

# The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 11, NO. 18.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1860.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 27, NO. 28.

## Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

### To the People of Maine.

In the neighboring State of Massachusetts a contagious, fatal and incurable disease, known as Pleuro-Pneumonia, rages among the horned cattle.

Daily developments show that it has been extending with noiseless and unsuspected steps.

One of the peculiarities of this disease is that it may have fatal hold upon an animal for months before its effects become apparent, except to critical, professional examination.

There is reason to fear that in this unseen form it may now exist beyond its present supposed limits.

There is danger that in some unperceived manner this disease may be introduced among the cattle of this State.

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the paralyzing effect of such introduction upon the Agriculture of Maine—an interest of greater magnitude than all the other pecuniary interests combined—an occupation upon which not only is every person dependent for food, but which is itself dependent upon husbandry for success.

The only known security against such introduction is the non-importation of cattle from the direction where the disease prevails, and every consideration of duty and expediency dictates that no cattle be brought into the State upon any pretence, or for any purpose whatever, until certainty takes the place of doubt in regard to the course of this disease. Present supplies for the shambles or prospective improvement in breeds, may be too dearly purchased.

Let me urge every citizen of Maine whether he be a producer or consumer, drover, vendor, or carrier, to do all which lies in his power to preserve our present exemption from this pest; and I recommend not only that no cattle be brought in from abroad, but also, that for some months to come, there be no driving from place to place, or exchange, or circulation in any way, of those within our borders, which can be dispensed with.

S. L. GOODALE, Sec'y of the Me. Board of Ag.  
Saco, May, 1860.

From The Maine Farmer.

### Cleansing Wool for Market.

Although there is now but a small quantity of wool clipped in Maine, compared with the amount formerly produced by our farmers, and although the prices for this article have ruled very low for a few years past, it is nevertheless incumbent on every one who proposes to sell what wool he does raise, to put it in as good condition as he can without going to too much labor and cost.

A writer in the Rural New Yorker recommends the method recommended some years since by Messrs. Perkins & Brown, of Ohio, for preparing wool.

They first wet the wool by immersing the sheep in the water. Then allow the sheep to stand in the yard until they become warm. The oil in the wool thus becomes soapy, and requires but a little labor afterwards to wash them entirely clean. This writer recommends that sheep be washed until the water runs away from them clear and clean. They should be sheared as soon as dry, which will be, if the weather be fine, in about three days from the time they were washed.

It was formerly customary, and is now, to some extent, for the person who washes, to stand in the water up to his hips until the whole flock be washed. This is not necessary, and can be avoided by taking a tight barrel, with one head out, or a hoghead sawed off at proper height, and sinking it into the stream by putting in rocks or other heavy substance. The washer can then stand in this and operate in a somewhat dryer condition than when immersed in the water.

A very good method where one does not have deep water convenient for him to plunge his sheep in, is to make a flume or sluice in some stream large enough to contain a sheep. Into this the sheep may be placed and washed. The water may be suffered to run off, and the flume again filled for another sheep, while the operator standing on the outside, can work and keep himself dry at the same time.

A FARMER'S DIARY. The Homestead gives the following advice to farmers: A record of the daily work upon the farm will be found by every farmer, of great advantage to him in his efforts to labor systematically and effectually. Keep a book suitable for the purpose, and each evening when the day's work is over record the most important things done. If you have no time yourself, suggests an anonymous writer, your sons can do it for you; and it will be an invaluable assistance to them when they grow up to be farmers too, to see how their father cultivated his farm, when he sowed his crops, how he sowed them, the amount of their yield, etc. etc. (for all these things should be carefully recorded in the diary), thereby having a manual of operations by which they can be guided. If an operation is performed on the farm one year, which does not prove successful, you have the manner of performing that operation noted, and the next year you can try some other process, and avoid a repetition of the bad results of the preceding one.

## A New Topographical Township Map of Maine.

We are gratified to learn that an enterprise of this kind is undertaken, and that it has already received the decided approbation of many of our prominent citizens, to whom its merits have been explained. Messrs. J. Chace, Jr. & Co., of this city have engaged in it with the same energy heretofore evinced by them in similar enterprises in this and other States. They propose to make a complete detailed topographical map of our entire State. The idea was suggested to the minds of our business men during the progress of the recent surveys made in the most important counties. Mr. Chace, under whose direction a large portion of these surveys have been completed, has been repeatedly solicited and urged by prominent citizens in every part of the State, to prepare a plan of the entire State, embracing the geographical information, so elaborately shown on county maps, so far as published, and to make a survey of the remaining portions for that purpose, thus giving a more complete and detailed delineation of our territory than was ever attempted in any other State, to an equal extent.

