

# The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 13, NO. 26.

PARIS, MAINE.

FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1862.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 29, NO. 36.

## Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

### The Lampas.

The New England Farmer says:—Last week we noticed a new book upon the horse, by Edward Mayhew, and expressed the opinion that it is the best work, probably ever written upon the subject. Below we copy a portion of what the writer says in regard to the imaginary disease of lampas in horses.

"That affection is supposed to consist of inflammation, which enlarges the bars of the palate and forces them to the level of or a little below the biting edges of the upper incisor teeth.

"Would the groom take the trouble to examine the mouths of other young horses which 'eat all before them,' the 'lampas' would be ascertained to be a natural development; but the ignorant always act upon faith, and never proceed to inquiry. Young horses alone are supposed to be subject to 'lampas'; young horses have not finished teething till the fifth year. Horses are 'broken' during colic; they are always placed in stables and forced to masticate dry, artificial food before all their teeth are cut; shedding the primary molars is especially painful; of course, during such a process, the animal endeavors to feed as little as possible. A refusal to eat is the groom's strongest proof that lampas is present. But putting the teeth on one side, would it be surprising if a change of food and a total change of habit in a young creature were occasionally attended with a loss of appetite? Is 'lampas' necessary to account for so very probable a consequence? The writer has often tried to explain this to stable servants; but the very ignorant are generally the very prejudiced. While the author has been talking, the groom has been smiling; looking most provokingly knowing, and every now and then shaking his head, as much as to say, 'Ah, my lad, you can't gammon me!'

"Young horses are taken from the field to the stable, from juicy grass to dry fodder, from natural exercise to constrained stagnation. Is it to be very astonishing if, under such a total change of life, the digestion becomes sometimes deranged before the system is altogether adapted to its new situation? Is it matter for alarm should the appetite occasionally fail? But groom, like most of their class, regard eating as the only proof of health. They have no confidence in abstinence; they cannot comprehend any loss of appetite; they love to see the 'beards wagging,' and reckon the state of body by the amount of provision consumed.

"The prejudices of ignorance are subjects for pity; the selfishness of the better educated merits reprobation. The groom always gets the master's sanction before he takes a horse to be cruelly tortured for an imaginary disease. Into the hands of the proprietor has a Higher Power intrusted the life of his creature; and surely there shall be demanded a strict account of his stewardship. It can be no excuse for permitting the living sensation to be abused, that a groom asked, and the master willingly left his duties to another. Man has no business to collect breathing life about him and then to neglect it. Every human being who has a servant, a beast or a bird about his household, has no right to rest content with the assertions of his dependents. For every benefit he is bound to confer some kindness. His liberality should testify to his superiority; but he obviously betrays his trust and abuses the blessings of Providence when he permits the welfare of the creature dependent on him, to be controlled by any judgment but his own.

"The author will not describe the mode of fitting for lampas. It is sufficient here to inform the reader that the operation consists in burning away the groom's imaginary prominence upon the palate. The living and feeling substance within a sensitive and timid animal's mouth is actually consumed by fire. He, however, who plays with such tools as red-hot-irons cannot say, 'thus far shalt thou go.' He loses all command when the fearful instrument touches the living flesh; the palate has been burnt away, and the admirable service performed by the bars, that of retaining the food during mastication, destroyed. The bone beneath the palate has been injured; much time and much money have been wasted to remedy the consequence of a needless barbarity, and, after all, the horse has been left a confirmed 'whisper.' The animal's sense being confused, and his brain agitated by the agony, the lower jaw has closed spasmodically upon the red-hot iron; and the teeth have seized with the tenacity of madness upon the heated metal.

"When the lampas is reported to you, refuse to sanction so terrible a remedy; order the horse a little rest, and cooling or soft food. In short, only pursue those measures which the employment of the farrier's cure would have rendered imperative, and, in far less time than the groom's proposition would have occupied, the horse will be quite well, and once more fit for service."

MULCH THE TOMATOES. The Gardener's Monthly says: "Tomatoes do best when suffered to grow flat on the ground; but in such cases the soil should be covered with a mulch of straw or litter to keep the tomatoes from getting soiled and rotten by dampness. Brushwood is an excellent material for them to lie on and they seem to thrive well with it about them."

From the Scientific American.

### Venetian Water Cisterns.

This city of Venice is wholly supplied with rain water which is retained in cisterns. The city occupies an area of about 1,300 acres. The annual average fall of rain is 31 inches, the greater part of which is collected in 2,077 cisterns, 177 of which are public. The rain is sufficiently abundant to fill the cisterns five times in the course of the year, so that the distribution of water is at the rate of 312 gallons per head. To construct a cistern after the Venetian fashion, a large hole is dug in the ground to the depth of about 9 feet. The sides of the excavation are supported by a framework made of good oak timber, and the cistern thus has the appearance of a square truncated pyramid with the wider base turned upward. A coating of pure and compact clay, one foot thick, is now applied on the wooden frame with great care; this opposes an invincible obstacle to the progress of the roots of any plants growing in the vicinity, and also the pressure of the water coming in contact with it. No crevices are left which might allow the air to penetrate. This preliminary work being done, a large circular stone, partly hollowed out like the bottom of a kettle, is deposited in the pyramid with the cavity upward; and on this foundation a cylinder of well-baked bricks is constructed, having no interstices whatever, except a number of conical holes in the bottom row. A large vacant space remaining between the sides of the pyramid and the cylinder, is filled with well-sifted sand. At the four corners of the pyramid, they place a kind of stone trough, covered with a stone lid pierced with holes. These troughs communicate with each other, by means of a small rail made of bricks, and resting on the sand; and the whole is then paved over. The rain water coming from the roofs of the buildings runs into the troughs, penetrates into the sand through the tiles, and is thus filtered into the well hole by the conical holes already described. The water thus supplied is limpid, sweet and cool.

### The First Contraband.

The following incident of the war between the children of Israel and the Amalekites will be read with interest at the present time. Without disrespect to either David or Gen. Halleck, we call attention to the difference between the course of the former and that marked out by Gen. Order No. 3:

"And David pursued, he and four hundred men; for two hundred aches behind, which were so faint that they could not go over the brook Besor; and they found an Egyptian in the field, and brought him to David, and gave him bread, and he did eat; and they made him drink water; and gave him a piece of a cake of figs and two clusters of raisins; and when he had eaten, his spirit came again to him; for he had eaten no bread nor drunk water for three days and three nights. And David said unto him, To whom belondest thou? and whence art thou? And he said, I am a young man of Egypt, servant to an Amalekite; and my master left me, because three days ago I fell sick. We made an invasion upon the south of the Cherethites, and upon the coast which belongeth unto Judah, and upon the south of Caleb; and we burned Ziklag with fire.

"And David said unto him, Canst thou bring me down to this company? And he said, Swear unto me by God that thou wilt neither kill me nor deliver me into the hands of my master, and I will bring thee down to this company. And when he brought him down, behold, they were spread abroad upon all the earth, eating and drinking and dancing, because of all the great spoil that they had taken out of the land of the Philistines, and out of Judah. And David smote them from the twilight even unto the evening of the next day; and there escaped not a man of them, save four hundred young men, which rode upon camels and fled."—1 Samuel XXX. 10—17.

OUR TEETH. They decay. Hence, unseemly mouth, bad breath, imperfect mastication. Everybody regrets it. What is the cause? I reply—want of cleanliness. A clean tooth never decays. The mouth is a warm place—98 degrees. Particles of meat between the teeth soon decompose. Gums and teeth must suffer.

Perfect cleanliness will preserve the teeth to old age. How shall it be secured? Use a quill pipe, and rinse the mouth after eating; brush and cleanse soap every morning; the brush and clear water at night. Beware this trifling care upon your precious teeth—you will keep them and ruin dentists. Neglect it, and you will be sorry all your lives. Children forget. Watch them. The first teeth determine the character of the second set. Give them equal care.

