

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 36.

PARIS, MAINE, FRIDAY,

JUNE 25, 1869.

NUMBER 23.

The Oxford Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

F. E. SHAW,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per year; One Dollar and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance.

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Poetry.

LIFE'S LOT.

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my soul delight
Be best or not.
I may be mine to drag for years
Till my heavy chain;
Or day and night my soul be torn
On bed of pain.
Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.
My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath Divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.
One who is known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.
He holds me midst the billows' might—
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light:
He tempests all.
Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this;
And then with him go hand in hand,
Far into bliss.
(Dean of Canterbury.)

Select Story.

A TALE TOLD OUT OF SCHOOL.

"First person I love, second person
thou lovest, third person he loves,"
drawn the head boy in the class. The
next, a little girl, took it up promptly.
"Plural—First person we love, second
person you love, third person they love."
"And we all love."
The interruption came in a whisper,
loud enough to be heard all over the
room, causing the older boys and girls
to smile and giggle; and the teacher,
Miss Olive Burnett, looked up quickly,
glancing along the row of large scholars
on the back seat—young men and women—for this was a country school, and
in the winter. She had come to look for
trouble from that quarter. Every day
some fresh aggravation, some new in-
fringement of the rules and offence against
the discipline made hard work for her, a
girl of eighteen, to maintain her author-
ity over those forty turbulent spirits, con-
stantly incited to insubordination by the
example of their acknowledged leader,
Scott Goldrick.

He sat there, at the further end of
the bench, quiet, a good-looking
young man of twenty, with curly
chestnut hair and a moustache of the
lip, with head bent low over his slate,
and fingers busy in figuring out some
difficult problem in arithmetic. But Miss
Burnett was not deceived by the ap-
parently studious air. And there was an
undertone of determined resolute deter-
mination in her voice as she said, looking
quietly over the forty faces before her:
"These interruptions must come to an
end at once. There is a point where for-
bearance ceases to be a virtue, and I
think it has been passed. From this time
out I shall enforce every rule of the school.
The penalty of the next interruption of
this kind will be twelve strokes of the ruler,
carelessly balancing the slip of cher-
ry-wood in her fingers.

The clear, bright face in the corner was
lifted for a moment; the dark, hazel eye
looked steadily into Miss Burnett's blue
eyes; only a moment, the space of a
breath; then the hand went on again
steadily with the endless maze of figures,
and Miss Burnett went on with her work.
Hard work it was, especially hard work
to-day. All day the vivid scarlet had
burned in her cheeks, making her pass-
ing lovely, while her temples throbbed
with pain, and one of the children feel-
ing her feverish touch, wondered "what
made Miss Burnett's hand so hot." She
must not give up, though. There was too
much depending on her for that. A
helpless mother and two little sisters,
hardly more than babies yet, all depend-
ent for the bread they ate, upon the
over-worked young teacher. Truly, failure
here would be her disaster.

But she must not fail. Would those
interminable lessons never be finished?
She wanted to go home and rest.
Two hours of tolerable order and quiet,
and the day's work was nearly ended,
when in the last recitation came again
that interrupting whisper, plainly heard
all over the room.

For an instant Olive Burnett's heart
faltered. Could she muster courage
enough to ferret Scott Goldrick, the old-
est and largest boy in school—a man
grown? The thought came at once that
it was unmanly in him to try her so. But,
right or wrong, her word was passed
and must be kept; her authority was as-
sailed and must be maintained now or
lost altogether. To falter now was to
give up all. So, calling up all her nerve,
though her head throbbed dizzily, she
closed her book quietly, dismissed the
class and faced the school as she said,
slowly:

"The scholar who whispered that last
time will please step forward."
There was a dead silence for an instant,
then Scott Goldrick left his seat and
walked up to where the young teacher
stood. No boyish mischief in his manner
now; no mocking deference; no shade of
defiance, but, instead, a quiet manliness
that was harder to meet than any brava-
do would have been.

"You can understand, Mr. Goldrick,
that this is not a pleasant duty to me,"

her voice steady, but lower than usual, so
low that some who were listening, did
not catch the words at all. "You can
understand that it is not pleasant for me
to do this, but my rule must be respect-
ed."

For an answer he bowed and held out
his hand. They were counted out faith-
fully—twelve strokes—no more, no less.
Did he know how every one hurt her?
Perhaps he did for his eyes were on her
face all the while, and when the last one
was given he walked back to his seat, a
little graver than before, that was all—
And the rest of the scholars opened eyes
of amazement. They had expected high
words and open defiance at the least.
This new gentleness was not fear; they
knew that well. Fear and Scott Goldrick's
name never went together. If it was
voluntary submission to discipline, why
they might as well all yield too.

Miss Burnett heard him talking to some
of the older scholars outside the door af-
ter the roll was called and the school dis-
missed. "What! resist a lady? You'll
never see me do that. Besides, I deserv-
ed the furling for breaking rules. I'm
going away to-morrow to my uncle's
counting house in C—." Then the
door closed, and Miss Burnett heard no
more.

Going away! She said the words over
and over to herself, sitting there with her
head laid down on the table before her.
Going away! Why, that was worse than
all. What would she do, missing day by
day the bright face in the corner, and
the voice that, spite of aggravations with-
out number, was still the pleasantest
voice in all the world to her. What
should she do? The great pile of copy-
books there on the table were still un-
touched, when, half an hour later some-
one opened the door and came in; some
one whose step she knew so well. Scott
Goldrick had come back for his books and
slate. But she did not lift her head. He
stood before her presently with the books
on his arm and his hat in his hand.

"I am going away," said Miss Burnett,
to stay. Will you bid me good-bye?
Still she did not look up nor speak. He
persisted, gently.

"Have I offended you beyond all hope
of forgiveness?"

She gave him her hand at that.

"No, but—"

"But you are sick, Miss Burnett?" as
he saw her face plainly. You are really
sick. What can I do for you?"

She tried to smile.

"It is only a headache—I have had it
all day—and a touch of fever with it, per-
haps, nothing more."

"You have been sick all day, and I
have been aggravating the life out of
you," he said, remorsefully, in his earnest-
ness kneeling down on one knee beside
her chair with a half bow, half shy grace.

"I have made you trouble constantly, not
to-day only, but ever since you came
here to teach. What a brute you must
think me! It was unmanly and coward-
ly to act as I did. No, you must let me
make full confession now," kissing the
hand she laid over his mouth to stop him.

But, Miss Burnett, you are very ill," seri-
ously alarmed now at the sight of her
white face and closed eyes; for the self-
control maintained by main force all day,
and up to this moment, had given away
suddenly, and weaker than a child she
sat there, her breath coming in little short
gasps.

Unused to women's moods and "ways,"
he was at a loss what to do. He had an
idea, though, that when a lady fainted,
cold water was the thing, so he sprinkled
her face with the cup standing on the ta-
ble within reach of his hand, and, man-
like, he drew her head down upon his
shoulder.

