

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE

NEW SERIES, VOL. 13, NO. 3.

PARIS, MAINE. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1862.

OLD SERIES VOLUME 29, NO. 18.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

For The Oxford Democrat.

White Chester Pigs.

Much has been written about large pigs at this season of the year; but seldom anything about the particular breed, or the manner and cost of feeding. That is the best breed which will lay on the most fat in the shortest time at the least expense. Having been accustomed to purchasing a pig in the spring, about the first of May, and slaughtering it about the first of January, and reading of the superiority of the White Chester pig over others, I came to the conclusion I would try the experiment, and will now give the public the result.

The third day of May, 1861, I purchased of Samuel Warren, Esq., of Waterford, (who has taken much pains, and incurred much expense in introducing this breed,) a White Chester pig, six weeks old, and killed it the 15th of January, 1862. Its weight was 396 lbs. Now for the expense of feeding, as the weight is below many of the great pigs. In the first instance it had the waste (or sour) milk from one cow mixed with shorts (wheat bran); then ten bushels of small potatoes and refuse apples boiled and mixed with shorts; then ten bushels of corn ground and mixed with hot water; finally, three bushels of Indian meal mixed with hot water.

EXPENSE—RECAPITULATION.

One White Chester pig.	\$5.00
Slops and sour milk.	0.00
500 lbs. Shorts.	2.40
10 bushels refuse potatoes and apples.	2.00
10 do. corn meal.	4.00
3 do. corn meal.	2.50
	\$15.90

Three hundred and ninety-six pounds of pork at a cost of four cents per pound, I think is hard to be beaten. The experiment more than justifies what is claimed for this breed of hogs. They are quiet, lay on fat easily, and at much less expense than any other breed with which I am acquainted. Our farmers only need be acquainted with their excellencies, to have them universally raised. Humphrey Saunders, of Sweden, has a boar from the same litter of the pig I killed, for which he took the first premium at the West Oxford fair last fall. Colonel James Walker, of Fryeburg, introduced the breed into that section; and Hon. A. D. White, of Buckfield, has taken them into the eastern section of the County. When any one will show us, by actual experiment, cheaper raised pork, we shall willingly yield; but until they do, we claim the first premium for Sweden and the White Chesters.

E. W. WOODBURY.

Sweden, January 28, 1862.

For The Oxford Democrat.

Hegford Cattle.

Much has been written for and against this breed of cattle, and I had been led to form an unfavorable opinion of the cows for milkers; but seeing the herd of Anne T. Holt, Esq., of Norway, at the Oxford County fair, in the fall of 1860, and hearing him speak of their superior qualities, I purchased a three years old heifer of him; about as unpromising an animal for a cow as we often see. Her frame was large, legs wide, udder almost invisible, milk cream fair, color, white, horns medium sized, wide spread, bristly deep and thin. She was a grade Hegford, being a cross of the Durham and Hegfords. May 25th, 1861, she dropped a calf, which at the end of the third day was weaned and brought up on porridge. During the months of June and July the cow gave 32 lbs. of milk per day, being weighed one day in each week, and 22 lbs. of the milk would yield one pound of butter. On account of sickness in my family, the further experiment was discontinued; but I can safely state, that this cow is superior to any that I have owned before. Whether it is the result of good pasturage and feeding in the winter, I cannot tell; but I have not, that I am aware, given this cow any better feed than I usually give my cows, and she has been very much more profitable. This breed has the advantage of large size, docile, quiet temperament, and lay on fat easily, and if they can be bred good milkers, which has proved abundantly true in the case referred to, they must take rank among breeders. Mr. Holt's recommendations have been more than fulfilled in this instance, and he deserves the thanks and patronage of the public for his endeavors to improve the stock in his vicinity.

E. W. WOODBURY.

Sweden, Feb. 4th, 1861.

TOP DRESSING GRASS LANDS IN AUTUMN. Our attention was recently called to a piece of grass land upon which some interesting experiments had been made in top-dressing. The piece consisted of two or three acres, had been under drained, plowed, seeded to grass, and the whole of it in every respect treated alike with the exception of the time of top-dressing it. The same quantity and quality of manure was applied to one part as well as another, and yet the difference in the time of applying the manure made a difference of a hundred per cent. in the crop! On one portion of the field, the dressing was applied last fall—but we did not learn whether it was before the ground had frozen or not. The manure was made very fine by frequent overhauling—and spread directly from the cart—not deposited in heaps. On the remaining portion the dressing was applied in the spring, as early as it was safe for the team to pass over the sward, without cutting it up much, and where the dressing was applied in the fall, there was double the amount of grass that there was on the spring dressed portion.

Agricultural Notes from the Patent Office Report.

SCIENCE OF THE WEATHER.

From a manual recently compiled by Admiral Fitzroy, of England, for the British Board of Trade, we derive the following popular directions: "How to observe the weather."

"A few of the more marked signs of weather, useful alike to seamen, farmer and gardener, are the following:—
"Whether clear or cloudy—a rose sky at sunset presages fine weather; a red sky in the morning bad weather, or much wind (perhaps rain); a gray sky in the morning, fine weather; a high dawn, wind; a low dawn, fair weather.

