

Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. I.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1859.

NO. 22.

Bridgton Reporter,

IS PRINTED 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.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. One square 16 lines, one insertion 75 cents, 3 insertions \$1.00; 3 months \$2.00; 6 months \$3.50; one year \$6.00; 1-4 column \$18.00; 1-2 column \$30.00; one column \$50.00

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Confessions of a Flirt.

[CONCLUDED.]

LIEUTENANT WOLLEN became my suitor; I flirted with him as with the rest, but more seriously. I did not love him as a true, good, honest woman must love, to be happy; but I promised to marry him, because such a promise imposed no restraint upon me. I should not have scrupled to break it at any moment when my fancy might dictate. He was rich, and had the prospect of still greater wealth from a maiden aunt, whose darling he was. But his family and position had far greater attractions for me than money; and beside, I thought I would like, for a few years, the roving life of an officer's wife—there was the charm of novelty and excitement. There was nothing attractive to me in the prospect of settling down in a quiet home of my own, to study the happiness of one man. I could not have been content with the love and admiration of any one living man.

From my dream of security I was fearfully aroused by the sudden death of my father, and the astounding news that he was bankrupt, or nearly so—that very little could be saved from the wreck: all my splendor was swept away in a moment. My dear cousin gave her arms to me, and made me welcome in her home. Oh! heaven! how did I reward her!

For a little while I was subdued, and grieved for the loss of my father; but mingled with that grief was also a fretful repining for the loss of power. My personal influence was still as great as ever; but the opportunities for exercising it in the quiet little home of my cousin were vastly different from my position at the head of my father's splendid establishment. Henry avoided me, and treated Mary always with the utmost kindness and deference. Nothing could be more affectionate and considerate than his manner to her. Yet I fancied I could detect the want of something that would have left me unsatisfied. I believe she did not. I think she was happy.

It will seem almost incredible, and sometimes I hesitate to continue my confessions; but after a time the sight of Henry's devotion to her made me grow restive. I chafed under a sense of diminished power. I felt curious to probe his secret, to know whether she really had conquered and regained his entire affection.

Mary beloved angel! you deserved a better fate. How unstable and worthless a thing is human affection, if such a woman as you could not keep a man's heart true and loyal. I could not read him. I was fairly baffled.

Mary was about to become a mother. His watchfulness provided every comfort—every luxury and pleasure for her, that the fondest love could have suggested. To me, he was kind—very thoughtful of my real good; but never for a moment did he trust himself alone with me. There was always a reserve I could not penetrate. What piqued me most of all was, that he encouraged Lieutenant Wollen's visits to the house, and my cousin said he advised me to marry him.

No good man, and no true, tender hearted woman will sympathize with the struggle that arose in my breast—the desperate horror I felt of acknowledging to myself that my power was impaired—that it could pass away from my grasp. I did not then believe in or acknowledge the strong influence of goodness, gentleness and purity like Mary's, and alas! I knew nothing of the grace and strength from above that can enable us to overcome the naturally depraved inclinations of the heart. Again the wicked desire to regain Henry's love took possession of my breast with stronger force than ever, for the mean, base motive of gratifying idle, heartless vanity and selfishness. I changed my tactics; I feigned my cousin's virtues; I appeared devoted to Lieutenant Wollen; I never flirted in my brother-in-law's presence, and my dear little Mary was too happy to believe in my reformation to search with very scrutinizing eyes for my faults; but withal there was a deep dejection in my manner that I saw touched Henry's heart a thousand times

more than all my most bewitching blandishments or most brilliant sallies could have done. Against these he was steeled. He grew less and less reserved, and seemed really grieved, and several times I detected something almost tender in his tone. Still his attentions and kindness to Mary never relaxed. He stayed at home with her whenever he could possibly spare a moment from his business; he read to her and amused her in various ways; and the look and tone in which he often called her endearing, pet names, roused up a feeling of envy—it could not be called jealousy, for that implies honest affection.

If such a thing could be, she grew more lovely every day: in character, she was what an angel on earth might be—the centre of light and happiness to those around; the joy—the goodness, that was shed through the household, came from her. You felt, as you looked on her face, all that was within.

I am convinced now that she had regained her husband's affection, and conquered me. She was meek and humble, and truly a Christian wife. Her husband's eyes had gradually seen and appreciated her worth. After the first wild burst of passion had carried him away, conscience awoke and restored him to his senses. He shrank from inflicting the misery on her he had suffered himself; and his reward was an entire appreciation of the treasure he possessed in the love of such a woman.

But I was blinded then by self love, and mistook his sympathy and real satisfaction in the belief of my reformation for a return of his old passion, and eagerly gloated over the anticipated triumph of having him again at my feet. Sometimes I pictured to myself the scene, and the virtuous indignation I would feign; the reproaches I would shower upon him for this trifling with my honor and my cousin's happiness. Never for a moment had the passion of love stirred my cold heart. It was still only pride and love of power that had transformed me into a fiend in woman's shape.

I only awaited an opportunity to draw him into my toils; but I waited in vain. He remained provokingly quiet, and seemed happy and contented. I began to fear that I would be obliged to alter my schemes once more.

I had not been well for several days, and moved about the house in a languid and more dejected way than ever. The time for my marriage was approaching, and I had not found any decent pretext for delaying it. I assumed the mournful manner that I thought would move him most—how I succeeded, alas!

One evening, at twilight, I sat alone in the little back-parlor, having just come down from my own room where I had remained all day from alleged indisposition.

When Henry entered, he spoke cheerfully and kindly to me; said he was very glad to see me well enough to be down stairs, and was proceeding in a pleasant way, to joke me about recovering my spirits and good looks before the arrival of my wedding day, when I raised my eyes to his, throwing into mine all the witchery and passion of other days, imploring him not to speak to me of that—and burst into a flood of tears.

Henry was evidently disturbed, and took a seat beside me upon the sofa.

"Tell me, Ellen," he said, kindly, "what is the occasion of your distress?"

"This hateful marriage," I sobbed, and wept more passionately than ever.

"But wherefore, Ellen? it is of your own choice."

"Can you ask me?" I murmured in a thrilling tone. "You! Oh, Henry! you know that I cannot give him my heart. Oh! how I long for one being to sympathize with my anguish—one friend to soothe my grief!"

"You have two," he said, earnestly and seriously, after a moment's pause; your cousin Mary and myself."

"Oh, Henry! do not mock me," I replied. "You cannot—must not. You belong to another. You know that it would lead to sin and greater misery. It would but add fuel to the flame that is already consuming me. I have never been able to conquer myself, as you have done."

"Ellen," he said, gravely, almost sternly, "do not seek to remind me of the folly of other days. Your cousin Mary is now my wife—my beloved and honored wife—and with the help of God, I will never do or say one thing to wound her heart, or disturb her happiness. It is the only concealment I have ever practised towards her. I have never told her of the wild passion I once had for you; but I have resolved, when her health is sufficiently established, and when I have proved to her, by my own devotion, that the danger is past, to tell her that once I loved you madly—sinfully, as no man should love, whose allegiance belongs to another; that I went to the altar with an aching, divided heart; that my love for you seemed to make it impossible to pronounce the vows that would bind me to her—my poor Mary!"

"And I loved, and still love you, better than all the world—than life itself!" I exclaimed, passionately, interrupting him.

Ah! I thought, my triumph is not, after

all, so complete as I meant it should be, for I am obliged to compromise myself. But I had no time for reflection; for at that moment a heavy fall and a groan startled both Henry and myself. He sprang to his feet in an instant. I followed him to the next room; and at the threshold of the door lay the insensible form of Mary, the blood issuing from her lips, and her deathlike features spoke too plainly of the anguish that had stricken her down. She had heard only the last words of her husband.

Henry snatched her to his breast, and called frantically for assistance. Appalled at the evil I had caused, and incapable of acting any longer, I called, in accents of terror, first upon one, and then another, of the domestics.

Mary aroused from the first stupor, only to go into a frightful convulsion. One after another succeeded, until all hope of saving her life was utterly extinguished. The physician said, that if the strength of her constitution should enable her to give birth to her child there was a bare possibility that she might recover. Even then he feared for her reason. He made many and searching inquiries.

"Had she received any sudden shock? Had she any previous symptoms of illness?"

Every word of his was a barbed arrow that pierced my heart. Henry hung over her pillow, watching for one ray of intelligence to gleam from her eyes, that he might pour into her dying ear the love that he felt would have saved her precious life to him. Such agony I never witnessed.

"Oh, my God! do not punish me so dreadfully!" was the bitter cry that burst forth from his quivering lips as he covered his eyes to shut out the sight of her convulsed and writhing form, which seemed to torture his inmost soul.

But it is a penance I must undergo, to recall the harrowing agony of that fearful night.

Nobody could have recognised in those blood-stained and distorted features, and in the wild ravings that pierced our ears, the exquisitely lovely and gentle creature who, but a few hours before, made the joy and happiness of the household.

Twice, that awful night, Henry fell fainting to the floor, and yet he would not be persuaded to leave the room. He watched for one lucid interval—for one moment to hear the beloved accents, in tones of love and forgiveness. Then I saw it all. How dearly he loved her; how completely a fiend I was to disturb the happiness I was unworthy to behold.

"Mary, my beloved! Mary, idol of my heart! speak to me; oh! speak one word! Save her life!" he said, beseechingly, to the doctor. "Restore her to me, and a life time of gratitude will be too small a return!" he exclaimed, in his wild misery.

