

# 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. 36.

PARIS, MAINE. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1862.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 29, NO. 46.

## Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

### Gathering of Fruits.

On no subject is reform more needed than in the gathering and marketing of fruit. It would not be extravagant, we think, to say that the value of our fruit is depreciated one third by improper gathering, handling and packing. Europeans understand this matter, and from them we may learn many useful lessons. There the fruit grower packs his currants, peaches, berries, and other fruits in cheap baskets, holding only sufficient for the accommodation of the purchaser for family use. In these baskets the fruit is tastefully arranged, trimmed with leaves, and is not disturbed until it reaches the home of the consumer. The advantage of this system over that common here of tumbling it into large baskets to be hauled over by the retailer several times before all is sold may be readily imagined. The vast amount of capital now invested in fruit culture gives this subject great importance in a commercial point of view, while every one who consumes fruit is interested in obtaining fruit in good condition. The following observations by Professor Dubriel, of France, from the *Revue Horticole*, contains valuable suggestions, worthy of perusal:

The preservation of fruit is a question intimately connected with the fruit garden. They should furnish during the entire year the same quantity of the best possible fruits. In order to do this it is true we must plant an equal number of varieties ripening their fruits during each month of the year. But this will be inefficient unless we adopt a mode of preservation which will retard the ripening of fruits to midwinter, spring, or even the following summer. The fruit garden cannot give the results expected from it if we are deprived of its products from February till June, when the earliest fruits begin to ripen. This question, then, has a certain importance not only for those who deal in fruit and who without proper modes of keeping are exposed to great losses. As the mode of gathering has a certain influence on the preservation of fruits, we will first treat of that operation.

**DEGREE OF MATURITY.**  
Fruits should be gathered when they present a sufficient degree of maturity; and in this respect the different species of fruits require different treatment.

All the stone fruits, the cherries excepted, should be taken from the tree three or four days before their absolute maturity.

The kernel fruits of summer and autumn are gathered eight to twelve days before maturity.

These fruits possess, then, the necessary elements to accomplish their maturation, which is nothing more than a chemical reaction independent in some measure of vital action. In thus separating them from the tree they are deprived of the sap from the roots, they elaborate more completely that which is contained in their tissue, the sugary principle is then less affected by water, and a flavor is therefore acquired. The time suitable for gathering is when the side next the sun commences to change from green to yellow.

The cherries, gooseberries and raspberries are only gathered after their perfect maturity; but they should not be allowed to pass this moment, as they immediately lose some of their qualities.

The kernel fruits which ripen only in winter are gathered when they have accomplished their full development and before vegetation has completely ceased—that is to say, from the end of September to the end of October, according to the variety, the earliness of the season, and climate. Experience has demonstrated that fruits left on the tree after their growth do not keep so well; they lose their sugar and perfume, because at this time the temperature is ordinarily too low for the new fluids which arrive in their tissue to be sufficiently elaborated. If, on the contrary, this epoch be anticipated, the fruits wither and do not attain maturity. It is equally necessary to gather the fruits from the same tree at different times; first, those placed on the lower part of the tree; then, eight or ten days after, those on the upper part, of which the growth is prolonged by the influence of the sap, which remains longer in this part of the tree. For the same reason the fruits of standard trees in the open ground are gathered later than those of espaliers, and those of aged or languishing trees before those of young and vigorous ones. The precise moment for the gathering of each fruit is indicated by the facility with which it is detached from the tree when slightly lifted upwards.

Various instruments under the name of "Fruit Gatherers" have been invented to detach the fruits at the tops of the trees without the aid of ladders; but their employment is too slow, and the fruit are more or less bruised and do not keep. When the fruits are gathered they are deposited in a basket similar to that used by the cultivator of Montreuil. It is about two feet long, eighteen inches wide, and a foot deep, with a carpet on the bottom. The fruits are laid one by one, and only in three rows or tiers; when too many are laid on the top of each other, the bottom ones are bruised. Each tier is separated by a quantity of leaves. If they are peaches, each one is enveloped in a leaf of the vine. The basket, being sufficiently full, is carried on the head into a spacious and airy place, where the fruits are deposited on leaves or dry moss; the

table of the fruit-room can serve this purpose. There the summer and autumn fruits achieve their maturity, and are taken thence to be consumed. The peaches should be cleaned of the down which covers them, and which is disagreeable to the mouth.

Grapes, for immediate consumption or to be preserved fresh, are gathered only at perfect maturity; the longer they are left on the vine, the more sugary principle will be developed. Grapes from centre espaliers are to be preferred for keeping to those from espaliers, as experience has demonstrated to the cultivators of Thoiry that they keep better.

The dry fruits, such as filberts, chestnuts, &c., are gathered at the moment when they detach themselves from the trees.

In gathering fruits, a dry time and a cloudless sky should be chosen; and the middle of the day, from noon to four o'clock is the best time to operate, as the fruits are charged with less humidity, the flavor is more concentrated, and those destined to be preserved keep better. This rule applies to all fruits.

**MODE OF GATHERING.**  
The best method of gathering fruits consists in detaching them one by one with the hand. All pressure should be avoided as far as possible, as every bruise is followed by a brown spot which gives place to and brings on the rapid decay of the entire fruit.

**How to Prevent Acidity in Cider.**  
Levi Bartlett, in the *Country Gentleman*, describes the following process, [burning the cider with brimstone,] which he says he practiced many years ago with perfect success, thereby having cider that would not fuddle or produce headache:

There are three stages of fermentation to which cider is subject, viz: the vinous, the acetous, and the putrefactive. When cider has passed through the vinous fermentation, if left unchecked it soon runs into acetous, and from this it soon passes into the putrefactive fermentation, becoming rosy, and is worthless. Most of the cider put up by farmers passes into the second or acetous fermentation, becoming more or less sour and insipid, and when drunk, by many persons, producing a flushed face and headache, and what is worse, producing colds and all temper in many of those who use it as a common beverage, and quite it down in large quantities. It would be far better to convert all such cider into vinegar. This making a man into a cider cask is poor business.

If new cider is fermented in an open cask, after a time, longer or shorter, depending upon circumstances, all the heavier portions of extraneous matter, pomace, &c., will settle at the bottom of the cask, and flocculent matter will rise at the surface, forming a spongy, brown crust. Just as soon as the vinous fermentation has ended, cracks or fissures will appear in the crust, and small white bubbles of carbonic acid gas will fill the fissures of the crust. The liquor at this precise time is clear and bright. The grand secret of having a cider equal to pure wine, is to check the fermentation. If the cider is left to itself, the acetous fermentation follows, the sedimentary matter at the bottom of the cask rises, and the liquid becomes muddy—this, acting as yeast, produces a second and more violent fermentation, resulting in hard cider.

When the white bubbles begin to appear the crust should be removed, and the liquid drawn off without disturbing the sediment at the bottom of the cask. Pour two or three pails of the liquor into a clean, strong, tight barrel; then fumeigate—that is, have prepared a long, tapering bung with a looped wire inserted in the smaller end of it; in the lower end of the loop fix strips of cotton or linen cloth, dipped in melted sulphur, to form a good-sized match, light it and thrust it into the bung-hole of the barrel; the match will burn until the oxygen in the barrel is used up; then withdraw the match, put in a common bung, and tip the cask up "double quick time" to the right and left, so as to mix, as far as possible, the liquor and gas in the barrel; then fill it full, put in a tight fitting bung, place it in a cool cellar, and in the course of a year or so there will be a barrel of apple juice, palatable and harmless.