In accordance with this suggestion, a scale has been fixed upon, polyconic projection of the State made, based upon the triangulation established by the U. S. Coast Survey between Portsmouth Harbor and Passamaquoddy Bay. Everything is laid down with great minuteness and distinctness showing the whole network, of roads, railroads, streams, ponds, town and county lines, lakes, bays, harbors, islands and mountains, with the same particularity of detail, seen on the most accurate town and county maps, all given from new and accurate surveys.

In addition to this, the location of houses, stores, mills, manufactories, etc., is shown in their proper position, except perhaps a few in close corners or crowded streets. The design also includes plans of all the cities and large villages in the State, exhibiting the streets, residences, stores, wharves, railroads, etc., in each, so that roads can be traced to and past any man's house or any place of town from Kittery Point to Eastport and the most secluded settlements in the wilds of Aroostook.

A map of New England, together with the Eastern Provinces, Canada, Middle and Western States, will be added, showing at a glance our railroad and water communication with all these points, and the unrivaled commercial facilities and advantages enjoyed by the Maine State.—This is an important feature in addition to the elaborate detail of our own State. It will exhibit the commercial advantages afforded by the Grand Trunk and its tributary connections, as they will stretch their iron arms ere long from the coal fields and the gypsum and freestone quarries of our eastern neighbors, to the remotest cotton marts of the sunny South.

No opportunity has ever before presented itself in the history of our State for the completion of a geographical work so valuable to all our citizens, particularly men of family and of business in every town, and yet afforded at a less price than is demanded for maps much smaller in size, meager, incomplete, and inaccurate in the few details shown and every way greatly inferior to this; being mere compilations from old maps and plans, without new surveys. This work has been undertaken by competent hands. Mr. C. is a practical topographical engineer of long experience in map making, and hundreds in our own city and through State who have become personally acquainted with him and his assistants will cordially unite with us in an endorsement of their ability to produce an invaluable map of our territory, creditable alike to its projectors, and to the entire public spirit of our citizens.

With a population of over 600,000—an area equal to all the rest of New England—important resources yet undeveloped—the eyes of rival communities upon us—rival interests seeking to divert the trade that legitimately belongs to us,—and as a State having a brighter future before us, we confidently hope that such encouragement will be promptly given to this important work, as will secure its speedy completion for use at home and at the same time to represent us abroad, in a style unsurpassed, not even excepting our old mother Massachusetts, whose map was executed at a cost of more than \$150,000 to that State, and which is less complete than this one of Maine.

The plan of the map, its style of execution and beauty of finish, so far as shown, we understand, meet the unqualified approval of the Portland Board of Trade, members of the City Government, and of our most intelligent and appreciative citizens here and throughout the State. We heartily wish success to an enterprise so worthy of encouragement, and so desirable to be consummated. [Argus.]

From the Rural New Yorker.

SKIMMING MILK. The wise man, in enumerating the times and seasons made no mention of a time to skim milk; yet, nevertheless, there is a time—a right time, too,—and that is just as the milk begins to sour in the bottom of the pail. Then the cream is all at the surface, and should at once be removed,—with as little of the milk as possible. If allowed to remain until the acid reaches the cream, or to become thick, it diminishes the cream, and impairs it in quality. That housewife, or dairymaid, who thinks to obtain a greater quantity by allowing the milk to stand beyond that time, labors under a most egregious mistake. Any one who doubts this, has only to try it to prove the truth of this assertion. Milk should be looked to at least three times a day.

A COUNTRYWOMAN.

We clip the following items from the Rural New Yorker.

CANADA AGRICULTURAL SHOWS. The Provincial Agricultural Association of Canada West is making great preparation for its next annual exhibition, to be held at Hamilton. A fine crystal palace is to be constructed on the grounds, and our Canada friends expect the Prince of Wales will attend, if not constitute a part of the show. Great preparations are likewise being made for the Fair to be held at Montreal the ensuing autumn. It is said the Government has appropriated \$20,000 in aid of the enterprise. The local Agricultural Societies of Canada West are also in a prosperous and progressive condition, we believe.

HOW TO GROW MANGEL WERZEL. In the Rural of April 28th, A. G. G. inquires how to grow Mangel Wurzel. I will give him my experience, as I never failed. I throw land into ridges two feet from the center, then, filling the furrows almost full of well rotted manure, I throw back the ridges upon the manure, thus making a complete hot-bed, to receive the seeds. With finger and thumb, press in one or two seeds at intervals of fifteen inches, remembering that the seed must be covered very lightly. If the soil is heavy and shallow, use the Yellow Globe variety.—If deep and mellow, take Long Red, and don't plant before the first of June. When the young plants are two inches high, thin to one in a place. Mangels are only good for spring feed, being too cold and watery for winter use.

