

# The Oxford Democrat

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## POETRY.

### Sonnet to Summer.

O, balmy, breezy, beautiful summer!  
To men and women, little girls and boys,  
To birds and beasts, thou bringest many joys,  
And art indeed a truly welcome guest!  
New strolls in pastures green, fat sheep and cows,  
New vernal blades prepare for autumn sheaves,  
And words (though stationary) take their leaves,  
And all politely make their prettiest bows!  
Now the blithe farmer in the early morn  
With steady step strides o'er the fallow field,  
And plants in hope that, though a while concealed,  
The grateful harvest may "cousen the corn;"  
And so return him from the fruitful mould,  
His gift augmented by a hundred fold!

## MISCELLANY.

### CHARITY ENVYETH NOT.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"You don't say so!"

"True as the Gospel, Miss Snelling. That velvet cloak of hers—she calls it a Talma—cost every cent of twenty-five dollars. Then there's her bonnet, that came from New York, too; Miss Dunn's work ain't good enough for her. Well, that bonnet could not be bought for less'n eight dollars. Why the ribbon must be four and six a yard, not to speak of the feathers. Then there's that new plaid silk, you know, and that French mien, neither of 'em less'n twelve shillings, and that's the way she dresses. Time was when she was glad enough to get to sew for her. I've had her beg, and beg, and beseech me to give her a day, or even half a day, in my spring hurry, and now she's got a seamstress as she calls that stuck-up girl that sets in the settee-room all day. She makes the children's clothes, and her'n are cut in New York when they ain't made there."

"She's dreadful extravagant for a church member," said Mrs. Snelling, with a sigh, as she turned herself slowly round before the little looking-glass. Then there was a lining fitted by the village dressmaker, Miss Prime, and a merino dress she had worn two years was partly ripped up on the chair by the window. It was the only dress-making she had on hand for the season. It was a hard winter, and, what with the sickness of the children, and Mrs. Snelling losing so much time by the frost, their means were unusually limited. No wonder she thought of the ease and plenty of the rich manufacturer's household with a feeling of envy. She was not alone in this. She was a plain, good-hearted person usually, struggling on to do her duty through the discouragement of ill-health, ailing children, and very narrow means, but she could not help thinking Mrs. Hubbard was getting worldly and extravagant, year by year, her household arrangements and personal expenses increased.

Only the day before at meeting she could not fix her attention upon the sermon for looking at the velvet Talma worn by her old friend and still kind neighbor, Mrs. Hubbard. They were members of the same church of which Mr. Hubbard was the most liberal supporter. He gave according to his means, and at the same time, desired his wife and family to dress and live as became his altered position and prospects.

"Time was when she had to work hard enough," continued Miss Prime, pinching in a side seam in the endeavor to produce the hour-glass shape, orthodox when she "learned her trade." "I remember when they first set up housekeeping, and she had to do her own work, as well as other people, and her own sewing too. Now I don't believe she takes a needle in her hand from morning till night, while you and I, Miss Snelling, don't get many epels."

The heaven of uncharitableness worked on in Mrs. Snelling's heart.

"I'm afraid there isn't much spiritual growth, Miss Prime. The cares of this world choke the seed." Poor woman! she thought it was an interest in her neighbor's best good that prompted such a constant review of her conduct. "People who have their hearts set on dress and high living can't have much time for better things."

"That's what I think. How do you like them back waists, Miss Snelling? I heard they're all the fashion in New York. Miss Dunn said she'd try 'em and get into a pattern when she went down in the spring. I would not ask Miss Hubbard to lend me here to look at for nothing in the world. How am I to get out new backs, Miss Snelling?"

"There's the cape, you see."

"Why, so there is! I was studyin' and contrivin' all the while you was to breakfast. Says I, 'Miss Snelling'll have them backs pleated, and then everybody in town'll know it's being made over.'"

