

# The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

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OLD SERIES, VOLUME 29, NO. 47.

## MISCELLANY.

### PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST.

"O, mother, I am so tired!"

The dew drops quivered like imperial diamonds upon the broad green plumes of the corn field by the way side; the grass that bent over the foot path was heavy with evening moisture, and the solitary old pine tree at the curve of the road up held its black fringed arms against a sunset sky, where the ruddy crimson had long since faded into sombre gray. Birds were warbling their last verses, under the shadow of softly moving leaves; blossoms were closing their fragrant cups, along the course of a thousand dulcet voiced streams; sleepy little ones were gathered safely around every hearthstone; yet these two wanderers clung to gether homeless and alone, in the falling shadows of the night.

"Cheer up, my child, we have not very far to go. Come closer, let me brush the dew from your curls. Now take my hand."

But the child hung back, sobbing with weariness and exhaustion, and the pale young mother bending over her in the vain attempt to soothe the hysterical excitement, did not hear the rumble of advancing wheels until they passed close to her, and a rough heavy voice exclaimed—

"What a little girl. Ain't sick is she?"

Mary Ellsworth had never seen Farmer Raynesford before—the moment her eyes rested on his wrinkled, sun-burned face, with the shaggy brows overshadowing kind eyes, she felt that she was a friend, and made answer promptly—

"Not sick, sir, but very tired. We have walked a long way to day."

"Got much further to go?" asked the farmer, tucking his horse's ear with the end of his whip.

"To Breckton."

Mr. Raynesford gave a low whistle.

"That's four miles off, and the little gal is pretty high used up a ready."

"I know it," said the woman with a sigh, "but I have no money to hire a lodging nearer. In Breckton I hope to obtain work in the factory."

Farmer Raynesford gave the seat of his wagon a thump with the whip handle that made old Bunny drop the handful of clover he was nipping from the roadside, and picked up his ears in astonishment.

"I won't hear no such thing!" said he, energetically. "Why, that child can't go twenty rods further! Here, get in 'long with me. You won't be the worse for a bit of supper and a good night's rest. I know Hannah'll be glad to see you."

He lifted the little girl to his side and extended his hand to the mother: "but I can't see folks perishing by the wayside and never offer to help 'em. I don't care if she scolds the roof off the house."

He drove rapidly along, making occasional interjectional remarks to his horse, while Mrs. Ellsworth drew her thin shawl around the little golden head that already drooped drowsily upon her shoulder, and thought a deep sensation of gratitude upon the shelter heaven had provided for her in her sorest strait.

It was an oddly-shaped old farm-house, gray with the storms of nearly half a century, with a broad door-stone, overhung by great lilac bushes, and a kitchen where, even in the blooming month of June, a great fire roared up the wide throated chimney, and shining rows of tins winked and glittered at every upward leap of the flames—

"Such a neat kitchen as it was!" The floor boards white as snow, the windows clear as diamonds, the hearth trimly brushed up, and the table spread for supper in the middle of the room. Mrs. Ellsworth's heart involuntarily warmed at the genial sight.

Mr. Raynesford jumped out of the wagon, threw the reins over a post, and went in to commence the domestic despot.

"Look here, Hannah," said he to a tall, angular-looking female who emerged from a pantry near by, at the sound of his footsteps, her face nearly or quite as sour as the saucer of pickles she was carrying, "just set a couple more plates on the table, will you? I've brought home a woman and a little gal that I found a piece below here, e'en 'most tired to death. They was calculating to walk on to Breckton but I thought it wouldn't hurt us to keep 'em over night."

"I'm astonished at you, Job Raynesford," said his better half, in a tone of indignant remonstrance.

"We might just as well hang out a tavern sign at once, and done with it—you're always bringing home some poor miserable creature or other, and—"

"There there, Hannah," interrupted Mr. Raynesford, "I'm always willin' to hear to you when you are any ways reasonable, but it goes clear ag'in my grain to see poor folks a sufferin' and never stretch out a helpin' hand. 'Taint Scripture nor 'taint human nature."

"Well, go your own gait, Job Raynesford," responded his wife, tartly, "only mark my words, if you don't end your days in the poor house, 'twon't be through no fault o' your'n."

She shut the pantry door with a bang that made all the jelly cups and milk-pans rattle, while Job, with an odd grimace, went out to help his guests to alight.

"Don't mind my old woman," said he, apologetically, as Mrs. Ellsworth sprang to the ground; "she kin't 'o sharp spoken, but she means well arter all. We ain't all just alike in our notions, you know!"

"If all the world were like you, sir," said the young widow, with tears in her eyes, "there would be less want and suffering by far!"

Farmer Raynesford pretended not to hear—he was busy lifting little Mary out.

"Set on them blackberries, Hannah!"

said he, toward the close of their evening meal; "the little gal's so tired she can't eat nuthin' solid!"

"I was calculatin' to keep the black berries for the donation party to-morrow," said Mrs. Raynesford, rising with rather an unwilling air.

"Nonsense!" quoth the farmer, with a broad laugh. "I'm havin' a donation party of my own to-night! Here, little one, see if these berries don't put the color into your cheeks!"

All the evening little Mary sat by the hearth, with her hands in her mother's, and her large blue eyes fixed earnestly upon the kind farmer's face.

"What are you thinking about, dear-est?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth, once. She drew a long sigh, and whispered:

"O, mamma, he is so kind to us!"

The tops of the far off eastern woods were just being turned to gold by that wonderful alchemist, the rising sun, when Mary Ellsworth and her little girl set out upon the long walk to Breckton. Job Raynesford went with them to the gate, fumbling uneasily in his pocket, and glancing guiltily around, to make sure that Hannah was not within seeing distance. When Mary extended her hand to say a grateful goodbye to her astonished aunt a bank bill was thrust into it.

"Don't say nothin'," muttered Job, with a sheepish air. "Ten dollars ain't much to me, but if you don't chance to get work in the factory right away, it may be a good deal o' use to you. Needn't thank me—you're as welcome as sunshine in May!"

He bent over to kiss the child's fair forehead, and stood watching them until the two slight figures disappeared, and only the golden sky and the moving crests of the summer woods remained.

"Ten dollars!" ejaculated Mrs. Raynesford, who had witnessed this little episode from behind the curtains of her milk room window. "Is Job Raynesford crazy? To give ten dollars to a poor, strolling vagrant? If he don't get a piece of my mind!"

She hastened out, her cap-bowdler fairly standing on end with horror. Job awaited the coming tempest with philosophic coolness, his hand in his pockets, and his lips parted in a good humored smile—

It was not the first piece of Mrs. Hannah's mind that had been bestowed upon him, nor did he suppose it was likely to be the last!

"She means well," he said to himself, when the volley of wrath had been discharged on his luckless head, and Mrs. Raynesford had returned to her butter making, "but she's got the greatest faculty for scolding of any woman I ever saw!"

Ten years fitted by, sprinkling the steep old farm house roof with the crystal drops of April showers, and thatching it with dazling ermine of January snows many and many a time. Gray hairs crept in among the raven locks of Farmer Raynesford, care-wrinkles began to gather around his mouth and brow. Alas! those swift footed years brought troubles innumerable to the kind old man.

