

# The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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PARIS, MAINE.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1862.

## 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 Maine Farmer.

### Raising Horses.

The question is often asked, does it pay to raise horses for market? In the hope that this article may be productive of some good results to some of the readers of the Farmer, I shall take the affirmative of that question and contend that with proper care and management, it does pay to raise good ones. Horses raising in this State has assumed a commercial importance that should not be overlooked by any one who has the means or the inclination to raise a trotter, for no horses sell better in western markets, or have a higher reputation abroad, than State of Maine horses. A man should raise colts, as indeed every other kind of domestic stock, on the principle that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, for it certainly costs no more to keep a good horse, or a good cow, than it does a poor one, and if a farmer keeps but one horse to do his work, there is no reason why that same horse may not pull two men to a wagon ten miles an hour on the road, for the fact that he is a good stepper, does not impoverish his powers of endurance, nor prevent his drawing a load. If farmers would raise horses with reference to good size and good color from large serviceable mares, and from good sires, those horses would always command remunerative prices, for work or family purposes, even if they did not possess that very desirable quality, speed. No one, unless they have carried horses to market, can appreciate the difference in the price that a good bay horse would command over a grey or a white one of equal value in other respects. Bays, browns, chestnuts, blacks, dark roans, or sorrels, are the colors most sought for, and will bring good prices in New York market, where you could not give away a grey, white or cream colored horse. I do not mean to be understood that there are not many valuable white and grey horses throughout the country, but I say all other conditions being alike, the preponderance of value is far in favor of the former. If a horse has got speed enough to make it an object, it does not matter so much what his color. He will always command a good price. White legs and white faces are almost equally objectionable. A dark hoof is always preferable to a white one, the latter is more porous in its structure, and more liable to become dry and brittle. So common is this prejudice against white feet, that it is quite notorious among farmers that, when a horse is lame, having one white foot and the other black, the disease is generally found in the white hoof.

A very promising two-year-old colt owned in Claremont, N. H., recently trotted at an angle of forty-five degrees with the plane of the shoe; if the angle exceeds forty-five degrees, the foot is contracted. Where, however, the outward line of the hoof marking its inclination to the plane of the shoe is irregular, and at an angle of less than forty-five degrees, it denotes a "shelly" foot, and often resembles the uneven surface of an oyster shell. Such feet are always liable to quarter crack. Good size is of equal importance. A good bay horse, fifteen and a half or sixteen hands, that can trot his mile in four minutes, will sell for more money than an undersized bad colored horse that can trot in three, from the fact that if sold for a gentleman's horse, he must be of good style and appearance, while on the other hand your three minute horse would be far below par if sold for speed.

In the breeding of horses, as in almost everything else within the last half century, wonderful advances have been made, and a horse is no more of a trotter to-day who can beat 2:30 than was a three minute horse fifty years ago. While in 1830 there was scarcely a trotting course established in the United States, almost every New England village can now boast of its mile or half mile track, and where the man of wealth who keeps his private trotter and private trainer, has no advantage over the butcher or baker, or candle stick maker, who have, all of them, gone to the fair, to obtain a premium or to win one of the purses now so much in vogue by agricultural societies.

The first time a horse ever trotted in America for money, was in 1818, when a match was made against time, of one thousand dollars, that no horse could be produced who could trot a mile in three minutes. The gentleman who accepted the match entered a horse called Boston Blue, who won the stakes, but the odds on time were immense. In 1838, the noted trotting mare Lady Suffolk, made her first public appearance in New York, where she trotted for and won eleven dollars. She reduced the time of trotting a mile from three minutes down to 2:20, and having been on the turf for sixteen years, where she trotted in one hundred and sixty-one races, and having won over thirty-five thousand dollars for her owners, she was withdrawn. The most brilliant successor of Lady Suffolk was Flora Temple. This wonderful little mare was foaled in 1845, in Oneida county, New York. She passed, while quite young, through several hands, and was at length sold to a firm in Madison county, who worked her at liverly. In June 1850, one of her owners taking a drive of cattle to New York, carried Flora with him, and on his way disposed of her for \$175. She has since beat all the best horses of the day, and has trotted in the unprecedented time of 2:19 3/4 in harness. She is seventeen years old this spring—has won upwards of one hundred thousand dollars in matches or purses, and is now as

as good as new. Flora Temple is a prominent example of the old adage "blood will tell." Flora, Lady Suffolk, George M. Patchen, Trustee, Lady Palmer, and that slashing Kentucky gelding John Morgan, with many others of our first class trotters, are largely indebted for their speed and lasting qualities to the infusion in their veins of thoroughbred blood. When the term thoroughbred is used, in reference to the pedigree of a horse, it means that its purity of blood can be deduced without uncertainty; and the horse must be a lineal descendant from the Barb, Turk or Arabian.

The pedigree of our celebrated racers being a matter of record in the Stud book, it is always sufficient to trace any horse to an ancestor of acknowledged breed, such as Ellipse, Lexington, Glenoe, or Childers, and if this can be done, on the side of both the sire and the dam, no further pedigree is necessary. Such a horse is imported, Baltimore of Massachusetts, or Bonnie Scotland of Kentucky, and if the breeders' golden rule of "blood from the sire, and beauty from the dam," is followed as it should be, those sires will make a wonderful improvement on our Morgans and Messengers.

The advantages for raising a good horse are greater now than ever before. The increased demand for good horses has increased the prices, so much that it will pay to raise them. Mr. Waltemire, of New York, paid twenty-five thousand dollars for Geo. M. Patchen, and though that price must have paid the man who raised him, still, Mr. Waltemire is an equal gainer by the purchase, and also are those one hundred gentlemen who have each paid one hundred dollars for the season of 1861. This is an extreme case, I admit, but if it is true that like begets like, such horses are worthy of patronage, and there are many valuable sires throughout the country at the present time besides Patchen, to choose from. Such establishments as those of T. S. Lang and of George Robinson, on the Kennebec, will accomplish much good. These gentlemen are deserving of much credit for introducing young, sound and valuable sires, and placing them within the reach of all by offering the most liberal terms to their patrons. Lang's Telegraph has left some beautiful colts in its vicinity, and I recently saw some very promising two-year-olds on the farm of Mr. Robinson, by Hector. I also saw Mr. Robinson's recent purchase, McClellan, formerly the Pease colt of Bangor. He is a rattling bay stallion, and comes from a very popular and meritorious breed of horses, the Drews. Mr. R. paid \$1,500 for his horse, and got his money's worth. I think it paid to raise him, and shall be much mistaken if it does not equalize the farmers of Maine to patronize him the coming season. Breeders are bringing their horses to earlier maturity than formerly, and with proper feeding and handling, they are more profitable.

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CUTTING THE TAILS OF CATTLE. Mr. Johnston, in a letter recently published in the Rural New Yorker, makes the following sensible remarks on a custom, the followers of which, thanks to the progress of the age, are now few and far between.

"Bleeding cattle in the spring, either by neck, vein, or by cutting their tails, has been practiced by many stock-keepers ever since I remembered anything, and that is over sixty years. I have owned and kept cattle for fifty years, but never made a practice of bleeding any animal unless it was sick, as I consider the wholesale bleeding of cattle in spring useless and barbarous. What would you think of the man who would call in his family physician every spring and have his family bled? Yet that would be no more absurd than the indiscriminate bleeding of his cattle every spring. If men would always do by their domestic animals as they would wish to be done by if they were in their place, with regard to feeding during the winter and spring, they would not practice bleeding in spring in order to make them thrive. The custom must have originated in the dark ages, and has nearly become extinct, as not one in twenty, or I might say fifty, bleeds his cattle now unless sick, while forty years ago a vast majority did. I think they must also have given up that practice in both England and Scotland, as I hear nothing of it from the latest importations from my native country."

TRANSPLANTING SHRUBBERY. In transplanting native shrubbery, from the forest to the open lawn, or door yard, this precaution is necessary: Select your trees from an open and sunny exposure as you can find. Mutch the surface after planting with sawdust, spent tan-bark, chip manure, or something of the kind, and in very hot days, shade with boards or bushes.

[Ohio Farmer.]

He who puts a bad construction upon a good act reveals his own wickedness at heart.

From the Working Farmer.

