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MISCELLANY.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

The evening of the 15th of February, 1851, was a gala night in Paris. "Don Giovanni" was to be performed at the opera by an assemblage of talent rarely announced for one night, even at the opera house of Paris. Yet it was not the names of the artists that attracted the attention as one reads the bills—nobler and celebrated names caught the eye. They were those of the reigning king and queen—Louis Philippe and Maria Amelia. They had been but a short time restored to their native land, and this was their first appearance at the opera since the "three days" of July had placed them on the throne; for this reason as many Orleansists as could obtain tickets had secured them for the opera of the 15th of February to hear "Don Giovanni" and to see their king and queen. About six o'clock (for it is remembered, the Paris opera did not begin at the present London hours,) carriages were to be seen conveying their daily dressed occupants to the classic building. An unusually handsome equipage stood at the door of a large house in the Rue des Champs Elysees. This carriage and house belonged to the Baron de V—, who was just then standing at the bottom of the noble staircase inside the mansion, calling playfully to his wife, telling her that the carriage was waiting.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," was the answer, "don't be in such a hurry!" As the last piece of advice was proffered, the speaker, a dark beauty of about one and twenty came fluttering down stairs.

"Now I'm ready, so please don't scold. I've only got my bracelets to button, and these I want you to clasp for me. Here's the case, if you'll take them out, and here's my wrist. Now, suppose I were to lose them in the crowd, what would our good mother say?"

They were very costly, being each composed of three rows of valuable diamonds, whilst in the center of either glittered a spray of heartsease, artistically formed of smaller diamonds. The bracelets were rendered more precious to their possessors by the fact of their having been in the De V— family for three generations. They now belonged to the dowager baroness, but she had insisted on giving them to her son for his bride, who, therefore, wore them on such occasions as the one we are describing.

The Baron and Baronne de V— stepped into their carriage, and in a few minutes were entering their box at the opera. Soon applause burst from the pit and gallery, and the entire house, as Louis Philippe and Queen Maria Amelia, attended by a large suite of officers and ladies and gentlemen of the court appeared. The King and Queen bowed graciously in return for the homage paid them, and then took their seats, at which the rest did the same, and the overture commenced.

The queen looked unusually happy, and seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She not only gazed at the stage, but the boxes also came in for a share of her penetrating observation.

Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of the box that contained the lovely young Baronne de V—. The latter was leaning forward, her right hand raised, a finger of which touched one of her dimpled cheeks, deeply interested in the fate of "Don Giovanni," and quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

Her husband had noticed the Queen's gesture, and was aware that she had observed his wife, and when the Queen had turned away he laughingly told her of it.

"Nonsense," cried the bride, "don't fancy such absurdities."

The truth of what her husband had said, however, soon forced itself on her mind, for at that moment an officer, dressed in the same uniform as those attending the royal party, drew back the curtains behind the box, and stepping forward, said, "Paris, madame, but her majesty's admiration and cordials has been so moved by the sight of the beautiful bracelets you wear, that she has commissioned me to come and request you to spare me one for a few moments for her closer inspection."

The pretty Baronne blushed, looked up to her husband for his approval, then unlatched one of the bracelets and handed it to the officer, feeling not a little flattered at the distinction the Queen had conferred upon her.

The last act of the opera began, and at length the last scene ended, yet the bracelet was not returned. His own thought the officer had doubtless forgotten it, and the Baron said he would go and make inquiries concerning it. He did so, and in a few minutes returned, though without the bracelet.

"Adieu," said he to his wife, "it is very strange, but not seeing the officer who took your bracelet, I asked one of the others who had been in the royal box the whole evening, and he says your bracelet was scabbled for our father."

The Baronne looked aghast. "Francois," she said, "that man must have been an impostor. He was no officer, but an effractive thief!"

The Baron smiled as his little wife jumped so readily at such a conclusion, and persisted that the bracelet was safe and had really been sent for by the Queen, and that the officer whom he had consulted was misinformed.

But woman's penetration had guessed rightly as the morning proved.

As the bracelet was not forthcoming, the next morning, M. de V— spoke to the Chief Inspector of the police on the subject, who quite coincided with madame's opinion as to the valuable ornament having been artfully stolen. The Baron ordered the Inspector to advertise for it in every direction, offering a reward of 5,000 francs to the person who should restore it.

Three months passed away—550 francs had been spent in advertising—and still the missing bracelet was not found.

It was growing dusk one evening in May, when a servant informed Madame de V— that monsieur the Inspector wished to speak to her or monsieur the Baron. As the latter was out, Madame de V— went down stairs to speak to the Inspector, with whom she had many previous interviews on the subject of the diamond bracelet. As she entered the room he bowed in a respectful manner peculiar to him. "I believe I have some good news for madame, this evening," he said. His voice was rather singular, somewhat resembling a boy's when changing.

Madame de V— had remarked this peculiarity before, so it did not strike her that evening. "The detectives," he continued, have met with a bracelet in a Jew's second hand shop in Lyons so exactly the same as madame's that it only remains for it to be identified before we can claim it as madame's property. My object in coming this evening is to ask madame to allow me to look at the other that I may be able to swear to the one at Lyons by its fellow.

The baronne, overjoyed at the idea of recovering her lost property, tripped out of the room, and soon returned with the remaining bracelet. The Inspector proceeded to examine it minutely.

"I believe I have learnt the pattern thoroughly," said the Inspector musingly, "yet there may be some difficulty in not having both bracelets together to compare them one with another."

"Why not take this to Lyons," then suggested the baronne.

