

# The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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## Farmers' Department.

### "SPEED THE FLOW."

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are mutually connected with Agriculture.—A. J. C. C.

### European Agriculture.

CHANGE OF SEED WHEAT.—Early Ripening, &c. During the present year, the Rural New Yorker has contained a considerable number of articles upon wheat, its cultivation and characteristics, and, among the subjects discussed, the advantages to be derived from a change of seed, have had a full share of notice. Our brethren across the water are agitating the question, and we may be able to draw something of benefit from their conclusions. In the London Agricultural Gazette, of October 1st, a correspondent wants a change of seed. He has asked advice from one of his neighbors, who recommends him to go to the north and obtain from a colder climate the change he needs; he has asked another of his neighbors, and by him he is recommended to go to the southern counties and obtain his seed, where the harvest is three weeks earlier than it is in Scotland. Now, whose recommendation is it to adopt?

This is the query, and the editor replies as follows:—"Let it, in the first place, be admitted, that a healthy grown, thoroughly ripened seed is perfect of its kind, and that, these conditions being fulfilled, it matters nothing whether it be grown on chalk, or clay, or sand. A 'change' from one geological formation to another, or from one farm to another, is not, as some seem to think it, necessarily an advantage. But you can obtain healthy grown and thoroughly ripened wheat in any county in the kingdom, and if, having it, you have that which is perfect of its kind, it is plain that you need not travel for a 'change.' The question, however, is—what of the character of a grain is involved in this term 'kind' and the answer we presume to be—all that it inherited or can transmit. Now nothing is more certain in agricultural experience than that, besides those characters of plants which botanists admit as the permanent distinctions of species, there are other habits or features, of greater or less permanence, which plants acquire by the constant treatment of the cultivator or the constant influence of habituation and climate, and which, though capable of alteration and ultimate extinction by other treatment, are yet not altogether transient, but will reappear in subsequent seasons in greater or less degree according as the circumstances of the locality or season are favorable or otherwise. Thus we doubt not that a 'kind' distinguished for several years under good cultivation for extraordinary productiveness, will be more likely than one of inferior character in this respect, to yield well under inferior cultivation. And the advice which we should offer to our correspondent would be, simply to look out for seed of a sort which has been known for many years to yield most bountifully per acre of good grain. If he can get it from his neighbor, then he will be wiser than the trouble of sending to either end of the island for it.

There are, however, characters which grain from Sweden and from Aberdeen respectively are likely to bring with them in addition to the quantity or quality of the produce; and if a choice must be made between the two, it must hinge upon the relative value of those characteristics which the respective climates of those countries are likely to have conveyed, and as it was imparted. In hardness and ability to withstand severity of winter and spring respectively desired, then seed from the northern county will probably be preferred. It is needless of ripening desired, then though this is probably a less certain character than the other, yet it is more likely to be found in grain from Sweden than in that from Aberdeen. It is probable that the latter is generally in this country the most valuable character of the two, and that if our correspondent cannot get what he wants at hand, he had better apply to some wheat grower in the South."

THE FLEMISH BEAUTY PEARL. A correspondent of the Valley Farmer says:—"I have been particularly struck this season with the excellence of this pear. It appears to bear young and abundantly, every year, and its fruit is evenly distributed through the tree; not encumbering the limbs by its great weight. The tree does not seem subject to blight like other pears. The fruit is large, heavy, and exceedingly rich in sugar, having a high flavor somewhat resembling the grape, and of a moist juicy, melting succulence in the mouth, in dry weather, after a dusty ride. It steeps beautifully, long before it is fully ripe, requiring but little sugar either cooked, canned, or preserved, and from its solid consistence keeps well. We have a magnificent Barlett standing right next to it, which ripens about the same time, but the birds, the bees, the wasps, and the children, prefer the Flemish Beauty. Like the Barlett, it requires a rich cultivation, and the application of manure containing urinary qualities. With such treatment, it will yield heavily year after year. Apply, also, lime or ashes to the surface of the soil as far as the roots extend." (E. P. C., in Ohio Valley Farmer.)

PUTTING CORN TO BED. The American Agriculturist recommends farmers to save the young corn from frost, by covering it with earth. It says:—"A farmer in Massachusetts, feeling quite certain, from the sharpness of the air one afternoon in May, that his corn would be nipped with frost that night, called all his hands together,

and covered about an acre of young blades with dirt, by simply heaving a little soil over each hill. The frost came, and the next day was so cold that he left the corn covered. Next day, on removing the dirt, the blades looked, he said, as if they had lain in bed two nights with their clothes on, but in a day or two they recovered, and grew again as if they had not been touched. The remainder of the field and his neighbors' fields were out to the ground."