### Soot as Manure, Etc.

Our readers are well aware that the value of ammonia in a manure, consists in its power of increasing the value of water as a solvent of inorganic matters, and all substances containing ammonia in a condition to be slowly given up in the soil, are therefore valuable. Soot is such a substance; its chief component is carbon, and in so divided a form as to be nearly equal to a solution of water. As this soot is forming on the side of a chimney, thousands of cubic feet of atmosphere are passing over it, much diluted by heat, and containing ammonia; this is absorbed by the soot, its fine carbon retaining the ammonia, and in a condition not defined by chemistry, but certainly in practice to have high value.

In England the soot from both wood and bituminous coal is habitually saved, and many farmers buy it largely. In this country soot, in common with many other valuable substances, is wasted. Some English farmers use thousands of bushels of it annually, and with great profit, applying 25 to 50 bushels per acre. Its great value, however, is for the compost heap, where it not only absorbs new quantities of ammonia, but assists in insuring that kind of decay of the woody fibre known as *eremacism*, and arresting the putrid fermentation, which is frequently so violent as to cause the loss of much of the volatile products, producing the condition known as *fire-fanging*. Soot may also be used like other finely divided black powders, for dusting over young turnips and other plants infested with the turnip fly, and after performing this office it will find its way into the soil.

### TRANSPLANTING IN THE NIGHT.

A friend, in whose powers of observation we have confidence, and who is an exact experimenter, informs us that last spring and summer he made the following experiments: He transplanted ten cherry trees while in blossom, commencing at four in the afternoon, and transplanting one each hour, until one in the morning. Those transplanted during daylight shed their blossoms, producing little or no fruit, while those transplanted during the darker portions maintained their condition fully. He did the same with ten dwarf pear trees, after the fruit was one-third grown. Those transplanted during the day shed their fruit; those transplanted during the night perfected their crop, and showed no injury from having been removed. With each of these trees he removed some earth with the roots.

We are well aware that when plants are accidentally frozen in green houses, it is customary to render the house dark before applying cold water to thaw them, and that when this is not observed they are injured, while if entire darkness be secured during the operation, many of them are saved. But the experiment of our friend seems to have but little analogy to this fact, and it is entirely new to us.

We shall be glad to receive information on this subject from our readers, and hope that numerous kindred experiments will be made during the coming season.

### FARMERS SHOULD KEEP A DIARY.

Those of our readers who have neglected to commence a farm diary this year, should start one on March 1st, and each evening record in it the operations of the day. Also, if anything be overlooked at the proper season and afterwards recalled, turn back to the former date, and note the forgotten item. In the year of 1863 this diary will save much thought, and a reference to it, weekly, may prevent many mistakes. Printed diaries for farmers' use are now published at small cost, with a leaf for each day. Some of them are so arranged as to assist in noting all the current affairs of the farm, and are capable of being used for twenty successive years, thus enabling the owner to compare plantings, results, etc., for a series of seasons.

WASHES FOR TREES. Complaints are made, here and there, that certain washes for the bark of trees do more harm than good. One, whose apple trees were mostly and hide-bound, and infested with insects, used lime-wash; another used soap; another tar; another, a solution of potash; but in nearly every case, with unsatisfactory results. The caustic lime kills the parasitic plants and the vermin which infest the bark; but while a good part of it soon washes off, what remains becomes converted into carbonate of lime, which fills the pores of the inner bark, and prevents its healthy expansion and growth. Common soap used is less hurtful than the solutions of caustic potash or the tar.

The safest and best wash known to us, is simply a solution of common sal soda, (often called bleacher's No. 1 soda,) dissolved in rain water, at the rate of one pound of soda to a gallon of water, and applied in Spring and Fall. It will not hurt the tree, but will destroy moths and other fungi; and no eggs or cocoons of vermin can stand before it. It will work off the dead bark, and leave a clean and healthy surface. But to ensure the highest success from this application, the soil about the roots of the trees should be drained if it is wet, and be manured if it is barren.

[American Agriculturist.]

STEERING BARLEY BEFORE SOWING. A writer in the Homestead recommends that seed barley should be steeped before sowing in a solution of copperas or blue vitriol, the same as is often done for wheat, and then rolled in plaster enough to dry it. He says it has the effect of giving it a rapid start, and makes it come up strong and dark colored. He thinks the benefit equal to ten extra loads of manure per acre.

## MISCELLANY.

### KITCHEN PHYSIC.

One foggy winter morning about twenty years ago, an elderly man whose walk and manner still retained much of the activity of earlier days, might have been seen making his way across the Pont Neuf in Paris, and basking himself by the Rue Dauphine and the Quai des Grands Augustins, in the direction of the well-known edifice, with its three long parallel galleries, which serve as a market for the sale of game and poultry.

Though the morning was raw and chilly, he wore neither cloak nor overcoat, but appeared rather as though he might have just quitted some evening party. He was tall, his back slightly rounded by the weight of sixty years; his costume was partly that of an officer of the army. His linen, which was remarkably fine and white, displayed a profusion of costly lace; his cravat was satin, and the rest of his dress of black kerseymer. It was evident that this early visitant of the poultry market was no vulgar customer; his small black eyes were bright and piercing; his lips, though somewhat sensual in expression, would have revealed to a disciple of Lavater a nature both subtle and generous; and his gait and manner were at once those of a man of rank and of a man of the world.

No sooner had he entered the poultry market than a chorus of welcomes and questions saluted his appearance. "Good morning monsieur le marquis," cried one of the market dames. "What is monsieur le marquis looking for this morning?" demanded a second. "If monsieur le marquis will give himself the trouble to come this way, I have something that I think will please him," cried a third.

It was evident that the stranger to whom these remarks were addressed could be no other than one of the gastronomic celebrities of the day—the Marquis de Cussy, formerly chief purveyor to the Emperor Napoleon, and one of the most illustrious gourmands of the nineteenth century—Witty and skeptical, as men of his sybaritic temperament are apt to be, he was by no means deficient in probity and kindness, and never missed an occasion for doing good in his own way to those with whom he was brought into contact. He had declined all the overtures made to him by those of his friends who had come into power with the restoration, but had resumed his post at the Tuilleries after the 20th of March. When the news of Waterloo reached him he was heard to exclaim, in bitterness of soul, "Allez! My saucers are all upset again!"

Such was the personage whom we have seen entering the poultry market on the morning in question, with the air of a man who had some very important purchases to make, amidst a salvo of salutations and offers from the providing gent of the place. Having bestowed a bow on one of them, a smile on another, a friendly word on a third, and addressed a wave of the hand to them all, the gastronomic betook himself to the gallery which was more especially consecrated to the sale of game.

"What is monsieur le marquis in want of this morning?" inquired, in coaxing tones, one of the sirens of the adjacent stalls. "Is it a partridge or a pair of quails?" "Not exactly, Madame Barbet; I want something better yet."

"A woodcock, perhaps, monsieur le marquis, or a string of snipes?" "No, mon enfant—I want a golden pheasant; but it must be a pheasant of the very best quality."

Instantly, from stall to stall, these words were transmitted as though they had been a telegraphic dispatch: "Eh, vous autres! le best pheasant in the market for Marquis de Cussy!"

Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed before a superb bird, with glittering plumage, passed on from stall to stall, from the farthest point of the market, and reached the pillar at whose base stood the former purveyor.

"The very thing I wanted," said the marquis, after a rapid glance at the pheasant. Having wrapped his treasure carefully in a newspaper, he took from his purse a piece of gold, paid for the pheasant, saluted the divinites of the market with a bow expressive of the utmost good humor, and disappeared.

Turning into the Rue Martel, the marquis entered a sordid looking house, and demanded, "Monsieur Simon Leblanc, the porcelain painter."

"Fourth story, second door to the left," returned the concierge, without raising his eyes from the book at which he was working.

A week before the marquis had made his way up the dingy stairs for the first time, and since then he had climbed them regularly every day.

A certain prince, whose dominions, like those of so many others, bordered the Rhine, kept up a regular correspondence with the marquis concerning all the details of his table. This potentate had lately bestowed his aid under a terrible domestic misfortune that had just overtaken him. His Rhenish highness was the possessor of a very beautiful dinner service of painted porcelain, two saucers of which had been broken during a grand gala-dinner at which the beautiful service in question had figured to the admiration of all beholders. The service was thus rendered incomplete, and could not be used again unless the two missing pieces could be replaced. In his miserie, the German highness entreated the marquis to spend neither time nor efforts nor money to get the two saucers perfectly matched.

