

The Oxford Democrat

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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

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BY
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Editor and Proprietor.

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not-ly

POETRY.

Fashion on the Brain.

It seems to me the women now
Dress up most awful queer,
In narrow skirts and little hoops—
How funny they appear!
Their hair they fix in fancy shapes;
I've laughed, and laughed again,
To see how queer the women look
With chignon on the brain.

Last night I met a little miss,
Rigged up in wondrous style,
She had a little bonnet on
That really made me smile.
'Twas smaller than a cabbage leaf,
Dried up for want of rain;
How very queer the women look
With bonnet on the brain!

They say they wear their dresses short
To show their pretty feet,
But their shoes are No. 8,
Extremes will never meet;
And when they wear their dresses long,
And dragging in a train,
I always think of bean-poles with
Gored dresses on the brain.

Oh, well this is a curious world,
False teeth, false values, and oh!
They speak of palpitators, but
The truth I do not know;
But let them wear whatever they will,
Remembrance is in vain,
Still, they are really charming with
The fashions on the brain.

CROQUET IMPROVED.

The evening was bright with the moon of May,
And the lawn was light as though lit by day;
From the window I looked to see Croquet.

Of mallet and balls the usual display,
The hoops all stood in arch array,
I said to myself, soon we'll see Croquet.

But the mallet and balls unheeded lay,
And the maid and youth, side by side sat they,
And I said to myself, is that Croquet?

I saw the scump—it was lights as day—
Put his arm round her waist in a loving way,
And he squeezed her hand. Was that Croquet?

While the red rover rolled for sudden queer,
He whispered all a lover should say,
And he kissed her lips. Was that Croquet?

Silent they sat 'neath the moon of May,
And I knew by her blush she said not nay,
And I thought in my heart, Now that's Croquet.

MISCELLANY.

TOO MUCH VIM.

BY ELIZA WOODWORTH.

My friend Mrs. Vernon, is the wife of a prominent and successful physician residing in a large country village. Her husband is many years older than herself, and very indulgent. In short, one of those excellent men who never dream of interfering with the views and habits of their wives. As is becoming, the doctor is grave, wealthy and slow in all his bodily movements and mental phases, and his wife is always in a hurry, being one of those singular and appalling ladies whose lives are an unending round of energetic performances of various kinds.

Some changes in the world are very curious. When my friend was a girl, she went numberless terms to the best schools; she studied toilsomely and carefully; she seldom showed haste, but always thoroughness; she waded through the solids, and walked through the ornaments. But an acute observer might have questioned whether all her repose at this early part of her life were not based upon immaturity. He would have seen that at intervals there was an ominous rim that flashed through the apparent character, and which might, perhaps, under the whole, and be her individualism, as soon as she was grown and had found herself.

She finished her education, and came back to her city home an intelligent, graceful and accomplished young lady. Then she dallied around for two or three years, people all the while expecting her to marry this, that or the other dashing young man, and finally astonished everybody by selecting a grave and dignified man from a country village, whose hair and whiskers were already turned of an iron gray. It was a dreadfully surprising and odd procedure. But, dear me! friends and "The winds of March are piping!" it was nothing to some other things. With the relinquishment of girlhood's leisure, and the beginning of what she always called "real life," what a change came over her! If she had been sent into the world to make up for all the "time" which has been lost from the creation until now, poor Mrs. Vernon could scarcely be more busy.

It was a queer development of life, but there was no mistake about it. Vim rose uppermost—energy came to the surface, and was, and still is, ruler. Upon coming out of her youth's chrysalis into her natural and genuine state, Mrs. Vernon made sundry vigilant resolutions for the purpose of suppressing the few old indolent habits which would have suffered any ease to her life.

As one great object was to take time by the forelock on all possible opportunities, she resolved, firstly, to arise at five o'clock in the morning, although the good doctor assured her that, as they did not breakfast until seven, six was early enough. But up she got, jerked the bell rope leading to the servants' room, and disappeared in unknown places in the back part of the house. And any woman with a moderate household, and

two excellent servants, can do with two mortal hours before breakfast, in which she neither reads nor sews, nor builds coal fires, more than I can tell. But I do know that Mrs. Vernon sits down to the table with a flushed face and an air of care.

During the first month of un-chrysalis, she certainly accomplished a great deal. She dove into the piles of rubbish in the garret; not a musty box of pamphlets and old almanacs escaped being put to rights; not an ancient crippled piece of furniture but passed review under her vigilant eyes, and was made to stand back "there!" she cleared the chamber of extraneous "things," pitilessly sending them to a quiet rest close under the now orderly and parlor proper gable-quarters; descending, she made war upon deep unfathomable of chips in the wood house, and splints and dust in the coal room. She overhauled the cellar, and made John do sore penance for an enjoyable way of doing work during the doctor's four years of widowhood, in cleaning out of corners, hoeing out of bins, and scrubbing with stubby broom ends of the cemented floor.

She ranged around out of doors, and drove the unhappy man into obscure fence corners, whence he reluctantly gathered sticks, papers, broken teacups, and other reminiscences of his past days, and even obliged him to thoroughly clean the easy, unobtrusive doctor's barn, which was in a mossy condition.

And oh! the long steps that Bridget and Kate had to take! What cleaning of paint, clothes-presses, pantry shelves; what ronting of dirt out of crevices; what raids upon their pet places for putting anything uncleanly out of sight, the glories of Ireland fell before her. She conquered girls, man and disorder.

It was not done, however, without a struggle. Bridget rebelled, Kate sulked, and John threatened to leave. Matters worked into a tangle, which was rapidly becoming unextricable; yet all that had been done was necessary, proper, and wise, had my friend but been slower. Every day troubles thickened, not so much in consequence of doing, as of doing so fast, and taking time so obstinately by the forelock, when, fortunately, an attack of typhoid supervened, obliging her to let go her hold, and during the illness that followed, things righted themselves.

