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MISCELLANY.

THE PURITAN OF 1863.

It was in the early part of October that the Rev. Mr. Allan started to walk to Farmer Owen's, over the hills. He had to cross two low spurs of the Green Mountains, and as he climbed to the top of the second the rich valley of the Otter Creek lay spread out before him. At any other time he would have stopped to admire its gentle undulations; its great flower garden of forest trees, rich in every color and hue; its silver threads winding their way to the waters of the Champlain, and the glorious autumn light which lay like a golden mantle over them all. But this afternoon he seemed oppressed by the beauty which surrounded him. He looked upon it with eyes misty with tears. There was a dull heavy weight upon his heart—a weight which even the long, fervent prayers that he had uttered so unceasingly since noon had failed to move. Between him and that landscape, we might almost say, between him and the merry-seated, there moved a slight, tall boy, with a laughing blue eye, clustering brown hair, and lips always ready with a pleasant word. To-day, there was Bennie, nuzzling under the bare, brawny arms of the buttressed tree; throwing his line into the little brooks, that came babbling down from the steep mountain side; driving his cows along the narrow foot path; standing with Blossom under the bright maple, and shouting with pride and joy as she wreathed her pretty face in the gay leaves.

"Oh, Bennie! Bennie!" Mr. Allan hardly knew he was calling the name, until it came back to him with such an empty, mocking sound, the heartless echo; "almost"—Mr. Allan thought, startled almost by the seeming impetuosity of the words—"almost as if there were no great, kind Father over us all."

As he came near Farmer Owen's house, he saw his oxen yoked to the plough. He knew they had been there since the telegram came. Mr. Owen had read it in the field, gone to the house and forgotten them, and no one had dared put them up. He was a man fully capable of taking care of his own affairs under any circumstances, never having been known before to forget.

Mr. Allan beckoned to an Irishman who was passing, and asked him to take care of them. The man came with an awkward look upon his face as if even there he stood in the presence of a great sorrow, and without the least noise obeyed.

Mr. Allan walked on slowly toward the house. He had known Mr. Owen for many years, and he knew him well. Indeed there was a peculiar bond of sympathy between the two men. In all his large parish, there was not one upon whom the minister relied as he did upon this strong, sturdy farmer. Many and many an hour he had walked by his side when he was upturning the brown earth, and had discussed with him on topics which would have sounded harsh and repulsive to common ears, but which were fraught with deep and vital interest to them. Mr. Owen was a direct descendant of the Puritans, and every drop of blood in his veins was tinged with as strong and true a "blue" as he himself had landed in the Mayflower. He took naturally to the sterner doctrines of religion, while Mr. Allan, versed in all the modern lore, questioned and doubted. The key-stone of Mr. Owen's theology was the sovereignty of God—"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" This was the man upon whom God had now laid his hand so heavily; and Mr. Allan felt that if the trial brought no murmur, no rebellion against that mighty Sovereign, the stern old faith were indeed a rich one in which to live and die. He knew that one element in this was Puritan. Sons of the Round-heads filled up the ranks of the Northern army. They marched to battle to strains of the old tunes that had lingered in the nursery and sanctuary from the day that Cromwell and his soldiers chanted them on Marston Moor. All down the aisles of Time came tramping to the music mailed men, bearing on their shields the two words Liberty and Equality. They trembled on Mr. Owen's lips with his parting blessing to his boy. Would he remember them, and would they comfort and give him strength now?

Where there is affliction in a house, the minister is at home. Mr. Allan entered without knocking, and made his way to the large, old-fashioned kitchen in which he was sure of finding the family.

There, by a table, with his arms folded and laid heavily upon it, sat Mr. Owen. His wife was in a small rocking-chair by the fire, and Blossom, a young girl sat between them.

"My friend," he said "how is it with the decrees of God?"

"Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints," faltered the man. There was something strange in his voice—a thin, womanly sound, so unlike the deep, stentorian tones in which he had always spoken before. Mr. Allan, when he heard it, almost felt as if he had dealt him a blow.

"Thank God! He has not, then, forsaken you, and from the depths of this deep trouble you can still say, 'The Maker doeth all things well.'"

"Yes, yes,"—and for an instant there glimmered from his dull eye a spark of the old controversial fire—"You don't suppose I have held on to that anchor when the skies were cloudless, and the little waves rocked my bark, to let alone of it now—now, when the great waves and billows are going over me, do you? I've planted it firm, it don't yield; no it don't yield, but the strain is terrible. God send it may carry me into port; oh, Mr. Allan say it will. It has seemed to me to-day so dark, so wonderful, so inscrutable, that he—my Bennie! Mr. Allan, there is a good, wise purpose behind it all. Can you see it?"

"To bring you nearer the kingdom," said the minister.

"Oh, don't tell me that, I can't bear it. God is too wise; he knows a hundred such souls as mine, are not worth one of my Bennie's. I can suffer if I am too great a sinner for God's grace to save, but Bennie! Bennie! I have sat here all day, since the news came, wondering, wondering; he was so good a son,"—and Mr. Owen's voice grew inarticulate in its emotion—"such a dear precious, noble boy! I thought when I gave him to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift,—no, not one. God forgive me if my grief is a sin. Mr. Allan, the dear boy only slept a moment, at his post. I know that was all, for Bennie never dined over a duty. How reliable he was!" and Mr. Owen's eyes wandered out over the brown fields, with such a perplexed, wondering look.

