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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

PARIS, MAINE,

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1861.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

OLD SERIES VOLUME 29, NO. 4.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

WILD ANIMALS OF MAINE.

By J. G. Rich.

THE AMERICAN RED FOX.—(Canis Fulvus.)

This animal is so common about our farms and barn-yards it is not improbable that many farmers in our State may know more about the habits of the fox than a professional hunter could be expected to know. Still he is a wild animal, and comes under our immediate business, and more, as we intend to treat upon each family of animals as they occur.

This animal belongs to the "Canis," and together with the wolf, represents the canine family, "Canidae," inhabiting our State, except the common dog, (*Canis familiaris*). All of this family have teeth alike, and 42 in number. They have five toes on the fore feet and four toes on the hind feet, and sometimes a fifth on the tarsus; claws not retractile. The red fox has a much finer brush, or tail, than the European, and is a much larger animal. The fur of the body is full, long, soft, and of a bright rufous brown, with some white under the body and black about the feet. The voice of the fox is a sort of yelp or bark like a dog, only sharper, with a shrill continuation. This noise may be so modified or varied as to represent different meanings, and is as well understood by foxes as our language is by us. As a proof of this, I will relate a little circumstance which happened while I was living on the Richardson Lake farm. One morning I accidentally discovered a fox burrow only a few rods from the house, and as several young foxes were about the mouth of the hole at play, I thought I would treat my family to a sight of them. So I called my wife and children, and we went out very quietly, and walked up so near as almost to touch the little fellows; and the children were delighted at the sight. But now we hear the old fox over the side of a neighboring hill, making her common yelp or bark;—we could plainly see her about two rods off; as we kept near the little foxes, to see if we could catch one, they seemed as destitute of fear as a common house cat. The old fox seemed very uneasy and kept up her noise, of which the little ones seemed to take no notice at all. But suddenly she made a tremendous yelp, and continued her voice some seconds; and on the instant, long before the sound had ceased, every young fox had entered the hole with the rapidity of lightning, and we saw no more of them that morning. The next morning I took some tools and dug the burrow entirely out, but found not a fox; showing the cunning of the fox superior to the hunter.

The fox, like other members of the canine family, is entirely carnivorous, and is also solitary in his habits, burrowing alone, and stealing out at the dusk of evening after his prey, continuing throughout the night his search for food to relieve his rapacious appetite. His eye is so formed as to see almost or quite as well in a moon-light night as in the day time. He does not depend upon his eyes alone for his food, but has a keen scent so that he can creep upon a rabbit or partridge without seeing them, or following their track. They will kill all they can of every description of small animal, and what they do not want at present they bury for future use.

They breed in April, bringing from three to six at a birth, and live in a family about four months. They can scarcely be tamed when taken young, and never when taken old; but will soon die if confined.

We also have a fox called the Cross Grey, which I consider to be a variety of the red fox, having grey fur mingled with black, the latter color prevailing over the shoulders, and forming many varieties, some of which are more valuable than others.

There occurs still another variety in this State, viz: the Black or Silver Grey fox, (*Canis Fulvus var. argentatus*). Of this animal very little is known; but it is supposed to be, by many hunters, a distinct variety. This may or may not be the case. I have no means of knowing, and so leave the question to be proved by some future hunters or naturalists. This fox is very rare, only an occasional one is taken in this State. It is about the same size of the common red fox, and has a very beautiful color—sometimes with a deep, glossy black, with white on the tail; but more generally it is silvered all over, the end of each of the long hairs being tipped with white, making a most beautiful appearance. This fur brings six times as much as any fur in the market. There was one killed in the town of Bethel last winter; but I am not able to describe its color, as I had not this pleasure of seeing it.

Fox pelts are understood to be shipping fur, and are used more in Europe than in this country. About eight thousand are shipped there annually from the different fur countries.

This fur always sells to great advantage in the spring. I have known \$2.25 obtained in March for red fox, when in the fall they would bring but \$1.50, and this I believe holds good from year to year.

A lady near here, on the border of the lake, shot a fox in the act of lagging off one of her geese early one morning, and succeeded in getting him.

From The Technologist.

Vegetable Products of Siam.

Areca catechu, a slender graceful palm, is extensively cultivated for its fruit, known under the name of betel-nuts, as largely employed in chewing by the Siamese, and other Eastern nations, as affording a stimulant. It has been observed that the Asiatic nations would rather forego meat and drink than their favorite betel-nut. A small quantity are exported to China. May and June are the months when the largest quantity can be procured; but though an article of very large consumption in the country, it is not grown to any extent for exportation. What is exported is mostly grown at Petio, and down the west coast of the Gulf.

The leaf of the betel pepper (*Piper betel*) is inseparable from the use of the betel-nut, the kernel of which is wrapped in a leaf of that plant, over which a small quantity of quick lime is spread, to which a fine pink color is given by mixing it with rhizome of the *Curcuma longa*, or turmeric. The rhizome, as already observed, forms one of the chief ingredients of the curry powders of India.

Among the fibres of plants grown in Siam, useful for textile fabrics, a species of hemp has been exported, which is said to be prepared from a plant resembling a nettle in appearance. This has probably been obtained from the *Urtica tenax* senn, the fibres of which have been pronounced identical with the celebrated China grass. The real hemp is likewise cultivated, not so much for its fibres, as for extracting its intoxicating and narcotic qualities, for the preparation of the hashish of the Arabs, or ganeba of the Siamese, which is used for the same purposes as opium, producing, when being smoked, exhilarating effects, with subsequent prostration and sleep. The cultivation of cotton has not received that attention which it deserves. Small quantities are produced in the Laos country, samples of which I have transmitted to the English Government. The great distance of the country where it is at present cultivated, and the difficulty of transport to Bangkok from the interior, have no doubt injuriously operated in preventing the development of trade. Judging from the countries that produce cotton, which I have visited—namely, the United States, the West Indies, and Guiana—I see no reason why the alluvial districts of Siam should not produce as fine a cotton as the countries previously stated. A want is seriously felt to effect an extensive cultivation—namely, the scarcity of laborers. The distance of the country where cotton is cultivated, from Bangkok, is very great; and as the article is so bulky for transport in canoe down the river, this is one of the circumstances which has operated against a greater development of this trade. To obviate this difficulty, in some degree, the English Government has included, among the presents forwarded to the sovereign of Siam, a hydraulic press, to compress the cotton into bales.

Feeding Grain to Cattle.

A subscriber inquires of the American Agriculturist whether it is advisable to feed oats to cattle in winter. Some of his neighbors think the practice injurious. It is objected that grain of any kind is too stimulating for young animals, and that they will grow up more hardy if kept on scanty feed. We regard this as an error. The usual food of an animal, including grain, is not "stimulating" in the same sense as spices and drugs used by man; were that the case, there would be no question as to the propriety of allowing grain to young horses or other animals. Grain contains more nutriment than the same bulk of straw or hay. If fed in large quantity to one not worked sufficiently to keep the digestive powers very active, the stomach and other organs will be impaired, and the health of the animal will be injured. But given judiciously, grain promotes the growth and strength of horses either young or old. The proper way to harden an animal, is not to cramp the growth of its organs, but to develop them to the fullest extent, and nutritious food is indispensable to this end. It is the practice of some of the best breeders to allow a small quantity of oats or corn to colts, as soon as they will eat them, say from a quart to two quarts per day during the first winter, and a more liberal allowance the following year, increasing the quantity gradually. Oats are preferable as corn from its oily nature predisposes to inflammatory diseases. Herbert says this treatment will amply repay the owner in the quality of bone and muscle which the animal will form, and in the increased size, beauty, and stamina, which will be his characteristics when he is growing toward maturity. He gives his opinion that a colt cared for in this way, will be, at two years old, the equal of any three-year-old, allowed to take his chance without any food but that furnished him from his ordinary commons, or picked up by himself, in his Summer pasture or Winter straw yard.

Lord North, who detested music, was asked to subscribe to the ancient concert. He refused. "But your lordship's brother," urged the applicant. "If I was as deaf as he, I would subscribe, too," was the prompt reply.

From the Working Farmer and U. S. Journal.

Chiloon Sheep.

