

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 15, NO. 46.

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1864.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 32, NO. 4.

THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
W. M. A. PIDGIN & Co.,
PROPRIETORS.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. Two Dollars if payment is delayed.
S. M. Pettengill & Co., 10 State St., Boston and 122 Nassau St., New York; and S. R. Niles, Court St., Boston, are authorized agents.
JOB PRINTING of every description neatly executed.

D. LOWELL LAMSON, M.D.,
EXAMINING SURGEON
FOR PENSIONERS,
Under the Act of July 14, 1862.
OFFICE—Main, near corner of Portland Street, FRYEBURG, ME.

BOLSTER & RICHARDSON,
Counsellors & Attorneys at Law,
also
Agents for procuring Back Pay, Bounties & Pensions, on reasonable terms.
DIXFIELD,
OXFORD COUNTY, ME.
Wm. W. Bolster. E. B. Richardson.

D. H. YOUNG,
And agent for
SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,
NORWAY, ME.

DR. A. THOMPSON,
DENTIST,
No. 2, Beal's Block,
NORWAYVILLE, ME.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, or Vulcanized Rubber.

O. W. BURNHAM,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
MECHANIC FALLS, ME.
Soldiers' Back Pay, Bounties and Pensions, and Widow's Half Pay, promptly attended to.

WM. WIRT VIRGIN
Counsellor & Attorney at Law
NORWAY, ME.

Soldiers' Back Pay, Bounties & Pensions,
And Widow's Pensions, obtained at reasonable rates.

O. W. BLANCHARD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
RUMFORD POINT, ME.

Agent for procuring pensions, Arrears of Pay, and Bounties.

HORATIO AUSTIN,
SHERIFF OF OXFORD COUNTY,
PARIS, ME.

All communications and precepts addressed to me will receive prompt attention.

JOHN JACKSON,
Coroner, and Deputy Sheriff
FOR OXFORD & FRANKLIN CO'S.
DIXFIELD, Maine.

All business will receive prompt attention.

J. S. POWERS,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
FRYEBURG, ME.

All precepts will be promptly attended to.

D. D. RIDLON,
Deputy Sheriff and Coroner
FOR THE COUNTY OF OXFORD,
KEZAR FALLS, ME.

Pensions, Back Pay and Bounties.

Obtained for the heirs of deceased Soldiers.

Also, Invalid Pensions,
For disabled Soldiers.

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE,
Effected in the best Stock or mutual Companies.
All business entrusted to the undersigned promptly attended to.

Office over Denison's Store.

HENRY UPTON,
NORWAY, July 28th, 1864.

References—Hrs. Sidney Peckham, A. L. B. Bank Eng., Paris; Wm. Wirt Virgin, Eng., Norway.

CLOCKS & WATCHES
Jewelry, Spectacles, &c.,
CAREFULLY REPAIRED, BY
B. WALTON.
PARIS HILL, Oct. 16.

Fire Insurance!
In Good and Responsible Co's.

APPLY TO

N. T. TRUE AGENT.
RETHEL, June 15, 1864.

S. RICHARDS, Jr.,
Dealer in

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY

Silver & Plated Ware,

SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS

Opposite Methodist Church

SOUTH PARIS.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on

Warrented.

MISCELLANY.

From the Home Journal. TWO MONTHS IN THE FOREST.

BY J. C. FENTON.

To Cold River—Moose Hunting—Trout Fishing—Adventure with Bruin.

"Well, boys, it's about time to move on, and I feel just right for a day's sport. Where shall I take you? Now, there are two or three good spots to visit within easy reach—a dozen miles or so. There's Preston Pond, two lovely pieces of water, that lie close together, through the notch in the mountains yonder. If you've a mind, we'll camp on the outlet a couple of days, and be busy all the time, too. I've got a pretty skiff there, and Buck and Bess will drive in a deer by sunrise to-morrow morning. Besides, we'll bait the lake trout this afternoon; we can catch a peck of chubs in the inlet in half an hour; then we'll set our buoy in about seventy-five feet of water, and cut up our chubs and throw them in around it. By tomorrow noon I'll warrant you as many trout as you care to catch, and beauties, too. There are some in there that will weigh fifteen pounds."

"But, Tony, a person would suppose that they would hardly take a hook, after such a gorging with cut bait."

"Bless you! a trout will always bite quickest when his belly's full; they'll never take a hook half so keenly as when the ground right under your boat is covered with bait. But, if you prefer it, there's Cold River, half a day's travel over this way. If you care to see one of the ruggedest, tumbling up spots in this country—a spot that I could never rightly tell if it was right side up or wasn't—then let's go there to-day. There is the handsome river trout there, too, that I ever came across."

"Well, my dear old chap, you shall take us to Cold River to-day; we'll keep Preston Pond for our next excursion. Pack up the knapsacks, Tony; let's take the route. As we go, you shall lighten the way with a 'yarn' or two of some of your haunts."