**HINTS ABOUT THE DAHLIA.** The dahlia is our favorite flower, and it must from its many desirable qualities always be popular. If, at present, it is a little out of favor. Some in our yard, are now—Aug. 1st—in full perfection of bloom, and are truly magnificent. Any garden soil will grow this flower, but we prefer a compost made of old black garden mould, clay and sandy peaty loam. In wintering the dahlia, take up the tubers as soon as the tops are killed by the frost, do not separate them, but pack them away in a box of dry sand or loam, placing them in a dry cellar out of the way of frost, till wanted for propagation in the spring. This flower is particularly worthy of culture on account of its cheapness, the ease with which it is grown, and the rich display it makes in the garden when the other flowers are gone.

**HEALTH OF COWS.** Good health in domestic animals, is always a matter of primary importance. As bad health in parents transmits tendency to disease in the offspring, it is important that every kind of animal we desire to continue on our farms should be kept vigorous and healthy. As domestic animals are a source of human food, it is a matter of great importance to preserve them in a healthy condition. Diseased meat carries its qualities into the stomachs of the consumers. It is a serious objection which vegetarians urge against the use of animal food, that the bad treatment they receive renders them unhealthy.

### A Norwegian Home.

The houses in which these country people reside are not altogether unlike the small log cabins of the early settlers on our western frontier. I have seen many such on the borders of Missouri and Kansas. Built in the most primitive style of pine logs, they stand upon stumps or columns of stone, elevated some two or three feet from the ground, in order to allow a draft of air underneath, which in this humid climate is considered necessary for health. They seldom consist of more than two or three rooms, but make up in number what they lack in size. Thus a single farming establishment often comprises some ten or a dozen little cabins, beside the large barn, which is the nucleus around which they all centre; with smaller erections for pigs, chickens, etc., and here and there a shed for the cows and sheep, all huddled together among the rocks of open hill side, without the least apparent regard to direction or architectural effect. The roofs are covered with sod, upon which it is not uncommon to see patches of oats, weeds, moss, flowers, or whatever comes most convenient to form roots, and give consistency and strength to this singular overtopping. The object, I suppose, is to prevent the transmission of heat during the severe season of winter.

Approaching some of these hamlets or farming establishments during the summer months, the traveller is frequently at loss to distinguish their green-sodded roofs from the natural sod of the hill sides, so that one is liable at any time to plunge into the midst of a settlement before he is aware of its existence. Something of a damp earthy look about them, the weedy or grass covered tops, the logs green and moss grown, the dripping eaves, the veins of water oozing out of the rocks, give them a peculiarly northern and chilling effect, and fill the mind with visions of long and dreary winters, rheumatism, colds, coughs, and consumption, to which it is said these people are subject. Nothing so wild and primitive is to be seen in any other part of the day, when the inhabitants are out in the hills attending their flocks or cultivating the small patches of ground. I passed many groups of cabins without seeing the first sign of life, save now and then a few chickens or pigs rooting about the barn-yard. The constant impression was that it was Sunday, or at least a holiday, and that the people were either at church or asleep. For one who seeks retirement from the busy haunts of life where he can indulge in uninterrupted reflection, I know of no country that can equal Norway. There are places in the interior where I am sure he would be astonished at the sound of his own voice. The doerets of Africa can scarcely present a scene of such utter desolation. [Harper's Magazine.]

**SCALDS AND BURNS.** On the instant of the accident, plunge the part under cold water. This relieves the pain in a second, and allows all hands to become composed. If the part cannot be kept under water, cover it over with dry flour, an inch deep or more. In both cases pain ceases because the air is excluded. In many instances nothing more will be needed after the flour; simply let it remain until it falls off, when a new skin will be found under. In severe cases, while the part injured is under water, immerse a look or two in an earthen vessel, with half the bulk of hog's lard, until the looks are soft, then strain through a muslin rag. This makes a greenish-colored ointment, which, when cool, spread thickly on a linen cloth and apply it to the injured part. If there are blisters, let out the water. When the part becomes feverish and uncomfortable, renew the ointment, and a rapid, painless cure will be the result, if the patient is in the meanwhile, lives on fruits, coarse bread and other light, loosening fruit.

If the scald or burn is not very severe—that is, if it is not deeper than the outer skin—an ointment made of sulphur, with lard enough to make it spread stiffly on a linen rag, will be effective. The look ointment is more needed when there is ulceration from neglected burns, or when the injury is deeper than the surface. As this ointment is very healing and soothing in the troublesome excoriations of children, and also in foul, indolent ulcers, and is said to be efficacious in modifying or preventing altogether the pitting of small pox, it would answer a good purpose if families were to keep it on hand for emergencies—the sulphur ointment for moderate cases, and the look ointment in those of greater severity, or of a deeper nature. [Dr. Hall.]

**CURING PORK.** A French chemist has lately asserted, that scurvy will never arise from the use of salt provisions, unless salt-petre be used in the curing; that salt alone answers all the purposes, provided the animal meat be entirely parted with before salting. He claims that the insertion of pork in pickle alone is not sufficient, but that it should be rubbed thoroughly with dry salt after it has entirely parted with its animal heat, and that then the fluid running from the meat should be poured off before packing the pork in the barrel. This should be done sufficiently closely to admit no unnecessary quantity of air, and some dry salt should occupy the space between the pieces, and then pickle, and not water, should be added. Great care must be taken to fill the barrel entirely full, so that no portion of the meat can at any time project above the surface of the fluid; for, if this occur, a change of flavor ensues such as is known with rusty pork. The pickle, of course, must be a saturated solution of salt and water, that is, so strong that is incapable of dissolving more salt. It must be remembered that cold water is capable of dissolving more salt than hot water. [Working Farmer.]

### MISCELLANY.

#### A TALE OF AN ENGLISH INN.

By M. S. GIBSON.

It was nearly dark when I reached Deepwater, and I was glad enough to see the "fly" of the "Ten Jolly Drovers" waiting at one end of the station, as I stepped out upon the other.

The "Ten Jolly Drovers" was a gem of a country inn. And the plump, comely woman, in a widow's cap and gown, who stood coquetizing in the porch, with a great silver tankard of home brewed in her hands, "to take the dust out of the gentleman's throat"—what of her? Why she was a gem of a country landlady, to be sure.

I mentioned, when my pen first touched this paper, that it was nearly dark when I reached Deepwater station. A drive of four miles with Jim the coachman had made it still more near, and by the time I entered the red-tiled porch every fowl had gone to roost, and lamps were twinkling in the kitchen and the hall. Candles had been taken into a room at the right, just beyond the bar, for me, and the sight of a tempting table for a meal, half supper and half tea, made me so hungry that I at once "fell to" feasted like a king, and then went to bed and slept without the least incursion of nightmare.

The week which I had allotted for my holiday passed rapidly away. I congratulated myself on having found this happy valley—this home where no shadow of care brooded—these friends whose lives had more of sunshine and less of shadow, than any I had ever had before. But "all no man happy till he dies," says a wise Eastern proverb. And I rejoice—call no place a paradise till you see its angels. For places, like people, have their good and bad attendant spirits. I found it so before my sojourn at the Ten Jolly Drovers was over.

On the last night of my stay I sat late in my little parlour below stairs. When I took my candle to go up stairs the house was shut up. Mrs. Ball had retired to her bedroom in the third story, and I could hear my friend Jim snoring on his settee in the kitchen, where he always slept, the house dog at his feet, ready to defend the place if burglars should take a sudden fancy to visit it during the small hours of the night.

