

The Oxford Democrat

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MISCELLANY.

AUNT PATTY'S HUCKLEBERRY PIE

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Aunt Patty was forty, and a cheerful, neat old maid. Elder Perkins was sixty, and a widower without children. A large huckleberry patch with a few houses scattered here and there was nearly the extent of the elder's parish.

The meeting-house was square, brown, solid and ugly—full of wasps in summer, full of draughts in winter. Its windows had a quaint and faded look; its doors gaped uncomfortably, even when shut; its pulpit, high and awkward, seemed perpetually to be asking to be put somewhere else. In it, a little man could not be seen below his neck-tie, if he wore one, and a tall man towered almost out of sight of the sparse congregation below.

Elder Perkins was an inoffensive man, meek of face—prodigious in mouth and hands. Finally, my breathing, was a favorite expression with him when about half through his sermon, and "one word more," served for the heading of all his discourses.

From his perch, one Sunday, looking down straightly into Aunt Patty's pew, he saw a sweet, rosy face with dimples in the chin, and bright, wavy chestnut hair framed about it in gleams that took on tints of gold sometimes.

Elder Perkins was wonderfully impressed with that almost childish vision. Though he was no poet, he watched the sunshine, after he had given out the hymn, and compared it to the bright locks of Nelly Darling—for that was in reality her name. He even blundered in his sermon, though he was not conscious why, poor man, and Aunt Patty's timid heart fluttered not a little at his frequent glances in that direction.

Aunt Patty's straw bonnet, with its pearl gray ribbons was as demure as her face, which no one, seeing in repose, would call pretty, and yet if she were pleased or animated, a color would flush her delicate cheeks and deepen the light of her gray eyes so that she looked almost handsome. A tender hearted creature she was, in spite of her lonely life, and would have been no one knows how happy, if, despite herself, some worthy man had picked her up and carried her off a wife.

"So that's your minister!" said Nelly, as they left the old meeting-house steps, pretending a total unconsciousness that every one was trying to get a peep at her face. "Well—I—I should guess he was a good man."

"He is, indeed," replied Aunt Patty earnestly.

"Why, Aunt Patty—why don't you set your cap for him?" This was after they had walked some distance in silence.

"Me!" cried Aunt Patty, almost stopping short.

"Yes, you; you're good enough to be the minister's wife—only in a large parish they'd work you to death. To be sure, Aunt Patty, you should set your cap for him."

Aunt Patty laughed—a little, she laugh it was.

"I don't know, child, how people go to work to set their caps," she said.

"O! various ways," retorted Nelly, "if dame Nature never taught you any of them why then I must say she's failed in her mission. But you must have noticed, that the elder frequently looked into our pew this morning. Does he always do that?"

"I can't say that I have observed it before," said Aunt Patty, frowning a little under the scrutiny of her niece, whose pretty rosy lips were pressed together to keep them in place.

"I expect the poor man is bashful," Nelly ran on, poking the barberry blossoms with the point of an elegant little parasol; "such good souls always are. Why, do you know you're the very pink and pattern of a minister's wife?"

Aunt Patty opened her gray eyes wide.

"Why, Nelly, child—I'm not a minister's wife."

"I predict you will be, though, before the year is out."

"Nonsense, child—and remember it's the Sabbath day. We ought not to indulge in such trifling conversation."

"O! but I'm out of my parish," replied Nelly regally, but she did not allude to the topic again that night.

A few days after, a neighbor called in on her way to the village—a blowy, puffed-cheeked, black-eyed, news-mongering woman, whose presence always created a stir, and whose gossip was always welcome.

"You'll get a visitation to-day, I suppose. My good man said the elder told her yesterday that he was coming this way, so you may be expecting of him."

"Deary me," cried Aunt Patty, in a flurry, "and perhaps he'll stay to tea."

"Huckleberry pie is his failing," laughed the good woman, "and nobody makes huckleberry pies like you. Miss Patty, I wish I knew the secret. Huckleberry pies is huckleberry pies here. La! and that's

the little thing that used to run round the door-step with her head all a snarl of curls," she cried, as Nelly Darling entered at that moment. "Why! how has she grown! I hear that Bijah prospered properly in that city," she added, turning to Miss Patty, as Nelly, shook hands with her and went out after blackberries.

"Yes, Bijah's got rich there, I expect," said Miss Patty, but her face wore such a preoccupied expression that it was plain her heart was not in the answer. For (shall I unveil the weakness of Aunt Patty, spinster—aged forty?) she had been dreaming of good, lank, Elder Perkins all night. Not for years had such visions invaded her peaceful slumber. Not for years had the thought of love crossed her bosom; but then had she not caught the eye of the elder twice in meeting last Sunday, and had he not seemed flattered—aye, so that even her wild little niece noticed it.

"Whatever we'll get for supper if he does come," said Aunt Patty out of the innocent fullness of her heart, forgetting that her niece had not heard the news.

"If who comes, Aunt Patty?" queried Nelly, affecting the most artless astonishment.

"Why Elder Perkins, child. He is on a visitation to-day."

"Ah! and Nelly looked up slyly.

"What did I tell you, Aunt? Now promise me I shall be bridesmaid."

"Don't be provoking, child!" cried her aunt, blushing. Of course he calls on all his people at least once a year."