### Durability of Timber.

The durability of timber is almost incredible. The following are a few examples for illustration, being vouched for by Baffon, Du Hamel, Ronslet, and others:—The piles of a bridge built by Trajan, after having been driven more than sixteen hundred years, were found to be petrified four inches, the rest of the wood being in its ordinary condition.

The also piles under the piers of London Bridge have been in use more than seven hundred years, and are not yet materially decayed.

Beneath the foundation of Savoy place, London, oak, elm, beech and chestnut piles and planks were found in a state of perfect preservation, after having been there for six hundred and fifty years.

While taking down the old walls of Tunbridge Castle, Kent, there was found, in the middle of a thick stone wall, a timber curb, which had been enclosed for seven hundred years.

Some timbers of an old bridge were discovered while digging for the foundations of a house at Dutton Park, Windsor, which ancient records incline us to believe were placed there prior to the year 1200. The durability of timber out of the ground is even greater still. The roof of the basilica of St. Paul, at Rome, was framed in the year 826, and now, after more than a thousand years, it is still sound; and the original cypress wood doors of the same building, after being in use more than six hundred years, were, when replaced by others of brass, perfectly free from rot or decay; the wood retaining its original color. The timber dome of St. Mark, at Venice, is still good, though more than eight hundred and fifty years old.

The roof of the Jacobin convent, at Paris, which is of fir, was executed more than four hundred and fifty years ago. The age of our country's settlement does not enable us to refer to examples of like antiquity; but no good reason appears to exist why timber may not be as durable in America as in Europe. Many old white pine cornices here exist, which, having been long carefully painted, have been exposed to the storms of more than a hundred and fifty years. The wood is still sound, and the arcades as good as when they were made; while ironstone, in the same neighborhood, has decayed badly in less than fifty years. (Pillows' Text Book of Modern Carpentry.)

### Poverty Not so Great a Curse.

If there is anything in the world that a young man should be more grateful for than another, it is the poverty which necessitates his starting in life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence. A triumph over it is like graduating with honor from West Point. It demonstrates honor and stamina. It is a certificate of worthy labor creditably performed. A young man who cannot stand this test is not good for anything. He can never rise above a drudge or a pauper. A young man who cannot feel life will burden as the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his pluck will with every difficulty that poverty throws in his way, may as well retire into some corner and hide himself. Poverty saves thousands more men than it ruins; for it only ruins those who are not particularly worth saving, while it saves multitudes of those whom wealth would have ruined. If any young man who reads this letter is so unfortunate as to be rich, I give him my pity. I pity you, my rich friend, because you are in danger. You lack one great stimulus to effort and excellence, which your poor companion possesses. You will be very apt, if you have a soft spot in your head, to think yourself above him, and that sort of thing makes you mean, and injures you. With full pockets and full stomach, and good linen and broadcloth on your back, your heart and soul plodder, in the race of life you will find yourself surpassed by all the poor boys around you, before you know it.

No, my boy, if you are poor, thank God and take courage; for he intends to give you a chance to make something of yourself. If you had plenty of money, ten chances to one it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? Have you been out short in the text books? Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses. What can you do? That is the question that settles the business for you. Do you know your business? Do you know men and how to deal with them? Has your mind, by any means whatsoever, received that discipline which gives to its action, power and facility? If so, then you are more a man, and a thousand times better educated than the fellow who graduates from a college with his brains full of stuff that he cannot apply to the practical business of life—stuff, the acquisition of which has been in no sense a disciplinary process, so far as he is concerned. There are very few men in this world less than thirty years of age, and unmarred, who can afford to be rich. One of the greatest benefits to be reaped from great financial disasters, is the saving of a large crop of young men. (Timothy Titecomb.)