The dog growled, and hearing my voice, gave a kind of satisfied snort, and betook himself to slumber again. I stole cautiously up the creaking stairs. A gust of air coming from the landing place nearly blew my light out, and shading it with my hand, I saw a small arched door opposite the stairs, which I had never noticed before, passed ajar. It seemed to lead into a narrow passage, and wondering much how it could have escaped my notice, I stepped in. Another door, strongly barred with iron, was just before me. I hesitated a moment, but something stronger than curiosity—a kind of breathless interest that startled me—urged me on. I opened it. Not easily, however, till it was suddenly wrenched from my hand by some one inside—so suddenly that I almost fell into a large square room, hung with dark curtains, and only lighted by an iron lamp in a wire case, that burned high up on the wall. The door closed gently behind me, but I could see no person in the room. Yet something certainly wrenched it from my grasp. I suppose I felt afraid. I remember I was very much inclined to whistle or sing, just as I used to be when in my boyhood I had to pass a lonely churchyard at night. I walked into the middle of the room, and put my lamp down on the floor, because there was no table or chair on which I could leave it. Then I took a long look at my surroundings, feeling more and more like a whistling every moment.

Not a picture hung on the wall—not an article of furniture made the place more homelike. A low divan ran around the room; and at one end it widened and was furnished with quilts, counterpanes, and pillows, now tossed into a confused heap. The windows were heavily shuttered and barred; the grate was also barred in, and wire; the shovel and tongs had been removed, also the fender. The floor felt strangely beneath my feet, and I bent down to examine it. It was "padded" and covered over with elastic matting. I touched the walls; they were not hung with black drapery, as I had first imagined, but padded also, and covered with a cloth looking and feeling like leather. What a strange mystery in this out-of-the-way place? Who dwelt in this room where safety was evidently the first thing studied—where even the solitary lamp twinkled, like a star, far out of reach? I sat down on the divan, and wondered at my discovery.

At last as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness of the place, I saw something stir near the bed; a moment later I heard a low sigh.

"Who sighs so?" I asked with a beating heart.

A tall, dark figure rose from the ground. It sounds romantic at this distance of time, but it seemed anything but romantic then. I was almost frightened to death, and had no power to speak or stir, as it advanced slowly toward me. Clad in a long, dark robe, like the habit of a monk, a man stood before me, pale, wasted, and with long white hair, and a beard like snow. He gazed at me a moment in silence, and then sighed again heavily. I gathered up my courage and said to my courage and to myself that I must be dreaming, and that my first word would scare the illusion.

"Who are you, and how came you here?" I asked.

"I am a lost soul," he said in a melancholy voice. "Lost forever, and forever and forever."

Again he sighed.

Heaven knows that I am as matter-of-fact as any lawyer can very well be, and have little faith to spare for visions and hallucinations; but there was something so awful in his look and tone, that my blood ran cold; and for the moment I believed that what I had heard was true.

"But why do you seek me?" I managed to say.

"You were to come. You came," said the sad voice. "But will you help me?"

"How can I?"

He drew nearer, and bent down, clasping and unclasping his hands in a strange, nervous way.

"There was blood upon the stairs to-night, I suppose, when you came up?"

"Upon the stairs? Why, no?"

"No. Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"No blood," he kept repeating. "It is very strange. It is all because I did not go myself. If I had been out I should have cut her throat from ear to ear, you know; and that would have made a beautiful path to walk in."

I nodded, though my heart died within me.

"You know her blood is like the carmine," he went on. "I cut her once, before she put me here, and you might have painted a house with it. You would be charmed to see the color, would you not?"

"No doubt, sir."

"Well, then, I promise you some. I can find my way to her, only you must lead me through the passage. I can't go through there alone; I always see him if I do."

"Who?"

"Charles—my brother Charles, you know. It is very odd," he added, in an injured tone; "the minister said he was in heaven; and if that is the case, I don't see why he should always stay in that passage, and keep me from going out."

"Shall I go and see if he is there now?" I said, fancying a chance of escape.

"No," he answered, in a terrible voice, while his eyes began to gleam. "On second thought I shall not go to her—she shall come to us. I know how I can bring her."

He snatched up the lamp I had left on the floor, and held it so that the flame touched the padding on the wall. In another moment it would have been on fire, but the red danger drew the imaginary out of my head, and I sprang upon him. He dropped the lamp and caught me in his powerful arms; I managed to trample on the flame, and then gave all my strength to the task of keeping his talon like fingers from my throat. Up and down the padded room we struggled, fighting for life and death, yet making no noise and uttering no cry. The stillness terrified me. What would I not have given to have heard the sharp bark of Tower below.

It seemed an hour; I suppose it was not really more than five minutes. But the man's strength seemed to increase as mine gave way. He held one of my hands behind me, and though I kept him off for a time with the other, he fastened upon my throat at last. We had struggled down to the barred door; it was not quite shut, and in utter desperation I cried aloud for help. The man's ground his teeth, and uttered a strange cry; the blood rushed to my head, as his hands tightened around my neck; my eyes seemed starting from their sockets. I was just gasping out a last prayer for mercy, when I heard a noise upon the stairs; the door burst open; the great dog flew in with a low growl, and after him came Jim, who flung himself upon the madman and loosened his grasp in an instant. I saw no more, for I went into a long swoon then that was almost like death.

When, with much pain and anguish, sense and reason came back to me, I opened my eyes and saw Jim bending over me, bathing my lips and temples with brandy and water. I was lying upon the kitchen settee; the gray dawn was stealing through the window, and Tower sat bolt upright in the middle of the floor, watching for my recovery with an anxious eye. He whined and wagged his tail when I spoke. Jim held the brandy to my lips; he was pale, and a contorted mark over his eye showed that he had not rescued me without danger on his part.

"In the name of Heaven, who was it Jim?" I asked.

"Take some more brandy, sir. How in the world did you come to be in there with him?"

I told him how the outer door was ajar, and how the other one had been opened for me. He gave a long, low whistle, and shook his head.

"It's misss's fault, and I often tell her she shall all be killed in our beds some night if she will go on visiting him. It always drives him wild. And to-night she must have gone off crying as she often does, poor thing, and so forgotten to see that the doors were quite safe. It's a living mercy I heard you, sir?"

"But who is he, Jim? And why is he here, instead of being in a proper mad house?"

"That's her fault, too, as I tell her often enough. You see, sir, he was taken this way not long after they were married."

"Good heavens! is he her husband?"

"Yes, sir. I may say it to you—though every one thinks he's dead. Except the parson. He knows. And the doctor. He knows, too. It's a long story, and not over and above pleasant. He went mad two years after he married him, and killed his brother Charles—leastwise he stabbed him in that little passage, and he never got over it. But it was all hushed up—and people thought he died. But misss had that room fitted up and has always kept him here. I mean to see to the bolts myself after this. He's fast enough now—and I've got the key

of the passage in my pocket. I'm main glad misss didn't hear you, though."

"And so am I. But, Jim, I wouldn't stay under the same roof with him another night for millions."

He smiled.

"Oh! it's nothing when one gets used to it. Look at misss. Who would fancy she had a raving maniac in charge?"

Who, indeed? I drank some more brandy, and going up to my room packed up my *paradeau*, and prepared for my journey.

At seven I came to the breakfast room, and lo! there was Mrs. Ball, fresh and smiling as the morning, hovering about me with a thousand attentions, little dreaming that I had by chance discovered the tragedy of her life, and nearly paid my own in forfeit therefor. I shook hands with her as Jim brought around the fly, and looked at her wonderingly, waving her kerchief, and smiling as gaily as a girl of sixteen years, when we drove away. Jim looked at her, too—then at me—and whistled "Jack of Hazzledan."

"Strange things happen every day if we only know them," he said as he acknowledged the gratuity I presented him at the station. "But for all that, I hope we shall see you and Master Harrington, too, next summer. I'll take good care you'll not be troubled yonder again."

But I never went. One visit to Deepwater was quite enough for me!

