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MISCELLANY.

LOST—A LEGEND OF VERMONT.

BY JULIA GILL.

About ninety years ago, as I suppose, the events of my story occurred. It was in Vermont, within the limits of either the township of Rockingham or of Springfield, it is impossible now to say which, that the log cabin which was the home of the heroine stood, surrounded by forest. The real names of the actors in this tragedy of the woods have passed out of the legend, and I therefore substitute the first names which come to mind.

"I have finished my spinning, Robert, and shall carry the yarn home to-day. I think I will spend the day with Mrs. Green, and I wish you would come and meet me, and bring baby home," said the young wife, taking the linen yarn in her apron and the baby on her arm.

"Very well," replied the husband, giving the crouching child a kiss as he started off with his hoe over his shoulder for the wheat field. He was hoeing in wheat that day. His lot had been burnt over and sowed with wheat, but the huge stumps of the old trees, the logs lying about, and the thick underground roots in the new land prevented the use of the plough.

All day he worked busily in the fresh soil, with the strange wood-sounds about him, eating his lunch at noon from his little basket, until the lengthening shadows of the forest around his small clearing betokened the approach of sunset. Then he started off to meet his wife.

A mile or two away in the forest, his neighbor, Green, had made his "clearing." He went on without meeting the wife and baby, until he reached his neighbor's door. "Why," said Mrs. Green, in answer to his inquiries, "didn't you meet her? She hasn't been gone long, only a few minutes."

"Can she have missed the marked trees?" asked Robert Harris, aghast.

"Don't be alarmed, neighbor," said Mr. Green. "I will go back with you."

The two men went together through the forest, which every moment grew darker and drearier. Not so dark but they could see the white gash cut on the side of every prominent tree, which mark, along the dense woods, was the only indication of highway. They called Mrs. Harris' name loudly at intervals, but there came no reply. They kept saying to each other, "We may find her at home," but they were heavy at heart. The log house was reached, but home it was no longer to Mr. Harris. The mother and baby were not there. The cow lowed to be milked, and the pigs, which ran in the woods and came home at night, clamored for their usual feeding, but the men took no notice of them. Back again through the woods, with a lantern, calling and hallooing. All in vain. Then they went on to the next clearing, and the next. "A woman is lost!" What telegram in these exciting days of battle ever told more thrillingly on human nerves than these words going from mouth to mouth among the home-nests of the new country! With iron muscles and determined will the warm-hearted settlers started out. "We will scour the woods, we will find them; never fear." According to a custom they had at such times, they blew dinner horns, built fires, and shouted until they were hoarse. No tidings of the lost ones on that night. All the next day they searched, and day after day as long as possible. Fires were left smoldering among the trees, men who knew the woods kept resolutely to the search, but the budding April forest held its secret.

When Mrs. Harris started with her baby in her arms from Mrs. Green's expecting momentarily to greet her husband, she went on carelessly, her attention being directed in part to the child, until, suddenly looking up, she discovered no white scars of the ax on any tree in sight. But she fancied she had only just stepped out of the track and might in a moment retain it. A vain fancy. Nothing familiar met her eyes. The night came on. The little birds went to rest, the owls laughed dolefully. She was alone with her infant in the great sea of forest, where never a woodman's ax had echoed. She was lost. She sat down faint and tired, and, woman-like, began to cry. Hark! That was certainly a human shout. She rose, and holding her sleeping child firmly, ran, as fast as the tangled undergrowth and fallen trees across her path would permit her, toward the welcome voice. She shouted back, but her small voice would never be heard; she only waked the little child and most now stop to hush it. Then she started on again. Hark! the sound of a horn, but in entirely another direction. Turning her course she ran breathless towards it. And now she thought she heard it again, further off. Many hours of the night were spent in rushing, with hysteric sobs and palpitating heart, toward the voices of her friends. So near that she could hear them, but so far away that no effort of frenzied strength could enable her to reach their protecting presence. What a night it was!

Towards morning she slept, leaning against a tree with the baby on her bosom. But she started nervously in her dream and at the first bird-song woke to full consciousness. With the daybreak came a renewal of her courage. She would not weakly give up to die. Her friends would certainly find her to-day, or she would find them. She saw near her some of the last year's berries and tough leaves of the wintergreen. And here were acorns. A poor breakfast, but she ate whatever she could find, for the sake of the child more than for her own. This day also she ran wildly through the tangle of dead brakes, and briars growing rank from the decay of centuries, over gulches and jagged rocks, past rude branches that caught at her dress and rent it, till she came to the dying embers of a fire. Here she lingered long. Her friends had been here; perhaps Robert kindled this fire with his own hands, and for her. Hark again! The search has commenced this morning. Echoing through the woods comes the prolonged shriek of a dinner horn. She calls with all the desperation of one drowning; she rushes forward. But the ground is rough, and alas! how heavy the baby grows. She is giddy with loss of sleep and want of food. The baby moans and will not be comforted. In this way passes the day and another dreadful night. She finds another fire, she stays by it, and keeps it burning through the night, for she is afraid of wolves. Another morning and she is not hopeful. She has no nourishment for her child. O, will not Heaven pity her? Have the sweet April skies become brass to shut out her cries for help? Has God forgotten to be gracious? The little one grows weaker, he cannot hold up his head. Another terrible night; he moans piteously, he falls into convulsions; the next day he dies. All day she carries the little lifeless body in her arms, and all the night, beneath the unforgiving stars she holds it to her bosom. Poor woman! We do not know what lesson was meant to her by the good Father. But perhaps she has known long since; perhaps at this very moment she thinks and adores Him for that great and sore distress, of which we cannot even hear, at this far remove of time, without a heart-ache.

