

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE

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OLD SERIES VOLUME 29, NO. 21.

Farmers' Department.

"FEED THE FLOW."

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

For The Oxford Democrat.

Diphtheria not a new Disease.

The throat disease, now known as diphtheria, is an old disease with a new name. This disease visited this country as long ago as 1735, and raged with great violence. Its ravages commenced in May of that year at Kingston, New Hampshire. The first victim was a child, who died in three days. In the course of a week it appeared at a place four miles distant, where three children died on the third day. Of the first 40 who were seized, not one recovered. At Exeter it destroyed 114 persons; at Hampton Falls, 20 families buried all their children. The disease was epidemic. The usual symptoms were, swelling of the throat, white or ash colored specks appearing in the fauces, and an effluence on the skin, accompanied by a general debility, and a strong tendency to putridity.

In the St. to (then Province) of New Hampshire alone, which had only fifteen towns, it carried off 1000 people, of whom 900 were under the age of 21.

At subsequent periods it made its appearance in this State and other parts of New England. In 1812, sixteen persons died in the town of Fitzwilliam, N. H. It also appeared in Massachusetts. Then, as now, it was considered the most fatal scourge that ever visited New England.

A decoction of salt and water, made very strong, is said to afford instant relief, using it gargling the throat when the first symptoms appear. Also applying externally cayenne pepper mixed with vinegar, is called good. In some cases, these simple remedies were thought to entirely cure the disease, though probably it was not the malady in its worst form. L. F. A.

Andover, March 20, 1862.

For The Oxford Democrat.

More about the Weasel.

I noticed in The Oxford Democrat, of March 14, by your correspondent, J. G. Rich, the remark: that the Weasel fed upon the brain of other animals. And, as the question naturally arises, Who knows this? and, as the incident is likely to effect the credulity of his articles in the minds of many who take a deep interest in his statements; and as that interest is in proportion to the credulity in the mind of each, and because very few have had circumstantial evidence of the fact mentioned above, I have thought proper, having had such evidence, to make these remarks, and to add this fact:

On a fine summer day, several years since, as my father and I were going to dinner from the hay field, we noticed a ground (or striped) squirrel upon the fence, running in an excited manner, and behind him a weasel following with bird-like speed. My father, being an old hunter, true to his instinct, ran and knocked off the squirrel. The weasel darted by, but turned in an instant and went back. I had caught up the game, which left him in a dilemma. As he darted back and forth, father told me to lay down the squirrel. I did so; but took care to drop him behind a large log at the bottom of the fence, in order to see all that would follow. The weasel pounced upon him, and tried to draw him out of sight; failing in this, he commenced the most nimble, if not the most perfect anatomical operation ever witnessed; he seized the skin upon the back part of the head, and tore it off; then with a nibbling motion he bit his teeth and gave a sudden jerk; then took something and ate it greedily, went through the same operation again, and started off in a tithe of the time it takes to write it. We examined the squirrel, and found the skull torn up and the brains gone.

I passed on, full of admiration at the dexterity of the weasel, and wonder at his taste. A HUNTER'S SON.

For The Oxford Democrat.

Snow Storms of the Winter of 1861-2.

Snow storms have occurred during the past winter as follows:

Oct. 24, Nov. 24, 25, 29—2. Dec. 1, 23, 27—3. Jan. 1, 6, 12, 18, 20, 25, 29—6. Feb. 6, 12, 18, 20, 24, 28—6. March 4, 10, 21—3. Numbers of storms at which 2 inches and upwards fell, 20—making an aggregate of 186 inches, (15 1/2 feet). High winds occurred immediately after 12 of the above storms. The highest winds were experienced Jan. 21, and Feb. 25 and 26. The greatest depth of snow that fell at any one storm was March 15, amounting to 20 inches—measurement made at the end of the storm. Probably considerably higher figures would have been indicated if it had been measured at intervals during the storm. L. F. A.

To MAKE SUPERIOR VINEGAR AND PICKLES. *Messrs. Editors*—The following receipt will be valuable to many of your readers: To one gallon of soft water add a pint of sugar, or sorghum molasses, stir all well, and then add nearly a gallon of fresh and ripe tomatoes. Now set the vessel aside, and in a few days you will have the sweetest pickles I ever tasted, and nearly the best vinegar. THOMAS ARMOR. [Scientific American.]

A new medical man has appeared, a tree doctor. He announces a course of treatment by which he can restore sick trees to health. But, as we understand his process, he describes nothing but a course of bark. [Punch.]

Maine Board of Agriculture. Breeds and Management of Sheep.

BY FARNHAM JEWETT.

The Board, in giving out subjects last year allotted me one of as great and perhaps greater importance than any other. I feel that I cannot do justice to it.

Sheep husbandry will be profitable, or not, in proportion to the skill with which selections are made, and the judicious care bestowed. It is well known that a large share of the land in Maine is better adapted to sheep, and a large proportion of the fodder obtained pays better returns when fed to sheep than to other stock. Even at the low price which wool has borne for some years past it could be grown at a profit, and more profit would be realized if better breeds were obtained.

I do not propose to go into statistics, as these have often been alluded to before the Board, but rather to present facts and observations as have come under my notice. First as to the most profitable breed. Wool and mutton should both be considered, as neither alone will give satisfactory returns. My experience leads me to prefer a cross of the improved South Down. Procure a pure bred buck of this breed, and cross him with large, well-bred ewes. Grades of the Cotswold and Leicester are well adapted for this purpose. These are of large size, heavy fleece, rather coarse, long wool, have a good flow of milk, rear their lambs well, and endure the cold better than most other kinds as large.