As if everybody in Mrs. Snelling's community would not have known and noticed, under any circumstances, that her brown merino of two winters ago, had been turned and made up again for her best dress. She had set her heart early in the fall, on a new style of plaids for sale at Brown & Chapin's, but the doctor's bill was so much larger than she expected, she was obliged to give it up. The sacrifice had cost her many hours of calculation, alternate resolves and considerations. Every purchase that she made indeed, was of necessity, turned over and over in her mind for weeks.

Miss Prime went on with her fitting by the window, and Mrs. Snelling with her task of washing up the breakfast dishes, "joggling the cradle" with one foot, every now and then, as her youngest child stirred in his morning nap.

"That was a lucky thought, that cape," Miss Prime resumed her thimble and her conversation together. "It don't seem to be worn as much as the rest, neither."

"No, it isn't, I only kept it for cold days.

I thought of it in church Sunday, right in the middle of the sermon. Queer, wasn't it!—I was so dreadfully afraid you couldn't get it out. So, as soon as I got home, I took it out and looked at it, sure enough it was the very thing."

"I see Miss James has got a new cloak this winter. She hasn't worn hers more than three winters to her knowledge. Well, these rich people are just as worldly for all I see, as if they wasn't professors."

Miss Prime was one of the most constant attendants of the church prayer meetings, and saw "no beam in her own eyes."

"Time was, as you say, Miss Prime, when we were all plain people together, with good feelings towards each other. I think of it often—the days when Susan Hubbard and I used to send our little presents to each other New Year's, and be neighborly all along. That was before the Jameses moved here, or Lawyer Martin's people. She's so intimate with them now she hasn't got any time for old friends. Many and many's the time I've sent her things right off my table; and when her Jane had the scarlet fever, I sat up with her night after night. But I don't mind that. What I look at in Christian professors being so taken up with dress, going about, but dress particularly. It don't look right, and it is not according to Scripture."

It was a wearisome fatiguing day to Mrs. Snelling, who did the whole work of her household. Her oldest son was learning his father's trade, and the dinner for the two had to be on the table precisely at twelve for they had but an hour's nooning. So scarcely were the breakfast things cleared away, when there was a mess of meat and vegetables to prepare for a boiled dinner, and twice she was obliged to stand and be pinned up in the thick Jean lining Miss Prime was fitting with unexampled tightness. The afternoon was no better, she had Tuesday's ironing to finish, her little boy was sick and fretful, though four years old, and very heavy, he required to be nursed and tended as if he had been a baby. She wanted to sew with Miss Prime, but no sooner would she get her needle threaded and her thimble on, than some new demand would be made upon her time, and so the short afternoon passed before she could stitch up a seam, and tea must be ready by dark. Besides all this, Miss Prime was disposed to continue her conversation with very little pause or stint, discussing the affairs of the whole neighborhood and the church with a train of moral, religious, and personal reflections.

Every one knows how fatiguing it is to be expected to listen to such a discourse, and respond in the right place, even when the mind is unoccupied, and then the dress did not look near so well as Mrs. Snelling had figured it in her mind, the new pieces being several shades darker than the main body of the material. More discouraging than all, it needed finishing off, when seven o'clock sounded the signal for the conference meeting Miss Prime would not miss on any account.

"I wouldn't mind staying over my time just to give you a helpin' hand if it wasn't church meeting night; but you know, it's very important that all should be there that can. To be sure Mrs. Hubbard is so took up with other things now she never goes; and though Miss James joined by letter when she first came, she's never been to a business meeting. For my part, I think we've got just as good a right to live in church meeting as the men and speak, too if we want to, though Deacon Smith has set his face against it of late years. So, you see I'll have to go; and there's only the facing to face down, and the side seams to stitch up, and the looks and eyes to go on. The sleeves are already to taste in—oh, and there's the bones; but bones are nothing to put to—especially as John Lockwood is to be dealt with to-night for going to the theatre last time he was in New York. For my part I never did put much faith in his religion; and the more so of us stay away, the more the rest of us ought to go. Don't forget to take in that shoulder seam a little. For my part I think his sister ought to be labored for for singing such songs as she does on the piano! Clear love songs, and plays opera pieces, Miss Allen says. Now which is the worst, I'd like to know, going to the theatre or playing opera pieces! Miss Hubbard's Jane don't, that, when she is home in vacation though. That piece under the arm don't look so very bad, Miss Snelling—there ain't more than two hours' work any way."

