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MISCELLANY.

MONEY AND MARRIAGE.

In a narrow and thickly populated alley, just without the walls of old London, there was, and perhaps still exists, a coal shed—a dark, gaping, dingy recess, well filled with coals, and in one corner a pile of firewood, technically termed "penny bundle,"—a fringe of ropes and onions suspended from the once white-washed ceiling, and a whole barrel of Yarmouth bladders, and a back room dimly seen in the distance, served as a "parlor, kitchen and all," to the owner of the establishment, consisting of Job Cole, his wife, and two daughters of the respective ages of twelve and ten. The upper part of the three-story house, with the exception of the attic, was let out to lodgers at weekly rental varying from five shillings to half a crown.

One morning in the month of —, Job Cole was busily employed in measuring a bushel of real Walsend, scientifically heaping the measure to a perfect cone, when a gentleman walked into the shed, and inquired if Mr. Cole was within?

"If it's Job Cole you want, I'm the man," replied the retailer of fuel.

"Can I have a few words with you in private?" demanded the visitor.

"Why I don't see no objections to that," replied Job, "if you'll wait till I've carried these ere coals. First come should be first served all the world over, you know; at least, it's always been my maxim. Shan't be long. Here Fanny, come and take care o' the Shop, while I run over to Mother Smithers," bawled he; and down came a girl twelve years of age, and upon seeing the stranger, sidled up to the herring cask, and began playing with the savory fish, now and then glancing at the gentleman with a look between shyness and fear, who, on his part, endeavored to enter into conversation with the child, but he could extract nothing more than a timid "yes sir," or a "no sir."

Her father, however, soon relieved guard and throwing down the empty sack, cried, "That's the ticket! And now sir, what's your business?"

"A very agreeable business, I hope, as far as you are concerned, Mr. Cole," replied the stranger. "But before I communicate the object of my visit, it is necessary that I should ask you a few questions."

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies, is the saying," replied Job. "But howsoever, go it! You'll excuse me—but the fact is, I care for nobody and nobody cares for me. I fear no duns, not I. Cause why? I owe nothing to nobody."

"I've heard a very good character of you in the neighborhood," replied the gentleman. "Don't doubt it," replied Job with some confidence; "I should like to see that man, woman, or child, that could say black's the white of my eye, that could say everybody—after I could say as everybody paid me."

"With a little farther parley, the gentleman induced Job to invite him to a conference in the little back room.

"Your name is Job Cole, I believe?"

"You've hit it—right as a trivet," replied Job.

"Your father's name was—?"

"Job, too."

"Have you, or had you any relations?"

"Why let me see—yes, there's uncle John, but I never set eyes on him. He went to Ingsy when a youngster—some thirty years ago—yes thereabouts. But it's the relations you want. Here Fanny, bring me the Bible."

The Bible was brought, and on the fly leaf were written the names and date of birth of Job Cole, and Sarah Cummins his wife, and his six children.

"And where are all these brothers and sisters?"

"Dead as herrings—gone to kingdom come a precious time ago. I'm the only child they reared, and between you and me and the post, I don't think I'm to be sneezed at."

The gentleman smiled and bowed in acquiescence to the proposition.

"I'm perfectly satisfied," continued he, of your identity; and I have the pleasure to inform you that by the death of your uncle John, you are the fortunate heir to a considerable property.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Job. "Gadzoaks! but stop a minute!" and rushing to a door which opened on the stairs, he bawled out: "Mother Cole—I say, Mother Cole! my eyes! but if this ain't just like a prize in the lottery. Better born lucky than rich. You'll take a drop of something rich? What's your liquor?"

At this moment Mrs. Cole, who was busy washing, entered the room, her face flushed with heat and exertion, and adorned with a broad bordered cap of the true London smoke and color.

"What the deuce is the matter?" said she, as she wiped her smocked and naked arms on her blue apron.

"Matter enough," replied Job, with exultation. "Sal, this ere gentleman says

uncle John, as is in Ingsy, has kicked the bucket, and left us lots o' tin."

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, flopping down in a chair. "Well to be sure, I said something would happen. I see a hand on the bars last night, and puss popped out on the hearth. Pray sir, how much may it be now?"

"Really, ma'am, I am not empowered to say; but it's a large sum—a very large sum I know."

"My goodness!" said Mrs. Cole, relapsing a moment into silence and then rising, cried, "Where's the gals? Dear me! it's turning me quite topsy turvy. Job, do call the gals."

Job obeyed, and Fanny, who had before made her appearance, entered with Dolly, a younger sister about ten years of age.

"Come here and kiss me dears, do," said Mrs. Cole. "Poor dears! There, go to your father, we are ladies and gentlemen now and no mistake. Fanny, go wash your sister's face and dress yourself—d'ye hear?"

The children, delighted, quitted the parlor to execute her commands and enjoy a holiday.

"Excuse me sir," said Job, "but if I may be so bold, when shall we touch the ready, and know all about it?"

"Here is the card of my employers, Messrs. Smith, Robinson & Jones, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who will be glad to see you at twelve o'clock to-morrow, if that will suit your convenience, when they will give you every information, and put you in possession of the funds. They also authorized me to say that if you require any money, that I was to advance it."

"That's handsome, at any rate," replied Job; "never refuse ready money. S'pose you tip a five pun note."

"Anything you please," said the obliging gentleman; and taking out his pocket-book, took a note of the amount required from a bundle of the same flimsy valuables.

"What a heap you've got there!" said Job, surprised. "I say excuse me, but will you just let me have a peep at your trotters?"

