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NEW SERIES, VOL. 16, NO. 40,

PARIS, MAINE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1865.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 32, NO. 50

**THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY  
**WM. A. FRIDGIN & Co.,**  
PROPRIETORS.

**JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.**

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## MISCELLANY.

### A House with all the Modern Conveniences.

Nehemiah Pollard was an army contractor. He furnished pork for the Western Department, and of course he got rich by it. At the end of two years of that kind of business, he found himself worth half a million.

People began to call him Mr. Pollard, instead of old Pollard, and sleek men in white neckcloths called upon him with long subscription papers.

Mrs. Pollard awoke suddenly to the knowledge that it illly became their altered circumstances to live in a one-story wooden house, in a remote part of the city, with none of the conveniences and improvements. They owed it to the children, she said, to inhabit a house with all the modern conveniences, and see something of the world.

Nehemiah fingered his greenbacks, looked wise and coincided. So a house was taken.

It would be tedious to relate all the particulars of the furnishing, much of which was done by contract. The house was large and commodious. There was a library, conservatory, parlor, drawing-room, dining hall and modern kitchen. It was heated with a furnace and lighted with gas; there was a dumb waiter, spring locks, hot and cold water—in short it was a house with all the modern conveniences.

The library was stocked by a stationer, who received orders. To be sure, the books were well bound, and mostly in red backs. The conservatory was filled by a florist, and Mrs. Pollard stipulated that there should be plenty of hollyhocks and poppies.

When all was ready, the family moved in. Mrs. Pollard sailed about the grand rooms like a queen; but her husband looked absolutely frightened as he surveyed the premises.

"By golly, Polly!" he exclaimed, "if this 'ere ain't a little too fine for us. I feel like a cat in a strange garret. Yes, by golly! like two cats. There's a dozen things here that I don't know the names of. What's them gilt things stuck up in the corner, with bare-legged children with goose wings on their backs?"

"Land sakes, them's cornishes, and the pigeons is angels. And you will oblige me by calling me Margaret in future."

"Why, I didn't know that was your name," cried Mr. Pollard in wonder.

"Peggy is the vulgar of Margaret, sir."

"Sho! well, I declare! live and learn!"

"Do take your feet off that ottoman, and don't lean your head against that paper hangings. Like enough it's greasy."

"Shouldn't wonder, pork packing is rather greasy business."

"Mr. Pollard, if you'll never allude to your business again I'll be thankful. It is vulgar to bring home your shop with you."

"Why, who has brought one home?"

"Do be careful, Mr. Pollard. You have smudged the varnish off from that teaty-teaty, and now you are bobbing your head against that chandelier."

"I'll go to bed and see if I can't get some peace."

Mr. Pollard put his threat into execution, but his wife followed him closely to the stairs.

"Mind the stair carpet, Mr. Pollard—there, I henned it!" she cried, as Nehemiah caught his foot in the binding, stumbled, and fell entirely to the foot of the stairs, breaking the hall glass, and tearing his coat-tail entirely off. He picked himself up with a muttered expression, and gained his chamber. The servant had already lighted the gas, and opened the register.

"Creation!" cried Mr. Pollard, "it's hotter than the tropics. How do you fix this darned thing, to cool it off?"

"I don't know," cried she, "I will ring for Jane."

"The deuce you will," said Mr. Pollard, glancing at his scant attire; "you go to bed, I'll set the sink over the hole, and that will keep the heat out all right."

"Put out the gas," said his wife from the bed.

"Put out the dinkens!" cried her husband, angrily; "here I have blowed and blowed till I am fit to burst, and the confounded thing only dances the faster."

"Turn it off," advises Mrs. Pollard.

"Turn it, indeed! where turn it to, I wonder. Ha! I've done it; I've switched it out with my sleeve."

"Wal, don't get into bed with your hands smutty; there's hot and cold water; you know it is such a convenience."

"Jupiter Ammon! I've took the skin off from that hand. Why, the water's bilin'! I'll try the cold—by golly! how it smarts!" and muttering to himself, Mr. Pollard completed his ablution and got into bed.

Some time in the night, Mrs. Pollard awoke. She felt damp and chilly. She put her hand out, and felt only water.

"Lord have mercy!" screamed she,

"Wake up, Miah! there's a flood. It has got clear up in the chamber, and we shall all be drowned to death! Git up and light, quick!"

Mr. Pollard jumped out and then in again, propelled by a vigorous kick from his better half.

"What in creation is it?" cried he, dashing about in the vain attempt to find his clothes. "Ah, it's just struck me—I did not fix that waterspout right after I washed my hands. I remember I couldn't stop it from running. Confound the convenience."

Wal, I can find my way; I'll go down to the kitchen and get a pail and bail us out."

He reached the stairs in safety, and brought up on his head in the hall below, which felt as though a whole cotton factory had set up its machinery inside of it.

Directly he recovered himself and proceeded on his way. He went into the kitchen, found the pail, and turned to go back. The door was fast. He pulled and kicked it with all his might, but only wasted his strength. Then he remembered that all the doors in the house had spring locks, and he had forgotten to take the key when he came in, so to speak he was a prisoner.

He shouted murder! thieves! at the top of his voice, and knocked his legs against the range. Maddened by the pain, he seized the poker, and flew at the grated windows, through which he soon had a hole large enough to shout murder out of.

In a moment a policeman's rattle was heard, and directly quite a force of stars congregated outside the window.

"What's the row?" inquired the police.

"What do you mean by kicking up such a row at this time of night?"

Pollard threw a kettle full of apple sauce at his head, but the grating prevented it from taking effect.

"Desperate fellow inside there!" muttered the policeman. It is difficult to be cautious, we might get into a bustle."

"Let me out, or I'll be the death of the whole of ye!" roared Nehemiah, yowing.

"I'll shoot every one of you."

