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MISCELLANY.

From Harper's Weekly.

AT THE FAIR.

"Well, Jordan?"
"Well, Charley?"
"Ain't you going?"
"Going where?"
"Going to the Fair," laughing at the chime of words.

Jordan settled himself comfortably in his seat again.

"No, Charley, my boy, I'm not going to the Fair. But you are, I perceive. How you are got up though! I should never dare to travel in such brilliant company."

"Oh bother!" and Charley glanced with an honest blush on his face, at his dandy clothes.

"I say though, Jordan," he quickly resumed, "you ought to go."

"Oh, hang fair, Charley. I hate 'em. A fellow is always bored to death to buy a lot of rubbish. I'd rather by half contribute at the beginning what I can afford. That's my way. The buying is yours. You'll be a young swell there, Charley. I can fancy you beset by sixteen of those girls at once, with sixteen different propositions for you; and you'll think it fine fun. They'll delude you into buying anything; dolls, pin-cushions, and prayer-books. I'll be all the same to you; and you'll bestow them with the grace and discretion of a young prince. I really envy that way of yours, Charley."

"A good deal you do," returned Charley, disbelievingly.

"I do though, really. I'm in earnest, Charley."

Charley Duganne looked with surprise at his companion, at this; but Ellery Jordan's face was serious. There was no sarcastic play of the lips, no laughing twinkle to the eyes, of which honest Charley Duganne was always somewhat in dread.

"Yes, I really do envy you, Charley. You come to the pleasant turns as easily as I do the disagreeable ones. You extract the sweet from life, while I am chewing the bitter cud. Everybody likes you, everybody smiles upon you; and all for that 'way' of yours; and it's the way of your heart, Charley, so I can't learn it. And all the time you look at me and think I'm such a smart fellow—that I know the world and a heap of things that you don't. And you think I look down from my wise height sometimes and laugh at you when you come in with your fair pleasures, and in a stunning new suit. Instead of that, Charley, I look at you with genuine admiration. I rejoice in your freshness, in your capacity for enjoyment of all sweet and simple pleasures. Don't think I regard you as any the less of a man for it. It's the generous boy's heart, Charley, that's in it all, and that makes me like the man that owns it. As for me, Charley, I am a great hulking fellow, whom nobody cares very much about. I never carry sunshine with me, I never win hearts or smiles. I'm a gloomy, rattle, early wretch, who perpetually gets the wrong side of things, and blunders at every step. There, Charley, go your ways, and don't mistake me any more."

He turned with his old laugh to his book, a little disconcerted at the earnestness into which he had been betrayed; but Charley, touched and bewildered out of his senses, stammered thanks and praises and deprecation in a breath. But Ellery Jordan had had enough of the topic.

"Go your ways, Charley, go your ways," was all he said to him now; and at last Charley was wise enough to go. Jordan heard him whistling *Illegitimi per non esse*, as he ran down the stairs.

That is his natural comment upon my way," and Jordan smiled, then looked thoughtful and a little sad, then lost himself in his book. What do you think roused him from it, this cry, this "gloomy, sullen, early fellow?" A child's voice crying. He had been conscious of it a good while before he felt called upon to look into the cause. He knew very well who it was. His landlady's little boy, Bobby Green. But the groined sobs continued so long, he flung down his book and opened the door.

"Bobby?"

Bobby, surprised, held his peace for a moment.

"What's the matter, Bobby?"

The little fellow, sitting on the first stair disconsolate, burst out afresh at this sign of interest. Between broken words and sobs the questioner discovered that somebody, some nervous uncle Dick or other, had failed to carry out a promise to take Bobby to the Fair. It was a heart-breaking thing to Bobby. In vain Jordan moved to pity, took the arch into his room, and laid before him treasures that would at another time have made him hilarious. The boy heaved his crying, indeed he seemed to appreciate the efforts made for his amusement, but as Jordan thought, "it was no go." Bobby had set his mind upon the Fair. The Fair, of which wonderful stories

had fired his youthful imagination. Jordan looked at the small face, expressing the depth of childish melancholy.

"So not even this child can be happy, because of some hungering after what is denied," he mused. "But it is early to learn the universal lesson, and a pity." He mused a moment longer, scowling over a new thought. Presently he gave a sigh that was partly a laugh.

"Bobby, go ask your mother to wash off those tears, and tell her I'll take you to the Fair."

The transformation of the melancholy face into a bevy of smiles was a very swift one. Bobby ran off shouting with delight, while Jordan rose to effect some changes in his toilet. His face was not quite so full of delightful anticipation as Bobby's. He elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders as he thought of what he was about to inflict upon himself, for he hated Fairs, you know.

And this was a soldier's Fair. "How selfish of him!" you exclaim. Wait. He acknowledged that he preferred contributing what he could afford. And he did. But he has contributed more than those United States bills to the country. Long ago, he gave himself. This is Captain Jordan of the Hundred and something New York Volunteers. He is home on a furlough, not of simple ease and relaxation, but of necessity. Waiting for that right arm to get strength enough to wield a weapon. And leaving him here dressing for the Fair run backward a little in part.

II.

"Sophy, you must help us in the post office. We have counted upon you. Tell her it's her duty, Mrs. Hamlyn, to do the work that lies nearest. And this is her duty, for nobody is so swift of hand, and writes so beautifully as Sophy. Oh, Sophy, how can you refuse? Yes, yes, I know you've written heaps of letters—lovely letters I know they must be—but now at the very last to refuse to write the address! You never expected to take that place. Why, Sophy, where were your ears in all our preparations?"

If Sophy Hamlyn was firm, Ida Jocelyn was hopeful and persistent. Again and again she presented the case in its most pitiful aspect to Sophy, and at last departed with the words:

"I shall come in to-morrow night again, and shall expect you to have yielded. Sophy; you know I ask it as a personal favor. I should never accept my post but for the belief that you would be with me."

Sophy did not reply. She kept on a cool steady face until Ida had departed, then she went up to her room and "had a good cry."

It tell you what she cried about, I am afraid you will think my Sophy a very empty-headed young lady; but have patience with her and with her story, and do not condemn her at first.

Sophy Hamlyn cried those vexed and bitter tears because—because she had "nothing to wear." You look about the pretty room, the curtains, the carpets, the vases. You note all the indications of a luxurious home, and you see Sophy in her graceful morning attire, and your lip curls disdainfully, and you comment severely upon the wicked exaggeration of our girls. But you can not see the meaning of every thing at a first glance. Ida Jocelyn would tell you that the Hamlyns were not rich. That Mrs. Hamlyn failed a few years ago, and has never been fortunate since. "Not actually poor, you know," the gay girl would go on; "only the Hamlyns can't give parties and keep a carriage, and Sophy don't have so much money to spend as she used."

