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## MISCELLANY.

### THE WONDER-WORKING BED-STEAD.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

"Your backs-to-night, gentlemen, and your faces-as early in the morning as you like," said Mr. Butter, the landlord of the "Punch Bowl," as he opened the parlor door to let out a number of workmen who had been spending their evening and their money in discussing the "Rights of the laboring classes," and now that it was nearly twelve o'clock, and the orders were getting few and far between, he wished both to shut up their debates and his house at the same time.

"All right," said Tom Fast, "we have decided after careful investigation, to get up a petition to Parliament, complaining of our grievances; and shall want you to let it lie for signature on your bar-counter."

"Very well, gentlemen," said Mr. Butter, "in anything I can do to serve you I shall be most happy to render assistance."

"Well, I propose," said James Fletcher, "that we adjourn until to-morrow night, and then we can draw it up in a proper manner."

"I second it," said Tom Fast, "and to save time those that approve of it show your hands."

All hands thereupon being displayed, the company separated to their different homes. It so happened the next afternoon that Edward Ward, an old friend whom James Fletcher had not seen for years, but had lately come to live and work near at hand, called upon him at the works and asked permission to see him, so that James was sent for, and immediately he caught sight of Edward he said:

"Way, bless my heart; is it really you?" "Yes my beauty, and how are you?" said Edward, "how's the missus and family?"

"Ah, well thank you, and how are yours?" said James.

"First-rate, thank you," said Edward.

"Well, you'll just go down to the Punch Bowl, and have a glass," said James, "I am glad to see you look so well."

"I don't mind if I do," said Edward, so away they went to the Workmen's Club, as it is sometimes called, and as they seated themselves James rang the bell and ordered the landlord to bring a quart of the best ale. When the landlord retired they continued their inquiries about one another and their old companions, but at length James, expressing his surprise that the ale was not forthcoming, arose and made his way to the bar, with the intention of giving them, as he said, a word of the sort. He was, however, stopped by Mr. Butter saying:

"I am sorry James that I am obliged to keep your friend waiting so long, but—and he hesitated.

"Why what's up now?" said James.

"The fact is," said Mr. Butter, "your score is quite as long as I think it ought to be; in fact I was not aware it was so much; until my missus told me, or I should have named it before."

"What! do you mean to say then that I can't have a quart of ale to treat a friend with, after having paid you many a pound?" said James with warmth.

"Well I should be sorry to be thought unkind, but the fact is, I am anxious to keep right with my customers," said the landlord.

"Right indeed; on your own side, no doubt," said James, "but wrong on mine; why it was only last night you said that you would do I don't know what to serve us; and now when I order a paltry quart of ale, you turn round upon me and refuse it."

"You forget," said Mr. Butter, "that I have heavy expenses to meet and a large family to bring up."

Yes, at the expense of such silly fellows as I have been," said James, "but I'll take care of what I get for the future, and not be short of a few pence when I have an old companion call to see me."

"I don't mind your having another quart," said the landlord, who began to fear that he would lose James altogether, if he did not mind what he was about; "but, continued he, "you know I wish to do what is right, and payments must be kept, or I should soon have to shut up."

"Oh you wish to Butter me do you?" said James, "but I am not to be caught in that way either."

"Wheels go easy my lad if they are oiled," said the landlord, "and now we understand one another, no doubt we shall be better friends than ever."

"Not if I know it," said James, "I was not aware that you had altered your sign to the 'Case is altered' see here," putting his hand into his pocket and drawing out a half crown, "many a punch you have had of me, but no more shall you punch from me if I know it. Here Ned, let us go from here," and opening the door he and his companion went in the direction of his home, which they soon reached.

"What do you think of that treatment?" said James, "after using the house for years, and then to begrudge a fellow an extra quart, and at such a time, too, when I had a friend call on me unexpectedly."

"I'm of the opinion," said Edward, "that they don't care a fig what comes of us so long as they get the money."

"That's what I have often said," chimed in the wife, "and yet our James goes there almost every night, and on Saturday after he has paid his score. I scarce know what to do for the best. I wish they were all shut up, that I do."

"It's all very well wishing that they were shut up," said James, "and I am sure it would be a blessing to me and my family if they were; yet I don't see how we can blame them."