"I know, Aunt, but I tell you I had a presentiment. A little bird whispered in my ear while I sat in church, Elder Perkins will marry Aunt Patty, and I shall have a minister for my uncle. Let me see—why! we'll have custards, that's one; fried ham and eggs, that's two; huckleberries and milk, that's three; and—"

"No, no, child; huckleberry pie," said Aunt Patty, solemnly. "You can't be expected to remember my pies, and when the elder was here before it was too early for them."

"Indeed but I do remember huckleberry pie, and how I used to cry for the second slice—so we'll have one of your *à la plus ultra* huckleberry pies. See, I've a quart and over; I'll sit down and pick them over this minute. What shall you wear, aunt? You must look as pretty as a pink," rattled on the merry little woman, as she threw aside her sunbonnet, shook back her hair, and placed the white china bowl in the chair beside her.

"Why, I don't know," said Miss Patty hesitatingly, folding her hands in a helpless way. "It don't signify."

"O! but it does signify. I'm going to be your dressing maid myself. In the first place I shall alter the style of your hair, decidedly. It curls, I know, and I shall roll it in puffs, friz it, or—"

A faint scream from Aunt Patty, who could not remember the time her soft auburn locks had not been put straight back behind her two prim little ears.

"Indeed, my dear, you shall do no such thing. I shouldn't know how to behave with my hair frizzed up."

"Yes, but puffing and frizzing are two different things—and you're not to think of your hair at all. I tell you I'm bent on the dominie's conquest, and I know just which way you'll look prettiest, so you must yield your will up for once. I'm very decided, you know."

Aunt Patty shook her head, but showed signs of wavering as she looked at the determined little face before her. Then, without another word, she went into the kitchen and commenced making pie-crust.

So Nelly had her way, as she generally managed to do, and Aunt Patty scarcely knew herself as she looked into the little glass at the face from which the cares of years seemed to have rolled away, so adroitly had Nelly managed the still rich, abundant tresses.

"Don't you admire yourself now?" queried the merry little woman, sitting from side to side till she had managed, unobserved, to place a blush rose with a few green leaves attached to the coil at the back of the head. "Why, Aunt Patty, I never knew how pretty you were, before—I don't believe you did yourself."

"Pretty! nonsense, you little flatterer; do you want to make your old aunt vain?"

"There's not a bit of danger, Aunt Patty," said Nelly, demurely. "A woman that has lived to your age without finding out her best points can never grow vain, I fancy. Now for the dominie. O! there he is, on an old gray horse. Well, a gray horse does make a man look so—so dignified, and away ran Nelly, laughing in spite of herself as the solemn, preternaturally tall old minister—at least on that high, bony gray he looked so—looming in sight."

Aunt Patty was blushing like a girl. At the same time she could have shaken that Nelly for her foolish insinuations; just at this moment, too, when she wanted to look so cool and comfortable.

The dominie stared as he took the hand

of his spinster parishioner, as well he might. Patty had not looked so young and pretty for twenty years. Besides, there was a likeness to Nelly—a very decided likeness—and the elder, perfectly unconscious of his prolonged scrutiny, wondered whether the change was in her or himself. The charm was broken, however, by the entrance of Nelly, arrayed in a white muslin, blue ribbons, and a knot of forget-me-nots in her hair. There was his vision of the Sunday before, the merry, mischievous Nelly Darling.

It was now the minister's turn to be nervous. Nor did he get comfortably over it, until, when seated at the table, he took the first mouthful of Aunt Patty's huckleberry pie. It was delicious. He stopped, considered, ruminated, if I may use the word, and at last spoke:

"This is the best berry pie I ever ate."

"O! Aunt Patty is famous for her huckleberry pies," said Nelly.

"Extremely nice" muttered the dominie who had a vivid recollection of unbaked crusts and sour bread.

"And nobody makes bread as she does," continued Nelly mercilessly, "not even mamma."

"Excellent bread," came from the capacious mouth, filled with the pie and brown with the berries.

"And her fruit cake, just try a piece, Dominie."

"How gracious she is to me!" thought the good minister, helping himself bountifully. "It looks encouraging."

Three times within the succeeding month the dominie took tea at Aunt Patty's. The people began to be suspicious, and the poor man was over head and ears in love with—not Aunt Patty.

There was always huckleberry pie for tea and the dominie always praised it.

At last there came a proposal. It happened in this way. Aunt Patty's maid was sick, so she went herself to milk the cow, and left Nelly and the minister together. Now was the time. The dominie turned for breath; grew white and red by turns; but at last out it came, blunt and twisted, but still sufficiently coherent to be understood.

Nelly stared at first in indignant and speechless surprise. Never for once had it occurred to her that the tall, uncomely dominie, whom nevertheless she respected, had been all the time a devoted adorer at her shrine.

"You—you certainly must have seen—have—ahem—appreciated my sentiments," stammered the poor minister; "I can't believe you would—unintentionally—a—that is—"

"Why dominie—I'm married," gasped Nelly, her face now flushing crimson; I didn't mean to tell till he came after me, because the people would gossip so."

She stole a look at the dominie. He sat with his face turned towards an opposite window, looking so stunned and sad that her heart smote her.