Sugar, acid, saleratus and hot things, are nothing when compared to food decomposing between the teeth. Mercurialization may loosen the teeth, long use may wear them out, but keep them clean and they will never decay. This advice is worth more than thousands of dollars to every boy and girl. Books have been written on this subject. This brief article contains all that is essential. [Dr. Lewis.]

A black insect, very prolific, is badly injuring the trees and shrubs at Hartford, Conn. It is hatched out of eggs laid on the under sides of leaves, in quantities absolutely enormous, and curls up the foliage, and even the stems and small branches, so as almost to ruin the tree.

Two passengers were conversing in a railway carriage about music. One gentleman asked the other, who appeared rather simple: "Do you know the Barber of Seville?" "No," the latter replied, "I always shave myself."

From the American Agriculturist.

### Summer Pruning.

Now is the time to attend to this work. Yet it can hardly be called "work," for it consists chiefly in pinching off the ends of growing shoots, and can be done mostly with thumb and finger. Mr. Barry aptly styles it "anticipating pruning." Surely, it is better to prevent the growing of a limb in a wrong place, than first to allow it to grow all summer, and then cut it off; for in the latter case, there is both a loss of time and a waste of the tree's forces. By preventing the growth in one direction, we send its strength into another channel. We accomplish results in one year, which it would otherwise have taken two to effect.

Here is a pear tree, on which the limbs seem perversely inclined to push out unduly on one side. Let us head them off at once, and encourage the development of buds and wood on the other side. We wish to train our pears into pyramids, with one central, leading shoot; and often a side branch grows more lustily than the central. By pinching it back several times we can keep it in place.

Here is a grape-vine with several shoots pushing out strong from a single joint, while at another, equally important, there are none, or very weak ones. Pinch out all but one from that cluster of buds, and pinch them a second time, if they start again. Here, also, is a fruit tree which makes an abundance, yes, a superabundance of wood growth, but yields no fruit. What can we do, that will tend to throw it into a fruiting state? Try root-pruning, or try summer-pruning. By some means check the over-growth of wood buds; this compels the accumulation of sap in the remainder of the buds, and converts them into fruit buds. English fruit raisers practice what they call *springing-in*, on their trained trees, and find that it makes them very productive. This is founded on the principle we now advocate. Doubtless this practice was suggested by observing the fact that when the ends of a limb get broken or bruised during summer, it often becomes a fruit-bearing limb the following year.

There is another sort of pruning which may be well done in mid-summer, viz: the shaping of all kinds of trees by the removal of limbs and twigs, large and small. Ornamental and fruit-trees are sometimes neglected in their early growth, and it becomes necessary to take hold of them with a vigorous hand, and bring them into good form. This is often done in spring, but not wisely. The injury from bleeding, the poisoning of the adjacent bark and wood, and the slow healing of the wound are all against severe pruning in the spring. Prune in mid-summer, and these difficulties are obviated.

With facts and principles like these in his mind, we counsel the reader to try his hand at pruning. We think he will not go amiss.

From the Working Farmer.

### Death to the Weeds.

In these days of improved farming, success must be proportionate to the prompt extermination of weeds, and to do this practically and successfully, the most economical means should be used. The Michigan Farmer says:

"It is calculated that a single pigweed (*Chenopodium album*) if left undisturbed, will ripen more than 10,000 seeds, each capable of producing a successor. The seeds of the dock sometimes number over 13,000 on a single plant, and the seed fax (*Lamaria vulgaris*) leaves provision for more than 45,000 plants the following year. Burdock will multiply 21,000 fold, and the common stinging nettle (*Urtica dioica*) ripens 100,000 seeds. Scarcely a weed comes to maturity without scattering from 1000 to 10,000 or more seeds, to injure crops and annoy the cultivator."

What a prospect for a lazy farmer, or even an industrious one, who knows nothing of the small sub-soil litter, horse-hoe or carrot-weeder! The old crooked-bow variety of the hoe and harrow, should laugh with delight at the newly improved horse tools for the extermination of weeds. Under the old system we had twenty men for thirty acres of garden during the busy season; we now have, for many times that number of acres, but seven or eight hands, and half of these are boys.

Among the many articles which have appeared in our columns concerning the cheap methods of cultivation, exterminating weeds, etc., we would especially refer the reader to Working Farmer, vol. xii, pp. 52, 53, and 98.

OLD MANUSCRIPTS REPRODUCED. M. Silvy of Paris, has recently reproduced photographically one of the curious old manuscripts of early literature. He states that not only is the copy more legible than the original, but certain passages which could not be deciphered on the old parchment have been actually revived; and this is particularly visible on the last page, where a note, written in German under the signature, has become both visible and legible, while there is not a trace of it left on the original. This curious circumstance is explained as follows: "During the photographic process, the brilliant and polished parts of the parchment reflect light much better than those where the ink has been deposited. However colorless it may appear, the ink has not lost its anti-photogenic qualities, opposed to the photogenic ones of the parchment; and thanks to this opposition, black characters may be obtained on the sensitive surface, in return for much paler ones on the original."

A GOOD IDEA. That is a good idea of Clark's: "The Frost is God's plow, which he drives through every inch of ground in the world, opening each clod and pulverizing the whole."

## MISCELLANY.

### THE ARSENIC SPRING.

A Tale of Hungary.

BY E. W. DWYER.

The good old Baron Holts lay on his death bed, having been mortally wounded while fighting for his Empress, Maria Theresa, then engaged in deadly strife with her life-long enemy—her dangerous and stubborn foe—Frederick the Great, of Prussia.

The old man, finding that all his physician's skill and all his daughter's skill were going to prove vain, sent a messenger to the Empress, to demand, as a last favor for a life spent and a death gained in her service, leave of absence from the army, for a short time, for her brave young officer, Count Moritz; stating, as a reason for the request, that, being at the point of death, he desired to place his motherless daughter under the legal protection of her affianced husband, ere he left the world.

The Empress, though greatly pressed at this time both for officers and troops, and though she could ill spare the gallant young Count, who was the life of the army, did not belie her ever warm, womanly heart on this occasion; the desired permission was given, with the strictest injunctions, however, to hasten, immediately after the marriage, back to the army, where his absence might cause incalculable disasters.

The wings of love (aided by a magnificent charger) bore the young Count, in an incredibly short space of time, to the castle of the good Baron and the presence of his lovely betrothed; and it was his reward to see how the cheeks of the young Baroness Ida, tho' pale with watching, grew rosy red under his gaze, and to note how the languid eyes kindled into soft splendor as he drew nigh.

But this was no time for the exchange of love's joyous endearments; a lover returning to the perils of the field—were not these circumstances sufficiently terrible to check the quick flow of the lovers' pulses, were they likely to beat too warmly?

Immediately on the arrival of the bridegroom, the dying Baron, stern in his views of a soldier's duties, caused the priest to be summoned in hot haste; and as soon as the hand of the trembling, tearful bride had been joined in wedlock to that of her husband, the horse, already saddled and bridled by the Baron's orders, summoned his master by his impatient whinnying, not to hesitate between love and duty, and the old man, adding his parental blessing to that of the priest, bade the bridegroom God speed on his journey. A few broken words and burning sighs from the young wife—a few deep murmured whispers of comfort and hope from the bridegroom, and the silence of absence fell on the old pile, succeeding drearily to the bustle of the arrival, the wedding, and the departure.

That night, after bestowing on his daughter such tender, anxious words of counsel, as only a dying parent can breathe to the dear orphan he is leaving behind, the good old Baron died.

The desolate Ida wandered about the old castle in loneliness of heart, yearning for the living and the dead. Her situation was too painful for her unstrung frame to endure. Her strength, greatly taxed by long watching over her father, yielded now to the grief she felt at his loss, and her anxiety for the fate of her husband. A dangerous illness brought her to the brink of the grave, and when after many weeks of danger she began slowly to recover, the principal charm of her beauty had vanished. The exquisite bloom of her cheeks had departed. Nor was that all—instead of the shell tinted purity of complexion which had formerly been so remarkable, the skin had become sallow, stained and blotched.

