

# The Oxford Democrat

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**JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.**

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## MISCELLANY.

### THE WIDOW'S STRAGEM.

DEACON Bancroft, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the little village of Centerville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, a pretty sharp look out for the main chance, a peculiarity from which deacons are not always exempt.

In worldly matters he was well to do, having inherited a fine farm from his father, which was growing yearly more valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances the deacon, who was fully able to do so, would have found a helpmate to share his house and home. But the deacon was wary. Matrimony was to him, in some measure, a matter of money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity. Unhappily, the little village of Centerville and the town in the immediate vicinity, contained few who were qualified in this important particular, and of these there were probably none with whom the deacon's suit would have prospered.

So it happened that years passed away, until deacon Bancroft was in the prime of life—forty-five or thereabouts—and still unmarried, and in all probability likely to remain so. But in all human calculations of this kind they reckon ill who leave widows out.

The widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience, was some three or four years younger than deacon Bancroft. She was a buxom, comely woman, as widows are apt to be. Unfortunately, the late Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her sufficient means to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was the small old-fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money, which was insufficient to support her, and a little son of seven, likewise to be enumerated in the schedule of her property, though hardly to be classed as "productive" of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take three or four boarders, to eke out her scanty income, which of course, imposed upon her considerable labor and anxiety.

Is it surprising that under these circumstances she should now and then bethought herself of a second marriage to better her condition? Or, again, need we esteem it a special wonder, if, in her reflection on this point, she should have cast her eyes on her next neighbor, deacon Bancroft? The deacon as we have already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort; and being one of the chief personages in the village, could afford her a prominent social position. He was not especially handsome, or calculated to make a profound impression on the female heart—this was true—but he was good dispositioned, kind-hearted, and would no doubt make a very good sort of husband. Widows are, I take it, (if they do me the honor to read this story, I trust they will forgive the remark,) less disposed to weigh sentiment in a second marriage than a first, and so, in a widow's point of view, deacon Bancroft was a desirable match.

Some sagacious person, however, has observed that it takes two to make a match, a fact to be seriously considered, for in the present case it was exceedingly doubtful whether the worthy deacon, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Bancroft, unless indeed a suitable motive was brought to bear upon him.

Here was a superb chance for flattery, wherein widows are said, as a general thing, to be expert.

One evening after a day of fatiguing labor, the widow Wells sat at the fire in the sitting-room with her feet resting on the fender.

"If I am ever so situated as not to have to work so hard, I shall be happy. It's a hard life keeping boarders. If I was only as well off as deacon Bancroft—"

Still the widow kept up her thinking, and by and by her face brightened up. She had an idea which she was resolved to put into execution at the very earliest moment. What it was the reader will discover in the sequel.

"Henry," said she to her son the next morning, "I want you to stop at deacon Bancroft's as you go to school, and ask him if he will call and see me in the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient."

Deacon Bancroft was a little surprised at this summons. However, about eleven o'clock, he called in. The widow had got on the dinner, and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarrassed.

"Henry told me you would like to see me," he commenced.

"Yes, deacon, I do. But I am very much afraid you will think strange—at least, of what I have to say to you."

The deacon very politely promised not to be surprised, though at the same time his curiosity was very much excited.

"Suppose," said the widow, casting down her eyes, "mind I was only supposing a case—suppose a person should find a pot of gold pieces in their cellar, would the law have a right to touch it, or would it belong to them?"

The deacon pricked up his ears. "A pot of gold pieces, widow? Why, unquestionably the law would have nothing to do with it!"

"And the one who had formerly owned the house couldn't come forward and claim it, could he, deacon?" inquired the widow with apparent anxiety.

"No, madam, unquestionably not; when the house was disposed of everything went with it, as a matter of course."

"I am glad to hear it, deacon. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to occur to my mind, and I thought I would like to have it satisfied."

"Certainly, certainly," said the deacon abstractedly.

"And, deacon, as you are here, I hope you will stop to dinner with us. It will be ready punctually at twelve."

"Well, no," said the deacon, rising. "I'm obliged to ye, but they'll be expecting me home."

"At any rate, deacon," said the widow, taking a steaming mince pie from the oven, "you won't object to take a piece of mince-pie. You must know that I rather pride myself on my mince-pies."

The warm pie sent forth such a delicious odor, that the deacon was sorely tempted, and after saying, "Well, really," with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, "on the whole I guess I will, as it looks so nice."

The widow was really a good cook, and the deacon ate with much gusto the generous slice which the widow cut for him, and after chatting upon unimportant subjects, withdrew in some mental perplexity.

"Was it possible," thought he, "that the widow could have found a pot of gold in her cellar? She did not say so, to be sure, but why should she have shown so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of the treasure thus found if she had not happened upon some? To be sure, so far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who occupied the house who would be in the least likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and had had many occupants of which he knew nothing. It might be after all. The widow's earnest desire to have him think it was only curiosity, likewise gave additional probability to the supposition entertained.

"I will wait and watch," thought the worthy deacon.

It so happened that deacon Bancroft was one of the directors in a saving institution situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over once or twice a month, to attend meetings of the Board.

On the next occasion of this kind, the widow Wells sent over to know if he could carry her over with him, as she had a little business to attend there.

