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TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND

FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

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Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

Ripening of Fruits.

A short article on the tomato, by Y., in our present number, is worthy of more than passing attention. The writer found that tomatoes, suffered to lie in their natural position on the ground, ripened earlier than those trained to any form of trellis. This exactly accords with our own observations. And it is in perfect unison with all that we have taught since the organization of the *Gardener's Monthly*; not, indeed, in regard to tomato culture, but in connection with the general theory of ripening fruit. Yet, there is not a more widely spread error, than the common belief that fruits must have "all the sun and air possible to ripen them early and properly."

Thus we see everywhere around us, numbers of excellent practitioners stripping their vines of foliage to "let in sun and air to ripen the fruit," and if there is one spot on the ground more sunny and exposed "to the air" than another, that spot they are sure to select for some apricot or choice fruit that they particularly value.

It seems to be forgotten that fruit ripening is in the main a vital process. Chemical action is of course essential to it; but it is dependent on vegetable life. This vitality is maintained by well developed and healthy foliage, and this again is dependent on the general health of the plant.

All pruning is more or less detrimental to the general health of the tree. Winter pruning or summer pruning, the effect is the same. Pruning is but a compromise.

To gain a great object, we sacrifice small advantages. In pruning, that sacrifice is drawn from general health. We break off a strong shoot while green or succulent, that it may not rob a weaker one below;—or, we shorten a weak shoot in winter that it may push stronger next season. Here we gain desired advantage, but the vital force receives a shock. The more severely we pursue this course, the more we perceive the shock, till, as it is well known, we can take off leaves or shoots enough to utterly destroy the life of a tree. We prune trees at transplanting, just as we would cut off a man's leg; not because the tree likes pruning, or that amputation is a peculiarly pleasing operation, but as a part of that system of compensation which nature demands for broken limbs and broken laws. We gain an advantage, but with permanent loss.

Men like to deal with aphorisms. It is easier to follow a rule than to understand the reasoning; so if we tell a child to "take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," it will be more likely to be economical than if we read it a long homily as to the reasons therefor. So we shall perhaps, be more generally understood if we reduce all we have said to this, "take care of the leaves and the fruits will take care of themselves."

If we go into a dense wood, where the grapevines never know the gardener's knife, and see the vine in its massiveness of foliage, rambling over bushes and trees, in dells or ravines, and where the sun's direct light never shines, our "sun and air" friends will expect to see green and unripe grapes; yet no unripe grapes but with more pleasure on the "dark black orb" of his fair angel, than the genuine lover of good fruit may dwell on the dark back orb hanging in the wildest luxuriance from these extremely healthy, but sun forsaken vines.

If we look into similar places—not, perhaps, quite so shady, for that is not its nature—and there note the fine healthy leaves of the blackberry, with its fruit black as jet beneath the still shadier foliage, and the bright shining little pearls glistening from every pip; do they not ask you bluntly, what is sunlight to them? And if you are not prepared to answer, go to the garden of some "sun and air folks," look at the hot board leaves, facing due south, and tarred to make it better; and against it, with large yellow leaves and red ripe berries, see the poor Lawtons languishing for their native shade. Their owner considers Lawton a great humber; and the blackberry no better than his own fence row apple. Friend Lawton, forgive that man—while thousands bless you, this unfortunate knows not what he does!

When your gooseberry leaves fall off by millions, the grape leaves by hail, or the pear leaves by blight; do you have gooseberries, grapes or pears? We need scarcely answer; and yet the same persons, who know they do not get good fruit under these misfortunes, by their very system of pruning, which "lets in the sun and air," are really working to the same unsatisfactory end.

"Take care of the leaves, and the fruits will take care of themselves." Mr. Buist cleverly showed this, in an article he contributed to an early volume of the *Gardener's Monthly*. He set a novice to shorten in some shoots in his vineyard, and before he saw him again, had a few vines nearly stripped of their foliage. These vines had badly colored grapes. They never had before, nor had the rest of the grapes from the point where the defoliating operation ceased.

"Take care of the leaves, and the fruits will take care of themselves." Long before Mr. Buist's article ever saw our pages, a few acute gardeners were well aware of the importance of the maxim. If they wanted grapes to color "very particularly" well, they shaded the vineyard a week before the fruit ripened; "for," said they, "too strong

a sunlight has a tendency to ripen leaves, and as soon as they ripen they are no longer of any service to the fruit. The longer we keep our leaves healthy, the darker and better the fruit."

We have preached on this text before, and often. Like little drops of water, our labors have not yet worn much of a hole in the stone of prejudice, as we see but too well in so many vineyards, fruit-houses, gardens and orchards around us; but we have faith in water wearing its way through the hardest rock, and while welcoming such experiences as this of our "Tomato culture" correspondent, continue to teach as heretofore. "Take care of the leaves, and the fruits will take care of themselves." [Gardener's Monthly.]

Benefits of Autumn Plowing.

The tillage and drainage of the soil are very closely related to each other. So indeed are the tillage and manuring the soil. And these, not merely as cause and effect are related—though drainage does enable tillage, and tillage does alter composition—but as being operations of the same class and kind. And thus Mr. Bailey Denton, though engaged in a lecture upon land drainage, could not help referring to the steam plow—as the great tillage implement of the future. And we had from him, too, the striking fact bearing on the composition of a fertile soil, that, in a state of perfect tillage one quarter of its bulk is air.

Mr. Smith, of Lois Woodson, says that in all clay soils containing the mineral elements of grain, perfect tillage dispenses with the need of manure; and there cannot be a doubt that a deep and thorough tillage enables soil to draw immensely on the stores of vegetable food contained in air and rain.—Mosses. Hardy again says that perfect tillage dispenses with the need of drainage, and there can be but little doubt that deep and thorough tillage facilitates the operation of whatever drainage may exist, whether it be natural or artificial.

In both these cases the useful lesson is well taught, that it is true economy rather than to put the cheap and copious storehouse of Nature's agency to its fullest use, than by laborious and costly artificial means to imitate expensively their operation.

Such a lesson applies, beyond the advantages of tillage to the methods by which tillage is obtained. Among the earliest suggestions of cultivation by steam power was that of reducing by its means the soil to till at once. The land was to be torn down as the deal is torn down at the saw-mill; though before the machine it may have been as hard and firm as wood, behind the tool as it advanced at work it was to lie as light and fine as sawdust. But it has at length been found that it is better because cheaper, and more perfect, too, to leave this last refinement of the tillage process to the weather, which does it without cost. The land is now torn—smashed up—or moved and thrown about by the plow or grubber in great clods and lumps. This is best done in dry autumn weather, and thus it lies till spring. Certainly no climate is better adapted for cheap tillage than the English—the rains and frosts of winter following a dry September and October must penetrate and thrust asunder the clung and hardened masses of the soil. No two particles shall remain adhering to each other, if you only give room and opportunity to the cheapest and most perfect natural disintegrator in the world. No rasp, or saw, or mill will reduce the indurated land to soft and wholesome till so perfectly as a winter's frost. And all that you need to attain its perfect operation is, first to provide an outlet for the water when it comes—by an efficient drainage of the subsoil, and then to move the land while dry and break it up into clods and fragments, no matter how large they be, and leave them for alternate rain, and drought, and frost, and thaw, to do their utmost. [London Agricultural Gazette.]

Economy and Economising.

These are two words which are now all the rage among our farmers, and it is amusing to see how well some of them understand them.

Their economy and economising is like that of the man who, seeing that his barrel was leaking at the spile, turned it over to tighten it, but did not notice that the bung-hole was open and under.

Let me draw you a picture of some of the farmers who are economising (and there are by far too many such.) He cannot apply any lime this year, because he must economise and can't afford it; or, in other words, cannot afford to spend one dollar now that it may produce ten in a year or two.

He cannot afford to hire a man, and so his own goes unworked and the crop is materially shortened; his ground is only half plowed, because he has not time to do it well himself, and thereby loses several dollars to save one.

He does not place his manure under shelter in the spring, because he cannot afford to hire a man to do it, and has not time to do it himself; and yet will tell you if asked that one load of sheltered manure is worth two of that not so taken care of.

He discontinues taking (if he ever did such a thing) an agricultural paper, and thus places his finger in the spile and leaves the bung-hole wide open with a vengeance.

He cannot afford to buy plaster for his clover and corn, although he knows that it will do much to increase his crop; where as, if he were to apply plaster to his grass, he would double or treble his money in a very short time, and the surplus might go towards hiring a hand.

The fact that he begins his economy and economising at the wrong end. He breaks up more ground, and spreads the same amount of labor—and less labor—over

a larger surface, and lies under the impression that he is thereby obtaining larger crops, whereas, if he would cultivate no more ground than he has manure and labor for, he would be the richer for it.