The very day on which he received the letter, the gastronomic had set to work to gratify his princely correspondent, and addressed himself to all the porcelain painters most in renown. But they were all fully occupied. At Serres the workmen were overwhelmed with orders for the court; in all the private workshops the painters were so busy that they would pay no heed to the entreaties of the marquis. He could hear of but one porcelain painter—Simon Leblanc, the artisan, or rather, we might say, the artist of the Rue Martel—through whom there was the slightest chance of obtaining the execution of the prince's order. "I will go to the Rue Martel," said the rival of Brilat-Savarin.

A week previous to his morning visit to the poultry-market, the marquis rang at the door of Simon Leblanc. A young woman opened the door. Her face was intelligent and pleasing, but her soft blue eyes had in them an evident expression of sadness, and not a few grey lines silvered her rich chestnut hair, which was still very beautiful. She was the wife of the painter. The marquis' penetration at once divined the want and suffering that had left their traces on this gentle face.

In a few words, and with much kindness of manner, he explained the object of his visit.

"The work I wish to have done," he pursued, "is easy of execution by a painter of your husband's talent, and will be handsomely paid. Do you think he will consent to undertake it?"

The wife seemed to hesitate, and did not reply.

"Two saucers for a prince," he pursued, "and a handful of gold in payment."

She held down her head, too much embarrassed to make any answer.

Monsieur Simon Leblanc has been mentioned to me as a skillful workman," resumed the marquis, puzzled by the woman's silence.

"Skillful?" she answered, looking up quickly. "O, yes, he is very skillful, there is no doubt about that; but unfortunately," she added sadly, "he does not like working."

At this reply, the marquis looked scrutinizingly round the room, and was struck with the indications of sordid poverty visible in every part of it.

"No, he no longer likes to work," resumed the young woman, who had followed his glance through the room, and seemed to divine his thoughts. "No doubt this seems very strange to you as we are so poor, but it is, unfortunately, the simple truth." As she spoke, her eyes filled with tears.

"But have you lost all power over your husband?" demanded the marquis. "Could you not induce him to listen to reason, at least when you are at table together? You should talk to him while you are at dinner, which is the best time you could choose for suggesting good ideas that might not be so well received at any other time."

"He has not taken his meal at home for a very long time, monsieur," rejoined the wife, despondingly.

"He no longer takes his meals with you? Indeed, that is a very serious symptom. Has he ever told you why he goes elsewhere for his meals?"

"He says the food is not eatable at home."

"In that case he is perfectly justified in eating elsewhere."

"But whose fault is it, monsieur, if the food is not good at home? Can you make the spit turn without money? For a long time past he has given me nothing for the housekeeping, and of course there is nothing in the larder."

"Listen to me, mon enfant," continued her visitor. "I am the Marquis de Cussy. People call me the Prince of Gourmands—which is merely a piece of flattery; they ought rather to call me the prince of doctors—which would only be justice. I will cure your husband."

When Simon Leblanc entered his deserted home that evening, his wife handed him a note which read as follows:

"I am assured, monsieur, that you are one of the best porcelain painters in Paris, and the specimens I have seen of your work convince me that you can satisfactorily finish the saucers I leave with this letter, destined to complete a service of which two have been broken, as you will see by the accompanying fragments, which will serve as your patterns. I need not add, that the recompense of this work will be worthy of your talent and the exalted station of the personage for whom these saucers are demanded. Money is not the sole consideration with an artist of merit; we shall easily come to an understanding on this point."

Meanwhile, permit me to impose on you one slight condition. For the last fifty years (I am now sixty-five) I have never arranged any matter of business without having previously dined with the other contracting party. I have therefore to inform you that I hereby invite myself to dine with you to-morrow; a family dinner with you and your wife. Marquis de Cussy."

"What an odd sort of a customer!" said the porcelain painter to himself, as he perused the missive; "a marquis that invites himself to dine in a garret where there is not a mouthful to eat. But I like his free and easy sort of way. Let him come, and we'll see what can be done." So saying, Simon Leblanc began to examine the broken china left by the marquis. "Two saucers like these will take eight days to finish," he remarked, musingly; "a wearisome job. But we'll think about it to-morrow."

Next morning, on awaking, the saucers were the first things he thought of.

"Deuce take the man and his letter!" he exclaimed. "If he had only left the order, I should just have left him and his

saucers to look after themselves; but what can one do when a marquis not only gives one an order, but invites himself to dine with one this very evening?"

During the whole of the morning the painter remained at home, wandering restlessly in and out of the little room in which he used to work in the happier days that seemed to have gone by forever. About noon he began to prepare his colors; before long he was busy sketching his patterns. His wife, who could hardly believe her eyes, watched him anxiously, but said nothing.

As the clocks in the neighborhood were striking two, the painter's bell rang and the marquis appeared.

"Ma foi," cried he, holding out his hand to the painter, "I am come too early, as you see, for I am impatient to make your acquaintance. Allow me to compliment you very sincerely on your promptitude," he continued, seeing that the painter was already at work; "it is an excellent sign, and you shall be immediately rewarded for the alacrity with which you have met my wishes. Are you wondering what your reward will be? An excellent appetite, which I promise you beforehand; for, you remember, we are going to dine together and I have no hesitation in saying that our dinner will be worth eating."

"I should be only too glad to be able to offer you such a dinner, monsieur le marquis," replied the porcelain painter, "but I am sorry to say, you have chosen a wrong place to look for anything eatable. Poor people like us have no larder to boast of. But I will take you to the tavern, and we will do the best we can there."

"Much obliged to you," returned the marquis. "In all Paris there are but one or two eating houses where a man of taste could manage to make a dinner, and they are too far off. No, Monsieur Leblanc, we shall dine here, in your own dining-room; and we shall dine well, you may take my word for it."

"But, monsieur le marquis," objected the young wife, with an air of evident embarrassment, "the matter, my child; I take the whole affair upon myself. Have you any charcoal?"

"Even so poor a kitchen as ours is sure to have that, monsieur le marquis," answered the hostess, still rather uneasy.

"Very good. The rest is my affair," continued the marquis, as the bell rang once more, and a tall lackey, in a gay liver, entered the painter's apartment, painting under the weight of a great hamper, heavily laden with provisions of various kinds, and a number of bottles, whose resined corks and dusty cobs proclaimed the quality of the precious liquors they contained.

"I must let you into the secret of some of my ways, my children," pursued the gastronomic. "I am not only a professional lover of good cheer, but I have also the right to call myself an excellent cook."

And so saying, he took off his coat and turned up his shirt sleeves, with an evident intention of affording ocular demonstration of the truth of his claim to all whom it might concern. "As for you, Monsieur Leblanc," he continued, turning to the porcelain painter, who was looking on with a face expressive of amusement and interest, "I beg you will not let my presence disturb you in the work you have undertaken. Return to your business, my dear sir, and leave me to mine. When I have finished my labors, I will let you know."

The marquis having unpacked the hamper with the aid of his servant and the painter's wife, now betook himself to the little kitchen, and began to make the fire for his contemplated operations.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said the young woman, "I cannot allow you—"

"To make the fire myself? But do you not know that the making of the fire is not an unimportant point in the preparation of a dish? A little more charcoal or a little less is by no means a trifle; and no one but myself knows just what the quantity should be. Besides," he added in a whisper, "you remember our agreement; I am here as a doctor; let me cure my patient in my own way."

"If monsieur le marquis is determined to do everything himself, I have nothing more to say; but I hope he will at least suffer me to make myself useful under his direction," replied Madame Leblanc, with a grateful smile.

At dusk, the marquis' preparations being finished, the painter was summoned to dinner. He could hardly credit his senses when he crossed the threshold of his humble dining-room. Thanks to the provident forethought of the marquis, and the zealous aid of his wife, this room, the cheerlessness of which he had taken in horror, resorting to the wine shop for the spurious substitution it offered in place of the comfort his home no longer afforded him, looked as neat and as pleasant as possible. A bright wood-fire was crackling and blazing on the hearth, making the faded and threadbare curtains, easily drawn across the window, look as good as new in its ruddy glow. The little round table was covered with a snowy cloth, and for each of the three dinner companions was laid a handsome cover with plates of Sevres china, flanked by goblets of transparent clearness. A tall chandelier, garnished with lighted tapers, stood in the centre of the table, surrounded by a tureen of steaming soup that was sending forth a most appetizing aroma, and sundry small hors-d'œuvres of equally agreeable promise.