### The Heroism of Common Life.

Grace Greenwood is a "hero worshipper" of a rather uncommon type, and in her search after heroic men and women, has sought for examples where, perhaps, few would expect to find them. That she has a just and Catholic idea of what real heroism is, we think it will be proven by the following extract from the Boston lectures:—

"The heroism of private life, the slow, unchronicled martyrdoms of the heart, the self-sacrifices greater than any knightly dragon-slayer of old, is the man who overcomes an unlovely passion, sets his foot upon it, and stands serene and strong in virtue. Greater than Zenobia is the woman who struggles with a love that would wrong another, or degrade her own soul, and conquers. The young man, ardent and tender, who turns from the dark love of woman, and buries deep in his heart the sweet instinct of paternity, to devote himself to the care and support of aged parents or an unfortunate sister, and whose life is a long sacrifice, in many cheerful and majestic complaint, is a hero of the rarest type—the type Charles Lamb. I have known but two such. The young woman who resolutely stays with father and mother in the old home, while brothers and sisters go forth to happy homes of their own, who cheerfully lays upon the altar of filial duty that costliest of human sacrifices, the joy of loving and being loved—she is a heroine. I have known many such. The husband who goes home from weary routine and the perplexing cares of business, with a cheerful smile and a loving word to his invalid wife; who brings not against her the grievous sin of a long sickness, and reproaches her not for the cost and discomfort thereof; who sees in her languid eyes something dearer than girlish laughter, in the sad face and faded cheeks that blossom into smiles and even blushes at his coming, something lovelier than the old-time spring roses—he is a hero. I think I know one such.

The wife who bears her part in the burden of life—seemingly it be the larger part—bravely, cheerily, never dreaming that she is a heroine, much less a martyr; who bears with the faults of a husband not altogether congenial, with loving patience and a large charity, and with a noble decision hiding them from the world—who makes no confidants and asks no confidence, who refrains from brooding over short-comings in sympathy and sentiment, and from seeking for pitiful 'afflictions,' who does not build high tragedy sorrow on the inevitable, nor feel an earthquake in every family jar; who sees her husband united with herself individually and eternally in their children—she, the wife in every truth, in the sword as in the outward, is a heroine, though of rather an unobtrusive type."

INCREASING THE WEIGHT OF WOOL. The Battle Creek Jeffersonian thus describes a method adopted by some New England farmers to improve the aggregate weight of the fleeces of their sheep:—"They noted the weight of fleeces of each sheep in the flock; opposite was set the number of the sheep, a corresponding number having been branded upon the animal itself, at the time of taking its last clip. This course has been pursued for some years, and its results were apparent in a wool crop, brought up from an average of four pounds to over five, and a corresponding increase in size and quality of sheep. The practice had been to slaughter and otherwise dispose of all animals ranking lowest in weight of fleeces, and to improve upon the quality of the remainder, by judicious crossing. The crop of this flock was disposed of at 48 cents per pound, while we were there, a back's fleeces bringing the snug sum of \$5.

CALLING DINNERS. A correspondent at Natchez, Mississippi, writes us that, while recently dining at a hotel in Vicksburg, he heard some one calling out words in tones very much like a charcoal man or an oyster seller, but with an articulation it was difficult to understand. After making several inquiries, he was informed that the speaker was the proprietor of the public house, announcing to his hungry patrons the names of the various kinds of animal food, that he stood ready, carved and fork in hand, to deal out to them. In reply to the question, why such a course was necessary when there were bills of fare on the table, he was told that many of the Southern "eaters" were not able to read! (Boston Transcript.)

TAKING COOL. A "Cool" is not necessarily the result of low or high temperature. A person may go from a hot bath directly into a cold one, or into snow even, and not take cool. He may remain out in the coldest atmosphere until chilled through, and still not take cool. On the contrary, he may take cool by pouring a couple of tablespoonfuls of water upon some parts of his dress, or by standing in a door, or before a stove, or sitting near a window or other opening, where one part of the body is colder than another part. Let it be kept in mind that uniformity of temperature over the whole body, is the great thing to be looked after. "It is the unequal heat upon different parts of the body that produces colds, by disturbing the uniform circulation of the blood, which in turn induces congestion of some part. If you must keep a partially wet garment on, it would perhaps be as well to wet the whole of it uniformly. The feet are the great source of colds, on account of the variable temperature they are subjected to. Keep these always dry and warm, and avoid draughts of air, hot or cold, and keep the system braced up by plenty of sleep, and eschew debilitating foods and drinks, and you will be proof against colds. (Am. Ag.

## MISCELLANY.

From Chamber's Miscellany.

### HELEN SYMINGTON.

A TALK OF TWEEDEDALE.

