

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 13, NO. 10.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

PARIS, MAINE.

FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1862.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE

OLD SERIES VOLUME 29, NO. 20.

Farmers' Department.

"FEED THE FLOW."

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

For The Oxford Democrat.

EARLYVILLE, ME., Feb. 21, 1862.

Mr. Editor: In these stirring times, when battles are being fought in the fields of the revolution, and of daily occurrence, I fear your readers will scarcely excuse me in occupying a space in your well-filled columns, with a letter of ordinary extent. To console my friends in Old Oxford and vicinity, who are probably digging through or climbing over snow drifts from six to twenty feet in depth, about these days, I will inform them that for several days, until last evening, the ground here has been entirely bare of snow and free from frost; but now we have about eight inches of snow, it having fallen during the night. It will be nearly or quite all melted away, however, in the course of the next twenty-four hours, when instead of eight inches of snow, we will have to wade through mud blacker than tar, and quite as adhesive, varying in depth from one to five feet.

Give me your snow drifts,—they are at least clean,—in preference to mud holes. Contemplate, ye who sigh for bare ground and growing grass, in Illinois, a farmer stuck fast in a mudhole, (we call it slough,) on the prairie, a mile from any human aid, his horse nearly out of sight and sinking fast, his wagon buried beneath the weight of twenty-five bags of corn, and *terra firma* at least ten rods distant on either side. Now, ye Down Easters, what would you do in such a fix? Can you dig through a snow drift? You understand that; it's an easy thing enough,—it only takes time and a shovel. But can you shovel out of a prairie slough? Can you get off your load and lift at the wheel, or take your horse by the bit, after tramping a path before them, and encourage them to make another plunge? Nothing of the kind! You can't even get another team and hitch to the sinking load, for you can scarcely get near enough to haul the unfortunate driver. In the name of Yankee ingenuity, then, what would you do? Do you give it up? Well, then, there are just two ways out of such a fix, and two only, to wit: to wait patiently till the mud dries up, (if this don't happen,) until it gets this enough to swim in, and then swim ashore—meaning, in either case, living upon hope yourself, you will contrive to feed your load of corn to your horse. Moral: Be content with your snowdrifts, lest you find yourself in an Illinois slough of despond.

To change the picture from snow and mud to politics and war: Illinois has about 65,000 soldiers in the field, gallantly fighting to put down rebellion in Tennessee and Missouri, and elsewhere, (as you and the whole world knows ere this, they have fought gloriously,) and a convention of traitors at her capital plotting disunion and rebellion at home. I refer, of course, to the so-called Constitutional Convention, which unhappily the last regular session of the Legislature, Republican though it was, provided for holding, for the purpose of proposing a new Constitution for the people to adopt or reject, as the case may be. The delegates to this Convention were elected in June last, upon a pretended Union ticket, by which the Republicans were treacherously elected, in the Republican Counties, and having their own way in democratic Counties, the Convention is by quite a majority, democratic or seceder. The concern has been in session about three months, during which time it has been occupied in doing or trying to do almost everything that it was not called, and has no right or power to do; and neglecting to do everything which it was called expressly to do. The proper and only work of the Convention being to prepare and submit to the people a State Constitution, this they have not done, and are not likely soon to do; but they have endeavored to constitute themselves a general legislature, and to legislate upon every conceivable subject. I will not attempt even a synopsis of its proceedings, as they are of no possible consequence, except the cost to the State, (for if the Convention proposes anything never so unconstitutional, the people are so thoroughly disgusted with the whole concern, they will spurn it with contempt,) and as showing the animus of a class of men, to be found in Maine as well as in Illinois. I refer to that class whose only argument on all National questions is, "don't the niggers and black abolitionists," by which they mean, of course, free negroes and all abolitionists. They have no sort of objection to negroes, providing they have democratic owners. In such cases they have neither woolly heads, thick lips, long heels, nor offensive smell, to them. But they have a particular disgust for all these offensive qualities, when the negro owns himself. For proof of this read what follows: "No negro or mulatto shall immigrate to or settle in this State after the adoption of this Constitution." This was adopted by the Convention by 39 yeas, to 26 nays. To see whether these creatures hated negro slaves equally with free negroes, the following addition to the above was offered by a Republican member: "Nor shall any black or mulatto be brought into this State, to be held temporarily or permanently as a slave." This was voted down by 42 to 21. It was then proposed, for the purpose of putting this Ramp Convention fairly on the record,

1st. That no slaveholder shall bring his slave into the State to use him in labor.

2d. That no indentured slave shall be held in the State.

4th. That all slaves so employed shall be free."

Each of these amendments was voted down 40 to 17.

But notwithstanding the dying struggles and maniacal contortions of the democratic party, which might be mistaken by some for returning strength, the anti-slavery sentiment of our State is fast gaining ground. Fremont's proclamation in Missouri was enthusiastically endorsed; the Congressional order against returning fugitive slaves; the President's emancipation message; the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; the restoration of Gen. Fremont; the flattering reception of Wendell Phillips at Washington, are heartily approved by the people of Illinois. The Great West desires to put down rebellion so that it will stay put down, by removing the cause. Slavery has caused all the trouble—let it pay the penalty by suffering death. Let any General who is afraid of hurting slavery, or who does not know how to take batteries of pine guns, be at once removed, and the places filled with live men, and the West will say Amen, with a shout which will make Jeff Davis tremble.

A. J. GAVOIA.

From the American Agriculturist.

How Much Help Shall We Hire.

It is time to be making arrangements for the next season. The supply of labor, at least in the older states will be, we think, nearly as abundant as usual, notwithstanding the war. If six hundred thousand soldiers have been raised among twenty million people, it is only one in thirty-three of the population. But at least three-fourths of this number have come from the cities and villages, and from other callings than agriculture. A multitude have entered the army who were never very productive laborers in any calling. They are now earning money for themselves and families, than they ever were before. In the derangement of business incident to war, a much larger number following other pursuits have been thrown out of employment than all who have volunteered from the farming districts. It would not be strange then if labor should be even cheaper this season than the last.

We can see no reason either in the supply of labor or in its prospective rewards, why we should not employ as much as usual. If it should be cheaper than usual, it will be a favorable opportunity to enter upon some of those projected improvements which have been waiting the good time coming for many years. Almost every farm has swamps and wet land to be drained, pastures to be cleared of rocks, brush and stumps. The production of such lands may be quadrupled in most instances, by a wise use of labor. As a rule, we economize in the wrong place when we refuse to hire help in order to save the wages. Whether we have war or not, an easy peace the Nation must be fed, and all the products of the farm will bring a remunerating price.

Sawdust in Manure.

F. J. KINNEY, of Wayland, Mass., gives, in the New England Farmer, an interesting account of his use of sawdust for bedding, as a fertilizer and absorbent.

In January, 1859, he commenced hauling sawdust and fine chips from a clothes-pin manufactory. There were two horses, seven head of cattle, and several swine on the farm; and in course of the year he used 100 cords of this material as bedding for these animals. The stable floors were covered with it to the depth of six inches, and as fast as that under the cattle and swine became saturated with urine, it was removed with the solid excrement to the cellar. The horse bedding and manure were piled in a shed.

In closing his communication, Mr. Kinney remarks: "Wherever I have examined the roots of a vegetable grown where sawdust, chip or leaves and stable manure had been used, I found them embracing with their delicate fibres every atom of the vegetable matter within their reach, and drawing their natural sustenance from them; and there is nothing I have ever tried as an assistant fertilizer, that holds so much liquid, or retains it so long, where only the air and sun operate on it, as hard wood sawdust; and nothing that yields up this embryo vegetable so readily to the petitions of the root-lets."

CHESTER HOGS. The American Agriculturist says these hogs are supposed to have originated in Chester County, Pa., about 30 years since, from a cross of a Bedfordshire boar, with the best of the Chester Co. stock. It thinks sufficient care has been taken to preserve the purity of the blood to entitle it to be considered an American stock. The claims for public favor are: good constitution, large size, length and breadth of carcass, smallness of bone and offal, quiet habit, and well larded inside. The color is pure white, well coated with silky hair. Any black hairs, with the slightest deviation from white, is regarded as evidence of impurity.

WATCH FOR FRUIT TREES. Solomon Robinson, Worcester Co., Mass., uses the following wash on his fruit trees, with good effect. Put a pailful of water in a tub, and stir in 3 quarts fresh cow manure, 1 quart soft soap, 2 quarts sifted wood ashes, and add urine enough to make the mixture of the consistency of whitewash. Apply this to the trunks and limbs of trees early in June, with an old broom. The manure and ashes form a coating which each rain gradually removes, leaving a clean, glossy bark; and also carrying fertility into the soil.

From the American Stock Journal.

Shoeing Horses.

It is a generally well understood fact by horsemen that more horse's feet are injured by bad shoeing than in any other way. While we have had line upon line and precept upon precept upon this subject, the evil continues without abatement. We venture nothing when we say that more than one half the horses of eight years old and upwards, clearly show the effect of bad shoeing in one way or another. And yet it seems to us a very easy matter to obviate the main difficulty, by following a few simple rules only. Much that has been written and published upon the subject of horse shoeing has been of so scientific a character, going so much into minute detail, and often in so ambiguous language, that but few horse shoeers are sufficiently learned to understand and follow it; and we very much doubt if the writers themselves have a very clear idea of the principles they would inculcate.

