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MISCELLANY.

[From Peterson's Magazine for June.]

BROKEN VOWS.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

This was how the parted. It was a sum-
mer's evening, and they stood in a vine-
covered porch, he, tall and manly, holding her
slight, drooping figure in his arms. A
clasp it was, too, that encircled her waist
with a pressure that said, "you are all
mine." Bending low over her, till his lips
touched hers, he said:

"You will never forget me? You are
my own promised wife?"

"All yours. I will never forget you,"
she answered.

"I may be gone years, sweet one! Will
you wait for me?"

"I will wait."

And, with a passionate embrace, he left
her standing, white and still, in the pale
moon-light, his firm ringing step carrying
him out to a new life, new scenes, the
battle with the world; her trembling foot
bearing her back to the old monotony, unbroken
by the sunshine that had gladdened it—the
light of his love.

She was very fair and pretty, and sixteen
summers only had printed their warm kisses
on her lips, when she stood in the porch on
that moonlight evening. Her simple dress
of cheap cotton print could not hide her
graceful figure, and the soft curls shaded a
sweet girlish face; but the small hands were
scarred with work; the rough seal of poverty
was stamped on all her surroundings.

They had been neighbors, these lovers,
from the time when they were rocked in
their baby cradles; and they had grown up,
side by side, knowing no pleasure that was
not shared between them. She was the only
child of a widowed mother, the village
seamstress; he, boasting no higher origin
than the parentage of the village school-
master's assistant. But the monotony of life,
in the obscure country town, had at last
wearied the ambitious boy, and he had wrung
from his father a reluctant consent to try
his fortune in that world outside of his quiet
home, of which he had heard much—seen
nothing.

He was of age, a man of fine intel-
lectual promise, unpolished, but well-
studied learning, full of hope, ambition,
and courage, when he pressed his farewell
kiss upon the lips of the maiden whose heart
he had won. His father, a quiet, studious
man, had mastered an immense fund of
book-learning; and this, sifted and refined,
cleared of all useless dross, he had imparted
to his only son. A brother of his mother's,
a lawyer in full practice, had consented to
take the young man to his office on trial, and
"if it were any thing but a waste of time,
teach him the law," and so leaving his father's
lovely home, his sweetheart's breaking
heart, Coleman Lee turned his back on it.

Four years rolled away. The meek win-
dow, whose needle had known but little rest
for many weary years, lay at last in the
dust of the church yard; the old schoolmaster,
who had lost his son, had taken into his lonely
house the widow's child; and Coleman Lee
was still far away from his village home.
His letters to the fair-haired girl, whose
heart he had won, were at first long and
frequent; then they grew shorter, and came
at shorter intervals, and at last they ceased
altogether, and she had learned the bitter
lesson of neglect. To his father he wrote
frequently, and she knew that he was rising
in his profession; was admitted into the
best society the city afforded; was becom-
ing known, and earning a competent sup-
port; but no word of return to his father,
or his old home, ever crept into his letters
that were read with such sad hearts at
last.

From the time when frozen Montgomery
had turned from the vine-covered porch to
enter her poor home, she had made a new
resolution, which, through hard striving,
she had kept. She had felt, bitterly, that
her education and manners were far below
the standard which he would seek in his
wife, after he had lived in the great world
outside of it; and she had taken her
mind to reach the ideal image she had
erected for a model. For six months, her
life had no change from the monotony of
household drudgery, and aiding her mother
in the weary routine of sewing; then she
was orphaned, and this old schoolmaster
opened his home for her. He had known
of his son's engagement, and he had per-
suaded the gentle girl to come to him in his
lonely cottage. From the day when her
foot first passed the threshold of her new
home, a new life opened for Helen. Re-
lieved from household work, only called
upon to superintend the labors of the tidy
servant, she gave her whole heart to study.

The old schoolmaster, who had saved a
modest income, and given up his school to
a younger son, was only too glad to
pour from his fountain of learning a stream
into this young, eager mind. As the con-
version of Coleman's faithless-ness gained
ground in Helen's mind, she grew more en-
gaged in her new studies, more eager to

stifle the sorrow of her heart in the expand-
ing intellect and cultivation of her mind.
So the four years crept away.

It was summer again; and in the school-
master's little cottage there are again
changes. A gentleman from New York, a
man of refinement and taste, has come for
a few days' fishing to L——, and has per-
suaded the old gentleman to give him Cole-
man's room for a short stay. The days
lengthened into weeks, the long summer
drew to a close, but the visitor lingered.

Then sorrow came; a lingering fever seized
the feeble frame of the schoolmaster, and
he sank to rest in the arms of the girl who
had been his son's promised wife. Four
years, and the young girl stood in the par-
lor of the little cottage, listening to another
lover pleading for a place in her heart,
the right to comfort her sorrow. In the
room above, lay the cold, still form of her
only protector. This was how the postman
found them. This was the massive he
brought to the doubly bereaved girl, or-
phaned for the second time:

"Dear Helen—I am writing to ask a
release from the childish engagement which
has, doubtless, become irksome to you long
ago. We were mere children when we
parted, and doubtless you have ere this
met with some one who will make your life
happier than I can. For your long devo-
tion to my father, I beg you will accept my
heartfelt thanks; and under all circumstan-
ces believe me,

Ever your friend,
COLEMAN LEE."

Two hours later, the answer was sent:

"Your father was buried this morning.
I shall be married to-morrow, and sail for
Europe with my husband in a week.

HELEN MONTGOMERY."

This was how they met:

Mrs. Everett Curtis, leader of fashion,
frivolous and empty-headed, was to give a
great party. Everybody was invited, and
everybody came. Mrs. Curtis, in white,
wearing the latest and most elaborate
world of fashion, a widow of her nephew,
whose wealth and beauty were both subjects
of comment and surprise. The parlors were
filled when Coleman Lee, one of Mrs. Cur-
tis' favorite "cards," came in.

"Now, my dear Mr. Lee," said the gay
hostess, flitting up to the grave lawyer,
"I must introduce you to my niece. This
is her first party since she left off mourning.
There she is now, under the center chande-
lier, chatting with Henry. Is she not lovely?"

Coleman looked. He saw a tall, grace-
fully formed lady, dressed in clouds of soft,
white lace, with diamonds sparkling on her
throat and arms. Her fair hair drooping
from a jeweled comb, in rich glossy curls;
her snowy complexion tinted with a faint
pink-like glow on the cheeks; her large,
soft eyes of the darkest blue; the regular
features—all made a vision that was indeed
lovely.

"So said," continued Mrs. Curtis, "my
niece only lived a year after her marriage.
Died of malarious fever in Rome, three
years ago. Come, let me introduce you."

"Mrs. Curtis, allow me to introduce one
of my dearest friends. Mr. Coleman Lee,
Mrs. Curtis."

A tiny, white-gloved hand rested a mo-
ment on the lawyer's spotless kid glove—
and so they met. No vision of the vine-
covered porch crossed his mind, as he looked
at the radiant woman before him; but in
her eyes rang the parting words, as her
eyes swept his grave features and tall figure.

There was the usual amount of dancing,
music, small talk and flirting; and that gay
assembly broke up, in the "wee, wee, wee"
hours.

