

# The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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## MISCELLANY.

### THE MYSTERIOUS WIDOW.

During the summer of 1814 the British had not only laid claim to all of that portion of the District of Maine lying East of the Penobscot, but Admiral Griffith, and Sir John C. Sherbrooke, the latter being then the governor of Nova Scotia, had been sent with a heavy force to take possession, and had occupied the town of Castine, which place commanded the entrance to the Penobscot river. Shortly after the arrival of the English squadron, Commodore Samuel Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot Bay to protect the American coasters, and while the British sailed up Castine he lay with his vessel at Thomaston.

It was a schooner that the Commodore commanded, but she was a heavy one, and well armed and manned; and that she carried the true Yankee "grit" upon her decks the enemy had received, for them, rather too many proofs. On the morning of the 25th of August, a messenger came down from Belfast with the intelligence that the British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and that Sir John Sherbrooke had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the Commodore received the intelligence, his vessel was lying at one of the low wharves where he would have to wait nearly two hours for the tide to set him off; but he hastened to have everything prepared to get off as soon as possible, for he had no desire to meet the frigate.

The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud, and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bow-line, when a wagon, drawn by one horse, came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and then assisted a middle aged lady from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, she stepped upon the schooner's deck and approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"

"Right off, as soon as possible, madam."

"O, then, I know you will be kind to me," the lady urged, in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wiscasset, where we belong, and where his parents will take care of it."

"But, my good woman, I can't go to Wiscasset."

"If you only land me at the mouth of the Sheepscot, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat there to take me up."

"Where is the body?" asked Tucker.

"In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising the corner of her shawl to wipe away the gathering tears.

"I have a small sum of money with me, sir, and you shall be paid for your trouble."

"Tut, tut, woman; if I accommodate you, there won't be any pay about it."

The kind hearted old commodore was not the man to refuse a favor, and though he liked not the bother of taking the woman and her strange accompaniment on board, yet he could not refuse; and when he told her he would do as she had requested, she thanked him with many tears in her eyes.

Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man who drove the wagon, and beneath it appeared a mat black coffin. Some were passed by the seamen, as they bore the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them.

It may have been but prejudice on their part, but yet seamen should be allowed a prejudice once in a while, when we consider the many stern realities they have to encounter.

"Hush, my good men," said the commodore, as he heard their murmured remonstrances. "Suppose some of you were to die away from home—would you not wish that your last remains might be carried to your poor parents? Come, hurry now."

The men said no more, and ere long the coffin was placed in the hold, and the woman was shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that he was once out of the bay.

In the evening the lady passenger came on deck, and the Commodore assured her that he should be able to land her early on the next morning. She expressed her gratitude and satisfaction, and remarked that before she retired she should like to look and see that her husband's corpse was safe. This was of course granted, and one of them lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold.

"I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old sailor, who had the wheel, "she takes on 'er fully."

"Yes—poor thing," responded Tucker, as he heard the woman's sobs and groans.

taffrail and looked at the stern boat—and then she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out, or you'll gibe the boom," uttered the passenger.

Carter started and found that the main-sail was shivering. He gave the helm a couple of spokes a port, and then cast his eyes again upon the woman whose features were lighted by the binnacle lamp.

"Tank's ma'am," said Dan. "Ha, hold on—why, bless my soul, there's a big spider right on your hair. No—not there. Here—'ll—ugh!"

The last ejaculation Dan made as he seemed to pull something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck with the "ugh!" above mentioned.

Shortly afterwards the passenger went below, and ere long Tucker came on deck.

"Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is the 'oman turned in yet?"

"I rather think so," said Tucker, looking at the compass. "Look out, look out, Carter! Why, man alive, you are two points to the southward of your course."

"Blow me, so I am," said the man, bringing the helm smartly a-port. "But say, Commodore, didn't ye notice nothin' 'culiar 'bout that 'oman?"

"Why, Dan, you seem greatly interested about her."

"So I am, Commodore; an' so I am 'bout that black coffin, too. Wouldn't it be well for you an' I to go an' overhaul it?"

"Pshaw! you are as scared as a child in a graveyard."

"No, not a bit of it. Just hark a bit. That 'oman ain't no 'oman at all!"

The Commodore pronounced the vulgar name of his satanic majesty, in the most emphatic manner.

"It's the truth, Commodore. I can swear to it. I pertended there was a spider on her hair, and I rubbed my hand agin her face. By Sam Hyde, if it want as rough an' bearded as a holystone. You see, she told me as how I'd let the boom gibe it if I didn't look out. I knowed there wasn't no 'oman there, an' so I tried her. Call somebody to the wheel, an' let's go down an' look at the coffin."

The Commodore was wonder struck by what he had heard, but, with that calm presence of mind which made him what he was, he set coolly to thinking. In a few moments he called one of the men aft to relieve Carter, and then he went down into the cabin to look after his passenger. The latter had turned in and seemed to be sleeping. Tucker returned to the deck, and took Carter one side.

"No noise, now Carter; but follow me as though nothing had happened."

"Sartin," responded Dan.

The two approached the main hatch, and Carter stooped to raise it, when his hand touched a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the after break of the hatch.

"It's a ball of twine," said Dan.

"Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned a number of men had gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the Commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine, and found that it was made fast to something below. He descended to the hold, and there he found that the twine ran in beneath the coffin lid. He had no doubt in his mind now that there was mischief boxed up below him, and he sent Carter for something that might answer for a screw driver. The man soon returned with a stout knife, and the Commodore set to work. He worked very carefully, however, at the same time keeping a bright lookout for the string.

At length the screws were all out, and the lid very carefully lifted from its place.

"Great God in Heaven!" burst from the lips of the Commodore.

"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a young thunder clap from the tongue of Dan.

"God bless you, Dan!" said Tucker.

"I knowed it!" uttered Dan.

The two men stood for a moment and gazed into the coffin. There was no dead man there, but in the place thereof, there was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gunpowder and pitchwood! Upon a light framework in the centre were arranged four pistols, all cocked and primed, and the string which entered the coffin from without communicated with the trigger of each.

The first movement of the Commodore was to call for water, and when it was brought he dashed three buckets full into the infernal contrivance, and then he breathed a word of free.

"No, no," he uttered, as he leaped from the hold. "No, no—my men. Do nothing rashly. Let me go into the cabin first. You may follow me."

Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin, walked up to the bunk where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress he dragged it's wearer out upon the floor.

There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol, but it was quickly knocked away—the gown was torn off, and a man came forth from the remnants of calico and linen.

The fellow was assured that his whole plot had been discovered, and at length he owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night and get hold of the ball of twine, which he had left in a convenient place; he then intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the string as he went along; then to have got into the boat, cut the falls, and as the boat fell into the water he would have pulled smartly up on the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued with a wicked look, "what would have fol-

lowed. I shouldn't have been noticed in the fus—I'd have got out of the way with the boat, and you'd all have been in the next world in short order. All I can say, is, I'm sorry I didn't do it."

It was with much difficulty that the Commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have had a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the American Commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck and lashed to the main rigging, where he was told to remain till the vessel got into port.

"What a horrid death that villain meant for us," uttered Carter.

"Yes he did," said Tucker with a shudder.

"He belongs to the same gang that's been a robbin' and burning the poor folk's houses on the Eastern coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," returned the Commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about his mouth.

A bitter curse from the prisoner here broke the air, and with a clutched fist the Commodore went below.

In the morning when Commodore Tucker came on deck, Seguin was in sight upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

"Carter, where's the villain I lashed here last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he is, Commodore. Perhaps he's jumped over-board."

The old Commodore looked sternly into Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of satisfaction gleaming there. He hesitated a moment—then turned away and muttered to himself:

"Well, well—I can't blame them. If the murderous villain's gone to his death, he's only met a fate which he richly deserved. Better far that it be, than that my noble crew were now all in ocean's cold grave."

From the Child's Paper.

What a Suit of Clothes came to.

"Mother," said George Maxwell, "there is a boy in our school who I wish had some of my clothes. The boys call him Pinch, he looks so pinched; but he is real clean, his knees and elbows are well patched; he was dreadful cold in school to day; I know he was, he kept shivering so."

"The poor do not suffer half so much from cold as we think for," said his aunt; "they get used to it."

"Let me see you try it," said George.

"Hush, my son," said his mother.

"Well, mother, just as if flesh and blood would not feel such weather as this, with only a thin strip of old cloth between them. Aunt is covered with flannel from head to foot; no wonder she doesn't know what cold is."

George and his aunt were not apt to agree, and the worst of it was they did not seem to disagree.

"What is the boy's name besides Pinch?" asked his mother.

"Jed Little. I guess he has a father, and I do not know where he lives. I only know he's a good fellow, and real pitiful this weather."

"Well," said Mrs. Maxwell, "if you can do anything for him, I shall be glad to have you."

"Good," cried George, turning to his book again. "Before to-morrow night I'll take the shiver out of poor Jed, if I can."

He could not study better.

Jed was not at school the next forenoon. George asked where he lived; none of the boys knew, none at least that he asked. After school the master told him, and away he scampered to find him. It was an old block of buildings in another part of the town, which he made a business to search through and through when he got there. Presently there was a tap at one of the basement windows, and George spied Jed's face at one of the squares.

"Halloa," cried he.

Jed came to the door and peeped out.

"Where are you bound down here?" he asked.

"Looking you up, old fellow," said George.

"Mother is lining my trousers, and I've nothing to wear while she is doing it," said the boy; "I can not go out, so you come in."

George went into the little room where the Little lived—a poor widow with four children, whom the long and severe winter was pinching to the very extent of their scanty means. Such a box of a stove, George thought, and about a porringer of potatoes; and Jed with old summer pants on and a blanket over his shoulders; while his mother was patching strips of flannel in his school trousers, and they the best he had. It was the reality of poverty which he seldom saw.

"I just thought I would hunt you up, Jed," he said, making as if to go, for he felt ashamed of his thick coat beside his poor half clad schoolmate.

"Thank you, ever so much for coming," said Jed. "It's good in you. Why, you see I almost froze in school yesterday, and mother did not want me to go till she had time to fix me. She sews for the shop, and she has to sew for us by piece-meals. I wish 'twas summer, George, like the tropics Geography tells about."

"Poor Jed," said George to himself, as he ran home; "poor fellow, poor fellow. Mother," he cried, as he bounded into the house with his glowing cheeks, "I want to make up a bundle of my clothes for Jed Little; quick, mother, quick."

"It is dinner time," said his aunt.

"Dinner," cried the eager lad; "what do I care about dinner when poor Jed Little is freezing."

But his mother quieted his impetuosity until after dinner, when she went up stairs with him and gave him leave to select a full and comfortable suit for the poor boy.

George shouldered the bundle and took in his other hand a pail full of dinner for the destitute family.

"You are a good boy, George," said his aunt.

"Good; I am not good. I've not a spark of goodness in me," cried he.

"My child, how you speak to your aunt," said his mother gently, laying her hand on his head.

"I know it, mother," he answered in a gentle tone; "oh, I know it, and it's so rough in me; aunt will you forgive me for speaking so?"

"Go," said his aunt and mother, both smiling.

"I have had a good visit," said George, on his return, bringing home a serious, thoughtful, and softened look with him.

