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MISCELLANY.

A HATFUL OF BEANS.

"Who is Squire Bligh?" I asked.
"Who was Squire Bligh, you mean?"
"Who was his friend?" "Sit down, and I will tell you the story."
So I sat down, and he told me as follows:
and I have been thinking of it ever since, and weaving it into my thoughts with the memory of those tiny children intent upon their marvellous picture-books.

"Nigh forty years ago, there was a widow living in this place who had an only son named Jack."

"Yes," I interrupted; "and he was an idle, good-for-nothing lad, always in mischief and an anxiety to his mother."

"Who told you so?" asked my friend.
"No one," said I; "go on with the story."

"He went on doing little or nothing, until he was a great fellow of seventeen or eighteen, his chief work being to take the horses down to water for the farmers round—this he did not object to, as he could ride down to the river, and ride up again. One fine evening in the spring he was returning with the horses as usual, when, as he passed a certain stile, he heard some one call him—"

"Jack!"

"Here I be," said Jack, stopping the horses, and looking in the direction from whence the voice came. "Ho!" he ejaculated, in a tone of astonishment and gratification, as his eye fell upon the neat little figure of the girl who had been taken to help in the dairy.

"What are you doing here, Nelly?"

"Waiting to see you, Jack."

"That's kind, at any rate, and it's not many would do it; but I'm a ne'er-do-well, and no one need trouble about me," said he, somewhat bitterly.

"That's just what I came to tell you," returned the little maiden.

"Then you don't care about me?" said he, with a little vexation in his tone.

"Care! why should I, for a lazy fellow like you? I should think not."

"But you might, Nelly."

"Might, indeed! I mightn't do anything of the sort. At any rate, I don't."

"Then what did you come here for?"

"To tell you you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"There's plenty to do that," returned the lad.

"Yes; but you don't heed them, and you might heed me, Jack. Won't you begin to work a bit?"

"I don't know what to begin at."

"Your mother's a nice bit of a garden, Jack."

"I've nothing to put in it," answered Jack, despondingly.

"Nonsense," said Nelly; "what a faint heart you have. I will give you a lot of beans to begin with. You put up the horses, and I'll be back in a minute."

So Jack put up the horses and waited for Nelly. Presently she came tripping along with her apron full of something.

"Here," said she, "hold your hat." She poured the beans into it; and he went home.

Next day Jack took a spade and worked away diligently for two hours.

"What's come to thee, lad?" said the widow, as he came in, all flushed and hungry, to his dinner.

"Nelly gives me a good lass," quoth Jack, "and if ever I get rich I'll marry her."

"Thee get rich!" said the Widow Bligh, and she held up her hands deprecatingly.

"Strange things happen sometimes," returned Jack; and he resumed his digging with renewed energy. All that afternoon he dug away as though life depended on it.

The next day he planted his beans. He had evidently turned over a new leaf, and the widow and her neighbors thought the lad was bewitched, as perhaps he might have been. At any rate he had set to work in earnest, and he soon found plenty to do, the farmers being nothing loth to give employment to one who, despite his idleness, was a general favorite.

Nelly alone held aloof. Jack was getting beyond her patronage; he had suddenly become more manly, and seemed as if he had grown a head taller all at once; and Nelly turned shy, and it was all he could do to get a stray word from her now and then.

It was clear that she would have nothing to say to him, which Jack thought rather hard, after all the trouble he had taken to please her; and the more he pondered over it the less he could understand it. Nelly used to be so friendly. "Perhaps if I were a rich man she might give a thought to me," said Jack; and so he determined to go elsewhere to seek his fortune, and return and make Nelly his wife.

When he went to say "Good-bye" to her, he did it in rather a blundering way.

"Maybe I shall find you married when I come home again, Nelly," said the poor lad looking wistfully at her.

"Maybe you will," retorted Nelly. "If I find any one I like while you are away." And so they parted, and both repented their speeches when it was too late to recall them.

"Well," what is to be, is to be," soliloquized Jack, endeavoring to find consolation therein; "but Nelly's the only woman that shall ever be my wife."

When Jack was gone, Nelly went very often to see the Widow Bligh, and was a great comfort to her; and their conversation always turned upon Jack.

A year passed away, and no tidings came of him. Then another, and the two women did not talk so much now, but they sat quietly at their work when Nelly could spare time from the dairy, and it was a consolation to them to be together.

At the beginning of the next year Nelly was summoned to her home in a distant country. Her mother was dying, and as she did not come back, the Widow Bligh was left to bear her trouble alone; and all through the spring and into the summer, she watched; and every morning as she opened the shutters and let in the daylight, she wondered whether that day would bring her son home, and every evening as the daylight faded away, she said, "He may come to-morrow."

And at length the "to-morrow" came, and a handsome sailor walked up the village street, into his mother's cottage, and soon the news spread abroad that Jack Bligh had come home with bags of golden guineas.

But this was not of course true. The first person that Jack asked after was Nelly Giles; but he could hear nothing of her.

"Never mind her, Jack," said the widow, who was quite content, now that she had her son, and indeed did not care much for a rival; "she's not worth thinking of."

But Jack was not of his mother's opinion, and he was scarcely sorry to go away again, for the old place seemed very dreary without Nelly.

This time he was able to write to his mother, for he had brushed up his writing, and it was a proud day for the widow when the schoolmaster came in to read her son's letters.

A second time Jack Bligh came home; and this time a hired carriage, laden with boxes and packages, stopped at the widow's door, for Jack was prospering.