"Aunt Martha," and Helen drew her
hostess down on a sofa. "Don't yawn;
one minute before we go to bed. Who is
Coleman Lee?"

"One of the most distinguished lawyers."
"Married?"

"No. Now don't breathe it, Nell. If I
tell you, he had a disappointment."

"When?"

"Oh ever so long ago. He was one of
Laura Holman's most devoted admirers.
You did not know her; she married old
Walcombe, and went to Paris. She flirted
with everybody; but we all thought Cole-
man Lee had won her. Certainly she en-
couraged him, but somehow she heard a
story about some country girl he was en-
gaged to when he came from the country;
but when his uncle died and left him wealthy,
of course, he gave up all his old con-
nections. Laura, however, heard something,
and refused him. He has been
grave, reserved, and almost a recluse ever
since. Only a week after she sent him off,
his uncle died, and he heard of the death of
his father. Three such blows in one week
were enough to make any one solemn for a
while; but he has surely had time to revo-

lution in four years."

"Yes, one would think so," and the
beauty glanced up at him.

"So, this was the secret of my rejection,"

she murmured, as she nestled down in the
soft pillow; "he loved another, and that
other refused him. Perhaps he may meet
a like fate again."

It was not an easy task for Helen Curtis
to win the man whose love had been hers in
the past years. It was difficult to meet him
for he was absorbed in his professional du-
ties, and cared but little for society, and
the first few interviews were hard to gain.

Then she met him everywhere; and it was
not long before she knew that, as of old,
her smile was the sunshine of his life. With
pitiless resolution she drew him to her side.
Every day that dress could give her won-
derful beauty, she called into play; all the
finest of manner her travels had bestowed,
she kept in graceful play for his eyes; for
him she unfolded the cultivated intellect,
till he was bewildered by her varied infor-
mation and brilliant conversation; her rich
voice poured forth its choicest songs for
him; and, day by day, she folded round his
heart new garlands of love and admiration.

But while at first, her aim was but to pun-
ish, as the game progressed, she, too, be-
gan to find mines of unsuspected worth and
cultivation. Every interview strengthened
her conviction that this man, with expand-
ed mind and heart contracted by the blow
of a disappointed love, was not the boy who
had hidden her farewell on the moonlit
porch eight years before.

She was sitting alone in the parlor, one
evening, letting her fingers stray over the
ivory keys of the grand piano, bringing out
little snatches of melody, rippling varia-
tions, or brilliant preludes, as only practi-
cated fingers can produce in idle moments.
Suddenly she swept the keys with a few
rich chords, and began to sing. Her voice
filled the large room, as she poured out the
full, clear notes, till slowly chording, she
sank the strain into a German song, in the
minor key, a wail of forsaken love, infinite-
ly touching as she sang it, with tender ex-
pression and pathos.

She heard the door open, a step cross the
room, and knew that Coleman Lee stood
beside her; but she sang on till the song
was finished, then turned to face him.

Without one word to break the abrupt
torrent, he told her of his love, bending
down to catch the expression of the face
drooping to avoid his eye. One part of the
tale she had not hoped to hear. Humble in
his great love, he told her of the village
girl who had won his boyish passion—of
the flirt who had spurned the mad love of
early manhood. He bared his heart to her,
and she read how the sin and sorrow had
purged and ennobled him, and as she lis-
tened, the dream of revenge, which had filled
her heart, was swept aside by his elo-
quence.

"Coleman," she said, as he paused, "do
you remember when you and Helen were
meeting, one October day, years ago, how
she fell and cut her forehead, and how you
kissed the wound to soothe her sore, and
bound it up with your handkerchief?"

He only gazed at her in amazement.

"Do you remember?" she asked.

"Yes—but—"

"See," she said, raising the soft curls
from her temple, and placing her finger on
the scar, "years later you fingered her
hair more surely than the hand stone had
wounded her face."

"On, Helen! can you forgive me?"

"Ah!" she sighed, smiling on him, "only
your kiss can heal the heart wound, as in
those childish days your touch brought
comfort."

Gently he wrapt her in his arms, and
pressed his lips to hers. Again, as in the
vine-wreathed porch, eight years before, he
held her to his heart, and heard her answer
his pleading with sweet words of promise;
and thus the broken vows were renewed,
the old sorrow forgiven and forgotten.

THE WEALTH OF THE NILE. The real
wealth of the glorious old Nile is derived
from its lowest affluent called the Black
Nile—a river that rises in Abyssinia, near
the town of Gondar, and pours into the
Great Nile just above Berber. The imma-
nity owes its value to the greasy black mud
suspended in the waters of this branch, and
it is doubted by some persons whether the
annual inundation would ever take place
were the Nile robbed of the mass of water
that comes down the Black Nile. There
might be a very large loss annually, but the
water would subside without leaving that
peculiar sediment which makes the soil of
Egypt so fruitful. It is from knowing this
proposition were occasionally made by the
enemies of Egypt in olden times of cutting
off this branch, by turning its waters before
they left Abyssinia, into the Red Sea, and
thereby reducing Egypt to a desert, or at
least to a very poor land; and on this ac-
count the Abyssinians were reported in an
ancient tradition, to have the power of re-
solving Egypt in utter and irreparable ruin.
[Egyptian S-patches and Syrian Shires.

Beauty in woman is like the flower in
spring, but virtue is like the stars in heav-

en.

If good people would but make their
goodness agreeable, and smile instead of
frowning, in their virtue, how many would
they win to the good cause.

Barnum offers \$1,000 for the pillow upon
which President Lincoln died.

WATCH AND THE MINISTER. Mr. Ty-
ler, the minister owned a large dog, Watch,
and Watch was bent upon going to church
with Mrs. Tyler. She, in her turn was
much opposed to his going, fearing he might
excite the wrath of the parish children, who
are only too glad of an excuse for laughing
when they ought not to laugh. Every Sun-
day a series of manœuvres took place be-
tween the two, in which Watch often proved
himself the keenest. Sometimes he slipped
away very early, and Mrs. Tyler after hav-
ing searched for him to shut him up, would
go to church and find Watch seated in the
family pew, looking very grave and de-
corous, but evidently aware that it was too
late then to turn him out. Sometimes he
would hide himself until the family had all
started for church, and then would follow
the footsteps of the tardy worshipper who
always tiptoed in during prayers with creak-
ing boots, and then didn't Watch know that
Mrs. Tyler would open the pew door in
haste, to prevent his whining for admis-
sion?

When Mr. Tyler became most earnest in
his appeals, he often repeated the same
word with a ringing emphasis and a blow
on the desk cushion that startled the sleep-
ers in the pews into the most erect and at-
tentive position that they could assume.

One day he thus shouted out, quoting the
well known text, "Watch! Watch! Watch!
Watch! I say!" When rustle, rustle,
bounced! came his big dog into his
very arms. You may be sure the boys all
took this occasion to relieve their pent up
restlessness by one uproarious laugh, before
their astonished parents had time to frown
them into silence.

Honest Watch had been sitting with his
eyes fixed as usual upon the minister. At
the first mention of his name upon went his
ears and his eyes kindled; at the second he
was still more deeply moved; at the third
he obeyed, and flew completely over paw
rails and pulpit door in a leap that did equal
honor to his muscular power and his desire
to obey. After such a strict interpretation
of the letter, rather than the spirit, Watch
was effectually forbidden church going.