The mainprinciple of economy in agriculture is increasing the amount of manure; this is the very item which our economising farmer omits. Every thing which will make manure should be thrown into the barnyard or pig pen; the size of the compost heap should be increased; but have all the help you need, for that is or should be the last thing to decrease on the score of economy.

There are hundreds of ways in which farmers may economise if they will, and only go at it in the proper manner.

If I were going to adapt a more rigid system of economy, I should hire an additional hand, and make him pay his own and his fellow's wages, even if he did nothing else but collect materials for manure.

Our farmers are only just beginning to understand the meaning of these two words, "economy and economising." [Ger. Telegraph.]

BREADSTUFFS. There can now be but little doubt in the mind of an ordinary observer concerning the shortness of the wheat crop throughout the Northwestern States. In Illinois the crop of winter wheat was good; but that of spring wheat turns out to be sadly deficient in yield, and very inferior in quality. In the central counties of the State the berry is shriveled and shrunken, and the average is not over one third of last year's yield. In the more northerly counties the yield is not over seven bushels per acre on an average; and many fields were damaged to such an extent by the "bug" that they were not worth cutting.

In Wisconsin the crop of wheat is also short. In the northerly counties the quality is good, but the quantity is much below that of last year's crop; while in the central and southern counties the wheat is very deficient both in quality and yield.

In Iowa the quality will average better than in Illinois and southern Wisconsin, but the yield is not over half the crop of 1861. In some of the northern counties the crop is excellent in quality, and the yield, though not as heavy as last year, is satisfactory.

In Minnesota the crop is excellent as to quality, and there is not much complaint about the yield. The rapid increase in the farming population of this State within a year, will insure a much heavier surplus this year than ever before.

With regard to the corn crop there is not so much certainty; but the late planting, owing to the wet spring, will doubtless operate against it in the central and northern counties of Illinois and Iowa. The scarcity of field laborers will prevent its being gathered, and much will be destroyed in consequence. Under any circumstances it is conceded on all hands that the crop cannot approach in quantity or quality that of last year. [Chicago Tribune.]

PRESERVING DILLIA TUBERS. A correspondent of the Journal of Horticulture and Cottage Gardener, writes as follows: "May I be permitted to offer a simple suggestion relative to the preservation of Dillia roots during winter? Though carefully dried before storing away in the autumn, I used continually to lose them by the rotting of the crown, till at length the idea one day occurred to me that the mischief was occasioned through the decay of the long stalk left attached to the tubers; this becoming partially charged with fluid, kept the crown constantly wet. My remedy has been to leave more than four inches of stalk; from this to scrape the whole of the outer covering or bark, and at the base to make a small opening which permits any watery deposit to escape. The result has been that I have preserved the whole of my tubers, while experienced gardeners around me have complained of loss, notwithstanding that every precaution from damp or frost had been taken."

TREATMENT OF CHEESE WHILE CURING.—From an article in the Dairy Farmer, we understand that some dairymen discard the practice of oiling the cheese in their dairies, and are substituting the use of hot whey. Their manner of treating the cheese is as follows: When the cheese comes from the press, it is oiled and bandaged, and after this sweet whey is heated and used daily for rubbing the cheese. The whey is heated to a point no higher than can be borne by immersing the hand. A cloth is then dipped into it and wrung out, and with this the cheese is rubbed over. It is said that cheese treated in this way is not so apt to crack, and presents a firmer and smoother rind when fit for market, than cheese treated with oil and butter. It is said to operate in other respects equally well if not better.

The editor of the Dairy Farmer says: We have never tried this method in our own dairy, but have been assured by some of our best dairymen that it works admirably. If this be so, the new method will commend itself to most persons, and prove another valuable item of knowledge with regard to the dairy, originating in this country.

VALUE OF FALLOW LEAVES. No manure is so well worth the sowing in October and November as the falling leaves of the season. According to Payne, they contain nearly three times as much nitrogen as ordinary barn yard manure; and every farmer who has strewn and covered them in his trenches late in the fall or in December, must have noticed the next season how black and moist the soil is that adheres to the thirty young beets he pulls. No vegetable substance yields its woody fibre and becomes soluble quicker than leaves, and from this very cause they are soon dried up, scattered by the winds and wasted if not gathered and trenched in or composted before the advent of severe winter.

MISCELLANY.

From Harper's Weekly.

DEVEREUX DARE, PRIVATE.

Mrs. Ashleigh Dare always looked at her handsome, manly son, with a maternal pride which was altogether excusable. They were a fine couple, for any one's seeing, the widow and her son. Mrs. Dare's forty years had not met her like enemies. The dark brilliance of her eyes was undimmed. Scarcely a thread of silver flecked the raven blackness of her hair. Her complexion kept bright still its clear, dark tint; and even her figure had not lost its old, stately grace. She was fit to be the mother of a hero as she had been to be Colonel Dare's wife—Colonel Dare, whose back no foeman ever saw.

Her son was after her own heart. He had her dark eyes and hair; her sparkling expression, and Huguenot hauteur; all intensified in him, however, by the long, enduring, persistent nature of his father, which he had inherited along with a certain resolute contour of mouth, which was the only external sign of his paternity. For all the rest he was, outwardly, a Devereux.

They had been discussing, these two, an engrossing question. It was just after that dreadful day at Bull Run, when the country needed so bitterly all her children, and every loyal heart was throbbing to one anguish of endeavor. Regiments were being rapidly filled up, and young Dare, just home, in the Spring of 1861, from his three years of foreign travel, was only waiting his mother's consent to enlist. He looked at her now with persuasive eyes.

"It should not be you, mamma, the daughter of a heroic race, the widow of a man who got his deathblow in the front of the fray, who would hold back your son, when the land of his fathers needs him."

"I do not, Devereux. I am willing you should enlist, if you will only see the influence of your family to procure you a suitable commission."

"I may not be worthy of one. I have not yet proved my fitness to rule."

"Your fitness! It is in your blood!"

"Well then, seriously, I do not want a commission, because I feel sure that I can do more good by going as a private. All cannot be officers, and more men than you think are holding back because they cannot. They say 'it is the lower orders who serve in the ranks; we will not fight unless our comrades can be gentlemen.' Every one is waiting for some other. Do you think there are not men in Boston who will follow the flag more readily if they march in company with my father's son?"

"Your father would have done—did not do—what you wish to do."

"Because he was needed otherwise."

He knelt down beside her, just then, that handsome, gallant fellow, whom all the women found so fascinating. He rested his head on her knee—it was an old, boyish trick he had—and looked with those great, piercing, dark eyes of his, up into her face. His voice was full of earnestness—his tones grew solemn in his appeal.

"Mother, I must go. I can only go as a private, for my conviction that it is my duty is unalterable. If it is a sacrifice, it is one that must be made. Will you not make it with me? If you kept me back I should hardly be willing to accept life upon such terms. It would only be a life of misery, with the ghost of this unfulfilled duty stalking beside me forever. Be brave, mother, brave and kind. If I should fall in battle, and its beside some southern stream with my life blood ebbing away, let me not have to think, when your voice and your smile come back to haunt me, that I went away without your blessing."

The heart, the quick, impulsive, woman's heart, through which the eager French blood throbbed, was softened. Tears fell from the proud eyes, and glistened a moment in the short curls of the head upon her silken lap. Then she put her hand on those thick curls with a caressing touch, and said to him:

"You have conquered. I will not keep you back from the duty your eyes see so clearly. You may be right. At any rate, if you go, you shall go with my blessing, and remember that one at home prays for you every hour."

Tears, not hers, wet the hand her son drew to his mouth. Strongest hearts in the fray are tenderest oftentimes at the hearthstone.

That was one struggle and one victory. The soldier had yet another conflict to dare—a harder one possibly—in the boudoir of Clara Gage.

He went there that night after his enlistment had been registered. She was his betrothed wife, and he loved her as a brave man can love a true woman. It may be he feared her a little, also. If he did, forgive him, for there was nothing else out of heaven that he did fear. In her case it was not because she was so precious to him that no calamity, save loss of honor, could have been reckoned by the same measure as loss of her. Somehow he shrank from telling her his plan, and meeting the look he fancied her eyes would wear when she heard it; and so he had unfolded it to her in a note which he had received that morning. He hoped that she would have reconciled herself to his views before he saw her.

I think he could have done a good many things with less fluttering of the heart than he felt when he walked into the little auction-room where she waited for him.

She was a beauty of a different type from his handsome mother; but of one no less haughty. She was pure Saxon, with hair of dun gold, and blue eyes which could swim in seas of passionate tenderness, but which could flash scorn, or scintillate anger. Just the woman for long loving or long hating.

Your dark-eyed beauties are too stormy; their emotions exhaust themselves. For slow, strong patience, in hating or loving, give me a slight woman with fair hair and innocent-looking blue eyes.