The guide leading, in Indian file we marched out of the dark Indian Pass northward, through a rocky defile, toward the head-waters of Cold River. There is no trail, not even a blazed tree, to mark the course; yet the guide holds his course with confidence, and we have no misgiving about getting lost.

We now entered a narrow valley so thickly wooded with hemlock and fir trees that the light of day was nearly excluded. Scattered among the venerable forest trees were saplings of the bright-leaved dogwood or striped maple. Suddenly the guide came to a halt beside one of these, and pointed to some twigs that appeared to have been broken off recently.

"Now, I suppose you couldn't guess what has been here, could you? That is the work of a moose, and he has been here within two days."

"But, Tony, is it possible that any animal can browse to that height?"

"Yes, a moose will reach ten feet from the ground; he can reach a foot with his tongue easy; but he can't eat off the ground, nor drink, without getting down on his knees, his neck is so short and his shoulders so high."

"Do you think the animal is about here now, Tony?"

"No; he is like to be a hundred miles from here before this time. The moose is a lonely animal; he goes by himself pretty much, and he is a wonderful traveler."

"I suppose you have hunted them many times, Tony?"

"Yes; but it's not much use to follow a moose unless the snow is deep in the woods. I've had some tough scrapes with them before now. I had as soon face a pointer as a moose when his blood's up and he turns at bay. Buck there carries a war a foot long, on his ribs, from a moose's hoof. The stroke of his fore foot is about as bad as a blow from an axe. Their hoofs are long and sharp, and when he takes his body clanking gait, you can hear them clatter long before you get sight of the critter himself. They're growing scarce now; if I kill two or three of a winter, I think it's doing well. The hunter that starts a moose must calculate on a long race. I followed one last winter over sixty miles, straight into the woods. I traveled on rackets, and kept Buck close by me all the time; I didn't allow him to run out on the track. When the night came on too dark to follow the trail, I laid down with the dog along side, in my blanket, and slept warm under the deep snow. As soon as daylight broke I was on the track again. The second night we lay within half a mile of the moose, for he was about tuckered out. I came on him in the morning almost before he was out of bed—it was smoking when I got to it. Says I, 'Old chap, you're here, ain't you?' Sure enough, as I pitched over a little hard wood knoll, I came right upon him before I knew it. His head was toward me, the same as to say, 'Come on; I shan't go any further.' I didn't blame him much; the

snow was full four feet deep every rod we had come, and a stiff crust on at that; it bore me on my rackets, and Buck, too; but the moose broke through to the ground every jump. For the last ten miles he had left blood in every track, and his fore legs were cut almost to the bone. He was a great bull moose—a right whopper—and he had a head and a pair of horns like a blighted hemlock. Down went his head, and his mane bristled up a foot high, straight from his horns to his tail; his eye looked ugly, I tell you. I had just time to drop my pack in the snow and dodge behind a big tree, when on the old beathen ploughed through the snow, straight for me, raising such a cloud that I couldn't get sight of his hide at all, and with a snort enough to make your hair lift your hat right off. If there is anything that looks uglier than the devil himself, it's a bull moose when his dander's fairly up. As he lunged past the tree, I sent him a ball through his fore shoulders. It brought plenty of blood, but it didn't take him down much; but he set up the most infernal roaring you ever heard. I kept behind my tree and loaded in a hurry; I didn't stop to measure the charge, but clapped the nozzle of my powderhorn into the muzzle of my rifle and poured till I thought I'd got enough, then drove down a ball without any patch; it didn't take me long. When I got all ready I stepped out again; the old satan headed toward me for another rush. I said, 'Now, old graybeard, we'll settle up for these three days of hard work, and I'll take my pay in moose meat.' So as he drove on, I gave him one this time fair between the eyes. He settled down and rolled over in the snow without so much as a quiver. Old Buck was scared into fits almost, and I'll tell you, boys, I was glad myself to get out of it as I did. I went to work and skinned him, did up the saddle in the hide, packed it all away safe, and then began to look around to see where I was, for I hadn't thought much about that till then. I soon got my points of compass, and struck through the woods toward Pen-dleton. Fourteen miles travel brought me into a lumber camp, where there were twenty or thirty men getting pine logs out to the river, to go down with the spring freshets. They were just at supper, and I was right glad to sit down and eat and rest. I told them I had got a moose back in the woods, and that they should have the fore quarters, if they would help me bring out the rest of it to the lumber road. They agreed, and in the morning seven of us went in and got the meat. That moose weighed about eleven hundred weight.

Thus the good-natured, honest-hearted, talkative guide beguiled the time with a thousand anecdotes of his experience, suggested by objects that met us at every step, and by this means shortened the way so much that, before it was expected, the roar of Cold River reached our ears, and a few moments later the party laid off their packs upon its precipitous bank.

It was high noon, and our jaunt having given us all keen appetites, before getting our fishing tackle, we sat down upon the rocks, and from the contents of our knapsacks made a hearty repast.

