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Poetry.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

How wondrous are the changes, Jim,
Since twenty years ago,
When gals wore wooden dresses, Jim,
And boys wore pants of tow;
When shoes were made of calf skin,
And socks of homespun wool,
And children did a half-day's work
Before the hour of school.

The girls took music lessons, Jim,
Upon the spinning-wheel,
And practiced late and early, Jim,
On the spindle swift and reel;
The boys would ride bare-backed to mill,
A dozen miles or so,
And hurry off before 'twas day,
Some twenty years ago.

The people rode to meeting, Jim,
In sleds instead of sleighs,
And wagons rode as easy, Jim,
As buggies now-a-days,
And oxen answered well for teams,
Though now they'd be too slow,
For people lived not half so fast,
Some twenty years ago.

Oh, well, I do remember, Jim,
That Wilson's patent stove,
That father bought, and paid for, Jim,
And how the neighbors wondered,
When we got the thing to go!
They said it would bust and kill us all,
Some twenty years ago.

Yes, everything is different, Jim,
From what it used to be,
For men are always tampering, Jim,
With God's great natural laws;
But what on earth we're coming to—
Does anybody know?
For everything has changed so much,
Since twenty years ago.

Miscellany.

THE HANDY MAN.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

We are going to write a treatise on a domestic virtue, for which we have compounded a name of our own. We call it "Handiness." It is a qualification that we, in every walk in life, are suffering the want of, and we shall proceed, therefore, to give its definition, and treat upon it.

In Webster's Dictionary we find the adjective "Handy," with the definition "dextrous, ready, adroit, skillful—skilled to use the hands with ease, in performance." As when we say he is "handy with the saw or the plane."

From this adjective we coin the word handiness, of which we intend to treat as a domestic accomplishment, and one, the culture of which would add more to the comfort and happiness of life than multitudes which people spend time and money to acquire.

In the course of modern refinement and civilization, our houses have been filled with contrivances of comfort, which, owing to the general lack of all the members of the family in this one property, become constant sources of work, and labor, and discomfort.

Our houses are a perfect network of water-pipes, a wilderness of faucets. We have self-filling and self-emptying tubs, washing machines and cleaning-knife machines, patent egg boilers, and lamp-filters; and lamp-trimmers, and coffee-pots, and tea-pots, and soup-kettles and grid-irons, and gas-stoves—all of which are supposed to be exceedingly handy. They are meant to make life so convenient that its work will seem almost to do itself; labor is to be performed by self-adjusting machinery, going with the accuracy of clockwork.

But, in point of fact, to live in one of these houses, the master of the house must either have in high cultivation the accomplishment of handiness himself, or he must keep on salary a whole relay of artificers of every description, who keep up a constant procession to and from the house, attending to his various conveniences.

A handy man is so practiced in the regulation of the little utilities of the house he inhabits, that a slight touch here and there, a screw turned here and a screw loosened there, and a nail driven in time, he keeps all working smoothly, and averts those domestic catastrophes and breakdowns of which Punch makes so much capital in his picture.

The handy man knows where every stop-cock is that ought to be turned off in cold weather, and it costs him not half an hour's work to do it. He sees the moment the kitchen boiler exhibits symptoms of a leak or collapse, and in time does the little thing that saves the great thing from occurring.

The handy man knows how to use every sort of tool that keeps his house in order. They are all neatly arranged, in his own private drawer, sacred from the meddling of children and the borrowing of the

careless. Is a pane of glass shattered on a cold day, the handy man first stuffs it with a bundle, or pastes it over with newspaper, and then rushes to a glazier's, who of course is not at home, or who says he will come and mend it immediately, and doesn't come—meanwhile the wind blowing in gives the baby the croup, and the mother a severe cold.

The handy man, on the contrary, has his diamond, his measuring rule, his putty, all in readiness at a moment's notice, and the replacing of a square of glass is an affair of a quarter of an hour, before he goes to his office or store.

There springs a leak in a joint of a water pipe. The handy man has his soldering tools and kettle, and it is stopped in a moment, while the unhandy man is running up town for a plumber.

The handy man has no small bills to pay to any kind of mechanic, for he stops every leak in its commencement, and replaces every screw the moment it is loose.

A piece of veneering starts on the side-board door. The handy man has an invisible brad of precisely the size to drive in its place—it is done in a moment. The unhandy man sees the crack widening day by day, in imbecile despair. Finally, the moulding falls off and leaves a long, unsightly seam.

There is one loose screw in one of the hinges of the wardrobe door—the door will not shut, the difficulty increases day by day, until the whole hinge is loose, and finally the door hanging by its whole weight on the lower hinge, and assisted by the unskillful hands of green Erin, tears off altogether, with such a wreck and crash as to make it necessary to send the wardrobe to the cabinet maker, or bring the cabinet maker to the wardrobe. What journeys and contemplations of the hapless, unhandy man! how he forgets it one day, and calls the next, and finds the cabinet maker out! and how miserable he is when his wife tells him about the dust that gets in on her new bonnet; and at last when all the planetary powers seem to agree, and the cabinet maker is at home and has time to come out, then he declares it is a piece of work that must be done at the shop, and forthwith ensues such a confusion that one distractedly doubts whether a wardrobe is a convenience that pays for all its trouble. The number of things that are to be routed out of a wardrobe, the inexpressible confusion while the wardrobe is gone, the delays of the cabinet maker, who, having got to his shop, waits until he has a leisure hour before he attends to it—all these form a domestic picture that may be conceived, but over which we draw a veil.

In like manner there is a leak somewhere in the roof of the house, and every time that it rains, through this leak in some mysterious manner, the water drops down through the ceiling of the rooms. The unhandy man is exhorted by his wife that this ought to be attended to. He promises to attend to it and forgets it—he never thinks of it until it begins to rain, and the water begins to drip, and pails and tubs are in requisition to catch the superfluous moisture. Then, agnized and penitent, he flies to a house-carpenter, who promises to come, and forgets it likewise; and so on through successive showers and floodings, till finally there comes an avalanche of plastering, which ruins the carpets and furniture underneath, and makes the question of mending the roof no longer doubtful. Repairs of some two hundred dollars have now to be done, on account of the leak which the handy man would have stopped in two hours.

The handy man not only can do all these things which properly belong to men's department, but, in case of sickness or other causes that disable the female part of his household, he can distinguish himself in his peculiar department. He can cook nicely—he can make bread and bake it so as thereafter to be enabled to instruct the cook in many points which have escaped Hibernian observation. He can set a table and cut bread with a nicety that has been supposed peculiar to female hands alone.

Nor is it to be supposed from all this that the handy man is unmanly. Some of the most distinctively manly men we ever recollect to have seen, had this peculiar accomplishment of universal handiness. And the woman to whom providence has awarded such a jewel ought to give thanks for it especially upon her knees, for she has no idea how much of the wear and tear of her life he saves her.

