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MISCELLANY.

DAVID MATSON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who of my young friends have read the
sorrowful story of "Enoch Arden?" So
sweetly told by the great English poet? It
is the story of a young man who went to
sea, leaving behind a sweet young wife and
little daughter. He was cast away on a
desert island, where he remained several
years, when he was discovered and taken
off by a passing vessel. Coming back to
his native town, he found his wife married
to an old playmate—a good man, rich and
honored, with whom she was living happily.
The poor man, unwilling to cause her pain,
resolved not to make himself known to her,
and lived and died alone. The poem has
reminded me of a very similar story of my
own New England neighborhood which I
have often heard, and which I will try to
tell, not in poetry, like Alfred Tennyson's,
but in my own poor prose. I can assure
my readers that in its main particulars, it is
a true tale.

One bright summer morning more than
three years ago, David Matson, with his
young wife, and his two healthy, bare-
footed boys stood on the bank of the river,
near their dwelling. They waited there for
Pelatiah Curtis to come round the point
with his wherry, and take the husband and
the father to the port, a few miles below.
The Lively Turtle was about to sail on a
voyage to Spain, and David was to go in
her as mate. They stood there in the lovely
morning sunshine, talking cheerfully,
but had you been near enough you could
have seen tears in Anna Matson's blue
eyes, for she loved her husband, and she
knew there was always danger on the sea.
And David's bluff, cheery voice trembled
a little now and then, for the sailor loved
his snug home on the Merriam, with the
dear wife and her pretty boys. But pre-
sently the wherry came alongside, and Da-
vid was just stepping into it when he turned
back to kiss his wife and children once more.

"In with you, man," said Pelatiah Cur-
tis; "there is no time for kissing and such
fooleries when the tide serves."
And so they parted. Anna and the boys
went back to their home, and David to the
port whence he sailed off in the Lively Tur-
tle. And months passed, autumn followed
the summer, and winter the autumn, and
then spring came, and anon it was summer
on the river side, and he did not come back.
And another year passed, and then the old
sailors and fishermen said that the Lively
Turtle was a lost ship, and would never
come back to port; and poor Anna had her
bombarine gown dyed black, and her straw
bonnet trimmed in mourning ribbons, and
henceforth she was known only as the Wid-
ow Matson.

Now you must know the Mohamedan
people of Algiers and Tripoli, and Moga-
dore and Saligee, on the Barbary coast,
had for a long time been in the habit of
fitting out galleys and armed boats to seize
the merchant vessels of Christian nations,
and make slaves of their crews and passen-
gers just as men calling themselves Chris-
tians in America were sending vessels to Af-
rica to catch black slaves for their planta-
tions. The Lively Turtle fell into the
hands of one of these roving sea robbers,
and the crew were taken to Algiers, and
sold in the market place as slaves, poor
David Matson among the rest.

When a boy he had learned the trade of
ship carpenter with his father on the Mer-
riam, and now he was set to work in the
dockyards. His master, who was naturally
a kind man, did not overwork him. He
daily had his three loaves of bread, and
when his clothing was worn out its place
was supplied by the coarse wool and camel's
hair worn by the Berber women. Three
hours before sunset he was released from
work, and Friday, which was the Moha-
medan Sabbath, was a day of entire rest.
Once a year, at the season called Ramadan,
he was left at leisure for a whole week.
So time went on—days, weeks, months
and years. His hair became grey. He
still dreamed of his good Anna and the
boys. He wondered if they still lived,
whether they thought of him, and what they
were doing. The hope of seeing them
again grew fainter and fainter, and at last
he nearly died out, and he resigned himself to
his fate as a slave for life.

But one day a handsome, middle-aged
gentleman, in the dress of one of his own
countrymen, attended by a great officer of
the Bey, entered the ship-yard, and called
up before him the American captives. The
stranger was none other than Joel Barlow,
Commissioner of the United States, to pro-
cure the liberation of the slaves belonging
to that Government. He took the men by
the hand as they came up, and told them
they were free. As you might expect, the
poor fellows were very grateful; some
laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted
and sang, and threw up their caps, while

others, with David Matson among them,
knelt down on the chips, and thanked God
for the great deliverance.

"This is a very affecting scene," said the
Commissioner, wiping his eyes. "I must
keep the impression of it for my Colum-
biad," and drawing out his tablet, proceed-
ed to write an apostrophe to Freedom, which
afterwards found a place in his great epic.
David Matson had saved a little money
during his captivity, by odd jobs and work
holidays. He got a passage to Magala,
where he bought a nice shawl for his wife
and a watch for each of his boys. He then
went to the quay, where an American ship
was lying just ready to sail for Boston.

Almost the first man he saw on board was
Pelatiah Curtis, who had rowed him down to
the port seven years before. He found that
his old neighbor did not know him, so
changed was he with his long beard and
Moorish dress, whereupon, without telling
his name, he began to put questions about
his old home, and finally asked him if he
knew a Mrs. Matson.

"I rather think I do," said Pelatiah;
"she's my wife."
"Your wife?" cried the other. "She is
mine before God and man. I am David
Matson, and she is the mother of my child-
ren."

"And mine, too," said Pelatiah. "I
left her with a baby in her arms. If you
are David Matson, your right to her is out-
lawed, at any rate she is mine, and I am
not the man to give her up."
"God is great!" said poor David Mat-
son, unconsciously repeating the words of
Moslem submission. "His will be done.
I loved her, but I shall never see her again.
Give these, with my blessings, to the good
woman and the boys," and he handed over
with a sigh, the little bundle containing the
gifts for his wife and children.

He shook hands with his rival. "Pelat-
iah," he said, looking back as he left the
ship, "be kind to Anna and my boys."
"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the sailor in a
careless tone. He watched the poor man
passing slowly up the narrow street until
out of sight. "It's a hard case for old
David," he said, helping himself to a fresh
cup of tobacco; "but I am glad I've seen
the last of him."

When Pelatiah Curtis reached home, he
told Anna the story of her husband, and
laid his gifts in her lap. She did not faint
nor shriek, for she was a healthy woman,
with strong nerves; but she sat alone and
wept bitterly. She lived many years after,
but could never be persuaded to wear the
pretty shawl which the husband of her youth
had sent as his farewell gift. There is,
however, a tradition that, in accordance
with her dying wish, it was wrapped about
her poor old shoulders in the coffin and
buried with her.

The little old bull's-eye watch, which is
still in the possession of one of her grand-
children, is now all that remains to tell of
David Matson—the lost man.

[Our Young Folks.]

THE PRESIDENT ON PRESENTS. The
custom of giving officials presents has be-
come an evil of such magnitude that scarce-
ly an official act can be performed unless
the officer is fed. A distinguished Sena-
tor on Thursday called on President
Johnson to thank him for the presents.
The president said that he had or-
dered a carriage for himself which he in-
tended to pay for—that it would be one
suitable to his condition, but one combining
the utmost simplicity. It came out in the
conversation that in the Government of the
United States there is to be no spicing of
foreign manners or foreign extravagance. The
utmost simplicity and economy is to be ob-
served. The first military power in the
world will set an example to nations which
others must copy. The rule that the Presi-
dent lays down for himself will be exacted of
all under him.

