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PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1864.

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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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MISCELLANY.

From the Home Journal.
TWO MONTHS IN THE FOREST.

BY JOHN C. FENTON.

A Fatal Accident—A Rare and Beautiful
Sight—The Doe and her Fawns—Skin-
ning a Wolf Alive.

One morning, not long after our night
hunt at South Pond, Cary said, "If you're
a mind to come with me two or three miles
down the lake, I'll show you something you
don't often see; so long as I've been in the
woods, I never saw it more than once or
twice."

"What is that uncommon sight, Cary,
pray?"

"It's a doe, with her fawns in cover. I
ran across the spot a day or two ago by ac-
cident."

After breakfast we crossed the lake, and
the old hunter led the way down the shore
about two miles, when he turned away from
the lake into a deep ravine, the course of
a spring torrent, but now a mere rill trick-
led down among the white-polished bould-
ers. Our way now led up the bed of the
stream, in which we made but tiresome pro-
gress stepping and jumping from rock to
rock over the shallow water. The walls of
the ravine were quite precipitous and den-
sely clad with sapling fir. Ever and anon a
"jam" of drift wood, piled by the torrent
many feet overhead, opposed our advance,
and cost a severe effort to surmount or
crawl beneath it.

"There's a lake," said Cary, "other
side of this mountain on our right; it's the
same one Captain Peter talked of to you
yesterday night. He has always been trying
to get over there ever since I knew him,
but he never does. It ain't quite so big as
South Pond, but it never had any name as
ever I knew of. Well, last fall, late, three
young men went over there on a hunt for
deer. It was just freezing, and ice was mak-
ing in the lake. The camp was on the op-
posite side from where they struck the lake.
Rather than foot it around, they undertook
to go across, packs, rifles, and all, in an
old rotten skiff that somebody had built and
left there years ago. They couldn't make
much headway through the making ice, the
boat had begun to leak faster and faster,
and at last two of them had to take to bail-
ing out the water with their hats, while the
other one pulled the crazy thing through
the ice the best he could. It wouldn't do;
the boat began to settle under them; they
threw out their packs, and at last their
rifles, also, but the rotten thing sunk forty
yards from shore. It was a hard spot in
that cold water and amongst ice that broke
as fast as they got hold of it. Two of them
went down before they could get ashore;
the other one got out, but nigher dead than
alive. He got through to my house, and I
went over with some lumbermen and got
out the bodies. Their three rifles lay on
the bottom yet; 'tain't likely they would be
good for much now if they could be fished
out."

During Cary's narrative, we have been
laboring up the ragged ascent, and have
now reached a bend in the gorge, which,
turning to the left, before long terminates
a less rugged, less rocky valley, so densely
studded with spruce and fir saplings that
the eye can penetrate but a few feet in ei-
ther direction. It is a spot of the most
perfect seclusion.

"We ain't got far to go now," said Cary;
"the cover ain't more than a hundred rods
further up this hollow. I've brought you
up on this side because the wind this morn-
ing is down the run towards us; we can get
pretty nigh the cover if we are still and
careful."

Parting the dense trailing boughs before
our faces as we go, the guide leads onward,
and we gain an open lawn or glade in the
evergreens, which allows a pretty clear
sight thirty or forty rods in advance.

"There, boys, lay down here under these
spruces. You see that clump of little spruces
right ahead yonder? That's her cover. I'll
warrant she's in it now, too."

The old man pointed to a little circular
thicket of evergreen bushes ten or twelve
feet high, whose matted boughs trailed up-
on the ground on every side, and so inter-
laced as to form a shelter impervious to
rain as well as to the sight. It was scarcely
a stone's cast beyond our station.

"Now lay low and keep shy; we will
watch awhile. We shall see her trot out
after a long. I don't want to start her out
of her cover if I can help it."

At this season the forest is full of fawns
like that which Cary captured a few days
ago. A month or two earlier, the timid
doe, prompted by the instinct of maternity,
retires to the most sheltered nook which
the forest affords. She makes herself a se-
cure, warm cover, and there, in fear and
trembling, she, the natural prey of every
forest prowler, brings forth her young.

Now, her life is harassed by poignant
alarms; she is prey to the keenest solic-
tude; she dares hardly to venture from cover
even for food, lest the late track betray her

retreat to her enemies. She now fears ev-
en the fox, the weasel, and the whole host
of lesser vermin, for they often steal in dur-
ing her absence and despoil her of her treas-
ure.

Watch with us in this tangled spruce thick-
et, in the door of pine and pitchy balsam
fir; you shall behold a sight most tender
and motherly—one that disarms even the
rough hunter. We shall not wait long;
she will soon make her brief morning sit-
ting from her cover to the brook down the
ravine.

"There! don't stir now," whispers the
old hunter; "she's coming out; see her!"

The boughs that trail on the ground gen-
tly part, and the doe trips out. How timi-
dly she halts, and throws her taper ears
quickly before and behind to intercept the
first warning sound in the air. One fore-
foot is slightly raised, while she explores
with her great liquid eyes every nook of
the glen. She is not quick of sight. You
would think, to look at her now, that she
herself, this instant, felt that, for she does
not venture away yet, but test, with ex-
panded nostrils, the air for the, to her, surer
warning that drifts on the laden breeze.
But the wind is toward us, and we are safe
from discovery. She is gaunt, her coat is
long and unkempt; her self-denials and ma-
ternal solicitudes have wrought sharply up-
on her.

Now, half satisfied, she trots away a half
dozen steps, but only to halt again, and re-
peat the scrutiny and cast a look over her
shoulder upon the cover. At last, she
seems to be persuaded that the coast is
clear, for she starts down the valley at a
quicker, more decided trot and vanishes
from our sight.

"Now, boys," exclaims the hunter, "be
careful and follow me if you want to see
these fawns; we must do it quick; she won't
be gone five minutes."

Striking into the thicket, he leads us
around a pretty wide circuit to approach
the cover on the farther side. Within two
or three rods of it, he drops on hands and
knees, and, we following close behind, wind
in beneath the heavy spruce boughs to the
very cover. It will surely not harm the
poor thing, just one peep at her guarded
secret!

"Here's the spot whispered Cary; 'look
now; can you see the fawns?'"

Where is her bed? You do not see it at
first; a careless eye would not detect it in
this apparently chance drift of moss and
leaves. But look again; that moss rises
and sinks to the respiration of the tiny life
sleeping beneath. The hunter lifts the
moss off carefully. There they lie! twin
satin-coated fawns nestled in a heap; their
hoofs that would hardly cover a dime shine
like bits of polished ebony. They are
small yet, but how silky and fat they are.
There is a look of wonder in the large
black eyes, but no fear; they know no ene-
mies. They shiver in the sunless air of
this retreat. The hunter replaces the blank-
et.

"Come," says he, "we must be out of
this. I don't want the old doe to catch us
here."

We beat a hasty retreat by the same cir-
cuitous route to our lurking place: not an
instant too soon, for, though we have not
been gone more than ten minutes, the doe
is coming.

