

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. 21.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1860.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 27, NO. 31.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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

From The Maine Farmer.

Aphis, or Plant-Louse.

Some enthusiastic Frenchman has called this the "Age of Plant-Louse," and if we look at the history of this wonderful insect, to trace the details of which has puzzled so many naturalists, who, after long research, are just coming to the true explanation,—we shall feel like joining in with the Frenchman's characteristic remark. We know of no insect so numerous in individuals, and different kinds—so universally abundant, and therefore so injurious. Every forest tree, every shrub, and many an herb has its peculiar aphis. The apple tree has three kinds—one feeding on the roots, another on the trunk, and a third on the leaves; and all in such numbers, of such unparalleled voracity, and of such marvellous powers of reproducing their kind, as would make every gardener actually tremble in his boots if he were fully aware of their mischievous powers.

Look at its history. Early in October last, after the frosts had set in, we visited a white pine bush, that at a distance looked black and unhealthy. Coming up to it, on close inspection we found numbers of black aphids laying their eggs on their terminal leaves—whole strings of eggs—hundreds over different parts of the bush. A fortnight since, the bush was alive with the spring brood of lice. A young apple bush near by, was loaded down with swarms of hungry, thirsty, insatiable plant-lice. And now commences the marvels of the history. The young lice, after leaving the egg, soon come to maturity. The brood, without exception, all females, produce young alive, who immediately stick their bills into the leaf or bark and hardly stop sucking till the day of their death. In a fortnight they are grown up, and produce brood after brood, making usually ten generations in a season. The tenth brood consists of males and females, coming at the end of summer. The females of this brood lay their eggs early in the fall, in the bark of trees, or on the twigs of the terminal twigs, or, as in the case of the pine above stated, on the end of the leaves.

See the family of one spring aphid. One brood consists of fifty or a hundred young; a second brood of the same number, in a few days will produce a second century, or ten thousand grandchildren of the first aphid, so that our grandam, at the tenth generation, will be the founder of a family of one million! What a host to contend with, tho' hundreds of insects that prey on them are daily and hourly helping us. Read Dr. Fitch's experience with the cherry aphid. A row of seven cherry trees, ten feet high, were infested with the lice. "By counting the number of leaves upon some of the limbs, and the number of limbs on the tree, I find a small cherry tree of the size above stated, is clothed with about seven thousand leaves. And at the time alluded to, these leaves could not have averaged less than five or six hundred lice upon each, and there was fully a third more occupying the stems and the tips of the twigs. Each of these small trees was therefore stocked with at least twelve millions of these creatures. And yet so vigilant, so sharp-sighted and voracious were their enemies, that at the end of a few days the whole were exterminated."

These enemies are birds, the lady-birds, beetles (*Coccinella*) in its larva and larva state, and the young aphidid (*Syrphus*), and a lace-winged fly (*Cixyda*). We must also count in the internal parasites (*Achnemum*) that do immense damage to their ranks. The time is coming when, as in Europe, gardeners will have to hunt over the woods and fields for these natural enemies of the aphid. One aphidid larva will clear, in a day or two, a shrub infested with them.

Ants and plant lice are inseparable friends. They are always found together. Watch an ant as he travels up an apple tree. The sun stands at mid-heaven, but the ant is going to milk his cows. He comes up to an aphid, and strokes it with his feelers; aphid gives a jerk of satisfaction, and immediately a drop of sweet sap will exude from two tubes on the back—for it sucks so fast, and fills up so quick, that there must be a safety valve somewhere. The wily ant keeps on stroking and patting his friend. Aphid jerks his body, and kicks up his heels; his neighbor follows his example; and there they are, the whole herd of hundreds—beetles in the air—ants busy as bees—honey flying thick and fast—but alas, the poor tree, and the hopes of the gardener!

Now for the remedies for keeping off these insects: The trunk and limbs should, every fortnight, for each successive brood, be washed and rubbed with whale oil soap, or strong soap-suds, or weak lye. This will at the same time kill off the young bark lice (*Coccus*), now hatching out. At the end of the branches should be held for a minute in a pan of water in which four or five pounds of tobacco have been soaked. This pan will do for a whole orchard. How to reach the elm trees, whose leaves always are sadly infested in June, we cannot say. But the orchard should be attended to at once.

In reply to the oft repeated assertion that a man cannot marry his grandmother, Mr. Bunbury wishes to say that it is a mistake. You can marry your grandmother, provided you are a justice of the peace.

Rationale of Chewing the Cud in Ruminating Animals.

On page 68 of the *Genesee Farmer*, for February, 1860, our correspondent, E. B. asks, "What causes cattle to lose the cud, and what is the last remedy? Similar questions are frequently asked, and much disease of our neat stock is attributed to this 'loss of cud.'"

Literally, there can be no such thing as "loss of cud." Ruminating animals are never furnished with an appendage so ridiculous as "cud," to be used as "gum" in the mouth of a schoolboy, which, if lost, must be supplied with an artificial "cud," as if the operations of nature must be suspended until this prepared artificial panacea is supplied, to take the place of a natural "cud," lost.

By a slight investigation of the anatomy and habits of ruminating animals, this very common delusion would be dispelled, and the slight understanding of the "cud," the cause of its "loss," and the means necessary to be used to restore it, would be more clearly understood.

By ruminants, or ruminating animals, we mean those having a complex stomach, with four cavities so disposed as to allow of ruminating, or the act of at once laying in a large store of food, slightly chewed, and afterwards to return it to the mouth, and there more thoroughly masticate it, and fit it for digestion. Digestion is always preceded by this action in this order of Mammals, and they are exclusively confined to a vegetable diet. Now, if debility, loss of appetite, disease of the stomach and digestive organs, or sickness from any other cause ensue, this order of nature may, for the time, be suspended, and the animal no need to perform the act of rumination. The ordinary operations of a healthy animal are not called into requisition. Hence we hear of "loss of cud." The only "remedy" for this "loss," lies in restoring the animal to health, and if we know what is the disease, we can the more certainly apply the "remedy." But all the "made cuds" that ever entered into the materia medica of quackdom can ever compensate for the folly and ignorance of applying one.

The stomach of ruminating animals is especially organized for the performance of its peculiar functions. It consists of four distinct cavities, all communicating with a muscular canal, at the termination of the esophagus. Coarsely masticated food passes from the beginning of the muscular canal into the first cavity, called the rumen, or paunch. Water is received into the second cavity, called the reticulum, and almost exclusively occupies the honey-comb cells of that cavity, and is gradually mixed with the coarsely divided food which is undergoing mastication in the rumen. When this is sufficiently advanced, a portion of the mass is raised into the muscular canal, is there moulded into a ball, and by a spasmodic action of the muscles of the gullet, is forced into the mouth where it is perfectly masticated at leisure, mixed with saliva, and again swallowed. It now passes directly into the third recess, called the psalterium. Here the superfluous fluid is absorbed, and the thoroughly subdivided mass passes gradually into the fourth recess, called the abomasum, where it is completely digested, and from which it passes off into the lesser intestines.

Rumination is a most interesting process of nature, and it is a most pleasing study to observe and note its manifold operations, and to witness the supreme satisfaction of a well-fed animal, "ruminating," or elaborating by this wonderful provision of Providence,—the mastication of food by deglutition, ejection, and final swallowing—otherwise, "chewing the cud." When we become more thoroughly familiar with the beautiful economy of animated nature, and its most wonderful organization, we shall no more hear of the "loss of cud," but will attribute effects to their proper causes, and call things by their right names.

