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MISCELLANY.

THE TWO LEGACIES.

"Shall you do this thing, Marion?"
"I shall do it, Laura."
The difference between the two voices was as great as was that between the characters of the interrogator and responder.

The first was a little raised, amazement and something else pendulous between disapproval and indignation.

The other was calm, self-poised, firm. The tones left no doubt behind them. What this speaker said she would do that she would unflinchingly and absolutely.

"Well I wouldn't have believed it, Marion. You will do the most foolish thing of your life, and one you will most certainly live to regret. Every sensible person in the world must admit that."

"I can only speak for myself, Laura. I have acted in this matter in accordance with my honest and dearest convictions of which was right. I have done my duty so far as I could see it. It has cost me a great deal of struggle, but that was no reason that I should not make the sacrifice if it was right."

"If it was right. I do not see it in the light you do."

"And I cannot see it in any other. You know, Laura, that our Uncle Gerald had no right to this land, however the law might award it to him. He has the right of the dead to gentle judgment, but alas, the truth stands strong against him; this money which he left us in his will was obtained by fraud and wrong; and if he had dealt fairly and justly by the man who trusted his fortune in our uncle's hands, we should never have received the property he left us in his will. And I do not want the wages of iniquity. They would burn in my thoughts; and they would rust in my soul. Ever since I have known the truth the thought of that five thousand dollars has lain like a dead weight upon me. I felt that I had no right to retain it—that in so doing I was robbing the widow and the fatherless."

"Marion!"

"That is the truth, Laura. You know Uncle Gerald did not get his land honestly of Edward Nichols; that he took advantage of his circumstances and illness, to wrest it from him, and though he managed to keep the law on his side the deed was one of most shameful wrong."

"Perhaps so; but then we are not responsible for Uncle Gerald's doings. Who ever heard of heirs refusing to accept their right property because the owners thereof had not always obtained it in the most righteous manner. I fancy if everybody was to set to work after your code to explore their inheritances there'd be precious little comfort in owning property. Your plan's utopian, Marion—common sense contradicts it."

"Right and justice do not, Laura; and as I have said, I have made up my mind to do it."

"And you will give up the whole?"

"The whole."

"Any that month at Saratoga—that journey to the White Mountains, and that tour among the lakes?" persisted Laura Jennings.

"Yes, I must give up those and something more; the little nest of a gray cottage I had intended to build just beyond the grove of cedars for mother and Harry and me. That was the fairest vision in the perspective of my own future."

"You are a foolish girl, Marion."

"Well, with a little faint smile touched with sweetness. 'I have sought to know the truth and do it.'"

"For my part I shall not sacrifice myself to any such squeamish notions of right. As I understand it, this land is mine, bequeathed to me by my uncle's will, whose property it was according to law, no matter how he gets it. So it's my right, and I am going to keep it, and have some nice times out of it too," playing with her parasol.

"And won't you envy me this summer, when you think of the delightful life I am leading at Saratoga, Newport, in Canada, and on the lakes?"

"I probably shall," said Marion.

The conversation transpired in the parlor of a large pleasant old-fashioned homestead in a village somewhere in the heart of Massachusetts.

It was late in May, and the windows were opened, and the rose-briars ruffled with leaves and strong tides with buds that were prophecies of bloom.

The birds filled the air with the joy of their singing, and the sunshine poured its golden tides through the large, old-fashioned parlor, which gathered up two-thirds of a century in its silent memories.

These girls of whom I write did not vary six months in their ages—both were a little beyond their twenties; both, although not beautiful, had fair and interesting faces; both were fatherless, the daughters of widows, whose very limited means demanded the strictest economy in all household and

personal expenditures; the social position of both the young ladies was the best the sleepy old country town afforded, and at considerable sacrifices the mothers of both had given their daughters the best of educations.

But the quality of the two girls differed absolutely. Laura was bright, sparkling, intelligent; but self-indulgence lay at the roots of her life. No heroic impulse ever thrilled her into lofty aim or purpose, no high affections ever inspired, no sacrifices ever consecrated her life. It was wholly of the earth, earthy; yet writing the words they seem severe and harsh of one who was usually so pleasant and agreeable a companion, who had no glaring faults of temper or character, and who was, as I said, a general favorite with those who knew her.

There she sat on the old-fashioned sofa, in the blossoming of her years with the pretty straw hat shading the fair face with its bloom of lip and cheek, with the brightness of its eyes and hair, little suspecting the real depth and meaning of the sentiments she was speaking, or how they would work out their own true witnesses. A little way from her by the window sat the cousin and hostess, with her sweet, delicate face, about which lay the dark, shining hair, the blue eyes full of light and tender meanings, and the lips sometimes set in earnest thought, sometimes sweet and tremulous as a little child's.

To both of these girls' lives came not long ago a great surprise. Their mothers' brother, a childless widower, died somewhat suddenly, and left each of his nieces some building lots which had lately come into his possession. The land was valued at ten thousand dollars, and half of this seemed a large fortune to each of the girls.

The imagination of both did flame and flower about their unexpected legacies; what visions of new life and experiences rose above the golden perspective of their future.

But Marion's dreams were not all for herself. The little cottage lifted itself like a small gray nest by the grove of cedar cedars; for the homestead where her mother had first seen the light was growing old, and was now too large for the small family it sheltered, and so Marion had resolved to gather them all into a little home cottage.

But one day, no matter how, suffice it the facts did not admit of a shadow of doubt, the cousins learned that their uncle had not obtained this land which he bequeathed the children honestly.