The much desired moment came, and she gave birth to a dead infant. And oh, joy! she had recovered her reason; but she was so weak and low that the doctor said her life hung upon so slender a thread that a breath, even of joy, might kill her. Poor Henry! he dared not breathe the love and torture he endured. She could only murmur a word of tenderness in his ear; but she turned her eyes full of love unutterable upon him. He bowed his head upon her little hand and wept. The doctor peremptorily ordered him away. Any agitation, he declared, would kill her.

Mary evidently heard the order, and turned her beseeching eyes upon the doctor. He understood her, and signified to Henry to remain if he could but control himself. He sat beside her, hope and despair struggling for mastery through the living night. But, alas! it was all in vain—the care, the watching, the agony; she sank away. When she felt that she was dying, roused herself, and, speaking calmly, requested to be left alone with her husband. What passed, God and they alone know. Henry sent for me. I entered, like a guilty thing as I was, and knelt at her bedside, without daring to raise my eyes to her face. She stretched out her hand, asked me to kiss her, murmuring words of forgiveness.

She died! my gentle cousin Mary!

For long weeks I lay hovering between life and death. What had I to do with life and health? I longed to die; I hated life; I was miserable—most miserable!

Edward Wollen, they told me, had hung over me, watching for my recovery with unflinching devotion. I knew I did not deserve it. I was not even grateful for all his anxious solicitude. I did not love him, and I desired to tell him that I was a wretched woman, unworthy his slightest care. The sight of Henry's dejected figure increased my misery. Oh! how constantly I wished for death. Selfish and ungrateful still, I thought only of escaping the torture of remorse that I endured. Every act of devotion from Edward made me feel more guilty. A thousand times I resolved to tell him all, and reject him. I felt that he deserved a better fate. I did attempt it, several times; but his protestations were so earnest and sincere, that—I married him; but I must do myself the justice to say, that it was after many scruples of

conscience, and many resolves to strive to make some amends for the evil I had done, I was, beside, fearful of destroying another life, for I had become morbidly sensitive. Remorse was doing its work. I felt myself a murderer, and doomed to some awful retribution in this life. One scarcely would have recognised in the humble and submissive wife, the once haughty, selfish, heartless Ellen Stamford.

My husband was proud, high-spirited, very impetuous and sensitive to a fault of the opinions of the world and his brother officers.

I went with him from one port to another. The change was a relief to me. At first my husband bore very patiently with my dejection; he attributed it to grief at the sudden death of so lovely a sister—for she was that in truth to me. Everybody had mourned her early death. Alas! who had such cause as I? But at length he grew suspicious and jealous of my changed demeanor. He feared I loved him less than formerly, and sometimes hinted at some prior attachment. I always trembled at any allusion to the subject of my former flirtations; for since the fearful tragedy of Mary's death, the memory of the wrong I had inflicted on poor young Robert Melby rose up in its true colors before me. I was a prey to incessant remorse. My gaiety was forced, and my health began to give way under the struggle. I could see that my husband was not satisfied, much as he loved me, there was a want of perfect trust and confidence. When I was in society, I often perceived that his eye was fixed upon me in a way that betokened uneasiness, for I was still courted and admired; and though I studiously avoided giving him the least occasion for suspicion, I discovered that he was jealous to a degree that threatened to destroy his peace and my comfort; yet he was not willing that I should give up society, for he was keenly alive to the fear of being stigmatized as a jealous husband, and was incensed at the slightest joke or innuendo of the kind, and the least allusion to the subject never failed to create a sort of embarrassment in my manner that he interpreted unfavorably.

My punishment had already begun. Although I had never been in love with him, as most girls expect and desire to be, still I had learned to cling to him; and, lonely and unhappy as I was, I should soon have loved him for his really fine qualities, and should have overlooked his one infirmity, and soothed and charmed him out of it; but I was not worthy to enjoy the peace and comfort of which I had robbed those so much better deserving. I merited the fate that came upon me.

I always endeavored, wherever we were stationed, to conciliate the wives of the brother officers, and to avoid, as much as possible, receiving attentions from gentlemen, whether married or single. I had become painfully sensitive about allowing them from married men. One such dreadful lesson was enough. The woe and desolation I had made cured me of ever desiring to cause another wife a momentary pang of jealousy.

Unfortunately for me at one of the stations an exchange was made; an officer was removed, and one sent in his place who had formerly been an old admirer and *attache* of mine, and who still was as heartless and unfeeling as I had once been, and who yet remained as sceptical of woman's faith and constancy as I had once avowed myself to be of man's, and as I was in reality when I played out my fearful game.

I avoided him, and, piqued by my coldness, he made some slighting remarks that reached first my ears, causing me shame and grief, but I dared not resent them—knowing the sensitiveness and impetuosity of my husband's temper. I knew he would not brook the slightest imputation cast on me.

The apprehensions I endured were only a beginning of the retribution I suffered. One evening, at a gathering among the officers, when the wine had circulated pretty freely, Captain Stanley made several coarse and disrespectful remarks in a general way about women, and ended by deriding the prudery of some at the station, until, at length, his remarks became so personal, that several of my friends interfered, and insisted that he should retract. He became noisy and insulting, and I cannot tell (I never did quite know) how it came to my husband's ears, but he challenged him. He kept the knowledge of it from me; but I saw him writing and transacting business in an unusual manner, and my suspicions were aroused that something was amiss; but to my eager questionings he replied evasively.

The night before the duel he was writing till long past midnight. He was more tender and affectionate than I had known him since the first days of our married life. He pleaded business and went out before dawn. I could not divert myself of some dreadful apprehension: a vague terror seized me, and I sprang out of bed, and listened, with a beating heart, as I heard his footsteps along the passage. I ran to the window and gazed out eagerly. He looked up at that moment—oh! how sad was the expression of his face! But as his eye caught mine, it brightened, and

kissing his hand, he rode off at a rapid pace. I watched him with an anxious heart. I saw him joined by a brother officer, but I could not repress the feeling of increasing uneasiness. There was a dreadful sensation of choking at my throat. I clasped my hands tightly over my throbbing heart and sank into a chair. I believe every evil action of my whole life rose up at that moment in fearful array before me. Half frenzied, I sprang up, and paced the room with rapid steps. What would I not have given for the power to prevent the evils I dreaded? The fear of a duel and its consequences flashed before me. I felt as if I must scream out in my anguish, and rouse the whole house; but I had not the courage to take a single step to avert the thing I dreaded. I was paralysed. I felt that my hour had come, and that I must suffer the consequences of my ill-spent life in some fearful manner. For a long time—I know not how long—I remained stupid and motionless. Then, for more than an hour, I paced the apartment in an agony of suspense and apprehension that no words can portray. At one moment, I strained my eyes to catch a view of some distant object on the highway, and then, as suddenly darted into the most remote corner of my chamber, and cowered down with my eyes buried in my hands, to shut out the harrowing sight my fancy pictured. Oh, God! who can tell the dreadful agony of those moments, or the life-long misery that has followed me since?

At length it came—the heavy tramp along the roadside. I heard it, but I could not approach the window. I did not need to listen; I could not shut out the sound; it rang on every fibre of my heart—that dreadful tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. I knew I did not swoon; I am sure I did not. I did not turn quite to stone; for I remember that I saw my husband, pale and bleeding; saw his faint, sickly smile; heard his—"Ellen, you are avenged!" I knew he had killed his antagonist. I knew myself guilty of one more murder—and then my senses left me.

For long, long weeks—months, I was conscious of nothing. It is all a blank; but it is fearful as some darksome cavern to look back upon—oh, fearful! fearful!—full, full of horrors! When I returned to consciousness, I was alone in the world. My husband was dead, and Henry had left the country. I did not starve or die; no such mercy was left me. I had money—I have money still. It bought me bread to keep the miserable life in me, which I dared not end. Something whispered (I think it was my mother's picture, and the remembered soft lovelight in Mary's eyes) that there was repentance and mercy left, even to me, guilty monster that I am.

There is yet one consolation left me, to visit the sick and afflicted, and above all, the guilty. Yes, the most guilty—the condemned and wretched criminal. Why should I shrink from the contact? Am I not the most guilty of all?

Soon after my recovery, a poor wretch, who had, in a moment of drunken rage, killed his poor wife, was confined in the city prison. I visited, consoled, pitied him—was I not more criminal than he? I who had slain in cold blood, *lover, sister, husband?* People said I was crazed by trouble. I was not—I was only sobered by it—brought to my own senses by sorrow. I, who, in prosperity had been *mad* with selfishness and pride—impenetrable to any ray of reason, feeling or pity—I visited him, read to him, comforted him and never ceased from my efforts until almost the hour of his execution arrived. When it came at last, I was watching and waiting.—The streets were thronged with idlers, men and women, who watched and waited also, but not as I did, with every nerve alive and strained. They walked the streets, jested and laughed, when a human soul was just going into eternity. I wondered how they could! and conscience rose up and said loudly, "How could you, when your *sister* was scattering death and woe?" I stopped my ears—I fairly covered down. I pitied them—those women carrying little children in their arms! I prayed for them all—and wildly for mercy for the poor soul about to be sent to its last account. The military went marching by the house; I heard the horrid clang of martial music. I saw the waving plumes—I believe I almost counted them. I shuddered at the awful tramp—tramp—tramp, smote on my ears. I knew what it all meant.