This was all Ida Jocelyn knew about it. And this was all any body knew about it, but the Hamlyns themselves. When Ida Jocelyn went there, and had such a nice time with Sophy in that "home like place," as she called it, she did not perceive that Mrs. Hamlyn looked tired and worn. She did not know how very, very, simple they lived; how much they pinched and straitened. She saw only the pretty rooms just as she had always seen them, looking fresh and bright—for the years of change were too few to turn things shabby yet. And since that time, when Mr. Hamlyn went down, there had been not outward difference in their surroundings. Why should there have been? The house itself was Mrs. Hamlyn's, and there were no rare pictures, no statues of great value to sell. So they lived on amidst the same curtains, and chairs, and carpets, but with only a single servant in the whole house. Mrs. Hamlyn had turned, and pieced, and re-made, with her own hands, and Sophy's help, dress after dress, until now poor Sophy's wardrobe furnished nothing further; and Sophy, sitting there alone in her room after Ida Jocelyn's departure, cried vexed and bitter tears over all the vexations and bitterness of this constant pinching and pinching; over the want that kept her from accepting a post which could not but look alluring to her.

So you see that although Sophy cried because she had "nothing to wear," it was

not so much for the one dress lacking for the one occasion, but for the constant wear and tear of that poverty which hides its constant cares, its humiliating annoyances, its anxieties, its petty details behind a smiling mask. It was for the necessity that laid the limits so narrowly that a new dress was the one final drop in the cup that set it overflowing.

Poor little Sophy! This was but human. Brave little Sophy, too, as you would say, if you knew how she kept repining out of sight, and almost out of suspicion; who taught herself much handwork unknown before, and showed a bright face always to father and mother, and those three boys. But it was hard about the Fair. Oh, if she could discover some way to make her old silk dress presentable! It was of no use, no use.

"Ah me!" and she sighed wearily. "I am too proud, I suppose, but I can not go shabby. I shouldn't enjoy it. I should have a sense of unsuitableness."

She lies there with her tears, thinking, thinking on the dismal prospect; while Ida Jocelyn, never dreaming of such thinking, makes her brilliant plans. Ah, Ida Jocelyn, there are many such homes, where an outward serenity is kept, and where you never suspect the many, many cares that hide beneath those who have known better days, and who, not from vanity, but from the educated taste, keep up the fair semblance! Is there a much sadder suggestion in life? But Sophy sees a rainbow through her tears.

"There's Aunt Martha's things!" And with this suggestion she slips from the couch, and dashes out of her room, up into a far, dark corner of the attic, where lies that long-forgotten chest of relics, nearly a century old. The camphor-wood has kept them intact, and Sophy drags out a lilac brocade, with glistening eyes. It is no great flourishing pattern, but a trim design of star-work, not at all outlandish, Sophy thinks, and the color suited to her fair hair. Only three days before the evening of the Fair; but Sophy will undertake it. Fly, little fingers, over your pretty work. Fly, smoothly-shining needle, to aid this busy remodeling.

Ida Jocelyn, who came the next night, was radiant at the success of her persistence.

Two nights after she went into raptures over Sophy's toilet.

"Where did you get such a lovely dress, so strange, so piquant, and so becoming? And that lace at your throat is a heirloom; and your hair all crimped and rolled into such pretty puffs, and the dear little red rose to crown it—oh, Sophy, you look like a little marchioness!"

Sophy blushed like the red rose, and laughed blithely at her success, but she told no one of the heartache that preceded it. Sophy never told any one of her heartaches. First, because she was too proud to make confidants of her girl friends; secondly because she was too generous to burden her already burdened mother. She sewed her heartaches into her work perhaps. Poor little Sophy! brave little Sophy! were there any of those gloomy threads stitched into the brilliant gown you wear to-night, or did the rainbow turn them all to shining promises?

III.

Captain Jordan stood patiently by while Bobby refreshed himself on cakes and ices. Standing there twirling his moustache, and looking forth from under heavy brows at the scene, he spies Charley Duganne.

"I declare, the fellow is eating a tart like a school boy!" he said, aloud.

Charley glanced up.

"What, Jordan?" And then, "How came you here?"

And Jordan pointed with a shrug to Bobby.

"I came to keep the peace; this urchin was breaking it into shinders because somebody had disappointed him."

Charley's admiration saw through this version, but its expression was cut short by a growling "Pshaw."

Walking with him through the rooms, Adjutant Duganne's fussee brought him at last before a window draped with flags, and glancing forth faces within. It was a charmed spot, as many a bearded luster testified.

Gay Ida Jocelyn nodded and smiled. "Do you expect another letter, Mr. Duganne? The California mail is just in."

Duganne nodded, and smiled back again. Gay Ida turned with a pretty, mock-business air. "Sophy, see if there's a letter for Mr. Duganne in this mail."

"Allow me to present to you Captain Jordan, Miss Jocelyn."

Then, as the Captain expressed it, he found himself "in it," and with an indifferent air he went through the expected questions, which Postmistress Jordan preferred to her assistant, Sophy Hamlyn.

"A letter for Captain Jordan?" The white missive dropped into his pocket, and dropped out of his mind at the same time. But

with an eye for the beautiful, he could not help admiring the lovely faces that held their little court within.

"Isn't she a stunner for beauty?" exclaimed Charley, enthusiastically, as they withdrew a few paces for new-comers.

"Which she do you mean?"

"The post-mistress—Miss Jocelyn."

"She'll do very well; but who was that girl with the yellow hair with the red rose in it?"

"Miss Hamlyn. She'd suit you, Jordan; let me introduce you."

"You mistake, Charley boy. I am admiring her as a fixed star in another planet. It's altogether too resplendent to shine in my orbit. She looks like a duchess—to come down to earth; and I am by no means a possible duke."

But there was certainly a Fate in that night. When Jordan sat by his fire an hour later, and thrust his hands in his pockets in meditative mood, he came upon that letter again. Vaguely as his hand touched it he drew it forth. "Captain Jordan" It was a firm hand for a woman.

"So that girl with the yellow hair wrote it. The pretty duchess! I should not care to look at her long; her brightness would put my eyes out."

He opened the letter and read it through. Strangely enough, the same handwriting within as without.

One of her contributions, eh? He settled himself for an airy epistle, made up of an occasional *bon mot* and French phrases. He found a curious kind of letter for such a gay-looking duchess. A straightforward letter, full of simple strength, purporting to come from a soldier's wife. Where had the gay duchess learned so much of the straitened lives of such as these?

He discovered his eyes moistening at the reality of the patient endurance; the sad, waiting hope that was presented; and, most of all, at the brave sentence: "But though I am very, very lonely; though my heart dies within me at every report of a fresh battle, yet I would rather have you there than here, because I know that there is your duty, there your honor." There were some tender, prayerful words, and then the letter ended. He folded it up and put it away. But he could not put away the contents from his mind. It seemed so real; as if it came from the depths of some strong, deep, womanly heart. And that girl with the yellow hair wrote it! He found himself thinking of it the next day. By-and-by this thought carried him to see her. He went again and again, and in that home atmosphere, spite of the gay duchess air, he discovered how it was that this girl could see so deeply into life. He saw that she wrote from her own heart—a heart deep, and strong, and womanly and heroic. He went again and again; and if her brightness put his eyes out, he gained a clearer vision wherewith to see. He saw no longer a gay duchess, but Sophy Hamlyn, a brave little philosopher—Sophy Hamlyn, the only woman in the world to him.

A fellow-officer who came home the other day and offered cordial congratulations to Captain Jordan on his success in winning Miss Hamlyn, said, wonderingly:

"And where did you find her? I did not think such a woman lived except in a book—so simple and earnest and charming."

And Captain Jordan answered, smiling:

"I found her at the Fair, where I am inclined to think henceforth are to be found all the good things of life."