It is true he had a legal claim to it, for he was a shrewd, hard, grasping man whose soul was rusted with the love of gain, and he would be certain never to claim anything to which the letter of the law did not entitle him; but the man had gotten possession of this land by taking unfair advantage of another who had believed in him, and was in his power. And this man had died insolvent a year afterward leaving the broken-hearted wife with her boy and baby girl helpless, penniless, desolate, and he had affirmed on his dying bed to his friends who disarmed this fact to the niece of Gerald Douglass, that his financial ruin never would have been consummated had not the old man taken advantage of his necessity.

From that hour Marion had felt that the legacy was not the longer hers. I admit she had not come to the fixed purpose of resigning it without many struggles, prayers and tears.

It was hard certainly, to give up all the fair visions in which her hopes had draped the coming summer; her heart of all to resign the little gray cottage which had shown out temptingly from among the cedars.

But ever before her had arisen the vision of the broken-hearted wife and her fair-haired, fatherless children; and the soul of Marion was tender, and her sense of justice keen and strong, and at last she rose and said: "I will have nothing to do with the wages of iniquity;" and so she had gotten the victory.

Mrs. Lynch did not influence her daughter against her convictions in this matter. She was a Christian woman.

"Oh, I cannot give up my child—my child and Edward's. It would kill me!" said the poor young mother in a voice as writhing in some sudden pain. A young, pale, pretty woman she was, little fitted to go out alone into the storms of the cold world. You saw that in the very attitude of the delicate, almost fragile figure, in the faded face; a gentle, refined woman, one who would be a clinging, loving housewife and mother.

She was seated in a small but pleasant front chamber, where she had boarded with a friend since her husband's death, intending to make some plans for her future and her children's, and looking out into the great, loud, busy world, with her pale wistful, shuddering face. Two sweet children, a bright-faced boy of four, and a little golden-haired curly faced of two were playing on the floor.

The friend, who for love and pity's sake

had received the widow and orphans into her family at a merely nominal sum, had just proposed to Mrs. Nichols that her boy should become an inmate of the Children's Home. She did this with great reluctance, and in tender sympathy for the mother; but for all that her words were a terrible blow striking into the heart-core of Ellen Nichols.

"I know it is very hard, my dear," continued the kind friend in her half-apologetic half-persuasive voice. But if you can consent to be separated from the child you may be assured that he will be perfectly comfortable, that he will have kind care, and—"

Mrs. Nichols put up her hands with a deprecating gesture.

"Don't, don't, Mary! Your words stab me. It would kill me to give up my boy! To think of going all through the day hungering after a sight of his dear little face, after a sound of his merry voice. And to think of him sitting all alone among those strange children, with heart heavy and sick for his mother—his mother who couldn't steal up softly every night to his little crib, and watch him smiling in his dreams, and thank God that her poor fatherless boy was happy after all. No, no, Mary. Anything but that. I will work early and late for my daily bread, with hands so little used to it. I will live on crust—there's nothing in the world so humble or mean that I will not do—only don't take my children from me."

Mrs. Nichols' friend had no heart to urge the matter further, so she only added, with tears:

"You know, Ellen, I never would have suggested this, only I could not see what was to become of yourself and your children."

"I know it, Mary. That thought haunts me by night and by day. And sometimes it seems as though it must drive me mad. Oh, if Edward were alive—poor Edward, he feared what was coming in his dying hours. I wonder how that old man can sleep in his grave?"

"What man?" For Mrs. Nichols' eyes had a sudden wildness in them that was almost fierce, and in her voice she had come out of sobbing into a kind of frozen steadiness.

"That man—when else should I mean—but Gerald Douglass, that man who so wronged the dead and the living. If it had not been for the imposition he practised, the advantage he took of Edward, my fatherless children would not now be thrown with their helpless mother, upon the world. It seems to me that our sorrows must cry down into his grave a curse. Poor woman! in her anguish she did not know what she was saying."

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and a domestic entered with a letter for Mrs. Nichols.

The bold hand was a stranger's; and the lady opened it with a vague hope and fear. She ran over the contents, and then held it towards her friend, her face shining with great light behind its tears for joy.

"Is it true, is it true, Mary?"

The letter was brief and business-like, from one of the executors of Gerald Douglass' will, stating that his niece had resigned her share in the lands which the deceased had bequeathed her, in favor of Mrs. Nichols, whom she had never seen, but who she believed had the best right to them; and the lady was at liberty to take immediate possession of the property. Which if sold would bring her about five thousand dollars.

"Yes, it is true."

"And I can keep the children," sobbed the happy mother. "We'll go away off into the country, and rent a little nest of a cottage; and the interest will support us; you've no idea how economical I'll be there, Mary, and do all my own work; and oh! what a happy home I shall have. What a happy mother I shall be. And for this girl, to whom we shall owe every hint; I will beseech God day and night or her, save, and teach my children to name her in every prayer; and the widow and orphan shall bring down blessings on her head."

Not long afterward Marion Lynch heard this story with tears of grateful joy that God had given her grace to do so good a deed in this world. Six months after the conversation with which our story commences, the cousins sat alone together in the parlor.

Laura Jennings had been giving her cousin's most brilliant description of the charming time she had at Newport and Saratoga, and concluded her lively recital with an interrogation.

"Don't you wish you had been with me, Marion?"

"I should have enjoyed it intensely, no doubt."

"And don't you regret now, my dear, that refined conscientiousness that made you resign the property our Uncle Gerald gave you?"

The face of the pale young mother, and the sweet children rose and stood in a vision before Marion Lynch. "Oh, no, not even for a moment, Laura," she answered, her face thrilling into a new light with some feeling behind it.

"And you would do the same thing over again if you were to go back to that time?" persisted the astonished and incredulous cousin.

