon the old scamp in our childish days, and we did not therefore feel to be very wrath with him on this occasion, although we saw three of his wives strung up there "just as natural as life"—or, perhaps we should say, death. Still, we were not sorry to see the fellow stabbed. We observed that our friend who did the job for the old fellow, was so all-fired mad that he shook like an aspen leaf, in the act of doing it, tableau figure though he was! The incongruity helped us all to a good laugh.

The moral of the piece seems to be, that wivros must not be too curious about the affairs of their leige lords and masters. May a good impression be the result.

The singing and playing by the Webb boys, assisted by Mr. Savage the younger, gave us much satisfaction, and added greatly to the entertainment. They did fair to be a "Nest of singing birds, rocked on the top-most boughs of life."

Colonel, you ought to be proud of your boys! The Quartette piece, too, sung by Capt. R. Bailey, Miss Beeman, Mr. A. Gould and wife, was deservedly well received. The room, however, is too low for musical purposes.

The fairy-scene was enchanting. The dear creatures were kindly willing to be seen four times, and yet, like poor Oliver, we "wanted some more."

We should like to dwell longer with the exhibition, but space permiteth not. Our advice to the managers of the affair is, to repeat it. It is well worth a repetition, and reflects great credit on the young folks of North Bridgton.

Fun-tinklings. "The glory of the world is rising!" said uncle Daniel, one cold frosty morning, stepping from his bed to his window, through which the first rays of the rising sun were gleaming.

"The glory of the world is rising! La, me!" said his wife, mistaking the application of his words, as she raised herself in bed. "I don't know what you'd think if I had on my new gown!"

"I didn't mean you, you pecky fool," roared uncle Daniel.

We understand that there is to be a trotting match on Long Pond, near Harrison Flat, as soon as a track can be made on the ice. Due notice will be given by Hand Bills of the affair. Rare sport may be anticipated.

F. G. Littlefield, of this village, was admitted, at Portland, to the Bar as Attorney and Counselor at Law.

APPOINTMENT. Daniel Mayberry has been appointed Deputy Sheriff for the County of Cumberland, residence, Harrison.

"There are not many fools in my fathers family," said a vain-glorious man.

"Small family," replied an ironical bystander.

The Editor has just arrived from Harrison!!

For the Reporter.
MR. EDITOR:—As the public is generally most interested in what relates to dollars and cents, especially when drawn from each individuals pocket, I take the liberty to pen the following items with suggestions annexed.

There was raised last year for the support of schools in the State, \$402,761.11. The State tax was \$200,919.30. The county taxes throughout the State must have amounted to about \$250,000.00. Taxes for the support of the poor and other town charges, about \$100,000.00. For the repair of highways about \$1,000,000.00. Making a total amount of \$2,253,630.41. The valuation of the State in 1850 was \$93,900,127.00. Then it will be seen that the annual tax for public benefit amounts to a little over two and a half per cent upon the valuation, but admitting the valuation to be too low, and that two per cent annually will pay all the taxes, it would take nearly fifty years to absorb what property there is, in the payment of the tax, providing it does not increase and there is no gain of property. Then those who complain of unnecessary expenses in the support of government, can rest upon the pleasing reflection that at worst it will take about half a century to take what they have for that purpose, and but very few now living will be here in that time. It will be seen that the percentage of valuation for the support of State Government is only a little over 2 mills, or about one tenth part of the whole amount of taxes raised for various purposes.

Should the Constitution be amended (which is doubtful) so to have Biennial Elections and Sessions, of the Legislature, there would be an annual saving to the State of about \$20,000. If the Council should be abolished there would be an annual saving of \$4,000 more—24,000 in the whole, which is nearly one eighth part of the State Assessment. Should these changes be made, a man who pays eighty cents of tax now, will have to pay but seventy nine cents, or in other words will save every eightieth cent. Here is consolation for the afflicted again. But with the, ifs, ands, and buts, perhaps it will not be appreciated.