She carried the little dead burden day after day, until the purple hue of decay was settling rapidly over it, and she felt, with a pang at her heart, that she must bury it. Then she looked about for a spot where she might dig the grave, so deep that the wildcat and the wolf should not scent it out. Weak as she was, this was no easy task, but in her wanderings she came upon a giant tree, uprooted at some former time by a hurricane. In the soft earth where the roots had laid, she scooped the baby's resting-place, and making it soft with moss, covered the cold little form forever from her sight. Then she sat down by her grave in a stupor of grief. Hour after hour passed, how long a time she knew not, when she rose to her feet to commence again the dreadful pilgrimage. Then she noted everything about the spot. Here was a rock, there stood an immense hemlock. Yes, she would know the place. She could find it easily with Robert. Then began the struggle with the wilderness. Day after day, week after week she pressed on. Her shoes were worn to fragments and fell from her feet. Her garments were torn to tatters. But the days grew warmer, and the fever that was burning in her veins made even the soft showers that fell upon her welcome. First she ate the buds of the trees and the bark of the black birch. Presently she began to find young checkerberry leaves, and now and then she came upon a patch of the nut and greedily sucked the eggs. After a time there were red raspberries and black thimbleberries in the woods, and then she knew it was July. The trees had now put on afresh their beautiful garments. But for the delicious poetry that one finds in the woods, sauntering out from busy life for an hour she cared nothing. She saw nothing but trees, trees, trees, in interminable succession, in bewildering sameness. It seemed years, yes, ages ago, that she swept the hearth with a birch broom and sang the baby to sleep in Robert's cabin. Her mind grew bewildered, still she went on, on, on. When she came to a large stream she went up toward its source till she could wade across it. So she did; and she affirmed that she never crossed any stream wider than a brook. She paid no attention to sun or moon as guide or indication of the points of compass, but she must have taken a northwesterly and then a northeasterly course. There was Black River, Mill river, Watqueque by White, Wait's, Wells, flowing into the Connecticut from the Vermont side; but she constantly asserted that she saw none of them. Through July and August there were berries of various kinds, and by means of these she sustained what little life was left to her. And now the maples began to take on the gorgeous crimson and the silver birches to wear the pale gold of September; the birds were leaving the forest. Still she

went on, on, on. Occasionally she had glimpses of brindle fur among the branches, or a black bear turned out of her path, afraid of the human form; but no human being did she ever meet, and long, long before, human voices had ceased to call her name. Was she all alone on the earth, and was the earth but one vast wilderness without outlet, without clearing or settlement? Had God taken away all life but that of brutes, and forgotten her, or ordained her to wander forever? Tramping, tramping, tramping, with feet bleeding and cracked at first and afterwards calloused; naked or nearly so, knowing nothing of time or place, she was fast becoming idiotic. When she was hungry she sought for food, but the great idea lingering in her mind was that of pressing on. Since the luxuriance of summer had filled the forest with ferns and new growth of briar and underbrush, there was more difficulty in passing through. But she had become accustomed to the rough work, and the frenzy became at last a steady, constant habit; the labor of life to her.

One day in October the inhabitants of the village of Charlestown, New Hampshire, were startled into the wildest excitement by seeing a naked, emaciated woman, with her hair streaming upon her shoulders, walk with bewildered gaze along their street. She told them she was Robert Harris' wife, and she was lost.

Robert Harris' wife who disappeared from the opposite side of the river in April! exclaimed the villagers. "How has she crossed the Connecticut? Where has she been all this time?" But she told them she had never crossed the Connecticut. And she had been lost in the woods all this time. There was no lack of hospitality; the wanderer was immediately clad and fed and cared for to the utmost. Volunteers went at once and brought her husband, for the story of his bereavement was well known on the Charlestown side of the river. We can only imagine the meeting, and what tears were shed at the thought of that little forsaken grave by the uprooted tree. But it is said that joy bells were rung in the village, and the poor woman, a living skeleton, was nursed and petted—everybody vying with her neighbor to lavish every good thing upon her—until her weakened mind recovered its tone again. As she constantly asserted she had never crossed a river, it was supposed she wandered into Canada, and, going around the Connecticut at its source, or crossing where it was a brooklet, passed down on the New Hampshire side till she reached a location just opposite that from which she started, when she began to grow strong again, her mind recovered continually to the grave in the wilderness. She described to her husband its surroundings, and he went out to look for it, but without success. As soon as she was able, she went out with him and other friends to the search, but the baby's grave was never found. It was thought very strange that Mrs. Harris, in all her wanderings, never met a roving Indian, but so it was. The Indian tribes had, perhaps, mostly disappeared from New England since the French and Indian war, but however that might be, the first human being whom she met after the burial of her infant, strange as it may seem, was in the street of Charlestown. This singular legend has descended to the writer from an ancestor of hers, who was the third child born in the town of Rockingham, Vermont; and the story is an undoubted fact.

AMUSING INCIDENTS OF SHERMAN'S MARCH. The most pathetic scenes occur upon our line of march daily and hourly. Thousands of negro women join the column, some carrying household trunks; others, and many of them, those who bear the heavy burden of children in their arms, while older boys and girls plod by their sides. All these women and children are ordered back, heartrending though it may be to refuse them liberty. They won't go. One begs that she may go to see her husband and children at Savannah. Long years ago she was forced from them and sold. Another has heard her boy was in Mason, and she is "done gone with grief going on four years."

But the majority accept the advent of the Yankees as the fulfillment of the millennial prophecies. The "day of jubilee," the hope and prayers of a lifetime have come. They cannot be made to understand that they must remain behind, and they are satisfied only when General Sherman tells them—as he does every day—that we shall come back for them some time, and that they must be patient until the proper hour of deliverance comes.

Mr Rufus Trafton of Alfred killed this month a hog nineteen months old, which after dressed weighed 869 lbs.!! If any body can beat that hog let them come forward and they shall be heard.

The Congregational Society of Alfred recently made their pastor, Rev. Mr. Orr, a handsome donation of over \$200.

