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MISCELLANY.

The Flower Girl of the Palace Garden.

Nanette Lollier was born in Paris, in the
parish of St. Len. Her father had care of
one of the public squares and her mother
sold fresh fish in the market. Nanette was
the youngest of sixteen children, with all
of whom as well as with her parents she
was a favorite, on account of her pretty
face, her gentle ways, and artless winning
speech.

Her grandmother, the widow of a bailiff,
who had lodgings in the same house with
the Lolliers taught her to read and write,
and trained her heart and voice, especially
the latter, which was very musical, charm-
ing all who heard it. When she was only
twelve years old, she sang, a "Stabat"
and a "C. Felix" in one of the churches
during Holy Week, to the great delight
and edification of the worshippers.

She had at this time received so many
praises, attentions and presents that her
head was almost turned. Her mother wish-
ed her to betake herself to the fish market
with her, Nanette declared that she had
rather sell bouquets and sing. Her mother
answered this natural expression with a cuff
and a kick, but the fishmonger soon repen-
ted her rudeness. Nanette disappeared one
morning from the paternal roof, and from
that day no trace of her could be found by
her parents, although they sometimes heard
that she was well.

This absence lasted for three years.
They afterwards tried in every possible way
to learn the history of these years from
this young girl; she maintained a profound
silence in the matter. She had promised
on her hope of paradise, that she would
never tell what had then taken place; and
neither caresses, nor threats, nor cunning,
could draw from her the secret. She had
reached her sixteenth year when an errand
boy informed her parents that she was at
the convent of the Carmelites, and would
be restored to them if they would go for
her in person or send some priest.

Her mother was beside herself with joy
at this news. She left her fish trough, put
on her best clothes and went to tell the
curate. He over with her to the convent
with her eldest son, a bold, mainly fellow,
sergeant in the French Guard.

Arrived at the convent, Madame the
Superior appeared, and gave them a gra-
cious reception. She told them that the
young girl had been brought there one
evening by a strange woman and left with
a sum of twenty thousand livres to pay
her dowry when she should become a nun.

All this seemed dubious to the curate
and mother. Nanette appeared. She wept
and sobbed and nearly fainted. But she
was silent to all their inquiries, further than
to tell them her aversion to a nunnery, and
her desire to be a flower girl. The lady
Superior, seeing that the girl and her
dowry were lost to her, made her adieu to
the family and took her leave. The curate
went to visit a friend in the neighborhood,
and the mother, the pretty Nanette, and
her lightning brother returned home in a
hackney coach.

The Lolliers at first refused to allow
Nanette to become a flower girl, but she
desired it so much at last they yielded.
Her success was marvelous. Every one
was charmed by her, and bought her flow-
ers.

She made her entrance into the garden
of the royal palace. A strange flower girl.
She was dressed in silks, gauzes, laces and
jewels. Her basket was a gilded sea shell,
lined with blue satin and held by a blue
cash that encircled her waist. Her pretty
shoes, fastened by a buckle and favor knot,
covered the foot of a nymph.

Nanette was talked of at Versailles. Thirty
lords of the court rivalled each other in
attempts to win her favor. She refused
their hearts and took their presents. She
was ready, gay, full of zest, and chatted
with spirit, yet maintained so much reserve
that she gained reputation as fast as in
fortune.

Every morning when she appeared in
the Palace Garden, a circle at once gather-
ed around her. Servants in livery and a
waiting woman attended her at a distance,
ready to refill her little basket which was
rapidly emptied. She received more looks
than small coin in exchange for the flowers
that were so gracefully offered by her pretty
land.

The princess of Lorraine, Bales, and
Bouillon, ladies of high rank, accepted the
pinks, roses and violets which the flower
girl presented them as gifts. In return,
they gave her jewels, laces and wrought sil-
ver. In a few years Nanette had a fortune
in lands and houses, which brought her
thirty thousand livres in rent, and she had
bestowed largely upon her brothers and
sisters.