Scientific knowledge is of great benefit to its possessor, when generously interspersed with good practical common sense, without which it is of but little value to anybody. Shoeing a horse is a purely mechanical operation, and if good principles were followed fewer complaints would be heard of bad shoeing. A few clearly defined rules, such as may be easily understood and followed by anyone, will be sufficient to obviate in the main, if not entirely, the difficulty which is the subject of almost universal complaint.

Young horses, if shod at all before four or five years old, should have their shoes taken off and reset as often as once in four weeks. The hoof should be kept pared at the heel so that the frog may come to the ground. This keeps the frog moist and healthy, and has a tendency to spread the heel and keep the foot in its natural shape. The soft healthy frog acts as a cushion, and saves the foot from damage while the animal travels upon hard roads. It also keeps the foot in a healthy state, and is therefore of great importance to the value of the horse. If the heel is suffered to grow down, the frog becomes dry and bony, and when in contact with a stone or other hard substance, the horse cripples and subsequently becomes lame. When the hoof grows down long at the heel, it becomes dry and contracted, and the horse stands upon his toes in an unnatural and straining position. The frog, however ragged, should not be touched by the shoe's knife. To avoid raising the heel so that the foot must come to the ground in an unnatural position, the shoe should be the same thickness at the toe as at the heel.

When the foot is properly pared, the shoe should be made to fit it so perfectly, that the outside crust of the hoof will not have to be cut down to fit the shoe. The shoe should not be opened at the heel wider than the hoof, as this has a tendency to crowd in and contract the hoof at this point; but if the outside of the shoe is brought in even with the outside of the hoof, it has the opposite effect. The hoof should be never rasped or filed above the clinch, or the natural enamel, which is given to it for some purpose, is disturbed. Fancy shoes—from all of whom good Lord deliver us—are too much in the practice of rasping, filing, and sand-papering the hoof to make it look nice, without ever thinking that they are doing it an injury that is beyond their power to repair.

BEef STEW. A very economical and most savory and delicious dish can be made with two or three pounds of chuck steak. (a cheap part of beef,) which infinitely surpasses the tasteless, insipid, common eating house stuff called "beef, a la mode."

Cut the steak into pieces about two inches square; put them into a sauce pan with a breakfast cup of cold water; put it on the fire, as soon as it boils up, stand it on the tender to simmer for two hours until perfectly tender. While simmering, tie up with a bit of thread a bunch of herbs, composed of knotted marjoram, winter savory, and a little thyme; take it out before the dish is served.

Of course the dish must be occasionally shaken, as all others are; remember, however, the fat must not be skimmed off; the more fat there is the better the stew. This dish is of Italian origin, and in that country is eaten with plain boiled macaroni and Parmesan cheese, or with salad; and with either it is a "dainty dish to set before a king."

(Hall's Journal of Health.

HOW TO TREAT DWARF PEARS. I have them 15 years old, in my garden, thrifty, hardy, productive, and bidding as fair to live the next fifty years, as any standard tree upon my grounds. The complaint against these pets of the garden, I am fully persuaded, is owing more to neglect and mismanagement, than to any inherent difficulty. Some varieties will not flourish on the quince stock. The fruit buds will point them out. Do not plant such. They will not be productive on grass ground, or in hard infertile soil. Do not plant them there. They want a deep, rich, mellow border, at least eighteen inches in depth. If you cannot afford to prepare a border, do not purchase dwarf pear trees. In addition to being properly planted, they must have care every season. Now they should be shortened in, about two-thirds of the last season's growth. This keeps them stocky, and prepares them to sustain a great burden of fruit. The quince roots cannot go far in search of food. They should have all they can take up within six feet of the tree. With manure and good management dwarf pears will be a success.

(American Agriculturist.

MISCELLANY.

THE BLOODHOUND'S REVENGE.

As many doubts have been cast upon the truth of the following story, I shall merely say, by way of preface, that I tell it as I heard it told, and that I believe it:

It is now six and twenty years ago last November, on the 18th day of the month, that the events occurred which I am about to relate. Twenty six years ago; yes! on the 18th day of November one thousand eight hundred and twenty. I shall remember that date till my dying day.

My brother and I had gone to spend our vacation, at the invitation of an old friend, in a scantily populated district of Herefordshire, for the purpose of recruiting our health and shooting over his extensive estates. He was away, so we preferred taking up our quarters in a snug lodge in the park, to living in the cheerless magnificence of an unoccupied mansion.

With us we brought a dog; it had been sent over from Spain a few months previously as a present to my brother. He was a bloodhound, and thorough-bred, standing full forty inches high, with tapering, muscular limbs, and with a countenance so intellectual and human in its expression, that, when at rest, it appeared as though it were working out some vast problem for the future benefit of his race. For myself, I shall never believe that that dog was a deep thinker. It was curious to watch his eye, now turned upwards thoughtfully, as if it were seeking for some calculated result—now slowly dilating and brightening as that result became plainer and plainer—now shooting out a bright ray of light, as though the long expected illumination had burst upon him, and then slowly sinking down again, to brood upon and amplify his newly acquired theory.

Rudolph, for that was his name, was a grand dog, and of immense strength; but his slender legs, his finely cut head, and, let me add, his sensitive nose, gave him somewhat the appearance of an effeminate giant. Even we did not appreciate his enormous power till one day, on coming home, we found the iron chain that bound him snapped, and a large mastiff, that had dared to question his right to a bone, stretched dead at his feet.

Upon questioning our servant, he said he saw the mastiff jump over the low wall of the yard, and try to take possession of the bone; that Rudolph did little at first, but with a stroke of his paw, just struck the bone from the mastiff's snout as he laid hold of it; that at last the mastiff, by a jerk, tossed it out of the reach of Rudolph's chain, and was following it, when, with a yell, he sprang to his feet, took a huge leap, snapped his chain, seized the mastiff by the throat, and before he (the servant) could come up, the big brute was dead.

The farmer to whom the mastiff had belonged called next day. Though greatly grieved at the loss of his dog, which had been a great favorite, he nevertheless refused all offers on our part to make restitution, and declared that his only motive for calling was to make the acquaintance of a dog powerful enough to kill such an animal as his mastiff.

Rudolph was produced, and behaved so well, and looked so handsome, that the farmer declared that he had never seen such a dog; and requested, "if it wasn't making too bold," that we should come and lunch with him some day that week, to see his farm, and bring Rudolph with us. Knowing that we could depend on him as long as he was within sight, and loth to refuse so kind a return for an injury, not the least real because unintentional, we heartily accepted the invitation for all three.

A few days afterwards, then, in accordance with the invitation, we presented ourselves at the farmer's door. The house was a long, rambling structure, nowhere more than one story high, stretched its shapeless length round three sides of a large farmyard, containing the usual medley of pigs, ducks, manure, chickens, cows, and straw. Our host received us very kindly, introduced us to his wife, a comfortable looking body, with six small children, two in her arms, and the others peeping timidly out of different folds of her gown like little chickens. They were by nice, clean-looking, Saxon children, with white hair and blue eyes. The youngest, a pretty-looking girl of about two years old, was so dreadfully frightened at the sight of our big dog, that the mother was obliged to carry her off to bed, weeping piteously with terror, aggravated, perhaps, by the pain caused by the advent of sharp little teeth.

We were ushered into a large, low room, with a great fagot lazily smouldering on the hearth, and a long table spread with a snowy, homely cloth, and covered with substantial fare—cold sucking pig, roast beef, and fowls. Presently the good wife came back, saying that her pretty darling had gone to sleep. The farmer produced a jug of sound, old home-brewed, with an extra streak of malt in it, and what with that and the rest of the good cheer, and the good humor and pressing hospitality of our host and hostess, the first part of the day passed as merrily as could be. Presently, however, we were startled by hearing loud screams issuing from a distant part of the house; then they were hushed for a moment, and then they rose again louder than before. "The child! the child!" cried the mother, and rushed out of the room.

"Where's Rudolph?" said my brother. "Oh, don't worry yourselves," said the farmer, with his mouth full; "the dawg's found its way to the child's room, and she's squealing. That's all."

And so it proved, for presently Master Rudolph made his appearance, walking, or crawling rather, with his belly close to the ground, and his tail between his legs, close-

ly followed by the mother, who was scolding him sharply, and beating him with a stick. "I'll teach you to go frightening our poor little Mary, that I will—yes; and you killed poor Tower, too!" Now, whether it was at this remembrance, or with anger brought to a pitch, as woman's anger often is, by the uninterrupted sound of her own voice, it matters little, but certainly the stick came down with greater violence than ever, and, as fate would have it, on the dog's head. He turned as if to leap at her, but seeing that I was looking at him, he retreated, but with his eye glaring with a passion which I could not believe a dog could feel or express. There was no mistaking it; it was a look of unmitigated hate.

I looked round at the faces at the table, to see if any one had taken notice of this extraordinary look; but apparently no one had. Thinking that they would only laugh at me, I resolved to say nothing about it, determined, however, never again to let the dog escape from my eye. I tried to reason with myself, and to prove how absurd it was—that I must be mistaken—that if I was not, the circumstance could still be of no moment. But do what I would, I could not shake off a vague apprehension that weighed on my mind like lead. The words of Shylock occurred again and again to me: "Hate any man, the thing he would not kill? 'Yes,' 'any man,' 'twas true enough of a man; but it was absurd to apply it to a dog, reasoned I with myself. 'Fish! Nonsense! Absurd!' But still that dog's face haunted me.