Amidst the hills of Tweeddale, there are many lonely valleys, which seem remote from all human ken—the little separate regions, where you may loiter for a summer's day without seeing a living thing, save a few straggling sheep, which lift up their heads in seeming wonder as you pass. Or there may rise at your feet a startled hare, or a covey of unroofed, unused to such intrusion; where no sound reaches your ear excepting the song of the skylark, the bleat of the sheep, the hum of the wild bee, and the low murmuring of a burn, stealing along its quiet way to pay its tribute to the Tweed. It was to one of these sequestered spots being a stranger in the country, that I was one day led by an old man, who undertook to be my guide to the best streams for trout-fishing. But though now deserted by man, as I have described the valley, there had been a time when it was inhabited, as appeared from a ruinous and ruined hut, over the walls of which the ivy and the wild-flower had apparently crept for years. I observed to my guide what a lonely dwelling it must have been. "It was so," said the old man; "love and youth can make any place paradise; and happiness once dwelt there, 'twas it did not continue; and though the fate of its hapless inhabitants made a great noise in the country at the time, it is now in a measure forgotten, for it is more than fifteen years since a fire was kindled in that lone house."

Perceiving by this that something remarkable had happened to the last occupants of the desolate hut, and being tired from ascending and descending the neighboring hills, I sat down, and requested the old man, who was the schoolmaster of a village where I had for some days taken up my abode, to gratify my curiosity by repeating to me the story to which he had alluded. The place where I had chosen my seat was a little grassy bank, near the brink of the rivulet, and about forty yards below the site of the little ruin, which stood on the side of a hill; and the old man having placed himself beside me, began his narration.

"My occupation as a teacher gives me, of course, an opportunity of observing with accuracy the dispositions of the youth I instruct; and I have never met with a girl of more ardent affections, or of better temper, or who possessed more amiable qualities, than Helen Symington. She was the daughter of an honest and respectable weaver in our village, of which, as she grew up to womanhood, she was the pride. When scarcely twenty years old, she married William Brydon, a sensible, well disposed young man, who was principally supported by the owner of this property, and came here with him to live in that cottage which is now a ruin, but which was then, by the unwearied industry of Helen, a neat and comfortable habitation; and never, in those early days of her marriage, did Iark care more brightly to the sun, than did she while employed in her household occupations, or, as passing over the heather with a light step, she carried some refreshment to her William, when detained at his flock in some more distant sheep-walk. Even when left by herself in this wild solitude, she felt no loneliness, for all was peace and joy within and without. William loved her entirely, and she loved him; and she knew it, and in that knowledge all her earthly wishes were complete. Yet was this feeling of felicity still increased, when before the year had completed its circle, she sat on a summer evening, on yonder little turf seat at the door, with her infant in her arms, watching her husband descending the opposite hill, and drawing nearer and nearer till at length her baby stirred with her in his embraces. The second winter of their abode here was unusually severe; but it was William's care to guard his wife and child from its inclemency, by many little ingenious contrivances to render their cottage more impervious to the cold; while Helen looked forward each day with longing solicitude to the evening hour which restored him to a participation of its comforts and seated him by its cheerful hearth. And thus the winter passed away, and they began to anticipate the varied joys of spring, when the birds would again sing around their cot, and all nature, awakened from its wintry sleep, would start into life and joy. The month of February arrived, and the weather seemed so settled and serene, that, for two successive Sabbaths, Helen, with her infant enveloped in her cloak, and accompanied by her husband, had crossed the hills to the parish church. On the second of these Sabbaths they took sweet counsel, and walking together to the house of God, they conversed of a better and a purer world, where they should fear no after-parting. And as Helen listened to her husband, who was eloquent on this subject, she thought she had never heard him speak so like a minister, or seen him so full of holy hopes. I notice this particularly, as it is a circumstance I shall have occasion to mention again. On the next morning, after this conversation, William departed with the sheep from this valley to a distant fair. The weather was still fine when he gathered his flock, and bade farewell to his beloved Helen for three days, promising to return on the evening of the third. He had never been absent from his home, but twice since his marriage, and that for a single night each time. His wife, however, expressed no fear from being left alone for so unwonted a time; for the fact is, there is in general, more courage in women of her humble rank in life than in

any other, for they are too much occupied to find time for the indulgence of idle alarms; nor do they meet with any encouragement to affect fears till the fully become a habit. Neither did William experience any uneasiness on account of the solitariness of the dwelling in which he was to leave her, considering that very circumstance as the principal warrant for her safety.