CHOICE OF COLOR IN DRESS. M. Chev-
rel, the government superintendent of the
dyeing department of the great Parisian
manufactory of the celebrated Gobelin
tapestries, has recently delivered a series
of lectures at Paris on complexions and
colors. He says:

The pink of the complexion is brought
out by a green setting in dress or bonnet;
and any lady who has a fair complexion
that admits of having its rose tint a little
heightened may make effective use of green,
color, but it should be delicate green, since
it is of importance to preserve harmony of
tone. When there is in the face a tint of
orange mixed with brown, a brick red, has
will result from the use of green; if any
green at all be used in such a case, it should
be dark. But for her orange complexion,
of a brunette there is no color superior
to yellow. This imparts violet to a fair
skin, and injures its effect. A skin more
yellow than orange has its yellow neu-
tralized by the suggestion of the comple-
ment and a dull, white effect imparted.

The orange skin, however, has its yellow
neutralized, and the red left, so that the
freshness of complexion is increased in the
dark haired beauties. Blue imparts orange,
which enriches white complexions and
light flesh tints; it also, of course, improves
the yellow hair of blondes. Blue, there-
fore, is the standard color for a brunette.
But the brunette who has already too much
orange in her face must avoid setting in
blue. Orange suits nobody. It whitens
a brunette, which is scarcely a desirable
effect, and it is of a dark, to increase the
effect of whiteness by contrast of tone, is
rarely suitable in any close neighborhood
to a lady's skin. Rose red destroys the
freshness of a good complexion; it suggests
green.

A St. Louis correspondent relates the
following: A leading federal officer had
been in the habit of setting on the stone
steps of the Planter's House. A newsboy
came along crying "a victory," the officer
bought a paper and having glanced over it,
said: "a victory did you say? I don't
see it." No you don't see it, and you never
will see it, so long as it is hatching on
the rock. The joke got out, and the offi-
cer had to conclude his furlough and leave
the Planter's House.

Tom Moore compared love to a potato
"because it shoots from the eyes." "Or
rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it
becomes less by being eaten."

If good people would but make their
goodness agreeable, and smile instead of
frowning, in their virtue, how many would
they win to the good cause.

Barnum offers \$1,000 for the pillow upon
which President Lincoln died.

THE MORALS OF THE CAPTURE. The
capture of Jeff Davis will be regarded in a
great variety of aspects. The ridiculous
aspect will probably strike the mass of peo-
ple first, and while this view of the case is
uppermost, an exchange suggests the fol-
lowing moral reflections:

Don't get married. Had not J. D. been
encumbered with a large wife and family—
we mean a wife and large family, he could
easily have made his escape.

Swap even. If you take your wife's pet-
ticoats, give her your boots. A pair of
Mrs. D's balmorals would not have betray-
ed her liege.

Keep your temper. If the captors of the
"President" had not controlled their an-
gry passions, he would have "hurt some of
'em."

Be magnanimous. The energetic pur-
suits of the Davis family has seriously
wounded the feelings of the "stern states-
man."

Keep moving. If Wilson's Cavalry had
measured their days' march by a red tape
line, J. D. would have given them the slip.

Don't be a coward. J. D. came to grief
from his unwillingness to die in the breach-
es.

Always wear the best. A few more
springs in Mr. Davis' hoop skirt might have
saved him.

Cultivate the sports of boyhood. In the
race at Irwinsville, every Michigan boy
showed that he could beat a hoop.

Traitors are always betrayed. J. D.
fled to the woods for protection, but they
proved to be trees unable.

PRIVILEGES OF A CLERGYMAN. A clergyman
was once traveling on board a western steam-
boat, when among the passengers was a man
who took great pains to make known that he
was opposed to religion, denouncing Christ
as an imposture, and all forms of religion
as delusions. He was a man of ability and
great wit, and his remarks seemed to have
quite an influence on his hearers. The
clergyman refrained from saying anything
for a long time, but finally determined to
silence him. Asking the skeptic if he be-
lieved in the immortality of the soul, he re-
ceived an answer.

No—I have none.

Do you believe in the existence of God?

No.

Then sir, replied the clergyman, I have
heard of you before.

Heard of me?

Yes, and read about you.

Read about me? I was not aware that
I was published. Pray, where?

In the Psalms of David, sir, where it
reads, "The fool hath said in his heart,
there is no God."

At this unlooked for turn in the argument
was one general burst of laughter, at the
expense of the atheist, who, confounded
and being unable to rally at being unexpect-
edly called a fool, moved to another part
of the boat; during the remainder of the voy-
age, the wise-acre was silent on religious
subjects; occasionally some one of the pas-
sengers would tease him by slyly observing,
I have heard of you before.

A plain old clergyman was one applied to
by a young man for advice on a very im-
portant matter. He asked which of two
sisters he had best pay his addresses to.
One was very lovely in her disposition, but
not a professor of religion; the other was
a professing Christian, but very ill-temper-

"Marry the good-tempered one, by all
means," said the old gentleman. "The
spirit of God can live where you can't."

"Mother," said a little fellow the other
day, "is there any harm in breaking egg
shells?" Certainly not, my dear; but why
do you ask?" "Cause I dropped the bas-
ket just now and see what a mess I am in
with the yolks."

A querulous wife was desirous of visiting
the cemetery, said to her husband,—"You
have never taken me to the cemetery."
"No, dear," said he; "that is a pleas-
ure I have yet had only in anticipation."

"Marriage," said a faithful husband, "is
the graveyard of love."

"Graveyard of love?"

"Yes," replied his wife, "and you men
are the grave-diggers."

"Bill Tompkins, what is a widder?"

"A widder is a married woman that ain't
got no husband, cause he's dead." "Very
well, what is a widder-er?" "A widder-er is a
man that runs after widders."

A Western poet, speaking of the moon
said: "She laid her cheek upon a cloud,
like a beauty upon a young man's bosom."

About the only person we ever heard of
that wasn't spoiled by being lionized was a
Jew named Daniel.

Lessons of the War. No. 3.

The rebellion has settled the question that a majority of the people are loyal to the country and fastened treason where it belongs. For more than thirty years, there has been a controversy going on between political parties, each charging upon the other, disunion sentiments and opinions. As long ago as 1820, when the question of the admission into the union of Missouri was so warmly contested, the great topic of discussion narrowed itself down, which of the contending parties was the most loyal to the Constitution and the Union? Then again, in 1832, South Carolina nullification raised the same issue. The old whig and democratic parties always charged upon the other disloyalty to the government; and during the whole time that the people of the Country were divided off into these two political organizations, each claimed superior patriotism, each claimed to be the great union party of the country. When the old Liberty party sprang into existence, it charged upon both organizations a want of real attachment to the union, that they loved slavery better than their government; while these parties in turn charged, that the former was organized especially to bring about a dissolution of the union. Subsequently the people of the country divided off into two great rival parties, known as the republican and democratic parties. It was between these two political organizations, that the issue of disunion was raised in earnest. In the great Presidential contest of 1856 and 1860, the battles were fought substantially upon this ground. The Southern democracy declared if Fremont was elected they would dissolve the union; and the Northern democracy, while they did not directly threaten to do this, indirectly assented to this treasonable idea, that if Fremont was elected, the South would secede, and the republicans thus be responsible for Southern treason. The same issue became prominent in the Presidential contest in 1860, the South using the same threats, and the northern democrats lacking them up by the same miserable logic as in 1856.