"Ah, madame, it would scarcely do to trust even a police inspector after having been deceived by an officer in disguise."

"Oh!" laughed Madame de V—, "do you think I would not trust you, monsieur inspector, after all the interest and trouble you have taken in the matter? Take the bracelet, and I hope you will bring me both back ere many days have passed."

The Inspector still hesitated, but at length consented to do as the baronne had wished him, and went away, bearing the sparkling ornament with him. On her husband's return the baronne, of course, told him of the joyful discovery.

A week, however passed away without the Inspector arriving with the stolen property. One morning therefore, the baronne called on the inspector to make inquiries respecting it. The latter seemed very much surprised on being asked if the bracelet had been brought from Lyons. "What does monsieur mean? I never heard anything about the bracelet having been found at Lyons—it is surely a mistake. Monsieur has misunderstood Madame la Baronne."

"You had better come yourself and have this mystery cleared up, M. Inspector," answered the baron, sternly. "Madame is at home, and will be happy to assure you herself that it is no mistake, that you called and informed her of the diamonds having been traced to Lyons."

The baron and Inspector repaired to the Rue des Champs Elysees, where they found Madame de V— at home, as her husband had said. She confirmed what he had already said about the Inspector having called one night at dusk and having informed her that the bracelet was supposed to be at a Jew's second hand shop at Lyons.

The Inspector smiled incredulously as he said, "Does madame really think that I called at dusk, after business hours, when all the world is out or enjoying itself with company at home? Bah! I do my business in business hours. The disguised officer must probably thought he could do another little stroke of business in an official uniform of another cut—the villain! I am afraid madame will never see either of her bracelets again after this."

The Inspector's words came but too true. From that day to this Madame la Baronne de V—'s diamond bracelets have never been heard of.

A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he should do first when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account," was the prompt reply. He passed.

A woman conceals what she knows not.

Straw Braid and Betsy Baker.

An exceedingly interesting incident occurred at one of the meetings last year of the Rhode Island Society for the encouragement of Domestic Industry, an account of which we have just received in the published transactions of the society. The incident of which we speak was the presentation to the society, by Governor Dyer, of a fine portrait of Mrs. Betsy Baker. This old lady, 61 years ago, in 1798, when she was 12 years of age, invented the art of braiding straw. She was not the first inventor, but she was an original inventor of the art. The facts have been collected by Judge Staples, the learned and able secretary of the society, and there is no doubt that Betsy Metcalf (as her name then was) invented, out of her own head, the art of straw-braiding; and that it was from her instructions that this branch of industry spread in Dedham, Wrentham, and the adjoining towns of Massachusetts, where it has grown up into its present gigantic dimensions, giving employment to 19,000 people. Judge Staples requested a relative of Mrs. Baker to write to her to Dedham, where she now resides, and he had the satisfaction to receive, in reply, the following most interesting letter from the old lady herself, giving her own account of the invention. It will be seen that, with the exception of the word "learned," which is inaccurately used for "taught," the letter could not be improved. It presents the facts with a direct and simple brevity, which makes it a model for this sort of composition.

"In compliance with your request, I will write an account of my learning to braid straw."

"At the age of 12 I commenced braiding. My father Joel Metcalf, brought home some out straw, which he had just mowed, in June 1798. I cut the straw, and smoothed it with my scissors, and split it with my thumb nail. I had seen an imported bonnet, but never saw a piece of braid, and I could not tell the number of straws. I commenced the common braid with six straws, and smoothed it with a junk bottle, and made part of a bonnet, but found it did not look like the imported one. I added another straw, and then it was right. An aunt, who resided in the family encouraged me, while most of my friends said I should never learn. She would sit and hold the braid while I braided many yards, thus keeping it straight and in place.

"We could not make it while by exposing it to the sun, and knowing that brimstone would whiten other things, she put some in a pan, with some coals of fire, and set it out in the garden; then standing to the windward, she held the braid in the smoke, and thus bleached it."

"I then braided all sorts of trimming, but it was difficult to ascertain the number of strands. The first bonnet that I made was of seven braid, with hobbins put in, like open work, and lined with pink satin. This was very much admired, and hundreds, I should think, came to see it."

"Soon after, I visited Dedham, and learned the ladies there, and made bonnets for several of them. There has been a story reported that I braided enough in the stage to defray my expenses. I did braid several yards, but not enough to pay my fare."

"After I returned to Providence, I learned Sally Richmond, a near neighbor, to braid all kinds. She went on a visit to Wrentham the next spring, I think, and learned them there."

"It has been published that they first began to braid in Wrentham, but it is a mistake. Mrs. John Whipple, after she was aged, told some one that she thought it was Hannah Metcalf who first braided; but this was a mistake, for she never braided. I learned them to braid from nearly all the towns around Providence, and never received any compensation for it. I learned all who came to make bonnets, free of expense. Many said I ought to get a patent, but I told them I did not wish to have my name sent to Congress."

"I could easily earn one dollar per day, and sometimes one dollar and fifty cents, for several weeks at a time. It became a very profitable business for several years."

"BETSY BAKER.
West Dedham, Mass., Feb. 11, 1858."

The portrait of Mrs. Baker was painted for Governor Dyer by the best portrait-painter of the city, and the Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry may well regard it as a most valuable and useful ornament for their rooms.

An officer, who was inspecting his company in the army of the —, one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed.

"Patrick O'Flinn!" called out the Captain. "Here yer Honor!" promptly responded Patrick with his hand to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer. "Twenty-eight inches," was the literal rejoinder.

