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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

PARIS, MAINE.

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OLD SERIES VOLUME 29, NO. 6.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

From the Ohio Farmer.

How to Cure Hams and Sides.

There are many ways to cure hams, but some of them are not desirable, unless we are satisfied to eat poor hams in preference to good. A ham well cured, well smoked and well cooked, is a favorite dish with most people, and there are very few indeed who can resist a ham which has been hardened and spoiled by salt, or tainted for the want of salt in curing, and may be worse spoiled in cooking; but if a ham is spoiled by too much salt, or too little, or becomes tainted before the salt has thoroughly penetrated through it, I defy any cook to make a good dish out of it. I have tried many ways in curing hams, and have lost them sometimes by having them so salt and hard that they were unsalable.

I have for some twenty years practiced the following simple recipe in curing pork hams and shoulders, and find it preferable to any recipe I ever tried, and when I have had any to sell they have taken the preference of sugar cured hams with those acquainted with them.

I trim the hams and shoulders in the usual way, except to cut the log off close up to the ham and shoulder, to have them pack close, and as being worthless smoked; then sprinkle a little fine salt on the bottom of a sweet cask, and pack down the hams and shoulders promiscuously, as they will best pack in, and sprinkle a little fine salt on each layer, just enough to make them show white; then heat a kettle of water and put in salt, and stir well until it will bear up a good sized potato, between the size of a quarter and a half dollar; boil and skim the brine, and pour it on the hams boiling hot, and cover them all over one or two inches deep with the brine, having put a stone on the meat to keep it down. I sometimes use saltpetre, and sometimes do not; consider it useless, except to color the meat. I now use my judgment as to the time to take them out of the brine. If the hams are very small, they will cure in three weeks, if large, say five weeks; again if the meat is packed loose, it will take more brine to cover it, consequently more salt will penetrate the meat in a given time that if it is packed close; on this account it is useless to keep the meat and salt for the brine, as the meat must be kept covered with the brine, let it take more or less. Leave the casks uncovers until cool. When the hams have been in brine long enough, I take them out and leave them in the cellar if the weather is not suitable to smoke them. I consider clean corn cobs better for smoking meat than anything I have ever tried, and now use nothing else; continue the smoke until it penetrates the meat, or the skin becomes a dark cherry brown. I then wrap the pieces I wish to keep in paper, any time before the bugs or flies have deposited their eggs on them, and pack them down in casks with dry ashes, in the cellar, where both hams and shoulders will keep as good as when packed during the summer or year. Cured in this way, it is hard to distinguish between the shoulder and ham when boiled.

A large ham will often taint in the middle before salt or brine will penetrate through.

HOW TO CURE SIDE PORK.

So much for smoked meat; now if any one wishes to have his side pork a little better, and keep better than any he has ever had, let him try my way, and if he is not satisfied, let me know it through the Ohio Farmer.

Take out the bone and lean meat along the back, cut and pick the pieces snugly in the barrel, put more salt on the bottom and on each layer of the meat than will probably penetrate the meat; then boil and skim the brine (if it is sweet), and add enough to it to cover your meat two or three inches over the top, making strong like the ham brine; and soon as you pack your meat, pour the brine on boiling hot; it will penetrate the meat much quicker than the cold brine, and give it an improved flavor.

When I was making and pouring the brine on my hams and pork just now packed, I thought the public might be benefited by a knowledge of my way of curing meats. I therefore publish it. Try it.

A. AYLWORTH.

SINGULAR FACTS IN HUMAN LIFE. The average length of human life is about 28 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 7; one-half before reaching 17. Only one of every 1000 persons reaches 100 years. Only six of every one hundred reaches the age of 65, and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age. Of the whole population on the globe, it is estimated that 90,000 die every day; about 3700 every hour, and sixty every minute, or one every second. These losses are more than counterbalanced by the number of births. The married are longer lived than the single. The average duration of life in all civilized countries is greater now than in any anterior period. Moseley, the distinguished historian, states in the year 1685—not an unwholesome year—the deaths in England were as one to 20, but in 1850 one to 40. Dupuy, a well known French writer, states that the average duration of life in France from 1776 to 1843 increased 52 days annually. The rate of mortality in 1781 was one in 29, but in 1850 one in 40. The rich men live on an average of 42 years, but the poor only 30 years. [Free Nation.

From the New England Farmer.

The Ashes of Vegetables.

In chemistry, all elementary bodies are divided into two classes, viz: metals and metalloids, or substances which in their character are non-metallic. As yet, only a few of the elements known to chemists have been recognized in the ashes of vegetables. Those which have been detected in the residue which remains after combustion, are, phosphorus, chloride, iodine, silicon, sulphur, bromine, potassium, calcium, sodium, magnesium, iron, manganese and fluorine. Iodine and bromine are found only in the ashes of marine plants,—kelp, seaweed, &c. When found, however, these substances are never in a simple, isolated state, but in combination with oxygen, (with the exception of iodine, chlorine and bromine,) and from which they are separated with much difficulty.

The distinction between metals and metalloids depends upon their relation to heat and electricity. If a substance opposes no resistance to the diffusion of electricity through its body and over its surface, or, as philosophers express it, is a good conductor of heat and electricity, it is called a metal. If it presents characters the opposite of this, it is called non-metallic, or a metalloid. The salts detected in the residue of vegetable substances submitted to the action of fire, are produced by a union of both these substances. Phosphorus, sulphur, iodine, bromine, chlorine and silicon, as also oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon, are classified as non-metallic bodies, while the other elementary constituents, to wit: sodium, potassium, calcium, manganese, iron and magnesium, belong to the class of metals.

When the non-metallic elements combine with oxygen, the result is the formation of an acid, and the same result ensues upon any of that class combining with hydrogen; and it is in this state that they are recognized in the soil, as well as in vegetables and their ashes.

Carbon, combined with oxygen, forms carbonic acid.

Sulphuric acid is a combination of sulphur and oxygen.

Phosphoric acid is produced by the chemical union of phosphorus and oxygen, and silicic and nitric acid are the results of the same union between silicon and nitrogen, and oxygen. Another feature presented by these acids is their propensity to form combinations with certain bases. These bases are found almost universally on the earth's surface, or mingled in its crust, and invariably in the ashes of vegetables, and it is therefore by no means a matter of surprise that the two are seldom found in an uncombined state, in the soil, and invariably in a combined state in vegetables and their ashes, in the form of salts.

Talk with Patriotic Farmers.

In the course of a talk with the Patriotic Farmers, the N. H. Journal of Agriculture makes these suggestions:

How to go to Good Things. But amid all this bustle and confusion of war, amid all this turmoil of the camp and the battle field, is he not liable to forget the interests of the farm? Is not his patriotism manifested as above, likely to overshadow that patriotism that should cause him to examine closely the affairs of home? In fine, are we not, as practical farmers, devoting too much thought upon the war, forgetting that however large our army, however patriotic our soldiers, they must be supplied with good and warm clothing, and with an abundance of good and wholesome food, or they are marshalled on the battle field in vain?

Blockade the Ports of Waste. What shall be done? Shall we go on wasting as before? Shall we still be unkindly of the needs of the farm? Shall we still neglect the oxen, and the cows, and the sheep, during the cold winter months just coming upon us? Or shall we tighten up the stables for a cold night, and have conveniences for good ventilation when the weather is mild? Would it not be well to make a general effort to bring about a general reform about the barn, the present winter, not only in reference to the care and feed of the animals, but to the saving and making of all the manure possible?

