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MISCELLANY.

DR. SABATIER.

Dr. Max Sabatier, one of the greatest Parisian physicians, being on a visit to Montpellier, was invited by the eminent physicians of that city to visit a singular case in the hospital attached to the prison of that city. The case was one which puzzled the science of Montpellier, and Dr. Max Sabatier, after listening with great interest to all details, made a few lucid suggestions, of much importance to science, but very little to the patient, whom all concluded must die. As Dr. Sabatier turned away from this patient he glanced at the next bed and stood for a moment transfixed at the extraordinary beauty of the patient whose lovely head surrounded by a cloud of fair hair, lay in calm repose on the pillow. He asked no questions concerning this woman, whom he knew, from the fact of her being there, to be guilty of crime; but as he gazed, he wondered to himself how a face could be so beautiful, yet bear on its lineaments the traces of bad passions, low and groveling instincts. But the Doctor soon forgot this impression, though as he passed along, he read on the slate over the bed the name and age of the beautiful culprit, and noted them down in his pocket book.

Some years afterwards a woman of about forty years of age, plainly dressed, and two young girls whose youth and beauty defied the absence of all ornament or fashion in their dress, sat at work under the light of a shaded lamp. Mme. Ducatelle, the mother was mending stockings, and a whole pile of household linen by her side showed her thrift and her poverty. Her daughters were bending over delicate and intricate embroideries, not in keeping with the simplicity around, and evidently intending to increase the resources of the family by the prices received for them.

It was a winter night, cold and raw—there was but a scanty fire on the hearth; the room was poorly furnished; excepting under the feet of the mother, there was no carpet on the stone floor.

"My father is late to-night," said Laure, the eldest daughter looking up from her work—"I am afraid to put any more wood on the fire, for fear it should be blazing when he comes, and he should scold us."

"Not us, Laura," said Suzanne, "but our mother; she always takes the blame of everything."

"I cannot think where my father stays so very late almost every night—now I'm sure, if he works all the time, he ought to be making a fortune."

"I wish he would," said Laure; "I am tired of working at these embroideries, that ruin the eyes."

"You would rather wear them yourself," said Suzanne, laughing.

"Oh! I like everything that is beautiful, but I don't care about dress. I have my dream of happiness."

"Let us see what it is," said Suzanne.

"A small farm house, a beautiful room looking out into a flower garden for my mother; peace, content and love around me."

"Added to which an agreeable, handsome husband, eh? Very like some one I know."

"Children, children," said Mme. Ducatelle, do not talk in this strain. My daughters, when you were born what dreams had I not for the future! Often, as I watched over your cradles, have I pictured to myself the time when you would be married—when I should go from one home to the other amid my grandchildren, but I am older now; life has given me all that it has to give—no brilliant lot, and I know that my dreams were dreams indeed. My daughters, your father has worked hard, but never has he realized more than enough to keep us all. This has soured him; perhaps he was not always what he is now, and it is my duty to show you the reality of your position. You are beautiful, you are good children, industrious, pious, gentle; but, daughters, I will not mislead you. With all these qualities you are never likely to be married. Yes my children, you must prepare to renounce the happiest lot of woman. You have no fortune, and you know that in Paris, without fortune no woman ever marries. If I could be always with you, my daughters! but often through the long nights I think of the solitary years before you when I shall be gone from you, and your lives will be one weary monotony of toil and struggle."

"Yet," said Suzanne, we are taught each day to have contempt for riches."

Neither mother nor sister answered, and nothing was heard but the crackling of the dying embers and the noise of the three active needles.

Meantime, where was Monsieur Ducatelle? In one of the most luxurious and sumptuous apartments of the Rue de Breda is a woman of about twenty-five. She is singularly beautiful; her eyes are blue; her complexion of most delicate, pinky white; but instead of the fair hair which

would seem to harmonize with her features, heavy braids of jet black hair are parted on her fair forehead, while the arch of the eyebrow is pencilled in the darkest tint. The peculiarity of her beauty had given Madelon Tropez great celebrity. What was her origin no one knew, but now she was one of the most fashionable, the most extravagant of the lovettes of Paris. Honest women gazed at her elegance and splendor in the public places she frequented; some with bitter anger, some perhaps thinking of the ungrateful toll of their lives with envy. Very little cared Madelon for the impression she produced on women of the world—they were entirely out of her sphere; but she did care for exciting the envy of her own class; probably that was the greatest pleasure she derived from her extravagance. At this moment she is putting forth all her blandishment, beside a dull, heavy man of some fifty years, gazing up at her with earnestness and adoration.

"Yes, my dear Cressus you must indulge me in this; you must give me that dear little villa at Passy. What do you think; Helene says she cannot come here any more because it smells of onions; from some of my neighbors, of course. Indeed, I cannot live any longer in furnished lodgings."

"But I am not rich enough, my darling."

"Nonsense! You only want to be flattered. All Paris knows you are making millions. However, you know I do not care for your riches—I care for you; and I should not like to die—and really the atmosphere of these close streets is killing me. I have even sent for the doctor; last night I coughed all night. Here is Dr. Max Sabatier; now hear what he has to say."

But the first word the doctor spoke was to the gentleman who rose at his approach.

"Ah! Ducatelle, was it you sent for me? my dear fellow, we cannot minister to a heart morally diseased."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I cannot give you any prescription to send you back to your devoted wife and your lovely, innocent daughters. I am sure your friend here, Mlle Madelon Tropez, must be charmed to hear of your domestic happiness."

