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POETRY.

To My Wife.

BY MARY TAYLOR.

I bless you for kind looks and words
Showers on my path like dew,
For all the love in those fair eyes,
A gladness ever new.
For a voice which never to mine replied
But in kindly tones to cheer;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here.
For that sweet and loving smile
Of joyfulness and mirth;
For every gleam of pure delight,
That visits me on earth.
A cherished one you are to me—
A blessed mortal given,
To cheer my weary days on earth,
And light my path to heaven.

'Twas Ever Thus.

I never read of a young gallie,
(Because you see, I never tried.)
But had it known and loved me well,
No doubt the creature would have died.
My rich and aged Uncle John
Has known me long and loved me well,
But still persists in living on—
I would he were a young gazelle.
I never loved a tree or flower;
But if I had, I beg to say,
The blight, the wind, the sun, or shower,
Would soon have withered it away.
I've dearly loved my Uncle John,
From childhood to the present hour,
And yet he will go living on—
I would he were a true or flower.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Portland Transcript.]

BETTY DUCKETT.

A TRUE STORY OF LONG AGO.

BY MRS. E. M. BARSTOW.

As the years bear us onward in their rapid flight, leaving "the old" for "the new," the desire of times is strong upon us, to seize upon something of the past to bear along with us, in life's changeful journey. Our recent experience of July 4th, 1866, has taught us that nothing of the past is really ours, except what is treasured in the storehouse of the memory.

I find there laid away, many a tale of the olden times related to me by those of other generations—true stories—many of them stranger than even the fictions of the present day. The desire to give some of these old remembrances a local habitation is my only apology for the following simple story, which was told to me by one personally acquainted with the gentleman most interested in the events related.

Many years ago, before the colonies were free from the rule of Great Britain, there was daily seen in the streets of Boston a little girl going from house to house, with a little basket on her arm, her dress a linden-woolsey petticoat—short loose gown, chip hat, tied under her chin. Probably there were many other little girls dressed after the same style, going about the streets at the same time. But this one I am writing about had a singularly attractive face—plump, rosy and mirthful. The name my little heroine bore, was the rather unusual one of "Betty Duckett." Perhaps her short, plump figure, suggested her name. I know not how that might have been—but she was known by no other name in the many families where her bright face was always welcome.

Betty was an inmate of the Boston poor-house—left there, when quite a little child, by some unknown person. She was supposed to be one of those nameless little waifs so often left to the cold charities of the world—but somehow her bright chubby face and happy disposition had made her a favorite even in the almshouse. At the time my story commences she was somewhere between ten and twelve years of age—and as she went from house to house in the pursuit of her daily avocation few there were who had not a pleasant smile, or encouraging word for little Betty. Few were the houses she entered, where a good meal was not offered her, and the glow from many a cheerful kitchen fire, heightened the color of Betty's cheeks.

The little basket she carried on her arm, contained the implements of her trade. I think her avocation will have to be classed with the "lost arts," for few I think would understand what I meant, when I said, her business was "running buttons." It seems a strange idea to us of the present generation, when the creative genius is taxed to its utmost powers to produce so many styles of buttons as the market offers us; to realize that pearly buttons, run in different sized moulds, were ever in general use for household wear. But it was even so, and the bits of pewter, melted by the carelessness of servants from porringers and platters—or the dishes worn thin by long use and the frequent scouring necessary to keep the pewter at that looking glass state of polish so desired by our grandmothers, were remelted and made to do duty in buttoning our grandfathers' waistcoats, or the overcoats of the family. So much for the buttons—and when we remember that every little article had to be brought from the old coun-

try, at heavy prices, we shall not wonder so much at the economy of those times, nor at the desire to manufacture whatever they could for home consumption—so that the story of a little girl going from house to house in the city of Boston with a basket of moulds to manufacture buttons, becomes a historical fact, instead of a flight of fancy.