"Soft looking, or delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate or light breeze; hard-edged, oily looking clouds, wind. A dark, gloomy, blue sky indicates fine weather. Generally, the softer clouds look, the less wind (but, perhaps, more rain) may be expected; and the harder, more 'greasy,' rolling, tufted, or ragged, the stronger the coming wind will prove. Also, a bright yellow sky at sunset, presages wind; a pale yellow, wet; and thus by the prevalence of red, yellow, or gray tints, the coming weather may be foretold very nearly; indeed, it may be foretold by instruments, almost exactly.
"Small ink-looking clouds foretell rain; light red clouds driving across heavy masses, show wind and rain; but if alone may indicate wind only.
"High upper clouds crossing the sun, moon, or stars, in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or the wind then felt below, foretell a change of wind.

"After fine clear weather, the first signs in the sky of a coming change are usually light streaks, curls, wisps, or mottled patches of white distant clouds, which increase, and are followed by an overcast of murky vapor that grows into cloudiness. This appearance, more or less oily, or watery, as wind or rain will prevail, is an infallible sign.

"Usually, the higher and more distant such clouds seem to be the more gradual, but general, the coming change of weather will prove.
"Light, delicate, quiet tints or colors, with soft, undefined forms of clouds, indicate and accompany fine weather; but gaudy or unusual hues, with hard, definitely outlined clouds, foretell rain, and probably strong wind.

"Misty clouds forming, or hanging on heights, show wind and rain coming—if they remain, increase, or descend. If they rise or disperse, the weather will improve or become fine.

"When the sea-birds fly out early, and far to seaward, moderate wind and fair weather may be expected; when they hang about the land, or over it, sometimes flying inland, expect a strong wind with stormy weather. As many creatures bordering birds are affected by the approach of rain or wind, such indications should not be slighted by an observer who wishes to foresee weather.

"There are other signs of a coming change in the weather, known less generally than may be desirable, and therefore worth notice; such as, when birds of long flight, rooks, swallows, or others, hang about home, and fly up and down or low—rain or wind may be expected. Also when animals seek sheltered places, instead of spreading over their usual range; when pigs carry straw to their sties; when smoke from chimneys does not ascend readily (or straight upwards during calm) an unfavorable change is probable.

"Dew is an indication of fine weather; so is fog. Neither of these formations occurs under an overcast sky, or when there is much wind. One sees fog occasionally rolled away, as it were, by wind—but seldom or never formed while it is blowing.

"Remarkable clearness of atmosphere near the horizon, distant objects, such as hills usually visible, or raised (by refraction) and what is called 'a good hearing day,' may be mentioned among the signs of wet, if not wind to be expected.

"More than usual twinkling of the stars, indistinctness, or apparent multiplication of the moon's horns, halos, 'wind dogs,' and the rainbow, are more or less significant of increasing wind, if not approaching rain, with or without wind."

IMPROVED HOOK FOR A WHIFFLE-TREE.

An improved hook for a whiffle tree, from which the trace never can get loose, how slack it may be, while in use; while it is also as handy to hitch and unhitch as one of the ordinary kind, is a new and successful contrivance. This hook is attached to the whiffle tree by an iron strap, and plays loosely up and down, turns quite round behind the whiffle-tree, where alone the trace can be hitched and unhitched. As soon as it slips from that position the hook fits close to the iron at every other point, whether pulled tight or left slack. Naturally, where the trace is slack, the hook falls and hangs by its own gravity below the whiffle-tree; but it is almost, if not quite, impossible that it should turn round on the rear side so as to unhitch.

WASH YOUR FINGERS.

Pigs are not dirty when they have any encouragement to be clean. Ours are washed every week in warm soap and water, and well scrubbed between the ears and everywhere, to their great ease and comfort. A highly economical remark of my son about this part of his work was, that he scrubbed the pig on washing days, because the soap-suds did just as well for manure after the pig had done with them, and that, said he, "make the soap serve three times over."

[Our Farm of Two Acres.

MISCELLANY.

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1799.

"Be still, little Paul, be still."
She had a clear, bright voice, and it leaped like a pleasant tune along the young man's pulse—the young man who had just come round the side of the house and looked inside the door. This happened a long, long time ago, reader, for the last summer of the eighteenth century had married itself to the autumn, but his knees had not yet crimsoned her cheeks with blushes. She still looked fresh and young in the robe which the May had woven for her.

Amy Nash was a 'picking over' frost grapes that afternoon for preserving. She sat in the large, old fashioned arm chair which her great-grandfather had brought over from England a century before, when he made up his mind to 'settle in the colonies.'

A large tray piled with clusters of the purple fruit stood on a high stool at the girl's left side, and as she lifted the bunches, the sunlight that rippled through the narrow window panes sparkled among the fruit until each cluster looked like a great purple vase enameled with gold. But even then they didn't look half so pretty as the girl whose small brown fingers quickly plucked the grapes from the stems, and dropped them into the great yellow bowl on her lap.

Amy Nash had a face that suited her voice, young and bright, with the daintiest little dimples in the corners of her cheeks; and blue eyes, full of rippling; hair running in smooth plaits round the small ears, and gathered in a heavy roll at the back of her head.

Her cheeks were not like peach blossoms; the bright, warm glow of youth sat strong and stately in them, as the ripe flush did in the apples hiding themselves amid green branches in the orchard.

Amy Nash was her father's oldest daughter; and she had been motherless for three years; and Paul, her young brother, was nearly four.

Between these two there had come half a dozen little graves, and which now lay the mother's.