"You would blame me pretty quick," said the wife, "if I didn't make the best use I could of the little you bring home, and why not lay some blame on their shoulders when they get so large a share, and serve you like they have done. Only just give me a chance of spending as much as you have taken there, and see whether I won't have a ready welcome for any friend you may bring home either to tea or dinner."

"I have been thinking lately," said Edward, "of becoming a teetotaler, for there are lots of men nowadays work as hard as I do, and yet they never have ale or anything of the kind."

"Well I don't see but what a pint or two, said James, "helps me along, and I couldn't do without it."

"So I have heard many say," replied Edward, "but when they have tried it, they have all found that they can not only do without, but that they work better than before."

"Well if you will try it I will," said James, "and we can perhaps help one another to keep it, as you won't live far from us."

"I'm ready," said Edward, "and you give your wife the chance of proving her words true, by placing the extra money in her hand, on the Saturday."

"Give me the money and I'll soon show what can be done," said the wife, "not a penny shall go to waste if I know it."

"But I owe Butter a longish score," said James, "how is that to be managed?"

"Easy enough," said the wife; "I'll call and ask him how much it is, if you don't wish to go near him."

"And if it be true, that 'good deeds come home to roost,' you'll be rewarded," said Edward.

"I would do anything if my husband would only keep away from that place," said the wife.

"But what am I to do to-night?" said James, all at once thinking of the petition which was to be discussed, and telling them some of the important advantages that would accrue from the passing of such a measure.

"It's my opinion," said Edward, "that no man will ever rise high in the world who hangs on the skirts of others."

"That's what I've often said; for with all this talk about the pot and the pipe, I believe the best way is for each man to sweep his own door clean," said the wife.

"I heard it said at a meeting the other night, that national prosperity is the sum of individual industry, energy and uprightness, and if that be true, then it follows that if working men are true to themselves, they will soon realize all that they can wish without waiting for some royal road, which after all may never be found," said Edward.

"Well, let us have some tea," said James, "the subject is getting dry."

So the wife soon placed before them a comfortable repast, during the disposal of which it was decided that the safest and best course would be for James to stay away from the Punch Bowl, and to spend his evening by going to a Temperance meeting. There they listened to an admirable address given by a working man, who took as a text for his remarks the words of John Wesley, "First, Get all you can; second, Save all you can; third, Give all you can."

"How singular," said Edward, after all was over, "that we should drop in at such a time, and hear such a lecture?"

"Yes, it's strange," said James, "I wonder if they know us."

"No, my friends," said a voice behind; "but the Master above does, and for some wise purpose He has fitted the means to the end, and I hope you will sign the pledge."

"Yes, we have decided to do so," said they, and their names were soon placed in the book.

"And now I hope you will soon have your names registered on the Lamb's Book of Life," said the stranger, as he gave them the card of membership, and wished them good night.

Upon reaching home he showed his wife the card and said:

"This is my bill of rights, I am a freeman at once, and at a cheap rate indeed! and now for the effort to keep my pledge and carry out my resolution!"

Next morning, James had to give an account of himself, and judge of the surprise of some of his shopmates when he showed them his card; some ridiculed, some jeered, some taunted, but he steadfastly stood his ground. He soon found that it was not necessary to go to the battle-field to make the hero, for it requires a great amount of moral courage to be the hero at home; and happy is he who, by the grace of God, can thus be a "volunteer" of the best kind.

Going home from work one evening about six months after signing the pledge, his eye rested on a very fine mahogany four-poster bedstead, and he could not resist the temptation of staying to look at it, and examine its workmanship. So pleased was he with it, that almost unconsciously, he went into the shop and asked the price, and it was only when the shop-keeper said the sum would be eight guineas, that he was thoroughly aroused from his contemplations and led to feel that it was one thing to wish for a thing and another to be able to secure it for use.

However, he was so completely charmed with what he saw that he was at length led to ask himself, "why shouldn't he have something like that in his house?" and when the price stared him in the face, he turned upon the shop-keeper and asked him "if he would have no objection to put it aside for him, until he could bring him the money?"

"Well," said the shop-keeper, "that depends upon how long you'll be before you can pay for it."