The request was readily accorded. Arriving at the village, Mrs. Wells requested to be set down at the bank.

"Ha! ha!" thought the deacon, "that means something."

He said nothing, however, but determined to come back and find out, as he could readily from the cashier, what business she had in the bank.

The widow tripped into the office, pretending to look very nonchalant.

"Can you give me small bills for a five dollar gold piece?" she enquired.

"With pleasure," was the reply.

"By the way," said she, "the bank is in a very flourishing condition is it not?"

"None in the State on a better footing," was the prompt response.

"You receive deposits, do you not?"

"Yes, madame, we are receiving them every day."

"Do you receive as high as—as five thousand dollars?"

"No," said the cashier with some surprise; "or rather, we do not allow interest on so large a sum. One thousand dollars is our limit. Do you know of any who—"

"It is of no consequence," said the widow, hurriedly, "I only ask for curiosity. By the way, did you say how much interest you allow on deposits that come within your limits?"

"Five per cent, madam."

"Thank you, I only asked for curiosity. What a beautiful morning it is!"

And the widow tripped lightly out.

Shortly afterwards the deacon entered.

"How's business, Mr. Cashier?" was his first inquiry.

"About as usual."

"Many deposits lately?"

"None of any magnitude."

"I brought over a lady this morning who seemed to have business with you."

"The widow Wells?"

"Yes."

"Do you know," asked the cashier, "whether she has had any money left her lately?"

"None that I know of," said the deacon, pricking up his ears. "Why, did she deposit any?"

"No, but she enquired whether we received deposits as high as five thousand dollars."

"I indeed!" ejaculated the deacon. "Was that all she came for?" he enquired a moment afterwards.

"No; she exchanged a gold piece for small bills."

"Ha!" pondered the deacon reflectively.

"Did she give any reason for the inquiries?"

"No; she said she only inquired for curiosity."

The deacon left the bank in deep thought. He came to the conclusion that this curiosity only veiled a deeper motive. He no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had found a pot of gold in her cellar, and appearances seemed to indicate that its probable value was at least five thousand dollars. The gold piece she had exchanged at the bank appeared to confirm the story.

"I rather think," said the deacon, complacently, "I can see into a millstone about as far as most people"—a statement the literal truth of which I defy any one to question, although as to the prime fact of people being able to see into a millstone at all, doubts have now and then intruded themselves upon my mind.

Next Sunday the widow Wells appeared at church in a new and stylish bonnet, which led to some such remarks as these:

"How much vanity some people have to be sure."

"How a woman who has kept boarders for a living, can afford to dash out such a bonnet out, is more than I can tell. I should think she was old enough to know better."

The last remark was made by a young lady just six months younger than the widow, whose attempt to catch a husband hitherto had proved unavailing.

"I suppose she is trying to catch a second husband with means. Before I'd descend to such means, I'd—I'd drown myself," continued the lady.

In this last amiable speech the young lady had unwittingly hit upon the true motive. The widow was intent upon catching deacon Bancroft, and she indulged in a costly bonnet, not because she supposed he would be caught by finery, but because this would strengthen in his mind the idea that she had stumbled upon the hidden wealth.

The widow calculated shrewdly, and the display had the desired effect.

On Monday afternoon the deacon found an errand that called him over to the widow's. It chanced to be just about tea time. He was imported to stay to tea, and somewhat to his own surprise, he did. The polite widow, who knew the deacon's weak point, brought out one of her best mince pies, a slice of which her guest partook of with zest.

"You'll take another piece, I know," said she persuasively.

"Really, I am ashamed," said the deacon but he passed his plate. "The fact is, I said he, apologetically, 'your pies are so nice, I don't know when to stop.'"

"Do you call these nice?" said the widow, modestly. "I call them common. I can make nice pies when I set out to, but this time I didn't have as good luck as usual."

"I shouldn't want any better," said the deacon, emphatically.

"Then I hope if you like them you will drop in to tea often. We ought to be more neighborly, deacon Bancroft."

Deacon Bancroft assented, and he meant what he said. The fact is, the deacon began to think that the widow was a very charming woman. She was very comely and then she was such an excellent cook.

Besides he had no doubt in his mind that she had a considerable sum of money. What objections would there be to her becoming Mrs. Bancroft? He brought this question before her one evening. The widow blushed; professed to be greatly surprised—in fact, she never thought of such a thing in her life—but, on the whole she had always thought highly of the deacon, and to cut the matter short, she accepted him.

A month after she was installed as mistress of the deacon's large house, somewhat to the surprise of the village people, who could not conceive how she had brought him over.

Some weeks after the ceremony, the deacon ventured to inquire about the pot of gold which she had found in the cellar.

"Pot of gold!" she exclaimed, in surprise, "I know of none."

"But," said the deacon, disconcerted, "you asked me whether the law could claim it."

"Oh, lor! deacon, I only asked you from curiosity."

"And was that the reason you made the inquiry at the bank?"

"Certainly. What else could it be?"

The deacon went out to the barn, and for

half an hour sat in silent meditation. At the end of this time, he ejaculated as a closing consideration: "After all, she makes good mince pies!"

It gives me pleasure to state that the widow proved a happy one, although to the end of his life, he never could quite make up his mind about the "pot of gold."