Two hours' work to a person who could scarcely get time to do her mending from week to week, was no trifle. Mrs. Snelling wavered a little while between the accumulating pile of dilapidated under clothes in the willow basket and the unfinished dress, but the dress must be done before New Year's day, now close at hand, and she lighted another lamp, and drew her little workstand up to the fire as the clock struck eight. Her mind had opened itself to disconcerted thoughts in the morning, and "the enemy had come in like a flood," until all the brightness of her life had been swept out of sight. She saw only the successive woes of ill-health, loss and wearing anxiety which had rolled over them in the past, and a blank, dreary prospect for the future. Her very occupation reminded her of it. If she could have afforded Miss Prime's assistance two days instead of one, she might have got ahead in her sewing a little; now here there was another drawback, and she had so little time. And then there was Susan Hubbard; but then she did not give up everything to dress and display, thank goodness! as Susan Hubbard did, bringing scandal in the church, and setting herself up above everybody."

A knock at the front door was fresh annoyance, for the work had to be put down again, the sick boy quieted, before Mrs. Snelling went shivering through the cold narrow hall to answer it.

The neighborly visitor was no other than

Mrs. Hubbard, "and no fire except in the kitchen," was Mrs. Snelling first thought, as she recognized her with a mixed feeling of gratification, "hard thoughts," and curiosity. Certainly it was a curious coincidence that the person who had formed the subject of her thoughts and conversation, so much of the day, should suddenly appear.

"Don't mind me," Mrs. Hubbard said pleasantly, stepping on before her old neighbor. "This way, I suppose!" And she led the way to the kitchen herself, thus avoiding the necessity of an apology on the part of Mrs. Snelling. "How bright and cheerful a cook stove looks after all! and your kitchen was always as neat as wax. We never used to keep but one fire, you know." This last was an unfortunate allusion. Mrs. Snelling's softening face grew coldly rigid at what she considered an attempt to patronize her.

"Poor folks had to," she said, taking up her work and stitching away vigorously.

"I haven't forgotten old times, Jane," Mrs. Hubbard went on, not caring to notice the ungracious tone in which this remark was made, "when we were all beginning the world together. You seem to, though, for then you used to run in and see me, and I was thinking to-night you haven't been up to our house since October."

Mrs. Snelling began to say something about "not going where she was not wanted," but it died away lower and lower, when she remembered Mrs. Hubbard had been in twice since then.

"I know you have a great deal to keep you at home, I know how it used to be when my children were little. You didn't let me pay three visits to your one, Jane," Mrs. Hubbard drew her thimble from her pocket and took up the top piece of mending from the big willow basket in the most natural manner. "This is to go so, isn't it said she. 'I can work and talk to you know. Mr. Hubbard has gone to church meeting; but I don't think it's exactly our place to attend to church discipline, we women are apt to make a bad matter worse by talking it over among each other, and to people that it doesn't concern. So I thought I'd just run in socially and bring my thimble, as we used to do for each other.'"

Mrs. Snelling would have said half an hour ago, that she was completely fortified against Mrs. Hubbard's advances, in what shape so ever, but she began to feel a mist gathering in her eyes, as that old kindness and affection came stealing back again in recollection.

But Mrs. Hubbard was a wise woman, and she knew that a friend aggrieved was hard to win, whether the offence had been intentional or not.