A woman conceals what she knows not.

Fortunes of War—Singular Meeting.

A friend contributes to the American Agriculturist the following incident, which recently occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y. Several military gentlemen who had served during the present war, happened to meet and were recounting their experiences. One of them was formerly a Union citizen of Texas, but had been forced into the rebel army, made prisoner, and afterward released on taking the oath of allegiance. He was asked "Where were you captured?" "At the battle of Spottsylvania, near the Court House," was the reply. "I was there," remarked a Colonel; "and I also," said a Captain; "and I too," said the third, a Lieutenant. The Texas gentleman continued: "During the battle, General Lee rode near us and asked 'What regiment is that?' and was told 'The 4th Mississippi.' Just the one I want," exclaimed Lee, and gave orders for them to retake an earthwork from which your Union forces had driven us, and had posted artillery. We started across an open field through a storm of death, arrived in a hollow in front of the work where we were sheltered from its fire, and formed ranks. There were only 267 men remaining. We carried the earthwork, but it availed little; for soon from your infantry, which must have been arranged in four lines of battle, came a perfect sheet of minie balls across the top of the parapet, cutting down every man who showed his head above it. A ball struck the bow of my spectacles, grazed my temple, carrying away a lock of my hair, as you see (showing a small scar.) A tree 22 inches in diameter, near which I stood, was literally chipped in two by the storm of balls, and fell, killing two men. Out of that 267 men only two besides myself escaped unharmed."

"I can corroborate your story," remarked the Colonel. "I was in command of the infantry who made that attack, we were in four lines, and after the action I measured the stump of the tree you mentioned." "When you were taken, did you not wear a haversack bearing a masonic emblem?" asked the Lieutenant. "Yes," was the reply. "And I am the man who made you prisoner," said the former speaker. "Your countenance seemed familiar, but I could not at once recall its details; and it forms a most striking illustration of the curious chances of war."

WHAT AN ARMY CORPS REQUIRES. In the Army of the Potomac an army corps of 30,000 infantry has about 700 wagons, drawn by 4,200 mules. Including the horses of officers and of artillery, about 7000 animals have been provided for. On the march, it is calculated that each wagon will occupy 80 feet, in had roads much more; so that a train of 700 wagons will cover 56,000 feet, over ten miles; the ambulances will occupy a mile, and batteries about three miles; 30,000 troops need six miles to march in if they form one column; the total length of the marching column of a corps is, therefore, twenty miles, without including the cattle herds and trains of bridge materials. Impatient critics of army movements would often be more lenient were they to familiarize themselves with the details of the immense difficulty of organizing and moving large trains and artillery.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A SIDE JUDGE. Mr. B. having been elected "Side Judge" in one of the county courts in Vermont, called on a friend of his, who had served as side judge, to make some inquiries concerning the duties of the office. To his interrogatories the reply was: "Sir, I have filled this important and honorable office several years, but have never been consulted with regard to but one question. On the last day of the Spring term, 1837, the presiding Judge, after listening to three or four windy pleas of an hour's length each, turned to me and addressed: 'B—, how do you think of that wood?' and I told him I thought it was."

TO GET RID OF INSECTS. Insects are immediately suffocated by benzine. Those sometimes found in the heads of human beings are destroyed by it at once, without any inconvenient result being perceived. It has been employed very successfully in banishing the insects which infest domestic animals, etc. It has also been accidentally discovered that pepperum, the *Lepidus* scale of botanists, powerfully attracts bugs. Dried fragments of it, have been placed in a chamber which was infested with these disgusting and troublesome insects, could not be got rid of by any other means, were found covered with them. Nearly all of them were dead; the remainder were in such a state of torpor, that they could be thrown into the fire, without making any effort to escape.

A man who had brutally assaulted his wife, was lately brought before Justice Cole of Albany, and had a good deal to say about getting justice. "Justice?" replied Cole, "you can't get it here. This court has no power to hang you."

An old lady, who imagined that the sea must be very dirty because so many persons bathed in it, was consoled on being informed that it washed on the beach every morning.

BRUVITIES.

A lady who wears a pretty little slipper is often loved by the foot.

Tell not your secrets in a corn field; it has thousands of ears.

A newly married man is called a groom. So is a man who tends a horse.

The man who was "lost in slumber," rode out on a "night-mare."

Why must an auctioneer of necessity not be prepossessing? Because he is always for bidding.

An inspiring sigh for a glazier—the early day when it breaks through the windows.

What did the feather, when it fast propped, say to the duck? I'm down on you this time.

The uttermost parts of the earth are supposed to be the part where there are the most women.

Why is a sea-sick passenger on his way to England like Whittier? Because he is a "Contributor to the Atlantic."

[Taunton Gaz.]

Punch gives, as one reason for Garibaldi's leaving England so suddenly, that he heard that Mr. Tupper "was coming after him to recite and odes in his honor."

Judge Richardson once said that "everything was fore-known by the Almighty, except what would be the verdict of a petit jury."

Sambo had been whipped for stealing his master's onions. One day he brought in a skunk in his arms. Says he, "I know, here's de chap dat steal de onions. Whew—smell him here!"

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS. The Boston Daily Advertiser has a good one:

No, "Eugenius," if you cannot find your lost dog by advertising, we do not think it would be of an use for you to hire a locomotive to whistle for him.

POETICAL EDITOR. An editor has taken to writing poetry, as the following will show: "Brethren, is there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself had said, I will my country's paper take, both for my own and family's sake? If such there be, let him repent, and have the paper to him sent; and if he'd pass a happy winter let advance should pay the printer."

