

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO

MUCH.

ONE DOLLAR AN

FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE

NEW SERIES, VOL. 17, NO. 47.

PARIS, MAINE, FRIDAY,

DECEMBER 14, 1866.

OLD SERIES,

VOLUME 34, NO. 5.

THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

W. M. A. PIDGIN & Co.,

PROPRIETORS.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per

year in advance; Two Dollars if payment is de-

layed.

Ad. M. Pettengill & Co., 10 State St. Bos-

ton, and 122 Nassau St., New York; and S. R.

Niles, Court St., Boston, are authorized agents.

JOB PRINTING of every description neatly

executed.

SANDERSON & BEARCE,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS

And U. S. Claim Agents,

NORWAY, ME.

C. C. SANDERSON, H. M. BEARCE.

VIRGIN & UPTON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Attice Office formerly occupied by Virgin & Ing

NORWAY, VILLAGE.

One of the parties will attend the Probate

Courts.

Particular attention given to collections.

All claims of Soldiers and their Heirs attended

to by Upton, as heretofore. Also Fire and Life

Insurance in best Companies.

HENRY UPTON W. W. VIRGIN.

Norway, Aug. 6, 1865.

GEORGE A. WILSON,

Counsellor and Attorney at Law.

OFFICE OPPOSITE ATLANTIC HOUSE,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Collecting promptly attended to.

G. D. BIRBE

Counsellor and Attorney at Law.

HUCKFIELD, MAINE.

Soldiers' Bounties, Back Pay and Invalid Pen-

sions. Also, Widows', Mothers' and Minor

Children's Pensions promptly obtained at reason-

able rates.

ENOCH POSTER, JR.,

Counsellor and Attorney at Law

BETHEL MAINE.

Pensions, Bounties, and Back Pay, promptly

attended to and collected.

O. W. BLANCHARD,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law

RUNFORD POINT, ME.

Agent for procuring pensions, Arrears of Pay,

and Bounties.

BOLSTER & RICHARDSON,

Counsellors & Attorneys at Law,

ALSO, AGENTS FOR PROCURING

Bounties, Back Pay & Pensions,

DIXFIELD.

Wm. W. BOLSTER, E. B. RICHARDSON

HORATIO AUSTIN,

SHERIFF OF OXFORD COUNTY,

PARIS, ME.

All communications and precepts addressed to

me will receive prompt attention.

WINTHROP STEVENS,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Persons entrusted to him will receive ear-

ly attention.

JOHN JACKSON,

Coroner, and Deputy Sheriff

FOR OXFORD & FRANKLIN CO'S.

Dixfield, Maine.

All business will receive prompt attention.

S. H. WEBBER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

WEST PARIS, ME.

D. B. SAWYER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Successor to Dr. Ross.

DR. G. P. JONES,

DENTIST,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Tooth inserted on Gold, Silver, or Vulcan

ized Rubber.

C. E. EVANS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Dr. E. will also pay particular attention to dis-

sections of the Eye, and to Operative Surgery in all

its forms.

OFFICE OVER THE POST OFFICE.

H. B. HALL,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

AND DEALER IN

PAINTS, DYE-STUFFS, GLASS,

BOOKS & STATIONERY.

CHAPMAN'S BLOCK,

BETHEL, ME.

Agent for all the popular Patent Medicines

TWITCHELL BROS. & CHAMPLIN,

Wholesale Grocers and

PROVISION DEALERS

82 Commercial St., Thomas Block,

E. F. Twitchell,

J. Q. Twitchell,

T. P. Chapman,

PORTLAND, ME.

MISCELLANY.

From Peterson's Magazine.

TRUE LOVE AND FALSE.

It was spring time in New England; every hill was green with tender verdure, every nook and valley redolent with the balmy odors of bursting blossoms; the sky hung overhead blue and cloudless; and the westward-going sun threw back a thousand shimmering rays of light, gleaming on all the cottage windows, and making the bosom of the bay a sheet of dazzling gold.

Rose Steadman stood beneath the great locust tree in her father's yard, gazing oceanward with wistful, impatient eyes; her hands clasped hard together, the breeze blowing back her soft, silken tresses from a face as pure and fair as the daintiest may-flower that bloomed upon her native hills. A flock of tame doves, circling in the summer air, came fluttering down about her head, one or two perching on her shoulders, and billing and cooing to attract her attention, but she did not notice them; her blue eyes, wondering and wistful, still swept the low sea-line that lay beyond.

Samson Stone, coming up from the hay-field, paused to look at her, standing thus, thinking that never, in all his life before, had he beheld so lovely a picture. A warm flush rose to his bronzed cheek, and a tender glow to his honest eyes; but the moment after they saddened, and he sighed drearily.

"Poor child! she don't know; it's my duty to tell her, I s'pose."

Then he hurried on with a heavy step. Rose turned as he approached her, the wistful, expectant look still in her blue eyes. He took off his broad hat, and pushed back the damp hair from his heated brow.

"Hot work down there," he said, pointing over his shoulder toward the hay field. "The squire sent me up for a glass of your currant wine—he's a most spent. This spring sunshine tells—'tis worse than mid-summer, I believe. Heigho! how I should enjoy a good, round sea-voage now—wouldn't you? By-the-by, the 'Bonnie Isabel' a' gone—did you know?"

"Gone?" Her face growing white, and her eyes cold and stony.

"Yes; she sailed two hours ago."

Rose almost fainted; for an instant her breath came in short, quick gasps, and her lips quivered painfully. Sam put out his arm to support her, but before he had touched her it was all over, and she turned toward the house with an air of calm composure.

"Come on. I'll get you the wine now."

Sam followed her with a look of pitiful tenderness in his brown eyes. He was a great, strongly-built, stout-fisted fellow, this Samson Stone; very much like a chestnut, rough and ungainly in outward aspect, but sweet and sound within. There was not a flaw or a semblance of falseness about him; he was true metal to his heart's core—solid gold, without a grain of dross. He had lived with Squire Steadman from his boyhood up, working in the fields from one year's end to another, and "getting his learning," as the neighbors expressed it, by snatches, at night-school, or in his own room, when the rest of the hired boys were in bed. Yet he was no indifferent scholar. He could cast up accounts with remarkable accuracy, and there were few books in the village library that he did not read.