### Happy Criticisms.

The N. Y. Tribune has some felicitous hits at McClellan's recent oration at West Point, which the N. Y. Herald and other Copperhead journals compared to "the sublime periods of Pericles," "the equals of Everett in his most masterly oratorical conceptions," "carrying us back to those times when orators were demigods." The Tribune remarking upon this fulsome and silly adulation, says:

"It is supposed that Pericles spoke and wrote the Greek language correctly. Everett certainly writes accurate and elegant English. We are not intimately acquainted with the acquirements of the 'demigods' in grammar, but 'non dei, non homines,' neither God nor men can tolerate such sentences as these of McClellan's: 'Alas! our nation possesses few such sons like true John Sedgwick.' 'What have you there, my good woman?' 'Tomatoes, Sir, and rich like.' Or this: 'For there were many of them who merited as proud a distinction as that accorded to the first Grenadier of France, or to that other Russian soldier who gave his life for his country.'"

"John, how many are there in your class at school?" "Only another little girl and me, sir."

Or this: "Young Bayard, so like the most renowned of his name, that Knight above fear, and above reproach, was off too early from his country."

The motto of Bayard was: 'Sans peur et sans reproche,' without fear and without reproach, not above fear and reproach. That would imply want of that temptation which the Bayard's virtue had withstood. When Shakespeare describes old age as 'sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything,' the poet does not mean that old age is above eyes, above teeth, and all else that is vigorous in manhood. Will the demigod make a note of this?"

### Hard to Please.

One of the resolutions just passed by the Chicago convention, is a beautiful exemplification of the crooked policy of the democratic party. It is as follows:—

"Resolved, That the shameful disregard of the Administration of its duty in respect to our fellow-citizens who are now and long have been prisoners of war in a suffering condition, deserves the severest reprobation on the score alike of public and common humanity."

In the first place, here is a distinct confession that our prisoners of war have been abused and ill-treated by the power that has held them in its grasp—that they have long been, and are now in a suffering condition. The natural conclusion from this premise would be a hearty condemnation of the Southern Confederacy for its cruelty and barbarity in its treatment of prisoners of war. But the Chicago philanthropists are guided by a different logic from this. They have no hard words to utter against the rebellion. If there had not been a round-about chance to condemn somebody else, every democrat there would have let his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth before he would have broached the subject at all.

But what is the charge here brought against our own government? Nothing open and specific, of course, because that would be dangerous to the men who make the charge. The offence suggested, or implied by the language of the resolution is, that our government has not been severe enough in its measures of retaliation. Does any one believe that this democratic convention at Chicago, would have justified such measures of retaliation, and is not the whole resolution utterly Janus-faced and heartless?

Fair-minded and honorable men everywhere, have been ready to see and acknowledge, how difficult and perplexing have been the questions brought before our government with reference to these prisoners of war, pining in southern dungeons. After-times will do justice to the administration in this matter, and it will read well on the page of history, that the government of the United States could not be tempted or forced into a system of barbarism, like that to which our own soldiers have been subjected in their life as prisoners of war. But who can read the Chicago resolution on this subject, remembering the well-known sympathies and antecedents of the men who passed it, without contempt and loathing?

[Boston Adv.]

The anger which flushes the face is not so deadly as that which makes pale. The red heat is less intense than the white.

## BREVITIES.

There is no use in distributing tracts among the untractable.

Wanted, two stamps of indignation, and one of true nobility.

Generally, a love-quarrel, like the name of a certain big fire-arm, ends in a *boom*!

Few men are wise enough to prefer the blame that is useful for them to the praise that betrays them.

An ox, as broad as he is long, is a round of beef.

The book of nature is always beautiful; but it gets short of leaves in autumn.

People shouldn't talk about having the second sober thought, who never had the first.

"My lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in their verdict, "we find the man that stole the mare not guilty."

It is very wrong to persist in kissing a pretty girl, when she resolutely declares that she wishes you not to. It looks just as though you wouldn't take her word.

It is often the case that men, for the sake of getting a living, forget to live.

The trout is said to be a keen-sighted fish; the fact is he wears specs.

The Miser's Sum of Happiness—Addition.

Much smoking kills live men and cures dead swine.

The Great Hydropathists—Milkmen.

Fenelon when he had charge of the education of the Duke of Burgundy, said,

"What I am going to say to this child, will be the occasion of happiness or misery to twenty millions of people."

Juliet talked of Romeo's being cut up into stars. It would be well for a good many young women if their lovers were chopped up much finer than that.

You are disappointed when you come home to dinner, expecting to find a warm saddle of mutton, and get nothing but a cold shoulder.

A severe rain visited the army of the Potomac on the night of the 17th. An army letter says the ravine in front of the 15th corps rose so rapidly outside its banks as to wash away hundreds of tents. Fourteen soldiers who were asleep are known to have been drowned. The water in the valley was ten feet deep and more, and rose like ocean surf. One man, noted as a wit was rescued when nearly drowned. At last, heaving a groan, he opened his eyes and gasped out, a word at a time: "I am—Capt.—Semmes;—where—is—the—Deerhound?" [Journal.]