[Genesee N. Y. Farmer.

From The Maine Farmer.

LICE ON CURRANT BUSHES. We were shown, last week, some leaves of the currant from a garden in this city, badly covered with a dark colored louse, or aphid. We have never before noticed these pests of our garden plants upon the currant, and do not hear of their appearance elsewhere; but in this case it is very evident, if their ravages are not checked, the entire destruction of our friend's currant crop is inevitable. We know of nothing more effectual for their extermination than a decoction of aloes, heretofore recommended in the case of other insect depredators.

Since writing the above, we find upon examination, the currant bushes in other gardens, similarly infested. We hope no pains will be spared to get rid of them promptly and effectually.

THE CUT-WORM AMONG THE PEAS. Several of our gardeners have complained this spring of the ravages of the cut-worm among their pea vines. In some cases the entire plantings had been destroyed. It is a dark ash-colored grub, about the size of a goose-quill, which conceals itself about an inch below the surface of the ground, on the warm side of the vine, during the day time, whence it emerges at night to cut off the stems and leaves of the plant. The only effectual remedy seems to be to examine the ground near the roots of the vines in the day-time, when the destroyer will be sure to be found snugly enjoying his feast. Don't show him any mercy.

When a man has been intemperate so long that shame no longer paints a blush upon his cheek, his liquor does it instead.

FARMS IN ENGLAND. Nine-tenths of the cultivated lands in Great Britain are leased to tenants who pay from two to five pounds sterling per acre, annual rent. Now admitting taxes and other expenses to be no higher here than they are there, it will at once be seen that our common cultivation will no where do much more than pay the price of the rent; but by superior productiveness, occasioned by a superior cultivation, the British farmer is not only enabled to pay rents and taxes; finding every thing for husbandry, and all utensils by which the ground is worked, but he obtains also wealth from the pursuit of his calling.

Murwen stated the produce of an English farm of 894 acres, in the year 1811, to be £8578 equal to \$38,000. On this ground were carried, in that year, the almost incredible quantity of 13,745 one horse cart-loads of manure, and the next year 10,250. Suppose the rent of the farm to be twelve dollars an acre, the expense of manure and its application twelve dollars more and the interest on outlay, taxes and additional labor, cultivation, &c., twelve dollars an acre; leaving a clear gain of about \$10,000 to the tenant.

DUST IN AUSTRALIA. The Adelaide correspondent of the *Patriot* describing, in February, the heat of the summer there, says: "Sometimes at such seasons whirlwinds stalk along—tall columns of dust as high as the Monument, and often as straight, move about majestically, scattering everything movable in their way. In some cases the air is perfectly calm in the immediate neighborhood of these dust storms, and I have amused myself in the open park-lands by accompanying and dodging them when they came near. As soon as you approach within a short distance a violent retreating current of air is perceived, and if you should get caught in the vortex you will never forget the fact. I saw a man on horseback try to dodge rather a large one in King William street, but the whirlwind swept at the same time as the horse, and passed over his head. They were lost to sight a moment and then seen emerging, confused and blinded, man and horse, everything that was removable, the man's hat and some cotelets, careering steeple high in the air, and both horse and rider smothered in fine, snuff-colored dust."

A BULL CLIMBING UP ON A ROOF. A young bull in Salisbury, recently astonished the denizens of that locality, by some extraordinary feat. With other cattle the bull was ranging in the farm yard; thence he ascended a short flight of stone steps rising from the yard to a bank. From this he got on the roof of a shed which rested against the end of a barn. The eaves of this shed were about three feet from the ground. He ascended this until he reached the highest point of the shed roof, with the agility of a cat he leaped undaunted from that to the roof of the main building, which was much steeper—having what the carpenter term a three-eight pitch. He continued his perilous ascent until he reached the comb or peak of the roof. Here the animal halted, presenting a curious spectacle, a bull on the very comb or roof of the barn! In this situation he was observed by a number of spectators, who were equally lost in wonder at the means by which the animal ascended to his lofty position, and as to how he should descend to terra firma without breaking his neck. Even the cattle in the yard seemed uneasy at the novel position of Master Bull, and at his foolish ambition to show himself. All hands, however, were soon relieved of their anxiety. The bull, after taking a survey of the surrounding country, and having apparently satisfied his curiosity, gave a flourish of his tail, and descended by the roof he ascended, reaching the ground in safety. [St. Louis Democrat.

A CHEAP BAROMETER. Take a clean glass bottle and put in it a small quantity of finely pulverized alum. Then fill the bottle with spirits of wine.—The alum will be perfectly dissolved by the alcohol, and in clear weather the liquid will be as transparent as the purest water. On the approach of rain or cloudy weather, the alum will be visible in a flaky spiral cloud in the center of the fluid, reaching from the bottom to the surface. This is a cheap, simple and beautiful barometer, and is placed within the reach of all who wish to possess one. For simplicity of construction, this is altogether superior to the frog barometer in general use in Germany.

Good. The Chicago Press says: "On Monday preceding the nomination, one of Mr. Lincoln's friends addressed him a note, telling him his prospects were improving; but that, at the last moment, it might be necessary to say a word here and a word there for securing the support of certain interests; and the writer of the note asked that he, with two other friends whom he named, might be empowered to 'negotiate,' if negotiations should become necessary. We saw Mr. Lincoln's reply. It was worthy of Washington. He said: 'No, gentlemen; I have not asked the nomination, and I will not now buy it with pledges. If I am nominated and elected, I shall not go into the Presidency as the tool of this man or that, or as the property of any faction or clique.'"

On the road between Prosque Isle and Houlton, there is a great number of farms this season well cleared and in shape to produce large crops of grain, where last year nothing but the unbroken forest presented itself to the gaze of the traveller. No one can imagine how fast Arrostook is becoming populated. [Arrostook Pioneer.

The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get at its contents.

MISCELLANY.

THE CADET'S BABY.

I am a military man—not a private in the ranks, but an officer these many years. I have seen service in Florida, in Mexico, on the borders, and I bear of "honorable scars" a few.

When I was seventeen, a cadet at West Point, I was on my way home for the first time within three years. Early in the morning I took my seat in the cars from New York to Boston. I wore my uniform, and (I may own up now) was not so unconscious or indifferent as I seemed, to the many admiring glances young ladies bestowed upon it, and the embryonic colonel or general within. Towards the middle of the forenoon, an Irish woman got into the cars. They were crowded and she, not having the respect for the military which others had had, took what was almost the only unoccupied seat, and by my side. I am or was a democrat. The woman was well clad and clean, so I kept my place. In her arms she held a child—a young babe of some six or eight months. It was a plump, beautiful, happy little thing. I had a very unmanly and uncautious weakness for both babies and children, and it was so long since I had been so near to either, that I petted and noticed this little creature not a little.

