

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 15, NO. 9.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1864.

ONE DOLLAR AND

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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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MISCELLANY.

BRAN AND HIS MASTER.

The autumn gale had shaken the windows
and roared along the roof in gushes, and
sometimes made the house tremble; now
the only noise was the hastening, intermit-
tent, thundering roar of the breakers, with
interludes of seething, infinite murmur. It
seemed as if I had awakened so stealthily
as not to disturb the enchantment, and with
my eyes fixed on the alternately fading and
increasing ladder of shrouded moonlight
that stretched from my window to a great
distance on the sea, I moved not, but
breathed low, striving to believe that this
was a scene forbidden to mortal eyes, and
after a few minutes of such romantic indul-
gence, I really feared that to betray any
sign of wakefulness would bring upon me
sorrow and pain, as the sweet heroine of
one of Tuck's charming legends forfeited
peace and prosperity by mentioning, in a
moment of impulsiveness, the fairy country
into which her feet had been permitted to
stray in childhood. But suddenly—ay in-
stantaneously as a flash lightning my fancy
and calmness were supplanted by terror and
amazement; I saw in the light that filled
the window, as in a frame, the moving real-
ity of a young man—fear and agony of
strife in his handsome face—battling for
life, his arms dashing out as if swimming;
heavy, wet hanging locks falling over his
forehead. That vision must have been be-
fore me for fully a minute, and so distinct,
so real, so near was it, and so earnest was
the expression of the eyes imploring help,
that I shrieked out, and the cry came from
the very core of my terrified heart, "O God!
save him! save him!" and I sprang from
my bed in agony. In a moment my father
and Margaret had come to my room; I had
fainted then, and could only answer their
anxious inquiries, when I regained con-
sciousness, by the falsehood: "It was only
a horrid dream." At breakfast my father,
alarmed at my paleness, wished to send
for the physician, but I would not assent.
Then he said: "Well, Allie, come and
take a walk on the beach with me; the gale
is trying to blow away and the breakers
are tremendous. I was delighted to do so,
and in a few minutes we were on the shore.
The noise of the waves entirely drowned all
attempts at conversation, and the spray
washed over us in showers. Numerous
seagulls were hovering over the raging
waters, screaming shrilly; sometimes bat-
tling flustering against heavy gusts of the
remaining gale; sometimes swooping with
wonderful grace and swiftness down to the
foaming crests that lasted but a second.
Indescribably wild and magnificent was the
scene; deafening and terrible its roar.

When we had reached the beach, we had
stood motionless until my father pulled at
my plaid, for it was useless to attempt speak-
ing, and pointed with excitement to where
an immense dog lay, apparently lifeless,
just above the strong buffets of the surf, but
not beyond the whirling eddies that were
churned in ripples of foam about his body.
In a moment I rushed to where he was, and
with the water to my knees, and almost tak-
ing me off my feet at every descending
sweep, I bent over him and put my warm
hands through his heavy curling coat.
"Poor, noble old fellow—dead!" but as I
said so, I saw the great soft eyes open
thankfully, and the splendid bush of a tail
rise about an inch from the sand and fall
again; the half-lifting of the eyelids, and the
mild of a wag that was left, being all the
expression of life remaining to him. When
my father, coming towards me, saw my deli-
ght, he hurried to the rescue. Together
we managed, after many rests, to get him
on the rug before our kitchen fire. Yes,
we had to stop several times and lay our
burden down, because it was an enormous
Newfoundland, weighing, my father thought
over one hundred pounds. It was a long
time before the poor fellow fully got the
use of his limbs, or strength enough to eat
the meal I had prepared for him. He was
very handsome and his gratitude and devo-
tion, which increased and expressed them-
selves day by day, in the most courtly grace
and deference to every look or movement
of mine, were touching to see. At the
time the waves had thrown him on an off-
ing at my feet, he had on a heavy, black
leather collar, with a silver plate, marked
"Theo. Manton."

Of course my father made inquiries, and
advised in the Sag Harbor journals for
an owner, but what probability was there
that a dog so strangely cast upon the sea-
shore by a storm, would be justly claimed?
As it was, there was never any information
gained by inquiries or advertisements. In
every storm through the winter that was then
setting in, would my great dog and friend
go down toward night to the beach, and
look seaward, howling—perhaps, for the
master he had lost. For weeks I tried ev-
ery name applied to dogs I could remem-
ber, to see if I could find his own. I ran
through the Posters, Bibles, and Watches
—the Smiths, Jones and Robinsons of the