Do Good. Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life—are heard of no more. Why? They do not have a particle of good in the world, and none was blessed by them as the instrument of their redemption. Not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness and love, and mercy on the hearts of those who may come in contact with year by year. You will never be forgotten. Not your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

[Dr. Chalmers.]

A gay and festive Englishman paid a visit to Washington Market, and espied some watermelons. "Aw!" said he, "cawnt you grow larger apples than those in this country?" "Apples!" exclaimed the vender, "they ain't apples. They're some green peas I've just been shelling."

The released Union prisoners from Andersonville, Georgia, states that in and around the infamous rebel prison pen at that place there are the graves of over nineteen thousand national soldiers.

MISTAKES NOT CORRECTED. Of Jesse Lee, the early apostle of Methodism in New England, it is related that one day while travelling on horseback, he fell in with two lawyers, who taking a place on either side of him began to quiz him. They asked if he was a man of liberal education.

"Sufficient," he said, "to get about the country."

They inquired if he wrote his sermons. He replied in the negative.

"But do you not sometimes make mistakes, for instance, in quoting scripture?"

"Perhaps so, sometimes, but not often."

"When you find you have made a mistake, do you correct it?"

"Not always; if it involves nothing essential, I let it pass. The other day I tried to repeat the passage where it says 'the devil is a liar, and the father of them.' I got it, 'the devil is a lawyer, and the father of them'; but I hardly thought it necessary to rectify so unimportant an error."

By this time one of the young sprigs was prompted to remark to the other, that he hardly knew whether the fellow was a knave or a fool.

Lee glanced meaning on either hand, and replied:

"Perhaps between the two."

The young gentleman by this time concluded to leave the itinerant to his own meditations.

RATHER POINTED. Mr. Rose, a well-known street preacher, was accosted by a would-be wag the other day with the following question:

"Do you believe what the Bible says about the prodigal son and the fatted calf?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, can you tell me whether the calf that was killed was a male or a female?"

"Yes, it was a female."

"How do you know that?"

"Because," said Rose looking the chap in the face, "I see the male is alive now."

On the day of the President's funeral, a bronzed and weather-beaten soldier, anxious to obtain a better view of the procession, happened to stop before a party of ladies and gentlemen. One of the gentlemen nudged him on the elbow, at the same time observing, "Excuse me, sir, but your right in front of us." Bowing handsomely in return, the soldier replied:

"That is nothing remarkable, sir, for I have been in front of you for three years." So these iron men, marching with the nonchalance of veterans, are the men who have stood in "front of us for three years."

An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom, who was standing by began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty.

The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by, "Arrah now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in your head widout any putty!"

A female servant, sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a ten-cent piece on the carpet, which she carried to the owner.

"You may keep it for your honesty," said he smiling and chucking her under the chin.

A short time after, he missed his gold pencil case, and inquired of the girl if she had seen it. "Yes sir," was the reply. "And what did you do with it?" "Kept it for my honesty, sir!"

"Sam," said one little urchin to another, "does your schoolmaster ever give you a reward of merit?" "I suppose he does," was the rejoinder, "he gives me a licking every day, and says I merit two."

"I shall be home next Sunday," a young lady remarked, as she followed to the door her beau, who seemed to be waving in his attachment. "So shall I," was the brute's reply.

"Papa," said a youngster, "what is punctuation?"

"It is the art of putting stops, my child."

"Then I wish you would go down into the cellar and punctuate the cider barrel, as the cider is running all over the floor."

Mamma," said little Nell, "ought goodness to flag me for what I have not done?" "No, my dear child, why do you ask?" "Cause she flogged me to day when I didn't do my sum."

Men do not live as long as they did in the old time. The men of this age are very fat men soon gets out of breath.

It is better to suffer the worst that may happen at once, than to live in perpetual fear of it.

Do your best, wherever you are, and when that is done, you will see an opportunity for something better.

PARIS, MAINE, JUNE 9, 1865.

Lessons of the War. No. 4.

Mr. Seward never was abused so much for any sentiment he ever uttered, as when he said some ten years since, that there was an "irrepressible conflict between slavery and freedom, and that this country could not always exist half slave and half free." Abraham Lincoln was more violently attacked in the Presidential campaign of 1860, for advancing the same ideas, than upon any other issue made in that great contest.

Neither of these distinguished men pretended to tell us how the conflict could be settled, or how it was possible to get rid of slavery. Slavery had become such a powerful element in the composition of the general government, it was so far recognized in the constitution, and had become such a power in the country, that even the wisest statesman could not tell how, or by what means it could be abolished. The rebellion has cut the "gordian knot," and decided the question. It was left to the madness of the slaveholders themselves, to destroy their pet institution and make the country "all free." We now see that nothing short of a conflict of arms, could have accomplished this great result. As we were constituted before the rebellion, to have changed the constitution of the United States, was an utter impossibility, the assent of three-fourths of the States could not have been obtained; and as for State action in this matter, in the right direction, there was no hope. Slavery had become a great element of political power. It was the foundation and chief corner stone of a great political organization. The republicans, to save the country from a civil war, offered everything in their power, except a compromise of principle. They would not consent to an extension of slavery into free territory, but they were willing it should be left where the constitution left it, a state institution, subject to be perpetuated or abolished, as each State might for itself determine. And now it is an interesting study to look back upon the events of the last four years, as connected with this great question.

President Lincoln undertook in the first place to carry on the war, distinctly recognizing slavery as one of the institutions of the country. To this end slaves escaping from their masters and coming into the federal lines, were seized by our military authorities and sent back. Many of our military commanders were pro-slavery in all their sympathies and feelings, and seemed more earnest in hunting up runaway slaves than in fighting rebels. Thus the war went on, and rebels would come into our lines demanding the rendition of their slaves, as a matter of right, under that very constitution they were fighting to destroy; and to the everlasting disgrace of our government, in many cases, these impudent demands were complied with. Gen. Butler, although a man of strong pro-slavery antecedents, saw the absurdity of the position we then occupied, and came out declaring slaves "contraband of war." Gen. Fremont took the same view of the matter in his celebrated proclamation against slavery in his military department. The general government over-ruled both of these Generals, on the ground that the war was not prosecuted by us to abolish slavery, but to save the union.

In our military operations, defeat followed defeat, and the rebels were in almost every fight, or skirmish, victorious. The eyes of the people began to be opened and they demanded of the general government a change of policy. They saw that slavery or the union must go under, the both could not be maintained. Then came the Proclamation of the President, giving notice to the rebel government, that unless it laid down its arms, he should by virtue of the war power declare slavery abolished in the rebel States. The President subsequently sent out that great and glorious edict, which shall live in history through all coming time, and render the name of his author more and more illustrious, as successive ages roll on, declaring slavery abolished. This was the great decisive blow which in the end killed the rebellion. Then followed the raising and arming negro troops, and the gallant deeds by which achieved upon every battlefield where any of the number were found. The war did not work a greater revolution in the North than it did in the South, upon the question of emancipation. The terrible sufferings of the loyal men in the border States, led them to trace their sufferings back to their true cause. They soon saw that slavery was at the bottom of all. This led them to desire its abolition. But the great finishing blow to slavery in the United States, was the last desperate act of the expiring confederacy in arming their slaves, and as a necessary appendage, granting them their freedom. This act disarmed northern sympathizers, and destroyed their last argument in behalf of the institution. By universal consent, everybody, both North and South, acknowledged slavery dead. Thus it is the efforts of the slaveholders themselves, to give perpetuity to the accursed system of involuntary servitude, have not only proved abortive, but accomplished exactly the opposite result intended. The rebellion has struck the manacles and chains from four millions of human beings in our midst, it has made us a free people, and done in four years of war, what a century of peace could never have accomplished.

