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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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MISCELLANY.

A SERMON.

Preached by Mrs. C. A. Parker, at North Paris, July 30, 1864, on the occasion of the death of Frank L. Dunham, Co. F, Ninth Maine Regiment.

"Abroad the sword bereaveth, at home there is as death. Lam. 1. 20. It is a common remark that 'History repeats itself' and so we find that descriptions applicable to past ages and generations, have their counterpart in our own day, and the language of the prophet used with reference to the calamities that befel the Jewish people, has been equally appropriate as addressed to other nations, and emphatically applies to our own at the present time. 'Abroad the sword bereaveth, at home there is as death.' This highly poetic expression which we have taken from the most tender and pathetic elegy on record, is the prophet's lament over the evils of war, for which the term sword, is used as an emblem, both here and elsewhere, cutting off great numbers abroad or away from home, and thereby causing the gloom and sadness of death to pervade all ranks and classes who remain at home. We are beginning to realize the correctness of this two-fold description, and oft repeated bereavements, are inflicting grief and sorrow almost universal. With the prophet, however, there was deeper cause for lamentation than the fact, that 'their country was desolate, their cities burned with fire, their land devoured by strangers, their mighty men trodden under foot, their young men slain by envying armies; and it was that these evils were deserved. 'The Lord is righteous, for I have rebelled.' 'Jerusalem hath grievously sinned,' and it is well that we take into account the cause of the calamities we now deplore. It was no sudden outbreak of resentment for real or fancied wrongs, no instinctive uprising of the people to protect their endangered liberties, but for thirty years there have been agents at work like sappers and miners, plotting the overthrow of our free Democratic institutions, and the unholy purpose of a set of ambitious, unprincipled men, scheming, crafty politicians, have finally culminated in this wicked rebellion against the best of human governments.

The South was originally settled by wealthy aristocrats and titled landholders, and the North, by stern God-fearing Puritans, who were content with Jehovah's mandate, 'In the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou eat bread,' and though outward pressure sometimes brought them into close contact, there was no attraction of sentiment, no cohesion of kindred views, no harmonizing of principles, but forces all at variance met in our halls of Congress, and our courts of justice, only to intensify the hatred of the South, and develop their deep-seated antagonism to aught of northern origin, free labor, free schools, and a free government. Too proud to labor, and despising all who did, they gloried in their shame, and enslaved millions were made to do their bidding, tilling the soil, raising children for the market, giving an increased representation in Congress, bowing their necks to the burden and their backs to the lash, until the master spurned to own an equal in the mudsills of the north; and to him Congress, was only an institution to act his pleasure, and pass laws to compel the north to catch his slaves; the office of the Supreme Court, to protect his property in man, and sustain his steadily growing usurpations; the constitution, an instrument to perpetuate slaveholding; the Federal compact, only to furnish him with slave territory; and the Presidential chair, only to be occupied by himself, or those of the north who would swear fealty to his pet institution, that nefarious character, a northern man with southern principles. The north yielded, conflicted, compromised, sacrificed its conscience, to which it could not even allude, without being sneered at as 'higher law abolitionists,' and would still have submitted to woe indignities, and endured more abusive insults, such as its righteous aversion to the horrors of war, but the fiendish malignity of the South thirsted for blood, and the evils of civil war were precipitated upon us by the guns pointed at Fort Sumter, but aimed at the great heart of the Nation. One week later the 19th of April became historic a second time in the annals of our country, and the streets of Baltimore, as well as the plains of Lexington, were stained with the blood of Massachusetts citizens, winning for the heroes who fell on both occasions, an equal fame. And the sword has continued its desolations, and we mourn the brave who have fallen on the gory fields, from the disastrous conflicts of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff, to the victorious ones of Vicksburg in the south and Gettysburg in the north; from the fall of the gallant Ellsworth and the brave Lyon, to that of the noble and patriotic young men, reared in this village, Harding Benson and Frank Q. Dunham. 'Abroad the sword bereaveth,' and here and there all over our land, lie

buried the lifeless forms of our patriot sons, many of whom, doubtless might now have been living, but for this civil war, inaugurated by those who have been elevated to posts of honor and profit, by the nation they are now seeking to destroy. What infamy awaits those in the future, who incited by a lust for power, disturbed the peace, reversed the progress, and marred the prosperity of our country by the ravages of war, and forced us to accept the fearful alternative of sending our fellow citizens to face the deadly cannon, or of submitting to southern despotism and witnessing the utter despoiling of human rights. We were called to arms by the stern necessity of preserving the Union, maintaining the Constitution and securing the continuance of a Republican form of government in these United States. The idea that the rights of any section of the country were to be ignored, or their constitutional privileges abridged, by those coming into power, was simply absurd. The south feared no such thing. No person pretends there was such danger but the demagogue-ridden abject slaves of a political party, who take everything on credit and never investigate or do their own thinking. Their leaders who talk such nonsense, would be as jubilant over the ruin of our country, as was Nero over the burning of Rome, and are not to be believed when they say they have no choice in the war, and that they care not which side triumphs, for their strenuous efforts to depreciate Lincoln stock are designed to exalt the Davis dynasty. But the south has sown to the wind and they must reap the whirlwind, and though they are called brave, it is but the madness of vindictive hate, or the brutal courage of the bull dog, and if they fall in battle no honors await their names, for 'the memory of the wicked shall rot,' whether it be that of Stonewall Jackson, embalmed in rebel hearts alone, or of Bishop General Polk who recently met a traitor's doom, and has doubtless gone to a traitor's hell, to take quarters with his illustrious predecessors, Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold. What nation's wealth, what monarch's crown would be a sufficient inducement to open the flood-gates of death and sorrow and cause the dark gloomy tide to engulf so many families in their turbid waters, while abroad the sword bereaveth? Yet the rebel leaders merely aimed to found a nation with slavery as its corner stone, and their northern sympathizers dreamed of nothing but a share in the spoils of office that they had so long enjoyed together. 'Principles and not men' has long been their motto, and they cling to their 'sacred principles' though rivers of blood should flow in consequence. 'At home there is as death.' The human family is but one great brotherhood, descendants of a common origin, but this relation has been expanded so indefinitely that we scarcely feel its power, and it is only through the minute ramifications of kindred, social, fraternal and religious bonds, that it is still true 'when one member suffers all the members suffer with it.' And the All-wise has so ordained. The stronger these ties the more exquisite the sympathetic joy or grief. Look at the family circle, the father venerated and obeyed, the mother loved and prized, the brother fondly idolized, and the sister gently cherished, but 'abroad the sword bereaveth,' the noble youth has gone and 'at home there is as death.' The sighs of the breaking heart, the groans of an agonized spirit tell how sadly the spoils of death are won. And in social life how we miss those who were the life of the circle in which they moved; the schoolmate, playfellow, companion and generous friend, of whom we think it would be sacrilege to recall a fault. And the tie fraternal binding those connected with various organizations, but especially with 'an ancient and secret association or fraternity,' (I use the definition of Webster) said to have been at first composed of masons or builders in stone, but now consisting of persons who are united for social enjoyment and mutual assistance, 'to protect the virtuous they tell us, to shield the villainous, say their enemies, and as the secrets of masonry have never been exposed, not having any female members we have only *ex parte* testimony, but as it comes from men of strict veracity, incorruptible integrity, and I may add of genuine piety, an attempt to impeach it would be exceedingly unwise.

