

The Oxford Democrat

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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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MISCELLANY.

DEATH IN LIFE.

BY DR. SAMUEL G. WARREN.

I was one day lounging by the shop counter of a Mr. Martin, when a dashing, dressed female came in, and with a smile and a whisper produced a small bottle, saying:

"I want the usual quantity, sir, if you please."

"As you please, Mrs. Coates," said the chemist, "but I warn you as I have done before, that this sort of thing must and will ultimately tell upon your constitution."

"Do you think so?" she replied, with a glittering smile that showed a mouth full of good teeth.

"I am quite certain of it, madam," added the chemist, as he filled the little bottle with laudanum; "this gentleman is a physician," indicating me, "and he will tell you the same, I'm quite sure, if you ask him."

She turned and gave one of the glittering smiles, and I said, "Certainly, no person can make a habit of taking such a drug with impunity. It must indeed, prove fatal in the end, by the very means that the constitution seems to get used to it."

"But won't the constitution, in time, get used to it, sir?" she said.

"O, certainly; and when that time comes, the patient dies, that's all," said I.

"But you do not mean to tell us, madam, that you indulge yourself in so dangerous a habit as taking that narcotic continually?" "This small quantity lasts me a week. I should be quite wretched without it. Good morning, gentlemen."

She gave us both a smile of the same complexion as the former ones, and left the shop. I followed her to the door, and saw her get into a handsome chariot that was waiting for her, and then off she went.

"Well," said Mr. Martin to me, "you have heard of such cases before, I suppose, doctor. They are common enough."

"Yes; but I don't think this is one of them."

"Not one of them, really? She has been to and fro here for more than a year, for laudanum. She uses that much a week."

"You confirm me now," I said, "in my opinion that this is not one of those cases. It is quite out of the question that she could have taken that quantity of such an extract, without showing manifest symptoms of the practice. You may depend upon it, Mr. Martin, that the tincture of opium is for somebody else. None of it passes those lips that covered themselves with such bewitching smiles, you may depend."

"Well, doctor," he said, "you certainly put the matter in another light altogether. It never struck me in that way at all. And so you really think Mrs. Coates don't take the laudanum herself?"

"That is my opinion. I have no sort of hesitation in saying positively that she has not taken that quantity per week for anything like twelve months. Why, she would have lost all her characteristic looks, if she had. Her eyes would have told the tale at once."

"Well, upon my word, I—I—I—you make me rather uneasy. God bless me! she must have quarts of it by her, if she has saved it all. She only lives in the next street, and is a highly respectable person—keeps her carriage, as you see; but she always comes herself for the laudanum, perhaps from a natural feeling of keeping quite from the knowledge of her servants that she is addicted to the use of any such drug. If she don't however, take it herself, who does, I wonder? That is the question."

"And one we cannot answer, I should say; so it is of no use troubling ourselves about it."

At this moment there arose a tumult in the street, and loud cries of "stop him! stop him!" which convinced us something had gone wrong in the quadruped department of somebody's ménage. Of course we rushed to the door, which, as good fortune would have it we just reached in time to receive almost in our arms, an elderly gentleman, who was thrown from his horse, and who faintly, either from fright or the injuries he had received, before we could drag him into the shop. The horse went at a furious rate down the street, followed by a mob, who seemed intent, by various cries, upon driving the creature quite mad, while a crowd of more curious persons surrounded Mr. Martin's shop, and many a nose was flattened against his plate glass windows, in its owner's anxiety to see what was going on within.

This curiosity, however, was not gratified; for the old gentleman was carried in to the surgery, which was in the back part of the shop, and effectually screened from observation.

We made a hasty examination of him, from which we came to the conclusion that he was a good deal more frightened than hurt, and, by the aid of a stimulant, he

soon recovered sufficiently to look about him and wondered where he was.

"You are not much hurt, sir," said Mr. Martin.

"Hurt! O, no—no—no. If I had but been killed, what a mercy it would have been—if I had but been killed?"

"Indeed, sir," said I, the mercy is usually considered the other way exactly."

"O, no—no. That horse has been the death of others, but not of me. I bear that charmed life which belongs to the wretched. The sword will not touch them; the bullet is not to them a swift-winged messenger of death; the ocean casts them up from its billowy surface; and fate seems to cry aloud to them, 'live to suffer.'"

Mr. Martin and I were silent for a few moments. Indeed, it was rather a difficult thing to make any reply to what the old gentleman had said. He apparently saw that he had placed us in some sort of a fix, for he added,

"Pardon me, gentlemen, for troubling you upon such matters, but what lies upon the surface of the heart will at all times find too ready expression from the lips. I feel quite able to walk home, which is close at hand. Here is my card, and whatever charge you may please to make, will be duly liquidated."

"Will you allow me," said I, "to give you a call to-morrow? You may feel, then, the effects of your fall much more than you do now. Such is frequently the case, I can assure you."

"I know it, sir," he said, "and do not wish to refuse your courtesy. I shall be happy to see you at any time between the hours of eight and ten in the evening, if such a period will suit you."

"Better than any other," said I.

"Good morning, sir."

Mr. Martin would have accompanied him, to give him an arm home, but he would not have it so; and we not liking to be too pressing, let him, accordingly, go by himself.