"I know he only fell off one little second; he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they will shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty."—Mr. Owen repeated these words very slowly, as if endeavoring to find out their true meaning:—"Twenty-four hours," the telegraph said—only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his Heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

"Yes, yes, let us hope. God is very merciful, and Bennie was so good—I do not mean holy," he said, correcting himself sharply. "No, there is none holy, no not one—but Jesus died for sinners, Mr. Allan, tell me that. Oh, Bennie, Bennie!"

The mother raised herself as she heard his name called, and turning, said with a smile, "Don't call so loud, father. Bennie is not far off; he will come soon."

"God laid his hand on them both, you see," said Mr. Owen, pointing to her, without making any direct reply. "She has not been justly herself since. It is a merciful thing she is sort of stunned, it seems to me; she makes no wail. Poor mother! if my heart was not broken, it would almost kill me to see her so. Bennie was almost told her often, God has said, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.'"

Mr. Allan looked in astonishment at the bowed man as he came now and stood before him. These few hours had done the work of years. The sinewy frame was tottering, the eyes were dimmed, and the sudden sorrow had written itself in deep wrinkles all over his manly face. He recognized the power of the great, kind heart, simple and almost childlike in its innocent, clinging affection; how could this be reconciled with the stern, strong head—the head that to common observers outlined the character of the man? "God have mercy on you. He is trying you in a furnace seven times heated," he exclaimed, almost involuntarily.

"I should be ashamed, father!" he said, "when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm,"—and he held it out so proudly before him,—"for my country, when it needed it. Paley it, rather than keep it at the plough!"

"Go, Bennie, then, go my boy," I said, "and God keep you." God has kept him. I think, Mr. Allan! and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his head, his heart doubted them.

"I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now, that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought father, it might have been on the battle field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously. But to be shot down like a dog, for nearly betraying it, to die for neglect of duty!—oh, kill me. But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I can't now."

"You know, I promised Jenny Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all his luggage besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too, and if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have fallen out by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jenny's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake, if I had had a gun at my head, but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently, "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by circumstances; time to write to you, our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty. He would gladly save me if he could; and don't lay up my death against Jenny. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead."

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me as they must be now. God help me, it is very hard to bear. Good-bye, father. God seems near and dear to me, not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take him to be with him and my Saviour in a better—better life."

A great sob burst from Mr. Owen's heart.

"Amen!" he said solemnly. "Amen!"

"To-night in the early twilight I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture. Daisy and Brindle and Bet; old Billy, too, will neigh to me from his stall, and precious little Blossom stand on the back stoop waiting for me—but I shall never—never come. God bless you all; forgive your poor Bennie."

That night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little figure glided out and down the foot-path that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor left; starting not as the full moon stretched queer fantastic shapes all around her, looking only now and then to Heaven, and holding her hands as if in prayer.

Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her in, wondered at the sweet, tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he for our little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had staid away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart, like the President's could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor found suitable company for Blossom, and hurried her on to Washington. Every minute now might be a year in an incredibly short time. Blossom reached the Capital, and was hurried at once to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task of overlooking and signing important papers, when without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with eyes downcast and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered out Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"Twas like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen could not break the seal for his trembling fingers, and held it towards Mr. Allan with the helplessness of a child."

The minister opened it, and obedient to a motion from the father, read as follows:

"Dear Father:—When this reaches you, I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now, that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought father, it might have been on the battle field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously. But to be shot down like a dog, for nearly betraying it, to die for neglect of duty!—oh, kill me. But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I can't now."

He read it carefully, then taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and then rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "SEND THE DESPATCH AT ONCE!"

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back—or wait until to-morrow—Bennie will need change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request.

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder," Mr. Lincoln said, "that would carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the good act so uncomplainingly." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home, and a crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back, and farmer Owen's tall head towered above them all, and as his hand grasped that of his boy, Mr. Allan heard him say fervently, as the boldest blessing he could pronounce upon his child: "Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints."

That night, Daisy and Brindle and Bet came lowing home from pasture, for they hear a well-known voice calling them at the gate; and Bennie, as he pats his old pets and looks lovingly in their great brown eyes, catches through the shrill evening air his Puritan father's voice as he repeats to his happy mother these jubilant words, "Fear not, for I am with thee; I will bring thy seed from the East and gather thee from the West; I will say to the North give up, and to the South, keep not back, bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth, every one that is called by my name, for I have created him for my glory; I have formed him, yea, I have made him."

A Little Virginia Sarcasm.