We have insisted so far on handiness in men. As a general thing there is more of this property in women than in men, but there is a very great want of cultivation of this faculty among women. The ordinary class of servants which we receive into our houses are unhandy to a degree that amounts to a fine art. They are really injurious in finding wrong ways of doing a thing. Placed, as we have described, in houses full of delicate and critical contrivances which require only thoughtful and nice handling to keep them in good working order, they are, some of them, quite remarkable in their capacity for getting things out of order.

But in the same manner that it is desirable that a man should understand and be able to occasionally do the work of a woman, and as he can do it without becoming unmanly, so women can learn to understand and to do many things which pertain to the work of men, without becoming unwomanly.

A woman who lives in the country, for

example, may sometimes be able to save a life by knowing how to harness a horse. It is, of course, not a proper feminine employment, but it is a thing quite easily learned, and the knowledge of which may come in play in exigencies.

We think it would be an advantage for women to learn to use the more ordinary tools of a carpenter—the plane, the gimble, the screw, and screwdriver—in which case they might stop many of the little domestic leaks we have indicated.

It should be an object in educating children of both sexes, to encourage a versatile handiness. If there is a child who is peculiarly unhandy, the parents should stimulate that child to endeavor to rectify this defect, to become skillful and dexterous. Children should be encouraged and guided in any inclination they may have to construct and to make and to mend. Mothers should train their boys, while they are little, to do the work of women, by way of giving versatility and dexterity to the use of their hands.

And we think girls might with advantage learn to do some of the work of boys, with the view to strengthening their hands. Each sex would be the better for acquiring a little something from the other.

BAGGING THE BUSHWHACKERS.

Arrived at about half a mile from where they had bivouacked for the night, from the top of a hill over which the turnpike ran we could plainly see their large camp fire glimmering through the tree, but being distinguished nothing further. Imagining that they must at least have taken the precaution of stationing a sentinel on the road, I instructed one of the darkies to creep forward and ascertain the fact, while with my squad cautiously advanced about a quarter of a mile further on. Ned soon returned, and reported that there was a man slowly walking up and down the road about a hundred yards from camp each way, though he seemed to be doing rather drowsy duty.

Upon this intelligence I formed my plan of attack. At the suggestion of one of my sergeants I took down sufficient wire from a disused line of telegraph, and selecting two favorable trees, growing on either side of the road, I extended the wire thence doubled across it, some two feet from the ground, so as to trip up their horses, if as they would probably do, they should attempt to escape along the road. This spot was about two hundred yards from the camp. Leaving my best sergeant with six men to guard this pit-fall, with full instructions how to proceed in every emergency I could imagine, I then, with the rest of my men, and guided by Ned, made a long circuit around, so as to strike the road about the same distance beyond the camp. Here I set up a similar wire trap, and left another six men and a sergeant to guard that, with the same instructions. All this we were fortunate enough to accomplish without attracting the attention of the sentinel, who seemed to be more than half asleep, and was paying as little heed to outside matters as he was unsuspicious of danger.

I then led the rest of my men by another circuit, still under Ned's guidance, to the rear of the camp, so as to fall upon them from the side opposite the road, and obliging them to take flight towards one or the other of my two snares.

Thus far all had succeeded admirably, and I began to feel elated in the prospect of capturing the whole party without firing a shot, when a mishap occurred which came near marring our whole plan. One of my men, a kind of a nervous, excitable fellow, though brave and reliable in other matters, seemed to be constantly anxious lest his piece was not loaded or primed right, and perpetually fussing with it to be sure of its being in proper condition.

And just in the nick of time, as such things always do happen, when we were within a hundred yards of the quietly sleeping party, bang went the idiot's gun. I could have pummelled him soundly then and there, but we had no time to lose. The shot, of course, alarmed the Bushwhackers, who unluckily seemed to be resting on their arms, and all prepared for a contingency in everything but watchfulness; and although I at once gave the order, and we rushed forward with a cheer the instant after the shot fell, every man of them was in the saddle before we reached the spot. But they were sufficiently taken by surprise to have no idea of resistance, and when we stopped at about twelve yards and poured a volley into them, they every man but one, whose horse was shot under him, wheeled about and galloped down the road towards my second ambush. This was all I wanted, and we followed on at a run, shouting with all our might and main.

By the time we had got about half way towards my trap we heard the regular tramp of the horses turned into a kind of confused, scrambling noise, mixed with oaths and screams, and immediately followed by a volley and a rousing cheer from my six boys who were watching it. The other party, according to directions, now came posting down to join us, and when I reached the spot a few seconds after, I found a perfect pile of horses and men in the road, who had scarcely recovered from their surprise and stunned tumble. We made a rush upon them, and clubbing such as offered resistance, with little pains captured the whole party, for so completely paralyzed were they by their topple over the wire that they fired but six or eight shots before we had disarmed them all.

Having stripped them of their weapons I sent a couple of men after such of the horses as had made their escape; and they were easily caught, as having recovered from their scare, they were mostly grazing by the roadside. The fellow who tumbled at the camp had been captured by Ned and his comrade. Four of the number were hit, one badly through the body, the others slightly; one being a fellow I had cut in the arm with my sword as he raised his revolver at me when we ran upon them at the close. Only one of our own men was hurt, a sergeant, who was shot in the leg by one of the guerrillas before he could clasp him down with the musket. This was doing very well, considering the hand to hand fight we had had, and especially as we had captured eight men. The three others had been sent further on by the officer of the gang, on a plundering tramp, but not thinking it best to pursue them myself, I sent the unhurt sergeant with six men to hunt them up. Three of the horses had been hit or lamed, so that we had to leave them behind, to the no small gratification of the negroes.

Then mounting such of the wounded men as could still ride on the remaining horses, and taking the door of an adjoining barn off its hinges, and covering it with blankets, as a stretcher for the badly wounded man, I made the four able-bodied prisoners hoist him on their shoulders and carry him along in the centre of the column. I need not say that I took care to choose the best beast for myself; having done which we set out on the homeward journey, puffing up with vanity in no small degree.

It was now full daylight, and as we could see for some distance over the sparsely wooded country, I dispensed with the harassing duty of flankers, and under the influence of success, my men, despite loss of sleep, a long march and an exciting combat, made along at a pace of two miles and a half an hour. The negroes followed us some distance with their cries of "Hallelujah!" and "Lord be glorified," teasing the eyes quite as proudly as we on the crest fallen prisoners.

By breakfast time we reported at camp, amid the wildest acclamations of delight and gratulations from our comrades, who now, for the first time, saw "live rebels," and envied our success not a little. And here occurred a little fracas, which illustrated so well Colonel Stradella's idea of discipline and the rights of officers that I may as well mention the affair.

As we filed into camp we were, of course, instantly surrounded by crowds of enlisted men, and a group of the officers stood a little further off. While I left my squad in charge of the prisoners for an instant, to step up and report to the Colonel, one of the men began taunting a rebel, using towards him some very mean and unsoldierly epithets. At first the prisoner answered no word; but, finally, nettled at the unmanly insult, he turned upon his aggressor, exclaiming: "D—n you, you're too mean a Yank to notice, anyhow!" Whereupon our man, brute as he was, stepped up and deliberately slapped the defenceless prisoner in the face.