At noon, the train stopped for fifteen minutes. Most of the passengers got out. I meant to have the novelty of a six o'clock dinner in Boston, so I did not stir from my seat. Seeing that I did not, the woman begged to know if I would hold her baby for a few moments while she got out. I assented. She put the child in my arms and vanished. The minutes passed away; one by one the passengers returned; presently when the bell rang, a crowd came with a rush to resume their journey, the locomotive started; we were off, and where, O horrors! where was that woman? My hair began to rise, and the sweat to start from every pore; still I waited, hoping that the woman was trying to get through the other cars, and would come finally to assume her responsibility. A quarter of an hour elapsed; every body was quietly seated and still I held that child. People began to stare, young ladies to titter. I felt myself as red as a lobster. The conductor passed through; I stopped him. With a shaking finger I pointed to the burden in my arms, and stammered out something about the mother having been left behind.

"What the d—!" he exclaimed, as his eye fell on the child. "Well, you're in for it, and no mistake, I saw that woman after she got out, streaking it like mad, away from the depot, but I thought she had her young one with her. You're nicely took in and done for, that's a fact."

"But what's to be done with this child," I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. How far are you going?"

"To Boston to-night."

"Then I guess you'll have to carry it as far as there. Then you can take it to one of the hospitals or asylums, where they attend to this sort of business, and leave it. Perhaps some of these ladies will help you to take care of it till we get to Boston," and the conductor passed on. As he went forward, evidently he told the story for heads began to turn, and then men and boys came sauntering in from the other cars, to see the fellow who had the baby left with him. Plenty of jokes were cracked at my expense, for every now and then I heard a regular guffaw, and some such phrases as "Precious green, eh? Such a go!" "Looko fatherly!" etc., etc.

I was in a rage. My blood boiled furiously. One minute I wanted to swear, the next to kick every person and thing in the car. I suppose in my passion, I gave the poor little thing in my arms a grip, for she uttered a quick, little cry. She lay in my arms so innocent, and helpless and fair, and white, and looked up at me with such complacent placidity, that somehow I felt my anger dying out in spite of me—my embarrassment too.

"I may as well be a man as such a contemptible sneak," I thought. "I was an infatuated greeny to get saddled in this way to be sure, but that's my fault and not this poor little pussy's, and I may as well brave it through. As for these confounded fellows, just let them laugh, that's all."

So I settled myself coolly to the care of my baby. People after a while grew accustomed to see her in my arms, and most of the afternoon, she slept soundly. But O, how heavy she grew! I seemed to have a leaden weight tugging heavier and heavier upon me. How on earth do women lug about children day after day, in the way they do? For me, I'm certain I'd rather now, though I never tried it.

However, to my story. Toward night, my baby waked; and waked fretful, and hungry I suppose. She began to cry; a long, despairing, entirely uncompromising cry. People began to look again to see what master nurse would do. I tried every possible means to pacify the child; my watch, my eagle buttons, held it up to the window, I dandled it, I nearly turned it upside down; no use. Baby properly depressed my miserable efforts to make it forget its needed and rightful consolation, and cried louder and louder till at last I seemed to hold nothing in my arms but an immense squall. A man could stand it no longer, let alone a cadet, and I rose desperately from my seat, determined to appeal to some lady or woman for assistance. As I passed through the car some of the young ladies broke into their senseless titter again the older ones looked out of the windows, and the men eyed me with a knowing kind

of leer that, had not my arms been occupied they would have had a bit straight out from the shoulder. One motherly looking person whom I approached hopefully, transfixed me with a stony virtuous sort of stare, which made me shake in my shoes as if I had committed the unpardonable offence. I gave up in despair, and was about to return to my seat when a gentleman at the extreme end of the car beckoned me forward. It was a family party, the gentleman his wife, and a colored girl with them, who held their babe in her arms. The gentleman and his wife were both young, and evidently Southerners.

"We heard about this baby from the conductor," said the gentleman, as I came near. "My wife has been fidgeting ever since it began to cry. Can we do anything for you?"

The lady leaned past him. "Will you let me look at your baby, sir, a moment?" she asked in it seemed to me then the sweetest tones I had ever heard. She held out her arms and I laid the baby in them.

"Such a young child—and so pretty, too! How it cries! What is the matter with it?"

"I don't know, madam, unless it's hungry," I answered. "It has had nothing to eat since that woman got in this morning. I don't know what to do with it."

"Poor little love!" exclaimed the lady, "what a shame! no wonder it cries!" She hesitated, glanced at her own baby, in her servant's arms, at her husband, then blushing like any rose, the sweet mother laid my baby on her bosom, beneath her shawl, and hushed its cries as if it had been her own—of her very flesh and blood.

Her husband smiled, and leaning forward as if to protect her from the gaze of others, made room for me on the seat with him, told him my name and found that my family was not unknown to him. As we talked, I saw that his wife, listening, examined the dress of the child on her lap, felt of its texture and finally unclasped some chains that held up the sleeve. A little miniature was set in the clasp of each. She looked at them, then she said, "I am convinced, sir, that the woman who abandoned this child in your care, is not its mother. In the first place no mother could do such a thing; then this baby clothing is of the most exquisite workmanship and quality, and in these sleeve chains, are two miniatures. See one a gentleman with epaulettes; the other a beautiful woman, evidently a lady. Depend upon it, the child is a stolen one, or came into her hands by some unfair means. What can be done?"

"Do not be troubled, madam about the fate of the child. After the possibility or probability you have mentioned, I shall not leave it in Boston. I will take it to my mother, and advertise the case. If my parents are found, I shall be glad; and if not, I think my mother will care for the rest. Only," I added, "I wish meeting was satisfactory."

The lady's eyes sparkled through tears. "I can't tell you," she said, "how what you have done, are doing, seems to me, but I think you too noble to dread anything. I will answer for the mother that has such a son!"

"Softly, softly, if you please," expostulated her laughing husband; "don't be quite oblivious of the fact that I exist." She turned to him with a look that must have silenced the veriest grumbler in the world.

We reached Boston took a carriage together and only at the hotel entrance did my new friends bid me adieu. "God bless you!" said the beautiful, noble woman, as she gave me back my baby. I should have knelt and kissed the hand of such a princess but my arms and I were then so awkward at baby tending, that nothing else seemed a possible accomplishment at one and the same time. The clerk glanced suspiciously at me, and my burden.

"We are full, sir, not a room to be had."

I sent for the proprietor, and again my name vouched for me. What it is to have a family in the land? "But where in the world, Mr. Edward," he demanded, "did you get that child?" I told the story. He shook his head but said nothing.

I sent for a chambermaid to come to my room. I begged her to take the child, and care for it during the night. At first she would hear to nothing. I put my hand in my pocket. I gave her a ridiculously large bribe, but I was young and green. She took the child.

"But shure an' yer not the young gentleman that ud be after leaving yer baby? Holy Virgin! My character ud be ruined intirely, intirely." I assured her of the rectitude of my intentions, and sent her off, but she was at my door in the morning before I had left my bed, and nothing would induce her to keep her charge another instant.

I took the stage for my country home. The driver recognized the lad he had driven so often over the same road. "How you're grown, to be sure master Edward! Your folks won't know you no I'm thinking, specially with that baby in your arms, seems to me you're getting to be a family man a little too early."

I laughed, and took my seat. But as we began to near my home, I grew terribly nervous and cowardly. The house stood back some distance from the road, and as I walked up from the gate, I saw the whole family gathered on the piazza to welcome me, I think I should rather have walked up to the cannon's mouth. My sister started down the steps to meet me, then stopped. I stepped up to the piazza. My mother, pale as death, sunk into her chair. My pretty cousin Ella, on whom I had al-

ways from round-jacket days, been sweet in a snaking sort of way, darted an annihilating glance at me, and ran to support my mother. My father advanced.