I believe my friend concluded that she had shown too much zeal for the general patience, or brought too great a strain upon her physical strength, and thereby lost time, by being sick, which must be avoided in future, or something of that sort, for, upon recovering, her course was more moderate, though still one of unswerving energy, which it is to this day.

She toils early and late; attends to forty things a day which her servants could be trusted with, and do equally well; changes work with B. and K.; haunts John's life like a nightmare, and, when entirely out of all other things to do, does something else. She arranges, and re-arranges the furniture of her beautiful home; puts her flower-beds on the margin of the spacious garden one year—in the middle the next, and cuts up the front lawn with them the third; suddenly transmogrifies the doctor's private reading-room, (which, at its building, he solemnly set apart for his use through all coming generations), into "another" bedroom, finds a new place for his slippers every week, with sundry other household changes, which must come down upon the good man like lightning out of a clear sky.

Alas! my friend never has any "time." This is her skeleton. Not but her days are as long as any one's. They have each twenty-four hours, or indeed, they may be said to have more, since she continues to get up at five o'clock in the morning. And she works, works, but in the name of no use—she can't get ahead so as to have any time. The skeleton continues in good preservation—not a bone drops into dust. I never see her but the plaint is, "I never have any time. I would like to go to such places, but I am too busy. It is astonishing how much more I have to do than Mrs. A.; she has leisure, [she has five little children], and it is very hard that I must always be hurried about something. How long it is since I have been home on a visit! But I am full of care, now—I have so much to do," &c., &c., &c.

Thus my friend's life, which might be so valuable to herself and others, is being worried and frittered away. She is unhappy—she is too busy, too hurried for enjoyment, and is, unconsciously, spreading an atmosphere of discontent all about her. Too much vim! How sad is the over-possession of a virtue!

USES OF TEMPTATION. When a founder has cast his bell, he does not presently fix it in the steeple, but tries it with his hammer, and beats it on every side, to see if there be any flaw in it. Christ does not presently after he has converted a man, convey him to heaven; but suffers him first to be beaten upon by many temptations, and then exalts him to his crown.

The Millionaires.

An article by Thurlow Weed, on the millionaires of New York, published recently, is interesting, instructive, and suggestive. The richest men in New York it is shown, are those who acquired real estate by inheritance or purchase, and held on, reinvesting the income, and taking no risks; those in a word, who did nothing to advance the interests of the city or society, but were satisfied to fatten on the fruits of the labors of others. W. B. Astor, the writer informs us, was never known to take a risk. He watched for safe investments that would yield 4, 5, 6 or 7 per cent., and into these he put his money. One of the richest men in Cincinnati boasts that he never subscribed a dollar to aid in the construction of a railroad. If all the people in Cincinnati had adopted this man's policy; if all the people of New York had followed the example of W. B. Astor, what would either city be worth to-day? The men who build up cities and develop the resources of the country, are the men who do take risks—and these are the men who are missed when they die. What interest suffers when the "hold fast" die? Such men are not missed, and the sooner they are laid in their graves the better for the world and the better for the community in which they live. There are no members of society more useless than these "hold-fast" millionaires. Producing nothing, they fatten on the industry of others. Taking no risks, they grow rich from the efforts of those who do take risks—who are working-men and the life of society. A man is not to be condemned because he is rich, but a man is responsible for the wealth which he controls.—In the eyes of God and man, a miser is a most contemptible creature. Equally to be despised is the rich man who lives exclusively for himself. For this crime he may not suffer in his own life, but his sin is visited upon his children unto their third and fourth generations.

How literally this is fulfilled we need not stop to point out. Rarely does the wealth of the father reach the third generation. The man who "hold fast," usually trains up his children in the way they should not go, and the accumulations of the father are generally scattered by the children, and character, too often, disappears with the money. [Ex.]

A WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP. It is a wonderful advantage to a man in every pursuit or vocation to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman, there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, and repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She therefore seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves and who loves him. But, supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even in its strong fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendship where disparities of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle age has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendship with those much older, and those much younger than ourselves. Female friendship is to a man the bulwark, sweetener, ornament of his existence.

A REBEL ANECDOTE. In the work by John Estlin Cooke, entitled, "Weaving of the Gray," the following anecdote occurs, which may, perhaps, be appreciated under the present circumstances.

In 1863 the enemy caught an old countryman near Madison Court House and informed him that he must do one thing—either take the oath of allegiance to the United States government or prepare to be buried alive. He declined taking the oath, when his captors deliberately proceeded in his presence to dig a grave, and when it was finished they led him to it and said:

"Will you take the oath?"

"No!"

"You had better!"

"I won't!"

"If you don't take the oath you will be buried alive in the next five minutes!"

The old fellow approached nearer, looked with attention at the pit yawning before him, and then turning round, with his hands in his pockets, calmly replied:

"Well, go on with your funeral!"

A WHOLE MAN. "Be a whole man to everything," wrote J. J. Gurney to his son at school. "At Latin, be a whole man to Latin. At geometry or history, be a whole man to geometry or history. At play, be a whole man to play. At washing and dressing, be a whole man at washing and dressing. Above all, at meeting be a whole man to worship."

SIN IS LIKE WEEDS—self sown and sure to cum.

WHAT WE ARE MADE OF. The following is from an article by Dr. O. W. Holmes.