A WORD ON BARNS. We predict that an entire change will soon be wrought in the construction of barns. There are *parlors* barns enough already to ruin half the stock in the country. What better arrangement can a man have to injure his stock, than a tight box set over a manure heap? No barn ever built is equal to the rough boarded New England barn, for keeping hay. And no stock ever grew that was any harder than the old New England stock that was fed in them. But we do not advocate the exposure of stock to all weathers to make it hardy. Let the stables be under control, either to keep it warm or to well ventilate it. Finally, let all the leaks be stopped in the stable floors, and the land will blossom like the rose.

A GOOD STORY, IF TRUE. One Tetzel, a Dominican, and a retailer of indulgences, had picked up a vast sum at Leipzig. A gentleman of that city, who had no veneration for such superstitions, went to Tetzel, and asked him if he could sell him an indulgence beforehand for a certain crime, which he intended to commit. Tetzel said, "Yes, provided they could agree about the price." The bargain was struck, the money paid, and the absolution delivered in due form. Soon after this the gentleman, knowing that Tetzel was going from Leipzig well loaded with cash, waylaid him, robbed him, and cudgelled him, and told him that parting, that this was the crime for which he had purchased an absolution.

From the Maine Farmer.

Corn Fodder for Sheep.

With the rise of wool the price of sheep comes up, and as the price comes up the farmer begins to have greater respect for his flock, and begins to inquire how he can keep the largest flock in thrifty condition at the least cost. Corn fodder has been used by some flock-masters—not the corn fodder formed by the husks and stalks of corn, but the fodder that is grown from corn sown in drills or broadcast, and cut and cured at a suitable time.

A few years ago we recommended a mode of keeping a flock of one hundred sheep through the winter from the product of two acres of land sown to corn. This recommendation was based on some experiments and observations made with this crop on a small scale. The plan was thought to be a little visionary by some, but afterwards Mr. D. Yant communicated the fact to the Ohio Farmer that he had actually succeeded in producing enough to winter one hundred sheep on one and a half acres of land. We republished a statement of his success in the Farmer at the time. In answer to an inquiry recently sent us by a subscriber in regard to this matter, we will again give the main facts in his communication.

I took for the purpose, says he, nothing more than common wheat soil; if rich, the growth is apt to be too large. Plow it deeply, harrow it well, and about the 20th of June sow in a bushel and a half of corn, and if weeds try to grow among it they will get heartily tired of such a wickly life. Leave it standing until the leaves get scarred, and the crop looks weighty. Some then cradle down when dry, and put up in loose shocks, and leave it standing until wanted for feed. It may be cut short. In this way he says he has actually wintered one hundred head of sheep without grain, and in good order on an acre and a half of land. I have not had a better clip of wool nor lost fewer sheep, nor raised better lambs.

In following this plan we must vary a little from the Ohio experiment, in sowing a little earlier, and housing the fodder after being thoroughly cured, and it should be kept in good order for winter use, our winters being more severe than they are in Ohio.

CURING PORK. A French chemist has lately asserted, that security will never arise from the use of salt preservatives, unless salt-petre be used in the curing; that salt alone answers all the purposes, provided the animal heat be entirely parted with before salting. He claims that the insertion of pork in pickle alone is not sufficient, but that it should be rubbed thoroughly with dry salt after it has been entirely parted with its animal heat, and that then the fluid running from the meat should be poured off before packing the pork in the barrel. This should be done sufficiently close to admit no unnecessary quantity of air, and some dry salt should occupy the space between the pieces, and then pickle, and not water, should be added. Great care must be taken to fill the barrel entirely full, so that no portion of the meat can at any time project above the surface of the fluid; for, if this occurs, a change of flavor ensues such as is known with rusty pork.

The pickle, of course, must be a saturated solution of salt and water, that is, so strong that it is incapable of dissolving more salt. It must be remembered that cold water is capable of dissolving more salt than hot water. [Working Farmer.

STABLEING CATTLE AT NIGHT. Many farmers make it a practice to put up their cattle at night during the months of August and September, and in fact from that time until the following spring. We think this is a good plan—indeed we know of farmers, who, having stables well ventilated, put up their cattle at night during the entire season. They are not only quite as comfortable as when out in the open yard, but the great object in stableing them is the attainment of manure. By supplying the stables every morning with dry manure, loam, chip dirt, &c., as an absorbent, and throwing the whole mass into the cellar or shed, a large amount of the most excellent manure may be obtained. [Maine Farmer.

If the stables are properly ventilated, they certainly are as cool in summer as places not shaded, and in winter are much warmer.

There can be no doubt of the propriety of stableing cattle at night; and where the object is a large supply of milk or flesh making, then stableing may be recommended at all times. If the animal be surrounded by an atmosphere of too low a temperature, he must obtain the requisite heat by consuming a larger amount of food, and heat so obtained is always gained at the expense of flesh and milk. [Working Farmer.

NATURE'S SALT WORKS. The Silver Age gives an account of the recent visit of a party of gentlemen to nature's great salt works in Nevada Territory, who gave fabulous accounts of the grand scale on which nature works. They estimate the amount of pure salt in sight and fit for sucking at 1,000 tons, and so strongly are the waters of the pools or springs impregnated that when the encrustation, usually about three inches thick, is removed, six hours suffice to skim the pool over with a coating of salt. According to the report of those gentlemen, the capacity of these pools is beyond computation—perhaps sufficient to meet not only the present, but all the prospective demands of this Territory with an article superior to any imported salt for the reduction of silver ores, on account of the presence of a small portion of alkali. Returning by the way of Emeralds, they discovered a practicable route from the salt pools to that locality, by which a supply can be shipped to that region, when the necessities of the mines shall require it.

MISCELLANY.

From All the Year Round.

A PUBLIC RECEPTION.

The sign manual which I am in the habit of attaching to my familiar letters, formal documents, cheques, and receipts, is Badgers Spring Badger. But I have not signed Spring Badger for months, having been what is grandly called a martyr to rheumatism. Friends tell me that this vulgar affection is completely gone out, and that I should take comfort in the more exquisite but gentler suffering of what is called neuralgia. I wish it were gone out of my wretched bones. Neuralgia or rheumatism, it is all one to me. I know that I have lain for weeks stiff and rigid as the ossified man; that an undue weight of bed-clothing seemed to fry and grill my flesh, that I could only turn by a slow and painful process moving cautiously at about a hair's breadth per minute; and that a hasty movement of forgetfulness, resulted in a yell of such protracted agony as to bring all the members of the household rushing to my bedside. My eldest son, a fighting Indian warrior newly returned from the wars, being brought in, had to be cautioned against too filial a greeting: his hearty military warmth would have undone me utterly. My second son, who serves his sovereign not less honorably in harnessed domestic warfare—I allude to the militia—comes rushing from his tented field; I am compelled sternly to refuse his proffered hand. Both insist insistently on taking me northwards to the country. Alas, take down northwards to the country, unless for exhibition purposes, an ossified man and living skeleton!