A SINGULAR HISTORY. In the year 1836 the city of Buffalo, N. Y., contained among its population a citizen of indefatigable industry and untiring enterprise. Whole blocks of capacious warehouses were erected by him, new streets were laid out, graded, paved and lighted upon his recommendation and with his assistance; and no public undertaking was considered sure of success without the sanction and aid of this public spirited citizen. The crash of 1837 came and it caused him to totter. To sustain his credit for a few days, in an evil hour he committed a deed which consigned him to the State Prison. Pardoned out, and no eradicable stigma save that inseparable from misfortune attaching to his name, he came to New York city and started the hotel business at the corner of Broadway and Cortlandt street. "Long Island sea girt shore" and took the Bath House, a summer establishment. Soon disgusted with his ill luck there he left this region of civilization altogether and removed to the solitudes of West Virginia as a rest of quiet and rest for the remainder of his days. He settled in what has proved to be the heart of the West Virginia oil region—and now this unfortunate yet lucky, untiring and irrepressible man, concludes his strange and eventful history by leaving to his heirs a fortune valued at three millions of dollars. He bore the well known name of Rathbun. [N. Y. Herald.]

MARTIN LUTHER AT HOME AND AS HE WAS. But I could not bring up my conception of Luther in Germany to the idea I had of him before. I saw his manuscripts, collections of his works, portraits; but his big drinking-cups were, after all, the most prominent memorials he left behind him. He was a jolly old soul, hearty and honest, I dare say, and banged away at the pope and the devil with good will and good effect. But there was nothing high and grand about him. I went to see the place where the devil is said to have helped him over the walls of Augsburg; but even there, not a gleam of poetry associated itself with his fame. The huge drinking cup seemed to swallow up everything, and the couplet, said to be his, appeared to tell the whole story—

"Who loves not woman, wine and song,
Remains a fool all his life long."

In short, his burly face and figure, and the goblets that testify to his powers, made it absolutely impossible for me to connect any heroic idea with him. [Prof. Felton.]

One of the New York Herald's correspondents with General Sherman's army found himself out of writing-paper on his journey through Georgia. About a dozen reams of unsigned rebel currency of various denominations was captured at Milledgeville, and the ingenious reporter wrote his narrative on the backs of the notes. He was somewhat surprised at the conclusion on reviewing his manuscript to find that he had used up over a million dollars.

SPURGEON AND THE YANKEE. A gentleman from England relates an anecdote of Mr. Spurgeon that is too good to be lost. The great preacher to illustrate "personal effort," one day told a story of a "Yankee" who boasted that he could whip the entire English nation.

"And how could you do it?" said a bystander.

"We," said the Yankee, "I would take one Englishman at a time, then another, and so on until all were whipped."

"At the close of the sermon there came, a tall, solemn-looking man, who hailed from the State of Maine, and presented to Mr. Spurgeon a letter of introduction. Soon Mr. Spurgeon addressed the new-comer by saying:

"Well, my American friend, how do you like my illustration of individual power drawn from your countrymen?"

"Oh, I was quite well pleased with it, because it was so true."

"So true," so true," said Mr. Spurgeon, "what do you mean, sir?"

"I knew a Yankee that did that once," was reply.

"And what was his name?" Mr. Spurgeon asked.

"The name, sir, was George Washington; perhaps you have heard of him!"

Mr. Spurgeon joined in the hearty laugh, and allowed that the Yankee was too much for him.

A letter from a rebel soldier to the "beloved of his soul," said to have been intercepted, contains some touching paragraphs. He says: "My quarters in camp are passable, but the quarters in my pocket are not. Last night I had a mud puddle for my pillow, and covered myself with a sheet of water. I long for more whiskey barrels and less gun barrels; more biscuits and less bullets. How I wish you were here. The farther away I get from you the better I like you."

Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl?—Because she's too young to show much reflection.

BRÉVITIES.

A one-legged miller is at once m or and hopper.

If a man is given to liquor, let not liquor be given him.

Why are chickens liberal? Because they give a peck when they take a grain.

"A good investment"—that of Savannah by Corn. [Boston Daily Advertiser.]

Crab-dodgers are greatly to be preferred to artful dodgers.

If the sun could speak, what would it say to a budding rose? You be blown.

A man's best fortune—or his worst—is a wife.

Fashions for the ice season: The fall style prevails, but many find it difficult to keep up with it.

An English paper contains the following advertisement: "A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the Channel in an oak case with carved legs."

The trade of a blacksmith is one of little honor to himself, inasmuch as most of his work is done by a vice.

"I should think those omnibus wheels would be fatigued after running all day," observed Sam.

"Well, yes," replied Seth, taking a squint at them, "they do appear to be tired."

A drunken north countryman in Scotland, returning from a fair, fell asleep by the roadside, where a pig found him and began licking his mouth. Sawney roared out:

"Wha's kisin' me noo? Ye see what it is to be weel licket among the lasses!"

"Pat do you love your country?"

"Yes yer honor."

"What's the best thing about Ireland Pat?"

"The whiskey, yer honor."

"Ah, I see Pat, with all her faults you love her still."

A school ma'am out West tells the following incident:

She was teaching a small school in an adjoining town, and "boarding round." On visiting a "new place" one Monday noon, she seated herself with the family round a pine table, and made a meal of brown bread, fat fried pork, and roasted potatoes. Just before pushing back from the table a youngster of ten years exclaimed:

"I know what good victuals is, yes ma'am I know what 'tis."

"Do you indeed?" said the embarrassed school ma'am, not knowing what to say, and ashamed to say nothing.

"Yes, ma'am? I know what good victuals is. I've been away from home two times, and eat lots on 'em."

MAKING A CURET FURN. Two Dutch farmers at Kinderhook, whose farms were adjacent, were out in their respective fields when one overheard an unusually loud hallooing in the direction of gap in a high stone wall, and ran with all speed to the place, and the following brief conversation ensued:

"Shon, vat ish te matter?"

"Vel, den," says John, "I was trying to climb on te top of dish high stone wall and I fell off, and all te stone wall tumbled down onto me, and it has broke one of mine legs off, and both of mine arms smashed mine ribs in, and dese pig stones are laying onto te top of mine body."

"Is dat all?" says the other, "ry you hollo so big loud, I tot you got de toof ache."

A lady once declaring that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke,

"It absolutely shortens their lives," said she.

"I don't know that," replied a gentleman. "There's my father who smokes every blessed day, and he is now seventy years old."