Lieut. Wm. H. Lapham of the 7th Maine Battery has been commissioned by the President, Assistant Quartermaster with the rank of Captain and ordered to report at Washington.

Stanton and Sherman.

In common with the friends of Gen. Sherman, we very much regret his severe and unadvised upon the official course of Sec. Stanton. A careful reading of the General's letter complaining of Stanton's course, will fail to satisfy an impartial mind, that Sherman's arrangement for the surrender of Johnson, was neither expedient or right. The truth is, he made an egregious blunder, and one that would have involved us in inextricable difficulties, had it been approved by the President and his cabinet. In saying this, we do not charge upon Gen. Sherman disloyalty, not at all. He was over-reached by Breckenridge and Davis, who stood behind Johnson in his negotiations. Sherman's fault was in fighting, and not in negotiating. The bitter attacks he is now making on Secretary Stanton, if persisted in, will only react and injure him, instead of Stanton.

Gen. Sherman has made one of the most brilliant records in this war. He stands second only to Gen. Grant, and that is honor enough for one man. His campaign starting at Chattanooga, forcing Johnson back step by step to Atlanta, his marches through Georgia, South and North Carolina, his masterly flanking operations by which he took Atlanta, Savannah, Charleston and other important posts, stamp him as one of the greatest military commanders in history.

With this he ought to rest contented, without undertaking the ungracious task of abusing another distinguished man, who, although he has occupied a different position during this war, has earned for himself a nation's gratitude. Secretary Stanton at the head of the War Department, has been our great reliance through all the perils of this terrible conflict. Amid the raging of the storm and the howling of the tempest, he has stood like a rock, laughing at impossibilities and defying the rage of rebellion. The terror of government thieves and shoddy contractors and the friend of the unconditional loyalist everywhere. Sec. Stanton, has stood at the head of the War Department, and with a masterly hand has guided the old ship of State over the shoals and quicksands, until she now proudly rides at anchor in the haven of peace. When the history of this rebellion shall be written, the name of Edwin M. Stanton, will occupy a conspicuous place as one of the distinguished men to whom we are indebted for the final triumph of freedom, and the re-establishment of the government upon a firm and enduring basis.

HEAD QUARTERS, 12TH ME. VOL.
AUGUSTA, GA., MAY 15TH, 1865.

Whereas: The undersigned, having received the melancholy intelligence of the death of our late Brother in arms, Capt. Eliza Winter, from the effects of disease contracted in the service of his country, and desiring to express our appreciation of his character as a man and a soldier, and our deep sympathy with his bereaved family, we therefore

Resolved: That in the death of Captain Winter we mourn the loss of a citizen, whose purity of character, honesty and energy of purpose, and intellectual ability, fully entitled him to that high position in the estimation of his fellow citizens, of which he received so many evidences; and of an officer, whose patriotism, gallantry and faithfulness to duty, in camp and in field, afforded a bright example for the emulation of his brother officers, and secured to him the highest respect and affection of the soldiers of his command.

Resolved: That we extend our deepest sympathy to the widow and fatherless children of our departed brother in this their great bereavement, and reverently commend them to the protection of Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Resolved: That a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to the Widow of Capt. Winter, and to the Publisher of the Oxford Democrat with a request for their publication.

(Signed:)
WM. K. KIMBALL, Col. 12th Me. Vol.
EDWIN HINLEY, Lt. Col. 12th Me. Vol.
G. A. HASTINGS, Maj. 12th Me. Vol.
W. C. TOWLE, Asst. Surg. 12th Me. Vol.
C. C. RICHMOND, Capt. Co. B.
J. W. THOMPSON, 1st Lt. Co. B.
S. M. BOONDS, 1st Lt. Co. C.
A. D. MORSE, 2d Lt. Co. C.
G. E. ANDREWS, 2d Lt. Co. C.

The above list embraces the names of all the officers now present with the regiment, who served with Capt. Winter.

(Signed:)
WM. K. KIMBALL,
Col. 12th Me. Vol.

H. V. Q. 12th Me. Vol.
AUGUSTA, GA., MAY 20, 1865.

The above is a true copy of the original resolutions as signed by the officers of the 12th Me. Vol.

R. B. KENDALL,
Adj. 12th Me. Vol.

ITEMS FROM BETHEL. The Bethel Depot woodsheds, containing 500 cords of wood, and Water Tanks were burned Tuesday morning. Two Horse Powers belonging to Giles and Sawyer, were burned. It probably caught from the night train which passed here about two o'clock. The Telegraph Instruments and all goods stored in the depot were saved.

Vegetables never looked better, at this season of the year, than now.

There is great complaint of irregularity in receiving the mails at Bethel. We receive only about half of our regular papers of late. Who is to blame? Even the Democrat was missing last week.

We regret that the Democrat of last week was not received; the package was duly sent from this office.—[Ed.]

The examination of the West Point cadets will commence this week and continue some twenty days. Sec'y Stanton and Gen. Grant and Sherman will be there, but the generals will only stop a little while, as they are going to the Chicago fair. Gen. Schenck of Ohio is president of the board of examiners.

A PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States of America.

Washington, May 29.

Whereas, The President of the United States of America, on the 8th day of March, A. D. 1864, did, with the object of suppressing the existing rebellion, to induce all persons to return to loyalty, and to restore the authority of the United States, issue proclamations offering amnesty and pardon to certain persons who had directly or by implication participated in the said rebellion; and whereas, sundry persons who had so engaged in said rebellion have since the issuance of said proclamations, failed or neglected to take the benefits offered thereby; and whereas, many persons who have been justly deprived of all claim to amnesty and pardon thereunder, by reason of their participation in said rebellion and continued hostility to the government of the United States since the date of said proclamations, now desire to apply for and obtain amnesty and pardon:

To the end, therefore, that the authority of the government of the United States may be established, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do proclaim and declare that I hereby grant to all persons who have directly or indirectly participated in the existing rebellion, except as hereinafter excepted, amnesty and pardon, with restoration of all rights of property, except in cases where legal proceedings under the laws of the United States providing for the confiscation of property of persons engaged in rebellion, have been instituted, but on the condition, nevertheless, that every such person shall take and subscribe the following oath or affirmation and thereupon keep and maintain said oath inviolate, and which oath shall be registered for permanent preservation, and shall be of the tenor and effect following, to-wit:

I do solemnly swear, or affirm, in presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the Union of the States, and that I will in like manner abide by, and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion, with reference to the emancipation of slaves, so help me God.

The following classes of persons are excepted from the benefits of this proclamation:

1st.—All who are, or who shall have been pretended civil or diplomatic officers, otherwise, or foreign agents of the pretended Confederate government.

2d.—All who held judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion.

3d.—All who shall have been military or naval officers of said pretended Confederate government above the rank of colonel in the army, or lieutenant in the navy.

4th.—All who left seats in the Congress of the United States to aid the rebellion.