dog directory; and then tried the glossa-
ries of history and romance—Kilmer, Cle-
land, Holman, and more. The dog would
lie or walk beside me, and turn his head
toward me as I called each name, but drop
his ears and eyes at if in disappointment,
and give a gentle wag to his tail in thanks
for my attempt. But one day about the
middle of November, in a walk through the
village—and I never went out without my
new friend—I stopped at the wind-mill to
talk with Israel Grayson, one of the old
crackles of the neighborhood. My dog stood
with his head just within the door. Nine
or ten bags of feed, ground and sifted,
stood ranged along the wall, and I tried
to name correctly to the miller, the contents
of each bag as I gathered some in my hands.
About the last I was in some doubt; I hesi-
tated a moment, looked inquiringly at old
Grayson, who was smiling at my perplexi-
ty, and exclaimed: "Now I know—Bran!"
As I spoke that word my dog gave a loud
bark, actually a dog-laugh, and pounced
into the mill, put his fore feet on the bag I
was standing by, and kissed me on the chin.
"Why Bran—Bran—old fellow, is that
your name? Bran? Bran?" How de-
lighted the great beauty was. He twisted
his body like a cat, from side to side,
jumping and careering in delight and wag-
ging his tail with tremendous velocity, bark-
ing all the while in rapid tremors of joy.
I too was so pleased to find his name that
Bran and I ran races across the fields all
the way home; I not tiring of calling Bran!
Bran! and he barking furiously at every
call, and jumping to kiss my hands. At
length he caught the parcel I was carrying
and dashed ahead, throwing it up once or
twice to catch it again in his mouth, trying
to incite me to get it from him; but he got
home first, and carried my new, thick shoes
to my father. I followed in a few moments
laughing and excited. "Why, father, I
have found his name; did you ever hear of
a dog named Bran?" "Bran? Why of
course, Allie; Bran was a celebrated dog,
second to none of the canine worthies.
Bran was the companion of Fingal. You
shall read about him to-night in my 'Irish
Legends.' I remember too that there is an
account of him besides in the 'Legends of
the County Clare.' How funny it is that
the story of his final disappearance
contrasted romantically with his appearance
here. It is asserted, if I remember the
legend rightly, that having chased a snow
white hart for many hours, Bran sprang af-
ter it into a small lake. The deer vanish-
ed on touching the water. A beautiful la-
dy appeared in its stead, laid her hand on
the dog's head and submerged him forever;
and the cliff from which he sprang is called
"Craig-a-Bran."

How splendid, father, that this dear old
fellow is called Bran. Why, it is the same
dog, of course—I see it all. He swam,
after sinking in the lake, under its banks,
through a long cave of water, that took him
years. How long ago is it—a century?
Well it took him years and years, and then
he came out into the sea away off on the
west shore of Ireland, and emigrated, as
every one does, from that country and came
here. No wonder he was so tired; a
Scotch girl, and Fingal, his master, was
really a Scotchman, wasn't he, father? put
her hands round his dear body, and rescued
him. How splendid! And we must call
the set-her here: "Saved-Craig-a-Bran."

From that time two more attached and
sympathizing friends than Bran and I never
existed. It was knight and lady. He so
devoted to my service, always so gener-
ous, so considerate, so brave, I feeling
perfectly secure in his guardianship; happy
in his company; proud of his love; proud
of his great courage and prowess, in so
chivalric a knight. Bran! dear Bran! you
lie buried now on that same sea-side
spot. Five years ago, you laid your noble
head, grown gray and feeble, in my lap, as
we sat on that same Easthampton beach,
and with a last grateful wag, and long,
soft dream-like moan, your eyes fading on
mine the while, your life went out. For
the first time on that beach I wept, and as
one may weep for such a friend; and there,
now as I write, I know the roll of the surf
chants to your grave, for there was one
whom you had lost once and found again,
whom you loved as well as me, who had
carried your dear old body down to the
beach that day, and who laid you after-
ward in a grave as enduring as those in the
old Easthampton churchyard, close to the
surf, on "Saved-Craig-a-Bran."

The second summer after Bran was given
to me by the sea, was really gay in East-
hampton. There were more nice people
there than ever before—from New York,
Philadelphia and Baltimore. One evening
I went up to the hotel to a hop, which was
expected to be the gayest of the season. I
had been dancing, and being very warm,
asked my partner to get me a seat by the
window. The steady night breeze, in pass-
ing, left some of its freshness where I sat;
I could hear the crickets and katy-dids; I
could see the grass silvered with dew and
moonlight. I enjoyed that, and yet could

bear the bright conversation of my compan-
ions, and the laughter and chatter in the
ball-room, and be aware of the dust and the
heat, and the many flickering candles that
surrounded the crowd. I was on its out-
skirts, and could ignore at will its clamor
and jangle for the deep booming of the
ocean. I do not know if I was not growing
deaf to the former, and only conscious of
the latter, when I heard a familiar voice—
it was Mrs. Ralston's—say: "Alice, you
and Mr. Grant seem oblivious of quadrilles
and polkas; and, as I turned from the win-
dow, she continued: "I wish to introduce
to Miss Macdonald Mr. Manton;" I could
not catch the name distinctly; but an agreeable
figure was bowing before me.

As the face was lifted I saw my vision of
the night of the storm—my constant com-
panion, in spirit and fancy, of the last two
years—in human body and expression.
My emotions surged through me, bring-
ing astonishment, fear and delight. Whether
my companion talked to me for five min-
utes or one hour I do not know; what he
said, or whether I answered, I do not know.
I did not faint, but the scenes about me
were a blur—the sounds a hum. Every-
thing was confused and indefinite. The
first words of his that I understood, as the
shock wore off, were: "Miss Macdonald, I
fear you are not well; you have grown so
pale; may I get you a glass of water?"
"No, I thank you," I answered; "but if
you will take me to my father, who is prob-
ably on the piazza, I will go home; I do
feel unwell." As we went towards the
door, Mrs. Ralston came up and said:
"Why, Alice, surely you are not going so
early? Well, I have something to tell you
first." The gentlemen handed me to my
father, bowed, and withdrew. "Your part-
ner, is he not handsome? I have known
him for several years, but he only arrived
here to-day. I was talking with him when
he saw you in the window, and immedi-
ately, as he caught sight of you, he looked as
if he had seen a spirit, and exclaimed, in
the most theatrical manner, 'Gracious heav-
ens, how strange!' and then he apologized
to me: 'Excuse my enthusiasm, Mrs. Ral-
ston; but the face in that window astonish-
ed me by its likeness to one which I saw
two years ago under very remarkable cir-
cumstances, please introduce me to that
young lady.'" She hurriedly whispered
that information, and as she kissed me
good-night, added: "It is very strange, is
it not, Alice?"