The gentleman extended his legs, and the superstitious Job, having assured himself that his visitor had really no hoof or tail, received the advance. And then they all laughed heartily, and Job and his wife both pressed the bearer of the happy tidings to partake of their hospitality, but he politely declined, promising to avail himself of their hospitality when the business was finally settled.

At least half an hour before the appointed time, Job and his wife were reconnoitering at Lincoln's Inn Fields, to discover the office of Messrs. Smith, Robinson & Jones. They both appeared in their Sunday clothes with some alterations and additions. Job's short, black, scrubby crop of hair being surmounted with a new beaver, rather rough, from the admixture of rabbit down, and encircled by a broad ribbon and steel buckle; his ruddy, clean-washed face set off to advantage by a canary colored Belcher handkerchief, his shirt collar in the absence of starch, falling a la Byron; a large red vest, with black smalls, gray worsted stockings, no gloves, but grasping an old brown cotton umbrella, in his right hand, for the protection of Mrs. Cole's new bonnet, "provided it should rain," as she said; and as she had expended "a matter of thirty shillings on that article," she felt very anxious about its safety, and a very smart article it was too, being of a mongrel fashion between good material of West End, displaying White chapeau and a variety of color. A shawl too, a real "eight quarter" shawl, depended from her broad shoulders, one point whereof touched her heels, and quite eclipsed the beautiful pattern of her smartingham gown, with which it did not harmonize either in color or texture, but the poor soul was happy in her ignorance of true taste, although considerably "flustered."

After referring twenty times to the well-thumbed card, and reading down the list of names at almost every door, they discovered the object of their search.

"Caught him at last, neat as a nine-pence," exclaimed Job. "Come along, old woman!" and entering the passage, he knocked at the door, a single timid knock. No answer. He knocked again—a good, hard knock, and forgetting in his excitement the object of his visit, actually cried out: "Coals!"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Cole, checking him. "Don't be a fool, don't."

The door opened.

"Right as a trivet!" said he.

"What's your business?" demanded the clerk.

"Business?"—oh, that's it," giving the rumpled card. "Don't be afraid on it, young chap. It's rather silly to be sure; but it's all right. We've come about a matter of money."

"Are you Mr. Cole?"

"Job Cole, at your service."

"Oh!" cried the young man, becoming suddenly flexible, "do me the favor to walk in, sir. Never mind your shoes, madam," continued he, addressing Mrs. Cole,

who was rubbing her thick soles upon the mat at the door.

They entered the clerk's office, and never were clients more ceremoniously received: one handed chairs, and another the paper, and a third entered a door on which Private was painted in large letters. And they had scarcely seated themselves before out popped their visitor of the day before, smiling and extending his hand.

"Our Mr. Robinson will be disengaged in a few moments, and will be happy to see you, Mr. Cole. "Good morning, madam," turning to Mrs. Cole, who shook her bonnet and feathers at him, and said, "How d'ye do?"

The clerks were all pretending to be busy at the desks; but were in fact, scraping away with their nibless pens, and glancing their curious eyes at the fortunate couple.

Their acquaintance kept them in conversation until summoned by a bell.

"Now if you please," said he, and opening the door, introduced them to the presence of Mr. Robinson, a gentleman of the old school, with powdered hair and green spectacles, whose bland and easy manners soon made them feel perfectly at home.

Having requested their attention, with a little preliminary congratulation upon their good fortune, he proceeded to read the last will and testament of "Uncle John," and folding it up continued: "You understand the intent and meaning of this instrument?"

"Not a jot by the living fingo!" cried the honest Job. "It's all tit-tum-ti and gibberish to me. Pray sir, can't you give it to us in plain English?"

Mr. Robinson smiled.

"Well, Mr. Cole, in plain English, this will bequeaths you one hundred thousand pounds, which at present produce about five thousand a year, or nearly about five pounds per week."

"The deuce it does!" exclaimed Job; and what are we to do with it, I should like to know?"

"Whatever you please," replied Mr. Robinson; it is entirely at your disposal."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole. "Well, it is better to be born lucky than rich."

"Hold your fool's tongue, do," interrupted Job. "I say, sir, have you the stuff here, or where is the bill?"

"The money is invested in Fives in the Bank of England," replied Mr. Robinson, "where I should advise you to keep it."

"But I say," remarked Job, do you suppose it is safe? I've heard of banks breaking, you know."

"It is perfectly safe, depend on't," said Mr. Robinson, smiling. "The half yearly dividend is due next month, and my clerk will give you the sum, to receive it."

"Thank'ee! thank'ee!" replied Job; "I shall feel obliged if you'll just put us in the way like, for I don't exactly understand these matters. I s'pose, old woman, we must sell the sticks, and cut the old shop. Perhaps, sir, it may be in your way to sell it; it has a good name, and the returns are not to be sneezed at; it's kept me and mine for a good many years."

"I dare say we shall be able to dispose of the concern," said Mr. Robinson, smiling at the importance he attached to the shop; at the same time he naturally inferred that the honest retailer of coals entertained a very inaccurate idea of the fortune which had unexpectedly devolved upon him.

"If you will allow me, I will seek for a suitable house for you; in fact, you will always find me ready to assist and advise you and protect your interests."

"Now don't you think a likely fellow like you is dangerous? human nature, you know. You and me have always been friends, and I owe you a great deal, so speak your mind."

"I am sorry to confess, sir, that I think you are perfectly right in your views," replied Mr. Robinson.

"Cool," said Job—then you don't fret much about leaving."

"Indeed, sir, you wrong me—"

"And, perhaps, you don't think the girl worth looking at, and there's no danger."

"Sir, I do think she is a very charming young lady, but I have never regarded her in any other light than the daughter of a liberal and kind-hearted patron."