I was aroused from my morbid reveries by the voice of our host asking us to come for a stroll over the farm. Immediately jumped up, called Rudolph to follow, and out we went. Nothing occurred in our walk which is worth mentioning now. We saw some gigantic turnips, and bloodsucking mangy wretches, and were much edified by a long lecture at each gate, upon what such and such a field had produced last year, the quantity of wheat that such another yielded to the acre, and statistics of the partridges he had once killed in one day among 'them turnips."

When we came back again, the farmer gave us over to his wife, to be shown the farmyard. From the peculiar structure of the house before mentioned, every room in it overlooked the yard. "That room," began our show-woman, "over there, is me and my good man's room; just above the shed with the strawberry calf. Oh, you must come and look at my calf—he's such a pet of mine! There, isn't he a beauty? And to think he's got to be killed! Why weren't you a cow you silly? And that window there, gentlemen—that little window—just above the pig sty, next to ours, that's my sweet darling baby's little room. Oh, you must come and see our pigsty, with our poor dear sow, and her little white piggy—you've just eat n its eldest brother, sir; that is, we called it the eldest, but, of course, sir, you know, sir (here the poor woman blushed up to her merry eyes,) that they weren't none of 'em older than the other. And there's the hen house, and just above's where Mary sleeps; and there's the stable; and that's poor old Smiler, sir, thirty years old, and as sound as a roach; and—What's that?"

It was the baby crying again, and the mother, begging us to excuse her, rushed off to comfort her poor little darling. When the cries ceased, I became aware of a growling noise, like low thunder, that seemed to proceed from something behind me. I turned and saw Rudolph showing his teeth, with his eyes fixed intently, with the same awful expression, on the little window above pigsty.

I had never during the whole day forgotten that look, and when I saw it again, unable to conquer my fears, I determined I would not rest till I had seen the dog safely chained up in his kennel at home; and, so, hurriedly saying that I did not feel well, and asking the farmer to make our excuses to his wife, I walked away with my brother, calling Rudolph after me. When we reached home, I felt tired, and telling the servant to chain up the dog, I went in and threw myself on the sofa.

I suppose it must have been about three hours after this that I was startled from a sleep that had forced itself upon me, by my brother's voice: "Hollo!" he said, "wake up! what nonsense you're talking; something about—easy leap for a dog like him—over the pigsty—open window."

I declare you quite frightened me when you cried out in an awful voice: 'The child, the child!' You've eaten too much sucking-pig."

I had had a most dreadful dream. I dreamed that I was in the farm yard that we had lately quitted, and that I saw Rudolph in the distance, carrying off something white, and the ground was covered with snow. Then I heard a shriek, and turning towards the place whence it seemed to proceed, I saw the farmer's wife at the little window, pointed out as that of the baby's room, and which was open, gesticulating wildly. Then I remembered calculating what an easy leap it would be, for a dog like Rudolph, on to the window sill, and then I heard a voice crying out—'Sare it! sare it!' and then I was awaked.

The first thing I said was, 'Is Rudolph safe?'

"I suppose so," said my brother, leaving the room.

Presently he cried: 'Come here!'

I ran down stairs, and saw—an empty kennel. The servant had chained the dog carefully and he had slipped his collar, and made off.

"A strange thing is mental electricity," resumed Mr. Grimmer, after a short pause, during which he seemed greatly agitated with the recollections he had recalled, and as

if he found some difficulty in gathering up his strength to proceed—a very, very strange thing electricity."

We both gazed for a moment at the empty collar; then we both started, as if by a mutual and sudden impulse, and looked face to face; and then, without a word, I knew that he had observed the expression of the dog's eye, that he had as carefully concealed his fears as I had, and that he felt with myself, that 'to the farmhouse, and nowhere else had the dog gone. He was the first to speak.

"There is no time to be lost; we must set off immediately."

In two minutes we were on our way to the farmhouse, he taking the lead.

The house was about two miles distant, and we set off running. So engrossed were our thoughts, that we had gone some distance before we found out something that made us both suddenly stop.

It was snowing, and the ground was half changed from black to white.

"Dream coming true," we both muttered.

When we had got within a stone throw of our destination, we saw a large animal bound away to our right, and I thought I saw something white in its mouth.

"Rudolph!" we both said, in a breath.

"Did you not see something white in its mouth?" I asked.

"No," said he; "it must have been the snow."

This seemed so reasonable an explanation, that I assented to it at once, and hastened onward.

We agreed to go to the farmyard first, not wishing to disturb the house needlessly. All seemed still enough, till, looking up to the often-mentioned window, we saw the farmer's wife in her night dress, standing just as I had seen her in my dream, gesticulating wildly. We heard her ejaculate, "Save it! save it!" and without waiting a moment, rushed back to the road.

It had left off snowing. The footprints of the dog, thanks to the snow that had fallen, were plainly perceptible, and they turned off through a gap in the hedge. We followed. Straight across the field showed the track, now lighted for a minute by the moon peeping out from a cloud, now lost again in the darkness. Over three fields we passed thus, when I saw, with terror hardly possible to describe, that the track became dotted, occasionally at first, and afterwards thicker and thicker, with small black dots. I stopped, and my worst fears were realized—it was blood. How that discovery spurred us on! Over field and hedge and ditch we went, following that dreadful trail, which became more hideously apparent at every step. Over fences, through dykes, tearing, leaping, jumping, we went, caring not how, so that we only sped on: with our heads pressed forward, our tongues hot in our mouths, and our hearts beating audibly. At last, to our surprise, we caught sight of Rudolph tearing away before us; then he leaped a low wall, and was lost. How could we possibly have caught him up? We were forced continually to deviate from the straight path, now in order to find a gap in some hedge through which we could crawl, now to discover a narrower path of some ditch over which to jump, now, on account of the darkness, losing the track altogether. How could we have caught him up? We soon came to the cause—a pool of blood. Here, then, he must have stopped to make an end to the struggles of his poor victim: here, then, he must have stayed to regale his brutal appetite! Revenge, however, would not wait for tears, and without stopping a moment, we hurried to the wall over which the beast had disappeared.

To our surprise, we found it was the wall of our own yard, and leaping over it, we discovered, alas! that we were too late; for there, with a lamp in his hand, shedding a dim light over the dreadful scene, stood our servant James, and there, in a corner, crouching like a guilty thing, lay Rudolph, and by his side the mangled remains of the poor little—sucking pig!

AN INCIDENT. When the United States vessels were on their way to attack Fernandina, they picked up a contraband who had ventured to sea in a small boat to notify them that the rebels were deserting the place. While questioning the black, some of the officers of the Alabama remarked that he should have brought them newspapers to let them know what was going on. "I thought of dat," replied the contraband, "and I fetched a Charleston paper with me." With this he put his hand in his bosom and brought forth a paper, and with the air of a man who was rendering an important service, handed it to the circle of inquirers. They grasped it eagerly, but one glance induced a general burst of laughter, to the profound astonishment of poor Cuffee, who it seems could not read, and imagining that one paper was as good as another, had brought one dated 1822. This South Carolina relic was forwarded to Thos. B. Stillman, Esq., of this city, as one of the curiosities of the war. It is a little odd that this paper which has floated so long down the stream of time, contains an article in favor of negro emancipation.

[New York Commercial.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE. The house will be kept in a turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors. If you lay a single stick of wood on the grate, and apply fire to it, it will go on; put on another stick and they will burn; and a half dozen sticks and you will have a blaze. If one member of the family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and may possibly be ashamed and repent. But suppose temper to temper: pile on all the fuel; draw in others of the group, and let one harsh scowl be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze that will engulf them all.

Only a Flirtation.

"So there is no engagement between you? 'Engagement! I should think not! Why, Joe, I am only eighteen. I shan't be engaged in the next five years. I'm not going to tie myself down to domestic life, yet, I assure you."

"But, Nettie, you are wandering from the subject. I cannot thank you utterly heartless, yet I frankly own you pain me by this dreadful spirit of coquetry you display. I am sure Graham Curtis—"

"Now, Joe, don't be tiresome. It is only a flirtation. We dance, and ride together, but that is nothing. I flirt quite as extensively with a dozen other gentlemen."

"But Nettie," and a very grave look passed over Joseph Lawson's fine face,—

"Graham loves you."

"So they all do, if I am to believe their professions."

"So, the man I love and honor above all men, is to be the plaything of a woman's caprice. Sister, be careful, you are playing a dangerous game."

The crimson blood dyed the cheeks of the little beauty, as she ran laughingly away from her brother, saying—

"I will come for the rest of the sermon to-morrow."

One long stride the brother took, and imprisoning the little brunette in his arms, he drew her down to a sofa beside him.

"No," and his face grew sad, very sad, "you shall hear my sermon to-day. Do you know, Nettie, why I am now, at thirty-five years of age, a bachelor, with a lonely, aching heart?"

"Lonely, Joe?" And Nettie, grave as himself, laid her head on her brother's broad breast.

"Yes, Nettie! Even my little sister, tenderly as I love her, cannot fill all my heart."

"Tell me all about it."

"It was twelve years ago, when I came home from College, that I first met Laura Lee—"

"Mrs. Holmes?"