She was not altogether unconscious, for
she made a weak movement to withdraw
herself from his arm, but he whispered:

"Trust me and lie still, will you not, till
you are better?" conscious the while of
an odd, pleasant thrill at his heart as he
saw her so near his own that he could
have touched it with his lips.

If he had been a dozen years older, he
would have most likely have yielded to
the temptation and kissed the roses back
to her cheeks, but there was just the least
bit of boyish timidity about him; and be-
sides he could not forget that he had been
in part the cause of this very illness, and
his heart smote him regretfully every
time he looked at her.

She sent him away by-and-by—as soon
as she was able to sit up without support.
She would not let him go home with her,
either, though he begged her to let him
do so; she would do better by herself she
said. But seeing the troubled look in his
eyes as he turned away, she relented so
far as to say:

"I trust we part friends."

He came back to her at this, saying ear-
nestly:

"Can you be my friend after what you
have known of me the past two months?"

"I can be—I am sincerely your friend."

"Thank you for that. Knowing it, I
shall not carry such a sorely troubled con-
science away with me."

Ah! he never guessed that, instead of a
troubled conscience, he was carrying Olive
Burnett's heart away with him.

It was seven years before they looked
upon each other's faces again. Such a
long interval. Those seven years were
changed Scott Goldrick into a successful
business man, steadily amassing his thou-
sands, and alive to the brilliant, courted
young widow, Mrs. Logan.

She had grown heart-sick of teaching,
and one day in a desperate mood gave it

up and married Paul Logan, the rich land
owner. Scott Goldrick, hearing of it in
the distant city where he was living, said,
"Such a pity! She was one woman of a
thousand, and deserved a better man than
that."

Well, Paul Logan was a better man
than Scott Goldrick's words would seem
to imply, and, better still, his gold brought
all comforts to the helpless mother until
she died, and a home and all the advan-
tages of wealth to the little sisters. And
now with her husband two years in his
grave Mrs. Logan went freely into society
again.

"Such a lovely woman," men always
said when speaking of her. And Scott
Goldrick endorsed the verdict when he
met her at a reception one evening, and
the hostess supposing them to be un-
acquainted, presented him.

It was the Olive Burnett of seven years
ago who smiled up at him, as she said to
Mrs. Lake, "Mr. Goldrick and I are very
old friends."

"You remember me, then," he said, as
he led her away.

"I never forget," was the sweetly
grave reply.

But somehow, even with this flattering
beginning, they did not seem to make
much progress in the renewal of their
old acquaintanceship. Meeting often, as
they did, at party and ball reception, at
concert and theatre and opera, there was
always an undefinable something, a dis-
tance between; and it was quite at the
close of the winter, that calling one morn-
ing on Mrs. Logan, to make his adieu be-
fore leaving town, Scott Goldrick lingered
a moment as he bowed over her hand
at parting, to say, half jestingly, but yet
in earnest, too:

"Do you remember the old school-
house?"

"Yes, I remember. I am going out
there on purpose to see it this coming sum-
mer."

"And I too. Who knows but what we
shall meet?"

It was in the midst of the August heats
that Mrs. Logan, paying a dying visit to
Rye-field, procured the key of the old
school-house—empty now for summer vaca-
tion—and walked down there alone one
afternoon to look at it.

The door swung rustily upon its hinges
as she entered and looked curiously about.
It was not the cleanest place in the world
for a coat of dust, raised by the last sweep-
ing, had settled over everything; but the
rough-cast walls looked as familiar as
ever, and the glazed maps hanging there,
and the unpainted wooden benches.

It was in the corner that Scott Goldrick
used to sit—and remembering, a tide of recol-
lections rushed over her, and she sat down
in the low-backed chair and laid her head
down upon the pine table, just as she had
done that evening more than seven years
before.

Sitting there buried in thought, she did
not hear the footstep that crossed the
threshold—that paused there at the door,
and then came to her, while a voice said:

"Miss Burnett, I am going away. Will
you bid me good-bye?"

She looked up with a little cry—to meet
a pair of clear, hazel eyes, to see before
her a bright handsome face, and heavy
waves of chestnut hair.

"You are really here, Mr. Goldrick? I
could almost believe that the old days had
come back again."

"You used to call me Scott, then," he
said, significantly, coming around and
kneeling on one knee beside her chair.

"You are not pale now, so I shall not
sprinkle your face with water," glancing
at the empty cup standing there on the ta-
ble, "but I should like to have your hand
on my shoulder again."

She made a movement to rise, but he
detained her.

"Don't be offended, Olive," he said,
earn

Editorial Correspondence.

BANGOR, June 23d, 1869.
The State travel, this week, is setting eastwardly. The Universalist State Convention at Augusta, and the State Conference of the Congregationalist and Republican State Convention, at Bangor, gatherings which are usually largely attended, are uncommonly so this year. We found many at the Depot at South Paris, bound for one or the other of these places, and the Grand Trunk perfectly oblivious to the fact of any such proposed gatherings—no authority being given the ticket master to take any notice of delegates to either body. All roads managed with any idea of the public convenience, or regard to its own interests, or in a spirit of enterprise, furnish return tickets to much smaller gatherings. It is probable that by the time these bodies are ready to adjourn, the red tape will get unwound, and authority be telegraphed to the stations to reduce the fare.

It is a relief to step off this unfortunate road to the smooth, well graded and well managed Maine Central, where return tickets are promptly provided, good to July 1st. Every station furnished its delegations, and when the Kennebec passengers came in, at Kendall's Mills, we had a large train. The Maine Central and Kennebec roads are pushing things—the former having made the noon express train by which a half hour is gained in reaching Bangor, an arrangement highly appreciated by the through passengers. We get in to Bangor at 7 o'clock.

This makes it pretty hard for the Kennebec road to connect at Kendall's Mills, but not to be flustered in this way by the Maine Central, they gain time by not stopping at many of the way stations, and thus come to time. We found the train at Kendall's Mills, quietly waiting as though it made no sort of difference to them when the board gauge train came in. Only let them know what was wanted of them, and they would accommodate them. They are both live roads, with good appointments, energetic managers, and polite conductors.

The Queen city of the east is in her best attire this month. Business is not very lively in the lumber line, as the quantity of water, in the spring, prevented the mills from working, and the sudden fall of water left many of the drives high and dry, making a scarcity of work for the mills which cannot fill their orders. Freights are dull, and vessels plenty, many coal vessels having come here since the coal strike.

TUESDAY, P. M.
The State Conference of Congregationalist Churches convened with the Hammond St. Church this morning. The churches were represented fully by pastors and delegates, and the sessions during the day have been exceedingly interesting. The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Bigelow, of Augusta, and was an able exposition of the conflict of the doctrines of the Savior, as upheld by the Christian ministry, and the powers of darkness, from the text "I saw Satan descending as lightning from heaven."