"I would do the very same thing right over again."

"Well, Marion, I must say that you are a mystery to me."

And Marion's reward was one that her cousin knew not of.

THE BIBLE. Some writers give the following analysis of the Book of books, the Bible:

"It is a book of laws, it shows the right and wrong. It is a book of wisdom, that makes the foolish wise. It is a book of truth, which detects all human errors. It is the book of life, and shows how to avoid everlasting death. It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published. It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurrences. It is a code of laws. It is a perfect body of divinity. It is an unequalled narrative. It is a book of biography. It is a book of travels. It is a book of voyages. It is a book of the best covenant ever made—the best deed ever written. It is the best will ever executed, the best Testament ever signed. It is the young man's best companion. It is the schoolboy's instructor. It is the learned man's masterpiece. It is the ignorant man's authority, and every man's directory."

What is NOT CHARITY. It is not charity to give a penny to the street mendicant of whom nothing is known, while we haggle with a poor man out of employment for a miserable dime. It is not charity to beat down a seamstress to starvation price; to let her sit in her wet clothes sewing all day; to deduct from her pitiful remuneration if the storm delays her prompt arrival. It is not charity to take a poor relative into your family and make her a slave to all your whims, and taunt her continually with her dependent situation. It is not charity to turn a man who is out of work into the streets with his family because he cannot pay his rent. It is not charity to exact the utmost farthing from the widow and orphan. It is not charity to give with a supercilious air and patronage, as if God had made you, the rich man, of different blood from the shivering recipient, whose only crime is that he is poor. It is not charity to be an extortioner—not though you bestow your alms by thousands.

How COAL WAS DISCOVERED IN PENNSYLVANIA. It chanced one day that in constructing a lime kiln Col. George Shoemaker, who lived on the Schuylkill river, used some of the black stones that were lying about the place. "Mine Got! mine Got! der sthones peell on fire!" exclaimed the astonished Dutchman, when the rich glow of the ignited anthracite met his gaze. The neighbors, who, of course, were few and far between, were, after much ado, assembled to witness the marvel. This happened in 1812. Shortly after mine host loaded a Pennsylvania team with the black stones and journeyed slowly to Philadelphia, a distance of ninety-three miles. There unforeseen difficulties were presented. The grates and stoves then in use were not constructed to facilitate the combustion of anthracite, and burn it would not. After many ineffectual efforts to ignite the product it was thrown aside as worthless, and our discomfited German, who had beguiled his tedious way to the metropolis with dreams of income, returned to digest his disappointment in his mountain solitude.

COST OF CASHMERE SHAWLS. An English paper states that the best Cashmere shawls, the long shawls with purple ground, crimson, purple, blue, green or yellow—green are best—never cost less than £155 a pair, and are never sold singly. The next kind, or square shawls, much more frequently imported into Europe, are either loom-worked or needle-worked being the more original, and they cost from £30 to £50 in the Punjab, without freight or interest or profit to the importer—little facts which we commend to the attention of women who think they can buy the best Cashmere at £15 or even £10 a shawl. What they do buy is either an imitation which was never in India at all, or a Delhi shawl, very good in its way, but no more approaching a Cashmere shawl in beauty than in durability. A man might lie on his back in a black Cashmere for twenty years, and it would be as perfect as on the first day, while every imitation whatsoever will die out.

An exchange says that "brilliant envelopes so extensively advertised for sale, mean simply night gowns."

BREVITIES.

The higher the wood the higher the polish.

Vain glory is a flower which never comes to fruit.

Experience and wisdom are the two best fortune tellers.

It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time kills beauty.

Prayers and provender never hinder any man's journey.

Words are but poor fig-leaves to cover the nakedness of deeds.

If crying were pain, we should have great grief in every house.

One man cries, "There's a well;" another quietly puts a pump into it.

The envious lose the enjoyment of life by the discontent they feel at what others enjoy.

With the exception perhaps of anger, fear is the most injurious of the human passions.

The high minded and the low-minded came in contact without mixing, like oil and water.

The dialect of young ladies divides all things into two classes—the horrible and the splendid.

The covetous man makes a half-penny of a farthing; and a liberal man makes a sixpence of it.

Of all earth-music that which reaches furthest into Heaven, is the beating of a loving heart.

A CRIMSON DINNER PARTY. About two weeks ago, delicate pink cards, to the number of twenty or more, were issued to announce that a "Crimson Dinner Party" would be given by one of our most fashionable and wealthy ladies, residing on Murray Hill, whose name we are not at liberty to mention. This novel announcement created much talk and gossip in society, and many very amusing conjectures were made as to what sort of an entertainment it could possibly be. One young lady thought it was intended that all the guests should appear attired entirely in crimson costume; another that rare beef and tomatoes would be the principal dishes; while an old dowager was positive that claret would be the only wine on the table, as she recollected once having attended a similar entertainment, given by her "brother's nephew," as she was in the habit of calling her relative. Many were the guesses as to the import of the three words, and, in consequence, several crimson silk dresses were purchased and worn on the occasion. Those favored with invitations were naturally on the qui vive until the event transpired, as it did, with much éclat, on Wednesday evening last. It seems that the hostess conceived the idea of giving something new—something that would be talked about—in a word, "a nine days' wonder;" and she succeeded admirably for a more unique and elegant affair never was given in this city. It was literally a "crimson dinner party." Everything was crimson; the table-cloth had a crimson border, a foot deep, with bordered napkins to match, and all the plates, dishes, bowls, coffee cups, fruit standards, finger plates, etc., were of crimson glass or china. The dinner was served in the most elegant style, and the dishes were placed on crimson silk mats, with gold fringe—the silver on the table being valued at ten thousand dollars. The dining room was hung with rich crimson silk, and beside the plate of each guest was placed a beautifully choice bouquet of crimson flowers—the waiters wearing crimson cloth coats—a *l'australe*. After having sat for four hours at the table, the ladies withdrew to the drawing-rooms and left the gentlemen to their wine and cigars. Some of the gentlemen, then, seemed to imagine they must keep up the feature of the entertainment, and accordingly drank considerably "red wine" and soon their faces became flushed to a crimson color. The guests separated at a late hour, having passed a most enjoyable evening.