QUININE. Quinine is now the king of medicines; and while every one regards it as the most reliable and invaluable of remedies, there are many who think that with quinine and opium they can treat all diseases. The demand is enormous and the more especially if we recall the rapidity with which this young son of medicine has come into its rights. Into this country bark found its way for the first time late in the seventeenth century; and in France it won its entrance into the pharmacopoeia by curing Louis XIV., being used then for him as a secret remedy, and on the following conditions: 48,000 livres, 2000 as a pension, and the title of chevalier. The communication between French and English physicians was not then complete or intimate, and so this magnificent price was obtained for Salotti's remedy, which was only a vinous tincture of quinine commonly employed in England. Louis XIV. ordered its admission into the pharmacopoeia. The sources of quinine are, however, gradually tending under the pressure of the enormous demand; and although the experiments of the British government in forming plantations of cinchona trees in India have met with success in an important degree, yet the best kinds of quinine-bearing trees are said not to have succeeded so well as the others. [London Lancet.]

HABIT. Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away mist; but, by ascending a little, you may often overlook it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere. It is by adding to our good purposes, and nourishing the affections which are rightly placed, that we shall be able to combat the bad ones.

AN AMENDMENT PROPOSED. The New York Tribune says that the following message was sent from that city by a War Democrat, after he had read the platform of the Democratic National Convention:

"Hon. James Guthrie: Amend your resolution by adding one apologizing to Jeff. Davis and his bloody conspirators for our conduct toward them, and all will be complete."



# The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, SEPT. 16, 1864.

## UNION NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
**ABRAHAM LINCOLN**  
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
**ANDREW JOHNSON**,  
OF TENNESSEE.

For Electors.  
JOHN B. BROWN, of Portland.  
ABNER T. TETSON, of Bangor.  
RICHARD M. CHAMMAN, of Biddeford.  
THOMAS A. D. FESSENDEN, of Auburn.  
GOING HATHORN, of Piquette.  
BENJ. F. GILMAN, of Orono.  
JOHN N. SWAZEY, of Bucksport.

## MAINE ELECTION.

### Signal Union Victory!

### The last Copperhead Congressman Lynched.

The Union candidates for Governor, Members of Congress, Senators, County Officers, and five-sixths of the Representatives chosen!

### Make Way for Lincoln & Johnson.

The Election passed off very quietly on Monday, the heavy rain keeping men quietly in doors, and serving also to reduce the vote. The count shows that the people have thrown off the lethargic feeling indulged in so largely four weeks ago, and are determined to adhere to the noble position the State has held for years past, and will be behind no other in devotion to the Union, and the principles of liberty which will inspire the government, when the national struggle shall have ceased. They make a glorious record. Gov. Cony is re-elected by a majority certainly larger than last year, and it will approach to 20,000, when full returns are in. We have chosen a full Union delegation to Congress, by majorities of from 2000 to 4500, leaving out in the cold the only copperhead who was able to creep in in 1862. Beyond this we have a Legislature, in which the Senate is unanimous, and the House five-sixths Union; and have elected the Union ticket in every County in the State. This redeems old York and Lincoln from copperhead rule, and most nobly have they thrown off the incubus.

This election gratifying as it is in a local point of view, becomes important when we look upon its National bearing. All states looked to Maine for the key note of the campaign. Should Maine fall back at this stage, the record would be a severe blow in all the other States. She has nobly taken the lead in the contest, and will pilot in twenty-three States for LINCOLN and JOHNSON in November.

[We adverted to the issues at stake, and the effect of the decision, so that further comment is unnecessary, previous to the election. The people have looked at the matter in its true light, and their decision is such as will tell upon the country to the latest generations. The Presidential contest though scarcely yet begun is virtually decided, and LIBERTY AND UNION is the watchword.]

#### VOTE OF OXFORD COUNTY.

	1863	1864
Albany	70	82
Andover	102	52
Bethel	297	214
Brownfield	127	202
Bucksport	269	168
Byron	39	15
Canton	136	101
Danville	101	152
Dixfield	107	155
Fryeburg	232	159
Gilead	42	26
Grafton	7	17
Greenwood	101	90
Hanover	30	26
Hartford	134	102
Hebron	154	65
Hiram	176	125
Lovel	149	137
Mason	15	11
Mexico	51	56
Newry	40	73
Norway	258	192
Oxford	172	131
Paris	421	242
Pera	141	91
Porter	142	128
Roxbury	16	24
Rumford	213	76
Stow	49	53
Stoneham	69	56
Swanton	147	117
Sweden	98	62
Waterford	157	169
Woodstock	170	170
Andover N. Sup.	17	47
Franklin plantation	11	45
Hanlin Gt.	12	8
Lincoln plantation	8	2
Milton	35	16
	4495	3490
	4084	3236

LYNCHED. L. D. M. Sweet, the Copperhead candidate for Congress from the 1st District, informed Judge Kelly, that he was sure of an election on Monday. The result shows how widely that gentleman's calculations differed from the actual result, and shows how sadly copperheads are given to counting chickens before they are hatched. In fact he is not only convicted before the people, but actually lynched.

#### Bridgton herself again.

The Union men of Bridgton are entitled to great credit for the gallant battles fought in March and September. In March they elected their candidates for town officers, and on Monday swung the town into the Union line by near one hundred majority, and elected John P. Perley, Esq., to the Legislature, over N. S. Littlefield's son. There is a whole souled set of union workers in Bridgton, who have good cause for energetic action.

