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Poetry.

"PRETTY VERSES."

BY DAVID BARKER.

Some years ago—so say my notes—
When Sabbath's hallow bells were chiming,
The music from their hollow throats,
Induced me straight to take to rhyming.

For many a dreamy hour I sat—
And having closed poetic labor,
I put my rhymes within my hat,
And started for my nearest neighbor.

My neighbor's eldest girl, I knew,
Laid claims to being "literary";
So to her father's house I flew,
To read my poetry to Mary.

She was the fairest of our race;
Her waist was small, her fingers tapered,
And smiles around her rosy face,
Like lambskins round a pasture capered.

I read of war, and read of peace,
And read of many an ancient nation,
Of ancient Rome and ancient Greece,
And thousand things throughout creation.

I read how raven eyes enaced
A dagger for each trusting lover;
But eyes of blue, and slender waist,
I echoed nearly ten times over.

I read of husband and of wife—
A note prepared to please my fairy;
I hinted of my lonely life,
And of the witching name of Mary.

I closed my reading, raised my eyes,
To throw me on her tender mercies;
When with a dreamy yawn she cries,
"By baby, then is pretty verses."

Within my hat I put my rhymes,
And raised the latch, and left my fairy;
But never have I, since those times,
Read "Pretty Poetry" to Mary.

Select Story.

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"And so you have really and truly en-
joyed this month in the country, cousin
Clive?"

"I have, indeed, Florence; and the only
thing that takes the sting from regret at
leaving this place, is the thought that you
are to return with me, and that I may try
my utmost to make you enjoy the next
month as I have done this."

"To introduce me into society, to bring
me out, I suppose?" said Florence. "But
don't you think I am rather old for that
sort of thing? I have seen twenty, cousin
Clive."

"Without one season in London," said
he, "without one admirer save the clown-
ish young men of the neighborhood, with-
out a single offer of marriage, if I mistake
not, Flo. It is really shocking to bury
your beauty for so long in such a remote
place as this."

"As to the offer of marriage you are
wrong," replied the young lady, laugh-
ing. "I have been honored by two, one
from Mr. Sam Gregory, who, with a good
deal of bashfulness and fidgeting about,
asked my consent to be Mrs. Sam, and the
other from the Reverend Westport Deane,
a poor curate, who couldn't sound his r's.
I didn't accept either."

Mr. Clive Hardinge lifted his hand with
a gesture of disgust, and shaking his head
replied dolefully, "Which it will eventu-
ally come to, perhaps, if you are not
quickly lifted out of this mediocre class in
that higher grade of society to which you
are entitled by birth and position. I am
very glad you are going to my mother
for a little time; for although there is not
my dear cousin, a more perfect lady in all
London than you, yet the constant com-
panionship of this so-called upper class of
the village might in time cause you to for-
get that your superior birth precluded
the possibility of ever choosing a husband
from among the young men of the fami-
lies you are in the habit of visiting; for
it would ill become the blood of a Har-
dingle to mate beneath her."

The hot blood flew up in a torrent to
the girl's face as her cousin uttered these
words, for she knew her mother had been
so considered to demean herself when, two
and twenty years ago, she disobeyed the
commands of a stern parent and stern
brother, and proudly placed her hand
in the strong, warm grasp of a man who
had no sin against him but his poverty,
his ambitious day dreams, and his love
for her. She remembered how, in this
obscure spot, they had eked out his meag-
re pittance; how the glorious produc-
tions of art that his glowing imagination
had vivified into almost living creations,
had passed away, and left the noble face
drawn and sad, and the large, eloquent
eyes, that had fought so bravely for them,
a closed volume of blindness and death.

Then the struggle of life for existence,
the long years of suffering and sorrow of
her early life, and subsequently the two
hundred pounds a year that some un-
known relative, dying, left them.

She had never seen a single member of
her mother's family until a few months
before, when Clive Hardinge, son of that
brother who had sealed up his father's
heart against his sister all the years of his
life, came suddenly upon them in their
quiet home, was struck with the refine-
ment that pervaded the atmosphere in
which his aunt and cousin lived, and
charmed with the rare grace and fresh
beauty of the young girl. He hastened
to create an amiable understanding be-
tween his mother and Mrs. Lysle, which,
being easily effected, as Mrs. Hardinge
entertained no feeling of resentment to-
ward a woman she had never seen, he
suddenly fancied that the cool fresh breeze
of Hillsdale might have a beneficial in-
fluence on his town bred constitution, and
therefore, without much circumspection,
he gave a broad hint to that effect. His

aunt took the hint and invited him. Dur-
ing his stay he and Florence had been a
great deal thrown together, and, with a
constant interchange of thought and op-
inions passing between them, grew in a
month pretty well to know and appre-
ciate each other.

Clive Hardinge was neither handsome
nor young; but he possessed that which
English people, and English women es-
pecially, value more in men than correct-
ness of feature, or even youth—strength,
courage and manliness. Five and thirty
years had rolled over his brown head, and
left the wavy hair still brown, and the
gray eyes undimmed in the fire of their
boyhood. He considered himself a mid-
dle aged man now; and as no Midsummer
day dream ever had tinged with a tran-
sient brightness the even tenor of his life,
it was long since rolled up in the for-
gotten past. He took an interest in Florence,
a deep interest, by reason of her beauty,
her innocence, and her unprotectedness.

Man of the world as he was, thoroughly
understanding all the ins and outs of so-
ciety, he felt that his cousin was no com-
mon girl—that she was at once adapted to
fill a higher position than that in which
she had yet moved. He took his interest
to heart, and acted rather vaguely upon it.

In the pause that succeeded his last re-
mark his keen discernment instantly de-
tected the insult he had unintentionally
offered her, and with a slight embar-
rassment in his face, he bent forward, and
said, earnestly, "Forgive me, Flo; do
not misunderstand my meaning. I am
referring to yourself. You will be en-
gaged before you leave London. Mark
my words."

The flush died out of her face, and a
merry sparkle danced in her eyes as she
said gaily, "What, in one month? My
good cousin, how quickly you are going
to dispose of me! Make no rash prophecy
thou oracle of evil."

