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## Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

From the Maine Farmer.

Changes in Insect Life.

BY GEORGE E. BRACKETT.

One of the most interesting as well as the most wonderful facts in the history of insect life, is the remarkable changes those minute beings pass through before attaining their perfect form. These changes from one state or form to another in the insect life, generally occur at regular intervals, and are termed metamorphoses, and range from the embryonic state upward, through the various gradations to perfection, when the little animal having performed its allotted task, dies. Notwithstanding the entomological fact that such peculiar changes do occur to almost every insect, still there are thousands, even among farmers, who should be best acquainted with their habits, who are yet hardly willing to admit the fact. They are hardly able to realize that the spiny, crawling, destructive caterpillar of to-day is identical with the beautiful, gorgeously clouded butterfly of to-morrow; that the dirty, disgusting worm which crawls upon the ground can change to the pretty moth whose home is on the wing, and whose nourishment is honey of the flowers, or that the borer from the trunk of the tree shall at the appointed time, throw off its outer covering and appear, as it seems, an entirely different insect, with legs, wings and antennae. But a little observation is necessary for any one to understand this change and see the manner in which it is performed. There are several common insects which we may easily watch through these changes, which are an illustration of those which occur to nearly all others. Take for example our common apple tree caterpillar. In early spring before the trees are in leaf, we notice on the twigs of apple trees a number of little white round eggs, which are in collections and usually encircle the twig, and are covered with a glossy, sticky substance, which is for their protection; suppose we observe these eggs every other day or so. By the time the leaves of the tree are out, they hatch, and out comes a minute crawling mite which you would not think capable of doing any injury, but they have their office to fulfill, which is to eat, and at it they go, feasting on the tender leaves, but hardly causing any perceptible effect, but as they eat they grow, and thence forward for some time they eat and grow and grow and eat, and being such voracious gluttons their skin grows so tight they cannot contain them, but that is of no consequence or hindrance to them, off goes the skin, and the next day you look at them you will see the old integument thrown off in a roll at their feet, and they with a new coat looking not a bit the worse for the change, only a little larger and a little more hungry. Thus they will continue growing and eating until they have changed their skins about four or five times, when they have usually attained their growth. During all this season they have lived in a tent made of silk made of shreds from their bodies, upon which they form their abode, wherein they stay nights, rainy weather, and when the sun is hot, and which they make larger and larger as their increasing size demands. Now they have attained their growth, which is usually somewhere by the last of June, and they cease to feed and eat dumpy and stupid, and soon most of them may be seen forsaking their home and leaving the tree. Watch one of these, or what is better, place it in a box and look at it after two days and behold what a change has that time wrought; there is no caterpillar to be seen, but instead thereof an oval shaped silky formed object, about two thirds as long as the caterpillar, which is fastened by the silky hairs of which it is composed, to the sides or corners of the box. Let us open this white cocoon and see if we can find our yesterday's prisoner. Yes, he is surely here, but we would hardly recognize him if we were not sure that he had no chance to escape. He is now a chrysalis or pupa, about half the length of the original insect, and is enclosed in a hard shelly covering, giving the outlines of the form and positions of the eyes, wings and feeler. Although without motion, he is quite lively when touched. Let us leave him to his meditations, and in little over a fortnight it will burst through this covering or chrysalis skin and come out a perfect insect or moth, and if a female, after pairing, will deposit its eggs in a belt similar to those first named, there to remain through the winter and hatch next spring, thus perpetuating its kind. When this duty is performed and a succession provided for, it has fulfilled its office and dies.

This specimen is an illustration of the manner in which most insects pass through their transformations. There are of course differences peculiar to each species. But few are covered by a cocoon, but change directly from the larva to the chrysalis or pupa, and in some kinds, (as the grasshopper) this part of the transformation is only partial.

We have made a very important and cheap discovery to keep ants from bees. Several years since the little red ants were very numerous in our cupboard, and we put stone coal against the end of the house opposite the cupboard, and it banished them all. We concluded it was the effect of the copperas in the coal. This spring the black ant began to annoy our bees, and we procured copperas out of the coal bank and put it around the bench logs, cleaned all the ants off the bench, and there has not been one about the hive or bench since. [E.]

## POLITICAL.

### Speech of the President to a Delegation of Colored Men.

Thursday afternoon, August 14th, the President of the United States gave audience to a Committee of colored men at the White House. They were introduced by Rev. J. Mitchell, Commissioner of Emigration. E. M. Thomas, the Chairman of the Committee, remarked that they were there by invitation to hear what the executive had to say to them.

Having all been seated the President, after a few preliminary observations, informed them that a sum of money had been appropriated by Congress and placed at his disposal for the purpose of aiding the colonization in some country of the people, or a portion of them, of African descent, thereby making it his duty, as it had for a long time been his inclination, to favor that course.

And why, he asked, should not the people of your race be colonized? Why should they leave this country? This is perhaps the first question for proper consideration. You and we are of different races. We have between us a broader difference than exists between almost any other two races. Whether it is right or wrong, I need not discuss, but this physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think your race suffer very greatly, many of them, by living with us, while ours suffer from your presence. In a word, we suffer on each side.

If this is admitted, it affords a reason why we should be separated. You, here, are freemen, I suppose. (A voice—"Yes, sir.") Perhaps you have long been free, or all your lives. Your race are suffering, in my opinion, the greatest wrong inflicted on any people. But even when you cease to be slaves you are yet far removed from being placed on an equality with the white race. You are cut off from many of the advantages which the other race enjoy. The aspiration of man is to enjoy equality with the best when free; but on this broad continent not a single man of your race is made the equal of ours.

Go where you are treated the best and the bar is still upon you. I do not propose to discuss this, but to present it as a fact with which we have to deal. I cannot alter it if I would. It is a fact about which we all think and feel alike, I and you. We look to our conditions owing to the existence of the two races on this continent. I need not recount to you the effects upon white men growing out of the institution of slavery. I believe in its general evil effects on the white race. See our present condition. The country engaged in war. Our white men cutting one another's throats. None knowing how far it will extend, and then consider what we know to be the truth. But for your race among us there could not be a war, although many men engaged on either side do not care for you one way or the other. Nevertheless, I repeat, without the institution of slavery and the colored race as a basis, the war could not have an existence. It is better for us both, therefore, to be separated. I know that there are free men among you, who, even if they could better their condition, are not as much inclined to go out of the country as those who, being slaves, could obtain their freedom on this condition. I suppose one of the principal difficulties in the way of colonization is, that the free colored man cannot see that his comfort would be advanced by it. You may believe you can live in Washington or elsewhere in the United States the remainder of your life, perhaps more so than you can in any foreign country. Hence you may come to the conclusion that you have nothing to do with the idea of going to a foreign country. This is—I speak in no unkind sense—an extremely selfish view of the case; but you ought to do something to help those who are not so fortunate as yourselves. There is an unwillingness on the part of our people, harsh as it may be, for your free colored people to remain with us. No, if you could give a start to the white people, you would open a wide door for many to be made free. We deal with those who are not free at the beginning, and whose intellects are clouded by slavery. We have very poor material to start with. If intelligent colored people, such as are before me, would move in this matter, much might be accomplished. It is exceedingly important that we have men at the beginning capable of thinking as white men, and not those who have been systematically oppressed. There is much to encourage you. For the sake of your race you should sacrifice something of your present comfort for the purpose of being as grand in that respect as the white people. It is a cheering thought throughout life, that something can be done to ameliorate the condition of those who have been subjected to the hard usages of the world. It is difficult to make a man miserable while he feels he is worthy of himself, and claims kindred to the great God who made him.