But, for all his good traits, Sam was no favorite. People liked and respected him; but in order to love him, one required to know him intimately—and very few did that. He was shy and reticent, sober, and not over talkative, morose and sullen, superficial folks called him; but a gentler, truer, more tender souled man never lived.

Rose, the Squire's only child, was a wee toddling little thing when Sam came to live at Elm Cottage; and all through the long summer days she trotted after him, lisping out her childish wants, every one of which he supplied with a woman's tender care. No wonder she won a large place in his great loving heart. Every day of his life she became dearer and dearer; and when eighteen summers had painted their roses on her maiden cheeks, and she sat in the village choir, the acknowledged belle and beauty of the neighborhood, Sam Stone, her father's hired man, would have laid down his life a thousand times to have saved a single thread of her golden hair from pain.

Rose liked him first-rate; defended him warmly when any one called him rude or unfriendly; treated him with a sister's unaffected kindness—but she did not love him. Of course she did not. Whoever knew any one do the thing they ought to do?

Another—a man of very different class and culture—had won the regard for which poor Sam would willingly have served his seven times seven years.

Ralph Tremaine was the only son of Judge Tremaine, the wealthiest and most aristocratic man in the vicinity. Moreover, Ralph was a young man of very superior accomplishments, college-taught, refined, handsome to a fault, and by profession an

artist. Rose Steadman made his acquaintance, one summer afternoon, in a most romantic manner. She was down on the bay-shore, gathering water-lilies. Her apron was full to overflowing; they breathed their odors in her bosom, and hung in white splendor from the golden meshes of her hair; yet, woman-like, she was not content. One full-blown beauty, nodding in the sunshine beyond her reach, tempted her. Holding on to an overhanging branch, she leaned far out and strove to pluck it; in the attempt the branch gave way, precipitating her into the waters of the bay. Her terrified shriek had scarcely startled the drowsy summer air, when a young man started up from behind a projecting rock, plunged after her, and brought her ashore.

This young man was Ralph Tremaine. Of course Rose could not be otherwise than excessively grateful—and gratitude leads us into dangerous straits sometime. After this romantic adventure, Ralph became a constant visitor at Elm Cottage. He could not get along without Rose. She must show him all the picturesque points in the neighborhood; and then she must sit while he painted her portrait. With one thing and another they were constantly together; and in the long summer afternoons wandering amid the odorous woods, or drifting on the pulsing bosom of the lake, foolish little Rose believed all the fine things her handsome lover breathed into her ear, and found herself at autumn-time with a betrothal-ring upon her finger.

Samson Stone was extremely lonely through all these summer days. Labor, hitherto a pleasure, hung a dead weight upon his hands. His life had lost its sole aim and object. But he was a hero, after his fashion, this hired man who reaped the grain and mowed the hay-fields at Elm Cottage; so, putting his own desires beneath his feet, he pursued the even tenor of his way, hoping, not for himself, but for her, whose happiness he held dearer than his own.

In the meantime, Rose dreamed her golden dream—but at last the end came. Ralph Tremaine was going across the sea to spend a year at Heidelberg, and several seasons in the old city of the Cæsars. He might not return for years—his art claimed him; but he should never forget Rose. Rose listened with a sharp pain in her heart. After that visit, once so frequent, became few and far between. He had so many friends to attend to; there were ladies from the city staying at his father's; so many claims upon his time, Rose must really excuse him. Rose assured him that she would with a vivid glow in her cheeks, and more anger than grief at her heart. Yet she could not help feeling pained and startled when she found that he had sailed in the "Bonnie Isabel" without coming to say farewell.

She poured out the currant wine, and, starting Sam back to the hay-field, with the bits of ice she had dropped in tinkling against the sides of the pewter mug, she went into her own little sleeping-room, and, after closing the door, sat down by the low window. The spring sunshine rippled in through the shimmering branches of the sweet brier that shaded it, checking the sanded floor with bars of yellow gold. The air was thick with glimmering radiance and heavy with perfume; and the voice of the ring-dove floated in from the neighboring forest, tremulous with tender melody. Poor little Rose leaned her head upon her hand and burst into tears. There was a great blank in her young life just then. She had nothing to hope for, so she sobbed on quietly for a moment or two, not with the passionate sorrow a woman feels when her heart's love has failed her, but with a childish regret that the pretty dream she had loved so well was ended forever. But in a short time her tears subsided, and she began to think the matter over; and while she thought, the proud blood of a New England maiden began to glow in her cheeks. She dashed the tears from her eyes with a gesture of indignant scorn.

"I won't shed another tear about him," she murmured. "If he did not care enough for me to come and bid me good-by, let him go. Who cares?"

That evening when Samson Stone came up from the hay field, his step was slow, and his face exceedingly sober. He glanced toward Rose's window, with the humming-birds flitting through the sweet-brier that shaded it, with a pitiful expression in his eyes, sighing to himself.

"Poor child! I wish I could take the trouble from her young shoulders."

Just then a note of song trilled out from the kitchen, and, turning, he beheld Rose up to her dimpled elbows in the bread she was making, with anything else than sorrow in her bright face. For an instant the poor fellow's heart leaped joyously, then he shook his head with a heavy sigh.

"Poor thing, she's too proud to show it; but she feels it all the same. I wish I could help her."

But Sam was mistaken in his estimate of Rose's disappointment. He was measur-

ing her love by his own, and the two passions were widely different. His was all-enduring, immortal; a something that would go with him through life, and be part and parcel of his existence in the life beyond the grave; but hers was as short-lived and ephemeral as the spring blossoms. Before the bluebird, who was building her bower of love in the old apple-tree when the "Bonnie Isabel" sailed, had warmed her speckled ovals into life, it had died a natural death, and lay buried in a sepulchre whose darkness would know no resurrection morn. But poor Sam was not aware of this—so he tilled the fields and reaped the grain and mowed the hay at Elm Cottage, pitying Rose, and pitying himself.

In the meantime, this silly little Rose of ours grew in wisdom as well as in years. Her blue eyes looked at things in a different light three years after, than they did on the day the "Bonnie Isabel" set sail.