"Jed could not speak, he only looked and looked; and his mother did the thanking. I did not want thanks, only it seemed to do her good. Jed grabbed me by the hand when I came off, and squeezed it so; 'some time or other,' said he—and that was all he could say."

Twenty years or more passed away, and a poor miner was taken from one of the Sacramento basins and landed at San Francisco. Poor, friendless, and sick, he was scarcely able to walk, and sank down on a box of goods under a shed. In the hurry nobody noticed him, or noticing him, thought it worth while to inquire into his misfortunes. At last, when the bustle began to lull, a couple of men came along.

"There's that poor fellow," they said; "he's never likely to see his home again."

"Who is he?" asked a third.

"I don't know his name," answered one.

"Maxwell, I think," said the other; "he is a down easter."

The name arrested the attention of a stranger who stood near the wharf looking over an invoice of goods.

"Maxwell," he looked up, and said, "Maxwell; where?"

They pointed him to the sick man, who seemed to have fallen asleep. He went towards him.

"A good deal older than any Maxwell I ever knew," he said. "Maxwell, Maxwell," he repeated half aloud, and the name seemed to flood him with memories which took him far, far back to his boyhood again.

"Maxwell," he said again, and again was his attention drawn to the poor miner.

"Your name is Maxwell," he said, seeing him awake.

"That's my name, sir, George Maxwell," answered the man; "wrecked on a foreign coast."

"George Maxwell," exclaimed the stranger, grasping the miner's thin hand in his right honest healthy grip. "God bless you; and who am I but Jed Little, able to carry a dozen of you on my back. Come, come, my home is your home. It is all summer with me now, and you shall share my summer with me, George Maxwell."

Who can describe the meeting, or the wonderful faithfulness of God's providence, whereby a bundle of old clothes, planted twenty or twenty-five years before, yielded an abundant harvest—friendship, food, hope, shelter, medicine, and a prospect of better business than mining could ever be to one so delicately brought up as George Maxwell had been.

STORING BETTER IN A CELLAR. A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer writes that "during several years of our first farming in Iowa, we found it extremely difficult to preserve sweet, for winter use, the butter that we made during the months of June, July and August. We finally adopted the following plan, by which we were successful:—We, with a few minutes' work, settled large stone jars into the cellar bottom—it being sandy and dry—by putting nearly the whole jars into the ground, and packing the sand close outside, and the butter inside, taking especial care to keep it well covered, first with a thin cloth, then a thin layer of salt, and then a board with a weight on it, to prevent its being uncovered by accident. Last season we took an oak butter firkin that would hold one hundred pounds, and painted it well outside, and inserted it in the ground beside the jars, and filled it with butter, which kept as sweet as we could desire. Persons who have a dry cellar, I think, will be amply compensated for their trouble by this process."

A NEW KNIGHT OF THE GARTER. While the Seventh Regiment was in Philadelphia, a fine old Quaker lady, observing that one of the band was in a state of great embarrassment for the lack of a string to secure the mouth of his bag of provisions, observed quietly,

"Friend, I would not give thee an implement of war, but thee shall have a string to preserve thy food."

Then she turned partly away for an instant, and stooped down to tie her shoe, apparently, but when she rose up she handed to the blushing blower of brass, a neat green band, that a moment before had been doing duty as a—well, garter. [Lx.]

Men often dread poverty the more the farther they are removed from it, as the more giddy the height to which we have attained, the more frightful yawns the gulf below.

Dew. There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup to take it in, while the other closes itself, and the dew drops off. God rains His goodness and mercy as widespread as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

### The Battle at Bull's Run.

#### Account by the World's Reporter.

The writer in the World brings his description down to the hour of noon, at which time the battle commenced in the fierceness of its most extended fury. His account of the subsequent proceedings of the day is as follows:

There was a hill at the distance of a mile and a half, to which I have hitherto alluded. From its high overlooking the whole plain, a few shells had reached us early in the day, and as it was nearer the Manassas road than almost any other portion of the field, more of the enemy's reinforcements gathered about its ridge than to the aid of the beaten rebels in the woods and valleys. Here there was an open battery, and long lines of infantry in support, ready, for a wonder, to let our wearied fellows see the fresh forces they had to conquer.

As the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth wound round the meadows to the north of this hill, and began to cross the road apparently with the intention of scaling it, we saw a column coming down from the furthest perspective, and for a moment believed it to be a portion of Hunter's Division, and that it had succeeded in completely turning the enemy's rear. A wild shout rose from us all. But soon the look-out saw that its engines bore no resemblance to ours, and we knew that Johnston or some other rebel General was leading a horde of fresh troops against our united right and centre. It was time for more regiments to be sent forward, and Keyes was ordered to advance with the First Third Brigade. The three Connecticut regiments and the Fourth Maine came on with a will; the First Connecticut was posted in reserve, and the other three corps swept up the field, by the ford on the right, to aid the struggling advance.

All eyes were now directed to the distant hill-top, now the centre of the fight. All could see the enemy's infantry ranging darkly against the sky beyond, and the first lines of our men moving with fine determination up the steep slope. The cannonading upon our advance, the struggle upon the hill-top, the interchange of position between the contestants, were watched by us, and as new forces rushed in upon the enemy's side the scene was repeated over and over again. It must have been here, I think, that the Sixty-ninth took and lost a battery eight times in succession, and finally were compelled, totally exhausted, to resign the completion of their work to the Connecticut regiments which had just come up. The Third Connecticut finally carried that summit, unfurled the stars and stripes above it, and passed from the fight to cheer for the Union cause.

Then the battle began to work down the returning ball of the circle, which the enemy described during the day, driven before the desperate charges of our troops, until they reached the very point where Tyler's advance commenced the action. Down the hill, and into the valley thickets on the left, the Zouaves, the Connecticut and New York regiments, with the unconquerable Rhode Islanders, drove the continually enlarging but always vanquished columns of the enemy. It was only to meet more batteries, earthwork succeeding earthwork, ambuscade after ambuscade. Our fellows were hot and weary; most had drunk no water during hours of dust and smoke and insufferable heat. No one knows what choking the battle atmosphere produces in a few moments, until he has personally experienced it. And so the conflict lulled for a little while. It was the middle of a blazing afternoon. Our regiments held the positions they had won, but the enemy kept receiving additions, and continued a flank movement toward our left—a dangerous movement for us, a movement which these in the rear perceived, and vainly endeavored to induce some general officer to guard against.

Here was the grand blunder, or misfortune, of the battle. A misfortune, that we had no troops in reserve after the Ohio regiments were again sent forward, this time to assist in building a bridge across the run on the Warrenton road, by the side of the stone bridge known to be mined. A blunder, in that the last reserve was sent forward at all. It should have been retained to guard the rear of the left, and every other regiment on the field should have been promptly recalled over the route by which it had advanced, ordered only to maintain such positions as rested on a supported continuous line. Gen. Scott says to-day that our troops had already accomplished three days' work, and should have rested long before. But McDowell tried to vanquish the South in a single struggle and the sad result is before us.

As it was, Capt. Alexander, with his Sappers and Miners, was ordered to cut through the abatis by the side of the mined bridge, in the valley directly before us, and lay pontoons across the stream. Carlisle's Artillery was detailed to protect the work, and the Ohio and Wisconsin reserve to support the artillery. Meanwhile in the lull which I have mentioned, the thousand heroic details of federal valor, and the shamelessness of rebel treachery began to reach our ears. We learned the loss of the brave Cameron, the wounding of Heintzelman and Hunter, the fall of Haggerty and Slocum and Wilcox. We heard of the dash of the Irishmen and their decimation, and of the havoc made and sustained by the Rhode Islanders, the Highlanders, the Zouaves, and the Connecticut Third; then of the interlopers of Burnside and Sprague—how the devoted and daring young governor led the regiments he had munificently equipped again and again to victorious charges, and at last spiked with his own hands, the guns he could not carry away. The victory seemed ours. It was an hour sublime in usefulness, and apparently glorious in its result!

At this time, near 4 o'clock, I rode forward through the open plain to the creek where the open abatis was being assailed by our engineers. The Ohio, Connecticut and Minnesota regiments were variously posted thereabouts; others were in distant portions of the field; all were completely exhausted and partly discovered; no general of division, except Tyler, could be found. Where were our officers? Where was the foe? Who knew whether we had won or lost?

The question was quickly to be decided for us. A sudden swoop, and a body of cavalry rushed down upon our columns near the bridge. They came from the woods on the left, and infantry poured out behind them. Tyler and his staff, with the reserve, were apparently cut off by the quick maneuver. I succeeded in gaining the position I had just left, there witnessed the capture of Carlisle's battery in the plain, and saw another force of cavalry and infantry pouring into the road at the very spot where the battle commenced, and near which the South Carolinians, who manned the battery silenced in the morning, had doubtless all day been lying concealed. The ambulances and wagons had gradually advanced to this spot, and of course instantaneous confusion and dismay resulted. Our own infantry broke ranks in the field, plunged into the woods to avoid the road, and got up the hill as best they could, without leaders, every man saving himself in his own way.

By the time I reached the top of the hill the retreat, the panic, the hideous headlong confusion were now beyond a hope. I was near the rear of the movement, with the brave Capt. Alexander, who endeavored by the most gallant but unavailable exertions to check the onward tumult. It was difficult to believe in the reality of our sudden reverse. "What does it all mean?" I asked Alexander. "It means defeat," was his reply. "We are beaten; it is a shameful, a cowardly retreat! Hold up, men!" he shouted. "don't be such infernal cowards!" and he rode backward and forward, placing his horse across the road, and vainly trying to rally the running troops. The teams and wagons confused and dismembered every corps. We were now cut off from the advance body by the enemy's infantry, who had rushed on the slope just left by us, surrounded the guns and sutler's wagons, and were apparently pressing up against us.

"It is no use, Alexander," I said, "I'll be damned if I will," was his sullen reply, and the splendid fellow rode back to make his way as best he could. Meantime I saw officers with leaves and eagles on their shoulders, Majors and Colonels who had deserted their commands, passed me galloping as if for dear life. No enemy pursued just then; but I suppose all were afraid that his guns would be trained down the long narrow avenue, and mow the retreating thousands, and batter to pieces army wagons and everything else which crowded it. Only one field officer, so far as my observation extended, seemed to have remembered his duty. Lieut. Col. Spidel, a foreigner, attached to a Connecticut regiment, strove against the current for a while. I positively declare, that, with the two exceptions mentioned, all efforts made to check the panic before Centerville was reached, were confined to civilians. I saw a man in citizen's dress who had thrown off his coat, seized a musket, and was trying to rally the soldiers who came by at the point of the bayonet. In reply to a request for his name, he said it was Washburne, and I learned that he was the member by that name from Illinois. The Hon. Mr. Kellogg made a similar effort. Both these Congressmen bravely stood their ground till the last moment, and were serviceable at Centerville in assisting the halt there ultimately made. And other civilians did what they could.