A Virginia paper, the Petersburg Index, finds its bile stirred by the remark of some critic that Mr. Wells's Life of Samuel Adams shows that that patriot had a larger share than Jefferson in bringing on the Revolution. The Index thereupon "lets out" upon New England views of history, in a style of which the following is a sufficient specimen:

"Our private opinion and belief is that there is authentic documents now in the library of Yale College—or will be there when needed—to prove that Bunker Hill Monument marks the site of Babylon the Mighty, that Carthage was no more nor less than Portland, Ostrum, Nahant and Boston, in fact, Athens; that Homer was professor of Belles Lettres at Harvard, and Patinorus a member of the Cambridge Yacht Club; that Priscian taught a grammar school at Montpelier, and Archimedes was a private tutor of chemistry in Concord; that St. Peter was a Cape Cod fisherman, and St. Matthew a collector of the internal revenue at Stonington; that Phidias owned a brown stone quarry in Maine, and Socrates founded the Atlantic Monthly; that the Academia was the walk under the yew trees at New Haven, and the Colossus of Rhodes a statue which strided from Nantucket to Martha's Vineyard; that Plymouth Rock is all that is left of the Tower of Babel, and the Connecticut River ran through Paradise; that Stonington is the site of Tyre, and Merriam's fast colors the dyes that made that city famous; that the old Temple of Diana at Ephesus was not burned, but is now Faneuil Hall, and that Herodotus and Wendell Phillips were the same persons; that the fable of Romulus and his brother being suckled by a wolf (*lupus*) arose from the circumstance that their mother was the first Vermonter who hoped her dresses; that Mercury was the ancient name of Ben. Butler's family, and that like everything else in New England, the family had gone on perfecting itself from the start; that the sun shines six hours per diem more on that favored spot than on any other between the poles; and that Noah's family were so much excited at an alliance with the Websters of Massachusetts that they got up a dictionary to commemorate that fact; that St. Patrick was Head Centre of a Fenian circle in Bangor, and St. Andrew kept a distillery in

Lowell; and, finally, that the millennium will begin in Boston, and will not be allowed to extend beyond its limits, except by a two-thirds vote of the tax-payers of that heavenly city, excluding all who have at any time in their most secret thoughts expressed a doubt of the propriety of hanging Jeff. Davis and General Lee on a sour apple tree."

THE STATE OF FEELING IN WASHINGTON.

A Washington dispatch dated Tuesday evening, says:

The evening air is laden with rumors and facts of recent import. The usual Tuesday evening reception at the White House was, because of the situation of affairs, denied to the public. Some of the revellers at Willard's publicly drank the toast: "The three chief Americans of the present day—Jefferson Davis, Andrew Johnson, and Robert E. Lee!" The evening organ of the opposition says: "The President will put down treason in the councils of the nation as he did in the field." The call is out for a mass meeting on Thursday, to uphold the President in his policy, and among its signers are scores of men known here for four years as rebel sympathizers. These are facts; let the rumors pass unnoticed.

A WISE LANDLORD. One night a judge, military officer and a minister, all applied for lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide which had the best claim of the three.

"I have laid fifteen years in the garrison at B," said the officer.

"I have sat as judge twenty years at B," said the Judge.

"With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at N," said the minister.

"That settles the dispute," said the landlord.

"You, Mr. Captain, have laid fifteen years—you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years—but the aged pastor has stood five and twenty years, so he has certainly the best right to the bed."

"It was ever my invariable custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep, to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was thus engaged my father, a man of practiced virtue awoke. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone am awake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"

It was the custom of an old lady who formerly entertained travelers, before her guests commenced a meal, to ask a blessing which she generally concluded in this wise: "Make us truly thankful for the food before us. Nancy, hand around the corn bread first, and the biscuit afterward. Amen."

COMMENT. John Fish advertises in the Manchester Mirror, that "he cannot live with his wife as she keeps him continually in hot water and acts like the devil." John is exclaiming—no fish can live in hot water.

We read, in an exchange paper, the following "tale of woe": "I clasped her tiny hand in mine, I clasped her beautiful form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beautiful eyes on me, the tears did wildly flow, and with her little lips she said, 'Confound you! let me go.'"

"Mary," said a wise and witty old lady, the other day, to her grand-daughter, "What do you call that ugly bunch that hangs down behind your head?" "Why, grandmother, every one knows it is a 'water-fall.' " "A waterfall, indeed!" replied the old lady, "it looks for all the world like a 'land-slide.' "

The practical advantage of the underground railway in London is, that the traveler may ride as far for two cents in ten minutes as above ground he can ride for twelve cents in an hour.

The Brunswick Telegraph tells of an old white-headed eagle that has been a regular winter resident on the banks of the Androscoggin a few miles above that town for thirty years.

The difference between a chattering lover and a pedestrian excursion through Wales is represented to be that one is a talking wooer and the other a walking tour.

Death comes to a good man to relieve him; it comes to a bad man to relieve society.

Every plain girl has one consolation; though not a pretty young lady, she will, if she lives, be a pretty old one.

It is always safe even to learn from our enemies; seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends.

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, MARCH 2, 1866.

CAUCUS.

The Union Voters of the town of Paris are requested to assemble at the Town House in said town on Saturday, March 3d, 1866, at 2 o'clock, P. M., to nominate town officers to be supported at the annual meeting, on Monday, March 5th, 1866. Per Order. TOWN COMMITTEE.

The President's Speech.