It would have been indecorous to have done so before, but now that he was fairly gone, we looked at his card, and on it we found the name of Major Campbell, 34 Grafton street."

"Why," said Mr. Martin, "it's at that number that Mrs. Coates lives. It can't be 34 Grafton street, or perhaps it's some other Grafton street."

"Ah," said I, "that may be; but did he not say that it was close at hand?"

"He did. Well, it's very odd. I never heard of anybody but Mrs. Coates herself living at 34. To be sure I never was in the house, so it might be without my knowing anything about it, after all."

"Bravo! Martin," said I, "you are a capital wonder-monger. But I shall avail myself of the Major's leave to call to-morrow evening, and if there is anything peculiar in the place I will let you know. I think, however, we may now conclude that we know the mystery of the laudanum. No doubt Mrs. Coates buys it for the Major, though why she says it is for herself I cannot divine, unless it is from that strange love of having something to say of an out-of-the-way character, which often induces people to say so at the expense of truth."

"It must be so. I shall be anxious to hear what you have to tell me about 34. Don't fail to call, after you have been there to-morrow evening."

"You may depend I will not."

I attached no sort of importance to my call at 34 Grafton street. The only mystery about the affair had consisted in the question of who the laudanum, that Mrs. Coates purchased, was intended for, and that I now considered as perfectly solved by the discovery of the residence of Major Campbell in the house; so that when I knocked at the door at half past eight on the next evening, I certainly had no idea that out of this transaction there would grow an interesting passage for my diary.

When I knocked at the door it was opened by an old woman, who certainly did not, to my thinking, look the most respectable servant in the world, but upon my saying I wished to see Major Campbell, she replied,

"O, you are the doctor. He has been asking for you. You may come in. This way; he lives on the first floor. You can follow me."

She led the way up stairs, and ushered me into a handsome room on the first floor, where I found the old gentleman, reclining upon the sofa—the man that had been thrown from his horse. He tried to get up and, as he evidently gave himself pain by the effort, I prevented him saying,

"I grieve, sir, to find my prediction, or supposition, that you would be worse, fulfilled. I beg you will not stir, sir, on my account. Pray continue in any posture you find the easiest."

"You were right, sir," he said, "you were right. I do to-day, feel much more acutely the effects of my fall yesterday. I think there is nothing serious done, and I am sure no bones are broken."

"In that case, then," said I, "a very

short time will lead to your recovery, but I would not rest too much, and—if you are in the habit of taking the tincture of opium, I would advise you to repress it as much as possible."

"The habit of taking what, sir? Opium! What in the name of all that's infernal, I detest the drug, sir. I am not in the habit of taking anything at all. What the devil—"

"Pray calm yourself, sir," I replied. "Perhaps I have arrived at a wrong conclusion, but I certainly had my reasons, which I feel bound to communicate to you, for supposing that you indulged in what I may call the pernicious habit of taking continued doses of laudanum, and I felt it my duty to say something against such a course of proceeding."

I then related to him the manner in which I was led to the belief, by Mrs. Coates' purchases at my friend Mr. Martin's shop, and when I had concluded, he immediately rung the bell, saying, "You surprise me, sir, very much. There must really be some mistake in this matter. I will ask her."

"Nay, sir," I said, "that would place me in a very disagreeable position indeed. It is no business of mine whether this lady takes opium or not, and I detest having the appearance of prying into anybody's affairs. I beg, sir, as a particular favor, you will let the matter drop, and I beg pardon for alluding to it for a moment."

"Certainly, doctor, certainly, if you wish it. Of course I can take some private opportunity of speaking to her about it, without compromising you in the matter in the least. That is easily done. I'm afraid I owe you some apologies for the very extraordinary language used by me while in the chemist's shop; but the fact is, I was hardly myself, and I have suffered so much misery that I may be excused for it just now, and the making rather a malapropos exhibition of it."

"I pray you, sir," I replied, "not to mention it. I only deeply regret that you should have any cause of anguish."

"There was now a moment or two of pause, after which he said, "I don't know what impels me to speak to you upon a subject interdicted in this house, and which, for twelve months now, I have said nothing concerning to any one. But I do feel inclined to break through my rule of silence. I—I—had a daughter."

"The grave, sir, is no respecter of feelings."

"The grave!" he exclaimed. "O, that I knew all the tears that her loss, in such a way, would have wrung from me. No, no, it is worse than death; it is uncertainty. It is agony of doubt, of supposition."

"You are, then, sir, in a state of uncertainty regarding her fate?"

"I am—I am! O, that Heaven would end it by leading me to some spot of earth, where I might be fully convinced she slept the long sleep that knows no waking. Then, I think, I should know what peace was, but now all is conjecture; the mind is tortured, ever falls back upon the most painful ideas and conjectures. I am very wretched, sir; Mrs. Coates is my cousin; I am much indebted to her for her kind consideration; she suffers greatly in our loss; I say in our loss, because she was as much attached to my lost daughter as myself."

"Indeed," I said; and the recollection of Mrs. Coates' glittering smile came across me, as a sort of practical refutation of the statement made by the Major, regarding her suffering. But still I had no right to make a skeptical remark, for, after all, Mrs. Coates might be like the young lady who never told her love, as secret about her grief."