Both of these parties have been put to the test upon the disunion issue. The election of Buchanan in 1856, put the republicans upon trial; they had been denounced, with all the fierceness of party rancor, with being disunionists. They were beaten by fraud, they were overpowered by an aristocratic slaveocracy, they saw the triumph of despotism; but did they rebel? Did they cry out for a dissolution of the union, for secession and rebellion? No. They gave to their professions of loyalty to the government, a practical demonstration; they proved the falsity of the charge made against them, by quietly submitting to the will of the people, as expressed in the election of Buchanan.

In the election of 1860, the tables were turned, the republicans triumphed and the democrats were beaten. No one, at the South even, pretended that the election of 1860 was not as fairly conducted as that of 1856. Both had the forms of law, and both were recognized by the government as constitutional and legal. Did the democrats in 1860, follow the example set them by the republicans in 1856? Let the terrible rebellion through which we have just passed answer the question.

This rebellion has been the great touchstone which has brought to the test every man's loyalty, both North and South. It has separated the tares from the wheat; it has drawn the dividing line between patriots and traitors; it has demonstrated which party was for the union and which was against it; it has tried every man "as gold is tried"; and it has smoked out northern traitors from their dens and hiding places, and stripped from them the covering with which they have labored to conceal their political infamy. The people know now, who have stood by the government in its hour of peril, who have come to the rescue to save their country from the destroying hand of treason; and they know equally well, the men who have extended aid and comfort to the rebels, and sympathized with them in their hellish plots to destroy the best government on earth. The war has settled another question, that a majority of the people are patriotic and loyal to their government. A republican form of government upon the western continent, is no longer an experiment. We never can be subjected to another such trial; we never shall be called upon to pass through another such terrible ordeal. The American people in this war have settled the question, that a majority should rule, and that a majority can rule. The trial has been terribly severe, but it has rendered the final victory more complete.

The Springfield Republican, which is unpari in its denunciations of Mr. Stanton, the American Secretary of War, says of the late rebel commander-in-chief: "Lee is not a murderer; it is monstrous to call him so. He is a soldier, and is accused of no unsoldierly act. On the contrary, there is no one of the rebel commanders for whom our officers and men have a more genuine respect." How about the treatment of Union prisoners? Had he no power to prevent the infernal barbarities inflicted on them? And refusing to exert that power did he not become responsible for those atrocities. [Press.]

At Augusta, Ga., silver is plenty for change, and greenbacks are at par.

How God brings to naught the Councils of the Rebels.

That the assassination of President Lincoln was planned and approved by Jefferson Davis and his bogus government, at Richmond, is now a well established fact. It was to be the last desperate act of those black-hearted traitors, in aid of this rebellion. How has it worked? Has it aided Davis and his co-conspirators against the government? Had President Lincoln lived, Jeff Davis and the leading rebels would have found him a different man to settle with, then they will find in President Johnson. Had the former not been assassinated, Davis would have, undoubtedly, worked his way out of the country, and had he remained, it is very doubtful whether he would have been arrested and tried for treason, and if convicted, hung. The tragic blow aimed at Lincoln has rebounded with terrible force upon Davis. He has been arrested and incarcerated in prison like any other felon. He is now sure to be tried, if convicted, as he must be, he will be executed.

The murder of President Lincoln has also caused the arrest of a large number of leading rebels, who will be dealt with as justice demands. It has united the sentiment of the country against the rebels, and demands such terms in the "settlement" as will forever wipe out slavery, and hereafter deprive the leaders of political power in the country. It has added to the long list of deep and damning crimes, of which the rebels have been guilty in this war, and waked up the country to a sense of the horrible depravity of the rebellion.

It has left the rebels without a single excuse, and made their friends and sympathizers at the North ashamed to apologize for them further. It has created in our behalf, a sympathy in Europe and among foreign nations, which we did not have before. The miserable wretches, with the exception of Booth, who has already paid the forfeit of his life, directly engaged in the tragedy, are now on trial and will meet the doom they so justly merit. The revelations they have made by way of confessions, have brought to light many of the secret workings of the rebellion, which otherwise never would have been revealed. Truly the last great act in the drama of the rebellion, is working fearful results for its wicked authors, and like wicked devices they come back to torment their inventors.

What shall be done with Jeff Davis?

Since Jeff Davis was caught running away under the "banner of the petticoat," the question is often asked, what is to be done with him? The government has got him safe, he is entirely in their power, and now, what will they do with him? We think there can be but one answer for all loyal men, and we have no doubt but this is the real sentiment of the people. Let him be tried for treason, and if convicted, let him be hung. There are a great many good reasons why this should be done. He is a great criminal. Ever since the death of John C. Calhoun, he has been the acknowledged leader of the secessionists. He alone, more than any other man, to plunge the South into the rebellion, and after it was inaugurated, he was chosen its leader. He is more responsible than any other man, for all the horrors of this cruel war. The blood of our fathers, brothers, husbands and sons, who have died in the camps and hospitals, and been murdered and starved to death in rebel prisons, is dripping from his skirts. And there is no doubt he knew and approved of the assassination of President Lincoln. How can there be any two opinions among loyal men what shall be done with this modern Cataline?

Then again, our government owes it to itself, that this atrocious traitor shall not go unpunished. Our future safety demands it. He should be made an example of, to deter bad and wicked men hereafter from engaging in attempts to destroy the government. If the safety of the community demands the execution of a felon for a single murder, how much more does it demand the murderer of tens of thousands, be brought to justice? Again we repeat, let him be fairly tried, and if convicted, let him be hung, and all the people will say AMEN!

A PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT. President Johnson has issued a new Proclamation, dated May 29th, and received too late for publication as the Fast compels us to anticipate a day, in which those concerned in the late rebellion are promised pardon provided they will take the oath prescribed. Some fourteen classes of persons are excepted from the benefits of this proclamation. Among those excepted are all persons who have held civil or diplomatic office in the pretended confederacy. Also, those who left judicial offices to aid the rebellion. All military officers above Colonel, and Naval officers in rank above Lieutenant. All who left seats in Congress to aid the rebellion. All Army and Navy officers who resigned, to aid the rebellion. Also all who have starved and ill-treated prisoners of war; all Governors of the rebel States; all depositories on the commerce of the United States; all who have made raids from Canada. Also all persons who have voluntarily aided the rebellion, and whose property is valued at over \$20,000. This Proclamation will be published in our next.

LINCOLN'S MONUMENT. The Union leagues in California have started movements for the erection of a monument to Mr. Lincoln, on the Pacific coast, at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars.

Trial of the Assassins.

WASHINGTON, May 22, 1865. The military commission trying the conspirators debated for some time this afternoon the propriety of sitting during the review, but it was finally decided that the trial was of paramount importance, and the court adjourned to to-morrow morning.