C. DAWKINS, Stanwich, Conn.

NEW PROCESS OF UNDERDRAINING. Mr. S. A. Clemens, of Illinois, writes us that he has an improvement on the mole plow, by which hydraulic cement mortar is forced down and lines the inside of the subterranean tube, simultaneously with the advancement of the mole through the ground.—"In effect laying a continuous pipe of imperishable material at any depth not exceeding 3 1/2 feet, and of any desired size or thickness, with provision, in operating the machine, for making the underdrain of as perfect a grade of inclination as a railway can be laid." Water has access to the drain by a narrow fissure or perforations in the bottom. Mr. C. says he can contract to put in two inch pipe (in subsoils, where stones or roots are not large or frequent,) at 25 to 30 cents a rod.

STIRRING THE SOIL IN DRY WEATHER. The frequent stirring of the soil is the cheapest and most effectual way of protecting crops against drought, as proved by the fact that a soil plowed or cultivated often in a dry time is moist almost to the surface, while land that is neglected, is dry to a great depth. Some farmers from false reasoning exposed to the sun and air, the effect will be to dry the soil still more. But the atmosphere in the hottest and driest weather is more or less charged with moisture, to prove which we have only to present a cold surface to the atmosphere, as a pitcher of ice water for instance, when the moisture of the air will be condensed and form in large drops on the outside of the pitcher. By frequently stirring the soil it is kept loose and porous, and coming in contact with the cold earth is robbed of its moisture by condensation, in the same manner as in the example of the pitcher given above. The oftener the soil is stirred the more new surface will be presented for action in the same manner; but when land is suffered to remain idle, a crust is formed on the surface which is impenetrable to the atmosphere, and no such effect can take place.

[Gen. Farmer.]

HOW TO RAISE LARGE CABBAGES. Mr. Editor:—Old Subscriber wishes to know how to raise large cabbages. Let me tell him. Plow land deep, harrow fine, put on twelve cords of strong manure to the acre; plow and harrow as before, then take a small plow and furrow twice in a row; put one large shovel full of strong manure in each hill, 2 1/2 feet apart; chop fine with a hoe, and cover with two inches of earth. Drop from five to twenty seeds in each hill. After the plants are well up, cultivate and hoe twice a week, and thin to one in a hill as they become large enough.

As I have followed the sea till within a few years, my plans may be a little different from most farmers. Perhaps "Subscriber" will ask how I get manure at this rate for so much land? I will tell him. I keep one pair of oxen and two horses in the winter season to draw manure; first we get all the vault manure possible, kelp from the beach, and all kinds of manure that I can buy, never being afraid of getting too much.

[Capt. Samuel Graves, in N. E. Farmer.]

THE YELLOW STRIPED EGG AND WATER-MELON VINES. Take feathers from a hen's wing, or take sticks and split them and put in cotton, which is about as good, dip them in spirits of turpentine, and stick them into a hill in an oblique or slanting position a little above the vines; two or three will be sufficient for a hill, and as often as it loses its strength, dip them over, and after every shower. I have taken boards five inches wide, made boxes and covered them with millinet, and put them over the hills; the vines would run up tall, like growing in the shade, and come to take the boxes off they would not do well; but put spirits of turpentine around the hills, and they will do well. N. E. Farmer.

—The printers of New Jersey boast that there is not a single printer in the State Prison of the State, and but one in the Legislature.

## MISCELLANY.

### THIRTY-FIVE.

"Thirty-five to-day! My life is just half through—that is, if I am to live the three-score years and ten, which the bible says is the life of man. I sometimes wish that I had already reached the end."

Such was the remark that I addressed to myself upon the morning of my thirty-fifth birthday. I was not in the best of humors, as may be inferred from a portion of my remark. But when I had, had pushed aside the curtain and opened the window, and had revelled for a while in the glories of an October morning, (for the reader must know what I am proud of telling, that my birthday comes in the glorious month of October, "which makes the woods so gay.") then did my spirit acquire its usual tone of serenity, and I became half ashamed of my first exclamation. But the day had begun badly, and I was destined to encounter and overcome many more vexations before it ended.