Among her lovers was a young man of
twenty-two. He was always in the garden
before she arrived, and seemed to be wait-
ing for her. When she appeared with her
basket he took a bouquet, paid her twelve

sons, said a few words and disappeared. No
one saw him again until the next day. It
was twice that he failed to appear at the
usual hour, an attack of fever had confined
him to his bed. Nanette was dull and
gloomy. The young man re-appeared, and
with him the gaiety of Nanette.

Nanette would have given a large part
of her fortune to have known who the young
man was. She was ignorant even of his
name. It is true that she might have asked
the thousand persons who came to buy
flowers of her during the day, but no soon-
er had she begun her question then she felt
a mortal embarrassment, stammered, blushed
and ended in silence. Her heart was
too much interested. She was sure that
he whom she loved was of noble birth; he
wore a sword, but he was poor, for his
sword had never a ribbon knot; and his
necktie was without lace.

One day she saw the brilliant Marquis of
Louvain speaking to him, and then join the
Count of Chateau who was sitting near to
her. She heard him say in a low tone:

"That simpleton, Courtenay, provokes
me. The King has been asking why he
does not go to Versailles. I have just re-
peated his Majesty's compliments to him,
and—ah, well! he is busy with a song.
How can he bury himself in Paris in this
way?"

"He has got good reasons for it. Be-
sides where could he get the money we
spend? His father has ruined him."

"True enough, he is poor. What a pity
such a fine young fellow!"

"And one of such birth—a relative of
the royal house?"

"Why don't the young man marry?"

"It would not be possible for him. With
his name he could not marry an inferior.
He would have to marry a princess."

Nanette did not lose a single word. She
saw the palace garden and forgot to go. As
usual to the Tuilleries and Boulevard.
She could think of nothing but the noble
and unfortunate young man. At night she
could not sleep, and the next morning had
left her bed before any one in the house.
She was sitting alone, so rapt in her dreams
of the Prince of Courtenay, that she did
not hear the steps of a young man who ap-
proached her, stooped and kissed her arm.
She was startled and gave a scream, but on
looking up a pleasant smile succeeded her
surprise. The rash youth was her favorite
brother Marcel, ten months older than her-
self. He was employed at the office of the
editor of the Encyclopedia, where he fre-
quently saw the men of letters of that day.

"Why, Marcel," said the young girl,
"how you frightened me; I did not expect
such gallantry from my brother."

"What brother would not be proud of
such a sister. Nanette, who is the talk of
Paris? Where one goes, it is 'Nanette,
the flower girl,' the 'pretty Nanette.'
Yesterday I went to the house of M.
Didot, to carry some copy that he wanted
for correction. Some noble lords were
with him, among whom was the Prince of
Courtenay. They did not know that I was
your brother, and were under no restraint
about speaking of you in my hearing. One
of them denied your virtue. I was so angry
that I was about to take up your defence,
when the excellent young Prince of Court-
enay nobly replied:

"Oh, my lord, how can you repeat the
odious calumnies invented by worthless
libertines? If Nanette is as pure as she is
beautiful, and I want no other proof than
the history of the lovers she is said to have,
of whom no one knows anything. If
Nanette had a lover, it would not be a day
before all Paris would know the name of
the fortunate man."

The warm and earnest tone with which
those words were spoken excited a smile
from those who heard it. M. Didot
sustained the Prince.

The simple hearted Marcel concluded by
saying:

"Now would it not be proper, in grati-
tude for the good opinion he has of you,
that you should send the Prince a bouquet
of the rarest flowers? I will carry it to him
if you like, for I am going to him with a
splendid copy of our folio edition of
Telemaque."

"You are going to him! You know
where he lives?" exclaimed Nanette.

"Certainly! in the hotel Carnaval."

When Marcel had gone, Nanette lost no
time in writing the following epistle:

"My dear young friend, I am your
relative. I am pained that you are not in
your proper place. It is fit that you should
live in obscurity in Paris when persons of
noble birth are the delight of Versailles?
You are poor; I am rich. My age cuts me
off from the exciting pleasure that yours
demands. Permit me, in consideration of
our relations of blood and friendship, to
offer you what is for me a superfluity, for
you a necessity. On the first day of every
month you will receive from me four
thousand livres. I now send you twenty-four
thousand, which will perhaps be sufficient
to establish yourself according to you rank."