An able-bodied correspondent thus speaks of the sound which issues from the throats of the rebels as they rush to defeat: "Imagine a concatenation of equine, canine, bovine, porcine and gallinaceous utterances, with an Indian war-whoop thrown in, and you have an approximate conception of this howl yclept the rebel battle cry."

Sherman's soldiers while on the march through Georgia learned how to rob bee hives without the penalty of stinging. The plan was, to rapidly approach a hive, take it up suddenly, and hoisting it upon the shoulder, with the open end behind, run like thunder. The bees hostile out, and fly back to the place where the hive stood. The honey belongs to the boys who win it.

PROGRESS. London is now connected with Sidon and with Jerusalem by telegraph! How strange to see the old Bible lands invaded by modern inventions and improvements. In another year our shores may be within one day's communication with the Holy Land. A telegram dispatched from Jerusalem at noon may reach us, before noon of the same day.

[London paper.]

The singular epithets of "bears" and "bulls" were first applied to speculators in stocks on the London Exchange about 1834. When two parties contract, the one to deliver and the other to take the stocks on a future day at a specified price, it is the interest of the delivering party, in the intervening period, to depress stocks, and of the receiving party to raise them. The former is styled a "bear," in allusion to the habit of that animal to pull things down with his paws, and the latter, a "bull," from the custom of that beast to throw an object up with his horns.

At the trial of Horne Touke, Lord Eldon, (then Attorney General) speaking of his own reputation, said: "It is the little inheritance that I have left to my children, and I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears; to the astonishment of those present, Milford, the Solicitor-General, began to weep. "Just look at Milford," said a bystander to Horne Touke; "what on earth is he crying for?" Touke replied: "He is crying to think what a little inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

An old lady, who imagined that the sea must be very dirty because so many persons bathed in it, was consoled on being informed that it washed on the beach every morning.

Peace Rumors.

Two things are pretty well settled in the minds of the American people—first, that they want peace; and second, that while they are in favor of this, they do not desire it at the expense of a permanent disruption of the Union. The conditions upon which the people desire peace, are first, the abolition of African slavery throughout the whole country, and second, the unconditional submission of the rebels to the authority of the federal government. If the rebels are willing to come to these terms now, and will express that willingness by their actions, peace will come at once; if they still resist and hold out, then they must be subjugated before peace will follow. This is a plain and fair statement of the case as between the Government and the bogus confederacy. But a practical question here comes in, in connection with this view of the subject, one that all feel interested in, what do the signs of the times indicate, an early or remote peace? We can answer this interrogatory, that indications of an early peace, press in upon us on every hand. When Fort Fisher fell, through the combined attacks of the heroic Porter and Intrepid Terry, it closed the last port, where the rebels ran in supplies from abroad. The confederate government is now practically sealed up from the Old World and forced back upon its own resources entirely, for arms, ammunition, clothing and everything. Perhaps a few blockade runners may by chance, once in a great while, escape the vigilance of our blockading fleet and get into a rebel inlet, but these contingencies are too poor to be depended upon at all, by the Jeff Davis dynasty. This is a great point gained to the union cause.

Our armies are every day, gaining new positions and advantages over the enemy which require their cause more and more hopeless. Grant stands over Richmond, watching Lee's army, thereby compelling his foe to keep his army in tact, without the least prospect of being able to send reinforcements to aid any of his generals, in their conflicts with Sherman, Thomas, or Sheridan. There old "Unconditional Surrender" stands, holding Lee by the throat, while he is continually striking hard and telling blows upon the confederacy through his gallant subordinate officers. Sheridan holds the valley, Thomas has everything in his own way in the southwest, while Sherman is going somewhere all the time using up the rebels rapidly. Every day renders the condition of the rebel army more desperate. They are fast being driven to the very wall, where submission and surrender on their part will be inevitable. The proposition to free and arm the slaves in the Davis government, although intended as the last desperate resort to save it, really will be the "feather that will break the camel's back." It is so utterly at variance with the theory of a practice of the south, that the most stupid cannot fail to discover its glaring inconsistencies. It is working discord, dissensions and strife throughout the confederacy. It is alarming some, disgusting others and getting up a general fight among the rebels themselves. There is open hostility and the most bitter animosity and hatred, between Jeff Davis and the people. This is being seen in the press and in the acts and doings of the rebel Congress. Members are breaking away from the despotism of Davis and speaking out their mind defiantly.

Peace is loudly demanded, even from the lips of such men as Col. Orr of South Carolina. Everything looks as if the confederacy would soon collapse; and it would not be surprising if within thirty or sixty days, Jeff Davis himself had to abdicate his position and flee to save himself from the wrath of the southern people. The quiet manner in which the people of Savannah have submitted to federal rule, is an almost sure indication of the real sentiments of the masses throughout rebellion. They now see how they have been betrayed, cheated, deceived, and almost ruined, by the Catlines who have plunged them into the vortex of destruction. They are tired of the unequal struggle, they see the widespread ruin and desolation brought upon them by their leaders and their hopeless condition into the future. They desire peace and they will soon have it. Jeff Davis and his special minions will protest and struggle against their return to the union, but the more tightly he endeavors to draw around the necks of the people his despotic cords, the nearer will be the end of his infamous and atrocious career. If peace is not near, then do we mistake the "signs of the times." After all the best negotiators for peace are Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas, with the brave officers and men under their command.