Col. Stradella, with his characteristic sharpness of eye, had been keeping a half watch upon these proceedings while listening to my report, and if he could not hear the words that passed, could easily guess their purport from the gestures. No sooner did he see the dastard step up to the rebel prisoner with uplifted hand than he drew his pistol on him with a "Santa Dia volo!" and the fellow had no sooner committed his mean assault than, with a yell, he lay sprawling on the ground. On picking him up we found he had received a nasty wound through the shoulder; but as it was a proper requital for his cowardly blow, he had little pity wasted upon him, and was carried off to the hospital with the other wounded, to be examined and dressed by the surgeon.

And, though the Colonel had no manner of right, according to our views of discipline, to use his pistol in so reckless a manner, the case was so evidently one of speedy retribution that it was never mentioned except with a "Served him right!"

This first affair of mine was peculiar in many respects. With one exception it was the only hand-to-hand fight I ever had, and was one of the most successful exploits in which I was ever engaged. I can scarcely be said to have been under fire, for not a dozen shots were fired by the enemy all told; nor was our own danger at any time great. And although I confess to have felt nervous and "twitely" while making my preparations to bag the gang, when once started into the fray I lost all sense of any thing but confidence that we had netted them to a man.—Col. T. A. DODGE, in Puckard's Monthly for September.

(For the Oxford Democrat.)
A Sketch by the Way.

The small tribe of Elijah, whose sir name is Baker, live in Dalton, N. H., on the banks of the Connecticut river. On the pleasant day, Aug. 24th, the tribe had a mind to ascend Mount Washington by the way of the White Mountain railroad; so having procured horses and carriages for the journey, we started for the great center of attraction, the king mountain of New England. We passed the Summer House famed in history as the favorite resort of the tourist, who are ever much charmed with the beautiful land scapes of the hill country of Index, (Dalton.) Leaving the road leading from Dalton to Lancaster, which is well known

to pleasure seekers as being one of the most delightful drives in northern New England, we passed along on the banks of John's river, now and then in full view of luxuriant oat fields and long potato patches planted for starch factories, which greatly abound in that region. Then passing rapidly over hill and through dale we reached the Ammonoosuck river, that picturesque and romantic stream much frequented by the uncivilized Indians, the aborigines of our extended territory, who gave peculiar names to mountains and rivers. Passing along some four miles on the banks of this wild chaotic stream, never to be of any special benefit to civilization except as furnishing mere water power, we arrived at the old Fabyan stand, which, for many years was the starting point of the noted bridle path to the summit of Washington. From this long frequented place to the foot of the mountain, the road (six miles and a half) is private property, a regular turnpike. This passage extends though a dense forest.

The profound slumbers of this forest land had never been disturbed by the sound of the woodman's axe until about three years since. Hauling upon steeds at the entrance gate of this new passage way, and procuring of the tax gatherer, a right to pass over it, by paying fifty cts. per horse and carriage and fifty cents for each person in the carriage, we hastened on to the depot, where is exhibited the eighth wonder of the world. The ascent of Mt. Washington commences about one mile and a half before we reach this place.

After having taken a pleasant morning ride of twenty seven miles, a distance sufficiently long to sharpen the appetite for breakfast, we arrived at the end of our carriage road, at half past nine o'clock. Here we found the first rude beginning of civilization, the work of a year's toil. A few acres of primeval forest had been cleared. Piles of brushwood and larger timber burning, which afforded a sufficient amount of smoke and cinders to protect all visitors from the annoyance of vexatious mosquitoes and the black flies, that have a peculiar relish for a person's blood. A cheaply constructed saw mill has been erected, a very essential thing for men who think to make a home in the wilderness. There is also a large cheaply furnished stable for the comfort of the many beasts of burden that bring in from the outer world, the seekers of pleasure, and the needful supplies.

There is a house of entertainment, not yet a rival of the Glen House or even the Alpine House, either in spaciousness or in elegance. There is also a depot, a telegraph office, a machine shop, and other buildings of less value.

Soon after our arrival many others came pouring in from the old Crawford House, Littleton, Lancaster and Carroll, all alike having in mind to ascend up among the clouds by steam instead of gas. Two trains of cars were standing on the rail track, ready for operation. Each train comprised of one engine and one car.

The mass as they arrived, came rushing onward over rocks, and stamps, and hillocks, each one fearing that he should not get a comfortable seat. Although in each car only forty-eight seats are furnished, sixty persons were crowded into each. The overseer of the repair shop was of the opinion that the loads were too heavy for the strength of the propelling machine. But as the Company were in the love of money, which is the root of all evil, and the passengers were in earnest for a ride, nothing was said about reducing the number of people.

At twenty minutes before 11 o'clock the steam was raised, and the cars began to ascend with heavier loads than had ever before been carried up. As the passengers alike were utterly unacquainted with this new and frightful way of being projected upward by steam; they hushed into peaceful silence. Their eyesight became much keener and their pulse beat quicker through suppressed emotions of fear. After ascending slowly and steadily for a short time, on a heavy grade of one foot upward to every three or four feet onward, all fear was gone and the passengers enjoyed richly this new mode of ascending the mountain. The passengers of the car we occupied amused themselves for a short time in ascertaining how many States were represented by them in that single car; sixteen States and one Territory, had an undivided share in that live freight, which were the following: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Montana.

We passed up very quietly and pleasantly to the first watering station, arriving twenty minutes past eleven o'clock. Here the trains halted, took in water and again started on our onward and upward march. The passengers were all the while delighted with the grand natural panorama spread out before them. But while they were all life and animation, enjoying exceedingly the beautiful scenery spread out before them, and pleasing themselves with the prospect of seeing still greater things above, the train came suddenly to a full stop, very near the half-way station. As is usually the case in cars when coming to a sudden and unexpected check in progressive movements, the first general inquiry was, "What is the trouble?" Very shortly we were told that a cog in the primeval wheel

had broken and the cars could no further. As it was the engine of the forward train, that failed up, and as there was no switch or side track at the station, there was no remedy for the mishap. All the passengers were alike greatly disappointed. What a change! one minute all hope and glee and high anticipation; the next all dejected and silence and a blighted prospect. But similar are all the vicissitudes of our present imperfect, uncertain state, which reminds us of a writer of another age. "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom is no help." We must either return very greatly disappointed, or walk (one and a half miles) the other half of the distance. As all were very anxious to effect this much desired end, rising one hundred persons emerged from these ill-fated cars, with sun shades, shawls, cloaks, overcoats, shoulder-bags, canteens, clad in dresses far more fit for riding than walking; shod with cloth gaiters and kid shoes, all alike quite unprepared for such a tramp as was before us. But having arranged our wearing apparel and extra garments the best way we could, we commenced our picturesque pedestrian march upward to the summit. What a sight presented! A hundred persons of every description in the company struggling for the same end. The aged matron and the young maiden, the old man and the robust lad—persons of all ages from seventy down to four years. With pure zeal and ardent hope we clambered up over the huge and rough scales of the great Leviathan that had, in some remote age of the world, been ejected from the bowels of the earth head foremost up, far among the clouds by the fiat of the Almighty.

