

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 10, NO. 48.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1859.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 27, NO. 6.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—AGRICULTURE.

Sheep Raising in Oxford County.

We have several times presented in our columns statements of extraordinary profits derived from sheep raising. These were the result of the operations of a single season; and though demonstrating that under favorable circumstances profit might be realized, did not present a satisfactory basis upon which to make an estimate of the business.

There are few Counties in the State, so well adapted to grazing and stock raising as Oxford. Much money is now realized annually in this way, though there is scarce a farmer in the County, who does not know of one, who attends to it as a regular branch of business. And particularly may this be said of sheep raising. The returns to the Valuation Commission show, that but one town has over three thousand, four or five between two and three thousand, and all the rest range under two thousand, or enough only to stock four or five farms.

The question then arises, why do we not, while possessing all the advantages for the production of wool, and mutton, devote more attention to it. The only answer we can give is this: that our farmers have been too easily discouraged by an occasional depression in price, and have not carefully estimated the cost of production, and the actual profit realized.

The sheep is an animal that requires less care than any other on the farm. They look out for themselves during the entire warm season, when placed in a suitably enclosed pasture, requiring no other attention than washing and shearing, and an occasional measure of salt. In the winter, the quality of fodder given to them, except to the ewes, about the time of producing lambs, may be quite coarse, such as can be fed with little profit to secure any other stock, and they will do well on it, if properly protected from the weather. Their diseases are also comparatively few. With so good facilities as this County possesses, it would seem that a considerable addition could be made to its wealth, by more extensively engaging in the business.

Hon. Sidney Perham, President of the Oxford County Agricultural Society, gives us the following figures, as the result of twenty years experience in the business, during which time wool has ranged from 25 to 50 cts. These estimates are gathered from memoranda, kept during the whole period, and may be relied upon as correct:

For the last twenty years, I have kept, on my farm in Woodstock, an average of two hundred and twenty-five sheep. I have sold off each year, the surplus of lambs, and old sheep, above this number. During that time, the average clip has been 3.14 lbs. per head, making an aggregate of 14,625 lbs. of wool, which has been sold at an average price of 37 cts. The flock has produced an average of 165 lambs per year, while the average loss from accident has been 15. This leaves a surplus of 150, disposed of each year, at an average price of \$1.75 per head. The cost of keeping has been about \$1.25 per head, per year. The result may be stated very nearly as follows:

FLOCK OF SHEEP.	
By 14,625 lbs. of wool, at 37 cts. \$541.15	
By 3000 sheep and lambs sold, after supplying deficiencies in flock, at \$1.75. \$5250.00	
	\$5791.15

Da.

To cost of keeping 225 Sheep, 20 years, at \$1.25. \$2750.00

Net gain, \$3041.15

I estimate the value of the manure obtained, to cover the cost of washing, shearing, and whole care during the year.

The amount of capital invested, is 225 Sheep, at \$1.75 per head, \$393.75, realizing a very satisfactory rate of interest.

THE RURAL ANNUAL FOR 1860. The publisher of the Genesee Farmer gets out each year a handsome little volume of 120 pages, expressly designed as a hand-book for the farmer and fruit grower. We have received the volume for 1860. It is filled to overflowing with useful and interesting information—just such matter as the farmer and gardener needs. Among its contents we may mention, treatises on the Plucking and Dressing of Poultry; on the Insects Injurious and Beneficial to Farmers and Fruit Growers; on Dwarf Trees—including Apples, Pears, Plums, and Cherries; on the American Black Raspberry; on the Composition of Fruits, Trees, &c.; on the Management and Varieties of Pigeons; on Planting Evergreens; on the Diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and Swine—Remedies, &c.; on Ornamental Deciduous Trees; Domestic Receipts, &c. &c.

Price only twenty-five cents. Address Joseph Harris, publisher Genesee Farmer, Rochester, N. Y.

A Heavy Wall.

A writer in the New Jerusalem Magazine, giving a description of some things that he saw among the ruins of Baalbek, gives the dimensions of some of the stones, which he measured, that formed the wall of the ruins of a temple, with all our boasted skill in raising heavy bodies.

"Here was a wall," says he, "some seventy feet high, Syrian at the bottom, Roman in the middle, and Saracenic patch-

work on top, whose foundation consisted of stones sixty-six feet long and twelve feet high, and whose depth we could not get at, but supposing them to be twelve feet, as we found one to be at the corner, they would each weigh about six hundred and eighty tons! which would make a heavy load for four locomotives from Hinkley & Drury to haul over an ordinary New England railroad. Yet these blocks were laid up in a wall forming three successive courses, one above another, all breaking joints, and lined with as much precision as if they had been lifted by two men, or knocked into place by the handle of a trowel.

The joints of these longest stones are so accurately fitted that they seem to grow together, not leaving a crack large enough to put a crowbar point; and in some parts not even a knife blade can pass between them.

Animals Intended for Fast Work Must Not Accumulate Fat.

The adult horse or ox should neither lose nor gain flesh from day to day; this is the case with a full-grown man in the physiological condition. The amount of food should be in proportion to the amount of labor performed, so that waste and nourishment may be equally balanced and readily adjusted. A large amount of food requires a relative amount of work. An animal fed liberally, and kept in the barn, must accumulate fat, and consequently become dull, stupid, and "sleepy."