"I can pay you about half the money next week," said James, "and the rest by weekly installments of about four shillings at least, for ever since we have become teetotalers at our house, I have put my money in the savings bank, and have saved over £4."

"Very well," said the shop-keeper, "and when you bring the money from the bank, the bedstead shall be sent home for me, I am not afraid to trust a sober man any day."

Away went James full of thought, deliberating how he should break the news to his wife, but he decided, at least for the present not to let her know what he had in store. At the promised time he went to the bank and withdrew the sum named, and made his way to the shop-keeper's who, as soon as he received the cash and gave him a receipt asked, "When he would like it sent home?"

"I will call and let you know," James said, "I must get my missus out of the way; I should like to take her by surprise."

"All right," said the shop-keeper, "I wish other working men would surprise their wives with such things, it would soon make business brisk."

James at length managed to arrange the matters cleverly one evening while his wife was taking tea with Mrs. Wall; to put her off her guard he had told her to wait until he came to fetch her home. Little did she dream while talking over the happy change that had come to their house, that a fresh addition to her joy was awaiting her when she returned. Once she remarked jokingly, "I wonder who is talking about me, my earsingle like I don't know what."

"Why, of course James," said Mrs. Wall, "who else do you think?"

"Well I don't know who it is, but I feel as if something was going to happen," said James.

"Of course there will; something is always likely to happen in this world," said Mrs. Wall, "but I have made up my mind to wait until I see it."

Just at this moment James' footsteps were heard, and upon opening the door he said, "Are you ready Jane?" come along, I won't stay, thank you," as Mrs. W. pressed him to "sit down a bit for it was not too late."

They were soon on their way, and as they had not far to go, it was not long ere they arrived home. When Jane entered the bedroom judge of her surprise to see standing before her the new bedstead.

The sight of it so overcame her that for a moment or two she scarcely knew either what to say or think, but at length she exclaimed:

"Why James, when and how did this come here?"

"Oh the fairy fingers of labor have made it," said James, "and the wizard of will has brought it."

"But is it paid for? or how did you get it?" said Jane.

James briefly told her how he had been induced to secure it, concluding by saying "he didn't see why those who worked the hardest shouldn't also have the best bed and bedstead to lie upon."

"Nor I my dear, and right glad am I to hear you say so," said Jane, and going to the drawers she took out a small box, and unlocking it she said, "Here James, I mean to have a share in this," and putting in his hand some money he found upon

counting it, more than sufficient to settle the bill.

"Why where did you get this from?" "Old Mother Careful brought it to me, and you must not ask any questions," said Jane, "and now you will see that you are not going to do it all your own way."

"Bless you my dear," said James, "what a helpmeet is woman, but come, let us go and settle the bill while we have the money."

So away they went, and the shop-keeper was as much surprised as Jane; but upon hearing the explanation was so pleased that he made them a handsome deduction as discount, and hoped as he said, "to have the pleasure of serving them with other articles."

Upon their return back they again examined carefully the carving on the posts, and Jane was so impressed with the beauty of the whole affair that she said, "I am almost afraid of sleeping in such grand style."

However, they retired to rest, but next day while James was at work, she came to the conclusion that to make it look as it ought to do, it would require some damask curtains, and while they were talking over the matters in the evening, she told him so.

"Well let us save enough and get them," said James, "I am quite willing, for I believe in what Chatterbox says, 'that God has made man with arms long enough to reach anything if he will only try.'"

It was not many weeks before they were gratified in seeing the curtains hanging around them.

"Don't they set it off splendid?" said Jane.

"Yes, good things suit one another, don't they?" said James.

"But," said Jane, looking down at the carpet, "I didn't know these were so shabby."

"Nor I," said James, it must be the bright new colors of the hangings; but never mind, we must get some to match."

So on they went, planning and saving to finish the work they had so happily begun, and it was not long ere they had carpets laid down to match, and Jane again saying, "Really, I should hardly know it was the same room."

Just about the same time, an opening occurred in the neighborhood where James thought he could take a shop with the prospect of doing a good business, and as his wife was rather fond of something of the kind, they decided to take it, so very soon they were installed in their new home.