As a fraternity, it recognizes and assists those who identify themselves with it and make its interests their own, and there are many who think these advantages sufficient to offset the evil tendency of dispensing with the humanizing and refining influence of the gentler sex. If true and faithful to their solemn pledges through life, their brethren mourn their loss and pay honors to their memory. For this they are here to day. Death has fallen upon their ranks, and their young brother has passed away without affording them the privilege of cheering his last hours, or burying his mortal remains, but committing to them the friends he loved, and the cause for which he died. And the bonds of our holy religion,

uniting in one common faith all who love our Saviour, whose hopes and aims are one, when one dies like Melville B. Cox on the burning plains of Africa, exclaiming 'Though a thousand fall, let Africa be redeemed,' like Adoniram Judson on the sultry shores of Burmah, and finding a grave beneath the ocean waves, like George Whitefield who ceased at once to work and live, or our christian heroes on the field of battle, we mourn their loss, yet join them in the shout, 'Though I die, I shall live again.' But the religion of the gospel goes farther than this and extends its interest and its benefits to the whole race of man. Its divine Author gave himself a ransom for the world, and the true christian is not bounded in his sympathies, or his charities, by any parish limits or church relations, 'Thus he weeps with those who weep' and there are no sincerer mourners for our fallen patriots, than those who have followed them with their prayers, assisted them with their substance, and are trusting in the God of nations, to give them the victory. 'At home there is as death,' is true of our churches to day, and many of our clergy have sealed their testimony with their blood, and a large proportion of their sons, have been freely offered on their country's altar. There are those among us who glory in this fact, and tell us that this is a 'minister's war,' and they ought to fight it out. But what have the ministers of the north done to bring it about? They have rebuked sin, the sin of high handed oppression and prayed for its overthrow, have protested against our national crimes, and besought the Almighty to purify us as a people, and less they might not do, and be God's ambassadors to man. But look at the clergy of the south and see what they have done. By their fiery appeals they inflamed the public mind, by their perversions of scripture they defended slavery, and taught that it was a divine institution, and finally by their indecent haste in severing their ecclesiastical connections with their northern brethren, they set the secession ball in motion, and it is very probable that the success of the seceders from the M. E. church in obtaining a division of church property, deluded the south with the idea that a precedent was established that would hold as good in State as in church. It is also asserted, that minister's wars exceed all other in cruelty, but whether this was gleaned from Ancient History, or from the more modern deductions of a partisan press, it would not be difficult to decide. But against whom should this charge be preferred? Who commenced an attack on Anderson's starving handful of men? Who murdered our troops when they were quietly pursuing their way through the streets of Baltimore? By whom have they been butchered in repeated instances after they had surrendered? Who perpetrated the massacre at Fort Pillow, killing union men without any arms in their hands and murdering their families, in some instances nailing them alive to buildings and then setting fire to the buildings, while they gloated over the slow and horrible death of their victims? Where do you find the barbarians in this nineteenth century who are guilty of torturing their prisoners and taking their lives by that most terrible of deaths starvation? Who has fitted out armed cruisers to prey upon our commerce and burn and destroy our unarmed vessels? Surely it was high time that slavery should be abolished when it had eaten out not only the vitals of christianity, but of civilization and manhood even. And to extend and perpetuate this accursed system, the people of the south are expending blood and treasure like water, and entailing untold evils upon themselves and their posterity, and because the ministers of the north have dared to predict these evils as the sure result of this heaven daring sin they are accused as the authors of this dire calamity. But we believe in a God of justice, and that the cause of human rights and freedom is in his hands, and it is our privilege to co-operate with him in maintaining the great principles of his government. And we have gathered in this consecrated house and upon this sacred day, to evince our sympathy for this glorious cause, and our respect for its brave defenders, while we pay our sad tribute in honor of one who has died at his post, and to express our appreciation of the costly sacrifice not only on his part, but also on the part of his friends. If there is moral heroism any where, it is exhibited by those who say to the noble youth bound to them by the ties of nature, 'Your country calls, go! And the blessing of heaven go with you.' Sons may be justly dear to the parent's heart, the wife may lean on her companion as her earthly all, sisters find in the manly heart of their brother true kindness and sympathy than elsewhere, the young affianced begins to look confidently up to her future protector, but the war cloud gloomily lowers over our national horizon, rebellion is aiming to destroy our national life, and all that is dear to us as the 'Land where our fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride' is imperiled and will be destroyed unless we meet the

armed minions of slavery with the noble Spartan courage that bids our loved ones God speed as they go to defend our homes, maintain our rights and crush foul treason to the earth. What Cato is made by Addison to say about his boy, may be said by thousands. 'Thanks to the Gods! My boy has done his duty. Welcome, my son! There, set him down my friends full in my sight, that I may view at leisure, the bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds. How beautiful is death when earned by virtue. Who would not be that youth? What a pity 'tis that we can die but once to save our country! Why sits this sadness on your brow, my friends? I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood secure, and flourished in a civil war.' And every one who claims a loyal heart should blush, if he loves his boy more than he loves his country; if when our nation's all is at stake he clings to his Isaac, and thinks it too high a price to pay for even national existence. But all praise to those patriotic fathers and mothers bereaved by the sword, and may they be spared to see justice done by every true American heart, and their sons share equal honors with our revolutionary sires, and the cause for which they suffered and died fully appreciated by a grateful people, when every loyal state will have raised its monuments to the noble dead, and the laurel will decorate the brow of the scarred and maimed who survive. But the execration of every loyal heart must fall on those who have caused this fearful loss of life, and tongues of scathing fire will witness against the leaders of this vile rebellion, and their northern sympathizers. We remember the beautiful Sabbath not quite three years ago when our boys who had enlisted in the Me. 9th left their homes and how like a funeral procession it seemed as we thought of those who would never return. Frank Q. Dunham was one of its brave volunteers, and was mustered into service the day before he was 21, shared the various fortunes of the regiment with credit to himself, re-enlisted last Jan. and came home on a furlough in Feb. While at home he united with the Free Masons in company with three others, all soldiers I believe, and was anxious to prove himself a worthy brother. The days of his furlough passed quickly away in the society of those he loved, and he bade them all farewell, and went back to die. We copy from print the account of the deadly conflict in which he fell. 'At a place known as Cold Harbor we form a junction with the army of Gen. Grant, and form a part of his left wing. At about four or five o'clock, we find the enemy, and form in line of battle. And now commence the cracking of musketry, and now the deep-toned booming of the artillery. The enemy are in their rifle pits just beyond a belt of wood; they must be driven from them; this must be accomplished by a charge; and a most gallant charge is made by the 9th Me. 112th and 169 N. Y. The noble fellows went into it singing, 'We'll rally round the flag, boys, Rally once again.' It is said by men and officers who have seen many charges that they never saw one more handsomely made than this. As the works were carried, Frank fell, shot through the head. His comrades buried him where he fell, like a soldier, and left his friends to cherish his memory, and find comfort as he did, in the thought, 'If I die it will be all for the best, for it will be God's will, and he doeth all things well.' In conclusion let me inquire what are the lessons of this and kindred events? Shall the sentiments of our text be limited in its appreciation to the personal ties and family connections of those who thus pass away, and their fellow citizens live on unconcerned? Do we not each and all owe some tribute to those who have fallen, and will we spend our time in mirth and revelry and dance over their very graves? Is it not a burning reproach that our houses of worship are so thinly attended, and our places of amusement so densely thronged? And what do we owe to the living who are battling bravely for their country and facing death in a thousand forms for us? Shall we offer only prayers, and yet expend in reckless extravagance and selfish gratification the surplus funds which would contribute so largely to their comfort, and doubtless save many valuable lives? And do we not owe it to the honored dead and the noble living of our brave armies that we cordially sustain the government, around whose flag they rally? While they face the rebel foe in front will we pierce them with the traitor's dart in the rear? Is our love of party so much stronger than our love for our country that we cannot give our votes, where they are willing to give their lives! Let us emulate their lofty patriotism, their spirit of sacrifice, their manly endurance, and above all their faith in God. And though 'at home there is as death' may our chastened spirits be prepared for that peaceful clime where 'the nations shall learn war no more' and the reaper Death shall never enter.