"What do you dare to bring here, you shameless young rascal? Is this a place?" He broke down so angry that utterance was absolutely impossible. At any other time I should have shouted with laughter at the ludicrous spectacle he presented; now I only hastened to tell my story. In a few moments my mother's arms were round me, my sister and cousin were contesting a *Petit* for possession of my baby, and my father recovered from his rage sufficiently to welcome his only son though I did hear him growl through his white beard, "Confounded spooney."

I advertised far and wide to no purpose, but my baby grew so into the affections of all the household, that I had no other steps to take. We named her Perdita, and I left her with my mother. When I returned, year after year, I found her grown more healthy and prettier, and she each time manifested an affection for me, charmingly legitimate—for was she not "My baby" with it?

She was six years old when I left West Point for active service. After that I led a wandering and adventurous kind of life for years "by flood and field." "My baby" wrote me, at first often. Her first letters were curious specimens—half-written, half-printed, and sometimes her meaning eked out in the shape of rude drawings. In these days she was charmingly personal. "I do so and so—I think so and so—I love so and so." But years changed her calligraphy, and, alas! the feelings of her letters. Now in her charming girlish characters, stood, "Your mother does so and so" or "Your sister thinks and loves" etc. My mother wrote: "We can't call Perdita your baby any longer. She does not permit the title, and you, were you to see her, could scarce imagine that our fair young queen was ever a baby. I am too old to be enthusiastic, but our darling is surely the loveliest vision these eyes have ever rested on. She makes hearts ache, but as yet their pain is vain. We tried to be so cautious; but she has somehow learned about her finding, and it is bitter knowledge to the proud little heart. It may be that makes her melt only to us. Will you never come home to see us and her?"

It was in the spring of the year 1856. I was on my way home to America. An elderly gentleman who had evidently been a soldier, occupied the stateroom next to mine. A similarity of taste and feeling brought us much together during the voyage. He had been absent from this country many years.

"When I left it," said he to me, "I meant never to return to the shores that had been accursed to me. I lost there my wife and child under the cruellest circumstances, and I could not remain. I thought then I could never see again the spot that had been so fatal to me. And yet I return now, impelled by some feeling which I cannot account for, nor resist. I dream I am going to see my child; sometimes, even in my waking moments, I am fully convinced that I shall find her."

"How," I interrupted, in spite of myself, "is not your child dead?"

"Alas! I do not know."

"You do not know! did she not die before you left America?"

"No. Three months ago, I should have said I wished she had, rather than live lost to me, exposed to a fate I shudder to think of. Now I am hopeful. More—trustful. It seems to me she has been kept pure, and that I shall know her. And yet, I haven't the shadow of a reason for such hope and trust."

I was excited—I compared the remembrance of the miniature on "my baby's" sleeve chain with the figure before me, I made him explain all. He told me of the child's birth, the delicate health of his wife afterward, his taking her to Cuba, leaving the child in, at he supposed, trusty care, death of his wife at Havana, and while he was still in the first anguish of her loss, news from the child's nurse of its death, and of her speedy return to Ireland. He came to New York too late to find her, and left America at once—as he supposed forever. In Europe, years afterward, he had met a servant who had been with him during his brief married life, and who declared to him positively that his child was not dead at the date on which the woman had written him; but further than that, he could not say, as he had followed the fortunes of another master. The unhappy father sought vainly for the woman, and now returned as a last means to America. He described the child's nurse. It was the woman who abandoned her child in my arms, and the face was the changed, aged one of Perdita's miniature. Not many days thereafter, I restored to my friend his so early lost child, and gave up "my baby" to her rightful father.

Without a pang? Yes. Did I console myself with the pretty common-sense of myself? She hadn't had patience to wait, that I might—a husband and several olive branches precluded that. How, then? I saw "my baby" a stately, radiantly beautiful woman. She called me Major—she treated me in the most precise and formal way—the utmost favor she bestowed upon me, was the slightest possible touch of the fingers as she bade good night, or good morning, and I saw her hourly in her soldier's uniform, lavishing the tenderest caresses upon him. Would I have it otherwise? No. There was a dearest light in the reserve with which I was treated—the faintest flush that colored her cheek when I was near her, or addressed her, had an inexpressible sweetness that I would not have bartered for aught on earth short of

what I eventually obtained. What? you don't mean that you, a scarred old veteran of between thirty and forty, dared—Dared! Hum! And this was the way of it. In my military capacity, I was invited to West Point. I went, and my friend and his daughter accompanied me. I sat beside her in the cars. The happy old gentleman, at a little distance, read diligently. I said, "Perdita! you have travelled this route before with me; do you recall this scenery at all?"

She blushed scarlet, and looked at me beseechingly. I went on.

"To think what a heavy, hungry, un-pacifiable baby I carried on that day, and the way that poor cadet's humanity was ridiculed!"

The tears started, and the young lady at my side bowed her haughty head.

"And the worst feature in the case is, that he has never had any suitable recompense. A good deed is its own reward, to a certain degree, of course; but in this case, every feeling of my soul, every fiber of my heart demands something more—and a great something more. Perdita! my darling these seventeen years, I have lost you to your father; but I cannot bear it. Be generous. Here, where I found 'my baby,' give, O, give her back to me!"

She raised her head.

"If she were as much trouble now, as then?"

"My darling, don't trifle! Am I to have you?"

My young lady answered not. Instead, she occupied herself with deliberately drawing off her glove. Then she turned to me. "Since you will be troubled," she said, "and she laid her hand on mine. Mine again. Shortly after, we were married. I carried Perdita, during our wedding tour, to the friends I had found for her and me in the cars seventeen years before; and this time carried recently I kissed the gracious hand that had then so sweetly tended what was now become my earthly all."

An exchange paper speaking of the political position of the Republicans, says with truth:

"With the South we have no controversy which is not for their own good, as well as for our own honor. Their position, like that of the learned and wealthy aristocracy of Europe, leads them to fear change, and to ignore the progressive movement of the Christian world, which is bringing to the tolling millions light and liberty everywhere. We would not injure, we would not even be severe with them, but they are the spoiled and pampered children of a great and wealthy country, which has been far too indulgent to them, and only a course of disciplinary training can restore them to health and to usefulness in the world."

A PENNY INCIDENT. The appended negro story, copied from a Southern correspondent of a Boston paper, is not bad. Gen. C. gave his black man, Tawney, fends and permission to get a quarter of wheat of zoology at a menagerie, at the same time hinting to him the affinity between the Simia and negro race. Our sable friend went under the canvas, and brought to in front of a sedate looking baboon, and eying the bibe quadruped closely soliloquized thus:

"Folks, sure 's you're born; feet, hands, proper bad looking; countenance; just the nigger, getting old I reckon."

Then as if seized with a bright idea, he extended his hand with a genuine southern "How d'ys da, uncle!"