I wish to give no offence, but I must be allowed to say that proper food and care are always necessary. If nature is expected to do all, and the man live in the shade in summer, and sit by the fire in winter, and let his animals suffer from neglect, you may as well begin with scrub after all with such neglect.

I have a pure bred South Down buck from Thorne's flock, New York. Mr. Thorne obtained his stock of Jonas Webb, England. He endures our climate better than any other I have ever had. The half bred lambs out of large ewes are superior, both for wool and mutton. They are thick through the shoulders and thighs, broad across the back, and completely woolled on the belly and legs; no coarse wool about them. They yield a large fleece, and the most is of a very superior flavor, sweet and juicy, well mixed with fat, and the very best kind of mutton. Farmers who will start a flock in this way will be well paid, even if the cost is large at first. The return will be three fold in wool and lambs and quality of meat, together with a saving of expense in keeping. Is not this worth looking after?

MANAGEMENT. This is viewed very differently by different persons. Some contend that sheep should not be housed at all, nor watered, and the exposure to cold and storms makes them hearty and rugged. Such men labor under a great mistake. My experience is that they will do better with shelter. They should have a good warm shed or barn where they can go both in wet and in very cold weather. Sheep will not drink much water at a time, but they can have often than any other stock if they can have easy access to it, and they look better and are better in all respects than those which get no water.

Good and suitable racks should be provided. I am perfectly satisfied that sheep will thrive faster on the same amount of food from a rack than if it be thrown under their feet. They will do well on almost any kind of fodder which is well cured and properly fed out, without grain, and the next summer they thrive better than those that have been highly grained through the winter. They should not be confined in small pastures without frequent change, as their manure soon enriches the grass and they will not graze well where the grass becomes rank.

It has been said that much depends on location, but there is not a foot of land in Maine too good for sheep; yet they will thrive on poor land. Sheep, lambs and wool can be, and are sold in all locations; therefore I hold that the kind which gives the most and best wool, and the best lambs for the butcher, is the kind of sheep for Maine farmers.

Those who keep Merinos will acknowledge this if they will make the change. Wool from the pure improved South Down is but a shade coarser than the Merino, and for lambs and mutton, the superior quality is so marked that all are convinced that have used both.

I do not contend that a profit can not, and is not derived from all kinds of sheep; but a larger one may be realized by this cross. I recommend, and if any sceptic will give it a fair trial, and is not satisfied, come to me and I will try to give him satisfaction.

Leather chips are slow in their action, but gradually decompose and afford a valuable manure. They contain enough of value to make them worth at a low estimate \$4 a ton, and cart a mile or two, although so slowly available. Their decomposition may be quickened by composting with ashes and lime. [Scientific American.]

EARLY SOWING. The spring grains should always be sown as early as the soil can be properly fitted to receive them, for it is known to experienced farmers that the grain is sensibly heavier when it is put early into the ground. Oats will bear late sowing better than the other grains, but they are never so heavy when sown late as when the right time is chosen. [Ploughman.]

A PROLIFIC COW. Mr. Page, of Poland, has a cow which, in three years, has given birth to seven calves, and the now has three at her side, giving milk sufficient for their sustenance.

From the Rural New Yorker.

Fowl Manure.

No manure obtained by the farmer is as valuable as the manure from the poultry house. Of this there is no question, and yet we can hardly answer the question, "In what way is it best to use it?" This manure is made only in small quantities, and it may be that, as a general thing, much of it is wasted. It may be thrown with other manure, muck and refuse on the compost heap, but our plan is to save for special purposes, and we generally use it in the vegetable garden, where it is not only valuable, but exceedingly convenient. When dry, it may be sown with onion or other seeds in the drills, at planting time, and four or five quarts put into a barrel of rain water makes a most superb liquid manure for any beds of young plants that need stimulating. In this form we use it for our melons and cucumbers, as soon as they appear above ground, to put them out of the way of the "bugs," and on beds of cabbage, cauliflower plants, &c., for the same purpose. Celery plants, after being set out in the trenches, may be hurried up amazingly by being watered two or three times a week with this liquid food. If magnificent sweet corn is wanted, half a pint of the dry hen dung, finely scattered in each hill, will give it, and no mistake. If you have been able to grow only hard, but, warty radishes, next spring sow the seed in very shallow drills, (not too early,) in a warm, sheltered place, then cover the bed with a thin dressing of coal ashes, and water with the liquid hen manure each alternate night, and if the season is as favorable as ordinary, you will have no cause to repent the trial. A little charcoal dust is better than coal ashes.

NICOTINE FOUND IN THE VICERA OF A SNUTTAKER. M. Morin, of Rouen, anxious to ascertain whether nicotine could be detected in the viscera, subjected the lungs and liver of a snuttaker, who had died at seventy, to a careful analysis, and found the alkaloid just mentioned. Portions of the lungs and liver were reduced to a pulp and soaked in distilled water, slightly acidulated for the lungs with sulphuric acid, and for the liver with oxalic acid. Several days afterward, the liquor was filtered through paper free from carbonate of lime, then concentrated to a third of its volume, and filtered again to free it from the flakes which had formed. The alcohol was then removed by heat after filtration. The residue was mixed with a small quantity of pure potash. On cooling, sulphuric ether was added; and, after a few hours, the decanted liquor was evaporated in vacuo. The substance now obtained, having the smell and the acid taste of nicotine, was treated by the bichloride of mercury, chloride of platinum, tannin, biniodide of potassium, the salts of copper and lead, and with all the reactions of nicotine were obtained.

[Lancet.]

THE PHYSICAL MAN OF OHIO. The Commissioner of Statistics of the State of Ohio in his annual report, gives a curious description of the physique of the men of that State.

