

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

ONE DOLLAR AND

FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 18, NO. 35.

PARIS, MAINE, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1867.

OLD SERIES,

VOLUME 34, NO. 45

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 delayed.
S. M. Pettengill & Co., 10 State St., Boston and 122 Nassau St., New York; and S. R. Niles, Court St., Boston, are authorized agents.
JOB PRINTING of every description neatly executed.

VIRGIN & UPTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
At the Office formerly occupied by Virgin & King, NORWAY, VILLAGE.

One of the parties will attend the Probate Court.
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. M. W. VIRGIN.
Norway, Aug. 6, 1865.

C. W. HOWARD,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
RUMFORD POINT, ME.

Insurance effected in the best Fire, Life and Accident Companies.

S. C. ANDREWS,
Counsellor and Attorney at Law,
BUCKFIELD, OXFORD CO., ME.

Will practice in Oxford, Cumberland and Androscoggin Counties.

SANDERSON & BEARCE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS,
And U. S. Claim Agents,
NORWAY, ME.
C. C. SANDERSON. H. M. BEARCE.

O. W. BLANCHARD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
RUMFORD POINT, ME.

Agent for procuring pensions, Attorneys of Fy and County.

BOLSTER & RICHARDSON,
Counsellors & Attorneys at Law,
ALSO, AGENTS FOR PROCURING
Bounties, Back Pay & Pensions,
DIXFIELD,
OXFORD COUNTY ME.

W. M. W. BOLSTER. E. B. RICHARDSON.

GEORGE A. WILSON,
Counsellor and Attorney at Law,
OFFICE OPPOSITE ATLANTIC HOUSE,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Collecting promptly attended to. 24

G. D. BISBEE,
Counsellor and Attorney at Law,
BUCKFIELD, MAINE.

Soldiers' Bounties, Back Pay and Invalid Pensions. Also, Widows', Mother's and Minor Children's Pensions promptly obtained at reasonable rates.

ENOCH FOSTER, JR.,
Counsellor and Attorney at Law,
BETHEL, MAINE.

Pensions, Bounties, and Back Pay, promptly attended to and collected.

ATWOOD CROSBY, M. D.,
BUCKFIELD, ME.
Office, over Allen & Young's Store.
Office Hours—7 1/2 to 9 A. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.

DR. G. P. JONES,
DENTIST,
NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Tooth inserted on Gold, Silver, or Vulcan and Rubber.

C. E. EVANS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Dr. E. will take particular attention to diseases of the Eye, and to Operative Surgery in its forms.

OFFICE OVER THE POSTOFFICE.

Dr. W. B. Lapham,
WILL ATTEND TO THE PRACTICE OF
MEDICINE AND SURGERY,
AT BRYANT'S POND, ME.

Business promptly attended to and charges reasonable.

Established, 1856.

SAMUEL RICHARDS, Jr.,
WATCH MAKER,
South Paris, Me.

Watch Repairing of every description done in the most thorough manner.

A reasonable discount to the trade.

FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE,
BY
WM. E. GOODNOW,
NORWAY, MAINE.

W. A. PIDGIN & CO.,
Book, Card and Fancy Job Printers
PARIS, MAINE.

MISCELLANY.

AGLIMPSE IN THE REAR.

"You would like to be an office-boy, for a few weeks," said lawyer Steele, looking up from his papers.

Ury Slitter turned his cap in his hands, with downcast eyes.

"I should, sir, but I was speaking for Dave Simmons; he heard about the place first."

"And is Dave as nice a boy as you are?" said the lawyer, with an approving glance at Ury's trim figure and clean collar.

"He is a very nice boy," said Ury hesitatingly.

The lawyer was quite sure he was keeping something back.

"Well, he is strong, and handy, and quick? Why didn't he come to see me himself?"

"He is lame, sir," said Ury, with regretful candor, "and it tired him to walk so far, so I said I'd come for him."

"Lame?" exclaimed lawyer Steele, sharply.