"Well, was the reply, if he had never smoked he might have been eighty."

CALVES WITH SHEEP. It is well known, perhaps, to most of our agricultural readers, that late calves, when they come to the barn in the fall, will, if confined in yards with older animals, frequently sicken and become debilitated. Being weaker and smaller, they are usually shorn about, and deprived of their due share of food, and in consequence, "fall away" rapidly. Now I never allow animals of this description to associate or be confined with larger ones, but put them with my sheep, where there is no danger of their doing or receiving harm. Sick calves, I have observed, often pick up and devour with avidity the hay and straw from among the sheep dung. It is medicinal, and I know of no article that has a more immediate and salutary effect in restoring diseased calves to health than sheep dung. I have practiced this usage for many years, and have never lost an animal, though I have had many sick when they came to the barn. [Germanstown Telegraph.]

The Senator Question again.

This matter is now fairly before the Maine Legislature, the body designated by the Constitution and the laws to settle it. In a former article we called attention to some of the principal reasons urged by the friends of both candidates to secure the election of their favorite man and did not intend again to refer to the subject. Subsequent events have however changed this determination. This discussion, should have conducted upon high and honorable grounds, avoiding everything like personal attacks upon either of the distinguished gentlemen named for the place. So far as we know the friends of Mr. Hamlin have uniformly spoken of Mr. Fessenden in the highest terms of commendation, conceding all that his friends claim for him on the score of ability, integrity, patriotism and commanding influence. This we have always done and done it with pleasure. We wish we could say as much of certain men who claim to be the friends of Mr. Fessenden. Only a few days since, in Portland a scurrilous sheet was hawked about the streets, containing a vulgar attack upon Mr. Hamlin, and although the "Press" and other parties in Mr. Fessenden's interest censured it in strong terms, yet the fact remains that a portion of those who oppose Mr. Hamlin have resorted to a disgraceful mode of warfare, to accomplish their purpose. But this is not all. The press in and out of Maine who favor Mr. Fessenden's election are now making an onslaught upon Mr. Hamlin by making invidious comparisons between the two men.

The Portland Press under date of Dec. 31st, copies with approbation from several papers, in and out of the State, articles favoring Mr. Fessenden's election based upon this idea. We will quote from two only, to show the spirit of those articles. The Eastern Sentinel says, "Mr. Fessenden has ranked higher and has wielded more influence than did Mr. Hamlin." It quotes from the Lowell Courier, which says, "Mr. Fessenden is by far the ablest man of the two." The idea intended to be conveyed is this; that the interests of the State and country will be better promoted by the election of Mr. Fessenden, than that of Mr. Hamlin. This idea at the present time is the great argument loudly proclaimed to defeat Mr. Hamlin. Is there anything in it? Let us see. The people generally understand these matters about as well as the politicians. How stands Mr. Hamlin with the masses in Maine? We are not without evidence upon this point. In 1855, the republicans of this State were beaten at the polls by about five thousand majority. The very next year they took Hannibal Hamlin by force out of the Senate against his private wishes, and at the largest republican convention ever held in Maine, unanimously made him their candidate for Governor, and after canvassing the State from one end to the other, he was triumphantly elected by about 20,000 majority. Could Mr. Fessenden have made a better fight than this? If so, why did not they take him instead of Hamlin? The truth is, the name of HANNIBAL HAMLIN, at the head of the advancing columns of the republican party, was the "tower of strength," that made a change of 20,000 votes in our own State in a single year. The people insisted that Hamlin was the man that would lead them to victory and he did it. The Legislature grateful to their victorious leader, unanimously returned him to the U. S. Senate. But the record does not stop here. In 1860, the great union party of the nation assembled by its delegates at the Chicago Convention. In canvassing for a statesman to fill the second position in the gift of the American people, in looking about for a man to preside over the Senate, with great unanimity selected Mr. Hamlin; and his name upon the ticket greatly contributed to the success of Mr. Lincoln and the union party. What does all this prove? That Mr. Hamlin is a man of "inferior ability and influence?" If so, then the great union parties of the State and nation were both mistaken and ought to have waited for the wonderful developments of wisdom we are witnessing in 1864 and 5.

But we have other proof. Mr. Hamlin, was for years before his election to the Vice Presidency, the colleague of Mr. Fessenden in the Senate. During the time they served together in that body, who ever heard the question of Mr. Hamlin's "inferiority" either in point of "influence or ability" raised by any one? For a long series of years he was at the head of the Committee on "Commerce" and his marked ability and statesmanship was conceded by all. But it is said Mr. Fessenden is the "leader" of the Senate or House in common parlance. We answer it is position and not ability. A man may or may not be the "ablest and most influential" man in the Senate, yet if he is Chairman of the Committee on Finance, he is every where accredited as the "leader" of the Senate. The Chairman of the Committee on Finance in the Senate and of ways and means in the House have charge of all the appropriation bills and these give them a commanding influential position in the branch of the National Legislature to which they belong, over other members.

The records of the American Senate are after all, the best evidence of the "ability and influence" of Mr. Hamlin, and if these fail to convince, then come to Maine, go among the people. Ask them if he has not faithfully attended to their best interests, and if they don't give one unvarnished respon-

sive AYE then we abandon the field. We would be glad to give a synopsis of the long list of important measures inaugurated and carried through the Senate by the "ability and influence" of Mr. Hamlin, and of the exalted influential position he there occupied, but the limits of this article will not permit it.

It is further contended by the friends of Mr. Fessenden that the old distinction of "Whig and Democrat," should still be kept up in the union party; that because Senator Morrill's antecedents were "democratic," a man that was formerly a "Whig" should be put in the Senate to balance off. This puts us in mind of the story, we presume familiar to most of our readers, of the old deacon, who went for four successive Sabbaths to hear his pastor preach in four different localities, and who upon each occasion took for his text, "And Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever;" and who upon hearing the text announced the fourth Sabbath, rose up and exclaimed, "Good Lord! ain't that old woman dead yet?" To be serious, we should think the old whig and democratic parties had been dead and buried about long enough to be let alone. Who wants to visit the old political grave yards and there galvanize into life the mouldering forms of whigs and democrats, who have quietly slept together side by side for the last ten years? Who cares now whether Messrs. Fessenden, Hamlin and Morrill, were whigs or democrats? Nobody, but scheming politicians, who desire to make a little capital for themselves or friends out of this anti-slavery question.