If the reader of this paper lives another year, his self-conscious principle will have migrated from its present tenement to another, the new materials of which have not been put together. A portion of the body which is to be, will ripen in the corn of the next harvest. Another portion of his future person he will purchase, or others will purchase for him, headed up in the form of a certain barrel of potatoes. A third fraction is yet to be gathered in the Southern rice fields. The limbs with which he is then to walk will be clad with the flesh borrowed from the tenants of many stalls and pastures now unconscious of their doom.

The organs of speech, with which he asks so wisely, and speaks so eloquently, or speaks effectively, must serve his humble brethren to bleat, and to bellow, and all the varied utterance of feathered or barnyard life. His bones themselves are, to a great extent, in posse and not in esse. A bag of phosphate of lime, which he has ordered for his grounds, contain a large part of what is to be his skeleton. And more than all this, by far the greater part of his body is nothing at all but water; the main substance of his scattered members is to be looked for in the reservoir, and running stream, at the bottom of the well, in the clouds that float over his head, or diffused among them all.

OLD MAIDS. A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:—

I am inclined to think that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? She will certainly be in old maid. Is she particularly reserved toward the other sex? "she has all the squeamishness of an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? "She is cut out for an old maid." And if she is humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an "old maid." In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature, "old maid."

NEWSPAPERS. In a lecture upon newspapers, delivered in Philadelphia, by Rev. Dewitt Talmadge, he said: "I now declare that I consider the newspaper to be the grand agency by which the gospel is preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated, the world raised, Heaven rejoiced, and God glorified. In the clanking of the printing press, as sheets fly out, I hear the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth 'Lazarus come forth,' in the retreating surges of darkness, 'let there be light!'"

PRINTERS' DEVILS. From wild, friendless boys in the streets are made what are called printer's devils; next they become printers, after that sometimes editors, in which capacity they not unfrequently make their mark in the nation and in the world.

Dr. Franklin was a most eminent instance in the early days of our country, and Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, Simon Cameron, Hannibal Hamlin, General Dix, Schuyler Colfax, Gideon Welles, and many others, are striking examples of the present time.

A RADICAL.—A Radical! I like the word. There is something incisive and decided about it. It rings out like a challenge. It stirs the blood. It bodes disaster to the wrong, to antiquated opinions, to bloodless and unrighteous law. It enters the sepulchre of Truth as the Angel entered the sepulchre of Christ—it rolls away the stone and lets the awakened and imprisoned go free. Radicalism is not a bad destroyer, but a wise builder. It keeps every step with the march of mind and the growth of Men. It weaves Beauty into use, forms Justice into law. [Lute Taylor,

Boys and girls, what is it you can never catch, though you chase after it, as on the wings of the wing?

You can never catch the word that has gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it has gone out of your reach; do your best you can never recall it.

Therefore, take care what you say. Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, a lying word.

It is reported of a drover in the "olden time," who went through the State of Indiana, on foot, buying hogs for Cincinnati market, that there came a heavy decline in the market, of which he was not advised until he arrived in the city. Hoping for an advance he put his property out to board until his money was all gone, when he was compelled to sell at a net loss of several hundred dollars. Returning home he was questioned as to his profits. "Well," said he, "I reckon I didn't make much money out of the trip, but I had the company of the hogs down."

SIN IS LIKE WEEDS—self sown and sure to cum.

Porter.

Died in Porter, March 2d, at the residence of John Durgin, Mrs. Elizabeth Durgin, aged 87 years and 9 months. It seems appropriate that one who has so long and faithfully borne the cares and trials of life, should receive some tribute of reverence from the living. She was born in the spring time of the Revolution, and inherited from her Revolutionary sire a hardy constitution, and a spirit of fortitude and self-reliance. She seemed to be fitted for the duties and hardships that awaited her.

Her first husband, Marshall Lewis, fell mortally wounded at Sackett's Harbor, in the war of 1812-15, and died six days afterwards, leaving her with six children, the eldest of them—the writer's mother—being but 14 years of age. In those years of cold, scarcity and poverty, when the rich ground the faces of the poor, when corn was \$3.00 a bushel; flour \$16.00 a barrel, and the price paid for spinning a skein of yarn was a quart of skim milk, she gathered her loved ones around her and struggled to save them from the relentless hand of Famine.

At one time, having no food for them, she went with a heavy heart to her labor, and they tried to appease the pangs of hunger by chewing pine pitch, until her return with food. At another time, having nothing but some bran, she boiled that and strained it, and made a porridge, to last them until she went several miles and performed her day's work, and returned late at night, with food for their supper.

All this may seem trifling to some, but while the air rings, and the press teems with the praise of heroes, and a record of thrilling days "that tried men's souls," let the history of women's fortitude be written also; and the times that tried the bodies and souls of women not be forgotten. It will at least be a fitting rebuke to many who, laden with silks and jewelry, sit on velvet cushions, and complain of hard times. After rearing four children by a second marriage, the death of a daughter laid upon her the care of three grand children, for whose comfort she devoted the energies of her declining years. Truly "she hath done what she could." Her descendants, 107 in number, were as follows: 11 children; 51 grand-children, and 45 great grand children.

She retained her sight and hearing perfectly till her death. For twelve years, she has not been away from home. She bore her long illness and infirmity with christian patience and resignation, remarking that persons ought to grow better as they grow older. Her faculties grew dim, and she fancied that her son and daughter, with whom she lived, were her parents, showing how vividly to the aged one is the memory of early days and a parent's love.

Kind hands led her trembling form and smoothed her dying pillow, till at last, worn out with pain, and bowed down with the burden of weary years, she has gone peacefully to her rest. L. A. Walsworth.

Hiram, May 18, 1868.

Hiram.