The ape clasped the negro's hand and shook it long and cordially. Tawney then plied his new acquaintance with interrogatories; but eliciting no replies beyond a knowing shake of the head or a merry twinkle of the eye, (he was probably meditating the best way of twinking the darkey's nose) he concluded that the ape was determined to keep non-committal; and looking cautiously around chuckled out:

"He! he! you too sharp for 'em old feller; keep dark; if ye jes' speak one word of English, white man have a hoe in your hand in less'n one minute!"

A fashionable doctor lately informed his friends in a large company, that he had been passing eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the journals."

"Ah," said the doctor stretching out his neck very important, "pray in what terms?"

"Why, as well as I can remember, it is nearly in the following: There were last week seventy seven interments less than the week before!"

THE TWO SEXES. There is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in all young women, except, indeed, when they get together and fall a giggling. It shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape than our rough masculine angles. A vulgar boy requires, heaven knows, what assiduity to move three steps—I do not say like a gentleman, but like a boy with a soul in him; but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a pleasant girl, and a hundred to one she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table. There is sentiment in all women, and is given delicacy to thought and taste to manner; with men it is generally acquired as an offspring of the intellectual quality, not as with the other sex, of the moral. [Bulwer Lytton.

"Oh, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice boy, it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat." "Yes, master," replied the boy, I have been practicing since I was a child."

Methodist. An official return submitted to the General Conference lately held at Buffalo, gives the following interesting statistics of Methodism in the world:

Total number	1,982,634
Add travelling preachers	13,209
Total communicants in America	1,995,845
Total communicants in Europe	736,300
Total	2,732,145

Minor bodies, statistics not exactly ascertained—10,000 members and 200 preachers

Grand total 2,742,395

Supporting three members of the congregation to one of the Church (a very moderate estimate for Methodist congregations) we have an aggregate population depending on the ministrations of Methodism of hardly less than eleven millions.

THAT DISTRESSING MALADY, the Dyspepsia, is not a periodical, but a permanent complaint,—producing suffering at all times and under all circumstances. The only real cure is the world renowned Oxoniensis Bitters.

Thomas Hall, a linen-weaver in Ireland, has finished a shirt entirely in the loom. It is woven throughout without seams, and very accurately and neatly gathered at the neck, shoulders, and wrists. The neck and wrists are doubled and stitched; there is a regular selvage on each side of the breast; and where stitching ordinarily is, it is in this shirt. In short, it is as perfectly finished as if made by an expert new-dressman. This shirt has been exhibited to several persons in the linen trade, who are completely satisfied that it is actually the production of the loom, without any assistance from the needle.

THE NEW PLYMOUTH CHURCH FOR HENRY WARD BEECHER. The Trustees of Plymouth Church have taken no farther steps in the enterprise of a new building. It will be remembered that sometimes since, lots were purchased on Hicks and Montague streets, and plans and specifications called for. One of the plans submitted was selected as combining convenience and economy. It included a church capable of accommodating six thousand persons, a lecture room, Sunday School rooms and parlors. The sum was not subscribed, and there was some hesitation as to the expediency of entering on the work at the present time. It is now proposed to relinquish the lots on Montague street, which can advantageously be disposed of, and to secure another location. The site of the Baptist Church, on the Northeast corner of Pierpont and Clinton streets, is indicated as eligible.

The Republican National Committee has organized by the choice of Hon. E. D. Morgan of New York, Chairman, and George C. Fogg of New Hampshire, Secretary, and by constituting the following as executive committee: E. D. Morgan of New York, Gideon Welles of Connecticut, N. B. Judd of Illinois, Carl Schurz of Wisconsin, John Z. Goodrich of Massachusetts, Dunning Duer of New Jersey, George C. Fogg of New Hampshire.

IMMENSE LOSS OF COAL. The Louisville Journal says it is estimated by those whose position in the trade gives them ample opportunities of aiming at a close approximation, that at least 700,000 bushels of coal have been lost during the recent storms that have port and Pittsburgh. In other ages, when some convulsions of nature changed the bed of the Ohio river, there will be a very respectable coal seam all along its course as the result of these heavy losses.

Tom Sayers, the great English pugilist, was sent to grass many times during his late terrific encounter with the renowned Benca Boy. He shows no signs of punishment, however, as he seems prudently used Redding's Russia Salve, the best remedy in the world for all cuts, bruises, wounds, etc. Sold at all places for 25 cents a box.

Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer, as an internal remedy has no equal. In cases of cholera, summer complaint, dyspepsia, dizziness and asthma, it will cure in one night by taking it internally and bathing with it freely. It is the best Liniment in America. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

We learn that quite an excitement has occurred in Boston in consequence of a supposed case of pleuro-pneumonia, at the farm of Jonathan Norton. Drs. Dana and Robinson, and Mr. S. L. Goodale and others went out, and after slaughtering the diseased cow, it was found not to be a case of pneumonia. A full report by the physicians will be made. [Adv. 19th.]

The examination proved it to be a case of poison.

SCIENTIFIC MERRAIN. The Journal in speaking of the disease in Massachusetts, says: "the disease is now occurring here. The new cases which now occur are comparatively few in number and are of a mild type. But those most familiar with the subject are confident that the epidemic is only smoldering and will again burst into flames. The weather is now unfavorable for the development of the disease, and cattle have at this season the grand essentials for perfect health, pure air and appropriate food. But when they are again herded in barns, ill-ventilated and filthy, the seeds of disease which have been implanted will be rapidly developed, and the lung murrain may become more prevalent than ever."

Lincoln is one of those peculiar men who perform with admirable skill every thing which they undertake. [SENATOR DOUGLASS.]

A Quebec contemporary states—we trust upon reliable authority—that the Canadian line of steamships have already not less than nine cargoes for Liverpool, bespoke in advance.

From the Chicago, Ill., Democrat.

THE SATONIER, made by the Penny Salt Manufacturing Company. Every family can become, without labor or expense, their own Soap Maker; and with their ordinary kitchen grease, make all the Soap they can use—hard, soft or fancy. For use in a Printing Office it is admirable, as we have ourselves proved. It is six times cheaper than putch, and cleans from beautiful. Two pounds of it will last as long as twenty pounds of putch, and it saves much time and trouble, and we commend it to the attention of printers and families.

Antidote for Poison.

THE PAIN KILLER. Rev. T. Allen, writing from Tarry, Bismarck, Jan. 25, 1857, says: "I have used your Pain Killer in the past four years. I have used and disposed of three five hundred bottles, but am now out. Please send me a fresh supply (through the Mission Rooms) as soon as you can, say two hundred bottles. I do not need it without it myself, and there are endless calls for it, both by Burmans and Karens. I always take it with me into the jungles, and have frequent occasions to use it, both on myself and others. One night, while sleeping in my own Zayat, I was awake by a most excruciating pain in my foot. On my examination, I found I had been bitten by a Centipede. I immediately applied the Pain Killer, and found instant relief. In less than one hour I was again asleep."

Rev. Mr. Hildard, writing from Burmah to his father, says: "I have used Perry Davis' Pain Killer for coughs, colds, summer complaints, lumbago, and for the attack of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it with us in our hut, and our hand on it in the dark, if need be."

DYSPEPSIA.

There is no disease which destroys the happiness and comfort of individuals, and families to the same extent as Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

Previously to the discovery of the Oxoniensis Bitters, there existed no medicine accessible to those suffering from this wide spread disease, which relieved in any marked degree.

Copy of a Letter from a School Teacher in Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., June 16, 1857.