"But I do," said Clive. "Let me bet
you a dozen pair of gloves that my pre-
diction comes true."

"Against what?" she asked.—"Against
a kiss," he replied.

"Sir, you surprise me," said Florence.
"But you would lose your bet."

"If I lose I will pay," said he, "and if
you win you must pay."

"But I shall not lose, cousin Clive,"
said Florence. "I am sure that none of
the gentlemen to whom you introduce me
will satisfy my fastidious taste."

"Wait until you see them, my dear
child," said Clive. "You are unreason-
ably fastidious. I only fear they will find
too easy ingress to that little untended heart
of yours."

She laughed a laugh that had a ring of
scoff in it, which made him look up with
a puzzled expression, as though he could
not quite fathom her, as she left the room.

"Mrs. Earldale's saloons were crowded
with fashion, beauty and wealth. It was
her last ball of the season, and the most
brilliant she had given. Among the as-
sembled ladies it was evident that one
was the centre of attraction, the dazzling
star around which the smaller stars seem-
ed to shine. She was quite surrounded
by gentlemen obtrusive in their attention
and tiresome in their flattery. She seem-
ed to feel it acutely, as she stood, with
heightened color, and disdainful lips,
mutely in the midst. She scarcely lifted
the curling lashes from her dark, black
eyes, or gave the least movement to the
hair that covered her white shoulders like
a golden veil. She was perturbed and
distressed, and wanted to get away from
them. All the evening she had been her-
self merry and gay; but her most care-
less glance had been met by one almost
passionate in admiration, her laughing tones
answered by the most fulsome flattery,
that, angry with herself and them—hav-
ing aptly learned in three short weeks to
heartily despise the hollow mockery of
what the world calls pleasure—she now
stood this last hour in the ball room in
anything but a happy frame of mind. At
last there was a break in the circle, and
the low tones of the votaries of fashion
ceased for a moment, as a young man of
quiet, gentlemanly bearing made his way
up to the young lady.

"Miss Lysle," said he, "permit me to
conduct you to the conservatory. You
were speaking of—"

They had passed through the rooms,
and she had thanked him for bringing
her away.

"But where is Clive?" she asked. "And
are we not soon going home? I am so
tired, Willie."

"Tired of dancing, or of London dissi-
pation, Florence, which?" he asked.

"Both," she replied. "I wouldn't live
here for worlds, if I am to be dragged
about night after night like this."

"Then such a life has no charms for
you?" he said.

"No, indeed," was the reply. "I am
disappointed in Clive Hardinge. I tho't
him superior to such frivolity. He seems
to like it."

"There you mistake Flo," said her
companion. "It is society that courts
him; not he who courts society. As you
say, he is superior to it."

"Then why does he go into it so much?"
she asked.

"He is performing a sort of penance,"
was the reply, "and mixing with gaiety,
which he detests, for the sake of one whom
he cares for much, to see if the pure gold
of spirituality in her heart will stand the
test of the scheming world."

She looked up into the clear dark eyes
of Clive's dearest friend; but beyond the

smile upon his lips, and the slight pres-
sure of her hand upon his arm, she could
read nothing.

"I am going home in five days," she
said, as they passed through the rooms.

"Are you sorry or glad?" she asked.

"I shall be glad to see my mother
again," she replied; "but I shall be sor-
ry to leave my aunt, she has been so kind
to me—and—cousin Clive."

"He is rather old, don't you think, Flo?"
something of the old bachelor about him
old—too to marry, in fact."

"Who—Clive?" she said. "He is not
old, is he? I never noticed it. His hair is
not gray, and his face is not wrinkled."
He is very handsome, is cousin Clive."

"Handsomer, Flo? You must have
put on love's spectacles, surely; as he is,
I could never call him handsome yet."

"Don't talk nonsense, Willie," said
Florence, pettishly. "I repeat Clive Har-
dingle is handsome; he has more strength,
might, and majesty in his countenance
than a dozen of ordinary men. Here he
comes; now judge for yourself."

If a very weary look and face denoted
a handsome physique, Clive Hardinge
certainly possessed it, at that moment.—
He came forward to Florence.

"Would you like to go now?" he said
kindly; "my mother is already cloaked,
and waiting for the carriage."

She quietly took his proffered arm, and
extended her hand to Clive's friend, bade
him good night.

Miss Lysle sat at work in her aunt's
morning room, the day before her depar-
ture home. The blue cashmere robe she
wore suited well the purity of her com-
plexion and the rich curls of glittering
hair. She looked marvelously pretty, and
so thought Clive Hardinge, as he made
his special business to visit the room
that morning. But her eyelashes were
wet; she looked as if she had been shed-
ding a tear or two, silently there to her-
self; and perhaps the softness and ten-
derness in her face made her appear more
beautiful still. Clive carried a long nar-
row box in his hand, of blue enamel and
gilt, and placed it under her eyes.

"The bet, Florence," said he. "Had
you forgotten it? You have won it quite
fairly—or will have done so to-morrow,
for there remains yet one more day before
the month is completed. Now will you
tell me why you have so coldly declined
the two offers of marriage you have been
honored with since your stay with us?"

"I did not feel myself honored," she re-
plied. "One was from a spendthrift
and debauchee; and the other from a brain-
less fool, who possessed but one idea in
the world—that of admiring his own fig-
ure."

"But you have repelled admiration so
persistently," said Clive; "others, who
certainly admired you, might have—"

"Thank you, cousin Clive, for the bet.
May I look?" interrupted Florence Lysle,
as she put out her hand for the box.

"Certainly not, until to-morrow," was
the reply; "then you wear home the pre-
tious pair of gloves the box contains, if
you like; and when you are gone, per-
haps I shall be able to get back my rest
again, and my appetite. You have rob-
bed me of both since you have been
here."

"Cousin Clive!" she exclaimed.

"I say you have robbed me of both,"
repeated Clive. "Before I saw you I was
able to eat like any other mortal; but now
the dazzling things at the table are not
the plate and crystal, but a pair of hands
that keep moving up and down, and mes-
merize my eyes to look at them. Before
you came I could sleep soundly enough
at night, and wake up refreshed in the
morning; but now my dreams are wild
and feverish, of bewildering eyes, and
glittering golden hair, and one ethereal
form that comes between me and slum-
ber."