The only thing that helped to soothe the latter stages of this wretched probation, was the opportune occurrence of a most interesting murder. I say it advisedly, a most interesting murder. But for the well known Burton-on-Trent murder case I should have given way. It stimulated me. I had all the details read to me. How Mr. William Ridd, of Burton-on-Trent, and manager of one of the opulent brewing firms, by a steady attention to business, became a paragon among the brewers. How, rising every day in estimation, he at last had the happiness of intermarrying with the opulent brewing firm's daughter. How they lived happily together. How it came to be remarked with surprise that Mr. William Ridd was falling into expensive tastes—keeping race-horses, four-in-hands, opera boxes, besides other less excusable luxuries. How of a sudden he became very pressing with Mrs. William Ridd to effectuate a heavy policy on her life; a mere formality, as he put it. How Mrs. William Ridd was taken ill in a mysterious way, shortly after, with spasms and sickness which the best medical advice could not account for; especially as after each visit of the best medical advice Mrs. William Ridd seemed to grow worse. How Mrs. William Ridd died eventually, and how the heavy policy was paid, with reluctance certainly. How the opulent brewing firm had dark suspicions; suspicious strengthened into certainty when a gentleman, who was in the habit of drinking with Mr. William Ridd in familiar intercourse, died suddenly; Ridd having said, as a matter of pure form, effected a policy on his life. How the late Mrs. William Ridd was taken up, and portions of Mrs. William Ridd sent up to London to Dr. Alkali, F. R. S., for analysis. How Mrs. William Ridd was eventually placed upon his trial. These things, I say, are familiar to the world, who for many weeks devoured all details greedily.

I was deep in the exciting trial. I had followed the convincing but uninteresting address of the state prosecutor, and found the wretched man at the bar guilty unanimously. I had heard the bubbling enthusiastic barruque of the sergeant on the other side, and with my hand on my heart pronounced my own verdict of Not Guilty. I listened (from my bed) to Dr. Alkali, F. R. S. (of London), who, in a curious series of experiments, had administered a millionth part of a grain to a dog and caused instant death; and to Doctor Lithium, F. R. S. (of Edinburgh), who had given double that quantity to another dog of Scottish extraction, without impairing the ordinary relief of the animal for his usual meals. To the Sunday papers, for the gorgeous richness of details, and pre-Raphaelite delicacy of touches, I owe a debt, under the Burton-on-Trent touches; and, on a Monday morning, when my Indian warrior, and his brother arrived to take me to the country, I found I could actually crawl, walking beautifully, with only suppressed gasps and spasms. But the learned judge was charging. At two o'clock my domestic warrior enters with news that the jury had retired. At five o'clock, my Indian warrior returns with word that Mr. William Ridd had been found guilty, that the Scotch dog had been justly disgraced, and Dr. Alkali's barrer gloriously vindicated. The express leaves at half past eight—the cab waits at the door. This time I was not more than half an hour reaching it. We drove as is customary at funerals, and yet these poor bones of the ossified man, who they cracked and pierced me, as though some one was striving savagely to snap them across his knee! Every stone that paved the court of Eastonsquare station was as a stab. We were in time, with fifteen minutes to spare.

It was a painful business, the extrication of the ossified man and living skeleton, but it was done under cover of night. Wrapped in an enormous horseman's cloak of large folds, my poor wretched arm and wrist swathed in bandages, with a warm travelling-cup drawn well over my eyes and ears, I walked in the center and leant painfully for support on my two warrior sons. The

Indian, with his tall, martial figure and coal-black beard of which I was justly proud, held me tightly on one side, the domestic fighting lad propped me on the other. In this order we emerged on the platform, into the long lines of lamps, and trundling trucks, and flying porters, and the general burly-burly waiting on department express-trains.

"What a crowd!" says the Indian warrior. A crowd, indeed, expectant, noisy, but respectable, with many policemen battling with them and keeping them back by persuasion and pressure. As we get near the carriage, a curious murmur bursts out; we are in an instant pressed on, bustled, and surrounded by a hundred faces, peering at us, with a strange curiosity. "There he is!" "There he is!" "Yes, that's him!" (This was the ungrammatical interjection.) "No it isn't!" "Keep back!" "Let me see!" "Who is it?" But policemen fight them off desperately. And we stand in a sort of ring at a first-class carriage. "What does it mean?" the Indian warrior asks, doubtfully. I know what it all means. There, beside me, stood the brave but modest hero of Bantelcund, who had fought his way into the citadel, and through a murderous fire carried out the three European ladies on his crupper. His fame had traveled before him. Heroes were dear and scarce in those days. The coal-black beard, the little decoration of the Griffin at his button hole, had betrayed the secret. My voice trembled as I whispered, "My brave boy!"

A kind of superior policeman, a tightly-buttoned official now came up and said to him:

"The governor sent word you were not coming until the next train."

I had sent no message of the kind, but I found he did not allude to me.

"What governor?" asked my son.

"Colonel Cranker. I don't know what to do, I'm sure. You had better put him in here, I suppose."

I thought this a tone little contemptuous; but the unworthy feeling was all swallowed up in the high compliment to my son. The conduct of the high military authorities was considerable indeed. The behavior of the mob, towards myself personally, was disgraceful: I happened to slip, entering the carriage, and was greeted with a roar of laughter intermingled with groans, and I heard loud coarse remarks about the way I carried my poor swathed hands under my cloak. I distinctly heard one ruffian use the word "handcuffs."

Of course, you'd wish this compartment all to yourself? the official went on, looking the door anxiously. Another graceful compliment to my brave boy.

By no means, I said, hastily. Thank you very much, but I like company.

Well, he said, taking no notice of my remark, what shall you do?

Leave the door open, of course, said my son, as he wishes it.

Oh, just as you like, the official said.

You know best of course, (then went away; and, coming again said earnestly.)

The Wan will meet you at Stafford, eh?

I have not heard, I said, doubtfully, overpowered at this new attention: I suppose it's all right.

I say, the official says again, not heeding me as before, is the Wan to meet you at Stafford?

I believe so—I hope so, my brave boy answered, confidently. Then the other went his way.

I do believe that the English, when gratifying their curiosity, are the worst-behaved people in the world. The conduct of the passengers—first class passengers—on this occasion, defies description. I could allow much for a generous enthusiasm towards one who had fought and bled for his country; but it was pushed to the verge of ill-mannered; it was brutal, I said, as I have mentioned, in the center, wrapped in my cloak, with a son on each side. Persons crowded at the window, stared their fill, and then gave place to others; gentlemen, under specious pretext of taking a place there, brought in their bags and packages, sat a few moments with eyes riveted on my person, then withdrew hurriedly. A demure lady entered presently, took out her yellow railway volume and began to read unconsciously of my way near her. A gentleman sat down beside her and whispered: I saw her start as she looked at us; and again a thrill of pride passed through me. He was telling her the Indian episode.

Let us go, she said, rising; I grow sick. Let us get into the fresh air again."

And, gathering up her skirts, she passed out hastily.

Extraordinary young person! Why should she grow sick? It struck me at the time that her mind must have been affected. It was always her very flattery, but getting uncomfortable.

An old gentleman in a bright waistcoat, leaning his chin on a stick, placed himself in the seat exactly opposite to my son; and, leaning over, whispered to him hoarsely.

Well, now it's over, it was a long business and a weary one!

My brave boy looked down confused; he is as modest as a girl.

We did our best, he said, smiling, and pulled through somehow.

You had a poor chance from the beginning: I always said so, the old gentleman went on.

Perhaps so, said my son; but the enemy was too strong for us to do much!

There was a fair trial, said the other, firing up, and a jury of the British nation.

What more would you ask?

I would have risked my life a thousand times, said my son, with a generous warmth.

I walked in the center and leant painfully for support on my two warrior sons. The

murdered lady; but burdened as I was with three others on my crupper—

"God bless my soul, I never heard that!"

"It is true, sir," my son added, with a little heat.

"Yes, sir," I struck in, "Christian charity and that holy religion of which I trust we are common members, teaches—"

He was looking at me in such blank astonishment that I stopped. I thought I heard him murmur.

"Well, this beats—"

"I say, we have made it all right about the Wan; telegraphed down, eh?"

"Thank you a thousand times," I answered; why put yourself to such trouble?"