THE DRUMMER BOY AND HIS PONY.
Among those lately favored with an inter-
view with the President, was high private
G. Van Zant, of the Seventy-ninth Ohio,
thirteen years old, a clean-faced and bright
eyed youth, who has made the entire cam-
paign from Atlanta with the regiment, act-
ing part of the time as drummer boy, and
part as orderly to General Ward. "Well,
my son," said the President, "what do you
want? A brevet, I suppose. Brevet cor-
poral? How will that do?" "No, sir, I
don't care for rank; I have a pony, brought
all the way through, and they are going to
take him from me, and I want to take him
home and keep him." "You shall have
him," and writing an order for transporta-
tion, directed the officers to let him have
the pony. "Now I am right again," and
with a "thank you," he left the President.

A young lady objected to a negro's car-
rying her across a mud-hole because she
thought herself too heavy. "Lor's misses,"
said Sambo, imploringly, "I's carried
whole barrels of sugar."

Thirst in Australia.

It is already, though only an hour after
sunrise, very hot; there is the copper glare
about the northwest portion of the sky which
always accompanies a hot wind; there is a
dull, smoky look about the horizon that
portends a "regular scorcher;" and though
he is as yet only about four miles from the
fringe of tall trees that skirts the river, they
already begin to look cloudy and indistinct.
The dray track is almost obliterated, and
the walking among the low salt bushes and
cotton bushes is very bad. The bushman
begins to think he would have been wiser
to have followed round the rivers, where he
would have had a beaten track, the shade of
water, than to face the plain for the sake of
a short cut. However, he is a good walk-
er, and does not care for the heat; he
marches on, with his bundle on his back,
and his "billy" in his hand. He has done
some twelve or thirteen miles, the sun is al-
most perpendicularly over his head, and he
is out of sight of the river timber—fairly
out to sea, as it were. He throws down
the roll of blankets, sets on them, opens the
"billy," and finds that a good deal of the
precious water has leaked; he drinks a lit-
tle; it is very precious, but he pours a few
drops in the lid of the pot for his dog,
who, poor fellow, is suffering already, and
looks strangely dusty, anxious and dispirited.
That dog's ancestors came from breezy
Scottish mountains, and he would be far
more at home seeking sheep buried in a
snowdrift, than travelling across the scor-
ching plain. The traveller stops the leak
with a bit of clay, shoulders his bundle, and
trudges on. The plain seems endless; no
sound of living thing breaks the deadly still-
ness; the very flies that so tormented him
near the river, have disappeared; there is
nothing moving save unearthly-looking col-
umns of red dust, towering high in the hot
air, raised from some distant sand hill by
the whirlwinds. On he plods, hour after
hour, looking anxiously for the faint wheel
marks that guide him. The hot wind burns
his eyes and dries his lips, and he moistens
his parched mouth now and then with a few
drops of the precious water. He is un-
lucky enough, too, to spare his dog a lit-
tle. The water does not refresh him much,
for it is very warm and mawkish, and the
rim of the tin pot almost scorches his lips.
At last he sees a dark gray cloud suspended
over the horizon, quivering in the glare of
reflected heat. He knows that cloud to be
the low timber that skirts the dry bed of the
twenty-mile lake; he expects to find water
in a pot dug on its edge. Drinking the
last of his store, he walks on more quickly;
knowing that on such a day the trees would
not be visible more than a couple of miles,
he begins to have pleasant thoughts of a
"pot of tea," a pipe, and a sleep in the
shade of a pine. He hurries on, the after-
noon sun is shining in his face, he crosses a
beaten track almost without seeing it. Per-
haps a thought may arise within him as to
the possibility of the hole being dry, and
perhaps his heart may stand still a moment,
but he will not think of it. Everything
seems strangely still; not a twitter of a bird
about the water? Why are the twining of a
wren, not the croak of a crow to break the
silence. He notices, with a quiver of fear,
that there is no footmark of living thing in
the dust of the cattle-paths that lead to the
water-hole.

Who can tell what passes through the
mind of the lost sailor, as he goes over-
board in a gale off the Horn? Who can
realize what far sea-sickness feels as the great
ship leaves him far behind, upon the pit-
iless waves, among which he knows too well,
no boat can live to save him? And this
shepherd, as he looks into the pit, and sees
grim death staring him in the face, from the
dry mud at the bottom of the hole? He
has heard his mate talk of dead men's bones
found on that plain, and he knows what his
end is to be. Poor fellow! he is very
thirsty now, his tongue is swelling in his
mouth, he feels giddy and sick, and throws
away his pack. He will stagger on a few
miles more, hardly knowing whether he is
going, lured on, perhaps, by the treacher-
ous mirage, which will mock his eyes with
phantom sheets of clear water, reflecting the
trees around them, and rippling in the wind,
only a few hundred yards ahead. He will
wander on at random, throwing off his
clothes; as he becomes weaker, perhaps he
will feel his knife, and think of his dog;
but his dog has lain down to die under a
bush, and that last horrible resource is
gone. Then, a gleam of hope! Two dark
forms looming large against the red smoky
mist in which the sun is setting, come up
rapidly until within half a mile of him.
Are they horsemen? They stop. Do they
see him? Yes, they have seen him, and
they fly before the hot wind; he knows they
are coming going to water, and that their
long legs will carry them to the cool river
in two hours or so.

Many months after, some wandering
sto-kman may see some bones lying on the
plain, and may curse the wild dogs for killing
cavies; he will never notice the round white
skull under a salt-bush a few yards off.
[All the Year Round.]

MARRIED THE WRONG WOMAN.

A short time ago, a candidate for matrimony arrived
in town, and straightway repaired to the
office of our obliging county clerk, for the
purpose of obtaining a marriage certificate.
The clerk, who misunderstood the name of the
fair one who had been making inroads on the
affections of the applicant, and conse-
quently inserted the wrong name of the fe-
male party who was to be tied by the silken
cords. The intended bridegroom was so
delighted with the prospect before him,
that he did not stop to read the document,
after it was placed in his hands, but torking
over two dollars, he thrust the legal privi-
lege in his pocket. Gaining an audience
with the object of his heart, the two repaired
to the house of a clergyman, where the
document was presented, which, in the eyes
of the minister, appearing perfectly satis-
factory, the two were united in the holy
bonds of wedlock.

The next morning, upon setting them-
selves at the breakfast table of one of our
hotels, the groom commenced reading the
record of his marriage in the morning pa-
pers, and found that the printers had him
married to another woman. Throwing his
hand in his pocket, he pulled out the mar-
riage license, when, lo and behold, to his
utter astonishment, he discovered that the
clerk had committed the grave error of in-
serting the wrong name of the intended
bride. Turning to the object of his affec-
tion, and with an excited, yet tremulous
voice, he exclaimed—"Maria, a mistake
has been made, and I am married to the
wrong woman. You are not my lawful
wife."

Maria, gave a glance at the document,
and with a half drawn sigh, answered—
"It's no use fretting, John, it's too late
now." [Marysville Express.]

