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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

PARIS, MAINE.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1862.

ONE DOLLAR AND

FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

OLD SERIES,

VOLUME 29, NO. 50.

Farmers' Department.

"SPREAD THE FLOW."

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

Charcoal for Grape Vines.

Bulwer, in writing a series of essays on "Life, Literature, and Manners," for Blackwood's Magazine, and in illustrating some remarks on mental culture, tells the following admirable story:

A certain nobleman, very proud of the extent and beauty of his pleasure-grounds, chancing one day to call on a small squire, whose garden might cover about half an acre, was greatly struck with the brilliant colors of his neighbor's flowers. "Ay, my Lord, the flowers are well enough," said the squire, "but permit me to show you my grapes." Conducted into an old-fashioned little green-house, which served as a vineery, my Lord gazed with mortification and envy, on grapes twice as fine as his own. "My dear friend," said my Lord, "you have a jewel of a garden; let me see him!"

The garden was called—the single garden—because it was a simple looking man under thirty. "Accept my compliments on your flower beds and your grapes," said my Lord, "and tell me, if you can, why your flowers are so much brighter than mine, and your grapes so much finer. You must have studied horticulture profoundly." "Please your Lordship," said the man, "I have not had the advantage of much education; I don't know a scholar; but as to the flowers and the vines, the secret as to treating them just came to me, as you see, by chance."

"By chance?" explained.

"Well, my Lord, three years ago my master sent me to London on business of his; and it came on to rain, and I took shelter in a mess, you see."

"You took shelter in a mess; what then?"

"And there were two gentlemen taking shelter, too; and they were talking to each other about charcoal."

"About charcoal?—go on."

"And one said it had done a great deal of good in many cases of sickness, and especially in the first stage of cholera, and I took a note in my mind of that, because we'd had the cholera in our village the year before. And I guessed the two gentlemen were doctors, and knew what they were talking about."

"I dare say they did; but flowers and vines do not have the cholera, do they?"

"No, my Lord; but they do have complaints of their own; and one of the gentlemen went on to say that charcoal had a special good effect upon all vegetable life, and told a story of a vine dresser, in Germany, I think, who had made a very sickly poor vineyard one of the best in those parts, simply by charcoal dressings. So I naturally picked up my ears at that, for our vines were in so bad a way that master thought of doing away with them altogether."

"Ay," said the other gentleman, "see how a little sprinkling of charcoal will brighten up a flower bed."

"The rain was now over, and the gentlemen left the mess; and I thought, 'Well, but before I try the charcoal upon my plants, I'd best make some inquiries of them as aren't doctors, but gardeners; so I went to our nurseryman, who has a deal of book learning, and I asked him if he ever heard of charcoal dressing being good for vines, and he said that he had read in a book that it was so, but he had never tried it. He kindly lent me the book, which was translated from some foreign one. And after I had poked out of it all I could, I tried the charcoal in the way the book told me to try it; and that's how the grapes and the flower beds came to please you, my Lord. It was a lucky chance that I ever heard those gentlemen talking in the mess, please your Lordship."

"Chance happens to all," answered the peer, sententiously; "but to turn chance to account is the gift of God."

His Lordship, returning home, gazed gloomily on the hues of his vast parterre; he visited his vineyard, and scowled at the clusters; he summoned his head gardener—a man of the highest repute for science, and who never spoke of a cowslip except by its name in Latin. To this learned personage my Lord communicated what he had heard and seen of the beneficial effects of charcoal, and produced in proof a magnificent bunch of grapes, which he had brought from the squire's.

"My Lord," said the gardener, scarcely glancing at the grapes. "Squire—your garden must be a poor ignorant creature to fancy he had discovered a secret in what is so well known to every professed horticulturist. Prof. Liebig, my Lord, has treated of the good effect of charcoal dressing, to vines, especially; and it is to be explained on these chemical principles,—therewith the vine man entered into a profound disputation of which your Lordship did not understand a word."

"Well, then," said the peer, cutting short the harangue, "since you know so well that charcoal dressing is good for vines and flowers, have you ever tried it on mine?"

"I can't say I have, my Lord; it did not chance to come into my head."

"Nay," replied the peer, "chance put it into your head, but thought never took it out of your head."

My Lord, who, if he did not know much about horticulture, was a good judge of mankind, dismissed the man of learning; and, with many apologies for seeking to rob his neighbor of such a treasure, asked the squire to transfer to his service the man of genius. The squire, who thought that now

the charcoal had been once discovered, any new gardener could apply it as well as the old one, was too happy to oblige my Lord, and advanced the fortunes of an honest fellow born in his village. His Lordship knew very well that a man who makes good use of his ideas received through chance, will make a still better use of ideas received through study. He took some kind, but not altogether unselfish pains with the training and education of a man of genius whom he had gained to his service. The man is now my Lord's head forester and bailiff. The woods thrive under him, the farm pays largely. He and my Lord are both the richer for the connection between them. He is not the less practically pains taking, though he no longer says "be it" and "his be it"; nor the less felicitously theoretical, though he no longer ascribes a successful experiment to chance.

From the Scientific American.

To Make Artificial Tourmaline.

There are several varieties of tourmaline, some of which afford gems of great beauty. Red and green tourmaline have been obtained at Paris, Me., and at Grafton, N. H. Crystals of transparent tourmaline are obtained, which Professor B. Silliman, Jr., states may be used in polarizing instruments. This latter species of tourmaline may be made artificially as follows, as described in the Chemical News:

Dissolve 50 grains of bisulphate of quinine in two fluid ounces of acetic acid, and two of proof spirit, warmed to 150° Fahr., in a very wide-mouthed flask or glass beaker; then slowly add 50 drops of a mixture of 40 grains of iodine in an ounce of rectified spirit; agitate the mixture and then set it carefully aside for six hours, in an apartment maintained at a temperature of 50° Fahr. The utmost care must be taken to avoid any motion of the vessel; indeed, all accidental vibrations should be guarded against by suspending the vessel by a string, or by allowing it to rest on a mass of cotton wool. If, in six hours, the large laminae of the salt have not formed, warm the fluid with a spirit lamp, and when it has become clear, add a few drops of the solution of iodine in spirit. The large laminae form on the top of the fluid, and should be removed carefully by gliding under one of them a circular piece of thin glass. The specimen should be drained by resting the edge of the glass on a piece of blotting paper, but it must not be touched on account of its extreme fragility; if any small crystals adhere to its surface they must be washed off by pouring over it a few drops of watery solution of iodine. When dry the specimen should be placed for a few minutes under a bell glass by the side of a watch glass containing a few drops of tincture of iodine; and, lastly, a little very fluid Canada balsam should be dropped on it, and a thin glass cover applied without heat. Specimens may thus be obtained of extreme thinness, and half an inch in diameter or even larger, passing scarcely the slightest light, and yet completely polarizing transmitted light.

INSECTS AND GRAIN-EATING BEES. The French Senate have been engaged in a curious matter of practical natural history. Four petitions have been received, pressing on the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce the importance of protecting those birds which destroy insects injurious to vines and corn. The committee had experienced the benefit of the knowledge and experience of M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire and M. Florent Prevost, and consequently the report was filled with matter most interesting to the farmer, the statesman, and the naturalist. In the first place, the report enumerates the various kinds of insects which, in this country, commit terrible ravages upon the most valuable products of the earth, including in the first rank, corn, vines and oil; the value of the wheat destroyed in a single season, in one department of the east of France, by the *ovideum*, had been established at four millions of francs. Instances were given to show the enormous fecundity of some of these pests. In a single specimen of the phlebotus (the great enemy of the olive), a naturalist found 2,000 eggs. In Prussia the ravages of the noxae were so great that an attempt was made to collect the eggs; and in one day, in a tract of forest, four bushels or about 180,000,000, were got together and destroyed. The crow was condemned in the report. This is counter to the opinion of scientific men in England, who praise the bird for eating the insects, while the French condemn them as destroying other insect eating birds. The gannivorous birds, such as the sparrow, are considered to do more good by their destruction of insects and eggs, than by the consumption of seeds. Owls, woodpeckers, swallows and singing birds, are recommended to protection. [Scientific American.]

Perhaps the most curious specimen of ancient figure-wearing on embroidery now to be found is that preserved in the old cathedral of Bayeux in France. It is a piece of linen about 19 inches in breadth, and 67 yards in length, and contains the history of the conquest of England by William of Normandy, beginning with Harold's embassy, A. D. 1065, and ending with his death at the battle of Hastings in 1066. This curious work was executed by Matilda, wife of William, Duke of Normandy, afterward King of England, and the ladies of her court. It is a most beautiful and exquisite piece of needle work.

One real evil will sometimes ameliorate our condition by putting to flight a host of imaginary calamities, and by inducing that exertion which makes any situation tolerable. It is a recognition of excellence which must be fit, but need not be spoken.

The Marvels of a Seed.

Have you ever considered how wonderful a thing the seed of a plant is? It is a miracle. God said "Let there be plants yielding seed," and it was further added, "each one after his kind."