But Mlle Madelon had seized the opportunity to go off into strong hysterics, throwing herself into the most graceful attitudes, and murmuring appeals of love and pity to her ancient and agitated admirer.

Dr. Max Sabatier looked calmly on till Ducatelle, in an agony of fear, came over to him.

"What is to be done?" said he.

"Give her the last thing she asked you for and you refused, whatever it may cost."

"With this the doctor took his hat and disappeared. Madelon Tropez, that afternoon, pale and interesting, enveloped in a white cashmere shawl, rode out in her carriage, with Ducatelle beside her, and secured the charming little villa at Passy."

This while Mme. Ducatelle and her daughters were suffering from cold and all the hundred other privations of poverty. But Mons. Ducatelle had no remorse—he had been inoculated with the gold fever, which petrifies all emotion and feeling—which lives in an atmosphere of its own—which destroys all memories of the past. M. Ducatelle had been all his life head clerk in the office of a broker, and for years had plodded on contentedly with his salary of five thousand francs. He had grown morose and dogged under the conviction that it was impossible for him in any way to provide for his daughters beyond their yearly expenses. He esteemed his wife, he loved his children, and his bad temper was assumed to hide the deeper feelings of dread and sorrow that struggled in his heart. All at once a change seemed to dawn. A new clerk came into the office—a man of great ability, quick, reckless, daring, determined to rise out of the gutter to the top. He had opportunities, or he made them, of knowing the right time to speculate. He had but a few thousands—with these he tried his fortune, tripled his capital, and in the height of his delight, confided his luck to Ducatelle.

Ducatelle, who had never been dazzled by the millions of his employer which made him millions, was perfectly fascinated by the fortune achieved with so little capital. He had a few thousand—not over three—said by, son by son; these he entrusted to his friend; he won three thousand. For an instant Ducatelle thought of going no further; of taking his money home, of throwing it into his wife's lap, of embracing his children and telling them they were rich; but his adviser stopped him. "Nine thousand francs! nonsense, just enough to keep on hand. No he must wait. Tell his family when he had really a fortune, and keep his capital to speculate." Ducatelle obeyed. Again ventured again won—till gradually he lost sight of the original motive for which he had desired riches, and lived out in the excitement of speculation. In a few months he realized one of those immense fortunes for which the Paris

Bo urse is celebrated, and found himself surrounded by a host of flatterers, ever ready to do homage to one of the greatest capitalists of Paris. These associations took him naturally into a world entirely new to him. He had no idea of the paradise of enjoyment gold would open to him. The cold, sordid, monotonous existence he had led, he now looked back to as a criminal does to a prison life. He hated his home, and, as he compared his wife and daughters to the brilliant women around him he was ashamed of them, and resolved to leave them in their obscurity. The conquest he achieved of the beautiful and celebrated Madelon Tropez entirely estranged him from his family. He did not desert them, but his days were spent from home, and only late at night, sometimes not until early dawn, did he cross his own threshold. The stipend he had always given, was not increased; he feared lest the least liberality should excite suspicion, though Mme. Ducatelle lived so far out of the world, that it was utterly impossible a rumor could reach them.

So two years went by. Mme. Ducatelle is now almost infirm; her daughters, young as they are, are fading gradually; the joyousness of youth has passed away from them before their years have numbered twenty. Ducatelle is still prosperous. He has invented distant journeys to excuse his absence from home, and lives now in an elegant bachelor's apartment, Rue Talbot, except on rare occasions, when he thinks it necessary to make a short stay at his old home. To say that Ducatelle was prosperous was to say that Madelon was faithful—that is, that she gave herself the trouble to persuade him she loved him. He overwhelmed her with magnificence; money so easily gained loses its value, and it fell in showers from Ducatelle's hands over this Danae.

But speculations have two sides; as yet Ducatelle had seen but one, the prosperous side. All at once fortune began to change, and like a ball once urged from the top of a hill, Ducatelle's luck and prosperity fell in one grand crash. He was a ruined man. He proclaimed it himself with tears and sobs to Madelon, and Madelon laughed at him, and said he had deceived her—said he was a wicked man, and bid him go back to his old and virtuous wife. Ducatelle, paralyzed with despair and agony, mechanically took the way back to his old home. But, at the first appearance of its bare wall, its sordid furniture, its soiled floor, a shudder of disgust went through his frame. He shut himself up in the little room called his, and there loading the musket with which he had formerly performed his service of National Guard, he placed it to his temples and shot himself dead.

Hastily summoned, Max Sabatier leans over the widow; they showed him Ducatelle, but he turned in disgust from the mangled corpse, to whom now all human aid was vain.

"Our poor mother," said Suzanne, will she recover?"

"Better she should die," said Laure, her lips quivering, "than come back to a life of poverty and misery."

Max Sabatier looked, and as he gazed on Laure, the hard, sarcastic expression peculiar to his face, faded away, sweeping with it his years. It seemed as if his heart beat more freely—as if youth, hope, trust and happiness were coming back again.

"Mademoiselle," said he, in a low, gentle voice, "your mother will not die; and you, I bid you hope and wait my return."

A few minutes later the doctor's carriage stopped at the door of Madelon's villa at Passy. Spite of the denial of the servant, he passed on into the drawing room, where he knew he should find the mistress of the house.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "are we alone? Can no one hear us?"

"No one."

"Then listen to me, Madeline Dupont, calling yourself Madelon Tropez, I know you."

"What do you mean?"