The Commissioner says that Prof. Henry and himself have been several years engaged in defining the American man, by accurate measurements. He presents only such of these as go to describe accurately the men of Ohio. For this purpose he gives the measurements of 300 farmers, miners and laborers in several counties; of 230 others in eleven villages, and five companies of Kennett's Cavalry, all native Americans. The following appears to be the general result of these measurements: That the man of Ohio is five feet nine and one third inches high, and is taller than any European nation of which there are measurements. He is taller than the Belgian by several inches, taller than the English, and even than the Scotch Highlanders. The Highlanders, however, exceed the American round the chest, and are, on the whole, the stoutest. In complexion, eyes and hair, the light predominates over the dark. The prevailing hair is brown, and eyes gray, or blue.

WOUNDS IN THE BARK OF FRUIT TREES. When these occur, the ragged portions of the bark around the edge of the wound should be cleanly and regularly cut, until the edges of the exposed portion of the wood may be coated with a covering of Canada balsam. This will protect the bark from the oxidizing influence of the atmosphere, and at the same time permit the new growth to occur about the edges, so as to prevent further stripping of the bark. Some cultivators prefer the use of one ounce of gum shellac, dissolved in one quart of alcohol of 95 per cent. strength. No larger portion of shellac should ever be used, as a thick coating is sure to crack and peel off instead of remaining firm to the surface. A thin varnish of shellac may also be used on the ends of branches when freshly trimmed. The alcohol evaporates immediately, leaving a thin coating of shellac, which becomes dry and firmly attached to the wood before any exudation of sap can occur.

[Working Farmer.]

TO STOP BLEEDING. A correspondent of the American Agriculturist writes that bleeding from a wound on man or beast may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt in two parts bound on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left on for hours, or even days, if necessary.

Gen. Grant, though hardly forty years of age, has been in seventeen battles, in three of which he was wounded, and was in the Mexican war.

MISCELLANY.

A DREADFUL GHOST.

BY AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Such a dreadful ghost!—oh, such a dreadful ghost!"

My wife, who was luckily sitting by me, was at first as much frightened as I was, but gradually she succeeded in quieting both me and herself, which indeed she has a wonderful faculty for doing.

When she had drawn from me the cause of my terrified exclamations, we discussed the whole matter—in which we differed considerably; and on this subject we invariably and affectionately do. She is a perfectly matter-of-fact, unimaginative, and unsuperstitious individual: quite satisfied that in the invisible, as in the visible world, two and two must make four, and cannot by any possibility make five. Only being, with all her gentleness, a little pigheaded, she does not see the one flaw in her otherwise very sensible argument, namely, the taking for granted that we finite creatures, who are so liable to error even in material things, can in things immaterial decide absolutely upon what is true and what is false.

There lives more faith in honest doubt, Believe me, than in half your creeds. And it is just possible that when the Devil tempted our forefather to eat of the tree of knowledge, he was laughing, as maybe he often laughs now, to think what a self-conceited fool a man must be, ever to suppose that he can know everything.

When I preach this to my helpmate—who is the humblest and sweetest of women—she replies, in perhaps the safest way a woman can reply to an argument, with a smile; as she did, when, having talked over and viewed on all sides my Dreadful Ghost, she advised me to make it public, for the good of humanity; in which we agreed, though differing. She considered it would prove how very silly it is to believe in ghosts at all. I considered—but my story will explain that.

She and I were, I thought, invited to a strange house, with which, and with the family, we were only acquainted by hearsay. It was, in fact, one of those "invitations on business"—such as literary persons like myself continually get; and which give little pleasure, as we are perfectly aware from what motives they spring; and that if we could pack up our reputation in a portmanteau, and our head in a bath, it would answer exactly the same purpose, and be equally satisfactory to the inviting parties. However, the present case was an exception; since though we had heard that they were not a show loving, literary-honouring household, but really a family; affectionately united among themselves, and devoted to the memory of the late's lost head. He was a physician, widely esteemed, and also a man of letters, whose death had created a great blank, both in his own circle and in the literary world at large. Now, after a year's interval, his widow and three daughters were beginning to reappear in society; and the British Association meeting, held at the large town which I need not particularize, had opened the doors of their long-hospital house to my wife and me.

Being strangers, we thought it best to appear, as I would advise all stranger guests to do, at the tail end of the day; when candlelight and firelight cast a kindly mystery over all things, and the few brief hours of awkwardness and unfamiliarity are followed by the nocturnal separation—when each party has time to think over and talk over the kindly meeting next morning with the kindly feeling of those who have passed a night under the same friendly roof.

As my wife and I stepped from our cab, the dull day was already closing into twilight, and the fire only half-illumined the room into which we were shown. It was an old-fashioned, rather gloomy apartment—half study, half sitting-room; one end being fitted up as a library, while at the other—pleasant, comfortable, which already warmed our hearts towards our unseasonable hosts—was spread out that best of all meals for a weary traveller, a tea dinner. So hungry were we, that this welcome, well supplied, elegant board was the only thing we noticed about the room; except one other thing which hung close above the tea-table on the padded wall.

It was a large, full length portrait, very well painted; the sort of portrait at which one says at once, "What a good likeness that must be." It had individuality, character—the face of the man as well as his body; and as he sat in his chair, looking directly at you, in a simple, natural attitude, you felt that a beautiful soul this must have been: one that even at sixty years of age—for the portrait seemed thus old—would have shed a brightness over any home, and any society where the person moved.

I suppose that must be the poor Doctor," said my wife, as her eyes and mine both met upon the canvas face, which glimmered in the twilight with a most lifelike aspect, the gentle, benevolent eyes seeming to follow one across the room, as the eyes of most well-painted full face portraits do. "You never saw him, Charles?"

"No; but this is exactly the sort of man he must have been."

And our conviction on the matter was so strong that when the widow came in, we abstained from asking the question, lest we strangers might touch painfully on a scarcely healed wound.