The form which had visited me at night,
but when I was fully awake, and which ap-
peared so tangible and impressively two
years ago; that associate existence, twin
companion of my life since that night; the
real, living being who had conversed with
me just now in the ball-room—all those
were one—that I knew. The fact had the
terror of a mystery; it was enchanting.
To understand or explain it I could not, yet
it monopolized all my thoughts—filled me
with dread yet pleasure.

My dear old father did not notice my
absence of mind and silence, as we took
our way, arm-in-arm, down the quiet road,
and over the stile to the path in the dew-
covered fields, coming nearer all the while
to the increasing dash of the surf. Bran
met us with a whine and gambol of delight.
All that night I slept not. Bran snored on
the threshold of my room. In the morning
I got up and went about as if in a dream.
I did not go out to join the bathers on the
beach, and I felt glad that no visitors from
the hotel called. But after tea I and Bran
sauntered to the sea shore. We went along
the beach for a couple of miles. The twi-
light was long and soft. The waves rolled
in with midsummer drowsiness. Bran nei-
ther dashed through the breakers nor ran
on ahead. He noticed my thoughtfulness
and quiet, and suited his manner to mine,
stepping slowly by my side, his cold nose
on my hand. I was aroused by Bran's
hurry ahead of me a few steps, and giv-
ing a low, inquiring growl. A gentleman
was approaching—it was he to whom I had
been introduced last night—the subject of my
thoughts.

"Miss Macdonald, this is an unexpected
pleasure. I have been enjoying a stroll on
your seashore; how grand it is!"

While I answered him as well as my emo-
tions would permit, I noticed how strange-
ly Bran was acting. He would put his nose
close to the gentleman's hands, and then
turn toward the sea and sniff up the breeze
with a perplexed moan, for it was not ex-
actly a bark; then he would snell the gen-
tleman's boots, and repeat his performance
to the sea; and then he acted as if half
frightened, half-delighted, tearing about us
with his tail drooping; and then he sat be-
fore the stranger in questioning amazement.
"I saw that he was shivering as if with cold,
and that he dashed his tail from side to
side in the sand."

"What a beautiful dog—he reminds me
wonderfully of one I once owned. Pray,
what is his name?"
"Bran," I said.
"Bran?"

No sooner had he repeated the word with

the great emphasis he did, than Bran was
upon him. He sprang and licked his face
—howled—barked as if mad—jumped back,
and then up again on the stranger's breast
—licked him—cried. He seemed trying,
the great beautiful animal, to climb and paw
all over him; but now the stranger's arms
were about him; his brown curls and mous-
tache were in Bran's shaggy coat. He for-
got my presence and laid his head on Bran's
neck, his arms still holding the immense
dog against his breast, and Bran motion-
less, except his tail, which whipped from
side to side, in ecstasy; while he moaned in
the sadness of perfect happiness. He had
found his master.

On the same evening that Bran found his
master, Mr. Manton told me, as we were
returning to the house, that exactly two
years before, he was on his way in a small
brig to New York from Portland, where he
had been in his capacity of an officer of en-
gineers in the United States army, to in-
spect some fortifications, and that he had
with him this same dog, Bran, about two
years old then, and which he had raised
from a puppy. All that day it had blown a
gale. They supposed themselves in the
neighborhood of Montauk Point, though the
captain had not had an observation in
forty-eight hours. That night, or rather
in the morning, about two, when the wind
had lulled somewhat, and whilst the brig
was still lying to, he went on deck and stood
by the forward bulwarks talking to the cap-
tain. Hardly had he been there five min-
utes—Bran standing close by his side—
when a sudden sea struck the vessel so vio-
lently as to throw him into the sea. The
captain immediately cast him a life-preser-
ver, which fortunately hung in the compan-
ion-way right at hand; but before that
Bran had sprung after his master, and was
beside him when he caught the life-preser-
ver. In a few seconds more he had hold of
a rope the captain had also thrown, and
with the help of some of the crew was got
safely on deck.

The danger had been as extreme as it
was brief. All attempts to launch Bran,
brave fellow, and rescue him, were in vain.
He was tossed past them on the waves, and
was soon lost sight of. After he had told
me that much, Mr. Manton hesitated for a
while, and then smiled as he said that the
strangest part of his adventure was yet to
be told. Whilst buffeting with the waves
in those moments of darkness and danger,
he had seen, as he might in a very startling
dream, a girl's face looking at him with
fearful anxiety. The appearance was but
for a flash of time, yet it had clung to his
memory ever since, perhaps impressed the
more because he had again, and again since
the occurrence, wondered in metaphysical
speculation over it. At the ball he recognized
in my face the prototype of his vision.

I did not tell him then of my spectral
visitation; of the wonderful coincidence in
our experiences on the same night and at
the same hour. My astonishment almost
amounted to terror, as I heard his story.

It was again the twenty-seventh of Octo-
ber, but a very different night from that
two years ago—calm and mild, with some
of summer's warmth yet lingering in the
evening clouds. After tea, which Mr.
Manton had taken with us, he and I walk-
ed out on the beach, as we had done almost
every evening in the three months that had
passed so happily to me. We had the hard,
shell-sprinkled bed of the low tide before us;
the indistinct brownness of the fields
and bluff on one side; the vast, soft-spread
gleam of the waning twilight on the ocean
stretched on the other. We walked on.
Night came; it was black about us; off the
white rim of the little breakers splash-
ing near as the track for our path. Out of
the darkness, on the ocean side of us, there
spread from one spot a half circle of just
perceptible mellow light—it increased,
grew brighter, softer, throwing silver like
treasures into the waves that rolled be-
tween it and us. The sky became visible,
and a small, dark cloud just above was
rimmed with silver. A moment later, and the
yellow rim of the moon peeped above the
sea-line, and grew and deepened in fullness
and warmth until its sphere was perfect.
The light showed a semi-house near us,
and the skeleton of an old boat. In that I
found a seat, and Mr. Manton spread a
shawl for me. He sat on the sand with his
back against the broken bow. Neither of
us spoke for an hour I suppose, until Mr.
Manton rose and walked up and down by
the boat, and said:
"Miss Macdonald—Alice—what fitter
time than this to say what my heart urges
—I love you!" Leaning his arms on the
boat's side, he asked: "Alice—will you be
mine?"