**INDIAN JOGGERS.** His attendants having removed the cutlery, he called me to examine his eyes, which he opened very wide, and rolled about in every direction. They were clear, liquid, and expressive. He then closed the lids, put his hands upon his hips, gave a strain, then opened the lids, and in the place of his natural eyes were two balls, as of finely polished steel. He closed the lids again, strained again, opened them again, and the steel balls were gone, and a pair of burnished brass ones shone in their stead. Once more he closed the lids, and on re-opening them looked at me with the eyes I had just before examined. During the performance of this trick he never took his hand from his hips, and I was the only person near him. On rising, he called to his son, and made him stand before me. He then asked me to inspect very carefully the youth's left side; to press my hand heavily upon it, to run it upwards and downwards, and to be sure that there were no lumps below the skin. I did as I was told, and could feel nothing but the ribs. The father then placed his own forehead upon a particular spot, and with an instrument like a lancet, made a slight puncture, and got hold of the end of a piece of coarse thread which he drew forth, besmeared at intervals with blood. He continued to draw forth the thread, in one piece, until thirty or forty yards lay upon the ground, and said he would go on as long as I wished, or I might draw it out myself. I declared myself satisfied, and he clipped the thread close to the skin, gave the place a rub, and nothing remained to show that any operation had been performed.

**A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.** A young man seeking employment went to one of our large cities, and on inquiring at a certain counting-room if they wished a clerk, was told they did not. On mentioning the recommendation he had, one of which was from a highly respectable citizen, the merchant desired to see them. In turning over his carpet bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor. "What book is that?" said the merchant. "It is the Bible, sir." "And what are you going to do with that book in New York?" The lad looked seriously into the merchant's face and replied, "I promised my mother I would read it every day, and I shall do it!" The merchant immediately engaged his services.

**PILLARS OF SAND IN THE DESERT.** The deserts of Arabia are among the most remarkable places in the world, and are especially remarkable for their pillars of sand. They are raised by whirlwinds, and have a very close resemblance in appearance to waterpots. The places where these pillars of sand most frequently occur are those portions of the deserts which are near to a river or the sea. The pillars of sand in the deserts of Africa are very magnificent; the raised sand is in wavy and rounded lobes, which have a curling motion like smoke; and both the apex of the entire pillar, and the extremities of the lobes, are shaded off to a very indefinite outline. The mirage is another very singular feature of the deserts. The traveller very frequently sees rising, as it were before him, some great city or lovely village; he hastens onward, full of eager anticipation to receive refreshment, and ever as he goes, the image recedes from his advancing steps, and he discovers, perhaps only too late, that it was an image formed by the refraction of the sun's rays in a particular direction, upon an atmosphere somewhat hazy and opaque.

**Col. Smith's pantry** was troubled with mice; so the Colonel determined to try a trap. An inquisitive neighbor, whose curiosity was roused by seeing a light burning all one night in the Colonel's house, stationed himself at his window the following night, and saw the Colonel, in his dressing gown, but his trap and go off, after having placed a lighted candle close to it. The next day, having met the Colonel, he asked him why he placed a candle by his trap? "So the mice may see to go in," was the reply.

"Boy, why don't you go to school?" "Cause, sir, daddy is afraid that if I learn everything now, I shant have anything to learn when I come to go to the academy."

### A Remarkable Balloon Ascent.

The following interesting account of the highest balloon ascent ever yet achieved, is from a Birmingham, (England,) paper:

Monday, the 18th ult., two scientific gentlemen named Glaisher and Coxwell, undertook the perilous experiment of ascending to the highest possible altitude, in a balloon of immense size, which it had been said by many intelligent persons, was too huge to be manageable. The scene of the exploit was in the vicinity of Birmingham. The height attained was four and a half statute miles, or 27,300 feet—a greater distance than any other aerial navigators had ever before attained. The temperature at that point was 24 degrees, the barometer read 13 inches, and the dew point was minus 10. At this point the hands became of a blue color, and the stomach labored under a very severe nausea. These sensations continued to increase in intensity later in the day, and they seemed to have arrived at their acme between 11 and 12 o'clock at night.

Mrs. Glaisher, not being habituated to the business, suffered severely, but Mr. Coxwell, his aeronaut, did not experience the disagreeable sensations so intensely. The former, notwithstanding his debilitated condition, resolutely took notes and observations, which as a member of the balloon committee of the British Association, he had agreed to do. The popular belief that so great a height cannot be attained without a stinging noise in the ears, a distending of the muscles of the face, and a bleeding at the nose, being all painfully perceptible, was on this, as it has been on another occasion, exp'd'd by experience. The faculty of hearing was very acute. The pulse of both Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell, rose to an alarming height—the pulse of the former rising as high as 108, and the latter from 78 on leaving the earth, to nearly 100.

Before making the dip, and when ascending through a temperature of fifty degrees, the gentlemen remarked that it was cold. At 37 it was still colder; but when during the making of the dip, they were again in 50 degrees temperature, they experienced so great a return of warmth that the wrappers were thrown aside. At less than a mile the temperature was sixty degrees. When three miles high they distinctly heard a clap of thunder. The dew point on starting was 51, or 17 degrees upon the air (sixty-eight degrees). At half past two o'clock, when the altitude attained was four miles, and the temperature 28 degrees, the dew point was six, in five minutes afterwards it was three, and it subsequently varied from minus 5 to minus 10. On descending to the earth it gradually increased to 50. Both the wet and dry bulbs to the thermometer were covered with a compact cake of ice. The views obtained were grand beyond description.

**POVERTY.** Balmer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand, and by habit he expects to live to fifteen thousand, and he suffers enough from being denied for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not run in debt, is the happiest of the two. Very few men who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true. There are people of course, who are wealthy, and enjoy their wealth, but there are thousands upon thousands, with princely incomes, who never know a moment's peace, because they live above their incomes. There is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich.

**AN OBSTINATE ORGAN.** In a small church, at a little village near Brighton, where the congregation could not afford to pay an organist, they recently bought a self acting organ, a compact instrument, well suited to the purpose, and constructed to play forty different tunes. The sexton had instructions how to set it going and how to stop it; but unfortunately he forgot the latter part of his business, and after singing the first four verses of a hymn before the sermon, the organ could not be stopped and it continued playing two verses more. Then as the clergyman completed the words, "Let us pray," the organ clicked and started a fresh tune. The minister sat out patiently, and then renewed his introductory words, "Let us pray," when click went the organ again, and started off on another tune. The sexton and others continued their exertions to find out the spring, but no man could put a stop to it; so they got four of the stoutest men in the church to shoulder the perverse instrument, and they carried it down the centre aisle of the church, playing away, into the church yard, where it continued clicking and playing away until the whole forty tunes were finished.

**A PATRIOTIC WAR HORSE.** A member of the 1st Mass. Cavalry, writes concerning a horse belonging to the Magruder Battery (formerly commanded by the Rebel General of that name) as follows: "The old horse went to James Island, and was so wounded as to be unfit for battery use; he was turned loose, and as the battery refused to own him, he hung around our camp, eating with our horses when they were fed. When we went out to drill or to ride on the beach he would trot along beside us. One day when the battery was out drilling, he fell into the ranks on the gun with which he used to drill and went through the whole exercise. They intended to leave him on the island when we left, but the patriotic old veteran had no idea of following the example of his rebel commander and going over to the rebels, and so crowded in with the other horses when they were put on board."

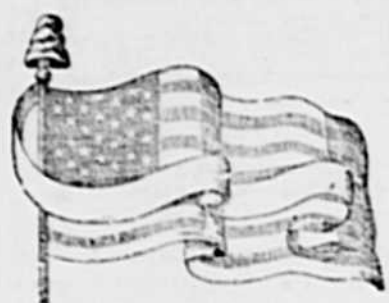


## The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, OCT. 3, 1862.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY  
WM. A. PIDGIN & CO.,  
PROPRIETORS.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per  
year, in advance; Two Dollars, at the end of the  
year.Circulating. We would respectfully call the  
attention of such as are disposed to lend their aid  
to extending the circulation of a home paper to  
the following offer:We will send  
10 Copies, for one year, for  
20 Copies, for one year, for  
30 Copies, for one year, forAnd one copy to the person getting up the club.  
The names must accompany the order.  
J. S. M. Pettigill & Co., 10 State Street,  
Boston, and 122 Nassau Street, New York, are  
our authorized agents.  
JOB PRINTING neatly executed.