In the American Revolutionary war sacrifices were made by men engaged in it, but they were cheered by the future. General Washington himself endured greater physical hardship than if he had remained a British subject, yet he was a happy man because he was engaged in benefiting his race. Something for the children of his neighbors, having none of his own.

The Colony of Liberia has been in existence for a long time. In a certain sense it is a success. The old President of Liberia, Roberts, has just been with me, the first time I ever saw him. He says they have within bounds that Colony between 300,000 and 400,000 people, or more than in some of our old States, such as Rhode Island, Delaware, or as in some of our newer States, and less than in some of our larger ones. They are not all American colonists, or their

decedents. Something less than 12,000 have been sent thither from this country. Many of the original settlers have died, yet like people elsewhere their offspring outnumbered those deceased. The question is, if the colored people are persuaded to go anywhere, why not there.

One reason for an unwillingness to do so, is that some of you would rather remain within reach of the country of our nativity. I do not know how much attachment you may have towards our race. It does not strike me that you have the greatest reason to love them, but still you are attached to them at all events.

The place I am thinking about for a colony is Central America. It is nearer us than Liberia—more than one fourth as far as Liberia, and within seven days run by steamers. Unlike Liberia, it is on a great line of travel. It is a highway. The country is a very excellent one for any people, and with great natural resources and advantages, and especially because of the similarity of climate with your native land—this being united to your physical condition.

The particular place I have in view is to be a great highway from the Atlantic or Caribbean Sea to the Pacific Ocean, and this particular place has all the advantages for a colony. On both sides there are harbors among the first in the world. Again, there are evidences of very rich coal mines. A certain amount of coal is valuable in any country, and there may be more than enough for the wants of the country. Why I attach so much importance to coal is, it will afford an opportunity to the inhabitants for immediate employment, until they get ready to permanently "settle" in their homes.

If you take colonists where there is no good landing, there is a bad show, and so where there is nothing to cultivate, and with which to make a farm; but if something is started so that you can get your daily bread as soon as you reach there, it is a great advantage. Coal land is the best thing I know of with which to commence an enterprise.

You have been talking to upon this subject, and told that a speculation is intended by gentlemen who have an interest in the country including the coal mines. We have been mistaken all our lives if we do not know that whites as well as blacks, look to their self interest, unless among those deficient in intellect. Everybody you trade with makes something. You meet with those things here and elsewhere. If such persons have what will be an advantage to them, the question is whether it cannot be made of advantage to you. You are intelligent, and know that success does not so much depend on external help as self-reliance. Much, therefore, depends upon yourselves. As to the coal mines, I think the means available for your self-reliance. I shall, if I get a sufficient number of you engaged, have provisions made that you shall not be wronged. If you will engage in the enterprise, I will spend some of the money entrusted to me.

I am not sure you will succeed. The government may lose the money; but we cannot succeed unless we try. We think that with care we can succeed. The political affairs in Central America are not in a satisfactory condition as I wish. There are contending factions in that quarter; but it is time all the factions agreed alike on the subject of colonization. To your race they have no objection. Besides, I would endeavor to have you made equals, and have the best assurance that you should be the equals of the best. The practical thing I want to ascertain is whether I can get a number of able-bodied men, with their wives and children, who are willing to go when I present evidence of encouragement and protection. Could I get a number of tolerably intelligent men with their wives and children, I think I could make a successful commencement. I want you to let me know whether this can be done or not. This is the practical part of my wish to see you. These are subjects of very great importance, worthy of a month's study of a speech delivered in an hour. I ask you then to consider seriously for yourselves, for your race, for the good of mankind, things that are not conferred to the present generation, but as

"From age to age descends the lay,  
To millions yet to be;  
Till far its echoes roll a way,  
Into eternity."

The chairman of the delegation briefly replied that they would hold a consultation, and in a short time give an answer.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. The different peaks of the White Mountains are, by actual measurement, are found to reach the following heights:

Name.	Height in feet.
Mount Washington,	6,288
" Adams,	5,714
" Jefferson,	5,714
" Madison,	5,365
" Monroe,	5,284
" Clay,	5,535
" Franklin,	4,904
" Clinton,	4,320
" Pleasant,	4,763
Gap between Washington and Clay,	5,417
Gap between Washington and Monroe,	5,100
Gap between Adams and Clay,	4,979
Gap between Adams and Jefferson,	4,939
Gap between Jefferson and Madison,	4,912
Limit of trees on Washington, No. side,	4,150

The Press says: "In his brief speech at Washington, on Wednesday last, General Shepley said this rebellion had been thirty years in progress. His remarks throughout were received with the most enthusiastic cheers."

He is but half prepared for the voyage of life who does not take with him that friend who forsakes him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes.

## MISCELLANY.

### AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

Doctor N——, one of the most eminent surgeons of Pesth, was summoned at daylight, one morning to see a person who pressing sought to be admitted to him. While waiting in the ante-chamber, the minister desired the servant to add that every moment's delay was dangerous, as he stood in need of instant help.

The surgeon, hastily throwing off his nightgown, gave orders for him to be shown up at once.

It was an entire stranger, but one whose dress and manner proclaimed him a man belonging to the best class of society. His pallid cheeks spoke of some deep, inward bodily and mental pain, and his right hand rested in a sullen sling. Though he succeeded perfectly in controlling the expression of his countenance, a low murmur of pain, in spite of all his efforts, broke forth repeatedly from his lips.

"Have I the honor of addressing Doctor N——?" he asked, in a weak, almost fainting voice, as he approached the surgeon.

"Yes, sir."

"Pardon the question. I do not live in Pesth; I came from the country, and know you by reputation only. I regret not to be able to make your acquaintance under happier circumstances."

The surgeon, seeing that his visitor could scarcely stand on his feet, begged him to rest on his divan.

"I am weary; for a whole week I have not closed my eyes. I have been having a pain in my right hand, to which I can give no name. In the beginning I felt only a slight pang, but in a short time it commenced to burn with constantly increasing violence, growing to be a torture beyond the reach of the slightest alleviation. I have tried every attainable remedy, far and near, but nothing relieves me—there remains the same piercing, cutting, deadly pain. Finally, I could bear no more. I got in a carriage and hastened here to you, that you might free me from my torment by an operation—the knife or iron—for I can support it no longer."