A SMART COUPLE. Mr. John Five, aged 86 years, commenced a pair of cart wheels last fall, and not being able to procure timber to finish them, postponed the work until this spring, when he finished them in a very superior, workman-like manner. He did not have to wear spectacles while working on them, which seems remarkable, as his sight was somewhat impaired twenty years ago, but it has improved lately. Since he was 83 years old, I have seen him hoeing, mowing, and laboring on the highway.

He is one of the early settlers of Hiram, having moved into the town 74 years ago, when there were but nine families in town.

Mrs. Susan Flye, wife of the above, wove 237 yards of cloth the year she was 79 years old, and when she was 80, she wove 167 yards—70 of them being double width; and now at the age of 81, is quite erect, cheerful and active.

Hiram, May 21.

January 10th. Senator Fowler said—"As long as we fail to do our duty, and to impeach and remove Andrew Johnson from office, the blood of the loyal men slain in the South will rest upon our souls." May 16th, Senator Fowler to the question "Is Andrew Johnson guilty or not guilty," said "not guilty."

Daniel Webster was right when he remarked of the press: "Small is the sum required to patronize a newspaper; amply rewarded its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a printed sheet without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price."

Over-grazing wagons and carriages does them great injury, and lard should never be used, tallow being the best for wood axles, trees, and castor oil for iron. But a light coating should be put on. No vegetable oil except perhaps castor oil, should be used on harness, neat's foot oil being the best.

Two lovers, like two armies, generally get along very quietly until they are engaged.

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, JUNE 3, 1868.

FOR PRESIDENT,

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

SCHUYLER COLFAX,

OF INDIANA.

SECOND DISTRICT

UNION REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Union Republicans of the Second Congressional District are requested to meet in Convention by delegates, at AUBURN, on Thursday, the 20th day of June next, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent said District in the XLII Congress, and a candidate for Elector of President and Vice President of the United States.

The basis of representation will be as follows: Each city, town and plantation, one delegate; and an additional delegate for each seventy-five votes, or fraction of the same number, thirty-eight or more cast for Governor Chamberlain in 1866.

Chairmen of the several city, town and plantation committees are requested to forward the names of their delegates to the chairman of the District Committee, at Auburn, in advance of the Convention. The committee will be in session on the evening of June 24th, at the office of the County Commissioners in Auburn, and at the Hall on the day of the Convention, at 10 o'clock A. M., to receive credentials.

The following is the apportionment of delegates to the several towns and plantations of Oxford County:

Auburn, 2	Andover, 3	Bethel, 5
Brownfield, 3	Buckfield, 4	Byron, 1
Canton, 3	Danville, 2	Dixfield, 1
Frederick, 4	Gilead, 2	Grafton, 1
Greenwood, 2	Hallowell, 1	Hartford, 3
Hebron, 3	Hiram, 3	Lovell, 3
Mason, 1	Mexico, 2	Newry, 2
Norway, 5	Oxford, 4	Paris, 2
Peru, 3	Porter, 2	Rockland, 1
Rumford, 4	Stowe, 2	Stoneham, 2
Sumner, 3	Sweden, 2	Upton, 2
Waterford, 3	Woodstock, 3	Franklin Pl., 1
Hampden Pl., 1	Lincoln Pl., 1	Milton Pl., 1
Ruby Pl., 1		Total, 101.

CHAS. J. TALBOT, ROBT. P. WHITNEY,
JAS. T. CLARK, ROBT. MARTIN,
May 28, 1868. District Committee.

THE CAMPAIGN DEMOCRAT

So many have expressed a desire that we should keep our effort to supply it for six months, for fifty cents, open till the 1st of July, that we consent to do it.

Representative to Congress.

We publish, this week, the call for the District Convention to nominate a candidate for Congress, to be supported by the Republicans of this District, at the September election.

In little less than three weeks, the Convention is to meet, and it is now time to look over the field, and see how matters stand. There has probably been less attention paid in Oxford County to the question as to who the candidate shall be, than in the other counties, where contests for the nomination are going on.

We understand the prominent candidates to be as follows: Androscoggin County presents two, to wit: Nelson Dingley, Jr., Esq., of the Lewiston Journal, and Attorney General W. P. Frye, of Lewiston.—Franklin County has three aspirants, viz: Charles J. Talbot, Esq., of Wilton, E. P. Weston, Esq., of Farmington, and Plummer Morrill, at present Register of Deeds; and Sagadahoc, it is said, will unite upon one—Washington Gilbert, Esq., of Bath.

Having a personal acquaintance with each of the above, we have no hesitation in saying that either one of them would creditably fill the position.

In this position of affairs, what is the duty or policy of Oxford County?

The nomination for the three last terms has been given to Oxford County, not because she has deserved it as a right, but because her able Representatives have been faithful and acceptable to the District. He is equally as acceptable now, we have no doubt, as well in all the other counties as in his own. The movement in other portions of the District for other men, is not to be taken as an indication in favor of a change, but rather as movements centering in and for the personal benefit of the aspirants themselves.

The real question for the people of the whole District to settle is, what man can best represent the various interests of this somewhat diversified District, and who can best subserve the interests of the people. The people of the North have learned a lesson of wisdom from the South, that a too frequent change of public men in our National Councils tends to weakness—and the rule in other States is to give four or five terms now, rather than a less number.

With this view of the matter, as we understand it, while Oxford County makes no claims, she again presents the name of her justly honored and popular Representative, SIDNEY PERHAM, and asks, what need is any change? He has been tried, and is as true as steel. He is in sympathy with the people, and always represents them. Can the District do better than to return him another term?

Several towns in Androscoggin County have elected Delegates to the Congressional Convention. So far as we have heard, the result is as follows: Hon. W. P. Frye has carried Lewiston 17, Auburn 12, Greene 3—32.