"Please don't, cousin Clive," said Flo-
rence.

"But I will," said he. "Oh you shall
fairly win your bet, my little Flo. I am
a cross old bachelor, cousin; but for all
that, I mean to tell you that I love you
with all my heart and soul."

Her head dropped down suddenly, and
the long hair fell over her hot cheeks, and
her hands trembled and clasped them-
selves together on her lap.

There was a painful pause, and when
Florence dared to lift her eyes she saw
Clive Hardinge's face buried in his folded
arms, quiet and still. She rose hesitat-
ingly, and then went up to him, placing
one soft hand on his hair, while with the
other she extended the unopened box.

"I do not want your gloves, cousin
Clive," she said.

"Why not?" he asked, with white lips.

"Because I have lost my bet," she re-
plied, turning away her shy face.

"Florence—my darling Flo, have I
won it?" he exclaimed, rapturously, start-
ing up, and catching her hand.

"Yes, and me too," she murmured, as
she lifted her blushing face to his, and his
arms closed round her in a tight embrace.

Interesting Incidents Relative to the Late Rebellion.

From Pollard's Life of Jeff Davis, we
cull the following facts from the inside
workings of the Confederacy, or glimpses
behind the curtains.

A Denunciation of Davis.

The President's policy of *dispersion*
decided against an aggressive campaign
for 1861. It was the true logical cause
of that inaction which ensued after the battle
of Manassas, and in which the spirit of
the army declined.

The radical disagreement between Mr.
Davis and the Generals at Manassas, ap-
pears to have founded his first dislike to
Johnston, and to have developed his
tendency to imperious and envious com-
mand.

But these scenes were not to occur,
however sure might be the destruction of
the enemy. There was one suggestion
to which Jackson had not a ready reply.

There were some thousands of non-
combatants yet in Fredericksburg, among
them women and children; and General
Lee was unwilling to risk their safety by
firing on the town. He must reluctantly,
however, have declined the proposition of
Jackson, for the fact is that the infantry
of the First Corps (it was the Second that
was to strip for the attack) had been
posted to defend the artillery and were
waiting the signal for the bombardment,
when the order came to them to retire
within their breastworks. The next night
—the 15th of December, 1862—a Federal
army yet numbering some sixty thousand
men moved quietly out of the jaws of
destruction, crossed the river without
molestation, and left the Confederates to
rejoice over another barren victory.

THE ULTIMATE RESORT.

He refers to the tardy decision of the
leaders to arm the slaves in behalf of the
Confederacy, when the game was almost
played out:—

It was a fatal inconsistency. By a few
strokes of the pen the Confederate gov-
ernment had subscribed to the main tenet
of the Abolition party in the North and
all its consequences, standing exposed
and stultified before the world. We
repeat that the only ground on which the
South could justify Slavery, was that it
kept the Negro in his proper situation,
in the condition that was best for him,
where he reaches his highest moral,
intellectual and physical development,
and could enjoy the full sum of his natural
happiness; in short, that while living with
the white men, in the relation of slave, he
was in a state superior and better for him
than that of freedom. Yet this important
theory was destroyed by the Confederate
government, when it proposed that the
Negro's freedom should be given to him

son of a Hungarian, who now resides in London, is a naturalized English citizen, and was formerly English Consul at Jaffa. His son was born at Jerusalem, is some 30 years old, is intelligent, speaks six different languages, dresses in Arabic costume, and is quite a favorite among the travellers there.

The colony has proved a complete failure. Many have died, and more have returned to the United States. Others have gone to other countries, and twenty-five of the original members only remain. Most of them were undoubtedly sincere in their religious belief, yet superstitious and fanatical, duped by a cunning zealot, and unfortunate in their hazardous enterprise.

The fate of this colony does not settle the question, whether any colony of Americans can flourish in Palestine. The government there is bad, and it is difficult to get redress of grievances. The climate is delightful, and not unhealthy to persons who have become acclimated. I should prefer the Plain of Acre, on the Mediterranean, or the Plain of Esdraelon lying back still farther east. The latter is the most fertile land in Palestine, and cotton grows there luxuriantly. The plains between Jericho and the river Jordan are fertile, but the wild Arabs beyond the Jordan are such inveterate thieves that they would probably destroy or plunder the crops. Still it is very uncertain whether a colony could long maintain itself and prosper there. For the present the land must be given up to the shiftless wandering Arabs, slovenly Jews waiting for their redemption, and despotic Turkish officials.

Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, AUGUST 6, 1869.

State Election, Monday, Sept. 13.

FOR GOVERNOR.

J. L. Chamberlain.

Republican County Convention.

The citizens of Oxford County, who endorse the principles set forth in the resolutions adopted by the Republican State Convention at Bangor, June 24th, are requested to send delegates to a Convention to be held in the

County House, Paris, Ill., on Wednesday,

August 25th, at 11 A. M.

for the purpose of nominating candidates, as follows:—Two Senators, County Treasurer, Clerk of the Courts, County Commissioner, and to transact such business as may properly come before the Convention.

The basis of representation will be as follows: Each Town and Plantation will be entitled to one Delegate, and one additional Delegate for every five votes cast for Joseph L. Chamberlain at the gubernatorial election in 1868. A fraction of forty votes will be entitled to an additional Delegate.

The County Committee will meet at the Court House, Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, to select a delegate to each business as may properly come before them.

J. L. CHAMBERLAIN, Chairman.

Republican County Convention.

The U. S. Senator Question.

The Portland Advertiser of last Sunday "breaks ground" early on the next Senator question—viz., though it is not to be decided by the next Legislature, will enter into the canvass this year as prominently, perhaps, as next year, owing to the fact that some new Senators and members of the House this year, will be accorded a re-election, by custom.

The Advertiser is understood to be Mr. Fessenden's organ, and comes out squarely for him, declaring that it is useless to put the question on personal grounds, but definitely puts it on the Senatorial-impeachment course. It says: "The question which is really to be decided is not simply whether this or that man will best represent the State in the capacity of Senator, but whether any man who respects his manhood or his oath can serve us in that capacity."