"I'm so sorry!" she said, growing more nervous, "but, dominie, there's Aunt Patty," she cried, breathlessly catching at the first point that offered; "she'd make you such a splendid wife! Nobody can guess how good she is, what a thorough housekeeper, and you know she makes splendid huckleberry pies!"

The dominie's face lighted a little. The creature comforts of this life had not lost their relish yet, for even in the midst of his trials he carried the remembrance of that delicious nothing, yeckle huckleberry pie.

He said nothing, however, made a solemn bow, lifted his hat and went off. He met Aunt Patty at the door. The exercise of milking had given to her the freshness and color of a young girl. The dominie stammered and blushed. More than ever he noted the resemblance between aunt and niece. After all, Aunt Patty was a passably pretty woman, nearer his own age, an inimitable cook, and owned a snug little property. Would it not be better? He would consider.

He did consider. The consequence was that he proposed to Aunt Patty and was accepted.

"I knew," cried Nelly, highly elated at the turn matters had taken, "I knew Aunt Patty's huckleberry pie would complete the conquest; and nobody was more on the alert over the wedding preparations than she, while she jealously guarded the secret of the dominie's offer. As for the good man he has never once regretted the step he took. Aunt Patty made him an excellent wife, and provides him still, in summer, an unlimited supply of the delicacies she is yet an adept in making. But to this day she believes that the dominie was first attracted by her skill in making huckleberry pie."

A thrifty young man married a rosy young Irish girl, quite to the horror of his mother and sisters, but defended himself by the following logic: "If I marry an American girl I must have an Irish girl to take care of her, and I cannot afford to support both."

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE. Between Kenosha and Milwaukee an agent of the Travelers' Insurance Company, of Hartford, entered the car, and having issued tickets to several passengers, approached an elderly lady, who, it afterwards appeared, was deaf. "Madam, would you like to insure against accidents?" inquired the agent, at the same time exhibiting his tickets.

"I got my ticket down to Kenosha."

"Not a railroad ticket, madam; I want to know if you would like to insure your life against accident."

"I'm going to Oshkosh to visit my daughter who's married up there, and has just got a baby."

The agent raised his voice a little.

"Would you like to insure your life against accidents?"

"She's been married two years and a half, and that's the first child; it's a gal."

Agent, still louder—

"I'm an insurance agent, madam; don't you want to insure your life against accident?"

"She's got along first-rate, and is doing as well as could be expected."

Agent at the top of his voice—

"I'm an insurance agent, madam; can't I insure your life against accident?"

"Oh, I didn't understand you," said the old lady. "No, her name is Johnson; my name is Evans, and I live five miles from Kenosha."

FLIGHT OF BEES. A question of interest is concerning the distance a bee will travel in search of honey. It is evident that it will be farther than for purposes of plunder. I have heard of their being found seven miles from home. It was said to be ascertained by sprinkling flour on them as they left the hive in the morning, and discovering the bees thus marked at that distance from home. When we consider the chances of finding a bee, even one mile from the hive, this appears rather dubious; and likewise, pollen, the color of flour, might deceive a casual observer, or one who had a case to sustain. It is difficult to prove that they go three miles. I think from present evidence that they do not go farther. The queens and drones, situated at that distance apart do sometimes meet, as is proved by black queens producing hybrids but whether one travels the whole distance, or they meet each other half way, is not certain. I have my yards from two and a half to five miles apart. The largest apiaries should be separated at least four miles.

[Quincy.]

The November meteoric showers, while they occur annually, at the same time they have a cycle of a third of a century, at the conclusion of which the display is unusually great. The last great shower was in 1833, when from ten o'clock, P. M., till daybreak the whole heavens were ablaze with the most magnificent display of celestial fireworks the world has ever seen. It was visible all over North America, and struck terror to the hearts of many whom superstition was a stronger element than the love of the sublime. In 1799, a third of a century previous, a similar display was witnessed in South America. Thirteen of these great showers have been recorded, running back nearly a thousand years, and the next is confidently predicted the coming November. Preparations have been made at the principal observatories in Europe and this country, to observe this wonderful phenomenon.

[Newburyport Herald.]

THE CANADA WHEAT HARVEST. The accounts of the wheat harvest from various sections of Canada are conflicting. From Lower Canada we learn that the low temperature which has prevailed for several weeks, and frequent heavy rains, have occasioned considerable apprehensions for the ripening of the late crops in that Province.

In some counties of Upper Canada, the main portion of the crop has been secured in good condition, while in other counties much of it has been injured by the rain. It is thought that throughout Canada the crop this year will not be, either in quantity or quality, equal to the yield of 1865.

TO MAKE AN EGG STAND ON END. A curious discussion on this subject, started by an English vicar, is going through the Manchester papers. One writer says, Columbus need not have broken his egg, for that article can be made to stand thus: "Take an egg and shake in the hand from five to ten minutes; by so doing you render the white more fluid, and the yolk sinks nearer to the end when the egg is set upright; and if it be then held up steadily until the yolk has time to displace the white, it may be made to stand upright on a dining table or any other smooth, level surface."

A case of domestic discord in Minnesota is reported, where a small boy, on being inquired of by a book-peddler for his father's name, replied, "Pa don't live here now; he sold out to Ma."

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BREVITIES.

HOUSEHOLD NOTE (by a Cockney). what to do with cold mutton. Heat it.