MEASLES. W. W. FOWLE & CO., Boston.—In reference to the OXONIENSIS BITTERS, I can say that after having the Dyspepsia for several months, and almost dying with pain and heaviness in the stomach, I was prevailed upon by a friend who had been cured by the same medicine to try a bottle of Oxoniensis Bitters. Before using the bottle I felt greatly relieved, and after the first I had used two bottles and a half I was entirely well, and still remain so. I know of several cases cured even more than my own, which have been entirely cured by this invaluable medicine; and it gives me great pleasure to recommend it to any and all who may be suffering from this dreadful malady.

Teacher of Detroit School.

Prepared by SAM W. FOWLE & CO., Boston and for sale by R. F. Bates & Co., Paris; Wm. A. Root, South Paris; D. F. Norton, Norway; E. A. Wood & Co., Rockfield; W. S. Chase & Co., Dixfield; F. S. Chandler and C. O. H. Mason, Bethel and by dealers everywhere.

MARRIED.

In Stockholm, 16th, by Sumner Knapp, Esq., Siles M. Allister to Miss Sarah McKean.

DIED.

At Mt Kisco, N.Y., Miss Clara Barrows, 24.

In Gorham, 6th, Mahlon Crockett, aged 46.

SAPONIFIER!

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST article to be used for making Hard or Soft Soap, and Creaming Paint. Just received and for sale by HAMMOND & WOODMAN.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY

Fashionable Bonnets!

At Very Low Prices!

Then please call at

H. ROSENBERG'S FASHIONABLE

MILLINERY STORE.

AT SOUTH PARIS.

Where you will find the largest assortment of

BONNETS, SHAKERS, HATS,

Flowers, Ribbons, Ruches,

Trimmings, Collars, Sleeves,

Mitts, Veils, Gloves, &c.,

Exhibited in the County of Oxford, all of which, as the season is advancing, will be sold

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

He has also received a new and splendid lot of

Fancy Silks,

Scotch Ginghams, Goats Hair,

DRESS GOODS, LACE MANTILLAS,

SHAWLS AND POINTERS,

PARASOLS.

Also a large lot of those celebrated knotted

FLOATING BELL SKELETONS!

Which he is able to offer now lower than ever.

Please call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

H. ROSENBERG,

SOUTH PARIS.

County of Oxford.

STATEMENT OF COSTS in criminal prosecutions, allowed by the County Commissioners Court, May Term, A. D. 1860, as certified to me by the Clerk of said Court.

State vs. Kilborn Perham.	\$61.43
State vs. Phineas Brown, Jr.	2.25
State vs. John M. Eastie, Esq.	2.25
State vs. same.	
State vs. W. H. Gilpatrick, Esq.	4.93
State vs. Chas. S. Smith, Esq.	11.29
State vs. John Grover, 2d.	7.43
State vs. Austin Grover, A. L. Burback, Esq.	5.80
State vs. N. W. Rawson, H. F. Blower, Esq.	3.39
State vs. John Grover, 2d.	5.50
State vs. Summer Miliken, Esq.	5.50
State vs. Sylvester Staples, Esq.	3.60
State vs. W. J. A. M. Johnson, Esq.	6.00
State vs. Benj. Hamblin, Esq.	7.70
State vs. George E. Dargin, Esq.	2.20
State vs. Jonathan Dresser, D. G. Tarbox, Esq.	6.20
State vs. Ivory H. Johnson, D. G. Tarbox, Esq.	2.38
State vs. W. O. Russell, Samuel Chaffin, Esq.	4.90
State vs. Clark Clemons, Esq.	15.75
State vs. E. B. Dean, Esq.	7.06
State vs. Joseph Cole, Esq.	11.22
State vs. Joseph Cole, Esq.	18.19
State vs. Orono Hamblin, Esq.	10.80
State vs. Geo. E. Dargin, Esq.	9.72
State vs. Chas. S. Conner, Esq.	7.02
State vs. Joseph Clemons, Esq.	14.50
State vs. A. D. Hartford, Esq.	7.93
State vs. Chas. G. Allen, Esq.	7.21
State vs. John H. Johnson, Esq.	14.69
State vs. Sylvester Staples, Esq.	6.69
State vs. John Sawyer, Esq.	8.38
State vs. E. S. Jordan, Esq.	2.38
State vs. M. H. Daniels, Esq.	18.91
State vs. John McGowan, Esq.	18.27
State vs. Edwin Eastie, Esq.	
State vs. W. A. Pidgeon, County Treasurer.	

Treasurer of County, Paris, May 28th, 1860.

To the Honorable Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, as he holds at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of March, A. D. 1860.

SARAH AKELEY, of Roxford in said County of Oxford, and wife of James B. Akeley, formerly of said Roxford, respectfully file and give this Hon. Court to be informed that she was legally married to the said James B. Akeley on the 8th day of July, A. D. 1848; that her husband, since their marriage, has always behaved himself as a chaste, diligent and faithful wife, and that she has been and is now a true and faithful wife, and has no intention to desert him on the day of filing this libel; Whereas your libellant prays that the bond of matrimony may be dissolved between her and the said James B. Akeley, and that said divorce would be reasonable and proper, conducive to harmony, for the good of the parties and consistent with the peace and morality of society. And as in duty bound she ever prays.

Filed at Paris, aforesaid, this first day of March, A. D. 1860. SARAH AKELEY.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss.—At the Supreme Judicial Court begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of March, A. D. 1860.

THE libellant, the respondent therein named, the pendancy of this libel, by causing an attested copy of the said libel and this order of Court thereon to be published for seven weeks consecutively in the Oxford Democrat, a paper printed in Paris in said County of Oxford, the last publication to be thirty days at least before the next term of said Court, to be holden at Paris, aforesaid, on the second Tuesday of August next, that he may then and there, in said Court appear and show cause if any he may have the prayer of said libel should not be granted.

Attest: SIDNEY PERHAM, Clerk.

A true copy of libel and order of court thereon.

Attest: SIDNEY PERHAM, Clerk.

Dr. W. A. RUST,

Would render his friends and the public generally that he is still at the old stand, with

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT

OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Comprising everything in that line that is worth having, and all

Warranted Pure and Genuine.

He pledges himself to sell all articles in his line as cheap as they can be purchased in the State.

Patent Medicines

Are received directly from the proprietors, in most instances.

Dr. R. is agent for all of Dr. Fitch's Medicines; also for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Kennedy's Discovery, Brown's Troches and Davis' Pain Killer.

A Large Stock of

Books, Stationery & Fancy Articles,

ALWAYS ON HAND.

South Paris, April 26, 1860.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to settle the same immediately with H. Hubbard, who is duly authorized to settle the same, if they wish to save cost.

Attest: HIRSH HUBBARD, A. M. HAMMOND.

Paris, May 4, 1860.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers at Bryant's Pond, Me., is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. Joseph Pray, subscriber, is authorized to settle the accounts of the late firm.

Attest: JOSEPH PRAY, JOHN R. MERRILL.

The subscriber would respectfully announce to his former customers that he will continue the business at the old stand, where they may always find

A CHOICE ASSORTMENT

OF

Dry Goods & Groceries.

And such other articles as are usually kept in a VARIETY STORE.