But nothing had been heard of Nelly, and Jack could not bear the sight of the fine things he had brought, for he had intended the most of them for her.

"It's all through the beans," thought poor Jack, "that I came to go away."

Yet would he have been any nearer had he stayed at home in idleness?

Fifteen years had passed away, and Jack had prospered so well that he decided upon giving up his sea life and settling in his native village. So he took the jolly old farm house and filled it with his foreign curiosities, and the Widow Bligh presided over it in great state.

And did Jack marry? I asked.

"Don't interrupt me," said my friend. "For a long time he did not, although his mother pointed out more than one girl in the neighborhood, who would make him a good wife—at last he did."

"O!" said I, with a kind of sigh.

"Wait," continued my friend.

"One morning a pale, thin woman entered the village, and when she was opposite the old black-timbered house, she asked of a waggoner who was passing, whether the Widow Bligh was still living."

"Ay," replied the man, "she be."

"And has Jack come home?"

"Jack, indeed, said the man. "Squire Bligh's come home, and he lives in that house there."

The poor woman looked up at the substantial dwelling to whom she had given the hateful beans and her heart died within her.

"He'd not care for the like of me," said she to herself, as she turned to go away again.

But the shock had been too great for her frail and travel-worn frame, and she had not taken many steps before she sank down on the ground.

The waggoner ran to her assistance. He raised her head, pushed back her bonnet, and shouted to the astonished Squire who happened to be returning from his morning stroll.

"Measter, measter! If here beant Nelly Giles!"

This was on Saturday, and how it all came to be arranged so soon, or whether the Squire even asked Nelly, I don't know; but the next Sunday at church the banns were put up, and in less than three weeks the Squire and Nelly were married. And they live at the old farm-house to this day.

And they've one daughter, as bright a lass as need be. She does not wear little white linen caps and short petticoats, as her mother used to do; but for all that, the Squire says she's the very image of what Nelly was when she gave him the hateful beans.

"And whose had Nelly been all these years?" said I.

"Up far away in the north with her father. He was a poor, weak body, and she couldn't leave him till he died, and then she travelled down to see if Jack had come home; for of course she knew Jack liked her, and would never marry any one else. Only, you see, she never expected to see him prosper as he had done."

And this was the story my friend told me, and somehow it wove itself into my mind in connection with the fairy legend which the little ones in the fair haven were poring over, and I myself fiction and fact until I brought myself almost to believe that I had seen the hero of bean-stalk celebrity. For did he not owe his prosperity to a hatful of beans! And had he not left his widowed mother in her little cottage while he went into far off lands, just like Jack and his mother in the time-honored story?

JULIA GODDARD.

ABOUT CLOVES. Cloves are produced by a tree which is a native of the Molucca Islands, and were, like nutmeg, a long time under the exclusive control of the Dutch government, who, for many years, would not allow the trees to grow upon any except the island of Amboyna, from whence the highest-priced cloves still come. The tree is from fifteen to thirty feet high, with large, aromatic leaves, and bunches of very fragrant flowers. The spice is the unopened flower-buds, which are beaten off by means of rods, and then dried. The little ball at the top of the clove is the unexpanded petals; by softening the clove in hot water, these can be carefully laid open by means of a pin. The main portion of the clove is what would be the fruit if it were allowed to ripen. Our word "clove" comes from the French *clou*, a nail—that being the name by which the French call them on account of their resemblance to a little nail. They contain a good deal of volatile oil, upon which their value depends. This oil is sometimes extracted in part, and the cloves afterward sold. These can be told by their lighter color, and having the buttons or rounded portion broken off. Cloves readily absorb a considerable amount of moisture, and it is the custom of large dealers to keep them in a rather damp place, in order to make them weigh heavily and look fresh and plump. It is bad economy to buy cloves, or any other spice, in the ground state, as, aside from the risk of adulteration, the oil is absorbed by the paper in which they are put up.

GEN. LOGAN'S COMMENT. In a recent speech, John A. Logan, after reading the third section of the Constitutional Amendment, prohibiting traitors who had violated their oaths to support the Constitution of the United States from holding responsible offices in the State or National Government, said:

"Why is the Democratic party opposed to this? Do they want Jeff. Davis again in the Congress of the United States? 'O, but there is no danger of that,' they say, he is in prison. But he would be out of prison if Johnson were not afraid of public sentiment. If a court were to convict him, however, I believe Johnson would let him hang—not because he thought he deserved it, but because he is afraid he will be a formidable opposing candidate for the Presidency at the next Democratic convention. (Great laughter and cheers.) I don't want to see Jeff. Davis in Congress any more. I don't want to see Alex. Stephens there either; nor do I want to see any traitor there who big Davies and Stephens or little Davies and Stephens. I want to see only loyal men there, and hence we insist on this provision of the amendment."

LUCK AND LABOR. Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and, with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines. Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances. Labor on character.

Luck slides downward to indolence. Labor strides upward, and to independence.

OLDEST PAPER. Prof. Pond of Bangor disputes the claim confidently urged by the press in Philadelphia that the Remembrancer of that city, published in 1813, was the first religious paper in this country. He has two complete volumes of the Christian History, a weekly paper by Kneeland & Greene, Boston, in 1743, edited by Thomas Prince, Jr., son of the venerable pastor of the Old South at that time. The weekly was devoted mainly, not exclusively, to the spread of religious intelligence, and was probably the first newspaper of the kind in the world.

A Soldier's Widow's Letter to the President.