In one of the most aristocratic streets, in those days lived a Mr. Barnard, a gentleman of wealth and culture—noted for his hospitality and the splendid entertainments given by himself and family to their large circle of friends, comprising the elite of the town. At this house little Betty was a constant visitor, a favorite with the whole household, from the servants in the kitchen as she sat by the fire pursuing her trade, to the master of the house as he sat at his festive board and Betty assisted the servants in carrying to and fro the dishes which made the guests merry and the master genial. Many were the bright silver pieces which the magnet of little Betty's rosy cheeks and cheerful smile, drew from the pockets of both master and guest—many the pairs of nice warm mittens and stockings Betty received from the ladies she met there. One of Mr. Barnard's daughters had taught her to read and write so that with her quick perceptions she bade fair to become a good scholar.

About this time events were taking place in the good town of Boston which so engrossed all minds that private interests seemed lost in the public agitation. The landing of the British troops—the Battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill—the hasty fitting off soldiers to join our armies and the consequent changes in families produced many revolutions beside that which proclaimed us free from the mother country.

Betty and her humble occupation passed out of sight and almost of memory. A few years after the peace of Great Britain, Mr. Barnard visited the old country. One bright morning in London, as he walked with some friends on one of the public parks, admiring the splendid horses and carriages which drove past them, an elegant carriage suddenly drew up to the place where he was standing, and to his great surprise a beautiful lady bowed to him from the carriage. A footman politely stepped up to him with lady W.'s compliments, expressing her wish to speak with him. Surprised, yet supposing some mistake, he politely advanced to the carriage where he was still more astonished by the lady's calling him by name, and cordially grasping his hand.

Stammering out something about "mistake, and never having met her ladyship before," the lady only burst into a laugh so musical and genial, that the gentleman could hardly refrain from joining with her, notwithstanding his bewilderment. "There is no mistake in the matter," she replied, still laughing, "you are Mr. Barnard of — street, Boston. I have been at your house many times and dined at your table. Now I wish to return your hospitality, so promise me, please, your company to dinner to-morrow, where I assure you I shall establish my claims upon you as an old friend," handing him at the same time her card, bearing the place of her residence. After receiving the desired promise the carriage drove on.

With a feeling of being somehow the victim of a hoax, Mr. Barnard rejoined his friends. Their surprise was no less than his, on hearing the story, and seeing the card, as they assured him lady W. was of high rank, distinguished by brilliant wit, great wealth, and of unquestioned reputation.

Punctual to his appointment Mr. Barnard presented himself at the door of an elegant mansion in Russell square—but it must be confessed with rather uncomfortable feelings as to his right to be there. Servants in liveries were in attendance, and being ushered into the splendid drawing room, he was met by lady W. with a manner at once so frank and cordial as to put him quite at ease—presenting him to her husband and guests as Mr. Barnard, of Boston, he resolved to accept his position and leave the denouement whatever it might be to her ladyship.

Entering into an animated discussion with the company on subjects relating to the affairs of our country he soon forgot his novel situation. It was only when answering some questions of lady W. relating to intimate friends in Boston, that he was recalled to it—then with a look of puzzled expression he would fix his eyes on the lady's face. She however seemed to evade all approach to direct inquiry and evidently enjoyed his perplexity. Seated by her side by the dinner table, she named the different members of her family—asking, after even the old household servants and dog of the years ago—himself, old watch dog of the years ago—but a roguish shake of the head and a merry laugh were the only answer he could get to his questions, as to the source of her knowledge of these members of his domestic circle.

After the ladies had retired and the gentlemen had spent some time in their own manner, a servant entered and requested Mr. Barnard to follow him to the library. There he found lady W. alone; request-

ing him to be seated she said, "Mr. Barnard I am now about to fulfil my promise to you relating to my claims as an old acquaintance—but you must listen to a story so strange that but for the facts your own memory will supply it would seem like a tale of fiction. I will not tire you with detail, but briefly tell you that many years ago, a wealthy family in the vicinity of London, were happy in the possession of a little daughter—an only daughter—the youngest of the family, consequently the idol and pet of parents and brothers. A coachman discharged for dishonesty and released from punishment on condition of leaving that part of the country—out of revenge, induced the nursery maid to elope with him, taking the little girl with them.