He stopped, looked at me with a comic expression, then went his way, smiling. Most extraordinary!

The bell, a scream of the whistle, and we go off. The old gentleman is our only companion but my brave boy, wound-d by the tone of his last remarks, declines conversation. The cold of the night peccies into my bones. I am ricked with pains: all my joints are being fractured. As the night advances, the old gentleman stoops forward, and in the same low whisper, which I bear perfectly, asks,

"It is fixed for Saturday fortnight, is it not?"

"What is fixed?" said my brave boy, who was a little sleepy.

"The—the—the—you know—the public Reception," I add, wishing to help him out. He looked at me again with astonishment.

"Public reception? Well, you do speak of it coolly?"

"Yes," said I, proudly, "it is enough to turn one's head."

"Turn one's head?" he said. "This is very bad—very bad!"

"Bad!" I answered, indignantly; "I am proud of it—I glory in it."

"Then may heaven soften your heart!" he said.

I gave this person up as insane also. All the principal stations I could see, were advised of our coming; for men—porters with lanterns—would to the window under flicky pretense of making us show our tickets, and would stare at Ragby a long, thin, white-tied person came in, with a lantern, too (in his jaws), sat down directly opposite to me, and fixing his eyes plaintively on me, began to snuffle.

"Officer," he said at last, turning to my son,—"Officer, give me leave to speak a few words to this poor man upon his state. Has he shown any signs of an awakening, officer?"

I hear my son, who has been lying back with his head on the cushion murmur out that, "he doesn't know—can't say—indol."

"Officer," the clergyman goes on, "does he show insensibility? Hath he found a balm, a cure?"

Though inclined to resent a little the inquisitive character of these interrogations, "Sir, I answer by courtesy—sir, I have tried nearly every known remedy, and am sorry to say have as yet found no relief. I despair of a cure."

"Have you tried—?"

"Tried? Tried what?" I interrupted impatiently.

"Poor, blinded, lost sheep. Hopelessly stiff-necked!"

"You may say that," I said; "I am in a vice. The drugs do me no good. Even he, I say, pointing to my sleeping son, would make me try a little in the poison line; he said it was a violent remedy, and so it was; I think it has done for me."

"Hardened beyond redemption!" said the layman. "Officer do you hear this?"

"Perhaps," said I, a light suddenly breaking upon me, "you may be the retired clergyman of the papers, who has suffered so much, and are willing for two postage-stamps, to impart the secret to others. To nervous sufferers?" Don't you know that I'm a nervous sufferer?"

"He is hardened—he will die impenitent," said the clergyman. "Oh, think, think an instant poor lost sheep, how—"

"Sir," I said, with dignity, "you have applied that epithet to me once before. I am neither poor, nor lost, nor, as far as I know, a sheep. It is free, very free of you, indeed?"

"With your sins of life running out?" (no doubt the advertising retired clergyman,) "with only a few days left to you, with both legs in the grave, with the rope already round your neck—"

I colored; I was indignant at these coarse allusions to my state of health. "Pardon me," I said—

"Pardon!" he answered, scornfully; "the poor broken reed that every condemned wretch clings to. In your case there is hope—no, not a particle. Come," he said, flinging himself on the floor of the carriage, "let us pray for him. Officer, join me in a prayer for his stony heart, that it may be converted."

It seemed to be an understood thing that all first class passengers to night were to be lunatics; and so I held my peace, and took no further notice of the lay clergyman. The train was slackening its pace. We were drawing near to Stafford; it was relief.

An official came round with a lantern, taking tickets. "Oh, there you are," he said. "It's all right. The governor's waiting on the up platform."

"What! another governor?" I asked, in astonishment.

"I say, though," he went on, dropping his voice, "I don't know how you will get him off quietly; the whole town is waiting outside with the Wan!"

My son, still sleepy, murmured, "All right."

"What'll you do?" asked the official.

"Step into the carriage, to be sure," I said, "and drive to the Stafford Arms. Bode

are ordered." He dashed the lantern into my face and laughed.

"Now, then," he said, as the train came rolling into the station. Lights—a spacious hall, and crowd running along to keep up. Passengers jumped hastily from their seats and rushed to swell the mob clustered thickly round our door. I did not like the looks of this complimentary ovation—they were both noisy and impatient.

"Here's the governor," the official said, opening the door; and a rough, hard featured man stepped in with two other hard-featured gentlemen, officers of his staff, I suppose.

"Come along," he said, sharply; "there is no time to be lost. I don't know how we will get him through this mob; we must only try; keep fast hold of him!"

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, governor," I said, trying to salute with the cap, but it was too firmly down over my ears, for the little attention. If you will favor me and my friend here—let me introduce Captain Badger, the famous hero of Bantelcund—at a little festivity up at the Stafford Arms—"

"Now, then, you two, get him well under the arms. Bring him along!"

I became almost insensible; the extraneous agency the vile wretches put me to made me shiver. Lights flashed in my eyes, a mist of faces peered at me, hoarse tongues roared and hooped. What did it all mean? I called faintly for my brave boy. I only heard "Bring him along. Hold him tight! Here's the Wan!"

An enormous dark-colored, shining vehicle, surrounded, too, with a guard of honor of mounted soldiery. I did not like the look of it. Why all this state? "Do tell the governor," I said to my supporters, "that my private carriage is waiting, and that if he will honor me by accepting a seat—"

"They began to laugh. "Well, Bill, if that ain't cheek—Why, bless us, if he haven't got no darbies on. Where's the cuffer?"

"Here," I said, showing my bandages. "All thick lumb's wool!"

The Oxford Democrat

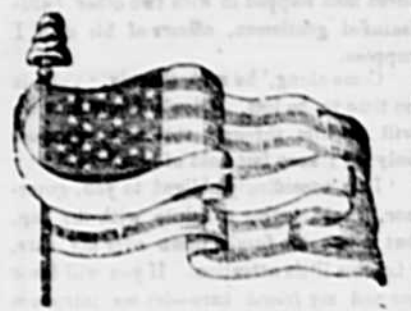
PARIS, MAINE, DEC. 27, 1861.

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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.Circulation. We would respectfully call the
attention of such as are disposed to lend their aid
in extending the circulation of a house paper to the
following offer:We will send
10 Copies, for one year, for 12.50
50 Copies, for one year, for 20.00And one copy to the person getting up the club.
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A Uniform Policy.

It must be evident to a careful observer that, so far as the slavery question is concerned, our government has as yet adopted no uniform policy. The President, thus far in this war, has not deemed it the duty of the Executive to lay down any absolute rule of action relative to this vexed question. While his sympathies have undoubtedly been in harmony with the main features of Fremont's proclamation, he has not felt called upon to give them a direct recognition. Caleb B. Smith and Edward Bates, have led off in the Cabinet against the Fremont doctrine, and their sympathies are undoubtedly with that class of loyalists who think slavery should never be touched even if it is prolonged ten years. It is said Moore, Sumner and Blair entertain similar views in a somewhat modified form. Gen. Cameron goes square in for emancipation of all slaves belonging to rebels in the secession States. Moore, Chase and Welles are strongly inclined the same way. Thus stands the Cabinet.

When we pass from the Cabinet to the field we find the same different shades of opinions upon the question of live contrabands. Gen. McClellan, our Commander-in-Chief, it is said, stands upon the same platform with Smith and Bates. General Halleck is with him. On the other hand, Gen. Butler, Lane, and Phelps, and others, go with the Secretary of War.