"It's pretty hard work to live right, isn't it?" she said, verging round again to the old subject, after a little talk about the roads and the weather. "Every lot in life has its trials. I used to look at rich people, and think they had a care in the world, but now Mr. Hubbard has done so well, we have to live differently and dress differently, and there's no end to looking after things. I used to work hard all day, and when the children were asleep in the evening, sit down comfortably to sew or read, but now there's somebody, or something to see to, the last minute. To be sure as far as dress is concerned, I don't think half so much of it as I used to, when I had to plan and contrive about every cent. Why, I often used to find myself planning about my sewing in sermon time, if you will believe it, and how I should get the girls two dresses out of one of mine. To be sure, I have no such temptations now."

Mrs. Snelling looked up suddenly, as the recollection of her Sunday plan about the cape came into her mind. Could it be that to *him* who *she* had said *she* was open, she had been the less sincere worshipper of the two!

"I should like to try a little prosperity, by way of a change," she said, more pleasantly than she had last spoken, but still with bitterness beneath. "I am tired of sewing."

"Oh, Jane," Mrs. Hubbard said quickly, "don't choose—don't choose your trials. I used to say that very thing, and that it was all well enough for rich people to preach." Mrs. Snelling saw the painful expression that crossed her friend's face, and the current respect of young Robert Hubbard's dissipation came into her mind. All people's have their own troubles, some don't stand out as plain as others, and don't get so much pity. Rich people get very little, and they have hard work enough to bring up their children right and to live in peace and charity with all. I've got so now I only ask for patience to bear the trial of the time, instead of praying to have it changed, and thinking that I could bear any other better."

The two women sewed in silence for a little while, each heart knew its own bitterness.

"Jane," Mrs. Hubbard said, stopping suddenly, and looking into the bright grate in front of the stove, "shall I tell you what this puts me in mind of, seeing this nice bright cooking stove? Of that New Year's night, the winter Robert was sick, and our children were all little, when you came round and brought them over to spend the afternoon, and boiled candy for them, and let them pop corn. They brought on home a plateful of braided sticks. Poor little things! if it hadn't been for you, they wouldn't have had so much as a pin for a New Year's present, their father was so sick, and I was so worn out. Why, on my word, I was then teasing me to buy them some candy, and I actually did not feel that I could afford that quart of molasses! And have thought of it often and often since."

Somewhat, this winter there's scarcely a day when it doesn't come into my mind, and I always feel like crying."

Mrs. Snelling was crying, as Mrs. Hubbard's voice faltered more and more, she did not attempt to conceal it, she remembered that New Year's day so well, and how she had pined Susan's poor little boys, and brought them home and made them as happy as children could be made, in the very kind-

ness of her warm heart. The long struggle with poverty and care had not seared it, after all.

"Don't cry, Jane. But you won't mind, and you won't misunderstand me now, if I've brought you a New Year's present of a dress! I was afraid you would not take it as it was meant, if I just sent it. Here it is!" And Mrs. Hubbard unrolled the very raw silk plaid Mrs. Snelling had so long coveted. "I wanted it to be useful, and I went down to get a cashmere like mine; but you happened to be there when I went in, and I saw how you looked at this."

Mrs. Snelling remembered the day, and that she had come home thinking Mrs. Hubbard had felt too grand to talk to her before the clerks.

"I was afraid you would find me out, and kept at the other end of the store. Now, you won't misunderstand me, will you, Jane?"

"Oh, Susan, I had such hard thoughts; you don't know," And Mrs. Snelling put her apron to her eyes, instead of looking at the new silk."

"Never mind that now, it's only natural. I could see just how you felt, for the more I tried to be neighborly, the colder you got. It's grieved me a good deal. But about the dress, Ann was not very busy, and so I made her make the skirt, as we could wear each other's dresses in old times, and every little helps when a person has a good deal to do. If you will let me know when Miss Prime comes to make it up, she shall come over and sew with her."