"Twenty years!" mused he, one bright June morning; "it don't seem possible, Hannah, that it was twenty years this very day, that I caught that ugly fall from the hay rack, and got lame for life!"

He looked down at the crutches by his side as he spoke, and sighed from the very depths of his heart.

Hannah stood in the doorway, tossing corn to a forlorn little colony of chickens. Twenty years had not improved her in any respect—she was gaunter, bonier, and more vinegar faced than ever.

"Yes," she said, shortly, "and perhaps you don't remember that it was just twenty years ago to-day that you threw ten dollars away on that woman and her child. I told you then you'd end your days in the poor-house, and I don't see but what my prediction is likely to become true. Didn't I say you would live to repent it?"

"I won't deny, Hannah," said the old man, "but that I have done a good many things I've been sorry for—we ain't none of us perfect, you know, wife—but that is not one of them. No, I never for a moment repented being kind to the widow and fatherless."

Hannah shrugged her shoulders, but made no answer.

"Didn't you say you were going to see that rich lawyer about the five thousand dollar note to-day?" she asked, presently.

"Yes, but I don't suppose it'll be much use. If he'd wait a little, I'd do my best to pay him. Jones says he'll be sure and sell the old place from over our heads, however;—I tell me he is a hard man. I mean to explain to him just how the matter stands."

"I told you how it would be long ago!" ejaculated Hannah, unable to restrain her vexation.

"What on earth ever possessed you to sign for Jesse Fairweather?"

"I s'posed he was an honest man, and wouldn't see an old friend wronged."

"Fiddlestick!" exclaimed Mrs. Raynesford—That's just your calculation, Job! There—Zekes has brought the wagon; do start off, or you'll be too late for the New York train!"

And Job meekly obeyed, only too happy to escape from the endless discord of his wife's railing tongue.

The rays of the noonday sun streamed brightly through the stained glass casements of Mr. Everleigh's superb Gothic library. The room was decorated with every appearance of wealth and taste. Velvet chairs, with tall backs of daintily carved rosewood, were scattered here and there; marble racks occupied niches beside the doorway, and the rarest pictures hung on the paneled and gilded walls. But the prettiest object of

all—the one which the rich lawyer oftenest raised his eyes from his writing to contemplate with an involuntary smile of pride and affection—was a lovely woman, in a white cashmere morning robe, trimmed with white velvet, who stood opposite, arranging flowers in a bouquet. She wore a spray of berries, carried of pink Neapolitan coral, at her throat, and tiny pendants of the same rare stone in her small, shell-like ears, and the slender waist was tied round with a broad pink ribbon.

"There, Walter—isn't that pretty?" she asked, holding up her contemplated bouquet.

"Very pretty," he answered, looking not at the roses and geraniums, but directly at the blue eyes and golden curls of his beautiful young wife.

"You are not even noticing it," she pouted.

"Because I see something so much better worth looking at," he said playfully.

"Do you really love me so much?" she asked, throwing down the flowers, and coming round to his side.

He rose and drew her caressingly towards him.

"My dearest you are more precious to me than the whole world besides!"

She let her head rest a moment on his shoulder, and when she raised it, there was a tear on her eyelashes.

"Oh, Walter, if mamma could only have lived to see how happy we are!"

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Everleigh slipped from her husband's arm, with the prettiest blush in the world, and was very busy with her flowers when the rich lawyer's right-hand man put his grizzled head into the room.

"The old man to see you about that Jesse Fairweather business, sir."

"Show him in. Don't look so disappointed, love," he said, turning to his wife, as the grizzled head disappeared; "I shall not be detained three minutes, and the horses are at the door."

Mary Everleigh never troubled her pretty little head about business matters, so she never even looked up as the halting sound of old Job Raynesford's creaked clogs on the carpet. But the instant he spoke she started as if an arrow had smote her, and stood with her large eyes dilated, and her slender hands clasped together, listening as intently as if her life depended on hearing every word. The old man was pleading and sorrowful—her husband politely indelible. At length Job Raynesford turned to go.

"Well, sir," he said, in a subdued tone, "I don't know much about law and law books, but it does seem hard that an old man should be turned out of the home that has sheltered him for sixty years, and all for no fault of his own. They say you are a very rich gentleman, sir—five thousand dollars may seem a small sum to you, but it is my all!"

Mrs. Everleigh's soft voice broke the momentary silence that succeeded this appeal.

"Walter, come here one minute—I want to speak to you."

He obeyed, somewhat surprised; she drew him into the deep recess of the stained glass bay window, and, standing there, with the rosy and amber shadows playing about her lovely brow, like some fair pictured saint, she told him how, twenty years ago, a weary child and its mother were fed and sheltered by a kind-hearted stranger; he had given them money and kind wishes when they were utterly alone and desolate in the wide world.

"But, my love, what has all this to do with my business matters?"

"Much, Walter; I am that little child!"

"You, my dearest?"

"I, my husband; and the noble man who, I am persuaded, saved my life that night, stands yonder, with gray, bowed down head and sinking heart!"

"Mary, you must surely be mistaken!"

"I cannot be mistaken, Walter; I should know him amongst a thousand. You said you loved me this morning—now grant me one little boon!"

"What is it, dearest?"

"Give me that note he speaks of."

Mr. Everleigh silently went to a small ebony cabinet, unlocked it, and drew out a folded paper, which he placed in her hands. She glided up to the old man, who had been gazing out of the window in a sort of reverie, and laid her soft hand on his arm.

"Do you remember the little golden haired Mary whom you found with her mother, weary out upon the roadside, twenty years ago?"

"Do I remember her, lady? It was but this very morning I was recalling the whole scene."

"And don't you recognize me?" she asked, smiling into his face, as she threw back the drooping curls. "I am little Mary."

He stood in bewildered silence; all of a sudden the truth seemed to break upon him, and he laid his hand upon her head with a tearful blessing.

"And your mother, my child?"

"She has been dead for years; but it is my dearest task to be the instrument of her gratitude. Here is the note you endorsed—my husband has given it to me. See!"

A small spirit lamp was burning in one of the niches; she held a bit of paper over its flame until it fell a cloud of light ashes upon the floor.

"Well?"

Mrs. Raynesford met her husband at the door at the instant his crutches sounded on the gravelled path.

"Why don't you speak? Of course I know you're nothing but bad news to tell, but I may as well hear it at once. Har, you see the gentleman? What did I say?"

"Hannah," said Job Raynesford, slowly folding his gloves, "do you remember the ten dollars I gave that poor young wanderer a score of years to day?"

"Why, of course I do; didn't I remind you of it not twelve hours since? What has that to do with our troubles, pray?"

"Just this—to day I received payment, principal and interest!"

"What do you mean, Job Raynesford?"

"The little golden-haired child that sat beside our hearthstone, that June evening, is lawyer Everleigh's wife, and I have seen her burn the note that has hung like a millstone round my neck these many years. She said it was but discharging a sacred debt of gratitude; but Heaven knows I looked for no such reward!"