But if the appearance of the repast was satisfactory and inviting, what shall be said of the viands of which it was composed? Some things are beyond the reach of description, and the marquis' cookery was one of these.

"Let me tell you, my children," said the marquis, as the soup was removed and the succeeding dishes were placed upon the table, "let me tell you that the king himself will not set down this evening to a better dinner than ours."

"That is just what I was saying to myself," exclaimed the porcelain painter, in the enthusiasm of his satisfaction. "But, monsieur le marquis, how can it be possible to give such a wonderful flavor to everything?"

"So you find my cookery tolerable, do you?" returned the gastronomic with a smile of gratified vanity.

"I never dreamt of anything half so delicious," responded the painter.

"Good! then we will make another attempt to-morrow," cried the marquis gaily. The painter, deeming it incumbent upon him to protest against a repetition of the marquis' generosity, endeavored to bring out a sentence deprecating the trouble that such a proceeding on his part would cause him; but it may fairly be doubted whether his protestations were altogether sincere.

"Give yourself no concern about my trouble," as you call it," replied the marquis good humoredly; "for it is all done with a view to my own interests. I am most impatient to possess myself of the two saucers; and I know by my own experience that nothing helps forward any sort of labor so effectually as the certainty of settling down to a good dinner when one's task is over. And besides, I am not sorry to be on the spot, and to see for myself how the work gets on."

Things went on in this manner for four days; Simon Leblanc working steadily all day long, and dining like a prince of the blood in the evening.

By the end of the fourth day, the porcelain-painter was astonished to find something of his former liking for his work coming back to him. His work room seemed to have grown less disagreeable; his brushes, his palette, and all the details of his occupation, began to exercise something of their old charm over his mind; and he might have been heard to murmur, while painting busily, "If we were only sure of having a good dinner in one's own home at the end of a day's work!"

When the marquis was leaving that evening, after they had again partaken, as usual, of an excellent repast, the young wife followed him to the door, and whispered, "I really think that Simon is beginning to forget the road to the tavern."

"He will have forgotten it altogether a few days hence, mon enfant," replied the marquis with a smile.

He was already meditating the preparation of a golden pheasant, a *chef d'œuvre* of culinary skill and perfection, on which he counted for the completion of the cure he had undertaken to effect. It was the execution of this project which took the marquis, two days afterwards to the poultry market, as we have seen.

When the marquis entered the painter's apartment, he found the little room decked out for a festival. Madame Leblanc had been busy all the morning in putting the place in apple pie order. The floors had been washed, and the furniture subjected to a thorough dusting and rubbing. Clean white muslin blinds were to be seen in the windows; the brass knobs of the andirons were shining in brilliant rivalry with the gleaming of the fire; and bunches of asters and chrysanthemums filled the little china jars upon the mantel piece.

"This evening I shall deliver to you the two saucers, monsieur le marquis," exclaimed Simon Leblanc, in an exultant tone, as he came forward quickly to welcome his kindly guest.

"And this evening we shall also eat our best dinner," returned the latter, shaking the porcelain painter cordially by the hand.

Both parties kept their word. That evening, as the church bells were striking five, Simon Leblanc quitted the work room, and placed the two saucers in the Marquis' hands.

"You may well be proud of your work, mon enfant, for it is a master piece," said the marquis, as he examined the two beautiful saucers with the eye of a connoisseur. "And now let me show you mine," he added as he led the way to the dining table, and showed him the golden pheasant worthily displayed in a silver chafing dish.

"He cannot resist the action of such medication as that!" whispered the marquis triumphantly to Madame Leblanc, as he seated himself at the table between her and her husband.

The gastronomic was right in his calculations.

"I shall never be able to eat again at that horrible tavern," cried the porcelain painter, when the dessert was being placed upon the table.

"What! is he cured already?" cried his little wife, whose pretty blue eyes were filled with joyful tears.

"Yes, he is already cured, mon enfant," replied the ex-purveyor; "but the performance of the cure will depend upon your being able to continue the treatment I have begun. And now let me do so," he continued, as he took from his pocket book a bank note for a thousand francs, which he placed in the hands of the painter's wife. "It is the price of the two saucers," he added, as the painter and his wife uttered an exclamation of surprise at the largeness of the sum of which they now found themselves possessors. "The prices for whom they are destined will not think I have paid too much for a piece of work that has been so perfectly and promptly executed."

The porcelain painter having thus happily returned into the right path, was never

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## The Oxford Democrat

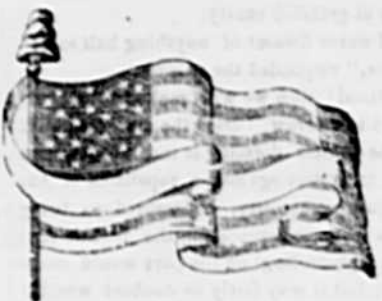
PARIS, MAINE, MARCH 21, 1862.

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PROPRIETORS.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per  
year, in advance; Two Dollars, at the end of  
the year.Clipping. We would respectfully call the  
attention of such as are desirous of having their  
advertisements inserted in this paper, to the  
following offer:We will send  
10 Copies, for one year, for  
20 Copies, for one year, forAnd one copy to the person getting up the club.  
The money must accompany the order.S. M. POTTING & CO., 10 State Street,  
Boston, and 122 Nassau Street, New York, are  
our authorized agents.

JOB PRINTING neatly executed.



General Fremont.

About the time Gen. Fremont was suspended from his command in the West, we gave our views at length on the policy and justice of the act. As our readers well know, we heartily espoused the cause of the General, and sought to vindicate his character against the cruel and vindictive assaults made upon it by the slave power. Since then we have remained silent, and waited with patience for his accusers to bring forward their proof to sustain the specifications filed against him.

Our good opinion of Gen. Fremont did not arise from any personal favor, either directly or indirectly, nor from any expectation of favor hereafter at his hands. We then believed him an able commander, an honest man, and a true patriot. Notwithstanding all this, we have waited to see what his enemies could prove; and at no time have we been so much prejudiced in his favor that we would not change our opinion, provided the evidence against him had warranted it.

The prosecution against Gen. Fremont has been malicious, violent and unrelenting. It has been carried on in a vindictive, unfair and disgraceful manner. The entire slave power, North and South, has let loose its dogs of war, and not a single cur in the interest of the slave propaganda, can be found who has not yelped himself hoarse in abuse of the man. Loyal men in the border States, who have been driven from their homes by the rebels, and who have been treated by the General Government to save them and their property from utter destruction at the hands of the traitors—loyal men who know that all their sufferings and miseries arise directly from the accursed institution of slavery in their midst, all have joined hands in the clamor against General Fremont. Democrats (so-called), and strait whigs, and conservative Republicans, have all joined in the mob cry of away with him, he is not fit to live.

During all this time Gen. Fremont has exhibited the highest and most dignified traits of character. He has shown himself to be a patriot, a philosopher, and a Christian. Although deprived of his command, and forced by the stern necessities of martial law into a life of military inactivity—although a corrupt press has followed him and abused him like a felon, yet not a word, not a syllable of complaint has come from his lips; he has sufficed silently—patiently awaiting the development of facts to vindicate his hard earned fame against his heartless accusers. Thank God, the day has come when John C. Fremont stands before the world the real hero; he has passed through the furnace and come out with no smell of fire upon his garments. The President, without even consulting the man whose commission is of the same date as Fremont's, and whose military rank is just the same, (we mean Gen. McClellan) has at last done an honorable act, for which he will receive the plaudits of millions—put Gen. Fremont in command of a division suitable to his rank. All honor to the clear head and patriotic heart of "Honest Abraham Lincoln" for "taking the responsibility" to do an act of justice to a most abused man.