The court room was crowded with spectators this afternoon to an extent greater than at any time before, and at some times the voice of the witness testifying was entirely drowned by the rustle of fans and the excited comments of the ladies on the physiognomy of the prisoners.

The judge-advocate is doubtless reluctant to close until the contents of the archives of the rebel war department, which arrived here so opportunely yesterday, from North Carolina, have been thoroughly investigated.

The following delightful specimen read in court to-day, created quite a sensation as implicating Jeff Davis more directly with the policy of assassination than any thing heretofore made public:

Col. Treat testified to having brought to Washington, a number of boxes said to contain the archives of the so-called Confederate States.

F. A. staff testified that he opened the boxes, and here identified a paper found in one of them, of which the following is a copy:

MONTGOMERY, WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

To His Excellency, President of the C. S. A.

Dear sir: I have been thinking for some time that I would make this communication to you, but have been deterred from doing so on account of ill health. I now offer you my services, and if you will favor me in my designs, I will proceed, as soon as my health will permit, to rid my country of some of her deadliest enemies by striking at the very heart's blood of those who seek to enchain her in slavery. I consider nothing dishonorable having such a tendency. All I want of you is to favor me by granting the necessary papers to travel on my will, in the jurisdiction of this government. I am perfectly familiar with the North, and feel confident that I can execute any thing that I undertake. I have just now returned from within their lines. I am a Lieutenant in General Duke's command. I was on a raid last June in Kentucky under Gen. John A. Morgan. I and all my command except two or three commissioned officers were taken prisoners, but finding a good opportunity while being taken to prison, I made my escape from them. In the garb of a citizen I attempted to pass out through the mountains, but finding that impossible—narrowly escaping two or three times being retaken—directed my course north, and went through the blockade; but having taken the yellow fever at Bermuda, I have been rendered unfit for service since my arrival. I was reared up in the State of Alabama and educated in its university. The Secretary of War and his assistant, Judge Campbell, are personally acquainted with my father, William J. Alston, of the 5th Congressional District of Alabama, having served in time of the old Congress in 1849, 1850 and 1851. Can I do any thing for you? I shall expect your full confidence in return. If you give this, I can render you and my country very important service. Let me hear from you soon. I am anxious to be doing something, and having no command at present, all, or nearly all, being in garrison, I desire that you favor me in this a short time. I would like to have a personal interview with you in order to perfect arrangements before starting.

I am, respectfully, your ob't servant.

L. W. ALSTON.

Address me at the Springs, in hospital.

On the above letter were the following endorsements:—

1st. "Brief of letter without sig."

2d. "Respectfully referred by direction of the President to Hon. Sec. of War."

"BRETTON N. HARRISON, Private Sec."

"Rec'd November 29, 1864. Record book Adjutant General's office, Dec. 8, 1864."

3d. "A. G. for attention. By order of J. Campbell, A. S. W."

By Mr. Allen: Q. From which box did you obtain that letter? A. From the box marked "Adjutant-General's office: letters received July to December, 1864."

[Cor. Boston Advertiser.]

The Argus insists that the crinoline story about Jeff Davis is exploded, because he only had on his wife's shawl for a hood, and her waterproof cape for a skirt! We don't blame the Argus for trying to save the reputation of its friend. It is well known in this community that for four years that paper has been more friendly to Jeff Davis than to the President of the United States; that while it never had a harsh or unkind word for Jeff, it never had one pleasant word for Lincoln till death had done its work. [Press.]

Walham Watches and Ayer's Pills are said to be the highest specimens of American art, each of their kind: one in mechanics and the other in medicine. With a Walham watch in one pocket and a box of Ayer's Pills in the other, you should be at your work in season with the health to pursue it. [Advertiser, Norway, Me.]

IMPROVEMENT. The New York World which outdid itself in abuse of Andrew Johnson when he was Vice President, now says that "the country has reason to congratulate itself that this high minded statesman is at the head of affairs."

STORY OF ANDREW JOHNSON. Mr. A. Lincoln told us this story of "Andy Johnson," as he was familiarly in the habit of calling him. It was a few weeks prior to the Baltimore Convention, before it was known that Governor Johnson would be the nominee for the vice-presidency. Said he: "I had a visit last night from Colonel Moody, 'the fighting Methodist parson,' as he is called in Tennessee. He is on his way to the Philadelphia Conference, and, to see me. He told me, he continued this story of Andy Johnson and General Buell, which interested me intensely. Colonel Moody was in Nashville the day that it was reported that Buell had decided to evacuate the city. The rebels, strongly reinforced, were said to be within two days' march of the capital. Of course the city was greatly excited. Said Moody, 'I went in search of Johnson at the edge of the evening, and found him at his office, closeted with two gentlemen, who were walking the floor with him, one on each side. As I entered they retired, leaving me alone with Johnson, who came up to me manifesting intense feeling and said: 'Moody, we are sold out! Buell is a traitor! He is going to evacuate the city, and in forty-eight hours we shall be in the hands of the rebels.' Then he commenced pacing the floor again, twisting his hands, and chafing like a caged tiger, utterly insensible to his friend's entreaties to become calm. Suddenly he turned and said: 'Moody, can you pray?' 'That is my business, sir, as a minister of the Gospel,' returned the Colonel. 'Well, Moody, I wish you would pray,' said Johnson; and instantly both went down upon their knees at opposite sides of the room. As the prayer became fervent, Johnson began to respond in true Methodist style. Presently he crawled over on his hands and knees to Moody's side, and put his arm over him, manifesting the deepest emotion. Closing the prayer with a hearty 'Amen!' from each they arose. Johnson took a long breath and said, with emphasis, 'Moody, I feel better!' Shortly afterward he asked, 'Will you stand by me?' 'Certainly, I will, was the answer. 'Well, Moody, I can depend upon you; you are one in a hundred thousand!' He then commenced pacing the floor again. Suddenly he wheeled, the current of his thought having changed, and said, 'Oh! Moody, I don't want you to think I have become a religious man because I asked you to pray. I am sorry to say it, but I am not, and have never pretended to be religious. No one knows this better than you; but, Moody, there is one thing about it—I do believe in Almighty God! And I believe also in the Bible, and I say I'll be damned if Nashville shall be surrendered!' And Nashville was not surrendered. [N. Y. Post.]

JEFF DAVIS ON HANGING. An officer of the United States army, whose authority in a case we cannot question, says the New York Post, gives leave to publish the following account of what he heard Jeff Davis say just before the breaking out of the war. We use his words: "I heard Mr. Davis utter the following words in a Southern town, where he delivered an address in November, 1860. I did not hear the whole speech, only 'What! coerce a sovereign State! attempt to deprive us of our most inestimable rights!' Let Mr. Lincoln try it, or Mr. Douglas either, and we will hang them higher than Haman, and the only difference I should make would be that [humorously], as Mr. Lincoln is considerably taller than Mr. Douglas, we should have to build his gibbet [standing on his toes and reaching up his hand] a little higher than that for Douglas."

And Nashville was not surrendered.

[N. Y. Post.]