But what a scene! and how terrific the onset of that tumultuous retreat. For three miles, hosts of federal troops—all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout—were fleeing along the road but mostly through the lots on either side. Army wagons, sutler's teams and private carriages choked the passage, tumbling against each other, amid clouds of dust, and sickening sights and sounds. Hacks, containing unlucky spectators of the late affair, were smashed like glass, and the occupants were lost sight of in the debris. Horses, flying wildly from the battle field, many of them in death agony, galloped at random forward, joining in the stampede. Those on foot who could catch them rode them bare back, as much to save themselves from being run over, as to make quicker time. Wounded men, lying along the banks—the few either left on the field or taken to the captured hospitals, appealed with raised hands to those who rode horses, begging to be lifted behind, but few regarded such petitions. Then the artillery, such as was saved, came thundering along, smashing and overpowering everything. The regular cavalry, I record to its shame, joined in the melee adding to its terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. One of the great guns was overturned, and lay amid the ruins of a caisson, as I passed it. I saw an artillery man running between the ponderous fore and after-wheels of his gun-carriage, holding on with both hands and vainly striving to jump upon the ordnance. The drivers were spurring the horses; he could not cling much longer, and a more agonized expression never fixed the features of a drowning man. The carriage bounded from the roughness of a step hill leading to a creek, he lost his hold, fell, and in an instant the great wheels had crushed the life out of him. Who ever saw such a sight? Could the retreat at Borodino have exceeded it in confusion and tumult? I think not. It did not slack in the least until Centerville was reached. There the sight of the reserve—Miles' Brigade—formed in

order on the hill, seemed somewhat to reassure the van. But still the teams and foot soldiers pushed on, passing their own camp and heading swiftly for the distant Potomac, until for ten miles, the road over which the grand army had so lately passed southward, lay with unstained banners, and flushed with surety of strength, was covered with the fragments of its retreating forces, shattered and panic stricken in a single day. From the branch route, the trains attached to Hunter's Division had caught the contagion of the flight and poured into its already swollen current another turbid froth of confusion and dismay. Who ever saw a more shameful abandonment of munitions, gathered at such vast expense? The teamsters, many of them, cut the traces of their horses, and galloped from the wagons. Others threw out their loads to accelerate their flight, and grain, picks and shovels, and provisions of every kind lay trampled in the dust for leagues. Thousands of muskets strewn the route; when some of us succeeded in rallying a body of fugitives, and forming them in a line across the road, hardly one but had thrown away his arms. If the enemy had brought up his artillery and served it upon the retreating train, or had intercepted our progress with five hundred of his cavalry, he might have captured enough supplies for a week's feast of thanksgiving. As it was, enough was left behind to tell the story of the panic. The rout of the Federal army seemed complete.

A CHECK TO THE RETREAT.

The sight of Miles' reserve drawn up on the hills at Centerville, supporting a full battery of field pieces, and the efforts of the few officers still faithful to their trust, encouraged many of the fugitive infantry to seek their old camps and go no further. But the majority pushed on to a point near the late site of Germantown, where Lieut. Brisbane had formed a line across the road and repulsed all who attempted to break through. I particularly request attention to the service thus rendered by this loyal



## The Oxford Democrat

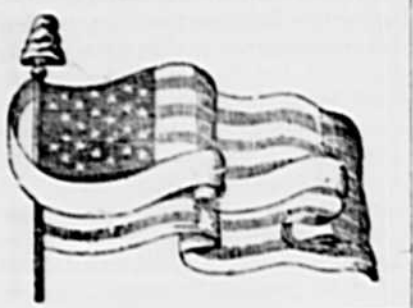
PARIS, MAINE, AUG. 2, 1861.

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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 desirous to send their ad-  
vance, to the circulation of a home paper to the  
following effect:  
We will send  
10 Copies, for one year, for  
20 Copies, for two years, for  
30 Copies, for three years, for  
And one copy to the person getting up the club.  
The money must accompany the order.S. M. Pettigill & Co., 101 State Street  
Boston, and 122 Nassau Street, New York, or  
our authorized agents.

JOB PRINTING neatly executed.



## Republican State Convention.

The Republicans of Maine will meet in Con-  
vention in the Maine Hall, Augusta, on Wednesday  
the seventh day of August next, to nominate a  
candidate for Governor, and to transact any other  
business that may come before the Convention.The basis of representation will be as follows:  
Each city, town and plantation shall be entitled to  
one delegate; each city, town and plantation that  
cast 15 votes for the Republican candidate for  
Governor in 1860, shall be entitled to an additional  
delegate; and one delegate for every 100 votes  
for said candidate in 1860, above 75.The State committee will be in session at  
the Stanley House the evening before the conven-  
tion.JAS. G. BLAIR,  
LEONARD ANDREWS,  
FREDERICK ROBBIE,  
J. S. NYFORD,  
JOHN B. MARROW,  
EDWIN FLYE,  
JACOB S. SMITH,  
CHRISTOPHER PRINCE,  
T. HARMON,  
S. F. STRICKLAND,  
ENGINE HALL,  
W. R. S. FORD,  
A. B. FARWELL,  
OZIAS BLANCHARD,  
J. M. LIVERMORE,  
E. WOODBURY.July 12, 1861.  
Note.—The Delegates are requested to leave  
their credentials with the State Committee before  
the hour of the meeting of the Convention.

## OXFORD COUNTY

## REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Oxford County will  
meet in convention at the Court House,  
Paris Hill, on Tuesday, August 6th, 1861,  
at 10 o'clock, A. M., to nominate a candi-  
date for Clerk of the Courts, County At-  
torney, County Commissioner, and County  
Treasurer, and transact any other business  
that may properly come before them.The basis of representation will be as fol-  
lows: Each town and plantation will be en-  
titled to one delegate; to every town that  
cast 50 votes for the Republican candidate  
for Governor in 1860, an additional dele-  
gate; and for every 50 additional votes, an  
additional delegate, and the same for a  
fraction more than 25 and less than fifty.Paris Hill, 3; Andover, 3; Bethel, 7;  
Brownfield, 4; Buckfield, 3; Canton, 4;  
Dixfield, 4; Denmark, 3; Fryeburg, 5;  
Greenwood, 3; Hartford, 4; Hebron, 4;  
Hiram, 4; Lovell, 4; Mexico, 3; Norway,  
6; Oxford, 4; Paris, 9; Peru, 3; Porter,  
3; Rumford, 5; Stone, 2; Sumner, 4;  
Stonewall, 2; Sweden, 2; Waterford, 4;  
Woodstock, 4; and all other towns and  
plantations in the county one each.  
Per Order.

BETHEL, July 10, 1861.

## Republican Senatorial Convention.

## OXFORD DISTRICT.

The Republicans of the Second Senatorial  
District will meet in convention at Paris  
Hill, on Tuesday, August 6th, 1861, at  
2 o'clock, P. M., to nominate two candi-  
dates for Senators, and transact any other  
business that may come before them.Basis same as County Convention.  
Per Order.

BETHEL, July 10, 1861.

## Republican Caucus.

The Republican voters of the town of  
Paris are requested to meet at the Town  
House, in said town, SATURDAY, August 3d,  
at 4 o'clock, P. M., to choose delegates to  
attend the County and Senatorial Conventions,  
to be held on Paris Hill, Aug. 6th;  
to choose delegates to the State Convention;  
to choose a committee of 9 to meet a simi-  
lar committee from the town of Hebron, and  
Franklin and Milton Plantations to ap-  
portion the time of representation for the next  
years.  
Per Order.

## TOWN COMMITTEE.

PARIS, July 24, 1861.

## Caucus.—Woodstock.

The Republicans of Woodstock are re-  
quested to meet at the town house in said  
town on Saturday, the 31st day of August,  
next, at 4 o'clock, P. M., to choose three  
delegates to attend the State Convention;  
to be held at Augusta on the 7th of August,  
and four to attend Senatorial and County  
Conventions to be held at Paris on the 6th  
of August; also to choose a Republican  
town committee for the ensuing year.  
W. B. LAPHAM,  
Chairman Republican Town Com.  
Woodstock, July 24, 1861.DISCLAIMER. Horace Greeley has been  
constrained to issue a card in relation to  
the strange course of the Tribune, which  
has been charged upon him. He says that  
the call for a change of the Cabinet did not  
emanate from him; neither is the watch-  
word "On to Richmond," one of his coin-  
ing, or one that he has used; and that hence-  
forth all criticism of army movements is  
barred the columns of that paper. We  
cannot doubt his statements; but it seems  
to us that the light he sheds upon the man-  
agement of the paper would show that he  
resigned the editorial chair when his name  
ceased to appear in the firm. Such articles  
could not have been published in the Tri-  
bune without the consent of the editor-in-  
chief.The Advertiser states that the 1st reg-  
iment were to break camp, at Washington,  
Wednesday morning, and will reach Port-  
land Friday noon. Arrangements are in  
progress for a public reception and escort  
on their arrival.