No loyal man can read the speech of the President delivered from the balcony of the White House on the evening of the 22d ult. without feelings of pain and mortification. That the President of a great and powerful nation, should so far forget the dignity of his station, the high and exalted position in which he has been placed by the people of the United States, as to come down and play the demagogue to a riotous crowd of rowdies and traitors is a matter of regret and astonishment to us all. It is even a more sorry exhibition of himself than President Johnson made on the 4th of March, for although his speech upon that occasion was an incongruous medley of words, he did not indulge in gross personal abuse of his political friends or greet the shouts of traitors and secessionists with apparent gratification. In charity to the President it must be conceded that he was either insane with passion or laboring under the same embarrassments that caused him to make his foolish speech at his inauguration, either of which are miserable apologies for a man occupying his exalted station. His coarse denunciations of the great union party to whom he is indebted for his position, a party that has saved the country from destruction at the hands of the traitors who now lead him, was not only highly insulting, but in exceeding bad taste. Astounding as it may seem, the President classifies the great union party of the country with the bloody rebels of the rebellion. Hear him: "Then there were two parties; one for destroying the government to preserve slavery, and the other to break up the government to destroy slavery. The objects to be accomplished were different. It is true, so far as slavery is concerned; but they agreed in one thing, and that was the breaking up of the government."

I have fought traitors and treason in the South, and now when I turn round at the other end of the line I find men, I care not by what name you call them [a voice, "call them traitors!"] who still stand opposed to the restoration of the Union of these States. But Andrew Johnson is not satisfied to stop here, but leaping over all parliamentary rules and courtesy due from one gentleman to another, he denounces men by name and declares that Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens are "laboring as hard to destroy the government, as were the men who fought against us." Hear him further: "A gentleman calls for the names. Well, suppose I should give them. I look upon them, and repeat it, as President or citizen, as being as much opposed to the fundamental principles of this government, and believe they are as much laboring to prevent or destroy them as were the men who fought against us—[A voice "What are the names?"]—I say Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, [Tremendous applause] I say Charles Sumner, [Great applause] I say Wendell Phillips and others of the same stripe, are among them—[A voice "Give it to Forney!"] Some gentleman in the crowd says, "Give it to Forney." I have only just to say that I do not waste my ammunition upon dead ducks. [Laughter and applause.]

This is but a rebash of the old party slang that was dealt out to the people, by the rebel leaders for twenty years before the rebellion, rendered doubly disgraceful by coming from a high dignitary like the President of the United States. He goes on further and reproducing the cant phrases of the ring, says, "He does not intend to be bullied by his enemies."

The men who stood by Andrew Johnson when for his loyalty, he was hunted down in his native South and a price set upon his head by the blood-thirsty traitors of the rebellion, the men who elected him and by their votes elevated him to his present high position, have long foreborne to speak of him as they thought he justly deserved, for the double reason that they were responsible for his election and did not desire to bring an open rupture between him and congress. But the time has come, when the union men of the country should speak out not in harsh and vulgar tones, but frankly, plainly and pointedly, against the position of the President so inconsistent with his past profession and so hostile to the best interests of the country and union.

Andrew Johnson should know just what the men who elected him think of the singular position he has assumed in attempting the reconstruction of the rebel States, and if he has one-tenth part of the respect he has always professed for the opinion of the people he will no longer disgrace his high position by denouncing the best patriots of the country as secessionists, or classing them with rebels whose hands are still reeking with the blood of two hundred thousand heroes who laid down their lives to save the country from total destruction.

Even the New York Evening Post which admired the veto message, can't stand the Thursday's language of Johnson. None but those who belong to the rebel side, and who never rejoiced over a Union victory in arms, can stand it.

The Copperheads and Rebels in ecstasy.

During the war, whenever we heard the copperheads rejoicing, we knew very well what had happened. It was the best evidence in the world, that our armies had met with defeat. We will remember the hurrah they raised over the first battle of Bull Run. The whole tribe were insolent, and full of their taunts, that the "South never could be conquered." The rule, has been an invariable one, that in all the dark hours of the rebellion, the copperheads have exulted more and more, just in proportion as our prospects were dark and gloomy.

When at last, Grant triumphed over Lee and his rebel hosts and the war was declared to be ended, the copperheads pretended to be glad but it was all hypocrisy. Their sympathies were where they were during the war, with their "Southern brethren." Since Congress met, the same party has rejoiced at every step which has been taken in the direction of crushing out the loyal men of the South and bringing again into power the traitors who with their bloody hands are seeking political alliances with their Northern friends.

Nothing that has occurred for a long time, has caused the copperheads such fiendish delight, as President Johnson's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill. The President himself must have felt himself highly complimented and felt that he was receiving distinguished honors, when a mob of black-hearted rebels and traitors assembled around the White House, the night after the veto message was sent to the Senate, and expressed their gratitude and approbation of the act, by howling and yelling like so many infernal spirits from the pandemonium. How could such a PATRIOTIC demonstration fail to remind him of the time, when this same class of atrocious secessionists drove him and other union men of Tennessee in the mountains, when they turned his wife and family out of doors to wander homeless through an enemy's country, and confiscated his property and appropriated its avails to carrying on a rebellion, which this same Andrew Johnson denounced in the United States Senate as "hell born and hell bound."