I made some answer, I suppose, for he
came and sat beside me. It was then, with
my hand in his, and Bran looking up into
our faces, that I told him of what I had seen
two years ago that night, and how I knew
now that I had loved him ever since that
time. We were married in the spring. It
was he, my husband, Theodore Manton,
who, five years ago, carried Bran down to

the sea-side, for he had grown too old and
feeble to walk without pain. There, as I
told you before, Bran died with his head in
my lap, and Theodore made his grave on
the little bluff we always called "Saved-
Craig-a-Bran." A part of every year we
still pass at my old home, and my white-
haired father has found new friends, and
his dearest companions in two wild, sturdy
boys. [Knickerbocker.]

Conjugal Poetry.

"Our friend David Barker, Esq.," says an
eastern paper, "who has produced some of the
best poetry ever written by a Maine bard, pleased
at a little incident that happened in his family,
(the first occurrence of the kind,) gave vent to
his feelings in the following language:

MY CHILD'S DEPARTURE.

One night as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.
One summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride,
Awakened from some pleasing dream,
And found that angel by her side.
God grant but this—I ask no more—
That when he leaves this world of sin,
He'll swing his way to that bright shore,
And find the door of Heaven again.

Whereupon some fellow of the practical sort,
with no imagination, and not possessing the "di-
vine afflatus," attempts to destroy the little il-
lusion of David as follows:

ST. PETER'S REPLY.

Full eighteen hundred years or more,
I've kept my door securely locked,
There was no "little angel" strayed,
Not one been missing all the while.
I did not sleep, as you supposed,
Nor left the door of Heaven ajar.
Nor has a "little angel" left,
And gone down with a falling star.
Go ask that "blushing bride" and see
If she don't frankly own and say,
That when she found that angel below,
She found it by the good old way.
God grant but this—I ask no more—
That should your number still enlarge,
That you will not do as before,
And lay it to old Peter's charge.

BITTER AND SWEET. Lady Worthy
Montague, the famous wit and beauty,
made the most sarcastic observation that
was ever published about her own sex.
"It goes far," she said, "to reconcile me
to being a woman, when I reflect that I
am thus in no danger of ever marrying
one!"

What if a man had said that? But as an
offset we give the remark of Lola Montez.
In one of her lectures she said:

"I never behold a beautiful woman, but
I fall in love with her myself, and wish I
were a man that I might marry her."

The first bell in Havrehill, Mass., was
purchased in 1781; before that time there
was a singular substitute, as appears by a
vote passed in 1730. "That Abraham Tyler
blow his horn half an hour before meeting
time on Lord's day and on lecture days
and receive one pond of pork annually for
his services from each family."

It is a debatable question whether a per-
son who has always been in the habit of
lying has a right to tell the truth. It is,
of course, the only device by which he can de-
ceive people.

Prentice finds in Humphrey Marshall's
obscure a never failing butt for jocose al-
lusion. "We should think," says the in-
veterate wag, "Humphrey Marshall would
have to march slow. He looks as if it would
be a heavy task to fetch up his rear."

CONSIDERABLE "CHIEF." A Western
paper has the following amusing Phari-
saeism: "A young man, a member of an
Evangelical church, wants board in a pious
family, where his Christian example would
be considered a compensation!"

"Do you see anything ridiculous in this
wig?" said a brother judge to Curran.
"Nothing but the head," he replied.

A schoolmaster in Ohio advertises that
he will keep a Sunday school twice a week
—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

While the Masons were en route for
Greenfield the other day, an inquisitive
countryman at one of the stations, after
eyeing the Knights Templars for a moment,
inquired with much concern "whether all
them Brigadier Generals were going home
on a furlough?" [Portsmouth Chronicle.]

Michael Angelo must have been a wicked
wag, not overburdened with the spirit of
the true faith. It is said that when he was
told that he had, in one of his paintings,
given a too florid complexion to the Apostles
Peter and Paul, he replied that he had
not portrayed them as they appeared upon
the earth, but as they were likely to look
in heaven, where they blushed for the lives
of their successors!

The Latest wrinkle in this age of novel
ties is a new fashioned tea and coffee cup,
invented for the benefit of gentlemen with
heavy mustaches. It is contrived in such
a manner that the most savage phizized mil-
itary man may imbibe without immersing
the delight of his sweetheart in the drink.

Editorial Correspondence.

AGUSTA, March 21st, 1864.

The bill reorganizing our militia system, changing the law back substantially to the system of 1821, passed the Senate, but has been twice defeated in the House by very large majorities. One very serious objection to the bill is the fact that if we go back to the old law of making every man "train" between the ages of 18 and 45, we shall be obliged to equip our companies, Regiments and Brigades by inexperienced men—the best military talent now being in the army fighting the rebellion. The bill will undoubtedly die between the two houses. A resolve has been reported from the committee on the Judiciary, drawn up with care by its able chairman, Hon. D. D. Stewart, allowing soldiers to vote. This is just and honest and the resolve will undoubtedly pass. It submits amendments to the constitution providing that the soldiers who have gone out from Maine, and would be eligible to vote at home, may vote hereafter for all State and County officers, and members of Congress, under such regulations as the Legislature may prescribe, on the same day in which the general State election takes place. The amendment also provides that in case it is adopted by the people at the September election, then on the first Tuesday of November next, when they vote for President the soldiers may also this year cast their votes for Governor, members of Congress and Senators, which votes shall be returned and counted as they be cast at the September election in the towns where each soldier has his residence.