But we must go back a little, and take a cursory survey of the ground travelled since Gen. Fremont was suspended. It will be recollected, he was taken from his command when he was within three days' march of Gen. Price and his army. That fact, and what has subsequently taken place, has become history, and upon its pages is written another fact, that he would within that time have captured Price and his whole army, and virtually ended the rebellion in the South West. If this is doubted, we have only carefully to study the movements of Gen. Halleck, his successor in command of the Western Division. Who does not remember the ridicule that was heaped upon Gen. Fremont because he determined to build iron clad gunboats to use upon the Western waters against the rebel forts and steamers? His enemies exhausted their whole vocabulary of slanderous words, and denounced the then commanding General of the West as a wholesale spendthrift and a fool. Recent Western victories settle this question between him and his slanderers. The truth is, the political sycophants, who rallied at Fremont for inaugurating the gunboat operations of the West, dare not show their heads in opposition to a measure now universally applauded.

The re-call of Gen. Fremont prolonged the war not only weeks, but months. It was the most disastrous act of the war in the West, and the wonder is that Price and McClellan did not take advantage of it, and drive the Federal troops out of Missouri.

They could have done so, as all military men, who have carefully examined the question, frankly admit. But how has Gen. Halleck been enabled to achieve the late victories under his command? We answer, by following the plan originally laid out by Fremont. Gen. Fremont, by his unaided energy, collected together an army where comparatively none before existed, armed and led them, with but little aid from the General Government; originated and put in force a combination of operations to crush secession out of the South-West. And, what rendered his position the more perplexing and embarrassing, was the fact that the whole pack of prosecutors were barking at his heels, rendering the very air of heaven on dismal with their howlings. His recall cruelly snatched the laurels of victory from the head of Fremont and placed them upon the brow of Halleck—for the latter has only succeeded by adopting the plans and military strategy of the former.

The charges of extravagance so loudly made against Gen. Fremont, have vanished in thin air before the investigations of a committee appointed for that purpose, of which Hon. Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, is chairman. He comes out of this scathing investigation without reproach. His defense of his military operations has silenced his accusers, and put to blush his worst slanderers.

Whatever opinions men may have formed in times past as to the real cause of this crusade against Gen. Fremont, it is now generally agreed that a few lines contained in his proclamation of Aug. 30, 1861, lay at the bottom of the whole. "The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri, who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with the enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men." This was the key note on which rallied all the clans in combination against him.

We shall not stop to argue the question; we only state the fact. We have only time and space to add, that while the cruel storm of persecution has been howling around the devoted head of the gallant Fremont, he has had the sympathy of the innumerable masses. His darkest hour has been cheered by the sunshine from warm hearts among the loyal men and women all over the land; and to-day we confidently assert that among all our military chiefs he stands first and foremost in the hearts and affections of the American people.

## The President and our Army Officers.

The late army orders of the President are significant. They show he has taken command, and assigned to different officers their several departments. The people will hail this movement as a progressive step. We have no disposition to find fault with Gen. McClellan, and we shall join hands with no man or combination of men that do it. After he was invested with the chief command of the whole army, he was loaded down with a responsibility he was not prepared to meet. One thing is patent to all—the army made no progressive movements until Stanton was made Secretary of War, and took the direction of war movements into his own hands.

Our great and glorious victories in the West have followed the inauguration of the new programme. The wholesale butchery of our brave men, and the gallant Baker, at Ball's Bluff, ought to stamp with everlasting infamy and disgrace the officers who directed it. No excuse, explanation, or apology, can ever wipe out the bloody stains of that horrible tragedy. Gen. Stone was loved to be the guilty man, at the time, by nine-tenths of the people; yet not a single step was taken to bring him to justice until the change in the War Department was made. Why was not an investigation ordered at once? It was no trifling affair. The officer that directed it must have been a down right fool or traitor. When two thousand of our brave sons are led out by a military order to be butchered like a flock of sheep, a common respect to the opinions of the loyal men and women of the country would seem to call for a rigid investigation. Why was it not ordered?

We would not indulge in these remarks were it not for some few Republican editors, with a much larger sprinkling of democratic conductors of the press, undertaking to appropriate the military skill of some of the best officers in the army and credit it all to Gen. McClellan. And the only reason under Heaven why they do this, is the single fact that Gen. McClellan has during the whole war sympathized with the deadly opponents of emancipation. We would most respectfully suggest to the sycophants of slavery, whether found in the Republican or Democratic ranks, the old maxim, "let every tub stand on its own bottom."

There is another thing these editors and newspaper writers may just as well understand—that the people will judge for themselves as well respecting our army movements as other things. All the newspaper editors in Christendom can ever make them believe there has not been among certain military commanders in this war a great want of energy and military tact and talent, and that this efficiency has and will operate to prolong the war. The plan of the President is designed to remedy the evil here complained of. Assigning to certain officers high in command certain territorial divisions, and then making them responsible for the manner in which they fulfill their trusts, will set the whole machinery in motion, and something will be done.

Among all the men who have the management of affairs in this government, give us honest Abraham Lincoln. Who cannot see the wisdom of that same Almighty Hand which gave us a Washington, displayed in the selection of Lincoln to guide the ship of State in these troublesome times, and save our glorious government from ruin and destruction? We have great statesmen and great generals, but President Lincoln stands head and shoulders above them all. Thousands and tens of thousands patriotic voices are ready to join our musical friend Locke in the grand chorus he so rapturously sung in the great Presidential canvass of 1860:

"Old Abraham is the man."

## Oxford Jars vs Snow Storms.

We have often had occasion to say that "Old Oxford" furnished brass, hardy soldiers for the war. We say so now. But we don't stop here. We have evidence that the Oxford boys, in whatever position of trust they may be placed, are always prompt, energetic and faithful.

On Saturday last, after the Jars were dismissed for the day, by Judge Goodnow, in order to spend the Sabbath with their families, several of their number braved the fury of the storm and went home.

The storm and blow of Saturday and Sunday completely blockaded the roads and highways in every direction. The snow was everywhere piled in heaps almost mountain high. To break out, and make the roads passable on Monday morning was out of the question.

Our absent Jars had the alternative—either to remain at home, away from the post of duty, or "run the blockade." Nothing daunted, they chose the latter.

Mr. Amos Richardson, who lives in Greenwood, near Albany line, came in "on time," having started at 12 o'clock Sunday night, and travelled fifteen miles on snow shoes. Mr. R. looked a little tired, but said he was good for another heat, if duty called. Mr. Atwood B. Bumpus, of Hebron, came eight miles from his mountain home, like Mr. Richardson, with snow shoes to aid his locomotion. Still another, Mr. Orville Bridgman, shot in the same way, came from Buckfield, eight miles.

Mr. Levi Millett, of Norway, walked six miles, and took it "rough and tumble" over the snow drifts, without snow shoes. Mr. Millett was accompanied by H. C. Reed, Esq., one of our County Commissioners, who, to meet the other members of the Board, thought he could venture wherever a journeyman could go.

Thus the rugged yeomanry of Old Oxford meet the duties and responsibilities of life. In the hands of such men the rights and interests of parties are safe. In sunshine and storm, they are always at their post.

We have found one man who has seen worse snow storms than have been experienced the present winter. In 1837, he says, within three weeks, there fell 6 1/2 feet of snow upon a heavy body that had fallen previous. For all that time farmers did nothing but break roads, and could not keep the highways in possible condition.

Hon. R. K. Goodnow, who represented this town in the Legislature that winter, states that he started from home, Monday morning, for Augusta; but did not get through till the next Sunday night.

Consulting the old files of the Democrat, we find the editor apologizing for the lack of news. He says he has received no change or intelligence from abroad, of any sort.

So it seems there have been worse winters, and the promised seed time and harvest followed, as it undoubtedly will in 1862.

## Town Elections.

Stow. Moderator—Thomas Farrington, Rep.

Clerk—George Hardy, Rep.

Selectmen—Peter H. O. H. Day, Noyes Abbott—all Democrats.

Treasurer—W. C. Walker, Dem.

CHATHAM. N. H. Moderator—Solomon Charles.

Clerk—L. E. Clay.

Selectmen—Seth Wyman, William Fife, A. V. Stevens.

Representative—Moses Fife.

All Republicans but 21 Selectman.

SEVER. Moderator—B. Y. Tuell.

Clerk—Josiah T. Stetson.

Selectmen—Benj. Y. Tuell, Winslow Briggs, Eliphalet Morrill.

Treasurer—Davenport.