"Pollard! Pollard! Miah!" called Mrs. Pollard, from the entry. Do you come. The house is full of robbers and murderers, I've heard them yelling for an hour."

"Let them yell and be blasted! I will be the death of the whole of them. If you don't let me out of this."

"Don't kill anybody! It is wicked. Remember the commandment!" entreated Mrs. Pollard.

"Open the door!" cried the policeman, from the outside.

"Open it yourself!" cried Miah.

"What are you doing there?"

"None of your business!" said our hero.

"Burst it in!" commanded the policeman; and after a short struggle the door flew from the hinges, and the light of a bull's eye penetrated the place.

"That's the villain! seize him!" said the leader. "Never mind what he says. We will show him and all others of his style that he cannot get into other people's houses with impunity."

"I tell you I am in my own house," thundered Pollard. "And I will beat the brains out of the whole of ye, if you don't make yourselves scarce. Do, Peggy, come and help me."

The kitchen door flew open, and Peggy's night cap appeared.

"Oh, Lord!" cried she, "I cannot come in afore all them men, with my night-cap on. Wait a minute till I fix my head."

Nehemiah had seized a long-handled frying-pan, and was laying it about with a will. The leader of the police began to see the point. He brought the lantern to bear on the face of our friend.

"I beg your pardon, Esquire Pollard—it was a mistake."

Esquire Pollard laid down his weapon and shook hands.

"It is all owing to the confounded house!" said Nehemiah. "I do not know more about the now tangled thing than a man in the moon. You'll keep dark?"

"Pon honor, Esquire."

Mr. Pollard had the locks taken off his doors, and the water-pipes removed the next day.

He has lived in his house nearly a year now, but he carries a dip to bed with him and washes his face and hands at the kitchen sink.

A FLOATING ISLAND. Wyassop Lake, of North Stonington, was originally a natural pond of twenty-five or thirty acres, which was frequently visited by the residents of the vicinity. A short time since, however, the Wyassop Reservoir Company raised this lake seventeen feet, causing its waters to cover an area of about one hundred and seventeen acres. As the waters rose, the island rose with them, and thus it remains. The soil is spongy, and as the visitor treads upon its spongy surface, he feels a little insecure, but soon finds himself as safe as on the solid land. It is a curious incident, and rather too much for the philosophers of Eastern Connecticut. They can not account for it. [Hartford Post.

## Rapid Stage Driving.

Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, was one of the party of Schuyler Colfax & Co., that went a few weeks since overland to California. He thus alludes to some of the "riding the party enjoyed" after leaving Salt Lake:

But our fast ride by the Overland mail stages from Salt Lake will always be a chief feature in the history and memory of our grand journey across the continent. The stations of the company are ten to fifteen miles apart; at every station fresh horses, ready harnessed, took the places of the old, with a delay of from two to four minutes only; every fifty miles a new driver took his place on the box; wherever meals were to be eaten, they were ready to serve on arrival; and so, with horses ever fresh and fat, and gamey—horses that would shine in Central Park and Fifth Avenue equipages—with drivers gentlemanly, intelligent, and better dressed than their passengers, and a division superintendent for each two hundred miles, who had planned the ride and came along to see it executed, we were whirled over the rough mountains and through the dry and dusty plains of this uninhabited and uninhabitable region, rarely passing a house except the stage stations, never seeing wild bird or beast. And we traveled quite as rapidly and as regularly as we could have gone over macadamized roads and a complete civilization. The speed rarely fell below eight miles an hour, and often ran up to twelve. But so wisely was all arranged, and so well executed, that not an animal suffered; to horses and men the ride seemed to be the work of every day, as indeed it was in everything but our higher rate of speed.

But the passengers are content that it should be a little experience for them; they are glad to have had it, but will spare their friends a repetition—at present. The alkali dust, dry with a season's sun, fine with the grinding of a season's stages and freight trains, was thick and constant, and penetrating beyond experience and comparison. It filled the air—it was the air; it covered our bodies—it penetrated there; it soared to almighty attributes, and became omnipresent, and finding its way into bags and trunks begrimed all our clean clothes, and reduced every thing and every body to a common plane of dirt, with a soda, soapy flavor to all. This alkali element in the soil of all this region, as of much of the country on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, I have had no explanation of. In some spots it prevails to such a degree as to clean the ground of all, even the most barren vegetation; and wide, smooth, bare alkali plains stretch out before the eye, sometimes for miles, and white in the distance like a snow bank. In some places, so strong is it that the earth when wet rises like bread under yeast. It taints the water everywhere, and sometimes so strongly that bread mixed with it needs no other rising. Yet I find no evidence of any general unhealthy effect from its presence; animals eat the grass and drink the water flavored with it; and though the dust choked all pores and makes the nose and lips sore, the inconvenience and annoyance seem to be but temporary from even large doses of it.

Then the jolts of the rocks and the "chuck-holes" of the road, to which the drivers in their rapid progress could give no heed, kept us in a somewhat perpetual and not altogether graceful motion. There was certainly small sleep to be enjoyed during this memorable ride of three days and nights; and though we made the best of it with joke and felicitation at each others discomfort, there was none not glad when it was over.

The drivers all had the same consolation to administer to us for the rough riding, and that was the story, memorable all along this route, of Mr. Greeley's experience upon it some six years ago. He had met rather a dull driver, and was behind time, and became impatient, as he had a lecture engagement just over the mountain in California. So when we struck the mountain road, and a noted driver then and still—for stage driving is a trade that men follow through their lives—by name Hank Monk, Mr. Greeley suggested that he would like to get over the road a trifle faster.