The city of Boston own and employ some 150 or 200 horses, in removing street sweepings and refuse. These animals are seldom urged beyond a walk, and large, powerful horses as they are, their labor is comparatively easy. The city is fed with a liberal hand, out of the city crib, abounding in the best kind of fodder. They have comfortable quarters at night, and the stables are celebrated for cleanliness and good ventilation. Under such circumstances, the reader will not be surprised when I inform him that the recipients of City Stable bounty are as fat as aldermen, and some of them clumsy as elephants. And it almost invariably happens that when such are attacked by acute disease, death is the result. Contrast the condition of these animals with that of the Roxbury omnibus horses; the latter are equally well fed and cared for, yet they seldom accumulate fat; this is due to the laborious nature of their work, which requires quick respiratory and muscular movements, in the performance of which the carbon of the food is in ratio to the oxygen inspired. Now note the difference: should the latter be attacked with acute disease, it generally yields under proper medical treatment. This teaches us that if we want horses capable of enduring fatigue, under rapid muscular action, we must not allow the fat to accumulate, but the moment a horse increases in bulk or weight—beyond what may be considered fair condition—that moment the daily allowance of food must be diminished, or he must be compelled to work harder, and thus exhaust the superabundant carbon. It will be seen, therefore, that it is a matter of impossibility to lay down any dietary rules that shall meet the wants of all animals, for their wants are subject to considerable modification, and the quantity of food suitable for one animal might be too great or small for others. Age, sex, climate, constitution, condition of life, state of health, kind of work, &c., are the modifying circumstances.

[Dad, on the Diseases of Cattle.

From the American Sheep Journal.

Corns in Horses—"No Foot nor Horse."

A horse the subject of corns, is expected to have defective feet, hence the above quotation is "true as gospel."

That peculiar disease occurring within the inner quarter of the foot of horses, known as corns, is a very different affection from that peculiar to the foot of man. In horses corns are neither more nor less than extraneous, which signifies—escape of blood from its proper vessels into the surrounding tissue of the part. This extraneous or escaped blood, finally coagulates, and creates a black spot, known as the "corn-spot;" this is exposed on paring the sole of the inner quarter. All blood which escapes in this way becomes as a foreign body, yet in some parts of the system, where the absorbent vessels are very numerous and active, the foreign deposit is soon removed by the ordinary process of absorption; but within the dense tissues of a horse's foot this process is tardy, sometimes impossible, consequently, matter or pus is generated between the sensitive and non-sensitive parts, and a passage must finally be created for the liberation of the imprisoned matter; for it cannot escape through the dense structure composing the hoof itself; hence it turns out and migrates in various directions from the sole, and lastly creates an outlet at the inner and upper part of the hoof, where the matter escapes.

TREATMENT OF CORNS. The only chance of relieving the animal is to remove the shoe and apply one having a slight concavity at the former seat of pressure; or if the animal has a prominent frog, the bar shoe can be attached; previous to doing so, however, the corn spot may be slightly pared, and whenever there appears to be any pressure on the sole, at the quarters, the shoe must be removed and adapted as above. The theory, therefore, in the treatment of corns, is to secure a vacancy between the heel and the shoe.

If the horse happens to be "dead lame," and tenderness and swelling are observed at the upper part of the hoof, the part may then be punctured with a lancet; after squeezing out the imprisoned matter, the part should be dressed, daily, with fir balsam.

in some cases of suppurated corns, the matter must be liberated by making an opening through the sole, at the inner quarter; this is also to be dressed with fir balsam; the shoe to remain off for a few days.

Timothy Titcomb's Advice to Young Ladies.

It is very natural for young women to get in the habit of treating only those young men politely whom they happen, for various reasons, to fancy. They "don't care" what the majority of young men think of them, provided they retain the good will of their particular pets. They are whimsical, and take on special and strong likes or dislikes for the young men whom they meet. One is "perfectly hateful," and another is "perfectly splendid," and so they proceed to make fools of themselves over both parties. Now there is nothing upon which a young man is so sensitive as this matter of being treated with polite consideration by the young women of his acquaintance; and I know of nothing which will tend more certain to make a young man hateful than to treat him as if he were so. There is a multitude of young men whose self respect is nurtured, whose ambition is quickened, and whose hearts are warmed with a genial fire, by those considerate acquaintances which assure them that they have a position in the esteem of those with whom they associate the sweetest hopes and happiness of life. To be cut out for good causes to receive a wound which is not easily healed.

The duty, therefore which I would inculcate is that of systematic politeness. If you meet a young man, bow to him when you know him. He will not bow to you first, for he waits for your recognition. He does not know whether you esteem him of sufficient value to be recognized. If you pass him without a recognition, you say to him, in language which he feels with a keenness you cannot measure, that you consider him beneath your notice. You plant in his heart immediately a prejudice against himself. You disturb him. You hurt him, and this too let me admit, very frequently without design. You are sensitive yourself and are afraid he has forgotten you, and would not like to have you notice him. There is a good deal of this kind of thing, but it is all wrong. There is no man who will not return your bow, and feel the better for your smile, and if the young man receiving the attention is poor and has his position in the world to win, and feels that he has not as many attractions, personal or circumstantial, as others, you have made his heart light, and awakened toward yourself a feeling of cordial good will, akin in many instances to gratitude.

Trapping A Tiger.