"You think the old coalman's daughter not good enough, mayhap, for a gentleman?"

"I am too poor and dependent to entertain any thoughts on the subject."

"Nonsense! a gentleman's a gentleman, if he hasn't a scudlick. To cut the matter short, if you can make up matters with Fanny, I shall be glad to have such a son-in-law, that'll all! And Mrs. Cole's my way of thinking—so look to it."

A month after this singular *à-tête-tête*, Mr. Frederick Lawson led Frances Cole, the daughter of Job Cole, Esq., to the hyemal altar. And proud was the honest old coalman of such an alliance, although many scheming nannies who had eligible sons, were terribly put out and wondered what the old fool could have been thinking about, and be worth a plum, too.

The mulberry tree originated in Persia.

Cold Water as a Persuader.

"Love rules the camp, the council and court," some poet sang. If this is not the exact quotation, our readers will pardon us.

What we want to get at is that love is powerful—that it is a lever which, with a proper fulcrum, will move the world. Leander for the sake of Hero swam the Hellespont; a young man of Toledo, for the sake of one as beautiful as Toledo, allowed her father to founder in the turbid waves of the Maumee an hour or more last Sunday. The matter was something like this:

A young Irishman, as 'twicht a lad as ever crossed the say, was and had been for some time desperately enamored of the charms of a young maid of that race, which love was returned with interest. The mother of the lady approved the match, but alas! (was there ever a love affair without an alas?) the paternal parent was obdurate. He couldn't see it. He had accumulated some money, and prided himself thereupon while Phelim, as we will style our hero, hadn't a dollar to his name, it taking all his earnings to keep his mother and an invalid sister. The old gentleman had higher ideas for his daughter, and last Saturday night the two lovers were made miserable forever by that hard-hearted old wretch ordering Phelim out of the house and enforcing the command with a brick. Kitty threw herself between the angry men, and succeeded in getting the enraged young man away from the domicile before the matter came to extremities.

Phelim was in no good humor that night. He knew Kitty loved him, and he also knew she would marry him, father or no father, but he was a prudent young man. If he should marry her, and the old gentleman shouldn't do the handsome, how would they get started and how would they live? Love is all very well, but it doesn't furnish a house, neither can it exist without beef and potatoes. For an article of which so much is written, it is a terribly matter-of-fact; and besides, Kitty was an only child, and if he married her without the old gentleman's consent, how about the property when the old buffer Death knocks him out of time?

All of these things and a great many more too tedious to mention, was Phelim cogitating as he was walking pensively along the river the afternoon ensuing. A splash awoke him from his reverie—he sprang toward the place, he looked into the water—and, good heavens! to the surface came the bald head of his Kitty's father! Here was vengeance for him. The old gentleman could swim a little, just enough to keep above water a few minutes; there was nothing for him to hold to, and no one but Phelim in sight. Should he let him drown, and go up and marry the girl? No, he would save him. Irish generosity over-balanced his love, and seizing a long but very slender pole lying near by, he reached one end to Phelim. The old gentleman took it and Phelim commenced hauling in, when a thought struck him, and he shoved him back into the water, allowing him to still hold to the end of the pole.

"Do ye know me, ye ould blackguard?"

"Ar coorse I do—pull me up!"

"Are ye intirely comfortable there in the water?"

"Pull me up, ye spalpeen!"

"Faix an' that I won't. It's the first time I ever see ye in the water, and it plazes me."

"Pull me up!"

"Will ye consent?"

"Consent to what?"

"Kitty—ye know well enough what I mean!"

"Niver!"

"It's all wan to me—ye may drown intirely, and who'll stop me thin? Think twice. Will ye consent?"

The old gentleman was becoming exhausted. He never liked water at best, and the Maumee was too much for him.

"Ye s'pose, I consent. Pull me up!" he roared.

"Will you give us a settin' out?" said Phelim who knew his advantage and was disposed to improve it.

"Ye s'pose, I consent?"

Phelim hesitated a moment as to the propriety of tying him in some way to the dock in the water, and going up and marrying the girl before saving him, but he finally thought he could trust him, and he hauled him out of the water.

The event proved that the old man was as good as his word. The young couple were married, and yesterday they were moving a very suitable outfit for housekeeping into a comfortable cottage which the father of Kitty possesses and has heretofore rented.

His falling into the river was the result of inordinate doses of whiskey, which he commenced taking immediately after the skirmish of Saturday night, and continued at regular intervals, with an occasional one between the intervals, up to the very hour of his plunge. He was in an oblique condition, and would have drowned but for the timely presence of his present son-in-law.

Whiskey and water accomplished good for once, at least.

[Daily Toledo (O.) Blade.

Moses and the Freedmen.

If ever there was a ludicrous upon language it was when Andrew Johnson promised the blacks at Nashville to be their "Moses." If ever there was an insult offered to a race of men, it was when he made this swaggering boast; a promise which he never intended to fulfill; which he never has and never will make good. It is like the boasting of Andrew Johnson upon almost everything else relating to the matter of reconstruction in the rebel States. "I say and not do." If ever there was an inveterate and malicious enemy of the negro race, that enemy is Andrew Johnson. All his official acts since he became President by the act of the assassin Booth, are so many evidences in proof of this allegation. Now, could the President get back the rebellious States into the Union according to his policy, what would be the condition of the freedmen? Not one answer can be given. Worse than it was before they became free. In making this statement we are governed by the facts and the evidence in the case; which according to all legal rules must govern.