The surgeon here endeavored to encourage him, saying his suffering might be overcome by milder means than the use of a knife.

"No, doctor; neither a plaster nor yet any palliative can ever relieve it; what I need is the knife. For that alone did I come here."

Doctor N—— asked to be permitted to look at his hand; on which the sufferer, setting his teeth hard, held it forth. The surgeon, using the greatest precaution, began to loosen the bandage.

"Let me entreat you, in advance, doctor, not to be overcome by anything you will see. My pain is so strange, so extraordinary, that it will certainly take you unawares. Hesitate at nothing. I pray you."

The surgeon assured the stranger that he was accustomed to everything, in his profession, and pledged himself to hesitate at nothing.

Nevertheless, when the hand appeared he shrank back involuntarily, letting it fall heavily. The hand was apparently as sound, healthy looking as any other—not a spot was to be seen upon it.

A sharp cry from the sufferer, as he lifted the dropped hand with his left, proved that he had come in no jest, but that he suffered cruelly.

"Where does it pain you?"

"Here, doctor," said the stranger pointing to a place on the upper surface of his hand, where two veins parted from each other in faint blue lines. The surgeon marked him shudder, as he touched the spot with his finger.

"You feel it paining you here?"

"Frightfully."

"And you suffer from the pressure when I touch the place with my finger?"

The stranger was not in a condition to answer, tears started to his eyes, so dreadful was the suffering.

"Wonderful! I distinguish nothing here."

"And yet I experience there so inexpressible a pain that I could dash my head against the wall."

The surgeon took a microscope, examined the place, and shook his head.

"The skin is clear and healthy; the blood courses freely through the veins; there is no inflammation, no apparent heat. The place is precisely in its natural state."

"I think it is somewhat redder."

"Where?"

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket-book, and drew a line around a spot the size of a half kreutzer.

"Here."

The surgeon carefully looked at this spot, and began to think that his patient was insane.

"Remain here," he said; "I may be able to assist you in a few days."

"I cannot wait. Do you think, sir, that you have a madman before you? That is a misfortune of which you will not have to cure me. The place that I have indicated causes me so much agony that I repeat it, I have alone come here to have it cut out."

"Which, however, I will not do!" said the surgeon.

"And I say to you, sir, that all the wealth of the world would not induce me to look on a sound member as diseased, or to make the slightest incision in such a one. To do it would be to do what my surgical knowledge condemns—it would put my reputation to shame—in a word, my duty forbids it! The whole world would maintain that you are a lunatic; but of me they would say either that I had been so unprincipled as to profit by your mania, or that I was too ignorant to perceive the error into which you had led me."

"So be it. At least you can accord me this favor. I will perform the operation myself. My left hand will, it is true, be somewhat unskillful, but let that pass. I will soon finish. You will surely have the goodness to dress the wound for me?"

The surgeon marked with amazement beyond words, that the stranger being in such earnest; for he laid aside his coat, turned back his sleeves, and took his pen-knife in his left hand. Another moment, and he would have plunged it deep into his right hand.

"Hold!" cried the surgeon, alarmed lest the stranger should sever an artery, "if the operation be really inevitable, then, in the name of heaven, let me perform it!"

On which, taking his surgical instruments in his hand, he laid the patient's right straight out in his own, at the same time requesting him to look another way.

"That is not necessary. Allow me to show you just how deep the knife shall go."

And, truly, during the whole operation, the stranger's resolution did not fail him; he himself directed the surgeon as to the depth of the incision; his hand never moved until the spot represented as the seat of pain was cut out, when, throwing back his chest, he heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Do you feel no more burning?" questioned the surgeon.

"It is entirely gone," answered the stranger smiling; "the torture has ceased. As for the slight pain which the wound occasions me, it is to the first pain what a warm breeze is to an insupportable heat."

While the bandage was being applied the appearance of the stranger totally altered. A calm, pleasant expression met the surgeon's eye, instead of the former look of intense pain; the brow grew clear, the color lively, returning loss of life replaced the late cruel agitation—the whole man seemed transformed.

As the surgeon re-adjusted the stranger's hand in the sling, he felt his own seized by the left hand of the latter, who, pressing it warmly, said to him in the most fervent tones:

"Receive for your masterly service my most sincere thanks. You have laid me under a real obligation to you—for the remuneration on my part is small, indeed, in comparison with the mighty assistance which you have rendered me. I will be indebted to you all my life long!"

But the surgeon's estimate of the value of his services was wholly different; he absolutely refused to accept the note for a thousand guildens, which still laid on the table. The stranger persisted in leaving it, and had passed out the door, when, seeing the growing displeasure of the surgeon, he turned, and begged him at all events to expend a part of the sum for the benefit of some hospital, and hastily took his departure.

Doctor N—— visited his patient for a few days at the hotel where he was remaining until his wound had completely healed. This was rapidly taking place. During the course of this time, the surgeon had an opportunity to make observations which resulted in the conviction that he had to deal with a refined, accomplished man, one whose every word evinced, not only extensive information, but that knowledge of the world so agreeable when united with superiority of mind. Not the slightest trace of ailment, either bodily or mental, was to be remarked after the operation.

The stranger returned to his estates shortly afterward, perfectly restored.

Three weeks had passed, when the servant was again called upon to announce to the surgeon the arrival of his singular patient. The stranger, who was instantly admitted, appeared again with a bandaged arm; and, so great was his suffering, that at first glance, his features were scarcely recognizable. Sinking into a chair, before the surgeon had time to offer him a seat, he stretched out his hand to him, no longer sufficiently master of himself to control his groans.

"What has happened?" sympathizingly inquired the surgeon.

"The incision was not deep enough, groaned the stranger. 'The pain has returned—burns more fiercely than before. I could not at first bring myself to trouble you again; I lingered, hoping that death would come and put an end to my existence. But what I longed for came not. The pain was, and still remains, concentrated in this one place. Look at me, and perhaps you will form an idea of my suffering.'"

The countenance of a stranger was white with agony, and cold drops covered his brow. The surgeon unlaced the bandage. The wound had closed; every thing about the hand appeared healthy and sound as before, and the pulse beat evenly and soundly.

"This touches on the marvellous!" exclaimed Doctor N——. "It passes widely beyond every thing in my past experience. Wonderful!"

"Yes, wonderful, terrible! Seek not now for the cause, Doctor, but free me from this torture. Take your instrument, and insert it deeper than before; that alone will give me relief."

The surgeon saw that he must grant this prayer. For the second time he performed

the same operation; again did he remark the astonishing alteration in the countenance of the stranger. Again, as he replaced the bandage, a fresh color took the place of the patient's pallor, brightening the visage before. Sadly he thanked the surgeon for his assistance.

"I thank you, Doctor. Again the pain has ceased. In a few days the wound will be healed. Nevertheless, be not astonished if you see me here in a month."