An ingenious mode of tiger killing is that which is employed by the natives of Oude. They gather a number of the broad leaves of the grass tree, which much resembles the eucalyptus, and having well smeared them with a kind of birdlime, they strew them in the animal's way, taking care to lay them with the prepared side upwards. Let a tiger but put his paw on one of these innocent-looking leaves, and his fate is settled. Finding the leaf stick to his paw, he shakes it, in order to rid himself of the nuisance, and finding that plan unsuccessful, he endeavors to stain his object by rubbing it against his face, thereby smearing and roving birdlime over his nose and eyes, and gluing the eyelids together. By this time he has probably trodden upon several more of the treacherous leaves, and is bewildered with the novel inconvenience; then he rolls on the ground, and rubs his head and face on the ground, in his efforts to get free. By so doing he only adds fresh birdlime to his head, body, and limbs, agglutinates his flesh together in unsightly tufts, and finishes by hoodwinking himself as thoroughly with leaves and birdlime, that he lies floundering on the ground, tearing up the earth with his claws, uttering howls of rage and dismay, and exhausted by the impotent struggles in which he has been so long engaged. These cries are a signal to the authors of this misery, who run to the spot, armed with guns, bows, and spears, and find no difficulty in despatching their blind and wearied foe.

[Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.

POSTAGE STAMPS. The Albany Journal of the 25th ult., says the government is enjoying the benefit of a tolerable large loan from the people, on which it pays no interest, and from the nature of the case, will probably never have to repay the principal. This is the amount of postage stamps already sold but not yet used.

The returns for each succeeding quarter, from the commencement of their use in the United States, show that the public have been gradually purchasing them in larger quantities than they use them until at this time the government has been paid nearly a million of dollars for postage stamps and stamped envelopes, bought by individuals or postmasters, which have not, thus far, been used by the purchasers. As fast as the government redeems these, by performing the mail service they entitle the holder to, it issues others. A considerable number are necessarily purchased and kept on hand in advance of their use by the business men and others, and another considerable amount are doing duty as circulating medium for small remittances by mail. Hence it is evident that the government gains by them (to the amount of one million of dollars or more), the same permanent advantage that a bank of issue does by circulating notes.

MISCELLANY.

A TRUE STORY.

BY HAYWARD TAYLOR.

On the 15th of October, 1856, a celebration of a peculiar character was held in a small village near Jena. It was an occasion of an entirely local nature, and might have passed over unobserved, and unknown to all, except the immediate vicinity, but for its connection with the battle which fifty years and one day before annihilated the power of Prussia. An account of it, however, was published in most of the German newspapers, and to this circumstance the sequel of the story which I am about to relate was brought on. At the time at which the celebration took place, I was residing in Gotha, not more than fifty miles from the spot, and received the story almost in the very words of the chief actor in it. I am sorry that his name and that of the village, have escaped my memory. All other particulars made too deep an impression upon me to be easily forgotten.

We must first go back to the 14th of October, 1806. On that day the windy uplands northeast of Jena witnessed the brief but terrible combat, which resulted in the triumphant entry of the whole body of the French army into Berlin eleven days afterwards—during which time Prussia had lost 60,000 men, 65 standards, and 600 cannon. A portion of the French army was encamped on the battlefield, or quartered in the village around. The poor inhabitants, overwhelmed by this sudden avalanche of war upon their quiet fields where for a hundred years or more they had reaped their harvests in peace—submitted with helpless apathy while their houses and barns were plundered by the lawless soldiery. The battle was over, but there was no lull in the blast of ruin. Through the clouds of cannon smoke which settled into the bosom of the deep valleys as the raw October evening came on, were heard shrieks of fear, yells of rage or triumph, and cries of pain or lamentation.

Daoust—the "Butcher of Hamburg," as the Germans called him—took up his quarters for the night in one of the most convenient and comfortable houses which could be found in the neighborhood of the scene of slaughter. Here he rapidly issued orders for the disposition of the forces under his command, gave directions for the morning, and received reports from his adjutants. He had taken his cloak and was about retiring to an inner chamber for repose, when an officer entered. "Pardon me, general," he said, "but there is a case which requires attention. The German *cavalie* must be taught to respect us. Ten soldiers of Company—of the Fourth Infantry, who quartered themselves in the village of Waldorf (let us say) have been driven away by the people, and two or three of them are severely injured.

Daoust's cold eyes glittered, and his moustache curled like the lip of a mastiff, as he halted a moment at his bedroom door. "Send a lieutenant and twenty men to the village, pick out ten of the vagabonds and shoot them down!" was the brief order. "Where is Waldorf?" he added, turning to one of those useful creatures who are always willing to act as guides and interpreters for the enemy in their own land.

"There is a village called Upper Waldorf which lies near the head of a small valley to the left; Middle Waldorf is on the other side of the hill; and Lower Waldorf about half an hour's distance beyond." The marshal not caring to annoy himself by minute inquiries, went to bed. If ten men were shot that was sufficient.

The next morning at sunrise, Lieutenant Lamotte with twenty men marched over the despoiled hills to seek Waldorf. It was a disgraceful business, and the sooner it was over the better. On reaching a ridge which overlooked the intersection of two or three valleys, more than one village was visible through the cold fog now beginning to rise. "Qu'est Waldorf?" inquired the officer of the man who had been impressed by the way. "Das," answered the man, "is Waldorf," pointing to a village on the left, "Et avant!" And in fifteen minutes more the Frenchmen marched into the little hamlet.