Every search was made by the distracted family, the highest rewards offered, no means left untried, but so well had the wretches laid their wicked plans, that no clue to them could be found. Grief and anxiety soon brought the mother to her grave, bequeathing on her death-bed her large fortune to be kept in trust for the missing daughter and exacting promises from each of the family never to give over their efforts to find her child while life remained; these promises were sacredly kept. After the war with the colonies had commenced one of the brothers was induced to accept a commission under Lord Cornwallis. While stationed at New York, this young officer received a note requesting him to visit immediately, a wounded soldier—who had an important disclosure to make to him on a matter of great interest to his family. With the one great thought of his life, the lost sister, in his mind, he lost no time in going to the hospital—to the bedside of the wounded soldier, and was there met by a confession which the presence of death could only restrain him to listen to with any degree of calmness. The dying man proved to be the wretched coachman of other years—told him the servant girl who had been his companion in guilt, had died of ship fever soon after they had arrived in Boston. He had sworn to her on her death bed, to soothe her remorseful anguish, that he would restore the child to her friends. That he had never lost sight of her, intending at some time to turn the events to his own pecuniary advantage. The little girl had been left at the poor house in Boston, the soldier was put in possession of facts, that satisfied him beyond a doubt of the identity of his sister, set off that very night for Boston; bore her back with him to New York, gave up his commission and returned with his prize to his native country—where a joyous welcome, a fortune and a home awaited the little charity girl of Boston, and now," she added, with her bright merry laugh, "I think Mr. Barnard will not deny to lady W. her claims upon him as an old friend, when she recalls his memory to his kindness to her as little "Betty Duckett."

The surprise of Mr. Barnard at this strange recital must be imagined rather than described—but he could not doubt the truth of the story as he admitted to her ladyship, that something in the tones of her voice, and especially her merry laugh, had puzzled him from the first and seemed to him like a strain of long forgotten music. Of course many questions followed, and lady W. expressed her grateful remembrance of the friends of her neglected childhood—among which himself and family had always occupied the highest place, as she believed it was owing to their influence, under a protecting providence that she had been kept from all low and vulgar contamination, thus the more readily fitted for the station she was destined to occupy.

I will only add to my story, the assurance that Mr. Barnard was a welcome and honored guest at lady W.'s house, during his stay in London. When he returned to Boston, he was the bearer of many rich presents to her former friends, to whom the story of "Betty Duckett," the little pewter button vender, transformed into a noble and accomplished lady seemed as strange as some fairy tale.

Whether I should point my simple story with a moral, relating to that time honored precept, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, &c.," I cannot tell. I simply relate the facts, leaving the reader to make the application.

Portland, Feb. 1868

A Sketch of the Senate.

Let us see some of the men that are to figure in this trial of impeachment: Yonder is Roscoe Conkling, a large, good-looking, over-dressed man, looking like an Englishman. One Disraeli curl runs down his high forehead, except that this curl is quite red, like his carefully trimmed beard and curled locks. He wears a blue coat, gaiters of cloth buckled over the instep, and he is altogether the most perfect physical figure on the floor. His voice is nasal, his expression of face critical. He is one of the youngest of all the Senators.

Very unlike the breadth of beam of Conkling is little Garrett Davis. Small, bilious-

eyed, with a little peaked bareface chinning out of a big forehead. His power lies in long-windedness, and he hates as long as he talks.

Stewart, of Nevada, is a pleasant, florid, youngish man, pretty in hands and feet, too light of complexion to have a strong look.