1. Johnson's reconstructed rebels entertain a malicious hate towards the freedmen of the most intense character. By their own acts they have lost their slave property and legally have no more control over the blacks than they have over the whites. The great sin of these rebels now is, how to enslave the freedmen against law. The Freedmen's Bureau, under the management of Gen. Howard, is in their way, and, in fact, aside from the U. S. troops, is about the only thing that is in their path to the virtual enslavement of the blacks. This is the reason why they are so desirous to get rid of this court of equity for the colored race; and in this desire they have the full sympathy of the President who vetoed both bills passed by Congress, and is now using the whole force of his administration to destroy the humane provisions of the law. The U. S. troops are in the hands of the President, and as in the case of the New Orleans riot, are used to oppress and not protect the freedmen.

2. All over the South the most infernal, brutal outrages are committed upon the blacks, and the President takes sides with the rebels in these acts of diabolical atrocity. The history of the New Orleans riot is proof direct upon this point. Only a few days since a gang of Johnson men from Maryland, with knives and guns, attacked a company of pious blacks when peaceable engaged in a prayer meeting at a camp-meeting, and rushing in upon them murdered some of their number when upon their knees engaged in religious devotions, and finally drove them from the ground to seek a hiding place in the woods from their assassins. There is not a single rebel State where these Johnsonites do not murder in cool blood scores and scores of the poor freedmen. They shoot them down like dogs in the streets, and no notice of this is taken by the law. Under the lead of Johnson, the rebels take the law into their own hands, so that all over the South there is a perfect reign of terror, more terrible than ever known over France in the worst days of the French revolution. More than this, the freedmen generally are treated worse than brutes and cheated out of their wages, except in a very few cases where the Bureau interferes.

With this terrible condition of things in the South, to be made worse instead of better, Andrew Johnson is raising heaven and earth, and even threatening civil war, to bring back the rebellious States into the Union. The Egyptian Pharaoh's cruel oppression of the Jews is but the merest shadow when compared with the dark cloud that Johnson would bring over the poor freedmen by his policy. It would lead either to the complete enslavement or the annihilation of the race, and a state of suffering and misery on the part of the blacks unparalleled in history. Between this boasting "Moses" and the brave freedmen whose heroism and gallantry saved the country from the treason of the rebels, the loyal people of the country stand, and there they stand like a wall of fire, until the freedmen shall be put in the full possession of their civil and political rights, and the despotic assumption of the traitor in the White House, hurled back upon his own guilty head.

Hon. Lewis Barker, who has been speaking in Pennsylvania, was called home, by the illness of one of his children. The Philadelphia Press takes this occasion to pay a high compliment to this distinguished son of the Pine Tree State. It says: "Col. Barker is one of the most facile of public speakers, and what gives effect to his oratory are not simply his rare personal advantages, his excellent voice, but because his manner impresses all his hearers with the fact that he is profoundly conversant of the truth of what he says. He was one of the very first to denounce and denounce the treachery of Andrew Johnson. A member of the Legislature of Maine his speech in February, exposing the great apostate, is still remembered as a valuable and significant prophecy. His efforts in favor of Georgia and the Republican Union will long be gratefully remembered by the loyal people of Pennsylvania."

The aggregate reduction of the public debt amounts to \$1,000,000. At the rate the whole debt can be extinguished in fifteen years.

Andrew Johnson's Broad Axe.

The traitor in the White House is now employing much of his time in removing from office the men who voted for him, and who stood by the government through all the perils of the rebellion, and appointing in their places rebels and copperheads who fought and abused him, before and since his election and who did their best to destroy the government and aid the rebels during the whole war. It may be said that this is speaking of the President in disrespectful language; and if so, we plead guilty to the charge and our answer is embodied in the reply of the late Jonathan Cilley to a certain dignitary who once occupied the Speaker's Chair in our Maine House of Representatives, and who called Cilley to order for alleged disrespectful language to the Chair. Mr. Cilley coolly replied that "He would respect the chair when there was any respect in the Chair." How can any one speak respectfully of a man who has no respect for himself or the office he fills?

A few days since that honest and faithful public officer, Charles J. Talbot, was removed from the Surveyorship of Portland to give place to a Johnson copperhead, and the work of desecration is going on all over the country. The bloody axe is suspended over the heads of Israel Washburn, Jr., and Woodbury Davis and hosts of others, and their official days are only lengthened out, to give time to the copperheads to fight it out among themselves and make a division of the spoils.

The men that Johnson is removing are all loyal men, and were appointed to office by Mr. Lincoln, and yet the latter boasts daily that he is following in the footsteps of the former. Comments upon the ingratitude, the absolute meanness and disloyalty of Andrew Johnson in pursuing this course of conduct, are unnecessary. The people of this country and the world are looking on and they are expressing their opinions by a great variety of ways, and their voices will be heard thundering their bitter anathemas in the ears of the apostate traitor. Neither will they be deterred or intimidated by the promises, threats or denunciations of the despot. Through the press; upon the stump; in the streets and by the fire-side, will the loyal sentiment of the country find full expression. But this is not all. The bullet will tell the story of the people's betrayal and through this agency will they settle the question against the apostate.

Last Wednesday, a body of men assembled at Boston, in what they termed a National Union Convention, and nominated for Governor, Theodore H. Sweetser, of Lowell, and adjourned. At 4 o'clock, the same men assembled at a democratic Convention and just repeated the work of the evening. Some of the papers put the reports together, designating the latter by the words "second session." The Boston Advertiser speaking of this assembly, says: "The gravity with which demonstrates annually 'go through the motions' of nominating candidates for the State offices has long been admired. It is the triumph of abstract form when some hundreds of men can be induced to come together every year from all parts of the Commonwealth, and ballot for candidates merely to keep up the organization of a party which has been in a minority here for more than twenty years and now apparently further off from success than ever. The democratic Wednesday however, in addition to this customary ceremony, also laboriously performed the double duties required by the fiction of a double organization. With the assistance of a few lost sheep from other folds they organized themselves as a National Union Convention at twelve o'clock, and patiently went through with all the ceremonies appropriate to the occasion, passing resolutions and nominating candidates; and then at four o'clock they organized anew and passed more resolutions and went through the pleasant form of ratifying their own nominations. Such love of political machinery for its own sake was never before seen."