The Philadelphia Press of Friday publishes a letter from a soldier's widow of that city to the President, in answer to that portion of his Cleveland speech in which he asked his audience—"Who made greater sacrifices in the war than I?" "Who suffered more than I?" &c., and submits to the judgment of the world whether on the score of sufferings and sacrifices his claims to popular sympathy and support bear any comparison to hers. She says:

"Before the rebellion, sir, I had a husband, kind, loving, industrious, and economical, who for myself and our four little ones made a comfortable provision. Our home was the abode of peace and plenty. What became of him? He was starved to death at Andersonville, and that by the 'chivalric' men whom your 'policy' would fain restore, without repentance, to the head of the government. Since then I have been trying my best to earn bread for my little ones by plying the needle. At times when that kind of employment has failed me, I have even been obliged to stand, from early morn till night over the wash-tub. I had two brothers, steady men, kind and generous. Had the rebellion left them as it found them, pinching poverty I should have never known. Alas! alas! one of them perished from exposure and want on Bell Island, and the other had his right arm taken off by a rebel shell at Antietam. He cannot assist me. The privations and hardships I have to endure have so shattered my own health and strength that I feel at times unable even to endure the fatigue of plying the needle. So that, except my trust in a merciful God, I have sacrificed for my country my all—husband, brothers, house, living—and I am cast, a beggar, on the cold charity of the world. And all this I owe to the Southern slaveholders, and to their iniquitous attempts to murder my beloved country, as they did murder my husband and my brothers."

Now, Mr. Johnson, since you invite a comparison, what have you suffered? Exhibit your scars, and wounds and bruises! Did you lose a leg or an arm, or were you ever so much as scratched or bruised? Where is the blood you shed? Would it stain a white cambric pocket handkerchief? How much property did you lose? Why, if report speaks true, during most of the war, you were living on the 'fat of the land,' in Nashville, out of harm's way, protected, as you were, by Union bayonets. Out of Uncle Sam's overflowing commissary stores you drew plenty to eat and to drink—the best of meats, and what was of still more consequence to you, the choicest of liquors. Add to this your handsome salary as Military Governor. Then the great Union party, whom you have so foully betrayed, made you Vice President, with a salary of \$8000 per annum. Then to crown it all, John Wilkes Booth made you President, and there you are, to the tune of \$25,000 a year, with 'Aixina.' The rebellion found you, I learn, comparatively a poor man. Now, you are rich, with a sound body, not to speak of your mind, whose soundness is not so certain."

You, Andrew Johnson, talk of your sacrifices and your sufferings, and challenge a comparison. Fie! Fie! upon you! Why, sir, on that score I ought to be America's Queen, and you ought to be sweating over the wash-tub! And now, sir, are your questions as to who suffered more than you, who sacrificed more than you by reason of the war, answered? I did, sir, and I know hundreds of poor women, tossed from the heights of affluence to the vale of penury and want, who have suffered and sacrificed ten thousand times more than you, and are making no ostentatious parade of it either. Yours, respectfully,

MARY J. CATHERWAITE.

A soldier's widow, and the mother of four fatherless children."

A BOY OF FLUCK. When Dr. Carey, the celebrated missionary was a boy, he tried one day to climb a tree. But his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, breaking his leg by the fall. This accident confined him to his bed many weeks, and caused him much suffering.

When the broken limb was healed, what do you think he did? Resolve never to climb a tree again? Not he. He was too plucky for that. On the contrary, the first thing he did after his recovery was to go and climb that tree.

Now, while I do not recommend boys to climb trees unless duty requires them to do it, I do advise them to imitate young Carey's spirit of perseverance. He had a soul that would not be conquered by difficulties, and that spirit, when devoted to the missionary work, made him successful. Imitate that spirit, boys. When a duty is to be done never give up!

[S. S. Advocate.]

Why is one's father's nose like a well-trained child? Because it is always under a parent's eye.

"CAN'T SEE IT."

Henry Clay, in an argument for protection, observed that a free trader at the South clenched his argument against the iniquity and oppression of protective duties, by addressing a very humble, coarsely-dressed auditor as follows:

"My fellow-citizens! do you know that that shirt on your back cost you six cents per yard more than it need or should, in order to swell the bloated dividends of the Yankee factory-owners?"

"Well I suppose it did, if you say so," replied the sand-biller, wriggling uneasily under the battery of eyes so suddenly concentrated on him. "I don't know how to read; I don't know hardly anything. It is owing to my ignorance, I suppose, that I can't see how they charge me six cents a yard on my shirt, when I bought it for five."

[New York Tribune.]

Macarthy, spare that dog, touch not a single hair, he worries many a hog from out his muddy lair. Oh, when he was a pup, so frisky and so plump, he lapped his milk from out a cup when hungry—at a jump. And when his sunny trunk, so funny in their place, so full of canine licks, upon your hands and face. You will surely let him live! Oh do not kill him—dead, he wags his narrative, and prays for life—not on his mouth, and stop that bow wow, wut! and tendency to drought. He is your children's pet companion of their joy, you will not kill him yet, and spare their hopes destroy. No Macarthy, touch that pup, touch not a single hair; oh put your rifle up, and go away from there. [Canada paper.]

A Prince Demidoff was recently presented to Paris Bunker, who, to prevent conversation from dropping said: "You have a beautiful breastpin." The banker delighted, for he was proud of his breastpin, said, "Yes, it is a very rare stone." Prince Demidoff replied, "A very rare and very expensive. You can't imagine the trouble I had to get my chimney piece at St. Petersburg, for they are made of it." The banker turned as many colors as a dying dolphin.