BREVITIES.

A South Jersey editor says, "the best cure for dyspepsia is to collect bills for a newspaper. If that don't give you an appetite you might as well will your stomach for old tripe and have done with it."

A Dutchman describes New York as "berry fine people, who go about der streets scatching each oder, and dey call dat piz-zices."

An Irishman was directed by a lady of large size, to secure, and pay for, two seats in the stage, as she wanted comfortable room in riding; the fellow returned, and said, "I've paid for the two seats, ye told me too; but as I couldn't get but one for the inside of the coach, I took the other for the outside."

Why is a bridegroom worth more than a bride? Because she given away and he is sold. The author of this atrocity deserted to the rebels.

The love of fighting somebody, among the Irish springs from so malice; it is, indeed, often a rough way of showing regard. One the other day knocked down his comrade without provocation, and on being asked by him, "Pat, what did you strike me for?" replied, "Shure Mick and if I struck you myself, I wouldn't let any other man do it."

A celebrated lady once said of a censorious neighbor, "His mouth costs him nothing, for he always opens it at the expense of others. I wish that some day he would bite his tongue for then he would poison himself."

A clergyman, observing a poor man in the road breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark, "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as readily as you are breaking those stones." The man replied,—"Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees."

He who, by his conduct, makes good friends on the one hand, and bitter alters on the other, gives evidence that there is something of the bold, independent, upright man in his composition; while the chicken-hearted, imbecile character is capable of making neither friends nor foes.

"I am very sorry," said a learned Judge to a young woman, who hesitated much in giving some very unpleasant evidence, "I am sorry to enforce such an explanation as this; it must, of course, be very painful to any decent person, but the ends of justice require it; and not only so, but all the well dressed females you see on each side of me have come a long way to hear that which pains you so much to utter."

A WELL PRESERVED NATIVE. The Daily Union, publishes at Virginia, Nevada Territory says that remains of an Indian were lately found in the immense salt field near Sand Springs, about eighty miles from that city, completely embedded in rock salt, four feet below the surface. The body was in a complete state of preservation, and from appearance had lain in the same position for many years, or perhaps for ages. The flesh was perfectly dry like that of a mummy, and it was evident that had been perfectly saturated with brine, which prevented its decay. The Indian was about the usual size, and resembled the Piutes that now inhabit the same locality. Part of a bear skin and a rude bow were found near by, and a few yards a pair of elk-horns of enormous size were disinterred. The supposition is that this entire salt bed was once a lake, and that the animal that had been wounded had taken refuge in the water, whither he was followed by the Indian, who sank in the mud at the bottom, and was unable to extricate himself, and thus perished.

A THREE HEAVY BULLETS. Most people have doubted the literal accuracy of the dispatch concerning the battle of Spotsylvania fought on the 12th inst., which alleged that trees were cut down under the concentrated fire of Minie balls. We doubted the literal facts ourselves, and would doubt it still but for the indisputable testimony of Dr. Charles McGill, an eye-witness of the battle. The tree stood in the rear of our breastworks, at a point upon which, at one time the most murderous musketry fire that ever was heard of was directed. The tree fell inside our works and injured several of our men. After the battle, Dr. McGill measured the trunk, and found it twenty-two inches through and sixty-one inches in circumference, actually hacked through by the awful avalanche of bullets packing against it. The foliage of a tree was trimmed away as effectually as though an army of locusts had swarmed in its branches. A grasshopper could not have lived through the pelting of that leaden storm, and but for the fact that our troops were protected by breastworks they would have been swept away to a man.

[Richmond Enquirer.]

UNION NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.
ANDREW JOHNSON
OF TENNESSEE.

FOR GOVERNOR.
SAMUEL CONY
OF ARIZONA.

Oxford County Ticket.

FOR SENATORS.
WILLIAM W. VIRGIN of Norway.
THOMAS CHASE of Buckfield.
FOR SHERRIFF.
HORATIO AUSTIN of Canton.
FOR CLERK.
WILLIAM W. BOLSTER of Dixfield.
FOR REG. OF PROBATE.
JOSIAH S. HOBBS of Paris.
FOR CO. CLERK.
NOAH B. HUBBARD of Hiram.
FOR CO. TREASURER.
WILLIAM A. MIGIN of Paris.

"Thou art the man."

We have a class of men in the community, who ever since the commencement of the rebellion have been crying out for "peace." They complain that the war has not been ended and this has been the burden of their song for the last three years and a half. They are complaining louder than ever now because the rebellion is not ended. Who are they? They are the men who prize party more than Country—the men whose party interest have gone up only when the country has gone down—the men who are keeping alive the so-called democratic organization, on purpose to defeat an honorable peace. This party and these men have made a divided North and this division has been the only thing in reality which has enabled the rebels to hold out thus far. Had the opposition sustained the government instead of opposing it, rebels would have been dead and buried long ago. The democratic party has all the way along, assumed an attitude hostile to the administration. Almost every act of President Lincoln has been denounced. Instead of attacking their own upon the common enemy, they have joined Jeff. Davis and his allies have fought the government of the United States. But you tell them that they are wrong, a great deal of indignation is shown by the government. They will tell you that the administration is not getting the country. But their logic is bad and their answer a fallacy; organized opposition to the administration is opposition to the government itself. The government of a country in time of war is the country; it has and can have no other agent. Hostility to the agent is hostility to the principle. So long as the rebellion lasts, every other question becomes subordinate to this. So long as the life of the republic is in peril questions of mere party policy dwindle into insignificance. Suppose the government in adopting measures to put down the rebellion makes mistakes and sometimes commits errors, what then? So long as its great object and intention is the crushing out of the rebellion and the restoration of the authority of the government, mistakes and errors should be overlooked and the administration supported by every loyal man. But how do the rebels look upon this matter? They have from the commencement of the contest, calculated the overthrow of Lincoln's administration as their final success in establishing their independence. Their public journals in so many words, all unite in declaring the democratic party as now constituted, their ally and friend. They never would have commenced the contest except upon the hypothesis, of a divided north, and this has been to them the only day star of hope every hour since the inauguration of the rebellion. It is their hope now and their only hope. Take this away from them and they despair of success. Judge Douglass, when there can be but two parties, patriots and traitors, while the war lasts, is as true as Holy writ. The logical deductions, growing out of these premises are simply these; those who oppose the administration are opposing the government, giving aid and comfort to the enemy and prolonging the war. There has not been a day since the firing upon Fort Sumner, that this war could not have been substantially closed in six months time, had the democratic party as an organization united with the loyal men of the country in putting it down. At the doors of the leaders of this party rest the responsibility. They are guilty before high Heaven of the immense loss of life and treasure that has been expended in consequence of the delay to crush out and overpower armed treason. The blood of our young men who have bravely fallen in defense of their country, will be required at their hands. It has evidently been the intention of the leaders in the democratic party to prolong this contest until after the Presidential election. In order to do this, they have heretofore conducted every measure of policy used by the president to