It further asserts that Mr. Fessenden's vote on impeachment "was an act of such supreme importance that his re-election must and should turn upon it."

This sounds very well—but the truth is, the honorable Senator is but human; and the trouble with the people is, they are not inclined to credit him, in his impeachment vote, with that unflinching disinterested spirit, that is claimed in his behalf, but were rather apt to invest him with the infirmities which great men are not entirely free from, and attributed his course to "private griefs" best known to himself.

—The Bangor Democrat's division of the twelve Congressional districts is quite contrary to the probabilities of the case. No doubt what is now the Second District will remain as it is with the addition of Lincoln County. This will give the required number of voters, and will form a compact district. The new Knox and Lincoln Railroad will be completed in about a year, and then Lincoln County will be very convenient to Lewiston as a center, says the Journal.

—The Chicago Tribune thus speaks of political affairs in Ohio: "The nomination of Rosecrans as Governor of Ohio is a regular wet blanket on the Democracy. Poor Sam Cary is mad; Pendleton is mad; Judge Ranney is mad; and everything is unlovely all around. Old Pap Thomas being off on the Pacific coast, with no intention of returning, little Rosey will have to take the soundest thrashing he ever got in his life, next October, with nobody to save him from complete annihilation. Rosey always gets whipped on the first day, and the first day is all there is of an election in Ohio."

—Superintendent Johnson has issued a circular to the School Committees of the State reminding them to send in their annual returns; urging them to send as many teachers as possible to the Normal schools; advising them to reject incompetent teachers without mercy; inviting them to attend the County Institutes in full force, and lastly reminding them that the success of the public schools depends mainly upon their personal efforts. We trust these suggestions will not pass unheeded.

The Senator Question in 1871.

Mr. Editor: The Senate of the United States is the highest Legislative body in the world, and the most honorable public position a man can occupy under our Government. This being a conceded fact, it is not at all strange, that men of public aspirations, have ambitious views in that direction. And there is nothing disreputable in all this, even if the place is desired by our most eminent and distinguished statesmen.

While it is right and proper, for men of rank and ability to use honorable means to reach this highly respectable and lucrative position; it becomes a matter of far more importance to the people who, and what kind of a man shall represent them there. A man elected to the United States Senate for six years, in a comparative sense is beyond the reach of his constituents. It is true the Legislature of the State may "instruct" him, how his people desire him to act upon specific questions coming before him, but history tells us, that in a large majority of cases such instructions are disregarded.

The truth is, the honor, honesty, moral and political integrity of a Senator in Congress is the only guarantee, that his constituents can have, that he will correctly represent them, and prove true to the high, and important trust committed to him.

As the Legislature is the legally constituted agent of the people for the election of U. S. Senators, the proper, and in fact the only place to canvass the question, is in the election of members to this body.

Candidates for the State Senate and House of Representatives who desire the support of the people, if they have opinions upon great and important questions to come before them like that of the election of a United States Senator should define their position, and let their friends know where they stand; if they have no opinions that they are willing to express, they should at once retire from the field.

I know it is said, that members of the Legislature should never pledge themselves in advance, that their constituents ought to be willing to trust them. As a general proposition upon all ordinary questions of legislation this assumption may be correct. The U. S. Senator question, very clearly should be an exception to the rule. If the people desire the election or defeat of any particular man, it is their right to know in advance how their Senator or Representative stands upon the matter; and if he or they refuse to define their position, it is the best evidence in the world that they mean to cheat, especially if they shall fancy it is for their personal interest to do it. It is said men who pledge themselves—sometimes violate their pledges—admitted; but that only shows that the people should never, under no circumstances, trust a man, who will not keep his word of honor inviolate.

At the election of a U. S. Senator does not come off until 1871; it may be asked—why agitate this subject now? I answer, a State Senator according to party usage, unless he declines the trust, is virtually elected for two years. And such is the custom in a portion at least, of the Representative Districts; hence members of the Legislature of 1870, who according to the party usage, expect a re-election, and who are to be nominated and chosen this year, are virtually chosen for the legislature of 1871. It is said Hon. Samuel Tyler of Brownfield, declines a re-election to the State Senate, from this County; if so, then we shall be virtually nominating a State Senator for 1871, at our next County Convention.

From present appearances the Senatorial contest of 1871 will be an exciting one. "Forewarned, forearmed," should be the motto of the Republicans of old Oxford. If in that canvass, the Delegates from this County shall be invited to endorse sentiments and opinions the great republican party has most emphatically repudiated and condemned, we want men who will "stand firm."

If the republican party of Maine have been betrayed in the past, Heaven forbid that such infidelity to party and Country should ever receive the indorsement of old Oxford. J. J. P.

Georgia.

Political affairs in this State look more threatening than ever. There seems to be a determined resistance to the enforcement of the Internal Revenue laws. Mr. William E. Haywood, who was recently appointed Assistant Assessor in one of the divisions of the Georgia districts, has been compelled to decline the appointment for the reason that it is impossible for the Assistant Assessor to fulfil his duty in that section of the country to which he has been assigned. The Ku Klux have possession of the county, and as often as the Assistant Assessor has appeared to fulfil his duties he has been waited upon by parties informing him that he could depart peacefully, but if any attempt was made to carry out official instructions he would be killed. The Ku Klux have openly invaded the office of the Assistant Assessor and forced their conversation upon the Government officials. Since the inauguration of Gen. Grant three unsuccessful attempts have been made to enforce the Revenue laws. Commissioner Delano has not determined what shall be done to assert the rights of the United States in that locality. It is understood he is in favor of increasing the civil force, and if this recommendation should not meet with approval, then to enforce the laws by the protection of military aid. It was objected that the parties appointed as Assistant Assessors might be obnoxious to people residing in that part of the State, but there is no longer doubt that the opposition comes direct from unconquered rebels, and the manner in which this speck of rebellion will be crushed out will undoubtedly convince the Ku Klux that the United States is still able to hold every foot of the territory in the southern States.

—Gold, in New York, 4th inst., 1.36.

The Country.