Amy was nineteen; her father was a farmer, with a few acres of orchard, and meadow, and pasture land, which was enough for the simple wants of the little family on earth, and his heart was much with the larger family in heaven.

The house, where Amy Nash was born, was a low, long, brown cottage, built a quarter of a century before the Revolution, and the wide, old kitchen, with its brown rafters frescoed with flakes of sunlight, the shelves running along one side with their bright milk-pans; and the old-fashioned chest of drawers, with the shining brass handles, made a pleasant, quaint, old background to the bright picture of fair Amy Nash in her bluish dress and muslin ruffles; with the little, plump, black-eyed, mischievous-looking girl who was poking his restless hand, and small, fat fingers into every place where it was especially desirable that they should be kept out.

There was a tap at the door, and Amy started and looked up hastily. The young man walked in. "Don't trouble yourself to get up, Miss Amy. I hope you're well to-day."

"Very, thank you, Richard," and she gave him one of the small brown hands stamped with the broken grapes.

Richard Morris had a dark, handsome face and a jaunty air; but a strict scrutiny of the face did not give one entire satisfaction. There was a certain coarseness and weakness about the mouth, and the eyes had a reserved cautious expression, which enforced the character of the mouth. But Richard's good looks and agreeable manners made up for the defect of his under lip; but beneath all this quiet surged a sea of wounded maiden pride, and though she would not have owned it to herself, of womanly affection. Quick, indignant blushes burned over her cheeks as she greedily drank in the words; and when the young man concluded, she confronted him with her level, flashing eyes. "And you heard Allan Parsons say all this with your own ears; say that he waited on me out of charity?"

For a moment Richard shrunk, but those level eyes were on his face. It was too late to falter now.

"Of course he did. Do you suppose, Miss Amy, I should tell you anything but the truth?"

She did not answer his question, but the lips curled with a freezing scorn that would have become an insulted princess. "Well, all I have to say now is, that I shall give Mr. Parsons no further opportunity to exercise his charity towards me." And her tones said more plainly than any words, that the subject must be pursued no farther.

And herein Amy Nash indicated plainly her right and title to that name of charity; that name so often misapplied of men, but only bestowed of God! A less finely grained nature, when so stung in its sensitive part, would have gone into all sorts of disavowals of any regard for Allan Parsons, and heaped contemptuous epithets on that young gentleman; but Amy's silent scorn was more emphatic.

Richard's face flushed out with sudden triumph. "Well, Amy, you will do me a most charitable deed by allowing me to have the pleasure of your company to singing school this fall."

He was regarded by all the girls as the smartest beau in the village; and though there had been some occasional rumors of his having been 'wild' in the city, they were quite forgotten in his agreeable presence; and then it would be such a triumph over Allan Parsons. Amy was not long in answering. "I shall be very happy to go with you."

always make me shudder to hear the owl hootin' there in the evenin'."

"Well, Miss Amy, if you'll allow me to have your company to the singin'-school, I'll engage to scare all the owls off."

"I thank you, Mr. Morris," stammered Amy. "I should be very happy to go, with you, but I'm—" and here she came to a dead stop, crushing the berries in her embarrassment until the rich juice gushed out and dyed her fingers.

"Why, Miss Amy, you don't mean to say your company's engaged, this year, to Allan Parsons? I didn't think of such a thing after what he said to Sally Stevens the other night."

The blood burned along the cheeks of Amy Nash. "I didn't say I was engaged to anybody," and the drooping head sat up loftily as a duchess's on the dainty neck; and Richard Morris felt that the arrow had struck home, that he had stirred up the high spirit of his young hostess.

"No, I know you didn't, Amy, and I spoke after I thought."

"Well, Richard, I should very much like to know, what liberties Allan Parsons has been takin' with my name, anyhow? and the blue eyes flashed out an imperative confirmation of the demand.

"O, nothin', nothin' worth repeatin', Miss Amy."

"See here, Richard Morris, I must know, don't hold it back, not that he's anything special to me, or that I set any great value on his sayin'; but if he's been slanderin' me to Sally Stevens, it's but fair that I should know it, and if you're my friend, you'll tell me."

He drew his chair a little nearer the excited girl. "Well I've always been that, Amy, ever since we used to stand side by side in the spellin' class together, and to prove this to you I'll promise to repeat what Allan said, if you'll give me your sacred word of honor that you'll never mention it to a soul, for it goes against my feelin' to betray an old school mate."

"I promise you," she said it as though she dared not trust her voice to speak further; and when she passed up her hand to smooth the ruffle around her neck, Richard Morris saw that the fingers shook like leaves in a storm.

"Well," hitching his chair a little nearer his companion, "you know there was a little gatharin' at Ellen Wright's, just over the hill last week. They're distant cousins of the Parsons, so they was all invited, and Sally Stevens is Mrs. Wright's step-sister's child, so of course she was on hand."

"Well, after the plays was over, and they was all eatin' cake, and countin' apples, Sally turned suddenly round to Allan, who'd kept close to her all the evenin' as a calf to a cow, and see she,

"I spoke we'll see you on hand at singin'-school among the earliest, with Miss Amy?"

"I can't answer for Miss Amy, but I can for myself, Sally," he answered, and couldn't help hearin' this, for I was just behind them, close to the window where they sat.

"Why, she hasn't give you the mitten, has she?" asked Sally.

"No, nor I ain't given her the chance."