But the traitors at the Capitol are not the only ones of the same class who are now jubilant over the President's veto. In all rebellion the secessionists are shouting themselves hoarse and the friends in human shape who starved our poor boys in rebel prisons, robbed them after they were dead and then pitched their emaciated forms like the bodies of wild beasts into rude graves, are praising the President. They are already "toasting" Andrew Johnson in the same category with Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee, as the three great men of the age. But let us travel North and what do we see and hear? An uproarious rejoicing among all copperheads, manifesting itself in firing of cannon, boisterous and rude demonstrations upon the streets, in the drug shops and other places frequented by conservative demagogues and strong beer politicians. The great secession element North and South is now sending up one concentrated halloo in praise of Andrew Johnson. What does it all mean? Why have all their words until within a few brief weeks, when speaking of the President, been words of censure and condemnation? Why extol him now? The answer is found in the fact that the President has set himself squarely up against a large majority in Congress, and undertaken by the "one man power" to control its legislation. The copperheads fancy they see in this, a breach between the President and the men who elected him. They hope, and pray that it may widen until the President shall throw himself into the hands of the copperheads and give them the power. More than this, they fancy that the power of the President will substantially restore the rebels in the South and enable them to join hands, with a view to the future control of the Country. A conflict may be coming, it is, let the republicans stand firm and the right will triumph just as sure as God reigns, above and below.

Then and Now.

During the rebellion no man shared more largely in the vituperation and abuse of the Southern rebels and Northern copperheads than did Andrew Johnson. He was denounced in almost unmeasured terms by the enemies of the union all over the Country. His "inauguration scene" was ridiculed, denounced and animated upon in terms of great severity by the whole copperhead press.

Now, rebels laud him to the skies, copperheads praise him beyond all bounds, and the whole disunion element of the country unite in one grand chorus of "great is Andrew Johnson." Why do the traitors, rebels and copperheads, hate and denounce him during the war? Why do they praise him now? Has he, or they changed? These are questions we would like to have President Johnson answer satisfactorily to himself. If he don't see the point himself, the people do. He may evade an answer for the time being, but the people through their representatives will in the end bring him to the test, yea or nay.

APPOINTMENT. Wales Hubbard, the present law reporter of decisions, having signified his intention of resigning that office, Gen. Wm. Wirt Virgin, President of the Senate during its recent session, has been appointed to the position, and the appointment is one eminently fit to be made. He is the author of Virgin's Digest, one of the best compendiums of legal decisions to be found on the shelves of our Maine lawyers. [Maine Farmer.]

Keep Cool and Stand Firm.

The fact cannot be successfully denied, that we are passing through stirring, exciting times; there is much, that has a direct tendency to rouse loyal men up to a high pitch of excitement. We very much doubt whether it is possible for them not to feel indignant, yet all past experience admonishes us, to keep cool. Men always lose ground, by suffering themselves to be carried away by passion; by so doing, they give their enemies a great advantage over them. The people must already have seen enough of heated excitement in high places, to caution them against indulging in it themselves. The gulph between the President and the union men of the nation, may already be too wide to be bridged over by a spirit of concession on his part and a spirit of forgiveness on the part of the loyal masses; yet the vital interests of the government demand that it should be done. Every man must see the importance of cordial co-operation on the part of Congress and the President. The President is more dependent on Congress, than Congress is upon him. He has no power to change even a single member of his Cabinet without the concurrence of the Senate. Any attempt to remove union men from office and appoint copperheads will be powerless, without the confirmation of the Senate.

The members of Congress from Tennessee and the other rebel States will never get into Congress and be admitted to seats, except by the votes of the very men the President is roundly abusing. While we would keep cool, and have all union men do the same, we would in the same breath counsel firmness and decision. It is no time now for union men to crouch and crawl for the sake of office or Executive patronage. We had enough ridiculous exhibitions of this kind under the proslavery dynasties of Pierce and Buchanan, to last out this generation. Stand firm, keep cool, trust in God, keep your powder dry, and all will come out right in the end.

The "Utility Road."

A little matter, we learn, is to come up at the annual meeting in Paris, action upon which will probably be considerably influenced by a careful examination of the case. The article in the warrant is for the discontinuance of the bit of highway, known as the "Utility Road." Last season Virgil D. Parris and others petitioned the County Commissioners for its discontinuance. After due notice, it was made to appear in evidence, that the road was not needed for public travel except to Hammond's travel, and no one desired that it should be repaired; but that several parties needed and used the road as a means of reaching their lots below the hill. Some of them could reach their land in no other way, without trespass; and the possession of this right was of great value to them. No doubt if this avenue was closed a town way would have to be laid, with a new award of damage. The Commissioners decided at once to deny the prayer of the petition.

Next Capt. Parris, as we are told, appeared before the Grand Jury. It was just at dusk of the last day of the session, when no one had a suspicion that more business was to come in. By the close examination of the witnesses the Grand Jury became satisfied that it was unreasonable to ask the town to repair this way, and refused to indict it.

Now the last report is to be had to the annual meeting for the discontinuance of the road. As a mere matter of fact, it may be said that a road that is not kept in repair should be discontinued. But were this course always pursued, many people would be injured and few benefited. In the present case, many persons need this right of way; it is laid out as a County road, and all land damage has been paid; the town is not asked, and is not to be asked by any one who really wishes it, to expend a dollar; but to simply let well enough alone, and pass over the article in the warrant. A little examination will convince any careful man, that this thing is being pressed as a mere matter of personal pique rather than for the public good.