It certainly was a confirmation of the old adage that 'beauty is only skin deep,' for the change was marvelous. In spite of her fine figure and regular features, the lovely Ida of a few weeks ago would with difficulty have been recognized. This one hideous disfigurement obliterated all her charms. Her young husband! How should she meet him, cruelly transformed as she was? How must she shrink from the eye which it had hitherto been her delight to meet! How endure to see that eye change to one of disappointment—horror—disgust, take the place of the admiration which she was accustomed to see expressed on that dear face? She felt she could not bear it. Such a change would break her heart—she must die of love, mortification and grief. She pictured to herself with morbid vividness the first recoil of surprise and aversion, and death seemed to her preferable to encountering it.

She sent for her physician, and commanded him at any risk, or at any sacrifice on her part, to find some remedy for the affliction, and offered princely rewards in case of success. The doctor essayed his utmost skill, but his efforts were in vain.

Meantime letters came from the young husband, announcing that peace was about to be concluded, and that in a month more he should be at home to claim the bride, from whom fate had so cruelly separated him, even on their bridal day. Ida and the doctor were both in despair. She besought him more pressingly than ever to cure her—while the good man was forced in humbleness of heart to own the impotency of his drugs. At last, one day, after a painful interview with the unhappy lady, who implored him in touching terms to come to her aid, he said reluctantly:

"There is, my dear young lady, a remedy yet untried; but it is of such a dangerous, or rather fatal nature, that I have not dared to name it."

Ida seized his hand in breathless eagerness. Such earnest inquiry was expressed

in her looks, that he could not choose but answer.

"There are, as all the world knows, in this country as well as in Bohemia, certain arsenic springs, the effects of whose waters on the skin are of wondrous virtue. Those who quaff them receive, as their certain reward, a complexion of singular purity and delicacy; but the boon is dearly purchased, for the price is death; death, slowly, but surely, claiming the victim as long as the daily draught is continued—death, swift and fearful, as soon as the fatal cup is withdrawn. Such," continued the physician, "is this fearful remedy, which owes its efficacy or wondrous power to the fact that the water is charged with the deadly poison, arsenic. It is a secret not known to many, that there is on your ladyship's own estate one of these springs; but I pray you to have nothing to do with it."

As he finished speaking, Ida rose, and clasping her hands, exclaimed fervently: "Thank Heaven, I am saved! My prayers are answered! Oh, doctor, the conditions are hard, but can I hesitate? I pray you lead me to this spring."

The physician reluctantly obeyed; they crossed the pleasure grounds entered a deep wood, within whose dim recesses, in a dark, secluded nook, a spring gushed forth mysteriously from a rock, and trickled into a rocky basin it appeared to have worn for itself in the heart of a huge stone. The water was of a peculiar whitish color, and no living creature was to be seen in the little stream which flowed away—no plant grew near its margin.

But Ida eagerly lifted the goblet she had brought, with the water, and was carrying it to her lips, when the physician grasped her arm.

"Fash lady, what are you doing?" he cried; "half what your goblet holds would cause your certain death!" and taking the glass from her hands, poured away three-fourths of its contents, and presenting the remainder to his patient, charged her never to exceed that allowance if she valued her life.

Ida drank. It was her first sip from the fountain of death.

She had her reward. The waters of the arsenic spring acted as though by magic. The disfiguring stains and blemishes disappeared from her face, leaving the skin pure and smooth as marble, while a color almost unnaturally brilliant tinted her cheeks and lips. Her beauty was restored to more than its former splendor; and when her enraptured husband clasped him in his arms, she raised her eyes swimming in joyful tears to Heaven, and whispered to herself softly, "Surely God will forgive me for what I have done."

Two years of blissful love flew by. The cessation of hostilities enabled the young couple to taste the joys of domestic life in all their delicious sweetness. The Count busied himself with his people, and with the improvement of his own and his wife's estates, which were contiguous; and Ida lived joyous and happy in her husband's devoted affection, only reminded now and then of the dread trial through which she had passed, by the daily draught, which had become as essential to her existence as the air she breathed.

But now, suddenly the lucky star of the young Count, which had hitherto been in the ascendant, waned. Some officers of the army, having engaged in certain treasonable measures, and been detected, were urged by jealousy and other motives to falsely accuse him of participation in their plots. Trials, in those days, were summary and partial things. To be accused was almost necessarily to be found guilty; and so the Count, unable to prove his innocence, was speedily adjudged to death. The Empress, however, in consideration of former valuable services, commuted the sentence to one of banishment for life, only allowing the condemned a week or two to make the needful final arrangements.

The young Count returned home to do so in bitterness of heart, conscious, as he was, of nothing but chivalric devotion to her who had thus believed his cowardly accusers. Ida, too, began cheerfully to prepare to accompany him, when suddenly a thought of horror struck her. It came back to her memory like a dream, and yet she remembered but too well that the physician had said she would die—die! as soon as she ceased to drink the waters of the arsenic spring. She sent for him in alarm; but he only mournfully confirmed the verdict. Her cheek blanched with terror, as though she heard the dread sentence for the first time. She fancied she had familiarized herself to the thought which she was now required to face—but found herself mistaken. She recoiled with horror from the dread spectre, whose chill breath she already felt on her cheek.

"Surely, surely," she cried, "there must be some remedy—some antidote—some substitute? Oh, doctor, can nothing save me?"

The physician turned away his head—he could give no hope—no chemical combination then discovered, could supply the place of this wonderful beverage from Nature's own laboratory.

Ida made one other effort to save herself: it was by using her all powerful influence on her husband, to induce him so far to humble himself to the Empress as to sue for any change in his sentence, no matter what, that would permit his remaining in Hungary. Ida pleaded as a reason for this reluctance to leave the country, her most true conviction that she could not live away from it. But the answer of the Empress was stern and brief: "Criminals were not permitted to choose their punishment."

Ida perceived that her last hope was gone. Look which way she would, she saw death awaiting her. Even if fortune had permitted

her to remain near the fatal spring, death was surely claiming her, as many a fearful spasm about the heart admonished her. If she forsook it to follow her husband, the same doom awaited her, yet more speedily; and, hateful thought! before then, probably, a return of the hateful disfigurement, to be free from which she chose as she had chosen. She did not, even now, repent that choice, and she nerved herself now to accept the lot she had deliberately selected. It had come a little sooner than she had expected—that was all. The uncertainty was gone, and with it the despair which had shaken her being to its center; a dignified composure was perceptible in her manner, as in her spirit.

She calmly and efficiently assisted her husband in completing his arrangements—packing up with her own hands most of his personal effects, remembering to add those trifles so essential to a man's comfort when away from home, which only thoughtful affection can suggest, and not forgetting many a fond, tender little token, or memento, whose meaning was only known to those two. At last, all was ready; and the husband and wife sat together alone, on the last evening they should ever spend in that beloved home.

Never before had Ida so yielded to the tenderness of her nature—never before had even her husband seen the whole unveiled love of her heart; and never, never had she seemed so dear—and never, even as a bride, had he seemed to love her so fondly! Did any dim, prophetic feeling warn him of the approaching doom?

The usual hour for parting came, but as he was leaving her, Ida detained her husband to say playfully, "You will not fail to take me with you to-morrow?"

"Of course not—a strange thought, my love!"

"You promise?"

"Ay, swear it, if you will," returned the Count, carelessly, as he left the apartment.

As soon as he had gone, the Countess rang for her maid.

"Did you procure the water from the spring, as I desired?"

"Yes, my lady," replied the girl; and leaving the room, she speedily returned, bringing a goblet on a salver.

"Place it on the table, and—good night! I shall not want you any more, my poor girl!"