WANTED. In exchange for goods, EGGS, WOOL, and all other kinds of Country Produce.

JOSEPH PRAY.

Paris Hill, May 29, 1860.

Watches, Clocks & Jewellery.

REPAIRED as usual, and satisfaction warranted.

S. RICHARDS, Jr. South Paris, April 8, 1860.

THE BEST METHOD.

IN OXFORD COUNTY.

TO GET

A GOOD COAT,

A PAIR OF PANTS,

A NICE VEST,

OR A

COMPLETE SUIT,

OF ANY SORT,

E. F. STONE & CO'S

FASHIONABLE

CLOTH & CLOTHING STORE,

OPPOSITE THE ATLANTIC HOUSE,

SOUTH PARIS.

PARIS MILLS FLOUR.

THE subscribers have recently purchased and are now receiving a large quantity of

NEW WHEAT,

OF A VERY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

They have made extensive additions to their buildings and are now prepared to furnish NEW FLOUR, put up in new barrels, and branded with their own name, of the different grades of Double Extra, Extra, Fancy, &c., which they deliver at Wholesale and Retail.

They guarantee that no party can furnish a better article of flour at the same price—and every barrel is warranted as represented.

Particular attention is given to the Wholesale Department of the Flour business, and orders are respectfully solicited and will be promptly answered.

They also keep on hand a supply of

CORN, RYE, BARLEY, &c.

Shorts, by the ton or at retail.

And at their store in connection with the mill, may be had.

A LARGE VARIETY OF GOODS,

Adapted to the country trade.

WOODMAN, PHILIPS & CO.

South Paris, Oct. 19, 1859.

NEW GOODS!

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally that he has just returned from the city with a well selected stock of goods,

CONSISTING OF

New Style Prints,

DELAINE, GINGHAMS,

SHEETINGS, TICKS, DENIMS,

Fancy Plaids, Calicoes, Silica, &c.

Also Ladies' Kid and Cloth

Gaiter and Congress Boots.

Together with

Men's Congress and Thick Leather

Boots, Shoes, &c.

I also keep constantly on hand a good assortment of

W. I. Goods and Groceries.

Among which may be found

The best Oatmeal, Tea, Molasses, Sugar, Salt, Raisins, Pickled Herring,

Park, Salt, Fish, Pickled Herring,

Paints, Oil, &c., constantly on hand. A good assortment of XXX FLOUR.

Country produce taken in exchange for the above, and that I will be pleased to receive for collection.

All are respectfully invited to call and examine before buying elsewhere.

A. P. ANDREWS.

No. Paris, May 10, 1860.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Regis. F. Bates is hereby fully authorized to settle all debts due to the firm, and said Regis. Bates having agreed to settle all demands against the firm they may be presented to him for settlement.

Attest: R. F. BATES.

Paris May 8, 1860.

The Firm of R. F. Bates & Co., having been dissolved the 8th instant and the subscribers have purchased all debts due to the firm, and agreed to settle all demands against the said firm, would hereby give notice that all sums due said firm must be paid immediately. Every demand great or small, whether acknowledged or not, must be presented to the subscribers on or before the first day of July next on that day left with an Attorney for collection.

Attest: R. F. BATES.

Paris May 28, 1860.

LOOK HERE!

Ye Men who want a Farm!!

THE subscriber will sell his Farm, situated in the town of Paris, in said County of Oxford, containing 125 acres, suitably divided into field, village and pasture, with a good wood and timber lot connected. There are two wells and a good orchard, part of which has recently been set out. This farm is entirely free from stone; the buildings are a new store house, two good barns, wood shed, granary, a grand good shop and other necessary out buildings. This farm will be sold at 2 1/2 years, if applied for soon. For further information inquire of the proprietor, on the premises.

Attest: FRANCIS H. PRATT.

Holston, April 29, 1860.

CLOCKS AND WATCHES

THE subscriber would inform his friends that he has a lot of

Very Nice Clocks on Hand,

AND GOOD WATCHES.

He has also just received a lot of

WATCHES, and will sell at low prices. Please call and examine.

SIMON WALTON.

Paris, Jan. 12, 1860.

YATES & LURVEY,

HOUSE PAINTERS, GRAINERS,

Glaziers & Paper Hangers.

SOUTH PARIS.

Having taken the shop formerly occupied by L. E. Weeks, the subscribers will carry on the above named business in all its branches. They have secured the services of Mr. L. B. WEEKS, and are prepared to do all work entrusted to their care with dispatch and in a workmanlike manner.

Attest: J. N. LURVEY.

DR. A. THOMPSON,

SUCCESSOR TO DR. J. P. HURD.

OF

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 his care will be performed in a thorough and skillful manner.

Decayed teeth filled with Gold, Silver, or Tin Foil, thereby arresting the progress of decay and rendering them serviceable for years.

Particular attention given to extracting.

All operations warranted

MISCELLANEOUS

—Why there are more women than men is explained by De Quincy: "It is in conformity with the arrangement of nature, we always see more of heaven than earth."

—There is a young man in Vermont who feeds his geese upon iron filings and gallers steel pens from their wings.

—When your wife requires particularly if you have got the latch-key, it is a hint that she intends to sit up for herself.

—It is easier to increase our wants, but it is ever so much, than to reduce them to be ever so little.

—Out of good men choose acquaintances; out of mischievous, friends.

—The mischievous winking of a pretty coquette, from under a smart hood, pretence thinks is a pleasant kind of head-wink.

—A club-loot has just been built, which is so nicely balanced, that the rowers are obliged to be particular in parting their hair down in the middle to keep their balance.

—The tongue of the patient develops to physicians the disease of the body, and to philosophers the disease of the mind.

—Judge B. was once obliged to "double" with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued:

"Pat you would have remained a long time in the old country before you'd have slept with a Judge, would you not?"

"Yes, yer Honor," said Pat, "and I think yer Honor would have been a long time in the 'ould country' before you'd been a Judge too!"

—A popular divine tells a good story as a hit at those kind of Christians who are too indolent to pursue the duties prescribed of them by their faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it out legibly, and affixed the manuscript to his bedpost. Then on cold nights, he merely pointed to the document, and with the words, "Oh Lord! those are my sentiments!" blew out the light and nestled amid the blankets.

—Talking of his wife, the following good thing is told of Sydney Smith: "Going to marry her," he exclaimed, "bursting into a laugh; 'going to marry her? impossible! you mean a part of her, he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case, not of bigamy, but trigamy; the neighborhood of the magistrats should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her? it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her; or read a riot out and disperse her; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her."

—As a specimen of the awful results of polygamy, it is related that a young English woman recently sold to a man in Salt Lake, for a load of pumpkins.

—It is said of the French ladies, that their fondness for effect runs to such excess, that widows who have lost their husbands, practice attitudes of despair before a looking-glass.

—The Rev. Mr. —, an eccentric preacher in Michigan, was holding forth long since in Detroit. A young man came to go out, when the preacher said: "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go!" The sinner stopped and reflected a moment, and saying, respectfully, "Well, I believe I would," went on.

—Cautious Men. Some men use words as fishermen do bullets. They say little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with their eyes and face, and on, and on, till you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. You never know where you stand with them. Your conversation falls into their mind, as rivers fall into deep channels, and are lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They sometimes will surprise you with a few words, that go right to the mark like a gunshot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading.