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE IN SPRINGFIELD.
The Springfield Republican relates a pleas-
ant little story of a recent incident at the
Home for the Friendless in that city, as
follows:—

"A very respectable, nice-looking girl
applied at the Home one day last week,
telling a sad story of sickness, and want of
means in consequence, and as she was en-
tirely homeless and friendless, she was
taken in and cared for until she could find
a place to work. It seems that she had a
lover, to whom she had been engaged some
years, and who for the last four years had
been in the Army of the Potomac, but for
some reason they had not heard from each
other for some time, as she had been sick
and obliged to change her place of resi-
dence. When he was mustered out of the
army he went at once to the place where he
had left her, but could find no clue to her
whereabouts until, yesterday, he found her
at the Home. He has money laid by
and a good situation at Fort Monroe,
where he intends soon to go. The ladies
who were attending a business meeting at
the Home, gladly stopped their proceedings
to witness the marriage ceremony, which
was conducted by Rev. Mr. Harrington.
Chaplain at the Home, and many con-
gratulations were offered to the happy pair,
and especially to the bride, who came there
thinking herself entirely friendless, and
went away with the best kind of a friend."

Morse's American Geography has been
excluded by authority from the pub-
lic schools of Upper Canada, because it is "cal-
culated to impress on the youthful mind the
idea that the United States of America is
the only country in the world meriting par-
ticular description, and that other lands are
merely peninsulas and appendages of the
great nation, while the pictorial illustrations
make evident the cowardice of the American
troops and the bravery of their oppo-
nents." A violation of this order in any
case will subject the School concerned to
the loss of its share in the Grammar School
fund or Legislative grant.

They kill pigs by steam in Chicago. A
great iron claw, with five fingers, hooks out
the pigs which are quarrelling in the pen be-
low, and lifts the porkers to a gibbet near by,
and then plunges them into scalding
water. By the machine fifty porkers are
killed, scalded, scraped, cleaned, split and
hung in rows ready for salting within an
hour.

Logic is logic. Thus: Epimenides said
"Cretans are liars." Now Epimenides was
himself a Cretan; therefore, Epimenides
was a liar. But if he was a liar, the Cretans
were not liars. Now if the Cretans
were not liars, Epimenides was not a liar.
But, if he was not a liar, the Cretans were
liars.

"Did you ever go to a military ball?"
asked an old maid of an old veteran. "No,
my dear," growled the old soldier. "I
once had a military ball come to me, and
what do you think?—it took my leg off!"

Betting is immoral; but how can a man
who bets be worse than a man who is no
better?

BREVITIES.

Swift destruction.—The rapidity with
which firemen go to blazes!

A good farmer is known by his fences,
and a villain by his knives.

It is not advisable to go out of doors with-
out anything on your head, or into society
without anything in it.

A flattering fiction.—To tell a lady she
has a fine carriage when she only walks
gracefully.

The "boy" who was told that the best
cure for palpitation of the heart was to quit
kissing the girls, said, "If that's the only
remedy, I say, let 'er palpitate."

Briggs has a great faculty for getting
things cheap. The other day had a beauti-
ful set of teeth inserted for next to nothing.
He kicked a dog.

A man in New Hampshire had the mis-
fortune, recently, to lose his wife. Over
the grave he caused a stone to be placed,
on which, in the depth of his grief, he had
ordered to be inscribed, "Tears cannot re-
store her, therefore I weep."

A SHOWER BATH. Many years ago I
was a resident of the "Garden City," and
slept in an office where my daily duties
were performed. It was summer time, and
hot as it well could be—had been all day,
and was very dry and dusty as well. The
little office was closed, and I tumbled and
tossed about, vainly trying to get to sleep
until near midnight. Then a refreshing
shower arose, accompanied with vivid light-
ning. A bright thought struck me, I would
have a glorious shower-bath free of expense,
and so, *ans habundantia*, started out into
the yard. Of course it was late, dark, and
no one to see. Oh, my skin appeared so
feel glorious! My very skin greated to drink
in like a dry sponge. Like a
long-confined duck in a mill-pond, I was
"sloshing" about when—hark! The mer-
riest peal of laughter rang upon my ears
that I ever heard. What could it be? The
fence was low, and I cautiously peeped over
into a neighbor's yard, and saw three
girls making mermaids of themselves at a
famous rate, splashing, giggling, rousing,
dancing were they, and equally waving
drapery with myself. But just then flash!
came the lightning, making all visible
around, and, of course, revealing my face.
Then, oh, ye Graces! but there was a com-
ingled scream, akedaddling, and the last
I saw of my model artistes was their long
hair streaming out behind like black ban-
ners, as they tumbled in a heap into the
house. Well, I didn't see Lizzie, Molly,
and Kate for some time afterward, except
as they peeped through the blinds, and
when I did, the lightest damask roses were
pale to their cheeks, and—well, I being a
very modest young man (just as I am now!)
we didn't discuss the luxury of shower-baths
at all!

GOOD HIT. The following incident of
the Hampton Roads Peace Conference is
told:

"Mr. Hunter insisted that the recogni-
tion of Davis' power to make a treaty was
the first indispensable step to peace, and re-
ferred to the correspondence between
King Charles the first and his Parliament
as a reliable precedent of a constitutional
ruler treating with rebels."

Mr. Lincoln's face then wore that in-
describable expression which generally
preceded his hardest hits, and he remark-
ed: "Upon questions of history, I must
refer to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in
such things, and I don't propose to be
bright. My only distinct recollection is
that Charles lost his head." That settled
Mr. Hunter for a while."

THE AMERICAN YELLOW BIRD. This
species of bird is not generally fully under-
stood among us. They are a small bird,
about the size of the Canary. The male is
yellow, with the exception of the back of
the wings and the tail; the female is more
gray. They are beautiful singers in their
native state, but when kept in the same
room with the Canary, they will in a short
time sing exactly the same notes, especially
when taken young.

They very much resemble the Canary in
their habits,—will live upon the same food,
and in fact, may be considered a species of
Canary. They generally build their nests in
orchards and the like places, but rarely or
never upon low shrubs or bushes.

A FABLE. "I have learned something
more to ask you," said a young eagle to a
learned, melancholy owl:—"men say there
is a bird, named Merops, who, when he
rises in the air, flies with his tail upward,
and his head towards the ground; is that
true?" "Certainly not!" answered the
owl, "it's only a foolish tradition of man;
he is himself a Merops, for he would fly to
heaven without for a moment losing sight
of earth."

While the tall maid is stooping, the
little one hath swept the house.

PARIS, MAINE, JULY 14, 1865.

Rebel Repentance.

Since the surrender of Gen. Lee and his army, a great change, apparently, has come over the rebels. Their belligerent tone of defiance has abated, and instead of boasting that they could whip us, they acknowledge themselves whipped. The question very naturally suggests itself, are they sincere in their acquiescence in submitting to federal authority, or do they make a virtue of necessity?

Many of the sick and file, undoubtedly, were heartily sick of the contest long before they gave it up, and sincerely welcomed the day that ushered in its end. Not so with the leaders. When final defeat overtook their armies, it found them rebels still. Before the war they hated the union, and four years of civil war had only intensified that hatred. They surrendered only because the tide of war was against them, only because they were overwhelmed by its surges.