At the conclusion of the Johnson Philadelphia Convention the Throne of Grace was addressed by a "conservative" clergyman, who ended his petition with the Lord's Prayer. It is said that there was no response until he came to the words: "Give us this day our daily bread," when every member picked up his ears and earnestly and solemnly responded "A-men." That Amen did not stick in their throats, though it would have with a he r r response, for they are made of it." The banker turned as many colors as a dying dolphin.

"To us," exclaims the Richmond Times "does not belong the credit of the experiment of washing the Ethiopians white." To which the Detroit Tribune adds: "Very likely; but to you does belong the credit of the experiment of making the Ethiopians yellow, and you tried that experiment on a very extensive scale."

When may the hand of a barometer be engaged in commercial transaction? When it's on "Change."

If you detect a false ghost, on what ground could you accuse it of murderous intentions? Because it was trying to frighten (by ten) people.

When is echo like a visiting acquaintance? When she returns your call.

Why is an offering like a matrimonial engagement? Because it begins with an offer and ends with a ring.

What is the gentlest kind of spur? A whisper.

Why is a firt like a hollow India-rubber ball? Because she is very empty and has a great deal of bounce.

Why are an ear of wheat and an oak similar in origin? Because they both spring from a corn.

In one of his letters to the Duke of Grafton the celebrated Junius once said, that when neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment from any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition, if they did not feel some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united to a confusion of mind, which counteracts the most favorite principles, and makes the man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving." Had Junius been writing a letter to the President of the United States, he could not better have applied the scathing remarks quoted; for really the Duke was not deserving of all his withering sarcasms. The same "bounty of Providence" has rendered the attempts of Johnson to usurp the powerless, for his weak efforts to throw dust into the eyes of the people, who, notwithstanding the immense power of the Executive, are masters of the situation, will prove of no avail. [Biddleford Union & Journal.]

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, SEPT. 28, 1866.

Land Ahead.

As the mariner upon the broad ocean takes his latitude and longitude in order to know the progress he is making in his voyage, and the probable time when he will reach his destined haven; so it is well for us, as we are sailing over the rough sea of political commotion and strife, occasionally to stop and take our reckoning with a view to the probable success of our voyage. What are the indications? Is the murky cloud that hovers over our beloved land to grow blacker and blacker until it eventuates in the howling storm or fiery tempest? or are there streaks of light and a prospect of once more beholding the sun shining forth in all his splendour over our political horizon?

If we are not mistaken we can see land ahead. But it is only a faint glimmering and not the full view. For the last month or two things have looked bad. It has, at times, seemed almost certain that President Johnson, backed up by his apostate traitors, Southern rebels and Northern copperheads, were determined to plunge this country into another civil war. His paid bread and butter brigade, led by such corrupt, unprincipled demagogues as Montgomery Blair, Wm. H. Seward and Doolittle, have threatened war, unless the people would abandon their convictions of duty and sell themselves to the political heresy of the apostate Johnson. Knowing, as the people do, that these black-hearted, political scoundrels are desperate men, pushed on by a desperate leader, unless they can accomplish their treacherous purposes, there was sufficient cause for alarm. Had they succeeded in intimidating the Union men of Maine and Vermont; had they made a break in the republican ranks in these States; could they have accomplished their treacherous purpose of corrupting and bribing the loyal men into a repudiation of their representatives in the national Congress, there would have been the dismal cry of WAR! sent up from these minions of treason, louder and louder, and the danger been still more imminent. But the elections in Maine and Vermont, hurled back the menaces of Andrew Johnson and his paid tools into his teeth. The people with a firm tread and steady step marched up to the ballot boxes and deposited their votes for the Union; for the Constitution and the old flag. In spite of threats and menaces; in spite of bribes and offers of executive favor, they by their votes said to Andrew Johnson, we trample your treacherous policy under our feet; we defy your threats, and if we cannot save the country and the government without, we will adopt the policy of the chivalric Logan, and "hang you and Jeff. Davis on the same tree." There was never before such a sublime and majestic exhibition of the triumph of loyalty over treason at the ballot box as was found in the votes of the loyal men of Maine and Vermont, at the recent elections in those States. It sent a thrill of joy to the heart of every loyal man, woman and child all over the country. But this is not all. It carried terror and dismay into the traitors' camp. Andrew Johnson and his co-traitors saw the hand writing upon the wall; they saw the die was cast against them; that the people could not be intimidated by threats or bought up by executive patronage favors. And now what is the result?

If Andrew Johnson and Seward and the clique in the White House do not pause and consider, the rebels and copperheads do. If the former are not frightened, the latter are. They very properly and truly take the Maine and Vermont elections as a true indication of what is to come in other States yet to vote. They now see that what has happened in Maine and Vermont will happen in Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana and all the other loyal States, at their very next elections. They now see that the House of Representatives cannot be changed in its radical majority and the last pretext of Andrew Johnson for plunging the country into civil war, will be taken away by the determined votes of the people. In other words, the Southern rebels now see that all hope of getting the rebellious States back into the Union is gone, unless they adopt the platform of reconstruction adopted at the last session of Congress and pass the constitutional amendments. They begin to see that Congress and not the President, is backed by the people.