In the afternoon, an interesting discussion was had on the question of dispensing with one service on the sabbath. The weight of argument was in favor of retaining the afternoon service. A topic in relation to the desecration of the sabbath was also discussed with general interest. The city is full of strangers, and all the hotels are crowded. Delegates to the State Convention are coming in, but it is of little use to speculate on the result.

The Great Danger.

Senator Wilson has an article in the Independent, calling attention to what he regards as the greatest danger to the Republic—and that is the tendency to concentrate so much money power and influence in the hands of a few men, the growing use of money to wield political influence and bribe votes and Legislatures, the growth of "rings," of bad men who exert a mighty influence in protecting the rum traffic and making whiskey a power in politics, and in general a tendency to worship money and power instead of principle, and to trample upon the many for the benefit of a few.

Senator Wilson thinks that unless this growth of power of evil influence is soon checked, that it will ultimately overthrow us. He evidently has in mind the immense power exerted by the Vanderbilts, the Drews and the Fisks; to the purchase of nominations, elections and Legislatures; to the organization of whiskey rings and the controlling influence exerted by rum sellers and other panders to vice. By such gigantic influence laws are defied, parties controlled and principle sacrificed for favors.

Senator Wilson does not enter in detail upon the remedies, but he intimates that the time has arrived when good men should not leave politics to be managed by whiskey rings, but that they should on every occasion show the organized forces of evil who are exerting so great influence through organizations and money, that they are as deterred to principle as the laborer to Mammon. Senator W. thinks that the greatest need is to be between concentrated capital and influence in the hands of unscrupulous monopolists and whiskey rings, and the mass of the people outside of and unrepresented by such influences, laboring to protect the masses from the advance of the few, and to secure to every man a fair opportunity to earn his daily bread, without paying tribute to the unrelenting demands of concentrated capital, or the still more dangerous exactions of panders to vice.

Bishop Simpson is of the opinion that the tide of drunkenness and immorality cannot be stopped, especially in our great cities, until the ballot is given to woman. At the Methodist Conference in Richmond, Indiana, this sentiment was received with great cheering.

Virginia Correspondence.

June 19th, 1869.
Dear Democrat: Any one visiting this State, will now see the relics of, and appreciate the vast destruction of property caused by the war. At Centerville and Manassas, which is near "Bull Run battle field," almost every house, store, barn, and mill were swept away; also the orchards and woodlands were cut down for military purposes. Military roads were built in all directions, rail roads, cod-roy roads, are still visible; only one house, a large brick mansion, remained at the close of the war, in sight of Manassas, that stood one mile north of the town. It was occupied as the head quarters of the army officers. Its preservation, is largely due to a faithful female servant who remained in and about the premises during the war; at the close of the war, the owner gave her ten acres of land, on which she and her colored husband now reside.

The same as to the destruction of property can be said of many a town in this good old State. The old town of Gordonsville, at the junction of the Lineburg & Richmond Railroad, and lying at the corner of Orange, Greene, Albemarle and Louisa counties, was greatly favored during the war—was never occupied during the entire war, by either the Union or Rebel army, while all the towns around her suffered more or less.

Petersburg is a beautiful city, resting on a level plain, on the right bank of the Appomattox river, which is navigable for light boats or crafts only.

This is the pioneer city, in the common School enterprise, instigated and set in running order by the exertions of a few active northern men, who are aided by the Peabody fund. Thousands of the children of the blacks and whites are receiving a thorough common school education, in separate schools, conducted and run on the New England system. From the example here set, it is expected that vigor and life under the new constitution (which will certainly be adopted,) which contains ample provisions for putting in motion and running by State and county superintendents, common schools all over the State. In this city, which is about the size of Portland, where a majority of its inhabitants are blacks, I saw no more idler or beggars than it is usual to see in most northern cities. I was told, and it was apparent, that the blacks were in the main, doing much better than could be expected; most of them were doing something for their support; it is true that a few were inclined to pilfer, and not work for a living. Business is quite good in this city.

Richmond is a city which is built, as it were, on seven hills. The streets are quite well laid out, but most of them take you up and down long rises, or hills. The burnt district is partly rebuilt. Business appears to be rather dull here, many stores and business places are unoccupied. From Richmond, through Carolina, Spotsylvania and Stafford counties to Aquia Creek the land is fair, but not so good as in some other parts of the State. North-east of the old town of Fredericksburg, the land is rather poor, much broken in hills and streams. From Aquia Creek our route was by boat up the Potomac, which gives a splendid view of Maryland on the right, and Va., on the left. When the Steamer came in sight of the mansion and tomb of the Father of our Country, as is customary, its bell tolled in honor of him who sleeps at Mount Vernon.

Corn, wheat and oats, are the principal crops raised; rye, and potatoes, both Irish and sweet, are raised to some extent; beans and peas, do quite well, and I see no reason why all kinds of vegetables and fruit, will not do well here, although there is not an abundance raised. I saw good wheat growing in all parts of the State, where I traveled; some counties are better adapted to wheat raising, than others. The red soil, which appears in Loudon, Fairfax, Prince William, Fauquier, Culpeper, Orange, and some other counties, are peculiarly adapted to wheat growing. I saw some splendid fields of wheat nearly ready for harvest. On the whole Virginia, has a fine climate, good soil, and is destined to become a great grain and stock growing State, when she shall become fully reconstructed on the principles of equality and justice to men. Then a tide of emigration will flow into her borders, which will enliven and invigorate all her resources, and make her fields bud and blossom like the rose. J. G.

Western Correspondence.

COLFAX, IOWA, June 9, '69.
Thinking a few lines from the far West would not be uninteresting to your readers, I will try and give you a slight history of our little town and some idea of what our Western country is.

Colfax is a small town of about 150 inhabitants, and is situated on the Skunk River, 23 miles east of Des Moines. It is situated in the midst of one of the best agricultural districts in the State, and the large quantities of grain and produce which are shipped from this place are a source of great revenue to the merchants and grain buyers. The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad runs through Colfax, thus affording facilities for shipping grain and produce to Chicago and the East. During the year 1868 there were shipped from this place 87,000 bushels of wheat, 12,000 bushels of corn, 3,000 bushels of oats, 28 car loads of hogs and 25 car loads of cattle. This year there will be a very much larger quantity of grain shipped. Colfax is a young town, not having had an existence until about two years ago. It sprung into being at the first whistle of the locomotive, which first passed through here in 1867. It now has 6 stores, one tin shop, one apothecary shop, one harness shop, one hotel, and one rum shop. Thank God! there is but one of the last named and that is doomed to an early grave. There is also one church, built by the Presbyterian society, and at present Rev. Mr. Thompson is pastor. The first merchant who started in this place was E. O. Parks, who is still in business here. On the south of us

is Prairie City, a small village of perhaps 450 inhabitants. On the east is Newton, a village of 600 or 700 inhabitants. Newton is the place and might compare favorably with some of our Eastern villages. There is a Masonic Lodge here, also a Post of the G. A. R. It is the county seat of Jasper County.