"Yes!" he exclaimed, "we often, unmanly as it may appear, upon my part, mingle our tears, as we think of our lost one. O, my poor Annie, what has become of you? If your fond doating father could but for one moment, be permitted to look into those sweet, blue eyes, he could lie down and die content."

"But still sir," I said, "you have not told me how you lost her."

"I cannot. I can only tell all the world that she is lost. I came here to reside with my cousin, who was to play the part of a friend, by attending to the household for me, bringing my child with me, after the death of its mother, at Lisbon, where we had taken up our abode. I need scarcely say my fortune is ample, and there was every prospect of happiness before us, duly tinged by a recollection of her whom death had robbed me of; but still that was in the natural course of events. The security of a residence, however, did not last long. My child, who was twelve years old went one day, with a little portfolio of music under her arm, to call upon a neighbor. She never got there, and, alas! has never been heard from since."

The Major rose, and paced the apartment for some seconds, to control his emotions.

"I suppose everything has been done?" said I.

"Everything done!" he cried, with asperity. "Sir, more than enough has been done. I heaped offers of reward upon another, until they have come to half my fortune, but nothing was heard. She passed before me like a bright exhalation, and then was gone forever—forever. All things grew distasteful to me—the establishment was reduced—I could not bear to see the servants, that had waited upon her, looking as well as ever. An old woman now forms the whole domestic household, and she can neither read or write. Mrs. Coates, you perceive, makes great sacrifices for me."

"But she keeps a carriage?"

"O, yes, but the servants never come here; they live at the stables. Now, doctor, you know all; what hope is there for me? What right, now, have I to do otherwise than absolutely despair?"

"Every right in the world."

"Indeed? Why, Mrs. Coates gives the affair up."

"Mrs. Coates," said I, "may do as she pleases, but I never give any affair up at all."

"You, then—then, would still think—"

"That there was a chance of recovering your child; certainly I would, until I had the most positive information of her death; and I never would for a day, relax in my endeavors to find her. All my relations should be put upon the watch, and you should let them all know that the disposal of your fortune would be most favorable to the one who restored to you your daughter."

"Relations! I have no relations in the world, but Mrs. Coates. She shall have, as she is entitled to by her kind sympathy with me, everything; and I care not how soon I bid adieu to this world. I am one who may, indeed, say he is sick of many griefs."

"Despair and hopelessness may make you think so. But, for all you may know to the contrary, you may pass many happy years, surrounded by those who may love you. I cannot say that at this present moment I am prepared to give you any advice; but, believe me, sir, I feel sufficiently interested in your statement, to give it so serious a consideration that I hope I may be able to suggest some course that will present a prospect of success."

"You—really think so?"

"I do, indeed."

"O doctor, your words come across my darkened soul like a ray of sunlight into a dungeon."

"I will visit you to-morrow," I said; "in the meantime keep yourself calm, and do not be afraid of being too hopeful. Major. All may yet be well you know, and why should not you give yourself the advantage of the supposition?"

"I will—I will. I am confident that continuing to reside in this house, where everything reminds me of my lost daughter, has materially added to the gloom of my spirits. To be sure, by the suggestion, and it was a kind one, of Mrs. Coates, we completely shut up the other part of it, where my child used most to be."

"Shut up the house?"

"Yes; I have never been above the drawing room, in the back part of which I sleep, since Annie was missed."

"Most extraordinary. Well, good morning."

He bade me adieu, and I went down the stairs slowly, thinking to myself as I went. In the passage I met the old servant, who told me her mistress wished to see me, if I would wait a moment in one of the parlors; she added that she would be with me directly, as she was dressing for the theatre.

I accordingly went into the dining-room, and, in the course of about ten minutes, Mrs. Coates came into the room. She artfully started at seeing me, and, putting her hand to her eyes, she looked down, saying,

"I have certainly seen you before, sir. I think I have. O, I recollect now. Good God! I have a great favor to ask of you, sir. I hardly know how to name it. Dear me, what a coincidence that the Major should be thrown from his horse at your very door."

"It was not at my door, madam, but at the door of the chemist where you buy your laudanum. I am a friend of his."

"Hush! for Heaven's sake! The favor I have to ask of you is to say nothing of the laudanum to the Major."

"I am afraid you are too late, madam."

"Too late! What do you mean?"

"I have said something to him about it, and he is going to speak to you upon the subject."

"I am at all events, prepared," she muttered. Her whole countenance was expressive of great anxiety, contrasting strangely with the splendid dress she wore, and the magnificent jewels with which she was profusely adorned.

I was completely puzzled, and after a pause, I said,

"Madam, I don't think you need to put yourself so terribly out of the way about the laudanum business. The only mystery,

and it is one, which you can so doubt explain, is what becomes of it?"

"What becomes of it?" she cried. "I take it. How dare you hint that I—I—nothing. I have said nothing."

"And I hinted nothing."

"I have the honor of bidding you good evening, sir."

She rose, and fairly bowed me out. The night was very dark, and when the street door was closed upon me by the old domestic, I popped over the way, into a doorway, from a natural sort of anxiety to look at the house in which there was so much suffering and so much mystery. I saw, as the old Major had told me, that the whole of the upper part was shut up, and a most dingy appearance it certainly had, to be sure. The windows had evidently stood the brunt of months of rain and dust, and were terribly begrimed, presenting quite a contrast to the rest of the house, which was kept in good order.