"Flee to the mountains" seems to be the cry on the sea board. Paris Hill is now in its full tide of natural beauty and gaiety of summer company. All our houses are full. Mr. Hubbard's popular house is over-run, and he has to lodge some in other quarters. We hear that other favorite resorts in the County are also full—Rumford, Bethel, Andover, Norway, South Paris, &c. Each year finds our county, the "Switzerland of New England"—acquiring new fame as a summer resort, and increased facilities for the accommodation of pleasure seekers are commensurate with the demand. On Monday evening last, a most gorgeous spectacle was visible, consisting of a mellow tinted horizon which seemed to give a pinkish hue to the whole atmosphere, blending with the green foliage and fields, and robing all nature with magnificent luxuriosity. It was a scene for an artist, but if delineated by the finest teacher of art, in all its beauty, it would be considered "highly wrought."

Dixfield.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal does not give a very enthusiastic account of this thriving village. He writes as follows:

Dixfield is a queer place. It has one guide-board and six lawyers. We have been there and know it is so. The guide-board is used to point to a road that nobody travels. The lawyers all have a solemn look. As there is no minister in town they attend to the spiritual wants after the Mosaic dispensation except at funerals, when they send out of town for a clergyman. The valley is a pleasant one. It has one hotel of the composite order of architecture. It has maintained a flourishing High school for many years past. A ride up and down the Androscoggin throughout the town is the most delightful imaginable at this season of the year. The river is studded with islands which are covered with dense maple groves, and are known by the inhabitants as sugar orchards. We wanted to see a little steamer winding along among these general isles to make the picture complete. Nowhere in New England, we believe, is there such island scenery. The river works its way among the mountains as quietly as possible. It is remarkable that for a distance of seventy miles there is one fall—the Rumford Falls—where a steamboat could not descend in safety at a medium pitch of water, and yet the river is pressed on either side by mountains the whole distance.

The mountains in Dixfield are numerous and look alike, so that the inhabitants do not dare to name one for fear it will give offence to another. One road runs through the town along the river, while roads deviate from this in all directions among the mountains. Take which one you will and drive on and you will be sure to come back to the point you started from. At least this was our experience. Never did a town more need guide-boards for a stranger than this. We intend to leave this matter soon with the aforesaid lawyers.

Dixfield is a fine agricultural town. Excellent farm buildings may be seen all over it. We noticed many old orchards. A little more attention to pruning them would improve their value. The village has a fine water power at the outlet of Webb river. Large quantities of lumber are still floated down from its head waters. The village has supported a flourishing High school for many years. It is now under the charge of Mr. J. F. Holman, a popular teacher. The citizens hold public meetings each week for mutual improvement which are well attended.

Bethel, July 26th, 1869. Leaving the city of Lewiston eight days ago for a ramble in the country, my wanderings brought me in this direction. The scenery is beautiful at this time of the year, and the three public houses are all filled by summer travellers from Boston, New York and this State. The Chandler and Chapman Houses are on the south side, which is called Bethel Hill; they are built on an elevated part of the town overlooking the whole town. The Adams House is on the north side of the river, kept by J. A. Stockbridge, formerly of Lewiston, who "knows how to keep a hotel," and how to entertain a stranger, of which I have proof. Three miles up the river at West Bethel is a nice summer hotel called the Mineral Spring Hotel, from the spring close to the house, which is built at the foot of Aureguncotek mountain. The water of this spring has many good and valuable qualities containing iron, sulphur, magnesia, &c.

Farmers hereabouts are busy haying and are getting a good crop under cover. Crops look well and prosperous. If any of your readers want to enjoy good pure air and nice scenery, let them come this way.

Mr. Editor: Having seen in the Democrat an inquiry for a recipe for making "Pickled Lily," or "Tomato Relish," I forward one furnished by friends in New Hampshire, where it is much esteemed, and is prepared in large quantities for family use. One peck green tomatoes, chopped, four large onions, one cup salt. Let them stand twenty-four hours, then drain off the water. Add one gallon vinegar, one table spoon, each, Black Pepper, Allspice, Cinnamon, Cloves, one half teaspoonful ground mustard, one cup Horse Radish, grated, one cup sugar. Boil a few minutes, or until tender.

If the vinegar is good, three quarts is sufficient, and most persons would prefer to dispense with the onions. C. A. P.

—The Richmond Examiner does not like the organization known as the "Grand Army of the Republic." In a recent article it says: "The soldier as a power in the land is fast dying and will soon cease entirely to exist. He lived like a being in the day of his power, but will die at last like a dog in his kennel."

Norway Items.

As Mr. Calvin Pierce and wife of Norway, were riding down a steep hill on Wednesday last, 28th ult., on their way to the funeral of a neighbor, the harness broke letting the wagon upon the horse's heels. The horse became unmanageable and ran, throwing both out. One of Mrs. Pierce's legs was broken in three places, and Mr. Pierce was so seriously bruised that he is now confined to his bed. They were attended by Drs. Evans and Verill.

We have had heavy showers in this part of the town, washing our hard hills badly. Some have been repaired, others need it much.

Mr. James Shedd has built a nice barn with a stone cellar, in place of two old barns which he took down. It will add much to the looks and convenience of his pleasant situation.

Mr. Ira Moulton has added a piece to his barn and shed.

Mr. Brock has built a good carriage, wood shed and granary in the place of the one crushed by snow last winter.

Our apples are light for this section. Miss S. Anna Heath of Sumner, has just closed a very successful and satisfactory term of the Intermediate school in Norway village. The examination evinced the highest order of discipline and instruction. The Winter term of this school has been offered to Miss Heath. The district hope to have the good fortune to secure her services for another term.

Bethel Items.

The farmers in this section were made glad last week by the welcome appearance of rain. The ground was getting to be dry and crops were suffering from drouth, especially on sandy soils.

Most of our farmers commenced haying two weeks ago and some will finish this week if good weather prevails.

While riding through Bethel and Gilead the other day, the rattle of mowing machines was heard on every side.

Union and Wood's machines are mostly used in this section.

The hay crop will not be so heavy as last year, but of a much better quality.

The early sown grain begins to show a golden hue. Grain of all kinds never looked better and a larger breadth than usual has been sown.