There was a moment's silence. The old man was pondering over the past, and Mrs. Raynesford was so taken by surprise that she really could not speak.

"And, now, my wife, what have you to say about my financial mistakes?" said Job, archly.

Mrs. Raynesford had no argument suited to the emergencies of the case, so she wisely said—nothing.

A Smooth Drink.

Dan says that a year or two ago he happened to have in his employ a couple of 'broths of boys' who, like all the jolly old Ireland, liked a bit of a taste of 'something' 'consummately well, and often indulged in it to his grievous annoyance, for of course they usually chose the most inopportune spot for 'em."

On one occasion, in his husband's absence, Mrs. Dan noticed that Pat and Mike had procured a supply of the 'crayther' and stored the jug that contained it upon a deserted shelf in the chimney corner.

Women you know—God bless 'em, never-theless—hard like us of this sterner sex to 'liquidate,' and with her sister's proverbial aversion to the 'red eye,' my friend's wife took advantage of the merry do's' attendance to their chores, and abstracting their jug substituted in its stead, one exactly similar in its appearance—outwardly so, but not in its innards.

At night the boys bunked in upon the kitchen floor, and Mr. D., and his lady retired to their room, the door of which opened into the kitchen, where they could have a view from their bed of what might transpire between the bog trotters.

When Mike had given what he supposed was ample time for the 'boss' to go to sleep, he hunched his neighbor, saying:

"Arrah, Pat, let's have a dirrup."

"Begorry, so say I, Mike; it's as dry as a chip I am intirely, this blessed night."

Up both sprang, and Pat, reaching the jug, took it down from its perch, and in full view of Mr. D. and his wife, who were watching the motions, took a swig. But the expression of his face was any thing but a favorable comment on the contents. Mike noticed the contortion, and exclaimed:

"Pat, what the devil are you making such a bad look over the whiskey for?"

"Faith, Mike," replied his companion, recovering himself, "it was no bad look at all, at all, I was intirely making. I was only thinking what a smooth drink it was sure."

"Hand over here," cried Mike, impatiently; and applying it to his lips he took a generous draught.

"Burences!" he roared, rushing for the door, where Pat followed him, and the noise of their efforts at leaving Jonah made the night hideous.

My friend and his partner thought they would crack their sides in bed laughing over the affair, and next morning he went to the jug and shook it, but it was badly depleted.

"Mike," he cried, addressing one of his two sickly-looking Irishmen as ever complained,—what on earth has become of all the neatfoot oil?"

"Neatfoot oil, is it sir?" exclaimed Pat, with an air as though something had cleared up a great mystery to him.

"Yes, I want some oil to oil the harness, and I see it's almost gone."

The poor fellow only muttered, 'Neatfoot oil it was, sure, had luck to it, then; it went down mighty smooth.'

This was too much for my friend, and he had to give vent to pent-up laughter, at which Pat vanned, but in such high dudgeon that mention of a 'smooth drink' wakes up the shillalah in him whenever one hazards to hint at it.

A Hint. "Why Pete, you've got back from Dobb's early; isn't Ruth to hum?" inquired a Yankee girl of her awkward brother, who had been a courting about a half an hour before.

"Yaas, she was thar; but I and the old man didn't agree very well, so he gin me a hint and I left."

"A hint! pray what sort of a hint?"

"Wall, he opened the door and pointed down toward our house, and then kinder raised his right foot as though he was going to kick, and I felt so ashamed of such conduct before Ruth, that I started off without saying another word."

A well dressed and rather pompous youth asked a young lady who was riding in the cars, "Is this seat engaged, madam?" The answer was direct. "Yes, sir, and I am engaged, too." And the lady resumed her reading. A suppressed titter from some ladies close by, caused the young gentleman to make his exit.

The best and sweetest flowers of paradise God gives to his people when they are upon their knees. Prayer is the gate of heaven a key to let us into paradise. Brooks.

You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading, but thought is the winnowing machine.

## Farmers' Department.

### "SPEED THE FLOW."

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

Items from the Am. Agriculturist.

Cabbages must be taken care of before liable to injury from freezing and thawing. Freezing will not injure them materially, if so enveloped in earth or otherwise that they will remain frozen until wanted for use. They must have a very cool place to prevent decay, and they will not therefore keep well in cellars. Trenches, with a couple of rails laid on the bottom, are best. Place the heads of the cabbage on the rails, with roots up, then put a layer of straw against either side, cover with earth and pack smooth so as to shed rain as much as possible.

Implements should be carefully secured against accident, rot and rust. Iron and steel will be kept from rust by smearing them with lard and resin melted together.

Plow—Turn up an inch or so of subsoil on heavy soils, when the ground is dry, and let Jack Frost have a chance at it. In this manner his services are very valuable.

Potatoes are injured by sunlight, by extreme heat or cold, and by want of ventilation; hence in storing they must have a dark, cool, and well ventilated place, with sufficient protection to prevent the least freezing.

Pumpkins—Sound ones may be kept until late in winter if protected from frost, dampness, and heat. Or they may be pared, sliced in rings of half an inch in thickness, hung on a pole in the kitchen or any warm place, and dried. The seeds should be removed from those fed to milch cows, as they are supposed to lessen the flow of milk.

The falling of the leaves is the signal for transplanting trees, and some do not wait for this, but strip them off by hand. Should frosts be too long delayed, this may be advisable in order to give the newly planted trees time to become established in the soil before winter sets in. Those who contemplate planting an orchard, be it of few trees or many, cannot be too well informed as to how it should be done. If anything pays for doing well, it is fruit tree planting. On the manner in which the tree is set out, may depend not only the degree of its thrift and fruitfulness, but its very life. It may be well for those who are not acquainted with this subject, to engage the nurseryman to plant the trees himself, and warrant them two years, where this is practicable.

Insects—Give them no quarter. Exterminate every vestige of the pests. Look after borers, eggs, nests, etc.

Label every tree, or, what is better, make a map of the orchard and put the name of each tree on the map. It is well to do both. Mice should find no harbor in grass or weeds around the trunks of fruit trees.

Manuring an orchard properly, requires a good deal of discretion. Experiment has proved that the soil for peach trees may be too rich; while on the other hand, pear trees are gross feeders, and will use manure abundantly. A compost of animal droppings, rotten leaves, sods, ashes, night soil, etc., make a good pear-tree fertilizer, while chip manure and finely pulverized barn yard manure in moderate quantities are excellent for apple trees. Lime is also almost universally beneficial to apple trees. Spread manures this month, and work them in in Spring.

Under-draining on heavy soils is always advantageous, and where needed no further delay should be suffered.

Apples for keeping must be most carefully handled, even if very firm. Rascals will bear gathering first, and other late keeping varieties in succession, bearing in mind the liability of the large kinds about ripe, to danger by Fall storms and winds. Common kinds may be stored in a cool, dry room, though it is better to put them carefully into dry barrels. Choice specimens may be wrapped singly in clean paper and packed in dry chaff or bran.

Parsneps wanted for Winter use should be dug, topped and buried in sand in the cellar. Leave others where they grow, until Spring. They are improved by freezing.