"Charity is not easily provoked, suffereth long and is kind," was the minister's text the next Sunday; but Mrs. Snelling thought of a better illustration than he could offer, and noted the rest of the verse with humiliation—charity envieth not.

## MASSANIELLO.

Alfred von Reumont, favorably known to German readers as the author of a work published some years ago under the title of "Römische Briefe," (Letters from Rome), has again exercised his pen on Italian history, and has given in the "Carfax of Maddaloni," a picture of a people, the Spaniards—a subject full of interest. To add animation to his narrative, he has interwoven with the general subject a biography of the Carfax, a family which has been more or less mixed up with most of the great events in Neapolitan history. From among the various interesting subjects touched upon by our author, we will select what seems to us to be written in the most lively style—the narrative of Massaniello's insurrection.

Two years in two successive centuries obtained a tragical fate in Neapolitan history. By a remarkable coincidence, the leaders in both insurrections bore the same name. In 1547, the people rose against Don Pedro de Toledo, who wished to introduce the Spanish law into Italy; in the year 1647, against the Duke of Arcos, who attempted to impose taxes upon all kinds of objects. In both instances a man sprung from the lowest dregs of society, threatened the Spanish dominion with destruction.

The insurrection first broke out in Palermo. In May, 1647, owing to the oppressive imposts on the necessities of life. The news of the tumults reached Naples, ever ripe for revolt.

The viceroys was stabled on his way to mass. The Duke of Arcos, little dreaming of the need he should have of their assistance to maintain the Spanish rule in Naples itself, had unfortunately just sent most of his German and Spanish troops into Lombardy.

In the middle of the market-place—the scene of so many disturbances—stood a small house, differing from the other wretched houses around only in having the royal arms of Charles V. carved upon it. It was a poor fisherman, Tommaso Aniello, called for shortness Massaniello. He was of the middle height; his dark eyes glared out of a sunburnt face, while his fair, long hair fell over his shoulders in striking contrast with his dark complexion.

It so happened that, in the midst of the dissatisfaction caused by the pressure of the new imposts, Massaniello's wife was imprisoned for attempting to smuggle some flour. Nearly all his small earnings were swallowed up in paying the penalty; his passions were fanned by one Giulio Geronzi, a favorite of a former viceroys, the Duke of Osuna. This man, after various strange adventures in Barbary, where he had been a galley-slave, had returned to Naples, and become a priest.

Such was the state of things, and such Massaniello's feelings, on the morning of the 7th July, 1647. It happened to be Sunday; a number of carts and donkeys, laden with fruit and vegetables, drove into the market-place as usual; they had scarcely arrived when the contest between the officers on guard and the vendors began.

Several worthy burghers, fearing a riot, hurried to the viceroys, who sent one of the deputies of the people to restore peace. The tumult increased—the Duke of Arcos sent two nobles who were well looked upon by the people—Tiberio Caraffa, Prince of Bisignano, and Ettore Ravaascheri, Prince of Satriano—to quell the disturbance, in which they succeeded, by promising that the viceroys would abolish all the odious duties.

Massaniello, who had remained a quiet spectator during the riot, now came forward and indeed the people to go with him to the palace; a ragged, noisy company it was, and fully aware of its power. The Duke, who was many nobles, who advised him to double his guard, refused—either from fear of exciting the people, or from contempt for them—to take any precautions.

Meanwhile the people's demands rose with the concessions made to them; fresh crowds poured into the square, and finding no impediment, entered the palace, disarmed the German body-guard, broke open the doors,

and plundered and broke everything within their reach.

The Duke managed to escape into the castle of Saint Elmo. The Spanish troops, falling back from all outlying posts, concentrated themselves in the park adjoining the palace and the castle.

During the night, the Theatins and Jesuits left their convents, formed processions, and chanted Litanies, but the *oro nois* was drowned in the yells of the populace; the streets were filled with thieves and cut-throats who had left their law haunts. After forcing the prisons and destroying the toll-houses, the mob attacked and pillaged the houses, of all such as were supposed to have made money by monopolies, or in any way at the expense of the public. No one thought of offering any resistance. Furniture, plate, pictures, everything, in short, was piled up into a heap in the streets and burned.