"Be easy on that score, sir; chase that thought out of your mind!" exclaimed the surgeon.

"I have an unerring conviction that that deadly pain will return at the end of a month," said the stranger, dejectedly. "Besides, what is to happen to me must happen! till we meet again!"

The surgeon related to his colleagues all the particulars of this unaccountable pain. They consulted together; but no one was able to offer a theory, perfectly satisfactory, explanatory of a case so strange.

Toward the end of the month, Doctor N—— began to look forward, not without sadness, to again seeing the stranger; but time passed on, and he did not appear.

Thereupon, several weeks elapsed; when the surgeon received a letter, dated at his late patient's place of residence.

He opened it. By the first glance at the closely written pages within, he saw that the stranger had written the letter with his own hand, and inferred from this that the pain which assuredly would have prevented him from writing, had not returned. The contents of the letter were as follows:

"Dear Sir,—I will not leave you longer in doubt concerning the fearfully strange malady which I am about to carry with me into the grave. I will give you the origin of this terrible evil. For a third time within a week has this frightful pain returned. I will no longer struggle with it. At this moment I am only enabled to use a pen by placing a piece of burning sponge on the back of my hand over the affected part; while this burns, I feel only the smarting caused by the intense heat; and that is as nothing compared to the former pain."

Six months ago, I was a happy man. I lived without a care upon my income, and was in peace and friendship with all the world, enjoying all of pleasure that a man of thirty-five finds to enjoy.

A year ago, I married—married for love. My choice fell upon a beautiful, accomplished, warm-hearted girl, the protegee of a countess in the neighborhood. This portionless maiden loved me—not from gratitude alone, though through me she had become mistress of my home and sharer of all I possessed;—she had a truly childlike love for me. For half a year each succeeding day brought me more happiness than the last. When I went to the city for a day, my wife could scarcely rest; when I returned, she came out to meet me a mile from home; and once, when I had been delayed, she never closed her eyes the whole night long. When I occasionally prevailed upon her to pay a visit to the countess, who loved her tenderly, she always returned the same day; it seemed impossible for her to remain more than half a day away from home and me. Her love for me even went so far that she gave up dancing rather than rest her hand in the clasp of another. In a word, my wife was an innocent child, who had no other thought than me.

I know not what demon one day whispered in my ear: 'What if all this be only assumed?' Thus man, in the midst of the greatest happiness, too often experiences an insane desire to look for pain.

My wife had a little work table, the drawer of which she kept invariably locked. I had often noticed that she had never left it open; never, by chance, had forgotten to take out the key. This thought began to trouble me: what had she to conceal from me? I was certainly beside myself. I believed in her innocent countenance, her clear eyes, her kisses and embraces no more. What if these were but parts of the deception?

One day the countess visited us. She came to take my wife home with her, overwhelming her with persuasions to go and spend the whole day with her. Our estates lay not far distant from one another, and I gave my wife a promise to follow her soon.

Scarcely had the carriage left my courtyard, when I collected together all the keys I could find, and with them sought to open the closed drawer. At length I found one. A looker-on would have taken me, as I drew out the drawer, for one who for the first time in his life was about committing a theft. I was a thief, opening a lock to steal from a weak woman her secrets.

My hands trembled as I came in contact with the different things in the drawer, but I carefully avoided creating any disorder that might betray my presence. Suddenly my breast seemed as if crushed by iron bands; I felt on the point of suffocating! Under a roll of lace lay a packet of papers; quick as thought my heart whispered they were letters; at the first glance any one would have known them to be—love-letters.

The packet was bound together by a rose-colored ribbon, embroidered with silver. As I touched the ribbon, I thought: 'Is this right? Is it not unworthy an honorable man, thus to steal the secrets of his wife—secrets which belong to her maidenhood alone! Is she answerable to me for her thoughts and feelings before she became my wife? Should I be jealous of the time when she scarcely knew of my existence? But what if these letters date since I have had a right to watch over all her thoughts, to be jealous even of her dreams—since she has been my wife?'

I untied the ribbon. No one was there; no mirror near, to point out on my cheek the flush of shame. I opened one letter

after another, and read them all through to the end.

Oh, that was a terrible hour!

Shall I tell you what was in those letters? The most despicable treachery ever practiced against a man. My best friend had written them—but in what tone? With what persuasion and passionate eloquence did he speak therein! How he planned and counselled the course a wife might take to deceive her husband! And all these letters were dated since our marriage—while I had been so happy! I find no words to picture what I experienced on reading them. It was a feeling like the working of deadly poison. I drank this poison to the last drop. I read every one of those letters through by itself. Then I laid them in order, bound them together, covered them with the lace, and locked the drawer.

I was certain, that my wife, if I did not go for her, would hasten home before evening. And so it was. How quickly she sprang from the carriage and ran toward me; how she embraced me, how she kissed me! How happy she was to be with me again!

I allowed her to see nothing of the revolution which had taken place within me. We talked together, supped together, and retired as usual to our rooms, which were side by side. I did not close my eyelids; awake, I counted the hours. As the first quarter past midnight struck, I stood in my chamber! Like a little angel in the midst of snowy clouds, lay her lovely fair head in peaceful slumber upon the dazzling white pillows. What a monstrous lie of nature, to lend to sin features so innocent! I was as determined, as inflexible, as a monomaniac in his fixed idea.

The raging poison of jealousy had eaten into my soul. Softly I laid my hands upon her throat, and suddenly I pressed them together. That moment she opened her large, dark-blue eyes, saw me with amazement, then closed them slowly. She was dead. She died without having time to utter a word in her own defence, peaceful as in a dream. As I murdered her, she felt no anger toward me. Only a single drop of blood, pressed out of her mouth, fell on the back of my hand; where, you know but too well.

She had no relations to inquire into the cause of her death; and I purposely delayed sending out to my friends invitations to her funeral until it was too late for any of them to reach my place in time. No one upon my estates had any suspicions of the truth. Besides, I was master; who had any right to question me?

When all was over, and I was returning to my home, my conscience was not burdened in the least. She had deserved her fate. I thought of her no more.

On reaching my home, I found the countess, my wife's only female friend, just arriving. Like others, she came after the hour appointed. Whether from sorrow or sympathy, I know not, but the words of consolation with which she essayed to address me, were so confused I could scarcely understand them. At last she clasped my hand, and said, in faltering tones, that she saw herself obliged to confide to me a secret, which she most earnestly begged me not to reveal. She had given my wife a package of letters to keep for her—the contents were such that she dared not to keep them by her—she had now to beg me to return them to her. An icy shudder went through me as she spoke these words. With marked coldness I asked her what those letters contained. The countess shrank back, and answered hastily:

"Oh, sir, your wife was more generous than you. When she took these letters into her care, she did not ask me what they contained, but gave me her word to guard them well, and I am sure she has kept her pledge. She had a noble soul; it would have been impossible for her to break her solemn promise."