"Yes; don't interrupt me. I will tell you how slow my heart woke to the sense of the gradual growth of her image in it, till it filled it entirely. Parents, home, sister, all became second to the one hope of my life! I met her often. We moved in the same circle in society, and at every party I frequented, I could dance and chat with her. Her beauty attracted; her intellect interested; her gracious manners fascinated me. I was young then, and trustful, and when she let her hand linger in mine, and turned from others to converse with me, when she let her dark eyes, full of soft light, dwell thoughtfully on my face, I believed that the devotion I poured on her was understood, appreciated, returned. You know I am not an impulsive man, but I cannot forget easily, nor recover readily from severe blows. Day after day the love, the one love of my life, grew into my heart, absorbing me to the exclusion of all else. I felt so secure, looking into her lovely face, hearing her winning tones soften for my ear, feeling the answering pressure her hand gave mine, that it was long before I spoke of my love. One evening,"—deep inspirations heaved the strong man's chest, and Nettie could hear how the rapid blood coursed through his veins, and made his heart beat quickly under her ear—"one evening, we were alone in the parlor. She had been singing, and the rich full notes seemed to hang lovingly around me, and I spoke of my love."

She drew away from the arm that would have caressed her, and said with a light laugh—"Why Mr. Lawson, did you not know that I was engaged?" I replied, no."

"Yes," she replied, "Mr. Holmes has been away since I knew you, but I thought you knew of the engagement."

I knew this was false. Fearful of losing the attention she had been accustomed to, she kept her engagement a secret; that in society she might reign as one free to be won. I said to her—"Forgive me that I have annoyed you—"

"Oh, no, not at all," she said, "I shall be happy to see you. I am sorry there was any mistake, but I thought you were, like myself, only flirting your passer le temps."

"So we parted. I came home, maddened, sickened, I," and here his voice sank to a whisper, "I drank deeply, Nettie, to try to forget, but my nature revolted at this degradation, and I tried to study. My father's death just then woke me from the delirious agony of thought; and when my mother died, leaving you, a child, in my charge, I sternly faced life, trying to forget the Paradise I had dreamed of and lost. Lost! Never can I trust again as I trusted then. Where domestic happiness should have blessed my life, she has thrown bitter memories to take its place. She has made me stern, cynical, distrustful, and excuses herself on the ground that it was 'only a flirtation.' Do not let me see my little sister follow in her footsteps, or I shall hate and despise all women."

"I am sorry."

"Nettie, Graham loves you, would make you his wife; he has spoken of it to me. Yet, if you cannot love him, let him see now that his suit is a vain one. Do not lead him on, till you are his last hope, to drive him to despair at last. He is rash and impulsive, and may not live down such a blow."

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, APRIL 4, 1862.

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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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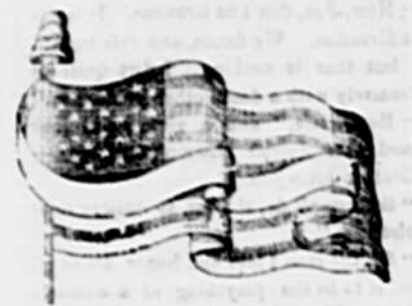
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We will send
10 Copies, for one year, for 12.50
20 Copies, for one year, for 20.00

And one copy to the person getting up the club. The names must accompany the order.

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JOHN PERRY, made executed.



Gen. Halleck Establishing Slavery in Ohio and the Free States.

We should like to know how long the loyal people of this government are to be misled by our army officers. With a few honorable exceptions, our military commanders have appeared full of anxious to perpetuate slavery as to put a rebellion. In all the early part of the war, contraband negroes who run away from their masters were hunted down like dogs, and even these traitorous villains were allowed to come within our lines and drag off men and women because they claimed them, and then pass them to the torture and the rack for asserting their God-given right to obtain their personal liberty. Some of these poor slaves that come within our lines, and had given our officers valuable information, were forced back by our own commanders, and then passed to the torture and the rack for asserting their God-given right to obtain their personal liberty. Some of these poor slaves that come within our lines, and had given our officers valuable information, were forced back by our own commanders, and then passed to the torture and the rack for asserting their God-given right to obtain their personal liberty.

An investigation made by a committee of the Ohio Legislature, relative to the condition of the rebel prisoners from Fort Donelson, now at Camp Chase, develops some remarkable facts in the highest degree disgraceful to the military authorities. The committee found fifty slaves who were taken with the rebel officers, confined in prison with those officers, their former masters—cooking, washing, waiting upon and serving them just as before their capture—the relation of master and slave being as rigorously maintained by the master, and as fully recognized by the negroes and the other inmates of the prison as it ever was in the State of Tennessee. The servants of rebel officers were transported at the expense of the federal government, and are now maintained at its cost—thus pampering the very men who are most active in the attempt to destroy that very government! Could anything be more outrageous?

The villainous usurpers at Richmond treated our officers with all manner of indignities, and are now holding many of our men and officers in captivity in perfidious violation of express stipulations for their liberation. The Southern barbarians who gained a temporary victory at Bull Run, burned Federal officers to ashes, and insultingly buried their faces downward, in order to mark their hatred for the defenders of the Union. Yet rebel officers captured in Tennessee are allowed to retain their servants, and the United States Government pays for their maintenance! Men declared free by act of Congress are still kept in slavery, and the free soil of Ohio is desecrated to minister to the comfort of these enemies of their country.

But this is not all. Numbers of the rebel officers were released on parole by order of Gen. Halleck. With shameful effrontery they have continued to wear their sidearms, register their names at the principal hotels as "Colonel," "Major," or "Captain," with the significant letters "C. S. A." added; appeared from day to day in rebel uniforms in all public places, even in the halls of the Legislature, and all the while giving expression to sentiments of continued adherence to the rebel cause and of utter hostility to the government and people of the United States.

Such a condition of things is insulting to the people of the free States, who are now spending their blood and treasure without stint to maintain the government these miscreants are seeking to destroy. It should at once be remedied by the Secretary of War.

Wendell Phillips did not say, at Cincinnati, or Washington, that he was a disunionist, as has been represented by pro-slavery papers. He stated distinctly that he was for the Union. The much was produced by purchasing tickets in quantity, and distributing them in grog holes throughout the city, that all the base elements were collected; and the city government intimated to have detailed but a single policeman to preserve order, though notified of what was going on. The city will not soon free itself from the disgrace thus brought upon it.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has been opened. This will greatly facilitate the procuring of supplies for the army of the Potomac. Trains run to Wheeling.

Unionism in Ohio—Defeat of Senator Wade.

We see by some of the last telegraphic despatches that the Legislature of Ohio has indefinitely postponed the election of a United States Senator. Senator Wade has failed of a re-election, although at several ballottings he wanted only three or four more votes to make a majority. This is just the legitimate fruits of breaking up the Republican party in that State, and building upon its ruins a grand "Union" party. This is the generous response of Union Democrats towards the Republicans, for a voluntary abandonment of their party organization for their special benefit. It will be remembered that, at the last election, the Republicans tendered the nomination of Governor to the Union Democrats, and General Todd was nominated. Ben Stanton, a staunch Republican, was put on the same ticket, in the subordinate position of Lieutenant Governor. The Republicans, although having a clear majority of thirty thousand in the State, all went in for Todd and elected him. They extended the magnanimity beyond this. They elected a majority of Union Democrats to the Legislature, and now they have just received their pay for it in the defeat of their favorite champion, Hon. Ben F. Wade. The election of Senator is postponed, and what will be the result?—what will follow? In case of a failure to elect, the State will either go in part unrepresented in the United States Senate, or a democrat will be appointed by Governor Todd, as a further expression of generosity towards the Republicans for electing him instead of one of their own party.

The same game that has been played in Ohio, was months ago concocted in Maine. It is a mere ruse to deceive and cheat the Republicans, and again galvanize bunker democracy into life. What a pity it is the Republicans of Maine will not consent to be snared by their own trickery, and elect Hon. Bradbury or George F. Shepley, Governor, and then allow that staunch Republican patriot, Hon. Let M. Morrill, to be superseded in the U. S. Senate by Ephraim K. Smart? Would not there be a jubilee in bunkered Maine at such a result?—Forewarned, forearmed.

Later reports state that an extra session will be called for the purpose of electing a Senator. At the last ballot Wade had 47, Delano, 43, and 11 scattering.

Charleston Hell.

Near the centre of the city of Charleston, South Carolina, is located a large spacious building, presenting on the outside a good specimen of architecture. At all seasons of the year it is kept closed to strangers. Let us walk in and view the interior. Upon the walls are hung a countless variety of whips, thongs, green hides, straps, bastinadoes, and long strips of tough boards—one end worked into a handle, and the other flattened out and bored full of holes. Hung around in the same manner is a great number of ropes and cords of all lengths and sizes. Along the centre of the building may be seen suspended ropes with clasp or hand cuffs attached to the loose ends, worked at the top by tackle blocks or pulleys.

By this time probably our readers will understand for what purpose this building is used. It is the place erected by the city, where slaves are sent to be whipped and tortured for alleged offences against their masters. The regular inmates of this infernal tenement are a set of God-forsaken wretches, in the image of men, whose business it is to whip and torture the poor slaves sent there "to order," for which service they have a regular fee.