Up to this period the people were not armed. They now plundered the armors' shops and chose Massaniello as their leader. Meanwhile the Duke of Arcos lost no time. He provisioned the Castle of Saint Elmo, concerted signals, gave orders for the distribution of all the gunpowder that was in Naples, and towards midnight he went, accompanied by a strong detachment, to the Castle Nuovo; and the morning of the 8th was expected with some anxiety.

The morning broke, but brought no comfort. The tocsin was rung, and the crowd, composed chiefly of discontented serfs from the neighboring baronies, brigands and vagabonds of all sorts, and all armed, flocked from all quarters. The mass was rendered more hideous by crowds of women of the vilest class—hags such as Naples only can show. It was soon obvious that the masses were not left to their own blind impulses but were guided by skilful hands. Unfortunately, the tocsin was rung, and the crowd, composed chiefly of discontented serfs from the neighboring baronies, brigands and vagabonds of all sorts, and all armed, flocked from all quarters. The mass was rendered more hideous by crowds of women of the vilest class—hags such as Naples only can show. It was soon obvious that the masses were not left to their own blind impulses but were guided by skilful hands. 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### The Queen of Spain

[illegible]

**Norway Iron Works**  
AND  
**IRON FOUNDRY.**  
(CHANGE OF PROPRIETORS.)  
**E. H. CROWN & Co.**  
HAVING purchased of the late firm of BROWN  
& CO., their interest in the Norway  
Iron Foundry and IRON STOVE WORKS, at  
New York, Me., would respectfully announce to the  
friends and patrons of the old firm and the public  
generally, that they are prepared to furnish  
**STOVES,**  
Of the Latest most and approved Styles,  
Which for TASTE and DURABILITY, cannot be  
excelled at any establishment in the country.  
We shall have constantly on hand and for sale  
at Wholesale and Retail, a large assortment of  
**Cooking, Box & Parlor Stoves,**  
*Fire Frames and Fire Places; Oven Mouths,  
Ash and Boiler Moulds; Cast Hubs, and  
Cast Boxes; Barn Door Rollers; Grind-  
Stone Cranks and Rollers; Wrenches;  
Fire Dogs, Sad Irons, Children  
Kettles, Calverton Irons, &c.*  
We are prepared to do all kinds of  
**JOB CASTINGS**  
At short notice, and shall give particular attention  
to **JOBBING IN**  
**MACHINISTS' DEPARTMENT,**  
We shall keep on hand a large quantity of  
**Bar Iron and Steel,**  
Which we will sell at a small advance from Port  
land prices. Also, an assortment of  
**TIN WARE,**  
MADE EXPRESSLY FOR CUSTOM SALE.  
**Tin Ware Made to Order.**  
The present proprietors, having been engaged in  
the business for the last six years, are confident  
that they can furnish all work in their line to the  
satisfaction of customers, both as to *quality and*  
price, a share of public patronage is respectfully  
solicited.  
E. H. CROWN & Co.,  
F. A. GUTCHELL,  
F. A. DEMOND.  
Norway, March 1, 1854. 4

**Soldier in the War of 1812**  
OR IN ANY OF THE INDIAN WARS of the  
United States, between 1790, or the widows or  
minor children of deceased Soldiers, &c. those wars  
or commissioned officers in the late War with Mex-  
ico, who are entitled to  
 **Bounty Warrants**  
under the act of Congress passed September 28th  
1850, may have their claims settled with the  
proper formalities, on application to  
**M. B. HARTLETT,**  
Counselor and Attorney at Law,  
WATERFORD, (Oxford County,) Me.  
M. B. H. is also Commissioner for the State  
New Hampshire. 2tf