As I looked in the glass that morning, never so it seemed to me, had the ravages of time been so perceptible. My brown locks, which had been the pride and admiration of my friends, and which only yesterday had seemed to me as glossy, abundant and beautiful as ever, now looked faded and thin—and yes—actually there was a gray hair! I am ashamed to confess that for one instant, I was almost disposed to sit down and cry, but happily, I did not yield to the temptation. My eyes, too, which in my younger days had been dark and lustrous, and which, as my cousin John had once said, "shone like an angel's when I was animated," now, upon the morning of my thirty-fifth birthday, looked dull and green. There were wrinkles, too, upon my face, which could only have been placed there by the hand of time. In fact, I looked wrinkled, faded, and with the impression strong upon my mind, I put on the most queer-like dress I possessed, combed my hair back as plainly as possible, and went down to breakfast. As I opened the door, I was unfortunate enough to interrupt a family conference, for there were seated at the table, uncle and aunt, John, Harry, Frank, and little Annie, all seemingly engaged in very earnest conversation. Upon my sudden entrance there was an abrupt pause, and some embarrassment expressed by the younger members of the family.

"Another advantage in being an old maid," thought I to myself; "she's sure to stumble into places where she isn't wanted."

As I seated myself in my accustomed place at the table, there was an exclamation from John: "Emily! have you turned Quaker? What in the world is the meaning of that dress?"

"It means that I am thirty-five to-day, so be reverent if you please," said I shaking my finger at him.

"In half-mourning for her hopes, I suppose," muttered Harry, with a most malicious expression of face.

At this point I jotted down a memorandum in my mind—to give Harry a lecture upon respect before the day was through.

"I do not believe Cousin Emily has made a mistake," shouted my pet, Frank, at this moment, shaking his curls all over his head. "I know she is forty instead of thirty-five to-day, and I'll prove it by the family Bible after breakfast. Oh, Cousin Emily, to think that you of all others, should chat in your age! I shall never believe in you after this!"

"Hold your tongue, boys," interrupted my uncle. "If you behave so rudely you shall take no part in your own what."

And here my uncle nodded mysteriously. As I left the table that morning, I felt sure that I hated the boys most decidedly, and I came to the conclusion that they were the most ungrateful set that ever lived. Even Frank, by whose sick bed I had spent some years of my life, who had often declared that he loved me better than anything else on earth, even he had wounded me by a foolish jest.

"Please, Emily, don't come down to dinner in drab," said John, as he handed me to the door in an unusually gallant style.

And Cousin Emily, mother says you are not to enter the kitchen to-day," whispered little Annie, with a most bewitching smile.

"So they want to get rid of me," thought I bitterly. "And what can have come over those boys this morning? I never knew them to behave so. I really believe they wish I was out of the house, and so I began to think of uncle and aunt, too. Last year I was loaded with presents, and to-day there is not even the mention of one. Not, of course that I care anything about the presents themselves, but then it is pleasant to know there is some one in the world who cares about you. Well I see I shall have to go away from here and find a home by myself, for who cares for an old maid?"

Thus grumbling, I entered my room and cast my eyes around to see what it was best to employ my time about—for upon this, my birthday, I was extremely fastidious as regarded my occupation. It pleased me just then to remember that there was a quantity of letters to be looked over and sorted—a task that I had put off from day to day as a painful one, for it would necessarily recall the one bitter sorrow of my life.

Twelve years before, upon that very day, my marriage was to have taken place. But before the time came we had quarrelled, and, when the sun rose upon our wedding day, Philip Allen was across the sea, a sad and solitary wanderer. As I read those letters—relics of my love-dream—how

vividly did every circumstance connected with it come up before me! How well I recollected our quarrel, which my own willfulness had caused, and Phillips sad, reproachful face when I turned from him with the angry exclamation: "Go, if you wish it—it is best—for we shall never agree. We had better never meet again."

And we had never met again. My words bitterly repented of as soon as spoken, and repented of every day and hour since that time, had been literally adhered to. Philip was in a distant land, and I was thirty-five. My musings were here interrupted by the most outrageous noise down stairs. I began seriously to think that my uncle was knocking away a portion of his house by the hammering that I heard. The most uproarious shouts of laughter likewise floated up from the regions below.

"I really believe everybody here is crazy to-day," thought I, as I commenced my toilet for dinner.

To please John, I put on the very gayest dress I possessed; for however much I might grumble at the boys, I knew, and they knew that I would do almost anything to please them.

"Very well—very well, indeed. You'll do, Emily," said John, as he took a critical survey of my dress through his eyeglasses.

At dinner time there were the same mysterious nods and glances that I had noticed at breakfast, and everybody seemed unusually excited. In the afternoon John proposed to drive me out in his new buggy, to see the country in its October dress.

"More likely to make the acquaintance of Mother Earth," retorted I; "for really, John you are so excited you will not be able to manage that spirited horse of yours."