Well, what is to be done? Begin at home. Set an example of economy in raising money in the annual Town Meeting. When there is a proposition to raise a large amount of money for some purpose; don't stick your fist up the first thing for fear you will not have a chance to vote, but wait and vote with the "contrary minded." It is said to be parliamentary in raising money, to try the largest sums first. Now those whose "physical manifestations" exceed their "mental progression," are apt to go it wrong especially if the "steam" is on. C. U.

A SLEIGH RIDE. Our folks in this village had a fine sleigh ride to Lovell last Tuesday, and "took tea" with friend GAMAGE. We chanced to be absent, else the occasion would have been illuminated by our presence. How is it, when it happens to rain porridge, our porringer is generally upside-down? However, we are not envious, and are glad our friends had a good time, and a good supper.

"Mother! mother! I've got something new!"

"What is it, dear what is it?"

"O, its nothing but the new-ralgia."

A STORY AS A STORY.—The reader is expected to believe the following story in every particular:

When a young man, I was traveling in western New York, and late of a stormy night applied at a log cabin for lodging. The occupant, a woman, refused it, saying her husband and sons were out hunting, and if they found me there would murder me. I preferred the chance to the storm, and she consented that I might lie down before the fire. In the night I heard them coming and scrambled up the chimney. Thinking I was safe, when at the top, I stepped over the roof, and jumping down at the back of the cabin, struck plump into a wolf trap. A scream of pain from me brought the men and boys out, and they declared I deserved a much more severe punishment than death, so they kept me both in the trap and suspense until morning, and then heading me up in a hog-head, with no light or air, but the bung hole, they putting me on a sled, drove me some four miles up a hill, and then rolling me off to starve. This I undoubtedly should have done, but for a very singular occurrence. The wolves smelled me out and gathered around my prison, when one of them in turning around, happened to thrust his tale into the bung hole. It was my only chance. I caught a firm hold, and held on like death to a negro, which frightened the wolf, of course, and he started down the hill followed by the hog-head and me. It was a very uneasy ride over the stones and stumps; but I had no idea how long it was, until the hoghead striking a stone fairly, the staves, worn by long travel, were broken in, and I jumped out and found myself way down in the lower end of Cattaraugus county, some thirty miles from the scene of the disaster. Not to be continued in the New York Ledger.

ANOTHER HORRIBLE LYNCHING AFFAIR.—Late on Monday evening a crowd collected in front of Vandye & Thurber's store, attracted by the cries of a thief, who had been caught in the act of stealing some beef from a store, and was immediately arrested. Being an old offender, the crowd determined to summarily punish him for his depredations, and prevent a future loss of property to the citizens. Accordingly a rope was procured, a noose made and adjusted to his neck, and being thrown over a high post, he was drawn up by the excited crowd. He was left hanging until daylight, when the authorities came and buried him. We understand that legal proceedings will be commenced against the wretches who were instrumental in thus disgracing the name of our State, and we hope they will be brought to feel the weight of the law.—[Hastings (Minn.) Ledger, 30th.

One hundred and seventeen slaves, from different parts of the South, manumitted by their owners, are to go to Liberia on the first of May, by the Mary Caroline Stevens, packet from Baltimore.

FOR I AM NOW NINETEEN.

BY CHARLES O. STICKNEY.

Youth's brightest dreams have passed away.

The romance all has fled—
The friends we loved in early life,
Are scattered, or are dead.
No more we'll meet as once we met,
When by the fireside's glow,
We applied pealed and then we tripped
The light fantastic toe.
Those merry days ne'er will be seen
Again, for I am now nineteen.

How lithe we passed the time at school,
And when we were "let out,"
We'd tie us to the shady brook,
To catch the tiny trout!

Or hurry to the frozen pond,
When winter cold and chill,
Had made good skating on the lake,
And coasting on the hill.
Those summers bright, and winters keen,
Have passed—and am now nineteen.

Those friends: some sleep beneath the sod,
Some toil in foreign climes,
But none are with me to renew
Those glorious happy times.