At last a summer afternoon came, which brought Ralph Tremaine to his father's house again. The sky was as blue as in days of yore, the hills as green, the thyme pastures as full of odorous bloom. Rose Steadman sat beneath the great locust-tree, her blue eyes looking oceanward, the breeze blowing back her golden hair, the flock of white doves wheeling and circling round her head. She saw him coming down the narrow, mossy path he had so often trod. His years of foreign life had improved him vastly; and he had, in part realized his dream of fame and renown. A long summer, and a winter, perhaps, lay before him. His strength and health needed recruiting, and he had come back for that purpose to his father's house. But how should he ever manage to while away the tedious time? He must have some kind of amusement. Ah, he had struck upon the very thing—he would go back to Rose Steadman; she was still single, his mother had said, waiting for his return, no doubt. Poor little Rose, it was nothing more than right to go and see her.

She saw him coming, and rose up to meet him in the afternoon sunlight, the white doves circling round her head. What a glorious picture she made! He made up his mind to paint her—the effort would immortalize him. But a single glance at her face, her calm, clear eyes, convinced him that she was not the simple little girl, with whose love he had trifled three years before; but she was something better, a lovely, bewildering woman. He put on his tenderest smile—the smile that few women had been strong enough to resist.

"Are you glad to see me, little Rose?" holding out both his hands.

She received him cordially as an old friend, but with a proud calmness that chilled him like ice.

"You loved me once, little Rose?" his voice and eyes full of tender reproach.

She flashed a glance of dazzling scorn upon him.

"I was a child then, and children outgrow their fancies in less time than you have been away."

"You have outgrown yours, then?"

"Most assuredly."

And that was the end.

Poor Sam, moving down the fragrant hay in the meadow, saw them standing together with a sharp pain at his heart, which all his unselfish joy at Rose's coming happiness could not keep down. In spite of all his efforts, the passing years had only served to make his hopeless love all the stronger.

"It is just as it should be," he said to himself; "he's a fine looking fellow, and will make her a good husband, no doubt. I'm glad, for her sake," but, even while he said it, he sighed heavily—sighed over the death of his last hope.

Coming up from the meadow, at eventide, he found Rose still sitting beneath the locust-tree, a soft flush on her cheeks, a tender, dreamy light in her blue eyes. He could not pass her without even so much as a word of congratulation; they had lived together as brother and sister too long. It would cost him a terrible effort, but he would do it. Throwing himself on the grass, at her feet, he took off his broad hat, and let the cool winds lift the hair from his hot brow.

"Rose," he began, at last, looking up timidly, "I'm glad your friend's come back. I know it was a pleasure to you to see him."

"Well, yes," an arch smile dimpling her pretty mouth, "I was quite glad to see him, Sam."

"Yes, I know, Rose," after a moment's silence, "I mean—Well, you understand, I know how matters stand between you; and I'm glad for your sake, Rose, and I wish you a life as happy as you deserve."

He held out his hand as he ended his little speech, but the effort had been almost too much for him; there was a mist before his eyes, and his lips quivered like a woman's. Rose watched him keenly for a moment, and then laid her hand in his.

"Sam," she said, solemnly, "you're mistaken for once, as wise as you usually are. Ralph Tremaine is nothing to me—moreover, he never will be. When I was a silly child, I thought I loved him, but I found out my mistake that evening when you told me the 'Bonnie Isabel' had sailed. And, Sam," she went on, a vivid flush dyeing her cheeks, "I've learned something else in the three years that have gone by since that evening. Can you guess what it is?"

He looked at her conscious, blushing face, his honest eyes full of puzzled wonder.

"You won't guess, Sam," she continued, "and I must tell you, if it is unmaidenly. You won't speak for yourself, and I'm tired of waiting for you. I've learned that I never loved Ralph Tremaine, never loved any one in the world but—but—you, Sam."

He bounded to his feet as if a thunder-bolt had exploded above his head, and stood for a moment stunned and silent. Then, looking down upon her, covered with confusion and blushes, the full truth burst upon him in all its wondrous joy. But he could not utter a single word in response, yet his full heart spake through his honest brown eyes. He opened his arms, and gathered her to his bosom in unspeakable content; and all the summer-world burst out into a rapturous song of rejoicing.

are. Ralph Tremaine is nothing to me—moreover, he never will be. When I was a silly child, I thought I loved him, but I found out my mistake that evening when you told me the "Bonnie Isabel" had sailed. And, Sam," she went on, a vivid flush dyeing her cheeks, "I've learned something else in the three years that have gone by since that evening. Can you guess what it is?"

He looked at her conscious, blushing face, his honest eyes full of puzzled wonder.

"You won't guess, Sam," she continued, "and I must tell you, if it is unmaidenly. You won't speak for yourself, and I'm tired of waiting for you. I've learned that I never loved Ralph Tremaine, never loved any one in the world but—but—you, Sam."

He bounded to his feet as if a thunder-bolt had exploded above his head, and stood for a moment stunned and silent. Then, looking down upon her, covered with confusion and blushes, the full truth burst upon him in all its wondrous joy. But he could not utter a single word in response, yet his full heart spake through his honest brown eyes. He opened his arms, and gathered her to his bosom in unspeakable content; and all the summer-world burst out into a rapturous song of rejoicing.

A WARNING TO JEALOUS WIVES.

Mrs. Miller, a pretty young married lady, living not far from Twenty-fourth street, has been reading "Griffith Gaunt," a story of jealousy, as everybody knows.