Cold River, at this part of its course, is a succession of noisy cascades and rapids, relieved by occasional reaches and basins of calmer and deeper water, in which the tide, flecked with great patches of foam, restlessly chafes from shore to shore, as if to gather strength for the next headlong leap. Its descent is here said to be more than five hundred feet to the mile.

At present the stream is at its lowest ebb; its faint murmur down among the rocks gives no token of its fury when swollen by the melting snows of spring; but high up in cliffs of its rocky walls, driftwood splintered and jammed into chaotic piles, and many a gigantic rock, polished by the torrent and tossed upon the banks, tell of its force when spring, with her warm breath, dissolves the icy fetters that imp ion the river through the winter.

This stream, so remote, is seldom resorted to by anglers, though the trout are the finest in the world. At high water the river connects with a small lake, miles above, whence, at that time, the trout escape into the stream, but, having, at once descended, they cannot return. The descent itself is fatal to some of them; the torrent huffs them against the rocks; some, though bruised, recover. We took several that bore scars of the perilous descent.

"Here are a couple of good straight birches for poles—I don't want any for myself; you do the fishing and I'll carry the basket for you. If you are all ready, I know a hole just below here where you will find it lively. I never failed there."

"Well, Tony, lead on, and we will have our flies in it directly."

Threading our way through the brush a few rods down stream, we found ourselves at the head of a short or riff, where the river, emerging from a sluggish basin, leaps over into a rocky cauldron sixty feet below.

Around this great natural bowl, which is at least a hundred feet in breadth, the waters,

twelve feet deep, are lazily circling from shore to shore. The surface is almost completely veiled by the dense froth which forever breaks and closes again, by turns disclosing and hiding the dark tide below. This was a most favorable screen to the anglers.

"There, look at that hole! You may know that if there are any trout in the river at all, you'll find them in here."

"But, Tony, how are we to get at them? Our lines are too short to reach the water from this ledge; it's sixty feet down there, at least."

"Do you see that spruce yonder, with its roots hanging on the bank and its top pitched down into the rocks by the water? We will slide down that bear fashion—feet foremost. We will leave our rifles and packs here; we shall want nothing but the lines and basket down yonder. If you can't go down the tree, we shall have to go around through the woods, and come in from down stream; and that's a pretty good piece to travel."

We chose the shortest route, and safely, though not without several scratches, slid down the big spruce trunk to the flat ledge of rock, level with the stream. Pretty strong tackle was bent upon a pole, and we were at last ready to make the experiment upon the pool. Lightly as a snow flake falls the enticing fly into a rift of foam on the farther side of the basin. Hardly has it reached the water, when a gleam of silver breaks upward from the bottom, the water parts, and with a strong tug down writhes the tip of the pole to the very surface.

"Ah, they're here, you see! That was quickly done."

The fish makes one surge across the cauldron, the line hisses through the water, then drifts limp and slack down the current.

"That is too bad!"

The clumsy pole is too stiff and heavy; the snood has parted, and that fly is lost.

"Never mind; there's more than one trout here—only put on a stouter hook next time. Now, I never use those 'snoods,' as you call them. I take a stout hook and a piece of pork or venison for bait, and I do not lose any trout that way."

The second cast elicits a more eager response. Bless us! the water boils! a dozen dash at the fly together—monstrous fellows too. How their sides glisten, as they whirl and go down! Only one can take the hook; he is a heavy one, though. This time the tackle can be trusted, and he is landed upon the rock with but very little coquetry; for it is useless to attempt to play a trout without reel, and with nothing better than a great green ox-goat for a rod.

"That trout will swing a two-pound weight easy; but there are bigger ones than that in here. Did you ever see such a trout before? See how short and very thick and broad he is. They are all just so."

The sport is lively for the next half hour, and Tony has laid in the basket twenty-four trout, not one of them under a half pound, and some of them over three pounds weight. No tint of satin or velvet can rival their glowing sides. It is like looking into a basketful of splinters of rainbow. Tony avers. But now they are shy, and though the fly coaxes one to rise half way, yet he stops and balances a moment on his fins, and like a flash is gone under the shelving shore.

"Well, they've got sight of us at last, and fly fishing is over here. I know there are a hundred trout in there yet. If you had followed my way, and took a venison bait and fished on the bottom, they could not have seen us; but the flies call them all to the top, and they soon get shy. Let's try my bait now."

"But indeed, Tony, have we not enough as it is? We shall find these somewhat heavy before we gain our night's camp. I fear. Let us for once be satisfied with enough."

We have but to shift our station to another pool a few rods below, to repeat the same success, but there is no pleasure in slaying uselessly; so let us, if we can, climb forth from this rugged ravine, treasuring the memory of the spot as things to be kept long.

It is impossible to climb up the old spruce, and the anglers picked their way down stream, jumping from rock to rock by the aid of the drift wood, until the walls of the ravine grow less precipitous, and we can scale them. Crossing a jam of drift wood, ten feet above the water, all at once the rotten stuff gives way, and one of the party is dangling by the scruffs between a couple of logs, with his feet swinging over the torrent.