In one short year my teens will leave,
I should I live them o'er!
Alas! those careless, childhood days
Will visit us no more.
I stand alone, while cold Time gleams
The last year of my happy teens.

[Yankee Privateer.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT AND REMARKABLE ESCAPE. The express train from New York for Boston, on Saturday morning, met with an accident beyond New Haven, of which the Palladium gives the annexed account:

"As the express train with eight passenger cars and a baggage car was coming past William's Bridge, under full headway a little before it reached the iron bridge, it came to a broken rail. About six feet of the rail was broken out. Conductor Cornwall was in the rear car at the time, having almost finished taking tickets. The first was a large car, but the rear car was the fullest of all, as it contained about sixty passengers. At first a sudden jolt started most of the passengers from their seats many crying out in alarm, and he perceived that the rear car was thrown off the track and dragging. Instantly, however, he felt the coupling between that and the next car give way, and the car rolled round, struck the rocky embankment, bounded off again, and then struck violently a second time, leaping back and forth like a pebble."

The Palladium adds that every seat in the car was broken, but only one person was seriously injured. Two or three others were slightly bruised. The car was not broken at all, except a piece from the platform, and outwardly it is almost whole.

REMARKABLE RETRIBUTION. The Milwaukee Sentinel says that recently, the Treasurer of the town of Erin, Washington county, whose name we believe was Whaling, was shot dead, while attempting to rob his own house. It appears that he had collected some twelve or fifteen hundred dollars of the town taxes and left home in the afternoon, telling his wife that he should be gone all night. Toward evening a travelling peddler applied at the house for a night's lodging. The wife at first refused to admit him, but finally yielded with much reluctance, to his request. Some time in the night the peddler was awakened by the noise of men breaking into his room. Taking them for robbers, he drew a pistol and fired at them. One fell and died. Lights being procured, the dead body of a man, with blackened face and otherwise disfigured, was found upon the floor. Upon further examination it proved to be the proprietor of the house himself, who had resorted to this stratagem to steal the tax money collected, and had met with this terrible retribution!

STRIKE OF SHOEMAKERS. About thirteen hundred workmen employed in making ladies' shoes in Philadelphia, struck on Thursday for higher wages. During the panic their pay was reduced 20 per cent. on all kinds of work, and they ask that it now be increased from 6 to 12 per cent, according to the quality of the work, which will give them less than a dollar a week advance. They say that with these prices and twelve to fourteen hours labor per day, they cannot average more than \$6 to \$7 per week. A number of the largest manufacturers have acceded to their demands, and the strike is expected to end in few days. The strikers are connected with a national association which has branches at Pittsburg, Baltimore, and other places.

LORD NELSON. When the body of the illustrious hero of the Trafalgar was put into a cask of spirits to be transported to old England, the bung accidentally fell out, and one of his Lordship's fingers made its appearance at the opening. A seaman, who had for some years served in the Admiral's ship seized the hand, and giving it a cordial gripe, at the same time wiping away a tear that glistened on his weather beaten cheek, exclaimed, "Hang me old boy, if you are not in better spirits than any of us."

A CURIOUS ELOPEMENT. A Mrs. Cherry, a married woman—a ripe Cherry she was, being 35 years old—eloped one day with a youth of 17, named Barney Small. The bereaved husband pursued them to Albany and caused their arrest. He then had a talk with his wife and agreed to give her \$25 a month spending money if she would return. She refused to go unless he also took Barney, and this being finally agreed to the party returned to Rochester rejoicing.

Israel Swett, twenty-five years old, a shoemaker, committed suicide on Wednesday evening in East Abington, by shooting himself. No cause is mentioned. It is stated after supper he left his house in company with some companions, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, said, "See me shoot that post." He was told to take good aim, when quick as thought, he turned the muzzle of the pistol to his breast, and discharged it. He fell, and died without speaking. Swett was a native of Maine, and has left a widowed mother who resides in Woodstock, Oxford County, in that State.