Gen. Dix, after becoming Surveyor of New York, decides to accept the French Mission. The New York Tribune compares him to Lord Nelson's sailor, who once asked Lady Hamilton ashore, and being asked by her ladyship whether he would have a glass of rum, a mug of beer or a tumbler of punch for his trouble, replied with his best bow: "If you please, ma'am, I will take the rum now, and toss off the mug of beer while your ladyship is making the punch for me."

TOWN FAIRS. The following town fairs have been announced: Hiram, Tuesday, October 16. East Sumner, Wednesday and Thursday Oct. 17 and 18. No. Waterford, Tuesday, Oct. 23. Bethel, we hear, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

Gen. Butler is stomping in Ohio, and is receiving the most hearty ovations ever given to a man in the country. Every form of honor has been tendered, while every class unites in cheering till hoarseness puts a stop to it. His speeches are bold, and take ground for universal enfranchisement, and the impeachment of Johnson—two planks that will shortly be inserted in every Union platform throughout the country.

THE ELECTIONS.

Four States voted Tuesday, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, and Iowa. In the last Congress the delegation stood as Union; 12 copperheads. We have carried all the States by large majorities; not lost a Congressman, and probably gained 2 or 3.

Hon. Lewis V. Boggs has been appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in place of Mr. Cooley. The change takes effect next month.

Lieut. Charles Thompson.

Lieut. Charles Thompson of Norway, died at the residence of his brother-in-law, Gen. G. L. Beal, on Friday last, from disease contracted while in the service of his country, at the age of 28. Mr. Thompson was a printer, having acquired the art in the office of the Norway Advertiser; and after that paper ceased to exist, he commenced a Job office in Norway. He was thus engaged, when the first call was made for men; and in a brief call he made us at that time, said he should go. He was mustered into the first regiment. Our readers will remember the letters he used to write during his first experience of war. That term of service having expired, he made himself active in raising the tenth regiment; and was made its quarter-master, and being the senior officer served as quarter-master of his brigade.

At the close of an honorable service his health became too precarious for another enlistment, and he engaged in business in North Carolina, with Capt. Blake. He was successful in this, in a pecuniary sense; but the terrible malaria of the southern climate had laid firm hold upon his system, and he came home to die. He was buried with military and masonic honors, on Sunday last, with probably the largest attendance and most imposing display ever witnessed in this vicinity.

He leaves a host of relatives and friends to mourn his loss; who hold in memory one whose character had no stain.

THE EMPTY SLEEVE. Engraved by J. C. BUTLER, from a Drawing by Miss A. R. SAWYER. "The Empty Sleeve" suggests at once the Brave Boys who have passed through bloody scenes and upheld their Country's Flag upon the Battle Field, and who need no better evidence of their devotion to their Country than "The Empty Sleeve." The genius of the gifted Artist has conceived the best possible idea suggested by the title. The war-worn soldier, fresh from fields of carnage, where he has poured forth his sacrificial offering of blood and left to moulder his good right arm, takes upon his knee his little child. The little fellow with natural curiosity and childish inquiry takes the Empty Sleeve and looks wonderingly for the lost arm. The half and countenance of the father, and more surprise of the child, can but touch the heart of the beholder, and deepen the reverence for those who have so nobly sacrificed for their country's good. The engraving is sold by subscription only.

Printed on heavy plate paper and furnished at Two Dollars per copy. John Haskinson, Portland, Agent for Maine.

Hon. R. H. Dana, Jr., U. S. District Attorney for Massachusetts, who has been spending the summer in Europe, immediately on his return, sent to the President his resignation. He says that while in Europe, he was able to look at the matter, free from the influence of local excitement; and he finds it impossible to support the President.

THE GRAND TRUNK complaints of the bad condition of the track of this line, multiply. The summer which was to make it all right seems to have passed without the efficient steps having been taken for its repair, that were needed. We notice that those two efficient express messengers, Ferdinand F. Favor and Willis F. Work, have resigned their positions, not caring to renew their experience of last winter on the road. A gentleman who understands railroading, and who has just been over some sections on foot gives anything but a favorable account of its condition.

THE MARKETS. The Price Current, of Saturday, gives the following quotations: Apples in good supply at \$2.50 and 3.00; beans, per bushel 12 and 13.25; codfish, salt, 10 and 12; codfish, fresh, 15 and 17; cotton goods have advanced slightly; flour continues to go up, and sells for \$12.50 to 17.00 per barrel; Western mixed corn, \$1.05; hay \$2.00 and \$2.25; lamb 19 and 21. The market is fairly supplied with produce. Pork advanced slightly; Granulated sugar 16-1-2 and 16 5-4; Havana, 13 1-2 and 14 1-2.

A paymaster at New Orleans has defrauded the government to the amount of a million dollars. He procured the discharges of large numbers of colored soldiers, and made out their claims; forging the signatures to the vouchers; and paid them a much less sum than was their due. The government is holding to the claimants for the full amount.

The Board of Engineers in Portland, brought charges against the captain of the Machigonne engine, of disobedience of orders, at the great fire. The City Council dismissed the charge. On the other hand 200 persons petitioned the Council to dismiss the Chief Engineer, but that body concluded to dismiss the petition, from which action the public are left to presume that every man did the best he could on the occasion.