Belonging to Chili, and outlying its Southern coast, is the island of Chiloon, considerably larger than our Long Island of New York, and famous alike for its superior breed of sheep, and its abundance of black beans, (*Pigeon negre*), its semi-eternal rains, and a breed of sheep, remarkable for their abundant fleece, and the extremely fine flavor of their flesh.

The dried mutton of Chiloon is much sought after, always in demand, and highly prized along the whole line of coast, from Valparaiso to Panama. It is always tender, and more readily cured than any other flesh, and whatever may be the age or condition of the animal when killed, is always free from that objectionable, sleepy flavor, characteristic of mutton generally.

Whatever the origin of the Chiloon sheep may have been, it is certain that at the present time, they have several distinctive features that place them something beyond a tenth cousinship to any other race of sheep extant. They stand quite a third taller than the South Down, having a form more nearly resembling the Springbok of South Africa, than the ordinary sheep, and after the shrill, plaintive cry of the gazelle, instead of the flat, inebell, Baa—a—a, of their Continental cousins. The fleece, at a year's growth, attains the enormous length of sixteen to twenty inches, hanging on one side of the animal when at rest, in a glossy fringe; or flapping out like a gossamer cloud, as the startled creature bounds away with the fleetness almost of the flying antelope. The quality of the wool is certainly not quite so fine as that of several of our improved breeds, but the texture is very soft and down-like, having nothing of the harshness of our native wools, while the color is a pure, brilliant white. The fleece does not part along the spine, as in all other sheep, whose arrangement subjects to almost inevitable death if exposed to a protracted cold rain storm; but lies in a compact mass along the back bone, shedding the water as effectually as the plumage of a water fowl; and thus enabling the Chiloon sheep to withstand with impunity, the long, cold rains of the country, and the piercing cold winds that come down with their ice-chills from the Antarctic Ocean.

The main substance of these sheep, the black bean before mentioned, which grows in great abundance all over the island, quite as regardless of the inclement rains, as these animals themselves. Failing, however, to procure a supply of these beans, the Chiloon sheep will, nevertheless, manage to maintain himself in most excellent condition, on forage that would tax severely the endurance of chamois. We tested that quality once, a good many years ago, when we drove the Old Juniper—fat-catcher, down into the Gulf of Anadir after John White. We took in sixteen Chiloon woolly ladies and gentlemen, as passengers, when we got round the Horn, and every one of them took to ship's fare—beans, peas, moulty ship bread, and musty meal, with infinitely less grumbling than forsooth Jack did. And they kept in most excellent condition, too, while three splendid ewes, supplied us gentlemen of the quarter deck with an abundance of rich milk for our tea and coffee, during our four months Arctic cruising.

As none of our animals appeared to suffer in the least from the severity of the weather, I am inclined to the opinion that our climate in the Northern States would agree with them perfectly; and, doubtless, had the island of Chiloon been but a quarter as well known to us generally, as England is, we should, at the present time, have the Chiloon sheep among us as common as our South Down and Cotswolds.

R. C. KENDALL.

Phosphorus.

It is now just two hundred years since phosphorus was first obtained by Brand, of Hamburg. So wonderful was the discovery then considered, that Kraft, an eminent philosopher of the day, gave Brand three hundred dollars for the secret of its preparation. Kraft then traveled, and visited nearly all the courts of Europe, exhibiting phosphorus to kings and nobles. In appearance, phosphorus resembles bone-wax; but it is more transparent, approaching to the color of amber. Its name, which is derived from the Greek, signifies "light-bearer," and is indicative of its most distinguishing quality, being self-luminous. Phosphorus, when exposed to the air, shines like a star, giving out a beautiful lambent, greenish light. It dissolves in warm, sweet oil. If this phosphorized oil be rubbed over the face in the dark, the features assume a ghastly appearance, and the experimenter looks like a veritable living Wilcof-the-Wisp. The origin of phosphorus is the most singular fact concerning. Every other substance with which we are acquainted can be traced to either earth or air; but phosphorus seems to be of animal origin. Of all animals, man contains the most; and of the various parts of the body the brain yields, by analysis, more phosphorus than any other. The fact is of no little moment. Every thought has, perhaps, a phosphorus source. It is certain that the most intellectual beings contain the most phosphorus. It generally happens that when a singular discovery is made, many years elapse before any application of it is made to the welfare and happiness of man. This remark applies to phosphorus.

[Johnson's Chemistry.]

Blindness is blind; whereof it is still in counsel, but good in execution. For in counsel it is good to see dangers; in execution, not to see them except they be very great.

MISCELLANY.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

MY WARD.

I was only twenty-three years of age when I became that important personage, a guardian of the person and fortune of Miss Fannie Lee, and this was how it happened.

George Lee and I were classmates in college, and were not only class, but room-mates and friends. We were called the inseparables, Damon and Pythias, and numerous jokes went round the college about our friendship; yet it stood the test of four years' companionship, and the ridicule of our fellow-colleagues, and we left Alma Mater firm, true friends. He was a splendid fellow, a man to love, and be proud to call friend. We settled in the same city, he as a physician, I as a lawyer, and our intercourse was always pleasant. He was an orphan, and the sole guardian of one little sister fifteen years younger than himself. There were no other relations to whom the love these two felt one for the other away from them. Their father, an Englishman, had brought his wife from the "old country," and when these two died, the children stood alone. Mr. Lee was not wealthy, but he left a small sum, the interest of which was enough for the children to live upon with economy. As soon as George was fairly started in the practice of medicine, he settled this sum upon his sister.

When I was but twenty-three, George, two years older, my friend became a victim to our country's chief scourge, consumption. In his last illness, he implored me, accept the office of guardian to his little sister. She was then at boarding school, and, George argued, would probably remain there until I was married and settled, or, if I deserted it, until she was of age, and able to take care of herself and property. Glad to relieve my friend of any sad anxiety, I undertook the charge, and was legally intrusted to guard Miss Fannie and her money for the next eleven years.

George died. It was a sore blow to me, yet the certainty that his noble, self-sacrificing spirit was happy after many trials in this rough world was a consolation, and, in time, other interests and affections came to comfort me.

Seven years passed away. I was still a bachelor, but keeping house, with Mrs. Dodd for the presiding genius of my establishment. Mrs. Dodd was a melancholy woman, constantly wiping tears from very pale blue eyes with the corner of her apron, referring with a sniffle to Dodd's defect, or, as she termed him, "my dear Henry." My days were passed in business, my evenings in practicing on the violin or reading. I had tried the piano, and a grand piano in the parlor stood a silent witness of my failure, so I contented myself with buying a magnificent cover for it, and returned to the violin, which Mrs. Dodd enthusiastically declared I "played in the most beautiful manner."

In all these seven years my ward was at school. Regularly every year I paid her bills and forwarded the remainder of her income to her teacher, for Miss Fannie's wardrobe and current expenses; and, this duty over, I thought no more about her. I had several precious documents from the principal of the seminary, reporting the progress made by Miss Lee in the various branches taught at that institute, and then another twelve-month would roll by before the intercourse was renewed. I had come, under this state of things, to look upon my ward as a very well behaved young lady, thoroughly conversant with the "English branches, music, and the modern languages," who would in the course of time leave school, claim the capital of her property, and probably marry some respectable man, and live in peace, leaving me in the same enviable state. Fancy, then, the effect produced upon my mind by the following epistle, which lay upon my desk one morning in January.

Brookdale, Jan. 18, 18—.

DEAR GUARDIAN.—The half yearly session of our school closes on Saturday next, and I finish my course. I am, between ourselves, heartily tired of school, and so I am coming to live with you. That's what all young ladies do who have guardians, ain't it?

I know your address, because Miss Screwm has it, and I will be with you on Monday evening or Tuesday. I can't say exactly how, because my new bonnet may not come home Saturday, in which case I must wait until the afternoon boat on Monday. I am quite well, and hope to find you in a flourishing state of health. I have no doubt you are a dear, clever old soul, who will not snub me as I do here, and if you are real good to me I am sure I shall love you like a house fire. You need not answer this, because I shall leave here before your answer can reach me. Come or send to the boat to meet me, won't you?

Yours, respectfully,

FANNIE LEE.