A CHANCE FOR THE HARBOR CORPUS. Why don't some patriotic copperhead magistrate issue a writ of habeas corpus in favor of Jeff Davis, the pettiest chief of the late rebel confederacy, and take him out of the custody of those who hold him under an "arbitrary arrest"? Why shouldn't his case be looked into, and thus ascertain whether there is grounds for restraining him or his liberty? Do not these parties who insist that he has committed no crime against the civil law, that he has been guilty only of a political heresy, owe it to consistency see that his rights under the Constitution are duly recognized and protected? Come, gentlemen, let us have no holding back now. [Press.]

MORE TRAITORS ARRESTED. James A. Seddon, rebel ex-Secretary of War, and John Letcher, formerly rebel Governor of Virginia, were arrested in that state a few days ago, pursuant to orders from Washington. Letcher has arrived in Washington, and been committed to the Old Capitol Prison. Seddon was put on board the gunboat in James river whereupon are also imprisoned the rebel ex-Senator R. M. T. Hunter and Judge Campbell, previously arrested.

THE REBEL LOAN IN ENGLAND. It is said that the reason why the rebel cotton loan reported at all in England (12 to 14 being the figures) is that there is an idea in the heads of certain persons that the cotton on which the loan was founded is still in the South, ready to be shipped to the advantage of holders of scrip as soon as the ports are opened. John Bull will find out his great mistake in brief time; he will never see a farthing of his three millions of pounds sterling. [Boston Journal.]

We learn from the Calais Advertiser, that a child of Mr. Edward Spinner, on Kelley's Point, about six years of age, was run, over by the cars and killed, one day last week.

The Richmond Sentinel published at North Anson, vulgarly known as the Union Advocate in the following extract proves that one Constitutional right, that of free speech is not impaired, interfered with, or restrained. It says: "The World inquires what guarantee we have that torture has not been practiced by the tools and underlings of Stanton? Every other method known to despots has been practiced and improved upon by him; why should he stick at this? Torture was never practiced in public; and we apprehend that any one who could unfold the records of Stanton's prison-houses, might a tale unfold, which would make the hair of humane men stand on end with horror. The mangling and mysterious disposal of Booth discloses a taste like that of the old despots who quartered and disemboweled criminals after execution; a kind of treatment which the framers of the Constitution intended to provide against in the declaration that unusual punishments shall not be inflicted. Stanton has rifled mails; he has maintained an army of spies; he has insulted the tribunals of justice; he has established a Star Chamber; he has done every other edious and abominable thing known to the history of tyranny; and what assurance have we that he has not also practiced torture? The argument offered for this Star Chamber would equally justify torture as a means of extorting evidence; and who ever suspected Stanton of scrupling to carry out a tyrannical principle?"

If the writer of the above has not descended from Tory blood there is no truth in signs. If the Moloch of slavery, impersonated by Jeff Davis, has sacrificed \$90,000 lives, three billions of treasure and starved 25,000 prisoners, the born aristocrats of this age have no word of condemnation; but spend their arguments and time accusing and opposing the true authorities of the legitimate government for endeavoring to prevent such waste and for upholding the life of the nation.

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Fortunately there are true men left to combat such party rancor. The following from the Press comes from the heart and affords an antidote for such poison. "With such good heads as Stanton's and Seward's and Chase's, in the cabinet, to say nothing of the great leaders of the Senate and House to aid him, we believe, though we have no especial knowledge on the subject, that there has not been during the war a policy adopted, proclamation issued, or an act passed or approved until the constitution of the United States, its accredited expositions, the opinion of publicists and the legal and political authorities of the courts and history, had been faithfully explored and studied for what light they afforded, and that the last four years of administration of the United States government will be hereafter acknowledged to be as fruitful in constitutional precedents to guide ourselves and other nations in similar predicaments to the present, as any four years since the establishment of modern government."

TRIOBLETS IN KNOXVILLE. A special dispatch to the Chicago Tribune, dated at Knoxville, Tenn., May 26, says that affairs are in a very unsettled condition there. The extraordinary conduct of Judge Trigg delighted and encouraged rebels to such an extent that their insolence became unbearable, and, at last, rose to such a pitch that Union people could not walk the streets without being subjected to outrage and insult. This was determinedly resisted and quiet was restored. Rebel officers and soldiers were both shot in the melee on the street. Judge Trigg openly sympathizes with the most violent factionists, and is said to have made a declaration that his court has respect for any Tennesseean who assists in resisting the confiscation laws of the United States. This fellow has asked the Grand Jury to indict Gov. Brownlow for defending the government interest in a confiscated farm against his determination to place his friends in possession, and makes a regular practice of spouting stump speeches against the government policy in court, where the rebel sympathizers, returned guerrillas and others meet and applaud him. Gov. Brownlow, as editor of the Knoxville Whig, pays his respects to Trigg, and shows how in many respects he openly prostitutes the judicial function. The Governor says that circumstances warrant the belief that Trigg will yet indict Congress for not enacting laws suited to his taste. [Journal.]

STONEWALL JACKSON AND JEFF DAVIS. The New York World, an intensely Democratic paper, has an article of considerable ability, in relation to the public career of Jeff Davis, in which it exhibits a very just and striking contrast in very few words, as follows: "Stonewall Jackson was a man for whom no American needs to blush; we only regret that so noble and dutiful a mind should have been so misguided. But Jefferson Davis has exhibited none of the great qualities which makes forgiveness easy."

JEFF DAVIS INDICTED FOR TREASON. A true bill of indictment for treason has been found against Jeff Davis by the grand jury of Washington, and it is said that as soon as the attendance of the witnesses for the prosecution can be procured, he will be taken from the casemate in Fortress Monroe, where he is now in close confinement, and conveyed to Washington for trial.

A few weeks previous to the occupation of Richmond by the United States forces, wood was sold at one hundred dollars per cord, and scarce at that. It can now readily be purchased at seven dollars.

A HISTORY OF THE REBELLION BY MR. BOTTS. The Richmond correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following notice of an historical work by John M. Botts, which, we fancy, would be well worth reading, and will produce a sensation whenever it sees the light: "Prior to the second arrest of Mr. B. by the rebel authorities here, he had taken the precaution to deposit his manuscript of the book in the hands of a Unionist of the city. When arrested at midnight, his private papers, with the exception of the M. S., were seized and himself hurried away to prison. On the day subsequent he was visited by an officer of the prison, who desired to know whether he had concealed any documents previous to his arrest. Mr. Botts at once replied that he had concealed one document which he had no doubt the authorities would like to peruse. 'What is it?' eagerly queried the officer. 'I must have it,' 'It is,' returned Mr. B. placidly, and speaking slowly, as he looked the officer full in the eye, 'A History of the Secession Movement and its Public and Secret Advocates North and South since the days of Calhoun.' 'Where is it?' we must have it," again exclaimed the officer, impatiently. 'You may have the M. S., only on one condition, and that is that you bring to me from your master, Jefferson Davis, a written affidavit, duly signed by himself, that he will, on receiving the M. S., hand it over to the Whig and Examiner to be published without alteration or mutilation.' 'But would you dare to publish a work of such a character?' queried the officer. 'Would I dare?' replied Mr. Botts, 'I desire its publication.' The officer seemed somewhat astonished at Mr. Botts' complacency, and inquired why he desired its publication. 'Because, by G— sir,' replied Mr. Botts, solemnly rising from his reclining position and shaking his clenched fists in the officer's face, 'because its publication would create a revolution within a revolution, in which I could take a part!' It is needless to say that Fugitive Davis did not give Mr. Botts the required assurance. This incident is given, not for the purpose of glorifying Mr. Botts, but simply as a truthful circumstance to intimate the character of his book."