"Yes," said Hank, as he gathered up the reins of six half wild mustangs, then in common use on the road, "keep your seat, Mr. Greeley, and I will get you through in time." Crack went his whip; the mustangs dashed into a fearful pace; up hill and down, along precipices frightful to look at, over rocks that kept the noted passenger passing frantically between seat and ceiling of the coach; the philosopher soon was getting more than he bargained for; and at the first soft place on the road, he mildly suggested to the driver that half an hour more or less would not make much difference. But Monk was in for his drive and his joke, and replied again, with a twinkle in his left eye, after a fresh cuff at his mustangs, "Just keep your seat Mr. Greeley, and you shall be through in time."

Mr. Greeley kept his seat as well as he could, got through on time, and better, unharmed, though greatly to his surprise, in

view of the dangers and roughness of the drive, and rewarded the driver, who had served him the rough joke, with a new suit of clothes. The story is now classic with all the drivers and travellers on the road; and Monk wears a watch with his reply to Mr. Greeley on the case—the present of some other passenger, whom he had driven both rapidly and safely over his perilous route. The road is better now, and the horses tamer, but the driving is hardly less fearful.

## Hall's Arctic Expedition.

Mr. Chaffee, an officer on board the Black Eagle, which vessel brought dispatches from Capt. Hall's Arctic Expedition, already noticed by us, furnishes the New Bedford Standard with the following particulars of the undertaking as it relates to the discovery of the discovery of that portion of Sir John Franklin's crew supposed to be yet alive in the Arctic regions:

"No further news will be received from Capt. Hall until his return to Repulse Bay, in 1867, from an expedition to Boothia Felix Peninsula and King William's Land, upon which he was to start after the first great snow storm, about the middle of September. Capt. Hall appeared to be satisfied, from the information deemed reliable, that Capt. Crozier, the second in command of Franklin's expedition, is still living with a lodge of Innuit, directly on the proposed route of travel, and that many of the instruments, cooking utensils, &c., used by Franklin's men are now in the possession of these natives, who state that they found them in lodges, filled with frozen men, some of them strapped to the bodies. Capt. Hall takes with him, on his proposed journey, three whaleboats and a large quantity of provisions, the whole weighing about four tons, all to be drawn by dogs."

When the ships left, Capt. Hall was living near Repulse Bay, with a lodge of forty-two Innuit, who were to accompany him. He also had with him two interpreters, E-bier-bing and his wife Two-koo-too, who left New York with him. The latter had been quite sick for two months with pneumonia, but was slowly recovering. She was the best interpreter, and great dependence was made upon her, the natives evincing great respect for both her and her husband. A native named Oo-e-la (Albert) is also of the company, who claims that a cousin of his, now in the same lodge with Crozier, was one of the party who discovered the body of one of Franklin's men imbedded in the ice, from which it was with difficulty removed.

It will be noticed that Capt. Hall, differing from all other Arctic explorers, selects the winter months for his labors, which can only be successfully accomplished when everything is thoroughly frozen up. In the summer the lakes and streams are open, thus preventing the sledges from crossing, but the warm weather is made available in forwarding supplies along the proposed route of travel. The distance to be accomplished in the proposed journey is from 600 to 800 miles, and the captain expected to make very slow progress, owing to the weather and nature of the country. At each halt snow houses must be built for protection during the night. He would probably reach Boothia Felix Peninsula, about 100 miles, early in the spring, after which the whaleboats would be available."

The manner in which Secretary Seward came to know of the death of President Lincoln was singularly touching. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, says:

"Mr. Seward had been kept in ignorance of the attack on the President, his physician fearing that the shock would be too great for him to bear, and all newspapers were rigidly excluded from his room. On the Sunday following his assassination, the Secretary had his bed wheeled round, so that he could see the tops of the trees in the park opposite, just putting on the spring foliage, when his eye caught the Stars and Stripes at half mast on the War Department, on which he gazed awhile, then turning to his attendant, said: 'The President is dead!'"

The confused attendant stammered and changed color as he tried to say nay, but the sage old man said: "If he had been alive, he would have been the first one to call on me; but he has not been here, nor has he sent to know how I am, and there's the flag at half-mast." The old statesman's inductive reasoning had told the truth, and he lay in silence, the great tears coursing down his gaunt cheeks as the dreadful truth sank into his mind."

Says the Round Table, in introducing a caustic criticism of a new book, "The mystic which surrounds those familiar but still problematical characters, 'S. T. 1860 X,' which for the last few years, have filled our newspapers and so vilely defaced our most romantic scenery, has doubtless caused many thousands more gossamer of Drake's letters to be drank than if he had simply labelled his compound 'rum and herb mixture.'"

A THANKFUL HUSBAND. Barty Gray has written some excellent stories on matrimonial troubles, one of which concludes thus:

"My wife has gone to visit her mother."

"I am happy to be able to state that the children accompanied her. Peace, quietness and felicity reign in my dwelling. I come and go unquestioned. I stay out late at night without fear of rebuke. I lie abed at mornings, and no one insists on my getting up. My friends pass the evening with me, and there be none who tell me the next day that the window curtains are filled with tobacco smoke and the parlor has the fragrance of a bar room. It two or three friends come home to dine with me, the cook never asks why I brought them, nor complains of a headache. What is more, she does not insist upon having a new silk dress every week, nor burst into tears if I utter crude and naughty words. The fact is, if there be one thing I like more than another, it is to have my wife visit her mother."

SHARP PRACTICE. As an instance of sharp practice, it is related that a merchant going to America and back went to an insurance office and wished to insure separately 1000 cigars, valued at \$1000, against loss by fire or water. The insurance was agreed to. After the lapse of six months he made his appearance at the insurance office and demanded his money, as the cigars had been all burned. "But not on board the vessel, sir," said the secretary, for she is in dock now." "Yes, on board the vessel. I smoked them all myself; and the insurance says against fire." The secretary seemed taken aback, and had nothing to say, so the merchant said he would call the next day for his money. The next day he called, but was met by the solicitor to the company, who told him if he did not relinquish his claim he would prosecute him as one who had knowingly and wilfully set fire to goods insured by the company. The biter was bitten. [English paper.