5th.—All who resigned, or tendered resignations of their commissions in the army or navy of the United States, to evade duty in resisting the rebellion.

6th.—All who have engaged in any way in treating, otherwise than lawfully, as prisoners of war, persons found in the United States state service as officers, seamen, or in any other capacities.

7th.—All persons who have been or are absentees from the United States for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.

8th.—All military or naval officers in the rebellion who were educated by the government in the Military Academy at West Point, or the United States Naval Academy.

9th.—All persons who held the pretended office of Governor of States in insurrection against the United States.

10th.—All persons who left their homes within the jurisdiction and protection of the United States, and passed beyond the Federal military lines into the so-called Confederate States, for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.

11th.—All persons who have been engaged in the destruction of the commerce of the United States upon the high seas, and all persons who have made raids into the United States from Canada, or been engaged in destroying the commerce of the United States upon the lakes and rivers that separates the British Provinces from the United States.

12th.—All persons who at the time when they seek to obtain the benefits hereof, by taking the oath herein prescribed, are in military, naval or civil, confinement or custody, or under bonds of the civil, military or naval authorities, or agents of the United States, as prisoners of war, or persons detained for the offences of any kind, either before or after conviction.

13th.—All persons who have voluntarily participated in said rebellion, and the estimated value of whose taxable property is over \$20,000.

14th.—All persons who have taken the oath of amnesty as prescribed in the President's proclamation, of December 8th A. D. 1864, or an oath of allegiance to the government of the United States since the date of said proclamation, and have not thereupon kept and maintained the same inviolate, provide that special application may be made to the President for pardon by any person belonging to the excepted classes, and such clemency will be liberally extended as may be consistent with the facts of the case and the peace and dignity of the United States.

The Secretary of State will establish rules and regulations for administering and recording said amnesty oath, so as to insure its benefit to the people and guard the government against fraud.

ANDREW JOHNSON,
By the President—Wm. H. Seward,
Secretary of State.

HOCKEYOLD POEMS. Ticknor & Fields have just issued the first volume of a series of "Common Poems for the people," to answer, as they say, "an almost universal demand for a cheap literature of a high class." The plan is, "to present the choicest and most deservedly popular Poems of the best Poets in a tasteful and elegant style, and at the same time at a price so low as to bring the series within the reach of every household." This first volume of 96 pages, bound in paper, contains all Mr. Longfellow's shorter Poems of a domestic nature, illustrated by English artists. The next one will contain "Songs for the sea" by Tennyson. Other volumes will follow.

We heartily commend the object and the plan. It is a compliment to the masses by these enterprising publishers which cannot fail to form, elevate and instruct the taste of the people.

WILD FLOWERS.

NO. THREE.

At no time during the year is there such an abundance and variety of wild flowers, as in late May and June. The Moccasin Flowers or Lady's Slippers are, perhaps, the most remarkable plants of this season. The large pink stemless Lady's Slipper, *Cypripedium acaule*, with its plumed, downy leaves, and delicately veined moccasin-shaped flowers, is our most common species. It grows in woods under evergreens, and is in blossom from late May through June. A little earlier than this, in some dark, rich woods, one may sometimes find the larger Yellow Lady's Slipper, *Cypripedium pubescens*, a beautiful plant with leafy stems and bright yellow flowers. The smaller Yellow Lady's Slipper, *Cypripedium parviflorum*, which can scarcely be distinguished from the last, grows in similar localities, and blossoms a few days later. We have one other *Cypripedium*, blossoming the last of May, which is very rare. It is the Ram's-head, *Cypripedium cristatum*, a small, greenish purple flowered species, growing in rich, dark woods. The showy Orchis, *Orchis spectabilis*, also a rare plant hereabouts, sometimes occurs on wooded hill-sides at this season. It is a fine species, with a spike of purple flowers springing from between two large leaves close to the ground. All these belong to the family of Orchis. "A high-bred race, fastidious in habits, sensitive to abuses," as Higginson says.

The Corydalis, *Corydalis glauca*, a plant of the same natural family as the Dutchman's Breeches; blossoms from the last of May until August. It is seen to best advantage on some barren hill-side, where the ledges have just a thin covering of soil; in such a place, it will be found growing tall and close, the graceful, slender stalks bearing small leaves and a profusion of delicately shaded red and yellow jewel-like flowers. On lower land, or in the garden, it loses much of its delicate grace, growing with large leaves and stout branching stalks, like its near relative, the Delytra, but without such an abundance of flowers. At the same time with the first flowers of this plant, we may gather, in rocky pastures, or dry open woods, the Wild Columbine, *Aquilegia canadensis*, with its scarlet and yellow pendant flowers, reminding one of its less beautiful European sister, the common Columbine of the garden.

From the last of May until far into June and while the Rhodora yet lingers, the Swamp Laurel, *Kalmia glauca*, lights up every bog and swamp with purple flowers. These delicately sculptured blossoms never fade upon their stems, but drop from the plant in the height of their freshness and beauty, covering the moss at their feet with alien blossoms. Before the last chivalries have fallen from this shrub, its sister, the Sheep Laurel or Lambkill, *Kalmia angustifolia*, begins to blossom, and keeps the bogs, and even the hill-sides and pastures, bright with purple, until late July. The leaves of these laurels contain prussic acid, and are poisonous.

But the flowers of late May are not exhausted. The Dwarf Cornel or Bunchberry, *Cornus canadensis*, with its corolla-like involucre of white leaves enclosing a little cluster of greenish flowers, which are succeeded by a bunch of red berries; grows almost everywhere in cold woods and even in pastures. With this, or frequently in rich soil along streams, is found the Mitrewort, *Torilis cordifolia*, sending up its racemes of snowy flowers. All the species of Solomon's Seal blossom at this season. The little two leaved species, *Silene bifolia*, growing everywhere in damp woods, the three leaved one, *Silene trifolia*, found in swamps; the leafy stemmed, *Silene stellata*, along river banks; and the tall Spikenard Solomon's Seal, *Silene racemosa*, which grows in rich wood-lands.

In cold damp woods, the Wild Lily of the Valley, *Clintonia borealis*, displays its cluster of lily-like flowers above the cool, green leaves. In company with this grows the Wild Turnip, *Arisaema triphyllum*, its curious flowers succeeded by a bunch of scarlet berries standing alone at the top of the thick stem, after all the leaves have fallen and withered. A week or two later than the Wild Turnip, comes another representative of the same family, the Wild Calla, *Calla palustris*, its velvety whiteness at once recalling its exotic kinsman, the Ethiopian Calla.

We hardly notice many of the trees that blossom at this period, the oaks, pines &c., but when the Choke-cherry, *Prunus virginiana*, and a few days later, the Wild Black Cherry *Prunus serotina*, put forth their numerous cymose clusters of white flowers among the fresh green leaves, we can not help being attracted by them. At this time also, the branches of the Striped Maple, *Acer pennsylvanicum*, are filled with drooping clusters of green flowers.

From late May until September, the meadows and hill-sides are sprinkled with yellow Buttercups, *Ranunculus acris*. This plant, although introduced from Europe, seems to have been much more abundant fifteen or twenty years ago, than now. With the Buttercup, but not continuing so late, grows the little Blue-eyed Grass, *Sisyrinchium bermudiana*, its pretty blue flowers springing from the grass like stems. With the first of June comes a showy relation of the Blue-eyed Grass, the Blue Flag, *Iris versicolor*, which grows in every wet place.