Let us send forward the men, just as many as they want, fill up our ranks, "on to Richmond" and on to every rebel strong hold. It is no time to talk about an armistice, such a movement would only put off and delay peace. Let us press home the advantage already gained, draw around the confederacy the cord tighter and tighter, until the last rebel is ready to lay down his arms. Push on the columns, let there be one united vigorous effort in every direction, and the work will soon be accomplished, and the angel of peace again return to announce the most stupendous rebellion the world ever saw, ended.

Gov. Cony has re-nominated Augustus C. Robinson as Treasurer, and Francis R. Brown as Governor's Bank Commissioner.

Constitutional Amendment.

In the House, by leave, Mr. Dingley of Lewiston, presented last week, a resolution relating to "an amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting slavery." The resolution set forth that "the people of Maine, believing that the institution of slavery is the chief obstacle to an early and permanent pacification of the country, and impressed with the demands that so foul a blot should be removed from every rod of the soil of the American Republic, are ardently desirous that Congress should immediately submit to the several States a position to amend the Constitution of the United States so as to abolish slavery—in the confident hope that the amendment will be ratified by the requisite number of States, and that thereby the source of our national woes, and the stigma on our national fame may be constitutionally removed, and the blessings of a substantial peace, a real Union, and a strong Nationality secured."

Mr. Dingley accompanied the resolve by remarks as follows in his paper.

Mr. Dingley referred to the condition of the proposed constitutional amendment, stating that it was understood that the question of its passage depended only upon two or three votes. The time for taking the vote had been assigned for an early day. He thought it eminently fit that Maine should at this time speak and then throw the weight of her influence in favor of this vital measure. The extent of that influence would largely depend upon the promptness of the action of the Legislature, for in this as in all other things the breadth and depth of our convictions would be measured by the spontaneity and heartiness evinced in giving a passage to resolves embodying what he believed was the unanimous sentiment of the loyal men of Maine. For the purpose of giving appropriate expression to the convictions, he moved that the rules be suspended so as immediately give the resolves their several readings and put them on their passage.

This brought to his feet the copper-headed Representative from Westbrook, who made a lengthy and vehement speech, predicting the end of National reason unless by some means slavery shall be saved. It is probably about the last of that kind of speeches that will ever be listened to in the House.

The vote on the question was immediately taken, with only about a dozen votes recorded in the negative.

PASSED. The bill reducing the duty on printing paper to 3 per cent, has passed the House by a vote of 97 to 40. Among those from Maine voting in favor, were Messrs. Blaine, Rice, and Sweet. Messrs. Blaine and Rice are opposed in principle to the reduction of duties, but yield the point on the ground of its being a tax on knowledge. Mr. Sweet voted in accordance with his predilections. Mr. Perham, whose views used to be opposed to high duties, was the only member from Maine who voted against the resolution.

It is not expected that the influence of the bill will be immediate, but it will have its bearing in breaking up a combination that has crushed out the life of four hundred persons, and doubled very nearly the cost of all others. No paper has been imported of late.

Quite a stir was made in the U. S. House of Representatives this week. Jim Brooks called Gen Butler a gold robber. The General immediately challenged him, when Brooks attempted to take refuge behind the privileges of the House. His speech had the effect of bringing out the facts in the case. The gold, \$50,000, was seized from the rebels in New Orleans, and confiscated. The Treasury and War Departments each declining to take charge of it, it was deposited in the N. Y. sub treasury where it now remains. Documents were introduced establishing these facts.

LEGISLATIVE. The Committees begin to make reports. A bill has been introduced incorporating the Yarmouth Paper Manufacturing Company; A. C. Denison asks for the incorporation of the Denison Paper Company, with a capital of \$500,000; and also for authority to draw certain ponds in Poland; an act has passed increasing the compensation of judges for board of prisoners; several County Officers are petitioning for increase of pay.

Mr. Hichborn has been elected, and assumed the duties of State Treasurer.

ALMOST AN ACCIDENT. At the Union Circle, at No. Paris, which met last week at Dr. Root's, the audience narrowly escaped a severe accident. As the company assembled in one room to witness some tableaux, the supports of the floor gave away, letting it down about two inches. Feet were put in, so that the exercises were not long interrupted.

The Board of Agriculture is in session at the State House, Augusta. J. F. Anderson is President, and S. L. Goudale, Secretary.

The Maine State Prison the past year has paid its bills, and has a surplus of nearly four thousand dollars.

We regret to learn that Jacob S. Powers of Fryburg, who has recently had a shock of paralysis, is very low, and small hopes are entertained of his recovery.

We are indebted to Hon. W. W. Virgie, Gov. W. Hammond, Esq., and Capt. C. H. Ripley, for Legislative documents. Their courtesy is appreciated.

The up passenger train was off the track Wednesday afternoon, near So. Paris station. The passengers were loaded on the baggage car and engine and driven to So. Paris, where another train was made up.

FOOTE AT HOME. A special to the Boston Daily Advertiser gives the following: "In the rebel House of Representatives on Thursday, a joint resolution was passed by a vote of forty-three to thirty-one, authorizing the seizure of all cotton and tobacco in the confederacy for government use. It was sent to the senate on Friday and referred to the finance committee. During the day Henry S. Foote made a long speech in defence of himself, saying he intended to get near Alexandria, open communication with peace men in Washington, and proceed to that city if safe to do so, and see whether pacification could not be effected on the basis of Southern independence. He had prepared his resignation as a member of the House, but would not yet tender it. He had become discouraged with the condition of affairs, and thought the prospect very gloomy. He thought he occupied a favorable position as mediator and had determined to offer himself and run the risk of being seized by the U. S. government as a criminal. In speaking about Jeff Davis he became so violent and abusive that he was ordered to take his seat by the Speaker, and leave to proceed was refused. Resolutions for his expulsion were debated and finally referred by a vote of forty-four to thirty-six. The rebel Senate has passed the House joint resolution for a committee of five to prepare an address to the people of the confederacy, assuring them of the determination of Congress to prosecute the war with every possible energy till their independence is secured."