Bethel Items.

Workmen have commenced re-building on the site of the stores, recently burned in this village. There will be three stores with offices in the second story. The block will occupy a part of the Haywood lot, and have a passage way of forty feet all around it. It will be more elevated, larger and convenient than the old block, and add considerably to the improvement of the village.

Capt. Samuel Chapman has opened his Boarding House, as a Hotel, to be known as the Chapman House. The Captain opened the first boarding house here for summer travel, and knows how to entertain company with good fare and a good story thrown in gratis.

Mr. Thomas Kendall is putting up a fine two story house, near the head of Broad street. There are indications of considerable building and changing of property, the present season.

Gen. J. Burbank of Gilead, has bought the house of Galen Holt, on Spring Street, and intends to occupy it.

Maj. A. Grover has removed to the village, and bought the house of A. Davis, Esq., who in turn has bought the house of Moses Potter, Esq. Mr. P. is finishing off a commodious tenement beneath his hall. Vegetation is very promising. Grass never looked better. Appletrees were in blossom the 22d of May, which is earlier than has been known for many years. Mosquitoes are presenting their annual bills in accordance with present prices. We succeeded one night, in killing nearly every one in our room by daylight. This we did with much satisfaction. The Boston Post, Democratic, copies approvingly from the Salem Gazette that "no person should be denied the privilege of suffrage on any account of origin or complexion; nor should any person be admitted to it who is not identified in interest with the country, and of presumable intelligence to vote understandingly."

The New York Times now says that Booth's body was given to his family, un-mutilated, taken north to New York, and buried in secret, at night.

An instance of filial affection among the Flat Indians we find in a Nevada paper. Two young "braves," under the assurance of being hanged, proposed to give five poles to the authorities if they will allow their aged fathers to be hung in their place.

The Army and Navy Journal suggests that if Davis had recalled his old experience at cards, he would have remembered that a Knave is known from a King by his boots.

Postmaster General Dennison has ordered, that the post office in Maryland known as Surratt's, be henceforth called Robeyville, thus expunging the name of the assassin from the books of the department.

The Emperor Napoleon is of the same age as President Johnson and Jefferson Davis—fifty-seven. The Emperor of Russia is forty-seven, and Victor Emanuel is forty-five.

The quantity of tobacco in Virginia is estimated by Richmond commission merchants, at thirty thousand hogheads.

War News.

CAIRO, Ill., May 27. The New Orleans Times says that the gunboat Little Bel arrived yesterday from the mouth of the Red River with dispatches from Lieut. Commander Foster and Gen. Kirby Smith for Gen. Canby.

The rebel flag of traitor Ch. Champion is still flying at the mouth of Red River. The Times' Bureau correspondent, under date of the 12th inst., says the liberal forces which captured Monterey were 7,000 strong. Gen. Negrett, after capturing the place, levied a forced loan of \$100,000 in specie.

At the fight at Saltillo, the Imperial Gen. Victoriano, Lepoza and Emerson were wounded but escaped. In this fight Cortina captured \$50,000 in specie and 200 prisoners. While Gen. Negrett was attacking Matamoros on the 25th ult., the rebel General Slaughter fortified the left bank of the Rio Grande, and opened an artillery fire to prevent Negrett's troops reaching the river for water.

A party of guerrillas recently attempted to kidnap the Empress from the city of Mexico, but was unsuccessful.

The unpopularity of Maximilian is still further confirmed by news from the interior.

Texas is in a terrible disorderly state. A telegraph line is to be constructed from San Antonio and Austin to Matamoros.

The French and English war vessels of the Rio Grande joined the United States ship-of-war in firing half-hour guns as a mark of respect to the memory of the late President.

Six hundred and forty bales of cotton passed here for St. Louis to-day, and upwards 1000 for Cincinnati.

WASHINGTON, May 27. To Maj. Gen. Dix: A dispatch from Gen. Canby dated at New Orleans 25th inst., states that arrangements for the surrender of the rebel forces in the Trans-Mississippi Department have been concluded. They include the men and material of the army and Navy.

(Signed.) EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

The Commercial's special Washington dispatch says that the government expects to have railroad communication with Montgomery ere long, via Salisbury, Columbia, Augusta and Atlanta.

Guerrillas do not interfere with the navigating of the Alabama.

Sheridan will have command of 60,000 men.

We learn there is a fresh uprising against the imperialists has taken place at Matamoros.

Cortina has 700 American soldiers, and numbers daily increasing by desertions from the forces of Magruder and Smith.

MEMPHIS, May 27. The Bulletin's New Orleans special dispatch says:

"On the evening of the 25th inst. the main Ordnance Department in Marshall's warehouse, Mobile, blew up with a terrible explosion. About 300 persons were killed and many wounded and thousands buried in the ruins. Eight entire squares of the city were demolished and about 8000 bales of cotton destroyed. The steamers Colonel Cowles and Kate Dale, with all on board were entirely destroyed. A great portion of the business centre is badly damaged. The total loss is estimated at three million dollars.

Gen. Granger rendered prompt relief to the sufferers. The cause of the explosion is uncertain. The ordnance stores which were a portion of the munitions surrendered by Dick Taylor, were in course of removal when it occurred. The entire city is more or less injured.

NEW YORK, May 29. The Tribune's Washington dispatch says Secretary Stanton desires to leave the Cabinet as soon as the military trials are finished, and the army reduced to a permanent standard. President will then send him as Minister to Berlin.

The Herald's dispatch says the government is in possession of information that Saunders and Thompson were not only accessories to the murder of the President but the plot to spread the yellow fever and introduce it into the White House.

The Time's Washington dispatch says Sec'y Stanton is not going to Berlin. He intends to resign, however. It will take \$60,000,000 to pay off the army and the money is ready. It is believed that Brockenridge has reached Texas.

The Tribune's dispatch says the letter of condolence from the Empress Eugenie to Mrs. Lincoln, although received some time since by the French minister, is detained by him, evincing ill feeling on his part.

NEW YORK, May 27. The Herald says Gen. Sherman is offered the choice of Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville or St. Louis in which to establish his headquarters.

The Tribune's telegram from Washington says the Treasury Department is using its unexpended balance in settling with the States. Massachusetts received \$292,500 last week, and will have a similar amount in a few days.

The Herald says the rebel Col. Hatch, Commissioner of Exchange, but now in Liberty prison, complained that the windows were all broken out, and that he suffered from the weather. Gen. Mallard quietly answered, "O, is that all? Why, Hatch, I have been telling you for the last two years that there was not a pane of glass in the prison."

FROM THE SOUTH. The Atlanta Intelligence and Mason Telegraph both counsel the people of Georgia to submit gracefully to the decrees of Providence, and act like good citizens of the United States.

Seven-Thirty Notes.

During the absence of the editor from town, persons wishing to subscribe for these notes will call on A. L. BURBANK, Esq., Clerk of Courts. Receipts will be given for deposits, and the notes delivered as soon as issued by the government.