The hour arrived! I heard it strike—it sounded in my ear like the trumpet of an archangel—it would have roused me from death, I almost believe—I fainted; and to this hour, day or night, sleeping or waking, when the clock strikes one, it startles me with the remembrance of that awful hour, and of my own dreaded guilt. Conscience never sleeps now, and remorse is a fearful companion, to follow, like a shadow, to the end of one's existence.

Persons who are always cheerful and good humored, are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all who live around them.

PRINTER'S DEVIL.

We have so frequently been asked by friends and others why the boy in the printing office is called the "devil," that we conclude to give what little we know upon the subject.

The first person who carried on printing to any extent, (if they were not the actual inventors of the art, as asserted) were John Gutenberg, John Faust, (or Faustus,) and Peter Schoeffer. Germany was the place the art was invented and first carried on. The following story is told of the first introduction of printing in France:

"In 1592, Faust carried a number of Bibles into Paris, which he and his partner (Schoeffer) had printed and disposed of as manuscripts; at this time the discovery of the art was not known in France. At first he sold them at the high price of five or six hundred crowns, the sum usually obtained by the scribes. He afterward lowered the price to sixty, which created universal astonishment; but when he produced them according to the demand, and reduced it to thirty, all Paris became agitated.

"The uniformity of the copies increased their wonder, the Parisians considered it a task beyond human invention; informations were given to the police against him, as a magician; his lodgings were searched, and a great number of Bibles were found and seized; and the red ink with which they were embellished was said to be his blood. It was seriously adjudged that he was in league with the devil; whereupon he was cast into prison, and would most probably have shared the fate of such whom ignorant and superstitious Judges condemned in those days of witchcraft. He found it necessary in order to gain his liberty, to make known his discovery of the art. This affair gave rise to the tradition of "the Devil and Dr. Faustus," which is handed down to the present time.

The ignorance and superstition that considered printing an invention of the Evil One, would also very naturally suppose the men engaged in it as being the servants of Satan, if not actually fiends in human shape. It is universally considered that the above story gave rise to the practice of calling the office boy by the name of "Devil."—[Printer's News Letter.

How to Cook a Husband. The time of year has arrived for the preparation of many good things, and I have no doubt that the following will prove to be one of the most valuable in the catalogue of recipes. To cook a husband, as Mrs. Glass said of the hare, you must first catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him, so as to make a good dish of him, is as follows:

Many good husbands are spoiled in the cooking; some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up; others keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them by conjugal coldness; some smother in hatred, contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. The woman always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now it cannot be supposed that a husband will be tender and good if managed in this way; but they are, on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows—Get a large jar of faithfulness, (which every good wife has on hand,) place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear, but above all let the heat be constant. Cover him with affection, kindness and subjection, garnish with modest and becoming familiarity, and spice with plesantry, and if you add kisses and other confectionary, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation. We would advise all good wives to try this recipe, and realize what an admirable dish a husband makes when properly cooked.

Hold on Boys. Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, or speak harshly, or say an improper word.—Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, scratch, steal or do any disobedient or improper act. Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from duty, or pursuing the path of error, shame and crime. Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry about you. Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their games of mirth and revelry. Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places or fashionable attire. Hold on to your truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good through eternity. Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you, in all times and places. Hold on to your character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

Mrs. Fantadling says, if it were not intended that woman should drive their husbands, why are they put through the *bridle* ceremony?

There is no landing on the shore of felicity without sailing in the bark of fidelity.

The Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1859.

SAYING AND DOING. Every reflecting man must have been impressed with the sense of the disparity between the sayings and doings of men. Many men will be very saintly in their sayings, whose doings are, at times, of a very questionable character. All men manifest more or less of this inconsistency. But because thus inconsistent, shall we pronounce them hypocritical? Cannot a philosophical solution be given of this discrepancy between a man's syllabled sentiments, and what is often expressed in his deeds? We think there can.

It is a commonly received opinion that man has a dual or two-fold nature, and that the two departments are constitutionally in conflict with each other. We can hardly accept the notion that one part of man's nature is constitutionally in opposition to the other. We think that the two-fold departments, which to some seem so diametrically opposite in their characters, are but lower and higher phases of being. The relation is not one of irreconcilable opposites, but of higher and lower instincts. Man's animal passions, though not necessarily sinful, are not subject to the higher spiritual law neither, indeed can be. They may and should be subjugated to that law, yet they cannot be sanctified so as to in any manner, characteristically partake of the peculiar elevation of spiritual life. Animal appetites must remain appetites. They cannot ascend. But surmounting these appetites man has spiritual and intellectual instincts. From these crowning and peculiarly manly endowments comes his better ideals. These constitute the angelic part of him; and the good, true, and elevated sayings of a man which, oftentimes, form so sharp a contrast to his doings, and which make him appear so inconsistent, are the sincere issue of the angelic constituents of his nature. The evil doings of a man are the expressions of his animal nature—the heart within him. A man may talk with the tongue of a redeemed and sanctified angel, and yet act like a beast. We often, consequently, call him a hypocrite. But he may not be so. His utterances may be sincere. They are, it may be, true transcripts of his high ideals. They proceed from his aspiring angelic instincts—instincts which are ever reaching after the good, the true, and the beautiful.

In some men, the angelic and the beastly may be alike strongly developed. They may talk and write like heavenly angels, and act in a manner most devilish. In such instances of uttered goodness and depraved deeds, the moral will has not subjugated the lower to the higher instincts. The divine order, which subordinates the beastly to the angelic, has not been set up in this man of strong contrasts. The lower and higher instincts of a man cannot be harmonised without the mediation of the moral will.

But a man cannot be so utterly harmonised but what his ideal will be greatly in advance of his actual. His good thoughts and intentions will outrun his good deeds—for, indeed, the flesh is weak though the spirit be willing.

Critics, in analysing the lives of some eminent poets whose written words are in very marked contrast to their acts, have been severe in their condemnation. But we think it is not just to censure such men above all others. If they have loftier instincts, and profounder insight than common men, they have, in their inner organizations, stronger temptations. Their animal appetites have a purer strength corresponding to their intellectual superiority. Their sins, like those of other men, are in keeping with their appetitive provocation.

At any rate, it should not seem strange to us that men's sayings should be better than their doings, for the reason we have already given. Man's ideal must ever marshal the way for his actual. No matter to what perfection of noble practice he may attain, a still higher ideal of attainable life will rise before him to be embodied in corresponding deeds.

The sayings and doings of a man may, however, be hypocritically in contrast. That is, he may feignedly speak and write fine sentiments, to bring about ulterior and selfish ends. His pointed and saintly words are hollow and lifeless. He does not mean or feel what he says. He clothes his base intentions in the garb of heavenly words that he may all the better deceive and mislead the unwary. Such a man is a hypocrite! No credit, but rather condemnation, is due him for his false though plausible sayings.

Last but not least of our weekly exchanges is the Bridgton Reporter published by the proprietor, Mr. S. H. Noyes, Bridgton, Me. It is a wide awake looking journal devoid of motto, but with an astonishing number of advertisements. If we were a judge of its circulation from its ads we should suppose that not less than ten thousand are distributed weekly, which is a feeble more than we claim for the City Reporter. At all events let us hasten to be numbered among the friends of the Bridgton Reporter, and may we abide upon its list of exchanges as long as we live.

We clip the above from The City Reporter, a well conducted and beautifully printed paper, published by Thomas Davis & Co., No. 5 Water street Boston.

HAS ARRIVED. The Doctor came into town last week, and is in fine condition. He has made due apology for the disparaging remark he made of old Bridgton, and is now reconciled to his friends.

Rev. Mr. Dore will preach in the Universalist Church, in this village, on Sunday next.

TRADE IN BRIDGTON. By referring to our advertising columns, it will be seen that considerable trade is carried on in this village. Yet the advertisements do not give adequate information of the amount of trade carried on here. We propose in this article to give a slight sketch of the business of our storekeepers. Most of them are too modest to sound a very loud blast from their own trumpets. Luckily, we have little of this diffidence, and will blow for them.

First, to begin at the beginning, there is the well-filled store of A. & R. H. DAVIS. These gentlemen have been in trade in Bridgton a good while, being natives of this village, and also sons of R. DAVIS, Esq., who commenced trading in company with Mr. Ira Crocker, as long ago as we can remember—more than forty years back. The matter of traffic has naturally enough, fallen upon his boys, A. & R. H. They do quite a large yet safe business.

A few rods from the Store of Messrs. Davis' stands that of DIXIEY STONE & SON. Mr. Stone the elder came to this town some thirty years ago, from Kennebunk, and commenced trade in the building, we believe he now occupies—though it may have been enlarged somewhat. Mr. Stone has acquired the reputation of being an honorable, fair, and honest business man, and has the full confidence of his many customers. He has accumulated a handsome fortune, and thus verified for himself, the maxim, "That honesty is the best policy." Within a few years his eldest son, B. Stone, has become associated with him in trade.

Nearly opposite to the Store of Dixiey Stone & Son, is the Store of Mr. S. M. HAYDEN, our Post Master. In addition to the Post Office business, Mr. Hayden deals in a variety of articles—such as Books, Jewelry, Drugs, Stationery, and objects of virtue. He is a careful and safe dealer, and withal a bachelor. He has been here but a few years, but has become domesticated with the trifling exception of a rib, with which, doubtless, he will soon fortify his side.