"Well, there! it's lucky you didn't go clear through. Hang on a minute, and we will have you out. There, all right; we are on solid ground once more. You wait and I'll bring down the packs and rifles."

While Tony is gone we dress our trout, and are ready for the route again. Tony leading, we lay our course down the river, which finally, giving up its boisterous pranks, and growing sober and orderly, continues its way through the level forest with

faint murmurings. Here, at the guide's instance, the travelers halt to search its pebbly bed for certain curious stones which he avers are to be found therein. They succeed, and find many crystals of the rich opalescent felspar, brought down, no doubt, by the torrent from the upper rocky fastnesses—iridescent stones which, when wet from the river, seem really to laugh with all the prismatic tints of the rainbow.

We are now but a few miles from the guide's "clearing," and as the trail leads through an open level forest, we quicken our pace, and at nightfall reach the little hamlet of three cabins, where we are warmly welcomed. A few moments after our arrival, Tony's fellow trapper, Jack Lamb—the same who had been "snowed in" with him at the Pass, came in from the opposite direction, and reported that he had killed a bear a mile back upon the trail, and sought Tony's help to bring it in. His adventure with bruin was a thrilling one. He was hurrying on, he said, to reach this place before dark, when he encountered the bear in the very path; having no weapon at all with him, he tried by shouts to frighten the bear away; words not answering the purpose, like the old man in the fable, the young fellow next tried the virtue in stones; but so far from putting bruin to flight, a hard hit so enraged him that he closed with the hunter, who stood his ground, and as the bear (not a large one, indeed,) came up, exulted him with a hearty kick. As he delivered the blow, however, the bear seized him by the leg, but, as good luck would have it fastened his teeth only in the hunter's high boot. There it clung tenaciously; the hunter being an athletic young fellow, succeeded in keeping his feet, and in getting in his grasp a heavy stone, with which he so powerfully and repeatedly smote bruin's head—the animal yet maintaining its hold—that it shortly sunk under the blows. Jack's boat exhibited manifest marks of the bear's teeth, and an hour later he and the guide came in, bearing the carcass itself.

Within the hour, a capacious dish of broiled bear's steak smoked on the rude board beside some of our Cold River trout; we all drew around, and, by the smoky glare of a pitch pine torch, did ample justice to forest fare.

Tony's "skate" was a solid snug cabin of spruce logs, hewn flat inside, but in their native bark without, and locked together by deep notches at the corners. It boasted two rooms, the one in which we sat, the other overhead, and reached by a stairway of pegs driven into the wall logs; this is doored with split boards, on which are heaped many dry skins of deer, bear and moose.

A great stone fireplace, across one end, blazes with great maple logs, for, in the forest, the night air is chilling. On the walls hang many pairs of deer's antlers, trophies of the chase, whose prongs are laden with garments and weapons. One pair of antlers supports the guides two rifles, with their ball pouches and powder horns.

Pipes ensue—the never-falling friend and companion of the hunter in his loneliest excursions—and the guide and his fellow hunter are led to recount, for the amusement of the tourists, many adventures of their forest lives.

The CONJURER AND THE YANKEE. Anderson, the wizard, not with a Yankee who stole a march on him one day after the following pattern: Enter Yankee.

"I say! are you Prof. Anderson?"

"Yes sir; at your service."

"Wa'll, you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm something at a trick, too, kinder cute, den you know?"

"Ah! indeed; what trick are you up to?"

asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow.

"Wa'al, I can take a red cent and change it into a ten dollar gold piece."

"Oh! that's a mere sleight-of-hand trick; I can do that, too."

"No you can't, I'd like to see you try."

"Well, hold out your paw with a cent lying on it."

"This is your cent is it, sure?"

"It's nothing else."

"Hold on to it tight—Presto! change. Now open your hand."

Yankee opened his fist, and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

"Wa'al, you did it; I declare; much obliged to you," and Jonathan turned to go out.

"Stay," said the Professor, "you may leave my ten dollars."

"Yorn! warn't it my cent; and didn't you turn it into that yaller thing, eh? Good bye!" and as he left the room he was heard to say, "I guess there ain't anything green about this child."

A SENSIBLE FATHER. An old man, advising his daughter one day on the subject of marriage, said, in reply to one of her objections, "Very well, my dear, never marry a poor man; but at the same time remember that the poorest man in the world is he who has got plenty of money and nothing else."

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE. The man who stands upon his own soil—who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and the exclusive owner of the land which he tills is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence, not easily inhibited by any other source. He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the character of a man who is lord of an animate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part of his—from the center to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their last foot steps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which winds through the meadows. Through the fields lie the path to the village-school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers to the house of God; near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his own children. These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint them: they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life springs of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character.

[Edward Everett.]