The New York Herald, their great leading influential organ in the North, since the Maine and Vermont elections, abandons the contest and goes squarely over to the loyal side of the controversy; supports Fenimore, the Union candidate for Governor in New York, and declares that Johnson ought to have no further controversy with Congress, but hereafter support the constitutional amendments and let that be the basis of reconstruction. In the rebel States there are signs of returning reason. Many of their papers modify their tone upon the great questions in issue and advise a conciliatory course on the part of the South. They really at heart do not want another war. The signs of the times look hopeful. It only remains for the loyal men of the country to stand firm, follow the lead of Maine and Vermont and all is safe.

Col. Geo. Fuller of Bangor, has been appointed aide to the Governor, in place of Col. Garney, who was politely requested by the Governor to resign. Gov. Cony did not desire to be associated with any of the "bread and butter brigade."

Union National Committee.

At the recent session of the Union National Committee to fill vacancies, it was decided to issue an address. We give below the closing portion:

It being thus agreed that conditions of restoration and guarantees against future rebellion may be exacted of the States lately in revolt, the right of Congress to a voice in prescribing those conditions and in shaping those guarantees is plainly incontestable. Whether it takes the shape of law or of a constitutional amendment, the action of Congress is vital. Even if they were to be settled by treaty, the ratification of the Senate, by a two-thirds vote, would be indispensable. There is nothing in the Federal Constitution, nor in the nature of the case, that countenances an Executive monopoly of this power.

What, then, is the ground of complaint against Congress?

Is it charged that the action of the two Houses was tardy and hesitating? Consider how momentous were the questions involved, the issues depending. Consider how novel and extraordinary was the situation. Consider how utterly silent and blank is the Federal Constitution touching the treatment of insurgent States, whether during their flagrant hostility to the Union or after their discomfiture. Consider with how many embarrassments and difficulties the problem is beset, and you will not wonder that months were required to devise, perfect, and pass, by a two-thirds vote in either house, a just and a plan of reconstruction.

Yet that plan has been matured. It has passed the Senate by 33 to 11, and the House by 138 to 26. It is now fairly before the country, having already been ratified by the legislatures of several States and rejected by none. Under it, the State of Tennessee has been formally restored to all the privileges she forfeited by rebellion, including representation in either house of Congress. And the door thus passed through stands invitingly open to all who still linger without.

Are the conditions thus prescribed intolerable, or even humiliating? They are in substance these:

I. All persons born or naturalized in this country are henceforth citizens of the United States, and shall enjoy the same rights of citizens everywhere; and no State shall have power to contravene this most righteous and necessary provision.

II. While the States claim and exercise the power of denying the elective franchise to a part of their people, the weight of each State in the Union shall be measured by and based upon its enfranchised population. If any State shall choose, for no crime, to deny political rights to any race or caste, it must no longer count that race or caste as a basis of political power in the Union.

III. He who has once held office on the strength of his solemn oath to support the Federal Constitution, and has nevertheless forsaken himself and treacherously plotted to subvert that Constitution, shall henceforth hold no political office. If Congress, by a two-thirds vote, shall remove or modify the disability.

IV. The national debt shall be now repudiated, nor invalidated; and no debt incurred in support of the rebellion shall ever be assumed or paid by any State; nor shall payment be made for the loss or emancipation of any slave.

V. Congress shall have power to enforce these guarantees by appropriate legislation. Such, fellow citizens, are the conditions of reconstruction proposed by Congress and already accepted by the loyal legislature of Tennessee. Are they harsh or degrading? Do you discern therein a disposition to trample on the prerogative or push an advantage to the uttermost? Do they embody aught of vengeance, or any confiscation but that of slavery? We solicit your candid, impartial judgment.

What is intended by the third section is simply to give loyalty a fair start in the reconstructed States. Under the Johnson policy, the rebels monopolize power and place even in communities where they are decidedly outnumbered. Their generals are governors and members elect of Congress; their colonels and majors fill the legislatures, and officiate as sheriffs. Not only are the steadily loyal proscribed, but even stay-at-home rebels have little chance in competition with those who fought to subvert the Union. When this rebel monopoly of office shall have been broken up, and loyalty to the Union shall have become general and hearty, Congress may remove the disability, and will doubtless make haste to do so.

We do not perceive that the justice or fitness of the fourth section—prescribing that the Union public debt shall be promptly met, but that of the confederacy never—is seriously contested.

There remains, then, but the second section, which prescribes in substance that political power in the Union shall henceforth be based only on that portion of the people of each State who are deemed by its constitution to be depositaries of such power. In other words: A State which chooses to hold part of its population in ignorance and servitude—proletarian, uneducated, unfriended—shall not count that portion to balance the educated, intelligent, enfranchised citizens of other States.

We do not argue the justice of this provision. As well argue the shape of a cube or the correctness of the multiplication table. He who does not feel that this is simply and mildly said, would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead to convince him. That there are those among us who would not have it ratified, sadly demonstrates that the good work of emancipation is not yet complete.

But, say some, this section is designed to coerce the South into according suffrage to its blacks. Not so, we reply; but on longer bribe them to keep their blacks in servitude. An arbitrary, daily surrender of privileges, no matter how oppressive, from abstract devotion to justice and right. It must have cogent, palpable reasons for so doing. We say, therefore, to South Carolina, "If you persistently restrict all power to your 500,000 whites, we must insist that these no longer balance, in Congress and the choice of President, 700,000 Northern white freemen, but only 300,000. If you keep your blacks evermore in servitude, it must not be because we tempted you to do so and rewarded you for so doing."