Halting in an open space between the church and the two principal beer houses, the officer summoned the inhabitants together. The whole village was already awake, for few had slept during the night, their ears were still stunned by the thunders of yesterday, and visions of burning and pillage still danced before their eyes. At the command of the lieutenant, the soldiers seized all the male inhabitants, and forcibly placed them in a line before him. The women and children waited near in terrible anxiety, for no one understood the words which were spoken, and these ominous preparations led them to imagine the worst.

At this juncture, the son of the village pastor appeared upon the scene. He was a young man of twenty, who studied theology in order to become his father's successor, and fortunately had some knowledge of the French. The appearance of things, with the cries and entreaties of the terrified people, told him that his help was wanted. He immediately addressed himself to Lieut. Lamotte, and begged for an explanation of the proceedings.

"I am ordered to punish this village," answered the latter, "for your treatment of our soldiers last night. The marshal orders that ten of you must be shot. The only thing that I can do is to allow you to draw lots among yourselves, or to point out those concerned in the outrage."

"But," continued the young man, "your general has been misinformed. No French soldiers have visited our village before you. We have truly been in great fear and anxiety the whole night; but the valley is deep and the village is partly concealed from view by the woods on the side. There are also the villages of Middle and Lower Waldorf, which lie further down in the open valley. You can soon satisfy yourself, sir, that this village is entirely innocent; and I entreat you sir not to shed the blood of our harmless people."

"There is no time for investigation," said the officer. "I was ordered to proceed to Waldorf, and I am guided hither. I will wait until you make your choice of ten to be sacrificed, but have no authority to do more."

By this time the people had learned the fate in store for them. The women with tears and appealing gestures crowded around the officer begging him to spare their sons and husbands; the men stood silent, with bloodless faces and dumb, imploring eyes. The scene was evidently painful both to officer and soldiers, accustomed as they were to put an end to it and leave; but the clergyman's son, inspired with the belief that the fate of ten men depended on his efforts, continued to urge his plea with a zeal and eloquence that would not be set aside. Lieut. Lamotte struggled a while between his sense of duty and his natural humanity while the young advocate appealed to his conscience and to his obedience which he owed to a higher command than Daoust. Finally he consented to wait while a servant was despatched to head quarters accompanied by a peasant to show the way. A few lines hastily pencilled stated the facts in the case, and asked for further instructions.

Meanwhile, the inhabitants waited, in a state of suspense scarcely to be endured, Lieutenant Lamotte—who, as a thorough Frenchman, soon wearied of a painful emotion, and shaking it off at risk of appearing heartless—said: the air is keen, and a walk before sunrise doesn't diminish the appetite; can you give us some refreshment from your hidden supplies?" At a word from the young man, many of the women brought through the coffee they had prepared for their own breakfast, with black bread, mugs of beer, and a small cheese or two—sufficient for a rough meal—of which the soldiers partook with the usual laughing comments of "la crasse allemande." The company of "victims chosen on silence, and more than one muttered, glomily: "We are feeding our executioners."

"Even if that should be true," said the man, "it is but doing as Christ has taught us. Whether or not we obtain Christian charity from these men, let us at least show them that we are Christians."

This rebuke had its effect. A few of the men helped to entertain the soldiers, and the latter with their facility of fraternization, soon made themselves at home. As the stomach fills the heart also enlarges, and the men began to say among themselves: "It is a pity these men should be shot by mistake."

It was not long before the sergeant and his guide returned. The former handed the lieutenant a note, which he hastily tore open and read. "Waste no time in parley. It is indifferent which village is punished; an example must be made. Do your duty and return instantly." So ran the pitiless answer.

"Choose your men!" said the lieutenant rising to his feet, and grinding his teeth to keep down his breaking heart. But now the lamentations broke out afresh. The women clung around the men who were dear to them, and many of the latter overcame by the general distress, uttered loud cries and prayers for mercy. The young man knelt down in front of them, saying to the officer: "I do not kneel to you; but I will pray to God that he will remove the sin of slaughter from your soul."

As the officer met his earnest eyes, full of a sublime calmness and courage, his own suddenly filled with tears. He turned to his men who stood drawn up in a line before him, but no word was spoken. Their hands were in their places according to drill regulations; and there were drops on many cheeks which they could not wipe away. There was a silent question in the officer's eyes—a silent answer in theirs. The former turned hurriedly, beckoned the young man to him, and whispered in an agitated voice: "My friend, I will save you by stratagem. Choose ten of your most courageous men, place them in a line before me, and I will order my soldiers to shoot them through the head. At the instant I give the order to fire, they must fall on the ground; my soldiers will aim high, and no one will be injured; as soon as the volley is fired I will give the order to march; but no one must stir till we are out of sight."

"Take aim!" he commanded. He continued—"aim at their heads, that your work may be well done!" But though his voice was clear and strong, and the tenor of his words not to be mistaken, a clairvoyant flash of hidden meaning ran down the line, and the men understood him. Then came the last command: "Fire!"—but in the second which intervened between the word and the ringing volley, the ten men were already falling. The crack of the muskets and sound of their bodies were simultaneous. Without pausing an instant the lieutenant cried—"Right about wheel!" "Forward!" and the measured tramp of the soldiers rang down the narrow village street.