She was a very sweet-looking little woman; pale, fragile, and rather silent than otherwise. She merely performed the duties of the tea-table, whilst the conversation was carried on with spirit and intelligence by her three daughters, evidently highly accomplished women. They were no longer young, or particularly handsome; but they appear to have inherited the inexpressible

charm of manner which, I had heard, characterized their lost father; and they had my wife whispered me a still greater attraction in her eyes—(she had, dear soul, two little daughters of her own growing up)—which was the exceeding deference they paid to their mother, who was not by any means so clever as themselves.

Perhaps I, who had not married a woman for cleverness, admired the mother most. The Doctor's widow, with her large, soft, sorrowful eyes, where the tears seemed to have dried up, or been frozen up in a glassy quietness, was to me the best evidence of how deeply beloved, how eternally mourned.

She never spoke of her husband, nor the daughters of their father. This silence—which some families consider it almost a religious duty to preserve regarding their dead, we, of course, as complete strangers, had no business to break; and, therefore, it happened that we were still in the dark as to the original of that remarkable portrait—which, minute by minute, took a stronger hold upon my imagination; my wife's too—or that quality of universal tender heartedness, which in her does duty for imagination. I never looked at her, but she was watching either our hostess, or that likeness, which she supposed to be the features which to the poor widow had been so dearly dear.

A most strange picture. It seemed, in its wonderfully true simulation of life, to sit, almost like an unheeded, silent guest, above our cheerful and conversational table. Many times during the evening I started, as if with a sense of a seventh person being in the room—in the very social circle—bearing everything, observing everything, but saying nothing. Nor was I alone in this feeling; for I noticed that my wife, who happened to sit directly opposite to the portrait, flinched in her chair, and finally moved her position to one where she could escape from those steady, kindly, ever-pursuing, painted eyes.

Now, I ask nobody to believe what I am going to relate: I must distinctly state that I do not believe it myself; but I tell it because it involves an idea and moral, which the reader can apply if he chooses. All I can say is, that so far as it purports to go—and when you come to the end you will find that this is really a true story.

My wife, you must understand, sat exactly before the portrait, till she changed places with me, and went a little way down the oblong table, on the same side. Thus, one of us had a front, and the other a slightly foreshortened view. Between us and it was the table, in the centre of which stood a lamp—one of those reading lamps which throw a bright circle of light below them, and leave the upper half of the room in comparative shadow. I thought it was this shadow, or some fanciful flicker of the fire, which caused a peculiarity in the eyes of the portrait. They seemed actually alive—moving from right to left in their orbits, opening and closing their lids, turning from one to the other of the family circle with a variable expression, as if conscious of all that is done or said.

And yet the family took no notice, but went on in their talk with us; choosing the common topics with which unfamiliar persons try to plumb one another's minds and characters; yet never once reverting to this peculiar phenomenon—which my wife, I saw, had also observed, and interchanged with me more than one uneasy glance in the pauses of conversation.

The evening was wearing on—it was nearly ten o'clock when, looking up to the picture, from which for the last half hour I had steadily averted my gaze, I was startled by a still more marvelous fact concerning it. Formerly, the eyes alone had appeared alive: now the whole face was rounded. It grew up, out of the flat canvas, as if in haste, or like one of those terrible painful relief after death—except there was no pain, or revolting here. As I have said, the face was a beautiful face—a noble face: such a one as, under any circumstances, you would have been attracted by. And it had the coloring and form of life—no corpse like rigidity or marble whiteness. The gray hair seemed gradually to rise, lock by lock out of the level surface—and the figure, clothed in ordinary modern evening dress, to become shape and natural—statuesque, yet still preserving the tints of a picture. Even the chair which it sat upon—which I now perceived to be the exact copy of one that stood empty on the other side of the fire, gave a curious reality, to the whole.

By and bye, my wife and I both held our breaths—for, from an ordinary oil painting, the likeness had undoubtedly become a lifelike figure, or statue, sitting in an alcove, the form of which was made by the frame of the picture.

And yet the family took no notice; but appeared as if, whether or not they were conscious of the remarkable thing that was happening, it did not disturb them in the least; was nothing at all alarming or peculiar, or out of the tenor of their daily life.

No, not even when, on returning with a book that I had gone to fetch from the shelves at the further end of the room, my poor little wife caught my hand in speechless awe—awe, rather than fear—and pointed to the hitherto empty chair by the fire side.

It was empty no longer. There, sitting in the self-same attitude of the portrait; identical with it in shape, countenance, and dress—was a figure. That it was a human figure I dare not say, and yet it looked like one. There was nothing ghastly or corpse-like about it, though it was motionless, passionless; endowed as it were with that divine calm which Wordsworth ascribes to Proteus.

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace.

Brought from a picture though a happy place.

Yet there was an air tenderly, pathetically, human in the folding of the hands on the knees, as a man does when he comes and sits down by his own fireside, with his family round him; and in the eyes that followed, one after another, each of this family, who now quietly put away their several occupations, and rose.

But none of them showed any terror—not the slightest. The presence at the hearth was evidently quite familiar—awakening a shudder of repulsion, no outburst of renewed grief. The eldest daughter said—in a tone as natural as if she were merely apologizing to us heterodox or indifferent strangers for some domestic ceremonial, some peculiar form of family prayer, for instance—

"I am sure our guests will excuse us if we continue, just as if we were alone, our usual evening duties. Which of us is to speak to papa to-night?"

It was Ann then: summoned back, how or why, or in what form, corporal or incorporeal, I knew not, and they gave no explanation. They evidently thought none was needed: that the whole proceeding was as natural as a man coming home at evening to his own hearth, and being received by his wife and children with affectionate familiarity.