## Battle at Bull Run.

The smoke of this great fight has so far  
blown away, that we begin to see it as it  
was. Exaggerated and conflicting accounts  
for a long time rendered the mist that hung  
around it more dense, and left the inci-  
dents and facts connected with the battle  
enveloped in the darkness that surrounded  
it. Among the facts already established are  
the following:1. It was a hotly contested battle. At  
certain points upon the battle field the fight-  
ing was severe. Both armies had brave  
men, who faced the cannon's mouth with  
all the hardihood of old veterans. The  
charges of the Fire Zouaves and the 69th  
New York regiment, upon the Confederate  
batteries, in vigor, valor, and all that per-  
tains to military skill, never have been ex-  
celled by soldiers in any army or campaign  
in modern times. The fighting lasted about  
nine hours, and, as a matter of necessity,  
was attended with great loss upon both  
sides. The exact number killed upon either  
side will probably never be known, but  
enough is already understood to make it  
certain that the slaughter was great. With  
80,000 upon one side, and 20,000 upon the  
other, it could not have been otherwise, and  
the wonder is that it was not greater.2. The arrangements before the battle  
were good, and so far as our forces were  
concerned it was well planned. Had that  
old fogey, Gen. Patterson, obeyed orders,  
and engaged Johnson, and prevented his  
junction with Beauregard, a complete vic-  
tory would have been ours. But instead of  
this he was completely fooled by Johnson,  
and neither attacked him or re-inforced Mc-  
Dowell. Gen. McDowell lost the battle at  
Bull Run just as Bonaparte lost the battle  
of Waterloo.—Groucheville failed the latter  
just as Patterson did the former. To achieve  
a victory with such officers as Patterson in  
command would truly be a miracle.3. As it was, McDowell fairly won the  
field, and then lost it by one of those acci-  
dents which sometimes can never be account-  
ed for.—we mean a panic. It seems a lot  
of teamsters were frightened at the appear-  
ance of a body of the Confederate cavalry,  
and ran. This started the civilians and  
spectators, and the infection immediately  
spread to the soldiers, and in less time than  
it takes to pen this paragraph there was a  
regular stampede retreat in all directions.It was at Bull Run just as it has al-  
ways been and always will be—when a  
panic once fairly seizes hold of an army it  
becomes entirely unmanageable, and beyond  
the control of officers or any body else. In  
all such cases every man is for himself.  
And so it was here, with the exception of  
a few Regiments, led by Gen. Blenker, who  
heroically covered the retreat, it was a race  
for dear life, and so crazed were some of  
the men that they threw away their guns,  
blankets, and everything that obstructed  
their locomotion in the least. So valiant  
was one of the officers that he cut a horse  
from a wagon conveying a load of wounded  
men, mounted him and ran away, leaving  
the brave fellows who had been disabled in  
the fight to the cruel mandates of fate. But  
while we record such disgraceful conduct on  
the part of both officers and men, it is  
with pride we turn over the leaf and find  
others, in both stations, cool, brave and de-  
termined, even amidst the furore of a hasty  
retreat. These men alone saved our army  
from a complete rout.4. The fight was an unequal one. The  
rebels had the advantage in almost every  
thing. They chose their own field of ac-  
tion; they selected a strong position, as  
every one will see who examines the geo-  
graphical position of the battle field. To  
add to the natural advantages of the ground,  
they built batteries wherever they could  
play most effectively upon our army. To  
all this should be added the fact that after  
the arrival of Johnson the rebels had a  
force of about 80,000, against which we  
had in action only about 20,000. Again,  
the rebels were much better supplied with  
cavalry and artillery than was our army.5. The enemy, as a piece of strategy, un-  
doubtedly intended a retreat from Bull  
Run, for the two fold purpose of securing to  
themselves a stronger position and drawing  
our army more securely within the reach  
of their masked batteries. This has been  
their policy from the beginning of this war,  
to build up their fortifications and batteries  
as much as possible in concealed positions,  
and then decoy our men within their reach,  
and so it was at Bull Run. From the  
woods and thickets and gorges, whenever our  
men were in a position to be reached, fire  
and death belched forth from their conceal-  
ed batteries. That they intended to retreat  
and not advance is plain, from the fact that  
they did not follow up the hasty retreat of  
our army. Had they done this, re-inforced  
as they had been by Johnson's fresh troops,  
we must have lost immensely in killed,  
wounded and prisoners.6. There was evidently mismanagement  
upon the immediate field of battle. While  
the Confederate troops were being contin-  
ually relieved, by marching out their ex-  
hausted men, and supplying their places with  
fresh troops, our fighting men were not re-  
lieved at all, but left to contend until com-  
pletely worn out. When a battery was  
taken by the intrepid Zouaves, or the 69th  
New York, fresh men should have been im-  
mediately sent to hold it.7. It now appears very plain that this  
battle was prematurely fought. Our troops  
were not ready,—were not in a condition to  
engage in such a contest. They had not  
been sufficiently drilled; they had too many  
political adventurers for officers, who were  
utterly incompetent to meet the trying  
scenes of a battle-field. Our commissary  
department was not properly managed, many  
of our men were compelled to go into action  
half starved, and fell exhausted with hun-  
ger. This battle was fought against the  
deliberate judgment of Gen. Scott, who was  
overruled by a press made upon the Admin-  
istration by a set of impatient, impracticable  
politicians, led on by the clamours of the  
New York Tribune and other kindred  
presses, for a "hasty advance upon Rich-  
mond." We hope that all such chimney  
corner warriors will now see the folly of un-  
dertaking to mislead public sentiment upon  
a question about which they are compara-  
tively as ignorant as so many old women.8. The battle of Bull Run to the federal  
troops was not a defeat. It is true they re-treated, and many of them ran, but the  
rebels dared not follow. It was one of those  
singular cases where two great armies, after  
engaging in a contest, ran away from each  
other without showing any particular reason  
for such flight on either side. The most  
that can be said of it, it was a drawn bat-  
tle in which neither side can claim the vic-  
tory.9. The result at Bull Run is no cause  
of discouragement to the friends of the Con-  
stitution and the Union. Partial defeats  
are sometimes in the end the greatest vic-  
tories. So it was at Bunker's Hill, and  
many other instances that could be cited.  
Men of pluck all over the country feel more  
like fighting now than ever before. Like  
the affair at Fort Sumter, it will arouse the  
loyal men of the States to new, intensified  
action. New life and new courage will be  
infused into the federal camp. The bugle  
blast for the Constitution and the Union  
will grow louder and louder, until the old  
flag shall wave in triumph over thirty-four  
States in one Federal Union.

## Grog Shops and the Army.

From many accounts, we have about as  
much to fear from grog shops as from con-  
federate bullets. Our attention has been  
called to this matter by the following tele-  
graphic despatch to the associated press:"Alexandria, July 26.—There has been  
excessive drunkenness among the soldiers to-  
day, and the guard house, slave pens, and  
jails are nearly full of prisoners. The Provost  
Marshal's guard visited three drinking  
houses, to-day, that were selling liquor after  
having been notified not to do so, and de-  
stroyed the liquor remaining on hand."This is not a solitary report of rum's do-  
ings in connection with our army. Grog  
shops in Washington have been similarly  
closed by military authority, to prevent  
drunkenness and insubordination among the  
Federal soldiery. And Portland grog shops  
belong in the same category, for they, too,  
not only sold their filthy, dirty liquors to  
the soldiers, but in some cases drugged and  
robbed the unfortunate men enticed into their  
dens of infamy.Nothing in the vicinity of our army will  
demoralize and debauch its men so quick as  
these breathing holes of perdition. Young  
men leave their homes steady and virtuous,  
and enlist in their country's service. When  
away from the moral restraints of parents  
and relatives they are tempted by the allure-  
ments of the grog shops, and yield, and then  
commence their ruin. One fact has been  
clearly demonstrated, that unless the grog  
shops in the vicinity of our armies are de-  
stroyed, they will destroy the men, mind  
and morals, soul and body. The military  
way of dealing with these nuisances is the  
best law upon the subject—smash them up,  
and destroy their filthy, poisonous com-  
pounds, at the point of the bayonet.We suppose that some of our more "lib-  
eral" friends will in all such cases mourn  
over the tremendous loss of property. If  
so they can play their old tune only upon  
another string, by changing their abuse from  
the "rambuds" to the men in buck-  
ram who carry them. The enemies of  
"prohibition" will here find ample scope  
to spend their eloquence upon the beauties  
of "free rum." Its moral and christian  
influences upon the soldiery will prove an  
ample theme to engage their pious medita-  
tions.

## Incompetent Army Officers.

The battle at Bull Run has proved what  
almost everybody knew before, that a large  
number of the field officers in our volunteer  
army are unfit for the places they hold. The  
idea that a politician, a man who never  
shouldered a gun or drew a sword, can in  
the trying hour of battle, without a think-  
ing of military science, and without ex-  
perience or any practical knowledge of the  
arts of war, command a large body of men,  
is ridiculous as it is wicked. Nine cases in  
ten men fight under such officers only to be  
slaughtered.From all that we can learn the privates at  
Bull Run fought well, struggled bravely,  
and when, amid the carnage and slaughter  
of a charge, they carried a battery, there  
would be no officer to order up a re-inforce-  
ment to hold it, and they would be driven  
back. An officer in high rank who com-  
manded the reserve, is said to have been  
drunk and failed to come up to time; and  
when the retreat commenced, so eager were  
some of the officers to get out of harm's way  
that two would mount one horse, making  
tracks for Fairfax and Alexandria at all  
possible speed.Commanders of Regiments have a fearful  
responsibility upon them in the hour of bat-  
tle. To a very great extent the lives of their  
men are in their hands, and success and de-  
feat follow close in their tracks. Braver  
men never led a host to battle than were a  
portion of our regimental commanders at  
Bull Run. They led their men into bat-  
tle and fought like tigers at the head of  
their columns. Others, if accounts be true,  
were not heard from until after the fight  
was decided, when they succeeded most ad-  
mirably in conducting a retreat. And there  
were too many of this last class of officers  
in that battle. The day was lost to us be-  
cause there were too many. The Govern-  
ment now sees what the people have seen  
from the beginning, that there must be a  
sifting out among the cooked bat politicians  
who hold commissions in the federal  
army. An army board of competent offi-  
cers has been organized to examine the  
whole, and the incompetent are to be set one  
side. This is a grand move. It really looks  
like doing something—as though the gov-  
ernment is in earnest. This will make a  
tremendous fluttering in the camp, and all  
our forces, and there was great confusion in  
the retreat. There was danger of our being  
cut off, and just before we reached Centre-  
ville another gun opened upon us; but evi-  
dently the enemy was too disabled and ex-  
hausted to secure the advantages which they  
might have had from our confused retreat  
had they been fully aware of our condition.Our brigade returned to their old camp,  
attended to the wounded we had brought  
away, made hot coffee, and the men for the  
most part went to rest.  
Col. Howard, however, would not retreat  
further without orders, and sent to head-  
quarters for instruction. The general or-  
der for retreat then came, and we set out in  
perfect order from Centerville.