"Well, that's the end of the matter. What did the jackanapes suppose I wanted of him, to perch himself on a shelf for an ornament? No, I want a pair of legs that can run on errands from morning till night, if necessary."

Ury looked up distressed.

"I think you would like him, sir."

"You are a good true friend," said he, more pleasantly; "but Dave would be of no use to me. I should like to engage you in his place."

Ury hesitated and demurred.

"I don't know what Dave will think. Perhaps if Dave had come himself—"

"It would have made no difference," interrupted lawyer Steele. "So, shall we call it a bargain? Here, take an orange, my boy, while you are making up your mind."

"Thank you," said Ury. "I won't eat it now. I will take it to my little brother, he is so fond of oranges."

The old lawyer beamed upon him more genially still.

"Here's another for your brother, my fine fellow, and, as for that matter, you may as well take one home to Dave, too. Now good morning. You may come to-morrow morning bright and early."

Ury bowed very respectfully, and thanked him; but he wiped his face with his red bordered handkerchief, flattered something about poor Dave, and went out seeming more grieved over Dave's crushed hopes, than elated with his own good fortune.

"A fine boy," said lawyer Steele to a client.

"A promising boy," returned Squire Upton, absently.

But Mr. Steele, the lawyer's son, looked after the retreating figure and said nothing, but thought a good deal.

The fact was, Fred, who had been out of town on some business for his father, had that morning just returned by rail.

During the course of his travels, he had been whirled through a great many places, some large and some small, and as is generally the case in this mode of travelling, had made acquaintance with a great many back doors and kitchen gardens.

Now this he had found very curious, and far from uninteresting. The houses seemed to have thrown off their mask and their company manners, and revealed themselves in their real life and true characters. What hypocrites some of them were. For instance, how was he astonished when he whirled past Mr. Barker's house in the next town. He knew it by its cupola, and a side glimpse of the bay window, the most pretentious house within ten miles. And he remembered that on the street it stood in a spotless white dress, with its brown granite feet painted decorously and neatly before it, its shutters bowed, and fringed curtains dropped like eyelids in the languor of genteel repose. But ah, in the rear, what a contrast! What chaos and confusion, glimpses of ash heaps, rubbish of broken glass and rusty nails, crops of burdock and thistle, crazy fences and general discomfort.

Fred smiled, in spite of himself; he should never drive up to that smooth front again, without thinking what an old humbug it was.

"Ah," sighed he, for he was studying to be a lawyer with his father. "If there were only some way of getting a glimpse at people in the rear?"

He was still revolving this idea as he came into the office just in time to hear the talk between Ury and his father, and, very strangely, this frank, self-sacrificing boy, this trim, decorous building not made with hands, reminded him of Mr. Barker's double-faced house.

"We only had a front view of Ury Slitter. I'm almost certain," he said to himself, leaning from the window, and then, with a sudden impulse, he seized his hat and hurried after the boy.

"I'm sorry my father was so hasty about Dave," he began. "I knew a lame boy once, who jumped around about as spry as anybody, and was the most faithful fellow

in the world. Now don't despair, you seem so broken-hearted about the decision, that I've made up my mind to intercede for you both. I've a great deal of influence with my father, and I'm pretty sure I can make him take Dave yet."

There was a great commotion in Ury's smooth face. He turned away his head, but not quick enough. It seemed as if a window had been suddenly raised, and Fred's keen eye saw that a great load of disappointment, selfishness and anger was being carted to the rear.

When it was all safely dumped out of sight, as Ury hoped, he turned again to Mr. Fred.

"You are very kind, sir, he faltered, 'if it won't give you too much trouble—'

"Not the least in the world. When I see a boy so generous and unselfish, I want to encourage him all I can."

Ury smiled in a sickly way.

"Ah, see that poor woman with her baby by the hedge," cried Fred, suddenly. "She looks as if she hadn't tasted a morsel today. How delighted she'd be with one of these oranges."