"Madeline Dupont, you are a thief!"

"How dare you?"

"Madeline Dupont, condemned to five years' hard labor at Montpellier, at the end of the second year you contrived to escape. Madeline Dupont, you robbed an Englishman of his watch and pocket-book, after seducing him into your lair. Your crimes are more numerous than your years. When you were in prison you feigned sickness, and were sent to the hospital; there I saw you. You were then golden haired; your beauty struck me then; I have never forgotten it. To disguise yourself, you have dyed your hair and eye-brows, and changed your name from Madeline Dupont to Madelon Tropez."

"All this is a lie!" exclaimed Madelon.

"I have all the proofs. Your beauty and the evil passions marked on it interested me. I took note of your name, and followed your career. Here is the extract

from the prison register; you had disguised yourself, but from the moment I saw you here, I remembered the face. Then I searched my journal, referred to my notes, pondered over the whole, and I know now I am right. Madeline Dupont do you understand?"

"Oh! do not betray me," sobbed Madelon, falling at his feet.

"I will not on one condition."

Madelon looked up and smiled. She remembered the Doctor had spoken of her beauty; she thought she knew the condition.

"What is it?" she murmured in a low voice.

"Money!"

"Money?" exclaimed the lovette, starting up.

"Yes, I know you have a hoard of gold here; I have heard you say so. I want a hundred thousand francs."

"Do your worst," said she, turning away.

"Yet stay I will give you twenty thousand."

"A hundred thousand."

"Not a sou more."

"Then you go back to Montpellier—three years' imprisonment, hard labor, hard fare, your head shaved, and the prison uniform; I wish you well through it."

"Seventy-five!" shrieked the lovette.

"A hundred," said the Doctor taking his hat.

"Devil incarnate," said Madelon, and opening her beautiful inlaid secretary, she took from a drawer several rouleaus of gold.

Deliberately the Doctor sat down and counted them; Madelon looking on in silence, pondering in her mind if she could find means to kill the Doctor and get him out the way. But this, in a Parisian house at mid day, was impossible. When the Doctor had the sum he wanted, he pushed the rest toward her, and proceeded to the door.

"Now how do I know you will not betray me?"

"Betray you? I shall forget you, shake off the contamination of your memory as I would the sting of an adder, as soon as I leave this house."

The Doctor's fine horses soon brought him back to Mme. Ducatelle's. "Mademoiselle Laure," said he, "your father, some time ago, left this deposit in my hands for his wife and children. He had entered into speculations which at one time fortunate, at last ruined him and drove him to despair. This he secured against all chances for you. There are a hundred thousand francs."

Laure's dream is realized. Mme. Ducatelle, pale but resigned, recovering fast from the long suffering and the last shock, sits at an open window, in a large cheerful room in the country, looking on a flower garden. Suzanne, gay and lovely, her eyes sparkling with health and happiness, is gambling with her dog on the green smooth lawn.

The trees are waving in murmuring music; the sky is blue and clear above. But where is Laure? This is not her home; she has brought happiness, faith, joy, to the heart of the skeptical Max Sabatier.

He has but one secret from her, that of how her father's legacy was obtained; he would not care to pollute her ears with the tale of crime and degradation.

A Strange Story.

The saddest disappearance of which I remember to have read was that of a Capt. Routh of the Indian army, who came home on leave from Calcutta, to be married to a Miss Ling in Hertfordshire. Captain Routh arrived at Southampton, and was identified as having been a passenger by the coach from that place to London. But after having safely accomplished so many hundred miles, he never attained that place, such a little way off, where his bride awaited him. He neither came nor wrote. She read his name in the list of passengers by the Europa, and looked for him hour after hour in vain. What excuses must not her love have made for him! How she must have clung to one frail chance after another until her last hope left her! How infinitely more terrible must such vague wretchedness have been to bear than if she had known to have been struck down by the fatal sun-ray of Bengal, or drowned in Indian seas. Where was he? What could have become of him?

This young lady had a cousin of the name of Penrhyn, about her own age, who had been brought up in the same family, and, although much attached to her, had not been hitherto considered to entertain towards her warmer feelings than those of kinship. But as month after month, and year after year, went by without tidings of the missing bridegroom, he began to court her as a lover. She, for her part, refused to listen to his address, but her mother favored them; and plunged in melancholy, the girl did not take the pains to repulse him which probably she would otherwise have done. She accepted, or at least she did not reject a ring of his, which she even wore on her

finger; but whenever he spoke to her, or tendered her in any service, she turned from him, with something like loathing. Whether this was remarked upon so much before the following circumstances occurred, it would be interesting to learn; but all who knew them now testify, that whereas in earlier days she had taken pleasure in her cousin's society, it seemed to become absolutely hateful to her, subsequent to her calamity.

About three years after Captain Routh's disappearance, a brother-officer and friend of his one Major Brooks, having business in England, was invited into Hertfordshire by Mrs. Ling, at the urgent request of her daughter. So far, however, from being overcome by the association of the major's presence with her lost lover, Miss Ling seemed to take pleasure in nothing so much as in hearing him talk of his missing friend. Mr. Penrhyn appears to have taken this in some dudgeon; perhaps he grew apprehensive that a present rival might be even more fatal to his hopes than the memory of an absent one; but at all events, the two gentlemen quarreled. Mr. Penrhyn—who lived in the neighborhood—protested that he would not enter the house during the major's stay, and remained at his own residence. During this estrangement, the conversation between Brooks and Miss Ling had Captain Routh for its topic more than ever. In speaking of the absence of all news to what had become of him, the major observed: "There is one thing that puzzles me almost as much as the loss of my poor friend himself. You say that his luggage was found at the inn where the coach stopped in London?"