The widow and the youngest daughter placed themselves one on each side of the figure in the chair. They did not embrace it or touch it, but regarded it with tender reverence, in which was mingled a certain sadness; but that was all. And then they began to talk to it, in a perfectly composed and matter-of-fact way; as people would talk to a beloved member of a family, who had been absent for a day or longer from the home circle.

The daughter told how she had been shopping in town; how she had bought a shawl and bonnet, "of the color papa used to like," the books she had brought home from the library, and her opinion of them; the people she had met in the street, and the letters she had received during the day; in short, all the pleasant little bits that a daughter would naturally pour out to an affectionately interested father; but which now sounded so unnatural, so completely small, such a mixture of the ludicrous and the horrible, that one's common sense, and one's sense of the solemn unseen alike recoiled.

No answer came; apparently none was expected. The figure maintained its place, never altering that gentle smile reminding one of the spectral Samuel's rebuke to the Witch of Endor—"Why hast thou disguised me?" or of that superior calm with which, after death, we may view all those petty things which so perplexed us once, in ourselves and in those about us.

Then the widow took up the tale, with a regretful under-tone of complaint running through it. She told him how dull she had been all day; how in the preparations for these strangers (meaning my wife and me) how we shivered as the eyes of the figure moved and rested on us; she had found various old letters of his, which vividly revived their happy wedding days; how yesterday one of his former patients died, and to-day a professorship, which he meant to have tried for, had been given to a gentleman, a favorite pupil; how his old friends, Mr. A— and Sir B. C—, had had a quarrel, and everybody said it would never have happened had the Doctor been alive; and so on, and so on. To all of which the figure listened with its immovable silence; its settled changeless smile.

My wife and I uttered not a word. We sat apart, spell bound, fascinated, neither attempting to interfere, nor question, nor rebuke. The whole proceeding was so entirely beyond the pale of rational cause and effect, that it seemed to throw us into a perfectly abnormal condition, in which we were unable to judge, or investigate, or escape from, the circumstances which surrounded us.

We knew nothing—absolutely nothing—except the very little that Revelation hints at, rather than directly teaches, of the world beyond the grave. But anyone of us who has ever seen a fellow creature die, has watched the exact instant when the awful change takes place which converts the body with a soul to the corpse without a soul, must feel certain—convinced by an intuition which is stronger than all reasoning—that if the life beyond, to which that soul departs, be anything, it must be a very different life from this; with nobler aspirations, higher duties, purer affections. The common phrase breathed over so many a peaceful dead face, "I would not bring him back again if I could," has a significance, instructive as true; truer than all misty, philosophical speculations, tenderer than all the vagaries of fond spiritualists, with big hearts and no head worth mentioning. If ever I had doubted this, my doubts would have been removed by the sight which I here depict—of this god, amiable, deeply beloved husband and father—returning in visible form to his own fireside; no ghastly spectre, but an apparition full of mildness and beauty, yet communicating a sense of revolting incongruity, utter unbecomingness, and ridiculous, degrading contrast between mortal and immortal, spirit in the flesh, and spirit out of the flesh, stronger than I can attempt to describe.

That the dead man's family did not feel this, having become so familiar with their nightly necromancy that its ghastliness never struck them, and its ludicrous profanity never jarred upon their intellect or affections, only made the fact more horrible.

For a time, long or short I cannot tell, my wife and I sat witnessing, like people bound in a nightmare dream, this mockery of mockery, the attempt at restoring the

sweet familiar relations of the living with the living, between the living and the dead. How many days or months it had lasted, or what result was expected from it, we never inquired; nor did we attempt to join in it; we merely looked on.

"Will papa ever speak?" entreated one of the daughters; but there was no reply. The figure sat passive in its chair—unable or unwilling to break the silent barrier which divides the two worlds, maintaining still that benign and tender smile, but keeping its mystery unbroken, its problem unsolved.

And now my wife, whose dear little face was, I saw, growing white and convulsed minute by minute, whispered to me:

"Charles, I can bear this no longer. Make some excuse to them—we will not hurt their feelings. Don't let them think we are frightened, or disgusted, or the like; but we must go—I shall grow mad if I don't."

And the half insane look which I have seen in more than one of the pseudo spiritualists of the present day—people who twenty years ago would have been sent to Bedlam, but now are only set down as "rather peculiar," rose in those dear, soft, sensible eyes which have warmed and calmed my restless heart and quiet brain for more than fifteen years.

I took advantage of the next pause in the "communications," or whatever the family called them, to suggest that I and my wife were very weary, and anxious to retire to rest.

"Certainly," politely said the eldest daughter. "Papa, Mr. and Mrs. —, naming our names, 'have had a long railway journey, and wish to bid us all good night.'"

The appearance bent on us—my wife and me—its most benevolent, gentle aspect, apparently acquiescing in our retiring; and slowly rose as if to bid good night—like any other courteous host.

Now, in his lifetime, no one had had a warmer, more devoted admiration for this learned and lovable man than I. More than once I had travelled many miles for the merest chance of seeing him, and when he died, my regret at never having known him personally, never having even beheld his face, was mingled with the grief which I, in common with all his compatriots, felt at losing him so suddenly, with his fame at its zenith, his labors apparently only half done.

But here, set face to face with this image or phantasm, or whatever it was, of the man whom I loved so honored—I felt no delight; nay, the cold clearness of that gaze seemed to shoot through me with a thrill of horror.

When, going round the circle, I shook hands with the widow and daughters, one after the other, I paused before that chair; I attempted to pass it by. Resolutely I looked another way, as if trying to make believe I saw nothing there; but it was in vain.