"Hark! There is a quick pattering of
hoofs up the glen, and black she ambles.
She does not stop this time to search the
woods or air, but hastily pushes aside the
boughs and vanishes within the cover.

"There," remarked Cary, "I reckon
you won't see the like of that again as long
as you live. We won't go back the way
we came; it's nigher right over the hill this
way."

We made a pretty wide detour to avoid
disturbing the doe in her cover, and came
into the glen again beyond. Scrambling
down a rugged declivity, so steep that we
often lowered ourselves from rock to rock
by overhanging branches, we reached the
lake shore nearly opposite the cabin. The
cabin lay in sight upon the other side.

"What's to be done now, Cary? Are
we to swim the lake?"

"I'll holler; I guess I can start some-
body."

In response to the "far travelling" cry,
the lad soon came down, launched the bark
canoe, and came across to us.

"Get in, get in and set down on the bot-
tom; the canoe will carry us all and more
too."

Four passengers, besides the boy, settled
the frail eggshell pretty deeply in the wa-
ter, but, with the hunter at the paddle, we
got safely across. After all had landed,
however, one of the party, who, until the
past week, had never seen such a craft, dis-
cerned to essay its navigation alone. As
two groans told an unsteady steed for his
rider to mount, so did two persons, one on
each end, hold this larkly shell for its rider
to seat himself. Behold him now planted
on his knees on the bottom of this skittish
craft paddle in hand.

"Now, let her go; I'll manage her well
enough."

He thrusts in the paddle with a bold
sweep; at this first awkward essay the head
of the canoe darts out from shore, the pad-
dle blade is caught under the stern whirling
in the opposite direction, and, before the
wight has time to cry out, over rolls the
bark, and is tranquilly floating over the
submerged navigator. Up he labors, drip-
ping and puffing like the tame seal, and
clammers upon terra firma.

"What were you looking after down there
on the bottom?" inquired Tony.

"Why, the thing went over before I had
time to show my skill at all. Well, the wa-
ter is not cold, and a plunge bath is a health-
ful thing at times; though, to be sure, it
would be as pleasant just to give a fellow
time to get his clothes off first."

"When you go on to Raquette Lake,"
said Cary, "you'll come across 'old Billy
Wood.' He's an old chap that's hunted and
trapped around that lake for thirty years,
as far as I know, and all alone, too. He got
cashed out in a snow-storm a good many
years ago, and got both legs froze so bad
that he's lost them at the knees. The old
fellow never says give up; he stumps around
yet, making his three or four mile through
the woods any day. He travels from one
lake to another, and backs with him on his
tramps just such a canoe as this. About
the first time I ever saw old Billy was when
I was comin' in from Beech's Lake, a good
many years ago; that's seven miles beyond
the Raquette. When right in the woods,
I see something or other crawling towards
me just like a thundering great walking
toadstool. It started me at first, afore I
knew what animal it was; but pretty quick
I heard old Billy's voice come from under
the concern, and found out 'twas him mak-
ing for Beech's Lake, too. The canoe was
turned bottom up over his head, and hid his
whole short body like a big umbrella. Old
Billy is a savage fellow when his dander's
up. Three or four winters ago a pack of
wolves got into his camp on the Raquette
one day when he was away, and they eat
up all his jerked venison, and all the pelts,
too, that hung up around, and that he had
trapped a good while for, too. When he
got into camp and saw what they had done,
he swore some I guess; he'd never sleep a
wink till he got revenge, I do believe. So
he set to work right off to get hold of one
of the critters alive, and this is how he did
it. He stumps out and looks up a holler
pine in the woods; when he had found a
big one standing, he goes to work with his
hatchet and cuts a slit into one side from
close to the roots for three or four feet up
the but; he cut it wide enough at the upper
end to let in a wolf's head, and narrow-
ing down to four or five inches width at the
bottom. When he got it done, he threw in
a chunk of meat in the hollow of the tree,
and left it for that night. I expect the old
chap kinder grinned all by himself when he
thought how he'd serve the wolf when he
caught him once. Well, in the night the hun-
gry pack scented the chunk of venison in the
holler tree, and they swarmed round and
scratched and fought one another to get at
it. Finally, a big one reared up on his
hind feet, and stuck his head through the
upper end of the slit into the hollow, and,
dropping down with his head inside, reach-
ed the meat. When he had swallowed it,
and come to want to back out, the rascal
found he couldn't pull his head through.
He was yoked tight and fast, as you've seen
oxen in stalls afore now. Well, pretty soon
the rest of the pack cleared out, and he hung
there all night. In the mornin' Billy stumps
up the first thing, and sees the wolf was in
the trap. 'Hallo! my fine chap; you're
here, are you? I like your looks, I do;
plunder my camp, eh? Then Billy sits
down by the tree to look at him, and once
in a while pricks him with his knife, all the
time talking to him, and saying, 'Hallo,
old thief, how do you feel? I like to see
you; I wish the rest was here.' The wolf
seemed to know what was coming, and yel-
led and snarled, scratched and jerked, but
he didn't know enough to rear up and pull
his head out the way he got in. Finally,
old Billy gets up on his stumps, and says
he, 'Now, cuss your old hide, you old thief,
I'm goin' to skin you alive where you be;
and faith, he did draw his knife down the
wolf's backbones from neck to tail. Then
he begun to draw a cut down across the
shoulders. The wolf jerked and yelled all
the while like music, Billy said. The end
of it was, that the wolf, pitching and rear-
ing with the smart, did finally jerk his head
out of the trap, and whirled on Billy like
mad. But the old fellow's arms were whole,
if his legs were gone. He didn't flinch a
hair, but put in his knife so well that, in a
few minutes, he settled the wolf's business.
It was a smart tussle for a little while, Billy
said, and he got hit some. I never pitied
him for that; 'twas most too hard to take
advantage of a dumb critter that way, even
if 'twas a wolf. They're a mean, sneaking
varmint, to be sure; but, after all, it's their
nature, and skinning alive is most too sav-
age for anything that goes."

The Cooking Wagon.

"As soon then as they were come to land,
they saw a fire of coals, and fish laid there-
on, and bread. Jesus saith unto them,
Come and dine." John xxi. 9, 12.

I must refer particularly to one promi-
nent feature of their work for weary, wound-
ed bodies on this day, which, for its novelty
and usefulness, deserves especial attention.

Some of the newspapers have mentioned a
new cooking wagon, presented by the in-
ventor to the Christian Commission, which
is thoroughly *à la guerre*. It is constructed
somewhat like a battery caisson, so that the
parts can be unlimbered and separated from
each other. The "limber," or forward
part, bears a large chest, which is divided
into compartments, to contain coffee, tea,
sugar, and corn starch, with a place also
for two gridirons and an axe. From the
rear portion rise three tall smoke-pipes,
above three large boilers, under which there
is a place for the fire, and under the fire a
box for fuel. Each boiler will hold four-
teen gallons; and it is estimated that in
each one, on the march, ten gallons of tea,
or coffee, or chocolate, could be made in
twenty minutes—thus giving ninety gallons
of nourishment drink every hour. It is
truly a most ingenious and beneficent in-
vention.