"It was," said the lady. I am thankful to say that I have numberless tokens of his dear self."

"There is one thing, though, which I wonder that he parted with," pursued the major, "and did not always carry about with him, as he promised to do. I was with him in the bazaar at Calcutta when he bought for you that twisted ring."

"That ring," cried the poor girl, that ring?" and, with a frightful shriek she instantly swooned away.

Her mother came running in to know what was the matter; Brooks made some evasive explanation, but, while she was applying restoratives, inquired, as carelessly as he could, who had given to her daughter that beautiful ring?

"Oh, Willy Penrhyn," said she. "That is the only present, poor fellow, he could ever get Rachael to accept."

Upon this Major Brooks went straight to Penrhyn's house, but was denied admittance; whereupon he wrote to him the following letter:

"Sir—I have just seen a ring upon the hand of the betrothed wife of my murdered friend, Herbert Routh; he bought it for that purpose himself, but you have presented it. I know that he always wore it on his little finger, and never parted with it by any chance. I demand, therefore, to know by what means you became possessed of it. I shall require to see you in person at five o'clock this afternoon, and shall take no denial."

JAMES BROOKS.

The major arrived at Mr. Penrhyn's house at the time specified, but found him a dead man. He had taken poison upon receipt of the above letter; and so, as is supposed, departed the only human being that could have unravelled the mystery of missing Captain Routh. Still it is barely possible that he may not have been his murderer after all; if he were, it surely the height of imprudence to have given away a thing so easily identified, and that to the very persons of all others from whom he should have concealed it.

[Chambers Journal.]

PULPIT WIT. The following anecdotes of preachers should go together:

The hat was passed around in a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After he made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who by the way, had "exchanged pulpits" with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it that its emptiness might be known, then raising his eyes toward the ceiling he exclaimed with great fervor:—"I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation."

Another preacher who had been annoyed several times by finding buttons in the collection for the heathen, once admonished his congregation to take heed that the buttons they dropped into the hat were not those with fastened eyes, for said he, "while the heathen are more deceived into the belief that they are coins, they are rendered wholly worthless as buttons."

A FANLINDER, angling in the rain, was observed to keep his line under the arch of a bridge. Upon being asked the reason, he replied: "Sure, an' won't the fishes be crowdin' there to keep out ov the wet?"

Volunteering in Maine under the last Call.

Heretofore in this State when the thing has been attempted there has been no trouble in obtaining volunteers to answer every call of the Administration for men, with which to prosecute this war. The people have responded nobly and promptly and glorious old Maine has stood out as a leading State in responding to every demand of the government for troops. The people of Maine to-day are as loyal and true to the government as they ever were, as ready and willing to give men and money to put down this atrocious rebellion. The draft on their patriotism is not yet exhausted by any means. Notwithstanding all this it must be admitted that in the attempts to raise our quota under the last call we have thus far labored hard. The cause does not lay in a want of disposition on the part of the people, but in another direction. In the first place, the inhabitants of those towns which by extraordinary efforts in paying large bounties and other means furnished a large number of men and sent them into the service under the draft do not feel satisfied that in making the apportionment they are deprived of all credit for it, and in fact are no better off than they would be had they by "hook or by crook" got all their conscripts exempted. But of this we have already given our views and do not intend to say more upon that point. When in apportioning men a uniform rule, that will be equally as between towns is departed from it necessarily leads to confusion and difficulty. The order of the Governor allowing men to go out of the towns in which they reside to be counted upon the quotas of other towns, before their own town's quota was filled is working out mischievous results and retarding the work of recruiting to an alarming degree. It is something that has never been done before and ought not to have been allowed now.

It throws the whole system of paying bounties into utter confusion, and is working out the greatest injustice to a portion of the towns in this State. The Legislature should have been convened and then by enactment provided that these bounties should be uniform between cities and towns, following out the example set us in Massachusetts in reference to this matter. Then the *inducement* held out to volunteers to go to a quota out of their own resident town would have been taken away. Some of the towns in this State who had their meetings early, commenced by voting a bounty of \$100 to their men, others voted \$200, which was then generally considered a liberal amount considering the ability of the people to pay and the large bounties offered by the general government and the State. These towns commenced enlisting their men and every thing was progressing satisfactorily to both parties until other towns began voting larger bounties when following the natural love of money we all have, the volunteers all at once felt that they had a sort of roving commission to go anywhere and every where they could get the most pay and be counted in that town's quota which offered the most liberal bounty. And under the order of the governor these men had a perfect right to do this. They had a right to go where they could get the largest pay, the greatest bounty.