[Home Journal.]

A CALIFORNIA STORY tells of a man who resolved to quit drinking and went to a notary to get him to draw up an affidavit to that effect. The document was drawn, read and approved; the party held up his hand and murmured the usual "help me."

It was properly sealed and delivered. "What's to pay?" asked the pledger. "To pay—to pay," exclaimed the party; "nothing, of course—this is a labor of love."

"Nothing to pay?" returned the grateful but very forgetful affiant. "You're a brick. Let's go and take a drink." The smile died from off the face of the notary, and he pointed with a look of awful meaning to the lately affixed signature of his inviter.

That forgetful individual appeared conscience-stricken, humbly apologized and left the office.

Senator Wilson Stumping down South.

Some twenty years ago, the notorious Senator Foote told John P. Hale in the U. S. Senate, that if he went to Mississippi and said anything against the "peculiar institutions," they would hang him on the first tree. We recollect, since that time, of hearing another member of the chivalry in that body make a similar threat against Senator Wilson. In fact, denunciations of this kind, up to the time of the rebellion, have often been hurled at northern men in both Houses of Congress. Men from the free States, traveling South on business, who said nothing against slavery, upon mere suspicion, have been in years past set upon by drunken, howling mobs,—publicly whipped, beaten, tarred and feathered, and hung, by the chivalry. Brutal murders of this kind for years, were no uncommon occurrence in the slave States. The truth was—the old flag was no islet of a protection to an American citizen from the north, traveling south, and unless he laid off his manhood, advocated the villainies of slavery, his life was in continual danger there.

Our attention has been directed to this subject from reading the published accounts of what is transpiring in Virginia, North Carolina and other southern States. Senator Wilson has recently been traveling in these States, making out and in republishing can speeches to the masses—in which he boldly advocates the most radical anti-rebel doctrines. Instead of being met by vigilance committees, mobbed, and hung, he has every where been treated with the greatest respect; more than this, he has been publicly invited by committees, representing some of the F. E. V.'s, to address the people; and in North Carolina he is received by cavalades of citizens, well coming him to the land of old Rip Van-winkle. Thank God, the despotism of former years has been conquered. We have now a common country, free from the tyranny of a slave cursed despotism. Senator Wilson's visit to the south is but the inauguration of free discussion in a part of our country hitherto ruled by the aristocratic hand of a detestable slave oligarchy.

Judge Kelly, M. C. from Philadelphia, and other distinguished radical republican orators are to follow Gen. Wilson; and the people of the rebel States are to be for the first time in their history, enlightened from the "stump," upon the great doctrines of freedom and liberty. This is really one of the grandest movements of the day; and it will do more to bring about a right, practical "reconstruction" in the rebel States, than any other step that has been taken in that direction. It is just the thing. In these gatherings the blacks as well as the whites, listen to what is said. For the first time in their lives, the masses listen to true republican doctrines. Gen. Wilson is "taking the bull by the horns," when he tells the blacks to vote the radical republican ticket. Southern men are invited to speak from the same stump, and they do it. Some of them take issue with the General and warn the blacks not to follow his advice. This is just what we like to see—free discussion—and then let all freely act for themselves. The idea entertained by some, that the negroes will vote with and for their old masters—the men who have whipped, starved, and cheated them all their days, and until they have been compelled to respect their rights, is all moonshine. The blacks know better than that. They will go in a body for the radical republican ticket whenever they are permitted to go to the ballot box as freemen. Let the great radical union party of the country carry out the work so well begun—stump the south all over, and the work is done.

THE TRIAL OF DAVIS. Chief Justice Chase, it is reported, positively declines to preside at the coming term of the U. S. Circuit Court at Richmond, on the ground that the civil law in that State is dependent upon the military power. He also has refused to issue a writ of habeas corpus, in the case. This action is a serious cause of perplexity to the friends of the traitor. They applied to Judge Underwood, who granted a writ which is returnable before the Circuit Court at Richmond next Monday, but they now fear that if he is surrendered by the military at Fortress Monroe to the civil officers and taken to Richmond, Judge Underwood may refuse either to try him or liberate him on bail, and may commit him to prison to await his trial. In this case, the President could not release him, as it is understood he is pledged to do if the case is not disposed of at the present term of court; and the question now is whether he shall be thus placed in the power of Judge Underwood, whose Radical political opinions are well known.

UNION STATE COMMITTEE. At a meeting of the Union State Committee, held at Augusta yesterday, Hon. J. G. Blaine was chosen Chairman, and Edward S. Standwood, Esq., of Augusta, Secretary. It was voted that the next Union State Convention should be held at Augusta, Thursday, June 27th.

The Star says that in old times the Second Parish sexton used to blow a tin-horn to call the people to meeting Sundays. Later they adopted the expedient of hoisting a flag upon the steeple of the church at a stated interval before the service was to commence.

Taxing Banks.