For the figure advanced noiselessly, with that air of irresistibly charming, dignified courtesy of the old school, for which everybody said the Doctor had been so remarkable. It extended its hand—a hand which a year ago I would have travelled five hundred miles to grasp. Now, I shrank from it—I loathed it.

In vain. It came nearer. It "touched" mine with a soft, cold, unearthly touch. I could endure it no longer. I shrieked out, and my wife woke me from what was, thank Heaven, only a dream.

"Yes, it was indeed a Dreadful Ghost," said that excellent woman, when she had heard my whole story, and we had again composed ourselves as sole occupants of the railway carriage which was carrying us, through the dead of night, to visit that identical family whom I had been dreaming about—whom, as stated, we had never seen.

"Let us be thankful, Charles, that it was a mere fantasy of your over-excited imagination—that the dear old Doctor sleeps peacefully in his quiet grave; and that his affectionate family have never summoned him, soul or body, to sit of nights by their uneasy fireside, as you so horribly described. What a blessing that such things cannot be!"

"Ay," replied I—"though, as Imineo says in 'Rameau's,' 'that the dead cannot return, I will not undertake to prove'; still, I think it in the highest degree improbable. Their work here is done; they are translated to a higher sphere of being; they may still see us, love us, watch over us; but they belong to us no more. Mary when I leave you, remember I don't wish ever to be brought back again; to come rapping on tables, and knocking about of airs; delivering ridiculous messages to deluded inquirers, and altogether comporting myself in a manner that proves, great fool as I may have been in the body, I must be a still greater fool out of it."

"And Charles," said the little woman, creeping up to me with tears in her eyes, "if I must lose you—dearly as I love you—I would rather bury you under the daisies and in my heart; bury you, and never see you again till we meet in the world to come, than I would have you revisiting your old friends after the fashion of this Dreadful Ghost."

Humor is the art of saying happy things that have the effect of making others happy; whilst wit, and especially that grace of it that takes the form of satire, is the art of saying smart things that are the cause of smarting in others.

The pebble in our path weary us, and make us foot sore, more than the rocks, which only require a bold effort to surmount.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Children are the bolts and screws that hold a man to the community.

If a Christian woman were to change her sex what would she be? She would be a father-in-law.

Old age is the face, but good for the head. Every face has its scores, and is a map of life.

He who has wisdom without money is rich; he who has money without wisdom is poor.

Let the youth who stands at the bar with a glass of liquor in his hand, consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

The water that has no taste is purest; the rain that has no odor is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

One person amusing another in the presence of Churchill the poet, said he was extremely stupid that if you said a good thing he could not understand it. "Pray, sir," said Churchill, "did you ever try him?"

A diffident lover, going to a town clerk, to request him to publish the bans of matrimony, found him at work alone in the middle of a fifteen acre hay field, and asked him to step aside a moment, as he had something for his private ear.

"Well, neighbor, what's the most Christian now the morning?" said a pious gentleman to his friend. "I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman." "Just like you," said the other: "who is it that you have made happy by your charity this time?" "My wife!"

"I say, sir, of what profession are you?" asked Mr. Edwin James of a witness who had come to prove a fact, and was not deemed a very reputable man.

"Sir, I am a shoemaker and wine merchant."

"A what, sir?" asked the learned counsel.

"I am, sir," said Mr. James, "I say describe you as a sherry-cobbler."

The following questions and answers occurred between a counsel and witness, regarding the sanity of the son of the latter:

"How long, Mr. S—, since you first thought your son was insane?"

"A little over a year."

"Please state to the jury what first awakened your suspicions."

"He joined the meeting."

"Well, Mr. S—, what else did you see in his conduct which made you doubt his sanity?"

"He went a load of hay to the minister."

On another occasion, a poor soldier for some offense he had committed. The officer agreed to do so, if he would in return grant him the first favor he would ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this.

One day or two the officer demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed by a young parson. The clergyman, a young parson, and a party of gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism. Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the legs, as customary in the baptism of children, and said—

"As I am a minister of the church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the church."

"Certainly," said the officer, "I expect all the ceremony."

"Well, then, Major, I begin with the usual question. You acknowledge yourself the father of this parson?"

A roar of laughter burst from the crowd. The officer threw the candidate for baptism away. Thus the witty minister turned the laugh against the officer who intended to deride the sacred ordinance.

AN IRISHMAN'S COOLNESS. A day or two since, just before the train on the Detroit and Milwaukee road reached Grand Rapids, and while running down a grade at a high rate of speed, the fireman, a fat, jolly son of the Emerald Isle, went to the forward part of the engine to oil up, and in doing so, moved his hand and pitched off the locomotive. The engineer at once whistled down the brakes, reversed his engine, and finally brought his train to a halt. The conductor rushed out, breathless, to learn the nature of the stoppage, and was informed that the fireman was killed. The train was slowly backed up to discover and secure the remains of the unfortunate man; and when nearly back to the scene of disaster, the fireman's body was discovered running up, none the worse for the fall. His first salutation, on getting within earshot, was: "Is it the lie can yet be after?"

There are no such disagreeable people in the world as those who refuse working their own improvement, and disquieting themselves about the faults and that; while, on the other hand, there is an unbecoming merit which wins more hearts and does more good than all the theoretically virtuous in the wide world—those who seem to be more than to do; who speak of no deficiency in either themselves or others, but who are necessarily modest, because they only take what their hands find to do, and do it with their might.

CHARACTER. The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him say six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day. [Franklin.]

CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!

JOHN S. ABBOTT.

(FORMERLY OF BOSTON.)

Has a large stock of

Clocks, Watches & Jewelry.

FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY,

Plated Ware,

TOYS, STATIONERY,

AND

Patent Medicines

All of which he offers at

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

At the LOWEST CASH PRICE!