As many had seldom made pedestrian excursions when at home, they were ill prepared for such a hard jaunt. While in the severe conflict for victory, one fainted here, another exhausted lay there, and another yonder through a mis-step fell among rocks, one calling for camphor, another for a little whiskey, and still another for brandy. There was felt a need for all artificial aid possible to strengthen and incite exhausted nature. All like good soldiers in conflict could not think to yield in the contest. They alike passed on to the end of their race, not deterred by either bruises or wounds. In this romantic race course, such as is seldom witnessed among the mountains, a lady from Montana Territory was the successful winner. She arrived at the "tip top," first. It was universally conceded that she deserved the honor, as she came the farthest to visit the king mountain. The rest gradually came up after a hard fought battle with the stern unrelenting forces of nature, and we joyfully perched ourselves on the very nose of the great Leviathan that has for ages drank in the rains of heaven and breathed the pure air of the upper skies. The enchanting sight presented northward, eastward, southward, and westward, both near and in the distance, rewarded well for the tug and panting, sweat and loss of physical life endured. After gazing for a season upon the mighty granite pyramid, erected far back of human history, by the living God, and after having become quite satisfied with our survey of the many distant ranges of mountains, and the fruitful valleys, and beautiful streams, and attractive ponds, and distant valleys, we began to think of home and the loved ones who knew that we were to ascend into the clouds by a novel railway. At that moment we called to mind the promise made to us by the superintendent of the road, that the cars would be at the "tip top," at half past three o'clock, to take us (one-hand ed) down to the depot. Although half past three came, but neither car nor any tidings from below had arrived; 4 o'clock came but no cars, only a dispatch that only one car could be sent up. Then was a moment for action and decision. A hundred passengers and only one car. Some must remain on the mountain all night, where the bank notes required to pay bills would make a small patched quilt, or risk life in descending, very much exhausted over the craggy, rough passages. Some (men and women) started. Half past four. Tidings from the telegraph office. Two cars coming. Those started on their evening or night or might have been their last walk, were called back. 5 o'clock—whistle sounding. Tidings! only one car coming, and that is near. Then came a wild and hasty rush to the

leave the car and descend on foot to the one coming up. The desire was granted and quite a number of us soon met the approaching train, pointing upward to the skies.

We climbed up over rocks and stringers and sleepers, and packed ourselves on the car seat, which was an old platform freight car, pressed up by an old freight engine, that was a little out of date. So the two trains descended one after the other; and to us very beautiful was the sight presented from that platform car.

The sun about to be concealed from our sight, behind the high hills of Vermont, shone out through the broken clouds upon the picturesque landscape in most unwonted grandeur. The vivid lights, and the deep shadows produced by its brilliant rays, can be far better imagined, than described. As he was about to bid us, jaded, weary pilgrims to the physical mount of God, goodnight, by his actions, seemingly said to us, as you have a hard, tiresome day, I will exhibit to you a view of the vast works of the Almighty, the like of which, in sublimity, you will not witness for many years.

We all arrived safely at the depot at 8 o'clock in the evening, near the time when we all expected, in the morning, to be near home. Having taken refreshments, and collected our extra garments, we began to retrace our steps back to the banks of the Connecticut. As the air was mild and balmy, and the bright moon lent her charm, and no wind to disturb the dust of the street, and all the elements of nature hushed into peaceful silence, we had a most delightful night's ride, arriving at the home we left at 2 o'clock, fully content to tarry within doors the next day, and refresh our minds with the picturesque scenes, and the romantic events experienced on the previous day. We can speak with confidence, of the simplicity of men to a stately sophist, as on any part of the rail and up Mount Washington. The only trouble, is the danger of overloading the strength of the propelling machinery. This is a most legitimate way of ascending the Mountain.

D. G.

Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, OCT. 8, 1869.

The Oxford Register.

This is the title of a new paper, democratic in politics, purporting to be published at Paris, by Watson Bros., and edited by George K. Shaw. It is what we intimated it to be—the *Maine Democrat*, printed at Biddford, with a new heading, and a short editorial, and a few local items pertaining to our County.

We have no fault to find with our democratic friends in their efforts to rid the circulation of the *Maine Democrat* in this County, excepting that, like modern democracy, it is *logus*—something different from what it purports to be.

The first sentence of its introduction, to the public, is modest, to say the least, to wit: "Conscious of the importance of having a first class paper in this County adapted to the wants of its citizens, and especially of the democratic masses, we assume the publication of the *Oxford Register*." We suppose the Editor has the idea that our benighted County has had no first class paper since he left the *Oxford Democrat* some twelve years ago; but now that he has returned to Maine, though obliged to give his principal attention to York County, he will still, for old acquaintance sake, include his Oxford County friends within his sphere of newspaper enlightenment.

We trust that his disinterested labors in this respect may be duly appreciated. As we said at first, we have no jealousy as to the appearance of this new hybrid, and our readers may be the better for it, as competition is the life of every thing.

We might add, simply as a comment, that we hope our county people will not confound "the two shaws," but bear in mind that we claim to be the one on Leeds Hill!

—The Oxford Democrat should not be articles prepared expressly for these columns and not only neglect all credit, but drop the signature. Argus.

We found the article in some other paper without a credit. Our rule is to be particular about credits—but the rule of the city papers is to make up State items, from County papers, under the different County headings, and give no credits at all. If the Portland papers were as careful as the *Lewiston Journal* to give credits, they might with much better propriety call others to account.

Stetson and his Representative.

What untravelers and "tell tale things" local editors sometimes prove. The vote of the town of Stetson at the recent election, shows how well in hand men hold their principles and how complete they thus triumph. Mr. Hichborn did not receive a single vote in town and the republican majority was increased over any former year. This was, perhaps, largely due to the influence and activity of Hon. Lewis Barker, the stump orator of New England, and who was elected Representative to the Legislature by the largest majority ever given in that town for any person for any political office. Mr. Barker has practiced law in the town he now represents for quite thirty years, a profession posturing and a denial to the public, and yet the people among whom he grew up and has ever lived, give him an endorsement most signal running him quite twenty votes above any other name on the ticket. This comes right up along side the vote of Vassboro for our neighbor Lang. (Kennebec Journal.)

—An Augusta correspondent of the Somerset Reporter says that the Assumption Commission are drawing near the close of their labors. Gov. Chamberlain could not have selected three men better fitted for this difficult and arduous labor. Their report will be looked forward to with great interest.

Terrible Rain Freshet.

The Greatest Destruction to Bridges and Mills ever known in Maine.

A rain storm set in on Sunday last, continuing through Monday, which for volume of water discharged and damage to roads, bridges, mills, and other public and private property, in our own State, has probably never been equaled. The storm extended to Washington, D. C., and was marked everywhere with the same unparalleled destruction. Up to Wednesday night, the only paper we had been able to obtain was brought through from Portland to Mechanic Falls, and by private conveyance to Paris, and furnished us by the postoffice of Gen. Beal of Norway. The Grand Trunk road has been badly damaged by the over-flow of culverts and washing the road, and up to Wednesday P. M. no trains either way had arrived.