Hops are looking much better than the price. While by the way we notice the hop lice have made their appearance some three weeks earlier than usual and it is being discussed among farmers that the hop crop will be a perfect failure. Farmers should hold on to their old crop a few months longer, and undoubtedly it will bring a good price.

The apple crop will be light in this section. Berries of all kinds have been plenty, and at this time lots of raspberries are being picked. We have been informed that blueberries are very thick on the mountains and plains. A party from this town intend to go to White Cap, in Rumford, this week.

Wool sold in this section from forty to forty-five cents a pound.

Maj. A. Grover has purchased the late Dr. Grover stand on Mill Street.

Mr. Moses Abbott, of this town, aged sixty-three years, died very suddenly on Monday, 26th of last month. Mr. A. had been afflicted with fits for several years past. A few days before he died he remarked to a friend, he felt as though his days on earth were few. On the day of his death he was walking in the road near Walker's Mills, when he was taken in a fit. Mr. Ripley, who lived near by, found him just in season to see him breathe his last. His last words were "I'm going home."

Canton Items.

We are pained to mention even at this late date the death of Martha E. Dunn, who died in Dixfield, on the 10th of June. She was the daughter of widow Evelyn Dunn, of Dixfield, but having lived here, and formed many acquaintances and associates, her remains were brought here and the funeral services were held in the Universalist Church, Rev. O. H. Johnson, attending on the occasion.

She had the measles in the fore part of the winter, and took cold while she was getting up from them. She leaves a fond mother to mourn greatly her loss, and many friends and relatives to weep over her youthful grave. She was but sixteen, cut down as she was coming into the prime of life; "gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." One that was loved has been taken away. God has recalled a creature, and has taken the living soul to Himself, while mortality is left to be carried back by nature to that dust from which it came.

On Friday Mr. C. E. Gammon, breathes his last, much to the satisfaction of those who have watched over him, to know that he was out of agony and pain. The funeral services were held in the Baptist house at 10 o'clock on Sunday, Rev. Wm. C. Stevens attending on the occasion; also, Revs. Parker and Hulse were present in the pulpit. The house was literally packed full, yet the services were listened to with marked attention. After the services were through, among the notices given, was that Mr. J. E. Adams, of Boston, would lecture on the subject of Intemperance, in this house at 5 o'clock. At a quarter past 5 o'clock Mr. Adams, being introduced by Rev. Mr. Parker, commenced his lecture before a large and intelligent audience; and as he advanced in his reminiscences of past life, he carried away his audience with him, so that tears gushed forth from many an eye. Mr. Adams has been a dissipated man for twenty years, but he thanked God, he says, he has got his eyes open, and has got a work to perform. He was many years a play actor and companion of John Wilkes Booth, of whom he related incidents connected with his life. We understand he is coming again. Due notice will be given, and we promise a full house. Don't fail to hear him next time.

Messrs. Hayford and Marshall, have this week completed the shipping of from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of Maine wool, by

railroad from the various towns in this vicinity, to parties in market, for whom they have this season purchased the same. They inform us that the clip in this section is much lighter than last year, estimating the decrease at fifty per cent, from the previous year. Had there been the usual quantity, they would easily have made up their purchases with the same exertion, to one fourth of one million pounds.

The expected trial of the Wood Mower against the Buckeye Mower, which is to come off in this vicinity on Saturday, the 7th inst., is exciting considerable interest. It is expected that many will be present at the trial, and all ought to be, who ever expect to purchase a machine, and test the quality of the machine.

Hartford.

The Crystal Wave, I. O. of G. T., of East Buckfield, elected the following officers for the quarter commencing 1st of August, the 29th, by a full house. Installation at their Lodge Room, on the 5th, by George W. Shaw, Lodge Deputy. Members were present from Boston, Bangor, and Kingston, Minn.

Eugene L. Bennett, W. C. T.; Miss Emma H. Morrill, W. V. T.; Mrs. Nancy R. Crooker, W. S.; Clifford Hutchinson, W. E. S.; Leander Hodgdon, W. T.; Manderville Campbell, W. C.; Frank Chase, W. M.; Richard Young, W. I. G.; Charles Berry, W. O. G.

Delegates to the County Lodge, Wm. Bicknell, Leander Hodgdon, Manderville Campbell, Mrs. George W. Shaw, Mrs. Nancy R. Crooker, Mrs. Melvander G. Forbes.

During the last quarter the Ware initiated 13 members and added several choice volumes to their well read Library, which is a source of pleasure and profit to many, and finished a suitable room for their meetings, for which they hold a satisfactory lease for two years. Funds sufficient to cancel all demands and some for the time of need. Although all the male members are tillers of the ground, save three, the interest was sufficient to hold a meeting every Thursday evening, for the past year, notwithstanding the great depth of snow the winter past, and the busy time of haying the present season. Principle and duty, not mere self is the motto which gives life to all societies that live.

The warm weather, commencing the 25th, and the much needed showers of the 27th, gave new life to corn, which will be a good crop, if August and September prove like those of old. "Twas said by our fathers, if we can keep corn growing till *Dog Days* come, there is no danger of a failure. May they come early and tarry late, is the wish of their sons. The prospect of grain is good, potatoes depend upon the quantity of rain that shall fall. Most of the hay is secured in extra condition, which is more than an average crop. Farmers, in this part of Oxford, have great reason to rejoice in view of the fine prospect and if the *Crispans must strike*, and will make it one of the rules of their order, to strike with the scythe in haying time, they will receive the thanks, for they make some of their best help in time of need.

Hartford.

From South Paris to the "Albany Basin."

Mr. Editor, were you ever there? If not we advise you to give yourself the pleasure of visiting that wonderful locality, the first opportunity. Last Friday a party of us, numbering seventeen, made the visit. We started about 6 o'clock A. M., arrived at the "basins" about half past 9. The scene that presented itself was startling in the extreme.

At some age of the world a mighty convulsion has rent the very mountains, heaving and tilting the rocks, some of them weighing hundreds of tons, in every direction. Down through the ravine thus caused, tumbles and sings a brook, forming in the "basins," which are larger excavations, much deeper than the general convulsion seemed to run, beautiful sheets of water in which many fishes were sporting themselves, while in the space intervening between each succeeding "basin," each one lower down the mountains than the preceding—the water forms beautiful falls, some of them many feet in depth.