But little has ever been known of this modern hell outside of Charleston, as all strangers have been carefully excluded, not only from the buildings, but from all knowledge of what takes place inside. A personal friend of ours resided about two years in Charleston, and, being intimate with some of its first citizens, he at length gained access to this prison of torture. He informed us that not a day passed but what the work of torture was going on. He said he had seen women and girls carried in, their clothes entirely removed from their backs and upper part of their bodies, their hands placed in the hand cuffs, and drawn up by the ropes until their toes only touched the floor, and then the lash applied until their backs presented a mass of gashes and the blood stood in puddles at their feet. These were not uncommon occurrences, or exceptions. Sometimes slaves are obliged to bring the written orders from their masters, specifying the severity of the punishment to be inflicted; in other cases masters, yes and female owners of slaves, come with them and look on to see that they are faithfully whipped.

The spacious arched roof of this building is almost continually echoing back the walling, and screams, and groans, and sighs of the poor victims writhing under the lash and bastinado.

Up to the time when the rebellion broke out, as if to taunt and insult us, the stars and stripes upon our national flag floated over this life-giving gulch. This damnable den of torture is one of the "necessary" incidents of the institution of slavery—an institution which has raised its reasonable demand for the destruction of the best government the world ever saw; an institution which is murdering our sons, fathers and brothers by thousands upon the battle-field and in hospitals; and yet what fear takes hold of many last this institution should be crippled or destroyed—let it should not be left not only to destroy the present generation, but our children after us.

The insane clamor against Gen. Fremont, last summer, led to his removal, and the breaking up of the expedition down the Mississippi. It could then have been accomplished with comparatively little resistance, and those troublesome islands turned into Federal instead of rebel strongholds. We now see the cost of listening to tenderfoot Union men, who fear that property in the "institution" is to be interfered with.

At a meeting of the Universalist Society, held after service, last Sabbath, it was voted that the Committee invite Rev. W. W. Hayward to supply their pulpit for the remainder of the year. In accordance with this vote, we learn Mr. H. has been engaged to remain that length of time.

DEATH OF A DAUGHTER OF GEN. CURTIS. Miss Sadie B. Curtis, eldest daughter of Gen. S. B. Curtis, died in St. Louis, Mo., last Tuesday. A few weeks ago she went to St. Louis to visit her brother, who was ill at that post. While there she was attacked by typhoid fever, but recovered sufficiently to leave for St. Louis. At one time she was thought to be nearly well, but she suddenly relapsed which has deprived her father of one of the brightest lights of his household, and a large circle of relatives of an estimable and well beloved friend. [Boston Journal.]

It is with feelings of deep sorrow that we have read the above paragraph. It was our good fortune to sit at the same table and board in the same "mess" with Gen. Curtis and family during both sessions of the 36th Congress. His family and our own were intimate. Gen. Curtis, his amiable lady and two daughters, composed his family circle at Washington. Miss Sadie B. Curtis was about twenty years of age, and was a young lady of excellent heart and fine accomplishments. She was always cheerful, kind and sympathetic, justly commanding the respect and good will of all with whom she associated. Possessed of a happy disposition, she made everybody happy around her. This blow must fall heavily upon her parents, especially Gen. Curtis, who doted upon his daughter with all the fondness of an affectionate and kind hearted father. We can hardly realize that one so young, so gay, so full of life and animation as was Sadie when she bid our own family circle a "good bye," upon leaving Washington about a year ago, is gone; yet, so it is.

Fare thee young spirit, moving onward! Cast thou be of the dead—the world's dead! The dark unknown? Yes! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall, Never again to light up earth or hall, Thy smile is gone!

Taxing Dogs

We are surprised to find anybody opposed to taxing dogs. If a man has a good dog he will be willing to be taxed; if he has one good for nothing he ought to pay a tax on it. In these hard times, when taxes must be numerous and heavy, it is the true policy to tax luxuries, and such articles or things as are kept for fancy or show. We know many men too poor to keep a cow, who keep and feed a dog. All such can well afford to pay a tax, on account of the profit derived from the animals. Ladies, and among them ladies of refinement and fashion, are sometimes seen with little grizzly, woolly cures at their heels, and more often in their laps. This class would consider it a privilege to pay a round tax on the "dear little creature."

Upon principles of equity, dogs ought to be taxed. A great many of them bark, while others bite; and those who do not indulge in the fashionable luxury of keeping dogs have to take their full share of being yelled and barked at. Tax the owners, and it will be a little satisfaction to this class.

The last Legislature of this State, after "growing and barking" over the subject for several days, made a law to tax dogs, when the inhabitants of a town should so vote. This was a cowardly act. Strange that so courageous a body of men as composed the House and Senate should have been guilty of shirking the responsibility, and saddling it upon towns. Strange that they could not screw their courage up to the sticking point, so as to pass even a dog law without playing a dodge. Why introduce a "bone" of contention into every town in the State for the dogs to snap at and bark over? Oh, for a little Jackson pluck to be infused into the hearts of our valiant legislators—a little of true courage which makes men face not only dogs, but their masters. The only way to bring these legislators to their senses is to put to them a live case of hydrophobia, or a late and improved edition of dog-bite-stealing. This would probably learn them better than again to go demagoging on a law to tax dogs.

Jottings from Oxford.

Notwithstanding war times, the village at Craig's Mills continues to thrive and prosper. The new Methodist Church in the village, probably the best finished meeting-house in the county, was dedicated in January last, and religious services, upon the Sabbath, are held in the same by the Rev. Mr. Hobart.

Messrs. Robinson & Hall, the enterprising proprietors of the Woolen Mills, are still running their works night and day. They have contracted for the erection of four large boarding houses to be built the coming season. Several dwellings and other buildings are to be erected during the summer.

Dunn's Factory for the making of shooks, shingles, laths, and other works, has been doing an extensive business through the winter. He employs about twenty-five hands in and about his mill.

Trade in the village has been for the last year gradually increasing. A few more enterprising mechanics would find this village an excellent location.

Fryeburg Items.

Abraham Andrews, Esq., of Fryeburg, who had three sons in the army, received word by letter, on Friday, that one, John, of the Wisconsin Cavalry, had died in Milwaukee of congestion of the lungs.

The farmers in Fryeburg and vicinity are busy among the maple just now. The run has commenced in earnest, and many will make a sweet thing of it. One man, on Wednesday last, caught five barrels of sap.

Mr. James Herndon, of East Fryeburg, a private in the 9th regiment, returned home Friday, discharged, having suffered so severely with rheumatism as to be incapable of active duty.

During the past winter scarlet fever has raged in Fryeburg with a considerable degree of fatality. In that village there have been about forty cases, with a result of eight deaths—the disease in these cases usually terminating within twenty-four or thirty-six hours from first appearance of symptoms.

THE MAINE INSURANCE COMPANY. All the insurance we had on our establishment, \$1500, was in this company, which paid over promptly. It is a safe, well-managed and honorable company, which sets up no technicalities to avoid the payment of honest losses. [Kan. Jour.]

Southern Chivalry.

This war is settling many questions that long have been in dispute. The Southern chivalry have been, for a long series of years, a set of braggarts, who have boasted that their particular section of country contained all the courage, all the chivalry. The North has been continually taunted as containing a set of cowards, who had neither pluck or bravery. At the commencement of the war, the rebels made their boasts, that one Southerner was equal to three Yankees, as they contemptuously denominated all northern men. How has the thing been demonstrated? In nearly every battle fought since the commencement of the struggle, the odds have been against us. This is a singular fact, showing the superior tact of their officers at concentrating men. Notwithstanding all this, all our recent movements have been a succession of victories, and that with a superior force against us in nearly every battle. What does this prove? Why that our men fight as bravely and obstinately as do theirs. Indeed we do not remember the battle that we have fought since the inauguration of the rebellion where the rank and file in our army, did not show the most undaunted courage and bravery.

It is true a portion of our men run, at the Bull Run panic, but they were only chasing a certain set of officers who were much better at leading men out of battle, than leading them in. And at that time all our troops were comparatively raw recruits; yet they fought with a valiancy that would have given them the victory had they been commanded by efficient officers. Look at the indomitable heroism of the men who were ordered into the Ball's Bluff fight to be slaughtered? We could cite numerous other instances of the most daring bravery on the part of our troops in battle. Where did our troops fight better than did our brave men at Fort Donelson, Pea Ridge, Roanoke Island, Newburn, Winchester? There is no kind of warfare that is recognized among all nations, which the rebels cannot stand at all; they flee before it like the chaff before the tempest storm. We mean the bayonet charge. This terrible resort has turned the tide of battle in nearly all the recent victories achieved by our armies. And it is a fact deserving of notice, that no single instance has a charge been ordered by our men, that has not been successful. Now where is the boasted Southern chivalry that we have heard so much about for years and years? The South ought to know the true source of their weakness; it is their daring institution—slavery—negro slavery. And it is easily seen, how it operates to make them weak. A portion of their troops are the Southern gentry; men who have had no physical training—men who have been brought up in the lap of luxury, who have never known any thing of toil and honest labor. One of these men cannot meet a hardy son of the North, injured to, and made strong by manual labor. The other portion of their soldiers are composed of the lower classes, the poor whites, who are little better than an ignorant rabble.

If this class have been accustomed to toil, they are found wanting in mental energy. The greater portion of our men have been educated, reared in the land of school-houses and churches. To make good and effective soldiers, they must have brains, as well as hands and legs. This all history proves. The more ignorant men are, the nearer they approximate to brutes. Intelligence is just as necessary in a good soldier as is physical endurance. For these reasons, slavery makes any people, who have been reared under its influence, weak in the battle field. This war has already fully tested the question, as to the comparative courage of Northern and Southern soldiers. It has settled it both now and forever.

