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## Poetry.

[From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.]  
AN ABORIGINAL TALE,  
DISPLAYING SOME INDIAN-UTTY.

BY A SAVAGE.

Down in the eastern part of Maine  
Lived a Penobscot brave;  
He was the pride of all his tribe,  
Who named him Happy Dave;  
Though of a barbarous race, yet he  
Was never known to shrieve.  
Now David, in his youth, was not  
In ignorance kept dark;  
He could read and write as well  
As any parish clerk;  
And yet his teacher said he would  
Be sure to make his mark.  
He loved the gentle Weeping Cloud,  
Who lived across the river;  
His hand and home, and all he had  
He was resolved to give her.  
When Cupid's dart had pierced his heart,  
Of course "Twas in a quiver.  
He met her in a field of corn,  
In early autumn days;  
And when he first declared his love,  
She was all in a maze;  
She hurried quickly home, because  
She wasn't used to staves.  
Unto his quiet wigwam, then,  
With happy steps they went;  
He thinking on the morrow's chase,  
And she on love in tent;  
And when he bowed to welcome her,  
She saw her beau was bent.  
One morning, David started out,  
With arrows and bow;  
And Weeping Cloud upon his hunt  
Resolved with him to go.  
Said she, "If there's no other game,  
You'll have your dear, you know."  
But she got lost, as on they sped,  
Through field and wood and dale,  
He was not looking for a stream,  
And did not hear his hall;  
She could not find her lover till  
He was upon her trail.  
But suddenly behind a tree  
He drew his bow with care;  
And straightway, with unerring aim,  
His arrow cleaved the air;  
He did not hit a rabbit, but  
He shot his lady here.  
"A howl" he cried, "is all my joy  
To end in woe like this!"  
But soon he found she was not hurt;  
She smiled to meet his kiss.  
"I'm safe enough, my dear," she said,  
"But 'twas an arrow miss."  
He resolved that she should be  
His own, come woe or weal;  
That soon before the altar they  
Their vows of love should seal.  
Oh, happy time, he thought, when she  
Would share his Indian meal.  
Their dream of love was soon dispelled,  
Alas! by war's alarms;  
For David joined the volunteers  
From factories, shops and farms,  
And Weeping Cloud was left, although  
Accustomed to bare arms.  
She saw her lover, as the troop  
Went marching through the street;  
And the applause of thousands made  
Her heart with gladness beat;  
She knew that his small arms would soon  
Accomplish some great feat.  
And day by day our hero grew  
In all the soldier's graces;  
He shunned the company of those  
Who went to menial places;  
Who drank the soldier's whiskey till  
It made them have way faces.  
At last the eve of battle came,  
That bore so still and solemn;  
And David thought upon the foe,  
And hoped that they should meet 'em;  
"I'll have my bullet in," said he,  
Upon the loaded column.  
He took the letters from his love,  
And read them over o'er;  
He smiled at her endearing term,  
"The flower of all the corps!"  
"I ought to be," he said, "if I  
Had only ten drills more!"  
She wrote to him of many thoughts  
Her tenderness would utter;  
And not a pang of jealousy  
Her loving heart did flutter;  
She knew that he, a soldier bred,  
Would not have any but her.  
And David served until he joined  
The victor's joyous shout;  
They clutched the ranks of sinners men,  
And put them to a rout.  
The enemy were perished well,  
When he was mustered out;  
The war was over—the purpose gained  
For which the patriots rose;  
And in the early spring they turned  
Their backs upon their foes;  
Although the illness were put out,  
They hadn't come to blows.  
And now, on the return of peace,  
Our lovers' hearts were gay;  
Their journey was accomplished in  
The good old-fashioned way;  
And they had many stable joys  
Upon their bridal day.  
And David to his daily toil  
With cheerful heart did go;  
The rising sun saw him employed  
With plough, or spade, or hoe;  
His happy wife would follow him,  
She loved to see him sow.  
A quiet and a peaceful home,  
You may be sure, was theirs;  
And Weeping Cloud was happy, raised  
Above so many cares;  
She was a second Flora; and they  
Lived up two lights of stars.  
Their joys and cares are multiplied,  
As pass the years so fleet;  
A sister in a nest of boys  
Now makes their bliss complete;  
Nor do they think that losses would  
Make their home-life more sweet.  
Now that the clouds of poverty  
Out of their sky have gone,  
Their low estate they still recall,  
Ere fortune's smiles were won,  
When for their eventide repast  
They had a skillet on.  
In their suburban, quiet home,  
The factory bell they hear,  
And noise of the machines upon  
The morning air so clear;  
Of course 'tis a familiar sound  
To every Indian ear.  
For all their peace and happiness  
They bless their lucky stars;  
Rejoicing that no bitter strife  
Their life domestic mars;  
That they are not two martyrs, to  
Be kept in family jars.

—Mark Twain writes that Horace Greeley once hired out as a writing-master, but the enterprise failed. His first copy was "Virtue is its own reward," and they got it "Washing with soap is wholly absurd," and so the trustees discharged him for attempting to convey bad morals through the medium of worse penmanship.

## Select Story.

### WIDOW COBB'S FIRST LOVE.

The fire crackled cheerfully on the broad hearth of the old farm house kitchen, a cat and three kittens basked in the warmth, and a decrepit yellow dog lying full in the reflection of the yellow blaze, wrinkled his black nose approvingly as he turned his hind feet where his fore feet had been. Over the chimney hung several fine hams and pieces of dried beef. Apples were festooned along the ceiling, and crooked-necked squashes vied with red pepper and slips of dried pumpkin in gaudy garlands each window frame. There were plants, too, on the window ledge—horse-shoe geraniums and dew plants, and a mouthful rose, just budding, to say nothing of pots of violets that perfumed the whole place whenever they took it into their purple heads to bloom. The floor was curiously swept, the chairs had not a speck of dust upon leg or round, the long settee near the fire place shone as if it had just been varnished, and the eight-day clock in the corner had its white face newly washed, and seemed determined to tick the leader for it. Two arm chairs were drawn up at a cozy distance from the hearth and each other; a candle, a newspaper, a pair of spectacles, a dish of red-checked apples and a pitcher of cider filled the table between them. In one of the chairs sat a comfortable-looking woman of about forty-five, with cheeks red as the apples and eyes as bright as ever they had been, resting her elbow on the table and her head upon her hand, and looking thoughtfully into the fire. This was the widow Cobb, "relict" of Deacon Levi Cobb, who had been mouldering into dust in the Bytown church-yard for more than seven years. She was thinking of her dead husband, probably because—all her work being done and the servant gone to bed—the sight of the table and the silence of the room made her a little lonely.