THE NEXT CONGRESS. A contemporary publishes a complete list of the two Houses of the next Congress. In the Senate, twenty-five States are now represented by 28 Unionists and 11 Democrats. According to the party division that existed before the war, the House of Representatives now stands 140 Unionists to 41 Democrats; but, on the great question of at once admitting the Representatives of the Southern States or keeping them, or most of them, for a longer period in probation, it is not stated. Should all the Southern States now without representation, whose Senators and Representatives are yet to be elected, choose Democrats opposed to universal suffrage, as is to be expected they will do, and, should they all be admitted, the Senate will then contain forty-seven Unionists and twenty-seven Democrats; and the House of Representatives would contain one hundred and fifty Unionists to ninety-two Democrats.

Not far distant from our good village, there lives a man, whose spouse one day in a pet, refused to speak for eight or ten days. Well, the husband, poor fellow although her silence sometimes used to be most devoutly wished for, wished to hear again, the clipper of that little bell, that sometimes made his ear tingle; she was inexorable. At last he hit upon an expedient that brought her to her speech again; she was very neat and tidy about her furniture and apparel. He stepped into another room, opened a bureau, and commenced throwing the contents on the floor. She came in when he had nearly completed his work of tumbling out silks, laces, handkerchiefs, and without thinking, screamed out: "Mercy! what in the world are you doing?" "Nothing, only looking for my wife's tongue, which I have found in the bottom of these drawers."

BETTER YET. The returns improve as time elapses for the full figures to be obtained. Ohio gives a round majority of 30,000. Iowa, a full 20,000, with Legislature three-fourths Republican; Pennsylvania, increases the figures given last week.

CONNECTICUT "conservative" Republicans, who let the negro amendment go by default, must look with complacency upon the big headings in the copperhead papers, "Connecticut wheeling into line."

ALPHABETICAL CONSIDERATIONS. Why is the letter A like the meridian? Because it is the middle of day. Why is the letter B like hot fire? Because it makes oil boil. Why is the letter D like a fallen angel? Because by its association with evil it becomes a devil. Why is the letter E like the end of time? Because it is the beginning of eternity. Why is the letter F like death? Because it makes all fall. Why is the letter G like wisdom? Because it is the beginning of greatness and goodness. Why is the letter H like the dying words of Adams? "This is the end of earth." Why is the letter J like the end of Spring? Because it is the beginning of June. Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Because it is the end of pork.



## Important Interview with the President.

Maj Geo. L. Stearns, had an interview with the President, October 3d. He wrote out the conversation had with him, and forwarded to him, with the request that he might give it to the public. The communication was as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 3, 1865.

I have just returned from an interview with President Johnson, in which he talked for an hour on the reconstruction of the rebel states. His manner was as cordial, and his conversation as free as in 1861, when I met him daily in Nashville.

His countenance is healthy, even more so than when I first knew him. I remarked that the people of the North were anxious that the process of reconstruction should be thorough, and they wished to support him in the arduous work, but their fears were confused by the conflicting reports constantly circulated, and especially by the present position of the Democratic party. It is industriously circulated in the Democratic clubs that he was going over to them. He laughingly replied, "Major, have you never known a man who for many years had differed from your views because you were in advance of him, claim them as his own when he came up to your standpoint?"

I replied, I have often. He said so have I, and went on: The Democratic party finds its old position untenable, and is coming to ours; if it has come up to our position, I am glad. You and I need no preparation for this conversation; we can talk freely on this subject for the thoughts are familiar to us; we can be perfectly frank with each other. He then commenced with saying that the states are in the Union, which is one and indivisible.

Individuals tried to carry them out, but did not succeed, as a man may try to cut his throat, and be prevented by the bystanders; and you cannot say he cut his throat because he tried to do it.

Individuals may commit treason, and be punished, and a large number of individuals may constitute a rebellion and be punished as traitors. Some States tried to get out of the Union, and we opposed it, honestly, because we believed it to be wrong; and we have succeeded in putting down the rebellion. The power of those persons who made the attempt has been crushed, and now we want to reconstruct the State governments and have the power to do it. The State institutions are prostrated, laid out on the ground, and they must be taken up and adapted to the progress of events; this cannot be done in a moment. We are making very rapid progress, so rapid I sometimes cannot realize it; it appears like a dream.

We must not be in too much of a hurry; it is better to let them reconstruct themselves than to force them to it; for if they go wrong, the power is in our hands and we can check them at any stage, to the end, and oblige them to correct their errors; we must be patient with them. I did not expect to keep out all who were excluded from the amnesty, or even a large number of them, but I intended they should sue for pardon, and so realize the enormity of the crime they had committed.

You could not have broached the subject of equal suffrage at the North, seven years ago, and we must remember that the changes at the South have been more rapid, and they have been obliged to accept more unpalatable truth than the North has; we must give them time to digest a part, for we cannot expect such large affairs will be comprehended and digested at once. We must give them time to understand their new position.

I have nothing to conceal in these matters, and I have no desire or willingness to take indirect courses to obtain what we want.

Our government is a grand and lofty structure; in searching for its foundation we find it rests on the broad basis of popular rights. The elective franchise is not a natural right, but a political right. I am opposed to giving the States too much power, and also to a great consolidation of power in the central government.

If I interfered with the vote in the rebel States, to dictate that the negro shall vote, I might do the same thing for my own purposes in Pennsylvania. Our only safety lies in allowing each State to control the right of voting by its own laws, and we have the power to control the rebel States if they go wrong. If they rebel, we have the army, and can control them by it, and if necessary, by legislation also. If the general government control the right to vote in the States, it may establish such rules as will restrict the vote to a small number of persons, and thus create a central despotism.

My position here is different from what it would be if I was in Tennessee.

There I should try to introduce negro suffrage gradually: first those who had served in the army; those who could read and write, and perhaps a property qualification for others, say \$200 or \$250.