subjugate the rebellion. They have over and over again declared the country ruined. Every reverse in our arms has been seized hold of and magnified and made a new cause for abuse of the administration. They have mourned and lamented over all our victories, often falsely declaring them substantiated defeats. Thus they have gone on, endeavoring to conceal the truth, filling their newspapers with falsehoods, heaped mountains high, endeavoring to corrupt public sentiment and prolong the effusion of blood. In view of all these facts, how forcibly does the pointed declaration of the old Prophet come home to their ears. And when the question is asked, who has prolonged this cruel war and who is prolonging it now, the answer comes home to every leader of the democratic party in the north, "THOU ART THE MAN." In these terrible times responsibility must be charged where it belongs. The guilty party must be arraigned before the high court of public opinion and there held to a strict accountability. It is high time these matters were rightly understood. It is no time for evasion or misrepresentation. The guilty must be dragged out from their hiding places and held up to public view that they may receive the reward due to traitors and enemies, the everlasting execrations of all loyal men and friends to their country.

Can the Union be restored with Slavery?

We answer most emphatically, no, never. The thing is an utter impossibility. The south has destroyed the institution, the rebels by their own acts, have stabbed their darling pet in his very vitals. Slavery is dead, no earthly power can resurrect it, or galvanize it into life. This is admitted even among copperheads. This being an admitted fact how can a man be a friend to his country and still insist that the restoration of slavery shall be one of the conditions upon which the rebel states shall be received back? With what show of consistency can the democratic members of congress who voted against submitting the question to the people, whether the constitution should be so altered as to forever hereafter prohibit it, go before their constituents and attempt to justify their votes? Even struggle to save slavery prolongs the war and wages the rebels. This vote against amending the constitution encourages them to hold out. The point to which we are aiming is this. Slavery being doomed and its restoration an utter impossibility every attempt on the part of northern men to bring it to life is the very worst type of treason. If men could once have honestly desired to retain this monster, they cannot do so now. If they ever had an excuse to foster this "sum of all villainies," they have none now. It follows, that whenever you find a man advocating the restoration of the "union as it was," you may justly put him down as a sympathizer with Jeff. Davis, a traitor, an enemy to his country and the last scoundrel of the world. To advocate slavery, is to advocate treason in its most heinous form. This is the judgment of all friends of republican institutions now, the world over—this will be the judgment of all friends of humanity in all coming time down to the latest posterity.

Major O'Neil W. Robinson, Jr.

The Hero, whose name is written above, "mingles with the glorious dead," having died at his father's home, on the 17th inst., the anniversary of his birth-day to the very hour, at the precise age of forty years. He was born in Bethel, in this County; and, at time of his deeply lamented death, was the eldest of six children—four sons and two daughters—of Hon. O'N. W. Robinson, who has resided for the past twenty years at least, in Waterford. He entered Bowdoin College in 1841, and graduated in 1845. Like many of the educated young men of this county he chose the legal profession as the medium through which he would become a useful member of society and gain a livelihood; and immediately upon learning his Alma Mater, he entered upon the study of his profession, in the office of Hon. Ellbridge Gerry, then resident in Waterford; and was admitted to the Bar, in Oct. 1847.

The subject of this notice had inherited from his parents a very large and active brain, as well as a model physique. No one of his acquaintances will ever forget that noble brow supported by that powerful and commanding frame.

But, the office of the young attorney did not supply sufficient labor for such a mental and physical organization as his. His father had retired at an early age, with a "handsome competence," and a reputation among the mercantile community such as few attain; and similar business traits were rapidly discovering themselves in the son who was already "launched upon the broad sea of life;" for in addition to his very respectable practice, his active powers now began to feel their way among the more stirring business pursuits of life; and a few years found him largely, and very successfully engaged in lumbering operations, on the head-waters of the Androscoggin.

Thus the "great Rebellion" found him. He was no "halter between opinions." He had never worn the "garb of harmless respectability." His business part him more than any military office to which he could aspire; but he stopped not to count the sacrifice he was about to make. Neither did the dazzling mirage of glory lure him to the "breach of his country." No day ever, if he had one, ever had the thought enter his mind that O'Neil W. Robinson Jr. left his business, home, everything, to go into the army, except from the purest motives of patriotism; for he had everything

to lose, and nothing to gain, in any sordid sense. The latter part of the year 1861, the State raised five "mounted batteries," and O'Neil was appointed Captain of the fourth. He was "mustered in" to take rank Nov. 30, 1861. His Battery went to the "front," during the winter, and was atached to the Army of the Potomac. As our limits will not admit of any extended notice of his valuable military services, suffice it to say he followed the fortunes, shared the toils, and pressed the wine-press of the battle fields of that gallant army. He spent no time, at "Willards," "come home once a year on a furlough of twenty days; and the remainder of the time, like a faithful soldier, he was constantly with his command. He neither fed nor hired "army correspondents" to herald his exploits performed or unperformed; but as the writer has repeatedly heard warm from the hearts of his "comrades in arms" superiors as well as equals in rank, he won a most enviable reputation, for his imperturbable coolness, unflinching bravery, and his general soldierly qualities both of head and heart. In the latter part of December last, he became "Chief of Artillery" of the 3d Corps, which place he filled with great credit, as long as he remained in the field, although he received a commission of Major in the early part of January following.

During the latter part of last February he came home on his annual furlough of twenty days. He was much reduced in flesh, and was unfit for duty; but he returned to his post in the early part of March. In April, he again came home, very much emaciated from constipation. His numerous friends, though amazed at his personal appearance, joined their hopes with his that his native climate and his strong constitution would again restore his much shattered health; but the hopes expired as his sufferings intensified during the last few days of his life. He had remained in the field too long; he had been too faithful; the disease had become too deeply seated; and he laid his life upon the altar of his country in the noon of his manhood.

No man clasped his friends with a stronger affection than he. While he was cosmopolitan in his kindliness, he did not strew his flowers of friendship with a promiscuous hand; but when he planted them, they grew most luxuriously. But he is gone, and his characteristics were the last to yield. He, who, for the past years, had so constantly looked into the eye of death on the battle-field, did not fear "him whose realm is the grave" when met upon the sick bed. His faith had "disowned the spectre," and had struck the appalling dart from the "pallid arm of the terror-mountain;" and as he stood "at angel at the gates of light," he demonstrated "how sweet, how most delightful, to fade away into Eternity with a pure soul;" and "followed death into the grave as joyfully, as, in the month of May, a lamb follows after its soft-leaving mother into a sunny field of untrod dew."

In the death of Major Robinson, the country has lost a brave and gallant soldier; the state, a most worthy citizen; the home circle, an affectionate, dutiful son, and a loving and beloved brother and his friends, a genial and warm-hearted associate. Gallant soldier, worthy citizen, affectionate son, beloved brother, and genial friend, hail! and farewell!

G.—s.

The Union meeting House at Rumford Corner will be dedicated on Thursday August 4th. Sermon by Rev. Joseph Colby. Services commence at 10 A. M., in the afternoon, a sermon on our national affairs by Rev. Zeas Thompson.