Mrs. Gage met her lover cordially enough—a wary general does not commence the attack until he has reconnoitered the field. If he can maintain his own line of defense and lure the enemy to leave covert and begin the battle, so much the better chances in his favor.

She talked smilingly about the weather. She was going, next week, to Newport—couldn't she persuade him to go? They would have merry times.

"I shall have to do with other balls," he said, a little resolutely, determined that she should break no longer about the bush of his purpose.

She raised her eyebrows slightly. "Sarotoga?"

"Virginia, rather."

"A bad time to go South, in summer."

"Necessity makes all times alike. Did you not get my note?"

"What—that pleasant you sent me this morning about enlisting? Did you think I did not know better? Fancy Devereux Dare trudging through the Virginia mud, with that rolled up bundle, whatever they call it, on his back!"

"It is well to fancy it, Clara. It will be real soon. I enlisted to-night."

"Without asking me?"

"Forgive me. My life was God's and my country's before it was yours. I knew my duty. I dared not run the risk of having my resolution shaken by your persuasions. I should not be worth your loving, Clara, if I should shrink from what I know I am called of heaven to do."

"I thought heaven's calls were of a more peaceful nature—to preach or pray to men, not shoot them. What does your mother say?"

"That she will pray for her absent soldier every hour in the day. Her prayers and yours will be my shield."

"I will not pray for you!" The girl's lips whitened with anger and resolution as she spoke.

"Not pray for me?"

"No; unless I do so unwittingly, in the prayer we are taught to offer for our enemies. You are my enemy if you go."

There was nothing weak or irresolute in Mrs. Gage's face. Her voice was quiet and even. Dare shivered as its firm tones fell on his ear.

"Clara," he cried, "what does this mean? You said you loved me last night."

"It means simply that, like most women, I give in such measure as I receive. Last night I thought you loved me."

"And so I do, God knows!"

"Do you think I believe you? Would a man who loved a woman go away from her to almost certain destruction without even the grace to tell her his purpose until after he had pledged himself? Why did not you come here before you enlisted?"

"Because I was too cowardly. You have the honest truth now. I loved you so well that I dared not trust myself to your persuasions. My duty, I hope would have been done in any case; but I shrank from the strain my heart strings would suffer in doing it when you were holding back."

A half-suppressed triumph looked from Clara Gage's eyes. She liked, even then, this confession of her power over him. She determined to test it fully. As his mother had done before her, she asked:

"Why do you not get a commission? I know you could. It would be bad enough to have you go, at best. It is so much easier to fight where the martial music clashes and the excitement of the hour works heart and brain to madness, than to wait at home and open every day's newspaper as if it might contain your death warrant. I might bear it; I might forgive your leaving me so cruelly, if you went in a position worthy of your name. If you go as private I never will."

Dare's courage rose now. Summoned by her attack, it leaped up and formed into line-of-battle with quick bravery. He answered her as he had answered his mother before—calmly, with calm patience, all his reason.

Her eyes hardened, looking wide at him with a cold want of comprehension, of sympathy, which he had never seen in them before. She waited until he was all through, when she said—oh! so quietly—

"My mind is not changed. If you go, as you have planned, you go my enemy, not my betrothed."

Passion hot of the dark-browed Devereux, tempered to firmness by the Dare persistency, rose up in his nature and took the reins. Had he yielded then to her commands, so urgently given, I believe that nothing could have appeased the measure of his self-contempt but to die by his own hand, like an old Roman. She had gone a step too far. He had no more persuasion for her now, and scant courtesy. His voice shivered through her nerves like the sharp whirr of a bullet.

"I accept the position toward you which you elect! Miss Gage, you had better ask God to forgive you in time; your death-bed will not be easy without such mercy!"

She trembled. There was that in his tone and manner which appalled her. She began to feel that she was a woman, and weak; and as a woman and strong. But she had a pride as stern and inflexible as his courage.

For an answer she took from her finger a ring, wherein a single diamond sparkled, and dropped it into his extended palm. Then rising, she bowed as she would have dismissed a morning visitor, as he stood, hat in hand before her. He had loved that woman, with her blue eyes and her pale hair. He looked at her hungrily. His soul clam-

ored for one touch of her careless hand, her falsely smiling lips. But he mastered the emotion, and only said:

"I shall fight the better for this, Miss Gage! More than one death wound will have you to thank for his death wound. The man who leaves least at home can best afford to throw his life away."

Two days after that he marched with his regiment. He did not see Clara Gage again. She did not go the next week to Newport. She said he would be to her only as an enemy, but a sickening longing took possession of her to trace that enemy's fate. She could not have danced—I think her limbs were too unsteady. Her father—she had no mother—was astonished at her resolution to remain in town all through the season; combatting it a little at first; then became convinced that, after all, no place was more comfortable than Beacon Hill, and began to rejoice secretly in the prospect of coming from business to an open house, and a home which a woman's presence made comfortable.

He knew nothing of the great war that had passed over his daughter's life. He had heard, indeed, that Devereux Dare, whom he knew to be his prospective son-in-law, had gone to the war, as a private. Like every one else he wondered, and gumbled out, besides, a little personal dissatisfaction. He knew not that the vow which bound those two had been sundered; and if the face opposite to him was pale, he had not too much perception to joke his daughter about her sweetheart, until one day she silenced him with these words, at which he experienced something such a sensation as if a rebel shell had fallen suddenly at his feet and exploded there:

"Father, there are some things which I cannot bear—this is one. Never name Mr. Dare's name to me again."

Thereupon she retired into her shell and he was left outside wondering. He had thought to please her by talking of her lover; to give her an opportunity to express her grief at his absence, and seek for sympathy; but it seemed she didn't like it. Well, he could be silent; it cost him nothing. Little he knew what to hear that name cost her!

The autumn had not passed before, in the depths of her soul she had repented; but her stubborn pride would scarcely acknowledge it even to herself. She would not open her heart to one emotion of her tender mother. Yet there was something feverish in the eagerness with which she caught at each day's paper. Scarcely his own mother followed the footsteps of that regiment so ceaselessly.

Mrs. Dare waited in hope. Once persuaded to consent to her son's wishes, she had gone with him, heart and soul. She had said she would pray for him hourly, and she did. Perhaps those prayers were mighty to turn aside Southern bullets. He was in many engagements wounded slightly sometimes; but so far, he had seemed to bear a charmed life. No great peril came near him.

Before he went away he had told his mother that all was at an end between him and Miss Gage, and given her the reason. He had not entered into particulars, but the little he said had been enough to enlist on his side all his mother's ardent sympathies. The two women had been constant friends before—drawn together by their love for one object. Since he went away they had never spoken. They had met in the street a few times, passing each other with a cold bow, and that was all. Mrs. Dare saw at those times that the girl was growing pale, and it did her heart good.

At length came the news from Winchester, of the retreat where the Massachusetts boys brought up the rear, forming in the line of battle, and fighting as they went. In the list of the wounded two women read with strained eyes, these words:

"Private Devereux Dare—dangerously."

One with white lips and a cry of passionate bewailing—"Oh my boy! my boy!" The other, with tearless face, and the wail of a yet deeper agony—"and I told him I would not pray for him!" Each with the one purpose of hastening to her hero.

Mrs. Gage did not delay. She put on her bonnet and went at once to her mother's house. Mrs. Dare received her coldly.

"I do not understand your coming here now," she began. "I am in too much trouble to receive visitors. Do you not know—have you not heard—?"

"Everything. Can't you see that it is killing me? Even though you are his mother, you would forgive me if you knew what I have suffered. I love him. I did love him all the while. I must, I will go to him. I must hear him speak my pardon before he dies."

Mrs. Dare's warm, impulsive heart softened to the poor, anguish-torn creature, who sank imploringly at her feet. She knelt down beside her and folded her arms round her and raised her up.

"You shall go, Clara; you shall go with me, and I pray God that we may yet look upon his face again in this life's life. The train leaves at four. Can you be ready?"

"You will find me waiting for you at the depot. It was well for Clara Gage that she had a proud woman's fortitude. Once assured that she might go to him, she did not suffer her limbs to tremble, or her face to betray her. With step as lofty as ever, she went home. She met her father going up the steps.

"Father," she said, speaking with the calmness of one whose plans are fixed. "Devereux is dangerously wounded, and I am going to him. I shall start at four with Mrs. Dare."

Seldom is a woman in any position more entirely her own mistress than was Miss Gage. Her father never thought of dis-

pating with her, or interfering with her purposes. Moreover, he had never been informed of the thought of her engagement, and dissolution of her betrothal; but rather help. Hastily her preparations were made, and when Mrs. Dare reached the station she found her companion waiting for her.