There will be two reports from the special committee to whom was referred that part of the Governor's message relating to capital punishment. It is said the committee are very nearly equally divided upon the question of putting in operation the law providing for capital executions.

What the Legislature will do, is hard to tell. The nearer the Legislature gets to a close, the more uncertain is all kinds of legislation. With a portion of the members gone and those behind exceedingly anxious to go, bills sometimes go up and sometimes go down. Good measures often get killed and bad ones too often pass. A bill raising the salaries of the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court from eighteen hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars has passed the Senate by one majority. What the House will do with it remains to be seen. Probably some sum between these two extremes will be agreed upon.

A bill amending the "Dog Law," striking out the section making the taxing of dogs subject to the vote of towns passed the House, but was indefinitely postponed in the Senate, so that the canine race can go on "ranging" so long as they have friends enough in a town to "back" down taxation.

A bill is also before the Legislature, making the office of selectmen in towns of three years duration, one from each board going out annually, and the others holding over. While there are some reasons that suggest themselves in favor of such a change, there are a great many others against it. It will probably go "under the table," which in the opinion of many, is the most suitable place for it.

The bill changing the times of holding the Supreme Judicial Court in the county of Oxford, from the second Tuesday of August to the third Tuesday of September, and from the second Tuesday of November to the second Tuesday of December, has already passed one branch and undoubtedly will be concurred in by the other. The bill was reported in response to a petition signed by the entire Oxford Bar and all the jurymen attending the last term of Court.

An important amended "bounty bill," passed a few days since, providing that all enlistments made since the first of February should be credited to the quotas of the towns where the soldier resides, provided he has a residence in this State. This will be a damaging law to the "substitute brokers" who have hung round the capital the past winter like a "pest and a nuisance," trading in white men just as slave drivers formerly traded in negroes, keeping up a constant confusion in town quotas by their knavish swindling operations, buying and selling men.

There will be no new regiments of Infantry raised in this State under the last call for 200,000 men. The new recruits will either go into the old regiments or the two new ones now being raised by Col. Varney and Wentworth. Neither will there be any new Battery raised, so that those who desire to enlist but are waiting to go into new batteries will wait in vain. A great many think there will still be another call for 200,000 men. General Grant is determined to have men enough to finish up this rebellion the coming season, and there is where he is right. If so, it stands all our towns in hand to raise their quotas as high as possible to provide against all future contingencies.

Capt. Amos F. Nason's company from old Oxford, was organized some days since, and ought to have been the first organized in the 22d Regiment. As it was, he stands Co. B. He has got an excellent set of boys, two good Lieutenants, and is very popular with his men. In raising troops, glorious old Oxford is always ahead and always has been since the commencement of the war.

The republican members of the Legislature a few evenings since met in conven-

tion and nominated Hon. Nathan A. Farwell of Rockland, Hon. Samuel F. Hersey of Bangor, Hon. James Drummond of Bath, and Hon. John H. Burleigh of South Berwick, delegates at large from this State to the Baltimore Convention. They are all excellent men for the place and firm and unwavering friends of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin, and will go for their re-nomination, first, last and all the time.

Hon. Hiram Chapman, the Land agent of this State, died a few days since at the Mansion House, after an illness of about three weeks. He was one of the most valuable officers in the State, a gentleman of large experience in public affairs, one against whose integrity not a breath of suspicion had ever been raised, and a sincere devoted christian. His death is a loss to the State, the community in which he lived, and an irreparable loss to his bereaved family. One of the most beautiful eulogies we ever read was pronounced on the announcement of his death in the Senate, by his friend and neighbor, Hon. Everett W. Stetson. His successor has not yet been selected.

The Legislature will probably adjourn on Friday or Saturday of the present week. Of Col. Woodman's cavalry, "2d Me," several companies have already gone and the remainder will start this week. Ten of their best barracks were burnt up a few days since. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. The loss to the State cannot be less than six or seven thousand dollars. Col. Wentworth's regiment is located at "Camp Keyes," on the hill west of the capital in the barracks formerly occupied by the veteran Regiments of Col's. Beal and Fossenden.

The Spring Campaign.

The appointment of Gen. Grant to the command in chief of all our military forces, under the new act authorizing the President to appoint a Lieutenant General, gives universal satisfaction to the American people. The "hero of fifteen battles" has the unlimited confidence of the army and the people. He has announced his headquarters in the field, he is a live, active general, one who throws his whole soul and energy into the work of crushing the rebellion. Recent changes in corps and army commanders indicate that the working men are to be put into the harness and that our fancy generals are to be invited to retire. That Gen. Halleck through prejudice or for some other reason, has kept out of the active service some of our best officers is a fact too well known to be disputed. It is now out of his power to do it longer. The most active preparations for an extensive, sweeping campaign are going forward. Gen. Grant evidently feels the great responsibility imposed upon him; he sees the high expectations of the loyal people of the country; he evidently is, in earnest, determined to make a grand strike at the rebellion in every direction where its vitality can be reached by the force of arms. And it is the duty of the country to give him all the men he wants, otherwise his best laid schemes may be defeated. In this regard there is a very generous response from the several States in the Union. Volunteering is everywhere in active progress and it is the determination of the President to enforce the draft in all these States that fail to fill their quotas. Give the President and Gen. Grant the men, and we have the very best reasons for believing that the coming season will wind up the rebellion. We are every day growing stronger, our enemies every day growing weaker. The signs of the times are propitious. Very soon may we now confidently hope that this "cruel war" will be over and the angel of peace again hover over our land.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER. The recent death of the Land Agent, the much lamented Col. Hiram Chapman, reminds us of an incident connected with his election to the office a little more than a year ago. Several other candidates were in the field at the time of his nomination, all having their active supporters. The canvass became an animated one. At the convention to make the nomination we heard a friend of Col. C., laboring with a couple of elderly members, one of whom was a worthy deacon in the congregational church, to give him their votes. They hesitated, indicating a preference for another. In speaking of Col. Chapman's fitness for the place, his friend incidentally remarked that he was a "Sabbath School teacher." "Is that so?" inquired Deacon R., "then I go for him," "and so do I," remarked his friend standing near him, and these two men gave Col. Chapman the nomination. So much for being a Sabbath School teacher. What better recommendation can a man have? But our departed friend has gone to his reward in a better land. He died as he lived, a sincere christian. Peace to his ashes.