The girl withdrew, and Ida proceeded to array herself in that simple white robe in which, at her father's death-bed, she had given her hand to him whose slightest wish from that time to this had been dearer to her than her life. Then placing herself on her couch, she raised the brimming goblet to her lips, and murmuring: "At least I have had two years of perfect joy!" she drained the fatal goblet to the bottom.

On the morrow, notwithstanding the bustle and confusion in the castle, occasioned by the preparations for the journey, the Countess slept late, and her maid reported that she could not wake her. The Count went to her himself—what wonder that, gazing on all that wealth of beauty, and those cheeks still dyed with a brilliant red, he could not believe that he looked on death!

But she was dead. The penalty had been paid!

A BUMBLEBEE STORY. Mississippi rejoices in the possession of the rude tale that distinguishes a backwoods preacher known as "Uncle Bob."

On one occasion Uncle Bob went to minister to the spiritual wants of some brethren who convened semi-occasionally at a little out of the way church known by the very classic name of "Coun Tall." Inspired by a crowded house, Uncle Bob turned himself loose in his tragic style. He beat and stamped, vociferating terribly. For some time previous the rude pulpit had been unoccupied. Invited by the apparent security and quiet of the place, a community of bumblebees had built a nest beneath Uncle Bob's mode of conducting the services had disturbed the insects; and just as he was executing one of his most tremendous gestures, an enraged bee met him half-way, and popped his sting into the end of Uncle Bob's huge nose. He stopped short gave sundry vigorous but ineffectual slaps, when he heard a suppressed titter from some merry youths in a far corner of the house.

Turning toward them, with ill-concealed rage, he exclaimed, "No laughing in the house of God. I allow no laughing in my meetings. I'll thrash the first man that laughs as soon as the service is over!" This threat checked the incipient merriment. Uncle Bob regained his composure, forgot the bees, and soon warmed up at two forty lick. But again in the midst of the impassioned gesticulation, a bee stung him full in the forehead. He bowed, dodged and beat the air frantically, until a roar of laughter arose from the congregation. Uncle Bob looked at them a moment with mingled feelings of rage and disgust, and then shouted, "Meetin' dismissed! Go home—just go home every one of you! But as for me, (taking off his coat,) I don't leave this place as long as there's a bumblebee about the house." [Harper's Magazine.]

A SHORT METRIC PRAYER. The Rev. Mr. Derwell, a pious and curious old Methodist preacher, went from Tennessee to Kentucky, 1812, to visit his relative, the Hon. Wm. Bolton. The man was not a religious man, but he was a gentleman, and invited the minister to have family worship every evening. While he was visiting there, Judge Qone and his wife, from Nashville, arrived there to pass the night, and Mr. Bolton, being a little embarrassed, said to the old minister, as he brought out the Bible, that he had better be short, as the judge was not probably accustomed to such things.

"Very well, very well," said he, and reading a single verse, he knelt down and prayed:

"Oh, Lord, we are very poor and needy creatures, and we know that thou art able to supply all our wants, but Cousin William says that Judge Qone and his wife, from Nashville, are here, and are not used to family worship, and however needy we are, there is no time to spare in telling thee our wants. Amen."

The Judge was taken all aback, and so was cousin William. They both pressed the old gentleman to conduct the services in his own way, which he did to their great edification.

THE DUTIES OF ARMY NURSES. An "army nurse" is not a sennecore or a pleasant office. It may seem romantic enough to some young ladies, whose dreams are of administering cordials to wounded officers, but let them listen to the description of the duties of a nurse as depicted by an army surgeon at Pittsburgh Landing:

"The duties required of an effective nurse are not the administering a spoonful of wine, nor bathing an officer's temples with a sponge. These require no sacrifice of feeling. Nor tending upon a Colonel or Major in a state room, but combing matted hair, washing dirty faces, hands, and feet, binding putrid wounds, and numbers of things which cannot be described. The lady who cannot with a smiling face roll up her sleeves, and go on her knees amongst the black boilers and wet straw to wait upon an unfortunate private soldier, repulsive in his manners and words, is here sadly out of her proper sphere. It is a noble sight to witness one who bears the impress of nature's nobility in every expression, a highly educated lady, accustomed to every indulgence that wealth can furnish, thus employed: with disordered hair, hopeless, in a soiled calico dress, bespattered with blood, pus, and grease, forgetful of every feeling but the one of seeking and helping the most wretched and neglected. God has blessed my eyes with the sight of such a one. The name of the noble minded lady shall not soon be forgotten. Send us ladies of this calibre, or send us negro servants. Beg of the dainty miss, in humanity's name, to remain at home until parades days, when we shall all be glad to see her. Keep idle gentlemen at home also."

Speaking of lecturers, what a collection of anecdotes might be made up from their experiences. The Rev. Dr. Chapin is, upon the platform, very ornate in style, and animated in delivery. After one of his brilliant bursts, the audience broke out into loud applause. Silence was restored, and the speaker was on the point of proceeding, when a vinegar-faced dame just in front rose and said, loud enough for all to hear: "I'm a goin', I didn't give my money to come to a theater." Quite different was the criticism upon the Rev. Dr. Storrs, who is very elegant in diction and quiet in manner. "The doctor may be a very learned man," said one dame to another, "I dare say he is; but he don't tare round to suit me." [Harper's Magazine.]

SMALL LIES. H. W. Beecher, in a recent sermon on faithfulness in small things, said: "I do not know of any buyer that pays such prices as the devil pays when he buys men. Here is a man who sells himself for about one-eighth of a pound of chickery in a pound of coffee. He prepares his commodity with a lie, and retails it with another lie. Every time a man commits a known dishonesty, he sells his soul; and thousands are selling themselves by little dribbles. And I think that a man who sells himself thus cheats himself—no, he cheats the devil; the devil pays too much for him. I am informed that before the commutation system was abandoned by the ferry company, men of property and standing in society would boldly declare that they had a commutation ticket in their pocket when they had none, for the sake of going through without paying! They lied for one cent! I pity the devil. I do not know what he does with such men. It is awful to be chief magistrate of a parcel of men like these. I cannot understand how these ex-gouge, three squeezed men can be managed."

ENDURANCE OF SHEEP. In November last, Mr. Solomon Heath, of Bow, went to a piece of woods about a mile from his dwelling, for the purpose of driving home nine sheep. He succeeded in finding six, the missing ones being two full grown animals, and one weaned the preceding spring. On Tuesday, last week, some person near the woods hearing the bleat of sheep, the wanderers were discovered; and the owner going thither, found that the full grown sheep were not only alive; but one of them sufficiently strong to require an effort to catch it. They are now as well as their companions in the yard. They browsed by day, and at night resorted to the cavity of a fallen and decayed tree.

[Concord (N. H.) Statesman.]

BE CAREFUL TO WHOM YOU TALK. Two young ladies were once singing a duet in a concert room. A stranger who had heard better performances, turned round to his neighbor, saying:

"Does not the lady in white sing wretchedly?"

"Excuse me, sir," replied he, "I hardly feel at liberty to express my sentiments, being not impartial in the case; she is my sister."

"I beg your pardon," answered the stranger, in much confusion; "I meant the lady in blue."

"You are perfectly right there," replied the neighbor; "I have told her so myself; she is my wife!"



## The Oxford Democrat

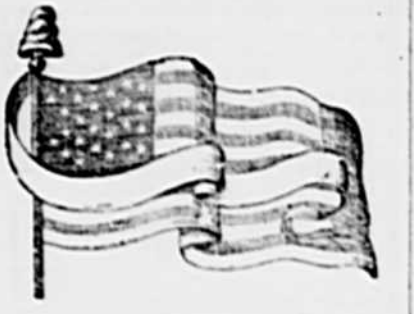
PARIS, MAINE, JULY 25, 1862.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY  
WM. A. PIDGIN & Co.,  
PROPRIETORS.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per  
year, in advance. Two Dollars, at the end of the  
year.Clipping. We would respectfully call the  
attention of such as are disposed to find their aid  
in extending the circulation of a home paper to  
the following rates:We will send  
10 Copies, for one year, for  
20 Copies, for one year, forAnd one copy to the person getting up the club.  
The amount must accompany the order.S. M. Pettengill & Co., 10 Nassau Street,  
Boston, and 122 Nassau Street, New York, are  
our printing agents.