VACANCIES IN THE BAR. Within one year the following members have vacated their places at the Oxford Bar:

W. K. Kimball, Lieut. Col. 12th Maine Regiment.

D. R. Hastings, Major 12th Me. Reg.

D. P. Stowell, Major, Cavalry.

Eliza Winter, Captain, 12th Me. Reg.

Enoch Knight, " " " "

O'Neil W. Robinson, Jr., Captain, 4th Battery.

Henry B. Walton, Lieut., 12th Reg.

H. W. Blanchard, Corporal, Cavalry.

Mark H. Dunnell, Consul at Vera Cruz.

Alex. R. Bradley, Esq., Fryeburg, deceased.

J. L. Haskell, Watford, deceased.

ADMITTED TO THE BAR. On Thursday last, on motion of Alvah Black, Esq., Mr. SAMUEL R. CROCKER was admitted, to practice as a Counselor and Attorney. It is his design, we understand, to commence practice at Fryeburg, in the office lately occupied by Mr. Bradley.

David Hale, Esq., of Bridgton, has been engaged to fill the editorial chair of the Bridgton Reporter. He is an accomplished scholar and ready writer.

REQUEST TO FRYEBURG ACADEMY. Among the legacies bestowed by the will of the late J. B. Osmond, Esq., we notice one of \$1000 to Fryeburg Academy. This, with its already liberal fund, ranks this school with the most favored institutions in the country, enlarging its means of usefulness as its years of success are increased.

THE BLOCKADE. The late steamer brings the gratifying news, that the English government has come to the conclusion that our blockade is effective. Though vessels have eluded us, the fact is considered an exception, such as does not warrant special investigation.

The new of our success has awakened the belief that the North is in earnest and will succeed. American stocks are buoyant. Russell now predicts that the rebellion will be put down in three months.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has authorized the building of two Erieon steamers for the defense of her ports. It seems to be a more sensible idea than the expensive fortifications deemed necessary for the purpose.

## Washington Correspondence.

Washington, March 16th, 1862.

The Capital is aglow with excitement. For some time past, nearly all the regiments about the city have been under marching orders, and during the last two or three days the movement of troops has seemed to be general. The army of the Potomac is not only about to move but great masses of it are already moving. Yesterday morning, as we were proceeding to church, we met a regiment marching towards the river, their gleaming arms flashing back the Sabbath sunshine and the martial strains of their music rising clear and stirring above the Sabbath calm. During the day, many others proceeding from their various encampments, advanced upon the soil of treacherous Virginia, and files of army wagons and ambulances, sadly indicative of coming events, moved towards the river. The movement has continued during the day.

Six batteries of artillery this morning, passed the Capital. The caissons were piled up with knapsacks, blankets and haversacks, and the men seemed as gay and cheerful as if on a pleasure excursion. They cheered back to the crowds upon the terrace and portico, and went on singing—how many God bless them, to their death. So great has been the press at the Long bridge, today, that persons coming from the other side have been obliged to wait from morning till afternoon, being quite unable to stem the tide of artillery and army wagons, of infantry and horse.

Sad, indeed, is the news which came up last night, from Norfolk. We await further advice, however, with some hope that they will relieve the gloom of first accounts. A rumor obtains this afternoon, that the rebels are hastily evacuating Manassas. This, as well as many other matters, will probably be much clearer before these lines reach their destination.

MARCH 12th.

After a long and earnest debate, and a determined opposition, the House yesterday, passed a joint resolution, expressive of its concurrence in the plan for the gradual abolition of slavery, recommended by the President, in his message of the sixth instant. The fanatical opposition to this plan, which amounts to little more than an official recognition of the great wrong, the impious necessity of the time, shows how fiercely the slave power, though overwhelmed by the guilt and obliquity of treason, still maintains its clutch at the country's throat. If anything further were needed to display the shameful impudence, the brazen effrontery, of the black power, a speech delivered yesterday in the Senate, by Mr. Carlisle, would supply the lack.

Now I am not blood thirsty. Only give us that which will be infinitely better, indemnity for the past and security for the future, than sweeping confiscations or bloody seizures; the life of slavery—only extinguish the soul and spirit of the rebellion, the deadly and irreconcilable foe of our institutions and I will swell the clamor for no man's blood. Only strike down that which has made the South disloyal, which will make it disloyal so long as it exists, and we can practice clemency with safety and honor. Retain slavery and the South will continue malignant to be managed by military force or boundless concessions—either alternative being fatal to our institutions. Abolish this crime of crimes, exercise this devil whose name is legion, and she will be found "sitting clothed and in her right mind."

Great events thicken upon us faster than we can weigh—almost faster than we can record them. While we can but rejoice that our troops have marched victorious over the scene of our great defeat, and planted our banner over the half demolished works of Manassas; it is almost universally considered unfortunate that they were permitted to go un molested and unpunished. The leisure they thus had to destroy roads and bridges behind them, was a great advantage in covering their retreat and securing time to fortify wherever they shall make a stand. The great victory in Arkansas, the appointment of General Fremont to a most important command, the proclamation of President by which he assumes the duties of General-in-chief, are events of high import and significance, and feed the excitement caused by the advance of our lines.

The new article of war must be welcome to every liberty loving heart. Indeed it is time that our volunteers, fresh from the sanctities of home and burning with the love of freedom should have done with the work of house. Patience and courage—"the world does move."

THE PRICE CURRENT states that A. & St. L. Railroad stock has recently advanced \$10 per share. It quotes Korosens, 38 cents by single barrel; Grass Seed—Herd's Green, \$2.25 and \$2.30; Clover 7.34 and 8 cents. Hay—sawed \$12 and 13—hoose 13 and \$14.25. Hops, 16 and 17. The quantities of country stock coming in have reduced the price to \$1.20 and \$1.25, for green sawed, and \$1.40 and \$1.50 for dry split. Hops, steady at \$22, and \$24. Dry apple is abundant, at a reduced price; Green fruit, scarce and sells high.

Col. Smith, of an Ohio Regiment, who took possession of Bowling Green, Ky., is son of Judge Smith, of the Lewiston Municipal Court.

The Union Church, in Portland, was burned Saturday night. The church cost \$40,000. It was insured for \$15,000, and there was a mortgage of \$12,000 on the property. The chime of bells and part of the furniture was saved. The tower and walls are standing, though considered too weak to build upon.

The bill to abolish the office of Superintendent of Public Schools, has been indefinitely postponed. Some action will be taken to reduce the expenses of the Department, as far as possible, without impairing its efficiency.

Two of the oil cloth factories, at Manchester were burned on the evening of the 13th. The fire was caused by the breaking of a fluid lantern.

P. O. CHANGE. Moses Houghton has been appointed Postmaster at Locke's Mills, near Calvin Crocker, removed. The office is now kept at the store of A. G. Tinkham.

## Major General McClellan's Address.

PAID BY COURT HOUSE, March 14

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac: For

a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed and instructed. The formidable artillery you now have had to be created. Other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. I have held you back that you might give the death blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have shown, and your confidence in your General are worthy of a dozen victories. These preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit. The army of the Potomac is now a real army, magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, and excellently equipped and armed. Your commanders are all that I could wish. The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country.

As I ride through your ranks I see in your faces the sure prestige of victory. I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you. The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right. In whatever direction you may move—however strange my actions may appear to you, ever bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours and that all I do is to bring you where I know you wish to be, on the decisive battle field. It is my business to place you there. I am to watch over you as a parent over his children, and you know that your General loves you from the depths of his heart. It shall be my care—it has ever been—to gain success with the least possible loss; but I know that if it is necessary you will follow me to your graves for our righteous cause. God smiles upon us. Victory attends us. Yet, I would not have you think that our aim is to be obtained without a manly struggle. I will not disguise it from you that you will have brave foes to encounter—fierce men worthy of the steel that you will use so well. I shall demand of you great, heroic exertions, rapid and long marches, desperate combat and privations perhaps. We will share all this together, and when this war is over, we will all return to our homes and feel that we can ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the army of the Potomac.

(Signed) GEO. B. McCLELLAN,

Major General Commanding.

TWO MORE POINTS MADE.