Mr. Dingley has carried Durham 4, Webster 3, Wales 2, Leeds 3, East Livermore, 3—15.

There are 25 more delegates. Mr. Dingley did not contest Lewiston, but requested his friends, in a card published in his paper on the day of the caucus, not to make any fight in that town.

Mr. Frye lacks five of having a majority in his county.

The Maine State Convention of Unionists will meet at Norway on Tuesday, June 23d, and continue in session three days.

Schuyler Colfax's First Congressional Speech.

Those who have read the Democrat, will doubtless remember that about a year ago, we suggested the name of Schuyler Colfax, as the most popular nomination that could be made for the next Vice President. We did this, in connection with the name of Maine's most distinguished son, Hannibal Hamlin for the Presidency. Public sentiment had not at that time, very generally settled down upon Gen. Grant, and we still incline to the opinion then expressed; that if the nominees for the Presidency had been taken from among the civilians of the country, Mr. Hamlin would have stood more than an even chance to have been nominated.

We first became acquainted with Mr. Colfax at the assembling of the 34th Congress, in December 1853. This was his first appearance in the House of Representatives, a young man but 32 years of age. Modest and unassuming, he entered upon the discharge of his official duties. We well remember the first speech Mr. Colfax ever made in the National Capitol; it was not in the House but in the caucus of "Union men,"—for the republican party was not then formed.—The House had been for weeks trying to combine the Anti Nebraska element, so as to elect a speaker. The opposition to the Nebraska Democracy was in a majority, but it was composed of all political stripes and complexions. There were old free soil whigs, Anti Nebraska democrats, straight whigs, Know Nothings, both Northern and Southern Abolitionists, and Independents, with a number of members "elected on their own hook" who stood aloof from all organization. Up to this time, this heterogeneous opposition, had been voting in the House for Banks, Lew Campbell, Fuller, of Penna., Grow of the same State, Humph. Marshall of Kentucky, Smith and Gilman, of N. Car., and about a dozen others for speaker. It had not had the courage to get together in a caucus, at all, for fear its combustible elements would blow up, and put an end to all hopes of electing an opposition speaker. Some seventy-five of their men found (as the boy declares in a thunder storm) "that something had got to be done," so taking the responsibility they assembled for the first time, as a caucus. Howard of Michigan, was in the chair, Colfax was Secretary.—speeches were made by different members, a majority of whom seemed to stick to their own peculiar notions; things looked dark, the most hopeful became desponding,—when Schuyler Colfax, a young man then almost unknown among his peers, arose and made his first congressional speech.

He had not spoken long before he had the attention of every member of the convention. His earnest, strait forward practical logic, warmed by a glow of Western fire, seemed to carry conviction to every mind. Colfax struck the key note of a "union, for the sake of the Union." A further consultation was had,—members agreed to bury their old party sectional prejudices and go together, and as a grand result, Nathl P. Banks was elected speaker of the House.

We well remember a remark of that gallant old leader of freedom's forces, Joshua R. Giddings, as we were retiring from the meeting—"that young man, referring to Colfax, will yet make his mark in our National history."

"O D God" as he was then familiarly called, was an excellent judge of character, and in Colfax's case, his words have passed into history. We have in our sketch book, a few more "striking incidents" in Colfax's successful congressional career, which we may get time to give your readers.

J. J. P.

Washington Items.

General Schofield, who was nominated some weeks ago, Secretary of War, has been confirmed by the Senate, and has entered upon the duties of his office. He is a hearty supporter of Grant and Colfax. Old ad interim Thomas retires to his duties as Adjutant General.

Stanbury, who resigned the Cabinet position of Attorney General to defend the President on the impeachment trial, has been re-nominated to the post, but finds it more difficult to get back again, as the Senate refuse to confirm him.

The impeachment Managers are still engaged in examining witnesses relative to undue influences charged against some of the Senators who voted against impeachment. Their report abounds in suspicious facts, which they have already elicited. A Col. Woolley, of New York, is kept under arrest for refusing to testify.

The seven Republican Senators who voted in favor of the President have found it necessary to make personal explanations in the Senate, owing to the public feeling against them. At a caucus of the Republican members of the Senate, Messrs. Wade, Chandler and others refused to act on account of the presence of some of these Senators.

THE PATRIOTIC DEAD. The ceremony of decorating the graves of deceased union soldiers, by the Grand Army of the Republic, was generally observed in the large places of our State. Very interesting and impressive exercises occurred in Portland, and Bangor, the city governments, military, engine and other organizations, and distinguished citizens meeting to pay honors to the departed soldiers. It is a beautiful memorial service which should be repeated annually.

Mr. William Chase sold a five weeks old bull calf the other day for \$17, and it would have brought over \$20 in the Portland market—a fair price for a good cow a few years ago.

Gleanings by the Way.

Mr. Editor: The farmers have had much to try their patience, since the 13th inst. viz: Thirteen days of wet weather, and the uncertainty of the Johnson verdict. Though the rain at times, has fallen in torrents and clouds have eclipsed our honored Fessenden and others, yet they believe they shall live as farmers and freemen, because the natural sun will shine again in all its beauty, absorbing the waters of destruction upon their village, and the sun of Liberty still shines in all its splendor, drying up the waves of treachery. I would like to call the attention of some of the readers of the Democrat, to the following extracts from English and French papers, contained in the N. Y. Weekly Tribune, within three days after Johnson's acquittal, that they may see the different stand points of nations. The Times says: "the vote corrects the fear of any party bias, and shows the case to have been judged on its merits alone. The Morn Telegraph says "Dignity and decorum have marked the whole trial, and the non removal of the President, is a most fitting close." The Standard says, "the Radical plot has been beaten, and the county saved the shame of deposing the Chief Magistrate, for refusing to obey an illegal act of Congress." The Morning Post says "the result of the trial demonstrates the folly of the Radicals." The Daily News "thinks the vote is not conclusive of the whole case." The Temps (democratic) says "Mr. Johnson has been saved by legal power only. He has been deposed in the mind of the country." The Journal des Debats says, "that when Mr. Johnson is acquitted, the vote was such as to render him powerless hereafter." The La Liberte says, "the verdict is that liberty is the best guarantee of justice." The Constitution "regards the vote as fatal to the radical party." The Epoque "blames the Republicans for attempting to remove the Executive on grounds so slight." The Press "admits the vitality of Republican institution, which permits the chief magistrate of 40 millions of people to be brought to trial without blood shed or national disquiet."