JOB PRINTING neatly executed.

FOR GOVERNOR  
ABNER COBURN.  
OF NEWHAMP.Oxford County Republican  
Convention.

The Republicans of Oxford County will meet in  
Convention, at Academy Hall, South Paris, on  
Wednesday, the 28th day of August, 1862, at ten  
o'clock, A. M., to nominate two candidates for the  
State Senate; two candidates for the Registry of  
Deeds; (one for Oxford County, one for Oxford  
Western Registry); County Commissioner, County  
Treasurer, Sheriff, and Judge of Probate; and  
transact any other business that may properly  
come before them.

The basis of representation will be as follows:  
Each town and plantation will be entitled to one  
delegate; to every town that cast 50 votes for the  
Republican candidate for Governor in 1860, an  
additional delegate; and for every 50 additional  
votes, an additional delegate;—and the same for a  
fraction more than 25 and less than 50, to wit—  
Albany; 3; Andover; 3; Bethel; 7; Brownfield;  
4; Buckfield; 3; Canton; 4; Dixfield; 4; Dun-  
smuir; 2; Fryeburg; 3; Greenwood; 4; Hartford;  
3; Hiram; 4; Hiram; 4; Lovell; 4; Mexico; 3;  
Newry; 6; Oxford; 4; Paris; 9; Peru; 3; Port-  
er; 3; Rumford; 3; Shaw; 2; Sumner; 4; Stone-  
ham; 2; Sweden; 3; Waterford; 3; Woodstock;  
4; and all other towns and plantations in the  
county on each.

Sweden, July 15, 1862.

Congressional Convention.  
SECOND DISTRICT.

The Republicans and all other citizens of the  
Second Congressional District who support the  
State and National Administrations, are requested  
to meet in Convention by Delegates, at Auburn, on  
Friday, the 8th day of August next, at three o'clock  
in the afternoon, for the purpose of nomi-  
nating a candidate to represent the District in the  
XXXVIII Congress.

The basis of representation will be as follows:  
Each City, Town, and Plantation shall be entitled  
to one delegate. An additional delegate for the  
first seventy-five votes cast for the Republican  
candidate for Governor in 1861; and one for each  
additional one hundred votes cast for said candi-  
date. A majority fraction of one hundred to be  
entitled to an additional delegate.

J. B. HAM, Republican  
SILVERSTEIN OAKES, Republican  
JOSEPH MERRICK, District  
A. C. HEWLEY, District  
SIDNEY PERHAM, Committee.  
E. W. WOODBURY, Committee.  
ANDREW LINCOLN  
July 9th, 1862.

Congressional Convention.  
SECOND DISTRICT VACANCY.

The Republicans and all other citizens of the  
Second Congressional District as it existed under  
the former apportionment, who support the State  
and National Administrations, are requested to  
meet in Convention by Delegates, in Auburn Hall,  
at Auburn, on Friday the 8th day of August next,  
at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of  
nominating a candidate to represent the District  
for the remainder of the XXXVIII Congress—  
to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of  
Hon. C. W. Walton.

The basis of representation will be as follows:  
Each City, Town and Plantation shall be entitled  
to one delegate. An additional delegate for the  
first seventy-five votes cast for the Republican  
candidate for Governor in 1861; and one for each  
additional one hundred votes cast for said candi-  
date. A majority fraction of one hundred to be  
entitled to an additional delegate.

H. G. RISS, Republican  
W. M. KILBOURNE, Republican  
J. W. FAIRBANKS, District  
BENJAMIN FURRISH, Committee.  
July 10, 1862.

TOWN MEETING IN PARIS. The special  
town meeting, Tuesday afternoon, to con-  
sider what steps the inhabitants would take  
relative to procuring the quota of soldiers  
called for, was very fully attended. A vote  
to pay one hundred dollars bounty to each  
volunteer was passed by an overwhelming  
vote, amid applause. The captains of the  
militia companies were appointed an enlist-  
ing committee, the bounty to be paid when  
the men are mustered in.

We learn that the quota is nearly if not  
quite filled.

We learn that Lieut. J. H. McDonald, of  
Buckfield, is forming a company to go into  
one of the Regiments now being raised. It  
is expected he will have command of the  
company, when full. Lieut. M. has been a  
year's service, as an officer in the 5th Maine,  
in which position he has acquired an expe-  
rience which will be of great value, in  
disciplining and caring suitably for a command.  
We feel confident in stating that recruits  
joining his company will place themselves  
in good hands.

THE RECRUITS. We believe no County  
in Maine has shown so thoroughly loyal and  
enthusiastic a spirit, in the matter of rais-  
ing volunteers, under the new call, as  
Oxford. From all quarters we hear of the  
uprising of the people. Town Meetings  
have been called, at which money was  
pledged to those who accepted the risks of  
the field, and our best young men have  
stepped forward to fill up the ranks. Paris,  
Fryeburg, and Hiram have offered \$100, at  
once, while nearly all the others, have given  
enough to make the State bounty up to  
that sum. Most of the towns have their  
number already raised, and many have the  
quota more than filled.

The Philadelphia Mint is coining 200,000  
nickel cents per day; and this quantity  
falls short of the demand.

## Fanaticism becoming Popular.

If some "Rip Van Winkle" had gone to  
sleep about one year ago, and could now  
wake up, he would find that a great change  
had come over the spirit of the dreams of  
some of our public men during that period.  
What was then denounced as rank fanat-  
ism is upon the top current of the popular  
breeze. Those who were called madmen  
upon peace principles, now find their accusers  
standing upon the same platform with them-  
selves. Breckinridge democrats, like Sena-  
tor Rice of Minnesota, and Douglas dem-  
ocrats, like Senator Wright of Indiana, now  
declare for a more vigorous prosecution of  
the war. Senator Fessenden, who in some  
of his votes has run off upon the conserva-  
tive track, has wheeled into line among the  
(so called) radicals, as our readers will see  
by a portion of one of his recent speeches,  
which we published last week. Newspa-  
pers which have boasted of their conserva-  
tism now begin to see new light, and with  
Thurlow Weed, are for striking at this at-  
trocious rebellion with a heavy hand. The  
sentiment is fast becoming universal—that  
the traitors can never be effectually subdued  
by easy blows. These, according to an old  
maxim, may "kill the devil," but they  
never will kill the rebels. This boasted con-  
servative policy has already cost us too many  
valuable lives and too much treasure. Al-  
most everybody admits this proposition to  
be a fact. Men that denied it only a few  
months ago, admit it now. The whole his-  
tory of the war demonstrates it. Men now  
advocate the very policy they scoffed at six  
months since, because they feel that stern  
necessity compels them to do it. The world  
verily moves, and men are obliged to move  
with it.

In conducting this war, the President has  
adopted a policy which he honestly believed  
would secure the object aimed at, and at the  
same time unite the people of the loyal States  
in its support. His heart has been un-  
doubtedly been with the radical men of the  
country, but in order to gain the support of  
the opposite element in the loyal States, he  
had been disposed in dealing with some of  
the questions connected with the war, not  
only to consult, but accede to some of their  
wishes. This was the case when, to please  
Mr. Holt and other loyal men in Kentucky  
and other border slave States, he modified  
Gen. Fremont's proclamation, and when  
under a threat of resignation from Gen. Mc-  
Clellan, he modified Secretary Cameron's  
Report; and when, more recently, he re-  
pudiated Gen. Hunter's proclamation, strik-  
ing at the root of rebellion in South Caro-  
lina, Georgia and Florida. In all this, we  
never have for a moment doubted that the  
President was honest; he did what he thought  
was for the best interests of the country, and  
we are not now prepared to say that in the  
end it may not prove the very best policy  
he could have adopted under the circum-  
stances. Some things about it have looked  
to us wrong, unwise and impolitic, and they  
look so to us now; yet we are not so vain as  
to think our own judgment infallible. If  
there was no other way to bring this nation  
out of the danger that surrounded it, the  
true cause of all our present difficulties and  
troubles, and the only remedy that will cure  
the evil upon us, but a long year of ter-  
rible suffering—the sacrifice of tens of thou-  
sands of lives—the pouring out of our na-  
tional treasures like water—then the policy  
of the President was right, and it is upon  
this ground, and this ground only, that it  
can be defended.