One thousand shares of Oxford Plumbago Mining Company's stock, were sold in Boston, Saturday, at first board, at 25. At second board, five hundred were bid at 20.

SOLDIERS TO VOTE. A bill has passed the Senate, with only one vote opposed, and the House 214 to 4 providing for a change of constitution, so as to allow soldiers absent from the State to vote for President, Vice President, and Representatives to Congress, and regulating the election of Registers of Deeds, County Commissioners and County Treasurers so that soldiers may vote therefor.

Government has contracted for 37,000 barrels of flour at from \$7.80 to \$8.30 per barrel.

Supreme Judicial Court.

REAR COINS. By the politeness of Hon. E. L. Hamlin, we last week had the pleasure of examining some of the ancient coins discovered in 1840, on the Point in Castine, where was located the fort built by Baron Castine, and occupied by him as a trading post, for many years. When the Baron was driven out it is supposed he dropped his treasure, or hastily buried it, as it was discovered very near the surface, by a man who was drawing timber, where it had laid for about one hundred and forty years. Dr. Stevens, to whom the collection belongs, secured one of each kind, which is the only set that has been preserved. They embrace specimens of the Pine Tree currency of Massachusetts, some of the "Cob money," which was irregular in shape, and bore a private stamp, and various French and English coins,—one of the French coins bearing the name "Ludovicus."

Gen. Spinner, U. S. Treasurer, offered \$100 for one of the specimens. Mr. Hamlin states that Dr. Stevens purposes, at a future day, to give these valuable antiquities to the Maine Historical Society.

NORTHERN MONTHLY. The opening number of the new Magazine, for March, has been received. Except in not having quite so many pages, it has a strong resemblance in general appearance to the Atlantic. This number contains stories by John Neal, and the author of "Pink and Blue," poetry by Mrs. Sewall, Mrs. Akers, John Neal, S. B. Beckett, Toby Cander, and others. Hon. William Willis and Mr. N. Rich have statistical articles, and Rev. Cyril Pearl discusses the Reciprocity treaty. Gen. Hodson furnishes a tribute to Gen. Berry, and army information. Mrs. J. W. Chickering has an interesting article, with illustrations, on snow. Mr. Holden of the Executive Council writes on State Policy, and other able and valuable articles on home matters are given. There is only this thing to criticize, the short articles and various departments giving to the magazine the miscellaneous character belonging particularly to an abridgement. The editor, Hon. E. P. Weston has the ability, and will make a Magazine of which Maine may well be proud; and we hope the means will be forthcoming to sustain the enterprise. Let us have a little State pride in the matter. Bailey & Noyes, Portland, publishers. Terms \$2 00.

GEN. FREMONT. A Fremont meeting was held in New York, last week, at which measures were taken to put him on the track for the Presidency. Speeches were made by Horace Greeley, Parker Pillsbury, and others. In an ordinary year this might all be well, and many people in all the States would wish the movement Godspeed. We cannot, however, at present regard it with favor. It is true that events, for a year past, have pointed irresistibly to the re-election of President Lincoln, and the elections in all the states have been carried by such majorities as to make his election seem almost a foregone conclusion. It seems to be so now. Yet there are many things that may combine to defeat that object, and even with a chance of blasting the hopes of the country in the election of a rank copperhead. Among the most potent of these agencies, is the distraction that may be produced by the continual pressing forward of Gen. Fremont, as a candidate. There is at the West a formidable element in the union party, called the German element, though composed in part of other nationalities who worship Fremont, and are already threatening that unless he is given they will elect an opposition man. Of course these movements tend to excite to exasperation, all such feelings, until the end can be quickly prophesied. We can but think that these men who so indiscreetly figure in such gatherings are doing the country a poor service. Gen. Fremont has no more firm friend than ourselves, yet we cannot be brought to endorse any act which is to benefit him, at the expense of a division of the great union party of the country.

ALPHREUS R. KATON was arraigned for same cause on Thursday. Plead not guilty, recognized with Jas. O. McMillan and James Marston as sureties in sum of five hundred dollars for appearance at August term.

ELLEN E. DAVIS, libellant, vs. Mariner J. Davis. Divorce decreed. Custody of minor child committed to libellant until further order of Court. Black for libel.

EMMA F. CHADBOURNE, libellant vs. William Chadbourne, 2d. Divorce decreed. Cause deserted. Ayer for libel.

JERUSA H. SHAW, libt. vs. Edward H. Shaw. Divorce decreed. Cause, extreme cruelty. Black for libel.

Court adjourned without day, Saturday forenoon.