This necessary consequence is, that we have all kinds of military proclamations upon this subject. Halleck sends out his bulletins, excluding all runaway slaves from his lines. Sherman, down in South Carolina, sends out his proclamation, filled with fustian about "State rights and State sovereignty, and the constitutional rights of slaveholders, &c., &c." Phelps, from Ship Island, thunders forth his anathemas against slavery, and declares a war of extermination against the monster.

This business of sending out military proclamations, containing all shades of opinions upon this most troublesome, vexatious question in issue, and all emanating from one army and one Government, has been carried quite far enough. It is time a uniform policy is adopted, and the question immediately presents itself—who shall make the rule that shall hereafter govern. It can never be done by our military commanders. The reasons why have already been referred to. The Cabinet members are divided in opinion, and they can agree upon nothing. The legislative department, in our opinion, is the place where this thing should be settled. There is a propriety in this. Members of Congress are direct from the people. They are presumed to know their opinions and wishes, and they should take the responsibility.

So far as we can judge from the action already taken by Congress, that body is all right. We believe it is prepared to meet this great question boldly, squarely and manfully. The people are all right and ready to sustain their representatives in declaring the slaves of all rebel masters free. An act of Congress authorizing the issuing of a proclamation to this effect, would be followed by astonishing results. It would be enthusiastically received by the people everywhere. It would carry emancipation and slavery into all rebellion. It would be more potent than guns or other implements of warfare, and end this unholy rebellion in less than six months.

Dedication at Oxford.

The new Methodist Church, at Oxford, will be dedicated to the service of Almighty God, on Thursday, the second day of January next. Services to commence at 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Ridgway, of Portland. All are respectfully invited to attend. N. H. HARRIS, Pastor.

Oxford, Dec. 24, 1861.

In the House of Representatives, Friday, Mr. Julian, of Indiana, introduced a resolution, instructing the Judiciary Committee to bring in a bill prohibiting the giving up of a fugitive slave without satisfactory proof. After an ineffectual effort to table the resolve it passed by a vote of 75 to 23. We do not see the name of the Representative from this District, in the published list of the year and days.

On Saturday a bill adding special duties to several articles as a war measure, was passed. It is expected the bill will produce the sum of seven or eight millions of revenue.

The Tribune correspondent says it is rumored that G. P. Gamble, of Missouri will appoint F. P. Blair, Jr., and John B. Henderson, U. S. Senators, to fill the vacancies caused by the expulsion of Polk and Johnson.

The Law of Necessity.

This law has no place or chapter in the common law, neither is it found written in any of the volumes of the statute laws. It belongs to another class of statutes—the "Higher Law," so often ridiculed and railled at by demagogic politicians. The man, when attacked by the highwayman or robber, kills his adversary, and seeks his justification in the law of "necessity," and under its wise sanctions is justified before God and his fellow man. Two nations engage in war. The war power supercedes all civil law and overrides all written statutes. Rebels rise up against their own government without justification or excuse, and a war of rebellion follows. How can it be justified? Do our generals go into the field with the statutes of our nation in their hands, and in prosecuting the war, act under the provisions contained in any chapter or sections? Not at all. They take the sword, and if successful, must do whatever is necessary to be done to ensure success. This is the theory of all wars, and holds good in the present war of rebellion.

Now if our rulers subdue treason, they must use the necessary means to do it; otherwise we shall ultimately be defeated. If the institution of slavery stands in the way of success, it must yield to the great law of necessity. If the question comes—slavery or the government, one or the other must perish; then under this higher law slavery must be abolished and the government saved. If this war is to be perpetuated for years, and thousands of lives lost, and millions of money expended, when by pointing our guns at the cause of the war we can thereby bring it to a speedy close, then stern necessity requires it to be done.

Now this contest has been in progress long enough to demonstrate beyond all cavil and all doubt, that just in proportion as we try to bolster up and perpetuate slavery, just in the same degree shall we prolong the struggle. Before this ungodly rebellion is put down, "the axe must be laid at the root of the tree." We have been lopping off branches long enough. Our government has been using the pruning knife, and not the axe.

As a "military necessity," our batteries must be left at the very vitals of slavery, or this unhappy war will continue for years—no one can tell how long. This is the exact state of the case, and every discerning mind can see it. Our rulers may profess a judicial blindness to this great fact, but they cannot deceive the people. There it is written in the sentence of light all over head; and there is not a voice comes up from a soldier's grave, or a man from the dying patriot upon the battle field, but proclaims it in tones of thunder.

Then what is wisdom? Shall the great issue be avoided, or met? That is the question which twenty millions of freemen in the loyal States are now thundering in the ears of the Federal Government at Washington.

Loyalty of Slaves.

In this war of rebellion, the negro plays a conspicuous part. We once heard Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, in one of his violent, executive speeches in the House of Representatives, boastingly declare that the "Negro was in the Constitution, and the North could never cast him out." Whether Lamar was right or wrong in his "colored" theory, there is no doubt the negro has been in all the discussions of a political character, both in and out of Congress, for the last ten or twelve years. The negro is in this war all over, and the great question is, what shall be done with him?

But a question of some importance has recently been raised—are the slaves loyal? or, in other words, which side do they take in this controversy? Gen. Halleck, in his zeal to overthrow Fremont's policy, has forbidden slaves the right to come within his lines, and ordered all out who are in, and as good as a reason that they are not to be trusted, and escape with important information for the enemy. His theory does not correspond with that of many other officers who have been much longer in the service. Gen. Lane said the other day in the Senate, that he obtained a vast amount of material information from the absconding slaves, and that they were true and never betrayed him. Gen. Ben Butler has had large numbers in his lines, and we never heard that he had any trouble in this direction. Gen. Wool gave them the same refuge that Butler did, and no complaint comes from him. We think the whole matter, with regard to the loyalty or disloyalty of the slaves, is narrowed down to this simple proposition—The slaves understand the nature of this war, and are everywhere naturally friendly to the federal government and its army, and if they have in any instance become disloyal, it has been owing to the barbarous treatment they have received at the hands of some of our commanding generals. Upon the Potomac they have fled to our lines, and in many instances have been hunted down like dogs, by our army officers, and forcibly returned to their masters. So it has been in Missouri since Fremont's removal; our army quarters have been made hunting grounds for slave catchers.

Now what can our army expect of slaves when they treat them in this barbarous manner? What are the legitimate fruits of the policy of Gen. McClellan and Halleck? Nothing useful to drive the slaves to desperation and madness. Do they expect these slaves to remain friendly to our interests, after our army officers have forcibly sent them back to perpetual bondage, to be tormented and whipped by their rebel masters? The slaves, however ignorant, are not fools enough for that. They know better than to kiss the hand that smites them. Even at Fort Royal, the slaves, although the most ignorant of any in the United States, refused to follow their masters, but came to our army, supposing very reasonably that we were their friends.

We come to the conclusion, from the evidence that has been produced upon this question, that the slaves are everywhere naturally loyal to our cause, and that if anything has transpired to the contrary, it has been the cruelty practiced towards them by our own army. Such we believe will be the honest convictions of all who will carefully investigate this matter.

That the slave will be efficient auxiliary, if, not driven back into slavery, every person must see; hence the folly of treating them as enemies, and not friends. If they prove treacherous, we make them so by our own acts, and every deserter charged upon them belongs to our own military commanders. Such is the truth; and impartial history will carry it down to future generations.

Bethel Items.

Rev. Mr. Hammond, the Evangelist who has been laboring with so much success in Portland, for a few weeks past, is now holding a series of meetings in Rev. Mr. Wheelwright's church, where he is attracting much attention by his earnest appeals to his hearers.