It was midnight of the second day when, after long travel and many delays, they reached the hospital. For a moment Mrs. Dare held parley with the surgeon.

"Was it safe to go to him? Would he know them? Where was his wound?"

Clara Gage listened for the reply, clasping Mrs. Dare's arm with her nervous fingers till it ached.

"Yes, they might see him and tend him; it would do no harm; but he would not know them, he was delirious. His right arm was shot away, and he had, besides, a severe wound in his chest."

"Was there any hope?"

"A little—there might be a chance for him, with good nursing. It looked more like it now than it did two days ago."

Then they went to his bedside—those two women who loved him.

He lay there, his cheeks flushed, his eyes wild with fever. He was talking incoherently—living over again, as it seemed, the brave charge in which he had fallen. At last he murmured in tender tones,

"You said you would pray for me, mother. Are you praying for your boy now?"

Then, indeed, tears rained from his mother's eyes as she stood bending over him. But Mrs. Gage could not weep; had she not said she would not pray for him?

For days they tended him—almost, it seemed, without sleep or rest; hardly knowing, in their anxiety, whether it was one day or many. There were slow steps from despair toward hope; and by-and-by there came an afternoon when he looked at them with calm eyes, and spoke to them in his own voice.

"Mother, you here? This makes home in a strange land. And Clara—?"

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, OCT. 17, 1862.

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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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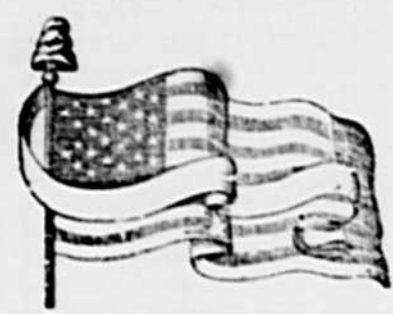
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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.



"The Union as it Was."

This has become a sort of a catch phrase with old fogies. The fossil remains of whiggy and modern democracy leap it with great dexterity. They fancy there is something remarkable about it,—that they can throw out an empty hook and there will be fools enough to bite at it. With these men the world never moves, and social progress and political reform is a humbug. The man who has carefully watched the progress of events since the commencement of this war, must be convinced that the "Union as it was," in the sense in which it is used by the persons we are speaking of, can never be restored. That we shall save the territory originally belonging to the Union at the commencement of this war, is very probable. We do not believe a peace will ever be patched up, by the terms of which a single foot of territory will be given up to the rebels.

Revolutions, if successful, change everything; if not successful, they always work great changes. We ask how Old Virginia can again be as "she was"? This rebellion has virtually divided her territory, and a new State has turned up west of the mountains, with a Governor, a State Government, and a Representative in the Senate and House of Representatives in the United States. By admitting two Senators from a fraction of the State "as it was," Congress has taken a step from which it never can recede. Western Virginia is *de facto* a State, just as much as Maine, New York, or Ohio. Virginia is not only divided in her public domain, but her social relations have been radically changed. Slavery in the new State is a doomed institution; more than this, it is dead now. Missouri may not, like Virginia, become divided, or her boundaries changed; yet she never again can be Missouri "as it was." The institution of slavery is doomed within her borders, and the stern logic of events will make it a free State. Without any proclamation the border slave States will soon be free territory. Tens of thousands of slaves are already practically free. Their masters have no control over them, and never can have.

The war must, in another respect, work a great change in the political and social relations of the entire South. Eli Thayer's theory of "colonization" is no humbug. Without the aid of the machinery which he proposes to attach to it as a propelling power, it will work itself along; with it, in favorable localities, it will propel with giant strides. Whenever the war closes, tens of thousands of Northern men now in the army will never return to the States from which they came, but will settle in the South. By this process whole communities will be changed, including their habits, manners, customs and domestic institutions.

Another great change will inevitably take place in Southern society, as a legitimate result of the rebellion. Social distinctions in society will be comparatively broken down. The slave aristocracy will lose its power and influence. It will never again be the dominating, all controlling power it has been in times past. With the downfall of the aristocracy, large landed estates will be divided up, never again to be united. The wealth of the South will seek a more equitable distribution. There will be fewer princely estates, and as a natural consequence, the maddening class will be elevated in the scale of influence and property. There will be less very rich and less very poor men. And this revolution in the social institutions of the South, inaugurated by the rebellion, will travel on. "Revolutions never go backward." And great changes in other matters will follow in the wake of these already hinted at. Northern men will carry with them, into the Southern States, the arts and sciences, the inventive genius, the morals, the learning, and the mechanic arts of the great North.

With these significant events before our eyes, flashing their light into the future, who but a mad man or a fool will undertake to say the "Union" can be restored "as it was"? It is an impossibility. The rebels, by inaugurating the rebellion, have blotted out the "South as it was." It is an act of their own, for which the North is in no manner responsible. Neither the demagogues of the North, or the rebels of the South have any power to roll back the tide of time, or stop the swelling currents of passing events. They will sweep along, burying beneath their waves every hindrance to the complete fulfillment of their manifest destiny.

Col. Wildes of the 16th Maine Regiment, is at home, on furlough, on account of ill health. He informs the Press that there is no truth in the reports that he had resigned, he having been in command every hour up to the time he started to come home.

Funeral of Lieut. Brown.

Funeral services were performed, in the Congregational church, Bethel, on Thursday last, over the remains of the late Lieut. Harlan P. Brown, of the 7th Maine Regiment, who was shot at the battle of Antietam. The remains were escorted from the residence of his father to the church, by a company of citizen-soldiers, under command of Maj. D. R. Hastings. The beautiful hymn commencing with the following words, was sung as a voluntary.

Away from his friends and the home of his youth He hastened, the soldier of freedom and truth; For the love of his land, and to seek for the lost, So, alas! was his fall, but he died at his post.

The solemn, yet sweetly melodious notes of the organ, followed by the sad and subdued voices of the singers, as they antiphonally uttered the words of the hymn, produced an effect that will be remembered by the large audience present.

After singing, prayer was offered, by Rev. A. W. Pottle, which was followed by a sermon by Rev. J. B. Wheelwright. At the conclusion of the sermon, the remains were placed upon the bier, and covered by the old flag, under which he had so often and so gallantly fought, and escorted by the citizen-soldiers, with reversed arms, and followed by a long procession of friends, were conveyed to their last resting place in the cemetery. Here prayer was offered, also, singing by the choir. The coffin was then lowered into the grave, when a procession of young ladies, with tearful faces, passed by, each depositing a wreath or bouquet of flowers upon the coffin, after which three volleys were fired over the grave, and the procession moved silently away. Peace to the ashes of the gallant young hero.

GEN. McCLELLAN AND THE PROCLAMATION. The New York Tribune makes the following important statement:

"We happen to know that the General's personal conviction and deliberate judgment fully sustain and approved the Proclamation, regarding it as a wise, just and necessary measure of National defense against deadly and formidable treason. Whatever adverse sympathies and prepossessions Gen. McClellan may at an earlier date have cherished, having been dissipated by the stern experience of the last year. He gives to that Proclamation and the policy it inaugurates not merely the ready support of his soldier's arm but the full approval of his understanding and the benediction of his patriot heart. In fact, we believe, though we have no authority for stating that the Proclamation was not issued until after Gen. McClellan had signified to the President that the time for it, in his judgment, had fully come. Gen. McClellan had faithfully labored, for more than a year, to save the Union without destroying slavery. Not succeeding in that experiment, he was now ready to give as loyal and hearty a support to an effort to save the Union and let slavery go to the wall. And that effort will now be made."

HOPKINS CONVERSION. Letters received from South America, give an account of a Fourth of July dinner, at Estancia del Taty, at which Hon. John W. Dana was present. He gave as a toast, "The flag of our Union." At the close of some patriotic remarks, he proposed three cheers for "Old Abe," and three times three for the Union. He is engaged, with his son, and a son of Asa Charles, Esq., in raising sheep, near Taty, and is reported to be doing well.

The remnant of the Maine 7th regiment, reached Portland, Monday noon. A grand reception was given by the city government, at which Gov. Washburn was present. After the public reception in the City Hall, a dinner was provided at Mechanics Hall, where they are at present quartered.

The Press says the reception was the most enthusiastic and successful that it ever witnessed.

The regiment left the State in August, 1861, numbering 850 men. It has been in all the battles by the Army of the Potomac but one.

At Lee's Mills, Yorktown, Savage's station, White Oak Swamp, Williamsburg (in Henry's famous charge,) Mechanicsville, Golding's Farm, Malvern Hill, South Mountain, and Antietam, this regiment was in the front of the battle, and so great was their valor at Williamsburg, that by permission the name of Williamsburg was inscribed on their banners. The regiment has been reduced to about 350 men, of whom only about 150 are effective for service. We gather the above from the Press.