The rain fell in such torrents that brooks, streams and rivers rose with startling rapidity, and carried away booms of logs and bridges in all parts of the State. In Paris and Buckfield, it is estimated that \$10,000 damage has been done to the highways of each town. All the bridges but one on Stony brook in Paris, were carried away, and several mills. The bridge on the new road to South Paris, was swept off; also, that at Snow's Falls, not a vestige of the abutments of the latter being left.

About 50,000 logs in the boom of the Paris Flouring Co. at South Paris, went out—the road and bridge near being submerged, and but for hard labor, the valuable property of the Flouring Co. would have been destroyed. The bridge below F. C. Merrill's foundry is standing, and affords the only communication to South Paris village. Great damage was done to Mr. Merrill's foundry. He had just got in two king order since the fire, having built a convenient foundry and got his machinery in, and just commenced, on Monday morning, to mould. He had newly cemented his foundry floor, but the water undermined his building, swept away his heavy stone wall, and carried his cement flooring and hundreds of earthenware of the foundation across the road and into the stream. The bottom of the foundry looks now like the bed of the stream. The force and violence of the flood, at this point, is wonderful to behold. The beams of the building are sprung and thrown out, and the building made a complete wreck of. The damage to Mr. Merrill must be about a thousand dollars—a severe blow, taken in connection with his recent loss by fire. He has the sympathy of the community, and we hope some tangible evidence of their regard will be shown at this time.

The damages to bridges and culverts in our town, are as follows: On the Androscoggin, the upper bridge at South Paris is nearly destroyed—one span gone—one pier down and the remainder of the bridge a wreck. Also, some six rods of the road at the eastern end, washed out—down to the original bed. The bridge at Snow's Falls is gone—the abutments at the west end washed away, and the middle pier destroyed. The bridge near Willis' Mill, is swept away, and a channel cut out through the road at the east end of the bridge, at West Paris.

On the Stony brook, the bridge near William Roy's and abutments washed out. The bridge near King's mill washed away. The bridge on the new road near Austin Chase's gone, and one abutment destroyed.

On the river road from South Paris to West Paris, the bridge near Moses Hammond's mill is gone. A channel was cut through the road at the north end of the bridge, near Luther Stone's.

The bridge across the Moose Pond stream, near George Berry's is washed away.

Numerous culverts are destroyed, and many of the roads rendered impassable. One piece of road, near the old Seneca Brett farm, on the bank of the Stony brook, is washed out near forty rods, and will undoubtedly render a new location necessary.

One of Alonzo King's mills is washed away and the other much damaged, and the dam gone.

The saw mill belonging to Peleg Hammond's sons, is destroyed and the dam washed out.

From individuals, we learn that the damage in Norway, Oxford, Waterville, Spencerville, and Sumner is considerable. The Goodrich Mills and Dam at Stoneham are gone—also, two bridges at North Waterville. Pike's Hill, in Norway, was completely gullied out, so that Dr. Evans found it impossible to lead his horse down, on his return from a professional visit, and had to leave his horse, and foot it home. Cows that were at pasture could not be driven home, down the hill. The Merrill covered bridge, at Oxford, was carried off. At Buckfield, the river bridge, near Col. A. D. White's, is gone—also two bridges near A. J. Hall's, and about all the small bridges on the west side of the town. The O. & C. R. R. track was badly damaged. The Cars were not running on the road up to Wednesday P. M.

The Portland Post of Wednesday says: The Androscoggin rose six feet in twenty-four hours. At Lewiston the loss of logs estimated by the Journal will be several millions. On what firms the loss will fall is not known, though Messrs. S. R. Beane & Co., and the Lewiston Steam Mill Co., will lose quite largely. These firms have large gangs of men employed in catching logs at Lisbon and even as far down as the tide waters. A dye house attached to Cowan & Co.'s woolen mill was carried off, but no building of importance suffered. Accounts from Augusta reports the Kennebec very high and still rising. Every boom between Augusta and Waterville was broken and the logs were running freely.

Considerable damage was done on the Sandy river. The railroad bridge near Farmington, the town bridge over the

Sandy river at the same place, and a corn factory were carried away. The loss was heavy.

A train passed up the Androscoggin rail road from Lewiston to Leeds Monday morning, where its progress was stayed, a bridge over the Dead river in Leeds having been carried off by the flood. A town bridge in Leeds, over the same stream was also carried away.

The damage to railroads all over the State is considerable. On the Grand Trunk to Island Pond many culverts are damaged and the track badly washed. The bridge near Paris is impassable, the track at either end being washed away and the abutments damaged.

At Waterville Gen. Franklin Smith loses all his logs and his new saw mill is somewhat damaged. The Sebasticook river rose eleven feet in five hours Monday night.

At Kendall's Mills, J. Winslow Jones loses another corn factory in addition to that reported gone at Farmington. The Messrs. Tolmon lose all their logs, as do also Fogg & Newhall.

The Waterville toll bridge is carried away and great damage has been done to the lumbering interests all along the line of the river.

The loss near Waterville by the flood is estimated at \$100,000.

The highways all over the State are badly damaged.

Green Corn Canning.

One of the busiest places imaginable, is a green Corn Canning establishment, in full blast, as we found Messrs. Burnham & Morrill's, at South Paris, last Friday, the day they closed up.

Few of our readers have any idea of the process of canning the corn, or the business, as we had not before we visited it. It is a great enterprise, and comparatively a new thing, out of the cities. Several are now established in different parts of the State, and the stimulus they have given to the cultivation of sweet corn has been quite profitable to our farmers. As the editor of the Farmington Chronicle recently visited the establishment of Mr. Jones, in that town and wrote out an account of the process of the enterprise, which applies to this territory with some change of figures, we avail ourselves of it.

The corn is first husked on the outside of the building, in a large yard, and then taken in baskets into the main working room and turned into the trays, numbering 64, and at each of which sits a person with a knife formed in the shape of a half circle, the blade just fitting around the ear, ready to cut the corn from the cob. It is then shoveled into the press, and by a lever jammed down through a tube into the cans placed underneath. Two of these presses are in operation, each capable of filling 10,000 cans per day. Each can, when filled, must weigh 2 pounds, and it is the duty of the weigher to take out, or fill up, to the standard the corn in each can as it comes from the press. The can is filled through an aperture in the top about one inch in diameter. When the can passes from the hands of the weigher, it is washed and wiped, and the opening in the top is covered with a piece of tin just fitting it. This little cover is then picked through with a broadawl, in order to let the steam escape when the corn is heated; the cover soldered on, and then the cans go into the bath room holding 90 of them. There are a hundred of these pans. When they are all filled they are lowered into boilers, by means of pulleys, where they remain about five hours in boiling hot water, and are then taken out and thoroughly tested, by pounding, and picking additional holes in the tops, to be sure that the air has all escaped. These little apertures are then soldered up, the cans labeled and boxed up for market and use.

Some two hundred men and women are employed, and 150,000 to 200,000 cans have been prepared for the market. The farmers receive 4 1/2c. per can for their corn. If two hundred thousand cans are put up this year, \$9,000 will have been distributed among our farmers.