A few expressions of kindness closed the

letter, which was left unsigned, and a few
hours after it was received by the Prince
of Courtenay. The modest young man at
first refused to accept a fortune so received;
but several of his older friends, whom he
consulted, blamed him for an excess of
delicacy. He yielded to their advice and
applied it to his own use. He was now
rich. He lived in splendor; his equipage
was one of the finest in Paris, and every-
one was talking of his good fortune. He
was the rage; yet every day, at the same
hour as before, he came to the palace gar-
den to buy a bouquet of Nanette, for which
he now paid six livres.

A year passed away. One day the Count
of Chateau being in the garden, seated near
Nanette, the Marquis of Louvain joined
him.

"My dear sir," he addressed the Count
"Courtenay is mad. They have offered
him Mademoiselle de Craon with eight
hundred thousand livres a year, and he re-
fused. What ails him?"

"Love."

"Love! For whom?"

"I know not."

"Who can it be? I'll wager its some
girl of the opera. Some worthless woman
of pleasure."

"Louvain," answered the Count, "such
a supposition is unjust to Courtenay. You
know he has always hated vice, and I am
certain that the woman he loves is not only
charming but virtuous."

Louvain answered with a laugh, and
Nanette arose to return home. She went
to her chamber and locked the door. The
next day the Prince of Courtenay received
a letter which ran thus:

"My dear young friend, why do you re-
fuse to marry Mademoiselle de Craon? She
would bring you both birth and fortune.
In two days you will receive from me the
capital of the sum you enjoy, and with it
some jewels for your future bride."

"Should you consent to the proposed
marriage, wear a pink in your button hole
for eight days; should you refuse it wear a
rose."

The next day Nanette gave orders to her
man of business to sell a million livres
worth of houses and lands. There would
still remain to her thirty thousand livres of
income.

When she had received the money from
this sale she sent it to Courtenay, and with
it, in a magnificent casket, a set of diamonds
of such rare water that the jewellers valued
them at a hundred thousand crowns. Never
was Nanette so happy as when she had thus
diminished her fortune.

Nothing could have detained her from the
garden that day. She was pale, trembling
half dead with hope and fear. The Prince
of Courtenay had as usual, arrived be-
fore her; but in his button hole there was
neither pink nor rose. He approached Nan-
ette, and she handed him a bouquet. It
was like the Prince's button hole, without
pink or rose.

He looked at it and a smile passed over
his face. He seemed studying a moment
then in a firm voice, he said:

"My pretty child, will you make me a
present of a rose?"

Nanette fell fainting? On recovering
she found herself in her own chamber, sur-
rounded by her family. Alas! her eyes
did not meet those whom she most wished
to see. Her mother and sisters, in their
excitement, told her that she had fainted
in the palace garden; that a great lord, the
Prince of Courtenay, had lifted her in his
arms and without waiting for a carriage,
without wishing any one to help him, had
carried her to her hotel. Nanette's pulses
throbbed with pleasure. She asked what
had become of the kind nobleman. They
told her that he had waited to hear the
opinion of the physicians concerning her,
and had then departed as he came. At
this moment Marcel entered to say that
the servant of the Prince de Courtenay had
come to obtain some tidings of the beau-
tiful flower girl. The Prince had not come.

And yet Nanette smiled. For she was
happy—knowing as she did that the Prince
did not wish to marry. The next day,
Nanette's favorite waiting woman came to
announce to her that the Prince de
Courtenay was in her drawing-room and
asked the favor of an interview. A sign of
consent was the only answer of Nanette.
Making an effort to rise, she fell back
powerless, covering her face with her
hands. The Prince fell on his knees before
her and tenderly kissed her hands.

"Alas!" he exclaimed, "I have divined
everything. I have come not to return
your gifts but beseech you to render them
still dearer by granting me one far more
precious."

"You wish?" began Nanette.

"Your hand," interrupted the Prince.