"Seven years!" so the widow's reverie ran. "It seems as if it were more than fifty, and I don't look so very old either. They may say that they please children are more plague than profit, that's my opinion. Look at my sister Jerusha with her six boys. She's worn to a shadow, and I am sure they have done it, though she will never own it."

The widow took an apple from the dish and began to peel it.  
"How fond Mr. Cobb used to be of these grafts. I remember how I used to throw apple parings over my head when I was a girl to see who I was going to marry."

Mrs. Cobb stopped short and blushed. Her meditations took a new turn.  
"How handsome Sam Payson was, and how I used to care about him. Jerusha says he went away from our village just after I did, and no one has heard of him since. And what a silly thing that quarrel was. If it had not been for that—"

Here came a long pause, during which the widow looked very steadfastly at the empty arm chair of Levi Cobb, deceased. Her fingers played caressingly with the apple paring, she drew it safely toward her and looked around the room.

"Upon my word it is very ridiculous, and I don't know what the neighbors would say if they saw me."

Still the plump fingers drew the peel nearer.  
"But they can't see me, that's comfort, and the cat and old Bowse will never know what it means. Of course I don't believe anything about it."

The paring lunged gracefully from her hand.  
But still I should like to try it; it would seem like old times, and—"

Over her head it went and curled up quietly on the floor at a distance.  
"Bowse, Bowse, don't touch it!" cried his mistress. There was as handsome a capital S as any one could wish to see.

A loud knock came suddenly at the door.  
The dog growled and the widow screamed and snatched up the apple paring.

"It's Mr. Cobb; it's his spirit come back again because I tried that silly trick."

Another knock louder than the first and a man's voice exclaimed:  
"Hillo, the house!"  
"Who is it?" exclaimed the widow, somewhat relieved to find that the departed Levi was still in his grave on the hill.

"A stranger," said the voice.  
"What do you want?"  
"To get lodging here for the night."

"Can't you go on?"  
"It's raining cats and dogs, and I'm very delicate," said the stranger, coughing.

"I think you had better take off your coat and boots, you will have the rheumatic fever. Here are some things for you to wear while they are drying."

She bustled away, on hospitable thought; and the stranger made the exchange with a quizzical smile playing around his lips. He was a tall, well-formed man, with a bold but handsome face—sun burnt but heavily bearded, and looking anything but delicate, though his blue eyes glanced out from under a forehead white as snow.

"Upon my word, this is stepping into the old man's shoes, with a vengeance. And what a hearty good natured looking woman she is!" and he leaned forward and stroked the cat and brood, and then patted old Bowse on the head.

"It is a wonder Bowse does not growl." This remark was addressed neither to the stranger nor to the dog, but to herself. She had forgotten that the little stand was not empty, and there was no room on it for the things she held.

"Oh I'll manage that," said her guest gathering up paper, candle, apples and spectacles (it wasn't without a little pang that she saw them in his hand, for they had been the deacon's and were placed each night, like the armchair, beside her,) and depositing them on the settee.

"I had supper long ago, but really I think I can take something more."

"Of course you can sir. Let me give you a piece of this ham."

"Your own curing, I dare say."

"Yes; my poor husband was very fond of it. He used to say no one understood curing ham and drying beef better than I."

"He was a most sensible man, I am sure. I will drink your health madam, in this cider."

He took a long draught and then set down his glass.  
"It is like nectar."

The widow was feeding the dog and cat who were entitled to a share of every meal eaten in the house) and did not quite hear what he said.

"Fine dog, ma'am, and a very pretty cat."

"They were my husband's favorites," and a sigh followed the answer.

The blue eyes looked at her so long that she grew flurried.

"Is there anything more I can get for you, said she at last.

"Nothing, thank you, I have finished."

She rose to clear the things away. He assisted her, and somehow their hands had a queer knack of touching as they carried the dishes to the pantry shelves. Coming back to the kitchen, she put the apples and cider in their places, and brought out a pipe and a box of tobacco.

"My husband always said he could not sleep after supper late unless he smoked."

"Not if it's going to drive you away."

"Oh, no, I do not object to smoke at all."

The stranger pushed the stand back, after the pipe was lit, and drew her easy chair a little nearer the fire—and his own.

"Come, sit down," he said, pleadingly, "it is not late; and when a man has been knocked about in California, and all sorts of places, for a score of years, he is glad enough to get into a birth like this, and to have a pretty woman to speak to again."

"California? Have you been to California?" she exclaimed, dropping into the chair. Unconsciously, she had long cherished the idea that Sam Payson—the lover of her youth—with whom she had foolishly quarrelled, had pitched his tent, after many wanderings, in that far-off land. Her heart warmed to one who, with something of Sam's looks and ways about him, had also been sojourning in the country, very possibly had met him—perhaps had known him intimately. At that moment her heart beat quick, and she looked very graciously at the bearded stranger, who, wrapped in Mr. Cobb's dressing-gown, wearing Mr. Cobb's slippers, and sitting in Mr. Cobb's chair, beside Mr. Cobb's wife, smoked Mr. Cobb's pipe with such an air of feeling thoroughly and comfortably at home.

"Yes, ma'am, I've been in California for six years. And before that I went quite round the world in a whaling ship."

"Good gracious!"

The stranger sent a puff of smoke curling gracefully over his head.

"It is very strange, my dear lady, how often you see one thing as you go wandering about the world after that fashion."

"And what is that?"

"Men without houses or home above their heads, roving here and there, turning up in all sorts of odd places—caring very little for life as a general thing, and making fortunes just to fling them away—and all for one reason. You don't ask what that is? No doubt you know already very well."

"I think not, sir."

"Because a woman has jilted them."

Here was a long pause, and Mr. Cobb's pipe emitted short puffs with surprising rapidity. A guilty conscience needs no accuser; the widow's cheeks were dyed with blushes as she thought of the absent Sam.

"I wonder how women manage when they get served in the same way," said the stranger, musingly. "You never meet them roaming up and down in that style."

"No," said Mrs. Cobb, with some spirit; "if a woman is in trouble, she must stay at home and bear it in the best way she can. And there are more women bearing such things than we know of, I dare say."

"Like enough. We never know whose hand gets pinched in a trap unless they scream. And women are too shy or too sensible—which you choose—for that."

"Did you ever, in all your wanderings, meet any one by the name of Samuel Payson?" asked the widow, unconcernedly.

The stranger looked towards her—she was rummaging at the table drawer for her knitting work, and did not notice him. When it was found, and the needles in motion, he answered her.

"Payson? Sam Payson? Why, he was my most intimate friend. Do you know him?"

"A little—that is, I used to when I was a girl. Where did you meet him?"