Through the next door to Mr. Hayden's, in the same building, you enter the Store of Mr. NATHAN CLEAVES. Mr. Cleaves keeps quite an assortment of Goods, we believe,—although we can't speak positively upon this point, as he does not advertise in the Reporter, neither is he, for some good reason or other, we suppose, on our subscription list. We should be most happy to advertise for friend Cleaves, and we possibly shall, when the spring campaign of trade opens. Mr. C. is, we are sure, does a careful business, and is an honorable dealer. Mr. C. is a native of Bridgton.

A few doors below Hayden's building, stands the Tin Shop of B. CLEAVES & SON, who are dealers in Tin Ware and Stoves of all kinds, as may be seen by their advertisement in another column. They carry on quite a local trade, and sell as good stoves in the proper season of their sort of traffic. Those who want to buy articles in their line, can do no better than to call on them. They are natives of this place.

A step or two further down street, and we come to where Mr. J. E. JENKS did trade a few weeks since. But brother Josh has concluded to move down to Frogville, where, so soon as he can get his new Store finished, he will commence trade anew. In this virgin spot, he is warranted in expecting a brisk and profitable trade as he will there be "alone in his glory." The readers of the Reporter will hear from him when he gets fairly under way. He commenced trading last fall, and informs us that he has done a good business. Mr. Jenks is also a native of Bridgton.

Near the building recently occupied by Mr. Jenks, stands the Tailoring establishment of Mr. E. T. STUART. Mr. Stuart is a Merchant Tailor—that is, furnishes, if customers desire it, the cloths he makes up; and he also keeps furnishing goods, as shirts, neck-cloths, dummies, and the like. Mr. Stuart does a large business for a country place, and is a capital Tailor. He has done business here for quite a number of years, and has the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens.

[To be continued.]

RAKING UP AN OLD QUARREL. Our old friend of the Bridgton Reporter is trying to rake up an old quarrel with us about cats. But he can't do it.—It takes two to quarrel, always. But he does us injustice. We are not unaccountably averse to cats. We are well enough. We rather like them—good ones. The cat which shared our bed in our childhood, we liked him—big Tom-cat he was.—And our poor, gentle "Hawthorn" whom some foul murderer with cold pizen slew, along with our faithful dog, some years ago.—We liked her first rate—we don't like her successor over much though—one of those domestic looking blackcats—goes water-wauling round nights—helps make night very hideous, sometimes—steals oysters too—steals any thing she can put her paw to—wouldn't think butter would melt in her mouth to see her a minute afterwards—tracheotomies—all cats are, a-most. But we are not going to quarrel over a cat. Our philosophy however in relation to them, is that they have a strong attachment to the human race, but have no special affection for one over another.—[New Hampshire Telegraph.]

The Major has admitted more in behalf of cats than we expected from him. We agree with him in respect to the paternal feelings of pussy. But then the Christian precepts are not addressed to her, and the absence of brotherly love in her does not lower her much in our estimation. In stealing cream and oysters, she but like Falstaff, "labors in her vocation," and is therefore not reprehensible on that account. We have a good cat story to tell next week.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF MUSTACHES. "Did you meet Mr. A., my dear?" said Mrs. M. to her little daughter as she ran into the room.

"No, ma," she replied, "I didn't see anybody but a man with a bid tat in his mouf."

A WALK. Whew! what windy weather! And the first day of April! We had, however, made up our mind to take a walk this day, and we were not, notwithstanding the boisterous temper of old Squire Boreas, to be deterred from our purpose. So we started for down South, through Frogville, the wind blowing powerfully in our rear, rendering locomotion quite easy. Our way lay through "Side City" also. Of course, on such a morning as this outside incidents would be rare, and so we trudged along, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," and listening to the careering blast as it swept roaring and howling through the complaining woods!—There was something weird and almost ghostly in the many-voiced winds of this bleak and comfortless morning. We have not now time to put the feelings and impressions occasioned by that peculiar and sounding morning into shape; if we had, we should present one of the finest poems of modern times. Altho' the fierce March winds hurrying the speedy resurrection of Nature's vitality, they present an utter barrenness of life and comfort, and drive us within ourselves more effectually than the rigid weather of mid-winter. But here we are opposite Col. Kilbourn's. We will step in, and peradventure we shall have some pleasant chat. We go in—have the chat—get a subscriber—and some apples! Now we will resume our march. Everything around looks dreary—we poke along, all sails set to catch the lifting breeze. We have only to lift our pedal members, and we go on without further effort—except, perhaps, to steady ourselves right and left.

Here we are in Naples, in sight of the residence of T. Perley, Esq., but it is too windy to call—and we will lay our course for some good harbor till the "air-in-motion" abates. We have it!—we will call on our friend TRAMMAY LITTLEFIELD, where we shall also see Uncle MOODY FOSTER. We are there; and find to our regret, the Major quite ill—hardly able to sit up. We had it in mind to learn from his ever teaming memory some interesting reminiscences of the early settlers of this goodly town. But he is too much used up to be communicative, which is an uncommon state of things with him. But he is in good and tender hands, and he'll soon be on his legs. But meanwhile how shall we spend the time? No trouble about that. In this very pleasant family. Here is NELLIE, who is really an accomplished singer and player, and we will have some music that is music. She sings, with sweet effect, some of her many songs—among which is, "Hard Times come again no more," (we really wish they would!) and "Lilly Dale." A blessing be on thy head, Nellie, for thy well exercised and joy-giving gift! But there is to be an addition soon to our musical treat.—Miss ANGELENA FOSTER is soon to come in with her violin, and we shall establish quite a choir. Here she comes, a rose damsel of about 18 years—tunes up her fiddle, and she and Nellie and Bub serve us up, in most excellent style, a goodly amount of psalmody! We are in our glory! The evening shades appear—the lights are brought in, and our choir continues its delectable services.—Thanks to the efficient instruction of our good brother, Col. SAVAGE of North Bridgton, who has been teaching in this neighborhood, the past season. There is a good deal of well cultivated musical endowment in this part of our town. But to resume, the strains of sacred song are for a moment interrupted by the arrival of Col. Perley and wife, who have come to make a neighborly call. After chatting a while, Nellie, by request, sits down to her piano and plays and sings, in her skillful manner, some of her songs.

But this pleasant scene cannot always last. We all go to bed—the wind still holding "high revelry" in the heavens, and making not a little clatter with loose windows and other moveable matters.

We rise in the morning—break our fast—and are pleased to find uncle Moody on the mending hand. At last, we take up our line of march southward toward Sobago, on the crust. The wind has "gone down," and the Heavens smile upon us in loveliest mood.—The distant mountains lift their glorious summits into the serene and radiant sunshine, and gladness and promise is written upon all things around us.

Here we are nearly at our journey's end, and just opposite a fine piece of marble statuary, executed in Italy, which stands in one of "God's acres" by the road side. The figure represents a woman in mourning attitude. She is pretty, and doubtless a widow. She mourns, though, as we think, not "without hope." If we mistake not, the "light of promise" beams in her face, and in which we can read the expectation of another husband in due time. Widows, even in "dull cold marble," are not of a despairing turn.

Exit into the house of our friend S. A. PORTER, where we find everything genial and pleasant.

*Mr. Foster died on Tuesday, April 5

PORTLAND ELECTION. At the city election in Portland, on Tuesday, the Republicans elected the Mayor, Municipal Judge, five Aldermen and sixteen Councilmen.

The Democrats elected two Aldermen and four Councilmen. One vacancy.

The Maine Legislature adjourned last Tuesday, after a session of ninety-one days.

Our articles are rather long winded this week. We could not well avoid it.

All who meditate on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depend on the education of youth.

He that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things, is the wise man.

The following lines are quite applicable to the season. We found them in the Home Journal.

The melting snow, and swollen streams,
Are signs which I can understand;
As sure as fate, to me it seems,
That trouting time is near at hand.

The winds grow warmer day by day,
And swelling buds on trees appear:
What need of words more plain to say—
That trouting time is drawing near?

Lo! maple-sugar in the cheek
Of stupid school boy passing by!
Can almanac more plainly speak
Of early angling with the fly?

Wild ducks en route to northern lakes,
Wild pigeons in prodigious flocks,
And gardeners mending broken rakes—
Yea, cackling hens and crowing cocks.

The lambskins basking in the sun—
Spring fashion-plates for human gear!—
All nature jocosely with fun,
Proclaims that trouting time is near.

For the Reporter.

MR. EDITOR:—Not being accustomed to write for the "papers," I should not venture this communication did I not consider that the "Reporter" should be informed of the following facts. It appeared that some patient and persevering ladies of this village determined upon a walk to "Hio," a "land reputed to be flowing with milk and honey." Taking advantage of the frozen state of the snow, early one morning, some fair early risers extended a cordial invitation to their gentlemen acquaintances to accompany them, when "mirabile dictu," one was found so firmly locked in the arms of Morpheus that a "turn-out" was wholly out of the question; another said he should be "tickled to death" to go, but unfortunately for himself at least he was not doomed to die his favorite death that day; a third said he was going, but as he was not seen afterwards, it was supposed he got lost, which caused no great uneasiness owing to the probabilities that he would be found again. Not disheartened at this decidedly crusty state of affairs, they determined "to paddle their own canoes," relying upon a good stock of resolution, bracing air, and more than this some breakfast in a basket, for support. Before they had proceeded far it was thought best to examine the contents of the basket; so arranging their crust upon the crust, a wholesome repast equal to a picnic, or at least a pick-an-eat was partaken of with a keen relish, and though it is not probable that they gnawed their trencher like the companions of Othello, yet we might well be reminded of the circumstances. This transpired while, Sleepy sons, solid snow scorned.