Capt. C. S. Edwards, of the 5th Regiment is at home on a furlough. Capt. E. lost his razor at Bull Run, and was hardly recognized by his friends. He is in the best state of health, and proves himself a most efficient officer.

Chas. Freeman, a boy belonging to Capt. Edwards's company, who was taken prisoner at Bull Run, and carried to Richmond, returned with him. He looks pale and feeble. He had more liberty than most prisoners held at Richmond. To his credit, he deposited twenty-five dollars in the Savings Bank in Portland, before he left for the war; and on arriving home Capt. Edwards gave him ninety-three dollars more. Such a Captain as will look after the boys will always be popular.

It may be noted as worthy of record, that on Sunday, Dec. 22d, this streets in this village were as dry and dusty as in summer. Such an instance is not common here at this season of the year. The next day eight inches of snow fell, and on Tuesday it was blown into heaps.

The U. S. FUGITIVE CONSTITUTION. This celebrated ship, the pride and affection of every American, received the name of *Old Ironsides* during the action between her and the British ship, the *Guerriere*, who fired one of her heaviest shots against her side, but the plank was so hard that the shot fell out and sank in the waters. This was afterwards noticed, and the cry arose—"Huzza! her sides are made of iron. See where the shot fell out!" From that circumstance, the name of the ship was given, and the name of the ship was given, and the name of the ship was given.

THE CULTURE OF FLAX. The high price of cotton, and the probability that it may continue so for a year to come, will lead farmers to devote more attention to the cultivation of flax. The old fashioned spinning wheels may come into use in a great many families in this State. A pair of linen and cotton shirts, of domestic manufacture, will outfit probably three pairs of those wholly made of cotton. Farmers should make arrangements to secure some seed. The present season, and sow their patch of flax. Plantations made of tow cloth will be just as good as cotton drawing. Sow the flax.

Good to "Courier" Subscribers.

The present issue completes the number of papers we have contracted to furnish subscribers to the "Bethel Courier," who had paid in advance to the end of volume three. We were much disappointed in not being able to have an agent visit the subscribers on that list, as announced. We have engaged an agent to visit them next week, unless the roads shall be blocked entirely. We trust they may be disposed to continue to receive the weekly visit of the Democrat. It will be our aim to give a complete record of the local matters of all the towns in Oxford County; and we wish to enlist as friends of the enterprise the people of the whole county.

Those persons who are in arrears, will confer a favor upon us, if they will be prepared to balance their accounts when visited.

Some artist, whose name has now passed from our mind, during the last season executed a painting of the beautiful little village of Waterford Flat. It has been exhibited in Portland, lately, where it has attracted much attention. The village nestling under the hill; the lake in front, and lengthened shadows lying softly in the woods and spreading over the gardens and lawns, form a scene which the artist has well depicted, making a gem of landscape painting.

TWELFTH REGIMENT. The Twelfth Maine Regiment left Camp Chase, on Tuesday, for Boston; and embarked at once in the Constitution, for Ship Island. Gen. Phelps, whose extraordinary proclamation has kicked off his author over, is to be superceded at once. Rumor says Caleb Cushing will have his place. Gen. Phelps is regarded as an efficient officer; and has won the regard of all in his command. Congress will probably put a stop to the issuing of army proclamations hereafter, so that the army will not represent as many lines of policy as there are commanders.

THE TRENT AFFAIR. The dispatches from England have not been received at the War Department. It is rumored that Mr. Sewall will make a demand upon England why her Consul General at Cuba, paid the passage of the *Envy*; also why the Captain of the *Trent* received them on board, in violation of the neutrality proclamation. When these things are explained, he will consider the act of Capt. Wilkes. This is the story given by the New York World. It is probable the affair of the *Nashville* will occupy the attention of the government.

A five dollar note on the American Bank, Baltimore, was presented to us, last week. Peterson's Reporter pronounces the note bogus. There is no such bank in existence.

A colored man, in New York, recently escaped from the South, via Fort Pickens, says there are 8000 runaway negroes in Alabama, skulking in the woods.

Parley telegraphed the Journal, Tuesday night, that the opinion prevailed in Washington that our difficulty with England would be amicably adjusted.

Lord Lyons has issued invitations for a Christmas dinner; and Secretary Seward has out invitations for a dinner, Friday.

MORTGAGE LAWS. The editor of the Brunswick Telegraph, is discussing, with a view to ultimate legislative reform, the mortgage laws of this State. The objection cited is the fact that under existing law, a creditor, in case of default on the part of the debtor, is obliged to wait three years, before he acquires possession by foreclosure. This delay increases the difficulty of obtaining a loan on real estate,—impossible so far as banks are concerned,—and forces the creditor to charge an increased rate to offset the disadvantages of the system. The remedy proposed, is the enactment of a law giving possession in 30 or 60 days, making it an easy and speedy process to obtain payment of a note, in case the debtor does not perform his contract. The advantages claimed, for the improved state of affairs, are the obtaining of loans on real estate from capitalists, as readily, as at present, on personal security, from banks; a lower rate of interest; and the causing of shrewd men now prey upon the people, to be driven to the shaving of their noses exclusively.

The Telegraph cites the law of Massachusetts, which it says has produced the happiest effect.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER. This excellent paper commences a new volume with the new year. It will then appear in new type, throughout, which will give it a fine appearance. The general plan of the journal will not be changed. Besides the carefully prepared Agricultural, Miscellaneous and News departments, the Farmer contains, weekly, the best market reports that fall under our notice. Mr. Eaton, one of the proprietors, and general editor, is the son of Russell Eaton, Esq., of Augusta, and was formerly connected with the Maine Farmer.

With the new volume, the publishers commence an entirely new system of business management, requiring payment in all cases, in advance. The plan is fully explained in their advertisement in another column, to which we cheerfully refer the reader, with advice, if in want of an excellent paper to subscribe at once.

We observe the Portland papers are publishing sentimental appeals to the people to sign petitions for the pardon of Gordon, the slave captain, who has been convicted of piracy, and is now under sentence of death. The tone of the President's Message puts all hopes of a pardon, in this case, out of the question. The evidence was overwhelming, that he entered deliberately upon the traffic, was captured, tried, found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. His execution will have more influence upon the infernal business than anything that has yet been accomplished, while the vigilance that led to his conviction gives the country hope that slaves can no longer sail under the Stars and Stripes.

BATTLE AT DRAINSVILLE. A brilliant engagement took place near Drainsville, last Friday. A party of cavalry had been in the habit of foraging in that vicinity, which Gen. McClellan resolved to stop. Gen. Ord, with four regiments, advanced at an early hour. Passing a wood near the Lonsburg turnpike, the troops were fired on by a rebel force, in ambush. The line was immediately formed, Capt. Eastman's battery opening a destructive fire. After sixty rounds of the battery, Gen. McClellan ordered the fire to cease, for the purpose of an advance. He placed his whole force in position for a charge, which was successfully made, routing the enemy completely,—they moving away panic stricken. Forty or fifty dead bodies were left on the field, and it is known many were carried off. It is supposed the dead and wounded will reach 150. Our troops behaved in a brave manner, drawing compliments for their conduct from Gens. McClellan and McClellan.

SOMETHING DONE IN MISSOURI. The operations of last week, in Missouri show that something is doing in that State, and there are some grounds for the hope that other good works will follow. On the 18th, Gen. Pope, by a forced march, was able to cut off a wing of Price's army, with a train of baggage wagons containing all the winter clothing of the rebels. Nearly 200 heavy wagons are already in our possession, together with a large quantity of ammunition and arms, 1,000 horses, tents, and camp equipment. Between 1,800 and 2,000 recruits have been taken prisoners. Altogether the rebellion has received a terrible shock in this section of the country, within the present week.