But John protested that he was never calmer in his life, and as a proof of his placidity, performed some of the most ridiculous maneuvers, without, however convincing me at all.

"Better go, cousin Emily," said Harry. "It may be your last chance. I don't expect you'll be as much as look at me after to-day."

In my heart of hearts I determined both to look at the gentleman and to talk to him in a way that he would not soon forget. But this matter was put off for another day, for there stood John waiting impatiently for me. Now, as I really had no particular whatever of John's driving, I decided to go, little guessing the vexations I should undergo before I reached home.

"Now," thought I, as I seated myself in the buggy, "now I will find out the meaning of all this mystery. It will be impossible for John to keep the secret from me. Has anything unusual happened to-day, John?" I commenced.

"Anything unusual happened to-day?" repeated John. "Why yes, I think there has."

"What?" demanded I impatiently.

"Why you are thirty-five to-day are you not Emily?" returned John, with a very demure face; "and quite young and handsome, too, for thirty-five."

Now I was both amused and provoked at the absurdity of this speech. To tell the truth, I had by this time become a little tired of hearing "thirty-five." "No matter thought I, 'he will at least be moved when he hears I am going away. I know he will say 'cousin Emily can't be dispensed with.' 'John,' I began, sometimes to-day especially—I have some thought that it would be best if I should go away from here—that I should be happier in another dwelling place because—"

I was here interrupted by John, who was at coughing, which lasted several minutes, and which by its violence threatened to rupture a blood-vessel. Indeed, I was really alarmed by the evident distress in which he was, and which exhibited itself by the purple hue of his face, and by the oddest grimaces. No allusion was made to my remark during the remainder of the ride, and I must say that I was not a little wounded by the perfect indifference manifested by John upon the subject of my departure.

"There's Amy Anthem," shouted John as we stood a blooming young girl. And as John spoke, he drew up with a sudden jerk, threw the reins to me, and was soon in earnest conversation with Amy. Now, Amy was a great favorite of mine, and it was no secret that she was a great favorite of John's also; but I should have preferred that he should have taken another time to have shown his partiality, especially as, by their motions, I knew that they were talking about me. So I leaned further back in the carriage, feeling very uncomfortable, and imagining their whole conversation.

"I suppose he is telling her that I am thirty-five to-day, and of course she will answer with her prettiest smile, 'I pity her!'"

"Good-by, Amy. Now don't forget to be ready at the exact moment," was John's final speech, as we drove away.

John had several other calls to make, the object of which I could not discover. There were several mysterious conferences held with elderly spectacled ladies, and middle-aged ladies, and young ladies, all of whom nodded kindly to me, but all of whom I suspected of saying to each other, "She's thirty-five to-day, poor thing!" How I wished we were at home, and home we reached at length, only to be met at the door by Harry, who had spent the time profitably by composing an epiphon on our probable fate, which, standing at the foot of the stairs, he shouted out to me word by word.

How long I sat in the solitude of my own

room I know not. Weary of the present I had gone back into the days of the past—days that could never return. When I awoke to actual life it was dark, and the room felt dark and chilling. There was an unusual clatter of voices and sound of feet below, and hurrying from one room to another. I passed down the dark staircase and opened the parlor door, and then started back at the flood of light and the sight, that burst upon me. The parlors were most brilliantly lighted, and full of company—my particular friends—many of whom I had thought far distant; the freights of the family were all there. What a change from the dark, chilly room, and the society of my own somewhat sombre thoughts to these cosy comfortable parlors, and this pleasant company, every one of whom had something agreeable or complimentary to say, as John beside me to keep me in countenance, I received the friends who crowded about me. What a change, too, had come over the family. All the restraint which had so vexed me during the day was gone. My uncle and aunt were ten times kinder to me than usual, if such a thing could be possible. My cousins, too were completely transformed into polite and agreeable people. And as Harry presented me with a magnificent bouquet, he whispered: "Let this atone in part for my saucy speeches to-day."

I thought at that moment I could have forgiven him much greater offenses.

"Now," said John "we are to have a series of tableaux, all in your honor, Emily. You are not expected to take part in them, otherwise than by staring at them most intently, for I assure you they will be something remarkable."

I laughed, promised to stare at them most intently, and seated myself with the company. In our rather old-fashioned mansion, the library connected with the parlors by means of folding doors, and these being now pushed aside, disclosed the performance. The changes which the library had undergone accounted also for the hammering sounds I had heard in the morning.