Strawberry Beds—Make new ones immediately and cover before hard freezing. Sprinkle new and old beds with wood ashes, and cover lightly with tan-bark, forest leaves or straw.

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR DYSENTERY AND PROTRACTED DIARRHEA. Dr. Page of Washington, communicates the following to the Republican of that city:

The following simple remedy, long known in family practice, was recently tried in the camp of the New York Twenty Second Regiment, where there were from eighty to one hundred cases daily of dysentery, and with rapid cures in every case.

RECIPE. In a tea-cup half-full of vinegar, dissolve as much salt as it will take up, leaving a little excess of salt at the bottom of the cup. Pour boiling water upon the solution till the cup is two thirds or three quarters full. A scum will rise to the surface, which must be removed, and the solution allowed to cool.

Dose. Tablespoonful three times a day till relieved.

The rationale of the operation of this simple medicine will readily occur to the pathologist, and many hundred trials, I have never known it to fail in dysentery and protracted diarrhea.

A jeweller exhibits in the World's Fair, at London, a most accurate miniature portrait of the Queen, composed of distinct brilliant almost as fine as diamond dust, and of which more than two thousand are required to complete the likeness, small as it is. Another jeweller contributes a necklace of diamonds worth nearly half a million of dollars.

"Either be silent, or say something that is better than silence," was the advice of a heathen.

Oxford County Agricultural Society. THIRD DAY.

Premiums Awarded.

STUD HORSES, BREEDING MARKS AND COLTS. Committee—Naphtali Mason.

William W. Oliver, Oxford, Breeding 4 00

John A. Green, Waterford, Stallion 3 00

W. H. Woodbury, Norway, best trotting 4 years old Colt 7 00

A. S. Cobb, Holton, best trotting Stallion 5 00

Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., Norway, best work and family horse 3 00

BULLS, STEERS AND HEIFERS. Committee—John Hathaway, E. M. Hobbs, R. S. Stevens.

Marion Bossey, Paris, best trotting 3 years old Colt 5 00

W. H. Woodbury, Norway, best trotting 4 years old Colt 7 00

A. S. Cobb, Holton, best trotting Stallion 5 00

Jonathan Whitehouse, Norway, 3 years old Steers 3 00

Joseph G. Rowe, Oxford, 3 years old Steers 2 00

George C. Tuell, Paris, 3 years old Steers 2 00

Solomon H. Millett, Norway, 2 years old Steers 2 50

Joel Millett, Norway, 1 year old Steers 2 00

Jonathan Clark, Paris, 2 years old Steers 1 50

A. S. Thayer, Paris, 1 year old Steers 1 00

George C. Tuell, Paris, Durham Bull 5 00



Thursday morning was cold and drizzly. Few people were on the ground and they had a poor prospect of entertainment. The officers threw open the gates, and a purse was made up for some trotting. Two matches were made. The first for \$15.00, was contested by Sylvanus Cobb, jr., with his Bunker horse; and Willard H. Woodbury, with a mare owned by Ezra Jewell, Esq., of Woodstock, beat 3 in 5. The second, for a purse of \$10.00, was between the roan stallion, owned by A. S. Cobb, of Hebron, and the Brandy colt, owned by E. F. Stone. Dr. S. H. Tewksbury, Mr. Babcock and Mr. Hinchings, were appointed judges.

The first called were Cobb and Woodbury. The third trial a fair start was made. The horse took the pole, and maintained his position, trotting two mile heats, without a break, in three minutes each. The mare came in about three lengths behind each heat.

The stallions then trotted one heat. This was the closest match of the two, the horses most of the time being very near together. The roan stallion, driven by Mr. A. S. Cobb, won the heat.

The first horse then came in for a third trial. The horse took the lead at the first corner about four rods, and maintained it to the farther side, when Mr. Woodbury played a Yankee game, by trotting across the corner and striking the track some three rods ahead, with the pole, and came in a length ahead. At the first corner, the horse passed, and kept his distance ahead, winning the heat in 2:50—deciding the race.

The stallions came up again; and in a well contested heat the roan won the race. The following is a summary of the two trials:

For the Purse of \$15.00.  
S. Cobb, jr., Bunker horse, 1 1 1  
W. H. Woodbury, Jewell mare, 2 2 2  
Time, 3:00; 3:00; 2:50.

For the Purse of \$10.00.  
A. S. Cobb, roan stallion, 1 1  
E. F. Stone, Brandy, 2 2  
Time, 3:13; 3:18.

In the Lower Hall, we find several samples of "Whisper's Water Drawer," which we described last year. It is manufactured by O. W. Hawkes, Mechanic Falls, proprietor for Oxford County.

Mr. Ryerson exhibits "Rice's Water Drawer,"—another device restoring to its legitimate position the old-fashioned bucket. It is operated by a windlass, to which one or two buckets may be attached. The bucket is suspended by a bail, attached to a hoop near half way down, and has a valve in the bottom, by which it is quickly filled on dropping into the well. As it rises the top, a hook catches under an iron rod, and the water is turned into stationary spout, and runs into the trough. The apparatus is simple and cheap, and cannot be deranged in winter by freezing, qualities that recommend it to those who prefer this method of drawing to a pump. There is an advantage in this method of drawing that is not often thought of. The water in open wells, especially when it is agitated, is more healthy than in wells to which the air does not have free access. We have known wells, where the water could not be used when drawn with a common pump, to become quite tolerable when the water was brought up by chain pump. B. Ryerson & Son, Lewiston, own the right to sell this machine in Oxford County.

Misses Brown & Bibeau, and Tristram Hersey, lay the Society under obligation to them, by filling a large space. The plans are to be well known to our readers.

Rev. R. Dunham exhibits some stalks of Southern corn, raised from seed, ripened on his own grounds in Woodstock. They are monstrous specimens.

The interest felt in supplying a substitute for cotton, is discovered in the exhibition of flax seed, raised by Mr. J. E. Farrell, of Bethel. More ambitious persons have attempted to cultivate the cotton plant, and we have specimens, one in flower; and another with a ball beginning to form. Mr. Chas. T. Mellen, has with his fine garden vegetables, some sweet potatoes. There are also numerous specimens of seed corn, wheat, rye, oats, potatoes, turnips, squashes, pumpkins, peppers, etc., lining the tables.

The ladies have taken care that the space devoted to their work should present good specimens of work; but it is not so full as usual. The articles, however, were in good taste, and well made. Mr. Rosenber presented a case of Millinery. It contained some of the latest styles of goods for ladies' wear, from his establishment. Some genuine has a four ounce bottle, in which is a wooden reel, wound with thread. The bottle is closed with a wooden stopper, closely keyed in upon the inside. It certainly cannot be opened without a break; and none but a Yankee could have discovered the way to put it in its present shape. Rev. R. Dunham exhibits some samples of Dahlias, from his garden at Bryant's Pond. Among them were some handsome seedlings. Other specimens of flowers are exhibited. The exhibition of flowers is a new feature, opening to competition an employment delightful as well as healthy. We also find several specimens of flannel cloth, some excellent mittens, hose, and yarn, all of which are creditable to the exhibitors. The knitting machine was again exhibited, attracting as much attention as ever. There is a later invention which shapes a whole stocking. J. E. Leonard, of Norway, presented two very handsome oil paintings, worthy the premium awarded. A crayon, or lithograph, head, was exhibited in a very handsome case frame. Another square frame, of some material, was exceedingly well done, and attracted much attention. The hair wreath was very nicely done and arranged with taste.