The women uncovered their eyes and gazed. There lay the ten men, motionless and apparently lifeless. With wild cries they gathered around them; but their exclamations of despair had turned into those of joy, the last soldiers had disappeared in the wood. Then followed weeping embraces, as all arose from the ground—laughter and sobs of hysterical joy. The pastor's son, uncovering his head, knelt down, while all reverently followed his example, uttering an eloquent prayer of thanksgiving for their merciful deliverance.

What this young man had done was not suffered to go unrewarded. A blessing rested upon his labors and his life. In the course of time he became a clergyman, filling for a while his father's place for the people he had saved, but was afterwards led to a wider and more ambitious sphere. He was called to Leipzig, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and finally became known throughout Germany as the founder of the *Gastadter Union* (Gastadter Adolph Union) which has for its object the dissemination of Protestant principles by means of voluntary contributions. In some respects it resembles the Home Missions of our country. Many churches, built by this association, are now scattered throughout the United States.

The inhabitants of Waldorf never forgot their pastor, nor he them. He came back from time to time to spend a few days in the village of his youth, and where the most eventful crisis of his life was passed. In 1856, three out of the ten pseudo-victims of Daoust are still living in their old homes, and the people throughout that the semi-centennial anniversary of such an event deserved a special celebration. Dr. —, of Leipzig (formerly the pastor's son) was invited to be with them. He came—he would have from the ends of the earth—and after a very solemn religious service in the church, proceeded to the very spot on which he stood, and faced French muskets, and there related to the children and grandchildren of those he had saved, the narrative which I have here given in as moving and eloquent words. Those who were present described the scene as singularly impressive and affecting. The three old men sat near him as he spoke; and the emotions of that hour of trial were so vividly reproduced in their minds that, at the close, they wept and laughed as they had done on the same day fifty years before.

In conclusion, the speaker referred to the officer whose humane stratagem had preserved their lives. "Since that day," said he, "I have never heard of him. I did not even learn his name; but he is ever remembered in my prayers. Most probably he died a soldier's death on one of the many fields of slaughter which intervened between Jena and Waterloo; but if he should be living, it would cheer my last days on earth if I could reach him with a single word of gratitude."

In the same year there lived—and, no doubt still is living—in Lyons an invalid and pensioned captain of the Napoleonic wars. After a life of vicissitudes, he found himself in his old age, alone, forgotten, poor. Men no better or braver than he had achieved distinction by some lucky chance; fortune had come to others, and others had begotten children to cheer and visit their declining days. Him the world had passed by, and for years he had been living a quiet, silent, pinched life, by the aid of his scanty pension. His daily resort was a cafe, where he could see and read the principal European journals, and perhaps measure the changed politics of the present time by the experience of his past life.

One day in November, 1856, he entered the cafe as usual, took his accustomed seat as he was wont to do, and picked up the nearest paper. It happened to be the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*; but he had spent some years in Germany, and understood the language tolerably. His attention was arrested by a letter dated Jena. "Jena!" he thinks—"I was there, too; what is going on there now?" He reads a little further: "Celebration at Waldorf. Waldorf! The name is familiar; where have I heard it?" As he continues his perusal, the old captain's excitement, so unusual a circumstance, attracts the attention of all the other *habitués* of the cafe. "Grand Dieu, Daoust—Waldorf—the ten men—the pastor's son! Did I dream such a thing, or is it the same?" Forgetting for a year, or years the sufferings of a hundred other military adventures—overlaid and lost in the crowded stores of a soldier's memory, the scene came to light again. The pastor's son still lived, still remembered, and thanked the preserver of the village! Many a long year has passed since such a glow warmed the chambers of the old man's heart.

That evening he wrote to Dr. —, in Leipzig. He was ill and but a few months distant from his last hour; but the soldier's letter seemed like a Providential answer to his prayers, and brightened the flickering

close of his life. A manly and affectionate correspondence was carried on between the two while the latter lived. The circumstances became public, and the deed was officially recognized in a way most flattering to the pride of Capt. Lamotte. The Grand Duke of Saxony and the King of Saxony conferred upon him the orders of their respective houses, which were followed soon afterwards by the cross of the legion of honor from Louis Napoleon, and an increase of his pension, which assured him ease and comfort the rest of his life. A translation of the doctor's narrative, published in the French papers, drew attention to him, and he was no longer a neglected frequenter of the cafe. He was known and honored, even without his three orders.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it again after many days."

THE GIRLS AND THE CHIVALRY. Hon. J. S. Clemens, formerly United States Senator from Alabama, and at present editor of the Memphis (Tenn.) Enquirer, says, in a recent letter to that paper, dated Philadelphia:

"A number of country girls, who had been to a wedding, entered the same car in which I was sitting, at Lancaster, Pa., and made my cheeks burn by their laughing comments upon the chivalry of the South. I do not remember that I was ever inclined to deny my birthplace before, but I one of them had asked me, that particular time where I was from, I think I should have answered Iowa, or Minnesota, or perhaps Oregon. Of course, all this is harmless, and the stories so current are wild exaggerations. At home I should laugh at them as heartily as any one, but I do not like to hear them here, and nothing but the fear of making myself ridiculous by getting into a passion, has preserved me several times from retorting with a taunt. Besides, when I sit down and think over it calmly, I am forced to confess that it is nothing more than a fair retaliation for the blustering threats in which our people are so prone to indulge. We talk about whipping the North with as much self-complacency as if her whole population would not more than suffice for a breakfast for the militia of a single Southern State, and yet John Brown, aided by seventeen white men and seven or eight free negroes, seized a national armory in a thickly populated portion of a Southern State, and was only captured by the aid of United States marines from Washington. Since the arrest and conviction of this insignificant band, we have had Southern Legislatures and Governors going through the ridiculous farces of tendering aid to the Governor of Virginia, to prevent a rescue no sane man believes to be possible. Scarcely a day passes but we have some startling disclosure, and the telegraph is kept busy in recording the imaginary movement of the rescuers on the one hand, and the lawless preparations of the guardians of the law on the other. No wonder we are laughed at."

DISSENT. A distinguished Southern gentleman, says the New York Courier and Enquirer, who annually visits the North, and respects its reverence for the Constitution and the Laws, and who knows the distinction between Abolitionism and hostility to slavery "Disunion," writes us in regard to the intelligent people of the South, but is found solely among those who are intentionally kept in ignorance by their leaders, whose political existence depends upon slavery agitation. The following extract will be read with interest, coming as it does, from a large slave owner in the cotton growing region:

"I am more than ever convinced of the truth of what I told you last summer, viz: that a very large majority, I think four-fifths, of the Southern people, never desired a repeal of the Missouri Compromise; and that quite as large a proportion of them do not wish to see the institution of slavery extended into free territory. What they do desire is, to see this slavery excitement brought to an end. It had its origin in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; and I agree with you, that it will never cease until the Republican party gets possession of the government, and proves by its acts that it is conservative, and will abide by the Constitution, and respect all the rights of every section of the Union. Do this, and you will kill slavery excitement, and with it, the present party leaders of the South, who live by slavery agitation. The real authors of this slavery excitement, are those who repealed the Missouri Compromise; the few miserable Abolitionists of the North, the political leaders of the South, and the New York Herald."

A man recently fined for cheating himself. He was charged with using a steelyard that was inaccurate. It turned out that the inaccuracy of the steelyard defrauded the man himself.

A SENSIBLE ANSWER. A manufacturer of perfumes sent a specimen of perfume to the editor of a newspaper, and requested him to notice them favorably in his journal. The editor being a sensible man, sent him this answer:—"Isn't worth a cent, and so in your request there is no sense."

A little girl, nine years old, having attended a *seance*, being asked by her mother, on returning, how she enjoyed herself, answered: "I am full of happiness; I could not be any happier unless I could grow."

Between artlessness and heartlessness there is only the difference of an aspiration.

The Advertiser of Thursday, says that an extensive fire occurred in Market Square, Portland, Wednesday. It commenced in the store of Virgil Griswold, and J. Davis & Co., which was consumed. The stores occupied by Thomas S. Files, Mark F. King, A. P. Osborne, D. White, J. G. Hayes & Co., were also burned. The loss is large.

THE HORRORS OF WAR can be materially lessened if Army Surgeons will use Redding's Russia Salve in cases of wounds, cuts, bruises, sores, etc. This salve is also an excellent remedy for burns, scalds, corns, bunions, erysipelas, salt rheum, chapped hands, etc. For sale everywhere for only 25 cents a box.

The Advertiser states that Alexander Cobb, of Westbrook, was found to death Sunday night, within eight rods of his house.

Col. Bowman has got the nomination for Senate printer.

THIRICE-WEEKLY Kennebec Journal—1860.

The proprietors of the Kennebec Journal propose to publish during the session of the Legislature a Thrice-Weekly Journal, being the XLVth volume of the same.

The chief purpose of this paper is to afford the people of Maine a faithful account of the deliberations and action of the Legislature, and of the Board of Agriculture. With these reports we intend also to publish the proceedings of Congress, as they are given in the best reports from Washington. The expense attending this enterprise will be large, and we can only hope to carry out the plan successfully by the personal aid of our Republican friends in securing for us a large subscription. We especially rely upon the members of the Legislature, and of the Board of Agriculture to give us their personal efforts in their several branches, without which a remunerating list cannot be secured.

The Thrice-Weekly Journal will be published on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings. The price will be, single copy, 25¢ for the session, as usual, payable in advance. Any person sending us \$5.00 will be entitled to the annual extra for his trouble, and the like ratio for a larger number.

It is desirable that the names of subscribers, accompanied with the money, be forwarded to us before the commencement of the session. Money remitted by mail at our risk.

STEVENS & SAWYARD.
Augusta, Dec. 2, 1859.

Thrice-Weekly Age, FOR THE LEGISLATIVE SESSION, 1860.

The Age will be issued three times a week during the coming session of the Legislature. It is intended that the reports of proceedings should be full and accurate; and the sketches of debate complete and pertinent as any that have been published. The Thrice-Weekly Age will also contain the proceedings of the day, a synopsis of Congressional proceedings, and the original matter which appears in the weekly paper.

With little effort on the part of our friends, it is hoped that such a paper will be obtained as will indubitably the publishers against loss. The price of the Thrice-Weekly will be \$1 for the session.

Postmasters, or others, who will forward the names of six subscribers, with \$6 enclosed, will receive a copy in addition.