A freight train, on the Grand Trunk, ran off the track, two miles above Mechanic Falls, Saturday night. The engine was considerably injured and some of the cars were smashed.

By a note from Hon. E. P. Weston, the State Superintendent, we learn that a Teacher's Institute, for Oxford County, will be held on the last day of October, and first of November. A more definite notice will be given.

We learn that a dispatch was received by Mr. Sullivan Andrews, last week, stating that his son, Capt. T. F. Andrews, was dying, at Frederick, Md.

PROMOTED. Dr. W. B. Lapham of Woodstock, enlisted as a private, under the call for nine months men, and was mustered into the 23d regiment. He was appointed Commissary Sergeant, on the organization of the regiment, and was last week promoted to be 1st Lieut., of Company F.

MAXIM SEEDLING. Mr. Ephraim Maxim, has presented us with a basketful of fine specimens of this apple, from the original tree. It is an excellent fall apple, mild, and juicy. Perhaps the fruit has not so decided a flavor as many would like, yet it is generally a favorite where it is grown.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER. The publishers of this excellent agricultural journal, have issued the prospectus of a new volume. A specialty with the Farmer, is the excellent market report, presented each week, compiled by its own reporter. This feature is of great value to the farmer and stock grower. The Agricultural and Miscellaneous departments are always well filled.

SEVENTH MAINE REGIMENT.

In returning from Portland, on Tuesday last, we met, in the cars, several sick and wounded soldiers belonging to the gallant 7th. We found several old acquaintances and fellow towns-men, among whom was the gallant and heroic young Capt. Cochran, of Company K. (Monmouth Company). He was suffering from a severe wound in the foot, but was full of life and energy, and anxious to be able to go into active service again. Old Monmouth has reason to be proud of Co. K, as they are proud of their brave young commander.

We also met Lieut. A. M. Benson, of Oldtown, now in command of Co. C. He was direct from the battle-field at Sharpsburg, where he fought by the side of the gallant and lamented Lieut. Brown. He saw Lieut. B. fall, and raised him up and placed him in as good a position as he could, and left him, to cheer on and help his comrades in the fight. Lieut. Benson had his clothes completely riddled with bullets, and received one shot in the hip, completely demolishing his sword scabbard, and paralyzing his leg; but he has now nearly recovered from its effect.

In talking with these battle-scarred veterans, it was pleasing to hear them speak of Gen. McClellan. Their love for, and confidence in him is unbounded, and is only equalled by their love for their gallant and noble Colonel. And, in fact, we have never seen a returned soldier from the Army of the Potomac who spoke in other than the highest terms of praise of Gen. McClellan. Said the brave Lieut. Benson: "I understand that there are some persons here in Maine who call Gen. McClellan a coward; and some who call him a traitor. I hope I shall not meet any such." There was that in the noble fellow's eye, and in the countenance of his comrades around him that told his hearers that it would not be safe for any one to talk disparagingly of their beloved commander in their presence.

The arrival of the cars at Danville Junction, where we were obliged to part with the veterans, prevented our making many inquiries that we intended to make. We shall see them again in a few days, and will then give the readers of the Democrat a more full and perhaps interesting account of the remnant of this noble regiment.

Our attention has been called to the fact that at the Cattle Show, Mr. Stone's horse, Brandy, entered as a stock horse, received no notice at the hands of the Committee. One of the members informs us that, on making the examination, he referred to this horse, and was answered, by his associates, that he was entered for trotting only. As the committee had, or should have had, the statement of the owner in their possession, it seems singular that such an error should have been made.

A Democratic Convention, for the nomination of candidates for State officers, was held at Worcester, on Wednesday, 8th inst. The meeting was organized, when a motion was made to adopt the candidates of the "People's Party." This met with warm opposition, and the Convention adjourned in confusion, leaving no record.

Asa Turner of Brooklin, who attempted to forcibly resist the draft, has been arrested and sent to Fort Warren.

John L. Hunter, a seceder lawyer in Gardiner, who endeavored to create disturbance at Camp Keyser, by telling the soldiers they were under no obligation to stay there, has been arrested and sent to Fort Preble.

A new disease has appeared among the cows in Vermont. It is contagious; and so virulent that it is dangerous to skin an animal that has died with it, or even to tan the hides. Dr. Stevens, who cautions the people in relation to the disease, says the cows attacked become listless, and die in a few hours.

Much excitement has been created by the reported appearance, on the Pacific coast, of a rebel privateer among the whale ships. The accounts received show four vessels to have been burned already. The merchants of New Bedford met last week, and requested the insurance companies to present some plan by which these losses may be equally borne by those engaged in the trade.

We should have stated last week, that at the adjourned meeting of the Agricultural Society, on the last day of the exhibition, John A. Green, Esq., of Waterford, declined accepting the position of Trustee. On ballot, Henry C. Reed, Esq., of Norway, was chosen to fill the vacancy.

It was also voted that, next year, the Exhibition be confined to two days.

The Oxford Quarterly Conference, meets with the Congregational church, Summer, on Tuesday, Oct. 21st, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Sermon by Rev. J. B. Wheelwright, of Bethel.

We learn from the Banner, that Philo Hersey of Canton, has been appointed Lieut. Colonel of the 25th regiment.

The Boston Journal appeared, on Monday, in a dress of new type, from the foundry of Messrs. Phelps & Dalton, copper-faced by the Newton company. The Journal now averages 80,000 copies daily, in its several editions.

Charles E. Hall, Esq., Master of Transportation on the Boston & Maine Railroad, died at the Glen House, on Thursday, 9th. His disease was congestion of the brain.

The Bath, Me., Sentinel gives a list of seven ships of about 1000 tons each, now on the stocks or already launched in that city, besides a side wheel steamer.

Gen. Butler has been presented by some friends in New Orleans, with a splendid service of porcelain, ornamented with portraits of himself and with emblems of honor. It was the work of a German artist of the city.

Reported for The Oxford Democrat.

Bethel Town Fair.

The eighth annual Fair of the Bethel Farmers' Club, held at Bethel Hill, on the 7th inst., went off in good style. The entries were not quite so numerous as on some former occasions, yet there was a large and very fine variety of apples in the various departments. The exhibition of fruit was the finest ever seen here, and reflects much credit upon the skill of the various persons who presented them. The specimens of grapes entered by Alfred Twitchell, tomatoes by Eben Clough and J. S. Abbott, apples by Messrs. Ellingwood, Lyon, Geo. Twitchell, Andrew Twitchell, and James Grover, were spoken of as being unusually fine. Orrill Clough also entered a fine lot of apples—some red and yellow Harveys that attracted especial attention.

The display of needle work, and household articles was very good, reflecting much credit upon the skill and perseverance of the ladies of Bethel and vicinity.

The bouquets and flowers entered by Mrs. James Grover, Miss Agnes M. Ayer, Rev. Mr. Gaines and others, added very materially to the beauty of the tables. One Bouquet, Aster, by Miss Ayer, was the finest we ever saw, having 46 flowers on a single stalk, arranged in a very symmetrical and showy form, making a splendid natural bouquet.

Mr. Albert Twitchell delivered a splendid and entertaining address at the Universalist Church, in the evening. The house was crowded, and the audience seemed highly interested. After the address came the Committee's reports.

The various Committees appointed to award prizes, have reported as follows:

SHEEP AND SWINE. Committee—D. M. Grover, Moses Pattie, Francis Barker.

Wm W Mason entered best flock of sheep. They were mostly of Canadian breed and were very fine.

One lamb, weighing 90 lbs., fleece long and heavy, raised and always owned by Moses A. Mason, the committee thought worthy the 1st premium. The 2d was awarded to Wm W Mason for a very nice Leicester Buck, and 3d to M A Mason for 2 Bucks of fair size and proportions.

Three Bucks of the Spanish and French breed are entered, owned by Moses Mason, Gilead. Two of them are said to have shed 8-12 and 9 pounds the past season. These have short, thick wool, and though the committee, for themselves, would prefer a breed of longer wool, yet no doubt these are very good wool bearers.

David Haskell, Albany, entered 2 White Chester Pigs, 6 weeks old, for which, considering their age, the committee awarded the 1st premium. D A Twitchell entered one pig, 6 months old, which the committee pronounced to be "a beauty." Mr. T. is not a farmer, but has set the farmers a good example in raising pigs.

HORSES AND COLTS. Committee—Newton Grover, Gilman Chapman, B A Lyon.