Mr. Holt and his Union friends in Ken-  
tucky, now see that the modification of Gen.  
Fremont's proclamation did them no good  
whatever—it never conciliated a single rebel  
in Kentucky or any where else; and the  
history of the war shows that the rebels  
actually invaded that State immediately  
after the adoption of the conciliatory course  
prayed for, for the express purpose of reduc-  
ing it to the vassalage of the Southern dis-  
sentiment. The great mistake has been, in  
supposing that the Southern traitors could  
be reached by conciliatory measures. Those  
who have entertained these ideas are apt to  
have forgotten that the rebels are a set of  
barbarians,—that slavery has corrupted and  
debauched them to such an extent that they  
have become insensible to all generous feel-  
ings and honorable ideas of conciliation, or  
anything like a peaceable adjustment of the  
questions dividing the two sections of coun-  
try. The terrible realities of a domestic  
war of sixteen months duration, in which  
the armies of the contending parties have  
been counted by hundreds of thousands, in  
which the diabolical, savage barbarities of  
the whole civilized world, has at last waked  
up the people and the government to see the  
true state of the case, and what must be  
done to make an end of this rebellion.

It is now generally conceded that a more  
vigorous war policy is to be pursued by the  
administration. Public sentiment demands  
it. It must be adopted or we lose it. The  
most skeptical can now see that slavery is  
the great barrier in the way of the restora-  
tion of the authority and integrity of the  
federal government. To tamper and dally  
with it is death to all we hold dear and  
sacred. The case is squarely made up—Slavery  
vs. Government, and Government vs.  
Slavery. Which way shall it be settled?  
That is the question.

GOOD SEED. The familiar talk of Rev.  
Mr. Hadley, to the people of this region,  
proves to have been good seed, which fell  
in good ground. The committees appointed at  
his meetings have canvassed the town, and  
as a result of their labors, report \$306.00  
cash collected, besides three or four boxes of  
linen and cotton handkerchiefs, clothing, and  
delicacies for the sick. The call has met a  
more generous response than any one had  
anticipated.

General Order No. 23 offers \$45 and \$55  
State Bounty to recruits. The latter sum  
is to those who join old regiments.

The Governor has also directed that all  
disenrollments, in consequence of physicians'  
certificates shall be disregarded. He will  
give general orders in regard to this before a  
draft.

The Governor of Ohio has called for three  
months men to defend the State against rebel  
forays from Kentucky.

## What do you think of it Now?

Yes, that is the question we want to put  
to a class of men both in and out of the Re-  
publican party, who, ever since the com-  
mencement of this war, have been flound-  
ering about with us for our radicalism. Let us  
state the case fairly, and see how the mat-  
ter stands, and then inquire who has been  
right? The rebels had in their region of  
country four millions of inhabitants who  
naturally had no sympathy with them in  
this contest. In this war they naturally  
were our friends and their enemies. They  
were held in a bondage we call slavery. It  
is true they have black skins, but that don't  
alter the case—they are what the constitu-  
tion of our country calls "persons." Among  
this four million persons there are found  
600,000 or 700,000 able-bodied men, who  
have physical power to fight, either for or  
against this government. By declaring  
them free, and inviting them to take sides  
with us, they would immediately become  
our friends and allies, and we should at  
once receive aid and comfort from four mil-  
lions of people in the very heart of rebel-  
dom; by taking the opposite course, we  
make them our enemies and oblige them to  
take sides against us.

Now what is the policy? That has been  
the question ever since the rebellion broke  
out, and it is the question now; and we  
ask our solution we stand or fall, live or die,  
as a nation. In the main, the policy has been  
to place this government in a hostile atti-  
tude to the negro, and what has been the  
result, and what have been the consequences?  
It has been life to the rebels, and worked  
death to us. Why? In the first place it  
has secured to the rebels a large portion of  
their slave population, and they have kept  
them at work on their plantations, in their  
ditches, and on their fortifications. With-  
out slave labor upon their plantations, the  
whole South would have been starved out  
before now; and without slave labor upon  
their military works and fortifications, the  
rebels would have been obliged to get along  
without them, or lost one half of their army  
by the fatigues which a southern negro  
could never have endured. This is a plain  
proposition that every man that has eyes  
can see and understand.

What has this policy done for us? It has  
deprived us of a great amount of valuable  
information which, under a different policy,  
would have been communicated to us by  
the contrabands. Gen. Halleck kept all de-  
serting negroes coming from the enemy out  
of his lines, and the result was, he set down  
with an immense army within gun shot of  
the enemy's works, at Corinth, and allowed  
them all to retreat and go away beyond his  
reach, taking with them everything, al-  
though they were four weeks doing it. This  
policy deprived him of information which  
would have enabled him to have captured  
Beauregard and his whole army. It has  
compelled our poor soldiers to work in ditch-  
es and on fortifications, to perform the labor  
which the contrabands would have gladly  
done had we invited them and given them  
protection. It has deprived us of their ser-  
vices as soldiers. An opposite policy would  
have operated to have given us before this  
more than a hundred thousand enrolled,  
well-disciplined blacks in the service. But  
the greatest benefit it would have conferred  
upon us, is found in the fact that it would  
have ended the war months ago. Who  
doubts it?

The confiscation bill, which passed a few  
days since in Congress, inaugurates a new  
policy—the very policy that the radicals men  
have contended for ever since the commence-  
ment of the war. Now who has been right  
and who wrong? That detestable conserva-  
tion which has dragged this nation to the  
very brink of destruction is now, thank  
God, to be strangled by its own friends, and  
the wise and honest policy of the radicals  
adopted in its stead. It proves to the world  
that the much abused radicals were not only  
true patriots, but they advocated the true  
policy and the only policy that can ever  
make an end of rebellion.

## Hon. Charles J. Talbot.

We have received a private note from the  
above named gentleman, in which he says  
he has unconditionally withdrawn his name  
from the Congressional canvass in the Second  
District. This announcement will be re-  
ceived with regret by a very large number  
of the Republicans in this county, who are  
the fast and abiding friends of Mr. Talbot,  
and who would rejoice to have the privilege  
of voting for him as a member of the next  
Congress. In these trying times we need  
our very best men to represent us in our  
National Legislature, and Mr. Talbot is a  
gentleman well adapted to the place. He is  
a fine public speaker—is affable and easily  
approached, and thoroughly posted upon  
all the great questions of the day. He has  
back bone, and upon the war question  
stands in the front ranks of the men who  
are for using all the means that God and na-  
ture have put into our hands for subduing  
this unholy rebellion. With a fair pros-  
pect of success before him, Mr. Talbot has  
voluntarily, against the earnest protest of  
many of his friends, gone out of the field.  
So far as his own personal comfort and hap-  
piness is concerned, we know from expe-  
rience that he has made a wise decision; but  
that we should lose the public services of so  
able and good a man, at this particular  
crisis in our national affairs, is a matter of  
deep regret.