Accommodating themselves to the necessities of their condition, these rebel leaders now flock around the Presidential mansion and are earnest in their petitions for pardon. Do they deserve it, and ought they to be restored to their civil and political rights in the way they ask? What is the crime of which they now acknowledge themselves guilty? Viewed from any stand point, it is the crime of all crimes,—open, armed rebellion against the country necessarily carries with it almost every other crime known to the laws. This is true when such rebellion is conducted by the aggressive parties according to the rules of warfare recognized by christian, civilized nations. But when these rules are set at open defiance, when savage and pagan modes of warfare are resorted to, then the crime becomes more heinous, the offence more atrocious, just in degree as civilization is lost in savage ferocity and brutality. The history of this rebellion is one of the darkest pages ever written. The rules of warfare resorted to by the rebel leaders, have no parallel in ancient or modern times. They contain the most shocking exhibitions of depravity that ever emanated from the hearts of wicked men or devils. The starvation of scores of thousands of our prisoners at Andersonville, and other rebel hells in which they were confined, their brutal treatment while in these prisons, the butchering of our soldiers after they had surrendered, as at Fort Pillow and other places during the war, the murdering in cool blood of loyal men, women and children in the rebel states, the robbing and maiming of our wounded, disabled soldiers when lying helpless upon the battle field, the plots of assassination laid in the rebel cabinet against the lives of the lamented Lincoln, Secretaries Seward, Stanton, vice President Johnson, Gen. Grant and other federal officers, the plots and conspiracies to burn our large cities, rob and plunder their inhabitants, and spread loathsome, pestilential diseases over our country, are crimes too infernal and atrocious to be passed over without holding their wicked perpetrators to a strict account.

With all these crimes, written as it were in flaming capitals, upon the very arches of the sky, where they now can be seen and read by the whole American people, the guilty, black-hearted wretches, who have deliberately committed them, with a brazen faced impudence which has no parallel in the history of the world, come boldly up to the door of the Presidential mansion yet draped in weeds of mourning for the diabolical assassination of Abraham Lincoln and demand an unconditional pardon.

Do they suppose President Johnson has been struck with judicial blindness, that a few short weeks has blunted all his sense of justice, that he has already forgotten the perils and terrible ordeal through which he himself and the loyal people of this country have just past? Do they suppose that the fathers and mothers, wives, brothers, and sisters, who have given their nearest and dearest friends a sacrifice upon the altar of their country to put down this terrible rebellion, will receive back to their embraces their murderers, with their hands yet dripping with the blood of slaughtered thousands? Anxious as are these rebel traitors to get back, and again wield the sceptre of power, and with all the sentimental sympathy expressed for them in foreign governments and in our own country, they must think the federal government dead to every principle of justice, lost to every feeling of humanity, to extend executive favor in the cases under consideration.

No. Pardon to the men who have deluged this whole country in blood, who have carried sorrow and deep mourning around almost every hearth-stone in the land, who have spread desolation and destruction over our fair American heritage, and who have burdened us and our posterity with a heavy load of taxation would be an outrage upon civilization and an indignity to Almighty God and the American people.

And yet we would be merciful. There are men who have been forced against their efforts and against their will, into this rebellion, who are proper subjects of executive clemency. Let their cases be fairly considered and then let mercy be mingled with justice. But with the men, who, against every principle of truth and justice, wilfully and maliciously inaugurated and carried on this rebellion for more than four long years, through seas of anguish and suffering, let justice take its course and be done, though the Heavens fall.

J. C. Breckinridge has gone to Europe.

Execution of the Assassins.

The miserable conspirators who have for several weeks been on trial before the military commission at Washington, have been convicted—four of them hung, and the others sent to prison to pay the penalty of their crimes. Correspondents at Washington had been writing from the Capitol, that the President would quash the whole proceedings and order the criminals tried in a civil court. This slander upon President Johnson has been contradicted in a way that leaves no shadow of doubt upon the public mind as to where he stands. The speedy justice meted out to the condemned assassins is the best vindication of the firmness and patriotism of the Executive. Had the execution been postponed to a distant day, it is easy enough to be seen, the excitement that would have been raised in the community, in their behalf, by rebel sympathizers and a class of moon-struck philanthropists, who always shed more crocodile tears over the criminals than they do real ones over the victims of their fiendish atrocities.

The attempt to take Mrs. Serratt out of the hands of justice by writ of habeas corpus, which was made in a few short hours, shows what would have been done, had the friends of these murderers had a little more time to operate. But thanks to the sternness of Andy Johnson their plans were summarily foiled, an end was put to all efforts in that direction. To this finding of the Court, and the speedy execution of the murderers, the whole loyal heart of the Country will respond, amen. To have suffered these guilty assassins to slip through the meshes of the law, would have been an eternal disgrace upon the national character. Other culprits ought to begin to see that treason and assassination are not to go unpunished. The authorities of this nation have a great duty to perform in adjusting matters within their criminal jurisdiction, incident to the closing up of this rebellion. Let them do it fearlessly and firmly, and the people will stand by them to the end.

Stand by the President.

President Johnson in some of his ideas of reorganization, differs from a large and influential class in the great union party of the country; but no one can doubt that he is honest in his opinions, that he means right and will come out right. That being the case, it is the duty of all loyal citizens to stand up squarely to his support. Since the death of the lamented Lincoln, he has shown himself competent for the high and responsible position so suddenly thrown upon him.

He has been through the fires of the rebellion himself; had his family turned out of doors; his property confiscated, and has himself been hunted down like a wild beast in the mountains. He knows all about the rebels and just how to deal with them, and has the will and the determination to do them full justice. Let us then forget all minor differences of opinion and give the President a cordial support. We have full faith in Andrew Johnson; that he will close up this great rebellion in a manner satisfactory to the loyal masses. He has always been the special friend of the laboring classes, for the very good reason that he sprung from that class. And now we have full confidence that he will wind up this complicated matter in a manner that redound to the best good of all. We repeat, let us stand by the President.

The following anecdote is new and impressive:

"Mr. Chase told me that, at the Cabinet meeting immediately after the battle of Antietam, and just prior to the issue of the September proclamation, the President entered upon the business before them by saying that 'the time for the emancipation of the emancipation policy could no longer be delayed. Public sentiment' he thought 'would sustain it—many of his warmest friends and supporters condemned it; and he had promised his God that he would do it.' The last part of this was uttered in a low tone, and appeared to be heard by no one but Secretary Chase, who was sitting near him. He asked the President if he correctly understood him. Mr. Lincoln replied: 'I made a solemn vow before God that, if Gen. Lee was driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves.'"

Washington papers say that General Halleck, who goes to San Francisco on the 1st of August, and who will consequently part with his war-horse "Major," which has shared all the dangers of war with him since its commencement, will dispose of him at public sale in that city, on the 21st inst., if not disposed privately before that day.

We suppose we are ignorant, and perhaps benighted, but we confess to be in the dark about the "dangers of war," which Gen. Halleck has encountered during the rebellion, except it may be that of losing his place. (Courier.)

The trial of Miss Burroughs, in Washington, for the murder of a Treasury Clerk, has been made intensely interesting, by the production of a bushel or two of love letters, dating as far back as 1858. Her counsel intend to establish by this means their theory of insanity. It will be remembered that she alleges that the murdered man betrayed her, and that she shot him in revenge.

The Argus is in error in stating that hunters give the title of "Indian Devil," to the Lynx. It is the panther that the Indians hold in such dread.

Bethel Items.

Capt. A. B. Twitchell, of the 7th Maine Battery, returned home last week.

Maj. Gen. Grover arrived in town last week, on a visit to his parents. The General has lived the equivalent of a long life in the four years past.

The Catalogue for Bradford Female Seminary for 1865, records the names of 118 students. Oxford County has furnished a number of excellent teachers for this flourishing institution.

Mr. Daniel Hastings caught a Lynx in a trap, on the meadow last week. Securing his feet he grasped the animal by the throat, threw him over his shoulder and carried him home alive.