"Yes, but one is Dave's, you know, and one is—"

"Yes," interrupted Fred, "I was so pleased when you wanted to give yours to your little brother! But you forgot father gave you three; one is your own yet, and you can do whatever your good heart tells you to do. You forgot that, didn't you?" said Fred, brightly, as if he were making the most delightful suggestion.

"Yes," said Ury, faintly, his face red with the effort to stow away a little ash heap of meanness, as he laid the orange in the woman's hand.

Fred laughed. "How pleasant it is to do a kind action," said he, "your whole face is glowing. I will let you know about Dave this afternoon," and they parted at the corner of the street.

As Fred returned, an hour later, the common with its trees and shaded walks, tempted him to turn aside. It was a warm day, and Fred was something of an idler; so he bent his steps to a little clump of woods he well knew, and threw himself upon the grass. He was just losing himself in a day dream, when the sound of voices very near him caused him to raise himself upon his elbow, and peer through the trees.

"I declare," said he, with a low laugh, "if here isn't my generous friend, Ury Slitter, and Dave and the little brother with him. And if I am not much mistaken I am about to be favored with a glimpse in the rear."

"And he wouldn't take me at all," said a mournful, shaky voice, which was Dave's.

"I said everything I could for you," said Ury; "you may ask Squire Upton. But you see he seemed to take a great fancy to me, and he won't hear of any one else. I hope you don't think I wasn't fair?"

"Oh, no," sighed Dave, "but you don't know how I hate to go home, mother and Susy were so sure I would get it; and he drew the worn sleeve across his eyes."

"Susy thought we'd both have new clothes this summer, but the old ones will have to do," he gave a nervous laugh, trying to be manly.

"Here," said Ury, uneasily, "have a piece of orange, and taking out one he cut a generous quarter for Dave and the little brother, reserving the half for himself."

"It is so good, Ury," said the little one, smacking his lips; "isn't there any more?"

"No," said Ury, shortly.

"What is that big bunch in your pocket?"

There was a disturbance in the ash heap—the dust began to fly.

"Don't bother!" cried Ury, threateningly.

"It looks just like an orange. May be you forgot it; just look, Ury; I only want a little piece, a little, little piece."

Ury got up a flaming face, boxed the small brother's ears, and shook him, till if the little soul and body hadn't had the strongest kind of a grip of each other, they would certainly have parted company.

Dave interposed, and rescued the child, but neither he nor the little brother, who sat down to sob very quietly by himself, seemed in the least surprised. It was quite evident that Ury did not often honor them with a front reception, and that they were quite used to being hurt with the rusty nails and broken glass of anger and selfishness that lay in the rear.

After a few moments Ury sauntered away, followed by the lagging little brother, and Dave was left alone.

Then Fred went up gently to the poor boy, who was sobbing, with his face to the grass.

"Have you been lame a great while, my poor fellow, and can't you be cured?"

Dave looked up in such bewilderment that Fred repeated the question.

"I've been lame, if that's what you call it, sir, since yesterday," said Dave. "I was up at the new building, and a heavy stone fell on my toes. It almost kills me

to walk to-day, but mother thinks I'll be all right in a week."

"Oh," thought Fred. "What a candid, truthful boy is Ury! Who would think so much rubbish lay behind that one story building!"

Dave spent so more time sobbing on the grass that day.

Mr. Fred had a long talk with him, looking keenly all the while in his honest, patient face; and in the end he engaged him to come to lawyer Steele's the very first day his foot would permit, and dismissed him with a quarter for Susy.

That afternoon Ury received a little note: "Mr. URY SLITTER: Knowing your great anxiety, I hasten to inform you that your most ardent wishes are realized, and your friend Dave will come to our office in a few days."

It is singular, but a little circumstance you forgot to mention, namely, that Dave's lameness was only temporary, has entirely removed my father's prejudices against him. If you had only known at the time, that such a trifling fact would have made it all right, how much anxiety you might have been saved! My father is very eccentric.