A LAUREATE CASE. The Biddeford Journal of last week relates the following sad consequences of yielding up honesty at the advice of the tempter:

A young man of this State some eleven years ago went to New York in search of employment. He had been promoted step by step, until he had gained the place of chief clerk in a large shoe-dealing firm. He was coming to Portland on a visit, and when nearly ready to start, an acquaintance prevailed upon him to try disposing of counterfeit greenbacks. At Portland he passed three of them, but his conscience stung him, and he had redeemed two of them, and was after the last when arrested. His trial took place and he was sentenced to four years and a half in State Prison. His wife was left in a destitute condition. The circumstances came to the knowledge of Warden Rice, who very humanely offered her a situation in his family as "help" at which place she arrived last Saturday night. We forbear to comment upon this sad case of the fatal yielding to temptation by which a young man of worthy character in one moment blasted his prospects in life and brought disgrace and penury upon his helpless wife and boy.

The Lewiston Journal says the Maine Central R. R. Co. have nearly completed a splendid smoking car for their road. The wants of the traveling public are fully appreciated by the worthy master mechanic of the road, Mr. Philbrick.

We are obliged to omit favor of our Norway correspondents all another issue.

Maine Freedmen's Relief Society

To the Citizens of Maine:

The Freedmen, the poorest poor of our country, for two hundred years despoiled by State enactment and national consent, have been tossed for the last four years, upon the wildest waves of the fiery sea of war, until their very rags are torn away, and now in weary millions, they creep along the shore of Peace, and see far inland, waiting cottages and fields.

But the winter is upon us, and will bury tens of thousands, unless good Samaritan hands shall come to their relief. After the winter, they will find the fields and till them, and the cottages and dwell in them. The officers of the Freedmen's Bureau estimate that nearly thousand, at least, will perish in the States of Georgia and Alabama. The Superintendent of Schools in Virginia writes: "That a large portion of the Freedmen, who, during the war, were taken as a military measure from the possession of their matters and placed upon the abandoned rebel farms, have been and are about being ejected from their homes by the astonished proprietors. Even with the best disposition on the part of the landholders, they have been incapacitated by the results of the war from furnishing employment to even one-third of their former slaves. But in stead of kindness, there is, as a rule, an evident feeling of hostility toward the Freedmen. With the renewed possession of their farms by the grace of pardon, they give no indication of having pardoned the black man for loyalty to his country. There is no time for discussing either the policy or the Providence that has placed this people in their present peril. Action and not argument is what their condition demands; otherwise there will be such a record of suffering and mortality as the world has rarely witnessed." In every Southern State there are many in extreme need.

It is not true that the able-bodied have not labored industriously and lived prudently hitherto, as they have had opportunity. It is susceptible of proof that no class of people in the United States have struggled with adversity more manfully or successfully, the circumstances being considered.

But the desolations of war, the utter confusion of all social and industrial conditions, the abject poverty in which the return of peace found white and black alike, the extraordinary blight upon the very imperfect crop of this year, have together, not strangely, proven too much for the best endeavours of many. Thousands have succumbed—hundreds of thousands—despite all these difficulties, in providing for the winter, and ask no charity.

Other hundreds of thousands will, by steady industry, although unable to provide in advance, keep the wolf at bay, until the spring drives him back; and these ask no charity. But there remain the equally industrious but less fortunate, who can find neither work nor wages, until the planting season returns; besides the infirm and the thousands upon thousands of orphans, whose mothers cannot be found, and whose fathers gave up their lives that we might celebrate our peace.

The officers of the American Freedmen's Aid Commission estimate that one million of dollars is needed immediately for the purchase of blankets and personal clothing, for the erection of temporary shelters, and for the opening and maintenance of additional orphan asylums.

The facts and estimates, which we here present, are founded upon the most reliable authority, and are founded upon no reference to the support of missionaries, who are sustained by denominational efforts, or of school teachers sustained by the several Freedmen's Associations. The support of teachers, however, should be generously considered in this connection. A goodly number from this State are already in the field, proving themselves eminently successful and useful.

In view of this terrible condition of the Freedmen, it seems an imperative duty that all humane people, casting aside all sectarian and political considerations, should make an immediate and systematic effort for their relief. Let the offering be worthy of a people grateful for abundant harvests and for the restoration of peace to our beloved country.

We would recommend, that towns or city societies, auxiliary to the State Society, or committees, be formed with out delay, that the officers of the late Sanitary and Christian Commission devote their energies to work for the Freedmen; that towns and parishes be thoroughly canvassed for money and clothing; that public speakers, especially those who have been South, volunteer their services for public meetings; and get that no people wait for the call and aid of an agent. Delays may result in death.

Clothing should be packed in strong boxes or barrels. On each case or barrel put the name of the sender and the place from whence it is sent. Send a list of the contents in each package and a duplicate of the same by mail to E. C. Estes, Business Agent, 76 John Street, New York. Mark each package thus: N. Y. F. R. A., 76 John Street, New York. From —

All goods should be forwarded to the care of George K. Davis, Portland, whence they will be taken to New York free of cost. By a little effort, expressmen and transportation agents may be induced to carry goods to Portland at a small expense, if any.

All monies may be sent directly to Hon. N. G. Hibbard, Treasurer of the State organization, Augusta; or, if more convenient, may be sent to the Treasurer of the State Society, through the hands of James T. McCobb, Esq., of Portland.

Applications for situations as teachers may be addressed to the subscriber, at Augusta, or to our General Agent, Rev. D. S. King, whose post-office address is "Office of Zion's Herald, Boston, Mass." The wages of a teacher is twenty dollars per month, in addition to transportation and board, which the Society will pay.