The display of fruit has not often been equalled in this County, and few counties can rival it. There were some fifteen exhibitors, and these had from twenty to fifty varieties each. They embraced nearly every apple worthy of cultivation, from the early seedling to the tender and delicious fruits from seeds brought from distant parts. One exhibitor, Mr. E. W. Clark, brought bushel baskets full, of some of his fall apples. His Porters and Alexanders presented a most beautiful appearance.—62 of the latter filling the basket. Dr. Brown had 46 varieties of apples, 3 pears, 3 grapes, and a crab apple; this was the largest variety offered.

John S. Holmes presented some beautiful Bartlett pears; and another exhibitor had a basket of fine Duchesse d'Angoulême pears. Several varieties of grapes were offered. The Shaker grape, the Northern Muscadine, was awarded the premium.

Two lots of tomatoes were entered by Amos T. Holt, of Norway, and Charles T. Mellen, of Paris. The committees evidently have not learned to appreciate this delicious fruit; as we find no notice of them in any report.

Dr. Danforth exhibited some boxes of excellent honey, which looked very tempting through the glass case. It was worthy to go with the nice bread by its side.

Granville P. Jordan exhibits quite a long chain, of wood, with hook, swivel, and block. It is an ingenious piece of work.

Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., exhibits on the table of miscellaneous articles, a wooden chain, of his own "whittling," and a Chinese idol. On the back of the idol he has wickedly pasted this slander upon his own head:

"When a season of unusual rain occurs, and prayer to the idols has been offered, without effect, the natives put the gods out in the wet to see how they like it!"

Mr. Dunham has a fine two-story house, with doors, windows and trimmings complete, cast in Maple Sugar,—a material which, though pretty, would not be durable with some occupants we know.

A very neat cross, of Autumn leaves, with glass, and bound with paper, was from Mrs. A. L. Burbank, of Bethel. A very pretty leaf picture was presented by Miss Huldah Dennison, Norway.

Mr. John Parsons, of So. Paris, presented an old hatchet, plowed up this season. Its shape betokens old age, and hard usage, and is a very different tool from that at present in use. It must have seen service when few people inhabited this region.

## The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, OCT. 10, 1862.

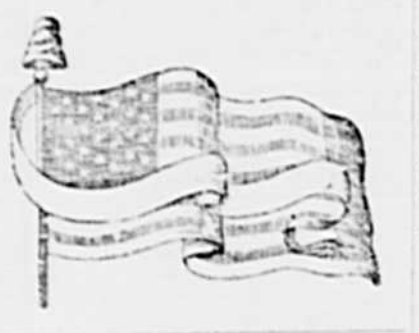
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY  
WM. A. PIDGIN & CO.,  
PROPRIETORS.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per year, in advance. Two Dollars, at the end of the year.  
To Advertising, we would respectfully call the attention of such as are desirous to lead their ad in the following effect:

We will send  
100 Copies, for one year, for \$12.50  
200 Copies, for one year, for \$20.00  
And one copy to the person getting up the club.  
The money must accompany the order.

Wm. A. Pidgin & Co., 10 State Street, Boston, and 122 Nassau Street, New York, are authorized agents.  
JOB PRINTING neatly executed.



### The Mask Thrown Off.

Ever since this war commenced, tests have been made from time to time, up which have been made to fix the true status of the northern States upon rebellion. These tests have been sifting out the wheat from the chaff, and determining the true character of the American people. We make this remark with reference to their loyalty to the people to the government. The last great crowning act of the President, in declaring slavery abolished in all the rebellious States in January next, has done more than anything else put together, to show who are the enemies and who the friends of the government. This act puts the loyalty of the people to the trial. It is a very plain, simple proposition that we make when we say that that portion of community who love slavery better than they do their country, will find fault with the President; while the really loyal men will stand by and sustain him. Patriots will stand by the President; traitors will find fault with him. There is no disguising this matter.

President Lincoln, after becoming satisfied that slavery was not only the great procuring cause of the rebellion, but that it stood directly in the way of its suppression; after having carried on the war with reference to its perpetration for about a year and a half, in which an immense treasure has been expended, and tens of thousands of lives sacrificed,—after great deliberation, comes to the conclusion to strike directly at the evil and remove the cause. That this will be the death blow of the rebellion, no one who has examined this whole matter can for a moment doubt. It had become a question of life or death to the government. Shall the government or slavery die? The President, like a true patriot and honest man, has decided the question—destroy slavery and save the country; and for doing this he is conspired and abused by certain men who hitherto have professed to be loyal. They now throw off the cloak of hypocrisy which has up to this time shielded their guilty heads and substantially declare themselves traitors. Their miserable arguments against emancipation and the power of the President to declare it, are the arguments of Jeff Davis and the rebels. It is "aid and comfort" to the traitors. It is no time now, when we are in the perils of a gigantic, accursed rebellion; when everything that is dear and of value to an American citizen is at stake; when our brave soldiers are laying down their lives by thousands to save our government from destruction, to wink at treason at home. Traitors and rebel sympathizers in our midst must be exposed, and if they persist in their treason, held up to the scorn and indignation of the civilized world. Neither must they be permitted to skulk their guilty heads behind fallacious arguments and false assumptions.

There is not one closer case, some hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven, Red with uncommon wrath to blast the man Who once his greatness to his country's ruin."

### Democracy and Slavery.

For the last eight years the interests of democracy and slavery have been identical. Slavery voted for Frank Pierce for President, and Pierce in return put Jeff Davis into his Cabinet, and allowed him to be the ruling spirit of his administration; and then further, to satisfy slavery, repealed the Missouri compromise, and opened Kansas and Nebraska to its inroads and raids. Slavery elected Buchanan, President, directly, squarely against freedom. Buchanan, in return, took Floyd, Cobb, Thompson and Toucy, all traitors, for his confidential advisers. Slavery demanded that the cursed institution be forced into Kansas. Buchanan, in reply, put the whole machinery of the government, under his control, at work to pass Lecompton. Slavery demanded that South Carolina should secede from the Union. Buchanan deliberately declared he had no power to prevent it. Slavery demanded that the fortifications of the government in Charleston harbor should be surrendered to traitors, and if not thus given up, that So. Carolina should be unmoored in building fortifications to reduce them. Buchanan "AGREED" that the military status of Charleston harbor should not be changed, and allowed the work of treason to go on. Thus, and in a thousand other forms, has slavery helped democracy and democracy helped slavery.

Now, when the President strikes at slavery, as a military necessity, to quell the rebellion, democracy decries the act as "unconstitutional." That is the real secret of the opposition of some of the leaders of the democratic party to the President's proclamation. Southern slavery is the ally of Northern democracy. If slavery perishes, then down goes modern democracy with it. But we should do great injustice did we not except from the above sweeping charge a large class of noble men like Gov. Todd of Ohio, and Pierpont of Western Virginia, and Gen. Buxton, Cochran, Burnside, Hunter, and others, who have formerly been democrats, but who now say—Let slavery go and save the government. All honor to these patriotic men, who put country before party, and rise far above the treason of many of their old partisan associates.