"He went with me on the whaling voyage I told you of—and afterwards to California. We had a tent together, and some other fellows with us, and we dug in the same claim for more than six months."

"I suppose he is quite well?"

"Strong as an ox, my dear lady."

"And—and how?" pursued the widow bending over her knitting.

"Hum, the less said about that the better, perhaps. But he seemed to enjoy life after a fashion of his own. And he got rich out there, or rather, I will say, well off."

Mrs. Cobb did not pay much attention to that part of the story. Evidently she had not finished asking questions. But she was puzzled about her next one. At last she brought it out beautifully.

"Was his wife with him in California?"

"His wife, ma'am? Why, bless you, he has not got one."

"Oh, I thought—I meant—I heard—" here the little widow, remembered the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, and stopped short before she told such a tremendous fib.

"Whatever you heard of his marrying was all nonsense, I can assure you. I know him well, and he had no thought of the kind about him. Some of the boys used to tease him about it, but he soon made them stop."

"What is it?"

"I want you to go and see her, wherever she may be, and say to her: 'Maria'—what makes you start so?"

"Nothing, only you spoke so like some one I used to know."

"Do I?" Well, take the rest of the message. Tell her that Sam loved her through the whole; that is, when he heard that she was free again he began to work hard at making a fortune; he has got it and is coming to share it with her, if she will let him. Will you tell her this?"

The widow did not answer. She freed her hand from his and covered her face with it.

By-and-by she looked up again. He was waiting patiently.

"Well?"

"He rose from his seat and walked up and down the room. Then he came back, and leaning on the mantle-piece, stroked the yellow hair of Bowse with his slipper."

"Make her quite understand that he wants her for his wife. She may live where she likes, only it must be with him."

"I will tell her."

"And what do you think she will say?" he asked in an altered tone.

"What can she say; but—come."

"Hush!"

The stranger caught her out of her chair, as if she had been a child, and kissed her.

"Don't—don't!" she cried out. "I'm Sam's Maria."

Off went the dark wig and the black whiskers; there smiled the dear face she had not forgotten. I leave you to imagine the tableaux. Even the cat got up to look, and Bowse sat on his stump of a tail, and wondered if he was on his heels or head. The widow gave one little scream and then—

But stop. Quiet people like you and me, dear readers, who have got over all these follies, and can do nothing but turn up our noses at them, have no business here. I will only add two hearts were very happy, that Bowse concluded after awhile that all was right, and so laid down again, and that one week after there was a wedding at the house that made the farmers stare. The widow had married her "first love."

## Miscellany.

### Scientific Daring.

One dull day in August, just after noon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Cleet Hills, on the western edge of the central plain of England. It was inflated with the slightest of gases which chemical skill could produce, and it rose with amazing velocity. A mile up, and it entered a stratum of clouds more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from this, the sky shone brightly on the air ship; the sun overhead was of the clearest and deepest blue, and below lay an immeasurable expanse of cloud, whose surface looked as solid as that of the earth now wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains, and deep, dark ravines, appeared below; the peaks and sides of those cloud mountains next the sun glittered like snow, but casting shadows as black as if they were solid rock. Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity. Four miles above earth a pigeon was let loose; it dropped down through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a ship laden to the deck were to pass from the heavy waters of the sea into an inland, unsaline lake; the bark would sink at once into the thinner water. Up, still higher! What a silence profound! The heights of the sky were as still as the deepest depth of the ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the fine mad lies as untried from year to year as the dust which imperceptibly gathers on the furniture of a deserted house. No sound, nor life—only the bright sunshine falling through a sky which it could not warm.

Up—five miles above earth! Higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dawngiri. Despite the sunshine, everything freezes. The air grows too thin to support life, even for a few minutes. Two men only are in the adventurous balloon, the one steering the air ship, the other watching the scientific instruments, and recording them with a rapidity bred of long practice. Suddenly, sight grows dim; he takes a lens to help his sight, and only marks from the falling barometer that they are rising rapidly.

A flask of brandy lies within a foot of him; he tries to reach it, but his arms refuse to obey his will. He tries to call on his comrade, who has gone up to the ring above; a whisper in that deep silence would suffice—but no sound escapes from his lips—he is voiceless. The steersman comes down into the car; he finds his

comrade in a swoon, and feels his own senses failing him.

He saw at once that life and death hung upon a few moments. He seized or tried to seize the valve, in order to open it, and let out some of the gas. His hands are purple with intense cold—they are paralyzed, they will not respond to his will. He seized the valve with his teeth; it opened a little—once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend. Then the swooned marksman returned to consciousness, and saw the steersman standing before him. He looked at his instrument, they must have been nearly eight miles up; but now the barometer was rising rapidly—the balloon was descending. Brandy was used. They had been higher above earth than mortal man or any living thing had been before. One minute more of inaction—of compulsory inaction—on the part of the steersman, whose senses were failing him, and the air ship, with its intensely rarified gas, would have been floating unattended, with two corpses, in the wide realms of space.—Once a week.

A CLEVERMAN'S JOKE. I was spending the night in a hotel in Freeport, Illinois. After breakfast I went into the sitting-room, where I met a pleasant, chatty, good humored traveller, who like myself, was waiting for the morning train from Galena. We conversed freely and pleasantly on different topics, until, seeing two young ladies meet and kiss each other in the street, the conversation turned on kissing just about the time the train was approaching.

"Come," said he, taking up his carpet-bag, "since we are on so sweet a subject let us have a practical illustration. I'll make a proposition to you. I'll agree to kiss the most beautiful lady in the cars from Galena, you being the judge if you will kiss the next prettiest, I being the judge."

This proposition staggered me a little, and I could hardly tell whether he was in earnest or in fun; but as he would be as deeply in it as I could be, I agreed, provided he would do the first kissing, though my heart failed somewhat as I saw his black eyes fairly dance with daring.

"Yes," said he, "I'll try it first. You take the back car, and go in from the front end, where you can see the faces of the ladies, and you stand by the one you think the handsomest, and I'll come in from behind and kiss her."

I had hardly stepped inside the cars when I saw at the first glance one of the loveliest looking women my eyes ever fell on. A beautiful blond, with auburn hair, and a bright, sunny face, full of love and sweetness and radiant and glowing as the morning. Any further search was totally unnecessary. I immediately took my stand in the aisle by her side. She was looking out of the window curiously, as if expecting some one. The back door of the car opened and in stepped my hotel friend. I pointed my finger to her shyly, never dreaming that he would dare to carry out his pledge, and you may imagine my horror and amazement when he stepped up quickly behind her, and stooping over, kissed her with a relish that made my "mouth water." I expected, of course, a shriek of terror, and then a row generally and a knock-down; but astonishment succeeded astonishment when I saw her return the kiss with compound interest.