The magnificent engine, America, passed through here last Saturday on its way to Council Bluffs. It has not been changed, with the exception of the C. R. I. & P. inscription, since it stood in the Paris Exposition, among the finest machinery in the world, and bore off the Gold Medal as a testimony of the superiority of American machinists. It is a splendid piece of workmanship, and reflects great credit upon the manufacturers. It was built at the Grant works, Patterson, N. J. Its weight is thirty-two tons. Its dimensions are as follows:

Diameter of cylinder,	Feet	Inches
Length of stroke,	30	22
Diameter of driving wheels,	5	6
Diameter of truck wheels,	2	6
Wheel base of engine,	22	4
Diameter of boiler,	4	
Length of boiler tubes,	11	square.
Total tube surface,	811	square.
Total of the fire box,	54	
Grated area	15	02

There are 142 copper tubes two inches in diameter. The cab is of alternate stripes of ash and black walnut, highly polished. The boiler is silver plated and the smoke stack is of German silver. Its cost was \$60,000, although Mr. Grant says he would not make another like it for twice the money. It is intended she will make the first trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific, after which it will run on the C. R. I. & P. R. R., between Chicago and Council Bluffs. May success attend her.

The crops in this part of the country are looking finely. There is every indication of a much larger crop than last year.

The school system of the West is very good, and in my next will give an outline of it. Yours Fraternally, G. E. H.

[For the Oxford Democrat.]

The Maine Medical Association.

The members of this Association met at the City Hall, Portland, on the 15th inst., and continued in session three days. The attendance was large and the proceedings interesting and important.

Dr. I. T. Dana, President of the Association, took the Chair, and after some formal business read his Inaugural Address. The attention of the association was then called to the publication of the transactions of the Association during the past two years. It consists of a handsome volume of 324 pages, made up of Reports of various Committees and interesting cases of medicine and surgery. Every Physician in the State should have a copy; but only those can possess it who are members, as the number of copies is limited.

At the present session many topics came up for consideration. Among those which are of general interest, were the reports on the General Hospital for Maine and on Epidemic diseases. Reports on various subjects of a scientific, professional and practical nature were presented and discussed.

The subject of a General Hospital for the State is receiving much attention, both from the people and the medical profession. As the question presents itself for consideration, its usefulness and necessity become more and more manifest. A capacious building, with well ventilated rooms—under the management of skillful physicians and attendants—securing to all classes accommodations of the highest grade for moderate compensation, can and ought to be attained. The time is coming, and is even now at hand, when every rich, benevolent and humane man will be appealed to for means to carry forward the plans now maturing for the completion of this important undertaking. Com.

TEMPERANCE CELEBRATION. The friends of temperance will hold a basket picnic in the grove of Capt. Lewis Bisbee, in Summer, on Saturday, July 3d. The several Lodges of Good Templars are expected to be present, and all friends of temperance are cordially invited.

The entertainment to consist of Music, instrumental and vocal.—Toasts, Declarations, Dialogues and such other exercises as may be deemed proper.

The Hon. Sidney Perham, of Paris, will be present and address the people on the subject of Temperance.

COMMENCEMENT AT BOWDOIN.—The following parts have been assigned to the members of the Senior Class of Bowdoin College for the forthcoming commencement:

Latin Salutatory.—C. C. Powers.
Orations, English.—J. C. Coombs, T. H. Eaton, F. A. Fogg, F. A. Greene, Clarence Hale, G. T. Mosher, H. S. Whitman.
Philosophical Disquisitions.—N. Call, C. A. Cole, J. H. Kennedy, D. H. Knowlton, L. Lothrop, E. P. Payson, W. H. Perley.
Disquisitions.—O. P. Cunningham, F. A. Woodbury, W. H. Woodwell.
Discussions.—J. Dyke, H. B. Quinby.
Dissertations.—F. H. Boardman, J. C. Cotton.

The executive committee of the Peace Jubilee have decided to repeat the programme of the 17th of June, for the personal benefit of Mr. Gilmore, next Tuesday, with full orchestra, Parepa Rosa, Adelaide Phillips, Ole Bull, etc.

The report thus far shows that in 80 towns, Chamberlain has 290 delegates, and 231 are opposed to him. This is the result in York, Androscoggin and Oxford Counties.

Sheriff Wornell has appointed Oscar F. Trask as one of his deputies for Dixfield and vicinity.

The advance guard of revolutionists has reached New York and the skirmishing is lively.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

The citizens of Oxford County will not be required to leave their homes, this year in order to "attend the Fourth." "Independence Day" is evidently coming to Oxford, this year. It will present itself at South Paris on the 3d of July, where the citizens of that village, with their characteristic benevolence, energy, and enterprise, have arranged a combination of attractions, which should receive the support and countenance of every friend of his Country.

What element of a celebration of our National Birthday can be more appropriate than the Decoration of the Graves, and the Dedication of a Monument, raised to the memory of men "who gave up their lives, that their Country might live."

That element is but one in the combination. The lovers of good music will receive a rich treat on the 3d, at South Paris. Those who wish to listen to words of eloquence and wisdom from the learned gentleman, who will deliver the Address upon the occasion, will be gratified. The property owners to whom Fire companies are Insurance companies, will take a deep interest in the "Trial of Engines," and everybody will take an interest in the Fire Works, in the evening.

Let the adjoining towns and villages give them an old fashioned "Fourth of July crowd."

We understand that the preparations and arrangements for the Celebration at Bryant's Pond, on the 6th of July, are being fully carried out, and that a big gathering is confidently expected.

Boston Correspondence.

Among the many interesting scenes I have witnessed in Boston and vicinity, this month, was the 231st anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. After receiving the Governor at the State House, they marched to the Old South, where a highly interesting sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, of R. I. It was every way calculated to elevate man.—Among the many officers that marched in the ranks with a musket, was Gen. Banks. I saw among the members Wm. E. Bicknell, formerly of Hartford, and Joseph F. Paul, of York, now second in command. I saw the Knight Templars leave the Masonic Temple, to the music of Hall's Band, for Philadelphia, to do escort duty. Their rich and emblematic uniform, with full ranks and fine appearance of the men, was a rich treat. The review of six thousand troops under Butler, by Gen. Grant on horse back, and other dignitaries among which was our Governor, was one of the most splendid military scenes I ever witnessed. It being on Tremont Street, where 50 thousand spectators could see without risk of life, and the steps to those beautiful modern dwellings furnished seats for thousands of ladies.

The review of 600 pupils under arms, from the Latin and High Schools of the city, by the President on foot, before he proceeded to visit the Legislature in session, was a grand sight for him who contemplates the future.

The appearance of Farragut reminded me of Lafayette, 45 years ago; he was full of life and cheer. I have seen the portraits of upwards of 100 of the fallen heroes who went to crush the rebellion, from the only son—a youth who had graduated with high honors in our first colleges—to him who had battled years in life's career. Among the number was a brave officer of Maine.