The Oxford Congregational Conference will hold its annual meeting in Turner, Oct. 16th and 17th, commencing at 10 o'clock. A. M. 1st preacher, Rev. T. T. Merry. 2d preacher, Rev. J. H. Wheelwright.

The Portland papers last week had a very pretty romance, of a maiden lady aged 70, who was crossed in love at 18, and kept till death, a vow to never speak to a living person. But a matter of fact person "who knew," proves that the story is all romance.

EDITORS' AND PUBLISHERS' CONVENTION.

The third annual meeting of this association was held in Augusta last week. As these meetings are of a purely business character, the only report that will be of general interest to the public, may be condensed into the statement that the aim is to elevate the character, and add to the efficiency of the press in this State. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

President, E. H. Elwell. Vice Presidents, John H. Lynde, Edwin Sprague, Wm. A. Pidgeon. Recording Sec., J. E. Butler. Cor. Sec., H. W. Richardson. Treasurer, N. K. Sawyer. Executive Com., Jas. A. Homan, Jas. B. Hall, Rev. G. W. Quinby.

An interesting feature of the meetings was the first installment of reports from the Committee assigned to prepare a History of the newspapers in Maine, Hancock and Knox were reported in full; and Oxford in part. These local histories will be printed with the proceedings, and when thus collected will prove of great historical value.

By invitation of Gov. Cony, a pleasant hour was spent in the Executive Department, the members being presented to the Governor by Mr. Homan.

The members of the fraternity are greatly indebted to their Augusta brethren for the many courtesies extended, and thanks are especially due Messrs. Homan of the Farmer and Quinby of the Banner who were active in arranging for the meeting.

On Wednesday evening the members were invited to a levee at the residence of Mr. Homan, where they met several distinguished citizens of the city, and were regaled with such a repast as can be spread by an editor at the State capital. On Thursday Messrs. Homan and Quinby took such of the party as were not obliged to leave at noon, about the city, showing the various places of interest.

The next session will be held in Biddeford, the first week in August, 1867.

LEWISTON, Sep. 28, 1866.

MR. EDITOR: The first exclamation of the stranger as he steps into Lewiston, is: "Well, surely this is a live town!" and it is emphatically true. For there is no place of its size in New England where one more keenly feels the throbs and pulse of life stirring the blood, than in this city. That which gives to Lewiston her strongest and steadiest impulse to activity, is, of course, her large manufacturing interests.

In all matters relating to the public good, the enterprise and liberality of the City Fathers is unsurpassed. Even while I write, I can hear the ring and click of the workmen's tools as they add brick after brick to the walls of a structure which is to cost the city \$50,000—such a structure as had the South been filled with; even one fifth as many as New England, for the last few years, we never should have reaped the red carnage of blood which has so recently devastated the land—a School House.

Already in Lewiston there are eight churches, (and it must be remembered that the present Lewiston has been built almost within ten years,) Congregationalist, Baptist, Free Will Baptist, Universalist, Episcopalian, two Catholic and Methodist.

Last Fall the Universalist house was completed, and is at present the most elegant church building in the city. A new Congregational church is in process of erection, and it will be one of the finest in the State. These last two mentioned face upon the beautiful city Park. This Park contains about eight acres, is centrally located, and at the present time is particularly beautiful, as the trees don their autumn colors.

A PARISIEN.

THE MAINE NORMAL. We have received the prospectus of an educational magazine, to be established at Farmington next month, under the editorial charge of Geo. M. Gage, Principal of the State Normal School. It will be published by J. Weston Smith & Co. It will contain forty-eight pages of the size of Harper's magazine, and be furnished at \$1.50 per year; with a reduction to clubs. An appeal is made to all interested in educational matters, for support.

The Bangor Courier publishes an account of the setting of a girl's neck in England and sets it down as the only one on record. Twelve years ago, a girl in Woodstock fell down stairs, and in the fall turned or dislocated the neck, so that the face was horizontal, and set backward. Dr. Brown of this place was called, the messenger giving him word that the child had broken her neck. With difficulty he restored the head to its proper position, but was obliged to relax the muscles with ether, before it could remain in place. The child recovered, and is now able to testify for herself how she broke her neck and had it set.

A VALIANCE COW. Jas. Tuttle, of Woodstock, has a cow sixteen years old, of native stock, that he now esteems a valuable animal for dairy purposes. She dropped her first calf, when two years old, and since that time has never been dry. One of her calves, a heifer now four years old, inherits her mother's quality of a constant flow of milk.

The people of North Waterford are arranging for a brilliant Show, on Tuesday, 23d inst. Among the attractions, will be the stuffed skin of the big bear lately captured in Stogeham.

The soldiers' monument at Gorham is to be dedicated on the 1st. Gen. Chandler is expected to be present, and deliver an address.

Oxford County Cattle Show.

Better weather could not be desired for any purpose of business or pleasure, than opened on Tuesday, the first day of the Cattle Show and Fair of this Society. It was good extra to be out of doors under the genial influence of the bright October sun, warmed by the gentle breeze, laden with the fragrance of the autumn fruits.

The time has been well employed by the people, who made up a noble exhibition; and turned out themselves, for the annual reunion, so pleasant after a season of remunerative toil. Doubtless each has been repaid for his or her effort, in information gained, to guide the operations of another season.

The exercises of the first day, embraced trials of speed of colts, and resulted as follows:

THREE YEARS OLD COLTS.

But the entries were made,—a sorrel, by Earnest Jewett, Waterford; and a chestnut by Wm. Wardwell, Oxford. The trial was best 2 in 5, half mile dash. The Wardwell colt had the pole, but lost it at the first corner, and the Jewett led throughout the race. Time, 1:55, 1:56, 1:56.