While this may be very well for them, it is working death to towns as corporations. Poor towns that really are not able to pay excessive bounties lose all their volunteers and in the end will have to submit to the hardships of a draft when in fact they have actually furnished their quota of volunteers. These towns in this way will be compelled to raise double their quotas, while richer towns who by paying large bounties out of other towns will get out without furnishing any men. This very process is now going on all over the State. If you want proof go to Augusta and there you will have demonstrated before your eyes all that we allege. We know of towns that have furnished nearly all their quotas, carried their men down to camp and had them all bought out from under them by towns paying larger bounties. What can such towns do? If they go home and get up another town meeting and increase their bounty and then buy back their own men there is no certainty but what some other town will get in ahead of them and by the same process take them all away again. It is thus all a game of "pull and haul" between the municipal authorities and agents of towns, getting up ill blood, disaffection and disgust, with this system of management every day. Another thing, it is leading towns to vote and pay excessive sums as bounties, which their inhabitants can never pay without creating actual distress and poverty. Some towns in their zeal to raise their men have voted sums as high as \$500 to a man, a sum that no reasonable patriotic volunteer under ordinary circumstances would have asked or expected. There is a limit to paying bounties as well as every thing else, as every rational citizen must see. There is but one successful remedy for all this; although late, yet let the Governor convene the Legislature at once and follow the example of Gov. Andrew and Massachusetts. Unless this is done it needs no prophet to foresee the result. Towns of necessity will fail to raise their quotas and then will come the draft, and who we ask under the present arrangement desires to see another draft in Maine? We have felt it our duty to speak plainly upon this subject. The government wants more men. It is our

duty to help furnish them. Our brave and gallant soldiers in the field must not be left to struggle alone, and whenever we see any arrangement put in operation which in any degree tends to hinder volunteer enlistments we shall claim the right respectfully to protest against it, however unpalatable it may be to those who have been instrumental in inaugurating it.

Prophecy and Fulfillment.

Mr. Stephens of Georgia, was a member of the Convention that passed the Secession ordinance in that State, and violently separated it from the Union. On that occasion he made a speech which for statesmanship and eloquence has seldom been equaled by any American. He predicted the dire consequences of secession, both forcible and true, and with a presence of a Prophet.

"When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon war, which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth; when our green fields of waving harvest shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery and fiery car of war sweeping over our land; our temples of justice laid in ashes; all the horrors and devastations of war upon us, who but this convention will be held responsible for it? and who but him who shall have given his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure, as I honestly think and believe, shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act by the present generation, and probably cursed and execrated by posterity for all coming time, for the wide and desolating ruin, that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate."

He pronounced their act "the height of madness, folly and wickedness," and with prophetic tongue foretold that not physical evils only, but moral as well, would overwhelm a people so wickedly and perversely going astray.

"I look upon this country, with our institutions, as the Eden of the world, the Paradise of the universe. It may be that out of it we may become greater and more prosperous, [that was the argument of Toombs and his coadjutors,] but I am candid and sincere in telling you that I fear if we rashly and without sufficient cause shall take that step (secession), that instead of becoming greater or more peaceful, prosperous and happy—instead of becoming gods, we shall become devils."

What language could portray the withering and murderous consequences of Rebellion better than that used by him on that occasion?

Now let us call up Mr. Toombs, who advocated secession originally and see whether, at this time, is not convinced that Mr. Stephens was right. In a late speech of his, Toombs is reported, in rebel papers to have thus represented the secession case. He said:

"Our finances have fallen into disorder; public credit has fallen so low that the government avows itself practically unable to support it with our military establishment without a resort to methods of collecting supplies inconsistent with the fundamental laws of the land, the inalienable rights of a free people, and, in my judgment, inconsistent with the public safety and dangerous to our cause. Discontent is taking the place of enthusiasm, and distrust is supplanting confidence."

He complains of the system of impressment by which the despotic Davis now supplies his armies by robbing the people, and feeds his soldiers with the bread forcibly taken away from their wives and children. He says:

"It was never intended that a man's property should be taken away from him, and he be deprived of his honest earnings by agents, often by irresponsible agents who might pass over, through partiality and favoritism, one class, and levy the contributions for the support of our armies on another. The injustice might be monstrous. These agents become our legislators and lawgivers, they may reward friends, punish enemies, and provide for themselves instead of our armies. No sane man could ever be brought to support so monstrous and unjust a system of taxation; it is spoliation."

He declares that by this tyrannical system of the rebel government—

"Already it has deprived many of their honest earnings and left their families in poverty, want and dependence, while our armies which depend for their support on impressments, have often been upon half rations, all over the country, even where provisions are abundant."

He complains that with plenty of food in the country, reckless mismanagement has brought on famine; he asserts that the rebel soldiers, though promised eleven dollars per month, receive only one dollar; he tells them that Providence itself has been against them:

"Last year the rains were withheld from them. Sterility ensued, and old mother Earth seemed to forget her children. This year the frost has come, and, in addition, the foot of the invader has been set upon the land and blighted the prospects of the agriculturists. Famine, war, and worse than impressment has laid its hand upon them. In addition to this, the impressing agent has been around, and in many cases, robbed the families of their meagre support for the year."

Robbed, discontented, supplies impressed, army on half rations, credit sunk, the rights of citizens suffering from injustice, partiality and favoritism; families in poverty and famine, and even Providence withholding rain from this once favored land! Was not Mr. Stephens right? Any one would say, "Are not the South suffering all

the plagues of Egypt? Is not her cup of iniquity nearly filled? Is she not now witnessing the passage of her Red Sea?"

Died at South Paris, Dec. 8th, of consumption, Byron Brackett aged 22 years, a member of Co. B. 17th Reg. Me. Vol., on his way from Annapolis Md. to Sweden. Mr. Brackett was an inhabitant of Sweden, and enlisted in the 17th Reg. at its formation. He was engaged in all the perils to which his Reg. was exposed and ever conducted himself as a brave and fearless soldier. At Gettysburg he was taken prisoner and sent to Richmond. There he suffered the barbarities of Rebel cruelty. His firm constitution gave way under their fiendish treatment, and when they found he would probably never be of any more service to his government they paroled him and sent him away. He was taken to Annapolis and under the kind treatment of our Government he rallied somewhat, and hopes were entertained of his recovery.