A newly imported "help" after being established in a Fifth Avenue palace as maid of all work, was seen shortly afterwards with a pile full of slops from the kitchen carefully exploring the parlors, the drawing room, the library, the boudoir, the music room, and to her places, as if in search of something which she could not find. At last, meeting the lady of the house she inquired, seriously, "if you please, mistress, where's the pig?"

It is understood that a number of colored persons residing in New York contemplate leaving for Africa in the spring; and one of the officers of the Colonization Society is authorized to say that should the emigrants from New York number 100, the packet ship Mary Caroline Stevens will call there for them.

A DILEMMA.—Can anybody tell what is suitable for a gentleman? Now you can give a lady ten thousand things, but declare, I'm at my wits' ends about the other sex. To begin with, I don't want any of that sentimental, and as to smoking cigars and cigar cases, I'm dead set against tobacco or if I ain't, my head is, so I won't patronize them. Then there's a purse, to be sure, it's a sorry gift when it's empty, and I can't give a gentleman money; besides, such a common gift. Port Monnaies, holders, and pencil cases, come under a same category. A gentleman at my old says, "Give 'em a lock of your hair!" the first place that's "sentimental," in the next place it's silly, in the last place, I do I know but it will be taken with a bus of others, black, auburn and golden, to set some old cushion or easy chair sofa on these days?

What do you think of a dozen nice pocket handkerchiefs, neatly hammed and marked or some pretty neck-ties, or two or three pair of gloves, warranted not to rip? case he is a poor, miserable, buttoned stringless wretch of a bachelor; or a cane that's it, after all; no it ain't, either; might use it over his future wife's head, some future day, (perhaps might be picked a rod for myself! who knows?)

I should like to make a present of a rat to the "man who owns a moustache," there's anything I particularly execrate, that execrable excrement? As a lady remarked, "I set my face against 'em," mental face I mean. I always fancy that man who wears one does it to conceal an formed mouth. It is certain they do flourish alone on aristocratic soil, for drivers and hod carriers often grow the specimens.

It's as good as a play to watch the navigation they require at meal time, then afterwards; such a rubbing, and twining, and twisting, to make them curl right way! Now a long, patriarchal, hoar beard is something worth while, and has some besides; in nobody's way, and seduces the necessity of using wicked shaving when the hot water isn't forthcoming shaving time. Whiskers are innocent appendages, and very becoming to some faces, cat's for instance. But, gentlemen, to cover your faces entirely, because—

A little girl was once asked by her mother why she didn't kiss her uncle, who had returned from abroad in a very Esau condition. "Mamma," said she innocently, "I didn't see any place."

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.—The papers of St. Jerome, Canada, give the details of a most outrageous assault said to have been committed upon a woman in that parish. On dark night lately, four men in disguise, entered the peaceful dwelling of a man, wife and two small children, and laid hold of the woman, took her out of bed, her clothes, and half naked forced her leave the house, put her in a vehicle, and drove off with her.

After proceeding several miles they took the woman to a stable, tied her hand behind her back, put a clumsy collar around her neck, and fixing a cord to it, tied her up left hand. Shortly after one of them returned with the intention of cutting off her tongue for the purpose of preventing her cries being heard, and had commenced to put her to some torture, when he was recalled by his companions, who seeing some on the road took to flight.

The next morning the owner of the stable found the woman in a most horrible state and nearly dead, her face covered with blood with wounds on her hands and feet. In his efforts to prevent the villain from executing his purpose of cutting off her tongue, he had so much injured it that she was scarcely able to speak. She was taken home a proper attention paid to her. The cause of this infamous proceeding is believed to be the fact that she was a witness against one of its perpetrators, in a murder trial, last summer.

A GREAT KINDNESS.—The Royal Family (1763) run loose about the world, and people do not know how to treat them—not how to be treated. I have heard no story of the Duke of York. When he was at Southampton, in the summer, there was a clergyman in the neighborhood, with a very handsome daughter. He had a son, a wind of them, and dropped in for a reason or other; came again, and again, grew familiar enough to cut a bone of the mutton. At last he said to the father, "Misses lead a mighty confined life here, ways at home; why don't you let them come and take an airing with me in a chaise?" "Ah, sir," said the parson, do look at them—a couple of hale, fresh-colored hearty wenches; they need no airing—they are well enough. But there is their mother poor woman, has been in a declining way many years; if your Royal Highness would give her an airing now and then, it would be doing us a great kindness, indeed!"