COUNTRY DEALERS who do well to call on him will find it to their advantage to call on him and stock up. Being in connection with

Importing Houses,

In Boston, he thinks he can furnish goods cheaper than can be found this side of Boston.

He has WATCHES of American, Swiss, English and French, Hunting and Open Face, Gold, Silver and Gilt cases.

SPECTACLES, of all kinds, and any quantity of glass to set in old Spectacle Frames, to suit; and

JANKEE NOTIONS.

In quantities, by the dozen or single one.

Watch Glasses, of materials for Water-burners, and other articles, which they can be bought in Portland. To show, people had better call on him and save money.

Everything warranted to be what it is sold for. He insists on the best quality, and the most sure to succeed. Any work entrusted to him will be done according to contract, and warranted good.

He would like to see any watches that have been given by an inexperienced workman, and he will not make them perform well there will be no charge. The same with clocks.

Plain watch movements will be full jeweled, and good quality of silver watches will be altered to Lever Movements at a fair price. Chronometer balances inserted in watches that have plain balances, and finally nothing that is required to be done to a watch or clock, will be done at his shop, or warranted to be done in a workmanlike manner.

Work solicited from other watchmakers, which will be done at a low rate.

Jewelry Repaired.

Letter Engraving neatly Executed.

Cash paid for old Gold and Silver.

BETHLE HILL, 1861.

Drug & Medicine Store

JUST OPENED ON

BETHLE HILL, ME.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the

subscribers of the Oxford Democrat, and the public generally, that he has taken the New York Store on Bethle Hill, recently erected by R. A. Chapman, Esq., for the purpose of doing the business of a Druggist and Apothecary. He will keep constantly on hand for sale an extensive variety of

Drugs, Medicines,

Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dry Stuffs,

Perfumery,

KEENESE OIL AND FLUID,

Spices of all kinds,

Such as Ginger, Pepper, Allspice, Nutmegs, Cassia, Cloves, Burdock, Cinnamon, Cardamom, and Cocoa Shell, Pure Corn Starch, Sage and Tapioca.

Also—

BOOKS & STATIONERY,

School, Miscellaneous & Toy Books,

Newspapers and Periodicals.

Any book or article of any description in the above line procured at short notice.

Agents for the popular Patent Medicines.

TERMS, CASH.

H. B. HALL.

Bethle, Jan. 1861.

OLD FRIENDS

IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Herriek's Sugar Coated Pills.

The best Family Cathartic in the world.

Large boxes, 25 cents; five boxes, for one dollar. Full directions with each box. Warranted superior to any Pill before the public.

TALAHASSEE, LEO COUNTY, Florida, July 17, 1861.

To Dr. HERRICK, Albany, N. Y.—My Dear Doctor: I write this to inform you of the wonderful cure that God has wrought in me, and my family. For three years I have been afflicted with a bilious derangement of the system, daily increasing in horror, which has been steadily failing me. When I was in New York in April last, a friend advised me to try your pills. Having the fullest confidence in the judgment of my friend, I obtained a supply of Messrs. Barnes & Park, Druggists, Park Row, New York, the returning home, we consumed all other treatment, and at once used your Pills, one each night. The improvement in my feelings, complexion, digestion, etc., surprised me all. A rapid and permanent restoration to health has been the result. We used less than five boxes, and consider her entirely well. I consider the above a just tribute to you as a Physician, and trust it will be the means of inducing many to adopt your Pills as their family medicine.

I remain, dear sir, with many thanks, Your obedient servant, S. G. MORRISON.

NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate of the County of Oxford, Commissioner to examine claims against the estate of Joseph H. Broadbent late of Broadbent in said County deceased, returned insolvent, hereby give notice that they will be in session for that purpose on the following named days, times and places, from one of the clock till four o'clock in the afternoon, to wit: at the inn or dwelling-house of Zebach Miller in Broadbent in said County, on Saturday the 31 day of May, 1862; at the dwelling-house of James Westworth in Denmark on Saturday the 21 day of June, 1862; also the last session at said James Westworth's, in Denmark, on Saturday the 21 day of July, 1862.

JOS. W. MANSFIELD.

Broadbent, March 7th, 1862.

NOTICE. The partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm name of Burham & Mead, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to make immediate payment, and all having demands thereon will present them to Pinckney Burham, who assumes the business and responsibilities of the firm, and remain at the old place.

PINCKNEY BURHAM.

THE MEAD.

Bethle, March 21, 1862.

NOTICE. Run away from the house of the subscriber in Waterford, on Friday the 15th inst. a black horse, aged about fifteen years. Said horse was bled to me by the Overseers of the Poor of Waterford, and when he was dressed in light colored pants, mixed blue short tuck, grey waistcoat and black top hat. He is in every way brighter than the other, very light color. Whoever will give the subscriber information where he is inclined to be sold, or to be taken to any place, will be rewarded with a good horse, and a quantity of glass to set in old Spectacle Frames, to suit; and

JAMES H. CHADBOURNE.

Waterford, March 18, 1862.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate of the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of administrator of the estate of

CHARLES WALKER late of Fyeburg,

in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

MARCH 18, 1862. STEPHEN P. WALKER.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate of the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of administrator of the estate of

CALEB MENDALL late of Hartford,

in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

MARCH 18, 1862. SEBASTIAN S. SMITH.

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FINKLE & LYON

SEWING MACHINE CO.

538 Broadway, New-York.

NO person who contemplates purchasing a Sewing Machine for family or manufacturing purposes, should fail to read one of our circulars, which contains cuts and full descriptions of the several styles, prices and samples of work, all of which we send by mail free. We claim to have

Best Sewing Machines in the World.

For either Family or Manufacturing purposes.

And all we ask is a fair trial. Read the following IMPORTANT FACTS.