We have carefully read the opinion of the Court—the able review of that opinion by Hon. E. E. Bouane, and Judge Dickerson's dissenting opinion, upon the right of towns to tax Bank stock in the town where the stockholders reside. With all due deference to the conceded legal ability of the Judges who subscribed to that opinion, we are inclined to the belief that nine out of ten of the men of intelligence and good judgment who read these several papers, will say that the Court is wrong and Judge Dickerson right. The Court are very careful not to give many reasons for its conclusions, for had it done this, and given the subject an exhaustive examination, it must have argued itself into a different result. In fact, the opinion of the Court carries strong evidence upon its face, that the Judges never gave the subject any thing like a careful examination. Whether right or wrong, this decision operates very unjustly upon a large number of the people of the State; and we very seriously doubt whether the Supreme Court of Maine ever before gave an opinion embodying greater practical errors, or one conveying with it more disastrous results. By this decision, all Bank stocks wherever owned, are to be taxed in the city or town where the Bank is located. This is robbing all the rural districts to enrich the cities and large wealthy towns where these institutions are established. Take a single case, related to us a few days since. A citizen of Gray, last year, paid his proportion of a tax in that town which nearly extinguished their entire war debt. The tax of course was enormous. He owns \$3000 Bank stock in Portland. What is the effect of the opinion upon him? This year, if his Bank stock was taxed in Gray, his tax of course would be comparatively light—having last year contributed largely for the purposes before named upon this same valuation. Under the decision of the Court he is compelled this year to pay a tax on his \$3000 in the city of Portland, and more than double the amount he would have had to pay had he been taxed in Gray. We have no Bank in Oxford County. By the decision of the Court every dollar of Bank stock owned in the County is carried out for the purposes of taxation, and all localities get the benefit of it. So it is all over the State. The small towns and back counties which are burdened and loaded down with debt and taxation for money borrowed during the war, are robbed of every dollar of Bank stock held by their resident citizens—and the large and wealthy cities and towns get the benefit of it. Can any thing be more unjust and unequal? The Legislature last winter passed an act providing that all National Bank stock should be taxed as Bank stock before, in the town where the stockholder resides. The Court in its great wisdom, decide that the Legislature had no right to pass such an act—because it contravened the Law of Congress establishing these institutions. Widows and orphans, and poor men, holding Bank stock in the country, will under this opinion, be compelled to pay a tax to the city nabobs and millionaires of the metropolis. There is one thing the Court might do. It can reverse its decision in the case and concur with Judge Dickerson in his dissenting opinion. This would be ten times more manly than it will be to stick to its errors, and thus perpetuate the great wrongs done the people of the State. It would not be the first time a Law Court has annulled its own opinions, and the sooner our present Supreme Court abandons its absurd dictum upon this question, the better it will be for them and the people of the State.

ONE MORE. A Bethel Correspondent, says Mr. Ebenezer Richardson, of Bethel aged 80 years, has, the past winter, saved and split wood for three fires, his sons being away in the woods, although lame and obliged to use a crutch and cane, and able to apply only one hand to his saw. He has always been industrious, though afflicted with lameness for 40 years.

A Fall. In Lovell, Saturday last a Mr. Dorgan left his horse unhitched, near Locke's Mill, in that village, and near by a shell of earth where the sand had been washed out underneath to the depth of some seventeen feet. Hisson stepped upon this shell, and went down, breaking loose from the wagon; and was at last extricated by tackle rigged, and leg-tied, not injured but much soiled.

MANUFACTURING IMPROVEMENTS. The Lewiston Journal says the new Androscoggin Mill starting up, together with improvements and additions in the old mill, increase the capacity of this Company's mills about 25 per cent and will give employment to about 2000 additional operatives. The additions to the Lincoln Mill increase the spindles from 5000 to 10,000, and the operatives from 125 to 300. The extension of the Bates and also of the Hill Mill increases the capacity of each. The same is true of the Lewiston Mills.

Dr. Blackburn, who attempted to introduce clothing infected with yellow fever, into our lines in the war, wants to return and take his trial before a rebel jury in Kentucky. The Attorney General answers him that he has no power to grant his request.

A few days since, the carpenters in the shipyard of Mr. Sylvester Hardy, at Salford, Mass., were cutting up a large stick of white oak timber, they found a full grown and well preserved owl deeply imbedded in the wood. [Press]

The Work Goes bravely on.

The friends of humanity can but rejoice, at the grand spring of the people all over the country, to put down the rum rebellion. Almost every where, the hosts of the Lord are rallying their forces, against the demon of intemperance. In Androscoggin County, at the court now in session, sixty indictments were found against the rum sellers; this shows that the people are in earnest about the matter. The friends of this glorious cause are at work in other localities besides Androscoggin. In Augusta, the capital of the state, where the rum lodes during the war were scattered all over the city, from the big hotels, down to the dirtiest Irish shanty; into many of which they used to entice our soldier boys, drag them with their villainous compounds, then rob them of their money. The people are moving and the rum sellers are trembling. From every direction we hear the glad tidings, that the men and women are determined to shut up the grog shops. In this "grand march to the sea," there will be some hard fighting, there will be a good deal of howling in the rum sellers' camp for their atrocious culprits will not give up their scurvy business without a severe struggle. Then again we shall find some feeble knered, tender footed, weak backed temperance men, who will skulk and hide when the battle rages the hardest. Now and then we shall find a elder deacon and a wine sipping minister, who join the rum rowdies in testifying as they did, against prohibition and in favour of licence. But there is but one way to conquer the enemy, fight him wherever you find him, whether dressed in broadcloth or rags, whether in the pulpit or the forum. In every direction, we see the grand old temperance flag fluttering in the breezes of heaven, we hear the shouts of the temperance legions, as they in successive lines charge upon the common enemy. It is not "the army of Virginia," or the "army of the Tennessee" it is the grand temperance phalanx of the whole country "marching on" to victory, over the worst enemy that ever made war upon a common humanity.