FOUR YEARS OLD COLTS.

At 4 o'clock, came the trial for the premiums offered for colts four years old.

There were but two entries for this purse W. W. Woodbury, a sorrel; and Mr. Warren of Buckfield, a red. Best 3 in 5, half mile.

Woodbury had the pole, and led off in each best some rods, at the first corner, which distance he kept. His colt stepped well, not making the slightest break in either of the three heats. The Buckfield colt had never been on the track, and broke badly. He is a good colt, that will make a better record with training. Time, 1:58, 1:54, 1:51.

SECOND DAY.

Wednesday morning, the weather looked rather threatening; but the clouds broke away in the forenoon, and the day proved beautiful. The grounds were thronged with people the whole day, who examined with interest the animals and objects presented for exhibition. The first exercise, at 9 in the forenoon, was the

PLOWING MATCH.

The ground chosen was the field belonging to T. O. Brown, Esq. About an acre was marked out, and divided into five lands, which were assigned to the contestants by lot, as follows:

- No. 1. Clark and Winslow, four oxen, Hersey's No. 1 plow. Time 42 minutes.
- No. 2. Potter and Pike, four oxen, Brown's Cylinder Plow. Time, 41 minutes.
- No. 3. C. H. Davell, with a team of two horses, and a Hersey plow. Time, 39 minutes.
- No. 4. Penly and Bird, four oxen, and Hersey plow. Time, 62 minutes.
- No. 5. W. C. Hobbs and Gorham Holt. They used two oxen and a horse, with a Hersey plow. Time 44 minutes.

At 10 1-2 o'clock, the horses and oxen were brought within the track, for examination by the committees.

In the matter of town teams, there was considerable competition. At one time Norway had lined up a string of twenty-one pairs of cattle, good enough for any man to work. Oxford had fourteen, one team of six belonging to Mr. H. N. Thomas, were noble oxen. Paris brought out eleven pairs of fine oxen. One pair, three years old, belonging to Mr. Hill of South Paris, attracted much attention, and were worthy of it. They measure 7 feet 1 inch, and weigh 3400. They were raised by Hiram Jackson of this village, but have passed through several hands and are held at high figures now. From these teams the ten best pairs were selected to make up the number requisite for entry as a town team.

Horses.

It is seldom that the Horses are brought together so as to make a good show.

W. A. Woodbury entered the stallion, "Live Oak," a French horse from Canada, that he has had two seasons. The second "Green Mountain Black Hawk," 6 years old, the horse formerly owned by the Messrs. Denison, and raised in Vermont, Oxford and Bowdoin of Canton, entered "Champion Black Hawk," 7 years old. Both these horses are from the celebrated Rix Horse, and he from the original Vermont Black Hawk. The dam of Mr. Woodbury's horse was a Sherman Morgan. Mr. Bowdoin's horse, as the stock of his horse, the two fine standing colts that have been noticed heretofore in our columns. There is little need to praise this stock, and we are glad that two so fine representations of the blood are placed within the reach of our people.

There were also present the fine animal owned by John A. Green, No. Waterford, heretofore noticed by us, and a promising two-year-old, owned by Mr. Waldron.

A new feature was the competition by matched horses. Spans were entered by A. J. Knight, and V. D. Kimball, Rumford, and Tuttle and Holbe, Woodstock.

There are 47 entries of stock, which includes two breeds.

BASE BALL MATCH.

The following scoring of the base ball match has been furnished us:

HERSEYMAN CLUB.	ROCKFORD CLUB.
Players.	Players.
Herseyman, catcher, 3 3	Rockford, catcher, 4 4
Herseyman, pitcher, 3 3	Rockford, pitcher, 3 3
Murray, 1st base, 0 0	Rockford, 1st base, 0 0
Herseyman, 2nd base, 0 0	Rockford, 2nd base, 0 0
Trotter, 3rd base, 0 0	Rockford, 3rd base, 0 0
Smith, 4th base, 0 0	Rockford, 4th base, 0 0
Rockford, 1st base, 0 0	Rockford, 1st base, 0 0
Rockford, 2nd base, 0 0	Rockford, 2nd base, 0 0
Rockford, 3rd base, 0 0	Rockford, 3rd base, 0 0
Rockford, 4th base, 0 0	Rockford, 4th base, 0 0
Rockford, 1st base, 0 0	Rockford, 1st base, 0 0
Rockford, 2nd base, 0 0	Rockford, 2nd base, 0 0
Rockford, 3rd base, 0 0	Rockford, 3rd base, 0 0
Rockford, 4th base, 0 0	Rockford, 4th base, 0 0
Rockford, 1st base, 0 0	Rockford, 1st base, 0 0
Rockford, 2nd base, 0 0	Rockford, 2nd base, 0 0
Rockford, 3rd base, 0 0	Rockford, 3rd base, 0 0
Rockford, 4th base, 0 0	Rockford, 4th base, 0 0
Rockford, 1st base, 0 0	Rockford, 1st base, 0 0
Rockford, 2nd base, 0 0	Rockford, 2nd base, 0 0
Rockford, 3rd base, 0 0	Rockford, 3rd base, 0 0
Rockford, 4th base, 0 0	Rockford, 4th base, 0 0

Empire, W. H. Bulster, Dates College. Passed ball—Burlington, 4, Chase 2.

Herseyman—Burlington, 1, Hersey 4, Chase 2.

Rockford—Paris, 1, McWain, 1, Hutchinson, 1.

Rockford, 1.