THE PROOF. We stated recently that good luck attended upon Oxford County boys. Here is proof from the Price Current, whose editor has just returned from a tour West:

"You find Maine men everywhere, and everywhere they become leading men. Some years ago a young man from the county of Oxford found his way into this region, and settled upon a fertile spot in Fountain County, where the rich soil has abundantly rewarded the industry and energy of his early manhood. Now his broad acres are filled by his tenants, and he rides leisurely among them at once a lord and a patron, or attends to the most onerous civil duties which his peers have confided to his trust. His mansion is retired from the public way—the grounds adorned with rows of majestic shade trees, interspersed with roses and various flowers, whose fragrance leads the air with perfume in their season."

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR. In his eulogy upon Edward Everett, delivered in the House of Representatives, E. P. Weston, Esq., said:

"And this lesson I read most clearly, from the closing pages of that life which is opened to us with new significance to-day; that whatever of scholarly attainments a man may reach, whatever of intellectual stores he may gather, whatever graces of speech he may have cultivated, he attains the highest power to sway that great popular heart, and move it to generous purposes, only as his own heart is inspired with the best impulses of humanity and the highest patriotic devotion."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. The February number has been received. The little folks will find in this magazine a treasury of brightly and interesting stories, by the best writers in the country. It contains also splendid illustrations, by our first artists. The publishers intend to make this for the young, what the Atlantic is for older members of the family, and club them for \$5.00.

We observe that both the Magazines are printed in the old style letter, which looks so antique in old works. With improved press work, it gives the books an unique appearance; and is a pleasant relief from the sharp lines we have so long seen in types of modern styles.

The ship builders are about selecting timber for next year's operations. Mr. J. K. Hammond has paraded a stick for a keel, of rock maple, 42 feet long, and 22 inches in diameter at the top. There is good ten tons weight in it. He has hauled two pine masts, that scaled more than four thousand feet each.

Within the past three or four months, the people have subscribed for more than thirty thousand dollars of the Seven Thirty Loan, through this office; and the demand of late has been greater than ever before.

There seems to be a screw loose between here and Lewiston. Mr. Barbark received on Saturday, a letter mailed at Lewiston, Nov. 26th, 1864. The Daily Journal, which ought to reach us on the day it is printed, for several days has laid over till the next night. Where is the fault?

We learn that many of the towns in this County have been busy in procuring recruits and filling up quotas in advance of their assignment. We hope the Board will not find it necessary to put the names of Oxford County boys into the wheel again.

Lymon B. Charles has been appointed postmaster at No. Fryburg, in place of M. Walker, resigned.

Lawson C. Smith has been appointed postmaster at Newry, in place of M. A. Hastings, resigned.

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington was considerably damaged by fire, Tuesday. It caught from a defective flue.

Bethel Items.

Died, in Bethel, Jan. 12th, Mr. Jacob Holt, aged 38 years. Jan. 13th, Mr. Jonathan Cross, aged 48. Jan. 19th, Hattie, daughter of Horace Ripley, aged 13. In Mason, Mr. Jonathan Small, aged 75.

A season of our acquaintance says that the world could be compared as follows: Positive cold, comparative cough, superlative coffin.

Thermometer, Tuesday morning, Jan. 17th, 25 below.

Information has recently been received that Serg. T. Spencer Parbody of Gilbeed, died at Andersonville, Georgia. He enlisted in the company raised by Col. Edwards in this town, and was taken prisoner while on detached service. He was partly fitted for College, but his patriotic spirit led him to offer himself a sacrifice for his country. He had the reputation of an excellent soldier and as a scholar we know him to be a most worthy young man. The remains of a younger brother was brought home from Washington a few days since. There is another brother who is still in the army.

A young lady of Greenwood, died a short time since on the day she was to be married, and in ten days afterwards her intended husband died of the same disease—diphtheria.

There was a beautiful Aerial arch on Monday evening Jan. 16th, which formed a larger arc of a circle than any we ever before witnessed. Its pale light contrasted finely with the black looking aspect of the surrounding sky. We never thought before that the aerial arch is actually a complete circle like a halo around the moon, a portion of it being concealed by the intervening earth. Is it so?

SIMMONS THE ARTIST. A few years since we were introduced to a young man at the house of the late Chaplain Knox, as a young artist, but who appeared to be laboring under all the doubt and anxiety which falls so terribly on a young man without the means to carry out his designs. "Can I succeed, can I be patronized," was his earnest inquiry. We gave him our best advice, assuring him that if he could live on bread and water for ten years he would then realize his expectations. This kind of advice had no terrors for the young man. His eye was cast down, while the working of every point and limb told us that the fires of genius were pent up within him just ready to burst into a flame. We had never heard of him before, but we thought we could see in him the future man. His eye flashed with hope and he invited us to visit his room and examine his first attempts at the sculptor's art. We learned a good lesson from this introduction. Let every young man determine what he will do, and then be determined to do it.