The weather, I have said was fine at the time of departure; but in our treacherous climate, and especially in these hilly districts, there is nothing more uncertain than a continuance of settled weather at that season of the year; and never did it exhibit more rapid transitions than during the three days of William's absence. Before the shades of the first night had fallen on the hills, the rain had descended their sides in torrents, and swelled the little burn into a river. On the second night the clouds had disappeared, and a keen frost succeeded which, ere morning, arrested the water in its course, and transformed the ground for some distance around where we now sit into a frozen lake. Again, another change came over the spirit of the storm; dark clouds began to gather, and showers of sleet and snow to fall, till all again was hoary winter. But still, when night came on, there was seemingly, from the quietness of its descent, no depth of snow, though it had at intervals fallen for many hours, and as the time was now arrived when Helen expected to see her husband, she felt no dread of harm; and no sooner had she put her baby to sleep than she prepared a change of garments, a warm supper, a blazing fire, and a clean hearthstone, far her William, and often opened the door to listen and look out, if haply she might discern his dark figure against the opposite white hill, descending the footpath towards his home. She was however as often disappointed, and returned again to heap fresh fuel on the fire, till she began to feel, the heart-sickness of 'hope deferred,' and then the heavy pressure of foreboding evil; and when her baby waked, there were in the melancholy tones of the hymn which she soothed him to rest a soul-subduing pathos; for it has been my lot to hear again that lullaby when it sounded even more deeply affecting than it could then have done. Poor Helen continued all night her visits to the door, till at length, just as morning began to dawn, she heard her name shouted out by the well known voice of William. Joy came to her heart, for she thought he had seen her, and though she looked in vain for him, still he was near. But again she heard his voice, and his words fell distinctly on her ear—'Oh, Helen, Helen, I perish!' She flew to the spot of lightning down the bank; but when she approached near to this spot, her progress was arrested, for the ice from which the water recoiled below, could not bear her weight. And then it was for the first time she discovered, through the misty gleaming of the dawn, and by his own words, that, on William having reached the burn, where the force of the stream below had rendered it follow, the ice had given way, and he was only kept from sinking by his arms resting on the surrounding part, which was still firm. Again and again Helen tried in each direction to reach him in spite of his urgent entreaties to keep off, and his assurances that he had for a length of time, from the manner in which he was wedged between the ice, and its apparent thickness in that place where it was wedged together; though he feared to make the smallest exertion to extricate himself, lest he should go down. In this extremity there was only one chance which gave the agonized wife any cause of saving the life of her husband, and that was to seek for more efficient aid than her own. Meantime William was almost fainting with exhaustion from fatigue, cold and hunger; and Helen, thinking that if she could supply him with food, he would be better able to endure his situation till she could procure assistance, ran to the house, and putting some of what had been intended for her supper into a small basket, took a sheep crook, and, having tied a stick to one end of it, hooked the basket on to the other end, and in this manner conveyed it to him. At the same time she pushed a blanket close to him with the crook, and when he drew it by degrees round his head and shoulders, she returned to the cottage wrapped her child in a small blanket, and throwing her cloak around her, took it in her arms; then, having taken a hasty leave of her husband in words which were half a farewell and half a solemn prayer for his preservation till her return, she set off on her journey of four miles to the next farmhouse for no nearer was there a human dwelling.

Helen Symington was at all times active, but now a supernatural strength seemed given her, and, in spite of her burden, she proceeded swiftly through the snow, ascending the hills with incredible rapidity, and flying rather than running, down their declivities. Thus she proceeded till nearly three of the miles were passed; but the snow, which had ceased falling for some time, now began again to descend quickly, and was accompanied by sudden gusts of wind which drove it full in her face, and prevented her from seeing the different objects by which she marked her way. She wandered on in this manner, endeavoring to avoid the deeper parts of the snow, which the wind was beginning to drift into hills, locks on all sides of her; while she was almost frantic by the fear of losing her way, and by the cries of her infant. In vain did she endeavor to warm him by pressing his little limbs close to her bosom, and by doubling and redoubling the cloak over him,

regardless of her own exposure to the biting blast. He at length ceased crying, and fearful that the torpor of death had seized him, and feeling her own strength beginning to fail, despair seemed to take possession of her, when the snow ceased for a short time, and she found she had wandered far away from the road to the homestead which she had eagerly sought to reach. But thoughts of her husband again strung her nerves, and she once more regained the right direction. This happened several times; and had she alone been concerned, she must have perished; for nothing but the energy inspired by the faint hope of seeing her husband and child prevented her from lying down to die. But what a gleam of joy shot through her overcast frame, when, on looking up just as the fierce blast had swept by, she beheld the farm-house at a short distance! New strength seemed to be again imparted to her stiffening limbs; and at length she reached the door, told her tale, and almost immediately four men, belonging to the farm, were ready to start, with all the necessary implements for extricating William from his singular and perilous situation. Helen's infant who had been benumbed for many hours, showed little signs of recovery; she, however, delivered it though with an aching heart, to the farmer's wife (a benevolent woman, who was herself a mother), and determined, contrary to all advice and opposition, to return to her husband. Nor had she remained could she have served the poor infant, who died shortly after she left the house.