One thing that the lecturer had said the night when James signed the pledge had never been forgotten; it was this, "that small and steady gains is the road to wealth;" and his experience hitherto had confirmed it; for he found that it was by saving the "littles" that he had secured the object upon which he had fixed his mind, and now in starting shopkeeping he determined to apply the same principle and see whether it would work well; he believed also, that it was the duty of every man to create wealth, or the world would become poorer by his being in it, and so he determined to do what he could to leave the world in this sense "better than he found it."

Success so much attended this effort that it was not long before he felt it to be his duty to leave his situation, and devote all his time to the shop at home. And now he began really to feel the influence of the Wonder-working bedstead, for as prosperity crowned their efforts, he felt that there was yet much to be added to make all things in the house "match," and when the bedroom was at length completely furnished, the wife suggested the propriety of starting with the sitting-room, and the same results were seen there also, for the new tablecloth made the carpet look quite seely, and thus article by article, the old things had to be turned out, and new ones put in their place; at length each room in the house was transformed in the same way. When they had done these they began to be dissatisfied with the house, so that with an increasing business and steady adherence to the principle of "minding the littles," they began to build and ere another year had passed over their heads, they removed to their own house; and as quarter days passed by, one after another, and no landlord called for rent, they often reflected upon the time when the current of their life was changed by the introduction into their midst of the "Wonder-Working Bedstead."

Nor have they forgotten the latter part of John Wesley's advice, "Give all you can." For whenever an effort was made to bless man, either temporarily or spiritually, they always say, "We must have a finger in that pie;" and thus by practical efforts they have succeeded in proving it possible to make the "best of both worlds." And now, in a nice house of their own, after having realized sufficient to retire from active business life, as an agent of the Alliance or any religious institution should go that way, there is always a hearty welcome, a happy

home, and at night he may lose himself in the downy feathers of the bed that lies on the "Wonder-Working Bedstead."

[PRINTED BY REQUEST.]

Poetry, by Nellie L. Packard.  
TRIP LIGHTLY.

Tip lightly over trouble;  
Trip lightly over wrong;  
We only make grief double,  
By dwelling on it long.  
Why sleep won't hand so tightly?  
Why sigh after blossoms dead?  
Why cling to fumes so tightly?  
Why not seek joys instead!

Tip lightly over sorrow,  
Though all the day be dark,  
The sun may show to-morrow,  
And gaily sing the lark;  
Fair hope has not departed,  
Though roses may have fled,  
Then never be down-hearted,  
But look for joy instead.

Tip lightly over sadness,  
Stand not to rail at doom,  
We're pearls to strings of gladness,  
On this side of the tomb;  
While stars are nightly shining,  
And Heaven is overhead,  
Encourage not repining,  
But look for joy instead.

TO MORROW.

Waste not the grief that dims the eye,  
Waste not the cause of sorrow,  
We need us to the weeping sky,  
And say we'll smile to-morrow.  
And when from those we love we part,  
From hope we comfort borrow,  
And whisper to our aching heart,  
We'll meet again to-morrow.

But when to-morrow comes, 'tis still  
An image of to-day,  
Still tears our heavy eyelids fill,  
Still mourn we those away,  
And when that morrow too is past—  
[A yesterday of sorrow!]  
Hope smiling chide us to the last,  
With visions of to-morrow.

THERE'S NONE ON EARTH LIKE MOTHER.

Sweet is the song of birds  
In summer's leafy wood,  
But sweeter far the words  
That grace a loving mood.  
The sweetest music low  
The love it all can smother,  
The human heart alone can know  
There's none on earth like mother.

When far in distant lands,  
Though skies be bright above us,  
We sigh for gentle hands,  
And smiles of those who love us;  
So down the dreary years,  
We follow one another,  
Yet sorrow through our blinding tears,  
"There's none on earth like mother."

GLORY OF HEAVEN.

I praised the earth in beauty seen,  
With garlands gay, of various green;  
I praised the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield;  
And earth and ocean seemed to say,  
Our beauties are but for a day.

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled  
On wheels of amber and of gold;  
I praised the moon, whose silver eye  
Gazed sweetly through the summer sky;  
And moon and sun in answer said,  
Our days of light are numbered.