I was about to saunter slowly away, for I had no particular engagement on my hands, when a circumstance occurred that quickly chained me to the spot, and I don't think I would have gone away for the largest fee I ever received from the most liberal and confiding patient.

This circumstance was neither more nor less than seeing a light in one of the upper rooms of the house. There was but a faint ray that came struggling through a very small crevice in the shutter, and I doubt, so dim and dubious was it, if I could have seen it, had not the night been one of uncommon darkness.

It was clear that somebody did not hesitate to visit those rooms, and the question arose, of who was it, and what the object? I waited till

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, FEB. 26, 1864.

Editorial Correspondence.

AUGUST, Feb. 22, 1864.

This is Washington's birthday and is to be duly observed by both branches of the Legislature—some account of which we may hereafter furnish for the Democrat. We will fulfill our promise to say something of the Oxford County Delegation in the House.

The senior member is years, is Isaac Spring, Esq., of Brownfield. He is a brother to the Hon. Samuel E. Spring of Portland, Senator from Cumberland, and a native of Brownfield. Although nearly seventy years of age Mr. Spring is mentally as bright and active as ever. He is spare built—has an open, frank countenance—a keen eye and a kind and honest heart. He is a farmer by profession, and is greatly respected in the town and vicinity where he resides. Mr. Spring is a faithful, vigilant legislator—ardent and enthusiastic in his attachment to his country and her institutions—sound in judgment and firm and inflexible in whatever he believes to be right. There is no more honest and faithful man in the House or one more respected.

Joseph L. Chapman, Esq., of Andover, is the representative of one of the northern districts. Mr. Chapman has been a member of the House, one or more years before, and has held the office of County Commissioner, three years in Oxford County. In politics, he was formerly a democrat, but was one of the very first to break away from the corruptions of that political organization and join those who subsequently became a nucleus, around which the great republican party of Maine rallied. Mr. Chapman in the House is a working rather than a talking man; while his experience and ripe judgment render him a valuable member. He is a farmer by occupation, a man of energy of character and has been often entrusted with responsible public positions in the town where he resides. In the House he is chairman of the committee on Public Buildings.

Major Albert Cushman is the representative of Hebron and Paris District, and this we believe is his first term in the Legislature. He stands about 5 foot 10 inches—stout built, and we should judge less than fifty years of age. By occupation he is a farmer and mason and for a great number of years, has been engaged during the winter season in instructing sacred music, in which he has been very successful. In politics he is an ardent republican and never takes any compromise with what he believes wrong.

John Barker, Esq., of Bethel, is serving his first term in the House of Representatives. In stature he is above medium height—dark hair and eyes, and we should judge, between thirty and forty years of age. He is a republican in politics, a farmer by occupation, and at the present time chairman of the Board of Selectmen of Bethel. Mr. Barker is one of the most valuable members of the House. Always at his post of duty, he watches with a vigilant eye, every measure that comes before that body. He possesses the enlarged, comprehensive views, that should always characterize a legislator, while his sound, discriminating judgment is a sure guarantee, that he will act right. Although a new man in the House Mr. Barker has already shown himself one of its most industrious, influential members.

David Bradford, Esq., of Mexico, is also serving his first term in the House. He is yet a young man and a merchant by profession, doing as we understand a large mercantile business in his town, and by his industry and business tact, has accumulated a respectable fortune. In person he is of medium size, has a pleasant, yet keen eye—with a head which a phrenologist would pronounce "finely balanced." Politically he is republican, and goes for the support of the government without qualifications. Mr. Bradford is a valuable member of the committee on "Mercantile Affairs," and largely enjoys the respect and confidence of his peers.

One of the western districts is represented by George Burnham, Esq., of Gilead, who like his colleagues in the House, with a single exception, is a new member. Like the great interest he represents, he is a farmer, his homestead being upon one of the farms in the beautiful valley of the Androscoggin. He is apparently about forty years of age—stands about 5 feet 8 inches—has an open, frank countenance, which is a true index to the man. Mr. Burnham is a very industrious, hard working member—investigates matters for himself—and in his action and votes very seldom gets out of the way. He is a republican, and fully sustains the administration in all its measures to suppress the rebellion. He is a member of several standing committees and chairman of the committee on the incorporation of towns on the part of the House.

The Woodstock and Backfield district is represented by Horace C. Davis, Esq., of the former town. Mr. Davis in early life engaged in mercantile pursuits, which he subsequently abandoned, studied law, and is now a successful practicing lawyer, having his office at Bryant's Pond. This is his first year in the House. Like his colleague from the Andover district, he was formerly a democrat, but as early as 1832 helped strike the blow, that forever hurled from power the "Wild Cat" democracy in Oxford County. Mr. Davis is a good public speaker and has already won for himself a good reputation as a forensic debater in the House. He is chairman of the Joint

Standing Committee on Interior Waters, and a member of the House committee on Elections, where he has held a conspicuous position during the long and tedious investigations that have engaged the attention of that committee during the present session. Mr. Davis is a gentleman of a kind heart—genial in his feelings—always cool and self-possessed; enjoys a good story and likes to tell one himself occasionally. He is a man of the sternest integrity, enjoying the confidence and friendship of a large circle of personal and political friends.