## President Lincoln's Proclamation.

All honor to Abraham Lincoln for the  
crowning act of his administration—abolish-  
ing slavery in all the rebellious States  
after the first day of January next. This  
proclamation will be hailed with joy by loyal  
men all over the country. The most  
conservative cannot complain that the Presi-  
dent has not waited long enough before  
striking the fatal blow that will prove the  
death knell of the rebellion. Mild and pacifi-  
c measures have been adopted by the ad-  
ministration all the way along ever since  
the commencement of the war—the rebel  
States have been entreated and invited to  
lay down their arms and come back into the  
Union; their property has been guarded by  
federal officers; their slaves have been sent  
back to their owners by the officers of our  
army; but instead of meeting these pacific  
measures in the spirit in which they have  
been tendered, they have scoffed at them,  
treated them with contempt, laughed to  
scorn all ideas of leniency on the part of the  
Federal Government, and conducted the war  
on their part with a fiendish spirit, dis-  
graceful even to savages. These and other  
similar indications have settled the ques-  
tion that this rebellion cannot be crushed by  
conciliatory measures,—that it can only be  
put down by hard blows.

The President, in common with every in-  
telligent man in the whole country, knows  
that slavery is the great procuring, exciting  
cause of the rebellion,—to strike it down is  
laying the axe at the root of the tree. To  
further continue the war to save slavery,  
involves an incalculable loss of human life  
and treasure. Already too many sacrifices  
have been made upon this monster. Then  
why should the President longer wait? We  
have in times past expressed our acquies-  
cence in the policy of the President, not  
that we could see how the modification of  
Frederick's and Hunter's proclamations could  
do us any good; but we have been willing  
to trust the matter as to time with the Presi-  
dent, and wait the development of events.  
The great majority of the people in the loyal  
States have from the beginning sympathized  
with the ideas of Fremont and Hunter; yet  
they have stood nobly and firmly by the  
President, notwithstanding they could not  
understand the wisdom of his policy. Now  
we shall see whether the men who have  
hitherto supported the President will con-  
tinue to stand by him—whether they will  
be as patriotic in their turn as have been  
the radical men of the country. To de-  
nounce the President for this great crowning  
act of his administration is treason, black  
as perdition itself. To deny the power of  
the President as Commander-in-Chief of our  
military forces, to abolish slavery as a war  
measure, under the war power, is to agree  
against the authorities of the whole civil-  
ized world. It is too late in the day for the  
slavery propagandists or southern sympathiz-  
ers to talk about the "constitutional" (?)  
rights of the rebels. They have voluntarily,  
with fire and sword, denied that they owed  
further allegiance to the Federal Govern-  
ment. They are in open warfare against it.  
They are rebels and outlaws, and have no  
right to claim the protection of the govern-  
ment they are laboring to destroy.

The President is right. The people are  
with him and will sustain him. Northern  
rebels will carp and find fault; secession  
sympathizers will grumble and shed crocodile  
tears; old fogies will talk about consti-  
tutional guarantees and vested rights; slave  
drivers and slave traders will curse and  
swear; but angels and all good men and  
women will rejoice—humanity will rejoice;  
the dawn of a glorious morning will break  
upon the world,—the sun of freedom will  
shine with a new brilliancy, while the shouts  
of freemen will go up to heaven to be echoed  
back to earth from the vaulted skies—  
"Peace on earth and good will to men."

A BIG ONE. Mr. Thomas Norton tells  
of an orange pear raised on his farm, which  
weighed one pound and two ounces, and  
measured twelve inches in circumference.

THE CABINET. A rumor comes from  
Washington, that Edward Everett has been  
invited to Washington for advice, as to For-  
eign Relations. Of course associated with  
this is a report that Mr. Seward is about to  
resign; but the latter story is not confirmed.

Gen. Fremont's staff has been ordered to  
report to him for duty, but it has not trans-  
pired where his next field of duty will be.  
Probably he will have a command at the  
West.

A PARAGRAPH "UPSET." The composi-  
tor made us accuse the Kennebec Journal  
of spitting the fact that G. H. Brown, of  
Mason, has joined the army of the Union.  
The Journal rejoined the fact.

## The President and the People

If ever a great ruler had reason to have  
confidence in his people, that man is Abra-  
ham Lincoln. The world never before saw  
such a cordial, hearty and patriotic response  
as has been given by the American people  
in answer to the calls of the President.  
Already a million soldiers have rushed to  
the field, and nearly every man a volunteer.  
History knows nothing like it. Not only  
have the men for the emergency hastened to  
the battle field; but the means with which  
to carry on the war have been most cheer-  
fully and promptly provided. The Presi-  
dent has asked for nothing since the open-  
ing of the rebellion that has not been lav-  
ishly responded to by the loyal citizens of  
this government. Not only this, the Presi-  
dent has been nobly sustained in his efforts  
to protect the government from overthrow  
and destruction, by public sentiment. Abra-  
ham Lincoln has not only been honest, but  
the people have believed him honest. When-  
ever any of their number could not agree  
with him in certain matters of policy, in-  
stead of denouncing it, they have almost  
universally acquiesced in it. To-day, we  
believe, the President has the great heart  
of the people with him. In what may be  
termed a progressive, active policy in con-  
ducting the war, they have from the com-  
mencement been ahead of him; and it seems  
to have been the studied design of the Presi-  
dent that it should be so. And we never  
have had the first particle of evidence that  
he has in any stage of the war been adverse  
to a full, free and untrammelled expression  
of public sentiment from loyal men. This is  
right, and especially so in these trying,  
perilous times. The people have an un-  
doubted right to be heard, and there should  
be no unnecessary obstructions placed be-  
tween them and the President of their  
choice. And we have no doubt but Presi-  
dent Lincoln will be sustained in the future.  
The past is a sufficient guarantee for the  
future. If he wants more men they will  
send them along; if he wants more money  
it will be handed over and no grumbling.  
In return, they will demand, as they have  
a right to, a vigorous, active prosecution  
of the war; that whatever stands in the way  
of a speedy and complete subjugation of the  
rebels, should be thrust out of the way; and  
that an end of secession and treason should  
be made in the shortest possible manner.

## Surrender of Harper's Ferry.

The best authenticated accounts of the  
surrender of this post by Col. Miles, make  
it a disgraceful affair. By it we lost 11-  
200 men, rations for 14,000 men for 20  
days, 100 tons of ammunition, 57 guns  
(some of which were the best Parrotts) 14-  
000 stands of arms and four batteries of ar-  
tillery. No sufficient excuse has yet been  
offered from any source justifying the act.—  
No wonder the rebels rejoice over it. There  
seems to have been no proper effort put  
forth to save the place—very clearly, imbeci-  
lity or treason lies at the bottom of it. It  
is said Col. Miles was intoxicated—if so  
that accounts for the disaster. Why was  
so important military post entrusted to a  
drunken officer? This same Col. Miles, was  
tried by a Court Martial for being intoxicated  
at the battle of Bull Run and it was  
proved he was drunk upon the field. The  
loss at Harper's Ferry robs the federal army  
of its glory in the recent contests upon the  
Potomac. Taken all together we came out  
of the contest worsted. This place was sur-  
rendered only a few hours before Burnside  
reached it with volunteers. To us this is  
one of the most serious disasters of the war.  
To the rebels, it was all that the capture of  
Fort Detention was to us. Men that will  
get intoxicated are never to be trusted.  
The appointment of an intemperate officer is  
jeopardizing every thing, so far as he has  
any command; and it is an outrage upon  
every man placed under his command.—  
There is no calculating the amount of injury  
done the federal cause, from intemperance  
among our officers—to say nothing about this  
habit among the men.