The key to a mother's heart is the baby. Keep that well oiled with praise, and you can unlock all the pantries in the house.

"I am much afraid of lightning," said a pretty lady. "And well you may be," replied a despairing lover, "as your heart is made of steel."

A country exchange notices the fact that a man stopped his paper on Saturday and died on Tuesday. Moral: Could not get along without his paper.

Lord Norbury having been asked to contribute a shilling to bury an attorney who had died poor, exclaimed, "Only a shilling to bury an attorney! Here's a guinea; go and bury twenty of them."

"Well, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid lover of yours? Did you succeed in getting rid of him?" "Oh yes, I got rid of him easily enough. I married him, and have no lover now."

A man came home drunk on a cold night, and vomited in a basket containing goslings which his wife had placed before the fire, upon seeing which, he exclaimed: "Wife when did I swallow them things?"

The Boston Commonwealth says that some friends exercised themselves much a year ago to find an obituary label for the rebellion. In view of recent events at New Orleans, we suggest the familiar one: "It is not dead, but sleepeth."

A FELLOW of the inquisitive order asked a little girl on board a train, who was sitting by her mother, as to her name, destination, etc. After learning that she was going to Philadelphia, he asked: "What motive is taking you thither, my dear?" "I believe they call it a locomotive, sir," was the innocent reply.

A rich congregation in F— worshipped in a very poor and smoky meeting-house. The Society had been called together to provide the means to repair the building. Old Deacon R. was appointed chairman and opened with a long prayer, after which he called upon brother T. to state the object of the meeting. Brother T. arose, and with great gravity said: "My brethren, this meeting

STATE OF MAINE.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

August, September 10, 1866.

A adjourned session of the Executive Council will be held at the Council Chamber, in Augusta, on Monday, the twenty-fourth day of September next.

EPHRAIM FLINT,
Secretary of State.

MAINE ELECTION!

25,000 Majority!
For Chamberlain!

6000 FOR PERHAM!

1500 for County Ticket!

My Policy Gone Under!

The result exceeds the anticipations of the most sanguine. "My policy" was the issue, and was squarely met, and the people have sustained the Congress, by an overwhelming vote. Never in the history of Maine was anything like it seen. In districts where considerable effort was made the vote was large, as was expected, but it is also nearly as large, where scarce any work was done. Never have we seen the people so determined to do their whole duty. We can only point to the returns of the vote of this County, to see how nobly our cause has been sustained, and where all have done so well, it would be invidious to make distinctions.

Briefly, we have elected Gen. Chamberlain, by, probably, over 25,000 majority. In the First District, Hon. John Lynch has 4000 majority; Second, Hon. Sidney Perham has over 2000; Third, Hon. James G. Blaine has 6200; Fourth, Hon. John A. Peters has 5000; Fifth, Hon. F. A. Pike has 4800.

We have chosen the County Officers in every County in the State, making a clean sweep.

The following is the

Vote of Oxford County.

	1866	1864
Albany	81	71
Andover	116	59
Bethel	507	201
Brownfield	139	150
Buckfield	204	195
Byron	33	14
Canton	129	108
Denmark	103	167
Dixfield	110	108
Fryeburg	201	152
Gilead	48	20
Grafton	00	09
Greenwood	99	76
Hanover	29	22
Hartford	162	83
Hebron	135	41
Hiram	182	129
Lisbon	161	110
Mason	15	15
Mexico	48	44
Newry	39	47
Norway	273	151
Oxford	196	151
Paris	449	207
Pero	157	61
Porter	139	119
Roxbury	13	16
Rumford	217	88
Stow	00	00
Stoneham	76	24
Sumner	141	88
Sweden	37	45
Upton	00	00
Waterford	142	159
Woodstock	176	40
And. N. Supp.	5	0
Franklin Pl.	3	0
Fryeburg A. Gt.	0	30
Hamlin's Gt.	0	0
Riley	8	2
Milton	20	15
Lincoln	0	0
Total	1467	2558

REPRESENTATIVES CHOSEN. All the Republicans nominated in this County, are elected by majorities ranging from 35 to 400. We give the names with residences: Woodstock, Maj. W. B. Lapham. Franklin Pl., Cyrus Bishop. Hartford, James Irish. Byron, Merrill Thomas. Grafton, Isaac I. York. Sweden, Lewis Frost. Norway, James H. Merrill. Hiram, Oliver Allen. Porter, David Lord.

VETERANS AT THE POLLS. In Rumford on Monday, several aged men who have taken part in political contests during a large part of our country's history, came to the polls, and cast votes against the perfidy of Andrew Johnson. Among them were Deacon Jacob Elliott, aged 82; Joseph Hall, aged 85, Hon. Peter C. Virgin, aged 83; W. Moore, aged 81; Aaron Virgin, aged 80; and Rev. Joseph Lofkin, aged 80. These are the oldest men in town.

SIX OF STOCK. Mr. Clinton Howe, West Sumner, will sell by public auction, on Wednesday, his herd of thoroughbred Stock. This herd embraces some choice animals from the stock of Mr. Thorne, and is worthy the attention of all good breeders.

LATEST RETURNS. The Press of Thursday morning has returns from 246 towns, which give Chamberlain a majority of 21,268. If the other towns give the same relative gains, his majority will reach 29,000.