"Very well," said I; "how am I to know these letters?"

"They are tied together with a rose-colored ribbon, embroidered with silver."

"I will look for them immediately."

With this I took my wife's keys in my hand, and began to search for the packet. I knew but too well where to find it.

"Is this it?" said I, at last, bringing it to the countess.

"Yes, yes. Only see, here is the same knot I made; your wife never untied it."



## The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, AUG. 22, 1862.

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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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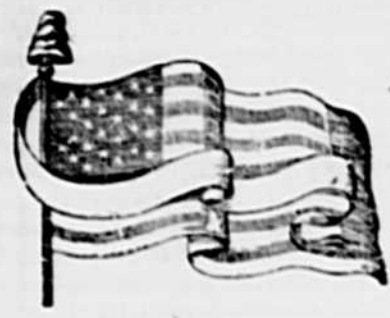
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FOR GOVERNOR.  
ABNER CURN, OF KROGHMAN.

For Representative to XXXVII Congress.

1st Dist.—T. A. D. FENNER, of Auburn.

For Representative to XXXVIII Congress.

1st Dist.—J. N. GOODWIN, of South Berwick.

2d Dist.—SIDNEY PERHAM, of Paris.

3d Dist.—JAMES G. BLAINE, of Augusta.

5th Dist.—F. A. PIKE, of Calais.

**SENATORS.**

R. S. STEVENS, of Paris.

G. B. BARROWS, Fryeburg.

**REGISTERS OF DEEDS.**

Oxford County—ALDEN CHASE, Paris.

Western Dist.—ASA CHARLES, Fryeburg.

**COUNTY COMMISSIONER.**

ELIAS M. CARTER, Bethel.

**COUNTY TREASURER.**

W. A. PIDGIN, Paris.

**SHERIFF.**

HORATIO AUSTIN, Dixfield.

**JUDGE OF PROBATE.**

E. W. WOODBURY, Sweden.

## Democratic Nomination for Congress—Second District.

We see by the papers that a few wandering political sinners, in the 2d District, got together a few days since at Auburn, and nominated Rev. George Bates for Congress. This looks a little like comedy. It will be remembered that this democratic party, as it is called by its members, has for years rallied against ministers, denouncing them as a body, calling them "priests," by way of derision, political agitators and abolitionists. They seem to have forgotten all, in a moment, and have taken up a respectable old "priest" for a candidate for Congress. A wag at our elbow suggests that the democratic leaders came to the conclusion that nothing short of "universal salvation" could save the party from destruction, and that is the reason why they fell back on the Rev. Geo. Bates. It may be so, at any rate they seem determined the party shall have the "benefit of clergy" in its dying hours.

This nomination, with all due respect to the Reverend candidate, looks to us very much like a farce. It may be a party noisemaker, it may be the party is troubled to find a candidate ambitious to be "run into the ground,"—it may be no young man in the party could be found who would stand the honor.

We suppose this nomination is made to "keep up appearances," although we think the election will prove it a very small show. If the democratic party wants to show "works of repentance" by voting for a "minister," no one ought to object. Everybody knows its leaders have sins enough to repent of, and we shall see, when the campaign is ended, whether they have been made better by rallying under the lead of a venerable clergyman, or whether, like Ephraim of old, they are still joined to their idols.

**COL. CORCORAN RELEASED.** Col. Corcoran, who has for more than a year suffered in a Richmond prison, is at last released. The indignities he has suffered will be avenged shortly, on the battle-field, where he will immediately have a command.

**THE ARKANSAS BLOWN UP.** Richmond papers say that official information has been received that the Arkansas was blown up, as has before been stated. Advice from New Orleans, received this week, show that Breckinridge was repulsed, instead of capturing New Orleans, showing all the reports of the destruction of our ships, and capture of our men to have been false.

**The Cumberland County Convention.** Tuesday made the following nominations: Senators—Samuel E. Spring, John H. Philbrick, Daniel Elliott, Levi Cram. Commissioner—Reuben Higgins. Sheriff—Thomas Pennell. Attorney—M. M. Butler. Treasurer—Thomas H. Mead. Register of Deeds—Thomas Hancock.

**The Androscoggin County Republican Convention.** held yesterday nominated W. F. Gareson of Lewiston for Register of Deeds, Robert Martin of Danville for County Treasurer, and C. F. Jordan of Poland for Senator.

**The reception of Col. Corcoran at Washington** was a very brilliant affair, and was attended by an immense concourse of people. He has been commissioned as Brigadier-General, to date from the battle of Ball Run.

## Democratic State Convention.

A State Convention—called by its members "democratic,"—to nominate a candidate for Governor, was held in Portland, last week. It was composed of such men, outside the republican party, as will not support General Jameson for Governor. Undoubtedly there were loyal men in that convention, and while this may be true, it is equally certain there were a great many traitors in it. In looking over the list of delegates you will find an extensive sprinkling of incorrigible hunkers, who have in times past been fed and clothed by government,—men who have always had their arms in the public chest up to their elbows. Many of these old sarned demagogues have scarcely ever earned a dollar in their lives, beyond the amount they have received from the public treasury. Some of their number, in by-gone days, have managed to get office at the hands of the people, and when repudiated for their political dishonesty, and kicked out by an outraged constituency, they have contrived by rolling in southern dirt to get favor at the hands of the Executive.

The administrations of Pierce and Buchanan were notorious for picking up men whom the people cast off, and rewarding their treason to their constituents with office. These men think it exceedingly hard to be obliged to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. To hear them rant and talk, you would think they imagined themselves "born to rule," and that when they died all wisdom would die with them.

Judging from the published proceedings, this class of defunct politicians controlled the convention. They came together to growl and find fault, and denounce the government, and, so far as they dare, send words of cheer to Jeff Davis and his piratical Confederacy. This convention was a nest of secessionists, whose sympathies are with the rebels,—a class of men who all the way along have repudiated our defeats and mourned over our victories. We shall probably be denounced for telling the truth about them; but we choose to call things by their right names. In voting for a candidate, Bion Bradbury had 278 votes, and James White 133. Several members of the Convention stated authentically that Bradbury would accept, standing upon the platform of resolutions passed by it. If he does, one of the two conclusions are inevitable—either he was a consummate political hypocrite one year ago, or he is one now. Then he professed to support the administration and the war, and so earnest was he in these pretensions that the republicans of Eastport gave him their entire vote for Representative to the Legislature. Now where will he be, if he accepts a nomination made by men who, in the language of Samuel J. Anderson, "denounce the Administration as false to its oath from the beginning?"