The great naturalist Cuvier, thought that the germs of all past, present and future generations of seed were contained one within the other, as if packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men have explained this mystery in a different way. But what explain it as they will, the wonder remains the same, and we must look upon the reproduction of the seed as a continual miracle.

Is there upon earth a machine, is there a place, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is enclosed in a little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones, the smallest of a poppy or a bluebell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about the air invisible to our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds. Consider their immense number, the perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful fruitfulness.

Consider first their number. About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnaeus, who has been called "the father of botany," reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not exceed 10,000. But one hundred years after him, M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described 40,000 kinds of plants, and supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

Well, let me ask you, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Have we ever seen a wheat seed yield barley, or a seed of poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a scumy tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a scumy tree in its beak to feed its nestlings, and on the way may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valley and their shepherds may rest in the shade.

Consider next the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.

Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer and shut them up, and sixty years afterwards, when his hair is white and his steps tottering, let him take one of these seeds, and sow it in the ground, and soon after he will see it spring up into new life, and become a young, fresh and beautiful plant.

M. Jouanneau relates that in the year 1825, several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Regrave. Under the head of each of the dead bodies there was found a small, square stone or brick, with a hole in each, containing a few seeds, which had been planted there beside the dead by the heathen friends, who had buried them perhaps 1500 or 1700 years before. These seeds were carefully sowed by those who found them. What was seen to spring from the dust of the dead? Beautiful sunflowers, blue corn flowers, and clover bearing blossoms as bright and sweet as those which are woven into wreaths by the merry children now playing in our fields.

Some years ago, a vase hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy-pit in Egypt by the English traveller, Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there, having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled and as hard as a stone. The peas were planted carefully under glass on the 5th of June, 1841, and at the end of thirty days these seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about 3,000 years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that long time apparently dead, yet still living in the dust of the tomb. [Lectures by Prof. Causen of Switzerland.]

NEW CANADIAN DYE. Professor Lawson exhibited before the Botanical Society of Canada some specimens of a new dye of great richness, prepared in the laboratory of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada West, from an insect, a species of cicada, found for the first time last summer on a tree of common black spruce, in the neighborhood of Kingston. His dye closely resembles the expensive cochineal, (produced in warm countries only) which is used for dyeing wool and silk a permanent red, crimson, or scarlet. Having been but recently discovered, a sufficient quantity has not been obtained for a complete series of experiments as to its nature and uses; but the habits of the insect, as well as the properties of the dye, seem to indicate that it may become of practical importance. In color, it closely resembles ordinary cochineal, having rather more of the scarlet hue of the flowers of *Adonis autumnalis*, and no doubt other shades will be obtained. The true Mexican cochineal is now being cultivated in Tennessee, and other vine growing countries of Europe and Africa, with such success as to displace the culture of the grape vine; yet the directors of the East India Company offered in vain the sum of £2,000 for its introduction into India.

[Agricultural Report.]

Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise; it may exist without the breath of exertion which makes any situation tolerable. It is a recognition of excellence which must be fit, but need not be spoken.

MISCELLANY.

MR. DOBBIN AND HIS CLOCK.

BY M. LINDBAY.

Mr. Dobbin's room was next to mine. Indeed, in my opinion, it was a part of mine, ordained to be so from the first plan of the house, and so built according to plan and purpose. But the convenience of a later time had divided it off by the thinnest of all board partitions, which partition, as it seemed to me, was an interference, had managed to crack itself from top to bottom in two or three places, so that Mr. Dobbin's room and mine, though assuredly not one and the same, were very much in common.

His gaslight would spoil all my darkness, and I do believe that his little room, or his part of my room, must have been entirely warmed at my expense. But if he had the benefit of my coal, I had the benefit of his clock! I could hear its every tick through the day, every tick through the night, and was almost wholly indebted to it for information as to the progress of time. Through its influence, indeed, my old and trusty watch was quite neglected, and nearly fallen into disuse.

I have spoken of Mr. Dobbin's room; perhaps I ought to have said Mr. Dobbin's clock room, for the clock was really more the inhabitant of the place than Mr. Dobbin himself; it was always there, and very much at home, too, making everything so comfortable, so sociable and lively. It had the merriest of all voices, and if you'd listen in the right way, you could hear it say distinctly, "courage now, cheer up; I'm always cheerful. On, on; never stop, and all will come right."

Notwithstanding I have said so much in praise of Mr. Dobbin's clock, I fear you may not have an entirely correct idea of it. I feel bound, however, in consistency with my own truth and exactness, to tell you it was only a wooden clock, and a very small one, too, as I saw when Mr. Dobbin's door was left ajar. But, wondrous as it was, it was very pretty, a darling of a clock, a bachelor's pet, a household treasure. It was even merrier to look at than to hear; its hands so constantly going, and yet so even and true in motion, never a twitch or a jerk; and then it had such a neat cottage shape, sloped off at the top like a roof with little turrets and chimney.

But the best was the picture it was always showing of a happy home, the father and mother watching the gambols of two beautiful children, the grandmother by the fire, the cat asleep on a cricketer, and a clock on the mantle. I don't know how Mr. Dobbin could have looked so much at this scene and still remain a bachelor, as he did; unless it was the clock made him so happy, and cheerful, and lent such wings to his fancy, that he actually believed he belonged to the group before him, that the pretty wife and promising children were his, and the clock in the picture the real one whose tick was in his ears.

My story is about Mr. Dobbin, as well as his clock. Mr. Dobbin was a little Englishman, five feet five inches in height, perhaps, perhaps not quite so tall, with one of the happiest, merriest faces you ever saw. I could never quite settle in my own mind whether his clock made him so merry, or whether he made his clock so merry, or whether they made each other so merry. Merriment was Mr. Dobbin's one and constant expression, which swelled up everything minor, and made everything major subsidiary.

I will, however, add for those who like details, that he had a small mouth, a straight nose, soft black hair, softer and blacker eyes, and an immensely disproportionate expanse of forehead, the disproportion resulting from an overgrowth and monopolizing tendency in the organ of benevolence. I don't think I ever knew what Mr. Dobbin's nominal business was; I am only certain of this, that it was the doing of good some way, probably in that best suited to his taste and aptitudes, or he would not have been so thoroughly merry as he was.

My greatest interest in him was in connection with his clock. The clock was so much to him, and he was so much to the clock. As soon as he was within sight of his room, the ticked him a welcome, and he began to hum a response. When he entered it, he ticked louder, and he broke into full song. He would, no doubt, have been glad to dance a measure with her, would she have given him a hand; but she was such a work-a-day body she would never stop for it. All the service which she ever wanted was the faithful performance of going to his slumber. It was his loving good night to her; and when it came, she would sound the fustian chorus you ever heard. It was a real frolic to her.

There was a young servant girl in the house, for whom there was some strong attraction in Mr. Dobbin's room. I could not understand how she could find so much work to be done there, or how she could be so long in doing it. At first, I thought she must stop there to read, but there were books in other rooms, and she never noticed them. Then she was always running to find out the time by Mr. Dobbin's clock.

Why didn't she consult the clock in the dining room? Had she no confidence in it? Every one else depended on its accuracy. At last I began to fear that Mr. Dobbin himself must be a favorite of Kitty. How foolish! She was young and pretty, and Mr. Dobbin, though his hair was still black, was certainly old enough to have been her father. Then he was no more of a beau than—why no girl could think of getting in love with him. It was quite out of the question.

Kitty was very modest too; and if she was really in love with Mr. Dobbin, would

she not show it by avoiding him, rather than by putting herself in his way? So I reasoned. But not so the housekeeper. She was sharp-eyed and had observed all that I had, perhaps more, for she could look through key holes, an art I never learned. It was manifest for some time that Kitty was losing favor with her; all her efforts to give satisfaction failed, and I felt certain the day of her discharge was at hand. I was right. The fall of a waiter, and the consequent breakage of some crockery, brought such a storm of accusation and upbraiding on poor Kitty's head, as none but abused servants girls and step children can conceive of. Kitty's love for Mr. Dobbin, and her frequent and protracted visits to his room were proclaimed and condemned in such loud and emphatic tones as to reach every ear in the house.

I thought the poor girl must wither with shame, must sink to the earth in her helplessness. I was, therefore, surprised to hear her quietly say, "If you'll please, ma'am, to listen to me. I am not in love with Mr. Dobbin, though he is a very fine gentleman and very kind to every one. It is not for one like me to think of him, and I did not. I only cared for his clock."

"What nonsense! What will girls pretend next? So you weren't in love with Mr. Dobbin, only with his clock! That caps all!"

"I could explain it to you, ma'am, if you'd hear me."

"Hear you! I've heard enough of your trash; out of my house with you, bag and baggage!"

The grocer's boy with a bill was announced, and Kitty, crying bitterly, went to her room to prepare for departure. I heard her steps on the stairs, and called her to me. I had promised to direct her to a letter to her brother at sea, and I made this the pretext for getting her into my room, though my real object was to speak a last kind word and try to soothe her wounded feelings; for, though I could not understand her conduct, I pitied her, and could not believe her what she had just been represented to be.