John N. Kimball, Esq., of Hiram, represents that district. We well recollect his late father, John Kimball, Esq., who several years was a representative in the Legislature of this State. Mr. Kimball always acted with the democratic party until the breaking out of the rebellion, and since then he has risen above party organizations and lent his aid and influence in that direction which would best save his country and restore the authority of the government. Mr. Kimball was formerly a merchant, but is now engaged in agricultural pursuits, and is a member of the Joint Standing Committee on Agriculture. He is not a talking, but a working member—always at his post, where he faithfully looks after the interests of his constituents and the State.

Willard G. Whittle, Esq., represents the towns of Greenwood, Norway and Oxford, in the House. He is as we are told the youngest member of that body from Oxford County, and is also serving his first term. Mr. Whittle in stature is not up to the medium—yet he stands erect, and is a young man of energy, promptness and decision. In politics he is a republican firm and unwavering. Like a majority of his colleagues he takes no part in the debates of the House, but he is a useful, industrious member.

Oxford County has rarely had a better delegation in the House or Senate. Her Senators and Representatives are all men of liberal views, who in their official action not only have an eye to the immediate wants of their constituents, but look to the best interest of their State and country. Eleven more loyal, patriotic members cannot be found from any portion of the State. Their constituents can be assured that their interests are perfectly safe in their hands.

GREY FIRMS. During the terribly cold and windy days of last week, several severe fires occurred in this State and Massachusetts. At Bangor, the stage stable took fire, but fortunately was only partially burned. At Biddeford, a boarding house was burned, and another at Great Falls. At North Vassalboro' the large wooden woolen mill belonging to Mr. Lang, was burned, with a large stock of wool.

The most terrible calamity, occurred at Gloucester, Mass. The fire broke out at 2 o'clock, Thursday morning, on the principal business street. It spread with fearful rapidity, and was shortly beyond control. The engines frantically tried to stop its ravages. This partially succeeded, and the opportune arrival of a steam fire engine from Salem, helped finally to stay it. The summary shows 100 buildings burned, and a loss of property amounting to half a million of dollars. Forty families were made homeless by the disaster. Several insurance companies are heavy losers, who had risks upon the property.

The Telegraph has a very minute account of the particulars of the late fire in Gloucester, from which we learn that the number of houses burned was 103, the amount of loss \$440,000, and of insurance \$178,850. The contents of the vault of the Bank of Cape Ann were found free from injury.

PROFITABLE BUSINESS. The Press learns that the cost of transporting the regiment of cavalry from Augusta to Portland, will be \$3000. The railroad makes a good thing out of such business. Five ships will take the troops from Portland to their destination in Texas. The same paper says the steamer that took out the 30th Regiment was detained in Portland four days, at a cost of \$3000 to \$40,000, because the road could not forward the troops except on Sunday.

Monday, Feb'y 22d.—Washington's birthday day, was appropriately celebrated in many places in this State. The day was specially observed by the members of the Legislature. The daily papers also found a convenient excuse, for omitting to issue their usual editions.

Ex-Representative Bouigny, of Louisiana, who resisted all efforts of the Confederates to force him to resign his seat in Congress, when the traitors vacated their seats, died in Washington, last Sunday.

The Navy Department has news of the capture of the British schooner Eliza, the sloop Mary, and Young Rover, and schooner Wm. Aiken, all loaded with cotton and tobacco.

Gov. Cony has nominated Hon. Woodbury Davis, as Justice of the Supreme Court. His term expired during the present month.

The difficulty in organizing the Pennsylvania Senate has been adjusted, by declaring the seat vacant, and ordering a new election. Dr. St. Clair, the Union candidate, is chosen by a large majority.

In the railroad from New Albany to Chicago, is a stretch of sixty-seven and one-half miles of perfectly straight track.

During the cold days of last week, the thermometer at this place indicated 15 deg. below zero. At Island Pond it was 30; Lewiston 15; Belfast 16; Bangor 22; Bath 24; Norway 24—all below.

The Spring Elections.

On Monday week, the annual Spring Elections will be held in most of the towns in this County. It may be said that Copperheadism having been so completely routed during the last year, and having had hope after hope spring up only to disappear in the ensuing elections. It is a blind trust. Never, while there is a copperhead with courage enough to come out for his accustomed rations of whiskey, will there fail to be a full representation of the strength of that party at the polls. It remains then, only for the friends of the Union, if they are not already fully prepared, to be active during the days that remain, in organizing so as to retain the advantage already acquired. It will require active effort to stir up many unsuspecting ones, and convince them of the truth of the rule that there is safety only in having each man do his whole duty. That done, all will be well.

We might dwell upon the importance of retaining control of the municipal affairs of the towns, were such a course necessary. That is a matter well understood. If not, it is only necessary to point to the evidence of ballot stuffing and other kindred practices, developed the present winter, in the contested election cases that have occupied so much time before committees. The right of suffrage is not secure in the hands of such men as copperheads have placed in power where they have had control.