I was perfectly thunderstruck. Coming to my house! A dear old soul! I looked over at the glass. I saw a tall, erect figure, a face upon which thirty summers had left a brown hue, not entirely worn away by the winter's cold; a heavy black moustache, and thick, wavy black hair; features so-so; eyes, black and large. Then I glanced round my room, my office. All was neat there, for I had kept bachelor's hall too long to have it disorderly. My mind wandered over the house. The two third story rooms were vacant, and fitted up, one as a parlor, one as a bedroom. For I often entertained my friends for several days together; these rooms must be aired and arranged for Miss Lee. My imagination pictured a raw school-girl thumping exercises on my grand piano, dragging school-books into my parlors, and practicing on my carpets; or, still worse, a young lady, finished, filling my parlors with her admirers, kissing me up till morning in the cold and bringing her home from parties, (I savagely revolved I would

not take her to them.) Then another idea flashed across me—somebody must be there to play propriety; I was too young to have a lady of seventeen visiting me alone. Mrs. Dodd was not in her element out of the kitchen and pantry, I had no mother, no sister, but I had an aunt. My blood seemed to run in little cold rills all through me as I thought of Aunt Jane; but I could see no other way to accommodate Mrs. Grundy, so I took down my mat, and went to Aunt Jane's.

Tall, stiff, frigid was Aunt Jane, as usual. Chilling was my greeting, withering was the glance cast at my muddy boots, but my errand was successful. Aunt Jane had always considered me foolish in living alone, and she agreed to make my house her home while my ward was with me. Leaving her with *carte blanche* for the arrangements, I went to court. My ward danced over my briefs, and I addressed the presiding judge once as Miss Lee, once as Miss Fannie. I was released at last, and went home.

What a sight awaited me! Taking advantage of my order to "do as she thought proper," Aunt Jane had instituted a regular house-cleaning in the middle of January. As she had only one day to do it in, she had taken it all at once. From the garret to the cellar there was not a fire; the furnace fire had gone out, and there was no one to make it up; everybody was too busy. There were women on step-ladders, women under tables, women on the stairs, women in the closets, women from the front door to the roof. Buckets of water, large cakes of soap, rags, brushes, towels, brooms, bottles empty and full, books, everything in the most direful confusion. I was standing ruefully contemplating the scene, when I heard a well-known sniffle at my elbow.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Holmes," said Mrs. Dodd, "that we couldn't do the office; but it was locked, and we could not find the key." And at the same instant I felt a key slipped into my hand.

Mentally promising Mrs. Dodd an extra V with her month's wages, I said, "O, I've got the key." Aunt Jane, I expect Miss Lee at midnight; it is now five o'clock. May I ask how I am to receive her in this mess?

"O, it will all be done by that time. We did not take up the carpets; they only covered them, and we will soon get through."

I went to the office. Dodd! Dodd! Incomparable Dodd! A fire burned brightly in the open grate, a cold collation was spread upon one of the tables, and not a book was out of place. I was scarcely seated when my melancholy housekeeper entered with hot coffee and—

"You see, sir, Miss Jane said there was no time to get your dinner, so I did the best I could with the cold tongue and chicken, and I did manage some oysters, if you will have them." And she left, to return with one of her most delicious stews.

"If Miss Lee wants a maid, sir, my cousin has a handy girl about twenty, who would be glad to come."

"Have her here to-night," I said. And, with a grateful courtesy and sniffle, Mrs. Dodd left me.

Aunt Jane was as good as her word. When I left the house to go to the boat it was in its usual order, though a racking headache reminded me of the noise and confusion that had prevailed until after ten o'clock.

The boat came up to the wharf the moment after I arrived there, and I went on board to find my ward. I looked at all the young ladies, and instinctively I expected to see the blue eyes and fair hair of my old friend George. One after another, all those I singled out were carried off by fathers or brothers, or had an escort with them. Concluding that Miss Lee had had to wait for her new bonnet, I was leaving the boat when a tall, elderly gentleman near me said,

"Well, Miss Fannie, we must try to find Mr. Holmes' house."

I said, quickly, "Miss Lee?"

"The same, sir," said the gentleman.

"Miss Screwm asked me to take charge of her. Are you a friend of Mr. Holmes?"

Miss Fannie here is the gentleman your guardian has sent to meet you."

Could that tiny little figure beside him be my ward? She was muffled up in furs, woollens, shawls, till she was nearly as broad as she was long, and wore a heavy brown veil. She did manage, however, to get a tiny neatly gloved hand out from her wrappings, and extend to me.

"Mr. Jones has my checks," she said, in one of the clearest, sweetest voices I ever heard.

The gentleman handed me three checks, and then I offered my arm to Miss Lee. She first thanked her escort for the care he had taken of her, bade him good-by, and then turned to me. The carriage taken and trunks secured, we left the wharf.

"Why didn't Mr. Holmes come?" said Miss Fannie, as we drove through the streets; "was he afraid of the rheumatism this cold night? O, wasn't it cold on the water?"

"Were you sea-sick?" I inquired.

"Sea-sick? No, indeed! I never was sick, any kind of sick, in my life. Is this the house?"

I opened the carriage door. Mrs. Dodd I opened my front door, and Miss Lee ran in. I left her to Dodd, and turned my attention to the baggage. When I went into the parlor, she was standing near the furnace register, talking to Mrs. Dodd, and did not notice me. She had thrown aside the wrappings, and stood there in a brown merino dress, which fitted a small, graceful figure, perfectly. Unlike her brother, she was a decided brunette. Her hair fell in short, jolly curls on her shoulders, and her dark, clear complexion glowed crimson at the cheeks, with the rosy exposure to the cold. Her eyes, raised to Dodd's face, were large and very dark.

"O, never mind Miss Jane," she was saying, as I came in, "I don't care if she has gone to bed. But where's Mr. Holmes?"

"He'll be here in a minute, I suppose."

"Tell me, is he awful old, and will he be cross and fussy?"

"Old! cross! fussy!" said Dodd; "why, you rode home with him!"

"What! is that my guardian? That young handsome man? Mr. Holmes! Well, I never was so astonished!"

"And delighted, I hope!" I said, crossing the room to her side. She did not blush or look confused at my address, but looked at me a moment, with her large brown eyes, and then burst into a hearty fit of girlish laughter.

"Do you know," she said, after she recovered her gravity, "I thought you were as old as the hills? I don't know why, except that all the girls at school who have guardians, have old ones. Ain't it jolly?"

We can have a great deal nicer times now, as it is, can't we?"

"I sincerely hope you will find your new home pleasant," I said, and I meant it. The large parlors seemed to have a new radiance cast over them by the presence of this tiny, merry girl.

Mrs. Dodd went to find Lizzie, her cousin, to be inaugurated in her duties as Miss Lee's maid, and we were alone.

"I am sure it will be pleasant," said my ward, "if you won't snub me. I am so tired of being lectured and scolded, and I ain't of any use either to be always at me. I can't be quiet and lady-like, and all that sort of thing. I think—I think I ain't one of the good kind."

I could not help smiling at this naive confession. She came a little closer to me.

"You will be kind to me, won't you? You know I have nobody else!"

I held out both hands to her.

"Do you know," I said, gently, "how much I loved your brother?"

"Yes," in a whisper.

"I promised him to be kind to you. I have neglected the charge he left me, but I will make the future atone for it."

Dodd and Lizzie came in, and bidding my ward a cordial good night, I saw her go up stairs, followed by Lizzie carrying the cloaks, shawls, and furs.

Such a life as I led for the next six weeks! I don't think that any unaged monkey was ever more filled with mischief and fun than Miss Fannie Lee. She nearly tormented the life out of Aunt Jane and me. She had aunt's spectacles in my briefs, so that they fell out in court; and she put the old lady's snuff-box in my waistcoat pocket, to be produced in the same place. She chose the moments when I was absorbed in a knotty case to fly to the piano, and play the liveliest jig, and sing, in a clear soprano voice, the most absurd caricatures of opera music, rolling up her eyes, opening her mouth to its fullest extent, and scattering the most comical trills and crescendoes upon the air, till there was no alternative for me, and the papers were laid aside, to be studied out after Miss Fannie retired. No sooner did she see me disengaged than she was at my side. She pulled my moustache to make it grow, she said; she pretended to find white hairs among my black ones, and made this a pretense for jerking out a dozen at a time of the jolly ones. She took my newspaper when I was most interested in it, to make me a cooked hat, and burned the tip of my nose trying to light my cigar.