Hoping you may have equal success in all your various undertakings,

I am yours, &c.,

FRED STEELE.

A Laughing Deacon.

Beecher, in his new novel thus delineates the character of a laughing deacon. Some genuine model doubtless sits for the portrait:

How they ever made a deacon out of Jerry Marble, I never could imagine! He was the kindest heart that ever bubbled and ran over. He was tough, elastic, incessantly active, and a prodigious worker. He seemed never to tire but after the longest day's toil he sprang up the moment he had done with work as if he had been a fine steel spring. A few hours sleep sufficed him, and he saw the morning stars the year round. His weathered face was leathery color, but forever dimpling and changing to keep some sort of congruity between itself and his eyes, that winked and blinked and spilt all over with merry good nature. He always seemed afflicted when obliged to keep sober. He had been known to laugh in meeting, although he ran his face behind his handkerchief and coughed as if that was the matter, yet nobody believed it. Once on a hot summer day, he saw Deacon Trowbridge—a sober and fat man of great sobriety—gradually ascending from the bodily state into that spiritual condition entitled sleep. He was blameless of the act. He had struggled against the temptation with the virtue of a deacon. He had stirred himself up and fixed his eyes on the minister with intense firmness, only to have them grow gradually narrower and milder. If he held his head up firmly, it would with a sudden lapse fall away over backwards. If he leaned it a little forward, it would drop suddenly on his bosom. At each nod, recovering himself, he would nod again, with his eyes wide open to impress the boys that he did so on purpose at both times.

In what other painful events of life has a good man so little sympathy as when overcome with sleep in meeting time? Against the insidious seduction he arrays every conceivable resistance. He stands up a while; he pinches himself or pricks himself with pins. He looks helplessly to the pulpit as if succor might possibly come from thence. He crosses his legs uncomfortably, and attempts to recite catechism or the multiplication table. He seizes a languid fan, which treacherously leaves him in a calm. He tries to reason, to notice the phenomena. Oh that one could carry his pen to bed with him! What tossing wakefulness! what fiery chase after somnolency! In his lawless bed a man cannot sleep, and in his pew he cannot keep awake. Happy man who does not sleep in church! Deacon Trowbridge was not that man; Deacon Marble was.

Deacon Marble witnessed the conflict we have sketched above, and when good Mr. Trowbridge gave his next lurch, recovering himself with a snort, and then drew out a red handkerchief and blew his nose with a loud imitation as it to let the boys know that he had not been asleep, poor Deacon Marble was brought to a severe strain. But I have reason to think that he would have weathered the stress if it had not been for a sweet faced little boy in front of the gallery. The lad had been innocently watching the same scene and at its climax laughed out loud, a frank and musical laugh, then disappeared in his mother's lap. That laugh was just too much, and Deacon Marble could no more help laughing than could Deacon Trowbridge help sleeping. Nor could he conceal it. Though he coughed and put his handkerchief and hemmed, it was a laugh, deacon! and everybody in the house knew it and liked you better for it—so inexperienced were they.

The Soldier and the Thistle.

Little Winnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on a sharp prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first, and pout with vexation afterward.

"I do wish there was no such thing as a thistle in the world," she said, pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it, they engrave it on the national arms," said mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Minnie; "I am sure they might have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But the thistle did them such good service once," said mother; "they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make a night attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted as still as possible, until they were almost up to the spot. Just at that moment a barefoot soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. That sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss. So, you see, the thistle saved Scotland; and ever since it has been placed on their seal as their national flower."

"Well, I never suspected that so small a thing could save a nation," said Minnie, thoughtfully.

"God can make use of small things as well as great to accomplish his purpose; and it is said that very small circumstances often turn the tide of battle. In the war of 1812 the British fleet were sailing in the harbor of New London, and were asked after why they did not destroy the town when they could have so easily done it."