### New York Election—Wadsworth and Seymour.

They are having a most animated political contest in New York. Gen. Wadsworth has been nominated by the Republicans for Governor. He is a noble man, of splendid ability, and has a spotless moral character, and stands squarely upon the platform of the President's Proclamation. On the other side, the democracy have put upon the track Horatio Seymour, a white-washed democrat, on whom they hope to unite both wings of the New York democracy, and bring to their aid such political renegades as Brooks, of the N. Y. Express, and the men who control the Journal of Commerce and the World. This is a great State, and public sentiment as expressed in a popular election, is looked for with a good deal of interest. We cannot for a moment doubt the result. We think the gallant Wadsworth must and will be elected; and his triumphant election will have a wonderful influence upon the great war question now agitating the public mind. God speed the right.

### Senator Sumner.

The old fogies and seamy sympathizers in Massachusetts, have been making a great outcry against Senator Sumner, intended to operate against his re-election by the next Legislature. It comes from the old democracy and the silver gray aristocracy, who just now are cordially united in denouncing Chas. Sumner as a "radical." That is all the accusation the tools of Jeff Davis in the old Bay State can bring against the distinguished Senator. We are glad the Republicans of Massachusetts have taken time by the forelock, and declared in their State Convention that Chas. Sumner was their first and only choice for Senator. This settles the matter. Senator Sumner will be re-elected; and humanity and freedom will send up a shout throughout the whole civilized world.

Col. G. L. Beal reached home, week before last. For a few days he felt much exhausted, and was threatened with fever. He soon rallied, and when we last heard he was doing well. He was, during the early part of the engagement, in command of a brigade; and had just been relieved by a senior Colonel, when struck. A spent ball hit him and glanced down his leg, without inflicting any wound; shortly after his horse was hit; and soon after being dismounted, a piece of lead pipe passed through the fleshy part of both legs. The slug was nearly spent, and dropped into his boot; and it is now in his possession.

FEEDING REBELS. The statement is going the rounds of the press that General Butler is spending \$10,000 per week, in feeding the poor people of New Orleans. It should be borne in mind that this money is exacted from the wealthy secessionists in the city, and is assessed pretty much at will. The sum needed being ascertained, the General sets down against the names on his lists the sum for each man, and it is paid. The government does not suffer loss by the operation.

CHAPLAIN OF THE 23D. We learn that Rev. J. C. Snow, of Norway, has been appointed Chaplain of the 23d Mo. Regiment. Mr. S. is thoroughly patriotic, and by this appointment is enabled to gratify a wish which has been so long cherished as to lead to a determination to serve in the ranks, rather than stay at home. The members of his regiment will find him devoted to their interests and welfare.

Col. Chas. W. Roberts, of the 24 Maine Regiment, is in Bangor, on a visit to his friends. He has been absent a year and a half, during which time he has participated in nine battles.

Clinton Forbes, of Buckfield, a member of the 10th Maine Regiment, was wounded in the face at the battle of Antietam.

Frank Leslie's Monthly for October is at hand. It is an excellent number.

### For the Oxford Democrat.

Norway Representative Election.  
The question is often asked, why did the Norway Representative elect elect a Bradbury democrat? I will state the facts and leave an intelligent public to answer the question. In 1851, Norway, Oxford and Greenwood were constituted one Representative District. A convention of delegates from these towns the time of representation was divided off between them, and it was agreed that the town from whom the Representative should be taken under that arrangement should make the nomination and the other two towns stand pledged to support it. In 1851 these three towns were again closed together by the Legislature, for the succeeding ten years. Subsequently a convention of delegates from each met to apportion the time, divide it, and the same agreements with regard to candidates entered into that were made ten years before. During the whole of the first term, the last year of the present term, the Republicans of Oxford have kept their bond to the letter,—supporting every Norway candidate in good faith, giving them every vote of the party, and during all this time no man to this end, has labored with more zeal and earnestness than Gen. Perry. Take for example the closely contested contest of Major Millett, of Norway, for the Legislature, in 1858, when, by the strong personal efforts of Gen. P., his vote ran five ahead of his ticket in Oxford.

By the arrangement above referred to, it was Oxford's turn to nominate the present year. Desirous of sending to the Legislature a man of ability and experience in these perilous times, the Republicans of Oxford met in caucus and unanimously nominated John J. Perry. This was done without solicitation on the part of Gen. P., and against his wishes. Under the peculiar circumstances he did not feel that he could consistently decline the nomination. Now mark the sequel. He and his friends were all the way along, up to the very morning of the election, assured by the Republicans of Norway that he would receive a majority in that town.

The Election came off. Gen. Perry received a handsome majority in his own town, (being the first Republican candidate to the Legislature from the same that ever there received any majority at all,) yet he was defeated! About thirty professed Republicans in Norway bolted,—voted against him, and for a Bradbury democrat. About the same number bolted against the Hon. E. W. Woodbury, for Judge of Probate.

These are the facts. Whether any of these bolters were actuated by personal motives of malice or revenge, or whether they intended to punish him because he several years since tried to effect a compromise between Paris and Norway in their celebrated "Land case,"—on the line adopted by the Legislature of 1851, have but little if anything to do with this matter. There was no earthly reason why Gen. Perry should not have received the entire Republican vote of Norway. It was a question of principle, honesty, fair dealing and good faith between the Republicans of two towns. There it stands, and there it will stand. Secessionists and traitors everywhere rejoice over the defeat of Gen. Perry, and well they may. The same is especially true of the Norway seceders. OXFORD.

POWDER MILL EXPLOSION. We learn from the Rockland Gazette that the cylinder mill of Babcock & Marble's powder mill, at Camden, blew up on Monday morning at about half-past five. The mill is carried by water power and is run only in the night when the workmen are away. One of the men was going down to shut the gate, when the mill exploded, and was about twenty rods from the building, but strange to say, was not injured at all. It contained at the time of the explosion about fifteen hundred lbs. of powder in an unfinished state. This is the fourth mill in which Mr. Marble was interested, that has blown up this season.

A people's Convention was held in Boston, last Tuesday. Hon. Charles Devens, of Worcester, was nominated for Governor. This is a movement lately gotten up with the hope to defeat Charles Sumner, but begins with little enthusiasm, and has little prospect of effecting its object.

MAINE TIT. A letter in the Press, states that the remnant of the Maine Seventh has been ordered to Portland, to recruit under the direction of the Governor. It will probably arrive in a few days.

Herbert R. Sargent has been appointed Captain of Company E, 10th Maine Regiment. Capt. S. was badly wounded in a recent battle.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS. The Fall Number of Madame Demorest's Mirror of Fashions, has been received. The ladies will find in this number copious illustrations of the Fall and Winter styles of ladies' and children's dress, with directions for making and trimming. The number also contains full-sized patterns for boys' jacket, a bridal robe chambre, and a new sleeve. Price, \$1.00 each, or 25 cents per number.