The Annual Meeting of the Atlantic &  
St. Lawrence Railroad will be held on the  
5th of August. The Company will be called  
to act on the following propositions:

1st. To make choice of nine Directors for  
the ensuing year.  
2d. To see if the Stockholders will author-  
ize a modification of the lease, under which  
the Railroad is now held, so as to reduce,  
for a period of years, the rent payable on  
Share Capital, and the rate of interest on  
the Company's sterling bonds, and to provide  
for the acceptance of scrip bearing in-  
terest, or stock for the rent now in arrears.

WATERFORD HAS HER QUOTA FULL. In No.  
Waterford eight men have enlisted under  
the new call. Dr. Hutchinson, from the  
same village, was in the field, in the late  
battles before Richmond, as acting surgeon;  
and wanting more help, sent for Dr. Holt,  
who has gone to attend the sick and wound-  
ed.

## Bethel Items.

RECEPTION OF GEN. HOWARD. Gen. How-  
ard was received by our citizens with the  
greatest enthusiasm, on Tuesday of last  
week. During the day, elections of officers  
were held in the three different military  
companies in town, under the direction of  
Major Frye, of Lewiston; the soldiers hav-  
ing been briefly addressed by Gen. Howard  
from the piazza of the Bethel House. The  
officers of the West Bethel company are  
Elbridge Wheeler, Captain; Milton Grover,  
1st Lieut.; E. L. Richardson, 2d do.; E.  
Bean, 3d do.; I. B. Hammond, 4th do.;  
S. F. Gibson, 1st Lieut.; S. B. Twitchell,  
2d do.; A. S. Twitchell, 3d do.; A. S.  
Chapman, 4th do. East Bethel Company,  
John D. Hastings, Capt.; I. G. Kimball,  
1st Lieut.; M. Kimball, 2d do.; C. Walker,  
3d do.; Sewell Lane, 4th do.

In the evening, though raining, Patten's  
Hall was crowded to listen to Gen. Howard.  
Dr. N. T. True was called to the chair.  
Rev. Mr. Garland made a prayer, when the  
chairman stated that he had never been able  
to distinguish himself on the battlefield, but  
that he had made one honorable charge—  
that of tuition, in years gone by, against  
one who needed no religion from him, and  
he would therefore simply introduce to them  
Gen. Howard. The General was greeted  
with a storm of applause, and though suf-  
fering considerable pain from his wound, he  
kept the audience spell bound as he por-  
trayed the condition of our army and the  
wants of our country. He was constantly  
interrupted with applause from the audience,  
and succeeded in inspiring in all a greater  
love of country. Maj. Frye, of Lewiston,  
then made an eloquent speech, during which  
two large flags were brought into the room.  
The effect was electric. It seemed as though  
everybody was ready to fight for it and un-  
der it, and the Mayor made a most happy  
impression upon all. At the close of his  
remarks, a committee of seven was chosen  
to aid the Sanitary Commission; D. F.  
Brown, Chairman.

Subscriptions will be raised in town to  
give fifty dollars to every one who enlists  
under the present call of the President, in  
addition to that furnished by the State.

Gen. Howard spoke in the highest terms  
of the discipline of the Bethel soldiers on the  
Potomac, and of the faithfulness of Captain  
Edwards in the discharge of his duty.  
Cheers were then given for the speakers, for  
the Union, for the soldiers who have gone  
from Bethel, for the President, and General  
McClellan, when the meeting adjourned. It  
was the most enthusiastic meeting ever held  
in Bethel.

Recruiting is going on successfully. The  
town of Bethel will soon have her quota of  
men ready, though she has already sent  
wards of one hundred men to the war. The  
town held a meeting, on Wednesday, for  
the purpose of giving a bounty to the vol-  
unteers.

Mr. Isaac Twitchell has returned on pa-  
role from Richmond to his friends in Bethel.  
He enlisted in the 1st Minnesota Regiment,  
and was in the hottest part of the battle at  
Ball Run, where he was severely wound-  
ed and made prisoner. From him we have ob-  
tained a more vivid description of that mem-  
orable fight than from any other source.  
His regiment was on the extreme right, and  
was engaged in fighting from seven o'clock  
in the morning till half past four in the af-  
ternoon. The regiment lost more men dur-  
ing the first two volleys than during the rest  
of the day. The field officers and many of  
the line officers were seen among the missing,  
and the men fought pretty much on their  
own hook, collecting together in squads of  
from five to fifty men, without much order.  
He was in the rear rank, and the man in  
front of him received five bullets, and lived  
twenty days after the battle. At 11 o'clock,  
he received two bullets and a bullet in his  
thigh, one of the bullets struck the thigh  
bone, breaking it badly, and going through  
the thigh. One bullet lodged in his thigh,  
which he could feel with his hand, and  
pushing it back through the wound he suc-  
ceeded in extracting it. He first upwards  
of twenty rounds after he was wounded. A  
battery came up to their support during the  
fight, when it was attacked by the rebels,  
and carried by an overwhelming force, and  
a standard planted on one of the guns.  
About fifty resolute men rallying, made a  
charge and retook it. He saw that gun  
taken and re-taken five or six times during  
the day. He describes the fight at this  
point as terrible. Probably no close  
fighting has occurred during the war. About  
300 of this regiment were hunters and trap-  
pers, who fought like tigers, and had to be  
fairly driven from the field when ordered to  
retreat. Mr. Twitchell walked some dis-  
tance, when he fainted. Seating himself by  
a tree, he remained all night, during a  
drenching rainstorm, for 24 hours, when he  
was taken and carried to Richmond. His  
wounds remained undressed from Sunday  
till Wednesday. He is now rapidly im-  
proving.

A freight train, with passenger car at-  
tached, now leaves So. Paris, each day, on  
arrival of morning passenger train from  
Portland. It runs to Gorham, reaching  
there at 1.15 P. M.

Eugene Hale, Esq., of Ellsworth, has re-  
ceived the appointment of Aid-de-camp on  
the staff of Gov. Washburn, to fill the  
vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Col.  
A. W. Wildes of the 16th regiment.

We have to acknowledge the gift of a very  
beautiful bouquet, from Mrs. I. H. Mc-  
Donald, of Buckfield. Among the flowers,  
were some quite rare and elegant varieties  
of the Dahlia, which were very perfect. She  
will please accept our thanks for the favor.

The last steamer from Ship Island brought  
intelligence of the death of Mr. Chandler  
Hutchinson, of Norway. He was 44 years  
of age, and leaves a wife with a large fam-  
ily of children.

Our Locke's Mills correspondent will see  
that the Governor has effectually stopped  
the business, to which allusion is made.  
We are of opinion that most of the parties  
will suffer more from public opinion than  
any other cause.

## Fryeburg Items.

The military election for Fryeburg was  
held at Lovell on the 18th inst. The town  
had two companies, and each organized by  
the choice of the following officers, viz:

1st M. C. Towle, Captain.  
Frank Shirley, 1st Lieutenant.  
Otis Warner, 2d "  
A. L. Ingalls, 3d "  
B. C. Chabourn, 4th "  
2d. George Shirley, Captain.  
James Chandler, 1st Lieutenant.  
—Bemus, 2d "  
Hiram R. Hobbs, 3d "  
I. W. Bourne, 4th "

Rum and secess made itself conspicuous  
in the person of some three or four, which  
served to render the meeting not so quiet  
and orderly as it otherwise would have been.  
As these fellows came through another town  
the day before, they must have either  
brought the article with them, or found it  
on the ground, saving Fryeburg therefore  
the odium of furnishing the spirit, if it did  
the body. One or two of the same procliv-  
ities, a night or so before the election, be-  
trayed and skedaddled for parts unknown.

A meeting of the voters of the town was  
called on Saturday, to see what measures  
they would adopt to encourage volunteering  
enlistments to fill its quota of men (18)  
under the new levy, and was responded to  
with hearty enthusiasm and loyal spirit.  
Patriotism, or perhaps excitement, at one  
stage of the meeting ran so high, as to vote  
\$500.00 in addition to the State and Gov-  
ernment bounties to each volunteer; but  
this on after deliberation was reconsidered  
and amended giving \$100.00 to each soldier  
in advance, if he wishes, or to remain sub-  
ject to interest with the town treasurer, and  
in case of his death to be paid to his legal  
representatives. The quota was filled at  
once.