It will not do to let the negroes have universal suffrage now. It would breed a war of races.

There was a time in the Southern States when the slaves of large owners looked down upon non-slave-owners because they did not own slaves; the larger the number of slaves their masters owned, the prouder they were, and this has produced hostility between the mass of the whites and the negroes. The outrages are mostly from non-slaveholding whites against the negro, and from the negro upon the non-slaveholding whites.

The negro will vote with the late master whom he does not hate, rather than with the non-slaveholding white, whom he does hate. Universal suffrage would create another war, not against us, but a war of races.

Another thing. This government is the freest and best on the earth, and I feel sure is destined to last, but to secure this, we must elevate and purify the ballot. For many years contended at the South that slavery was a political weakness, but others said that it was a political strength; they thought we gained three-fifths the representation by it; I contended that we lost two-fifths.

If we had no slaves, we should have had twelve representatives more, according to the ratio of representation. Congress apportioned representation by States, not districts, and the State apportioned by districts.

Many years ago, I moved in the Legislature that the apportionment of representation to Congress, in Tennessee, should be by qualified voters.

The apportionment is now fixed until 1872; before that time we might change the basis of representation from population to

qualified voters, North as well as South, and in due course of time, the States, without regard to color, might extend the elective franchise to all who possessed certain mental, moral, or such other qualifications, as might be determined by an enlightened public judgment.

BOSTON, Oct. 18, 1865.

The above report was returned to me by President Johnson with the following endorsement.

GEORGE L. STEARNS.

"I HAVE READ THE WITHIN COMMUNICATION AND FIND IT SUBSTANTIALLY CORRECT. I HAVE MADE SOME VERBAL ALTERATIONS. (Signed) A. J."

## The Church South and Secession.

It is an undeniable fact that the "Church South" was one of the principal agencies that brought about the rebellion. The religious element had a vast deal to do in educating the public mind to hate the North. Slavery was advocated in the pulpit as a divine institution, while ministers of the gospel boldly declared it the chief corner stone both of church and State. The Bible was appealed to as upholding the accursed system, and its holy pages desecrated to the vile purposes of man stealers, adulterers and murderers. Nearly all the denominations in the land divided on this subject. In 1844 the Methodist Episcopal Church, with its million and half of members, was rent in twain by Slavery. The Ministers and members of nearly all the slave States seceded, and established, what has since been known as the "Methodist Episcopal Church South."

Henry Clay in 1845, in a memorable Speech, declared that a permanent division in a church of such numbers and influence, would itself, lead to a dissolution of the Union; and his prophetic words have passed into history.

During the rebellion the most violent, fanatical leaders have been found among the Clergy. Gen. Longstreet was a Methodist clergyman, Gen. Polk an Episcopalian, Gen. Jackson a Presbyterian, and so we might go on to the end of the chapter. These generals all tried to instill into the hearts of their soldiers the idea that they were fighting for God and the highest type of christianity. Now while an effort is being made to unite the churches, long ago separated by Slavery, and bring back the North and South into one fold, the Southern Ministers show the viper, and give unmistakable evidences that the spirit of slavery and rebellion has not with them died out, but only been "scotched." When the thing is proposed, they put on their same old aristocratic airs, and decline any christian association with the "vile yankees of the North." This is especially true with the efforts now being put forth to unite the M. E. Church, North and South. The five Bishops of the Church South have issued their official Bull strongly protesting against any such union. This all goes to prove the conflicting influences of slavery. It poisons everything it touches, and turns the church of the living God with a set of thieves and murderers. Who does not rejoice at its overthrow in the nation?

## Obituary.

At Mazeppa, Minn., Sept. 8th, after an illness of less than four days, from a paralytic shock, Levi Stowell, Esq., aged 71 years.

Father Stowell was born at Paris, Me.; graduated at Bowdoin College in 1816; entered the legal profession; united with the Congregational Church at Dixfield, 1831; held important offices in his native county; moved to Indiana in 1858, thence to the place of his death in 1863.

He will be remembered by a large circle of friends, East and West, as an upright, intelligent, vivacious, philanthropic, christian man, and respectably winning the confidence and respect of the community where he lived. Conversant with, and deeply interested in the great movements of the day, he adhered with strong tenacity to early associations, while admitting the light of passing events. Bearing with cheerful fortitude reverses, the loss of children, impaired health, and the infirmities of age, he reposed for heaven, humbly but firmly resting his hope upon the cardinal truths of the gospel, and finding the fullest expression of his feelings in standard hymns of praise.

W. BIGELOW.

SALE OF STOCK. Mr. Clinton Howe offers for sale, as will be seen by notice in another column, all the choice stock on his farm in West Sumner. A part of this herd was on exhibition at the late fair, where two of the animals took first premiums. It was understood also that the whole stock was awarded the premium on herds, though the report does not show that the premiums were awarded, which is evidently an oversight. Persons who wish to purchase farm stock of the first quality, will do well to call on Mr. H. who has taken great interest and pride in making his selections.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING. A deputation of Congregationalists of Washington city, have called upon the President, and urged him to set apart Thursday, the 30th day of November, the day annually observed by most of the States of the Union, as a day of National Thanksgiving and Prayer to Almighty God for his goodness to us as a nation, and especially for the suppression of the recent rebellion, for the destruction of slavery, the cause of our civil war, and for the restoration of peace within all our borders, and to offer devout supplications that he still would keep us, as he has done, in all our national history, trials, &c.

A Fryeburg Academy correspondent is informed that we do not publish anonymous communications.