NORTH CAROLINA. Very encouraging accounts have been received from North Carolina of late. The people intend the State shall not be subject to Mr. Lincoln's proclamation on the first of January. The non-slaveholders were to hold a grand Union barbecue, at Beaufort, to last three days. One County has petitioned the War Department for permission to drive all the rebel families across its borders.

AN EXPERT DRUMMER. A little fellow, named Pike, attracted much attention at the Fair. He is but six years old; yet handles the sticks with the skill and spirit of a drum-major. He received the praise of large crowds.

George Francis Train attempted to force himself upon the meeting at Tremont Temple, on Monday, as Hon. Charles Sumner closed his speech. The people attempted to stop him, but he forced through the crowd and reached the stand. The police hustled him down the back stairs and put him in the lockup.

THE PROCLAMATION AT RICHMOND. The Tribune says:—"The President's Emancipation Proclamation has created much excitement at the Rebel capital. It is intemperately denounced as contrary to the usages of civilized warfare, and an outrage on private property. So far as we can judge by extracts from Richmond papers and the first day's debate on the subject in Congress, the Rebels contemplate the raising of the old death's head and cross bones flag of Capt. Kidd, and the indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children as a measure of retaliation. They are just as mad as when they first heard of General Pope's subsistence orders; then they would hang every one of Pope's officers, sure; but after catching 40 or 50 of them, and having time to think it over, they paroled or exchanged them without the hanging. In Congress, a resolution has been referred to a Committee, that President Lincoln's act should be held up to the execration of mankind, and counteracted by such severe retaliatory measures as in the judgment of the President may be best calculated to secure its withdrawal or arrest its execution." In the debate on this, Mr. Clark of Missouri was in favor of declaring every citizen of the Southern Confederacy a soldier, authorized to put to death every man caught on their soil in arms against the Government. Mr. Sumner of Louisiana was more cautious—he was the author of the resolution—retaliation was the business of the Executive. Mr. Henry of Tennessee favored a black flag and extermination of invaders. Mr. Pielan of Mississippi had always been in favor of the black flag. Mr. Yancy wanted the matter to go to a Special Committee, but it was finally sent to the Judiciary Committee. There was a report at Fortress Monroe on Thursday, probably premature, that a black flag bill had passed the Rebel Congress. The press is, as usual, exceedingly violent; they do not share the comforting assurance of The N. Y. Herald that the Proclamation is a thing of naught—a Pope's bull against the comet. In plain words, the Proclamation has thoroughly frightened the Press, Congress and People, as is abundantly manifested in their contortions and howlings."

Gen. McClellan has published a general order, in which he reminds the army that the military arm of the government is simply to sustain the civil authorities, and to be held in strict subordination thereto. The order continues:

"The principle upon which and the object for which armies shall be employed in suppressing the rebellion, must be determined and declared by the civil authorities and the chief executive, who is charged with the administration of the national affairs, as the proper and only source through which the views and orders of the government can be made known to the armies and the nation. Discussion by officers or soldiers concerning the public measures determined upon and declared by the government, when carried at all beyond the ordinary and respectful expression of opinion, tends greatly to impair and destroy the discipline and efficiency of the troops, by substituting the spirit of political faction for that firm, steady, and earnest support of the authority of the government, which is the highest duty of the American soldier. The remedy for political errors, if any are committed, is to be found only in the action of the people at the polls."

The General thus effectually silences the report that he would resign, in case a proclamation of emancipation should be issued. It is also a noteworthy fact that not a single resignation has occurred from this cause.

The American says, Rev. J. A. Baskwell has closed his connection with the Baptist church at Eden, and is about to remove to Buckfield.

The Freeman learns that Rev. L. Walcott has removed from Gorham, N. H., to Rumford Point, and would be addressed accordingly.

Mr. Joseph Kyte, a graduate of Bangor Seminary, was ordained, and installed as pastor of the Congregational church at Mechanic Falls, on the 25th ult.

The 17th Times is informed by a letter received in that city, that the 19th Maine Regiment was to leave Frederick for Harpers Ferry, on Friday last, to join Howard's brigade, Sumner's corps.

The Press learns that the 17th was under orders to march Sunday morning, with three day's rations. Their immediate destination was Fairfax Seminary.

The nine months regiments are to leave Portland as soon as they can be properly armed—probably next week.

The York County papers state that Capt. Hurd of North Berwick has a yoke of oxen which weigh 8320 pounds. He is about to take them West for exhibition.

Frank P. Blair has been unanimously re-nominated for Congress, from the 1st district in Missouri, by the Union Emancipation Convention.

Ten thousand dollars of the new postage currency, was issued by the U. S. Assistant Treasurer, at Boston, Monday. The rush was so great that the police was sent for to preserve order.

It is proposed to make Colonel Hamilton, Governor of Texas, with Gen. Clay, as military commander of Texas, and colonize the State, on Eli Thayer's plan. Thayer has 5000 men offered for his Florida expedition.

SNOW AT NO. WATERFORD. We have received an anonymous communication, stating that the inhabitants of Waterford, Stoneham, and Albany, will meet for a display of stock and produce, at No. Waterford, on Tuesday, Oct. 22.

We have been favored with beautiful specimens of the Sweetwater and Concord Grapes, from Mrs. J. C. Marble and Mrs. T. H. Brown. The season has been especially good for the grape, as these fine clusters testify.

The "Allen Pear Tree," in Salem, which is 224 years old, bore 12 bushels of fruit this year, the Beverly Citizen says.

Major General Sumner entered the army as a private, and rose through all ranks to the highest.

### Roster of 23d Maine Regiment.

Colonel—Wm. Wirt Virgin, Norway.  
Lieut. Colonel—Enos T. Loomis, Auburn  
Major—Winthrop H. Hall.  
Quartermaster—Wm. Bray, Turner.  
Surgeon—Dr. James Sweet, Brownfield.  
Asst. Surgeon—Dr. E. B. Riek, R. Minot.  
Company A—Lewiston—Dudley B. Varney, Lewiston, Captain; Kirk W. Moses, Lewiston, 1st Lieut.; Henry A. Norcross, Lewiston, 2d Lieut.

Company B. Bridgton, Harrison, Brownfield, Sweden, Bethel, Gilead, Hanover and Upton—Horace C. Little, Bridgton, Captain; E. Mellen Wight, Bethel, 1st Lieut.; Granville Fernald, Harrison, 2d Lieut.

Company C. Buckfield, Sumner, Hartford, Canton and Albany. Chas. H. Prince, Buckfield, Captain; Albion Thorne, Canton, 1st Lieut.; Ezra Soule, Hartford, 2d Lieut.

Company D. Turner, Minot, Hebron and Woodstock. Charles E. Bradford, Turner, Captain; Horace C. Haskell, Turner, 1st Lieut.; Hiram Moore, Minot, 2d Lieut.

Company E. Auburn, Lisbon and Webster. Almon C. Pray, Auburn, Captain; Freedom H. Landers, Auburn, 1st Lieut.; Charles W. Gerrish, Lisbon, 2d Lieut.