There is one other point we desire to bring to the notice of the people. It is the careful revision of the jury lists. It is a fact that some of the Counties in this State are nearly paying their whole criminal costs, by means of fines and costs, obtained by having juries who will do their whole duty in executing the laws of the State. There may be no trouble in this County in this respect, but while heavy taxes must, for the present at least, be imposed, it becomes the duty of the people to see that we have men in such positions as will not prove to be a shield to the evil-doer.

A Soldier's Funeral.

How oft has this expression sent a thrill through the heart of all that had dear ones in the army, and caused a sigh from every loyal heart. How much blood it has taken to wash from our escutcheon, that dark spot, which our forefathers thought would fade away "without the shedding of blood," within a few years. Being at the Town House the 5th inst., I saw the remains of America F. Bartlett, who died at Washington, D. C., the 18th of Jan., of chronic diarrhea. He left this town two years ago, for letter I. Armstrong Co., was drafted, and his friends offered to pay his fine, but that spirit that caused him to proclaim Union sentiments at the first flag raising in Hartford, would not let him receive the money. He went with his regiment, and when more fit, as an inmate, for the hospital than the ranks, he would not give up, but at last he yielded to a stronger hand. A short time before his death, his uncle found him willing to die for his country,—having made all necessary arrangements to be laid beside his mother in a beautiful cemetery near the town house. His father, America Bartlett, ex-County Commissioner, left town last fall, to spend the decline of life with his son, but arrived only two days before his son left forever. The Rev. Mr. Whittemore of Canton, in his excellent sermon, was faithful to his trust. He told the large audience he was a freeman, not shackled by the expression of some that "a minister should not meddle with politics." When he asked the question, is there one present, can say as some of the enemies of the country have said, "I am glad another abolitionist is dead,"—a thrill touched the heart of all. His appeal in behalf of his country in this trying hour, and his anathema to the copperheads, was never surpassed by any one in our vicinity. Hundreds could respond the Amen, as he painted, in never dying colors, the duty of every citizen of this glorious future.

For the Oxford Democrat.

Albert C. Hobbs, son of Wm. and Lucy Hobbs, aged two and a half years, died in East Fryeburg, Feb. 18th, from bleeding, having fallen, and the teeth perforating the tongue.

Olive B. Farrington, daughter of Geo. W. and Sarah E. Farrington, aged 17 years and 6 months, died in East Fryeburg, of diphtheria, Feb. 19th.

For several months past the Methodist and Congregationalist churches in Stow and Chatham, have been favored with an interesting revival of religion. The work still continues.

CHAS. ANDREWS.

The Atlantic Monthly, for March, has been received. It contains articles from J. G. Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, O. W. Holmes, Bayard Taylor, R. Marvel, and other well known contributors, which will be read with interest. The Magazine, like good wine, improves with age.

We understand the Atlantic's circulation has increased this year to fifty thousand. Eight editions of the January number have already been issued, and some of the late numbers have been reprinted no less than twenty times. The circulation of this magazine in Europe is now very large.

VETERANS ARRIVED. The first Maine battery and the 14th Maine Regiment arrived at Augusta, Sunday evening. The 9th and 11th regiments came in Tuesday. All these men have re-enlisted. Two hundred and eighty men belonging to the 9th, who were recruited in Florida, spend their furlough at the South.

The rebel papers complain that their people like greenbacks better than rags.

Julian E. Maxim, of Paris, aged 26, died at the Sanitary rooms, in Boston, on Thursday last. He was sick, in Washington, with small pox. After being discharged from the hospital, he was not strong, and started for home. The fatigue of the journey was too much for him; and on arriving in Boston, he went to the Sanitary rooms, arriving at 11 P. M. and died between 4 and 5 next morning.

The barn of Mr. Alvin Foss, of Samner, was destroyed by fire, about three weeks ago. Mr. Foss lost with the barn, all his hay and farming tools, a horse, a pair of oxen and steers, two cows, one two-year-old, and a casket sheep. No insurance. The loss falls heavily upon a man poorly able to bear it, and we are glad to learn that his neighbors have contributed quite a sum for his relief.

The members of the Thespian Club give another entertainment this Friday evening. They will present the comic drama, "The People's Lawyer," and a farce entitled "A Quiet House."

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature, which will probably pass, chartering a company for the improvement of Swift river and Black Brook, for the purpose of running timber. The Lewiston Steam Mill company are probably at the bottom of the matter.

THE OXFORD QUARTERLY MEETING will meet with the church of "Paris and Woodstock" on the 1st of March next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

REVIVAL. We learn that quite an extensive revival has been in progress, in Canton for some weeks. The movement commenced with the Free Will Baptists, but the other societies joined with them, and a union protracted meeting has been held, with increasing interest. Several conversions have occurred.

Our thanks are due Vice President Hamilton, Senators Morrill and Fessenden, and Hon. Sidney Parham, for Public Documents.

Sebastian S. Smith, Esq., of Oxford, has shown us a very neatly split arrow head, of Indian manufacture, which he discovered while plowing, on his farm, near the river. The fractures were all sharp, indicating that it was not completely finished. A few years since, he found a neatly paved place, evidently used in former times for a fire place. Mr. Geo. P. Whitney has an arrow head of similar make, which he found in a bed of muck, on his farm, in the same town.