The first tableau was rather a failure. It represented John, in a very picturesque dress, and with a drawn weapon, standing over Frank, who crouched upon the ground in terror. The bright weapon, so near his curly head, must have frightened my little favorite, for he made a very perceptible movement, which greatly amused the spectators, but destroyed the effect of the picture. Then followed a representation of Evangeline, with her sweet, sad face, sitting by the "nameless grave;" Ruth among her sheaves of wheat, besides various groups which looked remarkably well. Little Red Riding-hood, which character was represented by blooming Amy Anthem, in a charming red cloak, was another attractive feature.

But the tableau which most engaged my attention was the last of all, where David was represented as mourning over the dead Absalom. Harry, as Absalom, lay in the semblance of death, every feature in perfect repose. There was a hush among the spectators, for perfect stillness was such a novelty in connection with our wild roughish Harry, that this seemed real, too real. Over the bier bowed David in all the majesty of woe. The face of the actor was hidden from my sight; but the bowed form, the attitude alone, proclaimed the depth of human suffering. Never before, to my knowledge, had I seen the person who represented David, nor did he seem known to the company, for when the curtain fell every one asked of his neighbor the question, "Who acted David?" None knew.

A little later in the evening I managed to find Harry, who looked now as little like the dead Absalom as it was possible to look, and endeavored to extract from him some information in regard to the stranger; for, strange to say, that was the subject upon which my thoughts oftenest dwelt. But Harry pretended perfect ignorance.

"How should I know who it was, when my eyes were closed the whole time? I tell you what, it isn't an easy thing to act Absalom!"

"But you certainly know who was leaning over you Harry."

"I know! I had as much as I could do to keep perfectly still."

I saw there was nothing to be extracted from Harry, so I attacked John upon the subject. But my question remained unanswered, for John was again seized with one of those fearful fits of coughing that had engaged my sympathy in the morning.

"Now that I have recovered, Emily," said John, when it pleased him to stop coughing, "just come with me into the dining room, from this crowd. I've something there to show you."

And something indeed there was; for there stood my good old uncle, with a beautiful gold watch in his hand, which he presented to me with a few simple but affecting words. Then followed my aunt with a gift, at once elegant and appropriate. And then, in their turn, each of the boys. Before the presentation of his gift, which was an elegant rosewood writing desk, John attempted to make a little speech, but broke down in the midst of it, to the great amusement of all, for John was very seldom embarrassed.

Ah! how little justice I had done them all that morning. I had accused them of not caring for me of wishing me out of the house; and here had a whole family united in honoring my birthday and remembering my tastes. How much had I, as I was, and thirty-five years old, to be thankful for! How like a stab did every one of these kindnesses seem, when I thought of my morning soliloquy. As these ideas passed thro' my mind, I raised my eyes and encountered those of Annie, who, childlike, had been

stuttering about from one room to another, and was now watching me.

"Now, Cousin Emily, if you will come to the library, I will show you my present."

The library had been entirely deserted by our guests, and as Annie and I approached it from the dining-room, I saw only one solitary figure, that of the stranger, sitting with his face turned from the light. I was about to withdraw, but Annie urged me gently forward, and just then the stranger turned with an eager look, and for the first time for twelve years I stood face to face with Philip Allen. There was no mistaking those features, which once seen, could never be forgotten, and there was no mistaking the eager, impetuous haste with which he rushed forward to greet me. He was not changed, and that thought brought such exceeding joy that I forgot that I was thirty-five, and no longer young and handsome.

Strange to say, this idea never occurred to me during the remainder of the evening, (which seemed unaccountably short,) neither the next day, nor the next day after. But, as Harry remarked next morning at breakfast, travellers have such wonderful stories to relate that one cannot even think of anything else. Philip, indeed, had been a wanderer many years, and those years had been so full of marvellous adventures, and it was so necessary that he should tell them to somebody, that it happened, I hardly knew how, that I was obliged to give him a great many conferences in the library.

And these adventures had from one thing led to another, and finally, in the most unromantic manner possible, (for what romance could be expected of such elderly people?) it was proposed that we should give out another invitation to our friends, and that we should become actors in that imposing tableau, called marriage. We did as we proposed, and so I became Mrs. Philip Allen.

"You are not half good enough for Philip, Emily. For haven't you deserted me most cruelly, when I took the trouble to take you to ride upon your thirty-fifth birthday, and nearly killed myself in keeping good news from you. The whole family took the greatest trouble to deceive you that day, for of course we all knew that Philip had come. By the way, I must tell Philip how much happier you would be if you went away from here, because—"

And here John was seized with his old fit of coughing, which he speedily cured, however, by the sight of Amy Anthem.

As for myself, I need only say that I look back with the most pleasant recollections to the day when I was thirty-five, and I assure you that wasn't a great while ago.