Company F. Paris, Rumford, Dixfield, &c. Horace N. Bolster, Paris, Captain; George M. Park, Dixfield, 1st Lieut.; Joseph H. Abbott, Rumford, 2d Lieut.

Company G. Poland, Danville and Greene. Almon P. Lamb, Poland, Captain; Charles Thurston, Danville, 1st Lieut.; Joseph H. Freeman, Poland, 2d Lieut.

Company H. Norway, Lovell, Fryeburg, Stoneham, Mexico and Roxbury. Amos F. Noyes, Norway, Captain; Josiah Stearns, Lovell, 1st Lieut.; James M. Howe, Fryeburg, 2d Lieut.

Company I. Livermore, East Livermore, Leeds and Wales. James S. Nash, Livermore, Captain; Wm. K. Staples, Oxford, 1st Lieut.; Henry C. Wentworth, East Livermore, 2d Lieut.

Company K. Porter, Hiram, Waterford and Denmark. Moses M. Stanley, Porter, Capt.; Thos. J. Bridgman, Waterford, 1st Lieut.; Joseph O. Gentleman, Porter, 2d Lieut.

APPLES FOR THE HOSPITALS. The Secretary of the Sanitary Commission, by circulars, informs the people that dried apples cannot be sent to its depots in too large quantities. Town and village Relief Societies are requested to make arrangements for paring, cutting, and drying by their numbers, and such volunteer assistance as they can enlist; and to notify farmers that they will receive such good fruit as they may be disposed to offer and are unable themselves to properly prepare. Dried apples may be sent in barrels or boxes, or in strong bags marked "To be kept dry." Dried fruits of other kinds, and good canned fruits, will be very acceptable.

Prof. Hitchcock writes Gov. Washburn, that the iron ore, similar to that obtained at Woodstock, N. E., and suitable for plating iron clad, is found in large quantities in Arrostook. He has discovered an excellent lead. He recommends that the matter be immediately brought to the notice of the National government, and measures taken to work it. A plate made from this iron was only slightly dented by the shot from a 250-pounder Armstrong gun.

The Cumberland County Cattle Show is to be held at Bridgton, on the 15th and 16th of October.

The rebels have evacuated Lexington, Ky., after plundering the town. Friend and foe were served alike. Payment was made in Confederate notes, when desired, though but few were received.

STATE HORSE FAIR. Measures have been taken to hold a State Fair, on the grounds of the Somerset Central Agricultural Society at Skowhegan, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14th and 15th. Some of the best horses in the State will be present, and premiums to the amount of over \$600 are offered.

The terms of Justices Tenney and Goodnow of the Maine Supreme Judicial Court expire on the 23d inst. The Governor will make appointments to fill these vacancies on the 15th inst.

Lieutenant Haskell of Poland, of the 7th Maine, wounded in both knees at the battle of Antietam, is, as we learn, in a hopeful condition. It is believed that amputation will not be necessary. Lieut. H. is a graduate of Bowdoin, class of '60. [Lewiston Jour.]

It is reported that Col. Wildes of the 16th regiment is restored to his command, consequently all promotions based on his resignation fall.

An English steamer at New York, libelled for \$30,000, attempted to escape Monday. A few shots from the fort brought her to.

A government Quartermaster has been ordered to report immediately to headquarters. He is charged with paying very liberal prices to secessionists.

The Commissioner to assess the value of the negroes emancipated in the District of Columbia, are reported to have employed a negro trader to fix the prices. The appropriation, it is said, will not half cover the amount he awards.

Dr. Thomas Hill has been elected President of Harvard College.

The Legislature of Oregon has changed the name of Lane County to Union County; and that of Curry County to Lincoln Co.

The wool product of California, this year, is above five million pounds.

The Lewiston Journal says Col. Jackson has been made a Brig-General.

The New York Times says the World has become the property of Fernando Wood, and to be now simply the Day-Book under another name.

The Baltimore Clipper takes decided ground in favor of the President's Emancipation Proclamation.

The Press says that one of the cannon cast at the Portland Company's works, has been sent to Fort Independence, for trial. It weighs about eight tons.

### War News.

#### ANOTHER BATTLE AT CORINTH.

Official dispatches from Gen. Grant to Gen. Halleck, under date of October 5th, says the rebels under Price, Van Dorn and Lovell, were repulsed with great slaughter. The enemy were in full retreat, followed by Gen. Rosecrans, Sunday morning. From 700 to 1000 prisoners, besides the wounded were left on their hands.

Another dispatch says Gen. Ord met the enemy on the South side of the Hatchie river, and drove them across the stream, and took possession of the opposite bank. He took 2 batteries and 200 prisoners. Gen. Haskleman was killed, and Gen. Oglesby dangerously wounded, at Corinth.

A dispatch from Cairo, of the 7th, says: "As yet we can only state the general results of the fighting at Corinth. The skirmishing commenced Tuesday last, and there has been more or less fighting every day since. The rebel loss has been 800 killed and 1500 to 1800 wounded. We have 1500 prisoners at Corinth, and 300 on the Hatchie river, and they are constantly coming in. We have taken several stands of arms thrown away by the rebels; they are new and of English make. Our loss is believed to be about 300 killed and 1500 wounded. On Monday, Gen. Ord drove the enemy five miles, over hills and through woods and valleys, the rebels taking advantage of every wood for their infantry and every hill for their artillery. The fight lasted seven hours. The rebel Gen. Rogers was killed. It is certain the rebels outnumbered us, two to one.

A dispatch from Gen. Rosecrans, dated Chevala, 6th, says: "The enemy are most fully routed, and throwing away everything. We are following sharply."



They appreciate the value of these medicines because they know their composition, and where is the man who ever heard a respectable Physician either disparage them or discourage their use? No profession or pursuit has done more for the human family than the medical profession. None is followed by nobler men or for nobler ends; nor is there one which better deserves the best thanks of mankind. [Canton (N. Y.) Democrat.

**1500 Bushels Corn,**  
**JUST RECEIVED FROM CHICAGO, and to**  
 be sold by the single  
**BUSHEL OR CAR-LOAD,**  
 —AT—  
**PARIS FLOUR MILLS.**  
**WOODMAN, BRO. & CO.**

was doubly valuable since it was the gift of a dear friend near the close of life. Will the finder use the goodness to communicate the fact to the work of the Association.

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**FREEDOM NOTICE.** This is to certify that I give to my son, Charles W. Brown, his share from this date, and that I shall not be responsible for any of his debts, or demand any of his wages.

Lovell, May 10, 1862.

(Signed) **SAMUEL BROWN.**

Witness: **JOSEPH F. LOR.**

**ITS AND FANCY ARTICLES,**  
Cheap, you can do so by calling on  
**A. OSCAR NOYES',**  
Noyes' Block,  
NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

---

Job Printing neatly executed  
the Democrat Office.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that she has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Executrix of the last will and testament of

**DAVID WARREN**, late of Hartford, said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have demands thereon to exhibit the same to

Sept. 11, 1862. **PIEBE WARREN.**

And by the Druggists, Storekeepers, and Dealers generally.

Country Dealers can order as above.

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