There was a call for coffee. A party of
delegates at once volunteered to respond to
the call. The fires were lighted, the wa-
ter boiled, the coffee made, and soon the ve-
hicle, drawn by two powerful horses, and
attended by half a score of willing labour-
ers, was on its way, from division to divi-
sion. Up the hospital avenue it rumbled
and rolled, passed the long rows of white
tents, stopping at this cluster and that, giv-
ing to all from its generous supply.

You should have seen the wondering
look of the men as it passed by. They rolled
themselves over to get a glimpse of it.
They stretched their necks for a sight at it.
The wounded heads to ache, and the wound-
ed limbs almost forgot to cry for nursing in
that moment of eager curiosity. Was it a
new sort of ambulance? It didn't look like
one. What did those three black pipes
mean, and those three glowing fires? Is it
a steam fire-engine, and are they going to
give us a shower bath? But the savory
odor that saluted their nostrils, and the de-
licious beverage the engine poured into
their tin cups, soon put the matter beyond
all doubt. They soon found that there was
no necromancy about it, for it had a sub-
stantial blessing for each one of them, and
they gave it their blessings in return. One
by one such as were able, crowded about
it with curious faces, and the wagon, as it
stood steaming and glowing in the midst,
was the theme of many affectionate com-
ments.

"I say, Bill, ain't that a bully machine?"

"Yes, sir, it's the greatest institution I
ever saw."

"That's what you might call the Chris-
tian Light Artillery," says a third.

"Good deal pleasanter ammunition in it
than the Rebs sent us this mornin'."

"Well, Doctor," said a delegate to a
surgeon, "what do you think of this?"

"I thank the Lord for it. That's all I
can say," was the reply.

And so, on a sudden, the new invention
was crowned with the praises and benedi-
ctions of the admiring crowd. It was a
marked feature in the work of the day, and
must be set down as one of the "peculiar
institutions" of the Commission.

TAXES AND PRICES IN 1814. The Con-
gress which met in 1814, (the second war
with England,) levied a tax of from one to
fifty dollars on carriages; twenty cents per
gallon on distilled liquors, in addition to
the existing license on stills; one hundred
per cent. on auction duties; an increase of
fifty per cent. on postage; a direct tax of
six million dollars; from castings one dollar
and a half per ton; pig iron and rolled iron,
one dollar; nails, one cent per pound;
cards, fifty per cent. of their value; ubel-
cas, twenty per cent.; hats, caps and umbrel-
las, eight per cent.; beer, ale, porter, gold
and silver ware, six per cent.; hides, skins,
saddles, bridles, leather, boots and shoes,
five per cent.; paper, three per cent.; one
dollar on silver watches, and from one dol-
lar to one hundred dollars on every house-
hold establishment, according to value.

The Oneida Dispatch copies the following
from the Cazenovia Pilot of December 29,
1813. It will be seen that during the last
war with Great Britain the prices of articles
of every day consumption corresponded
with those we now pay:

"Without any unusual drain of the mar-
ket, or new apprehensions of scarcity, and
with a supply equal to what will be consum-
ed in the country for two years at the low-
est calculation, many articles have been
raised by the mania of speculation to more
than three times their former price, and
higher than any just or reasonable circula-
tion can authorize or warrant. Tea, which
formerly sold at ninety cents or a dollar, is
now from \$2 to \$3.50 per pound. Sugar,
formerly at \$5 or \$10, is now \$80 per cwt.

Salt, last year at forty-two cents, is now
\$1.75 per bushel. Molasses, formerly forty-
five cents, is \$1.50 per gallon. Coffee,
formerly from fifteen to twenty cents, is at
forty cents per pound. Pepper, allspice,
&c., are about double; and every other ar-
ticle raised from their former value. We
mention wholesale prices."

NO USE RAPPING. Up on the Salisbury
road, just outside of the town, there is a
cemetery, the broad gate of which is sel-
dom closed. Just at the entrance is a re-
ceiving tomb with high front and iron door.
So much for the "scene." Times, 1864.
Neighbor L., so called for the want of a
better name, had been out of town and on
his way home. During his absence he had
indulged somewhat in those libations which
liberate. Approaching the cemetery, he,
supposing the tomb to be a tavern, drove
his team, and, hitching his horse to the
gate, walked leisurely to the iron door and
commenced knocking. The length of time
which he continued knocking dependent
saith not; he only knows that a gentleman
driving by just at dusk, had his curiosity so
aroused by the scene, that he halted, and
inquire of the man in search of the land-
lord under difficulties, what he was about.

"Tryin' to wake the folks in here—
can't rouse 'em—should think they were all
dead!"

"Why, this is a cemetery, sir, and you
are rapping at the door of a tomb."

"Am I?" said the man, who took the in-
formation very coolly, "then I guess it's
no use rapping any longer," and off he
went.

GENERAL ANDERSON. Being unexpect-
edly called to speak in a religious meet-
ing, General Anderson said:

"My friends, I stand before you a sol-
dier, so broken down in health that my
physicians forbid my speaking in public,
but in this sacred place I cannot forbear
saying that I am not only a soldier for my
country, but I am also a soldier for Jesus.
How wonderfully he has protected and di-
rected me! At Fort Sumpter I was among
strangers, having been but recently assigned
to that post. The rebellion had just
broken out. I did not know to whom I
could talk safely. I had no resource but
to pray to God, and I did pray to him, and
he brought me through. No thanks are due
to me; all thanks are due to him. My
friends, if I could see all our people turn to
God, then I should have better hope that
this war would soon end. It is not the arm
of flesh that can save us. Let me entreat
you, my beloved countrymen, to pray that
God will help us."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN. In a speech at a
dinner given in Boston to the Officers of
the Keavrage, Hon. Edward Everett re-
sponded to a sentiment in honor of Presi-
dent Lincoln. He said that in no one
quality, either as a man or President, was
President Munroe superior to Abraham
Lincoln. In intellectual ability he was the
equal of Judge Douglas. And his con-
scientious discharge of his high trust, his
kind-heartedness, were the theme of the
orator's most complimentary remarks. Al-
luding to the stories of the President's
uncouth manners, he described a dinner
given at the Gettysburg commemoration, at
which many distinguished gentlemen, fore-
igners and Americans, were present, and
said Mr. Everett, "in gentlemanly ap-
pearance, manners, and conversation, he
was the peer of any man at the table."

From an exchange paper we cut the fol-
lowing:—The new metal magnesium at-
tracts great attention in the scientific world,
and promises to become highly serviceable
in the mechanical arts. It is of the color
of tin, and almost the lightness of cork.
One of its properties is that it burns not on-
ly like steel wire in oxygen, but in the open
air, and with a light so intense that it can
be seen 20 miles at sea. It is in intensity
all but sunshine, and can be used in taking
photographs. A bit of wire, lighted in a
candle, lights up a room with wonderful
brilliance.

A contemporary, noticing the marriage of
a deaf and dumb couple, wishes them un-
speakable bliss.