Your space will not permit an extensive description of this truly wonderful place. Two gentlemen of the party, who have spent nearly two years among the Rocky Mountains, testified that for wildness and grandeur, they had never seen this surpass.

After satisfying our curiosity somewhat, the next thing was to satisfy our inner cravings. Capt. H. N. Bolster was duly appointed "cook." He immediately proceeded to duty by improvising a fireplace and "putting on the pot" to boil. Z. C. Perry stood by to pronounce upon the flavor of the coffee, which he did with the perfect taste of an epicure.

Two of the party, who had long contemplated entering that happy state, would have been united in the "bonds of holy matrimony," in that romantic spot, had not the indispensable "license" been wanting. G. A. Wilson, Esq., was on hand to perform the ceremony, and we thought he wore a somewhat lugubrious countenance the remainder of the day, we suppose, because he failed to get the "fee." The whole occasion was thoroughly enjoyed, and it was unanimously voted to come again at no very distant day.

ONE OF THEM.

WEST PARIS, July 29, 1869.

Mr. Geo. W. Young left in my Office, two days since, a full grown ripe Tomato. F. A. Young has also several specimens of Tomato fully ripe—both from plants of their own raising.

Haying is pretty much through in this vicinity; crop fully up to average in quality and quantity, though large lots were out during the rains of this week.

Corn looks very poorly, crop must be small. Other planted and sown crops are looking well.

Up Ellis River.

One of the finest rides may be had from Rumford Point up Ellis River to Andover. As you leave the Point you pass a beautiful curve in the Androscoggin river, presenting a lovely scene that one will not easily forget. Ellis River rises in a mountain range near the Umbagog chain of lakes and makes almost a straight course to its mouth. For ten miles from Andover village to Rumford Point, the descent is only nine feet. On each side of the river are broad intervals which are cut up into splendid farms. They are in fact large hay farms. But few places in Maine present so good an array of first class farms as here. The valley is hemmed in by mountain ranges, and is largely made of river terraces, on a large scale. In our travels over the State we have nowhere seen so much clear cultivation as here. On large pieces not a weed would be seen. This, to our view, is a pleasant sight. There is an air of independence in everything about the town. We suppose that a professional loafer is a matter only of history, or tradition.

The village of Andover Corner is on an extended plain, and is made up of neat and elegant residences. We were pleased with the residence of Dr. L. Ingalls, which is sheltered by a belt of pine trees, that break off the winds and make his situation equivalent to a hundred miles farther south. While there the whole valley seemed like a huge bellows which was receiving the cold wind from the northwest and pouring it into every nook and corner where we happened to be. We saw some fine residences in town without a single tree to break off the winds or obstruct the glare of the hot sun which pours in here on a hot summer day with great power. How much comfort there is in trees. Going up on the west side and down on the east side, we had a fine view of the mountains and of the character of the soil and people. It has no poor schoolhouses in town, while the most of them are neat and elegant and convenient. Andover is becoming an attractive place of summer resort for those who seek quiet from the city. There is a road from here to Richardson's Lake, twelve miles distant, where fishermen go. The ride up and down this valley is a delightful one. The road is level and in good order. The moral tone of society is excellent, and we left the town with exalted views of its worth. Our thanks are especially due to Dr. Ingalls and family for their many favors while there. Though a New Hampshire family, the town and State are the better for their living in it.

T.—Lewiston Jour.

[For the Oxford Democrat.]

Mr. Editor, Sir: I notice an article in the Democrat of July 30th, signed N. L. Marshall, in which he accepts the Challenge of trial between the Walter A. Wood, and Buckeye Mower. I take this opportunity to give my reasons to the public for not acceding to the propositions proposed by Mr. Marshall, as therein given, viz.: It was my object to give the farmers of Oxford County, a fair chance to witness the trial; Mr. Marshall has designated the town of Canton, which is at the extreme limit of the County, and away from any railroad connection whatever. He claims to "secure himself" one or more pieces of grass suitable for the trial. This I claim should not be for Mr. Marshall or myself to select, but should lay entirely with the Committee. Furthermore I am unwilling to meet any machine for trial, on "one or more pieces" of grass with only one half day for sail trial, but shall claim at least two days trial, as is generally the practice when a thorough trial is to be had, in grasses wet and dry, upright and lodged. Again I object to being compelled to select any part of the committee within two hours of the trial, from entire strangers to me, and all of whom, as it is arranged, may be the personal friends of Mr. Marshall. I simply ask that the trial be fair in every respect, and not all in favor of either side. I thank Mr. Marshall for his correction as to "bet" or "wager" which is rather technical than sound in point of law, inasmuch as I presume that either term or "purse" proposed might be covered by the statute.

J. S. WADSWORTH.

Gen'l travelling Agent for Wood Mower. South Paris, August 2d, 1869.

A Visit to J. G. Rich, Esq., of Upton. A writer in the Lewiston Journal has been on a visit to our Upton correspondent, and thus describes him:

Among the noted characters in the Umbagog region is J. G. Rich, Esq., the hunter. For thirty-five years he has resided here and hunted the wild animals with a pleasure known only to those who indulge in the chase. He is intelligent and knows more of the private habits of our wild animals than any man living, and has written out some valuable articles respecting them. A book from his pen containing a minute account of their habits, would be a valuable addition to our natural history, and be highly entertaining and instructive.

He keeps a museum of objects collected by him, such as stuffed birds and animals, eggs and monstrosities. He showed us a bottle containing a hundred or more perfect specimens of fresh water snails that he had taken from a land pigeon's stomach. (*Columba migratoria*.) We could not have accredited this from a less reliable source. We know that the land pigeon will drink continuously like a horse, but we were not before aware that they would go to the water or mud for their food.

He says that rabbits and hedgehogs are great gnawers. His hatchet handle was half gnawed off by rabbits supposed to be after the salt with which the handle was saturated. He showed us a large moose's antlers with the tips all gnawed off. He said that he once caught some hedgehogs eating up a pork barrel. They had eaten it more than half up. The cover was entirely consumed, which they ate for the sake of the salt. We have in our possession the thin bone of a moose, which was gnawed up at both extremities with great

force. We had supposed that this was the work of a beaver, but Mr. Rich informs us that it is the work of a hedgehog.