The poor distracted wife, mounted on horseback behind a man, now proceeded on her way with all the speed the animal could exert in its tollsome journey, while her whole soul was absorbed in the one desire of finding her husband alive; of which no hope could have been entertained but for the depth of the valley, which, from the way that the wind set, might in a great measure have occasioned it to escape the drift that was fast blocking up the roads, and transforming plains into hills. But who shall calculate the years of misery which Helen seemed to endure, while this suspense hung over her? She was, as I have said, possessed of deep and ardent feelings, and they were now strained to their utmost tension. After much difficulty in avoiding the deeper wreaths of snow, and in slandering through the less dangerous, the party at length reached the entrance of the valley. All here seemed propitious to their hopes, for the snow was but little drifted. The men who were on foot had, however, by a nearer way, which the horse could not travel, first reached the spot, where, and to tell, though poor William still retained his suspended posture, the snow was drifted over him, and he no longer breathed. They had succeeded, however, in extricating the body, which they bore to the cot, and laid upon the bed before the arrival of Helen, who, with a frantic hope still clinging to her heart, repeated, unweariedly and often, every means to bring him back to life, though failed in all. Alas, poor girl! her young and ardent heart had loved her husband almost to idolatry, and with him the charm of life was dead. The spring of hope and existence was dried up at the fountain head, and the stroke was too heavy for her to bear, and a brain fever was the immediate consequence of her great bodily exertion and mental suffering. For a considerable time her life was despaired of; yet youth, and the natural strength of her constitution, gained a transitory triumph, and some degree of bodily health returned; but the mind had become an utter ruin. She was removed, as soon as it could be safely accomplished, from our village, and became again an inmate of her father's house, where I have often sat for hours listening to the suggestions of a wayward fancy, where William still reigned paramount. Fortunately, all that had passed since the intensity of her suffering began, seemed quite annihilated in her recollection; for she talked of her husband as still absent at the fair, and still sung to her infant that lullaby which she soothed it to sleep on the first night of her misfortunes, and which has often forced tears from my eyes, and the sob from my breast. No tongue can describe the touching melody of her soft and melancholy voice, or the sweet subdued expression of her beautiful countenance, which became daily more wan and delicate; till at the end of two years, her weakness was so great that she was unable to rise from her chair, and I was one evening sent for in haste to see her. When I entered her father's house I was met by the old man, who imparted to me the surprising intelligence that Helen had recovered her senses. I immediately anticipated that a change was about to take place, and had no sooner looked upon her than I was confirmed in my opinion. Sorrow had completed its work, and she was about to pass from our sight forever. The recollection of her husband's sad fate had returned with her reason. But neither the remembrance of it, of her own sufferings, nor the knowledge of her child's death, which she now knew for the first time, seemed to trouble her; for her thoughts were fixed on that better country where she rejoiced that they were already awaiting her arrival, and spoke of the conversation which passed between William and her on the last Sabbath they were together, as an earnest which it had pleased God to vouchsafe of their happy meeting.

I am an elder of the church, and it was in that capacity that Helen sent for me to pray with her, which I did with a fervor I have seldom felt. But never has it been my lot to witness an appearance so heavenly as she exhibited when I arose from my knees. She sat in her chair supported by pillows, with her hands clasped, and her dark soft eyes beaming with an expression so holy, that she seemed like some disembodied spirit, which, having been perfected by suffering, had returned to encourage and comfort those who were still in the vale of tears. When I bade her farewell, and promised to see her next day, it was with a presentiment that I had looked upon her for the last time. And so it proved; for I was next morning informed that her spirit had taken its flight about twelve o'clock the night before."

The old man thus concluded his melancholy tale; and after sitting for some time in silent reflection, my guide again spoke, and, pointing to a deep pool at some distance down the stream, informed me that large trout were sometimes caught there, and having adjusted our fishing tackle, we proceeded to it. But though our sport was unusually good, it did not banish from my mind during that day for a single instant the affecting story of the ill-fated Helen Symington.

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 hosts 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 influence 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 boor who obeyed him for a 'consideration.'" Think of it! (N. Y. Mercury.)