S. J. COURT. The September term at Paris will commence on Tuesday of next week. Hon. W. G. Barrows, we learn, is the Justice assigned to hold the Court, but some change may be made which will bring one of his associates here.

The alterations in the House are nearly completed, and the room is undergoing a cleansing process so that the tide of justice may flow with its wonted purity. The changes to be made were indicated when the plans were adopted. The addition gives two large rooms on the level with the court room, one of which will be used by the Law Library Association, the other serving as a consulting room.

An entrance is formed in the new part, reached by a rise of four steps from the old hall, from which stairways branch off to the entrances to the court-room, on each side the building, the space occupied by the old stairway, having been thrown into the court-room.

To accommodate the old room to the new plan, considerable change in the internal arrangements were necessary. The two tiers of seats have been thrown together in the center and rear, leaving a passage on each side and front. The cumbersome semi-circular counter called a bar is removed, and a light hard-wood rail substituted, enclosing a square area somewhat larger than before, with an entrance near the Clerk's desk, modestly suggesting to those who have not taken the attorney's oath, the propriety to be observed within the room.

The Grand Jury room has been enlarged, and now opens into the lobby adjoining, giving more room to the jurors and State's Attorney, as well as shutting up the big key hole which has so long played tell-tale upon the deliberations within. The basement of the addition affords conveniences for wood-shed, etc.

THE SOLDIERS' VOTE. The amendment to the Constitution, allowing Soldiers to vote was carried on Monday, by a large majority. We have exact returns from but few towns. In Paris, the copperheads made an effort to carry their full strength against it, and succeeded in getting in 150 votes against, to 415 in favor. The figures in other towns show that where they voted at all it was in the same way, in most instances. The soldiers will not fail to make a note of this next November.

ELECTION INCIDENTS. We gather the following matters of interest from our correspondents, who kindly filled and returned our circulars.

In Albany, Timothy Hutchinson, Esq., aged 90 years, manifested his untiring devotion to the Union, by riding six miles in the rain, to cast his vote for his country's cause.

In Summer, Mr. E. Briggs and Benj. Rowe were out to town meeting. The former has been a voter for 64 years, and the latter 63, and neither has missed casting a vote at any annual election within that time.

Mr. Hinkley, voted for George Washington, for President, and has voted at every Presidential election that has been held in the United States. He will vote in November for Abraham Lincoln, if his life is spared till that time, which will be a noble closing sentence of such a record as few men can point to. He resides in Livermore.

DIED, in Paris, Sept. 10th, LAZARUS HATHAWAY, aged 82 years and 7 months. Mr. H. was among the first settlers of this town, having moved from Middlebury, Mass., in 1802. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1835, and again in 1840, and has always enjoyed the respect and confidence of the community in which he lived. His last illness, which was exceedingly distressing was borne with great fortitude and resignation. His memory will be cherished by a large circle of family connections.

CHEAP CAPITAL. It turns out, according to reports in the Portland papers, that the copperheads resorted to a singular dodge to keep up the party spirit. It seemed necessary to complete the programme that some soldier sympathy for McClellan should be manifested; and it was done by borrowing the uniforms of a dozen discharged volunteers. Mr. Patton, the auctioneer, acted as spokesman for the squad, figuring as sergeant.

REPRESENTATIVES CHOSEN. The following Representatives were elected on Monday:

Paris, &c., Geo. W. Hammond, union.  
Norway, &c., W. W. Hobbs, union.  
Waterford, &c., Myrick Monroe, union.  
Denmark, &c., Col. Wm. Bean, union.  
Fryeburg, &c., Jas. M. Howe, Jr., dem.  
Bethel, &c., John Barker, union.  
Pera, &c., Henry S. McIntyre, union.  
Canton, &c., Hiram A. Ellis, union.  
Bucksport, &c., Thos. W. Bowman, union.

The Traveller reports that great naval operations are in preparation, and that Admiral Porter is to be assigned the chief command and direction of them.

#### Riley Plantation.

This Plantation situated in the north west part of the State of Maine bordering upon New Hampshire is but little known outside of its own limits, and to the occasional tourist and hunter. It is situated north west of Newry at the source of Sunday River, and is accessible only as you ascend this stream, being surrounded on all sides by high mountains which are extensions of the White Mt. chain.

Newry was settled as early as 1781. Bethel, still earlier, in 1773; consequently for half a century later Riley was scarcely known only to hunters, though one family was settled within its limits as early as 1810. In 1790 John J. Holmes of New Jersey, purchased the plantation and Newry, but it was not till 1823 that it acquired any importance. Isaac Riley from whom it was named, was born in Berlin, Ct., and settled in New York city and Philadelphia, as a bookseller. He took possession of the plantation for a debt, and conceiving the idea of forming a settlement there, he made his arrangements accordingly. He never saw the place and was not aware of its mountainous and unfavorable character.

In 1823 he removed with his family from Philadelphia to Portland, and brought with him about 50 emigrants consisting of men women and children, mostly from Philadelphia, who were made up largely of Irish and Dutch. Mr. Riley did not intend to settle there himself, but was desirous of parceling it out in farms to settlers, and have his residence in Portland and take a general oversight of his little colony. So ignorant were the emigrants of their destination that when told they were going to Maine they supposed it to be the Spanish Main, until Mr. Riley explained to them the difference.