O God, O good beyond compare,  
If thus thy wonder works are fair,  
If thus thy beauties gladden the eyes  
Of ruined earth and sinful men,  
How glorious must the mansion be  
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee.

BEAUTY OF TURKISH WOMEN. As to beauty of mere dress and ease of attitude, nothing that I have seen in life or in pictures can give the slightest idea of the wonderful grace, the extreme delicacy, and and bird-of-paradise-like uselessness of the Turkish belle. Women of rank look like hot-house flowers, and are really cultivated up to the highest perfection of physical beauty, having no other employment but to make their skins as snow-white and their eyes brows as jet-black as possible. When young their skin is literally as white as their veils, with the faintest tinge of pink on the cheek, like that in the inside of a shell, which bends exquisitely with the tender apple-leaf green, and soft violet colors, of which they are so fond. The reverse of the picture is, that after the first bloom of youth is past, their skin becomes yellow and sickly looking, and you long to give the yashmak a pull and admit a fresh breeze to brighten up the fine features. A belle, and a beauty, too, the Turkish woman must be; for nothing can be more wretched than to see the poor thing attempting to walk, or make herself at all useful. She shuffles along the ground exactly like an embarrassed parrot, looking as if her loose garments must inevitably flutter off at the next step. The drapery which falls so gracefully and easily about her in a carriage, or while reclining on cushions, seems untidy and awkward when she is moving about, in fact, if she is not a beauty, and is not the property of a rich man, she is the most miserable-looking creature possible.

[Lady Hornby.]

HOG-POSS. I would say to all persons intending to build a new hog-pen not to build a granary over or adjoining it, as I have known two cases where grain stored in such places has become so impregnated by the effluvia of the hogs as to be unfit for human food, and I doubt the propriety of making hogs eat grain so saturated with their wet and warm apartments, and I doubt if pork thus fattened can be fit to eat, in such damp dark rooms, where the sun and winds have no purifying influence. A hint may be sufficient.

[S. MASSEY, Watertown N. Y.]











## Farmer's Department.

"EPE THE FLOW."

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

**THE CURRANT WORM.** I have tried many things to rid my gooseberry and currant bushes of the pest, (currant worm,) with no effect, but have now hit on the means of their utter destruction. Take two pounds of sulphate of iron, (copperas) dissolve in two gallons of hot water; dilute with ten or twelve gallons of cold water; sprinkle with a fine rose watering pot. When the dew is on the bushes in the morning is the best time. In a few hours you will find the worms prostrated or dead, and have fallen off the bush, and the foliage not injured except where the worms have eaten the leaf. The just proportion that will eradicate the worm is perhaps the best. We would recommend its use for other insects, but cannot say definitely; but rely on its destroying the currant worm.

[Cor. Utica Herald.]

**ANOTHER PLAN.** The American Agriculturist suggests the following method of destroying these pests:

For several years past the currant bushes have been nearly destroyed by numerous small worms which devour them of their foliage. As the eggs from which these worms spring are deposited on the underside of the leaves, the first indication of their ravages will be observed by many small holes eaten through, and the minute worms may be seen making the holes larger.

The writer has been accustomed to sprinkle powdered white hellebore on the bushes, which is an infallible remedy, as it destroys the worms in a few minutes, and will not injure the currant bushes in the least. White hellebore can be obtained in most drug stores, in a powdered state, at a few cents per ounce. To sprinkle it on bushes, put about two tablespoonfuls into a pepper or flour box, and sprinkle it lightly all over the outside leaves. Then turn up the bushes and scatter a small quantity in the middle of them. Let it be spread as thinly as practicable, as a quantity so small that it cannot be perceived with the naked eye, will check the ravages. In the spring of 1864 our gooseberry bushes were stripped of every leaf, and all the branches were literally covered with full-sized worms. We sprinkled them lightly with white hellebore; and in less than two hours every worm fell to the ground dead. Great care must be exercised in handling the hellebore, as a small quantity will produce violent sneezing.

**YOUNG APPLE TREES.** Now is a good time to give the right shape to your young apple trees. Cut off the lower limbs till you have a body the required height, then trim out the central branches so as to have it open in the centre, giving the whole top the shape of an inverted umbrella.