Says a New Orleans correspondent:
Campbell's slave pen is now a rebel prison.
Get in dar ye'self, said a colored woman,
as she saw the rebel prisoners fling into
the old pen. Use to put us in dar. Get
dar ye'self now. De Lord's comin' sure.

Miss Lovely says the males are of no ac-
count from the time the ladies stop kissing
them as infants till they kiss them again as
lovers.

A parsimonious sea captain answering the
complaints of his men that the bread was
bad, exclaimed, "What! complain of your
bread that is made from flour? What do
you think of the Apostles? they eat 'shew
bread' made from old boots and shoes."

PARIS, MAINE, DEC. 2, 1864.

Our Country's Future.

It needs not a prophetic ken to look through the thin curtain which hides the future from our gaze, and behold glorious destiny awaiting this country. A thousand problems that have puzzled the brains of the wisest statesmen that have lived before us, and bewildered the imagination of the living, have been solved in this war. The rebels themselves have wiped out slavery and knocked out the chief corner stone of their boasted confederacy. They have done what no human foresight before the war could see a way to accomplish. The rebellion has developed our resources and shown us our ability to suffer. It has brought to light a thousand facts relating to our nationality, of which the people never even dreamed. It has astonished the old nations of the world. Our powers of endurance and ability to cope with the most gigantic rebellion the world ever saw, has shown to European monarchs, that republican governments have a vitality and power hitherto unknown, stronger than the strongest despotism. All these things have been clearing away the clouds that intervene between us and the future, so that we can now see the glorious destiny awaiting us.

When this rebellion shall be closed up, we shall be the strongest nation upon the globe, in a military point of view. The rebellion has developed the highest military genius in the world. It has thrown upon the surface and brought to light an old fact almost forgotten, that the greatest generals of times grow up from among the people. Among our present military chieftains we have men, second to none of those whose names are enrolled upon the pages of history. When did the world ever behold more exalted military genius than has been exhibited by Grant, Sherman and Butler, to say nothing of a host of lesser lights who have figured in this war? Again the rank and file in our armies have shown a wonderful capacity as soldiers, heroic courage, undaunted bravery, ability to execute the orders of their superiors. When this rebellion is over, we shall have experienced, accomplished officers enough to whip the world if provided with competent armies, while the men that have been trained to the dangers and responsibilities of the field and camp will be counted by hundreds of thousands. In a word we shall be a warlike people, a nation to be dreaded by all the other nations of the earth; and we can safely add, we shall be a nation that will be feared by all other governments.

2d. The higher christian civilization of New England and the inventive genius of the Yankees which slavery has hitherto excluded from the sunny south, will travel over the whole territory south of Mason's and Dixon's line and incorporate itself into the habits, customs, laws and usages of society. The fertile soils of the South will be no longer cursed with the blights and milderews of slavery, but will under the hand of New England industry, blossom like the rose. The agricultural productive industry of the South will be more than quadrupled within four years after the closing of the rebellion. The change in the manufacturing interest South will be still more striking. The fine water falls of the South will no longer remain idle, but hereafter will be coursing on to the music of the loom and the spindle.

3d. The public domain will be divided up into smaller plantations or still smaller farms, and instead of a few rich slave holders owning all the soil, it will be distributed in more equal portions among the industrious masses. It will become comparatively like New England in this respect. The land monopoly which has so long cursed the South, creating wide distinctions in society, enabling the few to oppress the many will be broken down. The moral and religious tone of society will be changed. The immoralities of slavery so degrading to every community will be done away with and a higher civilization take their place. The change in this respect cannot fail to be wonderful. Slavery has made barbarians of the whole South and plunged the race into the very cess-pools of moral degradation. From this degradation has sprung up its legitimate fruits, this unholy rebellion. But the moral atmosphere of the whole South will come out of the conflicts of war, purified as by fire.

4th. Education in the South will hereafter be extended to the masses, instead of being confined to a select few. The blessings of the common school, will travel into Dixie and there take up its abode. The "school house" will in coming years be one of the established institutions of the South. This will and must work out an astonishing result in Southern society, a change that will astonish no one so much as the Southerner himself.

5th. Northern men in coming years, can travel safely in the South and express the same opinions they do North without endangering their lives and their all. For years there has been a most wanton disregard shown the people of the free states by their "Southern brethren." The American flag has been no sort of a security or protection to an American citizen in any of the Southern states for a long series of years. Northern men and even women travelling South have been whipped, tarred and feathered, imprisoned, shot, hung and butchered like dogs, for no other crime than expressing opinions in consonance with the Bible and the Declaration of Independence. When slavery is gone, all this

barbarism goes with it. What a glorious change in the right direction.

6th. We shall in fact be what we have claimed to be, a nation of freemen, a land of liberty. When that "sum of all villainies," slavery is wiped out, we shall truly be a republic; we shall have a purely republican government, based upon the fundamental theory of equal rights to all. Free labor instead of slave labor will greatly exalt and bring up the masses. The dignity of labor will be fully vindicated. We might go on to enlarge upon this fruitful topic, of the glorious destiny that awaits us as a country, but we have no space for more now. Let the bright prospect ahead, cheer up every halting patriot, nerve every arm, encourage every heart, and fire up with renewed zeal all, to the glorious work of crushing out the rebellion and vindicating the rightful authority of the government over every foot of soil within its spacious limits.

Death of a Brave Officer.

Was killed, while on picket duty, near Petersburg, about the twenty-seventh of October, Lieut. Wellington Hobbs, of Norway. Young Hobbs was one of those brave boys who volunteered at the first, and went out as a member of Co. G. in the 17th Me. Regiment, though at the time but 17 years of age. He served faithfully as a private during the term of service of that regiment, and came back to Maine; but his military ardor would not be restrained, and he again enlisted, entering Capt. Hersey's company, 17th Maine, in which he was appointed orderly sergeant. He has followed the fortunes of that regiment through all its vicissitudes, steadily attending to his duty, which he performed so faithfully as to win successively commissions as 2d and 1st Lieut., and that of Captain arrived at the front, the day after his decease. He had been very active on picket duty,—firing himself on the average, 200 rounds per day. Some of his men having been shot, he volunteered out of his turn to go out, to avenge if possible, their death. While in stooping posture to load his piece, a rebel bullet struck between his shoulders, and passing upward, came out through his lower jaw.

His body arrived home this week, and will be buried with military honors, by the Norway State Guards, next Sabbath.

Plot to Destroy New York.

The people throughout the country have been much excited by the developments made showing a plot to destroy the city of New York by fire. On Friday night fires were set in some eighteen public buildings, and the evidence tends to prove that it was designed that these fires should break out simultaneously. And this was prevented only by the bungling manner in which the work was done. The plan of the operations was to secure rooms at hotels, where phosphorus was scattered on the beds, and over them were piled all the inflammable furniture in the rooms. Considerable panic was caused for a few moments in Barnum's Museum, but the fire was quickly put out and order restored. Gen. Dix has issued an order stating that all who are proved guilty of being engaged in this conspiracy shall be tried, and if convicted shall be hanged without the delay of a day. Several arrests have been made, among them one man who is alleged to have had charge of affairs, and to have had in his hands the money and supplies to carry on the work. He had in his possession quite a sum in American gold. The superintendent escaped from the city, and he is supposed to be a Lieutenant in the rebel army. Strict guard is kept in all the large cities, that the game may not be repeated.