FACT No. 1. This being duly licensed, their machines are protected against infringements or imitations.

FACT No. 2. These Machines make the lock-stitch—stitch on both sides—and use a little less than half as much thread and silk as the chain or button-hole machines.

FACT No. 3. These Machines are better adapted than any other machines in market to the frequent changes, and almost endless variety of sewing required in a family. They will sew from one to twenty thicknesses of materials without stopping, and make every stitch perfect. They will even sew from the finest gauze to the heaviest cloth and stout leather, without changing the reel, needle or tension, or making any adjustment of machine whatever. It is so that a machine best adapted to public use and (it being required to be a family) they will sew every variety of tight sewing manufacture. For work too heavy for our family machine, we recommend our larger size.

FACT No. 4. These machines make the most elastic seam of any sewing machine in use—a sort of great importance in sewing elastic goods, or goods of any kind, on a bias.

FACT No. 5. No machine is more durable or more simple in construction, or more easily understood, than the machines we sell. They will fully demonstrate each of the above facts.

FACT No. 6. These machines took the highest premium at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia.

FACT No. 7. These machines took the highest premium at the New Jersey State Fair.

FACT No. 8. These machines took the highest medal at the American Institute, in the city of New York, together with the highest premium for fine sewing machine work.

FACT No. 9. These machines took both the highest premiums at the Mechanics Fair, Utica, N. Y.

FACT No. 10. These machines can do the sewing that generally requires the use of a competition with other first-class sewing-machines.

FACT No. 11. We warrant every machine we sell to give perfect satisfaction, or any other sewing-machine in the market, or money refunded.

Send for a circular. AGENTS WANTED.

Finkle & Lyon Sewing Machine Co.,

No. 538 Broadway, New-York.

THE BRITISH AND CANADIAN

CATTLE MARKETS!

are fully reported every week in

The New England Farmer!

NO FARMER CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT IT.

THE REPORT CONTAINS

1.—Whole Number of Cattle, &c., at Market, with remarks on their quality.

2.—Market Statement of Prices.

3.—Number of Cattle, &c., over each Railroad.

4.—Number of Cattle, &c., from each State.

5.—Ships of Cattle, and Sheep, with the names of each owner, and the size of his herd.

6.—Reports of Sales of the different grades of animals, General Remarks on the condition of the Market as compared with previous weeks, and the prospects of the future.

The Report occupies a long column in fine type, and is the ONLY FULL AND CORRECT REPORT PUBLISHED in this Market.

Send for a circular. This Report is sent each week in which the Market is held.

TERMS OF THE FARMER.

INvariably in Advance.

Single copy, \$2 for one year, or \$3 for two years.

Two to five copies, \$1.50 a year each.

Six to ten copies, \$1.40 a year each.

Eleven to fifteen copies, \$1.30 a year each.

Sixteen copies and upwards, \$1.25 a year each.

Specimen copies and circulars sent free at all times.

ADVERTISING.

NORSE, KATON & TOLMAN,

Boston, Mass.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

THE FARM known as the Kew farm, situated in the town of Grafton, Oxford County. Said farm contains about one hundred acres and divided as follows: 25 acres of first quality interval, 25 acres of second quality interval, all in a high state of cultivation, and capable of growing 200 tons of hay; the remainder, of about fifty acres, is suitably divided into pasture and woodland. Buildings in good repair; stable 36x60, and never failing water at both ends of the stage road, 20 miles, as called, and has been occupied as a public house for the last few years by the subscriber; and it is a fine rate situation for a family or business.

For further particulars, or to see the farm, apply to the subscriber at once of health and wishes to refer to a large number of satisfied customers. For further particulars in relation to the above property, reference can be had to Isaac L. York of East Grafton, or the subscriber on the premises.

BENJAMIN BROWN.

Grafton, Oct. 28, 1861.

HUNNEWELL'S

UNIVERSAL

COUGH REMEDY.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, freed of all the common components, such as Opium, or Expectorants, which not only run down the system, but deprive the patient of his sleep, and in some cases, produce the most violent pulmonary disease, and to which the most valuable testimonials may be found in the pamphlet.

For it meets every want, and by early use will save the largest proportion of ruptures in children which can be traced to Whooping Cough, and the most dangerous of all diseases. For the cure of Consumption, its splendid tonic properties make it not only the most perfect remedy to disease, but builds up and sustains the system against a return of the Complaint. No cure can be had without it, or should parents fail to get a pamphlet, to be found with all dealers, as the only way to do justice to its value.

PROSPECTUS OF THE

Atlantic Monthly,

FOR 1862.

THE January number will commence the 9th Volume of this Magazine. Its very large and increasing circulation is a gratifying evidence of public approval, and its history will be opened to render the forthcoming volume adequate to the requirements of times so pregnant with great events as those of to-day.

Among the contributors of the nation, the demand of literature a manly and generous action, and the conclusion of this journal, will resist no efforts in collecting the best talent of the country to support vigor and eloquence these opinions and principles which bear the great public truth to stand firm on the side of freedom and right. An elevated national American spirit will always be found in the columns of this journal.

The Atlantic Monthly will be the constant aim of its conductors to render its variety greater and its attractions better each month than the last.

Among the contributions already in hand for 1862, the following will commend themselves as the most important for household reading: Professor Agassiz with his history of the month of the articles on Natural History, and other kindred topics, to be continued from month to month throughout the year.

A new romance by Nathaniel Hawthorne, will appear early in the February number.

A new story by the late Theodore Winthrop, author of "Cecil Dore," will be commenced in the January number.

James Russell Lowell, well known for his remarkable experiments in gymnastics, has written for the Atlantic the Autobiography of a Strength Seeker, giving an account of his most heroic and heroic deeds, with advice on matters of health.