She had a most splendid musical talent, and played upon the piano with wonderful execution and expression. One of her favorite plans for tormenting me was to propose duets. I would get my violin, and the little witch would take her place at the piano with the gravity of a dacoit. She would throw her whole soul into the music, until she saw that I was interested and absorbed in it, and then she would slyly dash off the most absurd variations on some negro melody, or dancing tune. As soon as I stopped, she would look up with an affectionate grave surprise, and go on with her part of the music until I was again interested, when the jig or polka came in again, and so on till I threw aside my violin, when she would gravely lecture me upon the bad example I was setting my ward, by losing my temper.

Yet I could not sincerely say that I wished her back at school. With all her wild freaks, she was affectionate and kind, and I often saw that her most daring pieces of mischief followed Aunt Jane's severe lectures upon propriety. They could not live in peace. It was like fire and ice, and Aunt Jane's severe, cold manner would have broken the child's heart or spirit, had not I been there to shield, protect, and indulge her.

I had never asked myself if I loved this wayward sunbeam; I knew she made my home a home, not a mere dwelling-house, and I listened for her voice, as for music; but she seemed to me such a child in her free, frank joyousness, that I never thought of love.

One morning I was taken with a severe attack of nervous headache. I had been subjected for years to such spells, and I threw myself upon the sofa in the parlor, certain that for hours there was nothing for me but quiet endurance. Dodd came in to darken the windows, get me a pillow, and put the camphor bottle near me, and then I was alone. Soon I heard a merry laugh, and then a clear voice began to sing a verse of a gay song. It ceased suddenly, and Fannie said:

"Sick! a headache! Of course, I will be quiet, Miss Jane. I am so sorry!"

Light footsteps came over the stairs, the parlor door opened and shut softly, and

presently two soft, cool hands fell gently upon my forehead.

"Can't I do anything for you?" she whispered.

"Nothing, thank you. Don't let me keep you here in the dark."

"O, please let me stay. I like to be where you are better than anywhere."

The pain was too bad for me to talk, so she sat down and softly bathed my head in Cologne water, parting the hair with her soft cool hands till I fell asleep, pondering over her last words.

I awoke, free from pain, but languid, and I heard Aunt Jane's voice in the parlor, at some distance from my sofa.

"You will find that he really disapproves of your conduct. It is not proper, and any young lady who allows herself to take such liberties with a gentleman, loses her respect."

Was it my ward who spoke next? The voice was clear and cold as Aunt Jane's.

"I think you are mistaken. I see that I was wrong to love the only person who has been really kind to me since my brother died; but I do not think my guardian misunderstood me. Still, I will take your advice, and go back to school till I am of age. Now mark me, not because you advise me, but because I cannot live here on cold, formal terms with my guardian, and I will not give him reason to despise me, by showing that I am grateful for his love."

The voice trembled a little, but Aunt Jane merely said,

"You have decided wisely," and left the room.

I kept perfectly quiet. I heard one clicking step, and then light steps approaching my sofa. A tear fell upon my forehead, and then soft, warm lips gently pressed the spot, and Fannie went towards the door.

In an instant I was on my feet beside her. Never mind what I said; I did not offend her, and when I sat down upon the sofa again, the tiny form nestled close in my arms. Only one question about our future life did my promised wife ask me.

"Aunt Jane?"

"Will you return home the day we are married?"

And she did; a handsome present reconciling her to the match, and repaying her for the three months she spent with me to play propriety when I received a visit from my "ward."

1775 and 1861. Rev. Dr. Bellows writes in the New York Christian Inquirer, that the original of the letter printed below is in the possession of Professor Baché of the Coast Survey. The letter was written by Benjamin Franklin early in the Revolution; and yet it is curious to observe that as Dr. Bellows remarks, "the suggestions or precedents which Franklin breathed eighty-five years ago, are just as fresh, as true and as timely now as then."

HEADQUARTERS, CAMBRIDGE, }
Oct. 19, 1775. }

"Dear Sir: We hear you have had an alarm at Philadelphia. I hope no ill consequences have attended it. I wonder I had no line from you. I make no doubt of our people's defending their city and country bravely, on the most trying occasions."

"I hear nothing yet of Mr. Goddard, but suppose he is on the road. I suppose we shall leave this place this week. I shall not return in company with the other delegates, as I must call for my sister, and we shall hardly be able to travel so fast. I expect to be at Philadelphia within a few days of them."

"There has been a plentiful year here, as well as with us; and there are as many cheerful countenances among those who are driven from home and home at Boston, or lost their

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, DEC. 15, 1861.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

W. M. A. PIDGIN & CO.,

PROPRIETORS.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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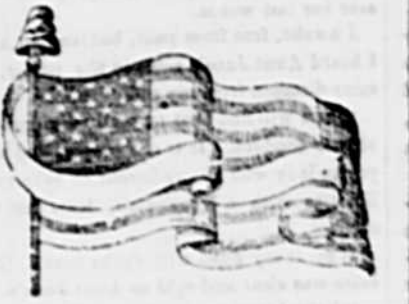
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JOB PRINTING neatly executed.



The Message.

Our readers have doubtless read the message before this, and already have their own opinions formed as to its contents. It is a straight-forward, statesmanlike document, written in a plain, unadorned style, with no attempt, on the part of the President, at ostentation or display. He treats the rebellion as easily as if it were an everyday affair, and talks about our warlike preparations to put it down, just like a common business matter. The President, we should judge from the tone and style of his Message, never gets excited. This is a great and a rare virtue in this stirring time.

The message, although a very plain document, has evidently been prepared with great care. It is doubtless the work of Abraham Lincoln himself, although we fancy we can see the hand of Seward in some of the periods relating to the "contraband" question. The President stands squarely by the opinions expressed in his inaugural and in his first message to Congress. Many of the people would have been pleased to have seen him taken the ground assumed by the Secretary of War; but perhaps it may prove all for the best, that he did not. There is nothing in the document which commits the President against it, and we are inclined to the opinion that his sympathies are in that direction.

Take the message as a whole, we like it. It is another evidence that Abraham Lincoln is the man for the times—another proof that we have at the helm a cool, far-seeing, honest statesman, in whom the American people can safely trust.

Things in Missouri.

At the time Gen. Fremont was superseded, and the command of his Division given to Hunter, rebellion was on the eve of a final extinguishment in Missouri. The plan of Gen. Fremont, if it could have been carried out, would have accomplished this desirable result. The rebels were everywhere fleeing from the State, and had not Gen. Fremont been ordered back, there is not a shadow of a doubt but in less than three days he could have overtaken Price and captured him and his whole army, which would have been the end of secession in that State. But he was superseded by Gen. Hunter, who only retained the command a few days, and he was turned out and Gen. Halleck put in command. And what has Gen. Halleck done? Issued a barbarous proclamation, prohibiting negroes from coming within his lines, and excluding all now under the protection of our troops. His pompous, cold-blooded manifesto, that the "rights of the owners of slaves must be respected," is doing its dreadful work in that State. The rebel slaveholders are laughing in their sleeves at the removal of Fremont and the appointment of Halleck, and by way of reciprocity for the kindness of the latter in preserving to them their slave property, are shooting, hanging, and otherwise murdering Union men; pillaging their property; laying their farms waste; burning their houses, and carrying ruin and destruction everywhere in their train. Missouri is being overrun with the rebels, and things look dark enough.

Had Gen. Fremont been permitted to carry into practical effect the principles of his proclamation, rebellion in Missouri would long since have been buried in that grave which knows no resurrection. But slavery in Missouri has stood in the way, and because the government would not allow it to be put out, rebellion still triumphs. It is the legitimate fruit of a mistaken policy, and just as long as it is persisted in, just so long will treason triumph; and if it is not speedily abandoned, Missouri is lost to the Union, and her loyal sons will be all engulfed in the dark and murky billows of secession.