STRANGE FREAK OF LIGHTNING. On Monday evening last, during the thunder shower, Henry Brady, son of Capt. John Brady, while passing through Pickman St., was prostrated by a thunderbolt for some fifteen or twenty minutes. At the time he had a wooden umbrella in his hand, which was completely riddled and thrown to the opposite side of the street, the breast of his coat was somewhat torn, and the wristband of his flannel shirt hung out by a shred, while the sleeve was partly torn open. What is more strange, on the shoes which he wore were steel buckles, apparently untouched, while the tops of his stockings were literally unravelled. The young man was not injured in the least, only experiencing, on the following day, a little numbness in one of his hands. All he remembers of the affair is that he saw a large ball of fire when he reached the store of Messrs. E. A. & D. T. Smith, where he was employed, and whether he directed his steps as soon as he recovered sufficiently to regain his feet, he jokingly asked them if they ever saw an umbrella struck by lightning, when, to his surprise, his attention was called to the appearance of his garments, and he for the first time realized what a providential escape was his. [Salem Register.]

FIRE EXTINGUISHER. Several reports have come under our notice, of a fire extinguisher that seems to be a very desirable thing for use in all localities, where fire engines and abundance of water cannot be had. The Philadelphia Inquirer has the following report of some trials recently made in that city:

"Tar barrels were set on fire and when in full blaze, the extinguisher was brought to bear upon them and the fire was instantaneously suppressed. A wooden building about ten feet high, and about ten by twelve feet in length and breadth, well saturated with coal oil, was then set on fire. The extinguisher was applied after the house was in full blaze, and in three minutes it was entirely extinguished. The extinguisher consists of a sheet-iron can of a capacity of five to ten gallons. It contains ingredients that generate a gas that will effectually extinguish any fire or flame. A rubber pipe is attached to the can and a small nozzle. By turning a cock the gas is ejected a distance of thirty or forty feet, and in quantity to extinguish a large fire.

The apparatus may be carried on one's shoulders and may be readily carried from place to place."

The total value of foreign exports for the last week amounts to \$265,300.74—including in the shipments were 17,851 sugar box shooks, 500 shooks and heads, 500 pairs headings, 2,626 empty casks, 111-362 feet lumber, 19,337 bushels oats, 20-318 bushels peas, 211 bushels barley, 60 bushels wheat, 1,499 barrels oat meal, 8-869 barrels flour, 360 barrels rye flour, 15 barrels oysters, 60 boxes tobacco, 128-987 lbs. bacon, 66 boxes do., 12,890 lbs. lard, 152 packages butter, 29,790 lbs. beef, 57,220 lbs. ashes, 10,500 pounds, 76,234 lbs. extract hark, 7,792 lbs. wool, 25 packages sundries, 4 casks lard, 19 bundles shovels, 3 cases hardware, 1 box books, 2 cases skates, 119 barrels oil, 2 locomotives. [Price Current.]

THE LEWISTONIAN. Messrs. J. B. Ham & Co., commission merchants of Lewiston, have issued a small and neat paper, designed especially to advertise their own business. The paper contains quite a large amount of statistical matter and interesting facts in the local history of that thriving place.

Academy Lectures.

The fourth lecture of the course now being delivered by Mr. Vose, was given at the Academy upon Thursday evening last. The main points examined were the Glacial theory, advocated by Prof. Agassiz, and the Iceberg theory maintained by Dr. Hitchcock. The lecture referred to the great glaciers existing at the polar regions; to the vast accumulations of icebergs, which are only the fragments of the present arctic glaciers; to the various oceanic currents, by which a constant circulation of water is kept up from the equatorial to the polar regions and back again from the poles to the equator; and to the glaciers now existing at Tierra del Fuego; and to many points in detail, some of which support the Glacial theory and others which are opposed to it, and some of which support the Iceberg theory and others opposed to that. The questions as to the amount of cold needed to bring on the glacial epoch, and as to the manner in which it occurred—whether suddenly or gradually, were also discussed, and much detail bearing thereon was presented. The lecture was listened to by a large and attentive audience. The fifth and last lecture of the course will be given this evening at 7-12 o'clock.

MR. SUMNER ON SECESSION IN THE STATES. Hon. Charles Sumner has written a letter to the editor of the Independent in regard to the establishment of impartial suffrage in all the States of the Union. He maintains that this ought to be done before the next Presidential election; that the progress of constitutional amendment is too dilatory, and that of separate State action is still worse; besides, the question is really of national import. He proceeds to give his own views as follows:

"There is another way, which is at once prompt, energetic, and comprehensive. It is by act of Congress, adopted by a majority of two thirds in spite of Presidential veto. The time has past when this power can be questioned. Congress has already exercised it in the rebel States. I do not forget its limitations. Only a year ago, when I insisted that it must do so, and introduced a bill to this effect, I was answered that a Constitutional amendment was needed, and I was voted down. A change came, and in a happy moment Congress exercised the power. What patriot questions it now? But the power is unquestionable in the other States also. It concerns the rights of citizenship, and this subject is so essentially national as the army or the navy.