Mr G V Ellingwood entered one breeding mare, with colt by her side, showing for itself her excellent breeding qualities; also, one 6 year old horse, very fair. Mr George Burnham, Gilead, entered one 4 years old colt, very nice,—1st premium. Three years old colt, 1st premium to Mr. E Russell; 2d to Josiah Heath. Two years colt, 1st premium,—best on exhibition. Yearling colt, entered by Mr. Bartlett, very good. Three months colt, 1st premium to G V Ellingwood; 2d to Wilson Hammons; 3d to Sam'l Stowell.

One saddle horse, entered by E W Barker, very fair. One parade horse, entered by Dr. Moses Mason, 11 years old, looked nice. H. N. Newell entered one 5 years old colt, called the Norgal Sharezer. This is noted for his running qualities; a number of young ladies are witnesses of this, having often "waited for the wagon" in order to "take a ride."

BREAD AND HONEY.

Committee—Joseph A. Twitchell, John A. Twitchell, Levi Twitchell.

There were but few specimens entered in our department; but what came in we considered very nice.

One loaf brown bread, entered by Mrs. Benj. Freeman, looked good, and on testing it we were not disappointed; it was good. Two loaves fine bread, one by Mrs. W J Hayden, the other by Miss Anna B Grover, both good; we could hardly judge between them.

Only one lot of honey was entered, and that by Mr. L P Holt. Of course your committee tried this, and found it first rate.

DAIRY.

Committee—D. Davis, J. Lovejoy.

There were five entries of butter, all very fine, so much so that the committee found it difficult to judge between them.

June butter, 1st premium to Mrs Wm R Pingree, Albany. Fall butter, 1st premium to Mrs R A Frye, Bethel.

Specimens of nice butter, entered by Mrs J Abbott, Mrs J Russell, Mrs A Sloan, Albany, and Mrs Woodman Mason, all worthy of honorable mention.

There were four entries of cheese—all very good. 1st premium to Mrs F Burbank; 2d to Mrs Woodman Mason; 3d do., Mrs Francis Barker; 4th do., Mrs Deacon L Grover, who had a fine cheese on exhibition.

DRAWING.

Committee—John Barker, Moses Mason, Gilead.

Number of oxen entered for drawing, 7 yoke.

One, measuring 7 ft., driven by Hiram H Gillidower, Pearmain, Baldwin, Porter, Nonesuch, Golden Russett, Golden Ball, Black Apple, Russett, Rhode Island Greening, Bullard cooking apple, one kind of grapes.

One, measuring 6 ft. 10 inches, owned by Leander Jewett, drew it 18 feet, first pull, and the same the 2d,—2d premium.

One, measuring 6 feet 10 inches, owned by J C Stearns, drew the load handsomely. One, measuring 6 ft. 7 inches, owned by Moses Mason, Gilead, drew as well as any according to their size.

One, measuring 6 ft. 10 inches, owned by Hiram H Gillidower, drew well, and no doubt could have done better, if better teamed. One owned by Benjamin Russell, and one by G L Blake, did well.

FARM CROPS.

Chairmen—A L Barbanks.

Grover. Eight rows, 1st premium, Geo. V. Ellingwood.

Sweet Corn, 1st premium, to J S Abbott, 12 pounds.

Rice corn, 1st premium, Wm R Pingree, Albany; 2d do., G L Blake.

Potatoes—Lapland White, 1st premium, Hiram Young; Early Blues, very fine, H. Wilson; Seedlings, 1st premium, Wm R Pingree, Albany.

Pumpkins—Twin pumpkins by G. L. Blake, very good.

Two fine ripe pumpkins by John E Farewell.

One by Gilman Chapman, weighing 49 1/2 pounds.

Mr. John E. Farewell exhibited some fine flax seed. Farmers may have to become acquainted with this article.

DISTRICT TEAMS.

Committee—Josiah Brown 2d, Deacon L. Grover, G V Ellingwood.

There were three entries of District teams. One from Grover Hill, of ten pairs, was a fine show of working cattle. One from Middle Intervale, of seven pairs oxen and steers, some of them very fine, and did credit to their owners. One from G M Ellingwood District, of four pairs, very good.

The committee gave the preference to the one from Grover Hill.

VEGETABLES.

Two citrons by James Walker; 1 strap leaf turnip, very large, by E L Richardson; 2 Southern sugar beets, one orange beet, by S. Stowell; 1 cauliflower, by M C Foster.

Mr. Foster received the seed from the Patent Office. He says they are superior to any raised. We award Mr. Foster the 1st premium. One custard squash, 1 large squash, by J Grover; 2 large squashes, by Susan Smith, Newry; 2 English turnips, 2 squashes, 1 turnip beet the stalk 7 ft and 8 inches long, 1st premium, by J S Abbott; 1 marrow leaf squash, weighing 18 lbs., 1st premium, by Howard Freeman; 6 English turnips, very fair, said to be the best for winter use, 1st premium, by J E Farewell; 1 doz. very large seedling potatoes, 9 large blood beets, 1st premium, by W R Pingree, Albany; 1 lot very good onions, 1 Ruta Baga turnip, by S L Chandler, Bethel; 4 squashes, very good, by D A Twitchell; 1 very nice best, 1st premium, by O Ffield, Riley Plantation; 1 large turnip, 1st premium, by L Littlehall, Riley Plantation; 2 turnip beets, very large, 1st premium, by Nathaniel LeBaron, Greenwood; 1 large sized Egg Squash, 1 Savoy Cabbage, 2 English turnips, 21 premium, by S B Barker, Greenwood; 1 lot large orange carrots, very good, 1st premium, by Hiram Young; 3 Russian Gourds, 13 raised from one seed, 1 weighed 35 pounds, and the smallest weighed 11 lbs.—six rods around the vines, 1st premium, by Moses Mason, Gilead; 2 marrow squashes, 1 weighed 32 1/2 and the other 24 1/2 pounds, grown from one vine, 1st premium, by L Smith, Newry; 1 very good marrow fast squash, 1 lot sugar beets, 1 lot parsnips, 1 lot carrots, 1 Hubbard squash, 1 English turnip, 1 Russian Gourd, 3 Daies Hybrid turnips, 2 orange jelly turnips, 4 varieties of cabbages, 1st premium, by Joseph Twitchell; 1 lot very nice bell peppers, 11 pods from four stalks raised in a box 14 by 18 inches, 1 cabbage weighing 13 pounds, 1st premium, by Levi Twitchell; 1 lot silver skin onions, 4 blood beets, 4 carrots, 1st premium, by A Sloan, Albany.

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War News.

A number of paroled rebel prisoners, residents of this vicinity, who have been sent from the Old Capitol Prison to Richmond, arrived at Washington, Monday. They report that much feeling exists there against Jeff. Davis' government, and it was denounced in the bitterest terms.

The Granada Appeal, of the 13th inst., makes the result of the Corinth battle even more disastrous to the rebels than our own reports. It stated that one of the rebel Generals (meaning, probably, Van Dorn) is treated with great indignation.

SENECA, Mo., Oct. 13. The 6th Missouri regiment of State militia, Col. Catherwood, have, in several scouting expeditions in the last few days, broken up various bands of guerrillas, killing the notorious Joe Kirk, who has murdered so many private citizens lately. Capt. London of the 2d Missouri and Lieut. Alexander of the same regiment, and some 50 bushwhackers. They also brought into camp this morning the rebel Col. Wm. H. McCown, who escaped from the St. Louis military prison some time ago. They have also captured a mass of interesting correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Oct. 13. Papers and dispatches dated as the 6th, have been received by Gen. Combs from Arkansas. Hindman was then at Duval's Bluff. Parson was represented as moving toward Northern Missouri, and seeking to winter his forces with Stein and Melville at Pocahontas. The rebel commander Holmes was at Little Rock.

Gen. Schofield had arrived at Cassville, in Barre county, near the Arkansas line. Southwestern Missouri is once more cleared of rebel forces, and telegraphic communication is complete to Cassville.

Through the contributions of the people, in response to the appeal heretofore made, the Medical Department has been supplied with immense quantities of lint and dressings, and, therefore, no more are at present required.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 14. A dispatch to Gov. Robinson dated Danville, says the rebels having left Capt. Dick Robinson, are going south toward Lancaster. The Federals are in pursuit.

The Federal forces occupy Lexington, which the rebels evacuated yesterday. A large body of the enemy are reported at Nicholasville.

It is rumored, but entirely discredited here, that Gen. Buell yesterday surrounded 20,000 rebels, and gave them until 9 o'clock this morning to surrender.

A rebel battery of four guns at Urbana, on the Rappahannock, was captured by our gunboats on the 7th, with the loss of one killed and seven wounded.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 14. The St. Paul Pioneer of the 12th says, dispatches received by General Pope from Gen. Sibley reports the Indian war, as far as the Sioux are concerned, ended. The entire force of the lower hands surrendered to Gen. Sibley. He has probably 2000 prisoners.