These emigrants started on foot from Portland to Ketchikan as the place was then called, accompanied by Mr. Riley's son, then a mere lad. They had baggage wagons with them, and camped by night usually in the margin of some forest. The party passed through Bethel and reached Ketchikan on the evening of the 4th or 5th day. They camped that night on the banks of Sunday river. Squatters had already occupied a portion of the territory but arrangements were subsequently made for their permanent settlement among them.

Early the next morning it was discovered that two-thirds of the emigrant party were missing. Coming from a cultivated and level country like that around Philadelphia, and entering an almost unbroken forest upon a land so forbidding in appearance and so unlike anything they had ever seen, it was not to be wondered that they should shrink from the task of making a home there. Mr. Riley's son mounted a horse and proceeded to Bethel Ferry hoping to meet them and persuade them to return, but they avoided him by keeping behind the hills, and none of them returned in accordance with their pledge. Some eight or ten of them, however, subsequently settled in the vicinity. The few that remained in connection with others induced to come in from adjacent towns, cleared many acres of land, and built log houses on Sunday river just below the present bridge. The mill was put in operation the same year. Several framed houses and a large store were built. The saw mill was carried away in the great freshet of 1826.

Mr. Riley died in Portland the next year after the settlement 1824, which prevented the further prosecution of the enterprise. The whole tract of land was sold soon after to parties in Portland who re-sold it in farms to settlers. At that time the country was a wilderness and a great hunting ground. Bethel some 12 miles distant was their nearest market. Mr. Riley and Benjamin Russell are still remembered by some of the older citizens as coming to Bethel, the latter having for a hat an immense hornet's nest, which he had hollowed out for that purpose. Among those who remained faithful to the end was the Superintendent, McGill, a Scotchman.

Mr. Riley had a family of ten children who all left the state. Theodore W. to whom we are largely indebted for this sketch resided in South America 25 years engaged in commercial pursuits. After an interval of forty-one years he recently returned to Riley and found still living there some of the old settlers, and was greatly surprised at the change and growth of Bethel. He now resides in New York city. Henry, another son is settled as a clergyman over a Presbyterian church in Montrose, Pa. Julia, because the wife of Rev. Wm. Rogers who spent several years as missionaries in the north west part of India. They now reside in Ohio.

Riley plantation is a romantic spot. No tourist can go there without being well paid for the ride. He will find himself hemmed in by a wall of mountains without any seeming way of egress. The inhabitants numbering about 60 persons are industrious. Bears still come down the mountains and are caught by the settlers; strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, blackberries and mountain cranberries are obtained there in the greatest abundance. By crossing over the mountains towards Sunday Pond, hunters frequently catch moose and deer.

We learn that the office of the Provost-marshal for this District, has been removed from Lewiston to the Auburn side. The Board now have rooms in the County building, using the basement for cooking purposes, and the attic for barracks. The expenses will be materially lessened by the new arrangement.

Park Benjamin, the distinguished lecturer and author, died in New York, Tuesday. He was 55 years of age.

#### From the 7th Maine Battery.

We have taken the liberty to condense the following letter, committing some matters relative to the election.

THE 7TH BATTERY  
BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA.  
Sept. 8, 1864.

MR. EDITOR: After an absence of a few weeks from the Battery, I am again at the front, and perhaps a few facts—not rumors—concerning the past and present of our company, representing as it does, almost every part of our dear old State may not be entirely uninteresting to your readers. We are now in camp and our guns having been relieved for a short time, we are together, enjoying a much needed rest. It is unusually quiet to-day, save now and then a volley of musketry, and an occasional discharge of artillery. These sounds are common here. We left the State a full company, but now we number only eighty-six for duty. Some have fallen in battle, others of disease, while many are absent sick. Capt. Twitchell is an able commander, and is ever at his post of duty. Lt. Lapham is now absent on a sick leave, but will soon return. Lt. Bundy is also absent on account of a wound received in the hand, but we hope he will soon return. Lts. Staples and Thorpe are yet with us, and by their example and words of cheer, admonish us to be ever at our post.

Our cause seems to be brightening. The news of victory comes to us from other battle fields and is received by us with shouts of rejoicing while the artillery along our line joins with us in peans of praise.

Since I have been writing the order has come to put our guns in position again tomorrow morning. Our packing must be done and there is no further time for writing now.

Yours Truly,  
A. S. T.

#### Letter from Gen. Grant.

The following is an extract from a letter from Lieutenant-General Grant to Hon. E. B. Washburn, dated Headquarters, City Point, Va., Aug. 16, 1864:

"I state to all citizens who visit me that all we want now to insure an early restoration of the Union is determined unity of sentiment in the North. The rebels have now in their ranks their last man. The little boys and old men are guarding the prisoners and railroad bridges, and forming a good part of their garrisons for entrenched positions. A man lost by them cannot be replaced. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force.

Besides what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing from desertions and other causes at least one regiment per day. With this drain upon them, the end is not far distant if we are only true to ourselves. Their only hope now is a divided North. This might give them reinforcements from Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri, while it would weaken us.