In offering his name to the young girl,
he had tried to surpass her in generosity.
Nanette prayed him to wait till the next
day for her reply. He consented, full of
hope. For the third time he received a
letter from Nanette. It was the last, she
ever wrote him containing these words:

"Love has made you blind. A marriage
with me would dishonor you. You love
me too well to renounce me. I therefore
for your sake, renounce you. When you
shall have received this letter, the flower
girl Nanette will have forever quitted the
world. I leave to my parents that part of
my fortune which I have gained by selling
flowers. The million you have received was
your own. Your nearest relative thought
to make amends for a crime which I
have sworn to keep an eternal secret.
Adieu. Think often of her who in the
cloister where she hides herself will daily
pray for you."

The story of Nanette ends here. No
one knew more of her except that the arch-
bishop of Paris himself conducted her to
the convent to which she retired. The
Prince of Courtenay never married. He
recalled the rumors he had heard touching
his father, but none of them explained his
mysterious ruin, or his later remorse.

LESSONS SHOULD BE SHORT.

Long lessons are unfavorable to real progress in
study. I watched daily for many weeks
the course pursued in some of the best
gymnasiums in Germany. Nothing was more
surprising, at first, than the shortness of
the lessons. All through the early part
of every course of study, the daily task seem-
ed almost ridiculously short. Yet I soon
became convinced that these short tasks
were better than longer ones. In the first
place, the short lessons were perfectly
learned; everything about every word. In
language, for example, the pupil was ready
to give every new verb of his lesson in
every required mode and tense, number
and person, and every new noun and ad-
jective in every required case in both
numbers. Then the words of to-day's les-
sons were combined with those of yester-
day's and those of every previous day;
sentences innumerable were made, so that
the exercise became a review of everything
previously studied. Then the thought of
the lesson became a subject of conversation,
and, as this had been anticipated, many
bright and ingenious things were often
said. By these processes, the substance of
the day's lesson was incorporated with the
previous furniture of the mind; just as, in
scientific work, the new metal, as it is
called, when skillfully applied in suffi-
ciently small quantities and in a moist sea-
son, becomes speedily incorporated with
the material of the old road bed, and forms
a substantial and permanent foundation for
a good way.

Every new lesson thus becomes an occa-
sion for observation and inquiry, and for
new and pleasant thought. The observant
teacher knows that the progress of a pupil
is not measured by the ground travelled
over, but by the number of clear thoughts
perfectly mastered and combined with pre-
vious attainments, so as to form part of the
permanent furniture of the mind. Exact-
ness and thoroughness are the essential
things, and these are possible only with
easy lessons quickly and joyously learned,
and made a part of the mind's stock by
frequent and faithful reviews.

[Massachusetts Teacher.]

Mr. John Forsyth, the editor of the Mo-
bile Register, is writing letters to his paper
from New York, detailing his interviews
with Mayor Hoffman and other Johnson
leaders, and giving as follows his theory of
the coming attempt at a coup d'etat,—for
which, it will be noticed, he makes the mis-
take of not considering democratic mis-
take necessary:

"But the final struggle in the great
national contest will be at Washington in the
organization of the next Congress. If the
conservatives hold their own, the South will
be constituted in the organization, and the two
will constitute a quorum. Washington will
be the battle ground—whether a bloody one
or not, will depend on the fighting temper
of the radicals. The true union men do no
regard the present rump as a Congress or
the United States in the meaning of the
Constitution, and their purpose is to organi-
ze a Congress of the Constitution. If the
struggle resolves itself into an issue of force
the war of revolution started at the centre
will widen its circle, and soon set the whole
North in a blaze."

THE CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.
A statistical table, exhibiting the rates of
increase of the population of the United
States since 1860, the date of the last census,
is being prepared at Washington. In 1860
the population of the United States was 31,-
443,321, and it is calculated that at the pre-
sent time it is fully 35,500,000.

An "Infant's Magazine" is the latest li-
terary novelty. We suppose it will deal in
the milk-and-water style of literature.

"What makes you look so grim, Tom?"
"O, I had to endure a sad trial to my feel-
ings." "What on earth was it?" "Why,
I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while
her ma was looking on."

What two sciences are employed by team-
sters in driving oxen? Horse-culture and
gee-ology.