SAD ACCIDENT IN OXFORD. On Thursday last week, Thomas T. Small, Esq., of Oxford, while engaged in cutting ice, timber, fell from a tree, striking a dry maple standing near it the top of the latter broke off, and bounding back, fell and struck Mr. Small directly on the back of the head, killing him instantly.

Mr. Small was one of the most respectable citizens of the town; and was at the time of his death chairman of its board of Selectmen, which place he had held for several years. His funeral was attended by a very large audience from all parts of the town. He leaves a widow and three small children, who are receiving the deep sympathy of a large circle of friends.

DROWNED. A young man named Hasbani, a daguerrian artist, was drowned, at Wilton, while skating, last Saturday. He belonged to Harrison, whether his remains were carried Monday.

Augusta and its Surroundings.

Last week we had occasion to visit the Capital of our State, on business. We found everything upon a "war footing,"—not that martial law has superseded the civil, or that the enemy are expected, not this,—but the tramp of the war horse; the sound of the bugle; the stirring notes of the band, pealing forth its national airs; the waving of flags, and the acres of white tents, spread out upon both sides of the river—all remind one that we are in the midst of war.

The Regiment of Cavalry is a splendid corps of men. Through the politeness of Col. Goddard and Major Stowell, we visited their camp upon the capital grounds. They are made much more comfortable than we supposed they could be at this inclement season of the year. The tents all have substantial floors, built up some foot and half from the ground, in circular form; over these floors are stretched canvas coverings, a strong and substantial cloth manufactured for the purpose. In the centre is a small stove, and a funnel running up from the same in the centre to the top, serves for a tent pole. Around these stoves the men can sit by day and lie by night. For the horses have been built long sheds, into which they are put in rows, about as thick as they can stand. Since the encampment was formed, several horses have died from kicks and colds. Although as a general thing they are a good class of horses; yet in purchasing so many, a few unfit animals have been palmed off upon the Government buyers. This regiment is fast perfecting itself in discipline. In the afternoon they have company drill; in the afternoon a dress parade of the regiment. The officers, so far as we could learn, are popular with the men. Major Stowell proved himself all his friends predicted—an able, popular and efficient officer.

It turns out that about thirteen or fourteen hundred men have been enlisted for Col. Dow's Regiment, a much larger number than it takes to make up a Regiment. The surplus men will have to go into other regiments. About 160 went over into Col. McClosky's command, the day we were there. Capt. Grover, with his men from Albany, Bethel, and other northern towns, went to Augusta, Thursday. Capt. Noyes, of Norway, and his seventy-one men, were found quartered for the time being, in the upper loft of the large arsenal building. Both he and his men were in excellent spirits. As a company they will make a fine class of soldiers. The fourteenth and fifteenth regiments, under Col. Nickerson and McCloskey, are in quarters on the public grounds. Recruits to fill up these Regiments are coming in daily, and they will soon be full.

Maine has done nobly. She now has her quota of men already enlisted, and can raise as many more if it becomes necessary.

Calling upon Gov. Washburn, we found him hard at work at the Capitol. We understand he has devoted his whole time to the work, since the State was called upon for troops. Adjutant General Hodgson is winning golden opinions from all connected with our military operations. His labors have been and still are great, and he has for months been found in his office day and night, attending to the various matters connected with his department.

The Rotunda of the State House has all the paraphernalia of the camp. All is bustle about it. The soldiers are generally healthy, although there is some sickness consequent upon the exposures attending a change in habits and diet. The measles have broken out in the Cavalry Regiment, and of course will have their "run." We met "Camp-Meeting John," (Rev. John Allen,) at the Augusta House. He is to be the Chaplain of Dow's Regiment. Although he has been his three score years, yet he is hale and hearty as ever. He is full of patriotism and fight, a man something after the "Brownlow" stamp. He can preach, pray, or fight, just as circumstances require. He is just the man for the place, and will certainly be popular with the soldiers. We found Lieut. Col. Root of the 13th, hard at work organizing his Regiment, in the absence of Col. Dow. When these several regiments will leave for the seat of war, we are unable to state.

Col. SMART ON CONTRABANDS. Col. SMART, in a letter published last week in the Maine Free Press, defines his position on the contraband question. He says contrabands should not be confiscated, but armed; and that colored persons now free should be received into the military service of the country. His plan is as follows:

"Congress should grant all such slaves, who may enlist, their freedom after three years' service in the army; 24, eight dollars per month while in service; 34, forty acres of land in Texas or some other State or Territory of suitable climate—not to be alienated so as to divert them from their premises during their natural lives."

"All vacant and unoccupied lands held in States which have entered into an unconstitutional confederation, for the purpose of making war upon the Union, should by act of Congress be immediately confiscated to the United States, to be appropriated as follows: for the benefit of slave soldiers and others of African descent, who should be protected wherever lands are set apart for them by a system of government appropriate to their condition."

VERY CHARITABLE. A few weeks ago, the Jeff Davis government consented to allow us to send clothing to our prisoners at Richmond. Accordingly 2000 suits were forwarded, for their comfort. This week, in a skirmish near the Potomac, the prisoners and dead were found to have new, warm clothing, which our soldiers are ready to wear in the same forward! South for the federal prisoners, and stolen as soon as across the line.

The London Times publishes an article to show that the cotton crisis has saved the Lancashire manufacturers from a great disaster. For two years they have been making excessive shipments to all foreign markets, and these goods but for the present rise in the staple must at length have been sacrificed on the most ruinous terms.

Oxford County Volunteers.

No other county in the State has given a more generous response to the call for volunteers than Old Oxford. She has now raised for the war 31 companies—principally taken from within her borders. But these companies do not include all the Oxford boys in the field. Many of them enlisted in the Portland and Lewiston companies; while there is scarcely a company raised in any portion of the State that does not contain some of her brave and hardy sons. And this is not all. The Massachusetts regiments have on their rolls hundreds of Oxford County boys. The best fighting company in the Massachusetts 5th, at the battle of Bull Run, contained six boys from a single town in Oxford County, and was commanded by the brave Capt. D. K. Wardwell, from the town of Oxford, who, after the regimental staff officers were wounded and otherwise disabled, led his company in one of the most gallant bayonet charges made in that or any other fight. The Oxford boys are not only found in the Massachusetts regiments, but in regiments from the West, and almost every State in the Union. We have taken some pains to get at the facts, and we believe we are safe in saying that at least twelve hundred men have gone directly out of Old Oxford to this war; and at least eight hundred more, native and recently from this County, have enlisted from other places. We can say another thing in all confidence: the Oxford boys are among the very bravest and best soldiers in the army. In true courage, energy, physical endurance, and moral worth, they stand second to none. We say this of both officers and soldiers.

But Old Oxford has not yet done. Her sons are still enlisting, and enrolling themselves to brave the dangers of the camp and the battlefield. All honor to the gallant men from the "Highlands" of Maine, who have left the endearments of home, and gone to their native hills, to defend their country and their country's flag. God bless every one of them. Is the first response that leaps up from every patriotic heart of those left behind. Brave Old Oxford, most gallantly have her heroic sons responded to the call of the Government for men to crush out this unholy rebellion.

The Portland Courier states that on the 18th ult., on the through train from Island Pond, was a woman with four small children, whose husband was killed in Texas, by the secessionists, who escaped destitute of everything, with her little family, and had progressed thus far on her way to home and friends in Bath. She recited her sad history in a simple and straight-forward manner to the kind-hearted and gentlemanly conductor, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who not only provided her with a pass over the road, but collected a purse of money for her, from the passengers on the train, and sent her with a light heart and tearful eyes on her way homeward.

It is but a short time since Mr. GERBISH, another conductor on the road, performed a similar kindness. A young lady was robbed, in Portland, of her purse, containing all the money she had saved in a year's hard work in Massachusetts, as she was on her way home to visit her parents. Mr. Gerbish kindly passed her over the road, and collected from the passengers on the train a handsome sum, to make up, in part, her loss.

These are among the polite acts which add to the popularity of these conductors, whom the public are always pleased to meet on entering the train for a journey.