Fellow-citizens of every State, but especially those soon to hold elections! we entreat your earnest, constant heed to the grave questions now at issue. If those who so wistfully plunged the Union into civil war shall be allowed by you to dictate the terms of reconstruction, you will have heedlessly sown the bitter seeds of future rebellion and bloody strife. Already you are threatened with a recognition by the President of a sham Congress made up of the factions which recently coalesced at Philadelphia on a platform of Johnsonism—a Congress constituted by nullifying and overriding a plain law of the land—a Congress wholly inspired from the White House, and

appealing to the sword alone for support. So glaring an attempt at usurpation would be even more criminal than absurd. Happily, the people, by electing an overwhelming majority of thoroughly loyal representatives, are rendering its initiation impossible.

We cannot close without a most deserved tribute to the general fidelity wherewith, in view of the President's defection, the great body of the people, and even of the Federal office-holders, stand fast by their convictions and their principles. The boundless patronage of the Executive, though most unscrupulously wielded against those whose votes he owes it, has corrupted very few, either of those who shared or of those who would gladly share, in its enjoyment. Not one of the 32 States which voted to reject Abraham Lincoln has given in its adhesion to the President's policy; while New Jersey—the only free State that voted against him—has added herself to their number.

Our great war has taught impressively the peril of injustice; and the lesson has sunk deep into millions of hearts. The American people, chastened by suffering, are nobler and wiser than they were, with a quicker and more open ear for every generous suggestion. The fearful lessons of Memphis and New Orleans have not been lost on them, as is proved by the result of the recent elections in Vermont and Maine. We cherish no shadow of doubt that Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa first, then New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas and Minnesota, will do likewise, and that a true restoration, a genuine, abiding peace, will thus be secured to our country—a peace that will endure, because based on the everlasting foundations of humanity, justice and freedom.

SECRETARY SEWARD. The Boston Journal expresses hearty satisfaction, that Secretary Seward has recovered from the attack under which he has been suffering. It does so, not from any expectation of benefit to result to the country from the erratic course that the Secretary has lately pursued, but expects he will come back to his former position. We hope it may prove so. There is hardly a Statesman in the country, whose purpose has been more fixed; nor one who has regardless of all considerations but honor, adhered more firmly to the course which he deemed right, than did Mr. Seward in his early years. His biography is full of instances showing the most heroic firmness. He was one of the few men whom the nation trusted, and for Mr. Lincoln to have omitted him from his present place, would have been deemed almost an affront to the nation. But in that place, but for his superb management of Foreign matters, he has gained no laurels. What is in the man in anxiously asked; and no one points to any other cause than that which betrayed Johnson at his inauguration, and fires him for his present warfare. We fear there is little hope that Mr. Seward will do anything to retrieve his position. It is the Seward of the past that the nation will remember.

WHICH CONGRESS? The Hon. E. B. Washburne, in Illinois, having been invited to meet the Johnsonite competitor, Mr. Thomas J. Turner, in a public discussion, opens battle at once with a bomb-shell. Mr. Turner advises his opponent that he has been nominated by "a National Union Convention," whereupon Mr. Washburne extracts the following capital text: "Before accepting your invitation, I wish to know from you what Congress you are a candidate for? If you are a candidate for the Congress to be composed of Northern Copperheads and Southern Rebels, which it is semi-officially proclaimed that President Johnson is to recognize, to the exclusion of the Constitutional Congress of the United States, then I desire to say that I am not a candidate for any such Congress, and that I do not propose entering into a canvass for any office for which I am not a candidate."

If, on the other hand, you will certify to the people of this district that you are a candidate for the legal and Constitutional Congress of the United States and for a member of that House of Representatives for the Fortieth Congress which shall be called to order, according to the established precedent, by the Clerk of the present House, and to which no member shall be admitted without taking the "iron-clad oath" of loyalty, and that you will repudiate the illegal and revolutionary Congress which President Johnson proposes to recognize, then I have to state I will accept your invitation with great pleasure."

Toby Candler suggests that at the meeting of the spoils seekers at Portland, week before last the copperhead leaders asked the question, how much strength had the democratic party gained by its affiliation with the Johnsonites. The returns gave a rather dubious reply to the question; and the copperheads were inclined to be ungrateful, hence the sudden departure of Major Mann and Col. Garney for Washington.

Reports say there is a difficulty about the trial of Jeff. Davis, on account of the law assigning the terms of Court. Chief Justice Chase has expressed a willingness to call a special term for his trial if it is desired. The trial can evidently be had if the President will transfer Jeff. from the military to the civil power.

The Independent has been obliged to cease publishing Beecher's sermons, from the storm of indignation that has arisen at his shameful abandonment of his early principles. We notice the copperheads speak much more leniently about preaching politics since Brother Beecher's letters have been published.

The postmaster at Greenwood city has found a watch. If the reader is unfortunate enough to have lost one, let him make the necessary inquiries as above.

The Maine Election.

The Kennebec Journal has returns from 478 towns and plantations, with the following results:

Chamberlain,	60,419
Pillsbury,	42,111
Chamberlain's majority,	17,308
The remaining towns and plantations gave last year for	
Cony,	295
Howard,	206
Cony's majority,	89

The total vote this year, so far as received, is 111,449.

Gen. Chamberlain gets the largest majority ever given to a gubernatorial candidate. We append a list of the majorities given in the State at its annual elections for the past ten years:

1856,	Hannibal Hamlin,	19,364
1857,	Lot M. Morrill,	11,472
1858,	Lot M. Morrill,	7,852
1859,	Lot M. Morrill,	11,808
1860,	Israel Washburn, Jr.,	15,825
1861,	Israel Washburn, Jr.,	16,855
1862,	Abner Coburn,	3,870
1863,	Samuel Cony,	17,636
1864,	Samuel Cony,	19,180
1865,	Samuel Cony,	22,787
1866,	Joshua L. Chamberlain,	27,308

CONGRESSIONAL MAJORITIES.