At Warrensburg bridge, Colonel Davis suddenly assaulted the rebel force, and dispersed them to a timber, where being further pressed, they surrendered—1,200 men, including 2 Colonels, 1 Lieut. Colonel, 1 Major, and 17 Captains, 60 wagons heavily laden with supplies and clothing, and a large number of horses and mules falling into our hands. Our loss was 2 killed and 14 wounded. That of the enemy is considerably more than this.

It is understood that Gen. Pope will send a strong force of cavalry to Lexington. The main body of his army are now en route for Sedalia. Sedalia has once been evacuated by Gen. Halleck.

As an offset Price has thrown a large force North of the Missouri. The number is stated at 6000, with more coming. He has destroyed one hundred miles of the Northern railroad; and seems in position to do an infinite amount of mischief.

Accounts continue to be received that Halleck's gunboats are nearly ready to advance. Does the Mississippi ever freeze so low as St. Louis?

Gen. Grant has been appointed to the command of Cairo, and the military district composed of Illinois and Western Kentucky. The Provost marshal of St. Louis has levied upon about 300 secessionists, a tax of from \$100 to \$400 each, for the benefit of Union refugees, large numbers of whom are constantly passing through the city for the loyal States. The fact that corn is but 15 cents per bushel shows starvation a few doors farther from these unfortunate refugees.

Col. Corcoran escaped from jail during the fire at Charleston, and there is a bare possibility of his escape to Beaufort. He was not with the prisoners driven to Castle Pinckney.

LEGISLATURE. The Maine Legislature assembled at Augusta next Monday.—New Year day. The Brunswick Journal has published a list of the members, which looks like, when classified, as follows: House—Republicans 122; Loyal Democrats, 25; Dana Democrats, 4. Senate—Republicans, 25; Loyal Democrats, 5.

The great point of interest will be the project to defend the State. We understand that the National Government asks the States to do this, with the understanding that the cost shall be reimbursed. The prospect of a war with England, makes this a subject of first importance to us, and it will undoubtedly be promptly carried. Plans will soon be furnished by the War Department.

We have omitted to notice that the publishers of the Journal and Age, will publish on alternate days, during the session, their Legislative papers. They promise full reports, with the general and telegraphic news. At the low price asked a large list is required to meet the expenses, so that the friends of each should look out that they are secured.

The steamer Atlantic, from Port Royal, brought 120,000 pounds of cotton. Royal transports, about to return will bring full loads of the staple. Large quantities are being picked. A machinist, from the ranks has been appointed to the care of the machinery. He has already fitted up a gin, formerly working up two bales per day, so that it now turns out eight. A steam engine, found at Beaufort, has been fitted to drive the gins. The negroes are reported to be attentive to the business, and eager to do all they can to earn the wages given them.

The Chicago Journal learns, from what it deems good authority, that Maj. Gen. Fremont will soon proceed to Washington, and demand of Congress a rigid investigation into the charges against him, and remain in Washington until this investigation shall, as he feels sure it will, vindicate his official acts as the former head of the Western Military Department.

Miss Shidell is reported as being made quite a heroine in England from the ridiculous stories of her attempt to defend her father from arrest. The Britons want her to "bare her breast" again to see—how "torn down." [Prest.]

Mr. Jones, of Ellsworth, has declined the office of Lieutenant Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment, and Isaac C. Dyer, of Skowhegan, has been appointed in his place.

An artillery skirmish occurred at Point of Rocks, Md., last Thursday. The battery of the 2nd regiment soon drove off the whole force, killing 14 of their number.

DEATH OF A REBEL. The body of Joseph Barrows, son of H. G. O. Barrows, Esq., formerly of the Mt. Kisco House, a member of Company I, 12th Maine Regiment, was brought to this city last evening from Lowell. [Advertiser.]

The Rochester Democrat says the friends of Hon. Alfred Ely had intelligence that it was probable Mr. Ely would be exchanged for Mr. Faulkner, and reach home by Christmas.

The schooner C. Matthews, at Portland, reports being boarded off Charleston, by a boat from the ship *Eliza* B. Wall, belonging in Charleston, and sailing under British colors. She had seen the Great Republic, and three American war vessels, but had not been spoken, or molested. She was cleared for Nassau, N. P., but was trying to get into Charleston.

The diphtheria is again raging in several towns in the vicinity. Several deaths have lately occurred in Woodstock, where it seems to prevail to a greater extent than in any other place that we have heard from.

A letter, signed by President Lincoln, has been published, stating that he would commission officers appointed by him. The statement has been widely circulated that the appointments made by Gen. Fremont were without authority. Therefore the officers were never commissioned. They are to be paid for the time they were actually in service.

ANOTHER FRENCH VESSEL LOST. The French transport ship *Roussier*, bound to Calais, was wrecked forty miles south of Valparaiso. She had over six hundred souls on board, only five or six of whom were saved.

It is stated in Europe, that in event of a war with the United States, France will remain neutral. Her neutrality will probably continue until an opportunity offers to cripple England, when she will pretty likely become a belligerent. Such an opportunity to revenge the memory of the first Napoleon would not be allowed to slip by.

The Portland editors say they eat "Quaggers,"—a sort of drapical clam that looks worse than the name, and requires a strong stomach to master. Its a matter of taste, however.

F. G. Butler, of Farmington, and E. B. Pierce of Oldtown, have been appointed trustees of soldiers lands, under the allotment system. Dr. Mason of East Machias has been appointed surgeon of the Seventh regiment in place of Dr. Barker.

The office of the St. Croix Herald was broken open one night last week, and its material damaged to the amount of \$500. It was done because the Herald has steadily refused to sympathize with the Jeff. Davis confederacy.

The Journal says: Mr. S. L. B. Chase is officiating, we believe, in the pulpit of the church at the South-West Bend, during the present winter. Mr. Chase is a member of Waterville College, if we mistake not, and is a native of Maine.

Congress has adjourned to the second day of January.

For the Oxford Democrat.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 12, 1861.
It has often been remarked, both by foreigners and by ourselves, that our government has had in its service of late years, but very few if any men of the first order. Not that all our public men have been mere politicians, for such has by no means been the case. We have had statesmen neither few nor mean—equal in some respects, perhaps, to any that have preceded them. No one of our public men was ever stronger in off-hand debate than Douglas, or more distinguished for calm, sagacious, philosophical statesmanship than Seward; or for fine, natural parts, perfected by the most generous culture, than Sumner. Yet who would seriously compare these men to the intellectual giants of the last generation. This scarcity of prime men has not only been the subject of remark, but since our troubles began, of deep and painful anxiety. As our affairs have grown more and more disastrous, it has become more and more apparent that none of our statesmen could rise equal to the tremendous emergency.

It would have been very comforting and inspiring if some deliverer had arisen born of the time, uniting in himself all great and heroic qualities, to be the champion of free institutions in this hour of their deadly peril. How would his voice have sounded above the feeble and distracted clamors of these troubled times, encouraging and assuring all loyal hearts, and uniting them for the mighty struggle as the heart of one man. But we are still waiting, and shall long wait for such a leader. The mighty prophets and judges which were given to our younger years are ours no longer, and must rely to-day on the wisdom and valor of common men.

And doubtless it is wisdom that the great Disposer of events has thus ordered. It is fit and meet that free institutions in this fiery ordeal should stand where they claim to stand, in the virtue and intelligence of the common people. If popular liberty survives this shock no one can point to it and say, "I saved it,"—no one can say "It survived, braced by extraneous and adventitious help—it will go down next time." But all men must see and feel that if the fabric of our free institutions survives, it is because under God the arm of an enlightened and virtuous commonality, great with the strength of toil, bore it up amid the overwhelming tempest.