An appetite abide almost agonizing. Critics will please to overlook this attempt to poetize. After having an opportunity to realize that "Hio" was a long if not a "hard road to travel," the place of their destination broke upon their view, when by computation it appeared that the rate of speed had been 2:40, which is considered very fair by a fast class of individuals; it will of course be understood that two hours and forty minutes is meant. Resting awhile a sweetening-up took place, an act, which might be deemed entirely superfluous by many, but as flattery practiced upon sensible ladies by a "green un" invariably fails, no more need be said upon this point. A pleasant call or two was made and then weary limbs were "homeward bound," by this time crustiness had in a great measure vanished, so that when the "upper crust" occasionally partially disappeared in "slump-holes," small feet were drawn out with much apparent humility,—it is truly a great thing to be willing to be humble. The report is pretty well substantiated that two rural swains, (it is to be wondered at that there were not more) left their all and not only followed, but actually accompanied these ladies to their homes—perhaps a cold, calculating world may look upon this as a piece of folly, but it may be safely left to one of judgment to observe the many attractive influences brought to bear upon them, moreover the ladies did not seem to be particularly displeased with the attention; perhaps they never are, but this comes near a base insinuation.

The halting places were enlivened by wit and good cheer, and the following toast was actually perpetrated:—

"The Ladies of our company—The most patient, persevering, and pretty—God bless them!"

To which a reply was returned:—

"The Gentlemen of our company—The most gallant and generous—Heaven pity them!"

Suffice it to say they had a fine time, and were very politely entertained. Now let it not be supposed that the world is degenerating, nor that Yankee girls do not equal their grandmothers, English ladies or anybody else while they can walk eight miles in the morning. This walking on the crust, which by the way is a Northern institution and deserves to be patronized by the young and fair, will probably be long remembered with pleasure.

So mote it be. ADOLPHOS.

English papers state that three thousand persons were drowned in February on the sea of Azoff, near Taganrog. They went upon the ice to catch fish, and venturing too far from the shore of the sea, a storm came up, separated the ice from the shore, and drove the whole towards the open water, where the ice was broken up, and all its human freight perished, except one man.

MOUNT VERNON FUND. The sum of \$128,333 has already been paid to John A. Washington by Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham the Regent. The balance, due in 1862, is \$41,666.63. The ladies generally succeed in whatever they undertake.

The young lady who died in Troy last week from the effect of having her ears pierced, instead of placing silk in the wounds, as is customary, used colored worsted—which was probably the cause of her death.

Correspondence from Kansas Territory.
PRAIRIE CITY, K. T., Mar. 1859.

MR. EDITOR:—As many of your readers wish for information in regard to the "Great West" in general; (and Kansas in particular) I shall endeavor to gather what information I can, and send you a letter occasionally. I shall use much care in getting correct news and statements, and shall be brief.

In the first place, a word in regard to the different routes to K. Via the northern route, you leave Boston at 3 P. M., arrive in Albany at 11:15 P. M.; Suspension Bridge,

11:30 A. M.; Detroit 10:30 P. M., and at Chicago 11:30 A. M. Time between Boston and Chicago, 44 1-2 hours. Distance, 1012 miles. Fare, \$26. From Boston to St. Joseph via this route in 75 hours, including stoppages for refreshments &c.; or a little over 3 days and 3 nights. Distance, 1488 miles.—Fare \$43. Via Boston, Albany, Buffalo,

Cleveland, Crustline, Indianapolis, Terre Haute and St. Louis, you make the trip from Boston to St. Louis, in about 60 hours. Distance, 1249 miles. Fare \$32. From St. Louis to Wyandotte, at mouth of Kansas river, via Missouri river it is 460 miles. Time up the river, 3 days. Fare on river boats, all found, \$12. Via New York Central, Michigan Central and Chicago and Alton railway it is 1293 miles to St. Louis. Fare, \$33.—Time, 64 hours. From Portland, via Grand Trunk Railway, the fare is the same as from Boston. Distance about the same.

I found the road from Boston to Chicago very good and trains within time. I also found nice sleeping cars in each division of the route to St. Joseph; and by paying 50 cents extra you can have a good bed to take a good night's rest in; and sleep sound if noise does not disturb you, and travel all the while at 20 or 30 miles per hour. From Chicago to Port Quincy, road rough and trains frequently 2 or 3 hours behind time, consequently, failing to connect with the St. Joseph train, which delays passengers 24 hours. The St. Joseph road is mostly new and is very rough. They try to drive through in time but are frequently from 2 to 8 hours late. It is by far the roughest road I've ever traveled, and the cars sometimes go almost like rabbits. They drive most too fast for safety, considering the roughness of the road. Cars are frequently off the track. They are constantly repairing, and no doubt will soon make it good for they are doing a good business, apparently. This is the most expeditious route for northern emigrants going to northern Kansas, and via the northern route to Pike's Peak. From the northern States to places on, and south of the Kansas river, the cheapest and easiest route is via St. Louis, and the river boats to the Kansas river. The fare from St. Joseph to Wyandotte and places on the Kansas river is \$4 and upwards. It is 600 miles from St. Joseph, and all places on the Missouri, to the gold mines and must be traveled by horse or ox teams. The time will depend on the weather and condition of roads. Thirty days is the average time.—Companies are now on the road for Pike's Peak, but it is too early to go with safety. Grass will not be grown fit for use for several weeks. Over two-thirds of the distance is now entirely destitute of fodder. Companies must carry all, or nearly all, their fodder and provisions, from eastern Kansas and camp out. The weather is very changeable at this season of the year, which makes it dangerous camping out. Are very liable to get sick.—A good team with provisions, tools, bedding, &c., all complete for 6 persons will cost at least \$600. It is, at present, the best way to go in companies with at least 6 months provisions, so that they can stay where they please and go where they choose. Board will be very high at the mines this season. Teams can go only within 50 miles of the best diggings. From that point to the same all freight must be conveyed on the backs of mules, till a road is made. In this vicinity, all sorts of opinions are advanced about the mines, though a majority think there are large quantities of gold there without doubt. A great many are selling out here and starting for Pike's Peak. Pike's Peak is all the excitement now. No further "troubles" are anticipated from "border ruffians" in this place.

The winter has been very mild in this vicinity. Not over 4 inches frost in the ground at any time. It is now quite mild and farmers are sowing spring wheat and preparing for corn. Times have been very hard, but are now growing easier. Land is very cheap and now is the time to buy. Much has been said about the "great west," and great has been the praise of Kansas territory; but, judging from what little I have seen of Kansas, I must say that not one half of its advantages have yet been made known. Words can never picture out a reality to perfection, consequently no one can realize the beauty and grandeur of a place till they see it with their own eyes. There are so many little things that compose the great whole of any thing that it is very difficult to draw a correct picture. Numerous little things are overlooked or considered of no account, which, in fact, have a very prominent place, we find when we carefully consider them. Would that I had the gift that would enable me to produce a living reality of this country and place it before you that you might examine it at your leisure. But as it is you must come and see for yourselves before you can have the reality. My days and travels have been few and limited as yet, but of the few places I have seen, this is the most splendid. It is far more beautiful than I had anticipated. The prairies are more rolling than they generally are in the west, and are consequently better drained. It affords just as handsome ridges as exist, and from the tops of which you can see at least 30 miles in all

directions. The soil is as rich as can be found anywhere in the west. Ornamental and fruit trees of almost every variety well adapted to this country, and these rich and vales can be ornamented and beautified to suit the most fastidious person living. In fact, there is scarcely an end to the improvements and luxuries that the country will afford. At present the country is new, the work is yet to be done. My letter is ready too long, but I have scarcely begun my story.

Yours Respectfully,
ALVIN GIBBS.

[Correspondence of the Reporter.]

AUGUSTA, April 2, 1859.

The Aroostook Railroad bill was refused passage to be engrossed in the House Tuesday by a vote of 67 to 72. Mr. McClellan of Bangor, voting with the majority, in order to move a reconsideration. On the vote reconsider 74 were against it to 65 for it.

The passage of this bill would benefit one except the land speculators, as its tendency was to retard rather than accelerate the settlement of the public lands, by increasing the price to one dollar per acre, to be paid in money in room of fifty cents per acre payable in labor in making highways, under the present law. While as I intimated in my last remarks upon this subject, a road if built as contemplated would not benefit the actual settlers very soon if ever, although the bill mentions a branch road towards the settling lands the means of building it would be entirely absorbed in building the road to Orient, which was benefit nobody. Even if the bill had passed there is no probability that the road would have been built very soon if ever, so that effect of the passage of the bill would be to prevent the settlement of the lands unless aided those immediately interested in duping the people by holding out inducements to settle which would prove false.