These hopes were soon to be blasted. When it became evident that he could not recover, his nurse informed his friends in Sweden. Mr. Woodbury started for Annapolis to obtain his discharge and bring him to his friends on Monday the 30th ult. His discharge was obtained and he arrived in Boston, Saturday last. There he remained at the rooms of the U. S. Sanitary commission until Monday, where every thing which humanity could dictate and money purchase were at his disposal for the comfort of the sick man. Monday he started for home furnished with every comfort and convenience, quite encouraged that he would again see his friends. Arriving at South Paris, the kindness of the good people in offering every comfort and convenience could not be surpassed. Tuesday morning while making preparations to remove him to Sweden he gently fell asleep—that slumber that knows no waking. He has fallen a victim to rebel barbarity.

Let us honor the names of these noble heroes that are so nobly sacrificing their lives in defense of their country.

The thanks of the country are due to the Sanitary commission for the great work they are doing in alleviating the sufferings of our sick and wounded soldiers. Judge Woodbury would tender his thanks, in behalf of the friends to Mr. C. F. Mudge, Superintendent of the Special Relief department Boston for the aid and sympathy afforded. He also speaks in terms of the highest praise of the hospital accommodations at Annapolis.

Encourage the Volunteer.

The people should rally and encourage the young men to volunteer. The draft should be avoided if possible. Only three weeks more! The people of Paris—every man of them—should encourage the young men to fill up our quota.

The following from the N. Y. Post clearly presents to our fellow-citizens the reason for filling up our ranks. "The recent victories of General Grant and the evident distress of the rebels, both for men and means; the closing of Matamoros, Wilmington and Charleston, the ports through which they received the greatest amount of those supplies which daily become more necessary to them; and the effects of the loss of East Tennessee upon their exhausted depots of supplies, so apparent in the famine which reigns in Richmond—all point to an early conclusion of the war, if only our armies are kept up to their maximum strength. We need now a large reserve force, ready to move, if it is needed, to any point. Such a force may never be required in the field; the men now in front of the enemy may suffice to finish the struggle; but the knowledge that such a reserve is at hand, trained, armed and ready to march at any moment into action, would be worth an army to our cause at any time. It would convince the enemy of the hopelessness of the struggle, and it is for this purpose that volunteers are required, and should come forward. The bounty is so great that, if by their help the war is concluded in a year, these volunteers will make a handsome income."

Capture of the Steamer Chesapeake.

St. John, Dec. 9. The steamer Chesapeake was captured 20 miles N. E. of Cape Cod, at 1:30 A. M., on Monday, by rebels who left New York as passengers. The 2d engineer was killed and thrown overboard. Chief engineer and mate badly wounded. Captain Willett and crew were landed here this morning.

(Signed) U. S. CORAEL.

A fire broke out in the barracks occupied by the 17th Regiment, at Augusta on Monday night, at 11 o'clock. The buildings occupied by Co. K, were burned, and two men, E. Y. Kincaid and W. H. Hall, perished in the fire. The fire spread to the barracks of Co. H, which burned down, and those of Co. I burnt and gutted and Co. G. torn down.

The Courier says 131 recruits for the Ninth Maine, left Portland, Tuesday, for the Department of the South.

The town of Sanford voted \$300 bounty to volunteers, at a meeting held last Saturday.

In the Supreme Court at Portland, on Monday, John S. Seal, indicted for illegally voting in the town of Yarmouth, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to three months imprisonment in the County Jail.

The Lewiston Journal acknowledges the receipt of valuable Public Documents from Hon. T. A. D. Fessenden.

CONGRESS, assembled Monday noon. The House was organized by the choice of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, as Speaker, he having received 101 votes. The opposition vote was divided among several candidates. On Tuesday, Mr. McPherson was elected Clerk. The Message was not delivered until Wednesday afternoon, consequently we are unable to present it in this issue. The following synopsis of its contents has been telegraphed, but may or may not be correct:

The most important and interesting portions of the message are those which deal with the subject of slavery and of the restoration to the Union of the States that have been in rebellion. In what the President says regarding the former topic, he considers the emancipation proclamation an accomplished fact.

He holds that the proclamation has liberated all slaves within the territory which it embraces, and that all future action must be based upon that position. In a word the President does not and will not adopt any policy which fails to give the slave a vested right in himself. The plan which Mr. Lincoln proposes for the restoration of the loyal people of the traitor States to their former position in the Union is represented to be purely his own, and unlike any now before the public. Not confining himself to general outlines he enters with some minuteness into detail.

In another part of the message the President to the victories gained during the year over the rebels and dwells at some length upon the progress and present aspects and prospects of the war.

A son of James Stevens of Andover, was wounded last week, while gunning. Carrying his gun carelessly it tipped on his shoulder, and the charge went into his heel as it was lifted in walking.

THREE-WEEKLY JOURNAL. The publishers of the Kennebec Journal have issued their prospectus for a three-weekly paper during the next session of the Legislature, at the usual price. An effort is being made to cause them to publish a daily, which we hope will prove successful. It is too bad to make the people take the proceedings half the time, strained through the caperead organ at the capital.

The publishers of the Journal have furnished us with an advance list of the members of the next Legislature. The Senate stands 28 Union members to three vacancies—one in Lincoln and one in Washington county, from want of choice, and one in Knox, caused by the death of Hon. Geo. A. Starr of Thomaston. The House stands 121 Union men to 30 Democrats.