### A Cure for Hydrophobia.

New York, Aug. 15, 1859.

To the Editors of the Evening Post: A few days ago I noticed in your paper reports of cases of hydrophobia. Appended to one of these cases was a letter of inquiry concerning the means to prevent death following the bite of a mad dog. Recollecting at the time that I had lately seen an extract from the Leipzig Journal in an English paper, I overhauled my files and there found it. Whether it has previously been published in this country I know not, but such instructions cannot be too oft repeated or brought to memory.

"A Saxon forester named Gastell, now of the venerable age of 82 years, unwilling to take to the grave with him a secret of so much importance, has made public in the Leipzig Journal the means which he has used for fifty years, and whereof, he affirms, he has rescued many human beings."

"Take immediately warm vinegar or tepid water; wash the wound clean therewith, and then dry it; pour then upon the wound a few drops of muriatic acid, because mineral acids destroy the poison of the saliva, by which means the evil effects of the latter are neutralized."

This is a simple, and upon the principles which are supposed to govern the circulation of the poison an effective cure. SWEN.

A stolid Dutchman was standing at a certain precinct on election day, recently, inquiring for "de regular democratic ticket," when a shrewd fellow instantly stepped up and supplied him with the genuine thing.

"Vall, now," said Hans, "vat will I do mit 'im?"

"Put it in that box," pointing to the ballot box, said one and another.

The cunning chap who had accommodated him with the "ticket," whispered in his ear, "Don't you let them fool you—don't put it in the box—keep it—put it in your pocket—it's your own, and don't let them cheat you out of your vote;" and so he did, ramming his ticket away down to the bottom of a deep pocket in his coat, and walking off as mad as could be at the rogue who wanted to cheat him out of his vote by putting it in the ballot box.

Bill Wiggins is a very neat fellow. He says he can't spare time to take a bath; besides it costs money for soap and towels. We asked him how he managed to keep clean. "O," said he, with a highly inventive smirk, "I sandpaper myself every Christmas."

"Why, an elephant like a whale? I cause he 'cant clobber a tree!"

The Vanity Fair jibes, by saying that the Southern Democrats are evidently determined to keep the door well closed against Republicanism. The dead lock in Congress having failed last winter, they have fixed the matter at Charleston by a tremendous bolt.

Never purchase a parrot without taking it for a month upon trial. There is no knowing where the bird may have been brought up.







Much has been said of the Eastern Encumbrance labor for the sick; not one ball has been said of the indomitable perseverance of this singular man. Imbued with the conviction that Scrofula is the parent of disease, he has been years engaged in searching the boundaries of the earth, for its antidote. With vast labor he has canvassed the products of sea and land through both continents until he has discovered that combination of remedies which expurgates this human rot and corruption from the system. This new invention we now offer in our columns under the name of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, although its virtues are from Sassafras, far more active and effectual than Sassafras. [Mercantile Journal.]

Theodore Parker, died at Florence, on the 10th of May.

## P. R.

Philadelphia, June 13, 1857.  
Messrs. Perry Davis & Son.—Gents.—A troublesome cough, attended with a yellowish, frothy expectoration, and great emaciation, followed. Whether it was liver or lung cough I know not, but there was an incessant tickling sense in my chest. Calling one day at the office of the United States Journal, one of the proprietors strongly recommended me to try your Pain Killer. I sent and got the article, and was helped immediately, and am now well. I withhold my name, as my family and myself are averse to notoriety. What I have written is solemn truth, and is well known to the proprietors of the Journal. I write under the influence of grateful feeling.  
Yours truly,  
AMICUS.

Sold by agents everywhere.

## Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

This preparation is a certain cure for all diseases of the throat and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. In confirmation of the highest medical authority that "consumption can be cured," numerous instances of complete restoration from this disease, by the use of this Balsam can be given.

Letter from Elder H. L. Gilman, a minister of the Gospel in Vermont:  
Gloucester, Vt., June 20, 1859.

Gentlemen.—I hereby certify that I have been troubled for several years with a difficulty of the throat and lungs, and have applied to several physicians for relief, but have tried almost every remedy of the numerous ones which have been recommended without receiving any assistance; but having been growing weaker and weaker, until about a year ago, I commenced using it with immediate relief. It has not only restored my lungs to a sound state, but I am entirely relieved of the difficulty, or disease of the throat. I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best medicine before the public, and I most cheerfully and commendably recommend it to all persons suffering with pulmonary complaints. H. L. GILMAN.

Dr. Fennell, of Stoughton, N. Y., says he cured a lady of consumption of five years' standing, that would not yield to the usual remedies. Abraham Skillman, M. D., of Randolph, N. J., says it is the best medicine for consumption in every stage, that he has ever known.