W. A. PIDGIN, May 25th, 1865.

POPULARITY. A great many people, at the present day, think more of obtaining a publicity and popularity, than of any other one thing they could possibly be possessed of. But, anxious as they may be to acquire the vain glory of the popular voice, more ever succeeded to do great an extent as has that well-known remedy, known as Cough Balsam. There is scarcely a family in the land but what consider a supply of this article as necessary to the household as food or provisions. Experience has taught the people that no other remedy has ever been put before the public that will cure, coughs, colds, croup, sore throat, and all the other ailments of the chest, as quickly and as effectively as Cough Balsam. In the Eastern States, where it has long been known and tested, it is considered as the most reliable remedy extant, and no one, either young or old, thinks of being without it. We would suggest to all, on the necessity of keeping on hand an article of this kind for domestic use. It costs but 40 cents per bottle, and is available at all drug stores, and is the cheapest and best remedy in the world.

Whiskers! Whiskers!

Do you want Whiskers at Manchester? Our Compound will grow them on the smooth face or chin, or hair on bald heads, in six weeks. Price, \$1.00. 3 packages for \$2.00. Sent by mail anywhere, charged extra, on receipt of price.

Address, WARNER & CO., Box 128, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO THE NERVOUS, DERELICTED AND DEPENDENT OF BOTH SEXES. A great suffering from nervous debility is a common ailment, after many years of anxiety, or willing to assist his fellow creatures by sending (free) on the receipt of a post paid addressed envelope, a copy of the Female or Male Emulator. Direct to JOHN M. DAGNALL, Box 1842 Post Office, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARRIED.

To Nancy 25th inst. by Rev. Father, Esq. Mr. Mark T. Barker to Miss Cynthia C. Ester, both of Detroit.

DIED.

In Lowell, April 25th, Mrs. Ruth S. Barker, aged 70 years.

In Lowell, April 25th, Mrs. Abigail, wife of Isaac S. Andrews, aged 62 years.

In Lowell, May 1st, Mr. James Johnson, aged 64 years.

At Lowell, May 24, Henrietta Bryant, aged 16 years.

In Norway, March 17th, Mrs. Sarah S. Barker, widow of the late Jared M. Barker, aged 50 years and six months.

REAR CHANCE FOR A BARGAIN

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm, situated in the town of Paris, and one-half mile from Paris, Ill., and one-half mile from the St. Louis & North-Western R.R. Depot.

Said farm contains about one hundred and twenty acres, suitably divided into fields, pasture and woodland. There is about twenty-five acres of hard wood land, heavily timbered, principally with hard wood. There is on the place one hundred and twenty-five bearing apple trees, and about the same number of young trees.

The buildings are a house, porch and wood-house, two barns, one 24x36 and one 20x30. The house is well situated for a house, and through the house, a well of good water at the house, and a spring of sweetening water within eight rods of the house.

For particulars inquire of Allen Chase, Paris, or of the subscriber on the premises.

ALLEN CHASE, Paris, May 22, 1865.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of May, being the sixth day of said month A. D. 1865.

Ordered, That there be assessed on Township No. 5 Range 1 in the County of Oxford for the repair of roads and bridges therein, estimated to cost twenty-seven thousand three hundred and five cents, exclusive of water and lands reserved for public use, the sum of one hundred ninety-one dollars and thirteen cents, to be levied on the several lots, and on the several owners of said Township, in proportion to the value of their respective lots.

Attest: A. L. BURBANK, Clerk.

A. L. BURBANK, Clerk.

NOTICE. All persons and corporations who have any claims or demands against the estate of the late John S. Barker, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned, at his office in the town of Paris, on or before the 15th day of June, 1865, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time and place the same will be heard and determined.

WILLIAM AMES, Executor.

WILLIAM AMES, Executor.

NOTICE. Mr. JULIA BROWN, one of the parties to a certain contract, has been made. This is to certify that the said contract is now in force, and that the parties thereto are bound by its terms.

G. A. BURBANK, Esq., Solicitor.

G. A. BURBANK, Esq., Solicitor.

SELLING OFF AT COST

Being obliged to remove my store, I shall offer my ENTIRE STOCK OF

Fancy Goods, Toys, CONFECTIONERY, PERFUMERY, Stationery, Pipes &c.,

WITH MY WHOLE STOCK OF

Drugs and Patent Medicines, AT COST!

Call early and see the low figures.

J. H. RAWSON.

CHAMPION BLACK HAWK,

WILL sell at the extreme lowest prices, a large stock of

CHAMPION BLACK HAWK, a large stock of

U.S. 7-30 Loan

THIRD SERIES, \$230,000,000.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, General Subscriptions Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public, the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

7.30 LOAN.

These notes are issued under date of July 11, 1864, and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 six per Cent. Gold-Bearing Bonds

These Bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum to their value, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any banker or broker.

The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.

Two cents " " " 100 "

Ten " " " 500 "

20 " " " 1000 "

50 " " " 2500 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirty already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 8 per cent. instead of the interest in currency up to July 1st, at the time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the seven-thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously as the notes are ordered.

The slight change made in the conditions of this THIRD SERIES affects only the nature of interest. The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in gold be available, would be a matter of public policy, and would be fully equal to the rate made with seven and three tenths per cent. in currency. This is

The Only Loan in Market

Now offered by the Government, and the superior advantages make it the

Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$230,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscription to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be enabled to take part in the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and private Banks throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, to whom they have confidence, and who alone are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive or deliver.

JAY COOKE, SUBSCRIPTION AGENT, PHILADELPHIA, May 1st, 1865.

Subscriptions will be received by the FIRST NATIONAL BANK, PORTLAND, TREASURER'S OFFICE, AUGUSTA, May 24, 1865.

Upon the following townships or tracts of land not liable to be assessed by any town the following assessments were made by the County Commissioners of Oxford County, on the sixth day of May 1865:

COUNTY OF OXFORD.

And No. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. By virtue of a decree of the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, made on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1864, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of the late John S. Barker, deceased, do hereby offer for sale at public auction, on the 15th day of June, A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time and place the same will be heard and determined.

WILLIAM AMES, Executor.

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WILLIAM AMES, Executor.

To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

HANNAH B. NOBLE, Elizabeth S. Blake, and Abby D. Hicks, respectfully represent that they are the daughters of Anna A. Deane, late of Oxford, deceased, and that they hold by virtue of the bequest of said Anna A. Deane, which has been duly proved and allowed, in common and undivided with Henry H. Crockett and Florence M. Crockett, and also with Sarah P. Crockett widow of said James Crockett, all the estate of which said James Crockett, late of Oxford, deceased, was seized and possessed at the time of his death, and which said estate has been duly returned into the Probate Office, and returned therein in heretofore.

That the share of their petitioners is two-fifths each, which they are desirous of having and possessing in severalty. That the respective portions of the estate in said estate are not divisible or undivided by the terms of said last will and testament, nor by any other matter in writing known to your petitioners. Wherefore they pray that portions of said estate may be ordered among all the devisees above named pursuant to law.

ELIZABETH S. BLAKE, ABBI D. HICKS.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21st Tuesday of May A. D. 1865.

Ordered, That the said petitioners give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 21st day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest: J. S. HOBBS, Register.

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