"My Policy" Gone Up in Maine.

Never in the annals of history has an election come off more gratifying to the loyal, patriotic heart, or more glorious in its results, than the election in Maine, on Monday last. We have met the Coleridge of treason, and the whole tribe including rebels, copperheads, rebel sympathizers, and the contemptible little squad called the "bread-and-butter brigade," and routed them, horse, foot and dragoons, and driven them clean into the mountains. Never before was there such a complete rout of the enemy, such a complete victory and such a glorious triumph for the right. We will rejoice!

"Sound the loud timbrel! Johnson's dark sin, Lillie's triumph and the people are free. Shout, for the spirit of the ages is looking, His supercilious, rebel-bred head better known. As knocked in the head and sunk in the waves. Shout! do ye hear? The people have spoken!"

As we had occasion to remark oftentimes before, this was the most important election ever held in Maine. Greater consequences hung suspended on the result than ever before. The traitor in the Presidential Chair has submitted his "policy" to the people of Maine, and they have rendered their verdict. Thank God, the people stand firm. They value principle more than Post Offices, collectings and executive bribes. Republican institutions will stand the test. Cheers for the incorruptible sons of Maine who spurn the apostate Johnson and his contemptible bribes. What a proud position for Maine to occupy! With what a voice of thunder she has spoken. How the loud echoes of victory will reverberate over hill and valley until they reach the ear of the diabolical.

What will be and his traveling circus think now? What will Doolittle, Parson Taylor and other imported Johnson orators think now of Maine? And what must be reflections of the sneaking bread-and-butter brigade and how proudly they must feel to be "booted" by one hundred thousand freemen of Maine. If they have half the conscience that Judas had they will go and hang themselves forthwith. "Sold for a mess of pottage" will be written all over their mortal carcasses, and they will travel to their graves with the mark of Cain standing out upon their foreheads.

And how inexpressibly sublime and grand is the position of the loyal men of Maine, who have been true to God, true to themselves and true to their country! Bring out the big gun! Sound the loud trumpet! Let all the people shout, Hallelujah!

Vote of Paris.

There is not a Republican voter in Paris but feels proud of the record of last Monday. We cast 449 votes, an increase of 97 over the vote of last year, and a net gain of 64. The copper-johnsons boasted that they would gain 50, an estimate that proved to be about 112 wide of the mark. This aggregate vote was never exceeded but once, when in 1863 Cony had 421, and Bradbury, 242, making a total of 663. This year the vote stands, Chamberlain, 449; Pillsbury, 207,—an aggregate of 656, showing that nearly the whole vote was polled, and that the copper-johnsons are the losers by the difference between Bradbury's and Pillsbury's votes.

In announcing the nomination of Nahum Morrill by the "bread-and-butter" brigade, the Argus said he would "give Mr. Perham warm work." We think that Mr. Morrill might feel a little sweaty, buried six thousand deep in oblivion. Watson's preparation is recommended for asthma.

Good. We are glad to note that Dixfield has followed the excellent example set by the President of the Copperhead Convention, and speeded up its democracy. For the first time for several years, the majority is on the right side.

"SKUNKED." In sending out blanks for election returns, we put in a space for Whitcomb. One friend in making his return, has put opposite the name, the very expressive term "skunked." Not quite so bad as that. He has only felt the working of his "ground swell."

REJOICING. The young men of this village fired a national salute, Tuesday evening, in honor of the glorious election returns. Even the rain did not dampen their ardor.

SENDING THE NEWS. Private F. H. Hale, late of the 17th Maine regiment, forwarded to Andrew Johnson, Monday evening, a dispatch telling him how Maine had voted. Perhaps the message was read as tearfully as was the famous Philadelphia dispatch.

HOLD UP. It was announced sometime since that L. C. Bates had been appointed postmaster at North Paris. Now the telegraph has it that Lewis C. Bole has the place. It is bad enough to have to train in the bread-and-butter brigade, without being mangled so at every roll-call.

A GOOD ENDORSEMENT. The business men of South Paris, observing Solon Chase peering around the post office, with the probable view of finding a new incumbent for the place, have taken occasion to express in very decided terms, their disapproval of the arrangement. A statement, signed by nineteen-hundredths of all who do business at the office, has been forwarded, expressing the wish that Mr. E. F. Stone, the present incumbent, should be retained. "Peace and Union" demand a change, and probably will carry the day till the meeting of Congress.

The Usurpation of the President.

The following extracts from the speech of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, at Bangor, Saturday evening, will be read with interest even after the election:

Speaking of the proper treatment of the rebels, Mr. Hamlin said he did not care to come up to the revolutionary standard. He was willing the traitors and their allies should remain in the country, but so help him God, had he the power, he would hang some half dozen of the leading rebels who got up the rebellion and murdered three hundred thousand of our loyal soldiers. He believed in Andrew Johnson as he was, and in our Congressional Representatives as they are. Considering what had been done, the speaker denounced the recency of the President. He wished to speak with caution. He had weighed his words. The President had presented the issue whether loyal men shall govern or rebels with their allies. Secondly, Whether the government should be controlled by Executive ordinances or Legislative enactments. On this head he charged the President with the usurpation of powers not delegated to him by the Constitution—in support of which he cited the Constitution, defining the functions of Congress, the Executive and the Judiciary. Congress had the sole power to make laws. The President was but its instrument to administer them. He was but a servant; not the master he assumes to be. In his administration of affairs he had ignored Congress, taken the reins into his own hands and undertakes to run the machine himself. Where did he obtain the power of appointing Provisional Governors in the rebel States and to make conditions by which these States may come back into the Union? Not in the Constitution. Congress alone possesses this power. Yet he rises above Congress, and the people, if they respect themselves, will indicate their manhood and stand by their representatives. Having usurped powers not belonging to him, he turns round and declares that the people, through their representatives, have no right to interfere. "Upon what meat does our Caesar feed that he has grown so great?" Had the President submitted to Congress his acts and the conditions he imposed on the States, the speaker would not complain, for then Congress would have been the final arbitrator; but the President instead of doing that, declares the work of Congress an interference. He assumes to make the conditions and denies the right of Congress. If this usurpation is not a high crime within the meaning of the Constitution, it certainly comes up to a misdemeanor. The New Orleans Massacre is all to be laid largely at his door—instigated undoubtedly by his despatches. Instead of communicating with Gov. Wells, the lawful Chief Magistrate of Louisiana, he held a correspondence with Gen. Herron, a man whose hands were red with the blood of Union men. Now the President is trying to make a party composed of rebels and copperheads and such as could be purchased at the auction of offices—hirelings covered all over with political leprosy. The Philadelphia Convention was filled with men with pardons sticking out of their pockets, and the ratification meeting at Memphis was presided over by Gen. Forrest, who ordered the slaughter of Union soldiers after surrender. If the new party can stand the recency of the President, certainly the Union party can.

ONE OF THE PRESIDENT'S APPOINTMENTS. The New York Tribune receives the following intelligence from its Washington correspondent. We are told that the official pardon-broker referred to is Secretary Browning, and that the statement is entirely correct and may be easily proved, except as to the amount of the bribe. Mr. Browning is known to have received \$1,000 for shielding the murderers of our Maine boys.

The following transaction of an official here, in his capacity of a Pardon-Broker, has just come to light. It will be remembered that Corporal W. C. Corbett and privates Emory Smith and Mason Brown, all of the 1st Maine Veteran Volunteers, were set upon and murdered in cold blood while on guard over Government property, on the 8th of October last, at Brown's Ferry, Savannah River, by J. Crawford Keys, Robert Keys and Fred G. Stowers and C. Byrum. They were tried and convicted by a Military Commission appointed by Gen. Scales, and all were sentenced to be executed. In the case of the last three the President ordered the sentence to be suspended, and it was then commuted to imprisonment for life, and Gen. Sickles, who had been overruled to secure this part of the sentence, sent the prisoners to the Dry Tortugas. Through the influence of one Topkins, exerted upon the admiral official, and pardon-broker, they have been secretly transferred to Fort Delaware, and from thence are to be quietly removed to Fort Lafayette, preparatory to a speedy release. It is asserted by those privy to the whole matter, that the prisoners, who are quite weakly, have through their attorney, Topkins, paid the official and pardon-broker spoken of, the sum of \$10,000 for his influence with the President in securing the release of the prisoners.

ENLARGED. With the number for September, "Every Saturday" was enlarged to 40 pages per number. The publication of serial stories has been commenced. "Silveto of Silveto," by Henry Kingsley, being the first story of this character. The articles in Every Saturday are always by the best writers, and embrace sketches, stories, essays, scientific papers and poems, by the best foreign writers.

The Great Union Meeting.

We make the following extract from the report of the great mass meeting held in Philadelphia, last week, in honor of the Southern Unionists who were present at the Convention:

"The city during the evening gave itself up to this meeting of welcome, with an abundance and heartiness wholly unprecedented. The affair was initiated and managed by the League Club, and the entire arrangements were on the most complete and extended scale possible. Every one of the twenty-seven wards in the city sent delegations with torches and banners and music. One hundred and thirty different organizations were represented, and it was carefully calculated that if united into one, the procession would have aggregated at least five miles in length, and over thirty-five thousand in number. Fireworks were discharged by the wagon loads, thirty bands gave voice to the general delight and the night was a babel of cheers and shouts."

"Hundreds of men were quick in testimony that Philadelphia was never before so stirred with excitement, not even at the downfall of Richmond, or the surrender of Lee's army. The reception given the President last week was, when compared to this given these Southern Unionists, nothing more than a ward meeting. This is at least thirty times as great as that. It is utterly useless to attempt any description of the demonstration, beyond what is indicated by these figures: twenty fresh reporters with a whole day before them could not more than do it justice. What shall one man weary with three days of wholly unexampled excitement do in the hour of midnight? Curtis, Wilson, Kelley, Yates, Lane, Schenck—veterans of twenty or thirty political campaigns—all concur in saying that in numbers, intelligence and enthusiasm, the meeting far exceeds any other ever held in the United States."