Early June brings the flowers of the Pitcher Plant, *Sarracenia purpurea*, which are so less curious than the pitcher-like leaves. It grows on peat-bogs and wet meadows. With this plant some times grows the Arctostaphylos, *Arctostaphylos uva-ursi*, a single rose-purple flower at the summit of

a slender stem, which rises without a leaf, from a little bulb imbedded in the damp moss—a perfect gem which needs no setting of green leaves. Nothing could be more exquisitely beautiful, the arching of sepals and petals over the notched and waxy-edged lip, the depth and softness and yet the wonderful brilliancy of color, as if every part of the flower were filled with diamond dust, the faint, delicious perfume, all seem so unlike anything we could have thought or dreamed of, that our admiration never ceases.

The Common Crinquefoil or Five Finger, *Potentilla canadensis*, common among grass in dry fields, and the Silvery Crinquefoil, *Potentilla arguta*, which has the under side of the leaves covered with silvery wool and grows on dry hills and barren fields, produce their golden flowers all summer. *Potentilla fruticosa*, the Mountain Crinquefoil, with snow-white flowers, and thick, evergreen leaves, is found only on high mountains. On Streaked Mountain in Paris, it grows in the greatest abundance, in company with another alpine or sub-alpine plant, the Mountain Sandwort, *Aletris grandiflora*. These plants grow in such profusion on many parts of the mountain, as to cover the almost naked ledges with flowers, and call to mind those glowing accounts of the blossoming cliffs and gorges among the Alps and Pyrenees.

Our Foreign Relations.

The triumph of the federal arms, and the overthrow of the rebellion, has changed the whole tone of the foreign press when speaking of American affairs. They deeply sympathize with us now in all our afflictions, and hail the restoration of the union, as one of the great events of the age. But their wonderful good will, so suddenly manifested, can never blot out the record of the past. It will not cause us to forget the insults we have received from England and France, during the perils of the terrible civil war, from which we are now triumphantly emerging. We do not blame them for recognizing the rebels as belligerents, for we were compelled to do that ourselves, in order to get an exchange of prisoners; but we do blame England for allowing pirates to build their ships in English waters, for permitting them to water, coal and repair in British ports, for harboring assassins, thieves and robbers in their ports and provinces, and generously giving aid and comfort to our enemies. We do blame France for violating the Monroe doctrine, in crowning an upstart monarch in Mexico, and establishing a monarchical government in this Western continent. England may as well understand now as hereafter, that she has got to pay for all practical spoils upon our commerce, committed by war vessels that have been built or taken shelter in their ports; and France had better make her calculations to take home Maximilian, and leave "America to rule America."

We are in a condition now, to demand our rights. We are the strongest military power on the face of the earth. Our iron-clads and monitors can "sweep the ocean" and defy the successful approach of foreign fleets from one end of the coast to the other. We can raise, arm and equip an army of veterans in thirty days, that can thrash the world. We have a corps of the greatest generals the world ever saw. After all, a war with France or England, would be a calamity to both parties, and should be avoided if possible. But we fear no war with either of these powers. The fact that we are prepared to enforce our rights, at the point of the bayonet, is a sufficient guarantee that these rights will be respected by foreign powers.

East Sumner Items.

The citizens of East Sumner were highly gratified on Thursday last, by the appearance of Hon. Sidney Perham, who made a very interesting and impressive speech, on the life and public services of our late lamented President. The house was crowded to its utmost, for the people expected an able address, and they were not disappointed. Mr. Perham took his bearings back to the time when old J. B., disgraced the presidential chair, and then carefully reviewed the history of the past since that time, showing conclusively, that no man was ever placed under such trying circumstances, as our beloved, though departed, magistrate. The speaker closed his remarks, by relating several scenes and incidents in the private, as well as the public life of this great and good man, showing him to be a kind, tender-hearted, and devoted friend of his country, and an oppressor of race. Mr. Perham spoke nearly two hours, and the vast audience, at the close, expressed their thanks by rising. Let it be remembered, that in this assembly that could be counted by hundreds, congregated to express their sorrow at the most afflictive event that has ever befallen our country, only two democrats could be perceived. *Remembered*—They will be born to another life.

At a meeting of the citizens of Sumner and Hartford, for the purpose of making arrangements for a Cattle Show and Fair, over which Isaac Cushman, Esq., presided; the following officers were appointed: Gilbert Barrett, President; Simon Robinson, Jr., Secretary; J. B. Biber, Treasurer; Wm. R. Cary, E. S. Bishop, John T. Glover, S. C. Hoad, Alden Barrett, Andrew J. Hosen, Eliphalet Morrill, O. B. Robinson, and Joseph Field were chosen directors.

CONNECTICUT. The amendment to the State Constitution of Connecticut, extending the right of suffrage to colored citizens has passed the Legislature by a strict party vote. The question will now be submitted to the people, of whom a majority will, or none, decide in its favor. It is a step in the right direction, which must be sooner or later followed by every state in the Union.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY IN REGARD TO THE YELLOW FEVER PLOT. The proceedings yesterday of the court engaged in trying the assassination conspirators were unusually interesting and important, disclosing in a great measure the plot of Dr. Blackburn, the rebel agent in Canada, to introduce yellow fever in this country, for the purpose, as alleged, not only of spreading the disease in northern cities, but to infect the national armies, and even to extend its desolating ravages into the Presidential mansion.

The evidence of the prosecution in regard to this plot was commenced by the examination of Godfrey J. Hyams, of Toronto, who testified that in December, 1862, he met in Toronto Dr. Blackburn, whom he knew to be in the rebel service. Blackburn took Hyams to a private room and asked him if he was willing to go on an expedition in which he would make a hundred thousand dollars and receive more glory than the rebel General Lee. Witness finally consented. Subsequently he received a letter from Blackburn, dated in Havana on the 10th of last May, stating when he would arrive at Halifax. Witness then made his way to that place, where arrangements were perfected for the distribution of infected clothing and for transporting the trunks to New York, Philadelphia and other northern cities. Blackburn stated that his object was to destroy the Union army; that the clothing had been infected with yellow fever, and other parties were engaged with him in infecting goods, amounting to one million dollars' worth with that disease and small-pox. The witness understood from Blackburn that the clothing in a value which was sent to President Lincoln was infected with both diseases. When witness returned to Hamilton, Canada, he met Clay and Holcombe, the rebel agents, who congratulated him on his success, and he telegraphed to Dr. Blackburn, who came down the next night, and when witness told him what he had done he said it was all right, as Big No. Two had gone to Washington, and he was sure it would kill at sixty yards. Blackburn told Hyams that Thompson, another of the rebel agents in Canada, would pay him, and he went to Thompson, who stated that he would be paid when they heard the goods had been delivered according to instructions. The witness showed them a letter from Wall & Co., when Thompson gave him fifty dollars on account.

The testimony of Mr. Hyams, of which the above contains the main points only, was listened to with great attention by the crowded audience, and was the marked feature of the day's proceedings.