## Foreign Relations.

The late Foreign news is of importance, as it discusses important questions between England and the United States. The London papers have published the correspondence between Earl Russell and Mr. Seward, relative to the ravages of the Alabama and Shenandoah. Mr. Seward, in a dispatch dated April 7, calls Russell's attention to the ravages of the Shenandoah, and says that for the damages caused by said cruiser, the government cannot avoid entailing the responsibility upon the government of Great Britain. Earl R. replies that the question is not of damages, but whether the Queen's government have faithfully and honorably performed the duties which international law and their municipal laws imposed upon them.

The reply of Mr. Adams is dated the 4th. He repeats that the insurgents became belligerents on the ocean solely by reason of the facilities furnished in Her Majesty's ports. He complains of the secret sympathy of Her Majesty's officers in the port of Liverpool, and contends that after the information which he supplied respecting the Alabama, it was by the flagrant negligence of Her Majesty's Board of Customs that this vessel, admitted to be intended for war purposes, was suffered to depart from Liverpool.

After three months, Earl Russell proceeds to justify his government, and to declare that it cannot submit the matter to arbitration. The Crown officers alone are the ones to define British Law. Her Majesty's Government are, however, ready to consent to the appointment of a commission, to which shall be referred all claims arising during the late civil war, which the two powers shall agree to refer to the commission.

Mr. Adams' reply to it, Sept. 18th, is very serious in tone. He considers there is now no dispute as to the fact that the recognition of the South as belligerents, was such an act as was never done by any nation towards another in a state of amity. He charges the British Government with having acted without knowledge, and upon mere presumption in assuming the existence of the blockade. The blockade, he says, was the consequence, not the cause, of the British policy. He thinks the only excuse for the conduct of the British Government, was that it was precipitate, and he intimates that if the doctrine and practice of the British Government are allowed to become the rule, the United States will not be the greatest loser by them. Mr. Adams does not appear to think that Earl Russell's refusal to refer the question to a commission, will be approved by his Government.

The English papers comment upon this correspondence as one that may endanger the relations between the two governments.

TROUTING. This week, we listened to part of an evening's gossip upon the ever prolific topic of fishing, during which some peculiar ideas were advanced relative to the habits of the trout. In the town of Mexico, there is a small pond, shallow, and so situated that in a clear day every object on the bottom can be plainly seen; and in no instance has a trout ever been seen or caught on a clear day; though in a cloudy day, a man can take as many as he can carry. It has always been claimed by the residents thereabout that they lay in the mud. This idea seems preposterous; but we find it substantiated by a recent occurrence. Mr. J. Hodgdon, Jr., of Byron, a perfectly reliable man, who stood on the bank of Webb river, at the outlet of a brook, where the water did not exceed an inch in depth, says he saw a trout dart from the river and disappear, all but a bit of his tail, in the mud. He placed an obstruction across the brook, and with a grapple took him out. This disturbance proved that more fish were there, and in a few minutes, with his hands, he took out six that weighed six pounds. Our informant says he cannot doubt this statement, though it is so contrary to all existing notions about the fish. It is said they lay in such places to protect themselves from cold.

Another incident is worth recording. Above one of the ponds that feeds Swift river, is a small basin, connected with the river by a narrow channel. Trout go into the basin to spawn. Last year, a man saw this basin full; but the question was how to get them. Necessity, the mother of invention, was equal to the emergency. He took off his shirt, tied up the neck, and laid it in the channel supporting one side with sticks, then disturbing the water there was a rush, and in a moment he had a skirt full. We commend these facts to fishermen for comment. The first we should like to see confirmed. The latter experiment we propose to repeat, ourselves, taking an extra shirt for the occasion, if we can borrow one.

REDUCTION OF THE CURRENCY. The loan of \$50,000,000 offered by the government, to fund the interest-bearing currency has all been taken. The rapid drain on the currency in the business centres, has had an extraordinary influence, in making speculators stir about for money. Pork fell \$2.75 per barrel, in one day. The fall in stocks has been greatest, though less in governments than anything else; and a large quantity was forced off. No more loans will be issued for this purpose at present.

THANKSGIVING. Gov. Cony has appointed the twenty-third day of November, Thanksgiving day. Four weeks in which to fat the Thanksgiving turkeys.

John B. Dutton, of Hope, Senator elect from Knox, died on the 19th inst.

## Oxford County Cattle Show.

### CLOSING PROCEEDINGS.

Thursday opened with as forbidding a look as the bitterest critic could desire. The owners of stock wended their way homeward, with prize animals wearing a forlorn look. But in spite of the rain, just as the eclipse had added to the stormy gloom, the horses that were to compete for the society's \$15.00 purse, came to time.

Two horses were entered, "Mike Lynde," by S. R. Hutchins of Bethel; and a bay stallion by Jed. Woodbury of Norway. Mike had the pole and won the first heat in 3.20. In the second heat, the stallion won the pole, but Mike passed him, and came in ahead in the same time as before. The third heat, with the same result was made in 3.18 and Mike Lynde had the purse. The stallion is a splendid horse, and can trot well; but seems too nervous to be brought down to steady work.

### A GREASED PIG.

After the trot, somebody extemporized a greased pig race. Holders of tickets only were to have a chance at the prize. A ring was cleared, when a sorry looking little fellow, that cart-loads of fat could never make look sleek, tumbled out of a mysterious box that had rested on another barrow. A little Frenchman of St. Paris, eyed him a minute, let him move about a rod, when by a scientific jerk he brought himself on all fours with pig enclosed in such a pen as resisted the most vociferous efforts of piggy to escape, and the frantic efforts of the crowd in his behalf.

### ANNUAL MEETING.

At 11 1/2 o'clock occurred the annual meeting, by adjournment from Wednesday. A committee to nominate officers made the following report, which was accepted, and the nominations confirmed by ballot:

President, Henry C. Reed.  
Vice Pres., Tristram Hersey.  
Sec. and Treas., Elliot Smith.  
Trustees, Alex. S. Thayer, Paris; John M. Lane, Sumner; Uriah H. Upton, Norway; Ezra Jewell, Woodstock; W. L. Stanton, Oxford.