Then I wanted to know what she meant when she said "she only cared for Mr. Dobbin's clock," whether she had become infatuated with it as Mr. Dobbin was. When I spoke of it, there was a change in her countenance. Her expression softened, and there was some relief from her discouragement and despair. It was such a privilege to her to be allowed to explain herself.

"Oh! ma'am," she said, "I'm so glad you asked me about the clock. I don't want any one to think me such a person as I have just been called. Why, ma'am, I love that clock so! I can't call it Mr. Dobbin's clock; for it is to me, and always will be, my mother's, and old you can't tell how dear it is! No one can that has looked at it in many a dark day of trouble, and all ways found it kind as I have. It has been a charm to me in this house."

When I first saw it here, I was so surprised and pleased I could not help crying all day. Whenever I've been homesick and felt as if I could not live, I've just gone to that clock, and it has put the life into me. I know I have been in Mr. Dobbin's room too much on account of it, but it was my old friend, and all the friend I had, too. Oh! when everybody that loves you is in the grave, or across the sea, you grow so fond of what belonged to them once; anything that they ever handled, or even looked at, is dear, and all the more because they will never handle or look at it again."

"You call the clock in Mr. Dobbin's room your mother's?"

"Yes, ma'am, for it was my mother's."

"It may be like hers, but it is hardly probable it is the same."

"Yes, ma'am, it is the same. I know it by a mark on the back—K. M. I put it there myself."

"What does it stand for?"

"Kitty Martin; my mother's name and mine, too. I marked it very deep in the board, so that it couldn't be rubbed out, whatever might happen. Shall I tell you all about it, ma'am?"

I signified my desire to hear, and she went on.

"My father was dead and my mother was very sick. The money was all gone, and no one to earn any more but me, and I could not leave my mother and the children. I never saw food look so good as the coarse loaf I bought with our last bit, and yet I could not taste a morsel of it myself; it was all there was to keep the life in the others. I made it hold out as long as it would, and when it was gone, I didn't know what to do. Mother was faint and restless, Jenny was crying with hunger, and I was clear discouraged, though I said nothing, except to hush Jenny. My mother looked up."

"He fetcheth the young ravens, Kitty, trust to him," she said, and I saw her eyes were swimming with tears. Then she turned herself and lay very still, but in my heart I heard her tears falling on her pillow. After a time she called me to her. "Kitty, there is but one way, now. Take the little clock to the pawnbroker's, and get some money on it. The things will have to go. You must not starve."

"The clock, mother?" I asked.

"Yes, Kitty."

"But we all love the clock so, and it's such a comfort to you when you can't sleep."

"Never mind that, Kitty."

"Why, the clock is the happiest thing in the house; it's such a comfort," I pleaded.

"It can be spared, though."

"Why, it was your own father's gift, mother."

"Say no more, Kitty; everything must go in turn."

"I said no more, but took the clock down from the shelf, marked it as I told you, so that if I ever saw it again I could

be sure it was the same, and started on my doleful errand. The children gathered about me to take a last look of their old friend. Johnny kissed the children, and Jenny stroked puffy's fur in the picture on the face, but my mother never looked up nor spoke a word. It was best not, for I knew well enough what she was thinking. Nor did I say anything. I carried my old companion in my arms as tenderly as I would have carried a baby to its cradle, and it was something that I could show my feelings in this way.

But when I came to the pawnbroker's, it was too hard to trade it off. I could as easily have sold my hands. And then I could get so little for it, and it was worth so much to my poor mother for comfort and memory. I did my best to raise money on it, and yet I blamed myself that I could do no better. I could not part with it so. I kept my hands on it till the pawnbroker laid down his ticket and the money, and taking up the clock set it back out of sight. I never saw it again, though I was often at the pawnbroker's till everything we had was sold—furniture, clothes, and all; I could never get a glance at it. And to my mind, it was like what people feel to see the dead come again, when I saw it in Mr. Dobbin's room, and I never thinking of such things, but trying to forget them, for it weakens and breaks me up to keep going over what has been. So that's the matter of the clock.

I was foolish like about it, but not so much after all as one might think who didn't know, for when I looked at it, it took me straight into our old home, and brought my mother and the children about me so kind; and when I heard it tick, I could hear their laugh and sing. I never saw another clock like that, ma'am. I wonder if it's anything to Mr. Dobbin! But I'm staying too long, ma'am, I must be going."

And Kitty rose.

"Come and see me again, Kitty," I said, "and when you have a home of your own, as you no doubt will have some day, I'll try to get that clock to keep you company there."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am; but I'll never have a home. Everything is against me, ma'am; it was always so. I thought I was in such good luck for once to get with the clock, and now it seems it was ill-luck."

"Keep a good heart, Kitty; cheer up, and all will come right," as I have often heard the clock say.

Kitty thanked me again, and took her leave. Mr. Dobbin was in his room all the time Kitty was telling her story, but he was so still (probably he was listening to it) that I never should have suspected it, had he not opened his door just as Kitty was going through the hall. They exchanged a goodbye, and then I heard him say something in an undertone about her boarding-house. I could not hear Kitty's reply for the clock. It ticked so gaily and merrily it "Cheer up, cheer up—on—on—cheer up," not in the least subdued by the grief of its old acquaintance, but urging its one continual lesson, that the steady, unflinching performance of duty will bring the best results at last.

And Mr. Dobbin seemed just as cheerful as ever, when he next returned to the clock, and sang for it just as glad a response as if Kitty had not gone away from it a few hours before in disgrace and heart break. There is so little sympathy in the world. I did not expect the clock to exhibit such change, but I thought Mr. Dobbin would certainly have some feeling for the poor girl; but if he had any, I could not perceive it. He seemed to sing louder and merrier every time the clock welcomed him home, so that I began to fear his noise might prove a serious disturbance.

One day he was almost boisterous, and I was considering the expediency of a complaint or an expostulation, when I heard him remove the clock from its place. I was alarmed. What could it mean? His wife must have deserted him. Was he safe? I heard him give orders for the removal of his furniture. I opened my door. Mr. Dobbin was there, looking the same as usual, only very much in error.

"Are you going to leave me, Mr. Dobbin?" I asked.

"I am, ma'am."

"You have found a more agreeable boarding house, I presume?"

"I go to housekeeping, ma'am."

I thought there was a little more triumph in this announcement than was quite becoming, since it was addressed to an unwilling boarder, and it was what I could not have anticipated from Mr. Dobbin, of all men! But my indignation was softened somewhat, when he most courteously and cordially invited me to visit him in his own house. I had not had time to shape my acknowledgment of his kindness, when he added, "Mrs. Dobbin will be happy to see you."

"Mrs. Dobbin—" I was awkwardly stammering, when he came again to my relief.

"Mrs. Dobbin. My wife, ma'am."

"Ah, then, I have to congratulate you, and I should sincerely congratulate the lady of your choice, had I the good fortune to know her. May I ask her name?"

"Kitty Martin, ma'am. I think you have the good fortune you speak of."

"Ah, indeed! Little Kitty Martin who loved the clock so!"

"The same."

Mr. Dobbin saw, no doubt, a little surprise in my expression, for he added, "I'll tell you just how it was. Kitty loved the clock, and so did I, and I tried to think the clock loved us. Kitty wanted the clock, and so did I; and I could not see any way to settle things which seemed quite as satisfactory to all concerned as for me to

mary Kitty, and now we can both have the clock."

I laughed at this very philosophic disposition of a difficult matter, and Mr. Dobbin laughed louder, he was so entirely confident of the wisdom of his arrangement; and bidding me "good morning," took the clock in his arms and went off humming one of the gayest tunes, which I recognized to be "Come Haste to the Wedding," the meanwhile never varying from its old tick; joys and sorrows, weddings and funerals, the same to it all being constituent parts of human life, and all good in place and time. [Peterson's Magazine.]

CARE OF THE FEET. "Of all parts of the body," says Dr. Robertson, "there is not one which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet." Every person knows from experience that colds and many other diseases which proceed from colds, are attributable to cold feet. The feet are at such a distance from the "wheel of the system," of the system, that the circulation of the blood may be easily checked there.

Yet, for all this, and although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we have stated, there is no part of the human body so much trifled with as the feet. The young and would-be genteel footed tramp their toes and feet into thin-soled, bare pinching boots and shoes, in order to display neat feet, in the fashionable sense of the term.

There is one great evil, against which every person should be on their guard, and it is one which is not often guarded against—we mean the changing of warm for cold shoes or boots. A change is often made from thick to thin-soled shoes, without reflecting upon the consequences which might ensue. In cold weather boots and shoes of good thick leather, both in soles and uppers, should be worn by all.

Water-tights are not good if they are air-tights also; India rubber overshoes should never be worn except in very wet weather, and then not very long at once. It is hurtful to the feet to wear any covering that is air-tight over them, and for this reason India rubber should be worn as seldom as possible.