Mr. Jonathan Richards produced the best ear of corn, netting him \$90.00, Leonard Young gets \$100.00 from an acre and a quarter. The yield of corn, though better than was anticipated a month ago, is only about half what it was last year, on the same amount of land, though more has been planted.

Murder of a Maine Man.

Herbert L. Field, formerly of Auburn, Me., who has recently been in the banking business at Manitowish, Wisconsin, in the firm of Field & Vanderpool, was recently murdered by his partner, under the most fiendish circumstances. They had dissolved partnership, divided the funds and passed receipts in the presence of witnesses. The money of each was placed in the safe for security for one night, Vanderpool using the inner safe, which was secured by a combination lock, the numbers of which were known only to himself. Field placed his money in the outer chamber, the combination of the lock of which was known to both. In the morning Field had disappeared and his money also. Much anxiety was felt for his whereabouts, and every effort was made to get trace of him. After some time his body was found, having floated twenty-five miles away from where it had been thrown into the lake, and then been washed ashore. If bore three deep gashes in the skull, apparently made by a hatchet. In the mean time other revelations had pointed to Vanderpool as the murderer, and he was arrested. The jury of inquest rendered a verdict against him. Both partners were young men of good reputation—Vanderpool having a wife and children. Field's father lives in Poland, Me., and a sister and other relatives in Auburn.

The New York parties who gained the disgraceful notoriety of producing the "corner" in gold on Friday and the day before, are Wm. Woodward, Jay Gould, Marvin, Bros. & Co., Smith, Gould, Martin & Co., and James Fisk, Jr.

The Oxford County Agricultural Fair.

The 27th exhibition of this Society occurred on the grounds between Norway village and South Paris, on the 5th, 6th, and 7th inst. The severe storm interfered greatly with the exhibition, as the roads in all directions were impassable the first day. On Wednesday, the second day, the Fair really commenced, and the attendance and exhibition was far better than could be reasonably anticipated. The show of cattle was not large, but some splendid specimens were on the ground. We have only time this week to notice a few entries in the different classes.

Seth T. Holbrook, of Oxford, had three yoke of Hereford cattle, three, four and six years old, which attracted universal admiration for their beauty, fatness, and match. The three year old steers measured 7 feet, 3 inches, and weighed 3350. This pair were awarded the premium at the New England Fair, at Portland. The four years old girth 7 feet 2 inches, and 7 feet 4. The six years old 7 feet 6, and 7 feet 7 inches. There were several entries of horses and colts, and some fine promising animals on the ground. Wednesday forenoon there was a trot of four year old colts, between the Farmer Boy, owned by Pratt, of Paris, and the Duchess, owned by Dr. Buck, of West Paris. In the first heat the Duchess broke and was ruled out. The Farmer Boy came in in 3 minutes, 6 seconds. The last two heats, the Farmer Boy went alone, in 3, 3 and 3.30, and won the race.

In the afternoon, a trial of three four year old colts, as follows: Lady Pet, a sorrel mare, owned in Sumner, and the Buckfield Boy, were the only entries. The former won the race, trotting easily and squarely, without breaking second—ly—the first heat in 3.35; second, 3.29. Both good trotters.

A purse was made up for another trot, but we did not get the particulars. Although not a fruit year, the display was superior. The apple crop is not a fourth as much as usual, but the specimens exhibited excelled in size and quality.

U. H. Upton, of Norway, had twenty-eight varieties of apples, 14 fall and 14 winter, very nice, and especially the Gravenstein, blue Paimain, Habbarston, Nonesuch. He had two varieties of Peas, and grapes and plums.

Dr. T. H. Brown, Paris Hill, had a fine display of apples, pears and plums. The New York Pippins, Fall Greenings, Gravenstein, Porters and Nodheads were fine. The Peas were also excellent, and the Coo's Golden Drop Plums, delicious.

Rev. Z. Thompson also made a good display of apples, from G. L. Vose's, Paris Hill. There were six varieties—the Pumpkin sweet, and the R. I. Greening being especially worthy of note.

Col. Orison Ripley, Paris, had eleven varieties of superior apples—the Alexander, Maxim seedling, Porter sweetling, Sassafras sweet, Cole's quince, and Hawthorn, taking the eye, and making the mouth water.

Capt. W. R. Swan, of Paris, had twelve varieties nice apples—the winter Baldwin's, large and handsome, and Roxbury russets the nicest we have seen. He had the biggest pear, with several varieties of grapes, Delaware and Hartford prodigies. He had, also, some boxes of nice honey, maple syrup and maple sugar, as white and clear as rock candy. His display of vegetables, No. 1—showing the Captain to be an excellent farmer. He is to be commended for taking such an interest in the Society, and will undoubtedly be rewarded by some premiums. He also exhibited a promising 3 year old colt.

Joshua Carpenter, Norway, had a plate of superlative apples and a good show of Isabella grapes. Also, a fine specimen of white corn—the points of which are of some corn sequence—though we failed to get them. Other exhibitors, whose names we did not get, had good specimens of fruit. We must defer the other classes and the third day's proceedings to next week.

At 1 P. M., Hon. Sidney Perham delivered an excellent address, which received the compliment of good attention from a large audience. It was delivered in the open air, occupying about thirty minutes of time, and abounded in practical suggestions and thoughts. We shall give the leading points hereafter.

At 3 P. M. the Society meeting was held, and the following officers elected for the coming year: President, A. D. White, Buckfield. Vice President, F. E. Shaw, Paris.

Treasurer, Seth T. Holbrook, Oxford. Wm. Sweet, Paris, Ephraim S. Crockett, Norway, J. W. Whitten, Buckfield, Ezra Jewell, Woodstock.

Secretary, Treasurer and Collector, Elliott Smith, Norway.

Colonel William Sweet, Colonel A. D. White and U. H. Upton were elected delegates to meet the delegates from the East and West Oxford Agricultural Societies, to elect a member of the Board of Agriculture, whose term of office will commence in January next, in place of Mr. Holmes, from the East Oxford Society. This Society is entitled to send next. The committee fixed upon Tuesday, the 10th of November, at the Society's Rooms, for the meeting.

In our next, we shall give the closing doings of the Fair, with the awards of Committees, &c.

Norway Items.

Mr. John L. Horne of this village, has been luxuriating on sweet potatoes raised in his garden—which were nice and good. The Express Agent here, a few days ago, received a telegram from Berlin Falls, N. H., purporting to be from his father, requesting him to send \$25 by the next express train, as he needed it badly. But as his father happened to be at home, instead of in New Hampshire, the money was not sent.

Fever is prevailing here to a considerable extent; several new cases are reported within the last two or three days, says the *Lewiston Journal*.

Oxford Baptist Association.