Even without either of the recent Constitutional Amendments, I am at a loss to understand how a denial of the elective franchise, simply on account of color, can be otherwise than unconstitutional. I cannot see how, under a national Constitution which does not contain the word 'white' or 'black,' there can be any exclusion on account of color. There is no such exclusion in the Constitution. Out of what text is this abominable pretension derived? But, putting aside this question, which will be cleared to the farthest of the next generation, let us ask, I venture the authoritative words of the Constitution, making it our duty to guarantee a republican form of government in the States. Shall the greatest victory of the war, to which all other victories, whether in Congress or on the bloody field, were only tributary, was the definition of a republican government according to the principles of the Declaration of Independence. A government which denies the elective franchise on account of color, or, in other words, sets up any 'qualifications' of voters in their nature insurmountable, cannot be republican; for the first principle in a republican government is equality of rights, according to the principles of the Declaration of Independence. And this definition, I insist, is the crowning result of that war which beat down the rebellion under its feet. It only remains for Congress to enforce it by appropriate legislation.

But there are two recent Constitutional Amendments, each of which furnishes ample and cumulative power. There is, first, the amendment abolishing Slavery, with its clause referring on Congress the power to enforce it by appropriate legislation on the principle of 'which Congress has already passed the Civil Rights act, which is applicable to the North as well as to the South. Clearly, and more obviously, beyond all question, if it can pass a Civil Rights act, it can also pass a Political Rights act; for each is appropriate to enforce the abolition of Slavery and to complete this work. Without it the work is only half done.

There is yet another amendment, recently adopted by three fourths of the loyal States, which is itself an abundant source of power. After declaring that all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are 'citizens,' this amendment proceeds to provide that 'no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States,' and Congress is empowered to enforce this provision by appropriate legislation. Nothing can be plainer than this.

Here, then, are three different fountains of power in the Constitution itself, each sufficient; the three together three times sufficient; each culminating and overflowing, the three together three times exuberant and overflowing. How, in the face of these provisions any person can doubt the power of Congress I cannot understand. But alas! there are doubters everywhere.

I have already sent you a copy of my bill to settle this question by what I call the 'shut out' bill. Give us your vote. Of course you will.

Believe me, my dear sir, very faithfully, yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

HEMLOCK ISLAND BRIDGE. The Company at present engaged in building the bridge across the Androscoggin River at Hemlock Island, six miles below Bethel Hill, have recently contracted all of the work remaining to be done, upon the most favorable terms. The bridge is to be open for traffic early next fall; and will prove a great convenience to the residents beyond the Androscoggin, and a good investment for the company. The piers were completed early this spring, and are of great strength and so formed and located as to offer the least resistance to floating ice and logs. The company deserve great credit for the energetic manner in which they have proceeded towards supplying a need so long felt by the community.

Bryant's Pond Items.

There has been quite a number of business changes in this village this spring. Jeremiah Bartlett and Son, formerly of Locke's Mills, have leased the store formerly occupied by Joseph Pray, and have put in a heavy stock of goods. Lyman Bolger has moved from the Pearlman store into the store formerly occupied by C. P. Knight—Mr. Knight having moved to Lewiston. Geo. W. Bryant has sold out his interest in the corner grocery to D. P. Bowler, and the business there is now carried on by Jacobus & Bowler.

The series of Temperance meetings in this place have resulted in awakening a good interest on the subject, and many have signed the pledge. The lecture on Friday of this week will be delivered by Rev. E. W. Coffin, who has commenced his labors with the Universalist Society, and has moved into the parsonage recently purchased and fitted up for him.

True & Whitman are getting off some nice work in the carriage line from their respective shops.

Rev. T. J. Sweet, pastor of the Baptist church, has been obliged to move his family to Mechanic Falls, being unable to procure rent here. A few dwelling houses are very much needed and would pay well.

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Norway Items.

The new Brick Store of Messrs. Higgins & Crooker is progressing rapidly, having attained to the second story. This is to be three stories high, some 23 by 58 feet, and intended to be fire proof; the front is composed of Granite for the first story, and with its large glass windows and doors will present a fine appearance. We understand its cost will be \$40,000. We wish some of our other able men would follow the example of this enterprising firm, and put some of their surplus money into buildings which are very much needed, instead of piling it away in Government bonds.

Col. Elden Barker, not to be outdone by his neighbors, is putting on the finishing touch to his neat and commodious building, adding new blinds and the shining paint.

Mrs. Barker, not to be behind the times, is adding a beautiful assortment of Millinery and Fancy Goods to her department, having just returned from the city.

We have just called into the upper sales rooms of Messrs. Howe & Bal, who have just put in an important addition to their before excellent stock of goods—we refer to their carpet and house furnishing, and travelling department. Here may be found a good assortment of carpets, rugs, matting, feathers, and other household articles that would the necessity of sending abroad for the essentials of house-keeping. Here are a complete assortment of travelling articles from the large trunk down to the lady's reticule—all at usual good bargains.

The new firm of Wm. H. Whittemore & Co. have just opened a fine stock of Boots and Shoes in Hathaway's block, opposite the Elm House, and affirm that they will sell very nice work at extremely low prices.

Mexico Items.

Mr. Putnam has just returned from Boston, and will soon commence building the steamboat to run between this place and Canton.

The starch factory built here last winter is to be put in operation, as early as potatoes can be procured next fall, by Mr. Beidel, its owner, who proposes to do a large business in that branch of manufacture.

Hops are not lost sight of. Many new fields will be planted this spring. They can be planted with potatoes.

In the appropriate column of this paper is noted the death of Mr. John P. Pidgeon of Portland. He is the last of the sons of the late Rev. Wm. Pidgeon, for many years pastor of the Centre Congregational church in Minot, and subsequently Preceptor of Buckfield Academy. Some six months ago Mr. P. slipped on the ice, and sprained his ankle severely. Taking cold it became much inflamed, and erysipelas appeared, causing his death.