I have listened to powerful sermons on the Sabbath, and to laymen in the conference room; had a seat in the Lodges of I. O. of G. T., and witnessed the life like recitals of the drunkard, at the Museum, but all fall far below the great, sublime scene at the Coliseum on the 17th. Having secured a ticket ten days previous, I started one and a half hour before the time of commencing, to avoid the great crowd. When I entered the Common, near the State House, I saw the people were on the move for the great center of attraction. The company increased till we arrived at St. James Avenue, when it was one solid body of human beings. On entering the building an officer seized my ticket—returned me a small part of it and placed me where I could breathe with ease and ascertain who I was, and where bound. I soon found an usher who knew his whole duty. Having taken my seat I was filled with amazement to see the vastness of the building—the flood of humanity and the great taste displayed in the decorations, among which was the coat of arms of every State, surmounted with the eagle, and surrounded with stars and stripes hanging on the inside of the outer row of those lofty pillars that supported the roof. On the inner row were the flags of all nations; all beautifully festooned by those symbols that make us a free people.

Soon every part of the building was occupied, and thousands slunk out who could not procure a ticket at a great advance, or who could not arrive in season—owing to the great mass of humanity—although having purchased a ticket a number of days in advance. One hundred firemen, in uniform, marched in and formed in two rows on the right and left of Gilmore—in front of their anvils. The one that caused the artillery to utter its notes in thunder was near the right of him—who gave the nod—and it was done. As the sublimity of ten thousand voices, with its thousand of instruments, with its hundred anvils, its big drum, its deep toned organ and thundering notes of cannon, can never be described. I will close by saying the part performed by Madame Parepa Rosa, in the Star Spangled Banner, was all that could be anticipated, and on her return at the call of fifty thousand voices she surpassed her first performance in the closing strain. It was the crowning of her life, as she can never sing that glorious piece again before such a vast assembly, including so many musical critics. Boston may well be called the Hub of the universe, in making an impression upon the mind that can never be repeated or lost. While I am penning this 300 young Misses arrayed in white with blue and pink sashes are marching on their way to their sing, this forenoon, at the coliseum. HARTFORD.

Teachers' Institute in Bethel.

Twenty-four teachers met in the Academy on Saturday, June 19th, for the purpose of being drilled in the different methods or devices for encouraging the teacher and pupil's time, and rendering their schools more interesting and efficient. Dr. True, the County Supervisor, called on each teacher in turn to point out her most interesting exercises in her school, and how she managed them, as well as her difficulties. This exercise gave rise to many practical questions and suggestions from the teacher which were exceedingly valuable.

He next introduced some light gymnastics, and then called attention to the different methods of teaching the alphabet. One teacher said she succeeded by what is called the pin-cushion method.

She took an old book or newspaper, and called the attention of the child to a letter, and then, made it stick a pin into every letter it could find of the same kind, and in this way went through the whole alphabet. The subject of spelling was quite fully taken up. No less than forty different methods were presented to the Supervisor. He said that he exhibited these methods only as suggestions to the teacher, and not as a matter of authority. Each teacher must exercise her own judgment in the selection of the best method of conducting the exercise.

Reading was taken with an exercise in an elementary book by the teachers. The spelling and reading exercises were intensely interesting to the teachers. Many different methods were given. Geography was freely discussed. Dr. True spoke of the importance of making it a practical study. He had asked one class who lived on the banks of the Androscoggin river, where it emptied, and they all declared that it emptied into Umbagog Lake. In another school they concluded that it emptied into the Bay of Fundy, while one bright fellow was sure it emptied into Salt Lake! He advised the teachers to talk history and geography together to them. This led to the remark from him, that our teachers are not generally so deficient in book knowledge, as they are in the power of illustration. They were too much afraid to illustrate, simplify and explain the elements of knowledge. Object lessons should occupy some attention in every school, so that the curiosity of children should be excited to investigate for themselves. They should not only be masters of the text book, but be able to illustrate outside of it, if they would succeed. Practice will make perfect in this as in other occupations.

The teacher needs quick perception of things, be active, kind and attentive to the wants of pupils. They should always teach in an animated, conversational and familiar style. Some teachers always speak in an undertone. It makes sleepy, sour looking children to be addressed in a low, dragging, monotonous tone. He then showed them how they might put in practice their knowledge. They could by a string measure an inch, foot, yard and rod in the schoolroom in connection with their table of Long Measure. With a pair of steelyards they could weigh objects in Averdupois weight. Why not? They would learn to guess at distances and weights, and then test their skill by the proof. Let them measure a bushel of sand with a quart. Why not do here what they will be obliged to do all their life? He impressed upon them the importance of short and thorough lessons and constant services. Our habits are the result of repeated acts, so is our knowledge. Hence the necessity of frequent reviews to fix ideas in the mind. The memory and ideas should never be separated in study. No good teacher makes a pupil go all through the rules of grammar and arithmetic without their application in parsing and examples as they go along. The teacher must constantly be a humble learner, who wants success. Self conceit in this direction punishes itself.

He then gave a minute account of one teacher's school in town which he had visited. The teacher had taught seventy different schools, and instead of being antiquated, she was a whole generation ahead of the present age. It was marvelous how much she would accomplish in a school in five days. He advised them if possible to visit her school, where in a few hours they would see much to learn about teaching.

Subjects were freely presented by the teachers, and they went to their respective charges stimulated to greater effort for the good of their pupils. The Institute was eminently successful in every respect, except that some teachers met with a great loss in not being present. It is to be hoped that the Institute at Rumford Pt., 26th inst., will find many teachers there. They will then appreciate their value. He expressed the hope and the belief that the time was near when it would be not only the privilege, but the necessity of teachers to allow such institutes, or else be struck out from the list of useful teachers. A new order of things was being inaugurated in this State, which in due time would bring about important results in the elevation of our common schools.

The following will be appreciated by persons who know how prominent the Representative from the Fourth Maine Congressional District was at the Penobscot bar, and what a monopoly of business he had, before he took his seat in Congress. The other day a gentleman was speaking of Mr. Peters to a rising young lawyer from Bangor, and, thinking of the Congressman's kind, kindly way, irrepressible humor and remarkable courtesy, said: "I should think you Penobscot lawyers would miss Mr. Peters at the bar very much." "By Jove," and the other, very emphatically, "I hope we shall!"

A. C. Phillips esq., late editor and publisher of the Farmington Chronicle, started for his new field of labor, Fort Erie, Canada, on Monday morning accompanied by his family.

Bethel Items.