Reverdy Johnson is a natural Maryland gentleman, with a perfect knowledge of the law, a conservative on all questions, and a poor politician, because so careful of his word, his honor, and the results of his utterances. He is fond of the body, rosy of vein and flesh, a capital diner-out and a better host. His face has, therefore, a look of over-work and over play together, too much good cheer mixing badly with too much thought. One of his eyes is missing owing to an early accident, and his face is of course wanting in symmetry. If I may make an ungenerous comparison, he looks like a bull mastiff, wounded after a fight.—But no man is truer upon his oath as he understands it. None will be more missed as an intellectual and learned gentleman when he is gone, even by his opponents.

Morgan, of New York, with a Bank President's face, grey hair and beard, no orator, and regarding the country pretty much as an estate to be administered, pays quite attention.

Fowler of Tennessee, of auburn hair, rich, amiable, not very strong, sits near Richd. Yates, Illinois, his dark hair elaborately curled, an ill, white look about his face, the guise of a man naturally powerful in mind and wit, but sick of the satiety of life and office. He seldom speaks of late.

Trumbull of Illinois, of pure dark eyes, clear skin, and straight grey hair, equally changed, sits little and spectacled at his desk with his little son between his knees, talking to Catell, of New Jersey, a stout, thin haired, formerly figure and countenance. Trumbull is, with Fessenden, the most capable of Republican Senators. His temperament is cold, his convictions are conservative, and put to the proof of reason. He looks like a Doctor of Divinity, and is one of the few men here who think much of the country than of party.

Frelinghuysen, a very pleasing face, on good after-dinner terms with itself, handsome indeed, reflective but not very strong, and with the tastes in it predominating over the powers. There is a silvery shadow upon his hair; he is never moody; some say he is the handsomest of all the Senators.—He looks like the early picture of Charles Dickens sentimentalized.

Patterson of New Hampshire, clear quiet, and not over anxious to speak, is little like David T. Patterson, Johnson's son-in-law; a baldish, grey, unassuming person, with the look of a toper. Grimes, of Iowa, very benignant and knotty, pugnacious, straggled hair, is a rough reliability.

Saulsbury, of Delaware, is a tall, middle-aged man of good country town origin, with turning hair, and an irresolute face. He has much changed since his advent here, and keeps his seat irregularly. His mind is a good one, contracted in its experiences and sympathies to the little society of Georgetown, Delaware, where there are not more than fifteen hundred people.

Bayard, his colleague, is a white haired man, stout and aristocratic, with the look of an old club gentleman, full of estate, appetite, and inherited respectability. His family is of Quaker origin, but he has always been a pro slavery Democrat of the exclusive school.

Thayer, of Nebraska, is thick set, dark, with a good citizen expression, and altogether more of a man than a politician.—He has a resolute spirit and a Western eye.

Nye, of Nevada, the humorist of the Senate, is a long haired, grey headed man, short and broad, with a look of patent medicine vender and lecturer.

Charles Sumner is a good looking, elderly man, with a puffy, white face, and a scholarly look. His head is large but his forehead is not high. He has the look of an English statesman, like Lord Derby for example; and during most of the sessions listens attentively, being little inclined to loitering companionability.

Yonder sits Simon Cameron, with his long white hair, his sharpened beak of a nose, long Scotch face, and over long body, gaunt and plainly dressed, and a cheerful look of good sagacity triumphant over age. He does not speak often, indulges in many remembrances when he does, and attends very closely with a careless constancy, to the State's business.

The next face we see is John Sherman's small, sharp featured, set upon a tall body. It is one of the least individual faces in the House, lacking the largeness both in feature and expression; but the Senator himself is one of the hardest workers and best credited authorities in the Senate.

Conness, of California, smiling in a self-satisfied way at nothing, is a short haired, square headed, stumpy, and red faced person, turning grey, and wearing one of those not very commanding noses called a "snub." He was born in Ireland, has a very warm temperament and a triple of brogue.