The citizens of Newry Corner have purchased the church in Bethel known as the Locke House and torn it down with the intention of building a church at that place. This is a romantic spot at the mouth of Bear River, and the surrounding people are in independent circumstances. Thus Newry is at last to have a church of its own, while Bethel has one the less.

NARROW ESCAPE. As Messrs. Perry, Blake and Newell Annis, were crossing Alder River Bridge, Friday last, with a load of wood drawn by a yoke of oxen and a horse, the bridge gave way in the center, precipitating them all headlong into the water a distance of ten to twelve feet. The water is over ten feet deep beneath the bridge, and the load fell upon the team. The oxen succeeded in getting their heads above the floating plank, when the drivers unyoked them and extricated them and the horse, without any serious damage save to the horses' nose. The outcry alarmed the village with the cry of fire, the bell was rung and everybody on the alert till the cause was ascertained. Altogether it was a most narrow escape. The accident was occasioned by the breaking of an iron rod which supported the center of the bridge, and they owed their preservation to the depth of the water into which they fell.

Jottings from Hiram.

Some things can be done as well with oxen, and persons, animals, and things, in this place, are determined to do their share. We can make one exception to the assertion frequently made, "that everything promises an abundant harvest." The apple orchards are unusually destitute of fruit. Cows are astonishing their owners at the quantity of milk and butter they are able to produce. A cow of H. R. Allen, fills a ten quart and a six quart pail at night. T. S. Hubbard has a farrow heifer, native, that made 9-3-4 pounds of nice butter in one week.

J. L. Clemons weighed 19 1-2 lbs. splendid wool from two ewes.

M. K. Mabry has a Cotswold buck that sheared 15 3-16 lbs. nice, clean wool. He cut grass last week that measured 5 1-5 ft. above the stubble. This grass was originally the Striped or Lady's Grass of our flower gardens; it spread and mixed with other kinds, lost its stripes and now shoots up a tall spike, terminating in a head resembling meadow Blue Joint. It furnishes an abundance of forage.

Our enterprising citizens are furnishing themselves with Mowing Machines, and using them to much advantage.

The Union Sewing Circle is discussing the expediency of continuing its labors, and appropriating the proceeds to the purchase of a monument to the memory of deceased soldiers of Hiram. About twenty have fallen victims to the rebellion. They should be honored, and their names handed down to posterity engraved upon the imperishable marble.

We close our items by a challenge. An infant daughter of A. K. P. Goggin, five months old, weighs 27 lbs. avoidupois. What town can do better.

INTERNAL REVENUE. The whole amount assessed under the Internal Revenue Law in the District, collected by Timothy Walker, in the towns east of Norway, from Dec. 1, 1862 to April 1865, is forty-two thousand five hundred and twenty-six dollars and twenty-three cents, of which there has been abated one hundred sixty-six dollars, forty cents. The assessment in the whole County during this time amounts to a little over sixty thousand dollars. The annual assessment of May 1865, in the whole County is about seven thousand dollars. Persons owing taxes are reminded that the present Law requires Collectors to notify by mail, and if the taxes are not paid in ten days they must pay ten per cent. additional to the government; and the Collector is entitled to twenty cents for the notice, and four cents per mile for travel if he has to go after it.

CONDITION OF THE FREEDMEN. The Herald's Washington dispatch says a report has been received at the Bureau for Freedmen and abandoned lands, on the subject of outrages committed upon negroes. The report says that prior to the dissemination of our troops through the interior of the South, many slaves were hunted, shot down and left in the woods, while enleaving to reach our lines. This accounts for their bodies being found; but since the cessation of hostilities, this business has stopped. There are, however, still instances of cruelty, but the majority of the people appear willing to obey the authorities of the U. S.

Gen. Howard has disapproved the plan of Capt. Bryant, alluded to by us a few weeks since, fixing a price for the labor of the freedmen.

For the Oxford Democrat.

ANDOVER, JULY 6, 1865.

MR. EDITOR: Having myself enjoyed the interesting exercises of the Fourth, in a little town among the mountains, I bethought myself, that perchance you, too, would like to know something of its exercises. Yes; the Fourth did really call upon the good people of Andover. Directly after twelve o'clock on Monday night, it made its entrance into town; a calm, triumphant entrance, welcomed only by the things nature. I arose at the dawning of day and looked forth upon our grand old hill. All nature seemed to have folded her hands, and giving thanks to the Giver of all good gifts, for the gift of the great day, a day of the nation's glory. Our citizens had the day previous, erected on the common, a new flagstaff, with the prospect of a new flag, but for causes unknown there was no flag forthcoming. Consequently, the flag raised four years ago, at the breaking out of the rebellion, was again, at sunrise, thrown to the breeze; and as I looked upon it floating there, I felt a new thrill of love for its stars and stripes. It has withstood the sunshine and shadows of the last four years; has floated triumphantly over the greatest victories ever achieved by man; waved over the graves of some of our country's brave defenders; and draped the altar at the funeral services of our beloved President. Although somewhat tattered and torn, I love the old flag.

Presently there burst upon the stillness, the sound of musketry and the ringing of the bell, and the good citizens began to bestir themselves, as if aware that there was something to do in honor of their guest. At ten o'clock a procession was formed, but nearly as soon as formed, broken up by the appearance of a company of fanatics, more properly called horribles, and a smart shower of rain. A good deal of merriment was occasioned by the grotesque appearance of the fanatics, and dismay at the shower of rain. However, the clouds soon scattered, and the sun shone more brightly for it.

The procession was again formed, and marched to one of the many beautiful pine groves of which our State can boast. The exercises were as follows: Prayer, by Rev. W. V. Jordan, Reading of the Declaration of Independence, by Dr. L. Ingalls. We then listened to an Oration by your fellow townsman, Hon. Sidney Perham. He spoke to us in his usual energetic and eloquent manner, of our country's past, present and future, after which the company surrounded the bountifully laden tables, and partook of the collation prepared for them. The toast master had been supplied with sentiments worthy the occasion, some of which were responded to at length by Mr. Perham and others.

Thus passed one of the most glorious anniversaries of our Nation's independence that ere the sun shone on. A Nation purified by the blood of her noble sons; a Nation that can boast of bondmen freed, and of States reunited; for which blessings, the people with one accord have returned thanks to the Almighty author.

Truly yours,
P. W. M.

THE DIFFERENCE. The Lewiston Journal says: "Any one unacquainted with our politics would judge from the fact that resolutions of both democratic and republican State conventions support President Johnson, that there was an era of good feeling between and an identity of principles in our political parties, when in fact, on the fundamental principles of this government, viz., the equality of manhood, they are as far apart as ever. The democrats are against equal suffrage, and differ among themselves as to the expediency of running the risk of catching a Tartar in hobnobbing for President Johnson; the republicans are unanimously for it, and differ among themselves only as to the right of the President to establish it in the reclaimed States. As a party the republicans will make equal suffrage a cardinal principle, and will contend for it until it is adopted in every State. The democrats, according to present appearances, are doomed to the folly of committing themselves against what is in fact the fundamental idea of democracy."

"KEEP THEM OUT." The New York Herald certainly has a very concise way of putting facts. It says: "There never can be a party successfully constructed at present, unless such men as Vallandigham and Pendleton of Ohio, the Seymour of New York, and Connecticut, the Woods of New York, poor Pierre and musty old Buchanan are left out of the ring. That may be set down as a fixed fact. This crowd will kill any party."