But it is said that if Mr. Fessenden is not elected to the Senate, it will be a direct censure upon him. Such reasoning is unsound and fallacious. He now fills the Treasury Department to the acceptance of all; and it is a fact which no one can contradict, that the President desires to retain him in his Cabinet under the incoming administration. This being conceded, how can the election of Mr. Hamlin to the Senate be a censure upon Mr. Fessenden, who all the while is holding a higher and more honorable position under the same government. Senators often resign to go into the Cabinet, but seldom do they leave the Cabinet for the Senate. Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, a man who stands head and shoulders above any other statesman in the country, in 1861, when just entering upon a six year's term in the Senate, where if he had gone, would have been the "leader" and distinguished man of that body, accepted a call to the Treasury Department and under President Lincoln, the very place occupied by Mr. Fessenden; and yet who ever heard that his Ohio friends considered him "censured" by the election of John Sherman, a man greatly inferior in point of ability and influence? We call our readers to witness, that in all we have said, we have neither directly or indirectly attempted to detract one iota from the high and exalted position occupied by Mr. Fessenden before the country. With thousands of others all over the union we desire him to retain his present position. This secures to Maine a Cabinet officer and the valuable services of Mr. Hamlin in the Senate; otherwise we lose one or the other of these distinguished men, from the councils of the nation. This is the only practical common sense view that can be taken of this matter, and we challenge a successful contradiction from every and all quarters.

THE LEGISLATURE. The caucuses for the nomination of officers, were held Tuesday evening. The following nominations were made:

House.—For Speaker, William A. P. Dillingham, of Waterville; Clerk, Horace Stillson of Pittsfield; Assistant Clerk, S. J. Chubbourn, of Dixmont.

Senate.—For President, David D. Stewart of St. Albans; Secretary, Thomas P. Clowes of Brownfield; Assistant Secretary, Frank E. Hitchcock, of Damariscotta. These candidates were all elected.

The correspondent of the Lewiston Journal says but little business will be accomplished until the Senator question is disposed of, which will probably be within two weeks.

AID FOR THE SOLDIERS. We are informed that Rev. Mr. Sovereign, an Agent for the U. S. Sanitary Commission, will arrive in this County this week, and will canvass the several towns, with the endeavor to present the whole work of this Society. He is represented to be an entertaining speaker, and one whom the people will take pleasure in listening to. As his purpose is only to make known the work of the Society, wherever it is considered advisable to take up collections, the money will be left with the local Societies, to be disposed of as they may think proper. It is probable that he will speak at So. Paris, on Friday evening of this week.

FIRE AT SO. PARIS. The Station-house at So. Paris, took fire last Friday, and but for the most earnest efforts of the people would have been entirely consumed. The fire took from sparks from a locomotive lodging in the walls where the plastering had fallen off. An engine was run through the building so that water was supplied directly from the tender, and the fire subdued after doing some \$200 worth of damage. The Norway engine company, with commendable promptness had out their machine, and were more than half way over, before they had the word, "all out."

Hon. N. G. Hichborn has been nominated for State Treasurer; the other officers were all re-nominated. For Councilors—Charles Holden, Hiram Roggles, Alanson Stark, Joseph Farwell, Marshall Pierce, J. W. Leman, Rufus Prime.

Rev. Dan Perry.

Died in Oxford on the 16th ultimo, Rev. Dan Perry, aged 85 years and four months—father of the editor of this paper. The deceased was a native of Rehoboth, Mass. In 1802, he emigrated to the then District of Maine and commenced his labors as a travelling preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. For eight years he followed the fortunes of an itinerant minister and as a member of the old New England Conference travelled in five different States; the boundaries of his labors, being the Green Mountains of Vermont on the west, Canada line on the north, the extreme settlements of the Penobscot river on the east, and the ocean boundary of Connecticut on the south. In one of these years, he preached regularly in thirty three different towns, and in making a single trip round one of his circuits, he had to travel between three and four hundred miles. In those days, the country was new, the population sparse, the roads rough and the people comparatively poor. In traveling (it appears by a diary which he then kept,) he frequently had to follow spooled lines in the woods, fording rivers, sometimes riding days without meeting a single habitation, camping out nights with only the canopy of Heaven for a covering. For colleagues and travelling companions he had at times, some of the most distinguished men, that figured in the early history of his church. Among them he mentions, Bishops Soule, Ashbury and Heddling, and Messrs. Pickering of Mass., Broadhead of New Hampshire, and Joshua Taylor of Maine. In consequence of his immense labors and great exposures his health failed him and in 1812 he removed to Hebron, now Oxford, Maine, and settled upon a farm. He resided there until 1834, supporting himself and family by his own labor, generally preaching upon the Sabbath in his own town and in adjacent neighborhoods and villages, during this time officiating on more than seven hundred funeral occasions. In 1834, he was re-admitted into the Maine Conference and for twelve years labored as an efficient itinerant minister. In consequence of physical infirmities he was placed upon the superannuated list in the conference, and removed to Oxford, where he resided until his decease. Until within four years of his death he generally preached upon the Sabbath and often officiated upon marriage and funeral occasions.

The deceased was a man much respected by his fellow citizens. He was elected the first Clerk of the town of Oxford after its incorporation and held the office without opposition until his removal in 1834. Upon his return in 1847, he was again elected to the same office and held it until age and growing infirmities caused him to decline a re-election. He represented the towns of Oxford and Hebron in the Maine Legislature in the years, 1830 and 1834, and that too, when the political party to which he belonged was greatly in the minority.