Bethel, comprising about one hundred and sixty square miles of territory, has now seven churches for public worship, as follows:

Bethel Hill, one Congregationalist, one Methodist, one Universalist; at West Bethel one Freewill Baptist, at Mayville one Congregationalist, at Middle Intervale one Baptist, and Bean's Corner one do. These are all regular religious places of worship. Rev. Mr. Titus, the new pastor of the first Congregational church, is laboring zealously to fill up that large and highly ornamented church, the largest in town, capable—with the new and beautiful gallery—of accommodating full four hundred souls. We have just been reading the Sights and Secrets of the National Capitol, a work descriptive of Washington City, by Dr. John B. Ellis. Mr. E. says in his preface, the pet child of the Republic, Washington City, is unknown by the American people. Few have seen it, and there is no work in print, describing its varied attractions and sights, or making plain that inner life which daily transpires within it, and in which the whole country is so much interested. It is the centre from which radiates those influences which make our national existence great or feeble and the entire Republic is affected by its weal or woe.—There is a growing desire manifested on all sides to know more of the capitol of the nation, and it is the object of this volume to gratify the landable and natural curiosity. We believe it is a book that should be in the possession of every family. Charles Chapman, Esq., is Agent in this section. Call at R. A. Chapman's store, Main St., and examine for yourself.

We notice that the apple blossom in this town was not so good as last year. The caterpillars have made faint attacks on the picket lines this season, as though ashamed of the destruction wrought by the mice, the past winter upon apple orchards.

The elegant stand which is being erected by Elijah Berry, our Station Agent, will be a model of beauty when completed. We notice Hill's elastic roofing is getting to be quite popular in our villages. Ayer and Sawyer are agents for this town, and are doing a good thing in introducing it.

Our County Supervisor, Dr. N. T. True, is faithfully attending to his school duties, and we believe he is the right man to fill that responsible position. May his untiring labors be crowned with success.

The farmers have been repairing the roads, for they were in a bad condition. The heavy rains washed and gullied them badly. The road leading from the Baptist church near Bean's Corner, through the center of the town to A. P. Blake's, has been put in good condition, and those who wish to travel from Rumford to Bethel Hill, will find it three miles nearer than any other route.

A disgraceful act occurred one night last week in this village by some mean, dirty scamps, who riled Mr. Woodson Mason's clothes line of some thirty dollars worth of clothing, and left for parts unknown. Col. C. S. Edwards lost some on the same night. We understand Sheriff Wornell is close on their track.

A sad accident befell Mr. Urban York one day last week while at work in the bed-stead factory, at Walker's Mills. Mr. York was sawing with the circular saw, when a stick caught in the saw, which was going at full speed, and was flung with a buzz, striking him in the forehead, knocking him senseless. Dr. Davis of Lockes' Mills was soon on the ground, and dressed his wound. We understand today he is doing as well as could be expected.

Dixfield Items.

Mr. Editor: It has been a long while since you have heard from our village, and many have doubtless inquired where are the Dixfield Items.

The temperance question, which has been the general topic from this place for your paper, is by no means growing cold. We feel here that we have done a great and good work already; and a work too from which there will flow many beneficial results. Many hearts have been made glad from the result of our earnest labors.

The temperance and moral reform meetings which were spoken of in our first article are held weekly, and the "faithful few" who seem now to be the most earnest in the cause, are seen to be present every evening at their post of duty regardless of rainy weather. We believe the suppression of intemperance to be a noble cause; for many a promising youth in our State, has fallen by the blighting and withering curse of intemperance and other kindred vices, which go hand and hand with it. It is an individual, social and moral calamity, and has swept over our land, and nipped many a promising youth just in the bud of life—and we as coworkers in this glorious cause of suppressing intemperance and other kindred vices, do not wish that the youth may have a chance to say of us, that we set the wrong example before them, that we educated them, that intemperance was a trivial evil; that it was harmless to partake now and then of a sly glass of sparkling wine; but we would teach them as is taught in the Holy Scriptures, that "wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging, and whoso is deceived thereby is not wise." We wish to set such an example before the young, and rising generation, who are to grow up, and go forth to tug at the wheels of our great Ship of State, as will enable them to fill well the places, soon to be vacant, of those now in power. But while speaking of the suppression of rum-selling, we would not be understood to convey the idea, that there is not already, sufficient law upon our statute books, to accomplish the object; we do believe that the present law, if put in force, will wipe from every blighting village and city in our State, the blighting curse of rum-selling, and excessive drinking. One thing is sure, the people in this village have done more towards the suppression of liquor selling, in the short space of three months, than was done in a whole year when the constabulary

law was in force, and that too without any expense to the State as yet. It is not to be expected that a man sixty or even thirty miles distant from a place, under a salary of a thousand dollars a year, can look after the liquor selling in that place, as well as the citizens themselves; and we believe there are staunch temperance men enough in every place, to hold the great evil in obedience. But enough of this, and we conclude by saying that rum, instead of being sold as it was three or four months ago, openly, and in defiance of law, if sold at all, is done in a very sly, secret manner, in our village, and the good people of this place hail the new era with joy.

The Congregationalist Sabbath School had a concert last Sabbath eve, which was pronounced a great treat by all present. The Universalist School are preparing for a concert in a few weeks. The Sabbath Schools, are both in a flourishing condition.

The body of Gibbons, one of the river drivers that was drowned, was found just above the village, last Saturday P. M. This completes the number, three in all, that have been found—their friends will probably feel very much relieved to know that they have been found, and buried. The body of Gibbons, was placed in a neat box, and sunk in the river at this place, and his friends have been telegraphed to, and will probably come and remove it to Bangor.

Mr. Judkins, has several new wagons on hand, which he offers for sale on very liberal terms. CORRESPONDENT.

About Pigs.

Mr. Editor: Having had a very unusual experience the past spring, in raising pigs, I will write it out, and you may, if you see fit, find a corner for it in the Agricultural department of the Democrat, that some other pig raiser may profit by it, if they are threatened with a similar experience.

On the morning of May 4, I found a sow with a litter of nine living pigs, and three not living. They appeared to be smart pigs, though rather small. On the morning of the 6th, I picked up three of the number for dead, though one of them was not dead then, but died that afternoon, and one more the next day. On the 10th, another died, and thus they dropped off, one at a time, till the morning of the 16th, when there were but two left, and one of these was fast following the others. Then I thought the matter serious enough to warrant an experiment, and I took them away from the sow, and fed them on cow's milk. In about twenty-four hours they learned to eat, and have eaten heartily ever since; the sick one recovered, and they are now, nice, plump, healthy pigs, and this morning, June 15, weigh severally 22 and 28 pounds.

From the facts, as I have stated them, it is evident that the mother's milk poisoned them; but why, I shall not attempt to decide, but leave that question for some one more learned in pigology than myself.—For further information, I will say that the pigs which died were taken with tremors, crawling about quivering like a lump of jelly, looked very flabby, refused to suck, and would sometimes crawl about the pen squealing piteously, as if they were suffering extremely. I will further say that the sow was fed sparingly the first three or four days; appeared to be healthy, ate well, was not over-fed, and not richly, the food consisting mainly of boiled potatoes and dishwater. E. FORBES.