ROMANTIC. We find the following romantic story one of our exchanges:

"There is a queer piece of gossip in circulation to the effect that one of the Portland fair daughters—an immensely romantic maiden—became smitten with a youthful Indian, who was about catering to the belligerent propensities of Young America in the bow and arrow line. She indited the red man a note, making a proposition that no honorable Indian should for a moment entertain. The early education of her hero had been neglected, and the party he sought to read to him the tender proposals, happened to be a youth of high moral principles, and he 'went back' on the confiding savage, informed her 'parents,' and she has been sent into the country for her health."

Rev. Prescott Fay, formerly pastor of the Congregational church in Lancaster, N. H., has gone to Rochester.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT. We are highly gratified to learn of the appointment of George M. Gage, Esq., of Waterford, as Principal of the State Normal School. We have heretofore spoken of the qualifications of Mr. Gage, in urging his appointment to this place, as well as his fitness for State Superintendent; and these opinions have been endorsed by others. We now feel that the Normal school may be made to take the place such an institution ought to assume in this State. It is a singular fact that the School thus far has not been able to draw a single scholar from Oxford County, though almost at our very doors. We think this state of things will not continue with Mr. Gage at its head.

A SAD RECORD. Died, in South Paris, 5th inst., Samuel H., only son of S. M. and L. J. Newhall, aged 6 years, 7 months. This is the fourth child the family has lost since May, 1864. They died as follows:

Eugene P., aged 19 years, 7 months, was killed at the battle of the Wilderness, Va., May, 1864.

Zach Taylor, aged 15 years, 9 1-2 mos., died August 8th, 1864.

Annie F., aged 12 years, died Dec. 12th, 1864.

PERSONAL. It is expected that Rev. Mr. Ventres will return from his visit to Massachusetts this week, so as to occupy his pulpit next Sabbath.

Rev. Geo. Leon Walker, pastor of the State St. Church in Portland, has been spending the week in town. He conducted the services of the Tuesday evening meeting at the Baptist vestry.

A son of Rev. Mr. Gunnison, who has just graduated from Tufts College, will preach in the Universalist church at Paris, and at Norway Village, next Sabbath.

ACCIDENT. On Monday afternoon, Mr. Edw. Tarbox, son of Mr. Hanson Tarbox, of South Paris, had one of his legs badly crushed, and another much bruised, while shackling some cars at Danville Junction. The operation of resection was performed by Dr. Garcelon, taking out about one and one-half inches of the bone, and hopes are entertained that the limb may be saved.

The miller in charge of the Paris Flour Mills, had a very narrow escape from a serious accident recently. In turning on a nut near a spur wheel, his hand slipped, thrusting his fingers between the teeth of the revolving wheels. He had sufficient presence of mind and nerve to draw out the hand, and thus escape with two fingers badly crushed.

PICTURES. Mr. A. O. Burrill moved his Daguerrian establishment into town last week. He is prepared to furnish the public with Melanotypes, Ambrotypes and card pictures in all varieties, in the short space of ten minutes, if desired. With his patent multiplying camera he makes from 12 to 72 copies at a sitting. He is located on the common.

MINING. By a certificate on file in the office of the Clerk of Courts, it appears that a Company has been incorporated in New York, one of the objects of which, is to mine for tin in the town of Paris. The capital stock is to consist of \$500,000, in 100,000 shares of \$5 each, with the right to double that amount, by the decision of two-thirds the Directors. The Directors, self-appointed for the first year are H. A. Hugel, D. W. Hendrickson and M. S. Hugel, and they are to have their office in New York City.

RECOVERED. We hear that the son of H. G. Cole, Esq., who was so severely injured by the explosion of the picker cylinder, has recovered sufficiently to return to his work. The mill was repaired and in operation, within three days after the accident.

The receipts for freight and passengers, at the South Paris station, on Monday, amounted to \$1230.87. This is an unusual amount, though a large business is transacted at this station.

THE FOURTH IN PORTER. The Press says: "In this town there was a grand celebration, about 2,000 persons attending. An oration was delivered by Col. Enos T. Luce, of Auburn, and there was excellent music, both vocal and instrumental, from a choir of singers and the Cornish Brass Band."

The establishment at Livermore Falls, for condensing milk, has been changed into a cheese factory. There is less demand for the milk now the army has been broken up.

NORFOLK. We gave last week, some account of the outrages committed in Norfolk under what is usually called "civil" rule; but which proved anything but civil in that case. A dispatch this week says the city has been placed under martial law. In compliance with this order the police has been withdrawn, and Capt. Hoffman of Co. B, 13th New York Artillery, placed in charge of 150 soldiers, with a complement of officers to take charge of the police. All arrests of white civilians for violation of the police regulations are to be turned over to the civil authorities for trial, except when the testimony of colored persons is required. All cases where soldiers or sailors are either complainants or defendants will be disposed of by the military authorities. Citizens, without regard to color, are strictly prohibited from carrying firearms or deadly weapons of any kind in the streets of Norfolk.

MAINE ITEMS.

The lockup in Calais was set on fire last Sunday morning, and was entirely consumed.

The Citizens' National Bank of Bath, with a capital of \$500,000, has been chartered.

The 1st Maine Battery was to leave Winchester, Va., for home, on Monday.

The Press says there are 11,023 persons in Portland, between the ages of 4 and 23.

The Steamer Clipper is to run this summer, between Portland and Falmouth.

Leander, only son of Mr. Asa Atwood, of Skowhegan, aged eight years, was drowned at that place on Friday last.

The Clarion says that a tornado passed over Brighton on Monday of last week, doing considerable damage to buildings and crops.

Col. Joseph Freeman of Poland, died at his residence at Minot Corner, Friday week, at the ripe age of 74. Col. F. was one of the original settlers of Poland, and has always been one of the most prominent citizens of that town.

The Journal says that on the Sabbath succeeding the anniversary, \$132 were contributed by the Pine St. Society, to the Treasury of the Maine Missionary Society, to aid in supplying destitute places in this State with religious instruction.

Mrs. Job White of Belfast was terribly mangled and instantly killed, Tuesday week by getting caught in some machinery, says the Age.

The Lewiston Journal says the Androscoggin Mills in that city have declared a semi-annual dividend of 15 per cent., the Bates Co. 10 per cent., and the Hill 5 per cent. The dividends of these three companies amount to \$285,000.

CAPTURED DOCUMENTS. The archives recently discovered have reached Washington. They contain records of the Montgomery Congress, history of the rebel army of Tennessee, and the rebel Treasury books. Among the papers the government discovered several documents of vital importance, determining the guilt and complicity of Jeff Davis in the conspiracy plot. These documents are of such import as to determine, probably, the authorities in favor of the trial of Davis before a military commission upon the charge of assassination.

HORSE PITCH FORKS. The scarcity of labor is bringing into use new machinery to lighten farm work, constantly. Mr. J. K. Hammond is introducing a machine to unload hay in barns, by horse-power. The one he has in operation works capitally. Call and see how a few dollars will help along matters when a shower is coming up.

The sales of Seven-thirty notes, for the past few days have amounted to about five millions per day. It is calculated that the loan will be all taken within two weeks.

It was about this time that the Great Eastern would leave England to lay the Atlantic cable. The tenth was the day fixed, but delays will probably make it about the 12th.