One Man resisting the Tax on Knowledge.

Perley, in his wars from Washington, thus chronicles the dodge by which the House refused to go upon the record, on the proposition to impose a tax on knowledge, and does justice to the man who had the pluck to enter a protest:

"It has been predicted in this correspondence that the House of Representatives would evade a vote on imposing a direct tax on knowledge, by taxing paper, the only material on which knowledge can be diffused among the people. The prediction has been fulfilled, although, in obedience to a pressure of public opinion which they dared not resist, the Committee of Ways and Means struck out the tax on printer's ink, and reduced the tax on printing paper to three per cent ad valorem. Mr. Blake of Ohio manfully said:

"I move to amend the substitute by adding the words, 'except printing paper valued at eleven cents per pound and under.' My object is to exempt from this tax the paper upon which newspapers and school books are printed. It ought not to be taxed. We may as well tax the light of heaven as newspapers and school books. I hope the amendment to the amendment will prevail."

Those who know how much some of the Representatives are indebted to the news-papers for their present positions, might have expected that Mr. Blake's able argument would have been seconded. But the item had been adroitly postponed until the "heel of the week," near the close of Friday afternoon's session, when the House was thin, and the time for dinner was at hand. Of course no honorable Representative will have any favors to ask from the press of his district next fall, or then think it *pro bono publico* to diffuse information—about his own rare legislative qualities—among the people. Oh, no! So Mr. Horton had only to repeat what all admit, that the committee have been unable to see why newspaper proprietors should not contribute their share to support the government as well as all others, and we read in the official proceedings that—

"The amendment to the amendment was disagreed to."

All honor to Mr. Blake, for endeavoring to exempt from taxation the paper on which newspapers and school books are printed, but let it be remembered that there were not enough who agreed with him to even call for a division."

An Act has been passed by Congress, prohibiting the "coolie" trade. The penalties are fine and imprisonment, and confiscation of the vessel employed.

The Legislature.

We condense from the Age, some of the matters of interest contained in the Acts of the recent Legislature:

The suspension of specie payment by the banks was legalized. Towns were made chargeable with insane paupers. The price of board of prisoners in jail, was reduced from \$9.00 to \$1.75 per week. The school law was altered, as suggested by the Superintendent, a board of three must be elected, one of whom may be selected to act as supervisor. The poll tax is restored to the old rate of \$2.00. The bounty on bears and wolves is no longer to be paid. The Superintendent is to have but \$200 for traveling expenses. An Act also authorizes the forming of joint-stock companies; towns are authorized to relieve the families of soldiers, the State to pay back what is paid for the relief of actual distress to the amount of 75 cents per week for a wife, and 50 cents for a child, provided that not more than \$10.00 per month shall be paid to a family. The militia bill as passed contains but two sections, requiring a strict enrollment of the militia, according to the law of 1821. Towns may vote a tax of \$1.00 per head on dogs. The Scientific Survey is to be continued; and the bounty to Agricultural Societies has not been withdrawn.

The State Tax for 1862 is \$413,674.71. Last year, it was \$258,654.88. The increase is chiefly for military expenses, to extinguish public debt, and pay interest on war bonds.

The Piousness policy adopted in Portland, has led some persons, in forwarding notices of deaths and marriages, to request that bills should be forwarded for the insertion. We wish our friends to understand distinctly that we make no charge for such notices. We regard them as items of intelligence as eagerly looked for, and adding as much to the interest of a paper, as any local intelligence. This, of course, applies only to the simple announcements.

That class who desire lengthy notices of the death of friends, should understand that, but a small portion of readers can be interested with them. Such can occupy what space they wish at regular advertising rates. We have made it a rule to exclude all others, except in some cases, where persons have been widely known, or whose lives have been marked by events of special interest to the public.

MAISON TOWN OFFICERS. Moderator—E. Mitchell. Clerk—Geo. H. Brown. Selectmen—Geo. H. Brown, H. G. Mason, Chas. B. Lovejoy. Agent—Daniel Merrill. School Com.—J. H. Watson. Treasurer—Geo. H. Brown.

THE AGE, the weekly issue of which has been suspended since the fire, made its appearance last week in a dress of new type, throughout.

The change made by the House in taxing paper 3 per cent, instead of 3 mills per pound, is considered a reduction of the tax. It may prove so with some newspapers, but not all. Most of the papers in this State use paper costing ten cents per pound. Ten pounds will cost a dollar, the tax being in one case 20 mills, in the other 3 cents. It has been the case throughout, that the changes in the newspaper rate have improved the matter but little.

The Portland Daily Advertiser publishes, this week, a covert attack upon Vice President Hamlin, because he attended a party given by Wendell Phillips. It called to its aid on the occasion the words of a contemporary, false and malicious; but the fact plainly shows what is beneath the face presented to the public.

WHAT IT COSTS TO WIND A CLOCK. The National Tax bill assumes eight day clocks 10 cents. Clocks that require winding every day, are rated 5 cents.

FAILURE. The Price Current announces the suspension of the Portland Kennebec Oil Company. The company have made an assignment to Messrs. John B. Brown and St. John Smith, who continue to operate the works with about one-third the former force employed. The cause stated is an attempt to compete with dealers in Rock Oil and Petroleum, which have been thrust upon the market at a cost little above freight and cost of vessels containing the oil.

The company have manufactured, during the year, about a million gallons of oil. Consumers should now be exceedingly cautious in purchasing. The Petroleum is said to be very explosive, and consequently dangerous to burn. It may be tested by setting a viol flue in a dish of hot water. In the explosive oil an inflammable gas will escape from the bottle. The genuine coal oil will not generate explosive gas under such circumstances.

Friedilla J. Dudley, of Seabrook, committed suicide, by drowning, Sunday evening last.

The steamer Queen has commenced her trips between Eastport and Calais.

The Light house on Petit Menan Island, Me., was struck by lightning, February 24. James Baslin, of Winterport, eighteen years of age, a sailor, was killed in the engagement between the Congress and Merrimack.

Charles, son of Mr. Ephraim Chamberlain, of Cornville, aged 10 years, was killed in the forehead by a horse, on Monday week, completely crushing his skull.

E. R. Staples has been appointed Postmaster of South Bridgton vice Benj. P. Barker removed.

The Aroostook railroad company, have failed to perform the condition upon which the proceeds of the State lands were voted; and consequently this important revenue will not be diverted from its legitimate use, the payment of the expenses of the State Government.

The Advertiser learns that the headquarters of the 10th Maine Regiment, Col. Beal, has been removed from the Riley House to Harper's Ferry. The regiment has to guard about 40 miles of the B. & O. railroad.

For The Oxford Democrat.

The Religious Interest at South Paris. It is an interesting feature of this work that it commenced in the church months ago. "The roots of a genuine revival of religion," says one, "are prayer and Christian labor. The central, trunk idea of a revival is the convicting and converting work of the Spirit." So have we found it to be. A year ago, spiritually minded persons were selected by the church to visit all the members dwelling in town, and exhort them to do the will of God. These, to some degree, endeavored to do their duty. Persons were also selected to write to all absent members, calling them to remember and keep the covenant they had made with Christ and the church. Other means were used, such as have been in times past blessed to the cause of Christ. The last year ended with a spirit of prayer. The first week of the new year, Christians were moved to desire more meetings for prayer; they were increased. These were continued with increasing interest and attendance, till God was beginning to work not only in the church, but in the hearts of the impenitent. There was one most interesting case of turning to God, and others were more thoughtful. About this time Mr. Hammond, the Evangelist, came and spent two days. He performed a brief but important work. He told us truth, in a strange manner, we thought; but unvarnished, sharp, thrusting truth, such as Christ did speak. Which, when we thought of it, we knew was truth, however much we might have been displeased with him who uttered it. He did more than this; he taught us to step out of the old and beaten track of procedure in social and religious meetings, and approach nearer to those who have not our Lord Jesus Christ. Some very important lessons in this direction he gave us, which we shall not be ignorant of in the future. That all he did or said was just as we could have wished would be too much to say. He came; did his work; went. God did not go! With mightier power He wrought conviction in the hearts of many, and drew them to salvation. The truth; the evident, felt power of the Holy Spirit; the sorrow of the penitent; the joyful voice and happy faces of the forgiven, deeply impressed others who had been unconvinced. Christian faith and faithfulness were strengthened and quickened. All the community were and are moved to love the work or be displeased at it. A good number are hoping in Christ; family altars have been established; wrongs have been righted; friends rejoice over friends redeemed to God.

The influence of the good work has extended to neighboring towns and societies, and some have been saved who are not connected with us in social worship. The work has been calm, deep, characterized by plain presentation of truth; firm reliance on God, and so far as human judgment can discern, will be permanent in its results. Fruitful for time and eternity, of the highest good to many precious souls.

The church has been encouraged; its piety refined; its power augmented. The work is still progressing, and the people of God are confident that other triumphs of grace will be conferred according to their prayers and labors. Unto God be all the glory and eternal gratitude. But we wish to express publicly, thanks to Drs. Caruthers and Chickering and the dear brothers Wilcox of Norway, and Hiley of Mechanic Falls, and other Christian ministers and friends, for their useful words and comforting presence, by which they greatly contributed to this blessed and ever to be remembered work. God is a faithful God, and will keep his promise to his people.