GRAND REVIEW. A grand review of the Army of the Potomac, by the President, Gen. Grant, and the Secretary of war, was to take place on Thursday. Reports say the soldiers have great confidence in Grant, and the old Potomac army feels confident that when a move is made it will be the signal of a great victory. Gen. Grant is reported to be of the opinion that it is indispensable to drive the rebels from Virginia, at once, the occupation of Richmond being at once a menace on Washington and Cincinnati. In the reorganization of the army the present army corps will not be changed. Gen. Grant has stopped further enlistments of cavalry, intending as a more formidable force for service, the mounting of infantry regiments, which have proved so successful in the West.

GEN. NEAL DOW, who has just been exchanged, arrived home on a sloop, Monday noon. He was received at the depot by the City Council, and a host of citizens who, accompanied by a military guard, formed his escort. A salute of 35 guns was fired, and altogether, the affair was such an ovation as might do much towards sinking in oblivion the remembrance of wounds, and a tedious confinement in rebel prisons.

AN ANXIOUS FATHER. The following touching epistle was received lately by the Clerk of Courts:—

March 9.

To the Clerk of the Supreme Judicial Court, Sir,

I write to you, to know, if you will please to send me a copy of ——— divorce bill. I suppose it is, recurred, so that there will be no trouble, in giving it, if I am to have him for a son, in law, I want to see a copy of his Divorce Bill, and to have one of my own. *Now recurred and send it very soon, and oblige a Father.*

Direct your letter to ———

LEWISTON JOURNAL. Frank L. Dingley, editor in charge of the Daily Journal, has just resumed duty, after an illness of two weeks, and the paper resumes its lively noting of the news of the day,—in which speciality Mr. D. has no superior. We learn that it is the intention of the publishers, in a short time, to issue an edition at 12 o'clock, which will be in season to be mailed for the afternoon train in this direction. We can heartily commend the Journal, as the most really live daily in Maine.

FAST DAY in Massachusetts has been appointed on the seventh day of April.

SOLDIERS RECEPTION IN SUMMER. MR. LUTHER: The soldiers reception came off at the Congregational church, last Wednesday. At 12 M., the company was called to order and Ervin Robinson chosen President and Isaac Cushman, Toast Master. G. Barrett and N. D. Farnce were appointed a committee to escort the soldiers into the church, who led by the gallant Capt. Wm. A. Barrows of Co. F, 9th Me. Reg., were welcomed home by the President, in a very neat and appropriate speech, when each soldier found his place by the side of his lady who had been previously invited by the master of the feast to "come up hither" to the chief seats. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Mr. Wiley. Then a Poem, prepared for the occasion by Mrs. Cummings was read by Mr. James B. Chaffin. Next came a piece of Music by the choir.

The dinner hour having been previously fixed at 2 P. M., Mr. Wiley occupied the time in his most eloquent manner, in response to the sentiment,—"Our Soldiers in the field, none are better than the soldiers from Maine." Then came the song by Dea. Abel Stetson's children, entitled: "take your gun and go, John." After the soldiers and their ladies had been waited upon by those whom our good Deacon present was pleased to term "angels of loveliness and mercy" predestined to that duty, an invitation was extended to all present to partake, and when the multitude had been fed, there were taken up various baskets full and sent to the poor, besides many baskets full that had not been opened.

Order being again restored, Mr. A. F. Benson responded to the following sentiment in a thrilling speech:—"The Rebellion, it must be put down, and Constitutional Liberty guaranteed."

Capt. Barrows being called upon, made a few pertinent remarks, and closed by saying he could not make much of a speech, but was ready to do the fighting.

Winfield Scott Robinson said he should go back to the 5th, reassured that the men and means would be supplied to put down the rebellion; and as for himself there was no alternative, it was win or die.

G. Barrett responded to the sentiment:—"Summer's soldiers that have done life's duties; we mourn their loss, but we glory in their valor."

He said there had been 8 deaths of soldiers enlisting from Sumner, and the verdict of their comrades was, "they were good soldiers, they did their duty faithfully." They were ornaments to the home circle, they had now become national ornaments, having given their lives to perpetuate and ensure constitutional liberty to all.

Harlow C. Barrows, Sumner's only crippled soldier; may his remaining foot help kick down the rebellion," was received with three cheers. He lost a foot in the assault on Fort Wagner. Dea. Ricker of Hartford, being called upon, said, in addressing the soldiers: "I am a peace man, yet I can and do pray that you may be victorious. Take my purse, take my fortune, go, and in God's name put down this rebellion, sweep before you that accursed cause of rebellion, slavery, so that when the union shall have been restored, there shall not be found a bondman on the American continent."

Mr. Charles B. Bonney, of Co. F, 9th Reg., said he would not say go,—his word was, come. Mr. Jones of the first Cavalry, a Weld man, said he was deeply grateful for the kind reception given him. Good and true men were needed at home as well as in the army. The speakers had given all the praise to the soldier; he would do nothing without support from home; he knew the soldier had that support and a knowledge of this gave him courage; he felt determined to restore the old flag to its rightful place, all over the union.

The sentiment,—"The mothers and wives who say to their sons and husbands, fight it out," was received with three cheers.

Fredericksburg was brought to mind, by a crippled soldier leaning on his crutches, in the person of a Mr. Houghton, of Weld, a member of the 16th Reg. who said he had rather face the enemy than undertake to make a speech. Speeches were made, and sentiments offered by Messrs. W. Cummings, A. F. Benson, C. Y. Tuell, Dea. Robinson and A. J. Robinson, and the benediction pronounced by Father Wiley, after which three cheers were given for "Old Abe."

Between 85 and 60 soldiers with their wives or ladies were present, a large proportion of them being veterans, soon to leave for the front.