FIRES IN THE WOODS. The long continued dry weather has made bad work among the timber. Last Saturday, the fire that has been lurking in the woods below South Paris, for some time past, was kindled up by the stiff breeze on that morning, and spreading through the timber lands below the station, belonging to us, before we were aware of it, it had spread to the village. The people turned out to stop its progress; but by good fortune the wind went down, and the flames did not cross the river to any extent. Had the wind continued to blow a little longer, the damage must have been very great.

REBEL SPECULATIONS. The Atlanta (Ga.) Appeal of July 4th, which has just been received at Washington, says—

"A more probable solution of Gen. Sherman's policy is that he will make a detour southward from Marietta, with the view of crossing the river and reaching the railroad somewhere between this city and West Point. Such a movement on his part would compel Gen. Johnson to move to the left, and thus leave Atlanta uncovered. But if such really be the designs of wily Yankee commander, we have an abiding faith that he will be foiled in his purposes, and brought to grief in advance of his accomplishment. We are not without the hope, moreover, that reinforcements will yet come to the aid of our army in sufficient strength to enable it to drive back the invader of our soil. The Trans-Mississippi army is now laying idle, with no enemy to annoy it, and there is no reason why it might not be transferred to the river where its services are so much needed. While the enemy are concentrating all their forces, it behooves us to do the same thing, otherwise there is no alternative left but to continue to surrender the country to the dominion of the invading foe."

The Belfast Age says a U. S. gunboat arrived off Castine on Sunday night last, and has since been laying off Lighthouse Head ready to engage any rebel bluenose craft that may enter that bay.

Androscoggin Items.

MEXICO, July 23d, 1863.

Accident. B. L. Marble, the proprietor of the National House of Dixfield, broke his arm near the shoulder, by falling from a load of hay, last Saturday.

The last fortnight of good hay weather has been improved by the hay makers and notwithstanding the scarcity of labor, the farmers are making good headway with their work. The crop of hay is only a medium one as to quantity.

A. J. Stockbridge of Rumford, who has bought the old store and some of the other buildings at Rumford Falls, is now building a new stable, and renovating and remodeling the old store and house into a tavern for the accommodation of visitors to the Falls; many visiting there during the summer months from among those pleasure seekers who go to Bethel and Mount Zirkon. I understand that a daily stage is to run from Bethel to the Falls through the visiting season.

I would give your readers another fish story if your correspondent from Bethel had not closed up the "fish stories," by his very exact statement regarding the number of black flies he killed in his trouting excursion.

"How true it is, if true at all, that True a truth did tell. That True most bawled mankind, in truth he must bawled well. Five hundred and seventy-nine muskies, in three muskieskill. On, ancient sages for out done by True of Bethel Hill."

See Democrat, July 1st, Bethel items.

Yours &c.,

ANDROSCOGGIN.

Fryeburg Items.

Have been furnished rather infrequently of late, not because the reporter has been "house cleaning" or "killing mosquitoes" to any great extent, though he has been a fishing a number of times, but more particularly because nothing of importance has developed itself. Jockey-cap has neither been a bomb-shell, nor Lovewells pond a bottomless pit in these times of war, but the attempt would undoubtedly be made, could an ambitious aeronaut be found to transport Virginia-ward.

Speaking of war and mosquitoes five or six hundred bushels vanquished (!) we would enquire of your Bethel correspondent how many that may be numerically, or their weight per bushel, as we reckon here by size and capacity, and perhaps could tell a bigger story.

THE PRODIGE. So dry it has been for the past four weeks, that fires have raged extensively in the woods, destroying much property. The hay crop of the interval has been partially injured for the want of rain, and on many uplands the corn has curled like huge onion stalks, not to unroll again. The wild berries, which the Pequawkets usually make as much account of as the corn crop, are almost entirely wanting, the blueberry being literally dried upon the stalk.

REAL ESTATE. has changed hands considerably within a few months. D. R. Hastings Esq., has purchased of Eben Weeks, and now occupies the old Chase stand, Mr. Weeks buying and moving into that recently occupied by Walter Higgins.

MR. D. W. Day has purchased the late Col. Osgood Mansion (his widow and children removing to Worcester Mass.) intending to refit it as a boarding house it is understood. Trueworthy Wiley of Conway has become a citizen of this burg, having bought that which was a few years since the only and only house on Oxford St. F. W. Farr, formerly foreman at Allen & Warrens', now owns and has in successful operation, the tannery on this same street built by Henry C. Baswell.

AN ANOMALY. A soldier, once honorably wounded, who has served well and faithfully his three years term has just returned with ideas rather peculiar.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY. We intended before this to have called the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Bailey & Noyes, which has appeared in our columns for several weeks. This firm keeps constantly on hand a large stock, in which we are always able to find any article desired. Their practical knowledge of the business enables them to purchase the best good and to recommend them with confidence. To this is also added the certainty of finding courteous and obliging salesmen, which makes it a pleasure to visit the establishment, if for no other purpose than to examine their full assortment. In the line of Blank Books, their facilities are such as to insure the purchaser a choice book.

The Portland Courier has advanced its price to 4 cents the single copy or 15 cents a week.

Death of Maine soldiers at Hampton Hospital. A. V. Vandine, 11th regiment Geo Allen, do do; D. B. Graves, 3d do; Frank J. Frazer, 8th do; George Hubbard, 20th do; James Bell, 15th do.

[Lewiston Journal.]

Major Jones, 7th Maine, killed before Washington, was formerly preceptor at China Academy. His parents are Quakers. His home was in the town of China, and there resides his wife and two children upon whom this sad affliction will fall heavily. He was about twenty seven years of age, and his three years term of service would have expired in a few weeks. [Courier.]

The Courier learns the Railroad Commissioners have prohibited the G. T. R. R. Co. from running their trains faster than twelve miles an hour.

Railroad Collision.

The freight train which leaves the Grand Trunk depot in this city at 8 o'clock P. M., left as usual last evening, and had proceeded about two miles beyond the Falmouth depot, when it came in contact, suddenly and without premonition, with an inward bound special freight train. The concussion was so great as to smash the engines badly, throw the cars one upon another, and scatter the sleepers and rails with which the special train was loaded, in all directions. The worst of the collision was that Mr. John Pennell of this city, conductor of the special train, and who was on the engine with several others, had both legs broken and terribly mangled, before being removed to his residence after he was brought back to this city.

William L. Shackley of Paris fireman of the special train, was injured slightly. On the outward train there were five passengers, among whom was Mr. Loring, cashier of the Press Office. The first intimation they had of any danger was the shock which scattered them all about the saloon car in which they were sitting. Strange to say none of them received any injury.

Mr. Henry I. Thurston of this city, brakeman on this train, was standing on a step at the forward end of a box car near the engine, manning the break. The shock threw the car forward of that back upon the one on which he was standing, breaking both of his legs, and confining him so closely that it required some time to extricate him from his position, and this was only effected by the use of axes. It is thought he will recover, though he may have to suffer amputation of one if not both legs.

The saloon car of the outward bound train, containing the passengers, employees and wounded men was brought back to the city by an engine dispatched for that purpose, arriving here about half past ten o'clock. Dr. Robinson was at the depot and did all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the injured ones.

There is certainly great blame somewhere for this melancholy occurrence, and we hope it will be sifted out.