During the week, on the approach of our troops, the rebels have abandoned two more fortified points, on the Mississippi river. Hickman, on the Kentucky side, below Columbus, was strongly defended, but was abandoned hastily, and the troops are reported to be entirely demoralized, and scattered in a neighboring swamp. New Madrid, in Missouri, is nearly opposite the Kentucky and Tennessee line. It was strongly fortified and had a large force for its defense, who reported that it would be the American Thermopylae. But the troops forgot their purpose when their eyes caught the gleam of the federal bayonets.

CAPTURE OF NEWBURN, N. C.

BALTIMORE, March 18. Steamer Commodore arrived this morning direct from the Burnside expedition. She reports the capture of Newburn, North Carolina, and the defeat of the enemy, with the capture of a large number of pieces of artillery. It was a hard fought battle. Our loss is 90 killed and 400 wounded. Our men displayed great bravery.

From Major Johnson who was in the fight, we gather the following interesting particulars:

Our troops under Gen. Burnside landed on Thursday evening near the mouth of Swan creek on the west side of Neuse river, 15 miles below Newburn.

Owing to a dense fog the naval vessels did not participate in the fight.

Early Friday morning the fight commenced. Our troops advanced along a country road running parallel with Neuse river, but a mile or two in the rear. The road is skirted on the west side by the railroad and a dense swamp. All along the river side were a series of batteries which were taken by our troops one after another. After some bloody hand to hand contest, our troops were divided in three brigades under Gen. Reno, Foster and Parks, we advanced gradually, the enemy deserting their guns until we reached a line of earthworks extending across the road from the river to the swamp on the west. These earthworks were very strong, and were located about two miles south of Newburn, and between there and the city ran the Trent river.

The rebels had killed a large number of trees forming an almost impenetrable abatis. Here the flying rebels were rallied and made for a while a desperate stand. Our brave fellows fought until all their ammunition was spent, when an order to charge bayonets was given, and the works were finally taken at the point of the bayonet, the enemy flying like frightened sheep, leaving everything behind them. In their retreat they burned the bridges communicating with the town over both county road and railroad. As they had trains of cars in their rear, just across the bridge, they were able to carry off wounded and dead, their loss therefore is not certainly known, but must have been pretty severe. The force of the rebels is supposed to have been 8000.

We captured a number of prisoners, including Col. Ayoy, who cursed his soldiers as cowards.

As the battle terminated, the fog lifted, and enabled our gunboats, which had been impatiently waiting for an opportunity to participate in the fight, to come up the river. Our troops were thus furnished with means of transportation across the Trent River to Newburn.

The rebels attempted to fire the town on their retreat, but were prevented by the citizens, who extinguished the flames as fast as they were kindled by the soldiers.

None of our Generals nor any staff officers were killed or wounded.

We captured from thirty to fifty cannon. The officers of the rebels left their private traps behind them in their final retreat, and the men threw away everything.

The fight terminated at 3 o'clock P. M., Friday.

Parson Brownlow has escaped at last from Dixie land; and is coming North to publish an account of the indignities that have been heaped upon him. He is not ill of consumption, as has been stated, but suffers from fever, contracted in the damp cell in which he has been confined.

Gen. Halleck telegraphs the War Department that not a rebel flag waves in Missouri.

Harper's Ferry bridge is nearly completed, so that trains will be run shortly, from Baltimore to Winchester.

It is reported that a Quarter Master in Gen. Butler's Division, sent a regiment to Ship Island without arms. Another would have gone without ammunition but for its friends. One of the batteries had balls that would not fit the guns. Water for the same expedition was sent in oil casks. To send troops off in this condition, with danger of running on a hostile shore, is madness, if not open disloyalty.

A NEW ARTICLE OF WAR.

The President, on Thursday, approved the additional Article of War, which goes into immediate operation, viz: All persons or officers in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court martial of a violation of this article shall be discharged from the service.

The telegraph reports that Gen. Halleck has been authorized to supersede Gen. Grant, for bad conduct at Fort Donelson. The public have had no intimation of the nature of the charge, nor suspicion that his conduct was not as it should be.

Letters from the Gulf state that General Porter's fleet was about to sail; and that the impression was that it would be in New Orleans by the 21st inst.

Com. Stevens has obtained permission to use the 15-inch guns at Fort Monroe, on his little steamer, Naugatuck, for the defense of New York harbor. In the general appropriation bill, now before Congress, is a sum to finish the famous Stevens battery, building in New York.

MOVED OUT. Our readers will remember the statement, a short time since, that two families in Mexico, were dug out of the snow, by their neighbors. We have since learned that both the families have moved out of the house. The persons who made the excavation dug down three feet before finding the chimney. This fact is vouched by respectable gentlemen.

The Register of Probate informs us, that in passing a dwelling in Watford, he found the children coasting, from the top of the chimney to the road. Passing by the place he saw a door of the house, through a tunnel which had been cut for egress.

Another gentleman speaks of a place, where the barn was in sight, but no house could be seen. Shortly he perceived the smoke curling up from a snow drift, and found where a hole had been dug for an outlet for the chimney. Here too, a tunnel had been dug to the door.

Mr. Austin of Canton says, the mail carrier, who left that place, on Monday morning, did not return till a week from the next Friday, leaving the people without a mail for almost two weeks.

These are samples of reports that continue to reach us, from sources that it is impossible to doubt their correctness.

GEN. FREMONT. The new Division assigned Gen. Fremont embraces Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee. He will pass down into Georgia. He has had an interview with the President and Secretary of War, and his staff will be designated immediately. His headquarters will be in the field. The people greet this appointment with enthusiasm. There is no General in the field who has so strong a hold upon the hearts of the people as the gallant Pathfinder.

GENERAL McCLELLAN ON SLAVERY. The Washington correspondent of the New York Post thus retires his statement that Gen. McClellan favors the emancipation policy of the President:

"My statement a few days since respecting Gen. McClellan's position on the slavery question, has been disputed here by many persons who were formerly intimately acquainted with the General. It is represented that he has uniformly treated anti-slavery men, even during the past winter, with contempt, and that his entire political course, so far as it is known, has been in bitter opposition to the Republicans. This may all be true, and the only authority for the statement made in this correspondence, that Gen. McClellan favors the emancipation policy of the President, is one of his intimate friends, who is also a gentleman of responsibility. It is quite possible that he was mistaken, and certain facts which have come to my notice within a day or two lead me to think that he was."

THE OHIO U. S. SENATORSHIP. There have been 27 ballots in caucus, at Columbus, Ohio, for U. S. Senator, and it is pretty well established that if Mr. Wade is not successful no one can be this winter. The last (27th) ballot, in the caucus last Wednesday evening, stood: Whole number, 97; necessary to a majority, 49; Ben. F. Wade, 44; Columbus Delano, 35; Wm. S. Groves, 9; Peter Odlin, 5; Thomas Ewing, 1; Robert C. Schenck, 1; blank, 2. Wade's vote has been as high as 46, within three of a majority, while 35 is the highest point reached by Delano.

The Boston Post displays its lack of taste and judgment, by styling the late address of Hon. George Bancroft, the greatest living historian, as a "harangue." The point of complaint is that in his oration Mr. Bancroft has exposed the fallacy of Judge Taney's argument to prove that negroes have no rights that white men are bound to respect.

Fast Day, in Massachusetts, April 3d.

(Reported by W. B. LAPHAM.)

TRIAL OF EPHRAIM GILMAN.

FOR THE

MURDER OF HARRIET B. SWAN.







MISCELLANEOUS.

KITCHEN PHYSIC.

again tempted to quit it. He became a steady in his work as he was skillful; and his wife, being now furnished with the means of providing for the comforts of her husband, made excellent use of the Marquis's teachings. They were soon able to remove into better apartments; Madame Labarre taking good care to make it comfortable, that her husband was never again to leave his own table or his own fire-side. Simon Labarre became very famous in his art, and eventually amassed a good deal of money.

When the Marquis de Cussy was attacked by the malady which terminated his days, he one day received a present of a very beautiful porcelain cup, on which was painted a golden peasant. This cup was accompanied by a note containing these words: "To my doctor, to help him to take his last breath."

To those who inquired what could be intended by the sending of this cup, he would reply: "It is a memorial of the most perfect piece of cooking, and the most successful cure I have ever accomplished in the whole course of my life."

In his will, the Marquis bequeathed his cup to one of his nephews, by whom it is carefully preserved as an heir-loom.