Cavalry force is in pursuit of Little Crow and others, who made their escape. Twenty Indians have been convicted so far.

A report reached Gen. Bayard today that the enemy's cavalry were marching in force toward Upton's Hill by the Leesburg road. A cavalry scout was sent out to ascertain whether this was true. The rumor, however, was not fully credited.

Col. Stewart, as he boasted he would, has made the circuit of Gen. McClellan's army, crossing the Potomac above it, riding rapidly through a portion of Maryland and Pennsylvania in its rear, destroying and seizing property and spreading alarm and excitement as he went, escaping in safety at a point on the river south of the army, back again to the place of beginning, having made a march 90 miles in twenty-four hours.

The towns through which Stewart passed were plundered of clothing etc., and all the horses that could be taken. Though somebody's carelessness, but one of them was captured.

The New Orleans correspondent of the N. Y. Express says that Baton Rouge is still held by our gunboats. The Federal troops have been withdrawn, but there is no rebel force in or near it. Nor has it been burned. A few buildings were destroyed as a matter of necessity, in order that the guns of the fleet might have a fair chance at any rebel force that should attempt to occupy the town.

BARN BURNED. A barn, with ten tons of hay, owned by I. H. Edwards, was totally consumed by fire in Farmington, on the 4th inst.

A letter from Newcastle-on-Tyne, (England), dated on the 14th ult., has been received in New York, which states that several large steamers are building there to run the blockade on the Southern coast. They were heavily armed, and would be ready for sea in a month. Two of them the Malacca and the Louisiana are 325 feet long, and carry each two engines of 2000 horse power.

The Boston Post says Matt. Ward, the Louisville schoolmaster murderer, was shot by guerrillas on his own plantation a few days since.

RESIGNED TO IT. "How?" said an old friend of Col. Blank of the regular army, as he met him on Broadway the other day: "I thought you declared you would resign if the President issued an anti-slavery proclamation, and yet you wear your shoulder straps still." "Oh," replied the colored, "I meant that I would resign myself to it, and I have done so." [N. Y. Post.

We learn that the friends of Col. Virgin, in Norway, have made arrangements to present him with a horse, as a testimonial regard.

A sword and scabbard was presented Capt. H. N. Butler, on Tuesday evening.

In Days of Old.

There was a time—in days of old—When health was prized above gold, That day has passed—all now neglect That precious boon—all should protect.

Of sense and reason, all are bereft, Or it would appear there's but little left, Apply to them to cure your ills By the immediate use of Herick's Pills.

These remarkable Pills startle whole communities by their wonderful cures. Adapted to fever, youth, manhood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish, French and German directions. Elegantly coated with sugar, purely vegetable, and sell in large family boxes for 25 cents.

See advertisement on third page.

MARRIED.

In Norway, 12th, by R. H. Noble, Esq., Mr. Joseph S. Holt of Paris, to Miss Jane A. Saunders of Portland, Me. C. M. Favor of Norway, to Miss Margaret L. Humphrey of Yarmouth.

DIED.

In Paris, 6th, Herman Melville, aged 10 years and 4 months; 12th, Eugene Melrose, aged 13 years and 6 months, children of Thomas J., and Caroline B. Whitehead.

Eugene and Herman were members of the Methodist Episcopal Sabbath School, at South Paris; regular in attendance; interested in its exercises; and beloved by their teachers and classmates. They were, I am told, remarkably free from the voice in which boys too often indulge.

Herman was attacked by diphtheria on Thursday, 2d inst., and borne to his grave on the Tuesday following. Eugene, then in health, attended the remains of his brother to the place of burial, and returned home, to become in one short week, a victim to the same disease, and to lay down by his brother's side.

Sickness and sorrow here on earth Oppress the friends we love. But joy and brightness alone, Dwell in our home above. Com.

VIRGIN & KING,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
NORWAY, ME.

CLOCKS & WATCHES,
Jewelry, Spectacles, &c.,
CAREFULLY REPAIRED, BY
B. WALTON.
PARIS HILL, Oct. 16.

IT IS A FACT,
Not to be disputed,
THAT
H. ROSENBERG,
SOUTH PARIS.

Keeps not only the most extensive, but the best selected stock of
Dry Goods & Millinery,
But that he sells goods of the same quality.

As Low, and Lower, than they can be obtained anywhere in this State.

Having bought his goods as close as cash could buy them, he will, in order to make quick sales, sell them at a very small advance on the cost, so as to bring them in reach of everyone desiring to purchase.

The subscriber would respectfully call attention to the following articles:
Black and Fancy Silks,
Ribbons,
ALL, AND HALF WOOL, DELAINES,
Alpaca Plaids and Fig. Alpacaes,
Cachemeres, Lyoneses,
Ottoman Cloths, Prints, White English Flannels,
Black & Colored All-Wool Ladies' Cloth,
SCARVES AND SCARFINGS,
Linen and White Goods of Every Description, Balmaine, Corsets, Stays, &c.,
Ladies, Misses, and Children's Hosiery and Gloves,
Hoop Skirts of all sizes, &c., &c., &c.

THE
Millinery Department,
Has never been more complete, than it is this season, and the subscriber takes great pleasure in informing his friends and patrons, that he has been so fortunate as to secure the services of
MRS. A. CHAPIN,
A lady who has had charge of quite an extensive Millinery Establishment, in Massachusetts, more than eight years, and who feels confident of being able to give satisfaction.

No pains will be spared to keep this branch fresh by new additions throughout the season.
Bonnets and Hats pressed at 15 Cts.
Best Spool Cotton, by the 1-2 doz. at 33 Cts.
Double, Single & Split Zephyrs,
Shetland and Jacket Yarn,
By the pound, ounce, or single knot, at the lowest Boston price.

MRS. A. R. RAY,
Continues to carry on the
CLOAK AND DRESS MAKING,
For which branch all kinds of Trimmings are kept constantly on hand.

In order to make it more easy for the Farming Community, the subscriber has made arrangements to take, in exchange for goods, good strong
Dried Apple, Eggs & Stocking Yarn,
for which the highest market price will be allowed.
H. ROSENBERG.

Farm for Sale.
OF SIXTY ACRES, situated 2 1/2 miles from Norway Village, on the Col. Millet road, formerly owned by Wm. Churchill. The same is well divided into village, mowing, wood and pasture. There is a thrifty young orchard, and running water on the same. It will be sold at a good bargain. For further particulars and plan of the same, inquire of WM. E. GOODNOW, Norway, or S. RICHARDS, Jr., South Paris, Oct. 12, 1862.

OXFORD, SS. At a Court of Probate held at Bethel, within and for the County of Oxford, on the sixth day of September A. D. 1862.

NATHAN GROVER, administrator of the estate of Daniel Kames, late of Zimonia, in the State of Minnesota, deceased, having presented his second and final account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

Ordered, That the said administrator give notice in an equally proper period of time, by spreading this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the third Tuesday of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.
A true copy—attest:
J. S. HOBBS, Register.

Job Printing neatly executed at the Democrat Office.

600,000 MALE OR FEMALE AGENTS TO SELL
Lloyd's New Steel Plate County Colored Map of the United States, CANADA and NEW BRUNSWICK.
From recent surveys, completed Aug. 10, 1862; cost \$20.00 to engrave it and one year's time. Superior to any \$10 map ever made, or of Mitchell, and sells at the low price of fifty cents; 370,000 names are engraved on this map. It is not only a County Map, but it is also a COUNTY AND RAILROAD MAP of the United States and Canada combined in one, giving every railroad station, and distances between.

Guarantee any woman or man \$3 to \$5 per day, and will take back all maps that cannot be sold and refund the money.
Send for \$1 worth to try.
Printed instructions how to canvass well, furnished all our agents.

Wanted—Wholesale Agents for our Maps in every State, California, Canada, England, France and Cuba. A baritone may be made with a few hundred dollars capital. No commission.
J. T. LLOYD, No 184 Broadway, New York.

The War Department uses our Map of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, cost \$100,000, which is marked Antietam Creek, Sharpsburg, Maryland heights, Williamstown Ferry, Robertsville, Nantux's Ford, and all other places of importance, and every other place in Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, or money refunded.

Lloyd's Topographical Map of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.
Is the only authority for Gen. Buell and the War Department. Money refunded to anyone finding an error in it. Price 30 cents.

From the Tribune, Aug. 2.
LLOYD'S MAP OF VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, AND PENNSYLVANIA. This Map is very large; its cost is but 25 cents, and it is the best which can be purchased.

LLOYD'S GREAT MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER. From Actual Surveys by Capt. Hart and Wm. Bowen, Mississippi river pilot, of St. Louis, Mo., shows every navigation, plantation and owner's name from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico—1,500 miles—every canal, island, town, landing, and all places 20 miles back from the river—colored at Paris in said County, the last publication to be twenty days at least before the next term of said Court, to be held at Paris, afterward, on the second Tuesday of Nov'r next, to the end that the said defendant may then and there appear at said Court, and show cause, if any he has, why judgment should not be rendered against him, and execution issued accordingly.