BLACK HAWK NAPOLEON. We are informed that Oakes T. Bowditch, the owner of Blackhawk, will offer the services of this fine horse to the people of this County, the ensuing season. Napoleon is a grandson of the famous Vermont Blackhawk, and was raised in that State, where some very fine colts—some of his first stock—are now kept. He is spoken of by those who have good opportunity of knowing him, as one of the most promising horses owned in the County.

Major General Burnside was in Portland, Monday, and proceeded to Augusta, by special train the same evening. He is on special business relative to the recruiting for his Division.

The Waterville Mail, in its last article on the town of Winslow, says that Rev. Mr. Cushman was formerly a minister in that town, and closed his connection, on a vote of the town to give him \$1200, which sum was paid him. Mr. C. was subsequently elected to the Legislature, and to Congress.

A correspondent informs us that the town of Hartford has filled her quota under the last call.

Artemas Ward, after recovering from his attack of fever, took a ride to Salt Lake, and was captured by Indians. He was released, through the exertions of Gov. Reed, and Brigham Young.

Boys, have a care how you shout in the evening. Over in Farmington lately, a fire occurred, and it was with great difficulty an alarm was raised, while many residents of the village knew nothing of it until the next day. The boys are usually so noisy there that no attention was paid to the alarm cries. So says the Chronicle.

The Maine Teacher says that to speak of "funeral obsequies," is only one step less than to write "an elegy on a new born baby."

We learn from the Press that John S. Walker, Esq., of Fryeburg, has been appointed a paymaster, in the army.

A number of notices of appointment of administrators will appear next week.

The death of Parson Brownlow, at Knoxville, Tenn., is reported.

The Lewiston Journal says despatches have been received at Lewiston, announcing the safe arrival at New Orleans of the 20th Maine Regiment. The 30th was spoken six days out about 30 miles from Key West. This disposes of the cruel fabrication that both these regiments had been lost at sea.

NATIONAL CONVENTION. The Boston Journal states that the Republican Committee have decided to call the National Convention, to meet at Baltimore, on the 7th of June next. It says the opinion is general that Mr. Lincoln will be nominated and triumphantly elected.

Legislative Summary.

Thursday in the Senate, the Bounty bill was reported back on a new draft, and passed to be engrossed. The Committee on Judiciary was directed to inquire whether a widows allowance should not survive to her heirs-at-law.

In the House, the Judiciary Committee were directed to define more clearly the powers and duties of Trial Justices. A petition was introduced for the increase of the pay of jurors.

FRIDAY. An order passed by the Senate proposes action on the part of the Legislature in favor of a ship canal between Lakes Erie and Ontario.

The House Committee on Elections, reported adversely on the right of Mr. Blaney, the sitting member from Bristol to a seat in the House. The matter was assigned for discussion on Wednesday next.

The Bounty Bill was made the subject of protracted debate in the House but was passed in concurrence.

SATURDAY. The Special Committee appointed for that purpose, reported a programme for the observance of Washington's Birthday, which was adopted.

Both branches adjourned to meet at ten o'clock Monday.

MONDAY. The day was occupied by proceedings in commemoration of the birthday of Washington.

TUESDAY. Gen. Burnside and Col. Foster, of Tennessee, visited the Legislature, and but little business was transacted. The members responded liberally to the appeal for aid to the sufferers in East Tennessee; and about \$3000 was raised in a short time.

"Burleigh," of the Boston Journal, describes an office in New York, where Thurlow Weed may be seen daily, consulting such men from different sections as are attracted to his head quarters. Gen. McClellan frequents the place, doubtless with the hope that something may there turn up, favorable to his accession to the Presidency. He is the man the rebels want to have chosen.

SECRETARY GOODALE advises the farmers of Maine that the cattle disease still exists in Massachusetts, and counsels them not to import animals from there at present. Several herds in that State are understood to be afflicted. A Scotch agricultural writer says that inoculation for this disease is practiced with success in Europe, and the animals so treated escape the disease entirely.

The correspondent of the Portland Courier says dissatisfaction is felt that the legislative celebration of Washington's birthday, was seized upon by obnoxious copperheads to spread themselves. Capt. Brinkhoff was the only speaker who made any allusions to the honored dead, whose names were placed in prominent positions about the hall.

The Freedom Convention assembled at Louisville, on Monday, and dispatched the business by evening, when it adjourned. Resolutions in favor of the Union and opposing slavery and in favor of amending the Constitution so as to secure freedom to every human being within its jurisdiction were adopted.

The Indiana State Convention, on Monday, re-nominated Gov. Morton, and passed resolutions in favor of the administration, and recommending the re-nomination of President Lincoln.

The British authorities at Cape Town, C. G. H., have taken possession of the rebel pirate Tuscaloosa, in the name of the Queen. The American consul has also attached the vessel in behalf of her former owners.

The ridiculous paragraph of gossip that Mrs. Lincoln sent flowers to Mrs. Fernando Wood's party, is truthfully explained by the fact that Mrs. W. wrote to her for them, as there were no flowers in town except at the White House conservatory.

During the sawing season of 1863, twenty-eight millions of long lumber was manufactured on this river; seven and a half millions at Whitneyville, the balance at Machias. [Machias Union.]