—TODDS IN GARDENS. Todds are the gardener's right hand man. They are a much more efficient enemy of insects than hens or chickens, and they do not injure whatever they feed altogether on insects, and we be lieve with the exception of the black or pumpkin bug, they devour every bug, worm or fly that infests the field or garden.

—GREAT MEN NEVER SWELL. Great men never swell. It is only those cent individuals, who are salaried at the rate of two hundred dollars a year and dine on potatoes and fried herring, who puff out air, swell, and endeavor to give themselves a consequential appearance. No discriminating person can ever mistake the spurious for the genuine article.

—PLOW. PLOW. Farmers of Oxford County, The subscribers having secured the right to manufacture and sell J. GIBBS' PATENT CYLINDER PLOW, are now prepared to furnish plows of all patterns to all who may favor them with a call.

—We have two sizes of right-hand, and one size left-hand plow. This plow is constructed on strictly scientific principles, to all its parts, and is the ONLY PLOW, of which as much may be said. The mould-board is perfectly straight, and cylindrical in form, entering the soil on a straight line, turning the furrow with one uniform motion from the beginning to the finishing of the work, thereby making a saving of from one-fourth to one-third of the power required by any other plow.

—This plow is made high in the standard, with a cutter or fin point, so constructed as to prevent all clogging or choking in any case.

—From trials we have made with this plow with other plows, and the testimony of farmers who have used them, in this County and in other States, we have full confidence in offering them to the public, as being superior to any ever before used in this County.

—Having been to great expense to procure the right and pattern, and in fitting up to manufacture these plows, we only ask that farmers give them a fair trial. If the plows are not what we recommend them to be, we will not ask them to buy; but if they are, we only ask the Farmers of Oxford County to give us the patronage due to the undertaking.

—BROWN & BISBEE, Norway, March 10, 1860.

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PERUVIAN SYRUP,

OR PROTECTED

SOLUTION OF PROTOXIDE OF IRON COMBINED

WITH THE

DYSPEPSIA,

OR IMPAIRED AND IMPERFECT DIGESTION;

FOR THE CONSEQUENT

DETERIORATION OF

THE BLOOD;

AND FOR THE FOLLOWING

FORMS OF DISEASE,

Most of which originate in

DYSPEPSIA.

LIVER COMPLAINT, BRUISES, NEURALGIA,

NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, LOSS OF APPETITE,

HEADACHE, LANGOR AND DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, CARBUNCLES,

AND BOILS, PILES, MURRY, AFFECTIONS

OF THE SKIN, CONSUMPTIVE

TENDENCIES, BRONCHITIS, DIS-

EASES PECULIAR TO FEMALES,

ALL COMPLAINTS OF THE

SYSTEM, AND REQUIRING

A TONIC AND ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE.

The following is a remedy for Dys-

pepsia, a bad state of the blood, and the num-

erous diseases caused thereby, has arisen from the want

of a purifying and tonic, and suitable at once with the

blood. This want the PERUVIAN SYRUP supplies, and

it does so in the only form in which it is possible

for iron to enter the circulation. For this reason the

PERUVIAN SYRUP is not only a tonic, but a medicine

which other preparations of iron and other medicines

have been found to be of no avail.

Certificate of A. A. HAYES, M. D., of Boston.

It is well known that iron has been found to be a

valuable remedy in a vast number of cases, and that

it is a tonic, and a medicine, and a tonic, and a

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AMERICAN & FOREIGN PATENTS.

R. H. EDDY

Solicitor of Patents!

Late Agent of the U. S. Patent Office, Wash-

ington, under the act of 1857.

97 STATE ST., opposite Kilby St., Boston.

AFTER an extensive practice of upwards of

twenty years, continuing to secure patents in

the United States; and also in Great Britain,

France and other foreign countries. Cavats,

Specifications, Assignments, and all papers or

Drawings for Patents executed on the most

prompt and accurate manner, and in conformity

with the latest regulations of the Patent Office,

and with despatch. Researches made into Amer-

ican or Foreign works, to determine the validity

of Patents, or to determine the validity of

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STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:—Supreme Judicial Court, March

Term, 1860.

Dora Bradford vs. Maudslaw A. Taylor.

A Docket appearing in the Court that the

said defendant is not an inhabitant of this

State, and has no tenant, agent or attorney there-

in, and that he has no notice of the pendency of

this suit:

It is ORDERED by the Court that the said

plaintiff notify the said defendant of the pendency

of this suit, by causing an abstract of this writ

with this order of Court thereon to be published

three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat

a paper printed at Paris in said County, the last

publication to be thirty days at least before the

next term of said Court, to be held at Paris,

aforesaid, on the second Tuesday of August next,

to the end that the said defendant may then and

thereafter appear at said Court, and show cause, if

any he has, why judgment should not be rendered

against him, and execute thereon accordingly.

Attest: SIDNEY PERHAM, Clerk.

[ABSTRACT OF PLAINTIFF'S WRIT.]

In a plea of the case for the said defendant,

as Mexico, on the nineteenth day of November,

A. D. 1856, by his note of hand of that date by

him signed, for value received, promised the

plaintiff to pay him or order, the sum of twelve

dollars and no cents, on demand, made by the

plaintiff. Also for that said defendant at Paris, on

the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1856, by

his promissory note of that date, by him signed,

promised the plaintiff the sum of eight dollars and

no cents, on demand, and interest. And the said

defendant thereupon transferred and delivered

the same to the plaintiff.

Date of writ of Court, 1860. Returnable

to the March term, 1860. Amount, \$20.

W. W. & S. A. Bolter, Attys for plaintiff.

A true copy of order of Court, with abstract of

plaintiff's writ.

Attest: SIDNEY PERHAM, Clerk.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:—Supreme Judicial Court, March

Term, A. D. 1860.

William Bolter vs. Albert D. Drury.

AND now appearing in the Court that the

said defendant is not an inhabitant of this

State, and has no tenant, agent or attorney there-

in, and that he has no notice of the pendency of

this suit:

It is ORDERED by the Court that the said

plaintiff notify the said defendant of the pendency

of this suit, by causing an abstract of this writ

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Attest: SIDNEY PERHAM, Clerk.

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In a plea of the case for the said defendant,

as Mexico, on the nineteenth day of November,

A. D. 1856, by his note of hand of that date by

him signed, for value received, promised the

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:—At a Court of County Commis-

sioners, begun and held at Paris, in and for the

County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of

May, A. D. 1858.

ORDERED, That a tax of Forty dollars, be

assessed upon Andrew West Surplus, esti-

mated to contain four hundred acres, to be ex-

posed in six and one-half mills per acre, to be ex-

posed in repaying the County road in said West

Surplus. And Hiram D. Houghton appointed agent to

execute the same.

Attest: ALVAH BLACK, Clerk.

A true copy of certificate of assessment.

Attest: SIDNEY PERHAM, Clerk.

STATE OF MAINE.

Paris, May 22, 1860.

Treasurer's Office, Oxford Co.

Notice is hereby given to the owners, prop-

rietors, and all persons interested in the above

described township or tract of land, that I shall

proceed to sell, by public auction, in the highest

bidder, at the County Treasurer's Office in Paris,

on Friday, the twenty-first day of September, A.

D. 1860, at 10 o'clock A. M., unless previously