He has numerous specimens of the work of the beaver. They gnaw off quite large trees, but do the work wholly on the side to which they wish the tree to fall. They cut up the limbs and small trees into pieces about two and a half feet long, which they sink into the water by a process he has not yet been able to discover. Among his curiosities is that of the skin of a red deer, whose hair is partially white, much like a Hereford cow. He has fine specimens of eggs from all the large birds that inhabit the lake country.

He has supplied Prof. Agassiz, with large numbers of specimens, as well as orders from Europe. He prepares his specimens by stuffing, by skeletons or in alcohol.

He moved from Boston to Richardson Lake. Here his oldest son was born who is now a member of the senior class in Yale College. He has caught seventy-three bears, between fifty and sixty moose, and an immense number of other wild game. His passion for hunting is still clinging to him. We met him just returning from a bear hunt. He says the signs of fresh bear tracks were abundant, but this only made him more earnest to catch them. In the three years that he resided at Richardson Lake, he killed one hundred and nine Canada Lynxes. We should suppose they could not have been very agreeable companions. He has never killed a wolf. Among the singular freaks of nature is a natural harp formed by a limb projecting from a beech tree, then forming an angle and again completely inserted into the body of the tree. It is eight feet long resembling a gigantic harp. So perfect is the insertion of the limb that one cannot tell at what extremity it was inserted into the body of the tree. His knowledge of the geography of Northern Maine is very extensive, having ranged all over the mountainous country to the Canada line.

Mr. Rich is now fifty years of age, resides at Upton, near the foot of Umbagog lake, in a spacious house erected by himself within a few years. He is now engaged in trade, but still indulges occasionally in his favorite pastime of hunting. He is bringing up a large and intelligent family of children, and bids fair to live to a good old age in spite of the vicissitudes of life to which he has been exposed. Our many thanks are due him for the favors we received from him while at his house.

—There is keen wit and capital satire in the following, from the Bangor Whig and Courier:

[Correspondence.]
By the French Cable.
CARRIAGE EMPORIUM,
Natural Seaport, July 1869.

Gen. Frank Linsmith—Dear Sir—I had the honor to be selected spokesman by the fellows who assembled in Bangor to set the Democratic Carriage in motion. Among all the excellent hubs that circulate about the gubernatorial axle-tree, you were turned out as the only sound material with which to finish the running apparatus of the vehicle. The body having been putried, painted and varnished to cover up the homely scars which have come from careless driving, the wheels being newly tired and oiled, the seat being re-stuffed, the people are "waiting for the wagon," and if agreeable you will put yourself in trotting condition, place yourselves in the thills, and make ready for a start at once.

Practically yours,
P. KEY CIMBALL.
[P. S.—Private—Those new carriages are worth \$350—50 per cent off for cash to you.]

SHADOW OF WATERVILLE COLLEGE, July 1869.

P. Key Cimball, Esq.—Dear Sir—It pleases me to find that the hewers of wood who assembled in the lumber city have improved their notions sufficiently to do their log-rolling with the "Percy Cant Dog," rather than by hand. I was gratified to learn that, in the complimentary vote to yourself, they had finally decided to discard from their structure the slabs and cross-grained edgings which have too long been allowed to block up our streams and delay the drives. Satisfied that the gang assembled in camp at that time were composed of the sprucest and firmest stump-pullers in the Pine Tree State, that their platform is built of the staunchest oak pinned with seasoned hucknabs, and that our destiny is to break the knotty "radical jam," I accept the laboring oar of the ratsman, at the same time protesting that I am a leafless shrub never destined to flourish like the green bay tree.

In haste, yours,
FRANK LINSMITH.

[P. S.—Private—How's the lumber at the Port? I'll furnish you cheap. Business before Politics.]

NARROW ESCAPE. While Mr. O. C. Frost was passing home from his hay field in Bethel on

OXFORD COUNTY
Insurance Agency!
ESTABLISHED AUGUST, 1865.

CAPITAL REPRESENTED, OVER
\$25,000,000.00.
Twenty-Five Million Dollars.

If you want Insurance of any kind, call upon
HOWE, and he will put you into one of the
following Companies, which are the
Best in the Country!
 And the best is always the
Cheapest in the end.


Patronize Home Agents,
And not get swindled by these wandering *Jacks*,
who represent irresponsible Companies.
Statements of the best Companies may be seen
at my Office.

ÆTNA, of Hartford.
HARTFORD, of Hartford
HOME, of New York.
ROGER WILLIAMS, of Providence.
NEW YORK LIFE, of New York.
TRAVELLERS, of Hartford.
RAILWAY PASSENGER, Hartford.

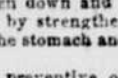
FREELAND HOWE,
AGENT.

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.
March 5, 1869.

FOUTZ'S
CELEBRATED
HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS.

 This Preparation, long and favorably known, will thoroughly re-invigorate broken down and low spirited animals, by strengthening and cleansing the stomach and intestines.

It is a sure preventive of all diseases incident to this animal, such as LUNG FEVER, GLANDERS, YELLOW WATER, HEAVY BREATH, COLIC, DISTEMPER, FEVERS, FOUNDER, LOSS OF APPETITE, AND TUBERCULAR ENFERMITY. Its use improves the food, increases the appetite—gives a smooth and glossy skin—and converts the miserable skeleton into a full looking and spirited horse.



To keepers of Cows this prepara-

ation is invaluable. It is a sure preventive against Rinderpest, Houd Horn, etc. It has been proven by actual experiment to increase the quantity of milk, and cream twenty per cent and make the butter firmer and whiter. It gives them an appetite, loosens their hide, and makes them thrive much faster.

In all diseases of Swine, such as Coughs, Ucers in the Lungs, Liver Ac, distillers Ac, acts as a specific. By putting from one-half a paper to a paper in a barrel of water, the disease will be eradicated or entirely prevented. If given in time, a certain permanent cure for the Hog Cholera.

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