Resolute club of Paris Hill Academy vs. Herseyman. Club of Herseyman Academy vs. Herseyman. The game was played at 1 1/2, P. M. and although played their two first innings badly, had evidently shown signs of improvement, and in the second inning, when the game was closed in two hours, when the Herseyman was declared winner, by a score of 12 to 10. Result in great degree due to fine playing of Hersey on 1st base, and at same time holding balls on fly. Playing ordinary. No home runs on either side.

Brown of the Resolute made the finest score, five runs and left on base once. A balk called on Herick in the third inning, gave the Resolute one score and one base, which were relinquished by their Captain on account of dissatisfaction of the other Captain, though there could be no doubt of the validity of the judgment. The scoring given above.

ANNUAL MEETING.

At 4 o'clock occurred the annual meeting of the Society, which resulted in the choice of the following officers for the ensuing year:

President, Albert D. White. Vice President, Wm. Sweet. Sec. and Treas., Elliott Smith. Trustees, Alex. S. Thayer, Paris; Ezra Jewell, Woodstock; W. L. Stanton, Oxford; J. N. Baker, Waterford; Wm. Hall, Norway.

It will be seen that the Trustees so arranged matters that one day should be free from horse trotting, that the sensibilities of people who disapprove of such practices might not be troubled.

In the lower Hall there is a greater display of vegetables than ever before seen there. The nummots Squashes are the centre of attraction. Rev. H. Danham has three, weighing respectively 195, 155, and 131,—the first over seven feet in girth. Dr. W. C. George has three, grown from one seed, the largest weighing over 100 pounds, and the others very large specimens. Col. Wm. Sweet presented one weighing 120 pounds. Capt. Swan had 9 squashes from two seeds that weighed 158 pounds; and six pumpkins averaging nearly 40 pounds each. Mr. Danham presented some well grown egg plants, and contributed, also, a geranium. There was a large variety of garden vegetables of all kinds.

On the floor was the usual assortment of valuable plows and cultivators, from the manufacturers of T. Hersey & Co., and E. H. Brown, and the famous Horse Hoe, entered by Col. Sweet, who had also the Union Mower and Whitecomb Rake.

Mr. D. C. Merrill has a churn, rightly labeled Yankee. It is an upright churn with revolving dash movement; and an air pump, which throws a large volume of air through the cream at each stroke.

Mr. S. M. Newhall makes a splendid display of his manufactures. He has a heavy express, a buggy, and a trotting harness, all finished in very neat style, and of most thorough workmanship. They attracted the attention of all who like to see a handsome turnout. Near by Messrs. Bates & Morton exhibit a model sleigh, a sample of a sleight got up for the Boston market.

The Dairy is well represented. The committee say that all the lots are good, while some are of rare excellence.

In the upper hall the display of fruit is large. There are 16 lots entered. Uriah H. Upton enters 53 varieties; Capt. W. R. Swan, 29 varieties; Francis Reed 23. Mr. Upton has fine specimens of Isabella's; and Mr. Angel Tuttle some good samples of the Northern Muscadine.

There is more than the usual competition in bread; and any quantity of pickles, ketchup, preserves, etc. Capt. Swan enters some boxes of honey,—and noting we were not on that committee, considerably left a box at our office beforehand. He has the first premium.

On this table are substantial specimens of domestic manufactures. Mrs. A. D. Bartlett, 21 yards carpet; Mrs. A. Partridge and Mrs. P. Millett, flannel; Mrs. J. G. Rowe, down sheet and blankets; Mrs. Joshua Perkins, 14 yards all wool cloth.

Miss Perkins contributes four oil paintings, and a pencil drawing. One of them, "Sabbath-day from Bethel," is an elaborate piece; and another, a winter scene, is suggestive of the winter in store. Miss Julia Gray, a crayon sketch; Mrs. H. Maxwell, Waterford, a specimen of moss work; Miss Wrisley, moss basket, and Mrs. Sharpleff, two beautiful wreaths of pressed flowers.

On Wednesday, Major Lapham brought in a sketch made by Gregg, of Boston, last summer, of his residence at Breyant's Pond. It is a charming piece, and was the centre of attraction with the young ladies who appreciated the fact that, as yet, a bachelor's nest.

Mr. Young exhibits some substantial suits for gentlemen's wear; and near by, Mrs. Barker shows her skill in the millinery line. Mrs. Bennett exhibits a linen table cloth woven by her 16 years ago. The ladies have not filled their table as well as usual, judging by number of articles; though in quality it may equal the display of previous years.

For the Society's purse of \$15.00 the following entries were made: F. H. Hutchins, of Bethel, sorrel horse Mike Lynde; Stephen Kimball, Rumford, red mare, Fanny Kimball; Frank Brown, Rockford a red mare.

Kimball had the pole, Hutchins second; and Brown outside.

First heat, a good start was made, Mike fell back on first corner, and did not recover, although he made all honest trot. Both the others broke on last corner of 1st heat; and Brown was run considerably. Fanny took the heat in 3 1/2.

Second heat, Fanny started just the same behind. Brown mare took pole on 1st corner, when she came up, and on the home stretch made a handsome trot, coming in half a length ahead. Both broke, though as between the horses the Committee thought it about equal. Time 2:18.

Third heat. There was much trouble in getting off, and finally Fanny had half a length start, which she drew and kept. Mike went along in the Brown mare once but lost the advantage. Time, 3:01. Kimball mare won awarded the purse—Time, 3:01, 2:58, 3:01.

The treat appointed for 11 o'clock was getting off, and finally Fanny was adjudged to win, the time we go to press.

Mr. Gunsmun will deliver a lecture before the students of Paris Hill Academy, Friday eve, Oct. 12. All are invited to attend.