REVIVING THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY. A formal admission of the decrease of the Democratic party was made, last week, by the meeting of a select body of men in Washington to revive it. The meeting was held in secret, and is said to have been attended by such men as Corning and Shields. The notorious Vallandigham was chairman of the committee on resolutions. The *Saco Democrat* publishes this important information at the head of its columns, and declares the proceedings were harmonious.

The Bangor Courier states that the Springfield Armory has heretofore been obliged to purchase the iron for guns manufactured there, in England, as none could be found in this country that would answer their purpose. Recently the Pembroke Iron Works sent a sample of their iron to the Armory, and on trial it turned out to be greatly superior to any ever received from England. The consequence is that the Pembroke Company has just closed a contract with the Government for \$40,000 worth of their iron.

It is stated that the owners of slaves in District of Columbia are fast removing them, and by the time the emancipation act passes there will not be one left. In that case the great cry of "taxation for emancipation," which has been raised, will lose its whole force, and we shall have a free Capital for the asking.

A BEAR HUNT. Week before last, Jere Richardson, Esq., of Rumford, while hunting in Byron, found a bear's den, under the root of a tree. Shortly he dug out a monstrous bear, with two cubs. The old one was dispatched, on the spot, while the cubs were taken alive. D. D. W. Abbott, Esq., of Mt. Zion, has the latter in training for the amusement of his guests next Summer. Sixteen pounds of grease, were obtained from the carcass of old bruin.

The Maine Cavalry is stationed in Washington. A small body has been located in Virginia, to guard the camp property of several regiments ordered to move at forty minutes notice.

Charles A. Curtis, of Hallowell, formerly on the staff of the 6th Maine Regiment, has been commissioned a Lieutenant of the 7th U. S. Infantry, now stationed at New Mexico.

Two members of one of the Maine batteries were killed near South Berwick. They climbed to the top of the earth to pass to the rear of the train, when they were struck by a bridge. One belonged to Gardiner.

War News.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

CHICAGO, April 1.—A special despatch to the Chicago Journal, from Cairo 1st, says Col. Buford, yesterday, accompanied by the 27th and 42d Illinois and a part of the 15th Wisconsin regiments from near Island No. 10, with a detachment of cavalry and artillery from Hickman under Col. Hey, made a descent upon Union City, after a forced march of thirty miles, and fell upon the rebel encampment at seven o'clock in the morning, dispersing the entire force stationed there under Clay and King, consisting of both cavalry and infantry, they fled in every direction. Several of the enemy were killed and a large number taken prisoners. A large amount of spoils was captured, including 150 wagons filled with commissary and quartermaster's stores, &c. Our loss in burning a tent. The rebel force numbered 700 infantry and between 700 and 800 cavalry.

FROM THE WEST.

ROLLA, Mo., April 1.—Letters from our army in the southwest, say that information has been received there that the rebels under Gens. Price and Van Dorn, are moving towards Memphis, in response to a call from Gen. Beauregard for help, and all the rebel forces in the West are ordered to concentrate in Western Tennessee for a great and desperate struggle.

GOOD NEWS FROM FLORIDA.

By the last steamer from Port Royal, we have full reports of the operations of Gen. Sherman, in Florida. He visited Jacksonville, on the 19th. He was then waited on by a Committee of citizens who represented the feeling of the town as to the Union. The night before the Union troops arrived, bands of regulars burned a large foundry, several saw mills, together with 5,000,000 feet of lumber, a large hotel, and a large dry goods warehouse, supposed to belong to the Unionists, and threatened to destroy the entire city, but the gunboats making their appearance, they postponed their threat.

At a meeting of the loyal citizens of Jacksonville on the 20th, a declaration of rights and a protest and resolutions were unanimously adopted to the following effect:

That no State has the constitutional right to separate itself from the United States. That the act of secession adopted by the State Convention of Florida is void, being in conflict with the constitution, it never having been submitted to the people for ratification. That Florida is an integral part of the United States, subject to its constitutional jurisdiction, and we believe that thousands of the citizens hail with joy the restoration of the government, bringing deliverance from terrors of unrestrained military despotism. The resolutions protest against all the acts and ordinances of the convention depriving the inhabitants of Florida of their rights as citizens of the United States; against despotism which denies freedom of speech and press; against the contributions of money, property, and military enlistments forced on them; against tyranny which demands abandonment of home and property, and exposure of their wives and children to sickness, destitution, famine and untold miseries; against a barbarous policy which sends a brutal soldiery to pillage, and burn property, and destroy life as a punishment for remaining at their homes; against the Governor who threatens to hang them because they will not tamely submit to such dignities. The resolutions declare that the people of Florida, having been released from such dangers and indignities, and restored to the government of the United States, and the reign of terror having passed, it now becomes them as loyal citizens, to raise up a State Government, and close by commending that a convention of all loyal citizens be called forthwith, to organize a State Government of the State of Florida, and also that the Chief of the military department of the United States, be requested to maintain a sufficient force to preserve order and protect the people in their persons and property.

The sentiment of Eastern Florida is declared to be loyal. Many are willing to take up arms and defend themselves against rebel tyranny, and on one occasion, when the regulators were reported as coming, even the women seized arms.

The national troops are treated to every hospitality the town affords, and the people state that they will go with the gunboats if they leave, but measures have been taken to fully protect them.

The gunboat Ottawa has been 120 miles up the St. Johns river beyond Jacksonville, meeting with no opposition. White flags were displayed by the inhabitants, who claimed its protection.

Pensacola has been evacuated, including Forts Barancas and Meliss, and the rebels announce the entire abandonment of Florida, and the troops in Florida were ordered off, but refused to go.

Gen. Hunter and staff were at Fort Monroe, Friday. He is on his way to assume the command of the Department of the South.

SURPRISE AT MOSQUITO INLET.

Capt. DuPont reports that Lieut. Commanding Budd, with Acting Master Mather organized an exploring force, which passed outward into Mosquito Lagoon. On returning, these officers, with three sailors attempted to land at an apparently deserted beach. A fire from an ambuscade was opened, and all but one sailor killed. Several were killed, on the other bank as they came up.

THE DEAD AT FORT DONELSON.

An order has been issued requiring all the dead remaining at Fort Donelson, to be collected, and buried within the walls of the fort. An officer has been charged with this duty.

FROM GEN. BURNHIDE.

there was no destruction of property at the latter place, and a large majority of the citizens remained quietly in their homes on the approach of the Federal forces. Gen. Burnside was at Newbern. Perfect order reigned at Newbern, and a number of citizens had returned to that place. Gen. Foster was military governor of the city. The rebels were believed to be in strong force toward Kingston, thirty-five miles on the road to Goldsborough, and their scouts frequently appeared in the vicinity of Newbern. Washington had been visited, but is not occupied, by our troops.

The Navy Department have official reports, from Com. Dupont, of a dastardly attack, upon a boat crew of the steamer Pocahontas, near Brunswick. On the afternoon of the 11th inst., Assistant Surgeon A. C. Rhodes of the Pocahontas, by permission of his commanding officer landed with a boat's crew near the town for the purpose of procuring some fresh beef for the ships. Having accomplished his object, the boat was returning to the Pocahontas, but had scarcely gone twenty yards from the beach when they were suddenly fired upon by a body of rebels concealed in a thicket, and I regret to report that two men, John Wilson, ordinary seaman, and John Shuter, ordinary seaman, were instantly killed and several wounded. One William Dolney mortally and two seriously, viz: Wm. Smith, 24, first class fireman and Edward Russell, coxswain. After the rebels had fired their first volley they called out in most offensive language to surrender, the demand was refused by Dr. Rhodes, who, with the assistance of Acting Paymaster Kitchen and his wounded boat's crew pulled as rapidly as they could towards the Pocahontas, the enemy continuing their fire.

In a few minutes a shell from one of the 11 inch guns of the Mohican dropped among them, and quite near to another company of about sixty men, who were advancing rapidly. The rebels scattered and fled in all directions.

Com. Goden reports that he has been from one end of St. Simons Island to the other, and found one man, with his mother and daughter. These were in great fear of their lives.

THE LOSS AT WINCHESTER.

The official report to Gen. Shields, of the loss in the battle of Winchester, is as follows: Dead, 132; wounded 540; missing 46.

The rebels have abandoned their batteries on Skidaway and Green islands, near Port Royal.

Gen. Banks telegraphs that he has driven the rebels from Strasburg to Woodstock, 12 miles; and thence to Edinburg, 7 miles beyond. The rebels were driven from the latter place, Wednesday morning.

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SUMMARY EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES. St. Louis, March 31.—Gen. Curtis has issued the following special order, dated "Head-Quarters of the Army of the Southwest, March 20":

"Charles Markin, Hamilton Kennedy, Alexander Lewis, colored men, formerly slaves employed in the rebel service, and taken as contraband of war, are hereby confiscated, and, not being needed for the public service are permitted to pass the pickets of this command northward without let or hindrance, and are forever emancipated from the service of their masters, who allowed them to aid in the efforts to break up the government and laws of our country."

A sergeant of the 21st Massachusetts regiment writes that among the cannon captured by Gen. Burnside at Newbern, were 13 brass field pieces taken by the enemy at Bull Run.