No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering that entirely obstructs the passage of the carbonic acid gas from the pores of the skin outward, and the moderate passage of air inward to the skin. Life can be destroyed in a very short time, by entirely closing up the pores of the skin. Good warm stockings and thick soled boots and shoes are conservators of health, and consequently of human happiness.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN WITH THE REBEL WOUNDED. While on his recent visit to Gen. McClellan's army, President Lincoln visited some of the rebel wounded. The visit is thus described:

The Oxford Democrat

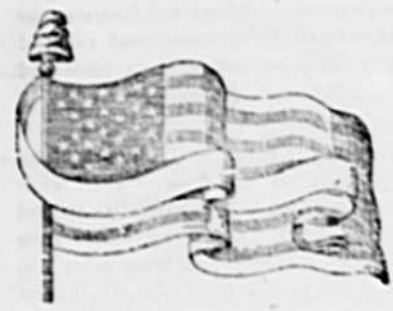
PARIS, MAINE, OCT. 31, 1862.

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.Clubbing. We would respectfully call the
attention of such as are disposed to lend their aid
in extending the circulation of a home paper to the
following offer:We will send
10 Copies, for one year, for 12.50
20 Copies, for one year, for 20.00And one copy to the person getting up the club.
The money must accompany the order.
S. M. Pettigill & Co., 10 State Street,
Boston, and 122 Nassau Street, New York, are
our authorized agents.

JOB PRINTING neatly executed.



Aulacious Assumption.

One of the most brazen-faced assumptions that ever emanated from impudence itself, is the pretense set up by certain democratic leaders, that the self-styled democratic party must be restored to power to make a successful end of this war. They have issued a new edition of the old state story that the republicans are not competent to govern the country, and that the only remedy is a return of hunkerism to power. This assumption comes with exceeding bad grace from a class of politicians who were mainly instrumental in inaugurating this rebellion. These demagogues seem to have forgotten that their votes and their influence made Buchanan President, and put that old traitor and thief, John B. Floyd, with those other traitors, Cobb, Thompson and Toucy, into the Cabinet, to lie and steal, and plot treason and rebellion in the White House. They seem to have forgotten that their party organization for years has been entirely under the control of the most black-hearted set of traitors that ever disgraced the earth.

The democrats of Maine, who talk so flippantly about the superiority of democrats to rule, seem to have forgotten the fact that only a very few years ago, they brought the Jesuitical traitor, Judah P. Benjamin, all the way from Louisiana to Maine, to instruct the people of this State how to vote, and how they elected him in Portland, and pronounced him Sir Oracle; how they went away to Georgia to hunt up that tory, Howell Cobb, to assist the Jewish thief in expanding democracy to the people of Maine. We wonder if they remember their fulsome flatteries of one Jeff Davis, how they "traded him out," a wonderful specimen of genuine democracy, and brought him away up into Oxford County, to instruct the "bores" in their political duties. In what kind of a condition are these democratic leaders in Maine to talk about the importance of restoring the country to democratic rule, with their garments still covered with the leprous spots of treason, by their associations with the villainous rebels of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Georgia?

Just at this particular time, the Ben Woods, John Van Buren, Jim Brooks, and Erasmus Cummings, are trying to persuade the people of New York to elect Seymour, Governor. What is their argument? Just the reasoning everywhere resorted to by seceding demagogues,—"that if the democrats can only again hold the reins of government, they will bring this war to an end." And how will they do it? By "compromise," exclaim the fools and traitors. And what kind of a compromise, pray tell us?—and here the wisest among the democratic sachems are compelled to stop for the want of something to say. To talk seriously about a settlement of the issues involved in this war by compromise, is rank treason, and the man who proposes it lives Jeff Davis and his infernal rebellion better than he does his country. Every man possessed of a thumbnail of common sense knows that this government has but one alternative left—it must conquer or be conquered. There is no single leader in the whole rebel army that would not laugh to scorn a proposition for a "compromise" settlement of this war. The South are terribly in earnest. Hard blows only can subdue them.

There is one of the most weighty reasons in the world why the republican party should be kept in power, to wit: the whole tribe of traitors and seceding sympathizers are in the ranks of the democratic party, and a democratic triumph is everywhere in rebellion. The recent elections in Ohio and Indiana are claimed in all the rebel papers as secession victories. Every single vote that is cast for the democracy is "aid and comfort" to the rebels, encourages them in their work of carnage and blood, and prolongs the day of their submission to federal rule. The whole thing is narrowed down to this—a vote for the republican party is a square vote against the rebellion; a vote for the democratic party, in its influence and operations, is a vote for it. The inference is inevitable.

The restoration of the democratic party to power at this critical juncture of our public affairs would produce one of two results—it would lead to a rending of this government asunder, by the direct recognition of a Southern Confederacy; or, a disgraceful, infamous compromise between right and wrong, which would end in blotting out our nationality, and placing the neck of every northern freeman under the galling yoke of a negro driving aristocracy.

Secretary Chase, in a note to the President of the Revere Bank, Boston, says that on the 1st inst., the National debt amounted to \$640,000,000, a sum somewhat less than that stated by the hunker papers.

The October Elections.

A great cry has been raised by the democratic papers, including the Portland Advertiser, over the recent elections in Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania. Because there is an increase in the aggregate democratic vote, and a loss of several republican members of Congress, it is claimed that the emancipation proclamation of the President has worked a revolution in public sentiment and driven a portion of the republican votes over to the democrats. The whole assumption is false. The apparent change is easily accounted for—the republicans have volunteered and gone to the war, while the democrats have staid at home. This has been proved in two ways—1st, by a canvass, and 2d, by the returns in cases where the soldiers in camp have been allowed to vote. Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, caused a canvass in his Congressional District to be made, and ascertained from actual count that over three thousand more republicans than democrats had volunteered for the war. The same thing was done in Speaker Grow's district, in Pennsylvania, and a much larger per cent. of republicans was found to be gone, and this caused his defeat, while Colfax was elected by a small majority. Take another test. By the laws of Iowa, her soldiers in camp were allowed to vote. The total vote of her men in the army is as follows—Republicans 7122, Democrats 1895. What was the result? The election of six republicans to Congress in that State, its entire delegation. Without the vote of the soldiers a majority of the delegation would have been democrats. Take a single Regiment, the gallant and indomitable 7th Iowa, which has been in every fight in the West, from Belmont up to the second battle in Corinth—212 voted, and 202 voted the republican ticket. To use a common phrase, these facts "tell the whole story." These facts account for our losses in the October elections, and any editor who attributes them to a change in public sentiment shows either his ignorance, or a wilful intent to cheat and deceive his readers.

The same causes may defeat Gen. Wade and elect Seymour, in New York, and produce a corresponding change in her Congressional delegation. It has been authentically ascertained that in the State of New York a majority of more than forty thousand republicans have gone to the war, hence, if the same causes should produce the same result in New York that have been brought about in Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, it should not be a matter of discouragement among our friends.

George Francis Train.

The speeches of this gentleman in England, made him somewhat notorious in this country, prior to his visit here. His independence, and the bold and fearless manner with which he attacked some of the peculiarities of the English system, made him many friends in this country. He is a bold, dashing declaimer, has a fair share of originality, and possesses many of the elements that constitute an orator. His recent speeches, however, in Boston, Portland, and other places among us, have nearly ruined the reputation he brought with him. He has what some people call "smartness," without judgment or discretion. Then again, his excessive egotism and self-importance creates in the minds of those who hear him a feeling very much like disgust. His speeches will do very well for food for that class who are delighted with blackguardism, but have no relish for reason and sound argument. His vulgar and abusive attacks upon Charles Sumner and Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, and his tirades about the "nigger," are not only in bad taste, but they show a want of candor and fair dealing seldom found in any public speaker.

The truth is, whatever of reputation Mr. George Francis Train brought with him to this country is gone. He appears here the hater of some of the best men and most distinguished statesmen in the Union, and as such he will go down under the ban of an outraged public sentiment. This is the inevitable fate of all pretenders, who set themselves up against the moral convictions of the great mass of men in enlightened christian communities. Such has been the fate of men, possessed of much greater intellect than George Francis Train, and such will be his sure and certain destiny.

Frank Leslie's Monthly, for November, has a beautiful portrait of Miss Kate Chase, daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury. This is the second of the series of full length pictures of representative American women, of which Mrs. Lincoln's portrait was the first. The portrait of Mrs. McClellan will appear in the next number. Terms, \$3 per year. Address: Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The Atlantic for November is a full number, embracing seven articles and poems. The writers in this number are R. W. Emerson, Major Winthrop, C. C. Hazewell, Prof. Agassiz, Henry D. Thoreau, Author of the "Story of To-day," John Weiss, Geo. S. Hillard, Miss Hale, Author of the "Queen of the Red Crossman," Prof. A. D. White, Epes Sargent, W. D. Howell, H. T. Tuckerman, E. P. Peabody, George P. Prescott, H. W. S. Cleveland. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3.00 per year. Subscriptions forwarded from this office, at \$3.50 for Atlantic and Democrat, one year.

In our notice of the enterprise of the American Agriculturist, a week or two since, we did not give the terms of the paper. The price is \$1 a year, and subscribers sending now get not only the Agriculturist for all of 1863, (vol. 22.) but the rest of this year, and the map in addition, all for a dollar. We have received the maps, and can testify to their value. Address: Orange Judd, 41 Park Row, New York City.