[Press, Tuesday.]

Mr. Thurston has since died. As a little daughter of Mr. Maxwell of Cape Elizabeth, Maine, was in the act of getting out of a window in her father's house last week, it fell, holding her neck down to the sill, and she was strangled to death.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY. Rev. S. Bean, of Norridgewock, brought into our office last Wednesday, a perfectly white woodchuck. In every other respect but its appearance is that of the gray woodchuck. It has been examined by a great many persons, and all unite in pronouncing it a great curiosity. [Clarion.]

On the 24th April, James Chadbourne, Deputy Sheriff of Alfred, was thrown from his wagon in Fryeburg and had his thigh broken in two places, and has not sufficiently recovered to be moved home.

[Courier.]

A CONSPIRACY DISCOVERED. A dispatch from St. Louis, July 23d, says a conspiracy of the Knights of the Golden Circle, to organize against the government and form a North-Western Confederacy, have been discovered. The late arrest made at St. Louis, were of parties concerned in this movement. The dispatch says:

Provost Marshal General Sanderson has been gathering evidence in the matter for several months. This testimony is now in possession of the Washington authorities. It implicates many prominent men, and shows that a very dangerous organization had been formed. One of the parties arrested is said to have been so badly frightened that a bond for a half a million dollars was offered for his release. It is believed that the recent guerrilla movements in this State have connection with this great conspiracy, particularly as Thurston in a speech at Platte said: "The Knights of the Golden Circle are organized and armed, and ready to rise throughout the Free State." Thurston also said that Vallandigham was with them, and that he (Thurston) had troops in every county in the State, and that his men were coming up from the South, and that 1,400 men had been destroying the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad on their march."

Hon. Chas. Sumner has our thanks for a copy of his speech, delivered in the Senate June 15th and 16th, on the bill to establish a Bureau of Freedmen.

Holders of 7-30 Treasury Notes due August 16th, who desire to find the same, may do so at any time, and receive the full interest. Any national Bank will transact the business for a small commission.

The people at West Paris are enlarging and improving the cemetery near that village. The site is one capable of being made very attractive by united action of the owners of lots therein.

When the lawyers are busy, the Sheriffs are on the look out; and so when Esquire Bryant sent us the tall grass, John Jackson took a look over his farm. He reports a specimen of Herd's Grass six feet six inches in height, and asks some one to find a taller one.

On Tuesday, the 12th inst., the Penobscot Ministerial Association, assisted by two brethren from other Associations, met at the Chapel of the Theological Seminary in Bangor, and licensed thirty young men as candidates for the gospel ministry.

War News.

WASHINGTON, July 23. The Republican extra, says Government has received dispatches, representing that a great battle had been fought in Atlanta on Friday, resulting in a horrible slaughter and the complete capture of the enemy at every point. The rebels holding the greater part of the city, assaulted our works that day with great fury, evidently expecting to drive our men out of the place. The 15th corps seemed to be the special object of rebel wrath, as they massed against it in overwhelming force. The 15th received the shock and held its own, until the 16th corps came up, when the rebels were pushed back with great slaughter.

Gen. Logan at the head of the 17th corps, went into the battle with the rallying cry of "Remember McPherson." This corps, as well as the 13th, fought desperately, news of the death of their brave commander having been communicated to them just before going into battle. The terrible struggle ended by repulsing the enemy at every point of the line.

It was arranged that on Sunday the dead of both armies should be buried, and the wounded removed under a flag of truce. Our troops buried on Saturday 1000 rebels who were left on the field when our lines, besides which the rebels buried many of their own dead themselves near their works. Upon this basis it is estimated that the rebel killed and wounded on Friday exceeded 6,000. Our loss reached about 2,500 killed and wounded. The 15th corps suffered severely, the enemy troops having been massed against it.

While the work of burying the dead and removing the wounded was going on Saturday, Sherman's heavy artillery was playing upon the city. At the same time large fires were observed in different parts of Atlanta, supposed to have been caused by the destruction of the supply depots and other property which the enemy could not carry off, and did not wish to fall into our hands. This is considered as all evidence of the intention to abandon the place.

Several rebel generals are reported to have been killed, but their names are not given. New York, July 23. The Post's special Washington dispatch says there has been no fighting at Atlanta since Friday. All that is officially known as to the occupation of the city is that Sherman holds the first line of the enemy's entrenchments.

Cairo, Ill., July 24.

Memphis papers of the 22d state that Gen. Smith's command are arriving. Fifty prisoners have been sent to thieving prisons. Two hundred prisoners were left at Tupelo for want of transportation.

The Bulletin states that a steamer had arrived at Grand Gulf without opposition, capturing several rebels. The rebel Gen. Richardson, notices communique in West Louisiana if they don't report in ten days they will be shot down without mercy.

Dick Taylor has issued a "savagely glowing congratulatory order of the victory over Gen. Banks." An arrival at Memphis from Vicksburg, states that Gen. Stocum's expedition had returned to Vicksburg, after defeating 2,000 rebels under Wm Adams. After a short fight at Grand Gulf on the 17th, the rebels retreated in confusion with several men leaving their dead and wounded in our hands. Among the prisoners are two rebel colonels. Our loss was trifling.

Baltimore, July 26.

The American has the following: The city last night was full of rumors of rebel movements in the Shenandoah Valley, together with vague accounts of disaster to the force under Gen. Averill, which last week attacked and defeated a portion of Early's raiders near Winchester. Among the rumors prevalent were the deaths of Gen. Kelly and Averill, as well as Col. Mulligan.

The facts as far as we are able to ascertain, are that Gen. Averill, after the successful encounter with Early's forces pursued them to the mountains beyond Winchester, where Early made a stand.

After heavy fighting Saturday and Sunday, the rebels having been reinforced, Gen. Averill was compelled to fall back to Harper's Ferry, bringing with him the force at Buckner Hill, and causing the evacuation of Martinsburg.

The rebels appear to have pursued him, and yesterday afternoon again occupied Martinsburg, where they cut the telegraph and commenced destroying the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

Our forces, according to the best advice, are now concentrating at Harper's Ferry, under command of General Hunter.

The rebels hold Martinsburg. Rumors state that they are in large force, but this can hardly be possible, beyond the strength of the forces of Early and Brockbridge. The object of the rebels in retreating is doubtless to give time for the safe arrival of their train of powder, and to secure the collection of a portion of the crop in the Shenandoah Valley. That they may again come into Maryland for more powder is highly probable, especially if they find the way open to them, as is generally the case in the military management of affairs along the border.

As to the extent of the disaster to our forces in the fight beyond Winchester, we have no authentic information, nor have we any confirmation of the death of Ave. Ill, Kelly or Mulligan. The story is doubtful one.

We learn that orders have been sent to remove the army and medical stores from Frederick last night, as a matter of precaution, and to prepare to evacuate the city in case of the advancing of the rebels.

The telegraph is cut west of Harper's Ferry. It was reported that the forces of Ave. Ill and Cook had retreated beyond the railroad, but the officers of the road had not received any official advice to that effect.

Yesterday afternoon and evening rumors prevailed that the rebels had returned in heavy force in the vicinity of Martinsburg and had not and routed the Federals, and were damaging a railroad.

The train which left here yesterday morning and went as far as Sandy Hook returned last evening, crowded with Federals, who reported that a heavy fight had taken place between Harper's Ferry and Winchester, and that Hunter has been repulsed with the loss of several pieces of artillery, and a large number of men of two brigades.