Attest: **SIDNEY PERHAM, Clerk.**
[Abstract of Plaintiff's Writ.]
Assessments upon delinquent promissory note for \$85.00, dated June 30, 1861, payable to one Eliza T. Nutter in six months from date with interest, and endorsed by said Nutter to the plaintiff. Date of writ, Sept. 23, 1861, returned to the March Term, 1862. Addmons, \$75. Hastings & Walker, Lowell, plf's attorneys. A true copy of order of Court and abstract of writ.

Attest: **SIDNEY PERHAM, Clerk.**
[Abstract of Plaintiff's Writ.]
Assessments upon delinquent promissory note for \$85.00, dated June 30, 1861, payable to one Eliza T. Nutter in six months from date with interest, and endorsed by said Nutter to the plaintiff for order, in three months from date with interest. Date of writ, January 24, 1862. Returnable to March Term, A. D. 1862. Addmons, \$200. Randall & Winter, Bethel, plf's attorneys. A true copy of the plaintiff's writ and the order of Court.

Attest: **SIDNEY PERHAM, Clerk.**
DOLE & MOODY,
Commission Merchants,
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Flour, Corn & Produce,
No. 5, Galt Block,
COMMERCIAL STREET,
PORTLAND, ME.
Andrew T. Dole, 26 Franklin C. Moody.

DAVID KNAPP,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
PARIS, MAINE.

O. W. BLANCHARD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
RUMFORD POINT, ME.

HASTINGS & WALKER,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
LOVELL, ME.
D. R. HASTINGS, A. H. WALKER.

BOLSTER & LUDDEN,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
DIXFIELD, ME.
W. W. BOLSTER, L. H. LUDDEN.

W. A. PIDGIN & CO.,
Book, Card and Fancy Job Printers,
PARIS, MAINE.

DR. A. THOMPSON,
DENTIST,
No. 2, Beal's Block,
NORWAYVILLE, ME.

HENRY D. HUTCHINS,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
LOVELL, MAINE.

ELDEN BARKER,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
LOVELL, MAINE.

All precepts, by mail or otherwise, promptly attended to.

J. S. POWERS,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
FREDBURG, ME.
All precepts by mail promptly attended to.

W. G. SPRING,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
HIRAM, ME.
All business promptly attended to.

ALVAH BLACK,
Counsellor & Attorney at Law
(Office, over the Post Office,
PARIS HILL,
OXFORD COUNTY, ME.)

THOMAS P. CLEAVES,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Browfield, Oxford Co., Me.

D. D. RIDLON,
Deputy Sheriff and Coroner
FOR THE COUNTY OF OXFORD,
KEZAR FALLS, ME.

For Sale or to Let,
A FINE BLACKSMITH SHOP, and House
it wanted, situated in East Norway, within 10
miles of Bethel, and near the mill, where a good
workman can make \$1000 a year. For further
particulars inquire of N. M. VARNEY, on the
premises.
East Norway, June 27, 1862.

TWO NO. 1 FARMS in Norway, and three in
Oxford, for sale at great bargain; and three
Village Building Houses. Inquire of
WM. E. GOODNOW, Agent.

LOST. A Carpet Bag, rather small sized,
made of common glazed cloth, a clasp containing
ret. exc. jewelry, clothing, &c. Any person
finding said carpet bag, will be suitably rewarded
by returning the same to
NATHANIEL YOUNG,
N. 4, Paris, Sept. 9, 1862.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that
he has been duly appointed by the Honorable
Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and
assumed the trust of Executor of the last will and
testament of
DAVID WARREN, late of Hartford,
in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the
directed, and thereupon represents all persons
who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to
make immediate payment; and those who have
any claims against the estate to exhibit the same to
him, on the 11th inst. 1862.
PHIBBE WARREN.

LOST. While attending the Association at
the East Norway, a silver knife. The same
was doubly valuable since it was the gift of a
dear friend near the close of life. Will the finder
have the goodness to communicate the fact to the
Clerk of the Association.

THIS certifies that I have this day given to my
son, Abner W. West, his time until he is
twenty-one years old, to act and trade for himself,
and shall claim none of his earnings, nor pay
any debts of his contracting after this date.
Witness—**JOSEPH H. WEST.**
Attest—**JOSEPH H. WEST.**

THIS certifies that I have this day given to my
son, Abner W. West, his time until he is
twenty-one years old, to act and trade for himself,
and shall claim none of his earnings, nor pay
any debts of his contracting after this date.
Witness—**JOSEPH H. WEST.**
Attest—**JOSEPH H. WEST.**

Herick's Kid Strengthening Plasters
cure in five hours, pains and weakness of the
breast, side and back, and Rheumatic Complaints
in an equally short period of time. Spread this
beautiful white plaster, their skin, subjects the
wearer to no inconvenience, and each one will
wear from one week to three months. Price 18
cents.
Herick's Sugar Coated Pills and Kid Plasters
are sold by Druggists and Merchants in all parts of
the United States, Canada and South America,
and may be obtained by calling on their full name,
DR. L. K. HERICK, Albany, N. Y.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

S. R. SHEHAN,
HAVING LOCATED HIMSELF
AT BETHEL HILL.
Will prosecute the tailoring business in all
its branches.

Having had over 20 years experience as CUTTER,
in the City of Portland.

And other large towns in this State, he feels
confident of giving entire satisfaction in all cases;
and he hopes, by prompt attention to the wants of
the public, to merit a share of patronage.

WANTED immediately, four young ladies to
learn the trade.

Particular attention paid to Cutting Gar-
ments, to be made out of the shop.
All garments made at this establishment, war-
ranted to give entire satisfaction.

S. R. SHEHAN.
BETHEL, Sept. 15th, 1862.
SCHOOL BOOKS!
BAILEY & NOYES,
56 AND 58 EXCHANGE STREET,
PORTLAND.

Have constantly on hand a full supply of
ALL THE SCHOOL BOOKS
In use in the State.

Being largely engaged in Publishing, our facilities
for obtaining books of every kind, and
selling cheap

Are equal to any house in New England.

—ALSO—
BLANK ACCOUNT BOOKS!
A large assortment always on hand. We have
A GOOD STOCK OF ROOM PAPERS,
Which we sell at New York prices.

BOOK BINDING.
We would invite all persons who have BOOK
BINDING to be done to give us a call. We have
EXTRA FACILITIES and can warrant our
work.

H. B. HALL,
Druggist and Apothecary,
AND DEALER IN
Paints, Dry-Staffs, Glass,
BOOKS & STATIONERY.

Bounties, Back Pay and Pensions,
Procured for the friends of
DECEASED SOLDIERS,
BY
BYRON D. VERRILL,
Attorney at Law, Office, No. 117 Middle Street,
PORTLAND, ME.

PENSIONS will also be obtained for disabled
Soldiers. Apply in person or by mail.

S. RICHARDS, Jr.,
Dealer in
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY
Silver & Plated Ware,
SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS
Opposite Methodist Church
SOUTH PARIS.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired and
Warranted.

International House,
JUNCTION OF
EXCHANGE, CONGRESS & LIME STS.,
Opposite New City Hall, Portland, Me.

THE subscriber having leased this new and
commodious Hotel, invites to it the attention
of the traveling public.

No pains will be spared to make the INTERNA-
tional a first class Hotel, and at the same time
the charges for board by the day or week, will be
within the reach of the business public.
JOS. W. STOVER, Proprietor.

WM. E. GOODNOW,
Fire and Life Insurance,
—AND—
Real Estate Agent,
NORWAY, MAINE.

All business done at very low terms.

S. W. BUTTERFIELD,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
WINDOW FRAMES, &c.
Jig Sawing and turning of all kinds,
DONE WITH NEATNESS.

Manufactory at
BETHEL, MAINE.

J. G. RICH,
HUNTER, TRAPPER AND GUIDE.
UPTON, Oxford County, Me.

Good Bait and Reliable Guides furnished for
Sportsmen on application at my home in Upton, to
be made.

TRUSSES, SHOULDER BRACES,
And Supporters!
ALL KINDS AND VARIETIES!
Warranted to fit, and give
Perfect Satisfaction!
VERY LOW FOR CASH!

A. OSCAR NOYES,
Norway Village, Maine.

LOVELL, Sept. 12th, 1862. This certifies
that for a valuable consideration, I have this
day given my son, David P. Lovell, the sum of
\$1000, to be paid to him, or to his assigns, or
to the order of him, or to the order of his assigns,
or to the order of his assigns, or to the order of
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