An envious man repines at his neighbor's life, as much as he is supported him. It is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in old age.

The pebbles in our path weary us and make us foot sure more than the rocks.

As gold is found both here and there upon earth, so it is with love in human life. We have a little in the hearts of children and in our household; but it is here and there a stone of gold, and a whole continent of dirt.

Quill wants to know whether a drunken woman can be entirely a bad one—in other words how it is possible that one who is decidedly "tight" should be a "loose character."

The head learns new things, but the heart follows more practices old experience.

Laziness will cover your garden with weeds. Hard drinking, if you keep it up, will cover your wife with weeds.

The gates of Heaven are low arched; we must enter upon our knees.

Why is a man walking on wet grass like a hawk draft unpaid? Because he is over dew!

He who swallows up the substance of the poor will in the end find that it contains a bone which will choke him.

Young Jones complained to his father-in-law of the temper and waywardness of his wife. "I'll cut her off with a shilling if she don't behave," Young Jones always said his father-in-law after that. "She's a good wife."

It's righteous cause brings you into suffering, a righteous God will bring you out of suffering.

Men repeat speaking ten times for once they report keeping silence.

It is said that the reason why Echo is always the faintest gender is because it always has the last word.

If a man is murdered by his hired men, should the coroner render a verdict of killed by his own hands?

A blacksmith, having been slandered, was advised to apply to the court for redress. He replied, with true wisdom:

"I can go into my shop and work out a better character in six months than I could get in any court house in a year."

A female begging impostor, importuning a member of the Mendicity Society to give her a "copper," the benevolent gentleman replied that she should have one, if she would only leave off begging and take in washing.

People don't live as long now as in the old time. The men of this age are very fast, and a fast man soon gets out of breath.

An Oxford scholar, calling early one morning on another, when in bed, said, "Jack, are you asleep?"

"Why?"

"Because I want to borrow half a crown of you."

"I'm asleep."

A soldier, a miller, and a policeman, entering an inn to rest and refresh, the landlord (a man of few words,) directed each to be placed for them, by quoting a line from a popular song: "Three cheers for the red, white and blue?"

Children cultivate civility, politeness, and agreeable manners. They are cheap, and will be advantageous to you through life.

A superintendent of police once made an entry in his register, from which the following is an extract: "The prisoner set upon me, called me an ass, a precious dolt, a scoundrel, a rascal, and an idiot—all of which I certify to be true."

A waggish old squire was one winter day walking with the minister, when he slipped and fell. "My friend," said the reverend gentleman, "sinners stand on slippery places."

"I see they do," said the squire, "but unfortunately I can't!"

A sailor being about to set out for India, a citizen asked him:

"Where did your father die?"

"In shipwreck."

"And where did your grandfather die?"

"As he was fishing, a storm arose, and the bark foundering, all on board perished."

"And your great grandfather?"

"He perished on board a ship which struck on a rock."

"Then," said the citizen, "if I were you, I would never go to sea."

"And pray, Mr. Philosopher, observed the seaman, where did your father die?"

"In his bed."

"And your grandfather?"

"And your great grandfather?"

CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!

JOHN S. ABBOTT.

(FORMERLY OF BOSTON.)

Has a large stock of

Clocks, Watches & Jewelry.

FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY,

Painted Ware,

TOYS, STATIONERY,

AND

Patent Medicines

All of which he offers at

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,

AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICE!

COUNTRY DEALERS will do well to call

on him for their advantage.

He will be glad to call on them in connection with

Importing Houses,

In Boston, he thinks he can furnish goods cheaper

than can be found this side of Boston.

He has WATCHES of American, Swiss, Eng-

lish and French, Hunting and Open Face, Gold,

Silver and Gem Cases.

SPECTACLES, of all kinds, and any quantity

of glass to set in Spectacle Boxes, to suit all

and

FANCY NOTIONS.

In quantities by the dozen or single one.

Watch Cases and materials for Watchmakers

will be furnished cheaper than they can be bought

in Portland. In short, people had better call on

him and save money.

Everything warranted to be what it is sold for.

He is honest in the best policy, and

the most sure to succeed. Any work entrusted

to him will be done according to contract, and

warranted good.

He would like to see any watches that have

been bought by inexperienced workmen, and if

he don't make them perform well there will be no

charge. The same with clocks.

Such workmen, however, will be full jeweled

with required, and good quality or verge watches

will be allowed to leave. Examinations at a fair

price. Chronometer balances mounted in watches

that have plain balances, and finally anything

that is required to be done in a watch or clock,

will be done at his shop, and warranted to be done

in a workmanlike manner.

Work sent from other watchmakers, which

will be done at a fair discount.

Jewelry Repaired.

Letter Engraving neatly Executed.

Cash paid for old Gold and Silver.

BETHEL HILL, 1861.

35

Drug & Medicine Store

JUST OPENED ON

BETHEL HILL, ME.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the

residents of Oxford County and the public

generally that he has taken the New Brick Store

on Bethel Hill, recently erected by R. A. Chap-

man, Esq., for the purpose of conducting the business

of a Druggist and Apothecary. He will keep

constantly on hand for sale an extensive variety of

Drugs, Medicines,

Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs,

Perfumery,

KEENESE OIL AND FLUID,

Spices of all kinds,

Such as Ginger, Pepper, Allspice, Nutmegs, Cassia,

Almonds, Cloves, Bittern's Cooking extracts, Cocoa

nut, Vanilla, Pure China, Starck, Sage and

Figures.

BOOKS & STATIONERY.

School, Miscellaneous & Toy Books.

Newspapers and Periodicals.

Any book or article of any description in the

above list procured at short notice.

Agent for most of the popular Patent Medicines.

TERMS, CASH.

BETHEL, Jan. 1861.

29

OLD FRIENDS

IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Herick's Sugar Coated Pills.

The best fam-

ily Cathartic in

the world, and

HUNNEWELL'S UNIVERSAL COUGH REMEDY.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, freed

of all the common components, such as

Opium, or Expectorants, which not only run

down the system, but destroy all chance of cure,

will be found on trial to possess the following

properties, and to which the most valuable testi-

monials may be found in the pamphlet.

For Whooping Cough, and as a Soothing

Syrup, it meets every want, and by early use will

save the largest proportion of exposure in child

hood which can be saved to Whooping Cough.

In ordinary Coughs and Bronchial Complaints,

the forcemen of Consumption, its splendid tonic

properties make it not only the most perfect cure

to disease, but builds up and sustains the sys-

tem against a recurrence of the Complaint. It

is a remedy which should be without it, no child should

fail to get a pamphlet, to be found with all de-

tails, as the only way to do justice to its value.

HUNNEWELL'S CELEBRATED

TOLU ANODYNE.

This great Neuralgic Remedy and Natural

Opium calls for special attention and interest, be-

ing free of Opium, or preparations of Opium, or

of any but its strictly vegetable or medicinal prop-

erties. For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Tooth

Ache and Ear Ache, Spinal Complaints, Head-

ache, or Stomach, Rises, Hay Fever,

Croup, and all minor Nervous Complaints.

For Loss of Sleep, Chronic or Nervous Head-

ache, it has no equal, and to which we offer testi-

monials from medical sources.

For Delirium Tremens it is a Sure Remedy.

For Bowel Complaints, including Cholera

Morbus, it is splendidly adapted, in not only re-

moving the poison but acting as a great tonic

contrast with Opium, which not only constipates

and drugs the system, but makes the remedy worse

than the disease.

From Physicians we ask attention, and on re-

commended Formulas or Trial Bottles will be sent,

developing in the Anodyne an Opium which has

long been wanted, and in the Cough Remedy

as a substitute for Opium, which not only constipates

and drugs the system, but makes the remedy worse

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The Boston Journal for 1862.

The New England Newspaper

THE trying times of the nation's history in which

we live render a LIVE NEWSPAPER an

indispensable necessity to every man who would

keep himself informed of the important events

which are daily transpiring. To furnish a paper

which will meet the just expectations of the pub-

lic at such a time as the present requires an ex-

traordinary amount of labor and of extraordinary ex-

penditure of money, and to do so, with great ex-

actness and promptness, is a task which can be

accomplished only by the aid of a large and

experienced staff of writers, and by the aid of a

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