BETHEL TOWN FAIR. The Eighth An-  
nual Exhibition of the Bethel Farmers'  
Club, will be held at Bethel Hill, Tuesday,  
October 7th. The show of Vegetables,  
Fruits and Farm Crops, will be in Patton's  
Hall. The exhibition of Neat Stock, Horses  
and Cattle, will be in Spring Street. Draw-  
ing Match at 1 o'clock. Trotting Match at  
3. In the evening an address will be deliv-  
ered by A. S. Twitchell, Esq., after which  
Committees will report.

We append a list of the names of Award-  
ing Committees:

Neat Stock.—D. F. Brown, E. L. Rich-  
ardson, G. L. Blake.

Horses and Cattle.—Newton Grover, Gil-  
man Chapman, B. A. Lyon.

Trotting.—S. F. Gibson, Wm. L. Chap-  
man, S. H. Chapman.

District Teams.—Josiah Brown 2d, Dea.  
L. Grover, George V. Elingwood.

Drawing Match.—John Barker, Moses  
Mason, Gilead, Seth Wright, Jr.

Sheep and Swine.—D. M. Grover, Moses  
Pattée, Francis Barker.

Farm Crops.—A. L. Burbank, L. T. Bar-  
ker, Gilbert Chapman.

Dairy.—Abner Davis, D. W. Davis,  
Locke's Mills, J. H. Lovejoy, Albany.

Fruits.—Dr. J. Fanning, W. Heywood,  
J. Walker.

Vegetables.—Alfred Twitchell, S. H.  
Chapman, A. M. Merrill.

Bread and Honey.—Joseph A. Twitchell,  
John A. Twitchell, Levi Twitchell.

Miscellaneous.—Albert S. Twitchell, Mrs.  
J. S. Abbott, Mrs. Thersa Mason, Mrs. T.  
J. Grover, Miss Adella Twitchell.

Committee of Arrangements.—Gilman  
Chapman, David F. Brown, John Barker,  
David M. Grover, Jos. A. Twitchell.

SOLDIERS FUNERAL SERMON. Rev. George  
Bates, of Auburn, preached in the Univers-  
alist church, in this place, Sabbath after-  
noon, a discourse on the death of Elverson,  
son of Alexander Ryerson, Esq., of this  
town, who was killed at the battle of Cedar  
Mountain. The occasion attracted a large  
audience.

Major James Mann, Paymaster, last week  
reported dismissed from the service, has been  
restored. He had been informed that no  
funds would be ready for use for several  
days; and took the opportunity to attend  
to important private business.

## For the Oxford Democrat.

NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VA.  
DEAR DEMOCRAT:—I should like to say a  
word through the columns of the only news-  
paper in my native country, as I can commu-  
nicate with many whom I claim as friends.  
The movements of our army is of general  
public interest, but whatever pertains to  
our Maine troops has a peculiar interest to  
the people of Maine. We left Augusta last  
Thursday, a squad one hundred and twenty  
strong, under the charge of Capt. L. O.  
Cowan, of the 1st Maine Cavalry. This  
squad was composed of recruits for most of  
the old regiments and some for the Batteries.  
We took a small boat at Augusta, and at  
Gardiner went aboard the Eastern Queen, a  
first rate sea going boat; had good quarters  
and a first rate supper, served up in good  
style. After we passed out of the river the  
weather was rough, the sky overcast, and  
the waves dashed somewhat angrily, giving  
a motion to the vessel that was somewhat  
unpleasant to us landmen.

We arrived in Boston harbor before day-  
light, and remained aboard till seven o'clock,  
when we disembarked and marched to the  
foot of the Common, where we were quar-  
tered till about ten o'clock in the open air,  
then we were marched to the soldier's hos-  
pital where we were furnished with rations  
about one o'clock, P. M., and remained  
shut up in the building without air and al-  
most without water, till five, when we were  
again furnished with rations and started off  
for Fall River by rail, arrived at 9 o'clock,  
went aboard the Metropolis, a most splendid  
steamer, were quartered upon the floor of  
the lower cabin. The Bay and Sound were  
as smooth as glass, hardly a breeze ruffled  
its placid surface. We slept soundly with  
our knapsacks for a pillow and the floor for  
a bed. Arrived in New York about eight  
o'clock; passed by ferry over to Jersey City;  
were quartered in the Depot. Our food was  
rations of hard bread and bacon brought  
with us from Boston; unless we had water  
in our canteens we had to pay a cent a  
glass for ice water brought in by the boys.  
The room was most uncomfortably warm,  
and the air was not a breeze from the hills  
of our native Oxford. We left this place  
with joy, and after a tiresome ride, though  
not an unpleasant one to the soldier, for  
not only was the scenery new and charming,  
but we were cheered at every turn on the  
route by the cheers of the populace; the  
children cheered with all their might, the  
women smiled and waved hands, handker-  
chiefs, and sometimes their aprons, the men  
swung their hats, hurrahed most lustily, it  
seemed as if the very dogs barked their  
welcome. Now and then from balcony or win-  
dow the Stars and Stripes would be thrown  
out, which never failed to be welcomed by  
our boys with three cheering cries. Often  
the question was asked,—Where from?  
When we answered, from Maine, a shout of  
God bless you! would go up from every  
throat, that seemed a heartfelt prayer from  
its very earnestness. We arrived in Phila-  
delphia about nine o'clock, tired, hungry,  
and very much jaded; but, what a welcome!  
so extensive, so unexpected, the news of  
our approach was passed from mouth to  
mouth, and it seemed as though the whole  
city was in motion—men, women and chil-  
dren lined the sidewalks, covered the bal-  
conies, crowded piazzas, and filled doorways.  
At a coffee house, we were freely supplied  
with such refreshment as we needed in an  
abundance, without money and without  
price, furnished solely by the gratuitous  
liberality of the citizens of the City of Brother-  
ly Love. This coffee house is a large hall  
filled with tables, fitted up in fine style,  
where soldiers are refreshed, night or day,  
with warm coffee, bread, beef, butter, cheese,  
sugar and other things that the hungry soldier  
has his way to the capital of his country. We  
were welcomed in a short speech by one of  
the committee of arrangements, which was  
duly responded to by Capt. Cowan. After  
supper we were permitted to mingle for a  
few moments with the people, and it seemed  
more like the meeting of old friends than  
like the meeting of strangers as we really  
were. The ladies freely and voluntarily  
clapped our hands, spoke words of cheer and  
hope that filled our hearts with gratitude  
and love, making us for a time to forget that  
we were tired or sleepy. We were then  
marched to an engine house, where we were  
quartered comfortably, remaining over the  
Sabbath, getting our rations at the Coffee  
House before mentioned. We left here for  
Baltimore, at 11 o'clock P. M., with hearts  
filled with gratitude to the inhabitants of  
this city. We all felt, and many said, God  
bless Philadelphia. This enterprise of gra-  
tuitously feeding the soldiers was first start-  
ed by two ladies, who procured two large  
kettles and kept them filled with hot coffee  
at the Ferry landing, and from that simple  
act of unostentatious benevolence by two of  
the ladies of this emporium of the old Key-  
stone State sprang that system of gratui-  
tously supplying with good wholesome re-  
freshments all the soldiers who may need  
them stopping here.