Dad Clay has re-established "The Age." He goes in for war against negro suffrage to the bitter end, and will get whipped, just as his southern brethren have been in fighting to keep the negroes in bondage.

The correspondents predict that the trial of Jeff Davis will be commenced very soon. Probably this grows out of the fact that the other conspirators have been disposed of, and his turn comes next.

The general order for the mastering out of the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, it is said, releases all the Maine troops but the 29th and 30th regiments. This must be a mistake, the 12th regiment having been stationed in Georgia for some time past.

The Ninth Maine regiment returned this week. Quite a number of the boys belonging in this vicinity, reached here by the train on Monday afternoon. The regiment has not as yet been paid off.

The people of Topham are trying to secure the Agricultural College. They have some better land there than the Brunswick plains.

REMARKABLE. The balloon ascension at Augusta, on the Fourth, failed from the lack of gas.

Henry A. Wice has applied to the government to have his estate in Virginia restored to his possession. These rebels possess a large stock of cool impudence.

Thomas Holt, of Yarmouth, has the contract for building a new depot for the N. and P. R. R., at Augusta.

A dispatch was received yesterday at the Grand Trunk Depot, stating that on Wednesday an infant was thrown from the cars by a passenger, just above Northumberland station. The fall killed the child, but who the guilty party was is not known. (Portland Advertiser.)

RATHER STIFF. The Farmer speaks of a native strawberry that weighed 15 ounces!

Secretary Harlan has signed a contract with the Architectural Iron Company of New York at \$146,000, for extending the Congressional Library.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, and closely linked together, are intimately connected with Agriculture.

STRAWBERRIES. Three great travelers' dishes of strawberries are in mind.

The first was at an inn in the quaint Dutch town of Brook: I can see now the mammoth crimson berries,—the mug of luscious cream standing sentry,—the tidy hostess, with arms akimbo, looking proudly on all: the leaves flutter idly at the latticed window, through which late mid-summer of level meadow,—broad armed wind-mills flapping their sails leisurely,—cattle laying about in lazy groups under the shade of trees: and there is no sound to break the June stillness, except the buzzing of bees that are feeding upon the blossoms of the linden which overhangs the inn.

I thought I had never eaten finer berries than the Dutch berries.

The second dish was at the Douglas Hotel in the city of Edinburgh; a most respectable British tavern, with a heavy solid sideboard in its parlor; heavy solid silver upon its table; heavy and solid chairs with cushions of shining mohair; a heavy and solid figure of a landlord; and heavy and solid figures in the reckoning.

The berries were magnificent; served upon quaint old India-china, with stems upon them, and to be eaten as one might eat a fig, with successive bites, and successive dips in the sugar. The Scotch fruit was acid, I must admit, but the size was monumental. I wonder if the stout landlord is living yet, and if the little pony that whisked me away to Salisbury, is still nibbling his vetches in the meadow by Holyrood?

The third dish was in Switzerland, in the month of October. I had crossed that day the Scheidegg from Meyringen, had threaded the valley of Grindelwald, and had just accomplished the first lift of the Wengern Alp—tired and thirsty—when a little peasant girl appeared with a tray of blue saucers, brimming with Alpine berries—so sweet, so musky, so remembered, that I never eat one now but the great valley of Grindelwald, with its guardian peaks, and its low meadows flashing green, is rolled out before me like a map.

[My Farm of Edgewood.]

PROPER TIME TO CUT GRASS FOR HAY. There is a question as to what age, in respect to growth, grass or clover should be when cut, and how it should be dried, in order to make the best hay for cattle.

All have seen that cattle fed with hay that causes their droppings to be hard and dry, will not usually thrive in growth or take on flesh; also that cows so fed, will not give much milk, and their milk will not produce much butter. They may have noticed that this was particularly the case when the cattle were fed with hay the grass or clover of which had stood in the field until it had died with old age, or been injured by rotting in the making. The proper time to cut grass or clover, is when it has just attained its growth, and while it is yet palatable for feeding—as in soiling when freshly cut and laid before the stock, they will eat it entire, "bit by bit," and "fill themselves well." Grass that becomes unpalatable for feeding, from whatever cause, will not when dried be palatable hay; and hay should be not merely nutritious but palatable, so as to induce cattle to convert as much as possible into bone, flesh and milk. The grass or clover should be dried by air and sun, and not bleached in the least by dew or rain, or allowed to heat in the cock or mow. Either of these rotting processes causes the hay to be less palatable and less nutritious, and harder to digest, and may be likened for feeding cattle, to the use of dry wood for feeding fires.

[Cor. Country Gentleman.]

TRAINING TOMATOES. Some gardeners think that the best way is to let them alone allowing them to spread over the ground. They maintain that the heat of the soil hastens the maturity of the fruit. In field culture this must be done, but where there are but few plants it is well to train them on small twigs or pieces of brush stuck in the ground around each plant. This exposes the foliage and fruit to the light and air better than when sprawling in a dense mass on the ground. And the fruit is kept clean. Some make a cheap frame, says two feet high, about each plant or extending along on two sides of a row of plants, over which the branches may be trained as they grow. Drive in crotch stakes two feet high and about six feet apart, on each side of the row, and then lay poles (old bean poles will answer) from crotch to crotch. While the plants are small, prop them up with small twigs, and when they reach the poles draw the vines over them. This plan exposes the vines to the sun and makes convenient picking, and keeps the fruit clean. Persons who have time and patience, make frames like ordinary grape trellises, and tie the vines to the bars. This makes a handsome appearance from August to October. The plant, if pinched in when young, and made to grow compact, will be more self sustaining, and fruit earlier than if allowed to grow in the usual way.

To produce the most perfectly formed animal, abundant nourishment is necessary from the earliest period of its existence until its growth is complete.

OUR NATIONAL DEBT. It is true, fellow citizens, that the war leaves us with a very great public debt, about, probably not less, when all the accounts are adjusted, than \$3,000,000,000. But it is equally true that upon the basis of our present tax laws, this debt will be paid off by our present population in twenty-five years, and as I believe without depressing any branch of industry. When we come to reflect that our wealth doubles once in ten years, and our population in thirty years; that hundreds of thousands of emigrants come annually to help us pay the debt, that we have undeveloped resources almost without a parallel, this vast debt ceases to frighten us.

The debt of the United States in 1816 was \$127,000,000, or 14.67 per cent. on the total property of the people. Now the \$3,000,000,000 is only 15 per cent. on the property of the loyal States, and we mean the South shall help us pay it.

Every dollar that that former debt was paid in less than twenty years, and we were quarrelling about what distribution should be made of the public lands. 1816 the debt of Great Britain was over \$4,000,000,000, or \$218.20 per head, 40-4-10 per cent. on the aggregate property of the empire. Now it is only 12 per cent. of the property. When we remember that our population doubles in every thirty years, and our wealth more than doubles, by reason not only of the industry of our people, but by new discoveries of the natural sources of wealth, such as our mines of silver and gold and our petroleum wells, this debt should not disturb us in the least. I do not wish to underrate the burden of this debt.

It will have to be paid in taxes, and these will sometimes come hard, but they are the price of our nationality. Every patriotic citizen will pay them cheerfully, and those who are not so patriotic will have to pay them. It is certain that every dollar of this debt not only can, but will be paid. There are some incidental advantages of the public debt; it is a bond of union extending to all classes of people. It is a convenient medium of exchange, a test or standard of the money market, as consols in England, or rentes in France. It is a secure deposit for trust funds—widows, children, colleges and societies—heretofore endangered by the private speculation of guardians and trustees. By registering the debt the principal is beyond danger of loss, and the interest is promptly paid. A portion of it will form the basis and security of our national currency. The national bank notes are but another form of national debt.