INSURANCE FOR SOLDIERS. Any of our friends desiring to read the announcement of a complete humbug in this line, can do so by calling at this office. It is a lengthy advertisement for a company, which, as far as present investigation discovers, has a high sounding name, but no local habitation.

The steamships of the Montreal line come to Portland, next month, the first one reaching the city the last of the month.

West Oxford Agricultural Society.

In setting up the Award of Premiums of this Society, the compositor, by accident, omitted two pages of the manuscript. These pages contain the awards given below:

NEEDLEWORK AND FANCY ARTICLES.

Mrs. and Miss Howe, Fryeburg, millinery, \$1.00
Mrs. Scott, Denmark, shell and moss work, gratuity, 1.00
Same, hair work, 50
Miss M. J. Charles, Fryeburg, collar, 25
Miss Mary Shernburn, do., tatted collar, 50
Mrs. P. R. Richmond, do., cottonman, 50
Miss H. G. McMillan, Fryeburg, chemise yoke, 50
Mrs. J. B. Osgood, Fryeburg, embroidery, 75
Miss E. Harriman, (Blind Institution at South Boston,) bead basket, 25
Miss Mary A. Ward, Fryeburg, fancy articles, 25
Miss Elias P. Walker, Fryeburg, embroidered skirt, 25
Mrs. Bachelder, Denmark, lady 75 yrs. old, braided mat, 50
Mrs. Mary Walker, Fryeburg, braided mat, 50
Mrs. H. J. Seavey, Fryeburg, wrought slippers, 25
Miss M. E. Swan, Fryeburg, tidy, 25

BREAD AND DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Committee—H. G. Walker, Thomas Mason, J. W. R. Farrington.
Amount offered, \$14.00—Awarded, \$13.00.
Mrs. T. J. Haley, Stow, best June butter, 3.00
Miss Ann Walker, Fryeburg, 21 do., 2.00
C. W. Waterhouse, Fryeburg, best Fall butter, 2.00
Mrs. T. J. Haley, Stow, 21 do., 1.00
Mrs. F. L. Rice, Denmark, best cheese, 1.00
Mrs. S. Stuckney, Brownfield, 21 do., 1.00
Mrs. John Weston, Fryeburg, best brown bread, 1.00
Miss M. A. Ward, Fryeburg, best white bread, 1.00
Mrs. T. J. Haley, Stow, 21 do., 50
Miss M. A. Ward, Fryeburg, best loaf cake, 1.00

HONEY, SUGAR, STUFF, WINES, JELLIES, PRESERVED, DRIED FRUITS, PICKLES AND CATERPILLARS.

Committee—S. Hoad, S. C. Hobbs, Miesch Abbott.

Amount offered, \$9.25—Awarded, \$7.75.
Wm. Gordon, Fryeburg, best maple sugar, 1.00
J. W. Souther, Fryeburg, 21 do., 50
Same, best maple syrup, 75
S. Hoad, Lovell, bee hive and 2 boxes honey, 1.00
Mrs. V. R. Farrington, Fryeburg, strawberry preserves, 25
Same, pickled plums, 25
Same, tomato catsup, 25
Mrs. V. Stuckney, Brownfield, cucumber pickles, 25
Same, tomato pickles, 25
Same, currant jelly, 25
Mrs. Walter Higgins, Fryeburg, currant wine, 25
Mrs. Helen McMillan, Fryeburg, pickled onions, 25
Miss Edith McMillan, Fryeburg, tomato catsup, 25
Mrs. Carrie McMillan, Fryeburg, pickled nasturtiums, 25
Mrs. C. Barker, Denmark, tomato preserve, 25
Mrs. V. Barker, Denmark, sweet apple syrup, 25
Mrs. A. Appleby, Brownfield, pickled onions, 25
Same, mixed pickles, 25
Same, dill pickle wine, 25
Same, currant wine, 25
Same, strawberry wine, 25
Same, tomato pickles, 25

LEATHER—ITS MANUFACTURES.

Committee—S. Stuckney, S. Hoad.
Amount offered, \$11.00—Awarded, \$5.00.
H. M. Bassett, Fryeburg, upper leather, 3.00
John Chase, Fryeburg, harness, 1.00
John Seavey, Fryeburg, English sole leather, 1.00

The Price Current, of Saturday, notes the prices of Country Produce as follows:—Green Apples, \$1.25 a \$1.50 per barrel; Beans, \$2.25 and \$2.60; butter, 18 and 20 cents; cheese, country dairy, 9 and 1 1/2; eggs, 48 and 50; hay, \$13 and \$15; hops, 14 and 15; potatoes, 37 and 40; eggs, 16 and 17.

There has been an advance in pork. Kerose oil now stands, by single barrel, 60 cents.

PROLIFIC. Mr. Rufus Farr left at this office, a few days since, a bunch of barley, grown from one seed, containing one hundred and thirty-four stalks, most of which are headed out. It grew upon the farm of the Davis', in Woodstock.

These gentlemen have seeded, the present season, the large lot they had in corn, last year. Twenty-four acres were sown to wheat, and they have out from this, 26 loads, containing 6210 bundles. The ground was put in barley and oats. The remainder is seeded to herds grass, and will be cut for seed next year, after which they propose to turn it out to sheep pasture.

MAINE AGENCY. In another column will be found the standing notice of the Agent of the State of Maine, in Washington. Mr. Hathaway acts without compensation, and we understand it to be the purpose of his notice to direct attention to a reliable person, to whom any one may apply for any information desired, as to friends in the army. He is the son of the late Judge Hathaway, of Bangor.

Mr. Brown, Assessor for this Collection District, informs us that the monthly return of Mr. Robinson, manufacturer of woollens, gives a tax of about \$300 for the month.

MATCHES. We learn that the celebrated matches, sold by the Portland Match Company, are manufactured at Oxford. The sales of this little article of manufacture, by this firm, amount to \$4000 to \$5000 per year.

Col. Ricker purchased but three horses, in this place, on Monday. The day was very stormy, which will account for the limited number presented. Monday evening he went to Bryant's Pond, where he purchased six of Messrs. Tuttle & Hobbs. Those, with the three purchased here, were taken to Lewiston, Tuesday, by Mr. Tuttle.

Capt. T. W. Whitehouse, Co. K, 22d Maine Regiment, has been made the recipient of an elegant sword and equipments, by the members of his company.

Melville C. Kimball, of Bethel, has been appointed 2d Lieutenant in the 4th Maine battery.

Bethel Items.

Brackett W. True.

We have lost a good boy. As an example for the imitation of the young, we would set before them, in the fewest possible words, his character. He was modest in deportment, ever respecting his elders, never seeking unsuitable places of resort, and fond of useful reading and study. When scarcely seventeen years of age, he subscribed and took the Scientific American for his newspaper. His mind was inventive. Natural Philosophy and Chemistry were favorite studies, in which he excelled. From early childhood he had expressed a desire to follow the sea. Consequently his later studies were directed to that end. He, however, spent nearly three years as a clerk in Boston and Roxbury, Mass., where he won the confidence of his employers in a remarkable manner. His desire of going to sea still clung to him, with the hope that he might one day be captain of a ship, and he sailed on a whaling voyage last March. He was delighted with his prospect, gained the favor of his captain, who gave him an opportunity of keeping the ship's reckoning, and of using his instruments; and he was rapidly acquiring the art of navigation. But, alas! consumption had seized him for his victim. He was sick two months and a half on board of the ship, and arrived at Boston three weeks before his death, where he received every possible attention from his friends there. He came home only to die, not, however, before he had declared publicly what he had found alone on board of the vessel, a hope in God's pardoning mercy. Thus we have consigned to the grave a darling boy, one whose company ever afforded us pleasure, and one who was ever attentive to his parents' wishes. For the imitation of young men who are about to leave home, we give his parting words—"Father," said he, "you will have one thing to console you, after I am gone, that no act of mine will ever come back to bring sorrow or disgrace upon you or your family." Farewell, dear boy. N. T. T.

LIGHTNING. While on a mineralogical excursion to Robertson's Hill, in Bethel, last Wednesday afternoon, with the boys of the Highland School, we were overtaken in a thunder shower, when we saw one of those things witnessed not more than once in a lifetime. While standing on the track of the railroad, we saw a bolt descend, as we at first supposed, into the bed of the river. This was immediately followed by a report, resembling the explosion of ten thousand percussion caps, and immediately after this a clap of thunder. The boys were about two rods distant, and as it proved, the bolt struck upon the track about two rods from them, and exploded with a shower of sparks. According to M. East cast iron conveys sound ten times faster than air, consequently, the peculiar sound we first heard, was the striking of the bolt upon the track, which was conveyed to us one or two seconds before the thunder. To us it was a most interesting experiment on sound.

Since writing the foregoing, we learn that the telegraph wire was struck at the same time, and the fluid entered the depot a mile and a half distant with a loud report, and damaged the apparatus of the office.

N. T. T.
Deacon Geo. Chapman, of this village, now 82 years old, one day last week, made a step from the top to the bottom of his chamber stairs, without injury. Such a step from an old person rarely ever takes place without a broken bone. He is totally blind.