Quick as a flash, he turned to me and said:  
"Now, sir, it is your turn," pointing to a hideously ugly, wrinkled old woman, who sat in the seat behind.

"Oh, you must excuse me! you must!" I exclaimed. "I'm sold this time. I give up. Do tell me whom you have been kissing?"

"Well," said he, "since you are a man of so much taste, and quick perception, I'll let you off. And we all burst into a hearty peal of laughter as he said, "This is my wife. I have been waiting for her. I knew that it was a safe proposition."

He told the story to his wife, who looked ten-fold sweeter as she heard it.

Before we reached Chicago we exchanged cards, and I discovered that my genial companion was a popular Episcopal preacher of Chicago, whose name I had frequently heard. Whenever I go to Chicago I go to hear him, and a heartier, more natural and eloquent preacher is hard to find. He was then a young man; he is now well known as one of the ablest divines of the Episcopal denomination in the West.

[Harper's Weekly.]

SOCIABILITY.—Hawthorne, in the dairy, makes record of a day wherein he resolved to speak to no human soul. He went to the village, got his mail at the post-office, returned, and triumphantly records the fact that he spoke to no man. Is it any wonder that, with all his genius, Hawthorne was melancholy and essentially an unhappy man? How much wiser and better the opposite course.

Think of how much happiness you convey to others by kindly notice and a cheerful conversation. Think how much sunshine sociability lets back into your soul! Who does not feel more cheerful and contented for receiving a polite bow, a genial "good morning," a hearty shake of the hand? Who does not make himself the happier by these little expressions of fellow feelings and good will? Silence, and a stiff, unbending reserve are essentially selfish and essentially vulgar. The generous

and polite man has a pleasant recognition and a cheerful word for all he meets. He scatters sunbeams wherever he goes. He paves the path of others with smiles. He makes society seem genial and the world delightful, to those who else would find them cold, selfish and forlorn. And what he gives is but a tithe of what he receives. Be sociable, then, wherever you go, and wrap your lightest words in tones that are sweet, and a spirit that is genial.

NOTABLE DREAMS.—I remember, when a boy, sleeping in a strange house, in an old-fashioned room, with an oaken store-cupboard over the bed. I dreamt that I was being murdered; the assassin struck me in the head, and I awoke with a sense of pain in that region. Putting my hand on my forehead, I found it sticky—with blood! I felt too ill to cry for help; but at length I alarmed the household, and, on procuring a light, it was discovered that some fermented jam had leaked through the bottom of the cupboard, and fallen upon my head in a small sluggish stream.

A few months ago, shortly before going to bed, a friend had been discussing with me on the peculiar instincts of animals, and more particularly their sense of the coming on of storms. After this he dreamed he was a Worcestershire short-horn, grazing in pleasant meadow on the Herefordshire side of the Malvern Hills. He had a number of companions. Signs of a storm appeared in the sky; a misty vapor hung on the well-known beacon. He remembered distinctly, although he was a cow, watching, with a sense of great delight, the beauty of the preliminary tokens of the storm. With the other cows he quietly strolled to the shelter of an adjacent tree, and waited until the storm should break. He was chewing the cud, and relished its herbage flavor. He distinctly remembered wagging his tail.—Argosy.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

"Cesar! go catch my big horse there."

"Yes, Sir. What you call his name, sir?"

"Olympus; don't you know what the poet says about 'high Olympus'?" "I don't know about Hio; but he limps nuf, dat's for certain."

—Despite the ridicule heaped upon it, the Grecian bend has broken out with fearful agony among the Washington ladies. They seem to have given it an extra touch, which the boys call the "Roman wiggle."

—A gentleman was one day arranging some music for a lady to whom he was paying his attention. "Pray, Miss D., said he, 'what time do you prefer?' "Oh," she said, carelessly, "any time will do—but the quicker the better."

—A gentleman who was rather impatient at table, declared he wished he could manage without servants. "Why not have a dumb waiter?" suggested a friend. "Because," returned the other, "I have tried them—they don't answer."

—A friend in the army writes,—"An Irish soldier brought me an old brass watch to fix. It was worth ten dollars to repair it, and I asked him whether he wanted it fixed at that figure. 'Och and sure I will,' was the reply, if you will agree to take the watch as my pay."

—A doctor who was very angry when any joke was passed on physicians, once defended himself from railway by saying, "I defy any person whom I ever attended, to accuse me of ignorance or neglect."

"That you may do safely," replied the wag; "for you know, doctor, dead men tell no tales."

—There is a provision dealer in Boston who seasons his sausages with the bark of a dog, his wife strings her dried apples on street yarn, his daughter mends her garments with the thread of a joke. She has two lovers on a (twine) string, and proposes to have a vase clipped from her "marble brow."

FAILURES. The man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived, and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overshadow the hill, but the hill is a reality nevertheless. If you fall now and then, don't be discouraged. Bear in mind it is only the part and experience of every successful man; and the most successful men often have the most failures, these but inclining them to renewed exertion.

—Thorau says: "In proportion as our inward life fails, we go more constantly and desperately to the post-office. You may depend upon it, that the poor fellow who walks away with the greatest number of letters, proud of his extensive correspondence, has not heard from himself this long while."

—The best place for young ladies to perform the "Grecian bend" is over the wash-tub. A little practice every Monday will give exactly the position required.

FIRST STEP IN PRAYER. He that makes but one step up a stair, though he is not much nearer to the top of the house, yet has stepped from the ground, and is delivered from the foulness and dampness of that. So in the first step of prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner." Though a man be not established in heaven, yet he has stepped from the world and the miserable comforts thereof.—[Dr. Donne.]

—If a rich man would keep his health, he must live like a poor man.



### Qualification for Office.

A republican form of government, or government of the people, can only be sustained by the consent of the governed. It is upheld by no central power, nor can it survive corruption. The dangerous tendency in it, is that love of office and places of honor become so prevalent that a truckling, fawning, unmanly spirit of sub servility or demagoguism is unconsciously cultivated, till all manliness and independence are destroyed. Our system of conferring office by favoritism, rather than merit, is chargeable above anything else, for this state of things. When men are rewarded by office, for partisan work, simply, without regard to their competency, or fitness, demoralization begins to work in every branch of the government. The appointing power is demoralized as well as the incompetent appointees. Manliness has been banished, and found a price. Votes are sold as well as places of profit, and corruption stalks abroad. Facewell, then, to the liberties of our country. The only remedy would be for the people to rise, in their majesty, and cleanse the Augean stable of every politician, or man with political proclivities, and put those in power who are not constitutionally afflicted with the malady. Love of office is the bane of our form of government. But public servants we must have to do public business. What is the remedy? Simply to apply the rule to public service which we do to private. Select your public servants as you do your private, by their qualifications, and let honesty be the first and fittest for the duties required the second, and government affairs will be conducted as honestly as private ones are.