MEDAL FOR GEN. GRANT. In Congress, Tuesday, Mr. Washburne's complimentary resolution was passed unanimously. It presents the thanks of Congress to Maj. Gen. Grant and the officers and soldiers who have fought under his command during the rebellion, and requests the President to cause a medal to be struck, with suitable emblems, devices and inscriptions, to be presented to Gen. Grant. A copy of the resolution is to be engraved on parchment and, together with the medal transmitted to Gen. Grant by the President, and presented in the name of the people of the United States of America.

Diphtheria is prevailing in various parts of this county. Several cases have occurred at Bryants Pond. But one has proved fatal. Under the skillful treatment of Dr. D. W. Davis, most of them recover. Some fatal cases have occurred at Hanover.

ACCIDENT. Mr. C. N. Porter of So. Paris, was thrown from his wagon at So. Paris, Tuesday afternoon, and broke the bone of one leg. His horse took fright in the road near Mr. Skillings paint shop, causing the accident.

APPOINTMENTS. S. H. Plummer of Watford, has been commissioned as Capt. of Co. D. 16th Regiment, J. D. Felton of Paris, 1st Lieut. Co. K, 13th Regiment.

Charles S. Emerson, Auburn, has been appointed Lieut. Col. of Col. Beale Regiment, and Win. Knowlton, Lewiston, Major.

LOOK OUT. The papers are constantly reporting counterfeit bank notes in circulation. Parties have been arrested for passing notes purporting to be issued by the Lincoln County Bank, Wisconsin. No such bank. Counterfeit tens on the bank of North America are said to be in circulation.

The last quarterly exhibit of the Portland Savings bank, shows the sum of \$722,000 on deposit.

At the State Teacher's Convention at Bath, last week a paper was read by Dr. Trar, upon "Relative Teaching." Its nature upon the topics he advanced was raised in which several members participated.

The Advocate announces that the Oxford North Quarterly Meeting will be held with the church in Walldoburn, on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30th and 31st. They have chosen an admirable field for missionary labor.

The President has recommended to the people, in view of the permanent release of Eastern Tennessee from rebel control,—to assemble at their places of worship, and render thanks to God, for this great progress of the national cause.

Keels for two 2000 tons steamers, recently ordered by the Government, have been laid at the Kittery yard.

For the Oxford Democrat.

ST. LOUIS, NOV. 27, 1863.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT: One of the most noteworthy features in this terrible war, and which affords the clearest evidence of the nation's ability to conduct it to a successful termination, is the undiminished prosperity every where apparent throughout the length and breadth of the Northern States. A fact that has not escaped the lynx eyed potentates of the old world; and which is the best guarantee of the observance, on their part, of a "strict and impartial neutrality."

In the West, where the effects of the war are more manifest; in this city even so long a theatre to contending factions this truth cannot escape the notice of the most casual observer. Enterprise, prosperity and material wealth are rapidly flowing in to this metropolitan city of the great State of Missouri, now so firmly planted on the side of liberty and humanity.

Rest assured, Messrs. Editors, that practically, Missouri, so favored in location, so rich in cereal products, and exhaustless wealth of mineral supplies, is from henceforth a free State. The sick and dying institution of slavery is "past surgery"—is dead already; and those so long burdened by the weight of it are anxious to bury it from sight, and not be outraged by the display of its hideous carcass, polluting the breath of heaven by its fetid decay during a term of ten, six or less number of years.

Is it then a matter of surprise that having so recently cast off her shackles, she appear ardent in the cause of freedom; should prefer the policy inaugurated by the great path-finder, now tardily acquiesced in by his opposers, to that facile and seductive passage between Scylla and Charybdis—the Kentucky platform, which affects to be equally "opposed to secession and Abolition fanaticism"—which leads to inevitable shipwreck.

As Missourians we have heard enough of "Compromise." It is the chain which has so long held the millions of human beings in Southern bondage. It will be well for the "conservative" middle course men, who clog the chariot wheels of victory, to acknowledge the mighty truth, that between freedom and slavery there can exist no golden mean. With what intent the war began, the North has sustained too great a sacrifice of blood and treasure to accept any result other than the total extinction of slavery wherever its root is left to blight the land, and excite the just execration and abhorrence of all civilized nations. Our government, wisely as it is framed, cannot endure part slave and part free—it is adapted for freedom only.

Radical or conservative, the Union men of Missouri will be—from present feeling, found at the next election to cast their vote for returning to the presidential chair the present incumbent, whom we regard at heart, honest patriotic and good.

In the summer of 1861, at the Convention held at Augusta, convened for the purpose of nominating a candidate for governor, I heard for the first time the feeble uttering of a sentiment which is rapidly assuming a power in the land, and may become a leading issue in councils of the nation. It was introduced into the convention and ably advocated by its few supporters, but met the decided opposition of the majority. It was regarded as matter of sufficient importance at the time to call forth a powerful conciliatory speech from the executive himself, who had just been unanimously renominated for the next gubernatorial honors. The doctrine endeavored to be brought forward was, that this war would be waged, if necessary, to the blotting out of the southern States, and their reduction to the condition of conquered provinces, to be received back into the union, on application, under the same restriction as Territories. I well remember the course of argument adduced in opposition to the dogma at the time, but the interval through which we have passed has been fraught with such rapid and astonishing changes that I would esteem it a favor to hear through your columns what view the union people of the patriotic state of Maine take now on this, to be absorbing question of public policy.