It is also an excellent time to root out that poor, sickly looking tree, and prepare the ground for a better than a sickly looking dog, neither can ever be good for anything, and the quicker they are out of the way the better.

We are instituting some experiments against the borer, which we are sanguine will be successful, and which we shall soon report for the benefit of others. They are uncommonly destructive the present season.

[Maine Farmer.]

**THE BORER.** We tried an experiment the last week, which we are quite sanguine will be successful. We took equal parts of calined plaster and Spanish whiting, mixed them with water to the consistence of thick cream and put in a very little dissolved alum. This preparation becomes almost as hard as stone, and without the whiting is known among artists by the name of Scagliola. We next took a paste brush and washed the trees a foot from the ground with this composition, taking care to give a good coat next to the ground. We do not believe they will deposit their eggs through this substance, while no injury can be done to the tree. Only a small quantity should be mixed at a time. An hour's work will go over a large orchard of young trees. The experiment is a cheap one, and we wish others would repeat it, and report the result.

[Maine Farmer.]

**TO REMOVE THE TASTE OF NEW WOOD.** A new keg, churn, bucket, or other wooden vessel, will generally communicate a disagreeable taste to anything that is put into it. To prevent inconvenience, first scald the vessel well with boiling water, letting the water remain till cold. Then dissolve some pearl-ash or soda in lukewarm water, adding a little bit of lime to it, and wash the inside of the vessel well with this solution. Afterwards scald it well with boiling hot water, and rinse it with cold before you use it.

The New Hampshire Mirror says, that the hay in that State, is now so thickly set with weed, that the earth well filled with moisture, that it is nearly beyond the peril of a drought. There is a large amount of old hay on hand, farmers refusing to sell when it was from \$35 to \$40 per ton.

Phosphate of lime and magnesia, in small quantities, are found in the ashes of all common plants; but they form from one half to three-fourths of the ashes of wheat, and a very large portion of the ashes of other grains.

**THE BIRDS AND WORMS.** One of our citizens who has suffered severely from the canker worms this season, informs us that on Sunday last his cherry trees were visited by a hundred or more birds, most of them what are called the cherry or canker worm birds, the others being a kind unknown to him, the males of which are red. These birds commenced a vigorous attack upon the canker worms on the cherry-trees, and continued it until nearly every worm was devoured. They searched thoroughly for the pests, and apparently, when unable to find them otherwise, purposely shook the small branches of the trees to cause them to suspend themselves in the air, and would then dart at them. Our informant thinks if they had come a week earlier they would have saved for him a fine crop of cherries. As it was, the fruit was poisoned by the worms, turned red prematurely, and dropped to the ground, and he will have no cherries where he expected to have bushels. Since the visit of the birds he has been able to discover hardly a worm on the trees. [Pawtucket Chronicle.]

**GARDEN WALKS.** As many persons have at this time large heaps of coal ashes, they can dispose of them in no way to better advantage than by hauling them into their garden alleys. Remove from four to six inches of the dirt, and having screened the ashes or separated the core and cinders, first apply the coarse stuff, then oyster shells, if you have any on hand, small stones, glass or pieces of bricks, and top-dress with the ashes. Roll it, and you will have one of the best walks ever seen in a garden. The ashes become very hard, and are never wet, winter or summer, if the weather gives the water the least chance to get away. In summer, in five minutes after a shower, there will be scarcely enough moisture to dampen the soles of your shoes.

If there is not sufficient ashes for all the walks, commence with the principal ones, and in a couple of years the garden will be complete. Then, each spring after, give them a slight top-dressing of the ashes, which will about consume your annual stock. [Germanstown Telegraph.]

**AN ILLINOIS FRUIT FARM.** The following notice of the orchard of W. C. Flagg, Esq., near Alton, Ill., Secretary of the State Horticultural Society, is taken from a late report of the proceedings of the Horticultural Society of Alton:

"Mr. Flagg's farm occupies about 1,100 acres of land of which about 80 acres are in orchard, 250 under the plow, 300 in woodland, 300 in meadow and 300 in meadow and 300 in pasture. The following fruits are in cultivation:—4,500 apple trees, 150 pears, 1,200 peach, 100 cherry, 60 plum, 20 apricots, 12 nectarines, half an acre of grapes, and about 2 acres of small fruits. The most profitable thus far has been the Janet, which fourteen years planted has yielded 600 bushels per acre. The Newton Pippin and Pryor's Red are also favorite varieties. 150 varieties of apples, 5 of apricots, 12 of cherries, 7 of currants, 14 of grapes, 5 of nectarines, 26 of peaches, 30 of pears, 14 plums, 6 of raspberries, are under trial, but are mostly too young to judge of results."