There can be no doubt but that Aroostook contains the richest soil to be found in N. England and is capable of sustaining a dense population, and whenever it is wanted for settling purposes it will be taken up, as there will be found an outlet for the surplus productions of the country. If a Railroad was economically built so to best facilitate the settlement of the lands, I believe it would be sufficiently enhanced in value to pay the outlay, but with the thousands of private interests, of land jobbers and speculators, continually brought in conflict such a thing is entirely impossible. No every institution that has been aided or supported by the State has proved a constant draft upon the Treasury. See the enormous sums that have been expended upon the State Prison, Insane Hospital, Reform School, &c., and then estimate the cost of building a hundred and fifty miles of Railroad by Sea. When an appropriation is made for any object, if it is found inadequate, another, still another appropriation follow, making easier than the first. The bill was undoubtedly supported with an honest desire to promote the best interests of the State. Still I think that reflection upon this matter in next January will not tend to aid its cause.

Since the above was in type, we learn that on Monday, the Legislature passed bills by large majorities, appropriating one million and a half acres of public lands to the Aroostook Railroad and the European and North American Railway. In the Senate the vote stood 24 to 2—in the House 12 to 5. A loan act has also passed authorizing the city of Bangor to loan its credit then to the amount of \$500,000.

HE DIDN'T READ THE PAPERS. In the trial of Doyan brothers recently, in Michigan, a murder, much difficulty was experienced in obtaining a jury free from prejudice. At last, after a large number had been rejected, a man from the back part of the county was called, who in response to the questions propounded, said that he did not take or read paper, and had never heard of the murder. This was to strong a case, and Mr. Terry, of the counsel for the prosecution, said: "I object to your sitting on the jury in this case, a man that don't take a paper, and never heard of this brutal murder, don't know enough to be a jurymen! We don't want you!"

MENT. A diamond is a diamond, though you put it on the finger of a beggar—only that on the finger of a beggar nobody would believe it a diamond. Does not mendicant genius every day offer the precious jewel in its head" for sale, and yet because the holder is a mendicant, does not the world believe the jewel to be of no value? Men laden with jewels in their brains, and not until the men were dead were the gems owned to be true wares.—[Jerold.]

A terrible accident happened on the Great Western Railroad, in Canada. The steam washed away the bank upon which the rails were laid, making a chasm nearly twenty feet deep, into which fell the locomotive, baggage car, and two passenger cars. Six or eight persons were killed and several others severely injured.

A land slide from the hill back of the city of Troy, N. Y., recently destroyed a large edifice in process of erection, known as St. Peter's College.

No doubt there is room enough in the world for men and women, but it may be a serious question whether the latter are not taking up more than their share of it just now.

An Irishman dropped a letter into the post office the other day, with the following memorandum on the envelope: "Please hasten the delay of this."

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. I'd hope this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in churches on Sundays.

Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and very productive.

PHOENIX. We learn that for a few years were almost all of pigeons; some 10 millions. It has turned men, and by the way, believe there are muskets in town. T. aging northwest; pe igration the cooling

By the arrival of learn that terrible s on the Plains during ly interfering with trains and other pat tinued their deprede pany. Several stat animals, which had

FIRE IN GRAY. W longing Mr. Henry this county, was and that a value ness was destroyed at \$600 on which no insurance. The known.—[Portland

It was a smart b liked everything go The same boy like rainy to go to schoo enough to go fishing.

HUMORS OF TH It is well known t are governed by the gulate the vegetable seasons.

In winter they are mon parance the "saj closed, and our whole and an accumulation place in our system.

The genial influen expansion of all livi in vegetable life, als dies are given out a upon circulation.

This is a law to w is subject, and the n whole summer of m Now is the time cleanness and scorch and eradicates every of humor that has l winter.

Kennedy's Medical to our readers as the Purifier the world h use one bottle of it, bottle, for that will one season and prep changes of the next.

Where the disease become settled in th ties are required.

For Sore Legs, Erys Wad, White Swells, ated Sore Legs, Hum of the Ears from S iles, the Medical Dis on to effect a perfect

DEA In this town, 4th Brown, aged about 5 In this town, 5th aged 72 years.

In Deana, 31st, 43 years, wife of J In this town, 30th ham, aged 28 years, er family circle is l sorrow not as those can adopt the senth

"Though we weep w would not recall Thou hast born thy And now thou art f We leave thee to rest For we know that fo home."

School Dis To the legal voters I In the Town of B

PURSUANT to me, Agent of 20, you are hereby meet and assemble a C. Cummings, in s DAY, the sixteenth one o'clock in the af following articles, t

First.—To choose a said meeting.

Second.—To see if t build a School I District.

Third.—To decide on School House.

Fourth.—To raise n pense of said Sc chase a lot for t

Fifth.—To choose a the building of penditure of

Given under my April, A. D. 1859. A true copy JOS

22) Agent of

ADMINISTR THE subscriber h to all concerned appointed and taken of Administrator of

MARY late of Bridgton, in land, deceased, by di direct; he therfor who are indebted to make immed who have any dem the same for settle

Bridgton, Feb. 15,

ADMINISTR THE subscriber h to all concerned appointed and taken of Administrator of

JOSIAH late of Bridgton, in land, deceased, by di direct; he therfor who are indebted to make immed who have any dem the same for settle

Harrison, Feb. 1,

I. S. W Many

Doors, S JOB PLAIN

BRIDG

5 CHESTS Carri Tea, an extra A Also, 5 Chests fine, selling at the 15

House-keep JUST received a J. KETTES at Bridgton, March

as can be seen from the variety of these ridges, beautiful living. In the improvement will not be new and better is already begun. GIBBS.

1859.

refused a house last McCrillis, in order to vote to benefit no its tend accelerate increase, to be per acre, always, as I anticipated subject, the did not benefit ever, for much road means for sorbed in ich would ad passed, oad would so that the ould be in s unless it in duping ements to

Arroostook and in New in a dense wanted for ten up, and the surplus a Railroad st facilitate elieve that ed in value ousand and jobbers and in conflict, le. Nearly ided or sup- a continual enormous on the State School, &c., building one read by State for any another, and flow, much s undoubt- sire to pro- te. Still I matter till its cause.

ETNA.

pe, we learn passed bills, g one mill- ands to aid European In the Sen- House 122 uthorizing adit thereto

n the trial higan, for enced in justice. At en rejected, county was stions pro- e read a murder. Terry, one said; "We t this case; and never t know c- on't want

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PAROXS. We learn from Ind. (Iowa) C- illian that for a few mornings past the seasons were almost obscured by passing clouds of pigeons; some flocks seeming to contain millions. It has furnished rare sport to hunters. and by the incessant popping we verily believe there have not been many idle muskets in town. The pigeons all seem voyaging northwest; perhaps it is typical of migration the coming season.

By the arrival of the last Utah Mail, we learn that terrible snow storms have occurred on the Plains during the last month, seriously interfering with the progress of emigrant trains and other parties. The Indians continued their depredations upon the Mail Company. Several stations had been robbed of animals, which had been killed for food.

FIRE IN GRAY. We learn that a barn belonging Mr. Henry Penney of Gray, Sheriff of this county, was burned yesterday afternoon, and that a valuable horse, buggy and harness was destroyed. The loss was estimated at \$600 on which we understand there was no insurance. The origin of the fire is not known.—[Portland Advertiser.]

It was a smart boy who owned up, that he liked everything good, but a good whipping. The same boy liked a good rainy day, too rainy to go to school, and just about rainy enough to go fishing.

HUMORS OF THE HUMAN SYSTEM. It is well known that the juices of the body are governed by the natural laws such as regulate the vegetable life in the change of seasons.

In winter they are congealed, or in common parlance the "sap is down," the pores are closed, and our whole body is hard and firm, and an accumulation of impurities takes place in our system.

The genial influences of Spring cause an expansion of all living matter, the sap rises in vegetable life, also the juices of our bodies are given out and enter into the common circulation.

This is a law to which every human being is subject, and the neglect of it has caused a whole summer of misery.

Now is the time to apply a remedy that cleanses and searches every fibre and pore, and eradicates every particle and sediment of humor that has lain stagnant during the winter.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery is well known to our readers as the greatest and best Blood Purifier the world has ever produced.

We advise each and all of our readers to use one bottle of it this Spring; we say one bottle, for that will cleanse the impurities of one season and prepare the system for the changes of the next.

Where the disease has fastened itself and become settled in the system, larger quantities are required to effect a cure.

For Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, White Scabies, Shingles, Pusches, Ulcerated Sore Legs, Humor in the Eyes, Running of the Ears from Scarlet Fever or Measles, the Medical Discovery can be relied upon to effect a perfect cure.

DEATHS.

In this town, 4th instant, Mr. Obededum Brown, aged about 50 years.

In this town, 5th inst, Mr. Moody Foster, aged 72 years.

In Denmark, 31st ult., Mrs. Annilla S., aged 43 years, wife of James S. Douglass.

In this town, 30th ult., Miss Abby J. Burnham, aged 28 years 10 months. Thus another family circle is left sorrowing, but they sorrow not as those who have no hope. They can adopt the sentiment of the poet and say:

"Though we weep we would not complain, We would not recall the tale to earth again, And now thou art gone to thy last repose, We leave thee to rest in thy quiet tomb, For we know that for thee there is a better home."

School District No. 20.

To the legal voters of School District No. 20, in the Town of Bridgton, ME.,

PURSUANT to a written application made to me, Agent of School District No. 20, you are hereby notified and warned to meet and assemble at the House of Benjamin C. Cummings, in said District, on SATURDAY, the sixteenth day of April, instant, at one o'clock in the afternoon, to act on the following articles, to wit:

First—To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting.

Second—To see if the District will vote to build a School House for the use of said District.

Third—To decide on the location of said School House.