## The Maine Regiments.

All accounts agree that the Maine Regi-  
ments were in the thickest of the fight, and  
behaved manfully. They stood firmly  
against a galling fire, and made some gall-  
ant charges. The loss seems to be quite  
large; but it is reported that, as detailed  
accounts are received, it will be found that  
the loss will be brought quite low. The  
Fifth was reported all cut up; yet, as  
will be seen in another column, the Bethel  
company, which formed a part of the regi-  
ment, lost no men; and only the captain's  
waiver boy is missing. We find it impossi-  
ble to obtain a list of the dead and wound-  
ed of the Fifth, but publish all the names  
that have been received, except the Second,  
all of whom resided in the eastern part of  
the State.We collect the following matters of inter-  
est concerning these regiments. The Jour-  
nal correspondent in a letter gives the fol-  
lowing statement relative to Gen. Howard's  
brigade, which is made up of the 3d, 4th  
and 5th Maine, and 2d Vermont regiments:"The brigade was aroused at half past  
one o'clock, but did not leave Centerville  
until sunrise. Just after leaving Centerville  
we passed Col. Keyes' brigade, contain-  
ing the Maine 2d. About two miles  
further on we turned to the right in order  
to outflank the enemy's position and attack  
in the rear. Gen. Tyler's division, in which  
was the 2d Maine, attacked the front. By  
order of Gen. McDowell, our brigade halted  
at the turn and allowed Col. Franklin and  
Wilcox to pass on. The Ellsworth Zouaves  
were the rear regiment of Wilcox's brigade.  
The guns had now become quite frequent,  
and we saw the red-shirted and red-capped  
Zouaves disappear at double quick. We  
waited till noon, some improving the time  
to get a little sleep. An order then came to  
hurry us forward, and we marched at quick  
step for about four miles—then took a path  
through the woods—a shorter route than  
the others had taken. Messengers came  
back saying we were carrying the day, and  
at this point an order was brought from  
Gen. McDowell to go at double quick. This  
was unfortunate, for the men were tired  
and very much heated—but the order came  
from the scene of conflict and we pressed on.  
When we came near the battle ground we  
began to meet ambulances with the wound-  
ed and dying. Col. Hunter was the first  
one severely wounded whom we met. We  
were then under cover of the woods where  
was a hospital. As soon as we came out  
the cannon balls began to fly about us in  
terrible profusion. Some of the officers lost  
their horses here, preferring to be on foot.Col. Howard and aide rode at the head of  
the column—Maine 4th in advance. Ver-  
mont 21 next, Maine 5th, Maine 3d in the  
rear. The first two formed a line in a ravine  
and marched up a hill where there were  
some trees, but unfortunately the bat-  
tery they were to support retreated before  
they arrived, and met them as they came  
up the 5th and 3d formed and awaited  
orders, but soon after a body of cavalry  
came dashing down the hill in retreat, and  
there a battery of the enemy opened nearly  
upon the right flank of the ravine. This  
accelerated the flight of the cavalry, and  
when the cannon balls began to strike among  
the ranks of these reserved regiments, they  
became somewhat scattered. The flight of  
the cavalry, which indicated a general re-  
treat, operated disastrously upon these men,  
but they afterward rallied, when Col. How-  
ard returned for them to come up to the  
support of the two regiments already ad-  
vanced to the brow of the hill. These two  
had fired about twenty rounds apiece until  
their muskets became too hot to use. A  
part of the Vermont 21 had rifles, and their  
officers desired to halt, saying they could  
reach the enemy from that point. Col.  
Howard consented in this case, and the Ver-  
mont 21 were gratified to see a body of the  
enemy's troops before their fire, and re-  
treat along the road to Manassas Junction.  
Col. Whiting, Vermont 21, showed great  
coolness and courage as also Col. Berry,  
4th Maine, who brought away the flag in  
his own hand. The Maine 4th had halted  
in a line with the Vermont 21, but the en-  
emy were so sheltered and at such a distance  
their firing took little effect. The third and  
fifth came up, but advanced no further.No order to that effect had come from  
Col. H., but undoubtedly their officers sup-  
posed such to be the command. Col. H.  
made a strenuous attempt to move them  
riding out in front and urging the men,  
but once halted it was impossible to ad-  
vance them further, and they were exposed  
to a galling fire. Maj. Staples commanding  
the 3d Maine, and Lieut. Bart, Brigade  
Quartermaster, conducted with heroic gal-  
lantry, leading on the regiment. Col. How-  
ard's horse was shot, and shells were ex-  
ploding about him. The fire of our musketry  
seemed so utterly useless and the ranks were  
so thin that no better course could be taken  
than to retreat, as all our forces were doing.  
After we had reached the ravine again the  
battery began to pour down upon us a most  
destructive fire. We passed up the oppo-  
site hill. Troops were now flying in all di-  
rections, and our men started to run. Col.  
Howard distinctly said at this moment that  
he would not run away, he would be taken  
first. He therefore walked his horse with  
the few who still adhered to him, and a lit-  
tle further on we rallied all that could be  
found of the 3d brigade. The enemy now  
began to press upon the rear, and the order  
came to retreat to Centerville. Brave men  
regretted deeply this command, but it was  
transmitted to our brigade with the ad-  
ditional modification "in good order."  
A panic seemed to have taken hold of all  
our forces, and there was great confusion in  
the retreat. There was danger of our being  
cut off, and just before we reached Centre-  
ville another gun opened upon us; but evi-  
dently the enemy was too disabled and ex-  
hausted to secure the advantages which they  
might have had from our confused retreat  
had they been fully aware of our condition.Our brigade returned to their old camp,  
attended to the wounded we had brought  
away, made hot coffee, and the men for the  
most part went to rest.  
Col. Howard, however, would not retreat  
further without orders, and sent to head-  
quarters for instruction. The general or-  
der for retreat then came, and we set out in  
perfect order from Centerville.

We halted to rest at Fairfax Court House,

## but remained there only about an hour.

Before daylight we were on our way again.  
Col. Howard determined to take the brigade  
back to our old encampment at Centerville,  
though all the other troops had gone either  
to Alexandria or Washington.The 3d Maine returned to Centerville last  
night, and the others will do so immedi-  
ately, as it is a healthy location, and much  
better than the narrow and filthy quarters  
afforded in the city.The following are missing and wounded  
of the Third Brigade:

3d Reg. Officers missing	1	Wounded	1
" Privates	65	"	7
4th Reg. Officers	3	"	3
" Privates	119	"	43
5th Reg. Officers	3	"	3
" Privates	300	"	29
2d Vt. Officers	8	"	7
" Privates	87	"	21

This report is accurate as the Colonels  
could furnish yesterday morning, but many  
of the missing men have since appeared.  
Probably not one hundred men were killed  
in any regiment. Lieuts. Bird and Clark,  
4th Maine, are reported killed.

## The Bethel Company All Safe.

From letters received from the 5th Regi-  
ment, we learn that the Bethel company all  
arrived safely in camp after the battle, with  
one exception—Charles Freeman, the Cap-  
tain's waiter boy who is missing. But one  
was wounded—sergeant Scribner.The following list contains all the names  
of the killed, wounded and missing, that  
have been reported.

## THIRD REGIMENT.

Killed—Robert F. Sanborn, of Bath. C.  
C. Griffin.Wounded—Corporal Lord, John Fulmer,  
George Craig, W. Jenkins, Samuel Wahla-  
foky, D. M. Mason, William Dorecock,  
David Bates, W. Waterville, leg shot off,  
and probably dead; Horace Hunter of Clin-  
ton, Augustine Crosby of Albion, his brother,  
Atwood Crosby, remained with him, and  
is a prisoner. Charles Bacon of Water-  
ville, A. P. Smiley of Sidney, Wm. W.  
Wymen, W. Waterville, Asher Hinds of  
Benton.Missing—Atwood Crosby, Albion; J. G.  
Shirley, A. D. Foss, J. W. Curtis, G. W.  
Griffin, C. H. Hendrickson, Waterville; A.  
H. Brown, Sidney; C. C. Grover, Skowhe-  
gan, was lame, and did not go into the bat-  
tle.

## FOURTH REGIMENT.

Killed—George W. Clark, and Lieut.  
Byrd, of Company F.Wounded—George A. Farrell, James Cas-  
well, E. B. Blarston, W. H. Gordon, James  
Vaughan, Capt. A. D. Bean, N. C. Math-  
ews, Capt. Whitehouse, Lieut. Binger.

## FIFTH REGIMENT.

Wounded—Lieut. J. M. Merrill, A. C.  
Strickland, G. M. Aspel, G. P. Sherwood,  
C. F.; Capt. H. G. Thomas, Portland.  
D. W. Scribner of Gorham, N. H. is re-  
ported to have come in on a horse, and was  
slightly bruised.A Good Clip. Hiram Haddon, Esq., of  
Bethel, sheared, the present season, from  
his flock of twenty ewe sheep, one hundred  
and thirty-two pounds of washed wool; five  
of these are last year's lambs, one of which  
sheared nine lbs. and nine ounces. He also  
sheared from the same sheep nineteen lambs.On Saturday last, a son of Mrs. Samuel  
Blake, of Gilead, about seven years old,  
fell from a load of hay and broke his thigh.  
He was doing well at last accounts.FATAL ACCIDENT. A son of Gilman Chap-  
man, Esq., of Bethel Hill, about 13 years of  
age, while engaged in stowing away hay in  
the barn, last Friday, lost his balance and  
fell head foremost into the barn door, a dis-  
tance of ten feet. On taking him up his  
collar bone was found to be broken and his  
head badly injured. He was senseless and  
scarcely became conscious till his death,  
which occurred in two days after the acci-  
dent.OFFICERS' DRILL. The officers of the Beth-  
el Hill Zouaves, the two companies from  
West Bethel, and one company from North  
Waterford, met for mutual improvement in  
drill, on Saturday of last week, at Bethel  
Hill. They numbered thirty-five men, and  
spent the afternoon very pleasantly in go-  
ing through with quite a number of evolu-  
tions. They made partial arrangements for  
a general muster the coming fall. There  
are already seven or eight well organized  
volunteer companies in that vicinity, several  
of whom have become already quite profi-  
cient in drill.A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE. Benj. E. Ab-  
bott of Rumford, who was in his pasture,  
during the severe shower of last week, took  
refuge from the rain under a hemlock tree  
which stood alone, in the middle of the pas-  
ture. It occurred to him that the danger  
he encountered was greater than the protec-  
tion received, he started from the tree; and  
had gone but a few steps, when he was  
crushed to the ground. He describes the  
sensation as that of a building falling upon  
him. His dog was also prostrated by the  
shock. As soon as consciousness was re-  
stored he was able to make his way to a  
neighboring house. After the shower was  
over it was found on examination that the  
tree had been struck by lightning, and  
broken in pieces, probably by the same  
stroke that prostrated him.Much damage to the crops in Rumford,  
was caused by the hail. It seemed to sweep  
across the town in three veins, cutting the  
tender plants so as to nearly destroy them.ACCIDENT. The wife of Mr. George P.  
Hooper, of Paris, was severely injured, on  
Tuesday, by being thrown from a wagon.  
She was returning from an excursion to  
Strawmont mountain when the horse took  
fright and ran away. She had a leg bro-  
ken, besides severe contusions in other parts  
of the body. Two ladies who were with  
her,—Misses Twitchell,—were quite badly hurt.The Norwobega caucus, Saturday after-  
noon, was not a great affair. About twenty  
persons were present; and it is stated a  
majority of these had no sympathy with  
the movement. Virgil D. Parrie was chair-  
man.

## For The Oxford Democrat.

NORWAY, July 22, 1861.

## Editor of Oxford Democrat:

Dear Sir:—When penning my last arti-  
cle for your paper last winter, I did not  
much expect to remain in Kansas long  
enough to see the practical results con-  
sequent upon the liberal donations of the  
friends of the people of that unfortunate  
State; but events have transpired that de-  
tailed me there till the first of this month,  
and I can now respond very freely to all  
questions that come up in the minds of our  
people here respecting the condition of the  
settlers of Kansas. Some ask if the drought  
was as serious as represented by some of the  
newspapers; others if any body actually  
died of starvation; and various other inquir-  
ies are made respecting the country, and es-  
pecially what the state of the crops are for  
this season. Being about to indite upon the  
subject my eyes fell upon an article in the  
New York Tribune, dated at Manhat-  
tan the day I left Kansas for the East, which  
I herewith transcribe and endorse as liter-  
ally true:"MANHATTAN, Kansas, July 1, 1861.  
As to Crops in Kansas, I think I may say  
I never saw finer prospects anywhere. Fall  
and Spring Wheat, and all the products of  
the farm and garden, seem to give an abun-  
dant yield—plenty for man and beast. The  
first Fall Wheat I saw cut was on the 15th  
of June. Some of the earliest Corn was  
then in tassel. Some few early potatoes  
nearly large enough to eat.The weather was very warm, and rain  
sufficient at that time. Many in the East  
will no doubt, be surprised at the contra-  
dictory statements made last Winter  
about "starving Kansas." No doubt some  
extraneous statements were made pro and  
con. Still, it is a matter I think suscep-  
tible of demonstration, that all the aid sent  
was needed. Could it have been possible to  
have had it apportioned among the needy, only  
all these might have been supplied. But  
to separate "the needy" and worthy from  
"the unmanly," and "the greedy" was  
out of the question. Some would re-  
ceive by importunate solicitations from three  
to six sources church aid and private aid,  
and then obtain out of the general aid also!

Others,



**ROYAL VISITERS.** Prince Napoleon, familiarly called Pion Pion, and the Princess Clothilde, are in New York, and intend to make a tour, in company with the Northern States. Prince Napoleon is cousin to the Emperor, and the Princess is daughter of the King of Italy. They crossed the ocean in the steam yacht Jerome Napoleon.