The ladies of old Sumner are noted for doing things up in good shape. They never spread a handsomer table, or provided with more grace.

John H. Burleigh, of South Berwick; James Drummond, of Bath; N. A. Farwell, of Rockland, S. F. Hersey, of Bangor, have been elected Delegates at large from Maine to the Union National Convention to be held at Baltimore June 7th.

Hon. E. W. Woodbury of Sweden, is mentioned as one of the men on whom the choice for Land Agent, is likely to fall.

An action for libel, against the New York Express, has resulted in a verdict of \$300 for the plaintiff.

The Senate has a bill under consideration, authorizing the mining of one and two-cent pieces, the former to weigh 48 grains, and to be composed of 95 per cent copper, and 5 per cent of zinc or tin.

Fifteen State legislatures and conventions have declared their preference for Mr. Lincoln as the next President.

Mr. E. Merriam, the weather observer of Brooklyn, died Saturday afternoon, aged 70.

Vice President Hamlin on the Crisis.

In a speech before the Loyal League meeting in Philadelphia, Vice President Hamlin said:—"I concur with great cordiality in the patriotic resolutions you have adopted to night. They speak truly what is to be done. I know that we have in almost every community a class of men who tell us we must have the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was. You and I know that that cannot be. (Applause.) That declaration carries with it the idea that you are to receive back the men whose hands are reeking with blood of your fathers, and brothers, and sons. It carries with it the idea that you are to re-establish the status of slavery. It presupposes that you are again to take into your confidence the men who brought about this bloody war. It cannot be. After all that has been spent of treasure and blood, if we are to incite another war by bringing back, on terms of equality the men brought it about, we must hold that party who would establish slavery to a strict accountability. The tide of emancipation is not to be rolled back, but on. We are not to close this war till the cause of it is removed. (Prolonged applause.) It is not to be left to again corrupt the public heart. We are to stand upon a higher civilization than that transmitted to us from our fathers. We are to plant this government on a basis of equality and freedom, which will insure its perpetuity. The progress toward that end is rapid and sure. No man can tell when this rebellion is to be conquered; but we do see the beginning of the end. It is narrowing down. But two elements have upheld it, and they are fading away. The hope of a division at the North has been one of the great causes that have buoyed them up. The North is united for all practical purposes. (Applause.) It is united to prosecute this war to the end. One other cause has stimulated this wicked rebellion, and that is that the resources of the government would not be contributed. And now, when the South sees its failure in this respect the rebellion must and will collapse."

AN OFFICER MURDERED. By an extra from the Ansonia Pioneer office, we learn that Mr. Smith, a Deputy Sheriff, from Penobscot, was killed on Sunday morning, week, by one John C. Gove whom he was trying to arrest. The Pioneer says:—"When discovered he was buried under the eaves among the hay and several feet. He was 'armed to the teeth' with a breechloading rifle or carbine, two revolvers, and a two-edged knife, keen as a razor."

Messrs. Smith and Vandine attempted to arrest him, when he presented a revolver. This was knocked from his hand, and when Mr. Smith collared him he brought his knife into reposition, cutting right and left. Mr. S. received a wound in each leg, one of which severed the main artery, causing his death in about ten minutes. While receiving the thrusts from Gove, he called to his assistants to shoot the villain, which order was promptly obeyed, and a bullet lodged in Gove's right shoulder, partly disabling him. He also received several well-directed blows upon the head with a club in the hands of John L. Turner of Fort Kent. Gove was finally secured and brought to Little Falls, N. W., where his wounds were dressed, and where a strong guard is kept over him until he shall be able to be taken to Bangor for trial."

Vallandigham advises his copperhead friends who are injured by the just indignation of the soldiers, as in the case of the Dayton Express, recently mobbed, to retaliate "upon the persons and property of men at home, who, by language and conduct, are always inciting to these outrages." The disorderly proceedings of the soldiers are outrageous enough, but the remedy proposed is diabolical. But the "fighting in our own streets," which the copperhead leaders are so anxious to inaugurate, is not likely to commence very soon. The vipers, in seeking to strike at the foundations of Northern society, simply "bite a file."

[Boston Journal.]

We clip the following from the N. Y. Herald. It records something unusual in congressional proceedings.

Gen. Neal Dow appeared on the floor of the House this afternoon, and attracted a crowd of members around him, for a time distracting attention so as to almost suspend legislation.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC. The receipts on the Grand Trunk Railway for the week ending March 12th, were \$100,429.60. Corresponding week last year, \$60,392.25.

INCREASE. \$20,037.37. There was an increase during the week of \$2,491.92 in passengers, and \$17,546.35 in freight.

FROM THE SOUTH. Gov. Vance of No. Carolina says Lee could not remain in Virginia forty-eight hours without the railroads of that State. He also saw only one in twenty of the Wilmington blockade runners have been captured. Hon. W. W. Holden of the late Wilmington Journal announces himself an independent candidate for Governor. The raid of Gen. Kilpatrick suspended operations against Newbern, he having sent his troops to Richmond.

A gentleman who has seen considerable of the Bohemian wreck, says the dry goods trade of Portland, in the next two years will be small, the people having turned out almost en masse to grab the spoils.

The democrats of the Fourth Dist. have chosen Marcellus Emery and Henry Hudson, as delegates to the Chicago Convention.

The Times' Washington Despatch says Secretary Chase has decided to put the 5-40 loan into the market at once, and the preparation of bonds has commenced. The issue of two years 5 per cent coupon Treasury notes will be discontinued, and notes bearing the same interest, payable at maturity without coupons, will be issued instead. Coupon notes will be retired as fast as received into the Treasury.