THOUGHT ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH. If we would have our bodies healthy, our brains must be used, and used in orderly and vigorous ways, that the life-giving streams of force may flow down from them into the expectant organs, which can minister but as they are ministered unto.

We admire the vigorous animal life of the Greeks, and with justice we recognize, and partly seek to imitate, the various gymnastic and other means which they employ to secure it. But probably we should make a fatal error if we omitted from our calculation the hearty and generous earnestness with which the highest subjects of art, speculation, and politics were pursued by them. Surely, in their case the beautiful and energetic material life was expressed in the athletic and graceful frame. And were it a mere extravagance to ask whether some of the mere lassitude and weariness of life, of which we hear so much in our day, might be due to lack of mental occupation on worthy subjects, exciting and repaying a generous enthusiasm as well as to an over-exercise on lower ones? whether an engrossment on matters which have not substance enough to justify or satisfy the mental grasp, be not at the root of some part of the maladies which affect our mental convalescence? Any one who tries it, soon finds out how wearying, how disproportionately exhausting is an overdose of "light literature," compared with an equal amount of time spent on real work. Of this we may be sure, that the due exercise of brain—of thought—is one of the of the essential elements of human life. The perfect health of man is not the same as that of an ox or horse. The preponderating capacity of his nervous parts demands a correspondent life.

[Cornhill Magazine.]

MARMADUKE'S CAPTOR, A BOY. The rebel General Marmaduke was captured by a little boy belonging to one of the Kansas Regiments. He at first refused to surrender to an "inferior officer," but was immediately persuaded to do so. The lad brought him to Gen. Curtis' Headquarters, where he introduced himself, much to the surprise of all, but especially of the boy hero. Gen. Curtis asked the boy how long he had to serve before his term of enlistment would transpire. The reply was, "eight months." The General immediately wrote him a furlough for that time, and presented him with the horse, revolver, belt and sabre, of the rebel General.

PATERNAL AFFECTION. The following letter was sent by a man to his son at College:

"I write to send you some new socks, which your mother has knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten pounds without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles. I hope you will do honor to my teaching; if you do not you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

If a tent is properly pitched, ought it not to be water tight?

PARIS, MAINE, DEC. 9, 1864.

the Union—precisely what we cannot and will not do. His declarations in this effort are explicit and self-repeated. He does not attempt to deceive us. He appears no nearer to deceiving ourselves. He cannot and will not voluntarily expect the Union, we cannot voluntarily yield it. Between him and us the issue is distinct, sharp and indelible. It is an issue which can only be settled by war and decided by victory. If

...and defeat following war. What is true, however, is that the war has not been a success. It has not brought about the peace and union which we have so long desired. It has not brought about the peace and union which we have so long desired. It has not brought about the peace and union which we have so long desired.

War News.
A great battle between Hood and Sherman occurred last week, at Franklin, Tenn. From addresses to his men, it appears that Hood expected to break our lines and thus lay open Tennessee and Kentucky to his attack. The report says:

The plan of the battle was very simple. We had no time, in fact to get up a complete plan, as the enemy pressed us closely and obliged us to fight him. The original plan was to withdraw Gen. Schofield's force until the meeting of our reinforcements, and then give battle in the vicinity of Nashville, but the over sanguine rebels pressed too hard, and when Gen. Schofield perceived he could not avoid a contest, he drew his little army up in line of battle in front of Franklin.

Their order of the advance was very peculiar. A semi-circle of two regiments deep, extending all around our lines, and behind each alternate regiment were placed four others; so that the assaulting column was six regiments deep.

With the most reckless bravery, they rushed in, and when within a few hundred yards of our works our boys opened upon them a terrible fire of grape and musketry, but no wavering was perceived in the rebel lines. On they came to the very parapets of our works.

On the Columbus pike the pressure on the lines was so great that some of Cox's and Wagner's men temporarily gave way. Up to this time Col. O'pdyke's brigade had been held in reserve. Col. O'pdyke, by the orders of General Standley, rushed forward with his brigade to restore the broken line. The rebels who had crowded over our works had no time to retire, and Cox's and Wagner's men rallied and attacked the rebels in the flank, while Col. O'pdyke charged on the front. A desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued with bayonet and the butt-ends of muskets. One hundred rebels were captured here and the line restored.

For two and a half hours the battle raged all along our lines. Riley's brigade of the 23d corps fairly covered the ground in front of it with rebel dead. The rebel General Adams was killed. At dusk the rebels were repulsed at all points, but the firing did not cease until 9 P. M. At least 5000 rebels were killed, wounded and captured, while our loss will probably reach 1500. We have taken 30 rebel battle flags.

According to rebel reports, Sherman is within six miles of Savannah. He has spread consternation in all his march, and is preparing for a heavy blow either upon that city or Charleston.

We are informed that Surgeon Burbank and Commissioner Perlman, are to visit four places in this County, for the purpose of making examinations, to correct the enrollment lists of the sub-districts in this County.