"Matters look as if you intended to, pretty soon, anyhow."

"Well, then, all I've got to say is, matters are very doubtful. Amy ain't got no brother, as you, and so being as Tom has spoken for you, Sally, I, out of charity like, take Amy to the huskins, and apple-bees, and singin'-schools, and whatever turns up, but I have no more serious thoughts towards Amy Nash than I have towards my grandmother."

Amy sat still while Richard Morris related this conversation. She sat still, except for the quick beating of her feet on the carpet and the gnawing of her under lip; but beneath all this quiet surged a sea of wounded maiden pride, and though she would not have owned it to herself, of womanly affection. Quick, indignant blushes burned over her cheeks as she greedily drank in the words; and when the young man concluded, she confronted him with her level, flashing eyes. "And you heard Allan Parsons say all this with your own ears; say that he waited on me out of charity?"

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At that moment farmer Nash entered the kitchen. He was a tall, broad chested, stalwart man, his honest face browned and seamed by hard labor. He seemed a little surprised to see his daughter's guest, but greeted him cordially.

The two men chatted together a little while about the weather, the crops, etc.; and then farmer Nash called out, suddenly, "Why, Amy, what in the world is that boy up to? He is a slashing into that new skein!"

There was no help for it now. The little rogue had seized his grandfather's shears, and for once, secure from his sister's watchful eyes, had gashed the two yards of seine which she had netted two days before. His black eyes sparkled, half with terror, half with triumph, when he found he was discovered in the employment he had enjoyed so vastly. But Paul was a spoiled child, and he escaped with impunity; and after a hearty laugh Richard rose to leave.

"You will remember next Tuesday night, Amy?"

"I will remember."

"Amy, what sent Richard Morris round here?" asked her father as he turned away from the door.

"O, he came to see me. Have you any objections, father?"

"Not a knowin', child. Dick's a scrumptious lookin' fellow, but when you've lived to be as old as I, you won't set so great store on fine feathers. I always had a feelin' that he ain't so reliable a young man as Allan Parsons."

"Well, I am sure what Allan Parsons is, is no concern of mine, but I don't think he's anything to boast of," answered Amy, with a tone of her head; then she added quickly, "won't you just go out in the barn and see if there's any eggs, father, while I slice up some ham and get the tea-kettle on, as it's a most time for supper?"

Allan Parsons whistled an old fashioned psalm tune to himself, as he pushed in the back-board to the old cart, which contained the last load of corn that he intended to gather for the day. The large golden ears, around which tangled the faded skeins of silk, while the long withered leaves fell away from them, told their own story of an abundant harvest.

Allan Parsons was young, strong-limbed, broad-chested man, with a most pleasant countenance, not handsome, but intelligent and manly, with thick, silken brown hair clustering about it. He was a farmer, as was his father before him, and the second of eight children. His family were in comfortable circumstances, though by no means wealthy, and Allan had begun to take his father's place on the farm, as the life of the latter was falling into old age.

The young farmer could not have told himself when he first began to love Amy Nash. It seemed to him he had always done this, for he had dragged her over the snow on his sled to school before her little mouth, red as the ruby in his mother's wedding ring, could plainly articulate his name; all along in the years in which they had come up to man and womanhood, was strong like jewels the memory of the nuttings, and the berryings, and the apple gatherings, they had had together, and the little golden head that had been his special charge and pride.

For the last two years he had waited on the girl steadily, thus keeping aloof many other suitors, for Amy was a great favorite with all who knew her.

Yet Allan Parsons had never been able to open his soul to the woman of his love, and show her where in his holiest inner chamber she stood serene and glorified.

Perhaps it was the very depth and integrity of his devotion which made it so difficult for him to fashion into words the story of his love, but these always failed him in the presence of his object; and a sudden fear would thrill his nerves and sink his heart, that perchance his suit might not win acceptance. And then, Allan Parsons could not endure, like many sensitive natures, to have his regard for Amy the topic of jest and innuendo.

Sally Stevens was a sparkling, mischievous girl of twenty, and took a world of pleasure in tormenting Allan about Amy, with no real intention of annoying the young man, but simply out of her love of mischief.

Now most lies crystallized round a nucleus of truth. Richard Morris had listened to Sally's jests at the house of her aunt, but he had entirely changed the tone and the sentiment of the young farmer's awkward, embarrassed replies to the jests of his friend. He did indeed affirm that as Amy had no brother, he was always ready to devote himself to her, especially as Sally was engaged; but he did not utter one word which Amy Nash herself would not have been flattered to hear; but Richard had, as I said, taken a fancy to the girl, and he was resolved to circumvent Allan, towards whom he felt that spite which petty natures often do toward those who come in their way.

But that night, as he went humming a psalm tune out of the field with his last load of corn, and occasionally cracking the whip on the sides of the fat oxen, Allan Parsons made up his mind to go over that very evening to the brown house and invite Amy to attend singin'-school, and say to her those words which it costs a man and a love like his so much to say to a woman; but as he put up the bars of the corn-field, Richard Morris walked out of the little brown gate, whistling triumphantly, and saying to himself, "I've fixed you now Allan Parsons."

Allan Parsons sat some time with Amy, who seemed stiffer in her manner than usual, when he at length in a nervous tone gave the invitation to the singin'-school.

"Thank you, Mr. Parsons, but I'm already engaged for the singin'-school this fall."