This is one of the reforms proposed by Mr. Jenckes of Rhode Island, in the Civil Service bill which he has lately introduced into Congress. The people are beginning to understand it, and it is growing in favor. It would be the best measure with which to inaugurate the new administration of Gen. Grant, and give him honest officers and make his term of office the most successful one in the history of the country, and we believe he is just the man to desire to see such a reform commenced.

Mr. Jenckes proposes to have a commission appointed by the President with the advice of the Senate, to examine all applicants for place, their term to be five years. The higher officers appointed with the confirmation of the Senate, cannot be included in the bill, because of the constitutional provision that the Senate has the exclusive jurisdiction. Sub-commissioners would be appointed to assist in examinations in different localities.

Among other petitions in its favor is one signed by Ex-Gov. Bullock, of Massachusetts, the Faculty of Harvard College, the Mayor and six hundred of the leading citizens of Boston, and many others.

### Oxford County.

Sheriff Wornell has commissioned the following Deputies for this County: Samuel T. Beal, Oxford; Andrew Buzzell, Fryburg; Oakes F. Bosworth, Canton; Thomas R. Day, Bryant's Pond; Chas. H. George, Hebron; Alvan B. Godwin, Bethel; Sullivan R. Hutchins, Paris; Benjamin Hartford, Lovell; John Jackson, Dixfield; Henry A. Jewett, Waterford; Russell Lamson, Bridgton; Eben E. Rice, Brownfield; Lorenzo D. Stacey, Kezar Falls; Winthrop Stevens, Norway; Jacob Thompson, Hiram; Josiah W. Whitten, Buckfield.

The late Senatorial Canvass at Augusta called out numerous "Cards" in the Journal—some of which were explanatory and called forth rejoinders, and others pugnacious and sarcastic, which resulted in the "rebut sarcasms." Mr. Kempton, one of the Kennebec delegation who signed the card for Hamlin, was attacked pretty severely for his course, by Mr. Gilbert of Bath, in a Card. Mr. G., intentionally or otherwise, absented himself from the ballot for Senator—so Mr. Kempton appears, by Card, and hits Mr. G. for his belittling propensities, closing with a keen cut as follows:

"But with his (Gilbert's) belligerent propensities, and his anxiety to shiver a lance, he comes out of the struggle unscathed—"

"For he that fights and runs away, Shall live to fight another day."

"TONY CANNON" says that it is reported in political circles that a prominent Democrat will shortly withdraw from his membership on the Democratic State Committee, and give his reasons for the step in a letter. It is understood that he is opposed to the present policy of the party, and will take ground in favor of an early resumption of specie payment.

POETIC. A correspondent of the Bath Sentinel, speaking of a wedding on the Kennebec, expresses his wishes to the newly married couple in the following beautiful and poetic language:

Maybe the sun which shone so splendidly on that morning, be but an emblem of that radiance of prosperity which shall fall upon their footsteps as they advance towards the river that separates the shores of time from the cliffs of salvation where stands the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens

The Times' Washington dispatch says the evidence which has been taken by the Congressional Committee in the New York investigation of the election frauds in the late elections will, when made public, show an amount of corruption of an appalling character. Judge McCinn has sworn that 40,000 persons were naturalized in twenty-one days, and that in his own court he used to turn out citizens at the rate of two per minute, their examination, cross-examination and administering to them of the oath requiring only that space of time.

### Attorney General's Report.

The Attorney-General of the State, Hon. Wm. P. Frye of Lewiston, in his annual report for the year ending Oct. 31, 1868, recommends an amendment to our criminal law, that in all but few of the more atrocious offences, penalties be provided by affixing a maximum of punishment, leaving the minimum to the discretion of the court. This suggestion is made for the reason that, really, there is every grade of guilt in the same class of offences. A recommendation is also made that the legislature should authorize the court, before verdict, to appoint commissioners to admit to bail all persons confined in jail for bailable offences.

Mr. Frye speaks freely in regard to the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors. He deems no amendment necessary to the existing law, as the present penalties are both certain and speedy. If the law does not do its perfect work, it is not because of weakness or defects in the law itself; but because of the laxness of the officers in putting it into execution.

While he would recommend no hasty legislation, he is now, as he always has been, in favor of a State constabulary, preferring, however, that its duty should be the enforcement of all criminal laws. In the matter of the issuing of the warrant for the execution of Clifton Harris, the Attorney General approves of the governor's course; that a strict observance of the oaths he has taken required of him this action; that the judges may neglect to pass sentence after conviction, with the same excuse in law, as can the governor neglect to issue his warrant for the execution of such sentence after it has been duly certified to him. The legislature should clearly define their position upon this law. But while the Attorney-General fully sustains the position of the governor, he is satisfied, from various reasons, that justice does not demand the execution of Harris. The early training of the criminal, and circumstances connected with the murder, should be taken into careful consideration.

The action against B. D. Peck, Defaulting State Treasurer, and bondsman, is still pending. The case should be referred to the governor and council.

There has been but one trial for murder, that of Charles F. Monk for the murder of Aris Q. Kenney at Dixmont, which resulted in an acquittal.

The sentence to State Prison in 1868 were 43; to county jail 62; to reform school, 9; fines, 78; death, one.

### The Reform School.

The report of the Hon. Enoch W. Woodbury, the very successful manager of the Reform School, is before us, together with the reports of the Trustees and the Physician. The Trustees say of the Superintendent:

The Superintendent has proved to be a good economist—buys by wholesale, and of first hands wherever he can, and always pays cash down. He has labored faithfully to enhance his resources on the one hand, and on the other to disburse them wisely and economically. The measure of success that has crowned his exertions is shown in the Treasurer's Report, where a very respectable balance will be found standing, though the appropriation from the State was considerably smaller than usual.

Mr. Woodbury's recommendation concerning the adoption of steam apparatus is cordially endorsed by them, and the Legislature is asked to look into the matter. The library has been enlarged by 200 volumes the past year and is a splendid adjunct. The Chaplain, Mr. Hillman, Dr. Gordon, the Physician, and the Sabbath School Superintendent, Mr. W. E. Gould, are greatly praised for attention to the work assigned them. The appropriation asked for the coming year is \$15,500, 3,000 less than ever before. The Trustees conclude as follows:

In conclusion we venture once more to commend the School to the favorable regard of the Legislature, and of the people of the State. It is doing a good work, and may justly claim at the hands of the humane and the philanthropic a much larger share of their sympathy than it has heretofore received.