In the First District, Mr. Lynch has 3916 majority.

In the Second District, Mr. Perham has 6479 majority.

In the Third District, Mr. Blaine has 6550 majority.

In the Fourth District, Mr. Peters has 3315 majority.

In the Fifth District, Mr. Pike has 4794 majority.

COUNTY MAJORITIES.

Androscoggin,	2440
Aroostook,	835
Cumberland,	2926
Franklin,	886
Hancock,	1461
Kennebec,	4375
Knox,	479
Lincoln,	666
Oxford,	1474
Penobscot,	4353
Piscataquis,	884
Sagadahoc,	1679
Somerset,	1688
Waldo,	1682
Washington,	1006
York,	984
	27,308

VOTE OF OXFORD COUNTY.

OFFICIAL.

1866 (Friday).

1861 (Monday).

Chamberlain.

Cony.

Howard.

Albany, 81 | 71 | 68 | 74 |

Andover, 116 | 39 | 98 | 47 |

Bethel, 307 | 201 | 265 | 192 |

Brownfield, 139 | 150 | 106 | 179 |

Buckfield, 204 | 195 | 190 | 159 |

Heron, 37 | 13 | 32 | 16 |

Canton, 129 | 108 | 131 | 113 |

Danville, 103 | 167 | 91 | 148 |

Dixfield, 110 | 140 | 103 | 150 |

Fryeburg, 201 | 152 | 183 | 155 |

Gilead, 42 | 30 | 41 | 21 |

Grafton, 12 | 19 | 1 | 16 |

Greenwood, 99 | 76 | 82 | 95 |

Hancock, 29 | 22 | 27 | 24 |

Harford, 162 | 83 | 152 | 90 |

Hebron, 135 | 41 | 139 | 57 |

Hiram, 182 | 129 | 171 | 121 |

Levee, 161 | 110 | 151 | 120 |

Mason, 15 | 10 | 19 | 14 |

Mexico, 48 | 44 | 54 | 41 |

Newry, 39 | 47 | 35 | 60 |

Norway, 273 | 151 | 249 | 198 |

Oxford, 196 | 190 | 171 | 154 |

Paris, 449 | 207 | 411 | 216 |

Pera, 167 | 61 | 138 | 82 |

Porter, 139 | 119 | 134 | 117 |

Roxbury, 13 | 16 | 10 | 23 |

Rumford, 217 | 88 | 208 | 66 |

Stow, 45 | 48 | 45 | 48 |

Stonham, 76 | 24 | 52 | 27 |

Sumner, 141 | 88 | 152 | 101 |

Sweden, 97 | 45 | 94 | 47 |

Upton, 21 | 7 | 15 | 19 |

Waterford, 142 | 159 | 186 | 172 |

Woodstock, 178 | 42 | 154 | 48 |

And. N. Supp. 5 | 0 | 5 | 1 |

Franklin P. T. 7 | 30 | 0 | 0 |

Fryeburg A. G. T. 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

Hannibal's Gt. 11 | 8 | 10 | 5 |

Riley, 8 | 2 | 0 | 0 |

Milton, 20 | 15 | 31 | 26 |

Lincoln, 0 | 0 | 8 | 5 |

4554 3080 | 4144 | 3270 |

RECOGNITION OF SERVICES.

A petition recommending the Sheriff elect, to re-appoint the present efficient Messenger of the S. J. Court, Mr. C. H. Goss, has been circulated the past week, and has been generally signed. We are glad to see this mark of recognition of his prompt and efficient services. His appointment is a practical recognition of the claims of those who have suffered during the war, reaching to the ranks, a thing which is not always done.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. Since 7 30's have reached par we can advise no better investment for colonial householders than the purchase of a box of Leath & Gore's Superior Steam Refined Soap. Unlike the wine of the present day, it will improve with age, in quality and usefulness, while the only regret at last will be that you had not ordered more.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. On Saturday evening, when the passenger train on the Maine Central was about two miles this side of Carmel station, the engine struck a horse and, with the tender, baggage car and smoking car, was thrown from the track. After running a short distance, the engine tipped over on its side and the train was arrested with a violent shock, but providentially without any material injury being done, either to the passengers or cars. The train, at the time of the accident, was going about twenty-five miles an hour, we understand, and it is wonderful that great damage and loss of life did not occur.

[Bangor Whig.

Fryeburg Items.

Notwithstanding that little heap of eighty or ninety feet the Saco makes at Hiram, the plan of navigating its waters to Fryeburg is seriously talked of. Mr. Bradbury proposes to overcome this obstacle by running his present boat to the great fall, looking at Moderation, and build another above, that will steam a dozen miles further, pass into Lovewell's Pond and land near Fryeburg village. The course of the river is quite direct and pleasant; has depth enough in the dryest season to float quite a craft, and we hope the project may not fall through.

A survey for the continuation of the Great Falls & Conway R. R. is now being made. Two routes are embraced; one making Conway village in course, and the other, and more practicable, following the shore of Walker's Pond, striking the Saco a mile and a half west of Fryeburg, thence on toward to Stow.

Two brothers here by the name of Gup-till are making quite a business in taking pigeons by the net, for the Boston market, sending by express every day a box of many dozens. They bring three dollars per dozen.