CLERICAL PUNNING. Parson Twiss of St. Hampshire had just married a lady whose christian name was Desire, and it being his course of remark on a certain Sabbath illustrate the difference between the new and un-renewed man in the exercise of love, he delivered himself, to the amusement of the audience, in this way—"Formerly I had Desire to love, but now I have a Desire to love and I love freely."

SINGULAR HISTORICAL FACT. Thomas Jefferson in his published works, states that it was in France that he secured the United States in the establishment of its independence, the French Government, in money, two hundred and fifty six millions of dollars, while the whole cost of the war of Independence to the United States was but one hundred and fifty millions.

The New Bedford Mercury says that a gentleman in a neighboring town, who was struck with apoplexy a few days since, was to have been buried on Friday last. The appearance of the corpse was, however, so like and natural, that the funeral services were deferred, warmth still remaining in the body.

I like to see flowers growing, but when they are gathered they cease to please. Look upon them as things rootless and portable—their likeness to life makes me sad. I never offer flowers to those I love—I wish to receive them from hands dear to me.—[Charlotte Bronte.

The failings of good men are common more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a well-deserving man shall meet with more reproaches than his virtues praise; such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

Coal exists in 81 of the counties in Illinois, and over a hundred mines are now worked in 31 different counties.

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counties in Illinois,
are now worked in

W. & Estate of GEORGE FITCH, late of Bridgton, in said County, deceased, have presented his second account of Administration of said estate for Probate:

It was Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by giving notice to be published three weeks successively, in the Bridgton Reporter, printed at Bridgton, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at said Portland, on the third Tuesday next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause why they have, why the same should not be allowed.

WILLIAM G. BARROWS, Judge.
A true copy: Attest,
16 AARON B. HOLDEN, Register.

TEA!

5 CHESTS Carrington Extra fine Old Tea, an extra Article, for 45 cts per lb
Also, 5 Chests Olong Ning Cong, extra fine, selling at the low price of 35 cts per lb

W. B. HANSON

Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers.
a large and choice stock of
GROCERIES, PAINTS & OILS
HARDWARE
Of all kinds.
CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE
IRON, STEEL, & GRINDSTONES.
All kinds of Farmer's produce taken in
exchange for Goods.
A. & R. H. DAVIS.
Bridgton Center, Nov 12, 1858. 1

Skeleton and Balmoral Skirts
JUST received a fresh lot of best quality
Skeleton and Balmoral Skirts, at
Jan. 14, '59. BILLINGS S.

RUBBER BOOTS Men's first quality
Rubber Boots at BILLINGS S. 5

RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of the public to his choice stock of
**Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Fancy
Doekins, and Vestings,**
which he is prepared to manufacture in a
stylish and manner calculated to compare fa-
vourably with the best. Also on hand a choice
assortment of
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. 1

CONGRESS HEEL GAITERS! Cheap
at BILLING'S 5

BRIDGTON, MAINE. 1

DELAINES.

MANCHESTER, Hamilton, Pacific and Foreign Winter Styles at *one to five* cents Delaines selling at **ONE BILLING** per yard, at *four* **BILLINGS.**

LONG SHAWLS!

BAY STATE and Foreign, from *two* to six dollars, at **BILLINGS.**

THICK BOOTS. F. D. HANSON has on hand Thick Boots of his own manufacture, which he will sell low for cash or exchange for Produce. 8

CASHMERE FLAIDS.

FOR twenty-five cents, at **BILLINGS.**

RAININGS. The very best Rainings for 15 cents per pound can be found at 8 **JENKINS.**

BRIDGTON CENTER. 1

Just Received!