John G. Wood, of Hartford, raised among his corn twelve bushels of pea beans ten of which he sent to Lewiston, received \$50, being the most money ever received by any farmer in town, for the like quantity so near home.

Isaac E. Richardson, an industrious and independent farmer, of Hartford, procured in New York three years ago, some thousands of young apple trees grafted with the most valuable fruit for farmers. These he set out one foot apart in rows two feet wide. Under his skillful management they have grown so that he has sold this spring upwards of nine hundred for 30c a piece, and will have next spring upwards of fifteen hundred to dispose of.

The farmers of Hartford are waking up. The prospect for a good crop of hay, especially on new ground, never was better, while the pastures are producing in abundance the sweetest of food.

There is to be a town meeting in Hartford on the 29th, to see if the town will raise more money, not for the Railroad sleepers, but for school teachers.

Silas M. Kenney of Hartford called upon me on the 25th, and being told how smart he appeared for a farmer that had worked so hard, gave me the following history:—His wife, grandson, and himself had lived together for years, his four sons having left for Massachusetts years ago. He and Mrs. Edgcomb and Mrs. Milliken were triplets, born in 1791; all lived till 1846, when Mrs. Edgcomb died. His father, Jeremiah, was drowned in August, before he was two years old. In September following his mother gave birth to twins, giving her the care of five children under two years of age, and three others that were older. In the midst of this care and trouble her house was burned. The following year, by the assistance of her neighbors, she raised forty bushels of corn, doing much of the work herself. Afterwards she married Mr. Farther and gave birth to twins. When she was seventy five years of age, she would weave five yards of cloth in the forenoon, and in the afternoon take her knitting work and go a visiting. Truly she must have been a mother in Sapp, if not in Israel.

East Summer Items.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal says: Mr. Geo. L. Barrows has formed a co-partnership with Mr. L. B. Babee, under the firm of Babee & Barrows, for the purpose of dealing in dry goods, groceries and crockery ware. A good assortment of the above mentioned goods has just been added to the former stock, together with plows and Pettengill's Patent Horse Hoe—an excellent improvement.

David Sewall has also made additions to his stock of groceries, earthen and crockery ware, agricultural implements, &c., which he will be happy to exchange for dried apples, beans, corn and potatoes. He pays the modest sum of one dollar per bushel for the latter article.

Messrs. Tilton are putting into market nearly 900 dozen of superior hand rakes, besides several hundred fork handles and 100 well built wheelbarrows. Russell Riggs' steam mill is cutting out heads and staves for parties in Yarmouth.

The unusual amount of rainy weather of late, has made farming rather soft than hard. Several of our farmers are putting in the Wisconsin hop roots. We learn that the roots are looking finely but have heard some complaint that they do not hold out in count. Grass is looking luxuriant at present, not suffering severely from drought.

Quite a curiosity, as well as a remarkable instance of the triumph of perseverance and

industry over difficulties, can be witnessed at Chase's Mills in this town. Mr. Merril Chase has invented, secured a patent, and put in operation a machine for sawing shingles, that for novelty, power and usefulness we never saw excelled, and somewhat doubt the possibility to do so. We will not undertake to describe the machinery, but will state the result of its action. Six shingle blocks are placed in a sort of reel and as they revolve it brings them alternately to the saw, thus taking a shingle from each block as it passes by. Keeping the saw at work almost constantly. By a very ingenious device the blocks are set as they pass around so that first a butt and then a joint is presented to the saw. The machine and its mode of action is quite simple and yet wonderful and curious to behold. It cuts 37 shingles per minute easily. It has cut 28 M. in 2 1/4 hours. With a good water power and improved wheel it might cut 40 M. per day. A planer was made, but the shingles were sawed so smoothly as not to require its use. Only two men are required to operate it in order to saw and joint 30 M. per day.

Mr. Chase, the inventor, was nearly two years studying out this useful piece of mechanism. For a long time he kept his thoughts to himself, and when he first gave them utterance they did not meet with favor. Being rather destitute of the much needed lands requisite to carry out his plans he met with and surmounted many obstacles before his plan was perfected. But he labored on, bound to succeed, although he was obliged to sell part of his interest to obtain funds. But like many men whose names are bright on history's page, he was bound to persevere against all difficulties and received his reward at last.

Mr. Chase's untiring efforts have been rewarded by producing a machine wholly unlike any other in existence, and which must come into use where great quantities of lumber are to be cut up. Owing to many difficulties this machine cost the inventor about \$1200, but he thinks he could build another for \$400. Mr. Chase is a young man and received only a common school education; he was not a practical machinist, and this invention was mainly the work of his own fertile brain. He has also invented and secured a patent on a self rocking cradle, which, upon being wound up, will rock the "darling youth" for a period of 12 hours.

The progress and the result thus far of the impeachment trial has awakened the loyal men in this vicinity to the fact that the times demand that the people shall be represented in Congress by men of sterling, moral worth—men of holy principles—men that can be trusted—men whose record is untarnished.