FOR THE YOUNG. Messrs. Tickner & Fields, of Boston, announce that they will shortly commence the publication of a new Magazine for youth entitled "Our Young Folks." It will be edited by J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton, and Lucy Larcom, with an extensive staff of contributors, among whom are named Mr. and Mrs. Agassiz, Capt. Mayne Reid, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, "Carleton," Grace Greenwood, and others. Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Whittier and Professor Holmes will contribute appropriate poems. The Magazine will be handsomely illustrated, some of the designs to be from the pencil of Darley; and each number will contain a steel portrait of some popular author. The size is to be about two-thirds that of the Atlantic, and will be afforded at \$2.00 per year, with liberal discount to clubs.

According to the Lewiston Journal, an aged citizen of Webster saved himself the necessity of going to the place prepared for idiots, by visiting that city the day before Thanksgiving. He is 75 years old. That Webster is a town of primitive tastes and habits.

PRESENTATION. The Soldier's Journal, published at Camp Distribution, Va., notices the presentation of a beautiful watch, worth \$150, to Capt. A. Mahoney, 14th Reg., Vet. Reserve Corps. The presentation was made in behalf of the company, by 1st Serg't R. L. Larvey, in a very neat complimentary speech.

OLD SEVEN-THIRTIES. The first Seven-Thirty loan, due in August and October, on which interest has now ceased, has not all been converted as yet; and the notes now command a premium. A good opportunity for disposing of, or converting, those notes will be seen by advertisement in another column.

Capt. G. W. Verriß, of the 17th Maine, arrived in Portland last Saturday.

Bethel Items.

Lieut. Melville C. Kimball of the 4th Me. Battery is at home on a furlough in consequence of ill health.

Serg. John Cooper who was reported killed and buried at the battle of Cedar Creek, has returned home to read his own obituary in the papers.

Col. C. S. Edwards brought home a horse with him which has been hit at five different times, and is still a good horse. He has one bullet lodged in him which can be felt.

Thanksgiving passed off pleasantly. The boys and girls spent that and the subsequent days on the skating Park which is in excellent condition for this exciting sport.

We have noticed quite a number of Deer and Fox skins at the stores in the village. They are said to be very plenty this fall.

SEVERE ACCIDENT. Dea. Geo. W. Chapman now in his 84th year and totally blind, was thrown from a carriage on Sunday last and had two of his ribs broken. Within three or four years he has stepped down a flight of stairs at one step, and been thrown out of a carriage uninjured. The third accident was a serious one, but he was comparatively comfortable the next day.

Gen. Cuvier Grover has been promoted a Major General. He has seen hard service ever since he graduated at West Point. He accompanied Gov. Stevens in his Pacific Rail Road Survey, and the next year spent the winter in the Rocky mountains by order of Government to see if it was possible for men to live there, where he suffered almost every extremity. He was for a time stationed near St. Anthony's Falls. Next he was ordered to march to Utah a distance of 1000 miles on foot and back again. He was next ordered to New Mexico to guard the country from the hostile tribes of Indians. He has thus hardly known the sweets of civilized life since his manhood. He has been in a large number of battles, on the Peninsula, at Port Hudson, and other places, and more latterly under Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley, where he did most important service. He was wounded at Cedar Creek by the bursting of a shell under his arm which injured and partially paralyzed his arm and produced a severe temporary shock to his system. He has richly earned his present enviable position without the aid of heralds to trumpet forth his deeds.

A YANKEE VILLAGE. The village at North Monmouth is a fine specimen of what Yankees can do. We entered a shop the other day, and there stood a young man making shoe pegs. He had made his own machinery which was highly finished and with which he could make some ten bushels of pegs a day. On a bench by his side stood a miniature steam engine which he had made, scarcely weighing a pound, that made 2000 revolutions per minute.

Stepping into another shop we found another Yankee making shovel handles. Taking a roughly blocked piece of wood, he made a finished shovel handle in less than a minute. Five or six thousand of these go out of his shop every year.

Near by is a Tape and Webbing Factory. It was here the first tape was manufactured in this country, by an Englishman who gave the idea of a loom to a Yankee mechanic which he made and put in operation. From this, two large factories are in full operation. Going into what we supposed was a blacksmith's shop, we found an ingenious fellow coining money by making heel irons for boots and shoes. Taking a piece of sheet iron or steel he cut them out by machinery and packed them away by the gross for market. On the next fall was a shovel factory with its forges, trip-hammers and other contrivances for making a shovel and fastening the handle to the same. The whole village is a busy place which seems bound to make the most of the excellent water power at their command.

TRIBUTE TO A PRIVATE SOLDIER. We were exceedingly gratified not long since in witnessing the interest and respect manifested towards a deceased soldier, at Monmouth. It went far to show that true worth does not belong to officers alone. Jonathan Gove of Co. C, 24 Regt. District of Columbia Volunteers, had nearly served his three years when he was taken down with chronic diarrhoea, but was unwilling to go into the Hospital at Alexandria, till the day before he died, which occurred Aug. 24th, 1864. So great was the interest manifested for him as a good and faithful soldier, that his comrades had his body embalmed and sent to Monmouth free of expense, and the officers sympathizing with them had a sergeant detached to accompany his remains home. The gratitude manifested by the friends of the deceased towards those who had exhibited so much unexpected interest, could hardly be described. All honor to a faithful soldier.

CRIMINAL COSTS. The following abstract of the return of the County Treasurer, to the Attorney-General, shows the criminal expenses of this County for the year ending Nov. 20. The amount is less than usual, from the fact that it includes but two terms of the S. J. Court.

Paid by order of S. J. C.	\$660.26
Paid by order of C. C. C.	\$10.67
Paid cost of prisoners in jail	105.39
Paid Grand Jury	470.66
	\$1547.98

Rec'd fines and costs from Clerk	\$372.05
Rec'd fines from Magistrates	42.80
Rec'd fines and costs from Jailor	21.23
	\$435.98

Total cost \$999.70
The December courts will probably add \$600 to \$800 to the above.

Items from the 7th Battery.

After many beautiful Autumn days, we are now having a severe rain storm. It commenced raining yesterday evening and has continued up to this time, twelve o'clock, with every prospect of a long storm. This will necessarily proclaim a truce between the belligerent parties for the time being at least. The guns of the 7th are yet in Fort Welch near the extreme left of the army. Capt. Twitchell is absent on a brief visit to Maine. The Battery is now in command of Lt. Lapham. We are now recruited up to the maximum number and the new men are acquiring good proficiency in the drill. After one of our guns was disabled in front of Petersburg, in August, one section of the Battery was turned in. We have recently drawn a new section which again gives us the full complement of six guns, and we have men enough to man them.

We have within a short time lost three of our number by death—two from Rumford and one from Arrostook.