THE SUPREME COURT. The Washington correspondent of the Tribune says that Judge Trumbull will shortly introduce a bill reorganizing the Supreme Court on the basis of population. It provides that for the New England States, New York and Pennsylvania, embracing ten millions people, three Judges, Clifford, Nelson and Grier, shall remain. For the Southern States, excepting Kentucky and Missouri, embracing ten millions, three Judges, Taney, Wayne and Catron, still continue to sit, while for the Western States, including Kentucky and Missouri, with a population of ten and a half millions, three new Judges shall be appointed, Kentucky and Ohio to constitute one circuit, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan another. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas a third. The Pacific States to be, as hitherto, under an independent Circuit Judge.

For The Oxford Democrat.

The citizens of Canton and vicinity, having purchased an elegant sword and scabbard, to be presented to our townsman, Major D. P. Stowell, of the First Regiment Maine Cavalry, appointed Saturday evening last, for the presentation to be made. But Maj. Stowell, on account of urgent business matters, not being able to reach home, the meeting was postponed to Sunday evening; and although a stormy night, a very large and enthusiastic audience assembled, at an early hour, at the Baptist Church, to participate in the interesting ceremony. The meeting was called to order by Andrew Barrows, Esq., and organized by the selection of John M. Deahon, Esq., as President.

Prayer was offered by Rev. N. Whittemore, whose heart beats with a strong devotion, and whose love of his country.

The presentation was made by Mr. Nathaniel Leonard, accompanied by a very able and patriotic speech, which deeply expressed the feelings of the assembled multitude.

Major Stowell, whose feelings were very sensibly moved by this mark of esteem of his fellow townsman, responded at length, in his usual brilliant style; and all present could feel that his heart and hand were in the cause, and that Old Oxford was nobly represented in our Maine Cavalry, in the person of Major Stowell.

Patriotic and stirring speeches were made by the President, Hon. E. G. Harlow, Rev. Nathaniel Whittemore, Miss H. M. Gliese, Lieut. S. B. Packard, and others.

The music from the choir elicited warm emotions from the audience, and particularly from Major Stowell.

The meeting closed at a late hour with three rousing cheers for the Major.

O. HAYFORD, Jr., Sec'y. Canton Mills, Dec. 2, 1861.

Bethel Items.

John M'Kean, Esq., of Brunswick, died suddenly on Monday of this week, aged 71. We had a pleasant interview with him but two weeks since, when we found deeply engaged in the early history of this State. He was one of the founders and best supporters of the Maine Historical Society.

There have been several cases of diphtheria, at West Bethel, and three deaths.

Col. Currier Grover, U. S. A., returned to Bethel, on Tuesday, from New Mexico. He states that that territory is for the Union. He left next day for Washington, where he is to take command of Berdan's regiment of Sharpshooters. In conversation with him we were struck with one remark which he made—that he expected to find every one under his command a sober man, as no intemperate man could make a good shot. He feels perfectly assured of the final success of our arms.

A series of SCHOOL AND FAMILY READERS, by MARCUS WILSON, author of primary history, &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y.

This series of readers consists of—1. The Primer; 2. The First Reader; 3. The Second Reader; 4. The Third Reader; 5. The Fourth Reader; 6. The Fifth Reader; and 7. The Academic Reader. The great purpose of the author, in the plan of these readers, is to adapt the lessons to the capacity of pupils, and to make them interesting, instructive and progressive.

Among the great number of authors who, during the past ten years, have given their attention to this branch of primary literature, and placed before the public their series of Common School Readers, none have succeeded in the plan and execution of such a work so well as the author of this series. It is what it promises to be—instructive, entertaining, and progressive. It devotes great attention to Natural History and the Natural Sciences, and relates facts and anecdotes which cannot fail to interest the old as well as the young. And the Bible stories, and others, are told in simple and concise language, always conveying a simple moral, easily understood. The whole series must become favorites among teachers, scholars, and committees.

Harper & Brothers, the Publishers, have brought out these books in admirable style, with good paper and type. The illustrations are numerous, neat and excellent.

These books must evidently make their way into the schools of Maine. How soon, depends upon the action of the Committees and Supervisors, who have this matter in charge. This publisher, it is understood, offer them this winter, at half price, in order to introduce them. The first five books, at that price, will cost 91 cents.

To the Citizens of Paris.

The undersigned would respectfully suggest to the parents of scholars, that he deems it of vital interest to the welfare of their children, that a change be made in the reading books now in use. From careful examination, being entirely free from any selfish interest, I have become convinced that Wilson's New Series have good reasons for claiming our consideration, as forming a complete series, and treating on the natural sciences, so that while the pupil is gaining the art of reading, he is at the same time storing the mind with a vast amount of scientific knowledge. I am aware the public have been coerced into changes of text books, until they have become sensitive, but the opposite extreme may be an error not less fatal to the interest of education. While I have no wish to use, arbitrarily, any power conferred in me as Supervisor, I do desire to call the attention of parents and guardians to this matter; and for this purpose I propose to place in the possession of the several teachers of this town a copy of the above named works, with the request that they be laid before the parents and scholars for their examination; and should any or all districts desire the books, I can furnish them at the remarkably low prices annexed:

The Primer, 48 pages, 6 cts.
Wilson's First Reader, 84 do., 12 "
Wilson's Second Reader, 156 do., 20 "
Wilson's Third Reader, 264 do., 25 "
Wilson's Fourth Reader, 360 do., 30 "
Wilson's Fifth Reader, 540 do., 40 "

Giving, in the aggregate, 1452 pages, neatly and durably bound, for the sum of \$1.13, being four tenths of the retail price, or at a discount of 60 per cent.

GEO. W. HAMMOND, Supervisor.
Paris, Dec. 21, 1861.

ATREMA WARD. Charles F. Brown, of New York, a native of Waterford, in this County, is travelling at present in the Eastern States, for the purpose of fulfilling a number of engagements to lecture before Lyceums, visiting at the same time his native town. Mr. Brown left Maine, six or seven years since, for a Western city. His numerous letters, purporting to emanate from "Artemus Ward," a travelling showman, gave him a wide celebrity, and led to an engagement with Vanity Fair, of which he is now the editor. He is said to possess, besides keen wit and abounding humor, a sound, discriminating mind, and is an able lecturer. He was formerly employed as a compositor in the office of the Norway Advertiser, which was then published by his brother.

CHESTER HOGG. Col. A. D. White, of Buckfield, passed through this village, last week, with a host of the White Chester blood, which he had purchased for the improvement of the stock in his town. This animal is about fourteen months old, and is a promising descendant of the pair of Chesters, owned by Samuel Warren, Esq., of Waterford. This stock has been introduced but recently, yet is proving the most profitable that has ever been kept in the County. They attain good size, growing rapidly, and lay on fat with the most ordinary food. Indeed, it is almost an objection to the stock, as breeders, that it is so difficult to keep them in sufficiently low condition. The farmers within reach of Col. White will find it to their advantage to improve the opportunity here offered, and the owner should also be remunerated for his outlay in introducing the blood.

Forty thousand boxes of oranges, were destroyed, at Pajal, by a gale which lately swept over the island.

JUDGES OR PRONERS.

By advices from Augusta, we are informed that the Governor has appointed Hon. E. W. Woodbury, of Sweden, Judge of Probate, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Hon. Kisha Winter, until the people have opportunity to elect a Judge, under the provisions of the constitution.

We think that Governor Washburn has selected a man well adapted to the position. Certainly one cannot be found who will discharge the duties more conscientiously; and his long experience in Probate business, with an excellent practical knowledge of law, and thorough business habits, will free him from embarrassment, at the outset. In fact he is one of those men who are always found to be equal to the task imposed. We feel sure the people will warmly approve the action of the Executive in this matter.

A very singular act is attributed to Gen. McClellan. He is said to have visited the Secretary of War, and threatened to resign, unless the Report of the Secretary was modified, in regard to contrabands. This statement was made in a speech, by Thaddeus Stevens.

TROOPS FOR FORT PICKENS. The Seventy-fifth regiment of New York Volunteers were to embark from New York, on Tuesday, in the steamer Baltic, for Fort Pickens, Fla. They are to be placed under the immediate command of Colonel Harvey Brown at the Fort.