A wife's farewell to her husband when he
goes out—"Buy-bu."

The best dodge we have noticed is that
of a good old farmer in these parts who
having a contrary horse, harnessed him face
to the cart, and at last seems to have con-
vinced his nag that "the last shall be first."

Woman is said to be a mere delusion, but
it is some times pleasant to hug delusions.

At Erie, in his speech, the President said
"I tell you all the powers in hell cannot
turn me from my purpose." To which some
exchange adds, "Doubtless they don't want
to!"

RAILWAY UP MOUNT WASHINGTON. A
correspondent of the New York Observer
thus describes the Summit Steam Railroad,
now building to the top of Mt. Washington.
Five hundred feet of track are laid, and laid
over the worst place on the route, to show
that the worst can be overcome. The en-
gineer, glad, I suppose, of a little chat in
his solitude, offered, if we would wait half
an hour, to take us up as far as the track
was laid. The track for the car wheels is
of the ordinary width, and of strap iron laid
in the usual manner. In the centre, how-
ever, between the rails, runs a line of heavy
wrought iron, with a face of deep cog.
Into this central rail fit the cogged driving
wheels of the locomotive. The car wheels
are scarcely over a foot in diameter, the
cog-wheels perhaps two feet. So steep is
the incline that the furnace and boiler are
hung on pivots in order to keep them level.
The engine is a small one of 35 horse power,
but a more powerful one is in process of
construction. Steam is up and the five
passengers in their seats, each with his foot
on the edge ready for a spring. Puff, puff,
click, click, and up we go! slowly, but as
steady and true as a clock. Wonderful!
Wonderful again! The road is as steep as
an old fashioned roof, rising one foot in
three, or 1,700 feet to the mile. No such
grade has been mounted by steam before.
But we feel no fear; the familiar snort of
the engine, and the slow, true click of the
clogs made it quite a matter of course, and
by the time we had accomplished our short
steep ride, my wonder was all gone, and my
faith in the stock of the Mt. Washington
Summit Steam Railroad Co. fully establish-
ed.

A DOG ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE. A
correspondent of the Chicago Times, writ-
ing from Sparta, Ill., tells the following
story of a dog:

"Some time ago, a gentleman removed
with his family from this county to Cali-
fornia, across the Plains, and was accom-
panied by a dog that had been given him
by a neighbor shortly before he started.
In due time the man reached the land of
gold, and settled in one of the beautiful
valleys of that country. The dog was not
satisfied with his new home. He was home-
sick and lonely, and often longed, if we
are permitted to read canine thoughts, to re-
turn to the land of his puppyhood. One
morning his master missed him, and never
saw him again. Recently, however, he
walked into his former master's yard in
this county, lonesome and weary, having
crossed the Plains from California here.
The hair was nearly all gone from his hide,
and his feet were worn and bleeding. This
is a true tale even if it is a dog story."

THE FAMILY HORSE.—An Irish girl was
ordered to hang the wash-clothes on the
horse in the kitchen to dry. Her mistress
shortly after found a very gentle family
horse standing in the kitchen, completely
covered with the articles that had been
washed that day. Upon interrogating the
girl, the reply was, "Och, to be sure, ye
told me to hang the clothes onto the horse
in the kitchen, and the haste is the kindest
I ever saw, sure."

THE SCIENCE OF ROAD-MAKING.—Some
other people have the same opinion that we
hold in respect to the proper mode of mak-
ing roads. The Knowledge Journal says:

"Raising a street with earth is useful and
tolerable only as giving an easier grade;
never where it is made to take the place of
or as a substitute for drainage. Good,
cheap, rapid drainage comprises the whole
art of road-making for ordinary use."

It is said that if coffee be pounded with
mortar and pestle, it retains more of the
aroma an oil which gives coffee its peculiar
flavor. The Turks practice the pounding
method, and excel in the good qualities of
their favorite drink.

A writer for the Western Rural argues
in favor of concentrated food for hogs.
He says he never knew a slopped pig to
grow and keep healthy and make as rapid
growth, as one allowed the range of good
pasture, and given dry food, such as corn,
or oats and corn or barley meal.