Fourth—To raise money to defray the expense of said School House, and to purchase a lot for the same.

Fifth—To choose a Committee to superintend the building of said House, and the expenditure of said money.

Given under my hand this fourth day of April, A. D. 1859.

A true copy—Attest, JOSIAH C. BALLARD,

Agent of School District No. 20.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

MARY RIGGS,

late of Bridgton, in the County of Cumberland, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same for settlement to

JOSEPH RIGGS.

Bridgton, Feb. 15, 1859. 3w22

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

JOSIAH M. BLAKE,

late of Bridgton, in the County of Cumberland, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same for settlement to

SILAS BLAKE.

Harrison, Feb. 1, 1859. 3w21

I. S. HOPKINSON,

Manufacturer of

Doors, Sash & Blinds.

JOB PLAINING AND SAWING

Done at call.

BRIDGTON CENTER. 1

TEA!

5 CHESTS Carrington Extra fine Olong Tea, an extra Article, for 45cts. per lb.

Also, 5 Chests Olong Ning Yung, extra fine, selling at the low price of 35 cts. at 15

F. D. HANSON.

House-keepers Take Notice.

JUST received a lot of ENAMELED KETTLES at

Bridgton, March 10, 1859. 18

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

PORTLAND
Agricultural
WARE-HOUSE
AND
SEED
STORE!

The subscribers are now offering to Dealers and others, one of the LARGEST and BEST STOCKS OF

Grass, Field, Garden and Flower Seeds,

Agricultural Implements and Tools,

FERTILIZERS, TREES, SHRUBS,

Flowers, &c.

to be found in Maine, which we offer at the

LOWEST PRICES:

consisting in part of the following—

Herds Grass, Red Top, Clover Seed, Honey

Suckle Clover, Spring Rye and Wheat,

Barley, Oats, &c.

PEAS.

Early Kent, Prince Albert

Blackstone Black Eye,

Large White Marston, &c.

BEANS.

Yellow Elk Weeks,

Blackstone,

Indian Chief &c.

VEGETABLES.

Maize's Early Drumhead Cabbage,

Large Drumhead Cabbage,

Early York Cabbage, &c.

Early Sweet Corn,

22 Row 4 do

Wetmore do

Hubbard Squash, &c.

IMPLEMENTS AND TOOLS.

Shovels and Manure Forks,

Hoes, Iron Bars, Pick, Dig Hook,

Post & rail, Spades, Pruning Saws,

and Chains, Wheelbarrows and Irons,

Garden and Tree Shears,

Grass Cutters, Scythes and Snaths,

Grass Hooks, Sifters, Sieves and Scales,

Picks, Hay Rakes, &c. &c.

Hay Rakes, &c. &c.

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Hay Rakes, &c. &c.

JOSEPH BRADFORD,



Manufacturer of

JOINERS' AND COOPERS' TOOLS,

also all kinds of

Coopers' Axes, Shaves, Adzes,

And all Tools needed for Cooperages, &c.

No. 41 Union Street, Portland, Me. 20 3m

At a Court of Probate, held at Portland, within and for the County of Cumberland, on the third Tuesday of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-nine.

LUCINDA MEAD and others, Widow and heirs of JOHN MEAD, late of Bridgton, in said County, deceased, having presented their petition for the assignment of her Dower in the Real Estate, of which he died seized, and also for division of said Real Estate among the heirs entitled thereto according to the statute in such cases made and provided.

It was Ordered, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing 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 of April next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

WILLIAM G. BARROWS, Judge.

A true copy: Attest,

20* AARON B. HOLDEN, Register.

NEW & FRESH

INVOICE OF GOODS!

Just Opened!

THE subscribers would call the attention of purchasers to their large and extensive assortment of Goods, consisting of

English Goods,

Of all varieties,

Woolens, Ladies' Dress Goods,

DOMESTIC GOODS of all kinds, such as

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

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,

C. B. WALKER, 1 BRIDGTON CENTER.

G. H. BROWN,

Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in

FURNITURE

of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES,

PICTURE FRAMES, FEATHERS,

CHAMBER SETTS.

Extension, Center and Card Tables.

BEDSTEADS, of the latest and most improved style, with Spring Bottoms.

ALSO, READY-MADE COFFINS.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

LOOKING - GLASSES REPAIRED.

NORTH BRIDGTON, ME. 8

REMOVAL.

Hair Dressing & Shaving Room.

W. M. P. HOSBORN would respectfully

inform the citizens of Bridgton, and vicinity, that he has taken the shop under the Old Fellows' Hall, formerly occupied by Mr. Fairbanks, 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.

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 Center, March 10, 1859. 18

FOR SALE.

A BLACKSMITH'S SHOP, and Fixtures,

together with nice acres of land. This

shop and land is situated about one mile from Bridgton Center, on the main road to Fryburg, and is a good location for business.

Part of the land is under a good state of cultivation. For further particulars refer to

GEORGE PERRY, on the premises

Bridgton, March 10, 1859. 28

F. A. BOYD,

PAINTER, GLAZIER, PAPER-HANG-

ER, AND GRAINER.

Orders in his line of business are respectfully solicited.

Shop in the Post Office Building,

Bridgton Center, March 10, 1859. 18

E. E. WILDER,

HARNESS MAKER AND CARRIAGE

TRIMMER.

Garnitures, Carriage Trimmings, Halters, Surchingles, Bridles, Horse Blankets, Whips, &c., constantly on hand and for sale.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. *1y1

NORTHERN CLOVER SEED!

A NICE lot of Northern Clover Seed, just received and for sale, together with a good assortment of Herds Grass and Red Top Seeds, at low prices, at

HANSON'S.

20

Hams! Hams!!

JUST received one hhd. Boston SUGAR CURED HAMS, at

BILLINGS'S.

March 10, 1859. 17

Boots and Shoes.

W. W. BURNHAM



Would respectfully say to the citizens of Bridgton, that he still continues at the old stand under the Old Fellows' Hall, where he can furnish them with anything in the BOOT AND SHOE line at the cheapest rates.

Mending done with neatness and dispatch.

All orders promptly executed. Shop 2d door from F. B. Caswell's.

Bridgton, March 10, 1858. 18tf

E. T. STUART,

MERCHANT TAILOR

RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of the public to his choice stock of

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Fancy

Doeskins, and Vestings,

which he is prepared to manufacture in a style and manner calculated to compare favorably with the best. Also on hand a choice assortment of

FURNISHING GOODS.

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

READY MADE CLOTHING

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

THE GRADUAL SCALE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFEFFEL

A sparrow caught upon a tree
 A fly so fat, his taste grew stronger;
 His victim, struggling to get free,
 Begged but to live a little longer.
 The murderer answered, "Thou must fall,
 For I am great, and thou art small."

A hawk beheld him at his feast,
 And in a moment pounced upon him;
 The dying sparrow wished, at least,
 To know what injury he had done him;
 The murderer answered, "Thou must fall,
 For I am great, and thou art small."

The eagle saw the hawk below,
 And quickly on the gormand seized—
 "Oh, noble king! pray let me go!
 Mercy! thou peckest me to pieces."
 The murderer answered, "Thou must fall,
 For I am great, and thou art small."

He feasted; lo! an arrow flew
 And pierced the eagle's bosom through.
 Unto the hunter loud screamed he,
 "Oh, tyrant! wherefore murder me?"
 "Ah!" said the murderer, "Thou must fall,
 For I am great, and thou art small."

LABOR

Toil swings the axe, and the forests bow;
 The seed break out in a radiant bloom;
 Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
 And cities cluster round the loom;
 Where tottering domes and tapering spires,
 Adorn the vale and crown the hill,
 Stout Labor lights its beacon fires,
 And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The monarch oak, the woodland pride,
 Whose trunk is seamed with lightning scars,
 Toil launches on the restless tide,
 And there unrolls the flag of stars;
 The engine with its lungs of flame,
 And ribs of brass and joints of steel,
 From Labor's plastic fingers came,
 With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.

'Tis Labor works the magic press,
 And turns the crank in hives of toil,
 And beckons angles down to bless
 Industrious hands on sea and soil.
 Here sunbeamed toil is shining spade,
 Links lake to lake with silver rills,
 Strung thick with palaces of trade,
 And temples towering to the skies.

IMMORTALITY. There never was a greater truth than that enunciated by a late German banker, who had exhausted his life in amassing a colossal fortune. He was surrounded by some young friends, and disposed to give them the benefit of his bitter experience. "Here," said he "are before you the busts of men who have gloriously cultivated the liberal arts. I have met with those busts, and other busts like them, wherever I have traveled—all over the world. Painters—poets—sculptors—statesmen—men distinguished in every field of genius—have their passports to immortality erected in stone, throughout the globe; but, my friends I have never yet seen a statue erected to the memory of a man who has devoted his life to making money! The affluence of such a man must be his only consolation. He will be honored in life—but in death he is forgotten; for he has left behind him nothing to exalt his race, or honor the nature of the divinity within him, beyond that of the greatest bore who obeyed him for a consideration." Think of it!

SINGULAR INSTINCT IN MICE. Mr. Sanderson, of Metal Hall, Sunderland, furnishes us with a somewhat novel mode of catching mice, which he practised with effect, some years ago. Having fixed a trencher near a shelf, he placed upon the trencher upon which it swung, he placed upon the lighter end some bait, and underneath it a mug of water. As the mice ran across the trencher to the bait, the lighter side went down, and they were thrown into the water, and drowned. In this way, he says, he caught as many as seventy in one night. Having had occasion to try the plan again, a short time ago, he found to his surprise, the bait eaten, but no mice caught, and at last discovered that while some of the mice crossed the trencher to reach the bait, others held on by the edge of the trencher, and prevented its precipitating their companions into the water.