The Oxford Law Library Association have been picking up the stray volumes formerly belonging to their library, and will add about \$500 worth of new books before the next term commences. The Commissioners have provided a neat case to contain the rejuvenated library.

The members of the Electoral College in this State assembled at Augusta, Tuesday, and organized; and on Wednesday, cast their votes for a candidate for President and Vice President. It was a matter of honor, only, with them, to vote for Lincoln and Johnson, as there was nothing to restrain them from voting for any two other men they chose, under our clumsy system of conducting a Presidential election.

Our esteemed and venerable citizen, Cushing Allen, Esq., attained his 96th year on Friday last. The occasion which was one of interest to himself and family was rendered more so by several of his friends to congratulate him on the return of another anniversary of his birthday, and the good health which he still enjoyed. Mr. Allen is hale and hearty, and his cheerful manner and sprightly walk are remarked upon with pleasure by the people generally. His venerable consort is also living, at the age of 88 years, and should their lives be continued till next June, they will then have lived together as husband and wife seventy years. [Bath Times.]

PROMOTION. Col. Henry G. Thomas, son of Hon. William W. Thomas of this city, has received the appointment of Brigadier General. The promotion, we understand, was made for gallant and meritorious conduct. [Press.]

Mr. A. Barnum of the G. T. Dining Saloon, and a friend, were attacked Thursday evening in Portland by a party of roughs. They finally drove the roughs, though not till Mr. B. had been "knocked down and beaten severely" says the Press.

We learn by the Rockland Democrat that Wm. S. Cochran, Esq., of Rockland, late Maine Commissioner, died in that city on Wednesday of last week, at the age of 48.

Gen. Butler, in an order dismissing Second Lieutenant John Clancy, of the Colored Light Artillery, from the service, says: "He was in a state of intoxication, which is reported as heastly, but that is evidently a mistake, as beasts do not get drunk."

A Washington dispatch says that the gold seized by Gen. Butler in New Orleans for the recovery of which an attachment has been issued, is in the United States Treasury.

The 12th Maine regiment, which reached Portland last week, has just been paid off. It was found on arrival that the baggage had been overhauled, and the regimental property stolen while on the route.

Deputy Sheriff Rice, of Brownfield, committed J. G. Downes, to jail, Tuesday, on a charge of stealing sheep.

Deputy C. M. Wornell, of Bethel, on the same day committed George H. York, a lad of about 14, charged with stealing keys, and breaking into stores.

Five dollar subscriptions are open in Portland, for a skating rink. A rink is "a plot of ice thirty or forty yards long and eight or nine yards wide," from which we infer that the city bloods intend to time themselves in the winter as they do their trotting naps in summer.

Rev. D. B. Sewall of Fryeburg, has recently received from persons of his parish, gifts in money and valuables, amounting to nearly \$200, in addition to a salary of \$800 promptly paid.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. "Confident as you are on anything injurious."

Dr. A. A. HAYES, Chemist, Boston. "An elegant combination for Coughs."

Dr. G. F. BROWN, Boston. "I recommend their use in Public Speaking."

REV. E. H. CHAPIN. "Most salutary relief in Bronchitis."

REV. N. S. FRIEDMAN, Morristown, Ohio. "Very beneficial when suffering from Colds."

REV. S. J. P. ANDERSON, St. Louis. "Almost instant relief in the distressing labor of breathing peculiar to asthma."

REV. A. C. EGLESTON, New York. "They have suited me exactly—relieving my throat so that I can sing with ease."

T. DECHARME. "Chorister French Parish Church, Montreal."

At there are imitations, be sure to OBTAIN the genuine.

THE CONFESIONS & EXPERIENCE OF A SERVING 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 being a victim to quackery. 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 Livermore, Nov. 17, William L. Brown and Miss Sarah J. Trask.

DIED.

In West Saco, Nov. 22, Mrs. Julia Ann Gurney.

GEO. COLLINS, M. D.

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,

BETHEL HILL.

Office Hours—8 to 9 A. M.; 5 to 6 P. M.

For Sale.

A First Class State Machine & Planer.

Inquire of J. G. Hambleton, Corner Liberty, at H. H. Ricker & Sons, Hallowell.

December 1st, 1864.

STATE OF MAINE.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
Augusta, Nov. 22, 1864.
Circular.

Whereas, the Provost Marshal General, on the 15th day of the present month, issued a circular order to the acting assistant Provost Marshal Generals of the several States, directing the execution of the enrollment lists thereof in the several districts and sub-districts, to the end that the same may be thoroughly perfected, and the persons under any future process may be justly assigned, and whereas it is his desire to have the cooperation of the State and municipal authorities and all other good citizens, I do therefore hereby invoke the same.

Good complaint has heretofore been made on account of gross errors in the enrollment, the quotas of sub-districts having been increased in consequence of the names of persons over age, non-residents, aliens, and even of the dead being borne thereon.