She said these words in a cold, steady voice, meantime winding one of Paul's golden rings of hair round her fingers. For a moment the man sat thunderstruck. The reserve of Amy's manner had troubled him ever since he entered the house, but these last words of her's fairly overwhelmed him.

"Why, Amy, I thought that you knew I intended to ask you," he stammered, after a brief silence which had fallen between them.

"How should I know that? And then I didn't like to be so much indebted to your charity."

Those cruel words wounded him still deeper, though he did not, of course, understand the hidden meaning which Amy intended to give them. He sat a few moments trying to conceal, by an occasional commonplace remark, the storm which surged through his soul, and then took his leave.

And Amy Nash laid Paul on the wooden settee in the little parlor, for his golden head was drooping with slumber, like the flowers of the golden rose in the autumn night dews, and then sat down, and buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of bitter weeping.

Allan Parsons strode madly off to a little belt of birch woods a half a mile from the cottage. He threw himself down under the thick trees, where even the solemn glances of the stars should not reach him, and the storm that raged through his being was wild and hopeless.

He felt as a man must whose life has been suddenly, cruelly blasted—whose hopes and ambitions are all cut down in their youth; for he had not had, for years, a dream or a joy that did not gather around sweet Amy Nash. And now the low, stifled sob grew husky at last; and then Allan Parsons heard the katyids in the grass, and the buzzing of the insects; and all the soft sounds of that still summer evening fell like dew on his heart. He had been brought up with one grand truth held over before him, envying his life, and permeating it to the deepest core, that 'God liveth and reigneth in the councils of men.' And now, in its sore need, the soul of Allan Parsons looked unto God, and He strengthened him.

He would be a man still; not for the sake of any woman, though she was knit close to him among the fibers of his being, should he wreck the life God had given, while it was in the dew of its youth. But he could not remain where Amy Nash was, and feel that she would never be his, and perhaps see her another's. And he bowed down his head a moment under the sharp torture, as this thought rushed over him. His would go away to sea, and amid new scenes and associations, bury in the slow falling dust of years the lost love of his youth.

And to his honor be it written that Allan Parsons made this resolve—to his honor be it told that he did not let the loss of a woman break his life—that he stood up with the strength of a man—nay, of a human soul—and said, "God helping me, I will bear it." So at last he rose up with his damp grass, after that long wrestle with his agony, and went homeward, and the stars setting in the midnight looked down steady and solemn upon him.

Two weeks had passed. Allan had announced his intention of going to sea to his family, and they heard it in unspeakable surprise and consternation. But arguments and entreaties availed nothing with his dogged resolution, as it seemed to his relatives. The truth is, the poor fellow was suffering so keenly that he longed to be away; and he was one of those natures that, at such a crisis, seeks neither confidence or sympathy from others.

He had made arrangements to ship on a vessel bound for the West Indies, the next week, and one night, a strange impulse seized the young man to go to farmer Nash's, and look, for the last time, upon the cottage which still held what was dearest to him on earth.

It was a pleasant autumn night, and Allan's heart ached as he caught sight of the steep, blackened roof, and remembered how often that first glance had stirred his soul with delicious dreams.

He kept on until he reached the high stone wall which ran in front of the garden and cottage, and here he suddenly stumbled upon some person.

They recognized each other in a moment—Richard Morris and Allan Parsons.

"So ho! that's you, is it, Allan? I'd just got up to the front gate when I saw a shadow moving along, and thought I'd stop and see what 'twas. Coming to see your old flame, eh?"

The words and the braggart manner stung Allan almost past endurance, especially as he felt certain, from Richard's attentions to Amy, that he had succeeded him in her affections.

"If you mean by my old flame, Miss Nash, I was not going to see her; though I'll take the liberty to ask you not to speak of her again to me in that fashion."

"What! angry at being out, Allan? The prize, you know, is to the swiftest runner, as the wife is to the smartest fellow."

Allan fairly glared on the man.

"Let me pass, Richard Morris. I don't want to stand here parleying with such a you."

Richard burst into a taunting laugh.

"What, our grapes, my man? Jest go in, now, and ask Amy which she sets the greatest value on; I can afford to be generous now, you see, because she belongs to me."

The last taunt stung Allan to madness.

"Well," hardly knowing what he said, "if she belongs to you, she belongs to a sneaking coward, a liar, a villain!"

Richard Morris was a fiery-tempered man. He clenched his fist and struck Allan a blow on the face that made him stagger backward.

But Allan was the stronger of the two, and the next moment the two men closed in a deadly wrestle. It was fierce, but short. In a few moments Allan had hurled his antagonist to the ground, and planted his foot on his breast; and then the young moon mailed out of the small cloud which had covered her face like clouds of pearl-colored muslin; and Richard Morris then looked up and saw the face of his foe bent with deadly vengeance over him.

"Oh, don't murder me, Allan, don't!" he cried. And at that moment the demon that had arisen, went down in the soul of Allan Parsons; and the memory of that blessed old line in the first prayer that his mother taught him came over his lips, "Forgive our enemies!"

He stood a moment looking down on his prostrate rival, and the man's better nature rose and triumphed.

"No, Richard, I won't murder you, and may God forgive me for the madness that was in my soul. You have robbed me of what was dearest to me than life. You have wrecked my happiness for this world; and just as I was about going away, a lonely, wretched man, you came here and taunted me with your triumph and my loss, in words a saint could not have stood. But God has said, 'Vengeance is mine,' so get up and go, for all harm of mine."