THE FEELING IN RICHMOND. Lieutenant Selden, of the U. S. Navy, lately confined in Richmond as a prisoner of war, has just been exchanged, and has arrived in Washington. He says the feeling of anger, indignation and chagrin, at the arrest of Sidel and Mason, was beyond all description. They had previously been exulting in the success of the rebel envoys in reaching Cuba, and they were certain that they would reach Europe without difficulty. He states that it is the severest blow which the rebel Government has yet received.

[Boston Transcript.]

A discovery made the other day, that some seventy negroes were confined in Washington jail, accused of no crime, has called the attention of Congress to the subject of slavery in the District. A bill has already been introduced, to make the District free.

LEWIS' GYMNASIUM MONTHLY. The first No. of volume 2, has been received. The work is filled with articles upon various gymnastic exercises, many of which are illustrated. The work is published by Dr. D. Lewis, Boston, at \$1.00 per year. Persons interested in these exercises, as promotive of health, will find many valuable hints in its pages.

Congress, as usual in the early portion of the session, has been busy in referring business to appropriate committees, and placing matters in train for disposing of public business. A commendable energy is displayed by members who, coming directly from the people, are earnestly engaged in examining into public affairs with the view to remove abuses, and promote the public welfare.

Our visions of cheap light seem to have been built upon slight foundations. The Portland Oil Company put the price at 45 cents; but shortly it rose to 50 cents. Last week the Price Current states that they neither sold, or announced a price; but it was expected another five cents would be added when sales commenced. But it is the best and cheapest light to be had at any price at which it has been lately held.

The Lewiston Herald says that an order was actually received at Augusta for the disbandment of the cavalry, provided the men had not been mustered into service—but they had been sworn in a few days previous.

Oxford Quarterly Meeting will be held at Paris, on Tuesday, January 7th, at 1 o'clock.

The North Quarterly Meeting will be held at Wells, on the last Wednesday and Thursday in December.

In making excavations, in Harpswell, lately, the skeletons of seven Indians were dug up. Quantities of beads, tomahawks, &c., were also found.

THE GUNBOAT KATADIN. The Journal says, this gunboat, built at Bath, Me., by Messrs. Larabee & Allen, is expected at Charleston Navy Yard forthwith, to receive machinery and armament. The length of the boat is 174 feet, width 26 feet over all, and 580 tons burthen; with her armament on board she will draw eleven feet. She has two masts, but, in addition to canvas, she will be propelled by steam applied to an eight foot screw. It is calculated that this screw alone, making one hundred revolutions per minute, will give the Katadin a speed of eleven knots per hour. The Katadin will carry 12 guns and 110 men. Of course her guns will be in the open air, as she has but one deck. For the accommodation of her crew, munitions, &c., every cubic inch below deck has been made available. Not a particle of space has been lost. Accommodations for officers are not very extensive. The men will sleep in hammocks, hung close together under the deck and above the magazine. When ready for sea, the Katadin will be a compact magazine of destruction.

A long way from home we sometimes see Oxford County manufactures advertised. At present, in an Aroostook paper, "Perry's Axes," are offered to the public; and in Piquette, an enterprising dealer calls attention to "Hewy's Plows," which he considers the best in the market.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. The Vice President has appointed Senators Fremont of Maine, and Trumbull of Illinois, Regents of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington. These appointments are to fill vacancies caused by the death of Douglas, and the accession of Mason.

Reports of the Secretaries.

The report of the Secretary of War is an able State paper, and affords us a clear insight into the operations of the army. It appears that since the outbreak of the rebellion, 718,512 men have been in the service of the country. This large number includes the regular army of 16,000 men; also the three months' enlistments, which amounted to 77,875. The several arms of the service are estimated to comprise 600,971 men, a force, it would seem, equal to the great emergencies of the country. "We have here," says the Secretary, "an evidence of the wonderful strength of our institutions. Without conscriptions, levies, drafts, or other extraordinary expedients, we have raised a greater force than that which, gathered by Napoleon with the aid of all these appliances, was considered an evidence of his wonderful genius and energy, and of the military spirit of the French nation. Here every man has an interest in the great emergency of the country. 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MISCELLANEOUS.

A good man, who has seen much of this world and is now tired of it, says: "The grand essential to happiness in this life is something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

A priest said to a peasant whom he thought to be a fool:

"You are better fed than taught."

"Shut that I was," replied the school-keeper, "as I feed myself and you teach me."

"Well, Pat, Jimmy didn't kill you, did he?"

"No, but I wish he had."

"What for?"

"So I could have seen him drive the villain."

"Let Orr. Boy! did you let off that gun?" exclaimed an enraged schoolmaster.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what do you think I'll do to you?"

"Why, let me off."

When people are crazy to marry, they attach no consequence to consequences.

This is a fast generation, but our ancestors certainly got ahead of us in the world.

God has not taken so much pains in framing, and turning, and adorning this world, that they who were made by Him to live in it should despise it.

We may say of a good many people's souls that it is a wonder Nature ever thought them worth framing.

If you want to live long, live upon the sea-shore. No matter how fast your sands run, you will always find a plenty more.

What is the difference between a milkmaid and a swallow? One skims the milk and the other the water.

The snuff-taker is irrelevant; she looks upon God's beautiful world merely as something to be sneezed at.

It makes a very material difference to a lamb whether he is gathered into the fold by a shepherd or a snake.

A boy was asked, one day, what made him so dirty, and his reply was: "They tell me I am dirty of dust, and I 'pore it's just working out."

It is related of the great artist Poussin, that, being shown a picture by a person of rank, he remarked, "You only want a little poverty, sir, to make you a good painter."

When we fancy that we have grown wiser, it is only, in many instances, that our prejudices have taken the place of old ones.

At a wedding the other day, one of the guests, who is often a little absent, observed gravely, "I have remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."

A pretty girl was lately complaining to a Quaker friend that she had a cold, and was "cally plagued in her lips by chaps." "Friend," said Obadiah, "there should never suffer the chaps to come near thy lips."

Pat's Response. An Irishman was about to marry a Southern girl for her property.

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said the minister.

"Yes, your reverence, and the niggers, too," said Pat.

A married lady consulted her lawyer on the following question, viz: "As I would like to— for her wealth, and that wealth is now spent on I not to all intents and purposes, a widow, and at liberty to marry again?"

"It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before," said a swell to a stranger whom he met the other day; "but I cannot imagine where."

"Very likely," replied the other; "I have been the keeper of the prison for the last twenty years."

Words are nice things, but they strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fifty quakers, they fall like the sunshine, the dew, and the summer rain—but when used, like the frost, the hail, and the devastating tempest.

A housemaid, who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. "Well, he is coming," said the lady of the house, as the servant entered. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply; "he's just sharpening his teeth."

The grand jury in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, have passed the following resolutions: Resolved, That the present jail is inefficient, and that another ought to be built. Resolved, That the materials of the old be employed in constructing the new one. Resolved, That the old jail shall not be taken down until the new one is finished.

A priest of Milan, Italy, recently received at the confessional, a very sad and penitent young man. He soon afterwards found that he had lost his valuable ring. The penitent was an eminent pocket-pick, and what is worse, went away fully satisfied.

WAKEFUL HOURS. There is something beautiful as well as sublime in the hush of midnight. The myriad quiet sleepers, laying down each their life burden, insensible alike to joy or sorrow; helpless alike—the strong man or the feeble; the infant and the decrepit, all are in a state of unconsciousness, and every day life is a bubble. But morning comes, and the stir and hum of life chase them away, as the warm sun dries up the dew-drops, while like these thoughts performed their reviving mission, ere they departed.

COPIOUS PERSPIRATION. A young medical student, who had been served very hard at his examination for admission to the faculty, on a very warm day, was nearly overcome by the numerous questions put to him, when the following query was asked:—

"What course would you adopt to produce a copious perspiration?" After a long breath, he observed, wiping his forehead, "I would have the patient examined before the medical society."