The patriotic ladies—and there are many  
of them—of the village and vicinity, have  
been busily engaged both heart and hand,  
in devising articles for the comfort of our  
sick and wounded soldiers. Two boxes filled  
with the necessary hospital supplies—as  
pillows and cases, shirts, drawers, bandages,  
lint &c., have already been sent, and anoth-  
er is now nearly ready, together with a gen-  
eral contribution of money. They intend  
to collect and forward frequently such ar-  
ticles as will insure to the comfort of him  
who in his country's service, needs a coun-  
try's sympathy and aid.

Joe L. Mitchell a returned soldier of  
Chatham, was shot through the left arm  
one day last week, by the accidental dis-  
charge of a rifle. The wound will not how-  
ever render amputation necessary.

There has been but little hot weather in  
the Pequawket valley, as yet. One day how-  
ever—Sunday the 6th—the thermometer  
rose to 98° in the shade.

## Augusta Items.

The 16th regiment, now in camp on the  
State grounds south of the Capitol, is slowly  
filling up, numbering now about 400 men.  
It is expected that large additions will be  
made during the present week.

The citizens of Augusta held a meeting at  
Meunier Hall, on Tuesday evening, which  
was presided over by his Honor, the Mayor,  
—when it was voted to pay soldiers enlist-  
ing from this city under the new call, a hundred  
dollars bounty over and above all bounties  
furnished by the State or General Government.  
The meeting then adjourned to the street,  
in front of the Stanley House, where a large  
crowd had gathered. Gov. Washburn was  
then introduced to the audience, and ad-  
dressed it in his characteristic, vigorous and  
off-hand style.

General Howard next followed with an  
correct and eloquent appeal to the citizens  
of Augusta in behalf of our suffering coun-  
try, urging them to send forward their men  
without delay, for their services were never  
more needed than now.

Lewis Barker, Esq., of Penobscot, was  
next called out. He commenced by saying  
that he had always been a democrat, that  
for twenty-five years he had voted with that  
party and had never cast a ticket; "and  
you know," said the speaker, "how much  
I love it." He next proceeded to dis-  
cuss the cause of the war, denouncing in  
the bitterest terms the administration of  
James Buchanan, whom he said he voted  
for; but it did not make him asking too much  
to have asked God to forgive him. He  
closed with a scathing rebuke on those mis-  
erable traitors who are plotting treason at  
home, or fleeing away from their country  
in this hour of greatest peril.

B. A. G. Fuller, Esq., of Augusta, was  
the last speaker, when the crowd dispersed  
at a late hour.

The meeting was a decided success, and  
will greatly facilitate the raising of men in  
this city.

## About "Express" Bills.

The express companies upon our Railroad  
and Stage lines ought to have a fair and  
generous compensation for what they do,  
and every honest man will say. Those  
who have employed them have found out  
that they not only want and take this, but  
sometimes a good deal more. Some of their  
bills are not only unreasonable, but outrage-  
ous. We have several times paid twenty  
five cents for bringing a single letter from  
Paris Hill to the Oxford Depot, a distance  
of less than ten miles. A few days since  
we received a copy of the Adjutant Gen's  
Report by express, sent from Augusta to  
Paris—about forty miles—on which the ex-  
press bill was sixty three cents. Now we  
don't know whether their companies have  
any established price for doing business, or  
whether their agents are allowed to take all  
they can get; but one thing we do know,  
their bills are sometimes out of all reason.  
During last winter we had two packages of  
equal size and value from and to the same  
place; on one was charged \$1.25 on the  
other \$1.50. Now what does all this mean?  
We are always willing to pay a fair and  
even a generous price to the express com-  
panies, but we don't want to be "sponged."  
In these remarks we arraign no particular  
company, or no particular agent doing busi-  
ness for them; for we scarcely know a sin-  
gle agent on any of our R. Road or Stage  
lines. And we are not alone in making  
these complaints. We have heard a great  
many other persons complain about these  
matters. There is something about this  
business which is wrong and ought to be  
corrected.

The President's Appeal to the Border  
State Congressmen.

The Representatives and Senators of the  
Border slaveholding States having, says the  
National Intelligencer, by special invitation  
of the President, been convened at the Ex-  
ecutive Mansion on Saturday 12th instant,  
Mr. Lincoln addressed them as follows from a  
written paper held in his hands:

"Gentlemen: After the adjournment of  
Congress, now near, I shall have no oppor-  
tunity of seeing you for several months.  
Believing that you of the Border States  
hold more power for good than any other  
equal number of members, I feel it a duty  
which I cannot justifiably waive to make  
this appeal to you.  
I intend no reproach or complaint when I  
assure you that, in my opinion, if you  
all had voted for the resolution in the grad-  
ual emancipation message of last March,  
the war would now be substantially ended.  
And the plan therein proposed is yet one of  
the most potent and swift means of ending  
it. Let the States which are in rebellion  
see definitely and certainly that in no event  
will the States you represent ever join their  
seceded Confederacy, and they cannot  
much longer maintain the contest. But  
you cannot divert them of their hope to ul-  
timately have you with them so long as you  
show a determination to perpetuate the in-  
stitution within your own States. Rest  
them at elections, as you have overwhelm-  
ingly done, and, nothing daunted, they still  
claim you as their own. You and I know  
what the lever of their power is. Break  
that lever before their faces, and they can  
shake you no more for ever.  
Most of you have treated me with kind-  
ness and consideration, and I trust you will  
not now think I improperly touch what is  
exclusively your own, when, for the sake of  
the whole country, I ask, 'Can you, for  
your States, do better than to take the  
course I urge?' Discarding prejudice and  
maxims adapted to more manageable times,  
and looking only to the unprecedently  
stern facts of our case, can you do better  
in any possible event? You prefer that the  
constitutional relations of the States to the  
nation shall be practically restored without  
disturbance of the institution; and if this  
were done, my whole duty, in this respect,  
under the Constitution and men oath of of-  
fice, would be fulfilled. But it is not  
done, and we are trying to accomplish it  
by war. The incidents of the war cannot be  
avoided. If the war continues long, as it  
must if the object be not sooner attained,  
the institution in your States will be ex-  
tinguished by mere friction and abrasion—  
by the mere incidents of the war. It will  
be gone, and you will have nothing valu-  
able in lieu of it. Much of its value is gone  
already. How much better, for you and  
your people, to take the step which at  
once shortens the war, and secures substanc-  
ial compensation for that which is sure to be  
wholly lost in any other event! How  
much better to thus save the money which  
else we sink forever in the war! How much  
better to do it while we can, lest the war  
be long rendered so peculiarly unable to do  
it. How much better, for you, as seller,  
and the nation, as buyer, to sell out and  
buy out that without which the war could  
never have been, than to sink both the thing  
to be sold and the price of it, in cutting  
one another's throats.

I do not speak of emancipation at once,  
but of a decision at once to emancipate  
gradually. Room in South America for  
colonization can be obtained cheaply and in  
abundance; and when numbers shall be  
large enough to be company and encourage-  
ment for another, the freed people will  
not be so reluctant to go.  
I am pressed with a difficulty not yet  
mentioned—one which threatens division  
among those who, united, are none too  
strong. An instance of it is known to you.  
Gen. Hunter is an honest man. He was,  
and I hope still is, my friend. I valued  
him none the less for his agreeing with me  
in the general wish that all men everywhere  
could be freed. He proclaimed all men free  
within certain States, and I repudiated the  
proclamation. He expected more good and  
less harm from the measure than I could  
believe would follow. Yet, in repudiating  
it, I gave dissatisfaction, if not offense, to  
many whose support the country cannot af-  
ford to lose. And this is not all of it. The  
pressure in this direction is still upon us  
and