It was voted to pay J. G. Rowe, \$10.00 premium on special improvements, he having attended to his duty; and the delay being chargeable to the inability of the Committee to meet to make a second examination.

### THE SWEET-STAKES.

The trot for the Society's purse of \$20, was contested for by only two horses. One from Lovell, was entered too late, and two or three horses from Lewiston, went home when the storm came on.

The horses entered were the Jewell mare, well known in this region; and a gelding owned by Mr. Deane of Sumner. On the first heat the gelding had the pole. He lost it, however, on the second half, and the mare won the heat in 3.10. Second heat, the mare lost the pole the first half, and the gelding won the heat in 3.10. The mare was in so good trim, that Mr. Jewell could not hold her down, and he left the reins to Mr. C. M. Wormell. On the third heat the mare took the pole on the first corner of the second round, and made a handsome trot, gaining the heat in 3.07. The fourth heat, the mare lost the pole on the first corner, but gained it again at the same point on the second round, winning the heat in 3.10, and the race. The trial was closely contested and made a very interesting match. The time is not very fast, but is good considering the heavy rain, and the fact that the track had just been coated with blue clay.

The following report of a special committee was not received in season to go in its proper place.

### PHOTOGRAPHS.

Committee, W. W. Virgin, A. L. Burlbank, W. A. Polgin.

Your Committee would say, that there entered but one lot of pictures, that were presented by the Messrs. Crockett, of Norway Village. Yet the number of pictures and variety of style was such as to make up a very beautiful and interesting exhibition. Mr. A. B. Crockett has spent years in the ardent and earnest cultivation of his art. Every new discovery he has at once adopted, and many have been much improved by new progress of his own application, so that we think that this collection contains the best pictures that can be made in their respective classes. We do not express this opinion without having examined by their side, the work of the most noted artists. The stereoscopic effects, produced by Mr. Fred. Crockett, are no exception to the above remarks. He has the happy art of selecting fine points of observation, and his pictures are brought out so sharp and clear, as almost to possess the romance and poetry that artists are wont to throw about their sketches. As there is no premium to bestow upon these articles, we respectfully award to them the patronage of this Society.

A Fenian Congress has been assembled in Philadelphia this week. Outside reports say they have organized a full Irish Republic; have elected a President, Cabinet and Congress; and have authorized an Irish loan. What the thing will amount to remains to be seen.

BUTTER MAKING. A statement has been published recently, to the effect that the amount of butter produced by a cow is about a pound per week for each quart at a milking. This is, if the cow average six quarts at a milking, she will produce six pounds of butter per week.

Dr. Moriarty, the distinguished physician of Deer Island Hospital, Massachusetts, died this week. His weight was upwards of 400 pounds.

## Enlarging the Glen House.

The great rush of company to the White Mountains for two years past, has demonstrated the impossibility of longer delay in providing for its accommodation; and Col. J. M. Thompson, of the Glen House, has set himself about the work. His plans contemplate the erection of a hotel second in size we believe to no other in New England, and far exceeding in accommodations anything in the mountain region.

The present Glen House presents a front towards Mt. Washington, of 130 feet, with a wing extending back, forming a T, of 150 feet, with a building of 100 feet in length containing the cooking apparatus. The additions to be made will extend the main front, facing the mountain 267 feet, making a continuous line on the street of 397 feet. This extension will be four stories high, besides the attic. Two wings will connect, one containing the dining hall, 100 feet by 50, and 3 stories high, besides attic; and one containing kitchen 100 feet in length, and 2 stories, besides attic. The main front section will contain a ladies' parlor, 100 feet long by 50 wide. The main hall or passage ways in each story, will be 13 feet 6 inches in the clear. That portion of the structure containing the office and general reception room, will stand between the old and new part, and will be connected with each by a platform and covered passage. This building will be 74 feet long and 50 wide, and two stories high. The first floor of each section will be 15 feet high in the clear; the second 10 feet; the third and fourth, 9 and 8 feet, and all will have finished attics. The whole additions will supply nearly 200 additional sleeping-rooms, besides furnishing unsurpassed offices, dining halls and parlors.

Mr. Thompson has already made several of the most important contracts on the buildings and the work has already commenced. He puts a large portion of the lumber on his own land, and manufactures the dimension stuff at his own sawmills.

The structure was designed by a Mr. Thorndike of Boston. The drawings and working plans are made by ELZA F. BEAL, Esq., of Norway, who will superintend the erection of the buildings.

The Glen House is located in what is called Greene's Grant, at the base of Mt. Washington, on the old Pinkham turnpike; and is 8 miles from the Gorham Station, and about 20 miles northerly from the town of Jackson.

NORWAY PETROLEUM CO. We learn that some shrewd business men in Norway, have been looking over the oil region in Canada, and have secured a small tract, within six miles of the famous "Pepper farm." They have formed a company with the design of putting down a well; and so great is the confidence of the people in the success of the thing, that all but three shares of the capital stock had been taken on Monday. The explorations thus far made indicate the presence of oil throughout a large extent of territory, and this tract is in the midst of what appears to be an immense oil region. We hope the company will meet with abundant success, which it will have unless the judgment of men experienced in the business is at fault.

BASE BALL, AGAIN. We are desirous by the Hill boys to state in behalf of their South Paris friends, that the game of Base Ball referred to by us last week, was not played upon a challenge but merely by invitation for a friendly match; and that the playing was so close that the South Paris Club hardly owned a defeat. By mutual agreement, a test game is to be had for a prize Ball, to settle the question.

DRAMATIC. The young people of So. Paris are to give a Dramatic entertainment, at Atlantic Hall, on Monday evening next, in aid of the Soldiers' Monument Association. They will present on this occasion, three pieces, "Dead Shot," "Rough Diamond" and "Masterpiece." Music by Elliot & Weeks.