By presenting to the Board of Enrollment the names of any persons enrolled in any sub-district, who are either:
1st, Aliens;
2d, Non-residents;
3d, Over Age;
4th, Excessively physically disabled to such a degree as to render the persons not proper subjects for enrollment under the law and regulations;
5th, Who have served in military and naval service two years during the present war and been honorably discharged;
6th, Those who have died since the last enrollment; such names will be stricken off.

At the same time it is proper to communicate to the Boards of Enrollment, the names of all who have arrived at the military age, whose names are not on the list, and persons changing their residences should be reported thereon.

It is peculiarly proper and desirable that all municipal authorities should give early, special and continuous attention to this matter, and all good citizens are invited to co-operate with them, as they will be entitled to and receive a hearing.

As the Provost Marshal has directed that a copy of the corrected list shall be furnished to each sub-district, it can be procured by the municipal authorities, and they are desired to have the same multiplied and conspicuously posted in their several precincts.

This work should be completed by or before the first of January next.

If the foregoing requests are complied with, there cannot be any long or cause of complaint, growing out of an improper enrollment, but if parties interested neglect to attend to this duty, the fault will be at their own door.

SAMUEL CONY, Governor of Maine.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE. Notice is hereby given that Joseph Ramsey, formerly of Saco in the County of York, and State of Massachusetts, but now a resident of Andover in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, on the seventeenth day of October, A. D. 1861, by his deed of mortgage of that date, conveyed to Arthur W. Ramsdell of Andover, county and State aforesaid, certain tracts or parcels of land, with all the buildings thereon, situated in the town of Andover and Ramsey in the county of Oxford, State of Maine, which deed is recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said Oxford county, book 126, page 160, and is referred to for a more particular description of the premises.

The said mortgage having been broken said Arthur W. Ramsdell claims a foreclosure of the same, agreeably to the statute for such cases made and provided. Dated at Portland, State of Maine, this first day of November, A. D. 1864.

ARTHUR W. RAMSDOLL.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford to receive the claims of the creditors of Abner P. Cobb, late of Saco, in said County, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent, give notice that six months, commencing the 20th day of September, have been allowed said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to the duty assigned us, on the first Saturday of February and the third Saturday of March, next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the office of A. H. Walker, in Lovell Village.

A. H. WALKER, JAMES HOBBS, JR., Com'rs.
Dated Nov. 28, 1864.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to examine the claims of the creditors of Joseph E. Colby, late of Rumford in said County deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent, give notice that six months have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to the duty assigned us, on the first Saturday of January, February and March, next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the office of A. H. Walker, in Lovell Village.

WM. W. HOLSTER, J. COM'RS.
Dated Nov. 21, 1864.

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that a petition will be presented to the Legislature of Maine, at its next session, by the undersigned, for a charter, constituting them and their associates a body corporate for the purpose of carrying on the business of common carriers, to be called the Maine Express Company.

WM. FLOWERS, J. W. WELCH, RIGHT, A. THOMPSON, S. C. HATCH, WM. H. MOWER.
Bangor, Dec. 1st, 1864.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of MORRIS BUMPUS late of Paris in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him, on the 15th day of December, next.

J. JOSEPH BARROWS.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that she has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of ZELI B. WHITMAN late of Hudson in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to her, on the 15th day of December, next.

MARY WHITMAN.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of DAVID G. MARTIN late of Rumford in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him, on the 15th day of December, next.

SARAH G. MARTIN.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of CHARLES H. CURTIS late of Paris in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him, on the 15th day of December, next.

BENJ. Y. TUCKER.

E. E. RICE, DEPUTY SHERIFF, BROWNFIELD, ME.

CLOAKS

—AND—
CLOAK 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, CACHEMERE,

BLACK CROWN ALPACCAS,

All Wool and Half Wool Cashmeres, &c., &c.

—AT—
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.

FRENCH KID AND

Ladies' Plush Slippers,

—AT—
WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

Ladies' Fur Collars,

—AND—
Gents' Fur Collars.

—AT—
WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

LADIES' SKATES!

—AT—
WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

DEC. 1ST, 1864.

Just received at
WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

Direct from the Boston "C. O. D. Man" the best assortment of
Ladies' Misses' & Children's

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

To be found in Oxford County.

Ladies' Rubber Boots,

—AT—
WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

MEN'S, BOYS' AND YOUTH'S

Winter Boots,

(Manufactured by Shurtliff) 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.

Misses' French Calf Boots,

(From 1 1/2 to 2 1/2) 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 out of at the "NEW STORE," will be "ordered as soon as called for."

25 Tons of Dried Apple.

WANTED IN EXCHANGE

FOR GOODS, FLOUR AND CASH.

—BY—
WOODMAN, BRO. & CO.

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,

—AT—
WOODMAN, BRO. & CO'S.

PAY UP!

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

WOODMAN, BRO. & CO.