A correspondent of the *Lewiston Journal* says:

This body held its forty-first anniversary with the Baptist Church in East Sumner on September 28th, 29th and 30th. On Tuesday afternoon Rev. A. F. Benson called the Association to order and called for the nomination of officers for the ensuing year, when the following were appointed: Moderator, Rev. C. Parker, of Canton; Clerk, Rev. I. Record, Turner; Treasurer, S. D. Andrews, Turner; after which the letter of welcome was read from the East Sumner Church, which contained all the pleasing intelligence of the Church having enjoyed some prosperity during the past year. This was followed by devotional exercises for half an hour, which was participated in by quite a number of brethren. Committees were appointed, and at 3 o'clock a very appropriate and earnest Association sermon was preached by Rev. W. H. Walker, of Paris, subject, "The prevalence and invincibility of truth," based on the word of Paul in 2d Timothy ii. 9. "The word of God is not bound." We felt greatly encouraged by the cheering assurance of the text.

Wednesday met at 9 o'clock. A season of devotional exercises conducted by Rev. R. Dunham, which was succeeded by the reading of the letters from the Churches, nearly the whole of which reported some prosperity—above thirty having been baptized. At 11 o'clock the Rev. R. J. Langridge of the Cumberland Association to a crowded church of attentive hearers preached in his usual stirring manner, a sermon from Jude xiii, "How to rescue souls from danger." The entire audience seemed to be greatly impressed with the word.

After social exercises Bro. Langridge presented a report on Resolutions, referring to missions, education, temperance and Sabbath schools. Speeches were made. Bro. Langridge presented the claims of the American Baptist Home Mission and missionary union. Rev. S. G. Sargent presented the claims of the Maine Baptist Missionary Convention, dwelling on the fact of the small churches needing the fostering care of the Society. Revs. Allen, Barrows, and C. Parker referred to the same subject. A collection was taken for this object amounting to nearly \$27. Rev. W. C. Barrows of North Berwick spoke on the importance of adopting uniform lessons in the Sabbath School, and Rev. L. P. Gurney of Helron spoke on the same topic, followed by several others. Rev. I. Record—a recent graduate of Newton and just ordained minister at Turner—made some very pertinent remarks on giving to the various objects presented. Treasurer reported an expenditure for the year of \$182.91. This was followed by a well delivered sermon on Romans i. 16, "The power of God," which indicated thought and research. The evenings of each day, meetings were held in various parts of the township which ministers attended, and also meetings in the church, followed by short sermons by Bros. P. Bond and G. W. Fuller of North Paris.

Thursday morning an excellent prayer and conference meeting was held, conducted by Rev. E. S. Fish of Livermore, followed by a sermon on Eph. vi. 14, "The girdle of truth," by Rev. W. C. Barrows of York Association. This was a very fitting subject to close the Association with.

The attendance was full during the sessions, and brotherly love prevailed. The Association adjourned at noon to meet at Bryant's Pond, the second Tuesday in September, and the Rev. A. F. Benson, preacher, or Rev. Isaiah Record of Turner.

West Paris.

H. G. Brown, Esq., has sold his Stand to Jacob Heath of Line on, for \$300.00. He intends to visit the West, to look around, but we hope the sight there will not be tempting enough to draw him away from old Oxford.

John Bicknell Jr., of South Paris, has bought the Bacon stand there and gone into the Livery business.

E. E. Judkins, formerly of North Paris, is making some nice carriages & sleighs. He does his work well, and sells reasonably.

Fryeburg Items.

A correspondent of the *Lewiston Journal* says: The West Oxford Agricultural Society's fair and cattle show will occur on the 12th, 13th and 14th of October, at this place, and there is every assurance of its being very successful. The Portland & Ogdensburg R. R. has been located the middle of the Fryeburg grounds, and this will probably be the last show held upon them, possibly the last in this town, as other towns near are offering inducements to the society to locate new grounds in their vicinity, and many in Fryeburg are willing to let it go under the circumstances—at least we prefer the rail road and machine shops to the show, if both cannot be retained.

The Fryeburg baseball club played a game with the Star club of Bridgton on Saturday last, which was won by the latter, their score standing 21 to the Fryeburg's 20.

A cornet band of 14 pieces was organized here last winter under the direction of Mr. D. L. Lamson, which has made great proficiency, and will soon be able to go out and entertain their friends.

PAPER CREDITS. Of the four towns which have commenced suits to recover money paid out during the war for paper credits, in other words from sham substitutes for drafted men, Waterville and Sidney have brought actions against Pike & Colby and John P. Deering & Co., brokers, and Monmouth and Reedfield against Mr. A. B. Farwell, Representative elect from Augusta. (Portland Adv.)

[This is denied, so far as Mr. Farwell is concerned. (Ed.)

—Hon. Nathaniel A. Joy, of Ellsworth, has declined the appointment tendered him as one of the Valuation Commission ers.

[For the Oxford Democrat.]

Carrigain.

"Along the sky, in wavy lines, Over hills and reach and bay; Green-belted with eternal pines, The mountains stretch away. Below, the maple masses sleep Where shore with water blends, While midway on the tranquil deep The evening light descends."

There towered Cheocoma's peak; and west, Moosehill's woods were seen, With many a nameless slide-scared crest And pine-dark gorge between. Beyond them, like a sun rimmed cloud, The great Notch mountains shone, Watched over by the solemn-browed And awful face of stone!"

Mount Carrigain stands almost exactly in the center of the vast group of the White and Franconia mountains; and rising, as it does, to a height of nearly five thousand feet is a marked feature in the landscape from almost every point of view. Conversely, the view from Carrigain must embrace the whole mountain mass, and must sweep around over all of the principal summits.

Having a week to spare in the latter part of September, and receiving at the same time a letter from an enthusiastic student of mountains, proposing a trip to the almost unknown region between the Saco and the Penikese, we took compass, note-book, hammer, and pipe, and proceeded to Gorham, N. H., and thence through the Pinkham notch, Jackson, and Bartlett, to Stilling's hotel, on the Saco, fourteen miles above North Conway and a dozen miles below the White Mt. notch. This point is the most suitable, for getting to Mt. Carrigain, being three miles below Sawyer's river, a tributary to the Saco, rising partly upon the Mountain itself, and thus affording the best means of approach to it.

Inquiring for some guide, acquainted with the special field we wished to explore, we were directed to Mr. John O. Cobb, who we were told would be found about a mile above the hotel on the opposite side of the river. Accordingly, fording the Saco, and ascending the eastern bank, we met Mr. John Cobb in his yard, and explained to him what was wanted,—a good man to go with us to the summit of Carrigain, to make our camps, to take our provisions, and to perform the other numerous duties falling upon a guide. To our satisfaction we found Mr. Cobb not only ready, but also acquainted with the region, having for years hunted the deer all around the base of Mt. Carrigain. Arrangements being made for the proper supplies, and for an early start in the morning, we passed the afternoon in examining the region about Stilling's hotel, and in studying something of the surface geology of this part of the Saco valley.