A BAD REVELATION FOR THE COPPERHEADS. General Grant greatly shocked the nerves of the copperhead leaders of Pennsylvania in his late speech at Harrisburg. During the delivery of his speech he told the audience that when he was brought North as a prisoner of war, prominent "Democrats" of Pennsylvania assured him that if the rebels held out they would arrest the war by defeating the conscription, &c. General Grant added, with great emphasis, "I can give you the names if what I say is disputed."

TO TOWN OFFICERS. We have received the following from Augusta, with request to publish:

Municipal officers of cities, towns, and plantations must, as requested by General Order No. 12, make immediate returns to the Adjutant General's Office, Augusta, of the names of those to whom they have paid their town bounties for the quota of October 17th, 1863, and continued to make daily returns, or as often as a payment is made to a recruit, until their full quota for the first 300,000 men is filled. This is necessary to insure their full credits for volunteers, and to prevent confounding the payments of State bounties to those raised under call of February 1st. Double payments by the State through neglect of any town to comply with this requirement, will devolve loss upon that town.

JOHN L. HODGSON,
Adjutant General.

The North Kennebec Agricultural Society is only \$700 in debt.

Col. McGilvery has received orders to recruit the light artillery of this State up to a full regiment, which involves the raising of five new batteries. He will commence operations for that purpose immediately.

Col. West of the 17th Me. regt., arrived here Tuesday evening. He has leave of absence until the 1st of March. He is in excellent health and spirits. [Press.]

A gallant little fellow gave 15 pretty girls a sleigh-ride, in Skowhegan last week. Horse ran away tipped over the calico and created a scene for a painter or a descriptive poet. So says the Lewiston Daily Journal.

A correspondent informs the Lewiston Journal that the large woodshed of the M. C. railroad at Belgrade, was destroyed by fire, Thursday P. M. (17th.) About 200 cords of wood valued with the shed at 1,000, were destroyed.

The Skowhegan Clarion says Mrs. Kate E. Taylor, during a severe coughing spell brought up into her mouth an old fashioned ounce pin, which she had swallowed when a child, and which has caused her much trouble.

Rev. Charles Packard, pastor of the Congregational Church in Biddeford, died suddenly on Wednesday.

Over a foot of drifting snow fell in the vicinity of Belfast, Monday and Tuesday night. The mercury fell to 15 degs. below.

In the eastern part of the State, a foot of snow fell, on a level, last week.

The Bangor Courier learns that nearly the whole of the 12th Maine have re-enlisted.

Col. Lang has already commenced to haul lumber for a new mill on the spot where his mill was burned last week.

The Mail says a Ten Dollar greenback, altered to a Twenty, was taken a few days since by one of our business men on Maine Street.

Dr. F. Scammon, formerly of Hallowell, died at his residence, at Chicago, on the 12th inst., aged 54 years.

George W. Marston, of Fremont, recently enlisted, received his bounty, and sent his father \$800 to be expended in building a grist mill in that plantation.

We have heretofore referred to the brightening prospects of Livermore Falls. The Farmington Chronicle says: "The prospects of that beautiful Village are brightening. The water power has been purchased by an enterprising company who contemplate establishing a factory for condensing milk, apple juice, &c., in which they intend to use the milk of from 1500 to 2000 cows, and the juice of from 30,000 to 50,000 bushels of apples. We learn, likewise, that Mr. B. F. Sturtevant of Boston, the inventor of the principal machine for peeling shoes, has bought a part of the water power, and is putting in machinery for manufacturing pees, which will use up several hundred cords of birch wood annually."

THE BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON. Jeff. Davis sheds crocodile tears over the "cruel fate of women and children in Charleston exposed to murderous fire." Yet it is only six years ago—it was on the 11th of February, 1863—that the present Arch-Rebel, then a Senator from Mississippi in defiance of Gen. Harney from a charge of having had Indian women shot down said: "As to the killing of women and children, that is the result of all combats where they are together. A city never was bombarded in which women and children were not killed. In the memorable bombardment of Vera Cruz, the troops being generally under the wall, the non-combatants, the women and children, were the principal sufferers; but that was not the fault of the army. They had an end to achieve, and were to achieve it by such means as were within reach. They did not wish to kill the women and children, but they could not avoid it. It is true of all battles when towns are besieged. It is impossible that it should be otherwise. Surely the Senator does not mean to do injustice, and make an accusation, especially at this moment against our own army, when the result belongs to the nature of the case."

Surely what was true in 1854 is true in 1864. The Union force before Charleston have an end to achieve, and are to achieve it by such means as are within reach. [Journal.]

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP BOHEMIAN. The steamship Bohemian, from Liverpool for Portland, in coming into port last night (23d), struck on Alden's Rock at 8.20, floated over the rock and sunk an hour and a quarter afterwards in Broad Cove, 1-2 mile from shore, just this side of the Cape Lights, in 4 fathoms water. A hole was stove in the engine compartment, the sea breaking heavily over the ship. There were 19 cabin and 199 steerage passengers on board. All the cabin passengers were saved. 18 to 25 of the steerage passengers were lost by over loading the boats, one of which was swamped and came ashore on Cape Elizabeth with one man and child, both dead. Capt. Purser, Mail Agent, and about all the crew were saved. The mails, excepting the Glasgow for New York and California, were all lost. The cargo was valued at a million dollars, and comprised a large amount of silks, &c., chiefly as Canada and Provincial account. [Press.]

BY
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