The Maine Farmer learns that Mr. Barker of Bethel, lost a colt from eating the weed known as "pine-weed" or "mare's tail". He had an old horse and a colt standing side by side and fed in the same manner. The horse had wit enough to poke the weed in a pile by itself and was unharmed, but the colt ate her hay and everything with it, and soon died from its effects.

**OX-EYE DAISY.** J. J. Thomas states in the Country Gentleman, that on a farm which he lately visited in Pennsylvania, the ox-eye daisy has been so thoroughly eradicated that not a plant could be seen, though it is generally abundant in the neighborhood. The mode practiced for its extermination is to plant two broad crops in succession, both well-manured, followed by wheat and seeded with clover.

A lady correspondent of the New England Farmer, says her husband stopped his cows from gnawing boards, by feeding to them the bones after soap-making. They were pulverized and kept in the yard where the cattle had free access to them.

More grass is injured by standing too long that by being cut too early. Early cut grass is followed by the best second crop, and rowen is the best for cows in milk, and for lands and calves.

Attempts to improve the native animal of a country by any plan of crossing, should be made with the greatest caution; for by a mistaken practice extensively pursued, irreparable mischief may be done.

At the late New York Sheep Fair Messrs. Hall & Randall, and Henry Robins, of Vermont, sold two Merino rams for \$3000 each, and a number of ewes changed hands for \$100 each, and some at higher prices.

The Northwest has been driven to the use of machinery to a greater extent than ever before, owing to the scarcity of farm labor. But the soldiers are moving homeward, and the price of labor will come down. Never mind; machinery is a good thing anyhow.

The general mistake in crossing has arisen from an attempt to increase the size of a native race of animals, being a fruitless attempt to counteract the laws of nature.

## American and Foreign Patents.

**R. H. EDDY,**  
SOLICITOR OF PATENTS,  
Late Agent of U. S. Patent Office, Washington  
(under Act of 1837.)  
73 State, opposite Kilby Street,  
BOSTON.

**AFTER** an extensive practice of upwards of 20 years, continuing to secure Patents in the United States; also, in Great Britain, France, and other Foreign countries. Caveats, Specifications, Drafts, Assignments, and all Paperwork Drawings for Patents, executed on liberal terms, and with dispatch. Researches made into American and Foreign works, to determine the validity or utility of Patents or inventions—and legal or other advice rendered in all matters touching the same. Copies of the claims of any patent furnished by remitting one dollar. Assignments recorded at Washington.

This agency is not only the largest in New England, but through it inventors have advantages for securing patents, of accelerating the probability of inventions, unimpeded by, if not immeasurably superior to, any which can be offered them elsewhere. The testimonials below given prove that now is MORE SUCCESSFUL AT THE PATENT OFFICE than the subscriber; and as VANTAGES AND ABILITY, he would add that he has abundant reasons to believe, and even prove, that at no other office of the kind are the charges for professional services so moderate. The immense practice of the subscriber during twenty years past, has enabled him to accumulate a vast collection of specifications and official decisions relative to inventions.

These, besides his extensive library of legal and mechanical works, and full accounts of patents granted in the United States and Europe, render him able beyond all question, to offer superior facilities for obtaining patents.

ALL necessity of a journey to Washington, to procure a patent, and the usual great delay there, are here saved inventors.

**TESTIMONIALS.**  
I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most capable and successful practitioners, with whom I have had official intercourse.  
**CHARLES MASON,**  
Commissioner of Patents.  
I have no hesitation in assuring inventors that they cannot employ a more competent and trustworthy, and more capable of getting their applications in form to secure for them an early and favorable consideration at the patent office.  
**EDMUND BURKE,**  
Late Commissioner of Patents.