And the young farmer turned and walked quickly away; and Richard Morris rose up slowly, shook himself like a man in a dream, and limped off; but he did not go to Amy Nash's that night, and whether there was remorse in his soul

letter of the 9th states that the bombardment of Roanoke Island continued yesterday. About noon Commander Lynch got his rebel flotilla under weigh, and came down Currituck Sound to assist Wile on the Island.

The Federal gunboats at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th, had sunk three of the rebel gunboats and captured two, one of which had the Commodore's pennant, and dispersed the rest in every direction. The firing ceased at dark but recommenced with increased vigor in the morning, until 8 o'clock, when it is supposed the rebels surrendered.

A fireman on board the Seldon said the federal boats had landed large numbers of troops, and our old flag could be seen at Elizabeth City floating over the batteries.

The Rebels acknowledge that the only obstacles of importance to retard Burnside marching upon Norfolk, are the swampy marshes and sickness.

Gen. Lander, has occupied Romney, Va. A correspondent says he will immediately make another move, which will enable Gen. Williams to join him, and open the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to Hancock. The Assistant Secretary of War has been in Ohio and Indiana, to secure the use of rolling stock from a principal railway for six days. Orders have been issued at Washington to hold Fort Henry at any cost. The garrison will be increased and the fort strengthened.

Later from the Burnside Expedition!

Norfolk, Feb. 10.—The latest news from that Capt. O. Jennings Wise, son of Gov. Wise, was shot through the hip, and disabled, though his wound was not mortal. About 300 Confederates killed, our wounded numbered over one thousand. The number of Yankees wounded is about the same.

A late arrival of this morning says that Elizabeth City has been burned and burned by the Yankees, and that the enemy are pushing on to Edenton.

The following very latest we copy from today's Day Book.—A courier arrived here about 3 o'clock, yesterday afternoon, from which we gather the following information: The enemy advanced in full force yesterday upon Elizabeth City, about seven o'clock, and began an attack upon that place, but before doing so set fire to the town, and when our informant left it was in flames. We have also to record the capture by the enemy of all our little fleet except the Fanny or Forest. She was pursued, however, and fears were entertained that she was captured.

The Courier represents our loss at 300 killed and wounded, and that of the enemy not less than 1,000 killed. Great havoc was made among the enemy while coming up the road leading to the fort. Our forces brought to bear upon them two 32-pounders, and at every fire their ranks were terribly thinned. The places of the fallen, however, were quickly filled. The Park point battery was manned by the Richmond Blues, and most nobly they defended it. During the conflict they were attacked by a whole regiment of musketeers, and though completely overpowered, they stood their ground. They did not yield a foot until all but seven of them had fallen bleeding to the ground.

All the Southern papers received today, are unanimous in admitting a complete victory to our troops, and say that the loss of the island is a very serious one.

The prisoners captured, at least 2000, will be here in a few days.

The latest news from Savannah is that the federal gunboats were at Wall's Cut opening, which communicates with Savannah, without passing fort Pulaski.

LEAVENWORTH, Feb. 11.—The greatest activity prevails at Fort Leavenworth, in preparation for the expedition to start from here under Gen. Hunter. Troops and supplies are being concentrated in the Southern portion of the State, and the indications appear favorable for an early advance.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 11.—A detachment of cavalry 250 strong had an engagement with some rebels last Sunday, seven miles east of Fort Henry on the road to Fort Donelson. Five rebels were killed, 30 prisoners, and 20 horses captured. One Federal was wounded.

A detachment of the 324 Illinois Regiment destroyed a portion of the bridge on the Louisville, Clarksville and Memphis Railroad Saturday evening. The rebel camp at that point had been previously evacuated.

Hon. Marshall S. Hagar, of Richmond, was killed by the cars of the K. & P. road, in Portland, Monday. As the train was moving from the Boston depot, he discovered that he had not taken his valise. He stepped on board and found it; but jumping off, while the train was in motion, he slipped under the car and was shockingly mangled.

A woman named Morris, a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office in Washington, has been arrested as spy. The former is charged with forwarding information to the enemy; the latter, with furnishing her the facts.

The Kennebec Journal is not annihilated. Another dose of Indiana democracy could be filtered by it without serious damage, if charcoal was plenty.

RECRUITING. We would invite the attention of young men to the notice of Capt. Blake, in another column. His regiment is reported to be one of the best in the service, and composed of good men. He offers good inducements to young men of the right stamp, to enter the service. The regiment is now stationed at the Relay House, acting as guards of the railroad to Washington.

A CONVENTION of persons belonging to both the Republican and Democratic parties, was held at Concord, last Thursday. Paul J. Wheeler of Newport was nominated for Governor and Joseph Baldwin, of Nashua, for Canal Commissioner. The attendance was slim, though extension trains were run, and the day one of the finest of the season.

A Wonderful Little Microscope, MAGNIFYING small objects 500 times, is sent to any applicant on receipt of ten cents in silver, and one pink stamp. Five different powers for one dollar. Address Mrs. M. WOODWARD, Box 1833, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARRIED.

At Bryant's Pond, Feb. 9, by W. B. Lapham, Esq., Assistant M. Treadwell, Esq., Charles, son of Edward P. Treadwell, Esq., and Miss Anna M. Treadwell, Esq., both of Bryant's Pond.