STUDYING LATIN. We have heard of a farmer whose son has for a long time been ostensibly studying Latin in a popular academy. The farmer not being perfectly satisfied with the course and conduct of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart, one day, thus addressed him:—"Now Joseph, here is a fork, and there is a heap of manure and a cart; what do you call them in Latin?"—"Forkibus, caribus et manuribus," said Joseph.—"Well, now," said the old man, "if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickabuss, and pitch that manuribus into that caribus, I'll break your lazy backabuss." Joseph went to work; but forthwithabuss.

Governor S.—of South Carolina, was a splendid lawyer, and could talk a jury out of their seven senses. He was especially noted for his success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client. He was once counsel for a man accused of horse stealing. He made a long, eloquent and touching speech. The jury retired, but returned in a few moments, and proclaimed the man not guilty. An old acquaintance stepped up to the prisoner and said: "Jem, the danger is passed; and now, honor bright didn't you steal that horse?" To which Jem replied, "Well, Tom, I've all along thought I took that horse, but since I've heard the Governor's speech, I don't believe I did."

An old soldier whose nose had been cropped off by a sabre cut, happened to give a few pence to a beggar, who exclaimed in return, "God preserve your eyesight." "Why so?" inquired the veteran. "Because sir," he replied, "if your eyes should grow weak, you couldn't keep spectacles on them."

Looking out of his window one summer evening, Luther saw on a tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest. "Look," said he "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him!"

Listening to a lady who was pouring out a stream of talk, Jerrold whispered to the person next him, "She'll be coughing soon, and then we can strike in."

Ah, are you still alive, then? said a fellow, on meeting one whom he had injured.—"Yes," replied the other, "and kicking," suiting the action to the word.

Politeness goes a great way. Henry Ward Beecher says an impudent clerk can do almost as much injury to a store as the neglect of the proprietor to advertise his wares.

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 Stabling for Horses.
 MARSHAL BACON.
 Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1858. 2 tf

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

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

Metalic Tip Boots and Shoes,
 for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples, Waterville, 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. 1f

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

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 the 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.

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,

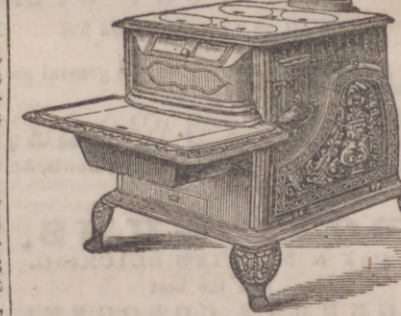
—ALSO—
MEATS

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

The Best Cook Stove
 IN USE IS THE

BAY STATE.



YOU can do double the work with one half the wood, and will last 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.

SAWYER & WISWELL,
 BRIDGTON, MAINE.
 Manufacturers and dealers in

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL GRAVE STONES,
 Monuments,

Tomb Tables, Table Tops, Chimney Pieces, Corners, 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

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, Feb. 1858. 3ml4

PATENT MEDICINES.
 L. A. WELLS' Bitters, Atwood's Bitters, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Wistar's Balm, Atwood's Linctus, Davis' Pain Killer, Ayer's Pills, Wright's Pills, and all kinds of Patent Medicines for sale by

WILSON & BURGESS,
 63 Commercial st. Portland, Me. 4w17

COAL OIL. A superior article warranted equal to Kerosine Oil, for sale by the Gallon or Barrel by **WILSON & BURGESS,**
 63 Commercial st. Portland, Me. 4w17

SUPERIOR CHINA WHITE POLISH,
 warranted equal to any article now in use for Parlor Finish, for sale at a low price by **WILSON & BURGESS,**
 63 Commercial st. Portland, Me. 4w17

"YOUNG AMERICA"

Fashionable Clothing
HAT, CAP & FURNISHING DEPOT

NO. 76 MIDDLE STREET,
 PORTLAND, ME.
 T. C. WEBBER, Proprietor. 3 6m

CHAS. R. MILLIKEN,
 —WHOLESALE—

WEST INDIA GOODS
 —AND—
PROVISION DEALER,
 19 Commercial Street, head of Long Wharf,
 PORTLAND, ME. 31y

J. G. TOLFOORD & CO.,
 NO. 6 FREE STREET BLOCK,
 PORTLAND, ME.

DEALERS IN

Silks! Shawls! Velvets! Flannels!
WOOLENS, EMBROIDERIES,
LINENS, HOUSEKEEPING, GOODS, &c.

Particular attention paid to the

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

Linen Sheetings Pillow Linens, Fronting Linens, DAMASKS, NAPKINS, TOWELS, &c.
 Also, a full Stock of Cotton Goods at very Low Prices.

As our senior partner has had over twenty years' experience in the DRY GOODS 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 their earliest arrival, and at prices to correspond with the times.

AUGUSTUS BLANCHARD,
Wholesale Grocer,
 —AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
 NO. 79 COMMERCIAL STREET,
 Corner Custom House Wharf,
 PORTLAND, ME. 1 6m

Paper Box Manufactory,
 144 MIDDLE ST. PORTLAND, ME.

Boxes, of all kinds
 manufactured at short notice. All orders addressed to

CHARLES H. JEWELL,
 will be promptly attended to.
 2 ly CHAS. H. JEWELL.

FILES & EMERY,
 Wholesale and Retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,
 170 MIDDLE ST., PORTLAND, ME

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

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

J. W. BLANCHARD,
 Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

French & 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

M. L. HALL,
 Dealer in

Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods,
SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS,
BLACK SILKS,
 warranted to wear well.

FANCY SILKS,
 of all desirable styles.

STRAW BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS,
LADIES CAPS, & HEAD DRESSES,
EMBROIDERY, GLOVES, HOSIERY &c.

All at the lowest prices.
 100 Middle St., Portland, Me.
 Opposite Casco Bank. 2 tf

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

WM. P. HASTINGS,
 Manufacturer of
SERAPINNES, 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.

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English and American Carpets
 —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 WARE HOUSE
 Chambe is No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block,
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WILSON & BURGESS,
 Wholesale dealers in

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
 of all kinds,
 Japan, White Lead, French Zinc, Putty, Window Glass, Pure French

VERDIGRIS IN OIL,
H. WOOD & CO'S COLORS,
BURNING FLUID, CAMPHENE, &c.
 Together with a full assortment of

PAINTS,
 of every description. Also, a large and carefully selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, and PATENT MEDICINES
 of all kinds; which they offer as low as they can be procured in New York or Boston.

* Dealers will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere.
 63 COMMERCIAL STREET,
 Near the Grand Truck Depot, and opposite the Cape Elizabeth Ferryway.
 PORTLAND, Me. 1f

JOHN E. DOW,
 Auctioneer and Real Estate Broker.
 Also Agent for the

ETNA LIFE INS. CO., of Hartford, Conn. Capital and Surplus, \$208,000.

HAMPDEN FIRE INS. CO., of Springfield, Mass., Capital and Surplus, \$250,000.

CONWAY FIRE INS. CO., of Conway, Me. Capital and Surplus, \$254,000.

CHARTER OAK FIRE AND MARINE INS. CO., of Hartford, Conn. Capital and Surplus, \$342,000.

KENSINGTON FIRE AND MARINE INS. CO., of Philadelphia, Penn. Capital and Surplus, \$300,000.

These companies are all first class stock of offices, and insure good risks at as low a rate as any companies of equal standing in New England.

Office Canal Bank Building, Portland, Me.
 Dec. 31, 1858. 1y. First door east side.

JOHN W. PERKINS & Co.,
 WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,
VARNISHES, DYES,
CAMPENE AND FLUID,
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JOSIAH HEALD,
DENTIST,
 117 MIDDLE STREET,
 PORTLAND, ME. 11y

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BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS,
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DR. J. H. HEALD,
SURGEON 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, 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

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS A. HAMLIN'S
NEW MILLINERY STORE,
 Where may be found a good assortment of
READY MADE MILLINERY,
 Consisting of
French Hats, Caps, Head Dresses,
RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c.
 Also, Ready Made Mourning Bonnets and Hair Work.

Bonnets Bleached, Pressed and Repaired.
 Orders promptly attended to.
NO. 3, UNDER U. S. HOTEL,
 PORTLAND, ME. 7 ly

CHASE, WOODBURY, & CO.
 Importers and dealers in

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 PORTLAND ME.

WINDOW GLASS, NAILS, LEAD, MILL SAWS, SHOVELS, ZINC, PUMPS, JOINERS' TOOLS, &c., &c. 2 6m

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 especial 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,

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OTTO WIEDERO,
Watchmaker,
 Clocks and fine Regulators,
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Repairs Music Boxes and Jewellery, &c.
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TEAS, TOBACCO, W. I. GOODS,
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BYRON GREENOUGH, & CO.,
 Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves,
BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES,
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Particular attention is invited to our Stock of Goods, it being by far the largest and most complete in the market, comprising every variety of Style, made of the best materials, and in a superior manner. 2 ly

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CLOTHING!
Hats, Caps
 —AND—
GENTS FURNISHING GOODS