Now Mrs. Miller was herself not a little inclined to jealousy, though her worthy husband had never given her cause for such a feeling. "What an awful thing it would be," thought the little woman, "if my husband should go off and marry another woman, as that wicked Griffith did!" The bare thoughts of such a contingency made her feel nervous. The morning after she had finished the book, Mr. Miller started early for Philadelphia, on a matter of business, as he alleged. This the wife believed, till, in the course of the morning, she received a visit from Miss Green, an elderly young lady, who was still a maiden. Evidently something was the matter, as Miss Green indicated. After considerable questioning, she revealed the secret. She had been to the depot to see some friends off by the train, and had witnessed Mr. Miller stepping on board the cars with a pretty young lady, of whom he seemed to have charge. Excited by the story poor Mrs. Miller needed no other confirmation of her worst fears. Her husband was bent on committing bigamy, she was sure. "What would you do if you were in my place, Miss Green?" she asked with a sob. "I'd go after him and bring him back," said Miss Green, compressing her lips resolutely. Mrs. Miller felt so miserable that she felt she could not have a moment's peace till she had satisfied her doubts. She decided to follow the proffered advice. It was yet early, as Miss Green had come up directly from the depot. There was time to catch the ten o'clock train. Mrs. Miller dressed herself hastily, and, taking a Broadway omnibus, was on hand at the time. In due season she arrived at Philadelphia, and proceeded to the Continental Hotel. Here she fell in with a gentleman whom she had known before her marriage. Feeling helpless, she, with many tears, communicated her dreadful suspicions, and besought his advice. "Your husband will probably be at the theatre this evening," said Mr. B. "You had better go, and confront him with the lady." "But I can't go alone." "I will accompany you with pleasure."

Thus it was arranged. Mrs. Miller and her escort occupied seats in the dress circle. Looking anxiously about, Mrs. Miller finally discovered her husband occupying a seat not far off. But he was alone! She began to hope it was all right. But just then the husband chanced to turn round, and to his astonishment beheld the wife whom he had left at home in company with a gentleman whom he did not know. He was not inclined to be jealous, but it looked bad. He instantly made his way to his wife's seat, and, with a sternness she had never before experienced, demanded the reason of her presence. "In one word," said he, "tell me if you have deliberately become faithless to me." "I faithless!" ejaculated Mrs. Miller, horror-struck. "Yes, madam!"

"How can you dream of such a thing, Charles?"—and she was ready to cry. "Because I find you here with this man," said Charles, savagely, "when you ought to be at home." "I—I thought you had run away with another woman," explained Mrs. Miller; "I really did, Charles, and so I—I came after you." The story was told after a while, and it turned out that Mr. Miller's companion was a young lady placed in his charge by a friend. Somewhat ashamed, but very happy, Mrs. Miller transferred herself to her husband's charge, and returned the next evening, perfectly cured of her jealous imaginings.

[N. Y. Sun.]

The garden beans came from the East Indies.

THE EVIL EYE. The superstitious belief in the malignant power of the *jettatura*, or evil eye, is still held by a large proportion of the people of Italy. The Pope is one of the persons supposed to possess this fatal gift, and several of the members of his own household wear amulets to avert the dangerous influence. Thus the Italians console themselves for the harsh language of the Allocation by the thought that even this is better than his blessing. A correspondent of the London Daily News says:

"He blessed Italy in 1848, and Italy was thrashed by Austria. He blessed Ferdinand II. of Naples, and all his family at Gaeta; the King died in the greatest torments, and his family has lost everything. At Ancona he blessed three merchant vessels; they went down or were shipwrecked in their first voyage. He blessed General Lamoriciere, who lost his well-earned reputation as a soldier at Castel Fido—and Count Pimodan, who was killed there. He blessed the advocate Boggio, who was drowned at Lissa; not to mention the Empress of Mexico, and many others. This enumeration of mishaps sounds whimsical in our ears, but to Italians it conveys the conviction that Pius IX. is a *jettatore*."

A PERTINENT INQUIRY. In some gossiping article from Washington, of years ago, it is said:

"It was proposed to have the walls of the capitol decorated with an allegorical representation of the different sections of the Union. In one sketch, New England was represented by symbols of education and manufactures; the West by prairies, plows and steamers; the South by an Arcadian scene, with a negro in the midst, sleeping on a bale of cotton. Mr. Davis, who was one of the commission, made a single comment on the picture: 'What becomes of the South, when the negro wakes up?' Wonder if Davis has obtained any light on that subject?"

NEGRO SUFFRAGE AT THE CAPITAL. A Washington dispatch says that Senator Morrill, of Maine, it is understood, will, immediately on the assembling of Congress, introduce a bill to confer the privilege of suffrage upon the freedmen of the District of Columbia, and will energetically insist on an early vote. It is said to be his purpose to have this new law in full force before the next municipal election in Washington. It was Senator Morrill who introduced and carried through the bill emancipating the slaves of this District. If he presses this second proposition with the energy and persistency that characterized his efforts for the first, it is more than probable that it will be successful.

[Boston Journal.]

PURCHASE OF LOWER CALIFORNIA. This transaction took place in Washington, with the tacit consent of the government, and through the active agency of Senor Romero. It has now been formally confirmed by the Juarez government, and the title is settled beyond reasonable doubt. It is the largest purchase by private persons in modern times. It covers 46,800 square miles, extending from gulf to ocean, between the parallels of 24° 20' and 30° of north latitude.

The Round Table makes this good point

The Next Presidency. Judge Chase, Gen. Grant, Hannibal Hamlin, and Schuyler Colfax.

If Salmon P. Chase could be spared from the high position he occupies as Chief Justice of the S. J. Court of the United States, he would be, as he has been for the last ten years, our first choice for the Presidency. Our reasons for this opinion have often been given. After the death of Chief Justice Taney, the loyal sentiment of the whole country seemed to center upon Judge Chase as his successor; and President Lincoln, in obedience to the voice of the people, and in accordance with his own good judgment, made the appointment. Judge Chase, as the legally constituted head of the highest judicial tribunal in the world, has done himself the highest honor, and proved by his administration that the people and President Lincoln were not mistaken in their choice. Great judicial questions of the highest moment, involving the vital interests of the whole country, may, and probably will, come before Judge Chase's court for adjudication and settlement. Matters growing out of the war and the reconstruction question can scarcely fail to go to there, and some of these questions may be vital to the life and liberties of the country, and underlie the very foundation structure of the government. Judge Chase is just the man for his place. While he stands at the head of the Court, the loyal people of the country feel safe; to remove him to the Presidential chair would be "experimenting," so far as the office of Chief Justice is concerned; and the people, in electing Andrew Johnson Vice President, have been cured of making experiments of this kind. Another thing, if Judge Chase should be put in nomination by a National Convention, he would probably feel it his duty to resign his present place, and this would give the nomination of his successor to the miserable apology for a President who now accidentally occupies the White House.