The Journal reports that four Colonels are to be court-martialed for cowardly conduct at the battle of Bull's Run. One is charged with hiding behind a haystack; another was sheltered by a stump, while two hurried from the field upon one horse. The same letter reports that there is a prospect that others will resign to avoid the disgrace of having their commissions taken from them.

We observe the Saco Democrat publishes the Fryburg resolutions, without comment. The Bangor Democrat commends their sentiment, and compliments Ex-Gov. Dana, as the distinguished author. The Augusta Age, Bath Times and Democratic Advocate denounce them in unqualified terms, and predict a stormy time if the attempt is made to engrave them upon the party platform at the Augusta convention.

The Chronicle and County Record, published at Farmington, have been merged in one paper, which is now issued semi-weekly. J. A. Prescott and J. S. Swift are editors and proprietors.

Mr. Henry Upton of Norway, has in his garden some tomatoes well grown, and apparently nearly ripe. They are the earliest we have seen in this vicinity. Some early Washington peas, he says are prolific bearers. From two short rows he had already picked seven messes, and the vines were yet quite well filled.

Dr. Hunkins, of Waterford, one of the army surgeons captured by the rebels at Bull Run, was formerly a resident of Oxford County, having been in practice in Waterford.

Dr. Baxton of Warren, another prisoner, will be remembered, as a member of the Legislature of 1859-60. He was one of the most prominent members on the Democratic side of the chamber.

A special despatch to the Herald, from Clarksville, Va., says it is rumored that Col. Tyler, at the head of 3000 Virginians, repelled old Wise and 7000 rebels, at Bull Run. 600 Unionists and 1200 rebels were killed.

A deputation from New York recently waited upon the President to urge the call of Gen. Wool to active duty. Advice from Washington state that he will be promptly placed in command of a column.

The Bangor Cornet band left Monday, to join the second regiment, at the seat of war. Henry M. Colby, of Rumford, and David C. Knapp of Paris are members. They have enlisted for two years.

The Advertiser states that Capt. Staples hoisted his flag on Fort Sumner for the first time, Tuesday morning. His company has been mustered into the service of the State to act as coast guard.

A letter from a young physician in Paris, dated July 12, says: "I have it from the best authority, that one of the Southern Commissioners has just been to Vichy, to get audience of the Emperor, who refused to see him."

Marshal Kane has been indicted by the grand jury, for treason. He has been taken to Fortress Monroe, with the Police Commissioners.

FOURTH REGIMENT. A despatch from Hon. S. C. Fessenden says the total loss of the Maine 4th, at Bull Run, was 29.

Gen. Fremont has established his headquarters at St. Louis. He is in direct communication, by telegraph, with all his forces.

A bill has passed both branches of Congress, declaring the property of all persons found in arms against the Federal Government to be confiscated; and declaring that any person claiming the services of another person, by reason of a State law, who shall employ such person in aiding or carrying on an insurrection, shall forfeit his right to the services of such person.

Little importance is attached to the rumors of attacks upon Washington, in well-informed circles. Gen. Scott has taken every precaution to guard against attack, as well as to strengthen and reinforce weak and exposed positions.

Robert Tombs, of Georgia, has resigned his position as Secretary of State under Davis. Hunter, of Virginia, takes his place. Tombs is the one who recently said he could carry the whole Southern Government in his hat. In this connection it may be of interest to state that the vote in Georgia, on accepting the Southern constitution, comes in slowly, and it is doubtful whether it is ratified. In 18,000 votes there is a majority of only 400.

Government has recently purchased 25 clipper ships to assist in enforcing the blockade. Four have already sailed. Four new steam frigates will be ready to sail shortly, and the gunboats will be forthcoming at a not distant day. This force will enable government to stop up every inlet on the coast.

REBEL ATROCITIES. Witnesses concur in the statement that the conduct of the rebel soldiers was brutal in the extreme. Wounded men were shot down and butchered, without mercy. Hospitals were burned, ambulances fired upon, and dying men tortured in every conceivable way, and all apparently setting under orders. They have set a terrible example, which it will be difficult to prevent our men from visiting back upon them.

Congress has appropriated \$45,000 to be expended on fort Gorges, Portland harbor.

**THE RIGHT WAY.** Some sixty of the business men of Warren, New York, have signed a paper pledging themselves—in the present state of affairs when there can be but two parties, patriots and traitors—to refuse all persons expressing secession sympathies their support or patronage in any manner.

The Machias Republican gives the following reasonable and sensible advice: "The Circus which will be exhibited here next Saturday will take away nothing less than \$500 from this town, a sum sufficient to bread 10 persons for a year. Will not many of our neighbors need this money for this purpose before next spring? Is this entertainment so very attractive and so very new, (since we have had a very poor exhibition of it every year for the last three years) that we might not afford to give it a very severe letting alone?"

The Southern papers urge the planters not to send forward the cotton crop. They say that were it sent in quantities to the seaports, the "Yankees" would be sure to capture it—especially if the Northern mills should be in need of stock.

Wm. Lang, Jr., of Rumford, disappeared last Thursday. Large parties have been in search, but at last accounts without success. He is about 45 years of age.

A letter from the Fifth regiment says "one after another of our men have come in till the loss is quite small."

The total number of killed, wounded and missing in the 3d, 4th and 5th Maine Regiments is 160, as follows, according to the official reports as far as made: 3d, 29; 4th, 95; 5th, 36. We shall publish the list tomorrow. [Adv., 1st.]

**COUGHS.** The sudden changes of our climate are sources of Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic Affections. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stages of the disease, recourse should at once be had to "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or lozenges, the Cold, Cough, or Irritation of the Throat, be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off. PUBLIC SPEAKERS and SINGERS will find them effectual for clearing and strengthening the voice. See advertisement.

**FOR SORE THROAT.** Hensell's Universal Cough Remedy has proved itself a perfect remedy for this troublesome complaint, a result every one might expect, and every one will experience by trial. It is so pleasant in application, and so soothing to the inflamed throat, that its effect is almost instantaneous. There is probably no greater ailment than that of not attending to complaints of this kind in early stages of attack, as probably more cases of consumption are produced by the neglect of Throat Complaints than any other. Being free of all components to disturb the most delicate constitutions, we ask, in confidence, a trial. As the Universal Cough Remedy and its astonishing results are by new design in medicine, we ask all to be sure and get the genuine to insure success. Sold by all respectable druggists. See advertisement.

**A GOLD DOLLAR FOUND.** A NOVEL CIRCUMSTANCE. In 1858, Dr. Herrick ordered his foreman to enclose in a box of his Sugar Cane Pills a new gold dollar—a short letter, requesting the finder of the dollar, or rather the purchaser of the box of pills containing it, to address Dr. Herrick, naming his residence, date, etc. It now appears that the box was purchased by Mr. Amos Stephenson, of Houston, Texas—who, in a letter to Dr. Herrick, dated May 16th, 1860, says:—"On opening a box of your pills, purchased this day, I found a gold dollar, and a note of request was also found. My little daughter claims the dollar, through which I have made a hole, and as I write, 'tis suspended from her neck, with a ribbon." The druggist in Houston purchased his supply of Pills in New York, and the New York druggist, direct from Mr. Herrick.

**MARRIED.** In Albany, by Rev. S. L. Gould, Mr. John Laycock to Miss Mary E. Clegg, both of Albany; in Hampden, Mass., by Rev. J. E. Mason, at the house of the bride's step-father, Joshua Lane, Esq., Capt. John C. Emery and Miss Helen M. Wilson, all of Hampden. In Franklin Plantation, by Rev. W. Woodman, Mr. John M. Keen to Miss Harriet Lovejoy, both of Franklin Plantation. In Bethel, July 29, by Rev. D. Garland, Philip McNabb, M. D., of Lago, Ind., to Miss Mary Mason of Bethel.

**DIED.** In Woodstock, July 24, Jonathan Cole, aged 66.

**GOULD'S ACADEMY.** IN BETHEL, ME.

THE FALL TERM of this institution will commence on Tuesday, Sept. 31, under the care of

WELLINGTON CROSS, A. B., Principal. Miss Olive C. Wadsworth, Assistant. And continue for a term of six weeks. No pupils will be spared to render the school pleasant and profitable to all who may attend. Mr. Cross comes among us, from Bowdoin College, with an excellent reputation as a scholar; he is known in this community as a superior teacher, and a successful disciplinarian. Parents and guardians wishing to give their children a good Classical and English education, will do well to avail themselves of the facilities here afforded.

Board, near the Academy, can be obtained for \$2.00 per week, wood and lights extra. Text Books supplied at Portland prices.

**Maine State Seminary,** LEWISTON, ME. THE FALL TERM of this institution will commence August 20, 1861.

Rev. OREN B. CHENEY, Principal. LEVI W. STANTON, Teacher of Ancient Languages. Dr. SELDEN F. NEAL, A. M., Teacher of Modern Languages and Natural Science.

Dr. A. E. NEAL, recently elected, is a very successful Teacher, of much experience. He will devote special attention to the Normal Department. Miss Elizabeth C. Symonds, a thoroughly qualified and experienced Teacher, will supply the place of her sister, Miss R. J. Symonds, for the Fall Term, teaching the French and German classes.

Tuition, Common English, \$4.00; Higher English, 4.50; Languages, 5.00; Incidental, 25.

Special regard is had to the wants of young men fitting for College, and young ladies pursuing the regular plan of Classical and scientific study. A very superior new Philosophical Apparatus presents especial inducements to the pursuit of Natural Philosophy.

The necessary expenses of the student are as low as at any institution of the State, and much less than in many places.

J. A. LOWELL, Secretary. Lewiston, July, 1861. Board of Trustees.

DAVID KNAPP, DEPUTY SECRETARY, PARIS, MAINE.

**Oxford County Normal School,** AND **PARIS HILL ACADEMY.**

THE FALL TERM of this institution will commence on Wednesday, September 26, and continue eleven weeks, under charge of the following teachers:

L. M. PEIRCE, A. B., Principal. Mr. ERKINE S. BATES, Normal Principal. Mr. BARNARD GIERHART, teacher of Music, German, etc.

JOHN PERLEY, Esq., teacher of Pen and Pencil Drawing, Mono Chromatic, Crayon, Linear and Perspective Drawing, Book Keeping, etc.

This institution has been selected, in preference to any other academy, as the seat of Normal Instruction for Oxford County, and it is the determination of the Trustees to make it every way worthy of the patronage thus conferred upon it. They are happy to announce the Fall Term under such favorable circumstances. The buildings are new, large and convenient. All necessary apparatus is provided. The Principal is a graduate of College and has had a wide experience in teaching, both in Common Schools and Academies. Mr. Bates is a graduate of the Normal School at Westfield, Mass. His success during the Spring term in his well known course of instruction, both in the Normal and in the Common Schools, has been a matter of public knowledge. Mr. Gierhart is a native German, and has spent most of his life in the pursuit and practice of Music, having had as teachers some of the most distinguished musicians in Europe.