It is impossible to ascertain the true state of affairs in that region, but there is no doubt that a serious disaster has occurred to the forces of Gen. Hunter.

The evening edition of the American states that it is unable to ascertain anything definite in regard to rebel movements at Martinsburg, further than that most of the rumors of last night were greatly exaggerated. Gen. Averill has not been killed, but

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

From the Working Farmer Cutting and Curing Grass.

The best time for cutting grass varies with the season and climate. Timothy always makes the best hay, if cut when the seed is in the milk state, or just changing from milk to dough, which is readily ascertained by pinching a seed between the thumb and finger. This occurs about a fortnight before ripening, and when the plant contains the largest amount of sugar, starch, etc. If allowed to perfect, the soil will be exhausted to a greater extent and the growth of the aftermath will be light. For young stock and milch cows it is more tender when cut just as it is going into flower. Clover should be cut in full flower; if allowed to ripen its seed, the greater part of the leaves and tender parts will crumble off and prove a total loss.

Clover requires more careful manipulation than common meadow grasses, and is generally cured with good success by first turning the swath so as to allow the air to act upon the under side, then throwing it to small sized cocks for a day, turning them out, and after airing, putting two, three, or four in one, always being careful not to allow the slightest fermentation.

When well cured, clover makes an admirable hay for milch cows, sheep and young stock, but is not considered to be so good for horses.

Storing Hay. Stacks should be commenced by building a platform of logs or stones, so elevated as to allow a circulation of air beneath, otherwise the hay will become mouldy; cover the bottom of the stack with some clean dry straw or last year's hay, to a depth of one or two feet, then lay on the hay in even rows. In the centre of the stack, and before placing any hay, stand in an upright position, a round smooth stick or tube of light wood, having two pegs inserted opposite each other near the top, by which to lift it up. The stick should be about four feet long, and from eight to twelve inches in diameter. As the stack progresses, this must be elevated, thus leaving a chimney for ventilation. When the stack is completed the whole should be covered with a thatch or water-proof canvas. In feeding off the hay, it is well to make use of a hay-knife to cut down one portion for immediate use, in order to prevent the exposure of too much surface at once. Hay is frequently stored in mows resting directly on the ground; this should never happen, as such hay will be productive of injurious results to cattle fed upon it.

Immediately after the removal of a crop of hay, the field should be irrigated, if it be situated so as to admit of it. If not, deluge the whole surface with liquid manure, dilute, conducted through pipes from the tank, and spread by the use of a hose, or by water carts constructed for the purpose.

Should it be impossible to get liquid manures, apply a top-dressing of homemade poultice, or guano composted with ten times its bulk of charcoal dust, wetted slightly with dilute sulphuric acid, or better still, as experience has proved on many soils, from one to two hundred pounds of Superphosphate of Lime.

The same general considerations we have offered in favor of the employment of machinery in harvesting grain, apply with still greater force in gathering the hay crop, owing to the immense amount of the latter, and the supreme importance of having it cut and secured in season. By the use of the mowing and tedding machines, horse rake and horse-unload fork, and by keeping in view the principles stated above, hay may be saved so as to double its value as food for cattle, over that produced by the majority of farmers. Hay should be cured in the windrow and cock as much as possible, so as not to expose it too long to the sun. The tedding machine gives it such a thorough shaking that a few hours sun will fit it for immediate raking and cooking, after which it may be left in cocks a day or two to sweat, and then stacked or mowed away. In wet weather it is advisable to protect the cocks with hay-raps if you have them; if not, the hay will require to be shaken out and dried after a heavy shower, before it is drawn into the barn. But make it a point after the hay is tolerably cured, to save it from showers and protect it from wet weather whenever it is practicable to do so.

A YANKEE FARMER. The New York correspondent of the London Spectator thus expresses his opinion of the farmers of this country: "Let me tell you a little about one of these Yankees whom I know well, and in whose house I have lived weeks at a time. He is a small farmer, tilling less than one hundred acres, which have been owned and tilled by his family for generations, and living upon that and a little money out at interest. He not only goes to the field with his men, but works with them there. I have many a time seen him riding home on a load of hay, a good part of which had fallen before his own well-worn scythe. Now, what do you think that man's recreations are? Chiefly astronomy. A fine observing telescope is his hobby. He is up with it in the middle of the night, and before the dawn, upon all good opportunity. His library, not large, but well chosen, is so thoroughly and intelligently read by him, that some of the soundest and most

pungent opinions I have ever heard upon literature have come from his lips in English, than which no better, according to the standard of Oxford and Cambridge, is spoken anywhere. His brother, the rector of the parish, the pretty stone church of which was built in a large measure by the contributions of their fore-fathers, was offered and refused the bishopric of his diocese. The word "farmer" conveys to you a certain idea or image. Does it convey the idea of such a man as this? From my observation, I should judge decidedly not. And yet this man is only a farmer, and the son and grandson of Yankee farmers on both sides. But you will say that this man is a very rare and marked exception. But in that you will be wrong. Somewhat exceptional he is. But he represents a class very numerous and widely diffused; and he sprung from and in direct affinity with a class which is numbered by hundreds of thousands of men, besides women and children. I have heard from his cousin the miller, (a working miller mind you, although he owns his mill,) as sensible and as well-expressed opinions upon all matters (literature included) as I have from him."

A WORD FROM AN OLD SHEEP RAISER

The present prices obtained for wool, and which are likely to continue for a number of years, have induced many farmers to invest in sheep, and no doubt a great many inexperienced farmers will "have the wool pulled over their eyes," as the saying is, and in a few years abandon the whole thing, jumping into the next current of high prices in something else, forgetting that "Cure is mother of luck." The great art in raising a flock of sheep is to secure for them sound, healthy constitutions, and next to this it is important to get the largest amount of wool on a given surface. To accomplish these ends, care is required in selecting your breeding ewes. A judicious, fine-wool farmer will reject all long-legged and barefooted ewes, selecting only short-legged, wool-to-the-toes, and woolly-faced ewes, well built and "heavy set." A ewe can not be relied upon as a kind and good suckler before the age of three years; at the age of four years she may be considered in her prime, and her strong and vigorous constitution is imparted to her progeny. The reason why we have so many ill-shaped, and unproductive flocks through our entire country is hazardous, careless manner of too many of our farmers in selecting their breeding ewes, they have a certain number of ewes, yearlings, two-year-olds, three, four, and indeed often up to twelve and fifteen-year-old ewes. The season arrives for "turning in," and without any thought about his business, the careless farmer expects to raise a flock of healthy, hearty lambs, simply because he is following in the way his father went before him. [American Agriculturist.]

SHELTER FOR SHEEP WHILE AT PASTURE

Solomon Green, of Townsend, Mass., who says he has kept sheep thirty years, advises to have small buildings erected in sheep-pastures, and that they should be dark so that the sheep by going into them may avoid flies. He says the sheep will go in at eight o'clock in the forenoon and remain till four o'clock in the afternoon. "The house," he says, should be built on runners, so that it can be moved, and this will enrich the land. A house twelve feet square is sufficient to hold a dozen sheep and their lambs. Move it in length once in two or three weeks." He sends the following, which he says is "a sure cure for grub in the head and belly of sheep." For six sheep, mix two quarts of oats with a large teaspoonful of yellow snuff, and give to the sheep once a week for a few weeks, and then once a month. [Cultivator.]