The following instance of sharp practice, related to us as an actual fact, is entirely too good to keep; if not new it is worth repetition:—"A distinguished railroad financier, banker and member of the church, in getting up a bank in one of the western cities, invoked the aid of the Bishop in making subscriptions to the capital stock, by asking the loan of his note on time for a few thousand dollars, telling him it was a mere matter of form—that he would not be obliged to pay it, &c. The bishop complied, and not being a person who gave much attention to worldly matters, and not over-burdened with the ready, his note which had gone into the hands of a brother banker of the financier, was as a matter of course protested for nonpayment when it became due. Our financial friend, who had kept watch of the note, now goes quietly with much apparent secrecy to a brother member of the church, and with benevolence beaming on his countenance, informs him that the Bishop's note is lying at the bank, under protest. 'This is too bad,' says he, 'but nothing must be said about it; we must take up the note, and I will head the subscription with \$50.' The requisite sum was soon raised, and the bishop's note paid. The financier made his stock clear at a cost of \$50 only, and at once took a position among his fellow members, as a pillar of the church. (N. Y. Eve. Post.)

LADY MORGAN'S IDEAS ABOUT YOUNG LADIES. In a *tit-tat-tat* conversation on the subject of some young ladies suddenly bereft of fortune, Lady Morgan said, with an emphatic wave of her dear old green fan, "They do everything that is fashionable—imperfectly, their singing, and drawing, and dancing, and languages amount to nothing. They were educated to marry, and had there been times they might have gone off with, and hereafter from, husbands. They cannot earn their own salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give a girl, no matter her rank, a trade—a profession, if the word pleases you better; cultivate what is necessary in the position she is born to; cultivate all things in moderation, but one thing to perfection, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent—drawing, music, embroidery, housekeeping even; give her a staff to lay hold of, let her feel this will carry me through life without dependence." I was independent at fourteen, and never went in debt."

[Adventures of Lady Morgan.] We heard a capital story the other day, having the merit of being true. A little girl was sick and under the physician's care. As she approached recovery, the physician, thinking his further attendance unnecessary, left some medicine for the little patient, enough to last two weeks, with directions how and when to take it. After he had gone, the child, feeling hungry, requested to go to dinner with the family, but was told she could not do so until she had taken up all the medicine. The nurse went to dinner leaving the child alone, and on returning to the chamber what was her surprise and alarm to find the patient had taken the whole fortnight's medicine at a single dose! But it didn't hurt her a bit. (Bath Times.)

BEAUTIFUL. As winds the ivy around the tree; as to the crag the mossy patch roots, so clings my constant soul to thee! my own, my beautiful—my home!

A blunder-buss—Kissing the wrong woman.







**SHERIFF'S SALE.** Oxford, St. Nov. 28, 1859. Taken on execution in favor of Elisha Stanley of the County of Madison, against William C. Weeks, and will be sold by public auction to the highest bidder, on Thursday, the 29th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the office of George W. Stacy, Sheriff of said county, all the right in equity which the said William C. had on the 24th day of January, A. D. 1852, when the same was attached on the original writ of attachment issued from the Honorable Court of the Common Pleas of said county, bearing date the 1st day of February, A. D. 1852, and returned to the said George W. Stacy, Sheriff of said county, on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1852, and recorded in the Clerk's Office of said county, book 27-page 560, to which deprecate may be had for a more full description thereof.

The above described real estate is subject to other mortgage to Elisha Stanley of about one hundred and fifty dollars, and an attachment in favor of the inhabitants of said county.

4  
GEO. G. STACY, Dep. S.  
**SHERIFF'S SALE.** Oxford, St. Nov. 28, 1859. Taken on execution in favor of Erasmus P. Jameson and John F. Jameson, against William C. Weeks, and will be sold by public auction to the highest bidder, on Thursday, the 29th day of December next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at the office of George W. Stacy, Sheriff of said county, all the right in equity which the said Weeks had on the 26th

ing described real estate, being the farm where  
the said Weeks now lives, and the same that was  
described in a mortgage deed thereof from the  
said Weeks to Thomas Moulton, dated October  
18, 1853, and recorded with the West Oxford

44 GEO. G. STACY, Dep. Sh'ff  
SHERIFF'S SALE. OXFORD, ss. Nov.

Joseph Mason and against William S. Weeks, will be sold by public auction to the highest bidder, on Thursday the 29th day of December next at two of the clock in the afternoon, at the office of George G. Stacy in Porter in said County, the right in equity which the said William S. Weeks had on the 23d day of July, A. D. 1881 when the same was attached on the original writ, to redeem the following described real estate