THE SURRENDER OF KIRBY SMITH. The surrender of Kirby Smith saves the government from a Texas campaign. General Grant was confident of the surrender from the first, and was very much surprised at the obduracy of Smith. Preparations for an overwhelming campaign have been making for two or three weeks, and the surrender saves the government, to say the least, a hundred millions of dollars.—The Intelligencer says on this head:

It is probable that a larger and more rapid reduction both of our military and naval forces may now be made than was contemplated up to this time. The great expenditures of the government will also be sooner brought down to a peace establishment than was expected. The five hundred millions of dollars, which some persons supposed would be the cost of subduing Texas, will be saved. It is probable that the standing army will be reduced to a hundred thousand men, instead of a hundred and sixty thousand, as had been proposed. This army would be adequate to the duty of frontier and border defence, and also of protecting the loyal efforts, in the southern states, for the restoration of the Union, and of holding in subjugation the rebel elements that may there still exist. [N. Y. Post.]

TOOMBS ON DAVIS. A letter written by Toombs of Georgia last March has turned up. It is mainly filled with complaints of Jeff. Davis' course. Toombs says he has the most painful apprehensions of the future, arising from his conviction of "the total incapacity of Mr. Davis and the utter failure of all his petty schemes." He says that "the revenues of all the countries in the world would not support Davis' government one year; it is one wild waste and pilfering by his thousands of officials in the rear." He adds that the only hope of the revolution is in the overthrow of Davis. He seems, also, to have but a little higher estimate of Lee than of Davis.

[Journal.]

OBSERVANCE OF THE FAST. The Fast appointed by President Johnson, on the first day of June, was observed throughout the State by services in many of the churches. It was observed at this place in the Baptist Church, and at Norway in the Congregational Church. The Rev. Mr. Walker of Portland, officiated at Norway. He gave an address of great historical interest, which was listened to by a large and appreciative audience.

Robert Dale Owen is intending to prepare a biography of Abraham Lincoln, to make two volumes of 500 pages each. The object of the work, will be, as we learn, to present the late President in his domestic and social as well as political relations, the former constructing the most important part. Mr. Owen is said to be well qualified, having a great amount of material at hand, leisure for the work, and enthusiasm for the subject.

WASHINGTON, June 4. Gen. Grant has issued the following congratulatory address to the army:

WAR DEPT., Adj. General's Office,
Washington June 2d 1865.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 198.

Soldiers of the Army of the U. S.:

By your patriotic danger and your country, in the hour of its darkest hour, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws and of the proclamation, forever abolishing slavery, the cause and pretext of the rebellion, and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil.

Your marches, sieges, and battles, in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of results, dim the lustre of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defense of liberty and right, in all time to come. In obedience to your country's call, you left your homes and families, and volunteered in its defense.

Victory has crowned your valor, and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts, and with the gratitude of your countrymen, and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens. To achieve the glorious triumph, and secure to yourselves, your fellow countrymen, and posterity, the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen, and sealed the priceless legacy with their lives. The graves of these a grateful nation bestows with tears, honors their memories and will ever cherish and support their stricken families.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant General.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 13, 1865. 13,000 returning troops have arrived in this city since Saturday. 3,000 arrived today.

The Times Washington dispatch says it is probable that the testimony in the conspiracy case will be closed on Friday.

The Tribune's dispatch says the suppressed testimony has greatly endangered the lives of the witnesses some of who are still in Canada.

Dr. Merritt who is a very worthy man and who was vouched for in the court by General Grant, was warned against going to Canada, but was obliged to go and settle up his affairs and has not been heard from since he went.

New York, June 3. The Tribune's Washington dispatch says Col. Taylor, Lee's Adjutant General, Surg. Moore and about 50 rebel soldiers have been summoned to testify again at Lee, on the charge of treason.

New York, June 3. Gen. Sherman is meeting with a most hospitable entertainment here. He was serenaded last night by the Bands of the 37th and 7th regiments and made a brief speech. Gen. Rosecrans, Swayne and Butterfield also briefly addressed the assemblage.

The World's Dispatch says Chas. O'Connor has applied to the War Department for permission to tender Jeff Davis his professional services, and the President has directed the application to be granted.

HAVANA, May 30. By the arrival of the blockade runner Lark, from Galveston, we have news to May 28th.

In the city of Galveston there was the greatest confusion. Anarchy and demoralization was the order of the day. Houston was in a similar condition.

General Magruder had endeavored to make a speech to his soldiers, but was hissed and booed up, and told by them that they had been humbugged enough, and intended to settle affairs to suit themselves. Magruder returned to San Antonio. It was assumed that no Texan would fight any longer, and all wished to return to the Union.

The Mayor and principal citizens of Galveston had left the city in order to meet the federal officers and hurry the surrender. Governor Murray and Ashbel Smith had gone to New Orleans to surrender the state to the United States forces.

CINCINNATI, May 29. The Commercial's Chattanooga dispatch says: "Southern papers received announced the intention of the people of the South to accept the new order of things in good faith, and stand by the government in restoring good order and industry."

They repudiate guerrilla warfare, or acts against individuals holding political opinions different from themselves, and declare their intention of laying aside the ideas which have heretofore animated them. John Bell is in Atlanta. The East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad is being repaired. Only 20 miles remained to be finished to connect Boston and Bristol.

The rebel ex-Secretary Military, and Howell Cobb passed Chattanooga yesterday for Nashville under guard. Detachments of Gen. Wilson's cavalry are daily arriving.

CONVICTIONS FOR SEDITION OF PEN-JOHN. The trial of Francis O. J. Smith, of Maine, on an indictment found by the grand jury of Suffolk county, for sedition of property, occupied the Superior Criminal Court nearly the whole of last week, and resulted this morning in a verdict of guilty.

After the rendering of this verdict the counsel of Mr. Smith applied for time to file a bill of exceptions, and the court granted one month for this purpose.

Seven-Thirty Notes.

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

W. A. PIDGIN.

May 28th, 1865.

POPULARITY. A great many people, at the present day, think more of obtaining a publicity and popularity, than of any other one thing that could possibly be possessed of. But, serious as they may be to acquire the great glory of the people, none ever succeeded in so great a task as to have that world-renowned 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 their flour or potatoes. Experience has taught the people that no other remedy has ever been put before the public that will cure coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, all throat and lung complaints, 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, and, in no case, either rich or poor, thinks of being without it. We would suggest to all our readers the necessity of keeping an ample supply of this kind for home use. It costs but 40 cents per bottle, and is sold at all drug stores, and is the cheapest and best remedy in the world.

Whiskers! Whiskers!

Do you want Whiskers or Mustaches? Our Great Compound will cause them to grow on the smoothest face or chin, or hair on bald heads. In Six Weeks. Price, \$1.00. 3 packages for \$2.00. Sent by mail anywhere, closely packed, no receipt necessary.

Address, WARNER & CO., Box 138, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO THE NERVOUS, DEBILITATED AND DEPRESSED OF BOTH SEXES. A great sufferer having been induced to health in a few days, after many years of misery, is willing to send his fellow sufferers by sending (free) on the receipt of a post paid envelope, a copy of the formula of cure enclosed. Direct.

JOHN M. DAGNALL, Box 182 Post Office, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARRIED.

In Woodstock, June 2d, by H. C. Davis, Esq., Mr. Henry P. Cole, to Miss Flora J. Barry, both of Woodstock.

DIED.