Although Mt. Carrigain is a most prominent summit when seen from a distance, it is not at all so from its immediate neighborhood; since lower mountains lie in front of it, and hide nearly all of it; and a short distance above Upper Bartlett, it disappears altogether from the traveller upon the highway. The next morning was bright and clear, and promised good weather for the ascent. Leaving our hotel directly after breakfast, we drove to Lawrence's farm, and sending back our team, strapped our packs upon our backs, bid good bye to civilization, and our paper collars, and took to the woods, following up the North bank of Sawyer's river. A walk of a little more than an hour brought us to Duck Pond stream, a tributary of the river from the north. Crossing this brook, we continued in a north-westerly direction for an hour and a half, when we struck Carrigain brook, the second tributary from the north to Sawyer's river. This brook has its rise both upon Mt. Carrigain and in the deep notch east of it, and thus leads by its west fork directly to the top of the mountain. Proceeding up the brook for an hour, we stopped at the foot of the ascent, which was now directly in front of us, to dine; and after a short rest commenced the climb, following the bed of the stream, which tumbles down the steep eastern slope of the mountain.

The summit of Carrigain is 4800 feet above the sea; the base of the mountain is probably about 1200 feet in height, thus leaving 3600 feet from the summit to the level of Carrigain brook, at least 3000 of which is in one almost unbroken slope, so steep as to require the constant use of both arms and legs in its ascent. The wet fork of the brook leaps down for a great height over broad steps of granite, and this gigantic flight of stairs affords for a considerable distance the best means of ascent. The bed of this brook we named for our guide, who was the first to ascend, Cobb's Stairs. We kept the stream for about 1000 feet of vertical ascent, at which point it became so abrupt, that we were forced to abandon it for the wooded slopes, where the foothold was better, and the trees offered us the assistance we needed for dragging up the constantly increasing weight of our bodies. The surface of the magnificent slope upon which we were now toiling, appears to consist entirely of loose angular blocks of granite dislodged by the frost, and covered with a deep matting of rich green moss, in which we sink to the ankles, and through which we not infrequently break into some crevice up to the middle. For about two hours we work doggedly up this apparently interminable slope, keeping the brook always in hearing, in order not to get beyond our supply of water for the night, stumbling now into some hidden chamber beneath the moss, now lifting ourselves up by the friendly branches of spruce and pine, now sinking exhausted into the soft green bed beneath our feet, now winding around some fallen tree, still up, up, up we go, panting and straining with every muscle called into play, and every drop of blood in vigorous motion, till the distant mountains begin to lift their blue heads above the decreasing trees, till exhausted nature calls loudly for rest, and the small rill trickling beneath our feet, is all that remains of our brook.

Here then we drop our burdens, unroll our blankets, and soon find ourselves seated around a roaring fire, with a good spread of provisions before us, hemlock

boughs beneath us, and the sky over our heads. Our active guide lays in a supply of wood for the night, the other members of the party smoke their pipes in peace, wind up the watches, wind themselves up in their blankets, and sink into a sleep known only to those who have tramped all day over stock and stone, and thus have "earned a night's repose."

Daylight found us ready for the final pull, which should place us on the summit of Carrigain. Dispatching our breakfast, and taking nothing but note book and compass, we move slowly up, threading our way sometimes on foot, sometimes on our hands and knees, among the scrub spruces, and sometimes upon the rough gray blocks of granite that strew the mountain side, till a shout from the guide sends new vigor into our muscles, and one more lusty pull and a rough scramble through the bushes and over the rocks, and we stand upon a narrow ridge, from which the great slopes sweep down in one unbroken descent to the green carpet of forest, spread out like a map beneath.

While we had been engaged in reaching this point, the clouds had not been idle; indeed they were a little ahead of us, and when we arrived upon the summit we found the mountain mists creeping slowly in upon us, and one by one wiping out the great ranges that surrounded us. This was not pleasant; but we had come too far to give up the view from Mt. Carrigain, and making a good fire we sat down, smoked a pipe, and awaited better times. Fortunately they were not long coming; and when we least expected it, a tilt in the vapors, showed the wide ring of the distant horizon, and the surging swell of the vast landscape around us.

Directly opposite to Mt. Carrigain, upon the east, rises a noble summit, scarred with tremendous slides, and forming with Carrigain a notch not inferior in depth or abruptness to the White Mountain notch itself. This fine summit we named Mount Lowell, in honor of one of the oldest, and most enthusiastic among White Mountain explorers, Abner Lowell Esq., of Portland. The slopes of these two mountains in Carrigain notch are more imposing, both on account of their exceeding steepness and of their great height than any others yet described in the White Mountains. The distant view too in every direction is full of interest; ranges and notches, huge mountains and broad valleys, never seen from the points commonly visited in this region, are spread all around. From its central position a better idea of the arrangement of the White and Franconia Mountains is had, than from any other point perhaps in the whole group. To the east we see Washington, Monroe, Franklin, Pleasant, Clinton, Jackson, Webster, Resolution, Giant's Stairs, Crawford, the Carter Mountains, Doublehead, Kearsarge, and the lower summits of Jackson, Chatham and Bartlett; to the southeast and south, the Mote, Cheocoma, Tremont, Table Mt. Passaconaway, Whiteface, Squam and Tripyramid; while to the west and northwest, lie the Franconia and Twin Mountains, and the great mass of ridges and valleys between the Saco and the Penikese.

The view from Carrigain upon new fields in every direction for mountain exploration; and it is to be hoped that the many persons frequenting the mountains, and fond of rough trips, will ere long penetrate these interior recesses of the wilderness, and acquaint us with the topography and geology of this now unknown part of the White Mountain group. Probably the best mode of ascending Carrigain will be to go up over the long ridge to the south, and not up the steep slope above described; in which case the ascent will be easily made between breakfast and supper, and the descent the following day.

Having completed our observations we returned to camp, dined, packed up, descended the mountain, camped for the night in the valley of Carrigain brook, and the following morning returned to our hotel in Bartlett, arriving in time for dinner, having accomplished the long cherished desire of looking into the great central wilderness of the New Hampshire Mountains, and of becoming better acquainted with the form and arrangement of the various summits and ranges to the east and south.

To all true lovers of mountains and of nature in her wildest moods, to those who relish a tramp through the woods and a bed upon the ground, to all who wish to "drink the wine of mountain air," and to store their memory with splendid pictures that never fade, we say—try Mount Carrigain!

—The Times is informed that Dr. W. S. George, a prominent citizen of Norway, died on Sunday evening, of consumption, after a lingering illness at his residence, at the age of fifty-seven years. The Times than relates the following remarkable incident in the experience of the deceased that occurred a few years ago. When in Boston it appears that he had a pocket book abstracted from his pocket, containing some \$3,000. All efforts for its recovery were futile. One day the doctor received a note stating substantially, that, if he would proceed to Boston, he would hear of something for his benefit. On arriving in that city, the doctor was waited upon at his hotel, by an individual who was muffled to the teeth with a thick coat, and who wore a pair of goggles. This individual delivered into the hands of the doctor, an envelope, and without making any particular explanation turned and left, and that was the last ever seen of him. On opening the envelope, the doctor found it to contain \$1,000 of the missing money, which he felt very grateful in recovering. Dr. George was buried on Wednesday last, with Masonic honors.

—The Oxford Register, the new Democratic paper for this County, printed at Biddford, says: "The citizens of this town (D