Augusta, Dec. 7, 1859.

Among the many restoratives which nature has supplied to relieve the afflictions of humanity, there is no more favorable one for a certain class of diseases than the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree, but however valuable it is, its power to heal, to soothe, to relieve, and to cure, is enhanced ten fold by scientific and judicious combination with other ingredients, in themselves of equal worth. This happy mingling exists in that "Combination and a fine salad."

Of medicine known as

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, whose value in curing Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, Catarrhs, Pulmonary Affection, and Incurable Consumption, is inestimable.

HOME TESTIMONY.
Boston, April 18, 1852.
MR. SEBASTIAN. I can truly say, has literally established me from the grave. Last May I was attacked by a sudden cold, which resulted in the side and chest. I became so much reduced, that my friends frankly told me that I must die. At this crisis, I heard of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and immediately sent a bottle to my physician. The effect produced was indeed wonderful. My physician, who had been the most respectable in Boston, who had previously told me that a cure was hopeless, came up, and I continued him with the Balsam, and he examined me, and advised me to continue the use of it, until, which time I have continued to improve daily, and the same physician who had given me up, told me, a few days since, that I might yet live many years.

Respectfully,
MARY HOWE.

We can cheerfully testify to the truth of the above statement. Mrs. Howe having been an inmate of our family.

WILLIAM DENNETT,
MARTHA DENNETT.

Now genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

Prepared by SEBASTIAN W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and for sale by B. F. Bates & Co., Paris; W. A. Root, South Paris; F. F. Noyes, Norway; E. Arnold & Co., Backfield; W. S. Chase & Co., Backfield; F. S. Chandler and C. O. H. Mason, Backfield, and by dealers everywhere. 44

MARRIED.

In Bethel, 13th, Mr. Green C. Merrill of Lewiston, to Miss Sophia J. Moody, of H.

In Norway, 17th, Col. George W. Miller, professor of the Norway Academy, to Miss Emma G. Ames, both of N.

In Boston, 22d, Mr. C. Moore Carleton of Waterville, to Miss Mary George of Waterville.

In Portland, 12th, Mr. Henry C. Ricker to Miss Harriette E. Koon, both of H.

In Lewiston, 14th, Horatio Woodworth, Esq., formerly of Augusta, Me., to Miss Anna Steele, both of Lewiston.

In Paris, Mr. John F. Leavitt of Dixfield, to Miss Helen March, of Peru.

DIED.

At West Bethel, 20th, Mr. Joseph H. Mason, aged 29 years.

In Hartford, 11th, Susan Shackley, aged 78.

In Mexico, 12th, Mr. Hannah, wife of Ephraim Richards, aged 56.

NOTICE. The members of the FARMERS' MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY will meet at the office of N. C. Andrews, Esq., in Annual Meeting, on the second Monday of January next, at ten o'clock A. M., for the following purposes, to wit:

1st, To choose a Secretary.
2d, To choose Directors.
3d, To choose a President.
4th, To choose a Treasurer.
5th, To see if the Company will vote to change the new year, of the amount insured on the new policy of buildings, from 4 to 5 per cent.
6th, To see if the Company will vote to alter Article 4th of their By-Laws, so as to have the article read four per cent, instead of three.
7th, To see if the Company will vote to change the time of holding their Annual Meeting.
8th, To see if the Company will vote to change the pay of Agents for taking Applications.
H. H. HUTCHINSON, Jr., Sec.
Backfield, Dec. 1, 1859.

D. D. RIDLON,
Deputy Sheriff and Coroner,
FOR THE COUNTY OF OXFORD.

KEZAR FALLS, ME.
S. B. BEAN,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
OXFORD COUNTY.

To the Hon. Thomas H. Brown, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.
THE petition and representation of Moses Chesley, Guardian of James K. P., Ruelio H., Franklin, Maria, and Samuel Wright, all of Oxford, in the County of Oxford, Minors, respectfully sheweth, that the said James K. P., Ruelio H., Franklin, Maria, and Samuel Wright, are and were possessed of certain real estate, situated in said Oxford, and described as follows: Five undivided sixth parts of the homestead farm of David M. Wright, late of said Oxford; that said estate is and was in said said minors, and that it will be for the interest of said minors that the same should be sold and the proceeds put out and secured on interest. He therefore prays you, that he may be authorized and empowered, agreeably to law to sell at public sale the above described real estate, or such part of it as in your opinion may be expedient. All which is respectfully submitted.
MOSES CHESLEY.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21st Tuesday of December, A. D. 1859.

Ordered, That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this petition with this order thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 21st Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have why the same should not be granted.

THOMAS H. BROWN, Judge.
A true copy—attest:
DAVID KNAPP, Register.

To the Hon. Thomas H. Brown, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.
JAMES M. DOLLOFF, Administrator of the estate of John Dolloff, late of Rindford, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of fifteen hundred and forty-five dollars. Your petitioner therefore prays that your Honor would grant him license to sell at public sale, to wit: the real estate of said deceased, and convey all of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.
JAMES M. DOLLOFF.

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DAVID KNAPP, Register.

To the Hon. Thomas H. Brown, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.
ANGELINE R. HAYES, Administratrix of the estate of Robert O. Hayes, late of Paris, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of sixty dollars. Your petitioner therefore prays that your Honor would grant her license to sell at public sale, to wit: the real estate of said deceased, and convey all of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.
ANGELINE R. HAYES.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21st Tuesday of December, A. D. 1859.