Our deceased parent, was a man of piety and stern, unbending integrity, fixed and immovable in whatever he believed to be right. He never turned aside to consider new doctrines or new fashions, but lived and died in the full and confident belief of the great doctrines of the Bible as believed and taught in the church of his choice. For the last four years, he has been an invalid and suffered much from a severe shock of paralysis in October, 1860. Up to this time, he was a man of extensive reading, deep thought, and intense study. The book most consulted by him was the Bible, and next to this the unaltered commentaries of Doctors Clark and Scott, with a few other select theological works. He has left behind about twenty volumes of manuscript sketches of sermons the results of study during a long life. Although suffering from disease and the loss of sight to such an extent that he has not been able to read, since 1860; yet he has taken a lively interest in our country's welfare. After a long and useful life, our beloved Father has gone to his eternal rest. *Requiescat in pace!*

PHOTOGRAPHS. Among those well skilled in the delicate process of transferring to paper the features and likeness of such as avail themselves of the photographic art, none take a higher rank than Mr. A. B. Crockett, of Norway village. He had long practice in the business of portrait taking, when photography became popularized, and has labored with much patience in perfecting his apparatus, until now one seldom sees a picture equaling in clearness, and delicacy of expression, those coming from his rooms. This was particularly evident in some specimens shown us during the last term of Court, he having politely accepted an invitation to take charge of the first jury during the term. One picture of a prominent member of the legal profession, distinguished as well in political as in military life, was particularly fine. Mr. Crockett has also succeeded admirably in some stereoscopic pictures, of scenes in the vicinity of his pleasant village. With so good an artist in our locality, working at nearly the old rates, it is hardly excusable in any one to let time slip away without fixing durably the reflection which is so dear a prize when the earthly habitation has passed away.

ARMY CLOTHING. D. H. Young, of Norway, has manufactured over thirty five thousand garments for the army, during the past year, consisting of cavalry pants, infantry pants, blouses, overalls, drawers, and nearly all the work was done with sewing machines. The Government prefers the Singer stitch to any other machine stitch, or hand sewing.

HOW THE ROGUES OPERATE. A Postmaster has placed in our hands a letter received at his delivery, and which came near taking in the person to whom it was addressed. It is in different style from the ordinary lithographed sheets, being drawn up in a neat business hand, on a half sheet, and torn off as in ordinary correspondence. The circulars enclosed related to the drawing of the bogus Cosmopolitan Art Union Association. The address given is Borden-town, N. J. The letter was mailed at Pittsfield, Mass.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

No. 17 MERCHANTS EXCHANGE, 7 Dec. 26th. 1864.

MR.—DEAR SIR: Your ticket has drawn a prize of \$200 but as you have not paid for it, you can obtain the prize only in this way. Write me a letter dated on the day of drawing and enclose \$10 the price of ticket, as soon as received I will go to the managers and open it in their presence saying, this letter was mislaid in the P. O. but the money and date is correct. They do not know that your ticket drew a prize and will take the money and send you a certificate. Write nothing about this letter as the rule is, when an order arrives after the drawing to take it to the managers before opening. The money must be enclosed and the letter mailed from your Office. I can alter the date of the postmark. On receipt of prize money please show it to your friends and advise them to purchase tickets from my office. My object is to create an excitement in your place and sell many tickets for the next drawing. Send immediately. Yours Truly,

JAS. E. DUNNELL.

The Baptist Society in this village, on Monday evening, commenced a series of Social gatherings at the Vestry, which will be informally appointed as a society auxiliary to the Christian Commission. A Committee consisting of Mrs. Alden Chase, Mrs. A. M. Hammond, and Mrs. A. L. Burdick, was organized to present a plan of operations. The chief object will be to give opportunity for social intercourse, and at the same time render some aid to a noble Society.

C. C. COURT. The Board of County Commissioners for Oxford County, was organized on Monday, pursuant to the requirements of law. Hon. E. M. Carter, of Bethel, was chosen Chairman. The incoming member is Hon. Noah B. Hubbard, of Hiram. We are happy to add that the report that Mr. Hubbard intended to resign is without foundation.

ANOTHER PIRATE. A new pirate, named the Shenandoah, has appeared. The master of a bonded ship says she was formerly the British steamer Sea King, and is commanded by a Marylander named Wardell. She had captured among others the bark Alina, of Seaport.

The report that the Northern Monthly had suspended is a mistake. There is only a delay in the issue of the January number. So says the editor, in a note to the Press.

Geo. Peabody, of Bethel, Co. B, 52d Regt., died at Mt. Pleasant Hospital, Washington, Nov. 25th.

U. S. SANITARY COM. CLAIM AGENCY. The U. S. Sanitary Commission has established a Claim Agency, for securing Bounty, Back Pay, and Pensions. The business is all transacted without charge; and we are assured by persons who have examined the matter that the Washington office is a model of efficiency. The publisher of the Democrat has been appointed Local Agent for Oxford County, and will supply blanks for any who will make their services wholly gratuitous.

Sims, the negro returned to slavery, from the city of Boston, a few years ago, on which occasion the "court house was draped with chains," is a federal recruiting agent in Tennessee.

The Levee of the Congregational Society, at Norway, on Wednesday evening of last week, was a very successful affair, notwithstanding the rain. The Hall was crowded, the people happy, and the greenbacks were forthcoming in profusion. Above one hundred dollars were realized.

Joseph Hiley of Westbrook, died in Portland, Sunday evening, from having taken a mixture of morphia, by mistake, supposing it to be a cough remedy.

Our informant gave us a wrong impression as to the rooms to which Miss Fairbanks has removed. She occupies a portion of the lower floor, instead of being up stairs.

If the Eastern Mail will refer to the Statistics passed by the last Legislature, it will see that in this State, Sunday ends at midnight, and not at sunset. Consequently when its correspondent complains of the racket of machinery on Sabbath, the complaint is against a nuisance that may be abated on demand.

Gov. FENSTON, of New York, was inaugurated Monday. He at once issued a proclamation urging the people of the State to fill the last call of the President for troops with volunteers. It is matter of congratulation to the whole country, that the government of the Empire State is in sympathy with the National administration.