Capt. Samuel Barker, of this town, was seriously poisoned in the hand by skinning a diseased cow last week. At one time he was supposed to be in the greatest danger, but he is now improving. It is supposed by some that the animal was affected with the same disease that now prevails in Vermont.

Capt. Daniel Grant died on Wednesday, of last week. He formerly owned all the land where the Depot now stands, as well as all the land in the lower village. He was 86 years of age.

The boys and girls got up a pining bee, at Capt. Samuel Chapman's, Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the soldiers. They only stopped pining when the apples failed. The apples are taken to a drying room for hops, where they will soon be cured.

Hops. The hop harvest in Bethel has become of no trifling importance. The Bethel hops stand high in the market. Farmers have realized from five to eight hundred dollars from the hop harvest alone. Hop picking is as merry as ever as a corn husking of olden times. Fifteen or twenty girls are usually employed on a farm for two or three weeks. The boys take down the poles and the girls pick off the hops into boxes prepared for the purpose. They are then conveyed to the drying house, where they are cured and packed in bags for market. The price this year is fifteen cents per lb.

AN INCIDENT. Extract from a letter dated at New Orleans, Oct. 10, 1862:—"About 200 rebel prisoners were sent from New Orleans to Baton Rouge to be exchanged. Some 8000 persons assembled on the levee to see them leave, and cheer after cheer went up from the secession sympathizers. During this time a beautiful young lady stripped out in front of the crowd, and unfolding a Union flag, and tying it to her person, waved it triumphantly before the assembled crowd. Some of the Southern chivalry attempted to hiss her, but were immediately arrested by the guard. Success to the girl that waved the Red, White and Blue.

The mountains in this vicinity are covered with snow this, Tuesday, morning.

ACADIA DIVISION. The following is a list of the officers of Acadia Division, Sons of Temperance, South Paris, for the Quarter commencing Sept. 29, 1862:

W. P.—J. R. Sanborn.
W. A.—S. H. Webber.
R. S.—T. W. Cleary.
A. R.—E. K. Scribner.
F. S.—N. O. Swift.
T.—C. McFadden.
Chap.—J. M. Hersey.
Con.—L. R. Rawson.
A. Com.—A. C. Cushman.
I. S.—William H. King.
O. S.—S. C. Yeaton.

Thanksgiving in Maine, Thursday, November, 27th.

The "People's" movement in Massachusetts is pretty well exposed, and the people begin to see it in its true character. Its candidates decline, the signs of the call in several sections appear at public meetings and disavow all sympathy with the movement, and true democrats are declaring for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and the election of Gov. Andrew. It is a noteworthy fact, that while they condemn the Republicans for nominating a candidate for U. S. Senator, in Convention, they have followed the example; and in all their proceedings have been as bitterly partisan as they could well be.

TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT. A note from the Chaplain of this Regiment, dated at Capitol Hill, says the regiment arrived in good condition, and movements were made as well as could be expected of men in a new business. The officers are all popular with their commands. They were then under orders to march to Seneca, Md.

A letter from Lieut. Lopham, states that the regiment has been assigned to Grover's brigade, Hooker's Division. Gen. Grover is the man generally looked to, when some tough business is in hand; but it is not probable that the new men will go to the front till they have had some chance to drill.

MINERALOGY. A series of articles on the Mineralogy of Oxford County, will be commenced in our next number. The articles are written by a gentleman completely familiar with his subject, who intends to describe all the minerals in Oxford County, so that they may be recognized by the reader. The author hopes to do something towards creating an interest in Natural History, among the people, as well as to describe some new localities, and new minerals from old localities.

GEN. SCOTT'S VINDICATION. On the third day of March, the day before President Lincoln was inaugurated, Gen. Scott wrote to Secretary Seward a letter, commenting on the rebellion. One plan was to say to our revolted sisters, depart in peace. This letter was read by John Van Buren at a democratic meeting in New York. How it was obtained is a mystery; and its publication was unauthorized. Gen. Scott, in vindication of himself, has caused to be published in the National Intelligencer, the Memoranda copied in another column, showing his anxiety to maintain the Union, and at the same time proving the treason of Buchanan's government. Read the statement of the old soldier.

BUCKLAND. It is reported that the store of Ephraim Atwood, Esq., at Backfield Village, was broken open, Sunday night, and goods to the amount of \$500 stolen. A portion of the goods have been discovered buried in sawdust under the saw-mill. The rascal, after ransacking the store, went to the house, which he entered by the cellar door, and lighted a lamp in the sleeping room of Mr. Atwood's little son. Seeing he was awake, the fellow left. It is thought that he was after the safe key. A stocking was dropped in the cellar, the mate to which was with the goods found under the mill.

TEXAS OPERATIONS. Accounts are given of the occupation, by federal forces, of Sabine City, and Galveston, Texas. Sabine City is located near the Louisiana line. The Houston Telegraph extra, states that the federal commander gave four days for the women and children to leave Galveston, and the city was evacuated. The city was occupied by the federals on the 5th inst.

The Press learns that Gen. Howard is at Augusta, with his family. The fever has left him, and he will be able to return to his command, on the expiration of his furlough of twenty days. His brother has returned to Leeds, never having recovered from his wound. We notice Col. Whittlesey, of Gen. Howard's staff, has been on a visit to Philadelphia, to recruit his health.

The Continental Monthly says, with the South the snobs of war are the sinews of the slaves retained at home to cultivate the lands and provide subsistence for the army. Without them, the whites would be withdrawn from the armies to raise provisions.

Judge Davis had another attack of bleeding at the lungs, week before last. He had so far recovered as to be able to resume his place on the bench last Friday.

We regret to learn, that one of the soldiers, left by Col. Virgin, sick in the camp hospital at Camp Abraham Lincoln, died Thursday of typhoid fever; of which there still remained several soldiers sick, at that camp. [Portland Press.]

We understand he belonged in Sumner, where his remains were taken to be buried. We have not learned his name.

WASHINGTON COUNTY. The Executive Council have declared John Plummer of Addison, and William Duren of Calais, elected Senators from Washington County. They are both Republicans. [Sentinel.]

Persons who attended the Town Show, at Waterford, last week, report that there was a good number of people present, and a creditable display of stock, &c. The day was rather uncomfortable for such an exhibition.

Madame Anna Bishop died at St. Paul, Minn., on the 17th, in consequence of her clothes taking fire on the Wednesday previous.

SECOND DISTRICT. The official vote for Member of Congress, in the Second District was as follows:

Sidney Perham, repub.	9,976
Geo. Bates and C. Record.	7,616
Mr. Perham's majority.	2,360

The seat of S. S. Cox, reported elected to Congress from Ohio, will be contested by Hon. Samuel Shellabarger, on account of frauds perpetrated in Columbus.

The ladies of this vicinity have, this week, forwarded a box of articles, for Trinity Hospital, Washington, D. C. It is addressed to Miss S. J. Prentiss, and is designed for the patients in her charge.

From the National Intelligencer.

Southern Forts—A Summary, &c.

Oct. 30, 1862, I emphatically called the attention of the President to the necessity of strong garrisons in all the forts below the principal commercial cities of the Southern States, including, by the name, the forts in Pensacola harbor. October 31, I suggested to the Secretary of War that a circular should be sent at once to such of those forts as had garrisons to be on the alert against surprise and sudden assaults. (See my "Views," since printed.)

After a long confinement to my bed in New York, I came to this city (Washington) December 12. Next day I personally urged upon the Secretary of War the same views, viz., strong garrisons in the Southern forts; those of Charleston and Pensacola harbors; those on Mobile Bay and the Mississippi, below New Orleans next, &c. I again pointed out the organized companies and the recruits at the principal depots available for the purpose. The Secretary did not concur in any of my views, when I begged him to procure for me an early interview with the President, that I might make one effort more to save the forts and the Union.

By the appointment, the Secretary accompanied me to the President, December 15, when the same topics, secessionism, &c., were again pretty fully discussed. There being at the moment [in the opinion of the President] no danger of an early secession, beyond South Carolina, the President, in reply to my arguments for immediately reinforcing Fort Moultrie and sending a garrison to Fort Sumter, said:

"The time has not arrived for so doing so; that he should wait the action of the Convention of South Carolina, in the expectation that a commission would be appointed and sent to negotiate with him and Congress respecting the secession of the State and the property of the United States held within its limits; and that if Congress should decide against the secession, then he would send a reinforcement and telegraph the commanding officer (Major Anderson) of Fort Moultrie to hold the forts (Moultrie and Sumter) against attack."

And the Secretary, with animation added, "We have a vessel of war (the Brooklyn) held in readiness at Norfolk, and he would then send three hundred men in her from Fort Monroe to Charleston."

To which I replied, first, that so many men could not be withdrawn from that garrison, but could be taken from New York. Next, that it would then be too late, as the South Carolina Commissioners would have the game in their hands, by first using and then cutting the wires that as there was not a soldier in Fort Sumter, any handful of armed secessionists might seize and occupy it, &c.