[Speech of Hon. John Sherman.]

A GREAT MILKER. We took a turn through Belmont the other day, and made a call on Lady "Texelax," at Mr. Cheney's Highland Stock Farm, on the Wellington Hill.

"Texelax" is an imported Dutch cow, about six years old, weighs a little over 1200 lbs. Only see what she is doing in the milk line. Here is the record which we took down on the spot, the milk having been weighed in the presence of two witnesses, who are ready to swear to its correctness.

May 29	71 lbs. 1 oz.
" 27	76 " 5 "
" 28	71 " 4 "
" 29	72 " 2 "
" 30	73 " 4 "
" 31	73 " 14 "
June 1	74 " 10 "
" 2	70 " 11 "
" 3	70 " 8 1-2 "

Total 9 days, 635 lbs. 11 1-2 oz. The feed of this cow is as much grass as she wanted, and six quarts of meal, oats and corn ground together, a day. Thirty to thirty-three quarts a day is great work.

[Flowerman.]

HAY MAKING. The following suggestions as to the time when the work of mowing should commence, we clip from the report of the Agricultural Commissioner at Washington:

Clover—Mow it when about one half of the blossoms have turned brown.

Orchard-grass—When the second crop begins to shoot.

Timothy—When the seed is in the dough state.

Timothy and the large clover—When about two-thirds of the clover heads have turned brown.

Timothy and the small clover—According as the one or the other predominates, the cutting should be more near to the time laid down for the predominating grass.

Red-top—When the seed is ripe.

YEAST THAT WILL STAY ITSELF. Seeing an inquiry for a recipe for making yeast that will start itself, I send you mother's: "Boil two ounces of the best hops in four quarts of water, for half an hour; strain it and let the liquor cool down to new milk warmth. Then put in a small handful of salt and half a pound of sugar; beat up one pound of the best flour with some of the liquor and mix all well together. The third day add three pounds of potatoes, boiled and mashed, and let it stand until the next day. Then strain it and it is ready for use. It must be stirred frequently while it is making and kept near the fire. Before using, stir well. It will keep two or three months in a cool place.

[Rural New Yorker.]

Sheep raising is getting to be a great business at the West. Minnesota is getting to be the greatest sheep growing State in the Union. Good thing.

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of Ruth Whittemore, widow of John Whittemore, late of Hebron, asking for an allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of WEALTHY CHILDS, widow of Matthew H. Childs, late of Canton, deceased, asking for an allowance out of the personal property of said deceased.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of BENJ. LOVEJOY, Executor of the estate of Edward Hammond, late of Fern, deceased, asking for license to sell and convey real estate belonging to said estate.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of ISAAC STRICKLAND, administrator of the estate of Isaac Strickland, late of Hebron, deceased, asking for license to sell and convey all the real estate of said deceased for the payment of his debts and incidental charges.

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 newspaper printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the 21 Tuesday of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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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 newspaper printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the 21 Tuesday of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of Emily J. Turner, widow of Tyler B. Turner, late of Hebron, in said County, deceased, asking for an allowance out of the personal property of said deceased.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of H. H. Hutchinson, Jr., administrator of the estate of Leonard Hutchinson, late of Buckfield, deceased, asking for license to sell and convey all the real estate of said deceased for the payment of his debts and incidental charges.

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 newspaper printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the 21 Tuesday of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of Florence J. Reed, guardian of the estate of minor heirs of Lewis Reed, late of Mexico, deceased, asking for license to sell and convey real estate to the amount of \$257.57; the same being in satisfaction of a debt.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of Ruth Whittemore, administratrix of the estate of John Whittemore, late of Hebron in said County, deceased, asking for license to sell and convey real estate belonging to said deceased, to the amount of \$2300, at an advantageous offer.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of John Whittemore, administratrix of the estate of John Whittemore, late of Hebron in said County, deceased, asking for license to sell and convey real estate belonging to said deceased, to the amount of \$2300, at an advantageous offer.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

A CERTAIN Instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Jacob L. Howe, late of Hebron, deceased, asking for license to sell and convey real estate belonging to said deceased.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of CROCKETT, administrator of the estate of Isaac C. Crockett, late of B-ethel in said County, deceased, having presented his first and final account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of Isaac Strickland, administrator of the estate of Isaac Strickland, late of Hebron, deceased, asking for license to sell and convey real estate belonging to said estate.

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 newspaper printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the 21 Tuesday of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of MARBLE, Executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Marble, late of Buckfield in said County, deceased, having presented his final account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of J. ABBOTT, Administrator on the estate of George D. Abbott late of Sumner, in said County, deceased, having presented his first and final account of administration of the 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 newspaper printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the 21 Tuesday of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of Susan H. Field, administratrix of the estate of William Field late of Fryeburg in said County, deceased, having presented her first and final account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of Charlotte Powers widow of Jacob L. Powers, late of Fryeburg, deceased, asking for an allowance out of the personal estate of her late husband.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of Samuel Tyler, guardian of the estate of Samuel Tyler, late of Fryeburg, deceased, asking for license to sell and convey real estate to the amount of \$300, to pay the debts and charges of said estate.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of John C. Terry, administrator of the estate of Almira Howe late of Waterford, deceased, asking for license to sell and convey real estate to the amount of \$300, to pay the debts and charges of said estate.

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 newspaper printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the 21 Tuesday of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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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 newspaper printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the 21 Tuesday of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of Daniel Brown, administrator of the estate of Charles H. Stevens late of Waterford, deceased, asking for license to sell and convey real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts and incidental charges.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ALEXANDER TYLER named executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Andrew Tyler late of Hebron, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for Probate.

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

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

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

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

THE Petition and Representation of Abel Heald, Guardian of Henry W. Stearns, Mary A. Stearns and Stephen Stearns, of Lovell in the County of Oxford, Maine, respectfully shew, that the said minors are seized and possessed of certain real estate, situated in said Lovell, and divided as follows: One-third in common and undivided of the homestead farm of the late Stephen Stearns, composed of lots No. 8, 9, and part of No. 9, both in the first Division of Lovell, and one-third of No. 23 in said Division, and 50 acres of No. 30 and 17 acres of No. 41, both in said Division, and set off on road to Kenner Fund Ridge from No. 4, near Jonathan S. Farrington's 21. Subject to widow dower.

That said estate is unproductive of any benefit to said minors and that it will be for the interest of said minors that the same should be sold and the proceeds put out and secured on interest. He therefore prays your Honor that he may be authorized and empowered accordingly to let to sell at public sale the above described real estate, or such part of it as in your opinion may be expedient. All which is respectfully submitted.

ABEL HEALD.

OXFORD, 25.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21 Tuesday of June A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of the undersigned citizens of Buckfield in the County of Oxford, would respectfully represent that one convenience requires the location of a road leading from our house to Buckfield in a north-easterly direction to the Charles Wood road in Hartford, and we would most respectfully request your Hon. Board to view said premises, hoping you may grant our petition.

ELEAZAR CHASE.

DAVID KNEELAND.

Buckfield, May 22, 1865.