Any teacher for the Freedmen, going from Maine, and duly appointed by this or any other Society, can have free passage by steamboat to Boston or New York and return, on application to Capt. Cyrus Sargent, of Portland.

At a meeting of the Maine Freedmen's Relief Society, held at the State House, Feb. 8, the foregoing address was adopted and the following list of officers was chosen for the present year: The official reports were not presented; but I am happy to say that a commendable interest is manifest in different parts of the State and that the citizens of Portland and Bangor, especially, are doing a great work for the Freedmen. A superintendent of schools in Virginia, and another in North Carolina, with twenty-two female teachers have been engaged from this State to represent the State Society and its auxiliaries, with the expectation that they will be sustained by funds raised in the State at an expense of about \$12,000. This is exclusive of teachers sent out under denominational contract and support.

It is respectfully requested that the newspapers in Maine will publish the organization and appeal of the Society. EPHRAIM FLINT, Secretary.

Officers of the Maine Freedmen's Relief Society.

President—Hon. ELLIOTT SARGENT, Esq., Bangor. Vice President—Hon. ELLIOTT SARGENT, Esq., Bangor. Hon. J. J. FORTY, Esq., Bangor. Hon. C. STONE, Esq., Bangor. Hon. W. A. P. DILLON, Esq., Bangor. Hon. S. A. FARWELL, Esq., Bangor. Hon. J. S. TENNEY, Esq., Bangor. Hon. W. M. MCGILVER, Esq., Bangor. Hon. A. D. MANNING, Esq., Bangor. Hon. E. J. HALE, Esq., Bangor. Hon. E. M. HARRIS, Esq., Bangor. Hon. GEORGE FOXWORTH, Esq., Bangor. Hon. F. P. BUCKINGHAM, Esq., Bangor. Hon. A. M. JONES, Esq., Bangor. Hon. G. F. PATTERSON, Esq., Bangor. Hon. J. J. TAYLOR, Esq., Bangor. Hon. E. M. HARRIS, Esq., Bangor. Secretary—Hon. EPHRAIM FLINT, Esq., Bangor. Treasurer—Hon. NATHAN G. HIBBARD, Esq., Bangor.

Managers—Rev. D. B. BURGESS, Esq., Bangor. Rev. S. S. SARGENT, Esq., Bangor. Rev. DANIEL B. RANDALL, Esq., Bangor. Rev. JOHN DUFFY, Esq., Bangor. Rev. C. F. FORTY, Esq., Bangor. Rev. JOSEPH RICKER, Esq., Bangor.

Who are Conveyancers.

The following decision of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, will settle a question that has been much discussed in this vicinity:

TRINITY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE, Washington, Feb. 16th, 1866.

Sir: In reply to your letter of the 29th ult. I have to say that "every person other than one holding a license as lawyer or claim agent, whose business it is to draw deeds, bonds, &c., should take a license as conveyancer."

The occasional drawing of a deed or other legal paper does not, necessarily, subject a person to a license tax; but every person, other than one holding a license as lawyer or claim agent who makes it his business or any part of his business, to draw deeds, bonds, mortgages, wills, or other legal papers, or to examine titles to real estate, who by advertisement, or conversation, or by accepting the business whenever it is offered, holds himself out to the public as ready to undertake such work, is liable to be assessed as a conveyancer, whatever may be the aggregate amount of his annual transactions.

You inquire as follows: "Does the writing of deeds and other legal instruments considered in the 79th Section of the act of June 30th, 1864, constitute a man a conveyancer under said act, or the taking the acknowledgment and making the official certificate?"

I reply that the tax is imposed upon the person who "draws" the deed, and not upon him who simply takes the acknowledgment of the grantor. The principal and in most cases the only object and effect of the acknowledgment is to entitle the deed to record; but an unrecorded deed is binding between the parties, and, in many jurisdictions, upon all others who have knowledge of its existence. The acknowledgment, then, is not, in many instances, an indispensable part of a conveyance. Besides, it will be seen upon reference to the Section of the Act mentioned by you, that a person may be liable as a conveyancer by reason of drawing bonds, wills, writs, and other legal papers upon which, ordinarily, no acknowledgment is necessary.

Very Respectfully, E. A. ROLLINS, Commissioner.

HON. SIDNEY FERRAM, Washington, D. C.

A terrific explosion occurred Feb. 26, at the furnace of J. & H. J. Neilly, in Middletown, Pa., resulting in the complete destruction of the furnace and five men, and the wounding of six others. There were eight boilers in the furnace. One was raised through the building and carried five hundred yards, lodging in the canal. The other boilers were carried in various directions, some of them passing through houses and other buildings. A portion of one boiler was hurled through a room in which two women were lying sick, but fortunately did not hit them. The bridge over the Union Canal was carried away, and many of the dwellings in the vicinity were more or less shattered by the fragments. The whole town was shaken by the force of the explosion. The loss exceeds \$50,000. The owners will rebuild immediately.

GETTING BY THE ORDER. We see by the Richmond, (C. E.) Guardian, that our friend N. L. Marshall, has adopted a plan, to get cattle over the line, and secure his profit in an unobjectionable manner. He has established at Richmond, a big slaughterhouse, having secured Mr. Reed of Portland, as Superintendent. In the week ending Feb. 12, he had killed 69 head; and had made arrangements thereafter to send to Portland a car-load of beef per day. The Guardian says there is an abundance of stock, and Mr. Marshall gives the farmers fair prices, so that the enterprise is commended to the people as a thing that will work for their interests, in making sales before the Reciprocity Treaty expires. The hides will probably have to be tanned there, as the order of prohibition applies to the hides of neat stock.