It occurs in this connection, that whatever faults the Administration may have thus far committed, it is not censurable for having been content to follow instead of aspiring to lead the great mass of the people. Slow it has been, undeniably; yet this is better than disastrous precipitation and disgraceful humiliating retractions. Lincoln is, by the admission of his great opponent, "an able and an honest man;" yet no one will pretend that he is a brilliant genius or a great hero. His admirers are men able to administer the affairs of the nation in ordinary times with eminent success; yet they are by no means able to deliver it by any wisdom, or skill, or power of their own, from the tremendous convulsion into which it has been plunged. Feeling themselves to be in deed and in truth the mere agents of the people, can they be blamed for waiting for very plain indications of the popular will before proceeding into perilous and untried paths?

Happy are we in having a Congress to which every doubtful matter may be referred without fear. Its first action shows it has kept pace with the advance of public sentiment since it adjourned last August. If I do not make mistakes, its spirit is high and determined.

Few things could auger better than the disposition it shows to lay a stern hand on some of the hoary abominations of this District. Either because what is everybody's business is nobody's, or for some other cause, abuses have been suffered to quietly flourish for years, under the very droppings of the Capitol, which could hardly have endured over night in any New England community. While Congress was very busy with the interminable slavery wrangle, things have been left to take their own course. It seems quite clear that the judiciary magistracy and police of the District and City need a pretty thorough and cleansing revision. The country has been astonished to learn that the Washington jail has continued to be, until within a few days at least, the same den of horrors that Whittier painted in his fiery verses thirteen years ago. "Never," said some European gentlemen, who are travelling for the purpose of investigating the subject of prisons and the treatment of criminals, and who were brought to the jail the other day by the French legation; "never have we seen but one such prison before, and that was in Austria."

With the military occupation of the District might have been expected to cease the trade of those who, by a happy art, combine business and pleasure in the mercenary and indiscriminate hunting down of every colored person, bond or free, coming into the District. Yet it now appears that these wretches, with the partially suppressed appetite of half converted cannibals, have been sorely hungry for their human prey, and neglecting no opportunity to gorge and fatten in secret. No less than sixty of their victims, some of them attached and belonging to the United States service, have been recently seized and thrust into the most loathsome confinement without any opportunity of proving their freedom or obtaining help. The order of the Secretary of State, liberating these people, was ostensibly carried into effect last Saturday morning; yet it is stated (I hope incorrectly), that a number of them, according to private agreement, were given up by the military, in contempt and defiance of the order, during the small hours of the night, to certain persons claiming them as slaves, without any legal process or proceeding whatever. Is it strange that Senators are calling in no very mild or gentle tones for freedom in the District? Who will not second the demand?

T. S. P.

Mr. Thomas N. Aikens, of Farmington, Me., was found dead, on Monday morning, near the bank of the river. He left his house with an ax to cut wood on his farm; and it is supposed he was taken with a fit and died.

Congress has adjourned to the second day of January.

The Danger not all on One Side.

"In discussing the probabilities of war, the northern journals assume that Canada will be the only battle ground. Their towns bordering Upper Canada may suffer, they admit, but they exclude from their calculations all considerations of fighting other than our Canada soil. Undoubtedly, the calamity would be felt heavily in the frontier districts—too heavily to allow of its presence being treated as a trifling thing. But Maine would feel it scarcely less severely. With the British navy on the Atlantic coast, the occupation of Portland would be accomplished as easily as the bombardment of New York or Boston; and with Portland in British hands, there would be no difficulty in landing regular troops, and occupying a large part of the state; establishing a new line of connection between the ocean and the Canada frontier, which would be of the highest importance in a military point of view. After the first few weeks, Maine would be as much a battle ground as any part of this province." [Toronto Leader.]

The hint here thrown out by the official organ of the Canadian government deserves serious attention. There is no harbor in the country, not even excepting that of New York, whose defense should more promptly be put in a state of complete efficiency than those of Portland. The great importance of this town, in a military point of view, lies in its relations to this intercommunication between Great Britain and her Canadian provinces. Portland is the eastern terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, the only practicable winter route between Canada and the ocean. The St. Lawrence will be blockaded by ice before any very powerful reinforcements can be thrown into the upper provinces. Before navigation is reopened in the spring, the United States can conquer the most valuable part of Canada and hold her public works, unless Great Britain should early in the winter campaign, and thus secure the Grand Trunk as a route for transporting soldiers and munitions of war. The magnificent harbor of Portland and its valuable connections with Montreal on the continent with reference to a winter campaign in a war with England,—a campaign of which the first aim on one side would be the conquest, and on the other the defense of her rich colonial possessions. Portland is a place of great natural strength; and of Forts Preble and Scamwell, which command the entrance to its harbor, are not impregnable, they should be made so with the least possible delay. With Portland secure, Great Britain would be in a fair way to learn before spring that, in the event of a war with this country, "the danger would not be all on one side." By means of the network of railways that is spread over our Northern States we could concentrate hosts of armed men at Buffalo and Detroit, each of which is separated from Upper Canada only by a river, since the Great Western and Grandford railroads, and attack Toronto in the rear within a fortnight after the declaration of war. We must trust that the necessity for such an invasion will not arise; but, let this controversy and as it may, it is the imperative duty of our government to strengthen the defenses of Portland. [N. Y. World.]

DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT. By the latest news from Europe, we learn that Prince Albert, husband of the Sovereign of the British Empire, and Prince Consort, died on the 15th of December, of gastric fever. He was in his 43d year, and about three months younger than Queen Victoria, having been born on the 26th of August, 1819. He was a member of a princely race that has figured largely in the royal marriages of this century, being the second son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. His marriage with Queen Victoria took place on the 10th of February, 1840, but he was not made Prince Consort until many years later, yet many honors were bestowed upon him. He was made a Field Marshal, which was Wellington's military rank. Though precluded by his position from taking any part in the government of the British Empire, he did nothing but the Queen's husband, he did not allow his faculties to rust, but devoted himself to science, letters, and the arts, like a true German, and so won general esteem. Throughout the United States, we have no doubt, there will be a sincere regret felt for the Prince Consort's death, and our people will deeply sympathize with the Queen and Royal Family of Great Britain.

PARADE OF FOUR THOUSAND TROOPS. On Thursday, 19th inst., for the gratification of an excursion party from Portland, the entire volunteer force now encamped in this city, consisting of Col. Goldard's cavalry regiment, the 13th, 14th, and 15th infantry, and the six batteries of light artillery, numbering in all more than four thousand men, paraded through the principal streets of this city. It was the finest military display ever witnessed in Maine, and served to give the observer some faint idea of those grand reviews upon the Potomac, which have been so glowingly described by correspondents, when fifty or sixty thousand troops completely equipped and eager for the fray, marched proudly under the eye of the young chieftain, by whom we trust they will ere long be led to more satisfactory and glorious achievements.

[Maine Farmer.]

THE SUPPLY OF SALTPETRE. Shipping of supplies of saltpetre from England will not embarrass our government. We have now an immense supply of this necessary article, most of which has been in store since the war of 1812. The amount of saltpetre now in government stores is sufficient for all emergencies; and the recent purchases in Europe, if any were really made were only intended to add to the present store in proportion as it was diminished in the course of the war, in accordance with that policy which induces every great government to keep on hand of this article at all times sufficient for a war of twenty or thirty years' duration. [Boston Times.]