Chandler, of Michigan, is a tall, eagleish, spirited man, familiarly called Zach.

None of these faces, in Senatorial manliness, approach the fine profile of Fessenden, every line in it being the mark of a thoughtful determination; the brow, nose, and chin alike keen as if continuous projections of one type of classical features. There is a grim look of the asceticism, of weariness and overwork in him.

Anthony, of Rhode Island, in steel glasses with mixed hair of grey and chestnut, is a good figure to observe. He is a newspaper editor, and he drives on the work of government as if it was his private interest.

A more cherubic study is Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, sleek, smiling, urbane, the opposite of Sumner, his colleague, in every sense, altogether more practical and pushing, but with contracted reading. Very young and very small and boyish is Sprague, always writing, seldom speaking.

Morton, of Indiana, is a bald, black haired, lame man, with a strong but not very worldly look; and Morrill of Maine is a clear-headed, white-haired person. Willey and Van Winkle are grave men of good principles, who live in a region where there are few railways, and therefore fore ought to be very good jurors.

Cole of California, is dark and straight with a black goatee; he is the brother of General Cole, who killed the disturber of his family peace at Albany.

Buckalew is in feature sharp, very dark, with a little ear and cannon ball head. He is an able man, but not noisy enough for a Pennsylvania Democrat.

The dark haired, square-boned, clear-skinned physiognomy of Henderson of Missouri, is not very unlike his colleague Drake who has curly black hair and an effective physiognomy.

Howard of Michigan is round and chubby-headed, has a very red face encased in gold glasses. He is one of the most positive and radical Republicans on the floor.

Ben. Wade is a large-headed, almost horse-headed old man, whom the frosts have not yet struck, full of indomitable courage and tenacity of will. On the left of the Speaker you see, nearest him, Senator Williams, of Oregon, with small, sunken, half open eyes, dark straight hair, and a tall, athletic, youngish body. Dixon of Connecticut, is a fair looking business man, listless in his manner. Hendricks is the Democratic leader, a suave and discreet man, of much learning, diplomacy, and earnestness.

IS ALE INTOXICATING? They tell a good story of a trial justice in the town of Spencer, Mass. in relation to enforcing the prohibitory law. In one case a man was arraigned for liquor selling—the article sold being ale, thin, sour and beady. The judge ordered the officer to bring along with the prisoner a pitcher of ale. The prisoner pleaded that he had not violated the law, the ale was not intoxicating.

"We will see about that," said the justice: "you drink half of what is in the pitcher and I will drink the other half, and then I will adjourn the court until two o'clock (now ten) and see."

The ale was divided and drank, and the court adjourned. On reassembling, short work was made of the case. "Guilty and sentenced three months."

A man in Becket, Massachusetts, the other day, hitched his oxen to the butt of a lodged tree and freed it from its first rest to fall into the fork of another tree, where the top overbalanced and jerked the other end 20 feet high, carrying the oxen with it. To relieve them from choking, he with a fifteen-foot pole managed to saw the tops so that their hind feet could occasionally touch the ground, and continued so doing for four hours before aid arrived to climb up and release the tree. The cattle were saved.

Can I bid, Mister?? roared out a country looking individual at a recent auction in Boston. "Certainly, you can," replied the auctioneer, with a graceful bow; "any one can bid that wants to." Well, sir," proudly replied the fellow, "then I bid you good night," and pushed his way into the street.

The following comes from Springfield, Massachusetts. A lady, young, attractive and just married, left her home in that city and went into the country accompanied by her husband. Soon after her debut as Mrs. H—she attended a sewing society. After the usual subjects of conversation had received attention the lunar eclipse was alluded to. "Mrs H—, did you sit up to see it, eh?" "No, I did not," was the reply; "Mr. H—sat up. In Springfield, where I came from, they are such a bore—they have them so often."

A person was boasting that he was sprung from a high family. "Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the same family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."