The public examination at Paris Hill Academy will take place Wednesday, May 15th. All are invited. Oration, by Mr. G. T. Sumner of Bethel, and Poem, by J. S. Derby of Alford, at Universalist church.

We call attention to the card of Messrs. Swan & Barrett, in this paper. Mr. Swan has been for several years, one of the Bank Commissioners of this State; and Mr. Barrett will be known to many as the former paying Teller of the First National Bank of Portland. Persons may entrust any business to them with the utmost confidence. It will be seen that these parties are prepared now to exchange the 7-30 notes for 5-20 bonds, on Government terms, which will be quite a convenience to parties in this section, who can send to Portland at any day. In sending calculate interest on the 5-20s, in currency, at 6 per cent from Jan. 1, to date; that on 7-30s from Feb. 1, to date, and enclose cash sufficient to balance the interest. If the Feb. coupon has not been taken off, the balance will be in favor of the holder, and will be returned with the bond.

LEWISTON FALLS GAZETTE. We have received the first number of this paper. It seems to be in large part a reprint of the Lewiston Advertiser; and is evidently printed in Lewiston.

Summary of Telegraphic News.

In the Kansas case, before the Supreme Court, Monday, it was decided that the lands of the Shawnees, Miami and Wea tribes in that State cannot be taxed by the authorities thereof, on the ground that these Indians are by treaty under the protection of the United States Government and still preserve their tribal organization.

For the week ending on Tuesday, May 14th there will be issued from the Patent Office 229 patents. During the past week about 520 applications and 90 caveats were filed.

Information has been received at the Agricultural Department from all parts of the country, which indicate that the wheat crop of this season will be the finest produced in this country for many years.

A BARKING SCHIZO. Capt. C. W. Gold of Baltimore has obtained a passport, and intends to go abroad next week in a miniature schooner of two tons burden, only 24 feet 6 inches in length and 7 feet beam. He will be accompanied by two men and a boy.

The New York Southern Relief Fund now reaches \$150,000.

The receipts from internal revenue sources Monday were \$738,572.

The Secretary of State gave a diplomatic dinner to the Japanese commissioners, Saturday evening. The cabinet and foreign ministers residing in Washington were in attendance.

Berlin, May 5, Governor Wright, the United States Minister at this court, is reported at the point of death.

The Rebellion in China is spreading. The city of Nankin is threatened by the rebels.

A Constantinople correspondent says that fighting in Crete is going on more vigorously than ever. The insurgents have been very successful in several battles. Men are training in Athens with needle guns to join the Cretans. Also news had been received of the rising of fifteen towns in Epirus against the Turks, and of the destruction of a small band of insurgents by Turkish troops. [Boston Journal.]

Canton Items.

The facilities for finding the way about town, have been materially improved by the erection of guide-boards, at every corner.

A few evenings since Mr. C. D. Robinson gave one of his delightful entertainments at the Universalist Church. He was welcomed by a large and appreciative audience.

On Sunday 5th inst. Mr. James Allen died after an illness of some weeks, aged about 105 years. His memory failing him, his exact age cannot be determined. He served a year and a half in the Revolution, and was at the battle of Trenton, N. J. then a fifer boy in his fourteenth year, and has spoken of occasions when he saw Gen. Washington. He also served in the War of 1812, but his discharge papers being either lost or stolen, he never received either pension or bounty land, although the Pension Rolls show that James Allen for a long time did draw a pension, some one fraudulently enjoying the fruits of his labors. He has brought up a large family of 19 children, and has always been honest, frugal, industrious and patient. He was born in New London, Conn.

FATAL CASUALTY IN VASSALBORO. John Dunham, a shoemaker, at Getchell's Corner, Vassalboro, was instantly killed on Monday last week, while witnessing a game of ball, by having his knife driven into his heart by a player running against him he having sprung to return the ball with open knife in his hand.

We hear that the Methodist Conference has appointed Rev. Mr. Bartlett for South Paris, and Rev. Mr. Paine for Oxford.

A rumor is started that the Japanese have come to exchange a few islands for some iron-clads. The idea seems to be that we can buy up all creation with our monitors.

INTERNAL REVENUE TAXES. paid by the principal Cotton and Woolen Manufacturers—Lewiston. From September 1, 1862, to April 1, 1867, (four years and seven months.)

Androscoggin Mills,	\$484,855 42
Bates Manufacturing Co.,	354,746 47
Continental, (from Feb. 1, '66)	54,641 60
Franklin Co.,	187,417 27
Hill Manufacturing Co.,	266,979 06
Lewiston Mills,	168,970 75
Lewiston Falls Manufacturing Co.,	57,692 30

Total, \$1,495,532 89 [Lewiston Journal.]

A lad named Brooks had his scalp taken completely off at Lewiston, on Monday last, between the body and one of the wheels of a loaded cart. It was restored, by a doctor, and the boy is now doing well. [Lewiston Journal.]

SKELETON FOUND. Some workmen, this morning, while excavating for the foundations of the new sulphuric acid manufactory, opposite Kerosene works, unearthed a portion of the bones of a human frame, at a depth of about four feet. There was no indication of the place ever having been used for burial purposes. The skull and teeth show them to have belonged to a very aged person, and to have been buried from 50 to 100 years.

THE NEW JAILER. Mr. S. R. Hotchkiss, of Rumford, having moved to this village, received the Keys of the Jail Wednesday morning. Mr. Austin, the former occupant, has moved into Capt. F. Bemis' house.

Has just received a fresh assortment of
Early Spring Goods
OF THE LATEST STYLES!
 To which she invites the attention of the Ladies
OF PARIS AND VICINITY!
 No. PARIS, Apr. 17, 1867.