Here the remark may be permitted, that if the Secretary's three hundred men had then, or some time later, been sent to Fort Moultrie and Sumter, both would now have been in the possession of the United States, and not a battery below them could have been erected by secessionists; from the access to those forts from the sea would now (the end of March) be unobstructed and free.

December 28. Again, after Major Anderson had gallantly and wisely thrown his handful of men from Fort Moultrie into Fort Sumter learning that, on demand of South Carolina, there was great danger he might be ordered by the Secretary back to the less usable work, or out of the harbor I wrote this note:

"Lieut. Gen. Scott (who has had a bad night, and can scarcely hold up his head this morning) begs to express the hope to the Secretary of War—1. That orders may not be given for the evacuation of Fort Sumter. 2. That one hundred and fifty recruits may instantly be sent from Governor's Island to reinforce that garrison, with ample supplies of ammunition and subsistence, including fresh vegetables, as potatoes, onions, turnips; and 3. That one or two armed vessels be sent to support the said fort.

Lieut. Gen. S. avails himself of this opportunity also to express the hope that the recommendations heretofore made by him to the Secretary of War, respecting Forts Jackson, St. Philip, Morgan and Palaski, and particularly in respect to Forts Pickens and McLean and the Pensacola Navy Yard, in connection with the last two named, may be reconsidered by the Secretary.

Lieut. Gen. S. will further ask the attention of the Secretary to Forts Jefferson and Taylor, which are wholly national being of far more value even to the most distant points of the Atlantic coast, and the people on the upper waters of the Missouri, Mississippi, and Ohio rivers than to the State of Florida. There is only a feeble company at Key West for the defence of Fort Taylor, and not a soldier in Fort Jefferson to resist a handful of filibusters or a row-boat of pirates; and the Gulf, soon after the beginning of secession or revolutionary troubles in and adjacent States, will swarm with such nuisances.

December 30. I addressed the President again, as follows:

"Lieutenant Gen. Scott begs the President of the United States to pardon the irregularity of this communication. It is Sunday, the weather is bad, and General S. is not well enough to go to church. But matters of the highest national importance seem to wait a moment's delay, and, if mislaid by zeal, he hopes for the President's forgiveness.

Will the President permit General S., without reference to the War Department, and otherwise as secretly as possible, to send two hundred and fifty recruits from New York harbor to reinforce Fort Sumter, together with corn, muskets or rifles, ammunition and subsistence?

It is hoped that a sloop-of-war and cutter may be ordered for the same purpose as early as to-morrow. General S. will wait upon the President at any moment he may be called for."

The South Carolina Commissioners had already been many days in Washington, and no movement of defence (on the part of the United States) was permitted.

I will here close my notice of Fort Sumter by quoting for some of my previous reports. It would have been easy to reinforce this fort down to about the 19th of February. In this long delay Fort Moultrie had been re-

armed and greatly strengthened in every way by the rebels. Many powerful new land batteries (beside a formidable raft) have been sunk in the principal channel so as to render access to Fort Sumter from the sea impracticable without first carrying all the lower batteries of the secessionists. The difficulty of reinforcing has thus been increased ten or twelve fold. First, the late President refused to allow any attempt to be made because he was holding negotiations with the South Carolina Commissioners.

Afterwards Secretary Holt and myself endeavored, in vain, to obtain a ship-of-war for the purpose, and were finally obliged to employ the passenger steamer Star of the West. That vessel, but for the hesitation of the master, might, as is generally believed, have delivered at the fort the men and subsistence on board. This attempt at succor failing, I next verbally, submitted to the late Cabinet either that succor be sent by ships of war, fighting their way by batteries (increasing in strength daily), or that Major Anderson should be left to ameliorate his condition by the muzzle of his guns that is, enforcing supplies by bombardment and by bringing to merchant vessels, helping himself (given orders for payment), or, finally, be allowed to evacuate the fort, which, in that case, would be inevitable.

But, before any resolution was taken, the late Secretary of the Navy making difficulties about the want of suitable vessels, another Commissioner from South Carolina arrived, causing further delay. When this had passed away, Secretaries Holt and Toucy, Captain Ward, of the Navy, and myself with the knowledge of the President (Buchanan) settled upon the employment, under the Captain, (who was eager for the expedition,) of three or four small steamers belonging to the Coast Survey. At that time (late in January) I have but little doubt Captain Ward would have reached Fort Sumter, with all his vessels. But he was kept back by something like a true or armistice, [made here], embracing Charleston

War News.

A report comes from New York, to the effect that four Monitors have gone to Charleston harbor.

The leak in the War Department, through which important information has been disclosed, has been discovered. The faithful clerk in under arrest and an investigation will be made.

Very general satisfaction is expressed at the removal of Gen. Buell from command in Kentucky. It is viewed as the beginning of a policy which will clear the army of dictatorial officers. Gen. Rosecrans has nobly earned the honor bestowed in placing him at the head of the Department.

A recent North Carolina paper states that about 8000 blacks, offered by white men, have been sent from camps of instruction to garrison fortifications and important towns.

A federal force numbering 200, with one piece of artillery, stationed at Waverly, Tenn., 20 miles southwest of Fort Donelson, were attacked by 800 rebels on Thursday last. They were completely routed. Loss 23 killed, 25 captured and a large number wounded. Our loss was two killed and two wounded.

Gen. Curtis reports our operations in Arkansas as entirely successful. A battle with 5000 rebels was fought near Fox Ridge, 23d inst.; the latter were routed and Gen. Blunt and Seaford in pursuit.

Gen. Price, of the Confederate army, son of Gen. Sterling Price, has resigned his commission and taken the oath of allegiance, which he declares he shall observe in letter and spirit.

It is rumored that Gen. Banks is about to organize an important expedition to the South, of which he will have the command. Later accounts say he will go to Texas.

The Tribune's special dispatch, dated Bohar heights, Va., 27th, says a general movement has at last commenced. A portion of Gen. Burnside's troops left Pleasant Valley yesterday morning, and moved down to Berlin, five miles below Harper's Ferry, where a pontoon bridge is thrown across the Potomac. The remainder, embracing three corps under Gen. Burnside, will follow. Simultaneously with this, the troops at Sharpsburg, composed of Hooker's old corps, now commanded by Gen. Reynolds, and the corps of Gen. Fitz John Porter, are also on the march. They probably encountered last night near the head of Pleasant Valley.

A special dispatch to the Philadelphia Press, of same date, says the rebels evacuated Winchester, that day, and it was supposed that Strasburg was not held by a large force. The rebel army is divided into two bodies, under Longstreet and Jackson.

Jackson's column is marching directly to Staunton, where it is said winter quarters have been improvised. Longstreet, it is thought, moved on Gordonsville.

The Associated Press dispatch, of 28th, says the advance under Gen. Pleasanton, late yesterday afternoon, encountered the enemy with cavalry and artillery at Snicker's gap. He lost one man and five horses by the explosion of a shell.

The latest news received shows that the main body of the rebel army is encamped between Banker Hill and Martinsburg. A train of twenty cars, loaded with hay, oats and corn, was burned on Tuesday, at Harper's Ferry. It seems to have been owing to the carelessness of the engineer.

Gen. Grant reports the breaking up of another party of guerrillas in Kentucky.

It is supposed to be the intention of the rebels to attack Nashville. A battery that vicinity is expected.

The 21st and 24th Maine regiments have been detailed at New York.

The Navy Department has received the following information: The United States forces in the Gulf have destroyed the salt works of the rebels at St. Andrews and St. Joseph Bay. Both were capable of making over 100 bushels of salt per day.

The U. S. steamer Pensacola, on the 22d inst., captured off Shetland Island, N. C. the English brig Robert Bruce, of about 200 tons burthen, loaded with clothing, medicines, &c.

St. Louis, Oct. 28. To Major Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief—Colonel Boyd reports further success in Gen. Davidson's southeast district. Col. Lewis, commanding the 22d Iowa, with detachments from his own and the 24th and 25th Missouri regiments, with a section of Smith's Battery, attacked 1500 rebels at Putnam Ferry on the 27th, killing several and taking over forty prisoners. Our troops behaved well.

S. R. Curtis, Major General.

Geo. W. Wilson, pressman of the Portland Advertiser, had his hand caught in the press, Friday morning, and so badly crushed as to require amputation above the wrist.

Mr. Jotham Weston, of Skowhegan, recently killed a hog that dressed 800 pounds. It was a Chester, and three years old.

Joseph S. Noyes, Esq., of Belfast, died of inflammation of the bowels, on Thursday, 16th, aged 38 years. He was a prominent member of the Wadsworth bar.

The Bangor Whig learns that Gen. Jameson still continues very ill, and that there is cause for serious apprehensions as to the result.

General Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, is with his family at Herkimer County, New York. His health is not yet restored.

Henry Willie, Esq., of Portland, has been appointed agent for paying army pensions for the counties of Cumberland, York, Oxford, Hancock, Washington, Androscoggin and Knox, and Navy pensions for the whole State.

The Bath Sentinel says, on Monday morning, Miss Esther Ann Douglas, was most shockingly burnt by her clothes taking fire from sparks from the stove. Her recovery is extremely doubtful.