In Norwich, May 28th, Charles Reed, eldest son of the late William Reed, aged 50 years.

THE

Clipper Mowing & Reaping Machines.

ARE adapted to every variety of surface, and to cutting every kind of grass.

They are lighter in weight and draft, and more perfect in action than any other machine in market.

The height of cut can be varied, in the driver while the machine is in motion, and without leaving his seat.

They are strong, durable, and not liable to get out of order.

The One Horse Mower can be drawn by one horse as easily as the ordinary two-horse machines by two horses.

All kinds of Agricultural Implements, Seeds and Fertilizers constantly on hand. Send for circulars.

R. H. ALLEN & CO.,
189 and 191 West of N. Y. City.

RARE CHANCE FOR A BARGAIN

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm, a tract of land in the town of Paris, one and one-half miles from Paris Hill, and free and one-half mile from South Paris Depot.

Said farm contains about one hundred and twenty acres, mostly cleared, and is well watered by wood land, heavily wooded, primarily 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—two 24x30 and one 29x30. The farm is well watered by a brook running through the same, well of good water at the house, and a spring of sweet falling water within eight rods of the house.

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

RUFUS FARRAR, Jr.,
Paris, May 23, 1865.

STATE OF MAINE.

ORDERED, That the Court of County Commissioners be and they are, to hold a Court of Sessions for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of May, being the month of said month A. D. 1865.

Ordered, That there be assessed on Township No. 5 Range 1 in the County of Oxford, for the year of said and before said Court, estimated to contain twenty acres of land, to be assessed at five acres, exclusive of water and land to be assessed for public use, the sum of one hundred and one dollar and thirteen cents, being seven mills per acre, and Nelson W. Brown of said Parish, is appointed Agent to report said assessment according to law.

Attest: A. L. BURBANK, Clerk.
A true copy Attest:
A. L. BURBANK, Clerk.

NOTICE. Mrs. JULIA BROWN, one of the joint owners of a certain lot of land in the town of Paris, has left her Town Paris, where suitable provisions for her support had been made. There is to be sold all persons having or claiming an interest in said land, or who will pay no notice of her contracting after this date.

O. C. BOLSTER, }
S. P. MAXIM, }
T. C. CUSHMAN, } Paris.

May 25th, 1865.

SELLING OFF AT COST

Being obliged to vacate 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. HAWSON.

CHAMPION BLACK HAWK,

WILL sell for export the present season

This hawk is six years old, weighs 15 lbs high, and weighs 1,000 lbs. Color, jet black. He is perfectly sound and healthy, very stylish, and does a good hunting job.

For more, see the advertisement in the Boston Post.

TERMS: To insure a full \$100.

W. A. PIDGIN & CO.

Book, Card and Fancy Job Printer

PARIS, MAINE.

PARIS, MAINE.

PARIS, MAINE.

PARIS, MAINE.

PARIS, MAINE.

U.S. 7-30 Loan

THIRD SERIES,
\$230,000,000.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury,

the undersigned, the General Subscription 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 15, 1865, 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 new 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 bank or banker.

The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.

Two cents " " " 100 "

Ten " " " 500 "

Twenty " " " 1000 "

\$1 " " " 5000 "

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-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at six per cent. instead of 7-30 interest. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15th, 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 after that date.

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

The notes to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in gold be available, will be sold to the public at a price which will be fully equal to those made with seven and three tenths per cent. in currency. This is

The Only Loan in Market

New offered by the Government, and its 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 all 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 afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and private Banks throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will order their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who show are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive or order.

JAY COOKE,

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT, PHILADELPHIA.

May let, 1865.

Subscriptions will be received by the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, PORTLAND.

NEW ENGLAND

Screw Steamship Com'y

THE subscriber and fast Steamships CHESAPEAKE, Capt. William, and FRANCONIA, Capt. Nelson, will sail for New York, on the

Leave Boston's Wharf, Portland, every Wednesday and Saturday, at 4 o'clock P. M., and New York, at 2 o'clock P. M.

These vessels are fitted up with fine accommodations for passengers, making this the most speedy, safe and comfortable route for travelers between New York and Boston. Fare, with State Room, \$4.00. Cabin passage, \$2.00. Meals extra.

Goods forwarded by this line to and from Montreal, Quebec, Bangor, Bath, Annapolis, Eastport and St. John.

Shippers are requested to send their Freight to the Steamer as early as 2 P. M., so that they may have the benefit of the early departure.

For Freight or Passage apply to

EMERY & FOX, Portland.

H. R. CROMWELL & Co., New York.

Portland, May 29, 1865.

ORDERED, That the Court of Probate hold at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21st Tuesday of May A. D. 1865.

JEDEDIAH HARDING, Administrator of the estate of Joel F. Harding late of Andover in said County, deceased, having presented his final account of administration of the estate a said deceased for allowance.

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

A true copy—W. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—W. J. HOBBS, Register.

NOTICE. All persons and corporations are hereby notified that my wife Ruth S. Morrison has left my lot and board without my permission, and I hereby give notice that I shall pay no debts which she may contract, and the public are cautioned to trade for my account.

ALVIN MORRISON.

Bridgton, May 16, 1865.

ORDERED, That the Court of Probate hold at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21st Tuesday of May A. D. 1865.

O of John C. Coffey late of Andover in said County, deceased, having presented his final account of administration of the estate a said deceased for allowance.

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

A true copy—W. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—W. J. HOBBS, Register.

NOTICE. I have made arrangements to place my business at Lock's Mill, and will sell the contents of my stock of goods at a great bargain, and the proceeds will be for the relief of the poor. All persons interested to be present and make the same before the 6th of August next.

JEREMIAH BARTLETT.

Lock's Mill, June 7, 1865.

AGENTS WANTED. A Scientific Seed Plant Patent of the late President LINCOLN, is now offered to each subscriber to "The New York and Boston Post." The work also contains a signed statement of the capture of Jeff. Davis, the Prison of Belle Isle, and his wife's portrait. Thousands of Goodreads are being sold. Address: L. STEPHENS, Hartford, Ct.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that she has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

JOHN WHITTEMORE, late of Hebron, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

May 16, 1865. RUTH WHITTEMORE.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that she has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

JACOB NEWTON, late of Duxbury, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

May 16, 1865. JOHN J. HOLMAN.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

ABRAHAM DEAN, late of Oxford, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

May 16, 1865. BENJAH FRATT, Jr.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

JAMES HUBBARD, late of Duxbury, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

May 16, 1865. ISAAC RAYDALE.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

TYLER B. TURNER, late of Hebron, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

May 16, 1865. H. H. HITCHINSON, Jr.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that she has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

PARKER M. SOPER, late of Hebron, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

May 16, 1865. CHARLES MERRILL.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that she has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

JONATHAN CROSS, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

May 16, 1865. MOSES T. CROSS.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that she has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

EDWARD HAMMOND, late of Paris, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

May 16, 1865. BENJ. LOVEJOY.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

CHAS. F. MORSE, late of Andover N. Hampshire, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

May 16, 1865. LUTHER H. LUDDEN.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

STEPHEN E. COTTELL, late of Canton, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

May 16, 1865. E. G. HARLOW.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

ELBRIDGE H. FOSTER, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

May 16, 1865. WM. R. CARY.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that she has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

JOSEPH H. HAMMOND, late of Paris, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

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