DEATH OF REV. DR. DWIGHT. Rev. W. T. Dwight, D. D., died at Andover, Mass., on Sunday last, aged 70 years. Dr. Dwight was educated to the profession of the law; but after practicing a short period, prepared for the ministry. He became pastor of the third Parish church in Portland, in 1831, and retained his pastoral connection until 1854. He has since resided in Andover. His funeral occurred on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Carruthers officiating.

Judge Kent holds court at Ellsworth this week. We learn that he will hold the December term in this County. We hear it intimated that but one traverser jury will be summoned to attend the term. So few cases go to the jury that one will do all the work easily, and this plan will make a saving of some \$200 annually to the County.

REPUTATION OF THE REBEL DRY. A vote has passed the North Carolina State Convention, by a vote of 84 to 12, repudiating all indebtedness incurred in aid of the rebellion. Gov. Holden advised this course.

SPECULATION. An exchange says powdered rhubarb which sold a few weeks ago at \$3.75 per pound, is now \$12; and morphine has recently gone up \$50 on the pound.

SUICIDE. We learn that Thomas Greene, of North Waterford, committed suicide, by hanging, on Tuesday of this week. He was found in a pasture, suspended to a tree by his handkerchief. He was an uncle to the Miss Greaves of Bethel, who committed suicide recently.

## Bethel Items.

A sufficient number of our young men have organized themselves into a Brass Band. Among them are several accomplished musicians. They ask the citizens of Bethel to subscribe liberally towards purchasing some instruments. We hope their call will be cheerfully attended to. It is not a money making business on their part, while the pleasure they will impart and the happiness they will give to those who shall listen to them, will more than compensate for any donation on the part of the citizens.

There has been quite a meadow fever in town the present season. Much of the immense meadow lands on Alder River has changed hands within a few weeks. We wonder that these lands have not been cleared up before. They are yet to be the hay-fields of Bethel.

The G. T. R. have commenced erecting a new Depot on the site of the old one burned down last spring. It is to be extensive and adapted to the actual and future wants of the place.

The P. O. has been removed by Post Master Kimball to the new block on the west side of the Common.

Hon. Ira C. Kimball and lady have gone to spend the winter in Florida, on account of his health which has been feeble the past season.

There is a great scarcity of tenements in the village at the present time. The erection of new houses does not keep pace with the influx of population.

The new block of stores fronting the common is now about finished and is a great improvement over the old one.

We are under obligations to Dr. O. M. Twitchell for a box of his Troches. We have found them an excellent article for various affections of the throat. Singers and public speakers find them excellent.

### For the Oxford Democrat.

Brown October is here with its bursting barns and full granaries, its falling leaves and fruit. Last week the good people of Bethel had their town fair. In the Fair there was a very creditable display, embracing many useful articles all of which were very fine. There was a fine display of fruit and the specimens were very fine and fair. Why is it that so many farmers are content to go without fruit, in a land whose soil and climate are so congenial to fruit that the husbandman, with diligent efforts, is rewarded with success?

The apple grows almost everywhere in our broad land, and most of the large fruit have quite as wide a range of soil and climate, though they are much less abundant. Apples have been most common probably because they are the most common fruit of the father-land, and were planted by the first settlers of the country. In a virgin soil the tree would grow anywhere with luxuriance, and only needed to have a clean field to yield abundant fruit. Apple orchards, though common, are still far below the wants of the country. Hundreds of farmers, when the apple is as hardy as the forest oak, are still without a good orchard. It is somewhat amusing to hear the reasons assigned by thriving farmers, for the great mistake in their husbandry of not planting an orchard. It is never admitted that they do not love fruit. There is hardly a man in a thousand that is not fond of every variety of fruit. Every boy and girl sighs for his neighbor's apple and pear trees, and not only breaks the tenth but the eighth commandment, in the eagerness of his desire. A home surrounded with well grown fruit trees and vines, adapted to the soil and climate, is one of the most beautiful objects we meet with, at this season of the year. Every one admires the dwelling, however humble, that looks out upon the streets through shaded walks, through fruitful gardens and orchards.

What can be finer than a well-grown pear tree hung with its yellow fruit? An apple whose boughs are bending to the ground with their ruddy burden? or a vine loaded with its purple clusters?

These are cheap and substantial ornaments that any man may plant around his home. The green upon his window and the paint on the dwelling, will require frequent and expensive renewals; every returning Spring will bring out the living ornaments in new dress, without money and without price.

Truly Yours, A. C.

Bethel, October 17th, 1865.

Tax-payers in Denmark, who pay over \$100, for the year 1865.

Wm. Bean,	\$1191 51	Himes Allen,	125 02
L. A. Berry,	314 15	J. B. O. Colby,	135 05
Robert Smith,	191 16	John Bennett,	130 75
Isaac Berry,	195 09	Nath. Benson,	127 32
E. Nathan,	177 23	Cross Ingalls,	130 60
Cash Warren,	161 64	E. F. Ingalls,	129 46
Wm. Haggood,	169 50	Est of J. Downing,	119 00
T. J. Foggess,	151 32	John Bennett,	114 93
Mrs. H. Sawyer,	137 83	J. Westworth,	112 54
Est. of N. Reed,	147 49	B. Frost,	103 97

INTERNAL REVENUE. We are indebted to Hon. Timothy Walker, Collector, for the following statement of assessments of internal revenue in Oxford County, this season:

Annual assessment, May,	\$820.50
Monthly assessment, May,	696.54
Monthly assessment, June,	1738.89
Monthly assessment, July,	1452.28
Monthly assessment, August,	2015.18

ONE OF THE BEAN STALKS. Mr. Joseph A. Twitchell has the biggest bean story we have heard. A single stalk in his field produced 141 pods, from which he shelled 691 beans. They are of the common white variety.

There will be a two days' Universalist Conference at Mechanic Falls, on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 1st and 2d.