Bears are quite plenty this fall in the up-land pastures, killing sheep, &c. & having probably been driven out by the general scarcity of berries. One was caught near here Saturday weighing about two hundred pounds. He was the fattest wild animal seen here for many a day, and sold for 20 cents per pound.

Mr. C. H. Tibbets, formerly of North Fryeburg, has filled the Warren Store with dry goods and groceries, and probably solicits a generous share of public patronage.

The Pittsburg Convention.

The Convention of loyal soldiers and sailors, at Pittsburg, this week, is a magnificent gathering. Ten to Fifteen Thousand delegates are present. The city is alive with enthusiasm. An hundred thousand small flags decorate the streets and dwellings, while larger ones and banners strike the eye in every direction. The cheering for Logan, Butler, Burnside and others, is intense. Private L. E. Dudley of Massachusetts was chosen temporary chairman, and a full list of officers was appointed, all whom answered at roll call. Twenty-four States are represented.

HEMLOCK ISLAND BRIDGE. We learn that the plans and estimates for this bridge made by Geo. L. Voss, Esq., of this village, satisfy the stock holders that a substantial bridge can be built at this point, with the funds at the disposal of the corporation. A meeting shortly to be held will settle the matter, and will probably result in steps which will secure the immediate building of the structure. When built, the bridge will probably change to some extent the travel from the station at Bethel to Locke's Mills, especially in seasons of difficult crossing.

Holders of A. & St. L. Railroad bonds, over due, can receive their interest, Oct. 1, of Chas. E. Barrett. The Grand Trunk would like to extend the bonds for five years.

A SINGULAR CASE. Mr. John Brown, of North Paris, shows us recently, the pieces of a cambric needle, that had been embedded in his flesh forty-four years. The needle was driven in by accident, beneath the left shoulder blade. It caused little inconvenience till a few years ago, when a bunch appeared over the collar-bone. On opening the swelling, a portion of the needle was broken off, the remainder having attached to the bone. Subsequently the other piece was taken out.

The new crop wheat is coming in. The first lot at the Paris Mills went off like hot cakes. They are now grinding red wheat, but will commence to put up the Diamond in a short time. The new crop wheat is decidedly better than the grain of last year.

Hon. Sidney Perham returned from his Western tour, on Tuesday. He was made President of the Convention at Galesburg. He continued his tour to the Mississippi river, visiting Iowa. He describes a Johnson man as an exceedingly scarce article to find, the first and only one of that persuasion seen, confessing to having taken ten glasses of whiskey before entering the train. The people are more earnest in their condemnation of "my policy," in places where Johnson showed himself, than in the rural districts that the show did not visit.

Heavy frosts were experienced in most towns about here, on Saturday and Sunday night. In this place there was slight frost Saturday night; but more Sunday night. The farmers have been obliged to cut up their corn on all low lands.

On Monday occurred a total eclipse of the moon, — so the almanac said. The weather grew warmer, and Tuesday gave us another driving storm. Old people attribute the change to the influence of the moon.

The Journal learns that Solon Chase has succeeded in getting a bond, and will soon enter upon the discharge of his duties as Collector of Internal Revenue.

Walter Brown was beaten at Springfield. As his friends seem perfectly satisfied with the result the beat was probably not a serious thing. He has been challenged to row on the Hudson, but declines to row on that river.

The State Agricultural College is to be opened for students, next Spring.

Supreme Judicial Court.

JUDGE DICKERSON presides.

Number 95. James N. Winslow vs. John D. Cornwell. Finished. Verdict for Plaintiff. Damages \$5. R. and H. for PTH. Blanchard, Virgin for Deft.

Number 98. Inhabitants of Greenwood vs. Wm. Faxon et al. Case against Defts. as proprietors of the mills at Locke's Mills Village, for damages occasioned the roads by raising the dam and flowing them. It was not proved to the satisfaction of the Jury that the Deft's authorized or directed the raising of the dam. Verdict for Deft. Virgin for PTH. Hammons for Deft.

Number 141. D. P. Stowell vs. Simeon Cummings. Assumpsit on a contract payable in lumber. Verdict for PTH. Damages \$13.27. Stowell, Hallow for PTH. Black for Deft.

Number 176. Alpheus R. Eaton vs. John H. Allen. Slander, for words spoken in Town meeting. Verdict for pff. \$50. Virgin for pff. Cleaves, Littlefield for Deft.

Court will probably adjourn this, Thursday afternoon.

Number 180. James H. Estes vs. Her-rtick C. Davis. Trespass for wood cut on premises in Woodstock. Pff. claimed the premises by a tax title. Referred to Court. Judgment for Deft. Black for Pff. Davis, Virgin for Deft.

Number 243. John Lee vs. Z. Starbird et al. Assumpsit on a note. Defence. Alteration of note by adding after the word interest the words at 9 per cent. Ref'd to Court. The Court found the alteration immaterial and gave judgment for pff. Sanderson, Virgin.

308. Martin V. Stevens et ux vs. Jore-miah Bartlett. Case for slander of plaintiff's wife. Not finished. Hammons. Gibson, Virgin.

A. L. Burbank, Esq., Clerk of Courts, has resigned his position, to take effect Oct. 31st. The Governor has nominated Gen. Kimball to fill the vacancy.

RESIGNED. We learn that Mr. S. M. Williams, who has held the position of general freight and passenger agent of the P. & O. C. Railroad, since it came under its present management, has resigned his position, to take effect on the

SEND Orders for JOB PRINTING to the
DEMOCRAT OFFICE.