Concerning the boy's kitchen and the bill of fare, the Superintendent says: Eight boys assist in this department. We use in this room one barrel of flour a day; and the bread made by the boys, and consumed by them, will not suffer in comparison with that used in boarding houses and hotels. We give the boys for breakfast, flour bread and coffee with the night's milk. For supper, flour bread and coffee with the morning's milk, excepting Tuesday and Fridays, when they have flour bread with molasses and cold water. For dinner: Sunday—baked beans, brown bread and pickles; Monday—boiled corned beef with vegetables; Tuesday—fresh meat soup with vegetables; Wednesday—fresh fish chowder; Thursday—stewed peas; Friday—salt fish; Saturday—fresh meat. They have potatoes for dinner, excepting Sunday and Thursday.

There are many things of great interest in the Superintendent's report, says the Portland Advertiser, for which we cannot possibly find space. We cannot forbear to express our unqualified endorsement of the great excellence of the Institution under Mr. Woodbury's charge. We predicted for him a rich harvest of success when he first entered upon the charge and we know the whole community feels that no man could have done the work better than Mr. Woodbury. He deserves the praise he is so generally receiving.

Dr. Gordon reports a most flattering state of health in the school. Only two deaths have occurred during the year, John Thompson and John Guy, both of whom were invalids when they entered. He says the health of the boys has constantly improved, the cause of which he gives below:

Much more animal food has been given and a larger supply of vegetables and milk. These, together with a much superior quantity of bread, manufactured from the best flour of the market, gives a much greater amount of nourishment, such as is required by boys, and at an equal, if

not less, cost. As a result, the boys are looking healthy and robust, and are much less susceptible to the causes of disease as well as better able to resist its attacks.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S REPORT.—General John C. Caldwell, the Adjutant General of the State has submitted his second annual report, for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1868. The business of the office the past year has been chiefly clerical, involving a vast amount of work, but showing no especially new features. The number of letters received during the year was 5,162, and the number of "Testimonials of Honor" issued since July 4th, 11,500. Besides these two items there have been examined a vast amount of claims for pensions.

The report shows that the testimonials are still in great demand, and notwithstanding the extensive notices published, it is believed that there are thousands in the State who do not know that they are entitled to these certificates. On this point the report says:

To obtain them the soldier has simply to apply in writing, stating name in full, rank at date of discharge, company and regiment and post office address, to the Adjutant General of the State, at Augusta, who will forward the certificate free of charge, if the applicant is found entitled thereto.

The value of these Testimonials will increase from year to year, and the next generation will show them with honest pride as evidence that their fathers bore an honorable part in the great war which saved the nation and secured the liberties of the people.

Concerning the Militia of the State, the report states that the "Blues" and the "Infantry" of Portland "constitute the entire organized Militia of the State." Further on is the following modest recommendation:

I deem it important that we should have a few companies of Militia, conveniently located, who would be subject to the call of the Governor in any case of emergency. I therefore respectfully recommend that a number of volunteer companies not to exceed six in all, be organized by the Commander-in-Chief, to be furnished by the State with arms, equipments and uniforms.

Let us hope that the Legislature will do something towards forming a respectable Militia for the State.

### An Oxford County Invention.

A SHINGLE MACHINE THAT BEATS THE WORLD.

On Saturday last, we took a ride out to the mill of William L. Chase, at North Paris, to witness the operation of a new shingle machine recently set up there, which is exclusively an Oxford County invention, and which must take the palm over all other machines of the kind, in use.

On account of the expense attending the manufacture of shingles, and the scarcity of suitable lumber, there has been for many years a want among manufacturers, for a machine that would make smooth shingles with rapidity, and with a saving of lumber. By an ingenious invention of Messrs. Judson Morton of South Paris, and Merrill Chase of Sumner, these several objections have been overcome. Their machine not only saws smoothly, but planes one side of stuff manufactured, with a rapidity and accuracy truly surprising.

In attempting to describe its mechanism, we would say that we can give no adequate description without reference to cut or diagram. The machine must be seen to be appreciated. For simplicity, durability combined with handy operation, perfectness and amount of work which it can do, the manufacturers challenge any machine in the country. Though the thermometer was below zero, and the shingle bolts frozen, we timed it and found it turned out twenty handsome shingles in a minute, and this is but about half its capacity.

The machine carries six shingle bolts, and is adapted to the manufacture of shingles, headings, salt boxes or any similar boxes. On each side of a vertical revolving hexagonal wheel, are arranged bolt-holding devices, for rolling the shingle bolt to the saw. This movement is produced by bur-rolls, ratchet and pawl. There is a beautiful device for operating the levers to which the pawls are attached; on the shaft of the hexagonal wheel, is a cam into which these levers work on friction rollers; as the machine rotates, these levers, six in number, are operated alternately by the cam, and produce shingles, or with suitable ratchets, stuff of uniform thickness. The whole operation of sawing and planing is automatic and positive.

The saw cuts diagonally with the fibers of wood, as also the planer, thus requiring very much less power than any other machine, to do the same amount of work. The bolt is dogged, or released, by a simple movement of a compound lever, and this also engages with a strong steel spring which securely holds the bolt. The machine occupies a space of 8 ft. by 5 1-2 ft. and will saw and plane 40 M. of shingles in ten hours.

By ordinary machines, 5,000 shingles a day, for two hands, is as much as can be done, and 4,000 is as much as would be averaged with common stuff, but with this machine 14,000 were saved in four hours at one trial, and 73,000 in three days, at another, taking the stuff in the log and sawing it into bolts. Our enterprising Eastern manufacturers at Great Works, Oldtown, will be inclined to throw away their old machines in a jiff and procure these, when they can be furnished. The manufacturers have not, as yet, introduced them into the market, but have already orders beyond their power to supply, at present. They have five under way, and will be able by Spring, to fill orders with little delay as possible. The cost is about \$550, with planer.

Messrs. F. C. Merrill, Judson Morton, and Merrill Chase are the proprietors and manufacturers. The iron work is done at Evan's machine shop, Norway.

### All About Us.

Dr. Colby, the racy correspondent of the Portland Press, dropped in upon us the other day, and this speaks of our village surroundings, in his letter to the Press.

I know of no place in this State, if in New England, where a man who has acquired a competency, can find a more pleasant, quiet and healthy residence than on Paris Hill. The fact that it is the shire town of the county, where justice is dispensed, or dispensed with, twice a year, does not affect the peace and good order of the place, but only relieves for a few days its monotony. Those who would endanger in any manner the safety of person or property are so closely watched by Sheriff Wornell that no fears are entertained of robbery or assault. The county officers are a very genial, industrious class of men, always ready to attend to business first and then to discuss any of the exciting questions of the day. If they are content with the accommodations provided by the county, I know of no reason why others should complain.