With the draft quietly enforced, the enemy would become deponent and would make but little resistance. I have no doubt the enemy are very anxious to hold out until after the Presidential election. They have many hopes from its effects. They hope for a counter revolution; they hope for the election of a peace candidate; in fact like Mirambeau they hope for something to turn up.

If our peace friends expect peace from separation, they are much mistaken. It would be but the beginning of war, with thousands of Northern men joining the South because of our disgrace in allowing separation. With peace on any terms the South would demand the restoration of the slaves already freed, indemnity for losses, a treaty which would make the North a slave hunter for the South, and pay for the restoration of every slave escaping to the North.

Yours truly,  
U. S. GRANT."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT. A correspondent in forwarding the election returns from his town, comments as follows:

"There is one feature in our votes that is particularly noteworthy. Of the twenty-two years, for the Amendment to the constitution, nineteen were cast by republicans, and three by democrats. The two no's were cast by democrats—the other democrats dodging the question, thus showing the utter futility of their pretended regard for the Soldiers. I presume this to be a fair index of the vote in the State, and I trust our intelligent, patriotic Soldiers will duly appreciate this action of the PEOPLE."

SHE HAS DONE WHAT SHE COULD. A correspondent writes us the following: There is an interesting, agreeable, and intelligent old lady residing in Lovell and now enjoying a green old age—widow Hannah Andrews; she is now in her 96th year, and has reared 13 children, and the number of her descendants is two hundred and thirty-five. Truly she might say with an Englishman of my acquaintance, "I have kept one of the commands."

GEN. KNOX. At the New England Fair, Springfield, Mass., last week, the first premium for trotting was taken by the noble stallion, "Gen. Knox," owned by T. S. Lang, Esq., of Vassalboro. Mr. Lang received two offers for his horse, one of \$20,000 and another of \$25,000, before the close of the fair, both of which he refused. Gen. Knox previously won the champion belt of Maine.

A dispatch from Gen. Frye to Gov. Seymour of New York, says a draft has been ordered for the 19th inst. in Ohio and other districts that have not filled their quotas.

#### Gen. McClellan's Letter of Acceptance.

ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 6, 1864.

Gentlemen—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter informing me of my nomination by the Democratic National Convention recently assembled at Chicago, as their candidate at the next election for President of the United States. It is unnecessary for me to say to you that this nomination comes to me unsought. I am happy to know that when the nomination was made, the record of my public life was kept in view. The effect of long and varied service in the army during war and peace has been to strengthen and make indelible in my mind and heart the love and reverence for the Union, Constitution, Laws and flag of our country. Impressed upon me in early youth, these feelings have far guided the course of my life, and most continue to do so to its end.

The existence of more than one government over the region which once owned our flag, is incompatible with the peace, the power and the happiness of the people. The preservation of our Union was the sole avowed object for which the war was commenced. It should have been conducted for that object only, and in accordance with those principles which I took occasion to declare when in active service. Thus conducted, the work of reconstruction would have been easy, and we might have reaped the benefits of our many victories on land and sea.

The Union was originally formed by the exercise of a spirit of conciliation and compromise. To restore and preserve it the same spirit must prevail in our councils and in the hearts of the people. The re-establishment of the Union in all its integrity is and must continue to be the indispensable condition in any settlement. So soon as it is clear, or even probable, that our present adversaries are ready for peace upon the basis of the Union we should exhaust all the resources of statesmanship practiced by civilized nations and taught by the traditions of the American people, consistent with the honor and interests of the country, to secure such a peace, re-establish the Union, and guaranty for the future the Constitutional rights of every State. The Union is the one condition of peace; we ask no more.

Let me add what I doubt not was, although unexpressed, the sentiment of the convention, as it is of the people they represent, that when any one State is willing to return to the Union, it should be received at once, with a full guarantee of all its constitutional rights.

If a frank, earnest and persistent effort to obtain these objects should fail, the responsibility for ulterior consequences will fall upon those who remain in arms against the Union. But the Union must be preserved at all hazards. I could not look in the face of my gallant comrades of the Army and Navy who have survived so many bloody battles and tell them that their labors and the sacrifice of so many of our slain and wounded brethren had been in vain; that we had abandoned the Union for which we had so often perilled our lives. A vast majority of our people, whether in the army and navy or at home, would, as I would, hail with unbounded joy the permanent restoration of peace on the basis of the Union, under the Constitution without the effusion of another drop of blood. But no peace can be permanent without Union.

As to the other subjects presented in the resolutions of the convention, I need only say that I should seek in the Constitution of the United States and the laws framed in accordance therewith, the rule of my duty and the limitations of executive power, endeavor to restore economy in public expenditure, re-establish the supremacy of law, and by the operation of a more vigorous nationality resume our commanding position among the nations of the earth.

The condition of our finances, the depreciation of the paper money, and the burdens thereby imposed on labor and capital, show the necessity of a return to a sound financial system; while the rights of citizens and the rights of States and the binding authority of the law over President, army and people are subjects of not less vital importance in war than in peace.

Believing that the views here expressed are those of the convention and the people you represent, I accept the nomination.

I realize the weight of responsibility to be borne, should the people ratify your choice. Conscious of my own weakness I can only seek persistently the guidance of the Ruler of the Universe and relying on His all powerful aid, do my best to restore the Union and peace to a suffering people, and to establish and guard their liberties and rights.