Mr. Perley has had experience of many years in his department, and has but few equals. Such other teachers as the wants of the school may require will be promptly secured. With this body of teachers the trustees are determined to make this something more than a mere town or high school. They intend to make it an institution where students can prepare themselves for the department of active life, or for College. The Academic department will include all branches from the elementary English to the Ancient and Modern Languages. The Normal Department will include the elementary English studies, together with Algebra, etc. Tuition, for 11 weeks, in the Academic Department, \$3.00, for \$3.00, and \$4.00; Normal Department, \$3.00. Music and Drawing extra.

Lectures will be given by the State Superintendent, and by others, for the benefit of the students, while the Lectures will afford them superior advantages for cultivating themselves in writing, speaking, etc.

Students who wish to prepare themselves to teach, and at the same time to pursue other branches can do so.

An effort will be made to secure schools for those who attend the Normal Department and may wish either temporary or permanent situations as Teachers. Agents in quest of Teachers are requested to correspond with the Principal. Those who make suitable proficiency will be entitled to a Diploma, or certificate of their ability to teach.

Board can be obtained near the Academy, at \$1.50 per \$2.00 per week. Those who wish to obtain room and board themselves.

Paris Hill has long been celebrated as one of the most pleasant and agreeable of our inland villages, the beauty of its natural scenery, its high and commanding position, the clearness and salubrity of its atmosphere, unrivaled in New England, having always made it a favorite resort during the warm season. It is situated near the depot of the Grand Trunk railway, and has mail communication with the different parts of the State, twice daily.

For further particulars address the Trustees or Principal, at Paris Hill.

S. R. CARTER, Secretary. Paris, July 10, 1861.

**NORWAY LIBERAL INSTITUTE,** Norway Village, Me.

THE FALL TERM will commence on Tuesday, Sept. 31, 1861, and continue eleven weeks, under the care of

G. F. LEONARD, A. B., Principal. MISS MARY F. HORTON, Assistant. Miss H. E. FRENCH, Teacher of Music.

The advantages which this institution offers to the public will not fail to meet the various wants of the student. Possessing a finely furnished school room, Philosophical and Chemical apparatus, a well equipped Library, and a complete set of Maps, it unites the beautiful with the useful.

The present board of teachers feel confident, from their past experience, of being able to give satisfaction to those who attend. The different branches of the English and Classical Departments will each receive their appropriate attention.

The school is situated near the Grand Trunk Railroad, about one mile from South Paris station. Board can be obtained, for ladies, at \$1.50, and for gentlemen, at \$2.00 per week, wood and lights included. Rooms can be obtained by those wishing to board themselves.

Tuition—Common English, \$3.00; Higher English, 3.50; Languages, 4.00; Painting, 5.00; Water colors, 3.00; Pencil, 2.00; Pen and Pencil Drawing, 2.50; Music, 2.00; Use of Piano, 2.00.

No deduction for absence the first and last week. For further particulars address the Principal, H. UPTON, or I. A. DENISON, at Norway, Me.

**Oxford Normal Institute,** SO. PARIS, ME.

THE FALL TERM will commence on Monday, Sept. 24, and continue ten weeks.

Tuition, Common English, \$3.00; Higher English and Languages, 4.00.

The Academy building has recently been remodeled and is to be newly furnished. The grounds are made pleasant, being able to give satisfaction to those who attend. The different branches of the English and Classical Departments will each receive their appropriate attention.

The school is situated near the Grand Trunk Railroad, about one mile from South Paris station. Board can be obtained, for ladies, at \$1.50, and for gentlemen, at \$2.00 per week, wood and lights included. Rooms can be obtained by those wishing to board themselves.

Tuition—Common English, \$3.00; Higher English and Languages, 4.00.

No deduction for absence the first and last week. For further particulars address the Principal, H. UPTON, or I. A. DENISON, at Norway, Me.

**THE HIGHLAND FAMILY SCHOOL** FOR BOYS.

N. T. TRUE, A. M., Principal. THE Principal will be at his residence, Tuesday, Sept. 24, at Bethel Hill, Me.

In presenting the claims of this school to public attention, he can only say that it is a place where every attention will be paid to the wants of his pupils. He believes that such a school is needed in this part of the State, where those who have the ability can send their children and receive benefits corresponding with the expenses. In no way can boys make so rapid progress as in the Family School.

Pupils will be admitted between the ages of ten and twenty years. Expenses, Fifty dollars per quarter of eleven weeks, payable at the end of the term. For further particulars address the Principal, or address the principal, Bethel, July 15th, 1861.

**The Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College.** THE FALL TERM will commence August 12th. This will be a Board of instruction for the Seminary and Collegiate departments.

There will be an examination for admission to the Ladies' College course, August 12th.

A Collegiate Course, similar to that in common colleges, has been established.

The price of board, including furnished room, washing, wood and lights, \$2.00 per week, for the term—less than eleven weeks, \$2.10.

There are ample accommodations for students wishing to board themselves.

H. P. TORSEY, Kent's Hill, July 12, 1861.

**J. S. POWERS,** DEPUTY SECRETARY, FRYEBURG, ME.

All P. M. copies by mail promptly attended to.

**BOLSTER & LUDDEN,** Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, DIXFIELD.

22 OXFORD COUNTY, ME. W. W. BOLSTER, L. H. LUDEN.

**THOMAS P. CLEAVES,** Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Brownfield, Oxford Co., Me.

**STATE OF MAINE.** OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, A.D. 1861.

MARY ANN BROWN, formerly Mary Ann Reed, former administratrix of the estate of Lewis Reed late of Mexico in said County, deceased, having presented her first and final account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance.

Ordered, That the said administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of August next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

ELISHA WINTER, Judge. A true copy—attest: J. S. HOBBS, Register.

By virtue of a license from the honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford and State of Maine, will be sold by public auction, at the office of Henry R. Stickney, Esq., in Portland, at 2 o'clock P. M., on Wednesday, September 4, 1861, about one thousand acres of land lying in said County of Oxford, in Township No. 5, Range 1, said land being bounded as follows: commencing at the northeast corner of Peter Benson's land; thence running southeasterly to the line between the west and middle division of said township; thence on said division line, southeasterly to a pond; thence said pond and the street on each side of it to the line between ranges one and two in said township; thence by said land named line to the bound begun at.

EDMUND SMITH, Ad'r of the estate of Enock T. Pickard. July 29, 1861.

**GUARDIAN'S SALE.** Pursuant to a license from the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at public auction, on Saturday, the 7th of Sept. next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title and interest that Sarah M. Frank H., and William A. Patrick, minor heirs of Levi B. Patrick late of Denmark, deceased, have in and to the real estate of said deceased, and assigned to Eliza A. Patrick, widow of said Levi B. Patrick, deceased.

ELIZA A. PATRICK, Guardian Denmark, July 27, 1861. to said minors.

**ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE.** Pursuant to a license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, the undersigned will sell by public or private sale, on the premises, on Saturday, the 7th of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the real estate, including the reversion of the widow's dower, which Isaiah French, late of Albany in said County, died seized and bequeathed to his estate consists of a homestead farm in Albany.

HANNAH FRENCH, Adm'r. July 29, 1861.

**STATE OF MAINE.** OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, A.D. 1861.

ALEXANDER E. BAKER, represented as a person interested in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Joseph Barker, late of New Hanover County, in the State of North Carolina, deceased, having presented a copy thereof, and of the Probate thereof, to me, Judge of Probate of said County of Oxford.

It is Ordered, That the said Alexander E. Barker give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a public newspaper printed at Paris, in said County of Oxford, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of August next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why said copy should not be allowed and recorded in the manner and for the purpose by law prescribed, the first of said publications to be a true copy of said order, and the last to be a true copy of said order.

ELISHA WINTER, Judge. A true copy—attest: J. S. HOBBS, Register.

**NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.** Whereas, Gustavus Hayford, of Hartford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, by his deed of mortgage, dated the 13th of April, A.D. 1858, conveyed to said Gustavus Hayford, late of said County of Oxford, and State of Maine, the following described real estate situated in said Paris, viz: the farm which the said Amos Kyle conveyed to the said Gustavus Hayford by his deed, dated March 13, A.D. 1858; and the same that was conveyed to the said Amos Kyle and Winslow S. Kyle, by Moses True by his deed to them, dated February 19th, A.D. 1845, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 72, page 404, to which reference may be had for a more particular description of the premises.

And the said Amos Kyle, thereafter, on the 16th of April, A.D. 1858, sold, transferred, and assigned the foregoing described real estate, and the premises and notes therein described, to Eleanor C. True, of Fayette, in the County of Kennebec, and State of Maine, which assignment is recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 115, page 212 & 213; and whereas, the condition of said mortgage having been broken, I hereby claim a foreclosure of the same in accordance with the statute in such case made and provided.

ELEANOR C. TRUE, By Amos Kyle, her attorney.

**STATE OF MAINE.** EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. A adjourned session of the Executive Council will be held at the Council Chamber in Augusta, on Tuesday the sixth day of August.

Attest: JOSEPH B. HALL, Secretary of State.

**DOLE & MOODY,** Commission Merchants, AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Flour, Corn & Produce, No. 5, Galt Block, COMMERCIAL STREET, PORTLAND, ME. Andrew T. Dole, 26 Franklin C. Moody.

**Lumber for Sale.** SHAVED Pine and Cedar SHINGLES. Sawed Fire Wood, Spruce CLAPBOARDS, on hand and for sale by Bryant's Pond, June 24, 1861.

**NORWAY IRON FOUNDRY.** BROWN & BISBEE, Proprietors, are manufacturing Stoves, Fire-Frames, OVEN, ASH & ARCH MOUTHS, Cast-Irable and Boxes, Oil Shovel, Cultivators, Tenth, Fire Dags, Grindstone Cranks and Rollers, Barn door Rollers and Hangers, Door Scrapers, &c. Also, PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, HARROWS, Castings for the Buckeye Rotating Harrow made to order.

Also all kinds of mill and other castings made to order at short notice.

H. B. BISHOP, NORWAY, March, 1860.

**New York and Portland SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.** THE first class steamship, CHESAPEAKE, Capt. L. H. Safford, and PATAGONIA, Capt. L. H. Safford, will leave for New York and Portland, leaving each port every Wednesday and Saturday at 3 P. M.

**HAVE YOU CALLED** —AT—

**HOLMES & CLARK'S** IF NOT,

**JUST CALL** AND EXAMINE THEIR

**STOCK OF GOODS!**

**JUST RECEIVED,** A SPLENDID LOT OF

**DeLaines, Prints, &c. &c.**

Which we are selling at **GREAT BARGAINS!**

Good Prints, from 6 to 11 cents. DeLaines, 10 to 20 cents. Good Broadcloth, \$1.50 to \$3.50—all wool.

A LARGE STOCK OF **DOESKINS AND KERSEYS**

Which we will sell Cheap **FOR CASH OR COUNTRY PRODUCE.**

If you will just give us a call, we shall be happy to show you our goods.

**WANTED,** IN EXCHANGE **FOR GOODS.**

150 Bushels Marrow fat BEANS. 100 " Peas. 50 " Good PEAS. 1000 " OATS. 160 " CORN. 5 Tons DRIED APPLE. 2 Tons GOOD BUTTER.

—FOR WHICH— **THE HIGHEST PRICE** WILL BE PAID.