The attention of those interested is called to the notice of the "Prentiss Library Association," at No. Paris.

The Maine Land Agent's Report.

The report of the land agent of the State, Hon. Isaac R. Clark of Bangor, shows some falling off in the sale of public lands during the past year. Eighty-four thousand two hundred and ninety-six acres were disposed of in all. Of these 21,315 were sold for cash and cash securities; 37,703 under resolves of the legislature, 9,355 acres of settling lands upon surrender of contracts for the performance of settling duties, and 15,923 contracted by land certificates. The amount conveyed under resolves of the legislature includes 11,000 acres, two quarters townships, given to Waterville College, and 23,000 acres, one quarter township, to four academies in the State. The donation of two townships to Bates College, and one-half township each to the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College at Kent's Hill, Readfield, and Westbrook Seminary, are not included in the above, as they have not yet been sold.

The land agent has paid into the State treasury, over and above all expenses, the sum of \$15,505.30.

Mr. Clark dwells at length on the misfortunes which have attended the settlers in the Aroostook county where our public lands principally lie. The war into the spirit of which the hardy pioneers enter with zeal, drew a great proportion of them away from their new homes, and arrested the progress of improvement. Droughts and fires have desolated their farms and burned their homes. Yet they are not discouraged, but set at work to repair the losses occasioned by the hostile elements. There is still a feeble tide of immigration which might be vastly increased in volume and power by a judicious dissemination of facts regarding the value of our lands for agricultural purposes.

[Cor. Boston Advertiser.]

The same correspondent speaks as follows of the Report of the officers of the Insane Hospital:

The superintendent of the State Insane Asylum, located in this city, reports that the whole number who have been under treatment in the institution during the year past is 389—208 males and 181 females. There were received 124—80 males and 44 females. Discharged 135—80 males and 55 females. Of the discharged 49 were recovered, 22 improved, 11 unimproved, and 53 died. Two hundred and fifty-four were under treatment on the 30th Nov. 1864. Dr. Harlow, the superintendent, discusses the scheme which has been urged, of establishing a separate institution for, or, at least, placing in a building by themselves insane criminals. Several have been received the past year whose insanity was connected with the crime of arson. Dr. Harlow does not look upon the plan with favor. During the year the venerable chaplain, Rev. J. H. Ingraham, and the faithful steward, Theo. C. Allan, Esq., have died, and their places have been filled by the trustees. Both are officers of long standing and tried usefulness.

FROM EUROPE. The steamship New York, from Southampton, 21st ult., arrived at New York yesterday. European advices are three days later. President Lincoln's message was received on the 18th, and was commented upon the London Times, which declares that it contains little to encourage the North, and that the position of the government, military and financial, is growing worse. It does not complain of the resolution to place an additional force upon the lakes, but sincerely trusts that it is intended only for the present emergency and not be permanent. The news by the Asia had no effect on the markets. The endeavors to form a new ministry in Spain have proved futile.

Provost Marshal General Fry answers an inquiry as to the allowance made on this call for men put in under previous requisitions for troops for two and three years as follows:—Quotas are assigned after taking into account the number of years of service which the several localities have furnished. One three years' man counts three (3) years; a two years' man counts two (2) and a one year one (1) year.

We learn from the Lewiston Journal that in filling a quota the men are counted as one, whether put in for one year or for three years. In subsequent calls, credit is given for all the overplus. As for instance: Paris, under the last call put in nearly all three years men. Our quota under the present call will be thereby reduced by so much as the overplus of year's service amounted to. We have just put in 31 men. These now count as thirty-one men; but under the next call which it is said will shortly be made, we will have a credit of sixty-two years' service.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR. We regret to announce the death of ISAAC B. NOYES, Esq., Editor of the Maine Democrat at Saco, who expired last Friday evening, after an illness of some two weeks of Typhoid fever. Mr. Noyes was about 27 years of age, son of Mr. William Noyes, Esq., of Saco, and had occupied the Editorial chair of the Democrat about one year. On the day of his death we hear that his afflicted Father and Mother were plunged into deeper grief by rumors of the death of a younger son serving as hospital Steward in one of our Maine Regiments.

(Evening Courier.)

The Farmington Chronicle says Hon. R. Goodenow of that village, recently received a dispatch informing him of the severe and dangerous illness of his son, Capt. N. C. Goodenow, in the army of the Cumberland.

PORTLAND WHOLESALE MARKETS. The Lewiston Journal gives the following abstract of Portland prices, from the Price Current.

Eating apples \$1.75 to 3.75 per bid; beans firm at \$3 to 3.25; butter lower at 42 to 52c; cheese higher at 21 to 23; coffee firm at 42 to 55. Coal \$15; candles at 23 to 25 1/2; fish unchanged; flour 10 to 14 25; corn \$1.95 to 2; oats 95 to 98; rye lower 1 95 to 2; barley 1 25 to 1 60; leather higher at 41 a 45 for N. Y. lights, 42 a 44 for medium weights, 42 a 44 for heavy, and 55 a 65 for slaughter. Rough 40 a 42c per lb. American Cat Skins are steady at \$1.40 a 1.80; lumber higher and active for shipping; molasses 78 to 1 1/2; rails 10 to 10 60; kerosene oil 1 00 to 1 10; Linseed oil 1 47; eggs 38 to 40c; potatoes per bbl. 2.50 to 2.74; turkeys 18 to 25; round hogs 18 1/2 to 23; white dry sugars 29 1/2; Havannah brown 26 to 26 1/2; salt declined 25c, now quoted at \$6 to 7.

THE WHITE FAMILY, whose performances have been spoken of in our columns, in times past, are concerting in Oxford County. They sing in Academy Hall, Thursday evening, which announcement will be in season for those who see the Democrat the afternoon it goes to press.

BARGAINS. The store of Mr. Rosenberg has been thronged all this week, and his goods are going off rapidly. Those in need of goods will find articles of excellent quality, and at such prices as have not been heard of in a long time. There will be little to be removed when the twenty days expire.