44 GEO. G. STACY, Dep. Sh'ff.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.** OXFORD, 35. Nov. 1859. Taken on execution in favor of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Co. of New York, of the sum of \$1000, with interest, due to said company by the said George G. Stacy, on a mortgage made and given by the said George G. Stacy to the said Farmers' Loan and Trust Co. of New York, on the 18th day of May, 1858, and recorded with the said Oxford Records, book 27, page 569, to which do reference may be had for a more full description thereof. The above described real estate is subject to another mortgage to Eliza Stanley, about two hundred and fifty dollars, and an attachment in favor of the inhabitants of Porter, amount of which is unknown.

will be sold by public auction to the highest bidder, on Thursday the 29th day of December next at one of the clock in the afternoon, at the office of George G. Stacy in Porter in said County, the right in equity which the said William Weeks had on the 25th day of January, A. 1859, when the same was attached on the original

being the farm whereon the said Weeks now live and the same that is described in a mortgage deed thereof from the said Weeks to Thomas Moulton dated Oct. 18, 1853, and recorded with the W. Oxford Records book 27, page 569, to wit:

44 GEO. G. STACY, Dep. Sh'ff

**NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.** Whereas Rowland Wood of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, conveyed James H. Chadbourne, of said Waterford, by deed of mortgage dated at Waterford, the twenty-first day of November, 1836, and recorded with the Oxford Records, book 109, page 426, a

particularly described in said deed, for the security of two hundred and fifty dollars and interest, and whereas the condition of said mortgage is broken, I hereby claim a foreclosure of the same as by statute in such cases is made and provided.

JAMES H. CHADBORNE.

Waterford, Nov. 26, 1859. 44

**L**OST—A note of loan, given by SAMUEL DONKIN to GEORGE BRIGGS, for a sum of one hundred dollars on demand, and dated on or about the 14th of July last.

All persons are cautioned against purpassing the note of the above described.

GEORGE BRIGGS.

North Paris, Nov. 25, 1859. 73441  
 "DON'T FAIL, to see **SIXTH ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT**," and brilliant offers in another column.

**P** Private for the County of Oxford, notice hereby gives that I shall sell at private sale at a residence in Andover, on Tuesday, the third of January, 1860, the following described real estate situate in Andover in said County, and belonging to James W., K. T. Abbott, Fanny Abbott and Laura P. Abbott, minors, of Andover.

numbered nine in the south range of lots in the Kimball Mile so called.  
**CATHERINE E. ABBOTT,**  
 Guardian of James W., K. T., Fanny E. and  
 Laura P. Abbott.  
 Andover, Nov. 22, 1839. 44

1 he has been duly appointed by the honorable  
Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, a  
qualified trustee of Executor of the last will and  
testament of

CYPRUS EUSTIS, late of Dixfield,  
in said County, deceased, by giving bond as to  
law directs. He therefore requests all persons  
who are indebted to the estate of said deceased  
to make in a due payment; and those who have  
any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. Pursuant to a license from the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at public or private sale on the 24th day of December, A. D. 1859, at one of the clock in the afternoon at the office of R. A. Frye in Bethel, in said county of Oxford, Maine, the following described premises, to-wit:

43 ALGERNON S. CHAPMAN, Adm'r.

Having been cured by it myself, of Consumption, when all other means had failed, I am desirous of benefitting others by sending this recipe to all who may need it, free of charge. Address with stamp

Rev. WILLIAM COSGROVE,  
No 229 Baltic St., Brooklyn, N.Y

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State of Maine.

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EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
Augusta, Nov. 21, 1859.

will be held at the Council Chamber, in August  
on Monday the twelfth day of December next  
Attest: **NOAH SMITH, Jr.,**  
Secretary of State.

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**New York and Portland**  
**SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.**  
THE first class steamship, **CHESAPEAKE**  
Capt. **MARION CROFT,** SATURDAY

U. L. LAYFIELD, will hereafter form a Semi-Weekly line between the ports of New York and Portland, leaving each port every Wednesday and Saturday, at 3 P. M.

Passage \$35.00, including fare and state room.

The great dispatch given to freight by this line makes it the most desirable freight communication between New York and the East. No commission charged at the end for forwarding.

Drayage in New York between connecting lines by contract at lowest rates.  
Apply to and address,  
**EMERY & FOX, Portland.**  
**H. B. CROMWELL & Co., New York.**  
Portland, Oct. 25, 1859. 39

Other column.