We remained about half a day in Balti-  
more. No enthusiasm there; the Unionists  
look cheerful, Scotch sultry and gloomy,  
they have the will, you can see, but they  
fear the guns of Fort Mifflin. We are  
near Alexandria, the vicinity of Washing-  
ton is one vast camp; but no more today.  
G. H. BROWN.

The Republicans of New York have nomi-  
nated for Governor, Gen. Wadsworth, now  
Military Governor of Washington. The  
General, in answer to a serenade, Satur-  
day night, in honor of his nomination, said:  
"We must cut out the devil of slavery,  
which has disgraced us from the hour of our  
National birth."

The Bridgton Reporter gives it as its ex-  
perience, that the smoking and hard work-  
ing will tire a fellow out much quicker than  
hard work.

And we believe Bro. Lamson might have  
added that he has found as much profit in  
the one as the other.

## Lieut. Harlan P. Brown.

We cannot be satisfied by the mere an-  
nouncement of the death of this brave offi-  
cer. Lieut. Brown was among the most in-  
teresting young men ever raised in Bethel.  
From quite early childhood till he entered  
College he was our constant pupil, and we  
in vain look back to a time when he did not  
fulfill his duties. Manly when a boy, cor-  
rect in every habit, strictly obedient to the  
will of his parents, studious at all times, he  
won the esteem of all. We never heard the  
breath of detraction drawn against him; we  
presume he never had a personal enemy  
in the world. He fitted and entered Bow-  
don College in 1855 with more than usual  
preparation, and graduated with a high  
rank in 1860. While there he enriched his  
mind by an extensive course of reading.—  
Leaving College he took charge of a Select  
School for Boys in New Jersey, which he  
carried on with much success till last De-  
cember, when he felt it his duty and privi-  
lege to engage in the service of his country.

He obtained a Lieutenant's commission and  
raised the required number of men and en-  
tered the Maine 7th. Here he was most fa-  
vorably known and beloved by officers and  
men, and shared all the hardships of that  
gallant Regiment. At the battle of Antietam  
while the regiment was ordered to make  
a charge upon a whole brigade of the en-  
emy, Capt. Cook was wounded and his com-  
pany broke. Lieut. Brown while rallying  
and cheering on his men, received a bullet  
in the head and was instantly killed. Thus  
has fallen one more in this wicked rebellion.

He was a humble christian. He united  
with the Cong. Church in Bethel in Aug.  
1859, and always maintained a correct  
christian deportment. Modest in demeanor,  
handsome in person, firm in his adherence  
to the right, determined in what he under-  
took to perform, he could but win the re-  
spect of all who knew him. He was born  
Oct. 12th 1839, consequently he was 23  
years of age.

Noble young man! Thy country has ac-  
cepted a great sacrifice in thy death.

After his death, his body was recognized,  
and pinned to his breast were his name and  
residence. Capt. Robinson of the 4th Bat-  
tery, ascertaining his death made search for  
him, and had him buried in an orchard  
where his grave can be identified. Major  
Edwards afterwards visited the spot to shed  
a tear over his untimely grave.

His father, Mr. David F. Brown, in com-  
pany with Rev. J. B. Wheelwright, have gone  
to Washington to secure his remains.

N. T. T.

## Presentation of Sword to Lieut. Wight.

BETHEL, Sept. 29, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—There are events in the  
life of every individual, and in the history  
of every neighborhood, which leave deep and  
lasting impressions. Each call of our Presi-  
dent for volunteers has been heard here in  
Bethel, and what is more, has been heeded.  
The lines are drawing still nearer and near-  
er, still closer and closer to the hearts and  
to the homes of true and loyal men and  
women.

In response to the last call, some of our  
best young men have gone forth in willing  
obedience, to offer themselves, if need be, to  
a sacrifice upon the shrine of freedom's altar.  
—young men of character, many of them  
young men of piety, deeply beloved and re-  
spected for their moral worth. It is so in  
other places we suppose;—the character of  
this war seems clearly shown by the class of  
men engaged in it.

Lieut. E. W. Wight, of the 23d Maine  
Regiment, came home on a short visit last  
week, from camp "Abraham Lincoln."  
His friends here, wishing to give him some  
token of their regard and appreciation  
of his efforts in filling the towns quota  
of volunteers, took measures to purchase  
and present him with a sword.

The presentation was made at the Station  
House, West Bethel, on the morning of his  
return, Sept. 25, by Mr. H. N. Newell.  
There was quite an assemblage of friends  
and citizens to bid the beloved Lieutenant  
"good bye," and wish him "Good speed."

His reply to the presentation was in words  
of patriotic zeal and earnestness, uttered in  
the firm belief that in thus going forth, he  
was but fulfilling, as a patriot and a man,  
his duty to his country and to his God.  
Such is the principle upon which all of our  
young men have of late enlisted—patriotism  
and a conscientious discharge of duty,—  
and they go carrying with them the warmest  
sympathies and earnest prayers of many  
patriotic hearts.

This little occurrence, Mr. Editor, small  
though it may be among the events of the  
present day, was one which will never be  
forgotten by some of the good citizens of  
BETHEL.

Potatoes are inclined to rot this year con-  
siderably. A farmer, who has experimented  
somewhat, says he digs his potatoes ear-  
ly; drying and sorting carefully before put-  
ting them in the cellar. The rot is always  
arrested by this course; while if allowed to  
remain in the ground through a warm and  
wet fall, they are not worth much.

At the battle of Antietam, the 7th Maine  
Regiment was nearly annihilated. After a  
charge upon a brigade, under heavy cross  
fire of artillery, the regiment mustered but  
65 effective men. Though they knew they  
were going into the very jaws of death, and  
felt some one had blundered, not a man  
flinched. Among the killed, we notice the  
name of Lieut. Harlan P. Brown, of Bethel.

The Boston Journal brings to notice a  
law of the last Congress, which authorizes  
the soldiers to draw from the Quartermas-  
ter's department, such regulation clothing,  
necessary to their health and comfort, as may  
be requisite to replace that lost by them from  
the casualties of war; it furthermore com-  
mands that "such issue be gratuitous, and  
not charged to the soldier."

DEMOCRATIC TESTIMONY. The Bath Sen-  
tinel says: "Col. Nickerson, of the 14th  
Maine regiment, is on a visit home for a few  
days. It is said that he is still strong in  
the opinion, he has for some time held, as  
to the importance of freeing and arming the  
slaves, in order to put down rebellion."

The Oxford Quarterly Meeting will meet  
at West Sumner, on Tuesday the 7th of Oct.,  
at 10 o'clock P. M.

## Gen. Burnside.

The following incident  
illustrative of the temperance principles of  
one of our bravest and most popular Generals  
is related by "Carlton" in the Boston  
Journal.

I cannot refrain from giving what has not  
yet appeared in print relative to Gen. Burn-  
side, who has won such laurels during the  
war. A gentleman from Pennsylvania in-  
formed me yesterday, that he was a visitor  
at Annapolis last November when Burnside  
was preparing to depart upon his expedi-  
tion to North Carolina. It was on the day  
of the grand review, when Secretaries Cam-  
eron, Welles, and a large number of visitors  
were present. My informant chanced to  
hear Gen. Burnside give directions to the  
landlord of the hotel relative to their enter-  
tainment—to provide a good dinner. The  
landlord inquired about liquors. "I wish  
you to understand, sir," said the General,  
"that I pay for no liquors. You will pro-  
vide none at my expense."

CIDER MILLS. Demagogues are exciting  
the public mind with false, improbable, and  
malicious stories relative to the internal tax.  
Thus, we heard the owner of a cider mill,  
say, the other day, he did not dare to start  
his mill, the tax would be so large. They  
tell me, said he, I must pay twenty dollars.  
Now, if he had paid six cents, for a digest  
of the law, he would have seen that cider  
mills are not mentioned at all. A general  
provision applies to manufactures not na-  
med, under which all which produce over  
the sum of \$1000 annually shall pay ten  
dollars. There are no mills heretofore do-  
ing such an amount of business; and they  
will pay no tax. This view has, since the  
above was prepared, been confirmed by con-  
versation with the officials preparing the  
tax list.