OXFORD, MS., November 26th, 1861. Taken on execution and unless previously redeemed, will be sold by public auction to the highest bidder, at the Post Office in Norway Village, on Thursday the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1861, at one o'clock, P. M., all the right Charles S. Robbins has or had on the nineteenth day of September, A. D. 1861, the day when the same was attached on the original writ, to the certain and lawful heirs of said Robbins, in the County of Oxford, containing 6000 and one-half square rods, be the same more or less, together with the buildings thereon, being the same premises as, from the estate of John Richardson, by his mortgage deed, thereof, dated August 20th, A. D. 1856, and recorded with Oxford Registry, book 109, page 278—reference thereto being had for a full description thereof. A. P. GREENLEAF, Deputy Sheriff.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE. Whereas, John C. Allen, formerly of Somers, in the County of Oxford, of the State of Maine, by his deed of mortgage dated February the sixteenth, A. D. 1857, and recorded with Oxford Registry, book 113, page 358, conveyed to me a certain lot of land situated in said Somers, reference to the record of said mortgage being made, and whereas the condition of said mortgage is broken by reason of the non-payment of the money secured thereby, I am a fore-closer of the same agreeably to the statute in such cases provided. Backfield, Nov 25th, 1861. NOAH PRINCE.

TERMS REDUCED TO \$7 AND \$10 PER WEEK, AT THE ROUND HILL WATER CURE, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

OPEN SUMMER AND WINTER.

DR. HALSTED'S success in the cure of women's diseases is well known. His treatment gives vitality and force to the reduced powers, and controls obstinate organic weaknesses with ease and certainty. Those brought to bed even are soon enabled to walk.

His success in the case of premenstrual consumption, spinal complaints, paralysis, and loss of the power of locomotion, has been without precedent. Many have been made to walk without it. It is supposed would be helpful for life.

Marked success has also been had in bronchitis, in restoring lost down constitutions, and in arousing torpid, nervous and debilitated systems to strength and activity.

For his success in other cases, and the great favor given to the Oriental, Turkish, Russian, and other baths, see circular, sent gratis. The cold and winter months are the most favorable to rapid recoveries.

County of Oxford.

CRIMINAL COSTS. The following is a statement of costs to Criminal Prosecutions, allowed by the Supreme Judicial Court, August Term, A. D. 1861, as certified to me by the Clerk of said Court.

State vs John B. Coffin, \$2,175.25

State vs John B. Coffin, 7.47

State vs John B. Coffin, 9.71

State vs John B. Coffin, 12.65

State vs John B. Coffin, 6.29

State vs John B. Coffin, 14.53

State vs John B. Coffin, 10.08

State vs John B. Coffin, 470.61

State vs John B. Coffin, 15.30

State vs John B. Coffin, 89.97

State vs John B. Coffin, 9.20

State vs John B. Coffin, 182.71

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TO THOSE WHO WISH TO BUY DRUGS.

PATENT MEDICINES, OF ANY KIND.

Homoeopathic or Thompsonian.

We would most respectfully announce that these articles can be had at

A. OSBORN NOYES' Drug and Medicine, Book and Stationery Store.

As cheap as at any other place in Oxford County, and of the best quality.

Warranted Fresh and Genuine.

We also have on hand a good assortment of

Books and Stationery, PAPER HANGINGS, & C.

School and Miscellaneous Books of all kinds.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF PHOTOGRAPH & AUTOGRAPH BOOKS,

Blank Books, Diaries, Memoranda, Letter and Note Papers,

Of superior quality.

Union Stationery, Flags, & C.

And all the Yankee notions of the day.

Book Binding of all kinds done to order. Old books re-bound. Blank Books, Pamphlets, and Music, bound in the latest style.

TERMS CASH. A. OSBORN NOYES, Norway Village, May 18th, 1861.

CHAS. O. COLE, DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, & C.

A General Assortment of FINE

Gold & Silver Watches!

CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Together with as good an Assortment of CLOCKS AND JEWELRY,

As can be found in Oxford County.

Which he will sell at prices that shall suit those who may wish to purchase.

Also, a general assortment of Gold, Silver and Steel-Bowed SPECTACLES.

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY

Repaired, and Perfect Satisfaction Warranted.

Office, No. 1, Noyes' Block,

2 NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

FOR SALE, BY AUTHORITY,

The Best and Cheapest

SPRING BED,

YET INVENTED!

—AT THE—

FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT

OF

GOODWIN & MIXER,

NORWAY.

—ALSO—

Parlor & Chamber Sets.

AND

FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS!

THIS IS A

Manufacturing Establishment.

And purchasers are invited to call and examine THEIR STOCK,

AND LOW PRICES!

TURNING AND JOBBING,

DONE TO ORDER.

PRODUCE AND LUMBER taken

in Exchange

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Ready-Made Coffins!

Some of Black Walnut,

PLATES AND GRAVE CLOTHES.

NORWAY, Nov. 1860. 42

NATHAN E. LIBBY,

MACHINIST,

NORWAY, ME.

WOULD respectfully announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a shop in Norway, Me., for the prosecution of the

MACHINE BUSINESS, IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

And hopes, by faithful and prompt attention to business to receive a share of public patronage.

Having recently put a steam engine, thus insuring constant power, he can with confidence assure the public that all work entrusted to his care will be executed with faithfulness and dispatch.

He manufactures to order

Daniels' and Cylinder Planers,

Of every description.

PLANERS FOR FLOW BEAMS,

Turning and Rolling Machines, Saw and

Lathe Arms, Saw Sticks, Vice,

Clamp and Press Screws, & C.

Mallet's BEADING ATTACHMENT,

For beading beds, turning banisters, and

and steam engines built and repaired.

Mill Work, Fencing and Pattern Making done to order. Particular attention given to repairing Machinery taken to and from the depot at South Paris free of charge.

April 3, 1861.

NORWAY IRON FOUNDRY,

BROWN & BISBEE,

Proprietors, are manufacturing

Stoves, Fire-Frames,

OVEN, ASH & ARCH MOUTHS,

Cart-Hubs and Boxes, Or Shovels, Cultivators,

Tooth, Fire Grates, Grindstone Cranks and

Rollers, Bars, door Rollers and Hangers

Door Scrapers, & C. Also,

PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, HARROWS,

Castings for the Backhoe Rotating Harrow

made to order.

Also all kinds of mill and other castings made to order at short notice.

E. M. BROWN, N. B. BISBEE,

NORWAY, March, 1860

DR. A. THOMPSON,

DENTIST,

No. 2, Bent's Block,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

The public are hereby cautioned against a base imitation of L. F. ATWOOD'S BITTERS, by some evil minded person or persons, who have not only copied the label in part, but have had the same name of bottle, but have had the ingredients to represent on their labels, that there is the same as L. F. Atwood's. And these counterfeiters to deceive the public, have had the words "ATWOOD'S BITTERS" and call their vile trash "genuine."

Therefore, all genuine put up after this date will have an extra label, to give as follows: L. F. ATWOOD'S Improved Vegetable Physical Bilets.

All dealers who have the true article, put up at a previous date, can be supplied with Extra Labels, by applying to

L. F. ATWOOD'S Improved Vegetable Physical Bilets.

This is an effective cure for Jaundice, Headache, Dyspepsia, Worms, Diarrhoea, Loss of Appetite, Cold and Fever, and other ailments. It cleanses the blood from humors, and moistens the skin, and is also good for Liver Complaints, Strangury, Dropsy, Croup, and Phthisis.

KENDALL'S MILLS, January 15th, 1861.

This we certify that I have applied H. H. Atwood, Druggist, to give as follows: L. F. ATWOOD'S Improved Vegetable Physical Bilets.

And from this date all orders must be given in his Portland, Me.

H. H. Atwood, Druggist, agent for Bethel, and B. F. Bates & Co., Paris. For sale by Dealers in Medicine generally.

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,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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 BOOKS to be bound, to call on us at our office. We have EXTRA FACILITIES, and can warrant satisfaction.

F. W. BAILEY, 35 JAMES NOYES.

Next of Kin Wanted

Hundreds of Millions Pounds Stg.

IN CHANCERY, BANK OF ENGLAND, & C.

Waiting claimants. A Catalogue of the heirs, and names of those to whom letters should be directed in England, will be sent post free, on receipt of 60 cents, in stamps, or two for 91 Old claims not presented at once. References: A. K. Hill, Boston; J. Burnham, Chief of Police, Haverhill. Address: W. W. ORRINGTON & CO., Box 250, Post Office, Boston, Mass.