Samuel Goodwin was one of the Rumford recruits who recently died at Willet's Point, New York. He was a member of Co. "F," in the 23d Maine regiment, and re-enlisted in this Battery. Though somewhat rough in his manner, he was nevertheless a good soldier, ever willing to perform his duty, and as brave in action as the bravest. Let his faults and foibles as a citizen be forgotten, and let him be remembered only as a good soldier who died in the defence of his country.

William Andrew was the other Rumford boy who lately died. He served in the 10th Maine Infantry, but has never enjoyed good health since he joined the battery.

We have just received notice of the death at Alexandria, Va., of George C. Dewit of Arrostook. He was another of our good soldiers.

The health of our company is now very good.

The 31st and 32d Maine are now encamped just in rear of our fort. The 32d is about to be consolidated with the 31st, and I understand that the company officers have all concluded to be mustered out. This regiment has been the most unfortunate of any organization from Maine. It was composed of good men, rank and file, but was not well officered. Col. Wentworth was with the regiment only a few days while in commission. Lt. Col. Brown, who was a splendid officer, was away in the Southern Department when appointed, and after joining his command was, in a few days, seriously wounded and resigned, while the major, the most notoriously inefficient officer ever commissioned from Maine, was removed from the command of the Regiment and sent to the rear.

But the 32d will soon be no more. Its identity will be swallowed up in the 31st, whose history and reputation are in strong contrast with those of the 32d. And this is entirely due to the fact that the 31st has been commanded.

Q. M. Sergeant, A. S. Twitchell of this Battery, I regret to say, is suffering from typho-malarious fever.

As the cold weather creeps on, our men will need socks and mittens which, with the present rates of postage on such articles, they might be taken for the sons of Ham. The soldiers should have a thumb and index finger.

The northern copperheads now know the estimation in which Gen. McClellan is held, when on a disunion platform, by the soldiers in the army. Poor Mac! He tried to ride two horses at once and as might have been expected, has fallen between them, and fallen to rise no more. So perish all traitors.

For the Oxford Democrat

Musical Convention.

MR. EDITOR.—There are events in the history of every individual and of every community that cast a cheerful gleam along the pathway of life—events to which one ever turns back with pleasant recollections as life's journey progresses; and among these may be classed the second annual Musical Convention in our town.

The session was held at the Universalist Church, commencing on Tuesday morning, and notwithstanding the unfavorable traveling, the attendance was quite large. The choir of the neighboring towns were many of them well represented, and the amount of labor accomplished was truly immense. Prof. Grover has a voice of extraordinary power and versatility, and proves himself to be a most thorough musician and a hard-working energetic man. He was accompanied by Miss Hattie B. Wheaton of Boston, a cultivated and pleasing Soloist, who by his numerous contributions of song and skillful rendering of "Obligatos," added much interest to the occasion.

A Grand Concert was given on Friday evening, which was well attended and we should judge enjoyed by all present. Before the close, Resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the Convention were presented by a member of the class, which were adopted by rising; when after a grand Chorus from "Mozart's Twelfth Mass" all joined in singing "Old Hundred" and adjourned. We trust these are the beginning of better days, musically, and as society advances, the people generally will come to a more just appreciation of the benefits of Musical Conventions and that hereafter it may become an "established institution" of the town.

Yours Truly,

H. N. NEWELL.

Bethel, Nov. 22, 1864.

The pirate Florida, which has been near Fortress Monroe, was run into by a steamer a few days since, and shortly sunk. The prisoners taken from her have been sent to Fort Warren.

The Returned Union Prisoners.

A correspondent of the New York Times writes from Port Royal as follows concerning the dreadful condition in which the Union prisoners exchanged on Friday, the 18th inst., were found to be, and in regard to the great joy the poor fellows felt at their release from captivity, cruelty and starvation, unparalleled in the history of civilized warfare.

"The rendezvous for the exchanges is at Venus Point, on the Savannah river, a bend of the stream whence the spires and many of the houses of the city of Savannah are visible. Our boats are invariably the first at the rendezvous, anchored in mid-river awaiting the rebel vessels, whose tardiness proceeds from the fact that it is only at the proper tide certain obstructions of the channel above can be crossed. Finally they appear over the low marshes, belching their turgid clouds of dense black smoke, and in half an hour their uncouth, grotesque, towering shapes are puffing and wheezing near us. Col. Milford immediately goes in a yawl boat to the Gen. Beauregard, a small steamer used by Capt. Hatch, the rebel agent, as the flagship of his transport; and after a few moments' consultation, during which the rolls of the prisoners are transferred, the two agents go together on board one of the floating objects laden with the released men, and she is at once laid alongside a neat Union vessel, and the poor fellows are transhipped. Those of them who are able to move without the aid of the protection of the old flag first; then come those (alas! there are many of this class) who hobble on crutches, and last the few whose helplessness requires that they should be carried on stretchers. In all this operation the greatest formality is observed. A number of rebel civilians, with hands round their hats, labeled "Committee for the wounded," whose position corresponds with our own Sanitary Commission, accompany the boats from Savannah to attend on the sick, and assist in the transshipment, but seldom on either side is a word spoken except on the subject of the matter in hand. A different course is forbidden, and if on either side there happen to be a disposition to engage in conversation shall cease. It is no uncommon thing to see a man who has been so crippled by scrofula that crutches were necessary to his locomotion, under the influence of his ecstasy at again being free, spring from his artificial supports and walk, for a time, as erect and as instantaneously as he whom the Savior miraculously cured by the healing waters of Bethesda. When the rebel boat moves off and the men are huddled together on the decks of our own vessels, all fully understand that the last link which bound them to rebellion has been severed; then rises hearty shouting and cheering, which only can be given under these circumstances. There is the music of intense gratefulness in it. Three cheers and a tiger for the old flag; three more and a tiger for Col. Milford; then comes a burst of song, most often the words being, "Rally round the flag, boys, from near and from far, down with the traitor and up with the star"—the rebels still within hearing, probably gnashing their teeth at the pointed personal allusion, but everybody else feeling that the bad taste of the happy fellows is excusable, even though exhibited under the sacred folds of a flag of truce. Then vermin-infested rags, till now highly prized as the only cover for nakedness, are rudely torn off and flung into the water, or cast with glee into the furnaces of the steamers, and new clothes are issued, and a general cleaning-time inaugurated. But the bathing has long been needed, and scarcely comes soon enough. Many of the men, through illness or carelessness, are so begrimed with filth, that were it not for the dead color of the blackened epidermis, they might be taken for the sons of Ham. The steamer Eliza Hancock, one of the exchange fleet, has a spacious deck, affording room for dancing, and Terpsichore finds her votaries, even though they are tattered remnants, who dance not ungracefully in their streaming rags. As soon as possible, barrels of hot coffee are prepared, and kams are cooked, and boxes of hardbread opened for the refreshment of these men, to whom decent food has been for a long time unknown. It is a touching sight to see them, each with his quart can, file by the steaming coffee barrels and receive the refreshing draught whose taste has been long unfamiliar. It seems scarcely possible that men should feel such childish joy as they express in once more receiving this common stimulant. And then, the eager, hungry glare which their glassy eyes cast upon the chunks of ham as they clutch and devour their allowance with a wolf-like avidity! These facts can only be understood by the spectator in remembering that for months they have been deprived of a sufficient quantity of palatable food, and that the little they have received has been rarely cooked, because in a country abounding with fuel, and gloomy with immense pine forests, their jailors forbade them the poor privilege of adequate fires. At the prison pen near Milan, Ga., for some weeks there has been no meal or flour given to the prisoners, and the sweet potatoes issued in lieu thereof have been eaten raw, because there was no opportunity of getting fuel for cooking purposes.