Some unknown friend has sent us a copy of Gov. Lyon's message to the Legislature of Idaho. He says:

"The vast unmeasurable structural wealth embodied within our confines, so nicely balanced of mineral, farming and grazing interests, with mountain forests of timber land, and water power of every description, eminently adapted as for a self-supporting community. The fertile bottom lands of the principal rivers in the territory and their tributaries would alone sustain, properly cultivated, a population larger than most of the Atlantic States; while the ranges of nutritious 'bunch grass,' suitable for herds, cover millions of acres. Add to this placer diggings, of greater or less richness, extending for hundreds of square miles, with well-defined gold and silver bearing quartz ledges, unrivaled by those of Mexico or Peru; (a glorious climate, with Syrian summers and Italian winters,) bespeak the permanence of our untold resources, and the prosperity that surely and positively await their development."

NORTH PARIS. On Tuesday of last week, the people at North Paris made a donation visit to Rev. Wm. Beavins. He writes us, that "Notwithstanding the cold and bad traveling, on to a number were present, and gave us gratifying evidence of their interest in our temporal well-being in these days of high prices and small salaries."

A son of Rev. Mr. Beavins, formerly of the 23d Maine, and now in the 3d Rhode Island cavalry, has been taken prisoner by the rebels in Louisiana.

Rev. J. Peacock of N. H., has recently been engaged with the pastor of the Baptist church at No. Paris, in holding a protracted meeting. The meetings were uncommonly interesting, and it is hoped a number have become christians. He is now assisting Rev. C. H. Carleton, at Buckfield.

Rev. Mr. Sovereign, formerly a chaplain in the army, will speak at the Baptist house, next Sunday morning. All interested in the welfare of the soldier are invited to be present. He will also speak at Norway, on Sunday, of which time and place will be announced by poster.

Another foot or two of snow this week, piled up in the most inconvenient manner. Our mails, by railroad, have come regularly; though other conveyances, have not circulated much.

UNIVERSALIST LEVY. The ladies of the Universalist Society in this village, are making arrangements for a Levée, at the Academy Hall, on Thursday evening, Feb. 9th. A very attractive entertainment will be given, a programme of which will be duly announced.

The Mechanics Bank, Portland, has voted to become a National Bank.

EAST SUMNER. We extract the following items of interest from a letter from East Sumner:

"This being the terminus of the Buckfield Branch railroad, with a daily stage to Dixfield, makes it a lively spot in Oxford. From thirty to fifty cords of wood, besides much timber and bark arrive daily, being drawn by oxen which speak well for the farming community in this vicinity. Besides the many neat cottages, I notice three stores, post-office, blacksmith shop, saw and grist mill, and one of the best planned school houses in this country, a neat chapel for the C. Baptist society who maintain regular worship and a large and interesting Sabbath School under the eye of their beloved and faithful pastor, Rev. A. Barrows.

The school is taught by Mr. Bicknell, who informed me that among forty-three pupils, there were fourteen professors of religion, and he had not heard an obscene or profane word from one of his pupils although he had spent much time with them in their recreations—a fact he never witnessed before, although he had taught fifty-three schools previous. He has one pupil of nine years whose grand mother when eighteen attended his school.

In this vicinity there is a well regulated Lyceum with an interesting paper published by the ladies. I attended two evenings, when the following question was ably discussed. Resolved, That Intemperance is a greater curse than Slavery. It was decided in the negative by the society, then by the audience, thus showing argument is appreciated by them.

Ervin Robinson, Esq., and B. Y. Tuell, Esq., of this place, have been chosen by the town to assist the Selectmen to fill Sumner's quota in the last call. Sumner has done her duty in every call from the President and Sanitary and Christian Commissions. Out of the one hundred soldiers that have gone from this town 12 have been killed; 14 died of disease; and more have been wounded. How well they have attended to their duty under the last call 6 soldiers in the coast defense and the right number in the right place, can answer.

EXCELSIOR TROCHES. Dr. O. M. Twitcheil of Bethel, puts up a remedy, under the name of Excelsior Troches for Bronchitis and other affections of the throat. It is also highly recommended for diphtheria in its early stages. The troches are not unpleasant to taste, and from a trial we should say they are worthy the attention of those suffering from throat difficulties.

The Bethel Union understands that the proprietor of the Saco Democrat, W. Noyes, Esq., has decided, in consequence of the death of the editor, his son, to sell the establishment.

Stephen Fellows, a soldier of the war of 1812, died in Lewiston on the 10th inst. at the age of 81 years.

Persons having cornhunks on hand, or who are now feeding them to their cattle, are advised to save them. The Austrian patent for making paper from such material will go into operation in a few days, when hucks will command a high price.

BREXING AYRES. Late reports say the Indians are doing great damage, driving off cattle, horses and sheep. The reports of marvelous gold discoveries in that region continue.

Western papers have a rumor that Speaker Colfax is about to be married to the widow of Senator Douglas.

President Lincoln has said to a gentleman, that the fact that a man had been postmaster four years, would not secure a reappointment. Some would be retained, while others must make way for new men.

NOT FORGOTTEN. It is reported five blockade runners arrived off the coast of North Carolina, and not having heard of the capture of Fort Fisher, succeeded in running in the old outlet only to be captured by our Navy.

In Canby Co. Pa., three men have been arrested and held to answer to the charge of enlisting bounty jumpers, knowing them to be such. One of the stamps enlisted testifies to the fact.