Gen. Grant has been frequently mentioned in connection with the next Presidency. He is undoubtedly competent to fill the highest office in the gift of the people. He has earned his exalted reputation upon the battle field, and his countrymen owe him a debt of gratitude they never can repay. We believe him true and reliable upon the great political questions that now agitate the country, and we could most cheerfully support him for the Presidency. All will admit that to elect Gen. Grant President would add nothing to his high honors. He never can stand higher in the affections of the American people than he does to-day. As a great military chieftain he has no rival in the whole world. His fame is military. He has never been put to the test as a great civil officer of the government. It is a very serious question whether the American people do not owe it to Gen. Grant, as well as to themselves, to keep him at the head of our army. His military renown is the terror of the whole world, and so long as he occupies his present position other countries will be very careful that they keep out of war with this government. The single fact that Ulysses S. Grant is the great controller of military affairs in this country, that he is commander-in-chief of our armies, will do more to keep us at peace with other nations than almost anything else. We believe this to be a correct statement of the case. Future events may dictate the nomination of Gen. Grant to the Presidency, but, as at present advised, we submit whether this government can well afford to spare him from the army.

There is another name that is frequently mentioned in political circles in connection with the Presidency. That name is HANNIBAL HAMLIN, of Maine. How many thousand times has the remark been made, "O, that Hannibal Hamlin had been nominated for the Vice Presidency instead of the apostate Johnson! then should we have had a man in the Presidential chair who would have safely carried us through all our present difficulties." This is one of the best evidences in the world of the confidence of the people in the ability, integrity and patriotism of Mr. Hamlin. Mr. Hamlin has many things in his favor. To make him President would be no experiment, for he is a man that has been tried and proved. His twenty years' service in Congress and in the Vice President's chair is the best evidence upon this point. In this long severe test, no man can find a single deviation from principle. His public record is a consistent one. Every man knows Hannibal Hamlin, and just what he would do if he were President. This is a great point in his favor, and one that is essentially wanting in the political character of many of the men that now have aspirations for the Presidency. 2d, Mr. Hamlin has always, during the long period he has been in public life, been true to the great principles of freedom, as expounded in the Declaration of Independence. Although he has always been a true party man, he never has been a slave to party. His votes and speeches, both in and out of Congress, have always been invariably against the extension of slavery. He was first introduced into Congress, and supported that, and similar amendments whenever they came up for action during his whole congressional service.

champions. 3d, Mr. Hamlin is a true man to his country and his friends. His fidelity to his friends is proverbial. It shows the character of the man. When he says a thing he means it, and it can be relied upon. As a man of executive ability, Mr. Hamlin stands second to no man in the country. This may seem a broad allegation, but it is true. What post of responsibility has he ever been called to fill during his whole thirty years that he has been in public life that he has not filled with honor to himself and his country? Not one! He has always come up to the most exalted expectations of his friends. 4th, Mr. Hamlin is a statesman in the most comprehensive acceptance of the term. And his statesmanship is not chained to fossil remains of the dead past, but a great progressive principle, comprehending in its broad scope every great external interest of the whole country.

5th, Mr. Hamlin is a man of the people. He knows how to sympathize with them, and they with him. He sprung from the ranks of the people and is emphatically the author of his own fame. His popularity with the masses is unbounded. He is no proud aristocrat, "boasting of his noble birth," but always gentlemanly, kind, easily approached, and patiently listens to all. Such, in brief, are a few of the leading ideas which are directing the attention of the loyal people of the country to Hannibal Hamlin, when discussing the question of the next Presidency.

The length of this article forbids our enlarging and adding to our list a great many other reasons that could be urged in favor of the nomination of Mr. Hamlin. We shall refer to this subject again.

For the Vice Presidency we would prefer that other champion of the people, SCHUYLER COLFAX, of Indiana, the present Speaker of our National House of Representatives. He has been elected to Congress every successive term since 1854, and has enjoyed a popularity in the House second to no man who ever occupied a seat in that body. He is equally popular in his State. Such is the affection of the people of his District for their representative, that he has had no rival in the party since his first election. We have only time to say that he is a pure man, of undoubted ability, a model practical statesman. A ticket made up of the names of HANNIBAL HAMLIN and SCHUYLER COLFAX would sweep the country. The masses would rally around it with the greatest enthusiasm, and with these noble men for standard-bearers, the great Union party of the nation would proudly walk over the course, and victory everywhere perch upon its banners.

Several correspondents note the fact that Secretary Seward has had a long consultation with Thad. Stevens and with Senator Fessenden. Some surmise that he wishes to come back into the Republican party, as Raymond has done; while another opinion prevails to some extent, that he comes from Johnson, as a compromise errand. It is noticed that in entering the Senate chamber, some but Doolittle gave heed to his presence.

THE TEST OATH. It is stated that the U. S. Supreme Court has decided that the test oath required to be taken by attorneys is unconstitutional, by a vote of 5 to 4. Those in the affirmative are Davis, Clifford, Nelson, Grier and Field; in the negative, Chief Justice Chase, and Justices Swayne, Miller and Wayne. The decision has created much surprise.

We notice that A. S. Twitchell, Esq., of Bethel, has located at Gorham, N. H., where he is ready to counsel those who have trodden in crooked paths. New Hampshire must be a paradise for lawyers, since parties declare a case is long reaching judgment in that State.

HOW NEW YORK CITY IS GOVERNED, by James Parton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. This little book is the reprint of an article recently printed in the North American Review. Its exposure of the swindling schemes that are so readily pushed through in New York attracted attention at once, and resulted in the printing of a cheaper edition. The people who pay taxes will feel an interest in learning how matters are managed in this "sound democratic city," and we commend the volume to them. Price 25 cents.

ELECTION IN BOSTON. On Monday, November, Republican, was elected Mayor of the City of Boston. The city Council is claimed to be nearly all of the same stamp. Some interest is felt in this result, in some quarters, from the fact of an investigation started to have been set on foot last year, while Mr. Norcross was a member of the city government, relative to the management of the police force. Other cities in Massachusetts elected Republican Mayors on the same day.

PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE. The term of Senator Foster will expire on the Fourth of March. In view of the contingency that the Presidential office might again devolve upon the President of the Senate, that body are taking measures to elect another President, that no vacancy may occur.

The census of 1860 shows the existence of 74 newspapers in the State of Maine. The list is now reduced to 56. Besides the alarming mortality that has occurred, it is a singular fact that the management of nearly all the papers in the State has been changed within the last ten years.

Our Local Manufactures.

Probably a large number of our readers are familiar with the external appearance of the extensive tanning establishment of Messrs. Denison & Horne, at Norway Village; yet we think few are aware of the amount of business carried on, nor the wealth stored in the vats, beneath its capacious roof. It may be stated briefly as follows:

The establishment fronting on the main street is 72 feet front by 100 in the rear; 80 on the south side, and 73 on the north. On the north-west corner is a projection 28 feet square; and in the rear an ell 73 by 33—giving a total length of 145 feet back from the street. Attached, also, to this building is the boiler and engine house. On the east side is the bark house, 20x30 feet, to which is attached the Leach House and Cooling House. North of the main building, is the large Tan House, 30x40 feet, and capable of storing 200 to 300 cords of spent tan, which is the only fuel used under the furnaces of the steam boiler.

The ell is used for taking off the hair from the hides and preparing them for the vats. The engine-room is considered to be entirely fire-proof, being built up entirely of brick, and covered with an arch of masonry. The room is supplied with iron doors. The engine is an upright of 24 horse-power; the steam being utilized, after moving the engine, in heating tanks and warming the drying-rooms. In the bark-house the work of grinding is carried on. The ground bark is conveyed by elevators to a loft in the Leach House, whence it is dropped through a trap, as wanted. The Leach House contains a large circular leach vat, above which are tanks of water, heated nearly to the boiling point by steam. Here is an ingenious application of Barker's centrifugal mill, a horizontal tube, fed from a hot water vat, being made to revolve slowly by the reaction of the jets of water from its side against the air, thus constantly, yet moderately saturating the contents of the leach.

By this means the whole strength can be extracted in ten hours. The liquor flows into brick vats, securing uniform strength, where it remains until entirely cold before use. Pumps with hose convey it to the vats when wanted for use, and other pumps return the exhausted liquors to the heating tanks.

The main building covers 131 vats, which are filled with hides, in all stages of the process. As the process is not intricate, requiring rather excellence of judgment than skill in manipulation, lengthy description will not be required. The stock used is all slaughter hides, which are simply salted and rolled up when taken from the animals. After taking off the hair, these are kept in the vats about four months, when they go to the large upper room heated by steam, and are carefully dried and stuffed with oil, rolled up in packages of five skins, and sent to Boston, to be finished. The leather made is used entirely for belting, demanding the skins to be tanned whole, that a wide band may be cut from the center to secure equal stretching.

The establishment consumes twelve hundred cords of hemlock bark per year. This year the local market supplies 600 cords, and the balance comes by railroad, and nearly all from Canada. They use 120 raw hides, and of course turn out the same number of skins per week. These are sold in Boston, and will average about 35 lbs. of locking, and 6 of skirts. The full complement of hands for doing the business is about 30. It is the largest belting establishment in New England, its business amounting to \$100,000 to \$150,000 annually; and is no small item in the business of the enterprising community in which it is located.

MAINE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The Journal says that this Association will hold its next meeting at Lewiston, Jan. 17, 1867, under the direction of Prof. B. F. Baker, of Boston. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston will furnish the Orchestral Music. Messrs. Henderson, of Boston, and Ballard and Pennell, of Lewiston, will act as pianists. A large number of excellent singers have engaged to be present. There will be three concerts during the week—the day sessions being devoted to practice. Wednesday evening, Jan. 16th, there will be a miscellaneous concert; Thursday evening, Jan. 17th, there will be a brilliant Orchestral Concert by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston—the finest Orchestra in America. Friday evening's concert (Jan. 18th) will present the oratorio of the Creation.

MINING IN CANTON. We are informed that a Company has been formed, for the object of mining plumbago, in the town of Canton. The vein exists in the elevation in the north-east part of the town, known as Canton Mountain. The extent of the vein has not been very accurately ascertained, though parties interested are confident that the supply is nearly unlimited, and of good quality.

We noted last fall the sale of Mr. Marble's big heifer to Major Glibbith, of the Kennebec Arsenal, at Augusta. Maj. Glibbith writes Mr. Marble that he has just sold her calf, to a gentleman in Vassalboro', for \$50. He weighed 720 lbs., and measured 5 feet 11 inches in girth. The heifer proves to be a good milker.

The Commercial Bulletin gives the following report of the business intended to be done by the Dunn Edge Tool Co., West Waterville, this season: 2,000 dozen axes, 1,000 dozen saws, 1,000 dozen hay knives and 12,000 dozen scythes.

Supreme Judicial Court.

The December Term opened on Tuesday, Judge KENT, present. The following gentlemen were empaneled as jurors for the term:

FIRST JURY.

Abner Davis, Foreman, Bethel.
Joseph W. Barker, Fryeburg.
Harvey Berry, Hartford.
Samuel M. Brown, Brownfield.
Cyrus Bartlett, Hanover.
Azul K. Bumpas, Hebron.
Joseph L. Chapman, Andover, (excused)
Samuel G. Cushman, Somers.
Wm. E. Cushman, Oxford.
Isaac Chase, Peru.
Leander Hodgdon, Peru.
Caleb P. Holcomb, Canton.
Daniel Towle, Jr., Porter.

SECOND JURY.

Robert Skilling, Foreman, Paris.
Joseph Holman, Dixfield.
Wm. M. Jordan, Denmark.
John L. Kimball, Hiram.
Ayers Mason, Bethel.
Jos. L. Parker, Stoneham.
Barthel H. Perry, Woodstock.
Arba Thayer, Paris.
John Tucker, Norway.
Nathaniel H. Tyler, Mason.
Charles Warren, Lovell.
H. M. Waite, Mexico.