If the wretchedness I have vainly endeavored to portray are the best specimens of our sick and wounded, is it not awful to contemplate what must be the woe of the remainder?"

We understand that the Franklin County Bank, is redeeming some of its bills, where satisfactory evidence is given that they came into the hands of holders before the raid. We know of two or three lots that have been redeemed.

Gen Banks has been ordered back to New Orleans. It is intended that he shall return within ten days.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue decides that persons selling Plantation Bitters must take out a liquor dealer's license.

We learn that Rev. J. K. Mason of Hampden, has removed to Thomaston, and assumed the pastorate of the Congregational Church and Society at the latter place.

Dispatches from Washington announce that Capt. W. F. Jordan, of Portland, of the 29th Maine Regiment, had been dismissed from the service for absence without leave.

The subscriptions to the 700 loan last week amounted to \$9,054,000.

WHAT THE ARTISTS ARE DOING. In looking over the pictures in Brown's studio, the other day, we found that the remark made last summer when he was sketching in this vicinity, has been fully realized. There are so many pictures of familiar scenes upon his walls as to make one almost forget that the seasons he has sketched so beautifully are no longer with us. Of points in this vicinity, he has completed views of the White Mountains, of Snow's Falls, and of the Perham Meadow, which are gems. Another sketch, which has always pleased us much has found its way into our possession. It is a view of Keamsarge, in one of the equally days of autumn, just as a rain-cloud from the south threatens to obscure it from view. Prominent among the pictures in his studio is a large painting just finished, for Wm. Chase, Esq. It is a view from the main street in this village including the mountains and intervening scenery, with the pleasant summer mansion of Mr. Chase in the foreground. In coloring it represents one of those glowing, cheery autumn days, when one can never tire in enjoyment of the luxurious richness of the scene. He has given a suggestion of what our common might be made, by placing shrubbery where one would look for the church and other buildings, which it would be well for all our citizens to see.

Finding here an introduction to Mr. Simmons, the young sculptor, who is just now climbing the ladder of fame to so good purpose, we had the opportunity to see uncovered the clay model for the statue of Gen. Terry, which he has been commissioned to execute. It was a difficult task to attempt, since he had never seen the man, and there are no full length pictures in existence. He has succeeded in producing a statue, that in likeness realizes all the hopes of the family of the General; and commands attention as a work of art. The artist represents him in the field, on a reconnoitering expedition. He has dismounted, and thrown his mantle upon a stump, upon which he rests the hand holding the glass with which he has just surveyed the field. There is an ease, grace and firmness in the whole work, showing that the artist has not only a fine conception of his subject, but has embodied therein the ideal of a true soldier, which the General was. It was intended to make a cast from the work this week, when it will be determined whether the statue shall be of bronze or in marble.

Hon. Sidney Perham left for Washington on Wednesday, to be present at the meeting of Congress, on Monday next.

A large and fashionable throng gathered at the First Parish Church yesterday at 1 P. M., to witness the marriage ceremonies between Levi Wetherbee, Esq. of Boston, and Miss Harriet M. Cammett of this city. The services were appropriately conducted by Rev. Dr. Shailer. Miss Cammett, now Mrs. Wetherbee, is one of the best vocalists in America. [Concier, 30th.

MEERS. Brown & Stevens have erected a neat paper mill at Yarmouth, this season. The machinery of the old mill at Duck Pond has been removed to this building and we learn that it will commence operations in two or three weeks.

JURORS DRAWN. At the special meeting on Saturday last, the following jurors were drawn for this town; Grand juror, Ansel G. Dudley; traverse jury, Alvin Rice, Thomas Chase.

BIG STEERS. Mr. Hiram Jackson has a pair of steers, 4 years old, that on Saturday weighed 3710 pounds. They are grade Durhams, exactly alike in looks, and are as handsome a pair of steers as are often seen. They were raised in Livermore.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC, for 1865, has made its appearance, reminding one that the old year is upon its last legs, and that we are to look out for 1865. Published by Messrs. Brewer & Tilton, Boston.

It is said Secy. Fessenden will recommend a continuance of direct loans and increased taxation, especially on manufactures. It is thought Senator Sherman will be Chairman of the Finance Committee. He is rigidly opposed to the issue of more paper currency.

Hon. John H. Goodnow, of Alfred, has been appointed Consul General to Constantinople, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon. C. W. Goddard.

Hon. George Thorndike has resigned his place as clerk of the Courts of Knox County.

Cyrus E. Buxsey of Newburg, a member of the 11th Maine volunteers, was accident in Portland a day or since and died instantly.

Frederic Wingate, one of the oldest and most esteemed citizens of Augusta, died on Wednesday of last week. He was 83 years of age, and had resided in Augusta sixty-two years.

Four convicts escaped from the State's Prison at Thomaston, last Saturday. One was drowned, two captured, and one eluded the officers and got clear.

The terms of thirteen members of the present Senate will expire on the 4th day of March next. Several of them have been re-elected, and successors have been chosen in two or three instances. The Union men lose a Senator in New Jersey, and gain one in Illinois. Two Union Senators will be elected from Nevada, so that the next Senate will stand as follows: Union 40, opposition 14.

War News.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29. The latest information from the South is probably that from Gen. Roger A. Pryor, who was brought hither to-day as a prisoner and lodged in the old Capitol prison. He was captured last Sunday near Petersburg. Several gentlemen who shortly after that occurrence were present during a conversation with him say that he admitted that Sherman had captured Meade and Milledgeville, and there was little if any doubt from the rapid progress that he was making that he had captured Augusta, and would encounter nothing serious to impede his march to the seaboard; that with Augusta in his possession the southwest would be cut off from Richmond and no troops could be sent from Lee to reinforce Savannah. Pryor talked freely and apparently with frankness, remarked the South regarded Gen. Sherman with more alarm than any other officer in the service of the United States, and that the press of the South would not be so communicative as heretofore regarding Sherman's movements. He further said it was reported that Sherman had liberated a number of Federal prisoners and armed them, but this rumor needed confirmation.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 29. Nothing has been heard from Hood's army on our front since yesterday evening.

Hood made an assault on our works at Columbia, south of Duck River, on Saturday, and was badly repulsed. A small portion of the rebel cavalry have crossed the river. Hood has made other developments of his plans, but thus far has accomplished nothing further than conscripting some of his "dear friends."