Gov. Washburn informed the editor of the  
Press, that he had read the Herald's re-  
port of the Convention of Governors at Al-  
bany, Pa., and that the only particle of  
truth contained therein was the fact that a  
Convention was held.

Gov. Berry of N. H. publishes a card de-  
nying the truth of the Herald's report.  
All accounts agree that no proposition to  
remove McClellan was broached; and that  
Freeman's name was only mentioned inci-  
dentally.

The first man to propose to congratulate  
the President on his proclamation, was Mr.  
Todd, the democratic Governor of Ohio; and  
his motion was seconded by Gov. Pierpont  
of Western Virginia.

The Press adds: "The Governors were  
hopeful, and derived fresh courage from the  
proclamation, and the spirit in which it was  
received. Gen. McClellan, the leading  
Douglas man of Illinois, was present, and  
declared the proclamation was most oppor-  
tune, and that it would electrify the whole  
North-west."

A PROMPT OFFICER. The New Orleans  
correspondent of the Press, writing of the  
expedition to Poncehoulon,—barren in re-  
sults,—speaks as follows of the detail from  
the 12th Me. Regiment:

"Our companies in the expedition were  
Company C, Capt. Thornton, Co. D, Capt.  
Winter, and Co. F, Capt. Farrington, with  
details from nearly every company in the  
regiment. Company D being ordered an-  
other way, did not meet the enemy till their  
return to the boat, when Capt. Winter,  
bearing that Co's C and F were attacked,  
without waiting for orders, immediately  
started for them at double quick, but only  
reached them in time to cover their retreat,  
and hold the enemy in check, till the ex-  
hausted and wounded men were placed in  
safety on board the boat, when they retreat-  
ed without the loss of a man."

AMBULANCE CORPS. Perley telegraphs the  
Journal that "Gen. McClellan has organ-  
ized an ambulance corps in each division, un-  
der command of a captain, with a first lieuten-  
ant for each division, a second lieutenant  
for each brigade, and a sergeant for each  
regiment—to have control of all ambulance  
and transport carts."

A DOLLAR THAT PAYS WELL. One of  
the best reasonable enterprises, now before  
the public, is that of the Publisher of the  
American Agriculturist. He has secured  
for his subscribers fine colored editions of  
two splendid Maps of localities of great in-  
terest. One of these covering a space of  
more than ten square feet, shows the entire  
State of Virginia so completely that every  
county, town, city, village, river, brook,  
mountain, hills and principal road, is  
readily found. It also embraces the prin-  
ciple parts of Maryland and Pennsylvania.  
The other Map, covering about 15 square  
feet, gives all the Southern or Slave States,  
including Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia,  
Maryland, Delaware, and all south of them.  
Though not so minute as the Map of Virginia,  
this shows all the counties, principal  
towns, rivers, etc., of the Southern States.  
Any person subscribing now for the  
Agriculturist, is presented with a choice of  
the above two Maps. In addition to this,  
every new subscriber for 1863, (vol 22) re-  
ceives the Agriculturist for the rest of this  
year without charge. We have long received  
the Agriculturist, and testify to its real  
merits. Every number is well illustrated,  
and contains a very large amount of really  
useful, practical, reliable information for  
the Farm, the Garden, and the Household,  
including a very interesting department for  
the little ones. No one can fail to get many  
dollars worth of useful hints from a volume  
of the Agriculturist, while the maps are so  
much extra. We have sent for two copies  
of the paper so as to get both maps. Send  
for the paper on our recommendation, or if  
you prefer, send a dime for a single copy,  
and examine it for yourself. The address  
of the Publisher is ORANGE JENY, 41 Park  
Row, New York.

L. R. King, Esq., of Norway, admitted  
at the August Term, of the S. J. Court, to  
practice as an Attorney and Counsellor, in  
all the courts in this State, has located, for  
the present at Norway. He takes charge of  
Col. Virgin's office, during his absence.

Jerome Sanborn of Bethel, in the Maine  
10th, lost a foot at the battle of Antietam,  
John Bryant, of Bethel, Co. I, Me. 5th,  
was killed at Beckettville.

## The Cattle Show!

The twentieth exhibition of the Oxford  
Agricultural Society, commenced on Tues-  
day, of this week. The details of the first  
day's operations are necessarily meager, the  
preliminary arrangements of entering and  
disposing articles not affording many items  
of interest. We are content with the obser-  
vation that the list of entries promise to be  
large, and that the show, of fruit and stock  
raising, and a specimen of crops, vegetables,  
dairy products, manufactures, and nobles  
men and women, will be a success. The  
only exercises are a voluntary trial of draw-  
ing oxen, in which Messrs. Clark and Dun-  
ham try their cattle, and the trials of colts  
of the classes of three years' old and four  
years' olds.

THREE YEARS' OLDS.—Purse of \$5.  
For this purse but two entries were made.

—Mr. Geo. S. Ames entered a brown colt,  
three years old last Spring, raised in Paris,  
and Mr. Bossey entered a sorrel colt, raised  
in Backfield. The Trustees consented that  
for this race the horses should make half  
miles heats, best two in three. Mr. Ames  
had the pole. The race proved excited as  
much amusement as one between trained  
horses; but great sport could not be expect-  
ed. The sorrel colt, in the first heat soon  
took the pole, and kept out of the way all  
the time thereafter. The second heat was  
contested less closely than the first, Bossey  
winning both, in 2:08, and 2:06,—half  
mile.

FOUR YEARS' OLD COLTS.—Purse of \$7.  
For the Society's purse of \$7, offered for  
colts of four years old, there were but two  
entries. Willard H. Woodbury, of Norway,  
had a red colt, raised in Harrison, which  
will be five this fall. A. S. Cole, of Hebron,  
presented a sorrel colt, very much lighter in  
weight, four years old last Spring. Mr.  
Cole contended that the difference in the  
age of the colts was such that the match  
was not a fair one. That the spectators  
should not lose the sport, Mr. W. gave odds,  
in distance, and the pole to the other horse,  
and the race came off. Mr. Woodbury won  
both heats. Time, 3:05 and 3:12. Mr.  
Cole's colt had no training, and was  
quite shy. Mr. Woodbury's colt has had  
some practice; and judges predict that he  
will show some speed, with age and train-  
ing.

## SECOND DAY.

The first exercise of the second day, was  
appointed so early that few people were in  
season to witness the contest; and we were  
among the delinquents.

We learn that but four teams were driven,  
—Messrs. Jonathan Clark, of South Paris,  
Francis Pike, of Norway, C. H. Clifford,  
Paris, and Moses Webber, of Oxford. Our  
informant says the work was all performed  
within the stipulated time, and in admirable  
style.

Perhaps a sort of compromise, by which  
those opposed to trotting might have a day  
free from this sport, the trials of speed oc-  
curred mostly on Tuesday and Thursday.  
The mass who attend, consequently find few  
active exercises to engage attention, and fail  
to discover all that is presented. Conse-  
quently, expressions of impatience are some-  
times heard. On the grounds, in the morn-  
ing, considerable interest was excited by the  
examination of the town teams. Oxford  
presented fourteen pairs of noble oxen;  
Paris had thirteen, and Norway ten. The  
oxen from Paris were most uniform in color;  
Norway had all heavy cattle; but it was  
considered that the Oxford team had the  
heaviest oxen. We have not seen the deci-  
sion of the Committee. As the line extend-  
ed along the course,