SUBSTITUTES.

Patrick H. Virgus, Randolph.
Daniel Warren, Waterford.
John Wooten, Sweden.

106. Alfre P. Wood vs. Ekanah B. Harlow. Action for trespass, to settle title to piece of land in Hebron. Verdict for defendant, settling disputed line in his favor.

M. T. Ludden, Randall & Harlow. In the case of J. K. Martin, libel vs. Josephine M. Martin, for divorce, the libellant was ordered to pay Clerk \$60, by middle of vacation, to enable her to defend.

In State vs. Harwood, one of the cases carried up from this to the U. S. Court, the County Attorney entered a *non pro.*, on payment of \$75 costs.

More Big Pigs.

ED. DEM. I slaughtered two hogs last Wednesday, 18 months old, whose united weight was 1185 1-4 lbs. besides 35 lbs. of rough fat. One had 11 pigs in May, and weighed 398 1 1/2 lbs; the other had 10 pigs in March and 10 more in August, and weighed 573 3-4 lbs.

The big pig noticed in the last week's Democrat, raised by Caleb Fuller, of Woodstock, was a pig I sold him, and a mate to mine. Yours, respectfully,

HENRY E. HAMMOND.

Backfield Pigs.

MR. EDITOR: Noticing an article in your last on large pigs, we think Backfield is ahead yet. Hon. Noah Prince slaughtered one, a few days since, about eight months old, weighing 398 1-2 lbs. R. [If our correspondent will figure a little he will see that Major Millett has the premium yet. ED. DEM.]

It was Mr. Thomas Jones Hilborn whose pig weighed 321 lbs. We had the name wrong last week.

DECEMBER WEATHER. We print the following notes as matter of interest for future reference:

- Dec. 7. Slight fall of snow in morning; but melted under the warm sun in a short time.
- Dec. 8. Warm, and pleasant in the morning; cloudy in the afternoon, with rain in the evening.
- Dec. 9. Warm and foggy—complete May weather. Ladies who wore cloaks to church last Sabbath brought out lighter garments again.
- Dec. 10. Warm in the morning. Grew cool at noon. Froze hard during the night.
- Dec. 11. Clear and pleasant all day. Air cool, but streets thawed so as to be quite soft in middle of the day.
- Dec. 12. Cool and pleasant. Surface of ground thawed somewhat.

SOCIAL LEVEE AT NORWAY. The ladies of the Congregational Society at Norway, announce a Social Levee, and Antiquarian Supper, at the church and vestry, next Wednesday evening. The young people will present the drama, "Coupon Bonds," with a variety of other entertainment, the chief portion of which will be the illustration of ancient dress and manners. The supper will be the climax of old-fashioned New England hospitality, embracing all the standards that made up good living with the well-to-do gentleman. The ladies have spared no pains in making their preparations, and will be sure to meet the expectations of all who may attend.

For the Oxford Democrat.

LEVEE AT NORWAY. The New Hall which has been erected in connection with the Universalist meeting-house in Norway Village, and which it is proposed to christen "CONCERT HALL," will be opened for the first time to the public on Christmas week, on which occasion the ladies connected with the Universalist Society will present a series of entertainments that cannot fail of yielding the largest amount of satisfaction to those who give their attendance. No pains will be spared to make this the richest thing of the kind ever given up in this vicinity, and the business of preparation is in the hands of those who thoroughly understand such matters. The Levee will be opened on Monday evening, Dec. 24th, and will be continued on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, the 25th and 26th. Tickets of admission will be twenty-five cents; and all may be sure of getting their money's worth. Bills, giving full particulars, will be issued in due season.

Per order of the Committee.

The Star learns that Gen. Selden Conner has so far improved in health, that he will be about in a short time.

HEMLOCK ISLAND BRIDGE. Work has been commenced on Hemlock Island bridge. The abutments will be laid at once, and the superstructure erected early next season.

Bethel Items.

Hon. James Walker died on Friday last. He was a member of the Legislature in 1818. He was a prominent and valuable citizen in town for many years.

Mr. James E. Ayer, who has been the efficient clerk in the Chandler House for a year past, has entered upon the duties of landlord. His knowledge of its duties and his ever attentive disposition to the wants of his guests will render him at once a popular landlord.

A Lodge of the Good Templars is organizing under flattering auspices. Its influence is needed.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL. The Sunday School connected with the M. E. Church, Bethel Hill, will have a Festival, at Patten's Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 25th. A Christmas Tree will be provided, and the children will entertain the audience with speaking and singing. They anticipate a pleasant occasion.

BETHEL, Dec. 12, 1866.

ED. DEM.: On Tuesday afternoon, as a number of persons were skating upon Rowe's meadow, in Bethel, one of their number, a young man, Chas. Freeman, ventured upon the stream near the dam and broke through in very deep water. Luckily a friend was near who was equal to the emergency. With presence of mind rarely equalled, while others were helpless through fear, a boy whirled towards the rotten ice, and throwing off his coat for a rope, succeeded in rescuing young Freeman. Meanwhile another, by the name of Wiley, in the act of coming to their assistance, had himself broken through the ice, and met with a very cold reception at the distance of two or three rods, where the current runs very swiftly. With much difficulty he succeeded in keeping himself from being carried under, until the boy hero could reach him too, which was done in the same manner as in the other case, with infinite risk, yet with the utmost intrepidity. By the courage and coolness of one, both lives were saved. The name of that one is William Hastings, of Bethel, a youth as modest in bearing as he is brave in action. May such young men be multiplied.

SINCERELY,

BOARD OF UNDERWRITERS. In compliance with the suggestion of the National Board of Underwriters, the Insurance Agents of this County have organized a County Board, as follows:

Henry Upton, Norway, President.
Alva Shortell, Jr., So. Paris, Vice Pres.
Freeland Howe, Norway, Sec'y.

A meeting was held at Norway on Wednesday of this week, to consider measures for the mutual benefit of the members.

DEATH OF DR. FANNING. Dr. J. Fanning, of Lewiston, formerly of Bethel, died at his home on Thursday of last week, at the age of 72. His illness—congestion of the lungs—was very short. Dr. Fanning was an upright and honorable man, who secured the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

Probate Court at Paris on Tuesday next. An adjourned term of the Commissioner's Court will be held the last week in December.