The treasonable speech of Gen. Anderson was (says the report.) "heartily endorsed by the whole convention;" and that Convention showed its hypocrisy by nominating a Union man? Let Bion Bradbury pull off the mask, and accept the nomination if he dares. If he does it, we shall then see Bion as he is, and not as he professes to be. More than this, this very same Bion Bradbury suffered his name to be used in the Convention which nominated Gen. Jameson, and in doing this he was either politically honest, or he was not. By permitting his name to go into this Convention, he tacitly acknowledged himself as standing upon the same platform with Jameson, and had he succeeded he would have accepted the nomination on the platform of the Convention. The Portland Convention was made up of professed democrats, who say they repudiate Jameson and his platform. Now how can Bradbury, as an honorable man, after trying his chances in the Bangor Convention, go in as a candidate to the Portland Convention, called expressly to repudiate the Bangor Convention and its candidate, and accept a nomination thus obtained? Let him answer, and thereby show his hand. Mr. Bion Bradbury will find that it is no time for a man to sail under two flags. He will be judged by the company he keeps, and not by any hypocritical twaddling, that may fill up a letter of acceptance.

These chimney corner patriots seem to have been "sized with a fit," giving them a terrible love for the Constitution; so they go to work and incorporate into their second resolution liberal extracts from it. Well, this is all well enough. They made one very important omission, however, in leaving out the article defining treason. They were very much like the man who said he could prove there was no God, because it was in the Bible. It is very easy to pervert what was in their minds when they passed these resolutions. They evidently had their eyes upon Fort Warren. Freedom of speech and of the press, that is, freedom to abuse the Government that has protected and fed and clothed them, and thereby give aid and comfort to its worst enemies, was the sentiment that they intended to express. They were thinking about the case of Bob Elliott, the democratic martyr of free speech. If these sticklers for constitutional rights, expect the protection which the constitution throws around its citizens, they must abandon their treason, and become loyal to the government. Traitors have no right to claim the protection of the government they are secretly plotting to destroy. The sympathizers with Jeff Davis in the free States—the men who are secretly giving aid and comfort to rebellion, unless they abandon their position, will find an article in constitution just suited to their cases. All loyal men in the democratic party had better make their escape from the Bion Bradbury democracy,—it is the hot bed of secession in Maine,—otherwise, like Tray, they will have to suffer for being found in bad company.

**Volunteers.** Gov. Washburn has received permission to receive volunteers for nine months, to go on same terms as drafted men. The general orders issued, however, prohibit the payment of large bounties; and in case over twenty dollars is paid the recruits will not be received. The orderly sergeants have orders to enroll their men; but are directed not to order out the companies for draft till further orders shall be issued.

**By Act of Congress,** the sessions of the U. S. District Court, will in future be held at Bath, instead of Wicwasset.

## Army Officers.

The efficiency of an army very much depends upon its officers. Give soldiers good military leaders, and in nine cases out of ten they will fight valiantly. Whatever of disaster has attended our military operations during the war, thus far, has been justly chargeable to the commanders, and not the men under them. The history of the war does not record a single instance where our soldiers refused to follow their officers in the smoke and din of battle.

After a long interim of peace, it is not at all strange that more or less men should succeed in obtaining commissions who really are unfit for the places they occupy. As the war progresses, the competency of our military leaders are being put to the test. War always develops military genius. Men who went into the service at the head of Brigades, Regiments and Companies, a year ago, attended by a great flourish of trumpets, are now in comparative obscurity; while others, then scarcely known, are receiving the plaudits of millions. While natural causes work out for some men military fame, and for others disgrace, there are always in war times other agencies in operation to build up and pull down army officers. And, oftentimes, these agencies have been used in a manner not entirely justifiable. Gen. Fremont, for some reason or other, has always been removed or superseded, when in a position to move effectively against the enemy; and in saying this, we do not charge the President with any intentional wrong in this connection. The clamorous of Fremont's enemies has had its influence even with the Executive. A complication of circumstances, whether intended or not, has kept Gen. Banks out of a fair opportunity to put his military skill to the test, until the fight a few days since, in which he had so conspicuous a part.

Again, look at Gen. Butler's command. Why has Gen. Shepley been given influential, conspicuous positions, and Gen. Dow left with a fragment of a regiment in an isolated fort? In this remark, we intend no reflections upon Gen. Shepley, he is doubtless competent to fill the place assigned him; but as a skillful and brave military officer, Gen. Dow is not a whit his inferior. This would be the impartial judgment of the friends of both these Generals. Such unjust discrimination between subordinates, on the part of their superiors, is not only unfair but contemptible.

Hereafter it is to be hoped that the Napoleon mode, in relation to promotions, will be the governing policy in our armies. Undaunted bravery and military skill, as developed upon the battle field, is the best evidence of military capacity. Let this, and not political considerations or special favoritism, be the rule that shall govern promotions. In this way, every man in the army, down to the lowest private, is encouraged to distinguish himself, with a reasonable hope before him that his services will not only be appreciated, but rewarded.

## The Tenth Regiment in Battle.

We have been permitted to copy the following letter from Lieut. H. R. Millett to his father. His senior officers being in hospital, the command of Co. G, devolved upon him, and the testimony shows he did his duty bravely:

CULPEPPER, VA., Aug. 11, 1862.

DEAR FATHER:—We have been in a fight at last, and a pretty hard one for us. We left here on Friday last, at about 4 o'clock, P. M., and marched about nine miles. Capt. Blake was sick in Washington, and Lieut. Whitmarsh in quarters, so I had command of the company. We laid in the field the first night, with our equipments on all night. The next day, the 9th, the batteries opened the ball about 4 o'clock P. M., and the shells flew thick and fast. Our regiment went in about five, and was engaged but a short time, but we suffered pretty severely.

Capt. Clendenen, of Co. E, and Lieut. Folsom, of Co. H, were killed instantly. Capt. Nye, of Company K, was wounded in the wrist, and Capt. Adams, of Co. A, in the leg,—do not know but know that it will have to be amputated. Lieut. Sargent, in the face just below the left eye. Lieut. Larkin, Co. F, in the arm. Lieut. Freeman, Co. H, in the leg,—has had it amputated. These are all the officers that were injured. Of our company only one was killed,—Lena F. Charles. We had sixteen wounded. I will only give you the names of our Norway boys. K. S. Bartlett, in the leg below the knee, bone broken,—he is doing well. Charles Greenleaf, slightly in the knee, not so badly but that he is on duty. Frank Bradbury, skin just grazed on the ankle, it swelled quite bad the first night, but it is all right now. H. H. Noble, slightly in the hand, and is missing yet—he fought like a tiger. So did all of our boys. Corp. Farrer, of Hebron, was shot in the leg,—has since had it amputated. Corp. Mansfield, of Gorham, N. H., wounded very badly,—have not heard from him since he was carried from the field. He is here in town. None of the Paris boys were wounded. Corp. Bartlett is in the hospital, taking care of his brother and some other boys. Out of eight color corporals, Jerry Dumb was the only one that was not wounded. One of the color sergeants was wounded in the thigh and foot.

The boys in our regiment all fought splendidly. The brigade is cut up badly. There was only forty six of our company that went into the fight. We came back to-day, and got here about noon. The Colonel has gone to the last half line, being so exhausted; so have all the rest of us. The Colonel's horse had two bullets put into him.