WOOD. Sealed propensely to furnish Fy Co. cords of first quality of split hard wood, not less than four inches in diameter before being split, for the use of the County, will be received by the Clerk of Courts, till Monday, December 19, at two o'clock, P. M., to be delivered at such places as may be designated at that time. Said cords to be made, yellow birch and beech, one-half of which, at least shall be maple.

Paris, Nov. 23, 1864.

E. E. RICE,

Cards, Tags and Bill heads

printed at the Democrat Office.

To the Hon. Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned, administrator on the estate of J. W. EASTMAN late of Lovell in said County, deceased, insinuates, respectfully represents: that said Eastman died seized and possessed of the following described real estate, viz.: the farm now occupied by Isaac Arling in Stone in said County, on the Hemp Hill road.

That the sale of said real estate is necessary to enable him to pay the just debts of the said estate at the time of his decease; that an advantageous offer of two hundred thirty five dollars has been made by George W. Howard in said County which offer it is for the interest of all concerned immediately to accept, the proceeds of sale to be applied to the payment of said debts. He therefore prays that license may be granted him to sell and convey the above described real estate to the person making said offer, according to the statute in such cases made and provided.

JAMES E. HUTCHINS.

OXFORD, 28.—At a Court of Probate, held at Paris in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of November, A. D. 1864.

On the foregoing petition—filed, that the said Testator gave notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of his petition with this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat a newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at the said Court of Probate, on the 25th day of December, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted. Such notice to be given before said Court.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.
A true copy—**J. S. HOBBS, Register.**

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE,

SECOND DIST. OF MAINE,

AUGUSTA, NOV. 28, 1864.

THE Board of Enrollment will have copies of the Enrollment lists open to the examination of the public at all proper times, and any person may appear before the Board and have any name stricken off the list, if he can show to the satisfaction of the Board that the person named is not properly enrolled on account of:
1st, Aliens;
2d, Non-Residence;
3d, Over age;
4th, Permanent physical disability of such a degree as to render the person not a proper subject for enrollment under the law and regulations;
5th, Having served in the military or naval service two years during the present war, and been honorably discharged.

Civil Officers, Clergymen, and all other prominent citizens are invited to appear at all times before the Board to point out any errors in the list and to give such information in their possession as may aid in the correction and revision thereof.

And further notice is hereby given that after the expiration of the ten days aforesaid, the undersigned will be present at the several places above designated to receive and determine any appeals from the Board to points, and that he will be relative to any exceptions or erroneous substitutions or amendments made made by the Assistant Assessor within said Collection District as follows, to wit: For the County of Androscoggin at the office of Jacob B. Ham, Esq., in Lewiston. The lists for the County of Oxford at the office of the Clerk of the Courts in Paris. The lists for the County of Sagadahoc at the office of Edward C. Hyde, Esq., in Bath. And the lists for the County of Franklin at the office of the undersigned in Farmington. Said lists will remain in said places of deposit for the term of ten days; and during said term of time they will be open to the inspection of all persons who may apply to inspect the same, in order that the applicant opportunity may be given for the detection of any fraudulent returns that may have been made, and any omissions that may have been made; and for this purpose I seek the cooperation of all tax payers citizens.

All appeals to be made to the Assessor must be made in writing, and specify the particular cause, matter or thing, respecting which a decision is requested, and must also state the ground or principle of inequality or error complained of.

HANNIBAL BELCHER, Assessor.

OXFORD, 28.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Nov. A. D. 1864.

J. G. HARLOW, administrator on the estate of Gilbert Hathaway late of Canton in said County, deceased, having presented his first and final account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

Ordered, That the said administrator 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 2d Tuesday of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.
A true copy—**J. S. HOBBS, Register.**

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE. Public notice is hereby given that on the 6th day of March, 1863, Reuben F. Eames of Newry, county of Oxford and State of Maine, conveyed in mortgage deed to James S. Goodnow of Saco, Newry, the farm or homestead upon which he and said Eames then occupied, and being the same, donated to him the said Eames, by Joseph Jackson estate Newry, the same being and lying in said town of Newry and known as the Joseph Jackson estate and thereon, and the same having been assigned by the said James S. Goodnow to Lovell W. Goodnow on Nov. the 25th, 1863, and on Nov. the 5th, 1864, the said Lovell W. Goodnow assigned the same to the subscriber; and he therefore gives notice to all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him, on the 15th day of December, next.

RYNALDO STANLEY.

By I. I. YORK.

Goods for Gents' Wear.

S. R. SHEHAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Ready-Made Clothing,

BETHEL HILL, ME.

Constantly on hand a full assortment of
CLOTHS AND CLOTHING,

OF THE BEST QUALITY.

Garments made to order promptly, in the latest styles. Particular attention given to Cutting made to be made out of the shop.

All work returned to us will be warranted to give entire satisfaction.

D. D. & T. & V. D.

Dexter Double and Twist, and Vermont

Double a good stock bought before the late advance and sold low at

D. H. YOUNG'S, Newry.

U.S. 7-30 Loan

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable in three years from August 15, 1865, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-fourths per cent. per annum—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