TEMPERANCE LEVEE. The Sons of Temperance, of Backfield, propose to hold a levee, at the Town Hall, on Thursday evening next. The usual sources of entertainment will be provided. Proceeds to be devoted to increasing the library of the Division.

ADMITTED TO THE BAR. On Tuesday, on motion of E. G. Harlow, Esq., Mr. J. F. Holman was admitted to practice as an Attorney and Counsellor, in all the Courts in this State.

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL. The members of the bar, during the present term of Court, have presented the Messenger, Mr. C. H. George, a press containing above twenty dollars, in testimony of their appreciation of his prompt services as Messenger, and the excellent care taken of the Law Library Room. This is the second compliment of the kind given Mr. George.

We learn with regret that David Lord, Esq., Representative elect from the Porter District, has been very sick for some time past. Though somewhat improved in health at present, it is feared that he will not be able to take his seat in the Legislature.

CRIMINAL COSTS. The report of the County Treasurer to the Attorney General, shows the whole amount paid on criminal bills, for the year ending November 30th, 1866, to be \$2155 50; bond of prisoners, \$274 05; Grand Jury, \$707 68—a total of \$3137 23. There has been collected in fines and costs, in the Supreme Court, \$2073 55; received from Magistrates, \$31 00—total, \$2104 55, making the net cost of criminal proceedings for the year amount to \$1032 67. Last year it was \$949 70.

The Transcript is informed that an extensive revival has been going on in North Canton and East Dixfield, resulting in about thirty conversions.

HEMLOCK ISLAND BRIDGE. Work has been commenced on Hemlock Island bridge. The abutments will be laid at once, and the superstructure erected early next season.

DISCOVERY OF SERRATT. In answer to the call of the House, the President has furnished the correspondence relative to the discovery of Serratt. The documents state that our government was informed that Serratt had arrived at Liverpool on the 30th of Sept. 1865; but that Minister Adams did not consider it desirable, with the then present evidence of identity and complicity, to apply for a warrant for his arrest. Mr. Hunter, acting Secretary of State says that in consultation with the Secretary of War and Judge Holt, it was though advisable that no action be taken at present.

Consul General Potter, at Canada, under date of Oct. 23, 1865, informs Secretary Seward that Serratt left Three Rivers some time in September for Liverpool, and adding: He was secreted at Three Rivers by a Catholic priest, with whom he lived. Minister King, at Rome, writes to Secretary Seward April 23d, 1866, that Serratt recently enlisted in the Papal Zouaves at Sezze. Mr. King's informant recognized him, and Serratt admitted he was right in his conjecture. Serratt acknowledged participation in the plot against President Lincoln's life, and declared Jeff Davis had incited or was privy to it. The informant further said that Serratt seemed to be well supplied with money, and appealed to him not to betray his secret. The informant expressed an earnest desire that if any steps were taken towards reclaiming him, (Serratt) as a criminal, he should not be known in the matter. Secretary Stanton May 10th, 1866, says the report was referred to Judge Adams to Holt, who recommended him not to prosecute without due confession verified by oath.

THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN appears this week enlarged to Thirty-Six Columns, and with a newly engraved Head-ling. It will hereafter be entitled "The Massachusetts Ploughman and New England Journal of Agriculture," in conformity with certain arrangements lately completed with the New England Agricultural Society, by which the Ploughman is hereafter to be regarded as their official organ. The Subscription list is rapidly increasing, and the publisher designs to produce an agricultural newspaper which shall fully reflect and represent the leading agricultural sentiment of New England. The price continues the same, \$2 50 per year in advance. George Noyes, Publisher, 51 and 52 North Market St., Boston.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN COLEBROOK, N. H. The beautiful village of Colebrook, in Coos county, N. H., was the scene of a terrible tragedy on Friday evening last. A young man named Taylor was shot by another young man named Horace Luther. The latter was employed as teamster by a merchant of the town, and after he had put his horse up for the night, on Friday, Taylor came into the stable and was twice fired at by Luther. One of the shots passed through his side, and the other wounded his arm. Taylor ran into the house exclaiming, "I am shot! I have been expecting it for some days, as Luther has threatened to take my life." When asked the cause he replied, "He has been dismissed by a young lady to whom I have just been engaged." After friends and relatives had been called to the wounded man, the report of a pistol was heard a short distance from the house, and on going to the spot Luther was found dead, having shot himself through the heart. It is thought that Taylor's wounds are mortal, and that he cannot long survive. [Transcript]

OXFORD NORTH QUARTERLY MEETING at East Dixfield, Dec. 25th and 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. First sermon by Rev. T. J. Sweet, Ministerial conference evening previous, at the meeting house.

PERSONAL. Major S. C. Farrington, formerly Captain of Co. F, 12th Me. Regiment, and latterly Adjutant General on the staff of General Reynolds, commanding a western department, arrived in the city to-day. [Star, Monday.]

NARROW ESCAPE. A son of J. B. Hill of the Lewiston House, while skating, Saturday morning, broke through the ice and narrowly escaped drowning. Some persons who were near by at the time, came to his rescue with boards with which they broke the ice under which he had been drawn and pulled him out. Royal beware!

FATAL ACCIDENT. The Press says Mr. Orlando Libbey, a joiner, was employed to make some repairs on the High Street Church, Monday. At night he was found dead in front of the altar. It is thought he was at work in the attic, and fell through a skylight over the pulpit, striking upon a chair, which was broken in pieces.

The British Government offer a reward of \$20,000 for Fenian Stephens, "dead or alive." He was last announced in Paris, though other reports have located him in New York, dogged by English detectives.

G. T. R. The Portland papers are taking the Grand Trunk railway in hand for its negligence in forwarding freight. It would seem, from a communication in the Press, that that city is practically ignored in the furnishing of facilities for forwarding freight. The joke of the Argus about running an opposition express line may yet prove to be no joke at all.

We learn that Rev. Smith Baker, Jr., of Orono, has received a call to labor with the Elm Street Congregational Church in Bucksport. [Whig.]