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To the Hon. Thomas H. Brown, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.
CLARISA FARNUM, Administratrix of the estate of James H. Farnum, late of West Paris, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of one thousand dollars. Your petitioner therefore prays that your Honor would grant her license to sell at public sale, to wit: the real estate of said deceased, and convey all of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.
CLARISA FARNUM.

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THE Executors, Administrators, and Assigns of the late George Barker, of Paris, in said County, deceased, respectfully represent, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of one thousand dollars. Your petitioner therefore prays that your Honor would grant them license to sell at public sale, to wit: the real estate of said deceased, and convey all of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.
SUSAN SHOREY.

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THOMAS H. BROWN, Judge.
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DR. A. THOMPSON.

SUCCESSOR TO DR. F. HERR.

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken rooms on Cottage Street, where he will continue the practice of his profession, and all operations that may be entrusted to him, will be performed in a thorough and skillful manner.

Decayed teeth filled with Gold, Silver, or Tin. Teeth rendered firm and serviceable for years.

Particular attention given to extracting.

All operations warranted to give entire satisfaction.

"DON'T FAIL TO SEE SIXTH ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT," and brilliant offers, in another column.

Hides and Bark Wanted

AT BACKFIELD VILLAGE.

The subscriber having recently purchased the T. van der Backfield Village, would inform the public that he is prepared to pay cash, and the market price for Hides and Bark, to be delivered at his yard.

He will also take all hides entrusted to him, in the best manner, at reasonable rates for cash, or a share of the leather manufactured.

Backfield, Dec. 11, 1859.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21st Tuesday of December, A. D. 1859.

Ordered, That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this petition with this order thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 21st Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have why the same should not be granted.

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Particular attention given to extracting.

All operations warranted to give entire satisfaction.

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He will also take all hides entrusted to him, in the best manner, at reasonable rates for cash, or a share of the leather manufactured.

Backfield, Dec. 11, 1859.

ARRIVED AT LAST!

That great cargo of goods which has been so anxiously waited for,
Has at length Arrived. Come and See!

The very best assortment of
New Fall & Winter Goods

Just received at
G. W. VERRILL & CO.'S.

It is just the place to select a
NEW STYLE PLAIDS.

DELAINES, PRINTS, &c., &c.,
AT EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES.

You will also find a
Full Supply of Ladies' Cloth,

OF ALL COLORS AND SHADES.

ALL WOOL DELAINES, FLANNELS,
Shawls, Marcellines and Linen Bosoms, Scarfs,

Fine Shirts and Shirts, Skirted Shirts, Woolen Shirts and Drawers, Gaiters, and Ladies' Gloves and Hosiery. A very large assortment of

THICK WOOLEN GOODS,
Consisting in part of

German Broadcloth; Cassimere,
DOESKINS of all colors and qualities.

Cashmere, Union Cloth, Satinette, French Twist, Tweeds, &c., &c.

We also keep All Wool, Hemp, and Oil Carpenters constantly on hand; Sherrings, Ticks, Stripes, Denims, Drills, Canvas Flannels, &c.

DOMESTIC & WILTON WOOLEN YARN,
Of all shades. A large quantity of

Ladies' Kid and Cloth, Gaiter and Congress Boots,

Together with Shoes and Rubbers of all sorts.

MEN'S BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,
The best assortment of Hats and Caps,

To be found in the county.

A new receipt of
GLASS AND CROCKERY WARE;
Cutlery; Hardware; Groceries; Nails; Paints and Oils, &c., &c.

We always keep a choice selection of WEST INDIA GOODS and GROCERIES, among which will be found the best brands FLOUR, Molasses; Young Hyson and Oolong Teas; Java, Refined Ground Coffee; Sugar; Raisins; Serrano; Spices; Currants; Soda; Salt; Lard; Pickled Herring; Pickled Cucumbers; Lamp and Kerosene oil and Lamps; Fish; Pork of our own raising; all kinds of Tobacco in the market; and a thousand other articles, not on this list, which each and its equivalent will bring at astonishingly low figures.

Every one, wishing to see or wishing to purchase, is respectfully invited to call and examine the above goods.

VERRELL, & CO.,
Opposite the Elm House,
NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Norway, October, 1859.

GIBBS' PATENT
CYLINDER MOLD BOARD PLOW

AND
SAWYER'S PATENT
Cultivator and Horse Hoe,

MANUFACTURED BY
BROWN & BISBEE,
Iron Founders & Machinists,
NORWAY, MAINE.

E. H. BROWN, 28 H. B. BISBEE.

Notice.

A subscriber is desired to the subscriber, on note or book account, are respectfully requested to pay the same by the 20th of October next.

5 Tons Good Butter,
10 Tons Dry Apple.

Oats, Beans, Wool Skins, Eggs, &c.

ISAAC A. DENISON.

NEW GOODS!
NEW GOODS!

THE subscriber would say to his customers and the public generally, that he has just returned from Boston with

A LARGE STOCK OF
ENGLISH, FRENCH,
AND AMERICAN
DRY GOODS!

West India Goods and
GROCERIES;
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,
Crockery, Glass & Hard Ware,
Carpetings, Feathers, &c. &c.