NARROW ESCAPE. Three students at the Wesleyan College, Middletown Ct. very narrowly escaped injury while firing a salute on the 22d of February. By the premature discharge of the cannon, Chase, (son of Abner Chase, Esq., of this town) Crofts, and Greenfield were slightly burned, their clothes and hair scorched, but not seriously injured. Probably at no moment during the loading of the piece, could it have been discharged without more serious results.

Our much needed rain, which came upon us last Saturday in such abundance, has filled and overflowed our long empty channels and dry pond beds, and the music of the water ripples and swift currents of our rivers and ponds, are causing many a desponding heart to rejoice that we "have water again." Our streets and roads, in consequence of Jack Frost's veto upon the running water, are of glore ice, and "Young America" generally are having a jolly time with skates and sleds; while our older inhabitants have many a hearty laugh at the many trip ups of their neighbors.

Bethel Items.

The ice which was unusually thick in the Androscoggin river, broke up on Saturday night Feb. 23, and formed a jam in the narrows below the village, and caused the interstices to overflow and land large quantities of ice upon them. Nothing similar has occurred since 1838, and in 1850. We have heard of no damage except the breaking up of a piece belonging to the Steam Mill Company. The ice was frequently three feet thick.

Dr. True's 2d Lecture on Geology was delivered on Monday Evening. There was a most attentive audience present.

The Desk in the Congregational Church was supplied last Sabbath by Rev. J. M. Leland, formerly pastor of that Church, but now of Ansonia, Mass.

The Ladies of the Cong. Society have arranged to have an Antiquarian Supper at Pattee's Hall, on Wednesday eve, March 7th. The veritable pumpkin-pie and election cake of olden times will be there, the hulled corn and milk, (we speak for that,) the bean-porridge and pancakes, and all sorts of good things will be there. The grandmothers and grandfathers will be present dressed in the style of days gone by to talk over the scenes of their youth. The young men and maidens will personate the characters of young people for a century past, while the handsome man in the County, if not in the State, and the ugliest looking are expected to be there, as they have both been invited. A good time is anticipated. No dead heads received except the Patriarch, because everything must go towards purchasing the big Organ for the Church. Everybody should bring their antiquities of all kinds in their possession. The swiveling-block and the spinning-wheel, and the songs and tunes of another age will be heard.

TRICHINA. In Europe, the horrible discovery has been made that the swine are infected with a disease called trichina. The flesh if found to be literally alive with parasites. Cooking has no effect, and the disease has been communicated by eating pork. Once attacked there is no help, and the patient lingers in terrible agony till death relieves the suffering. One case of this disease has occurred in Detroit, which has caused much excitement. The Chicago Journal says the case (the only one believed to have taken place in this country) proves on investigation to have been an exotic. The victim was a German woman who had been infected before she left her native country. "After her death a post mortem examination was held, which has resulted in proving, beyond a doubt, that the disease was trichina. A small portion of flesh, about the size of a pinhead, was examined through a microscope, and found to contain large numbers of animalcule wound round and imbedded in the fibres of the muscle, exactly similar in appearance to the trichina spiralis."

Meantime people are very shy of pork—so much so as to seriously affect the markets. The Chicago papers inform us that a load of pork put on sale at Peoria, Illinois, last week, was examined microscopically, and two of the hogs were alive with trichina. Dressed hogs examined at Dixon were also discovered to be inhabited by these infinitesimal creatures. The St. Louis papers of Saturday announce the poisoning of two families in that city from eating "diseased pork," though no attempt appears to have been made to identify the death of these persons by trichina. There are, however, people who have great power of inferring, and consequently the unusual prejudice against the "unclean animal of Scripture."

RARE AND BEAUTIFUL SKY PICTURES. At about twenty minutes to 9 o'clock, Feb. 27th, and lasting some three-fourths of an hour, the Eastern sky presented a scene of remarkable kind. There was a complete circle of great brilliancy around the sun, while on either hand, at the outer edge of this circle and on a level with the sun, were two "sun-dogs," in common phrase, of a remarkably well formed outline. Directly above these was a rainbow inverted, a phenomenon not often witnessed in the heavens except at sea, and just before unusual changes of seasons. It attracted a large share of attention, and was declared by several gentlemen skilled in these matters, to portend "a terrible storm," in the language of one old sea captain.

The observation of it must have been so general, that we shall probably get from some source a scientific dissertation upon the subject. [Eve. Star.]

The Lewiston Journal has the following: "We have a man in our village, seventy-one years of age, who, last week, stood two flour barrels on their heads, laid a stick across them, stood with his feet together and jumped free and clear over the stick."

WILTON ACADEMY. The Farmington Chronicle says that a charter has been obtained for an Academy at Wilton. The "White Meeting-house" is to be related for the Academy building.

We have now within the American possessions, west of the Rocky Mountains, three States and five Territories, embracing an area of more than one million square miles, the whole of which may be considered a mining country.

Oxford North Quarterly Meeting at Weld, March 14th and 15th.

March 6th, at 1 o'clock, P. M. Minister's Meeting Monday evening, at 7 o'clock.