A MEMORIAL.

Respectfully dedicated to Dr. W. C. GEORGE and Family, of Norway, on the death of their beloved daughter, Ella, who died May 15th, 1868.

May's gentle showers have woke to life The buds of promise spring; And brooks, and birds with many songs, The days have ushered in.

She's brushed the wintry winds to rest, Within her gay arms. And spread her raiment on the hills In all their vernal charms.

The apple blossoms have blushed and paled Beneath the sun's warm glow. In fragrant showers have dotted down, And blossomed early below.

And now, the wind, with hush and pine—Is over thought all the vale, And June with flower-filled hands has strown Sweet blossoms on hill and dale.

Yet still she loved Ella sleeps—Through all this light and bloom—Beneath the ever murmuring pines That shade her early tomb.

The lips that gave the good-night kiss Are motionless, pale and cold—Oh life, how frail a thing thou art! Oh death, how sure thy hold!

All day, that long dark, funeral day, The wind sighed sad and low, The birds had lost their merry songs, And all day sang of woe.

Pennecesse's sad and wailing waves, All day sobbed on the shore, And darker shadows of the pines—Its sullen wailers bore.

A more than subtle silence reigned, A hush was in the air, And young eyes wept—and grey heads bowed, That day in funeral prayer.

[Continued from first page.]

sugar is not there; if later, the sugar has become converted to woody matter. Hay should be well wilted in the sun, but not in the shade. Better to be a little too green than too dry. If, on putting it into the barn, there is danger of heating in the mow, put on some salt. Cattle will like it none the less.

Heat, light, and dry winds will soon take starch and sugar, which constitute the goodness of hay, out of it; and the addition of showers render it almost worthless. Grass cured with the least exposure to the drying winds and scorching sunshine, is more nutritious than if longer exposed, however good the weather may be. If over cured, it contains more woody fibre and nutritive matter.

The true art of hay-making, then, consists in cutting the grass when the sugar and starch are most fully developed, and before they are converted into seed and woody fibre; and curing it to the point when it will answer to put into the barn without heating, and no more.

A writer in the Maine Farmer, says "hay should always be cut with all its juices intact and before its seed is ripe. To do this effectively, sweating in cock is better than too much exposure to the hot sun; and if the weather is showery, cloth caps for the cocks will sometimes pay for themselves the first season in the quality of the hay alone."

The above statements are true in every particular. They have been verified in numerous instances. Fifteen years ago, we purchased fifty caps at a cost of forty cents each. They protected a crop of grain the first year, during a seven days' storm, and fully saved their cost in that single instance.

The following is from the Valley Farmer, good authority:—"The whole science of haymaking consists in three things: First, cut the grass when in blossom; second dry it not much; third, let it go through a sweating process before it goes into the barn. On these three things depend the quality of hay. Hay should be grass preserved. The nearer to the fresh, tender, succulent grass you get it, the better. Could we have grass growing in winter, how much better than hay. Well, hay is unattainable to do this as near as we can. Wadry apples and berries so that we may have them in winter. But we can't have them absolutely fresh, so with grass; we preserve it, and hay is the result."

Grass, when in blossom, has its full growth, excepting the seed. It is yet tender in measure, and it has one advantage which no other stage of the grass possesses—it develops its sugar then. Especially is this the case with clover, whose head, when in blossom, is a globe of sweetness.

The best farmers have decided that the blossoming time is the best time to cut the grasses, especially the clover. When grass is ripe, what is it good for? Certainly not for pasture; and will it be better when it is still farther dried and made hard?

The object should be to save the grass as nearly as possible in this condition. Expose it to the air and sun until it is thoroughly wilted. By that time most of the moisture which is mere water, has escaped, and the juices, holding in solution the nutritive properties, are retained and in themselves not spoiling, but keeping the hay soft and pliant.

Continued heat will evaporate them, and rains and dews will soon remove them and leave a dry, almost worthless stalk. The sun is injurious. It bleaches and evaporates too strongly. The best way is to cure in the shade as much as possible, and that is better done in the cock. Cured in this way, it is fragrant, nutritious, and greenest of greens.

At a discussion in New York State Fair in September, 1863, the general subject was "Grass—Kinds, Quality, Proper time for cutting, and best method of curing for hay." During the discussion, some of the best farmers in the country gave their opinions, and we believe they all agreed on these two points, viz: that early cut grass makes the best hay, and that it is better dried mainly in the shade.

Among the speakers were J. Stanton Gould, a skillful botanist and an eminent practical person, who said:—"Prof. W. a distinguished chemist, found that grass mowed just in the flower was the most nutritious. When grass is allowed to ripen its seed, the straw is converted into woody fibre, is indigestible, and its nutritive value very much lessened. Animals fed upon hay of grass cut in flower are more thrifty and hearty, and show a sleeker coat than when fed upon hay made from grass matured before being cut. When timothy is allowed to mature its seed, its stems are mere dry straw, the sugar and gum which they contained having turned into woody fibre. The seeds do not open in the animal, but are passed off. The best way to make hay is to cut grass when the dew is off, and allow it to wilt, which, in a hot sun requires four hours, then, towards evening, rake and cock, and next day if the weather is fine, open, dry, and haul into the barn."

Mr. Van Alstyne said he cut 100 to 125 acres annually. "I commence mowing in the morning, after the dew is off; start the rake after dinner, and get all in cock before 5 o'clock. Get it in the next day, if the weather is favorable."

Ripe timothy is no better than barley straw. I make it a rule to cut my grass as early as possible, most of it the first week in July."

Col. Brewer said he had followed cutting grass green since 1822. Cut clover from the 18th to the 25th of June. Believes the sugar saved by cutting just in the blow is of more nutritive value than four times what it would be if left to mature the seed.

Mr. Dederick performed to cut early, and if all the crop could not be cut at the right time, thinks it better to cut when a little too green than when too ripe. When grass is cut early "it is better for the fields."

Jersey Stock for Dairy.