Let the reminiscences of kindness received at your hands, on visiting your hospitable sanctum, extenuate the presumption in addressing comparative strangers; and accept the promise, if agreeable to your wishes, of hearing more frequently from ELPHANTHANIDES.

THE HONORS OF LIBBY PRISON. A letter from a prisoner in Libby Prison, published in the Pittsburg Chronicle says: "The basements of the building is divided off into cells, or dungeons, more properly speaking. The dungeons are used to confine officers who in the least break the prison rules, such as asking for more food, looking out of the windows, talking to the guard, attempting to escape, &c. An officer who has been confined there three weeks invariably comes out with his shoes and clothing mucky, and has altogether more the appearance of corpse than a living man. A part of the basement is used as a slave pen, and every day we can hear the cries of the poor creatures as they are brought there to be whipped by their worse than savage masters. A few days ago five women were given one hundred lashes each for selling bread to our soldiers as they were marching through the streets of the city on their way to Danville. At the present time there are twelve thousand Union soldiers in this city as prisoners."

The report of the Postmaster General shows that his Department has very nearly paid its expenses during the last year.

THE BOARD OF ENROLLMENT. We have taken considerable pains to compare the results of the draft in this district with others and find we have furnished a larger percentage of men than any other district in this State, and larger than in a majority of districts in other States. In every other respect the comparison holds equally good, showing conclusively that any failure in the results of the enrollment in this or other districts is due not to those who have executed it, but either to inherent defects in the act, or to the opposition, direct and indirect, it has encountered at every step.

We have attentively observed the execution of the law in this and other districts, and we are sure that the officers in our district have succeeded as well as any other board of enrollment in enforcing a new and untried law coming in contact with so many interests, and they can feel that the government has not suffered for want of zeal and fidelity on their part. The board of enrollment had no precedents to guide them, but were obliged to feel their way in the dark, certainly with much better success than would have seemed probable had all the difficulties loomed up in the beginning. For a long time Capt. Baker, Dr. Burbank and Mr. Perham, members of the Board of Enrollment, with Mr. Reed the Clerk, and all the other clerks, labored by day and by night to meet the constantly recurring and unforeseen obstacles. Capt. Baker was untiring in his efforts to execute the complex work entrusted to him. Dr. Burbank, the surgeon, had a peculiarly difficult and thankless position to fill, and he labored assiduously and with success to perform his part of the duties. Mr. Perham, Mr. Reed and other assistants labored to render the execution of a law which must be unpalatable in its workings, as agreeable as possible, and no other board has succeeded better.

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GALLANTRY OF A MAINE OFFICER. The Beaufort correspondent of the Boston Traveller, Nov. 28, gives the following of which we have seen honorable mention made in other quarters:

Capt. J. E. Bryant in command of the advance pickets has just returned with a detachment of the first South Carolina from a most dangerous and successful raid on the main land, where he succeeded in running off twenty-seven slaves, twelve of whom have already enlisted in the colored regiment. Started in boats from Barnwell Island, near Port Royal Ferry, at midnight, Nov. 24th, with fifty men he crossed to the main land and captured the picket without a general alarm. He immediately dispatched a part of his men to Heward plantation, two miles this side of Pensacola where he had secretly been himself only a few nights before. Arriving at the plantation they hurried off a few of the people. One woman would not leave and it is supposed that she gave the alarm, but for this 150 would have escaped. However 27 reached the river and crossed from the darkness of slavery to the light of freedom. But before Captain Bryant and his handful of men could reach the boats the foe was upon them with cavalry, artillery—and worse than either—dogs! Says Captain Bryant, "my men almost in certain prospect of death behaved splendidly, not one flinched. The bloodhounds were received at the point of the bayonet and instantly the guns were raised and fired with the greatest coolness among the cavalry, the men loading and firing with such rapidity as to very soon throw the enemy into disorder."

But before our little party could escape the rebels rallied again. They were now supported by artillery, and made it very dangerous to stay and fight or to leave with the prisoners. Our loss was two drowned and seven wounded. The rebel loss must have been larger, for beside the dogs several officers are known to have been killed or wounded.

Capt. Bryant has gained quite a reputation among the rebels by his visits of late. He was in command of the telegram expedition recently sent over by Gen. Gilmore to the main, and has scouted all over the plantations between here and Charleston. Both officers and men are highly praised by Gen. Saxton for their courage and coolness in this last affair.

FIRE AT LIVERMORE FALLS. We learn from two obliging correspondents that on Saturday night a destructive fire broke out at Livermore Fall, destroying three stores all of which were more or less insured. Several thousand feet of pine lumber and 500 bbls. of apples uninsured were also destroyed. One of the stores burned belonged to J. W. Morse & Son and was occupied by J. A. Randall. The fire caught in this store accidentally. One of the stores was owned by Capt. E. Treat and occupied by N. G. Coffin and the third owned and occupied by Isaac Noyes, Grocer and Dry Goods Dealer.

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The Slave Factory, in Standish, belonging to Messrs. Davis, Twitchell & Chapman, of this city, was burnt at 4 o'clock Friday morning. Insured in the Fiskatux Fire and Marine Insurance Co. of South Berwick, for \$300.

[Portland Argus.

The Lady's Book for December is filled with the attractions of the season. It is profusely illustrated and has many articles of value and usefulness. Mr. Godley has reduced the price of the Book to his old rates; and from its excellence he expects a liberal patronage.