Dr. Tracy and Col. Fillebrown came in to-day, soon after we got here. I hardly know how I got out of the battle without getting so much as a scratch, for the balls seemed to fly all about me, and men got wounded on every side. Our boys have not had their equipments off since Friday last, till to-day. Ben Russell, the Greenwood Post, got a flesh wound in the calf of his leg. Tell Will Woodbury that Jack Jordan is all right.

Yours,  
HENRY R. MILLETT.

By Act of Congress, the sessions of the U. S. District Court, will in future be held at Bath, instead of Wicwasset.

## Oxford County Republican Convention.

The Convention assembled at South Paris on Wednesday, 20th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Hon. E. W. Woodbury of Sweden, Chairman of the Republican Co. Committee, called the Convention to order and read the call. On his motion John B. Marrow, Esq., was chosen temporary chairman, and Dr. Lapham of Woodstock, Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Woodbury, Geo. G. Stacy of Porter, E. P. Chase of Paris, A. P. Bonney of Buckfield, C. A. Kimball of Rumford, Benj. Webber of Sweden were appointed by the chair a Committee on Credentials.

During the absence of this Committee the Convention was addressed by Hon. John J. Perry of Oxford.

The Committee on Credentials reported whole number of delegates present, one hundred and twenty-five. (As the committee did not report the names of the delegates, they are necessarily omitted from this report.)

On motion of Thomas Chase, that gentlemen together with J. L. Eastman of Fryeburg, F. Jewett of Watford, J. T. Severy of Dixfield, and J. W. Clark of Andover were appointed a special committee to decide on the time for calling future conventions.

This committee subsequently reported that the County Committee be instructed to call future conventions between the tenth of June and fourth of July. Report accepted.

On motion of Dr. Rust of Paris, the temporary organization of the Convention was made permanent.

Dr. Rust moved that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to receive, sort and count the votes for a candidate for Senator for Oxford County.

E. G. Harlow of Canton, moved to amend by inserting Western district of Oxford County, in place of Oxford County. A spirited discussion followed, participated in by Mr. Harlow, Gen. Perry, and Dr. Rust, when the Convention refused to adopt the amendment.

The committee was raised, as follows:

Dr. Rust of Paris, Charles Nutter of Stow, D. A. Twitchell of Bethel, A. B. Severy of Dixfield, A. P. Cole of Woodstock.

W. W. Virgin, E. F. Harlow, and A. H. Walker were appointed a Committee on Resolutions.

E. G. Harlow of Canton, E. P. Chase of Paris, Timothy Walker of Rumford, E. B. Bean of Brownfield and Asa Atwood of Buckfield were appointed a committee to nominate a County Committee for 1863.

The committee to receive, sort and count votes for a candidate for Senator, reported as follows:

Whole number of votes, 119  
Necessary for a choice, 60  
Samuel Holmes had, 39  
R. S. Stevens, 65  
Scattering, 15

The report was accepted, and on motion R. S. Stevens was declared unanimously nominated.

The same committee was directed to receive, sort and count the votes for a second candidate for Senator. The result was as follows:

Whole number of votes, 125  
Necessary for a choice, 63  
Daniel Parsons had, 27  
G. B. Barrows, 39  
Samuel Holmes, 39  
Scattering, 17

On motion, George B. Barrows was declared unanimously nominated.

Adjourned to 1-2 o'clock.

## AFTERNOON.

The Convention was called to order at 2 o'clock.

Cyrus Dunn of Peru, Gilbert Barrett of Sumner, Farnum Jewett of Watford and J. C. Marble of Paris, were constituted a committee to receive, sort and count the votes for a candidate for Register of Deeds for Oxford County proper.

A similar committee was appointed to receive, sort and count the votes for a candidate for Register of Deeds for the Western Registry District.

The last named committee reported through A. H. Walker, chairman, as follows:

Whole number of votes, 23, all for Asa Charles.

The committee to receive, sort and count the votes for a Register of Deeds for Oxford County, reported as follows:

Whole number of votes, 97  
Necessary for a choice, 49  
Calvin Stanley had, 29  
Alden Chase, 68

And Alden Chase was declared the nominee of the convention.

J. T. Kimball of Bethel, John Bachelder of Fryeburg, Albert Sanborn of Oxford, H. G. Brown of Paris and Isaac I. York of Grafton, were chosen a committee to receive, sort and count the votes for a candidate for County Commissioner. The committee reported as follows:

Whole number of votes, 104, all for Elias M. Carter of Bethel.

The committee on County Committee for the year ensuing reported as follows:

W. W. Bolster of Dixfield, J. S. Hobbs of Paris, Thos. P. Cleaves of Brownfield, J. T. Kimball of Bethel, J. W. Clark of Andover, C. C. Loring of Buckfield, Otis Hayford, Jr., of Canton.

E. G. Harlow of Canton, Eli B. Bean of Brownfield, John W. Chute of Sweden, S. P. Maxim of Paris, and R. T. Allen of Milton, were appointed a committee to receive, sort and count the votes for a candidate for County Treasurer. They reported as follows:

Whole number of votes, 125  
Necessary for a choice, 63  
Hiram Hubbard had, 18  
Alvardo Hayford, 22  
W. A. Pidgin, 82  
Scattering, 3

## And W. A. Pidgin was, on motion, declared unanimously nominated.

W. W. Virgin of Norway, A. Curtis of Woodstock, S. Poor of Andover, H. W. Park of Mexico and S. D. Wadsworth of Hiram, were constituted a committee to receive, sort and count the votes for a candidate for Sheriff. The balloting resulted as follows:

Whole number of votes, 129  
Necessary for a choice, 65  
W. W. Hobbs had, 11  
Cyrus Wormell, 37  
W. G. Spring, 37  
Horatio Austin, 42  
No choice.

SECOND BALLOT.

Whole number of votes, 126  
Necessary for a choice, 64  
Cyrus Wormell had, 23  
W. G. Spring, 28  
Horatio Austin, 69

The report was accepted and Horatio Austin was declared unanimously nominated.

On motion of B. Y. Tuell of Sumner, E. W. Woodbury of Sweden was nominated by acclamation as candidate for Judge of Probate.

The committee on Resolutions reported the following:

Resolved, That we fully indorse the platform adopted by the late Republican State Convention held at Portland.

Resolved, That we recommend the several Candidates this day put in nomination by the Republican County Convention of this County, as capable, honest and loyal to their native land.

The report was accepted and the Resolutions were read and passed unanimously.

On motion of E. G. Harlow of Canton the convention passed a vote of thanks to the President and Secretary of the convention.

Voted, that a copy of the doings of this convention be published in the Oxford Democrat.

The convention then adjourned.

J. B. MARROW, Chairman.  
W. B. LAPHAM, Secretary.  
Paris, Aug. 20, 1862.

## The Dana Convention.

The Dana Wing of the Democratic party, assembled at Portland, last Thursday.