It appears to me if farmers would study their own interest they would give more attention to this now popular stock, which is just beginning to take its stand as the first for dairy purposes, which should have been done long ago. Probably the best stock of this breed to be found in Maine is in Winthrop, and adjoining towns, which has been preserved from the importations of the late Dr. Holmes, who wished to do something for Maine farmers, but his efforts were appreciated by few, which should have been otherwise. But when this importation was made to this State they appeared to be of a puny weakly nature, and as the farmers of this vicinity were largely dependent on stock raising for profit from their farms it was not so much to be wondered at that they did not enter into it with so much zeal, but the time has now arrived where every farmer keeping three or four cows should have one or more of the Jersey. They are not so great milkers as some others, but it is no uncommon thing for them to produce milk of such quality and richness that four quarts of milk will produce a pound of butter of fine grain and beautiful flavor unknown to all other breeds. They are hardy, small eaters, and docile; and are fond of being petted, and in fact just what every family should have. As to profit, I will give a few cases of the product and profit accruing from them, from the dairy and from the stock. A fair Jersey will make from 12 to 14 pounds of the best of butter per week, which is readily marketed at about five cents per pound above the ruling prices of butter of other grades. Now you have to keep two cows of larger breeds to produce this amount, and the cost for keeping much more for each than for the little Jersey. Certainly when butter is worth from 40 to 50 cents a pound, and hay \$12 to \$20 per ton, is there not a balance in favor of the Jersey? It looks so. To me, again, I met a man on board of the cars, recently, from Yarmouth, who in 1861, purchased a full blood Jersey cow from Winthrop, of the Holmes stock, from which he has sold one thousand dollars worth of stock and has now on hand one four year old, one two year old, the old cow, and two calves. Now who can say they have realized more in eight years from one cow? He has received \$200 and upwards for them, when two years old, at which time they generally come in, and has generally retained the calf.

The Wellington brothers of Lexington, Mass., have made an importation of fifty, direct from the Islands, of their own selection, three of which they lost on the passage out. They have sold the balance to good account, the lowest price obtained was \$312 and this was not a well animal, and the highest price obtained was \$750, i. e., \$600 for cow and \$150 for her bull calf. They have now gone to Europe to personally attend to the selection of another importation. Mr. Cheney has also made an importation of very fine specimens of this stock which will be scattered throughout New England, and ere long we hope we shall see our farmers giving more attention to this long neglected breed, and our dairies stand on a basis with Vermont and New York. I may be lengthy, but if I can say anything to induce our stock raisers to launch out in this breed, I think they cannot be otherwise than well repaid for the first outlay if they do pay high figures. When calves a few days old bring from thirty to forty dollars, and two year olds two hundred dollars, I think they must see it is not all excitement or speculation, for they have gradually increased in favor for the last ten years and will continue for the next ten to come.

Road Dust and Vegetation.
No careful observer will deny that the trees along much frequented roads, especially when exposed to the influence of prevailing winds, distinguish themselves in the rapidity of their growth and the luxuriance of their foliage as being more thriving than those of the neighboring wood. This fact is being ascribed to the dust from the roads which is carried and deposited by the wind upon their branches and foliage. Dry road dust contains from eight to ten per cent of organic matter, arising from the excrement of animals, from straw, hay or grain which may have fallen from wagons frequenting the road. After having been pulverized by carriage wheels to a fine dust, they form a large amount of already decomposed and readily soluble nourishment for vegetable growth. Roads kept in a good condition, are therefore not only important promoters of the civilization of the district wherein they are located on account of easier transportation, but also because of an inexpensive but not less efficient fertilizer. In this sense, at the first, unapparent causes that explanation of many of the declared mysteries of vegetation may be found. [Manufacturer and Builder.

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Stock Company.

INCORPORATED 1862.

THE UNION INSURANCE COMPANY,

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Offer to the public reliable protection against loss and damage by

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SAM'L R. CARTER,

AGENT,

PARIS HILL, ME.

April 3, 1869.

OXFORD COUNTY Insurance Agency!

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\$25,000,000.00.

Twenty-Five Million Dollars.

If you want Insurance of any kind, call upon

HOWE, and he will put you into any of the

following Companies, which are the

Best in the Country!

And the best is always the

Cheapest in the end.

Patronize Home Agents,

And not get swindled by these wandering Jews,

who represent irresponsible Companies.

Statements of the best Companies may be seen

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ATNA, of Hartford.

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RAILWAY PASSENGER, Hartford.

FREELAND HOWE,

AGENT,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

March 5, 1869.

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DIXFIELD,

AGENT for the following

LIFE AND FIRE

INSURANCE AGENCY!

FOR

OXFORD COUNTY.

Capital Represented, over \$34,000,000.00!

Thirty Four Million Dollars!

SAMUEL R. CARTER,

General Insurance Agent & Underwriter,

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MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of New York.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY, of Brooklyn, New York.

UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, of Bangor, Maine.

Applications by mail for Circulars or Insurance, promptly answered, and any part of the Company

afforded if requested.

INSURE YOUR LIFE ON THE

ENDOWMENT PLAN,

IN THE GREAT

Mutual Life Insurance Company,

OF NEW YORK.

ASSETS OVER \$33,000,000.00, ALL CASH.

Policy No. 18,605 was issued May 30, 1867, for \$5,000, age 35, payable at 50,—annual premium, \$140,

80,—and became due May 30, 1868, when it was paid.

Amount of Policy, \$5,000.

" " Dividends, \$2,025.

Total amount received by the Insured, \$7,025.

If the insured had loaned the Premiums paid at six per cent, compounded interest, he would have received only \$6,903.44; hence by depositing his money with us he received \$25.56 more, and had his life insured at the same time.

Sam'l R. Carter, Paris Hill, Me., Agent for

OXFORD COUNTY.

MORTON'S PATENT ADJUSTABLE

DRAG RAKE.

A Drag Rake that will suit Everybody.

RETAIL PRICE, \$1.25.

This Rake can in a moment's time be adjusted to the height of any person whatever.

It will suit a tall man, a short man, or boy. It will suit everybody. It will be right when new,—it will always be right.

It is equally as Strong and Light as the old-fashioned Rake,

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Try them, they are Warranted to give satisfaction.

For Orders promptly filled and liberal discount to the trade.

MORTON, FOLBES & CROCKETT.

West Sumner, Me., June 4, 1869.

THE EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Society,

OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 92 Broadway, New York City.

Am't Assured, \$150,000,000

Cash Assets, \$5,000,000

Annual Premium Income, \$5,000,000

Policies Issued, 35,000

New Business during the year ending Sept. 30, '68,

\$51,860,514.00.

Its Policies assure the LARGEST of any American Company. It issues all desirable Non-Forfeiting

Policies on a single Life, from \$25 to \$25,000.

All Profits divided among Policy Holders annually from the start.

It is the most successful Company ever organized and, for its years, the Largest Mutual Life Insurance Company in the World.

BENJ. COLBY, General Agent.

491-2 Exchange St., Portland, Me.

Jan. 10, 1869.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE, BY AUCTION.

PURSUANT to a license from the Honorable

Edward Fox, U. S. District Judge for the District

of Maine, the undersigned, Assignee of Henry

F. Morton and Benjamin F. Bates, individually

and as co-partners, will sell by public auction, on

the premises at WEST SUMNER, in the County of

Oxford and State of Maine, on

Saturday, June 26, 1869, at 1 o'clock P. M.,

all the right, title and interest which he and

either of said Bankrupts had on the 26th of Feb-

ruary, A. D. 1868, or which both of either of said

Bankrupts now have, in, to, and certain Real Estate

situate in said West Sumner, and being all the

above premises conveyed to said Benjamin F. Bates

by their deeds, dated Nov. 23th, A. D. 1861,

and duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for

Oxford