The arrival of the mails twice or three times a day, and the weekly issue of the Oxford Democrat, one of the best conducted village papers I know of, are among the most important events, although court and summer boards are looked for with interest by those who are prepared to receive them.

There are in this village some elegant residences, one of which has been recently converted into a hotel and is kept by Mr. H. Hubbard. It is pleasantly and centrally located, well furnished, and its tables supplied with all that is desirable. The Hamlin estate is now occupied by Mr. William Chase. It is the birth-place of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, and some of the large trees in front of the house were set out by his own hand. Liberal offers have been made in behalf of members of the Hamlin family to obtain it for its associations as well as its increased value, but its present owner is not disposed to listen to them. New county buildings would undoubtedly have been erected before this time but for the fact that constant efforts have been made to change the county seat to South Paris, Norway, Bethel, Bryant's Pond or some other place, but so long as so many towns want it there will be no probability of a change.

### A NEW COUNTY.

The proposition to take the northerly towns in Cumberland county and the westerly towns in Oxford make a new county has been agitated, and I should not be at all surprised if that project should eventually be carried out.

### RAILROAD ACCOMMODATIONS.

At South Paris, but three miles from the Hill, two passenger trains and a mixed train, besides some fifteen or twenty freight trains arrive daily from every way. Mr. A. Hersey, the present depot-master, has occupied that position from the day the trains commenced running. His habits of industry, application, and total abstinence from the cause of many railroad disasters, eminently fit him for the place. Much that has been said in relation to the bad condition of the Grand Trunk road is undoubtedly true, but the care exercised in running the trains, by engineers and conductors of good judgment and long experience, has prevented the occurrence of more than the usual number of accidents. The condition of the road south of Paris has been very much improved during the last year, and other sections of the road will be attended to as fast as the rails can be obtained.

### PARIS FLOURING MILL.

At South Paris, on the Little Androscogin, is the Flouring Mill formerly owned and occupied by Woodman, True & Co.; now owned by Messrs. C. Bailey and Alfred Woodman, and leased by Messrs. C. Bailey, A. P. Morgan and D. W. True. This is 225 feet by 40, three stories high, with all the improved machinery, and is under the charge of Mr. W. B. Smith, a miller of long experience. About 15,000 barrels of flour and 30,000 bushels of corn are ground annually, all of which find a ready market in this State. The company now manufacture their own barrels, running a saw mill constantly for that purpose. They make now seven grades of flour which are selling from \$7 1-2 to \$13 a barrel. Their best brand, it is said, is equal to any St. Louis flour offered in the market. Mr. F. H. Skilling is local agent and in the different departments employment is given to about twenty-five men.

### CORN PACKING.

Messrs. Burnham & Morrill, of Portland, have recently commenced packing green corn at South Paris. They have erected a building 100 feet by 46, where several men are now employed making cans, and where employment is given to about 150 persons during the packing season.

### PLOW MANUFACTORY.

The well-known Plow Manufactory of Mr. T. Hersey has recently been sold to Mr. F. C. Merrill and is now quite actively employed. Mr. Merrill is manufacturing a Cultivator which is said to be superior to anything of the kind ever put into the market.

### Waterford.

The Waterford Water Cure had a narrow escape from fire last Friday afternoon. Being a very cold day, the porter built what might be called "a tandoor" in the heating apparatus of the bath rooms, the heat of which communicating to a quantity of sheets and towels hanging near by, set the whole in a blaze. Fortunately it was discovered, and by generous treatment in the shape of copious applications of the water-cure element, the establishment was soon convalescent, with but slight damage to the building.

—Hanover, a little town in the Northern part of Oxford County, has several thriving manufacturing establishments. Howe's woolen mill has recently changed hands, and the new owners will enlarge the building and put in 12 new looms. The tannery of J. D. & W. B. Russell has been enlarged. Charles R. Abbott is building a large carriage factory.

### Grand Army Republic.

At a meeting of the delegates of the Grand Army of the Republic of this State, held at Augusta, on the 21st, inst, the following State officers were elected:

Geo. L. Beal, Grand Commander.

Daniel White, Senior Vice Grand Commander.

J. S. P. Ham, Junior Vice Grand Commander.

B. H. Beals, Assistant Inspector General.

H. A. Shorey, Assistant Quartermaster General.

Geo. E. Brickett, Assistant Surgeon General.

Uriah Balkam, Chaplain.

Edward Moore, O. R. Small, J. P. Quimby, C. W. Tilden, E. D. Haley, Council of Administration.

Edward Moore, Representative to the National Convention.

J. F. Quimby, Mark F. Wentworth, H. A. Shorey, delegates to the National Convention.

Joseph Noble, E. D. Haley, George Varney, substitutes for delegates to the National Convention.

The different Posts of the G. A. R., have adopted the following names since the Department Convention last July:

Post Sedgwick, No. 1, of Bath.

" Bosworth, " 2, of Portland.

" Knox, " 3, of Lewiston.

" Tilden, " 13, of Castine.

" Daniel White, " 19, of Kenduskeag.

" O. O. Howard, " 20, of Augusta.

" Sheridan, " 28, of Biddeford.

" Jameson, " 32, of U. Stillwater.

" T. Lincoln, Jr., " 35, of Dennyville.

The following Posts of the G. A. R., have been organized since the Department Convention, in July last:

No. 38—Dennysville.

" 39—Canton.

" 40—Eastport.

" 41—East Corinth.

" 42—West Buxton.

### Norway.

Post No. 8, G. A. R. is flourishing. The following officers were installed on Monday evening, January 26th:

A. F. Noyes, P. C.; E. H. Brown, S. V. P. C.; G. Crockett, J. V. P. C.; C. M. Smith, Adj't; G. A. Cole, Q. M.

The newly installed officers gave an oyster supper after the installation, and a social time was had. Remarks were made by Gen. Beal, Grand Commander, Department of Maine, Chaplain Paine, of Oxford, who was a Crimean as well as Union soldier, and others.

Post No. 23, G. A. R. of South Paris, also had an oyster supper after their installation.

### Bryant's Pond Items.

There was quite an excitement a few mornings since caused by fire being discovered upon the roof of Mr. Durgin's house. At first it was supposed the house had caught fire within, and had burned through the roof, but it proved to have caught by sparks or cinders falling upon the shingles, and was easily extinguished.

While Eben G. Whitman and W. H. Cole were fox hunting on Tuesday of last week, on Toby Mountain, so called, in Greenwood, they came across seven sheep which had spent the winter thus far, in that desolate region. The southerly side of a projecting rock furnished them with shelter, while the low and dwarfed shrubbery supplied them with forage, quite a large surface of which they had browsed over. Though thin of flesh, they were active and smart, and were driven to the barn of W. H. Cole, where the owner can have them by paying charges.