None genuine unless signed L. BUTTS on the wrapper.

Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and for sale by H. F. Bates & Co., Paris; W. A. Root, South Paris; D. F. Norris, Newry; E. Andrews & Co., Rockfield; W. S. Chase & Co., Dixfield; F. S. Chandler and C. O. H. Mason Bethel and by dealers everywhere.

## MARRIED.

In Paris, Mass., May 23, 1860, by Rev. Mr. Dusham, Mr. Freeman A. Shaw of Bickerton, Mass., to Miss Rebecca T. Sewall of Sumner Me. In Bethel, 18th, by Rev. Mr. Beavins, Callen Carter of Fitchburg, N. H., to Fanny A., daughter of E. M. Carter Esq. of Bethel.

In Kennebunk, May 21st, U. L. Pettengill (of the firm of S. M. Pettengill & Co. Boston) to Phoebe L. Hall.

## DIED.

In Lowell, May 18th, after a short and very painful illness, Mary Jane Merrill, wife of Albert Merrill, and daughter of Gen. B. Hatfield, aged 24 years and 9 mos. [Western papers please copy.]

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.  
The partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers is this day dissolved by mutual consent. B. F. Bates is hereby fully authorized to collect all debts due to the firm, and said Bates having agreed to settle all demands against the firm they may be presented to him for settlement.  
B. F. BATES.  
S. D. HUTCHINSON.  
Paris May 8, 1860.

The Firm of B. F. Bates & Co. having been dissolved the B. F. Bates and the subscribers, having purchased all debts due to the firm, and agreed to settle all demands against the same, would hereby give notice that all sums due said firm may be paid immediately. Every demand great or small, or a compromise against said firm, may be paid to the undersigned on or before the first day of July next, after which day all debts due to said firm may be paid to the undersigned.

Paris May 28, 1860.

## NOW READY!

THE LIFE OF  
AND  
PUBLIC SERVICES OF

HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN,  
OF ILLINOIS,

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN,  
OF MAINE,

Republican candidates for President and Vice President of the United States.

Illustrated with handsome portraits.

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For sale everywhere.

AGENTS WANTED.—To sell the above in all sections of the country. Terms liberal. Address

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25 CORNHILL, BOSTON. 25

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Publishers and Wholesale Booksellers.

Among their many valuable publications are:  
Curtis's Essay, 4 vols. 12mo.  
Miss Strickland's Queen of England, 7 vols.  
Encyclopedia Americana, 14 vols.  
Parley's Cabinet Library, 6 vols.  
Margaret Fuller's Works, 6 vols.  
Ralph's Tour in Europe, 10 vols.

IN PRESS:  
Complete Works of Francis Bacon, 15 vols.

Messrs. Brown & Taggard keep constantly on hand a very large and complete stock of Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, Slates, the various school books in use in New England, Bibles, Gift Books, Standard and Miscellaneous Books, and everything in any way pertaining to a general Book and Stationery business.

They will be pleased to supply orders from Bookkeepers, Country Merchants, teachers, &c., at satisfactory prices; and would invite them, when visiting the city, to call and examine their large stock of books before purchasing elsewhere.

BROWN & TAGGARD,  
Publishers and Wholesale Booksellers, BOSTON.

DUNNELL & BOOTHBY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

No. 117 Middle Street,  
Mark H. Dunnell, }  
Stephen Boothby, } PORTLAND, ME.

Messrs. D. & B. will practice in the Cumberland, York, Oxford and Androscoggin Courts. 17

To the Hon. Thomas H. Brown, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

ALEXANDER S. THAYER, administrator of the estate of John S. Thayer, deceased, respectfully represents: That the personal property of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts that he owed at the time of his death by the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars.

Your petitioner therefore prays that your honor would grant him license to sell at public or private sale all of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of said debts, and incident charges, as selling a part would involve the sale of the remainder.

A. S. THAYER.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 23d Tuesday of May, A. D. 1860.

On the foregoing petition, ORDERED, That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in a newspaper printed at Paris in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of June next, 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. Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford.

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To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned, guardian of Mary J. Stone, Sarah E. Stone, Charles H. Stone, Betsy A. Stone and others, minor heirs of Thomas S. Stone, late of Rockingham, State of Wisconsin, deceased, respectfully represents: That the personal property of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts that he owed at the time of his death by the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars.

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THE undersigned, guardian of Angelina F. Chapman minor heirs of Frederick G. Barker, deceased, respectfully represents: That the personal property of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts that he owed at the time of his death by the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars.

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