J. A. HOLMES, H. C. CLARK, So. Paris, Feb. 18, 1860.

**Dr. W. A. RUST,** Would remind his friends and the public generally that he is still at the old stand, with

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT **OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES.** Comprising everything in that line that is worth having, and all

**WARRANTED Pure and Genuine.** He pledges himself to sell all articles in his line as cheap as they can be purchased in the State. His

**PATENT MEDICINES,** Are received directly from the proprietors, in most instances.

Dr. R. is agent for all of Dr. Fitch's Medical Remedies; also for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Kennedy's Discovery, Brown's Troches and Davis' Pain Killer.

A Large Stock of **Books, Stationery & Fancy Articles** ALWAYS ON HAND.

South Paris, April 26, 1860.

**CHAS. C. COLE,** DEALER IN **WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,** AND **FANCY GOODS.**

A General Assortment of **FINE Gold & Silver Watches!** CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Together with as good an Assortment of **CLOCKS AND JEWELRY,** As can be found in Oxford County.

Which he will sell at prices that shall suit those who may wish to purchase.

Also, a general assortment of **GOLD, SILVER AND STEEL-BOWED SPECTACLES.**

**WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY** Repaired, and Perfect Satisfaction Warranted.

Office, No. 1, Noyes' Block, 42 NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

**TO THOSE WHO WISH TO BUY DRUGS.**

**PATENT MEDICINES,** OF ANY KIND, Homeopathic or Thompsonian.

We would most respectfully announce that these articles can be had at

**A. OSCAR NOYES' Drug and Medicine, Book and Stationery Store,** As cheap as at any other place in Oxford County, and of the best quality.

**Warranted Fresh and Genuine.** We also have on hand a good assortment of

**Books and Stationery, PAPER HANGINGS, &c.** School and Miscellaneous Books of all kinds.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

**SALTY.** A good joke is told on a member of one of the volunteer companies which came down here lately. We think it was a Mississippi company, and is said to be a fact. Being accustomed to fresh water, living in the interior, and not having been in the Gulf of Mexico before, he was in blissful ignorance of its briny properties. Getting up in the morning as usual, to perform his daily ablutions, he drew a bucket of water, and it down near some of his comrades, and retired for soap and towel. Returning with the articles, he soused into the water, hair and face. The consequence can be imagined. Recovering from the shock, and rubbing his burning eyeballs, he exclaimed: "I can whip the d—d rascal that salted this water. A man can't draw a bucket of water and leave it for a few moments, without some prank is played on him." Dashing the water aside, he left, amid the shouts and jeers of his companions, who had been silently watching him. He soon found out his mistake. [Pensacola Tribune.]

A pretty little bantam was recently put into the cage of one of the tigers domiciled in the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes. It was designed to sharpen his teeth for some blocks of meat which he had refused to eat. Not in the least alarmed by his terrible roars, bantam advanced with the most unsuspecting confidence to peck the food that was lying untasted before him, and when she had satisfied her hunger, began to examine closely the claws of the monster. Far from being affronted at this familiar treatment, he appeared to be delighted with the new inmate of his cage, and when the keepers managed to take her away, he obstinately refused to taste any food, either living or dead, till she was put in again.

We once heard an old fellow, famous all over the country for his tough yarns, tell the following. He was telling what heavy wheat he had seen in the State of New York: "My father," said he, "once had a field of wheat, the heads of which were so close together that the wild turkeys, when they came to eat it, would walk round on the top of it anywhere."

We supposed that the turkeys must have been small ones.

"No, sir," continued he; "they were very large ones. I shot one of them one day, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him his head dragged in the snow behind me!"

A curious country you must have had to have snow in harvest time!

"Well, I declare," said he, looking a little foolish, "I have got part of two stories mixed."

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great pleasures are long on long leaves.

The swan subdues the eagle when he attacks her on her own element; so the weakest may subdue the strongest foe, if he will but keep his place and do his duty.

In every great man's soul there is a tinge of melancholy. In the recesses of the thick branches and leaves of the mighty oak, twilight fingers even through the mid day.

"Well, I declare, its just my luck," exclaimed an unfortunate merchant; "here have I been rising ever so high, and now, I'm told, the Poles have risen also!"

"Didn't you guarantee, sir, that this horse would not shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he won't. 'Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

Modern poets may well complain that the similes have been used up before their time. "White as snow; white as a lily; white as ivory;" are now common property; but a Welsh poet, David ap Gwilym, has an entirely new image; he calls the maiden of his love "white as time!"

An Englishman, traveling in Ireland, remarked to the driver of a coach upon the tremendous length of the Irish miles.

"Confound your Irish miles! Why, there's no end to them!"

"Sure, sir," said the coachman, "the roads are bad about here, and so we give good measure."

"How deep is it to the bottom of the sea?" said King Henry VIII. to the Abbott of Abington. "A stone's throw, and please your Majesty's Highness," was the reply.

An emigrant to Pitt Natal, writing home to one of his friends, says: "We're getting on finely here, and have already laid the foundation of a larger jail."

The greatest coward may avoid shaking in his shoes by wearing boots or going barefooted.

"There's more in that fellow's head than you suspect." "No, there ain't," said Dick, "for I always thought he had 'em."

"Mr. Brown, you say the witness was honest and intelligent. What makes you think so? Are you acquainted with him?" "No, sir, I have never seen him." "Why, then, do you come to such a conclusion?" "Cause he takes out newspapers, and pays for them all in advance."

A good story is told of Dr. Bellows. Rev. Dr. Lathrop said to him the other day that after reading Jeff Davis' Message he could scarcely keep from weeping. Dr. Bellows said that he had frequently felt so of late, but when he had always took up the Psalm of David concerning his enemies, which about satisfied him and eased his mind.

The captain of a whale-ship told one of the wretched native inhabitants of Greenland that he sincerely pitied the miserable life to which he was condemned. "Miserable!" exclaimed the philosophic savage. "I have always had a fish-bone through my nose and plenty of train oil to drink, what more could I possibly desire?"

An Irishman once, riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, seeing that the horse was getting tired, dismounted, put the potatoes on his shoulders and again mounted, saying: "it was better that he should carry the potatoes, as he was fresher than the poor horse."

## STATE OF MAINE.

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six.

AN ACT to incorporate the East Oxford Agricultural Society.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Legislature assembled, as follows: Section 1. Lyman Rawson, Isaac J. York, John H. Wood, David H. Baker, Lemuel Richards, Joseph L. Chapman, Benjamin F. Newton, John Reed, William Thomas, Ephraim Hinchman, Simon C. Gleason, Anger H. Mitchell, Rand White, Isaac H. Hall, Charles T. Chase, Joel Hall, Stillman Wyman, Andrew J. Churchhill, George Thompson, Richard Hutchinson, Amos Child, Richard McCallister, Ira Reynolds, Zeri Hayford, Isaac N. Stanley, Asa Fuller, Edwin Gannon, Charles Fuller, Lee Strickland, and Stephen Leavitt, with such other persons as may hereafter join them, are hereby incorporated into a Society by the name of the East Oxford Agricultural Society.

Section 2. Said Society is hereby established within the town of Canton, Livermore, Hartford, Peru, Duxford, Randolph, Mexico, Roxbury, Devereaux, Andover, Newry, Hanover, Capen, and all the plantations lying in the northern part of said County, and may take and hold property, real or personal, the annual income of which shall not exceed one thousand dollars, to be applied to the advancement of agricultural and mechanical arts.

Section 3. This Society shall have all the powers and privileges, and be subject to all the duties and restrictions now granted to and imposed upon similar societies.

Section 4. The first meeting of said Society shall be called by Lyman Rawson, or either person named in the first section by publishing notice thereof three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, the last publication to be at least fifteen days before the meeting.

Section 5. All Acts and parts of Acts inconsistent with this Act are hereby repealed.

Section 6. This Act shall take effect when approved by the Governor.

PURSUANT to Section 4 of the foregoing act, the incorporators therein named are hereby notified to meet at the Inn of George D. Austin in Duxford Village, on the second day of September, next at nine o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of organizing said Society; and take measures for a fair the coming fall.

ISAAC N. STANLEY, Clerk.

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

THE undersigned, guardian of Eliza A. Chase, deceased, do hereby certify that the said Eliza A. Chase, deceased, respectively represents, that the said minor is seized and possessed of the following described real estate, viz: one sixth part of lot numbered 22, 23 and 24 in and sixth and seventh shares of lots in the town of Paris.

That an advantageous offer of two hundred and sixteen dollars and sixteen cents has been made by Hiram Chase, of Paris, in said County, to purchase the said real estate, and the said guardian is desirous to accept of the proceeds of said sale, to be put out on interest, for the benefit of said minor. He therefore prays that license may be granted him, to sell and convey the above described real estate to the person making said offer, according to the statute in such cases made and provided.

SETH BENSON.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of July, A. D. 1861.

On the petition of SETH BENSON, guardian of the person of Eliza A. Chase, late of Paris, in said County, do hereby certify that the said minor is seized and possessed of the following described real estate, viz: one sixth part of lot numbered 22, 23 and 24 in and sixth and seventh shares of lots in the town of Paris.

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## The Great Indian Remedy

FOR FEMALES.  
Dr. Mattison's Indian Emmenagogue.

This celebrated Female Medicine possessing virtues unknown of any thing else of the kind, and proving effective in all cases of irregularity, is prepared from an Indian plant used by the natives for the same purpose from time immemorial, and now first made known to the public. It is designed for both married and single ladies, and is the very best thing known for the purpose, as it will bring on the monthly course in cases of obstruction, after all other remedies of the kind have been tried in vain. This may seem incredible, but a cure is guaranteed in all cases, or the price will be refunded.

Over 2000 bottles have now been sold without a single failure when taken as directed, and without the least injury to health in any case. It is put up in bottles of three different strengths, with full directions for use, and is sold, of course, at all prices, to all parts of the country.

PRICES.—Full strength, \$10; Half strength, \$5; Quarter strength, \$2 per bottle. It is sold by all druggists, and is also sold by the wholesale for the purpose of being sent to all parts of the country.

Be aware of imitations! None warranted unless purchased directly of Dr. M. or at his office. Prepared and sold only at DR. MATTISON'S REMEDIAL INSTITUTE, for Special Diseases, No. 25 Union St., Providence, R. I.

This specialty embraces all diseases of a Private nature both of Men and Women, by a regular educated physician of twenty years' practice, giving his whole attention to them. Consultations, by letter or otherwise, are strictly confidential, and medicines sent by express, secure from observation by all parts of the United States. Also, accommodations for patients from abroad, wishing for a secure and private retreat, and good care, until restored to health.

Particular Caution. In these days of medical imposture, when men assume to be physicians without any knowledge of medicine, whatever persons come in too careless to whom they apply, before at least making some inquiry, and especially in relation to those who make the greatest pretensions. Advertisements of this kind, which are so numerous, and as the newspapers are filled their deceptive advertisements, without making inquiry to whom they will be imposed upon. Dr. M. will send free of charge, a full and complete pamphlet on DISEASES OF WOMEN and on Private Diseases generally; also, circulars giving full information, with the most undoubted facts, of the efficacy of his medicine, and of the success of his practice in all cases of the kind. It is a work of great value, and is sent free of charge to all who apply for it. Write your address plainly, and send to Dr. N. H. MATTISON, as above.

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