Influenza has been epidemic in this community during the last month, and cases of scarlatina are not uncommon.

In last week's "Items," your compositor made "elevated perch" read "elaborate porch" in speaking of Fred Lovett's house, which made it unintelligible to your readers here, inasmuch as the said house has no porch at all.

The meeting of Good Templars called at Buckfield next Tuesday, Feb. 2d, for the purpose of organizing a County Lodge, is necessarily postponed to the day following, and will accordingly be held on Wednesday, Feb. 3d, at 11 o'clock A. M. Lodges in the County will please govern themselves accordingly. INDEX.

### East Sumner Items.

Sickness. There are some fifty persons, old and young, sick with measles in Sumner and Hartford, but with good nursing and good doctors (Maxim and Wight) they are doing well.

The P. & O. C. R. R. has been clearing the ice and snow off their track, and are now ready to carry freight and passengers, to the great convenience of the public.

The mills at this place are doing a good business. There is a larger lot of timber hauled in this winter than usual. The Messrs. W. W. & J. Gammon are sawing a large amount of white birch for Bobbins.

Messrs. Tilton & Heald are manufacturing fifteen hundred dozen of hand rakes for which a large lot of ash has been hauled in.

I. Cushman, Esq., raised a stalk of Beans, with 322 pods on it, averaging five beans to the pod, making 1610 in all.

### East Rumford Items.

Sudden death. Wm. Virgin, son of Hazen F. and Lizzy Virgin, died Dec. 30, of measles. He was sick but two days.

Sad accident. F. B. Virgin, while chopping wood last Friday, struck the axe into the great toe, cutting it through, and making a very bad wound.

Mr. A. B. Swain has sold his stand to D. G. Frost. Mr. Frost intends to go to keeping public house, in the spring. Mr. V. D. Fuller has disposed of his trotting horse.

The folks in this vicinity have a nice lot of hogs for sale.

Charles A. Kimball, Esq., of Rumford, sold last week a yoke of oxen weighing 4600 lbs. for \$400.

### Bethel Items.

The citizens of this village have at last awoken, and risen up against the vendors of intoxicating liquors. A temperance meeting was called on Wednesday evening last, in which all the citizens present expressed themselves heartily sick of the transactions of the past few months; speeches were made by at least twenty-five, and a committee of vigilance appointed to wait on all those known or suspected of dealing in the illegal traffic, and notify them to desist, and to execute the law hereafter. The next day the committee attended to their duty and shut up several places of frequent resort. A Lodge of Good Templars is to be organized this week, and all seem determined to make this village a thorough going temperance village. Another meeting is to be on Tuesday evening, at which the committee are to make their report. This temperance movement is free from any party or political influence, but all parties and religious denominations have taken hold in earnest, and are determined to see the law fully executed.

Another society of young men has been recently organized and the temperance pledge signed by them, and they have taken hold with a determination not to be out done by the older citizens. I think every town in the county will follow the example. Let the rumrunner beware, for they will certainly feel the extent of the law if there is any motive power in the citizens to enforce it.

Rev. E. W. Jackson, delivered a temperance address in the Congregational Church on Sunday evening, 17th inst. The church was well filled, and the lecture was of great interest and profit. After the lecture, a Good Templar's Alliance was formed and Mighill Mason, Esq., was chosen chairman. The first meeting was held in the Congregational vestry, on Tuesday evening, 19th inst. A very good attendance was present and much interest was manifested. It is expected of all the clergymen and other friends of this town, to take an active part in these efforts and contribute to its support. Tell the preacher to preach temperance to every person, at prayer to pray it, to those who sing to sing it, to those who vote to vote it, yes bring it to the ballot box, where Americans are in duty bound to settle political questions which create or annihilate, which kill and make alive. The next meeting will be held in the vestry, Tuesday evening, 26th inst. C.

### Biscoe Falls.

While riding by the residence of the late Capt. Eleazer Dunham, I drove into his carriage-stall, to protect my horse from a north-east storm, while I stepped into the house for a moment only. On returning for my horse, found him very roving, striking with his fore feet, and throwing blood from his nostril, at every breath, with great fury. Upon examination, found that he had got caught in the nostril by a chain hook which was extended from a beam above, tearing the nostril up for several inches, severing the hide from the bridge bone of the nose, and laying it partly over his mouth. To see my kind and faithful animal so disfigured, to me was horrible.

I drove to Snow's Falls, and was there advised to call on Dr. Buck for surgical aid. After securing the valuable services of Mr. Geo. Dunham as an assistant, I started for Dr. Buck's, at West Paris, and asked him if he would try his hand at veterinary surgery. I had in reply a prompt and ready "yes." We then took the horse to Mr. Lurvey's large and commodious stable. There being no tackle present, we had to resort to the yankee ingenuity and ready wit of Mr. Bryant, which never fail him in tried emergencies. With the assistance of some that were strangers to me, the horse was cast and bound "Sampson like," and in twenty minutes the Dr. had the wound cleaned, and eight stitches taken, connecting the lips of the wound so perfectly in their original form that the wound healed very readily. The horse is now sound except a slight scar which would only be noticed by the Lynx-eyed jockey.

My thanks are due to all those kind friends that helped me in the time of need, and especially to the Dr., for the reason that it was out of his line of practice.

JAMES H. JACKSON.

### Peru.

Miss Charlena Greene, of this town, has obtained the talismanic number of buttons, thus adding another to the list of button connoisseurs. Indeed, there is more to this button mania than we had supposed; their form, material and color are pleasing and interesting features in the collection. Few understand the amount of labor required to collect such a variety. Five counties have contributed to this string.

Severe colds prevail here with pulmonary tendencies. Our schools have suffered much.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN FALMOUTH.—We learn from the Argus that a very sad affair happened at Falmouth on Thursday. Mr. Joshua Swett, while trimming trees in the woods at that place, accidentally struck with his axe a lad named Marston, aged ten years. The axe glanced, it appears, from a limb, and striking the little fellow in the body, cut him so deep that the wound left the liver exposed to view. A teamster passing the spot later in the day, first discovered the ghastly sight of the child, and then the man, who was lying on the ground near by, writhing in convulsions. The child, of course, was dead, and Mr. Swett is not expected to recover.

—The Lodge of Good Templars at Oxford (Craig's Mills) held a public entertainment at the Methodist Church in that enterprising village, on Thursday evening, to obtain money to purchase an organ. The exercises consisted of declamations, dialogues, music, and an address by N. Dingley, Jr. An excellent supper was served. The entertainment was a complete success.

### State Temperance Convention.