I am gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

To Hon. H. SEYMOUR and others of the Committee.

HIS GOOD NAME GONE. A soldier writes us that when Gen. G. B. McClellan was nominated for President, by the Chicago Convention, he lost his good name in the army. A member of the 6th Maine says, "We are McClellan's friends, but copperheads we will never vote for, nor a man who accepts a nomination upon their cowardly and infamous platform."

The Press says a lady friend of Mr. L. D. M. Sweet, presented him with a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Monday evening.

Seven hundred men have been enlisted on the Frigate Sabine, in the brief time she has been lying at Portland. The men have been sent to Boston.

#### WHAT GRANT IS DOING. Says a cor-

respondent with the army of the Potomac, doubtless the north is, with characteristic eagerness, chafing at the delay, and wondering why Gen. Grant does not proceed at once and give the final blow. He is proceeding; but precisely in his own way. He knows too well the tremendous issues devolving upon him, and he is not going to peril the destinies of the country now placed in his hand, and his own lofty and dearly-earned reputation, by any "on-to-Richmond" goadings. Without venturing to hint even as to their character, no observer can watch the preparations and movements going on throughout the army, without feeling impressed with the certainty that Petersburg will share the fate of Atlanta. When that occurs, all the concentrated forces of rebellion cannot prevent us from seizing and holding the Richmond and Danville Railroad—their only communications with the interior—and when we do that Richmond is ours, even if we do not strike a blow for it. None know this better than the rebels themselves and their sympathizers North.

#### NEW COMMISSIONS. The following commissions have been issued viz:—

1st Regiment Mounted Artillery—5th Battery. Major James A. Hall of Danvers, Col. Lt. Colonel, vice McGilvery, promoted. First Sergt. John M. Freeman, of Bethel, 2d Lieutenant, 4th Battery, vice Haynes, promoted.

First Company of Unassigned Infantry, Edward S. Butler, of Lewiston, Captain. Freedom H. Lander, of Auburn, First Lieutenant. Charles W. Gerrish, of Lisbon, Second Lieutenant.

31st Regiment—Infantry. First Sergt. E. A. Sprague, Co. G, of Rockland, 1st Lieutenant, C. vice Tibbetts, deceased. First Sergt. Benj. F. Barrows, of Augusta, 2d Lieutenant, C. vice Cyphers, resigned. [Bangor Whig.]

HAIL IN SALEM. The Boston Post heads the democratic meetings here and elsewhere last Thursday evening as "Thunder all around." We desire to add that this thunder was accompanied with slight indications of hail in Salem. Several of the stones came through our office window at the close of the meeting, breaking two panes of glass, and striking the opposite side of the room. One of the stones glanced against the head of one of the pressmen. But then he didn't mind it much. He was fresh from service in the Army of the Potomac, and had got used to rebel missiles. [Salem Weekly Gazette.]

A GREENBACK WELL INVESTED. A year ago several journals united in recommending their readers to invest a Dollar "Greenback" in securing that very excellent Journal for the HOUSEHOLD (including the Little ones), for the GARDEN, and for the FARM, called the American Agriculturist. Many persons were thus led to subscribe, and we believe all who did so have been much more than satisfied. They have received the 23d Annual Volume of the Agriculturist which is full of good things, useful, practical, and entertaining, and just now the Publisher is sending out to each of his subscribers applying a present of a plant of one of the most remarkable Strawberry Plants, sent free and post-paid, to every new subscriber who encloses 5 cents extra for oilcloth, packing, and postage on the plant. Our advice to all is, send the Dollar (or the \$1.15), and the extra 5 cents at once to ORANGE JUDS, Publisher of the Agriculturist, at 41 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY, and get the paper, etc. You will get a most beautiful, well illustrated, practical paper, and the cheapest one in the country, to say nothing of the extra Strawberry Plant, etc. TRY IT.

THE DEMOCRATIC SPLIT. The New York Herald, referring to the proposal of the News to reassemble the Democratic Convention and modify the Chicago platform, says:

"This is a fair remedy; but it will not work. If the Chicago platform be changed to accord with Gen. McClellan's letter, this peace faction will reject both candidate and platform, while, with the nomination of a candidate endorsing the platform as it stands, the War Democracy will bolt. There is a split. The two factions of the party cannot be reconciled. A rupture is proclaimed, and very soon, we apprehend, the apparent Democratic harmony of yesterday will relapse into confusion worse confounded than ever."

With regard to the assertion of McClellan's friends that he will be stronger without the support of the radical peace men than with it, the Herald remarks that "this may be so; but according to the elections of 1863 and the Chicago platform, the Copperheads are the leaders of the Democratic party." [Boston Journal.]

JOHN MORGAN KILLED. The death of the rebel bandit, John Morgan, is due to one of those acts of woman's heroism, which have been developed by the war. The affair is thus described:

"He was on a reconnaissance, and took lodgings at a house near Greenville, Tenn., which proved to be occupied by the wife of an officer on Burnside's staff named Williams. While he slept Mrs. Williams mounted his horse, rode fifteen miles and returned with a squad of soldiers. Morgan broke from the house, but was surrounded. He drew a revolver, swore he would not be taken alive, and attempted to break through the line, and was killed by a volley."