THE WHITE HOUSE GUNBOATS. Orpheus C. Kerr, of the Mackerel Brigade, writing from Washington, narrates the following incident:

Some months ago, my boy, the general gave an order to an Eastern contractor for a couple of peculiarly made gunboats for this service; but, happening to pass the White House shortly after, saw what he took to be the models of two just such gunboats protruding out of one of the windows. Thinking that the President had concluded to attend to the matter himself, he immediately telegraphed to the contractor not to go on with the job.

Quite recently, the contractor came here again, and says he to the general:

"I'd like to see the models of those White House gunboats."

The general conducted him toward the White House, my boy, and the two stood admiring the models, which protruded from this window as usual.

Pretty soon a Western Congressman came along, and says the contractor to him: "Now you tell me, whether those models of gunboats up there are on exhibition?"

"Gunboats!" says the western chap, looking up. "Do you take those things for gunboats?"

"Of course," says the contractor.

"Why you durned fool!" says the congressman, "those are the President's boots. The President always sits with his feet out of the window when he's at home, and those are the ends of his boots."

Without another word, my boy, the general and the contractor turned gloomily from the spot; convinced that they had witnessed the most terrible feat of the campaign.

Gov. Washburn has appointed Dexter A. Hawkins, of New York, an Agent to look after invalid or newsworthy soldiers, belonging to Maine regiments, who may reach that city.

The Maine Teacher conveys the idea that the above named gentleman is commander of "Hawkin's Zouaves," who made the gallant charge at Roanoke Island. The Colonel of that regiment is Rufus Hawkins, formerly of Vermont—a gentleman who has spent some time in this country, but has never had a permanent residence here, or been prominently connected with our Teacher's Institute.

Hon. Josiah Storer Little, died in Portland, Wednesday, aged 60 years. He was a native of Minot.

PORTRAITS OF THE GOVERNORS. Benj. B. Russell, publisher, 315 Washington St., Boston, has just issued a card containing portraits of the Governors of the New England States. The pictures are finely engraved and like life in expression, and form an interesting memento of the men who have acted an important part in aiding our government in its struggles with rebellion. The portraits are arranged around a center representing Bunker Hill. The price is only 25 cents—sent, postpaid, by mail.

A glance at the map, will show the reader that since the capture of Union city, the federal troops are below Union No. 10, on each side the river; and it looks as though the rebels would be attacked in the rear at the same moment. Force commences a vigorous fire in front. This may explain the apparent inactivity of the militia.

Bayard Taylor is to go to St. Petersburg, with Minister Cameron, as Secretary of Legation.

A Wonderful Little Microscope.

MAGNIFYING small objects 500 times, will be sent to any applicant on receipt of ten cents in silver, and one pink stamp. Free of charge for one dollar. Address Mrs. M. S. WOODWARD, Box 1853, Philadelphia Pa.

In Days of Old.

There was a time—in days of old
When health was prized above fine gold,
That day passed—no man would neglect
That precious health—no man should neglect.

Of sense and reason, all are bereft,
Apply it then to cure your self,
By the immediate use of Herrick's Pills.

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

See advertisement on third page.

MARRIED.

At North Paris, 25th ult., by Rev. A. Turner, Mr. Melvin Bates of Sumner to Miss Abigail L. Gray of Paris.

In Paris, March 6, by Rev. J. Hall, Mr. Amos Turner to Miss Emma Barker.

At South Paris, April 2, by Rev. A. Southworth, Geo. W. Newhall to Miss Amanda J. Kimball.

DIED.

In Paris, March 25, Lois A., daughter of Rev. Jefferson Hall, aged 24.

In Upton, Feb. 27, of diphtheria, Fred. H., eldest son of Charles Abbott, aged 7 years, 11 months.

WANTED!

1000 BUSHELS GOOD POTATOES IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS!

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

So. Paris, April 1, 1862.

STATE OF MAINE.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

A. N. Johnson, Governor.

JOSEPH B. HALL, Secretary of State.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE. We having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of David Eugene, late of Newburgh in the State of Minnesota, deceased, give notice that three months from the eighteenth day of March last, we will allow and credit to be brought in and proven the same, and we will attend to the service assigned us at the store of Ira C. Kimball, on Bethel Hill, on the last Saturday of May next, from one to four o'clock, P. M.

O. W. KIMBALL, Commissioner.

O. W. KIMBALL, Jr., Co. Secy.

FORECLOSURE. Whereas George A. Goodrich of Backfield in the County of Oxford, by his deed of mortgage dated October 29, 1859, which deed is duly recorded in Oxford Records, book 176, page 324, conveyed to me a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Backfield, and described as follows: "Eight acres of land, being a part of the farm of Joseph H. Hall, without damage, now the possession of said mortgagee being broken by the non-payment of the mortgage thereon, I claim a foreclosure of the same pursuant to the statute in this behalf provided."

JOHN BROCK.

Backfield, March 29, 1862.

O. W. BLANCHARD,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law

RUMFORD POINT, ME.

DR. GRANDIN,

DENTIST,

Expect to remain at South Paris but a short time, after the first of April. All who wish to consult him, please take notice.

Piano for Sale.

PRICE, \$75. It can be seen at the house of MRS. G. B. BOWEN, South Paris.

Ground Plaster.

THE subscriber continues in Grand Plaster, at WEST PARIS, and will sell at his former prices, viz:

\$7.00 per Ton.

40 cents per hundred.

GEO. W. LOCKE.

Jan. 27, 1862.

S. W. BUTTERFIELD,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,

WINDOW FRAMES, &c.

Jig Sawing and turning of all kinds, DONE WITH NEATNESS.

Manufacture at

Valuable Farm for Sale!

IN Norway, lying on the stage road leading from Waterford to Norway Village and South Paris Roads, containing 200 acres, well divided into fields, meadows and pastures. Nice well running water that can be easily taken into the barns. A nice young orchard, and plenty of wood and timber; also a fine chestnut tree, and a good lot of hay. Said farm contains 25 to 30 tons of hay, and can easily be cut to 50. The buildings are new and good; a school house adjoining the premises, and 200 acres are within 2 and 3 miles of the same; also two new, cheap and well calculated for a first class farm, or two small ones. The owner, being out of health, will sell, or exchange for a smaller one, and give a good bargain. This farm will suit an enterprising man, and yield first rate pay for his labor. For further particulars and plan of the premises call on DR. HILL, OFFICE, at the farm, or W. M. E. GOODNOW, Agent, Norway Village.

April 1, 1862.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1862.

JAMES H. CHAPMAN, executor in said County, deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of said late husband—

O. That the said executor give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest:

J. S. HOBBS, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1862.

MARY THORNTON, named executrix in said County, deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of said late husband—

O. That the said executrix give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest:

J. S. HOBBS, Register.

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

THE undersigned administrator of the estate of Rebecca Ames, late of Norway in said County, deceased, respectfully represents that said Rebecca died seized and possessed of the following described real estate, viz: a certain piece of land lying in said Norway, containing about seven acres, known as the "intervale." That an advantageous offer of one hundred dollars has been made by A. A. Pottle, which offer is for the interest of all concerned immediately to accept, the proceeds of sale to be put out and secured on the premises for the benefit of said estate. He therefore prays that leave may be granted him to sell the above described real estate to the person making said offer, according to the statute in such cases made and provided.

GEO. W. MILLET.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1862.

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E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy of petition and order of Court, respectively—attest:

J. S. HOBBS, Register.

To the Hon. E. W. Woodbury, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

ISAAC EASTMAN, administrator of the estate of Oliver B. Stevens, late of Norway in said County, deceased, respectfully represents that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of six hundred dollars.

Your petitioner therefore prays that your honor would grant him leave to sell at public or private sale all the real estate of said deceased for the payment of said debts and the balance to be paid to the heirs of said deceased.

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J. S. HOBBS, Register.

To the Hon. E. W. Woodbury, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned respectfully represents that she has been duly appointed guardian of the multiple of Timothy Wright, late of Backfield in said County, deceased, and that she is possessed of a certificate of two shares of stock in the Atlantic and St. Lawrence railroad Company, and that she is for the interest of her said wards that said stock should be sold. She therefore prays that leave may be granted her to sell and transfer said certificate, and put the proceeds at interest; and in case of day bond will ever pay.

MARY A. PEARBODY.

Paris, March 19, 1862.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1862.

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E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest:

J. S. HOBBS, Register.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE. Whereas, David Mitchell, of Albany in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his deed of mortgage dated the twenty-eighth day of April, A. D. 1855, conveyed to Sophia Harrison, a certain farm situated in said Albany, and described as follows: "Eight acres of land, being a part of the farm of Joseph H. Hall, without damage, now the possession of said mortgagee being broken by the non-payment of the mortgage thereon, I claim a foreclosure of the same pursuant to the statute in this behalf provided."

JOHN BROCK.

Backfield, March 29, 1862.

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Paris, March 19, 1862.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1862.

On the foregoing petition Ordered, that notice be given by publishing a copy of this petition in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest:

J. S. HOBBS, Register.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE. Whereas, David Mitchell, of Albany in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his deed of mortgage dated the twenty-eighth day of April, A. D. 1855, conveyed to Sophia Harrison, a certain farm situated in said Albany, and described as follows: "Eight acres of land, being a part of the farm of Joseph H. Hall, without damage, now the possession of said mortgagee being broken by the non-payment of the mortgage thereon, I claim a foreclosure of the same pursuant to the statute in this behalf provided."

JOHN BROCK.

Backfield, March 29, 1862.