"Mr. R. H. Eddy has made for me THIRTEEN applications, all but one of which patents have been granted, and that is now pending. Such unmistakable proof of great talent and ability on his part leads me to recommend all inventors to apply to him to procure their patents, as they may be sure of having the most faithful attention bestowed on their cases, and at very reasonable charges."

**JOHN TAGGART.**  
During eight months, the subscriber, in course of his large practice, made on twice-rejected applications, SIXTEEN APPEALS, EVERY ONE OF WHICH was decided in his favor, by the Commissioner of patents.  
**R. H. EDDY.**  
Boston, Dec. 19, 1866—51.

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Nov. 28, 1864.

## PIANOS!

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**A LARGE** and well-selected stock of PIANOS, from many of the best makers in the country, constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest Boston prices. All instruments delivered to purchasers free of charge, and fully warranted for five years.

Persons at a distance wishing to purchase instruments, and for whom it is not convenient to call on us, can do equally as well by sending N. N.—A liberal discount given to Dealers and Teachers.

## Goods for Gents' Wear.

**S. R. SHEHAN,**

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Constantly on hand a full assortment of

**CLOTHS AND CLOTHING,**

OF THE BEST QUALITY.

Gentlemen made to order promptly, in the latest styles. Particular attention given to Cutting goods to the measure out of the shop.

All work entrusted to me will be warranted to give entire satisfaction.

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The general mistake in crossing has arisen from an attempt to increase the size of a native race of animals, being a fruitless attempt to counteract the laws of nature.

Persons in want of Pianos are respectfully invited to give me a call.

**E. H. BROWN,**

Newbury Village, April, 1865.

A PERMANENT THING!

Persons in want of Pianos are respectfully invited to give me a call.

**E. H. BROWN,**

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## DR. WISTAR'S

**Balsam of Wild Cherry.**

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

**CONSUMPTION,**

and acknowledged by many prominent physicians to be the most reliable Preparation ever introduced for the Relief and CURE of all

**YOUNG COMPLAINTS.**

This well known remedy is offered to the public, and when resorted to in season, seldom fails to effect a speedy cure of

**COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, WHOOPING-COUGH, HOARSENESS, PAIN IN THE THROAT, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS, LIVER, AND**

**PLAINTS, &c.**

Its complete success in many cases of CONSUMPTION has rendered the opinion an long established, that this much dreaded disease is incurable.

To those who have already made use of this Remedy, no appeal is necessary. To those who have not, we have only to refer them to the written testimonials of many of our most distinguished citizens, who have been restored to health when the expectation of being cured was indeed a "far, far, far" hope. We have space only for the following

**Reliable Testimony.**

**FAIRFIELD, Me., April 28, 1864.**

**Messrs. SETH W. FOWLE & CO.**

Gentlemen—Seeing numerous certificates in the Maine Farmer endorsing the merits of that great Lung Remedy, WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, I am induced, and I take great pleasure in giving publicity to the great cure it accomplished in my family. My son, Henry A. Archer, now Postmaster at Fairfield, Somerset County, Me., was attacked with spitting of blood, cough, weakness of lungs, and general debility, so much so that our family physician declared him to have a "SEATED CONSUMPTION."

He was under medical treatment for a number of months, but received no benefit from it. At length I sent him to purchase one bottle of WISTAR'S BALSAM, which benefited him so much I obtained another, which in a short time restored him to his usual state of health. I think I can safely recommend this remedy to others in like condition, for it is, I think, all it purports to be,—THE GREAT LUNG REMEDY FOR THE TIMES!

The above statement, gentlemen, is my voluntary offering to you in favor of your Balsam, and is at your disposal.

As ever, Yours,

**ANDREW ARCHER.**

**Clergymen, Lawyers, Singers,**

and all those whose occupation requires an unusual exercise of the vocal organs, will find this the ONLY REMEDY which will effectively and instantaneously relieve their difficulties. This Remedy, unlike most others, is not only not dangerous, but is extremely

**Pleasant to taste.**

A small quantity allowed to pass over the irritated part at once removes the difficulty.

**Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry**

is prepared by

**SETH W. FOWLE & CO., BOSTON.**

15 Tremont Street, and is for sale by all druggists.

**REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE**

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