**FOR BOSTON.**  
DAILY, (SATURDAYS & SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,  
ON and after MONDAY, the  
15th inst., the Fast and  
Thanksgiving days, and  
LAWRENCE, (Capt. CYRUS  
KENT), and ATLANTIC (Capt. GEORGE  
KENT), will run as follows:  
Leaving Atlantic Rail Road, Wharf every Mon-  
day, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday  
at 7 o'clock P. M.; and Central Wharf, Boston, on  
same days, at 7 o'clock P. M.  
Cabin Passage, \$1.25  
Decks, 1.00  
The boats start on Tuesdays.  
N. B.—Each Boat is furnished with a large num-  
ber of State Rooms for the accommodation of Ladies  
and Families; and travellers are reminded that  
the taking of any such early time and expense  
will be made; and that the inconvenience of arriv-  
ing in Boston at late hours of the night will also  
be avoided.  
The boats arrive in season for the passengers to  
take the earliest trains out of the city.  
L. BILLINGS Agent, Portland.  
J. BROOKS Agent, Boston.  
March 28, 1851. 7 tf

**Western Exchange Hotel.**  
THE subscriber would respectfully give  
notice that he has taken the above named Home,  
located directly opposite the Portland, Sa-  
l & P. Depot, PORTLAND, (Maine),  
on the site where formerly stood the Home now  
occupied by a running saloon. The present Home is a new  
substantial brick edifice—built expressly for a Hotel  
—and furnished throughout with entire new fur-  
niture—and well arranged, to convene the travelling  
community. Travellers arriving at Portland from  
the East or West, will find this Home a more  
convenient stopping place than any other Public House  
in the City—as it is within twenty yards of the  
Railroad Station, and within five minutes of the  
City Hall. The Eastern part of the State  
and the Provinces all land.  
Porters will always be in attendance on the arrival  
of the cars and the Boats, to convey baggage to  
the Depot Hotel. The baggage is carried by  
Passengers from the country by stage, bound east  
or west, by Cars or Boats, will find the *Western  
Exchange Hotel* the right place to meet their con-  
venience. In passing the Hotel, the subscribers  
proprietor, in making the Home agreeable to his patrons.  
JOHN R. CROCKER,  
Formerly Clerk of the American Hotel in  
Portland, (Maine,) April 3, 1852. 109

**Farm for Sale.**  
A FARM situated in a  
very pleasant part of the  
town of Paris, Oxford  
County, containing  
about two hundred acres  
of land, well divided into mowing pasture and  
timber; more than two-thirds of the land can be plowed  
easily. The pasturing is equal to any in the  
county. No mill or mill race, or mill dam, or  
grist mill, or saw mill, or any other kind of  
good two story house, two barns and a shed  
between them thirty feet square; also about four  
acres of land set with apple-trees, which have been  
grafted with the best fruit, and some are in  
bearing. This orchard will yield from one to  
three hundred dollars worth of fruit in a year.—  
There is quite a number of pear-trees, some of which  
have come into bearing, and a few plum-trees. Those  
who are desirous of purchasing this property, or  
who were built last August. Said farm has a good  
quantum of running water at the barn and house,  
which is fed by a never-failing spring. Said farm  
has a good feed of much water in a pond, and  
the water is pure and sweet. I would be  
glad that the orchard is seen once in the country,  
if not the best; there being about fifty-five  
acres of the best fruit growing in said farm. Said farm  
is within five miles of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence  
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acres of the best fruit growing in said farm. Said farm  
is within five miles of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence  
Road at South Paris, and within two miles of the  
court house, and the meeting house which is owned  
by the Baptist and Universalist churches. Those  
who are desirous of purchasing this property, or  
who were built last August. Said farm has a good  
quantum of running water at the barn and house,  
which is fed by a never-failing spring. Said farm  
has a good feed of much water in a pond, and  
the water is pure and sweet. I would be  
glad that the orchard is seen once in the country,  
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