Thirty substitutes deserted from Camp Colburn, at Augusta, Friday night. The Lewiston Journal says twelve were taken in a barn a few miles from the city. One or two were taken as they attempted to enter the cars. At Dresden two were waiting, but did not enter the train, but were suspected. One attempted to escape, and after an exciting race, yielded to the persuasion of the bullets of the guard. They were probably aided by friends from New York.

John Hayden, Esq., left town yesterday to take passage for Panama, thence to Callao and Chimbote Islands; thence round Cape Horn for Europe. He is accompanied by his son Charles, for the improvement of his health. (Bethel Times, 19th.)

JUDITH KELLEY, a member of Congress who spoke in the Fair building, in this County last Summer, was brutally assaulted last week, by one Field, for words spoken in the House. He had one hand cut, but was not seriously injured. The assailant was immediately arrested. This is an argument against admitting Southern States to Congress until they have breathed of a free atmosphere long enough to forget plantation manners.

The late Raid by the 2d Mo. Cavalry.

The following extracts from a private letter from Ronello A. Barrows, of Canton, — an orderly sergeant in the 2d Mo. Cavalry, — describe the late raid of the second cavalry.

"Our regiment left camp on Tuesday, Jan. 13th. The first day we marched to Barren Pine Bridge, a distance of 45 miles; the second day made only 11.2 miles, having to rebuild a bridge destroyed by the rebels, and await the coming up of the rest of the detachment, consisting of three regiments of colored infantry, the 1st Florida cavalry, and one section of a battery, making in all about 2000 men, with a train consisting of 43 four and six mule teams. On the 15th arrived at the Big Ecumibia bridge. Met here 300 rebels, and had a smart skirmish, but prevented them destroying the bridge. A portion of our regiment was sent down the track towards Mobile to destroy the track, and burn some cars. The officer in command heard the whistle of a coming train, which stopped below, for a signal. He sent down a negro to tell them to hurry up. The engineer evidently smelled a rat, and reversing his engine ran his train out of our hands. The track had just been repaired, the first train having run over the road the evening before. We burned a large trestle-work bridge which it would take them months to repair if they attempted to do it, which it was not probable they would do. While we were away, the troops left behind repaired the bridge, and made a charge over it, led by Col. Robinson, our commander. He was wounded in his hip, though not dangerously. On returning to the regiment, the whole force moved toward the town of Poilard, and arrived at Little Ecumibia bridge at 4 P. M. The rebels had only time to pull up a few plank, and then hid behind a barricade. We dismounted, and skirmished through a swamp and up a hill about half a mile when they skedaddled, and we encamped on the ground. Friday morning the column commenced to cross the bridge, and with no opposition reached the town in the forenoon. After clearing it out well set fire to the buildings. Received intelligence that the rebels were marching troops to our rear. They were running men from Mobile. Col. Spurlin was sent back with all the cavalry to hold the Big Ecumibia bridge. Met the enemy's pickets on the bridge. Not thinking it prudent to attempt the passage waited for the infantry. There was picket firing nearly all night, our company being out as a reserve to our picket. We lay down, holding our horses, so as to be ready at once. Our train came up in the night, and we commenced to cross in the morning, the infantry charging across the bridge. Col. Robinson was again wounded, so that he turned over the command to Col. Spurlin. They had about one hundred men in advance, who endeavored to obstruct our march so as to let the column come upon us and capture the train. Coming to a ravine in the afternoon, we rebuilt a bridge, and crossed our trains. Our negro troops lay down just below the top of the ridge, the cavalry forming behind. The rebels supposing from the quiet we were crossing, came up on a charge. We saw a long line of heads appear above the crest. They discovered us just as we could see their belts. We then heard the officer in command give the order, as they halted to fire. Col. Spurlin shouted "Give it to them, Col. Tucker!" The colored boys rose up, and such a volley as they gave them! They lay down right where the line was formed. The survivors fired a random volley and fell back as best they could. During the time of this affair the teams all crossed and we followed, sending them a few shells to add to their confusion. That afternoon we came to another bridge they had burned, that we had to rebuild. While at work we heard the rebels were coming in line. We mounted and were formed on the right of the road, the colored boys being directly between us and the rebels; and they checked them, with small loss. We held them till the train was over, and then the battery kept them off till we were all over. We had no more trouble till midnight, when we played it on them, in this way. They expected we would go by the route we came, and would reach the Barren Pine bridge before we did. So we kept up the river about 31.2 miles, and cross a ford. We arrived all right, and were half across, before they discovered us. This was their last chance at our train. The infantry was drawn up in our front. We could not see two roads ahead, but could hear the rebel movements. They evidently counted upon bagging the whole train, as we gathered from their remarks as they advanced. As they were nearly upon us, Col. Spurlin repeated his order, "Give it to them, Col. Tucker!" and he did in about six volumes. They then filed to the right giving us a chance with our Spencers; and what we left alive got off as best they could. They could not form in line for another attack. This was about one o'clock Sunday morning. We were up all the night before, had been in the saddle all that day and night, had fought 4 pitched battles and routed them every time. Our officers estimated the force of the rebels about 1500. I understood that some deserters came into our lines yesterday and stated that they had numbered upwards of 1000 and they had a wagon train to booter with. We were very fortunate in getting off as we did I tell you. The loss in our regiment was one killed, shot in the head belonged to Co. G, by the name of Lake, and seven wounded—all brought off. The other regiments suffered more, our whole loss is about one hundred—25 killed and 75 wounded and missing. The rebels give no quarter to the Florida boys, nor to the negro. I heard Capt. Lyons, 1st Fla., say he saw the 3d—4 rebels