There is no foundation for the rumored evacuation of Johnsonville, except proper preparations for future contingencies. The military situation is satisfactory to the authorities. The impression gains ground that Hood will move east across Chattanooga, possibly with the hope of accomplishing something by co-operating with Breckenridge.

NEW YORK, 30th. By the steamer Fort Morgan we have late advices from the Gulf. Five of our gunboats lie in Mobile Bay, only three miles from the city. The rebels have important earthworks a little below the city at Dog River bar.

NEW YORK, 30th. Among the significant articles in the rebel newspapers is one in the Richmond Whig of the 26th, urging the little real importance to the confederacy of Richmond.

This is evidently put forth to check the shock which its fall will produce.

THANKSGIVING TURKEYS. When a nation chooses that a half a million of her soldiers and sailors shall eat meat of a particular bird, on a particular day of rejoicing, and when she succeeds in bringing this about almost even on her most distant stations, that single fact gives gravity and almost solemnity to the question of those who ask whence such a custom sprung.

The fortunate discovery, a few years since, in the Fulham Library of the long lost Bradford Manuscript enables us to answer this question, at last with absolute precision. The extracts from that manuscript before published stopped just short of the first Thanksgiving Day. Our knowledge of that Thanksgiving was therefore restricted to the statement in Winslow and Bradford's letters to Morton, which states that they feasted on fowl on that occasion. The proclamation of the Governor was accompanied by energetic action not unlike that of Governor Andrew, Mr. Stebbins, Colonel Howe, and Mr. Tufts this year, though on a smaller scale. "Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent for men on fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four killed as much fowl, as with a little help beside, served the company almost a week." Dr. Young boldly conjectured, that these fowl were in part Turkeys, but we were left to this conjecture, till Mr. Deane's republication of the lost manuscript. In what we read specifically, of the hunting of this period, "there was great store of wild Turkeys, of which they took many." Prince, who had preserved the spirit of this passage, had neglected the central and critical point of the capture of this identical bird, which is now made clear. (Boston Advertiser.)

The Provost Marshal General has issued orders for the revision of the enrollment lists by putting on the names of those persons who have become liable to military duty since the last enrollment, and taking off the names of those whose liability to military duty by reason of over age, enlistment in service, etc., has terminated. The removals from one sub-district to another, are required to be noted.

Lowiston Journal.

TEXT. The Saco Democrat says some of its Copperhead friends are proposing to emigrate to South America to get rid of taxes. They go there, says that previous sheet, "where they can enjoy freedom of speech, immunity from arbitrary arrests, and cheap taxation."

COMMENTARY. A number of wealthy families in St. Louis, Southern sympathizers entertain the view of purchasing large tracts in Nicaragua and moving there, and establishing a colony, being equally moved by a desire for free speech, and too cowardly to fight in rebel ranks.

CHICKENS AND COLDS. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c., should try "Brown's Bronchial Trochoc," a simple remedy which has relieved thousands, and which is in almost every case effectual.

Past Due 7-30s

BOUGHT AT A PREMIUM.

Or Exchanged for Bonds of 1881.

This may be left with W. A. PIDGIN, Paris, or desired, who will transmit to FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Portland.

SHAKE AND BURN! Shake and Burn! Shake and Burn!

This is the life of agony endured by the sufferer from fever and ague. He wanders like an insatiable shadow, never knowing what moment he may be prostrated, and therefore disinclined to give any serious attention to business. This is the condition of thousands in town and country. It is no exaggeration to say that Fever and Ague kills more people than any twenty other diseases in America. For a cure and speedy cure in this terrible affliction, we take great pleasure in recommending HOSKETT'S STOMACH BITTERS, which have already achieved a wide-spread reputation for rapid and powerful effects in removing the system professed by this disease.

For sale by druggists and dealers generally.

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE

OF A SERVANT INVALID.

Published for the benefit and as a caution to young men and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, and their kindred ailments—supplying the means of self cure. By one who has cured himself after having a victim to misplaced confidence in medical humbug, and squandering his fortune in the vain search for a cure. By enclosing a post paid directed envelope single copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, New York.

MARRIED.

In West Paris, Nov. 20, by P. C. Fickett, Esq., and H. Pratt, of Paris, to Miss Eliza J. Cotton.

In New York, Nov. 20, by Rev. W. H. S. Venter, Mr. John C. Ballard of Cambridge, Mass., to Miss Martha M. Hubbs of Norway.

DIED.

In Paris, Nov. 20, of camp, Windfall Scott, only son of Henry and Frances P. Fisher, aged 3 years, 5 months.

In North Paris, Aug. 30, George Corcoran, son of Gilman and Maria Twill, aged 22 years, 5 months.

FRENCH KID AND

Ladies' Plush Slippers,

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

Ladies' Furs,

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

Gents' Fur Collars,

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

LADIES' SKATES!

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

DEC. 1ST, 1864.

Just received at

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

Ladies' Shoes and Children's

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

To be found in Oxford County.

Ladies' Rubber Boots,

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

MEN'S, BOYS' AND YOUTH'S

Winter Boots,

(Manufactured by Sharpley) may be found at

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

10 DOZ. PAIRS LADIES'

French Calf Boots!

Expressly for Winter wear, just received at

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

LADIES' PEBBLE CALF

BALMORAL BOOTS!

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

Misses' French Calf Boots,

(From 12 to 20) at

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

ROOM PAPER,

AND PAPER BORDERING.

A new lot just received at the "NEW STORE,"

Next Door to the Flour Mill.

Anything

Which they are not at the "NEW STORE,"

will be "ordered as soon as call for it."

25 Tons of Dried Apple

FOR GOODS, FLOUR AND CASH,

WANTED IN EXCHANGE

500 BUSHELS

Barley, Wanted!

IMMEDIATELY, AT

PARIS FLOUR MILLS.

LATE STYLES

Gents' Overcoats!

JUST RECEIVED AT

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

ALL KINDS OF

COUNTRY PRODUCE

Wanted, in exchange for

All Kinds of Goods,

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

PAY UP!

ALL persons indebted to the above, either by note or account, are requested to settle the same before the first day of January, 1865.

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO.

CLOAKS

GLOAK MATERIALS,

In Good Variety, at

H. ROSENBERG'S.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Ladies' Misses' and Children's

H. ROSENBERG'S.

HEADQUARTERS

Choice Dress Goods,

Consisting in part of

Plain Black & Brocade Silks,

THIBETS, CACHEMERES,

BLACK CROWN ALPACCAS,

All-wool and Half-wool Cashmeres, &c., &c.

H. ROSENBERG'S.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

LADIES IN WANT OF

Prints, Gingham, Flannels,

4-4 and 5-4 SHEETINGS,

By the Web or Yard,

Will favor themselves as much as the subscriber, to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere, as he has made of late very favorable purchases, and will cheerfully let his patrons reap the benefit from it.

H. ROSENBERG.

OXFORD, SE.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Nov. A. D. 1864.

ON the petition of JOHN BENNETT, guardian of Clifford L. Pike et al., praying for license to sell real estate belonging to said minors at an advantageous offer.

Ordered, That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of Dec. next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

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