The effort to co-opt a compromise majority in the body was successful, and on the first ballot, Bion Bradbury, the defeated compromiser of the Bangor Convention, was nominated, 278, to 133 for Jas. White, of Belfast. There was some fuming over this.

V. D. Parrie, wanted to know whether Bion would vote for the candidate, if any other man was nominated. Bion's friends said he would. Then speeches were made of different sorts, most of which were of the Saco Democrat stamp. The extract from that of Gen. Anderson, as follows, shows the spirit:

"The administration, said Mr. A., has not only brought trouble to the South, but entailed double misery upon us at the North. It has invaded our homes and denied the right of citizens to the writ of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury. War will never reunite this country! (Cries of—Never! Never!) Let the administration call this treason, if they please, and make the most of it. The Democratic party never will be muzzled! (Cries of—Never! Never!)"

He believed that this war was caused by and proceeds from the abolitionists and Republicans of the North; that it might have been stopped long since, with credit to the nation. But are we, Democrats, loyal to the government? Yes! But does loyalty imply silence at the outrages and wrongs of the administration? No! And if this administration dares to carry out its threats concerning us, for uttering our sentiments, they will find at home an enemy more to be feared than Southern rebels."

The following are the resolutions adopted:

Resolved, That the American Constitution was ordained and established by our fathers in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to posterity; therefore,

Resolved, That the purpose of the Democratic party is the restoration of the Union as it was and the preservation of the Constitution as it is, and to secure these objects we will stand shoulder to shoulder with Union men everywhere in support of the Federal Government in maintaining its safety, integrity, and legitimate authority, by all proper means.

Resolved, That the Constitution was at first formed and adopted by the States and the people in a spirit of concession and compromise, and the union resulting from its adoption has hitherto been preserved by the same means, and must from its very nature and the principles upon which our institutions are founded, still rely mainly for its continuance or restoration upon the prevalence among the people of the same spirit by which it was formed, and not upon military power alone.

That we hold sacred, as we do all other parts of that instrument, the following provisions of the Constitution of the United States:

[Here follows copious extracts from the Constitution.]

And we utterly condemn and denounce the repeated and gross violation, by the Executive of the United States, of the said rights thus secured by the Constitution; and we also utterly repudiate and condemn the monstrous dogma that in time of war the Constitution is suspended, or its powers in any respect enlarged beyond the letter and true meaning of that instrument.

That we view with indignation and alarm the illegal and unconstitutional seizure and imprisonment, for alleged political offense, of our citizens without judicial process, in States where such process is unobstructed, by Executive order by telegraph or otherwise, and call upon all who uphold the Union, the Constitution and the laws, to unite with us in denouncing and repelling such flagrant violation of the State and Federal Constitutions and liberties of American citizens; and that the people of this State cannot safely and will not submit to have the freedom of speech and freedom of the press, the two great and essential bulwarks of civil liberty, put down by unwarranted and despotic exertion of power.

Oxford County was represented by 19 delegates.

The new tax bill goes into operation the first of September. The people of this County will feel the burden scarcely at all. Traders, lawyers, and doctors are taxed ten dollars each. A carriage worth over \$75, pays one dollar tax. There is a tax on manufactures, which will apply to a few establishments. Our establishment gets a liberal share, in this. The mass of our people will know of the existence of the bill, only in the slightly increased cost of some purchased articles.

## Supreme Judicial Court.

Chief Justice TINSLEY, present.

905. William G. Cutler et al., vs. Philip Eastman. Action for goods delivered. Referred to the Court, on the ground that the action was prematurely commenced. Court ordered a nonsuit.

A. H. Walker, for Plffs. H. H. Smith, for Defs.

242. John E. Rolfe, L't., vs. Joannah Rolfe. Libel for divorce. Cause—desertion. Divorce decreed. Randall, for Lib't.

119. Lyman Rawson, vs. James N. Hall et al. This is a real action, brought by the Plff for the possession of certain real estate in the town of Andover. Verdict for Def't.

Rawson & Howard, for Plff's. Hammons & W. W. Virgin, for Def't.

558. David Bryant, Lib't., vs. Elizabeth Bryant. Divorce decreed. Custody of child named in the Libel to be with the Lib't.

Bolster and Ludden, for Lib't.

288. Catherine Gorman, vs. Michael Gorman. Libel for divorce. Cause—abuse on the part of the husband. In this case the Court was of the opinion that the evidence was not quite sufficient to authorize a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, but ordered a divorce from bed and board. Custody of the children to be with the Lib't.

Davis, for Lib't.

673. Jeremiah M. Chute, Lib't., vs. Amanda M. Chute. Libel for Divorce. Cause—adultery and desertion. Divorce decreed. Custody of minor child to be with the Lib't.

Hammons for Lib't.

147. Rufus S. Randall et al., vs. Alfred Lund. Action for the possession of certain real estate situated at Bryants Pond, Woodstock, held by the Def't. by writ of a levy on an execution against one Joseph Frye. The Defendants claim under a deed from Frye to them before the commencement of the original suit. Defendant alleges that the deed from Frye to Defendants was given without consideration, and for the purpose of defrauding creditors, and, consequently, it is void. Verdict for Defendants.

Hammons & Gibson, for Demandants. Howard, for Defendants.

201. William Robinson, Pet. for review, vs. Simon C. Gleason. Hearing before the Court. Review granted on condition that cost be paid by petitioner within thirty days after adjudication by Clerk.

M. T. Ludden & Seth Simpson for Petitioner. Bolster & Ludden, for Respondent.

510. William D. Abbott, vs. John Jackson. Action to reply hay alleged to have been attached by the Def't as a Deputy Sheriff. After the case was opened to the jury, the Plff consented to a nonsuit.

Rawson for Plff. Bolster & Ludden, for Def't.

27. Criminal Docket. State vs. George H. Bisbee. Adultery. Verdict—guilty. Sentence, eighteen calendar months in the State's Prison.

Marcellus Emery, editor of the Bangor Democrat, up to the time it was squelched, was chairman of the Committee of Resolutions at the Portland Convention last week. In one of the latest numbers of that paper was published a lengthy article, in which was paraded by sections the Montgomerie Constitution, with editorial comments, showing its superiority to our own. Now we find this same Emery embodying copious extracts from the Constitution in the resolutions which he reports for present use in this State, as a feeler, in his effort to procure a new era of compromise, under which the object of his early affections may be adopted.

ANOTHER IRON CLAD. Dispatches in the Monday's paper stated that the new "Iron-sides," the powerful iron clad ship, just built at Philadelphia, would sail that day. She has been pushed to completion by all possible means.

A HOAX. The report of a rebel victory in East Tennessee, in which the federal army surrendered, was a hoax. No battle was fought on that day.

W. R. Cross, A. B., of Bethel, has been elected tutor in Bowdoin College. For this reason he has resigned his position as Principal of Gould's Academy, in Bethel.