The idea of decorating the graves of our deceased soldiers is a beautiful one, and I am glad to see it so generally observed—but let us not forget the many who are buried in distant States, who we are not privileged to thus honor. What shall we do for those who lie in unmarked and unknown graves, who were starved or frozen to death in rebel prisons? We can only look upon their fair pictures and drop a tear of affection, in our loneliness. Pray God to save our country from another cruel war like that.

On June 1st, a little son of widow Foster fell some two or three feet from a fence and broke his wrist. It was set by Dr. Hall, of Buckfield.

SUMMER, June 3, 1868.

Mr. Henry Hutchinson of the senior class of Bangor Seminary, preached at Congregational Church last Sabbath and is to occupy the Pulpit next Sabbath.

At the town meeting held on Tuesday, to consider the propriety of loaning the credit of the town to P. & O. C. Railroad, the article in the warrant was of such shape that the town failed to give their aid.

Bethel Items.

Dea. Edward Chapman, of Bethel, committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn, on Monday, May 25th. Mr. C. has been somewhat deranged by spells, and it is supposed he committed this deed while laboring under the influence of insanity. He has always been a devoted christian, and beloved by all who know him. He leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

A Rainford correspondent informs the Lewiston Journal that the rains of the last few days have done much damage to the woods and bridges. Many acres of potatoes are entirely ruined and grain is injured by being overflowed by the water. On the farms of the Hon. J. S. Lyford and Peter Powers in Bethel, a large quantity of logs, estimated at five hundred thousand feet, together with a large quantity of brush, has lodged, covering many acres of valuable intervals. Farmers have done but little planting and are much behindhand in their spring work.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE. During the past season Mr. N. L. Marshall, of West Paris, has purchased in Wisconsin, transported to Me., and sold to the citizens of Oxford County, Hap roots in quantities sufficient to set seven hundred acres. Said roots were delivered some ten days before the expiration of the contract, overran count from five to eight per cent, and were in a fine healthy condition, which is already demonstrated by numerous vigorous shoots. We like to see live men prosper, and these desirous of starting new hop beds another year, may be sure of a "square" deal by applying to Mr. Marshall. A Sub.

The fare between Boston and New York is reduced to one dollar on two of the lines, but they charge \$3.50 for state rooms and a dollar per meal to make it up.

Bisco's Falls.

NARROW ESCAPE. As Mr. Holden and his wife and son's wife were returning from the funeral of Mrs. Col. Danham, while going up a steep hill, near Jackson's crossing, the horse balked, swung to and backed, which brought the wagon at right angle with the road and brook, which ran parallel with the road. Mr. Holden sprang from the wagon with the alacrity of a boy, and took the horse by the head with great resolution, notwithstanding he is 70 years old. But he was too late. The wagon was dumped, ended over bottom up, in a foaming cataract below and the two women underneath. Mr. E. Marshall was near, and he and Mr. Hooper Jackson rushed to the rescue. The straggling women were taken out in season to save their lives. They did not receive any injuries except Mrs. P. M. Holden, who received a slight wound on her head. I think if they had received any great harm, the town would have been liable, for the want of a railing. I think that our road surveyors should look at all such places, and put up good firm railing.

Stoneham.

I notice on this first day of June, on the farm of Eastman McCallister, of No. Stoneham, a piece of corn, nearly large enough to stand the perils thus far, and looks as though it might go ahead. The land in this vicinity is two weeks earlier for planting than in any other neighborhoods around. Some other pieces are up, looking wishfully for warmer weather. Some have ground ready for work when it is dry, while others have waited for good weather to work.

Hay has been short, but the rains have given good feed; grain looks very promising in this region.

Some of the apple trees are white, so the last Sunday in May will be the white Sunday. I saw also a specimen of winter, in a snow heap in a gully. He has tarried to hail sweet June, with her gay flowers, and enjoy some of the warm rays of a summer sun. He is however, putting on a coat like the surroundings, and will soon march off. The roads are badly used up; while riding one of the wheels dropped down into a rut nearly to the hub, and threw me off my seat, but I lodged between the wheels and body of the wagon, so did not go under. Some road have been repaired, others must be, to save danger.

Mr. EMBERTON.—The article in your paper of May 29th, in reference to Norway Academy and its Principal, C. D. Barrows, for such we still consider Mr. B. Mr. Ambrose being a teacher in one of the District schools only, deserves a rebuke from his scholars as well as the whole christian community.

We, a few of his scholars who have known him long and best, wish to testify to his untiring efforts in our behalf, remaining during the Summer term chiefly for the purpose of finishing our fit for college, and aiding us by his able instruction and kind words.

So far from proselyting, we know him to have shown only an earnest christian spirit in and out of his school; and we spurn with contempt any effort made to cast a reproach upon his character as a teacher, a christian, or a man.

The article, in addition to its being in the highest degree ungentlemanly, contains misrepresentations in more than one particular, as the whole community knows.

The Fall term numbered 130, including the patronage of the "Liberal faith," and the Spring term numbered over 100 without the patronage of those who were too liberal to trust their children to those professing a different faith.

If the writer of the article considers this a failure, to be compared to "Waterloo," he must be strangely deficient in his knowledge of history.

O. F. ROGERS, A. V. ACKLEY,
G. W. STICKFORD, A. V. BARKER,
S. H. BURNHAM, J. M. HAWES,
J. W. HUTCHINS.

[Having given both sides a hearing, and the controversy being a local one, we shall close it, so far as our columns are concerned.] Ed.

Fearful Tragedy.