A FRESH assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's RUBBER BOOTS, at
Jan. 14. BILLINGS'S.

HAVE YOU GOT A BAD COUGH?

IF SO, you had better buy a Box of BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, for they will give you instant relief. For sale at
[7] HADEN'S.

J. H. KIMBAL, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.
Office, residence at the late Dr. Blake's house.

Ladies' Hoods.

75 Cent Hoods, selling for fifty cents, at
BILLINGS.

ant preparation, being a sure and perfect preventive from *Female obstructions and Disorders*, thorough in its effects, and perfectly harmless in its nature. This most valuable preparation has long been used in France with great confidence and success, and knowing of its great neutralizing power, sure and safe effects, we have taken this method of introducing it to the public knowledge, in the directions accompanying each package are strictly adhered to, they will truly prove a friend in need.

Sent free, on receipt of price, by many part of the United States. Name Express to send by Package containing 10 Preventatives, \$1.00
 " " do 3.00
 " " do 5.00
 " " do 7.00
Address to Dr. R. S. Smith, 99 Court street,
Boston, Mass.
All letters confidential.

GRAND SALT.

THE best Harrison Grand Salt, for sale at
FENNS.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

KISSES IN MARKET.

"Tell me, dear husband," Kitty said, "Before you go, I pray, How shall I get the meat and bread For our noon-meal to-day?"

"Buy them with smiles," the husband cried "But that won't pay," said she; "Then take this kiss," her lord replied, And to his shop went he.

The noon-time came, and he came too. And dinner was prepared— A tender steak was full in view, "Quite splendid," he declared.

He said he wished to have such meat Three times a day, in future; "But tell me, love, for this great treat, What did you pay the butcher?"

"What did I pay?—I paid the kiss— 'Twas all you left, you know;" "A-a-h right," said he, "but after this, Take money when you go."

I WOULD NOT.

I would not kiss the sweetest lip Unless it kissed me, too; As well from the young rose-bud sip The morning's clear, cold dew.

Nor clasp a hand, though soft and warm. Unless it pressed mine own; I'd rather love the perfect form Carved out of Parian stone.

I will not worship eyes, though bright And beautiful they be; Unless they bend their living light On me—and only me!

I would not love a form that Heaven Itself had stamped divine; If I but dreamed his love was given To other hearts than mine.

Fanny Fern says, "if one half of the girls knew the previous life of the men they marry the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased; whereupon, the Boston Post asks, 'if the men knew what their future lives were to be, wouldn't it increase the list of old maids still further?'"

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT. A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night observed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"

Montaigne, the great French writer, on one occasion, set down in his book of expenses, "Item, for a fit of idleness, one thousand pounds."

The difference between a suit of clothes and a suit at law is this—one provides you with pockets, and the other empties them.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

Bad temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization.

Why are the young ladies of Paris like printed slips? Because they are la belle.

LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS. Whoever stretches himself beyond the sheet, his feet go bare.

USEFUL RECEIPT. To keep water out, use pitch; to keep it in, use a pitcher.

Our humanity were a poor thing, but for the Divinity that stirs within us.

Love one human being purely and warmly and you will love all.

"What a blowing-up you're going to have," as the gunpowder said to the mine.

SAWYER & WISWELL,
BRIDGTON, MAINE.
Manufacturers and dealers in
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL GRAVE STONES,
Monuments,
Tomb Tables, Tolls, Chimney Pieces,
Counters, Sleds, Pumps, Shelves, Hearth
Stones, Soap Stoves, &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

BOOTS & SHOES.
THE subscriber hereby gives
notice that he continues to
manufacture Boots & Shoes
of every description, at the
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
Waterford, Sweden, Lovell and Fryeburg;
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. 1 ly

E. E. WILDER,
HARNESS MAKER AND CARRIAGE
TANNER.
Harnesses, Carriage Trimmings, Halters, Sur-
cigles, Bridles, Horse Blankets, Whips, &c.,
constantly on hand and for sale.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. 1 ly

Hair Dressing and 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
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HAIR DRESSING BUSINESS,
in all its branches. Particular pains taken
in cutting Ladies' and Children's hair. Also
Whiskers and Hair dyed in the most possible
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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
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that may be desired.

BRIDGTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

BLACKSMITHING!
A. C. BURNHAM would inform the people
of Bridgton and vicinity that he is pre-
pared to do at his Shop all varieties of black-
smithing. 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 at-
tended to.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858.

ADAMS & WALKER,
Manufacturers, Wholesale and Retail dealers in
FURNITURE,
of all descriptions.
LOOKING GLASSES, FEATHER BEDS,
Mattresses, Carpetings and
PAPER HANGINGS.
—ALSO, DEALERS IN—
DRY GOODS,
CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES.
West India Goods, &c.
PAINTS AND OIL.
J. R. ADAMS, 1 BRIDGTON CENTER.
C. B. WALKER, 1

The Best Cook Stove
IN USE IS THE
BAY STATE.
PHOTOGRAPHS!!!
The subscriber having fitted up convenient
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NO. 11, MARKET SQUARE,
Opposite City Hall, Portland, Me.,
Is prepared to furnish all the known styles of
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Alike on Canvas, Paper, Glass (called Am-
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SATISFACTION WARRANTED.
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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 Mus-
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EDWARD H. BURGIN,
FREE STREET CARPET WARE HOUSE
Chambers No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block,
OVER H. J. LEBBY & CO.'S,
1 PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

REUBEN BALL
KEEPS constantly on hand for sale a good
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—ALSO—
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Farmers' Produce taken in exchange
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Purchasers will find if for their interest to
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Pondicherry House.
THE subscriber would inform his
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I have also, good stabling for Horses.
MARSHAL BACON.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1858. 2 ly

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TEA, COFFEE, MOLASSES, SUGAR.
MEATS
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F. D. HANSON also keeps on hand for sale
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Cash paid for Hides, Calf and Wool Skins,
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LOOK! LOOK!!
In consequence of the increased sales of my
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Candies, Cigars, Tobacco & Nuts
at greatly reduced prices. Call and see a
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time.
105 FEDERAL ST., 5 DOORS ABOVE
ELM HOUSE, PORTLAND.
B. PEARSON.
14 2m

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

REFERENCES—J. R. Brown & Son and
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Millinery & Fancy Goods,
All at a VERY LOW PRICE FOR CASH
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No. 115, Russell's Block, Congress St.,
PORTLAND, ME. 2 ly

PHOTOGRAPHS!!!
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
Alike 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.
2 ly M. F. KING.

JOHN W. PERKINS & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,
VARNISHES, DYES,
CAMPHENE AND FLUID,
No. 165 Commercial Street,
PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

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 Mus-
lins, Feathers and Mattresses, Bought
at Reduced Rates and will be
sold very Cheap for Cash.
EDWARD H. BURGIN,
FREE STREET CARPET WARE HOUSE
Chambers No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block,
OVER H. J. LEBBY & CO.'S,
1 PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

REUBEN BALL
KEEPS constantly on hand for sale a good
assortment of
Family Groceries,
such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Ap-
ples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese,
—ALSO—
MEATS
of different kinds—in a word, most every
thing for family consumption.
Farmers' Produce taken in exchange
for Goods.
Purchasers will find if for their interest to
call.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. 1

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 rea-
sonable compensation. The Pondicherry
House is kept on strictly temperance prin-
ciples, and travellers will find it a quiet rest-
ing place. My House is also fitted up for board-
ing, and all who see fit to take board with
me, will find a comfortable home.
I have also, good stabling for Horses.
MARSHAL BACON.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1858. 2 ly

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, 9

LIVERY STABLE.
THE subscriber would respectfully
announce to the citizens of Bridg-
ton and vicinity, that he has 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 driv-
ers, at short notice.
ROBT. A. CLEAVES.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858.
200 BBL. FLOUR: in store for sale
low for cash by
ADAMS & WALKER.

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 most 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