The law of the abolition of slavery in the Dutch West Indies, in July next, passed the States General of Holland by a vote 45 to 7.

It is stated that the Grand Trunk Railway has made arrangement to transport a large quantity of petroleum, using iron tanks for its conveyance. The oil comes from springs in Canada West.

In Days of Old.

There was a time—in days of old
When health was prized above fine gold,
That day has passed—all now neglect
That precious boon—all should protect.
Of sense and reason, all are bereft,
Or it would appear there's, but little left,
Apply it then to ease your life,
By the immediate use of Herrick's Pills.
These remarkable Pills startle some communities by their wonderful cures. Adapted to infirm, youth, manhood and old age. Put up with English, Spanish, French and German directions. Elegantly coated with sugar, purely vegetable, and will in large family boxes for 25 cents. See advertisement on third page.

MAINE AGENCY,
AND SOLDIERS' RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

No. 273 F street,
J. W. HATHAWAY,
Maine State Agt., Washington, D. C.

MARRIED.

In Paris, 18th, by Rev. W. H. S. Ventres, Mr. Columbus Richardson to Miss Helen Shackley, both of Newbury.
In Newbury, October 25, by Rev. Wm H. Hayward, Mr. Jeremiah H. Woodbury to Miss Ellen M. Bartlett, both of Newbury.

DIED.

In Paris, 20th, Charlotte B., wife of Levi T. Lurvey, aged 34 years, 9 months and 7 days.
In Newbury, Mrs. Mary Ham, aged 42.
In Washington, 23d, J. T. Waterhouse, Quartermaster of 17th Maine regiment, aged 42.

NEW TAILORING
REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

S. R. SIKKIAN,
HAYING LOCATED BY HIMSELF
AT BETHEL HILL.
Will prosecute the tailoring business in all its branches.
Having had over 20 years experience as CUTTER, in the City of Portland.

And other large towns in this State, he feels confident of giving entire satisfaction in all cases; and he hopes, by prompt attention to the wants of the public, to merit a share of patronage.

WANTED immediately, two young ladies to learn the trade.
Particular attention paid to Cutting Garments, to be made out of the shop.

All garments made at this establishment, warranted to give entire satisfaction.
S. R. SIKKIAN,
BETHEL, Sept. 15th, 1862.

SCHOOL BOOKS!

BAILEY & NOYES,
56 AND 58 EXCHANGE STREET,
PORTLAND.
Have constantly on hand a full supply of

ALL THE SCHOOL BOOKS
In use in the State,
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Being largely engaged in Publishing, our facilities for obtaining books of every kind, and selling cheap.

Are equal to any house in New England.
—ALSO—
BLANK ACCOUNT BOOKS!

A large assortment always on hand. We have
A GOOD STOCK OF ROOM PAPERS,
Which we sell at New York prices.

BOOK BINDING.
We would invite all persons who have BOOK BINDING to be done to give us a call. We have EXTRA FACILITIES and can warrant satisfaction.
F. W. BAILEY, 28 JAMES STREET.

H. B. HALL,
Druggist and Apothecary,
AND DEALER IN
Paints, Oil, Stuffs, Glass,
BOOKS & STATIONERY.

CHAPMAN'S BLOCK,
BETHEL, ME.
Agent for all the popular Patent Medicines.

Bounties, Back Pay and Pensions,
Professed for the friends of
DECEASED SOLDIERS.

BYRON D. VERRILL,
Attorney at Law, Office, No. 117 Middle Street,
PORTLAND, ME.

PENSIONS will also be obtained for disabled Soldiers. Apply in person or by mail.

VIRGIN & KING,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
NORWAY, ME.

Soldiers' Back Pay, Bounty & Pensions,
And Widow's Half Pay, obtained at reasonable rates.

CLOCKS & WATCHES,
Jewelry, Spectacles, &c.,
CAREFULLY REPAIRED, BY
B. WALTON.

DR. A. THOMPSON,
DENTIST,
No. 2, Bent's Block,
NORWAYVILLE, ME.

S. RICHARDS, Jr.,
Dealer in
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY
Silver & Plated Ware,
SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS

Opposite Methodist Church
SOUTH PARIS.

WM. E. GOODNOW,
Fire and Life Insurance,
—AND—
Real Estate Agent,
NORWAY, MAINE.

All business done at very low terms.

S. W. BUTTERFIELD,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
WINDOW FRAMES, &c.,
Jig Sawing and turning of all kinds,
DONE WITH NEATNESS.
Manufactory at
BETHEL, MAINE.

A CARD
TO THE LADIES.

H. ROSENBERG,
SOUTH PARIS.

Keeps not only the most extensive, but the best selected stock of

Dry Goods & Millinery,
And he sells goods of the same quality.

As Low, and Lower, than they can be obtained anywhere in this State.

Having bought his goods as close as cash could buy them, he will, in order to make quick sales, sell them at a very small advance on the cost, so as to bring them in reach of everyone desiring to purchase.

The subscriber would respectfully call attention to the following articles:
Black and Fancy Silks,
Tulle, Ribbons,
ALL, AND HALF WOOL, DELAINES,
Alpaca Plaids and Fig. Alpacaes,
Cachemeres, Lyonses,
Ottoman Cloths, Prints, White English Flannels,

Black & Colored All-Wool Ladies' Cloth, SCARVES AND SCARFINGS,
Linen and White Goods of Every Description, Bal-morals, Corsets, Soutages, Bands,
Ladies, Misses, and Children's Hosiery and Gloves.
Hoop Skirts of all sizes, &c., &c., &c.

Millinery Department,
Has never been more complete, than it is this season, and the subscriber takes great pleasure in informing his friends and patrons, that he has been so fortunate as to secure the services of

MRS. A. CHAPIN,
A lady who has had charge of quite an extensive Millinery Establishment, in Massachusetts, more than thirty years, and who is well acquainted with all the latest fashions.
No pains will be spared to keep this branch fresh by new additions throughout the season.

Bonnets and Hats pressed at 15 Cts.
Best Sewal Cotton, by the 12 doz. at 23 cts.
Double, Single & Split Zephyrs,
Shetland and necker Ties,
By the pound, ounce, or single knot, at the lowest Boston prices.

MRS. A. R. RAY,
Continues to carry on the
CLOAK AND DRESS MAKING,
For which branch all kinds of Timings are kept constantly on hand.

In order to make it more easy for the Farming Community, the subscriber has made arrangements to take, in exchange for goods, good strong Dried Apple, Eggs & Stocking Yarn,
for which the highest market price will be allowed.

Farm for Sale.
OF SIXTY ACRES, situated 2 1/2 miles from Newbury Village, on the Col. Mill road, formerly owned by Wm. Churchill. The same is well divided into fields, mowing, wood and pasture. There is a thrifty young orchard, and some stone walls, and a good barn, and a good house. For further particulars and plan of the same, inquire of WM. E. GOODNOW, Newbury, or S. RICHARDS, Jr., South Paris, Oct. 13, 1862.

HASTINGS & WALKER,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
LOVELL, ME.
D. R. HASTINGS. A. H. WALKER.

BOLSTER & LUDDEN,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
DIXFIELD.
22 OXFORD COUNTY, ME.
W. W. BOLSTER. L. H. LUDDEN.

W. A. PIDGIN & CO.,
Book, Card and Fancy Job Printers,
PARIS, MAINE.

TRUSSES, SHOULDER BRACES,
And Supporters!
ALL KINDS AND VARIETIES!
Warranted to fit, and give
Perfect Satisfaction!
VERY LOW FOR CASH!

A. OSCAR NOYES,
Norway Village, Maine.

International House,
JUNCTION OF
EXCHANGE AND CONGRESS & LIMESTONES,
Opposite New City Hall, Portland, Me.

THE subscriber having leased this new and commodious Hotel, invites to the attention of the traveling public.

No pains will be spared to make the INTERNATIONAL a first class Hotel, and at the same time the charges for board by the day or week, will be within the reach of the business public.

JOS. W. STOVER, Proprietor.

HENRY D. HUTCHINS,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
LOVELL, MAINE.

ELDEN BARKER,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
LOVELL, MAINE.

All precepts, by mail or otherwise, promptly attended to.

J. S. POWERS,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
FRYBURG, ME.

All precepts by mail promptly attended to.

W. G. SPRING,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
HIRAM, ME.

All business promptly attended to.

ALVAH BLACK,
Counsellor & Attorney at Law
(Office, over the Post Office,
PARIS HILL,
OXFORD COUNTY, ME.)

D. D. RIDLON,
Deputy Sheriff and Coroner
FOR THE COUNTY OF OXFORD.
KEZAR FALLS, ME.

Job Printing neatly executed
at the Democrat Office.

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

SARAH HAMMOND of Paris, respectfully represents that she is the widow of John H. Hammond, deceased, and that she is entitled to the administration of his estate.

On the third Tuesday of October, A. D. 1862, she appeared at the Probate Court, and presented her petition for the appointment of an administrator of the estate of said deceased.

On the foregoing petition, she presented a copy of her petition, and a copy of the will of said deceased, and a copy of the inventory of his estate, and a copy of the list of his creditors.

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