Chatham, N. H., adjoining Freeburg, has been the scene of one of those bloody attacks upon shocking to the human mind, which will undoubtedly result in the death of one of the parties. The following are the facts of the affair, so far as I have been able to learn. It appears that Mr. Alexander Hanscomb was doing some fence between himself and a Mr. Meader, last Saturday. Hanscomb was cutting some trees that Meader desired to remain and urged Hanscomb not to cut them. This threw Hanscomb into a passion, he has the reputation of being a very quarrelsome and revengeful man who swore he would split Meader's brains out, and at the same time started for him. Meader being a very tall man, and somewhat advanced in years, at once started for the house, followed by Hanscomb, axe in hand.

He arrived at the house and closed the door, which was held by Mr. Meader's daughter. Hanscomb came to the door, stove it in, and in the scuffle with the girl, cut her finger badly. He at once attacked Meader, throwing him down and began pounding him. A boy of Meader's endeavored to make him let his father alone, but was told he would kill the whole family, and that he would pound him as much as he pleased. The boy took his pistol, loading it, told him he would shoot him if he did not stop. This only enraged him the more, calling him a coward, and daring him to fire. The girl then told her brother to

shoot him. Aiming the pistol deliberately at him, he snapped it, the cap not exploding. Again he tried it, and this time with fatal success; the ball passing through his lung and lodging in his back.

No hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Editorial and Selected Items.

A good, steady girl can hear of a permanent place by applying at this office.

Oxford Lodge, F. & A. M., dedicated their new Hall at Norway, on Wednesday of this week. There was a fine turn out of the order, but we are unable this week to report the exercises, which we understand were highly interesting.

The Summer Term of the Paris Hill Academy begins Tuesday, the 9th inst. The highfulness of our village, and the beauty of its scenery, render this a most desirable school for scholars wishing to escape the dust and heat of the city during the Summer months.

BASE BALL.—The Portland Star says that the Lowells of Boston, the State champions last year, are coming to Portland to play, and they are anxious to meet the Pennesseewassee in a friendly contest. They can, probably, be accommodated.

We are having bright, sunny days this week, but cool nights.

The Riverside and Washington Library scheme has proved to be a great swindle. The pictures exhibited by them, which were to be given to each subscriber, were very fine, but the difficulty is they are not furnished. Most every ticket holder has received a notification that his ticket has drawn \$200, and 5 per cent, is called for to secure the same. Let no one be gulled by them further.

By the politeness of Ezra F. Beal, Esq., of Norway, who has superintended the erection of Brown's new hotel in Portland, called the Falmouth Hotel, we had the pleasure of going over the immense structure on Tuesday. The dining hall is not surpassed by any in the country—it is frescoed beautifully, is 27 feet posts, and 74x56. All the appointments of the house are superb. It is to be furnished by Brown at an expense estimated at over \$100,000. It is ready for occupancy and is being furnished.

The Mechanic Falls Herald learns from good authority that there is a fair prospect that the P. & O. C. railroad will get through to Canton, and that too at an early date. We understand that the towns of Buckfield and Canton will take measures to raise a fund sufficient to build the road, which will be put into the hands of the present company on condition of its becoming bound to put the road through.

Mr. E. N. Jones walked from Biddeford to Portland and back, 32 miles, in 7 hours 27 min., winning a wager of \$200. He was so fatigued that he staggered and fell several times the last mile. The Saco band met him about a mile out and entertained him with music.

The Oxford North Quarterly Meeting will be at Bryant's Pond, June 24th and 25th. Rev. E. M. Bartlett, 1st preacher.

We understand that the Canton bundle of our last week's issue had not reached its destination last Tuesday. It was regularly mailed, and we hope will turn up soon, if it has not by this time, as our Campaign subscribers exhausted our edition.

The School Agent of the Village District, on the hill, (H. E. Hammond Esq.) has braced up the old brick school house so as to ensure safety, if not beauty. The school will commence next Monday.

One of the pleasant Stage routes for the tourist, for the next four months, is that from Bryant's Pond to Andover Corner daily. Most splendid Mountain scenery abounds on this route, and the valley of the Androscoggin presents the finest farming country and scenery in the State. We advise our Portland friends, who want a good time, to take the cars to Bryant's Pond where splendid natural landscape scenery is found, and then take our friend Hammond's line to Andover Corner. It is a grand route.

The Congregational Conference at Norway, on Tuesday and Wednesday, was an interesting occasion. Adventurous spirit prevailed, and the discussions were animated and to the point. Dea. Brown, of Bethel, was Moderator, and Rev. Mr. Garland, of Bethel, the churches were well represented. Rev. Mr. Wainwright, of South Paris, preached an excellent communion sermon. The weather was delightful.

The Oxford Quarterly meeting will occur next Tuesday, with the Paris Hill Baptist church, Rev. Mr. Garney, preacher.

Mr. David Andrews of North Paris, shows an Egg laid by a hen of the Chittenden species, which measures 8 1/2 by 6 inches.

The Little Blue School of Farmington, opened on Thursday. It is one of the fullest terms under the present popular Principal. They usually remove to Avon and pitch their tents on Old Blue about the 4th of July.

Mr. W. S. Hutchinson, of our Village, an accomplished teacher, has been connected with the school for several months.

Bangor, which is seldom behind in any wide-awake matter, had a big Republican Ratification meeting of the Chicago nomination on Saturday evening last, which was addressed by Hon. John A. Peters, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Saml. H. Blake, and Rev. J. B. Gould, (Methodist).

Ex-President Buchanan died at his residence at Wheatland, at half past eight o'clock on Monday June 1st, after an illness of four weeks, in the 77th year of his age.

Send for circular. Address Dr. H. Edgardo, Box 617 Post Office, Brooklyn, N. Y.