At Boston, Feb. 10, by J. H. Lapham, Esq., Joseph, son of J. H. Lapham, Esq., and Miss Anna M. Treadwell, Esq., both of Bryant's Pond.

At Charlestown, Mass., 25th ult., Mr. Winslow B. Marlow, of Norway, to Miss Jennie McWain, of C.

DIED.

In Franklin Plantation, Jan. 26th, Martha, wife of Reuben Loring, aged 61 yrs. 6 mos.

In Woburn, Dec. 20, 1861, Eliza T. Cole, 25 years.

In Andover, Feb. 2d, Mary Ann, widow of Lewis G. Harvey, aged 32 yrs.

In Woburn, Anna Sampson, aged 94—the oldest man in town.

In Rockfield, Feb. 7th, Miss Margaret Record, aged 35.

In Hartford, Jan. 12th, Valeria A. Buse, aged 23 yrs.

LAW NOTICE.

THE undersigned has opened an Office, for the Practice of Law, at

MECHANIC FALLS.

Any business entrusted to him will be faithfully performed in due time. All mail matter forwarded will receive prompt attention.

O. W. BURNHAM.

Mechanic Falls, Feb. 11, 1862.

International Journal.

EXCHANGE, CONGRESS & LISTS.

Opposite New City Hall, Portland, Me.

THE subscriber having found this new and useful work, and having been the attention of the traveling public.

No pains will be spared to make the INTERNATIONAL a first class list, and at the same time the charges of postage in the states will be within the reach of the business public.

JOS. W. STOVER, Proprietor.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

MAINTENANCE, Obedience, Wharves, Nathaniel S. Grant, of Portland, County of Cumberland, and State of Maine, do hereby certify that on September 20, 1857, and recorded in the Oxford Registry, Vol. 112, page 231, conveyed to myself, John H. Brown, Daniel Cummings, and George Brown, a certain piece of land situated in the town of Paris, in said County of Oxford, and near the Railway station of South Paris, to secure the payment of a certain note of hand given by said Grant in payment of said land. Now, therefore, the conditions of said mortgage having been broken, I, for myself and others, hereby claim a foreclosure of said mortgage, in the state of Maine, and cause made and provided. EZRA F. BEAL.

Norway, Feb. 11, 1862.

Paris Hill Academy.

THE SPRING TERM of this institution will commence on TUESDAY, March 4th, and continue eleven weeks.

L. M. PIERCE, A. B., Principal.

MR. BENJAMIN GARDNER, Teacher of Music, German, etc.

Such other teachers as the wants of the school demand will be promptly secured.

It is hoped that the prosperity of this Academy the past year, will be fully realized the present term.

The buildings are large, new, convenient, and have been put in a perfect state of repair. A large amount of apparatus is provided. Those who wish to study Chemistry, Philosophy, etc., will find unusual advantages. A new Method has just been procured for the use of the school.

Paris Hill is one of access from all parts of the State, being near the G. T. railroad. The Boston morning paper can be obtained each evening.

Board and tuition can be obtained from \$2.50 to \$2.00 per week. Students who wish to procure rooms to board themselves. An effort will be made to secure schools for those who wish to study. Agents of the school of teachers will please correspond with the Principal.

Tuition, \$2.00; 3.00; 4.00. No charges for less than half a term.

For further particulars address the Principal, at Paris Hill.

S. R. CARTER, Secretary.

Fryeburg Academy.

THE SPRING TERM of this institution will open on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5th, under the care of

BENJAMIN F. SNOW, A. M.

Mr. Snow is a graduate of Bowdoin College; was Principal of the Academy in Fryeburg, Maine, three years, and subsequently Tutor in Bowdoin College two years, which position he has just been promoted to the one of the school.

The Trustees deem themselves fortunate to have secured his services, and are confident that, under his special advantages, will be offered to students both in the English and English Department. Well qualified assistants will be employed. Board, in good families, at moderate prices.

D. B. NEWELL, Sec'y.

Fryeburg, Feb. 10, 1862.

Ground Plaster.

THE subscriber continues to Ground Plaster, at WEST PARIS, and will sell at his former prices, viz:

\$5.00 per Ton.

\$4.00 per hundred.

GEO. W. LOCKE.

Jan. 27, 1862.

NORWAY LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

THE SPRING TERM will commence on TUESDAY, MARCH 4th, and continue eleven weeks, under the charge of

G. F. LEONARD, A. B., Principal.

Miss Mary F. Holmes, Assistant.

Miss H. E. Leonard, Teacher of Drawing.

Miss H. E. Leonard, Teacher of Music.

The liberal patronage of this institution has enabled the Principal to again secure the assistance of Miss Holmes, whose reputation as a teacher has been well established. It is hoped that the school is now prepared to meet the wants of all its students, in such studies as are published in its catalogue, which will be sent to any one requiring it.

The school is well provided with Philosophical and Electrical Apparatus, Physiological Charts, and Geographical Outline Maps.

It is situated near the Grand Trunk railroad, about one mile from South Paris station.

Board can be obtained, for ladies at \$1.50, and for gentlemen, at \$2.00 per week, wood and light included. Rooms can be obtained by those wishing to board themselves.

Terms: Common English, \$3.00; Higher do., \$4.00; Painting, in oil, \$5.00, in water colors, 4.00; Drawing, 2.00; Crayon Drawing, 2.50; Music, 2.00; use of Piano, 2.00. No deduction made for board and tuition.