"The speaking commenced at about half past 8 from six stands in Broad street, between Market and Walnut, and was kept up till after midnight. Cameron, Hamilton, Wilson, Schenck, Durant, Willey, Lane, Fletcher, Brass, Hawley, Tilton, Botts, Moss, Sherwood, and a dozen others, were among the speakers. The immediate audience about the stands covered acres, and must have numbered fifty thousand persons while thirty thousand more must have been congregated in the side streets; and let it be said to the credit of Philadelphia that from first to last there was no trouble, no accident, no disturbance. The police were out in force, but there was not even one drunken man for them to arrest. The people are, as Mr. Seward said, a law unto themselves, and as Judge Kelley says, that law is twelve thousand strong against Andrew Johnson."

The Presidential Circus is having hard times out West. The outrageous speeches of the spokesmen have had their effect, so that the people on the route understand what is to come; and some are found who are inclined to interrupt him with remarks more pertinent than agreeable to him. In Indianapolis he was fairly choked off. In some of the smaller towns he could not put in a connected sentence. Cincinnati exhibited her self-respect, in refusing to receive him. Young Lincoln very properly refused to accompany the party to his father's tomb. Meantime the tirades of the President are exhibiting him in his true colors, and are making Union votes by the scores of hundreds.

LECTURE ON GEOLOGY. Dr. N. T. TRUE commences this week his winter series of lectures on his favorite subject, Geology. The first lecture will be given in the Baptist church in this place Friday evening of this week. Seats free to all, the expenses having been assumed by those interested in the school. The doctor has procured an entirely new set of charts, and has revised the lectures, so that the hearers will have presented the latest views that have been advanced on this science. We hope a good audience may be present.

EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS' CONVENTION. The third annual convention of the Editors and Publishers of Maine will be held at Augusta, Wednesday and Thursday, September 26th and 27th. A general attendance of the fraternity throughout the State is very desirable, as matters of importance to every journalist and publisher will be brought to the attention of the Convention. By direction of the Executive Committee, G. O. GORSE, Recording Secretary.

PASTORAL CALL. We learn that Rev. T. T. Merry, has accepted a call from the Congregational church in Norway village, to become its pastor. He will be installed, and commence his labors with the Society, about the first of November.

PERSONAL. Hon. Sidney Perham, Hon. A. C. Denison and Rev. J. C. Snow, left by the Tuesday morning train, for Galesburg, Ill., to attend the National Universalist Convention. Tickets are sold for this Convention at a reduction from the usual rates.

It has been recently said with regard to me that I must be got out of the way because I am standing by the Constitution.—Andrew Johnson at Utica.

Some of you fellows are trying to get me out of the way, out of town, because I am a friend of the people.—Daniel Pratt, the great American Traveler, in front of Normans Hall.

TATERS AFLOAT. One day last week a two-year old bull was picked up at sea, off Chelouague Island. The animal was five miles from the main land at the spot in the sandy deep where he was overhauled, and was hard on his way to visit his English cousin Johnny. Having been taken in tow, with his nose clear of the brine, Bossy was safely brought to land.

Gov. Brownlow received a despatch from Tennessee last Wednesday, signed by several respectable Union men, to the effect that the rebels were arranging to take the State government into their own hands by force, confident of being supported by the President.

We find Messrs. Leathe & Gore's Steam Refined Soap do good work in the wash tub, even when they are compelled to work in company with hard water from our well; a very severe test most satisfactorily borne.

A New Business Enterprise.

It is a matter not quite new to many people in the immediate vicinity; but it is so to most who will see this paragraph, that a new and quite extensive business has been established at South Paris, this season, in setting up sweet corn for the market. Messrs. Plummer & Marr of Portland, the proprietors, contracted last winter, with farmers in the vicinity, to plant this variety in place of the ordinary crop, and secured the cultivation of above eighty acres for their purposes. During the season, they prepared a building in which all the operations of making the cans, and preparing and putting up the corn are carried on.

The apparatus is simple. There are four large boilers capable of containing at a boiling about 4000 cans, though generally a smaller number are put in. In the main building are long troughs, in which at intervals, are large stone pans, into which the corn is cut from the ear, as soon as husked. It is then pressed into the cans, weighed, the little tops soldered firmly in and packed into pans, whence it goes to the "bath-room." As the public are excluded from this room, perhaps it will not be best to say what is done here, further than that the article comes out nicely cooked, and ready, after cleaning and labelling the cans, for market.

There are employed this week, in husking, 30; cutting corn from the cob, 40; at packing, weighing and preparing cans, 8; soldering, 4; in the bath room, 4, with some others in various parts of the business, making in all about 90 persons. Last Monday, the 40 cutters used up 355 bushels of corn. The corn is brought in as required, care being exercised, that all parts of the process shall go along regularly, as the corn will spoil with very slight exposure, and must not be allowed to stand in the pile.

The proprietors have made about 100,000 cans, which they expect to fill. The business of making the cans was attended to before the putting up season commenced. The shop was one of the busiest places one often sees. Machines were employed for all the operations but soldering the seams; so that the cans were put together with great rapidity.

Messrs. Plummer & Marr do a large business in putting up hermetically sealed "goods," and have much experience in it.

They have a factory at Portland, for putting up meats and lobsters, as well as corn, and two establishments in the eastern part of the State for lobsters. In the eastern establishments a large business is done in blueberries in their season. Mr. Marr is an Oxford County man, a native of the town of Oxford, where he resided till he started out to win his fortune in the world.