DEPUTY SHERIFFS. Mr. Austin has appointed the following Deputies, who have been qualified, and their commissions recorded:

Winthrop Stevens, Norway.
Charles H. George, Hebron.
Daniel Mayberry, Harrison.
N. T. Shaw, Buckfield.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT. The Ladies of So. Paris have organized a Society, having for its object the commendable and patriotic purpose of erecting a monument to the soldiers of Paris, who have lost their lives in the army. A Levee will be held at a future day to add to the funds. This is a work in which all the people will feel an interest, and we understand all are invited to take a part in the movement.

Rev. Carleton Parker will speak in behalf of "the Freedmen," next Sabbath morning, at the Baptist Church in this Village.

We notice the name of A. M. Whitman, of Woodstock, among those who have died in the rebel prison at Andersonville.

An exchange says that "the city of Gardiner was indicted for the murder of one Thomas Douglass, who lost his life by coming in contact with obstructions in the highway. The jury after being out ten minutes brought in a verdict of not guilty." The Judge on the bench, and city of Gardiner, should have felt very grateful for that verdict. Had the Judge been called upon to pronounce sentence of death upon that enterprising city, or even to doom it to imprisonment for life, what an awful thing it would have been!

KENNEBEC AND PORTLAND RAILROAD. The meeting called to reorganize the Kennebec and Portland Railroad Company was held in Gardiner on Thursday. The meeting was very fully attended, much interest being manifested. Directors were chosen as follows:—Benjamin T. Reed, Boston; George Evans, Portland; A. B. Thompson, Brunswick; William M. Reed, Bath; T. J. Southard, Richmond; Stephen Young, Gardiner; Abram Rich, Hallowell; Allen Lamhard, Augusta; John D. Lang, Vassalborough.

The officers who accompany that part of the 13th Me., whose term of service had expired and who have just returned home are Col. Henry Root, Jr., Lieut. Col. Frank S. Hessestine, Major Abernethy Grover, Adjutant E. H. Wilson, Surgeon James M. Bates, Capt. Clough, Goodwin, Randall, Jordan and Felton, Lieuts. Freeman, Pearson and Jones. About 300 men, belonging to the 13th, who have not re-enlisted, were left behind at Martinsburg. They are now known as the 13 Maine Battalion, but are to be formed into three companies and consolidated with the 38th Maine Regiment. The companies are to be commanded by Lieuts. Moulton, Green and Andrews, who are now in field. [Press.]

We find in Ayer's American Almanac, (now ready for delivery gratis, by Bates & Thayer, Paris, Me.) the remarkable statement that the temperature of the earth has not diminished more than 1-36th part of one degree Fahrenheit for 2000 years. To our enquiry how he could make such an assertion, Dr. Ayer writes us the following answer. "Hipparchus gives the exact record of an eclipse in his time. This enables us to measure with extreme accuracy the earth's diurnal revolutions since to any epoch now. Diminution of its lat would consequently its time of revolution on its axis. The data show that this change has been only such as I state it, mathematically and indisputably true."

[New York Journal]

Nine men have been enlisted in the "Coast Guard," on the quota of Buckfield.

Rebel desertions are on the increase.

U.S. 7-30 Loan

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 1, 1964, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than

Twenty years from their date, is the government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, per-
sons making deposits subsequent to that date must
pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of
deposit.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THIS LOAN.
It is a NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and the **GREATEST SECURITY.** Any savings bank that pays its depositors

It is equally convenient as a temporary or permanent investment. The notes can always be sold for within a fraction of their face and accumulated in

Convertible into a 6 per cent. 5-20 Gold Bond.

premium, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate is not less than ten per cent per annum.

But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special act of Congress exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation. On an average, this exemption is worth about two per cent.

It is believed that no securities offer so great security to lenders as those issued by the government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or corporations, is involved.

rate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

While the government offers the most liberal terms for its loans, it believes that the very stron

Up to the 21th of September, the subscriptions to his loan amounted to over


\$40,000,000.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED by the Treasurer of the United States, at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers and Designated Depositories, and by the
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PORTLAND.

Subscriptions will be received by W. A. PIDGIN,
Paris.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Incipient con-

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so un-



the public's longer hesitance what amounts to empathy for the distressing and dangerous afflictions of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends on every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget.

We can only assure the public, that its quality is carefully kept up to the best it has ever been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that it has ever done.

Great numbers of Clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have sent their name to certify the unparalleled usefulness of our *medium*, but space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents named below furnish gratis our **AMERICAN ALMANAC** in which they are given, with also full descriptions of the

Those who require an alterative medicine to purify the blood will find **AYER'S COMP. EXT. SASSAPARILLA** the remedy to use. Try it once, and you will know its value.

Prepared by **J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.**

LIST. One note of hand given by Oren E. Hammond to the subeditor, for the sum of

one hundred dollars and interest, dated in Aug. 1963. Also one twenty five dollar note given by Joel Hall to the subscriber, dated in Sept. 1963. Also one thirty-five dollar note given by Wm. P. Brackett to the subscriber, dated in August, 1963. Also four notes, of fifty dollars each, given by Asa

A. Palmer to Axel L. Hammon, and witness to the subscriber by the said Axel L. Hammon; said five-dollar notes are dated on or about the 14th day of Nov. 1865. All of said notes are on interest from date, and payable to order. Also two one hundred dollar notes, given by Noah Hall to James H. Hammon, dated August, 1865. A.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. By virtue of a license granted by the Judge of Probate

for the County of Osborn, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Thomas D. Cook, late of Fryeburg in said County, deceased, will sell at public or private sale at the residence of the undersigned in said Fryeburg, on Tuesday the 24th day of January, A. D., 1865, at 10 A. M., so much of the real estate of which said deceased

WHEREAS, My wife, Bersey E. Philbrick, has without any sufficient cause left my bed and stoves and possessions, as will produce the sum of four hundred and fifty dollars.

Cards, Tags and Bill heads

printed at the Democrat Office.

Hold by all druggists except where. Cut out this advertisement and send for it. Void wherever it is impossible.