For further particulars address the Principal, H. Upton, Esq., or J. A. Denison, Esq., Norway.

Family Boarding School for Boys.

THE SPRING TERM of this School will commence on TUESDAY, MARCH 4th, and continue eleven weeks.

The principal recommends his Family School with much confidence as a profitable place of resort for boys between the ages of ten and twenty years. Among its prominent features are a good HOME; the limited number of pupils; the careful drill to which every one is subjected; whether his attainments are great or small; and the assurance that the parent is receiving in behalf of the pupil a thorough equivalent to the expense incurred.

Expenses: Fifty Dollars a term, payable at its close.

REFERENCES TO PATRONS: Hon. John J. Perry, Oxford; Peter Thacher, Esq., Rockland; Ralph Butler, Esq., Portland; J. W. Stewart, Esq., South Paris; Rufus Gibbs, Esq., Thompson; G. R. Rich, Esq., Upton; J. M. Brigham, Esq., Glen House, N. H.

For further information please address

N. T. TRILE, A. M., Principal.

Bethel, Me., Jan. 17, 1862.

Cards, Tags and Bill-heads

printed at the Democrat Office

OXFORD, 22.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of January, A. D. 1862.

ON the petition of STEPHEN, late of Bethel in said County, deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of his late husband, the said Court, do hereby give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of March next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest: J. S. HOBBS, Register.

OXFORD, 22.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of January, A. D. 1862.

JOHN W. HOWE, named executor in a certain instrument not purporting to be the last will and testament of Betsey Gage, late of Waterford in said County, deceased, having presented the same for probate.

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

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OXFORD, 22.—At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of January, A. D. 1862.

JOHN C. GERRY, administrator on the estate of Isaac Kimball late of Waterford in said County, deceased, having presented his first and final account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance.

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

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OXFORD, 22.—At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of January, A. D. 1862.

NATHAN GROVER, administrator on the estate of Daniel Lanza late of Waterford in said County, deceased, having presented his first and final account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance.

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

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OXFORD, 22.—At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of January, A. D. 1862.

OTIS HAYFORD, administrator on the estate of Addison Farwell late of Canton in said County, deceased, having presented his first and final account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance.

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

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ON the petition of AUGUSTINE WILKINS, late of Waterford in said County, deceased, having presented his first and final account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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H. Rosenberg, So. Paris, CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY!

IMPROVED AND PATENTED

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NEW ENGLAND FAMILY SEWING MACHINE!

Acknowledged to be the best machine of the kind.

It is suitable for any kind of work, from the finest delicate Handkerchief in the heaviest Broadcloth, making a strong Lock Stitch, is easily managed, will work with all kinds of thread, and is able to get out of repair of any machine in use, and give

Universal Satisfaction!

Tailors, Seamstresses, Dress and Cloak-Makers, should not fail to examine into its merits—and for ladies use, this machine is invaluable.

By no Lady can Ten Dollars be Better Invested.

The immense sales which this justly celebrated article has attracted throughout all parts of the United States and Canada, with a steadily increasing demand, is a sufficient guaranty for its usefulness and real value.

Beware of Counterfeits.

Every Machine is warranted perfect or the money refunded.

Machine Needles, and the best of Cotton, Linen and Silk Thread, on hand, always on hand. I will forward this article with full directions, a whole set of needles and the necessary utensils, to any part of Oxford County, on receipt of Ten Dollars.

H. ROSENBERG.

Valentines!

Valentines!

JUST RECEIVED

From the Largest Manufacturers,

One of the most complete assortments of

Comic, Military and SENTIMENTAL VALENTINES,

That can be found.

VARYING IN PRICE FROM

One Cent to Five Dollars!

Which I shall sell at prices that cannot fail to suit!

Don't fail to call and see them!

And don't forget that I have a Large Stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Of all kinds; also,

Books and Stationery,

Toy Books & Toys in great variety!

Also all the

Yankee Notions of the day

Which I will sell CHEAP FOR CASH!

Don't forget the place!

A. OSCAR NOYES,

Noyes' Block,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Hebron Academy.

THE SPRING TERM of this institution will commence on TUESDAY, March 4th, and continue eleven weeks.

WILLIAM H. CROSS, A. B., Principal.

MISS OLIVE C. WALKER, Assistant.

With such other competent assistance as the wants of the students may require.

Under the able and experienced teachers, this school is confidently recommended to the public as affording the best of facilities to those fitting for college, or desiring a good practical education.

A class in the French language will be given by the Principal.

Terms: Common English, \$3.00; Higher English and Languages, \$5.00; French, 1.00 extra. No deduction made for absence the last two weeks.

Board can be obtained from \$2.00 to \$2.25 per week. Text books supplied at Portland prices. For further particulars address the Principal.

Bethel, Me., Feb. 4, 1862.

Gould's Academy.

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Bridgton Academy.

THE SPRING TERM of this institution will commence on TUESDAY, February 25th, 1862, and continue eleven weeks.

C. E. HILTON, A. B., Principal.

MISS ELIZABETH ABBOTT, Teacher of Music and French.

MISS L. K. GIBBS, Teacher of Drawing and Painting.

A Normal Class will be formed at the commencement of the term, under the care of Mr. Hutton, who comes highly recommended,