The demand for articles of food preserved in this manner, at first confined almost wholly to situations where fresh provision could not be obtained otherwise, has increased at a rapid pace. At present it has come to be regarded as a common necessity, in many parts of the country, and is a part of the bill of fare in good hotels, during the whole year. This firm has built up an extensive business, and the establishing of a factory in a farming district, insures a freshness for their goods which could not well be obtained where the ears had to be carried a long distance. We learn also that with good cultivation, the sweet corn is likely to prove a very remunerative crop to our farmers; and the works will serve to build up quite a business in the town during the season.

IN LUCK. Mr. Frank H. Skillings, walking in his field last Monday, discovered a hen's nest hidden in the grass, containing a round three dozen of eggs. The best part of the story is that the eggs were all good.

Miguel, who was recently committed to jail for his destructive practices in Albany, has been declared by medical authority, to be insane; and committed on an order from Judge Walton, to the Insane Hospital, as a State pauper.

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"MY POLICY" IS ENOUGH. The Charleston (S. C.) Courier of the 3d inst., states that the cable telegram announcing that the result of the Philadelphia Convention had caused a rise in rebel bonds in London, has been fully confirmed by a private dispatch sent to that paper by the agent of the Associated Press.

Bethel Items.

Mr. Moses T. Cross has repaired the inside of his store and opens it this week with a stock of new goods.

R. A. Chapman occupies a store in the Kimball block till his new store is finished, which will soon be completed.

We learn that Mr. F. S. Chandler, the landlord of the Chandler House, has obtained a situation in the New York Custom House.

The Hop crop is much better than was anticipated. Some fields are very heavy, though in a bad condition when they have been late picked.

Bethel threw 509 votes at the election on Monday last. This is the first time that any town in Oxford County, except Paris, ever threw 500 votes at an election.

RATHER FUNNY. As a certain gentleman and his wife, who have resided in Canada since the war, were riding through Bethel last week, they saw a woman sitting on the grass near Alder River Bridge, who appeared to be crazy. Her actions appeared so strange that he determined to go back to the village and notify the people what he had seen. Accordingly a company of prominent citizens repaired to the spot when one of the party looked over the bridge and saw a lady artist busily engaged in taking a sketch of the landscape, while her companion was amusing herself on the bank. A hearty laugh took place at the expense of our traveller, when the parties separated, leaving the gentleman to wonder what changes are going on in the world since the war.

Fryeburg Items.

The hay crop of the Saco Valley has come in very light, and farmers have had but few thorough-going hay days for the season, consequently most of it has been put into the barn in poor condition. Grain is good though slow to ripen. Corn is tall and the stalks well filled with ears; will be out of frost's harm in two or three weeks. Grasshoppers have been exceedingly destructive on some farms in town, but it is believed they are dying out.

Frost occurred in some low places on the night of the 24th ult., but not sufficient to do any damage.

The West Oxford Agricultural Fair occurs at the Society's grounds on the 9th, 10th and 11th of next month. Let the farmers make a note of this, and turn out bringing their substance with them.

The fall term of the Academy opened auspiciously, with an unusual number of advanced students. A course of lectures will be delivered on natural history and the corps of teachers are availing themselves of every opportunity to keep up the present popularity of the school. One of its teachers thirty years ago, Mr. Merrill, has recently paid it a visit and expressed himself highly gratified. It needs funds however, and if some wealthy alumnus, who owes all his success in life to its counsels and care, would be generously inclined towards it, the favor would be appreciated.

The number of tourists hitherward has been rather under the average this summer. The private houses at North Conway have been pretty well filled, but the hotels could have accommodated more.

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ATTEMPTED ROBBERY. Between five and six o'clock Monday morning, the store of Messrs. Norton, Chapman & Co., in Galt block was entered by prying open the side door. Having obtained entrance they proceeded to charge the lock of the safe with powder and fired it. All the damage that was done was the springing of the door very slightly, without injuring the lock at all or opening the door. A fisherman who was coming along Commercial street saw the flash, and hastening round to the side of the building observed two men leave the store. They had got their labor for the trouble they had taken. [Press.]

HARVEST PROSPECTS. A correspondent who has recently travelled in various parts of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York and Connecticut, reports the hay crops to have been a full average. In some places the grass was light, owing to the severe drought of last year, which killed roots, but the deficiency in quantity was more than made up by superior quality and the excellent condition in which it was put upon the scaffold. The frequent rains since laying in July have given a rapid growth to the grass and the second crop will be large. Corn and potatoes are everywhere luxuriant and promise abundant harvests. New potatoes are now selling in Vermont for fifty to seventy-five cents per bushel by retail, and forty cents per bushel is looked upon as the maximum price when the winter crop shall be gathered. The pastures have furnished luxuriant feed for cattle through the entire summer, and the richness of fall feed has never exceeded the present autumn. The pastures are now as verdant as in June. The season has been highly favorable for butter and great quantities have been made. Butter of the finest quality in appearance and flavor sells for thirty-five and forty cents per pound. From all that has been seen and learned, it seems unreasonable that the exorbitant prices which have ruled with us for two years past should long continue.

[Providence Bulletin.]

The Old Atlantic Cable has been raised, successfully spliced, and laid. The Great Eastern reached Hearts Content Sunday. The electrical condition is perfect, so that there are now two perfect telegraphic lines to Europe.