GALLS ON THE BACKS OF HORSES

It is said that an ointment made of white lead and milk will greatly soothe and heal galls on horses, occasioned, as they frequently are, by a harness that does not fit, or some other cause. In cases of long standing, it will be necessary to repeat the application daily for a week or more, gently rubbing and stirring the blood about the injured parts. Care must also be observed not to cause fresh irritation by riding or otherwise exciting the wounds.

TORACCO FOR CUTWORMS

Some years since I concluded on raising some rabbits for winter food for my cows. With the assistance of my boys I planted several acres, and the next morning on looking at them I found a great many of them destroyed by cutworms; we planted more and killed what worms we could find, but the next morning found hundreds of the plants killed. We planted more and chicken manure, lime, cow's manure and chicken manure, and in fact everything I could think of, but did not succeed in stopping their depredations; at last I came to the conclusion that the "critters" had learned to chew and that my best way would be to supply them with tobacco at once, I therefore put about half a pound of tobacco into a bucket of boiling water and when it was cool I took a pint cup and put a little on each plant as I picked it out. I looked next morning and found one plant destroyed and the worm beside it dead. I always practice the same plan and do not think I have lost a plant since; that year I saved 1500 out of 6000. I have tried tobacco for the bugs that infest cucumbers and melons, but it does not affect them as it does cutworms. [Cor. Prairie Farmer.]

A man must ask his wife's leave to thrive.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Has been used for nearly HALF A CENTURY.

With the most astonishing success in curing Coughs, Cold, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every affection of the THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST, Including even CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season of cold, hoarseness, cough, or some other slight ailment, which is the forerunner of a more serious complaint. In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are combined with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value ten-fold, and forming a remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no medicine yet discovered.

Hon. Rufus K. Goodnow.

Formerly a Member of Congress from Maine, has kindly permitted me to use his testimony in favor of Wistar's Balsam, by the following certificate forwarded through Dr. Root of South Paris:

I have tried Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry for an exceedingly troublesome cough. The result was all that could be desired. The use of less than one bottle relieved me entirely. Among great varieties of Medicines which I have used, I have found none equal to Wistar's. Its curative properties, in cases of cough, I regard as invaluable.

R. K. GOODNOW.

The following is the opinion of Messrs. B. F. Bates & Co.

Paris, Me., Aug. 4, 1863.

Gentlemen: Please send me more of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and also of the Oxygentated Bitters. These remedies we find to be increasing in demand, and are glad to say are doing much good; indeed we believe them to be the best remedies for the diseases for which they are respectively designed of anything within our knowledge.

Yours Respectfully,

B. F. BATES & CO.

George W. Millett,

Editor of the Newbury Advertiser, gives his opinion substantially as follows:

Newbury Village, Me., August 4, 1860.

Messrs. S. W. Fowle & Co., Boston.

Gentlemen: For a remedy of such undoubted merit as Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, I can give you my testimony, and trust that others may thereby be induced to give it a trial and be benefited. Several years since I first became acquainted with this Balsam at a time of distressing cough and cold which took such firm hold of my lungs as to render me unable to breathe and its operation produced a speedy and permanent cure, after trying various remedies to no avail.

In our town this remedy is a great favorite with many, and if all who suffer will but give it a fair trial, I think they will find it to be more serviceable in pulmonary affections than any other remedy of this class before the public.

Yours Respectfully,

GEO. W. MILLETT.

M. D. H. Taggart of Turner Village, writes the proprietors of this great remedy as follows:

Turner Village, July 31, 1860.

Messrs. S. W. Fowle & Co., Boston.

Gentlemen—I do not hesitate to recommend Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry for coughs and pulmonary affections, having used it in my family for many years with great satisfaction. Indeed I have used more of it than all the other remedies I have ever tried, and therefore I believe it to be the best of the kind in the market. I have used it in cases of cold, cough, and asthma, and have been partially administered to me, and have been married March 13, 1864, and become disqualified by law, your testimonial proves that administration may be granted to James H. Eastman.

R. J. EASTMAN.

On the petition of the said Eastman, given notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this petition with this order of Court thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris on the third Tuesday of July next, at one o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

To the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

HUMPHRY represents, Rosella J. Eastman of Grandis in said County, that she was the widow of Horace H. Paine, late of Randolph in said County, who died on the sixth day of August, A. D. 1863, intestate, and possessed of real estate, goods and chattels, rights and credits, which ought to be administered according to law, and have been partially administered to me, and have been married March 13, 1864, and become disqualified by law, your testimonial proves that administration may be granted to James H. Eastman.

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E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

To the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

URSULA WALKER of Fryeburg, administratrix of the estate of Dean Walker late of Fryeburg in said County, deceased, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts which he owed at the time of his death by his estate of eight hundred dollars. Your petitioners therefore pray your honor would grant her license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.

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E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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To the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

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URSULA WALKER.

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E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

Tells Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

JEDEDIAH HARDING of Andover in the County of Oxford, administrator of the estate of Joel T. Harding, late of Andover in said County deceased, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of two hundred dollars.

Your petitioners therefore pray your honor would grant him license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.

JEDEDIAH HARDING.

On the petition of the said Harding, given notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this petition with this order of Court thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris on the third Tuesday of July next, at one o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

To the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

HUMPHRY represents, Isaac Estes of Bethel, in said County, that he is the father of Isaac Estes late of Bethel in said County, deceased, who died on or about the 1st day of A. D. 1863, intestate, and possessed of real estate, goods and chattels, rights and credits, which ought to be administered according to law, and that his widow, Nancy A. Estes, was appointed administratrix of said estate, and that she died on the twenty-sixth day of April, 1864, without having completed the administration thereof, wherefore your petitioners pray that administration of said estate may be granted to him, he being next of kin, for the purpose of discharging the trust committed to her.

ISAAC ESTES.

On the petition of the said Estes, given notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this petition with this order of Court thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris on the third Tuesday of July next, at one o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

To the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

HUMPHRY represents, Samuel Bart of Bethel in said County, that he is the father of Nancy A. Estes late of Bethel in said County, deceased, who died on or about the 1st day of A. D. 1863, intestate, and possessed of real estate, goods and chattels, rights and credits, which ought to be administered according to law, and that his widow, Nancy A. Estes, was appointed administratrix of said estate, and that she died on the twenty-sixth day of April, 1864, without having completed the administration thereof, wherefore your petitioners pray that administration of said estate may be granted to him, he being next of kin, for the purpose of discharging the trust committed to her.

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E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

To the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

HUMPHRY represents, Rosella J. Eastman of Grandis in said County, that she was the widow of Horace H. Paine, late of Randolph in said County, who died on the sixth day of August, A. D. 1863, intestate, and possessed of real estate, goods and chattels, rights and credits, which ought to be administered according to law, and have been partially administered to me, and have been married March 13, 1864, and become disqualified by law, your testimonial proves that administration may be granted to James H. Eastman.

R. J. EASTMAN.

On the petition of the said Eastman, given notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this petition with this order of Court thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris on the third Tuesday of July next, at one o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

To the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

URSULA WALKER of Fryeburg, administratrix of the estate of Dean Walker late of Fryeburg in said County, deceased, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts which he owed at the time of his death by his estate of eight hundred dollars. Your petitioners therefore pray your honor would grant her license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.

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