"I would," replied the commander. "If it had not been for that formidable long fort whose guns commanded the harbor. That long fort he then learned, was an old rope-walk, and the many guns were the small windows in its side. I presume the New London people looked with new eyes on that old rope walk after they learned what a good service it had done."

A PET LION. A gentleman, visiting a house in Algeria, says:

"In a few minutes a door opened and a lion entered the room; the man only leading him by the tuft of his mane. He was a magnificent animal, two years old, and full grown all but his mate, which although but a foot long, made, however, a respectable appearance. He did not seem to care about our being strangers but wandering about the room like a large dog, permitted us to take liberties with him, such as patting him, shaking a paw, and making him exhibit his teeth and claws. He always favored old acquaintances, and lying down before them, turned on his back to be scratched. After a scratch or two he began to yawn, and was fairly settling himself for a nap, when a cigar was puffed in his face, a proceeding he evidently did not approve of. Rising in a hurry, curling his lips and wrinkling his nose, he exposed to view a splendid set of teeth, a sure sign that he was not pleased. A larty sneeze seemed to restore him to good temper, and bearing no malice, he returned a friendly pat bestowed on him by Captain Martenore, who had been the aggressor, by rubbing his head caressingly against his knees."

[Kenney's Algeria and Tunis.

ENCROACHMENT OF THE SEA.

Geologists have proclaimed the fact that water, which is poetically represented to be an unstable element, is misrepresented. It is one of the great powers made use of by Nature in carrying on stupendous changes on the surface of the globe. Mountains settle down and wholly disappear, and new elevations of land are frequently appearing; but the water is always the agent, which is never at rest, by which most of the physical revolutions are brought about. There is not a water line on the borders of the ocean, the banks of a river, the margin of a lake, down to the magnificent rivulet that trickles through the grass, that is not constantly varying. The sea recedes in one country, but gains upon the dry land in another. In short, the submerging of all the continents at one period is unquestionable; and while the bottoms of the mighty deeps are slowly rising to the surface, immense portions of terra firma are sluggishly being drawn under somewhere else. There is no stability in the dry land which may not be overcome by the gradually advancing sea, not a harbor, estuary of a river, or the restrained wave of a restless ocean which will not finally triumph in the progress of undefined ages in swallowing up the lands now in the occupancy of man and animals.

It is the highest duty, privilege, and pleasure, for great men to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architect of their own fortunes.

GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN.

Our Portland correspondent sends us an interesting incident of the war, in allusion to an article in the last number of the Atlantic:

"I see that the last Atlantic speaks very highly, and I may say very justly, of Gov. Chamberlain. In the article on 'Hospital Reminiscences,' he is spoken of as the only officer of the war who was ever brevetted on the field. It was a fact, but with this correction. He was not merely brevetted, but actually promoted from colonel to full brigadier-general. This was on the occasion of his leading a charge in front of Petersburg during Grant's fearful campaign of 1864. It was a dear promotion, for Chamberlain was terribly wounded, a minie ball passing through his body from hip to hip, severing arteries and fracturing bones. It is stated by those who saw him that even after receiving this wound, he balanced himself with the point of his sabre. He was then dismounted, his horse having been killed under him, and actually stood upright, cheering on his men as they rushed by him on the charge. He soon fell, and it was supposed his wound was mortal. He was at once taken to the hospital, where he lingered some months and finally recovered sufficiently to return to the field. His wounds have never yet fully healed. Is it any wonder we are proud of our Governor,—scholar,—christian,—soldier?"

THE OPENING OF THE AMAZON.

An important event takes place to-day in Brazil—the giant Amazon, whose long arms grasp two-thirds of South America, is to be thrown open as a highway to the nations. Some months ago we published the decree of the Emperor, which proclaimed that on the 7th of September, 1867, the 46th anniversary of Brazilian independence, the great river should no longer be withheld from the great purposes for which God intended it. As in the midst of severe war our Government authorized and aided the opening of an iron highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so now the Brazilian Government, while contending, far from her base of supplies, against Lopez of Paraguay, (the animus of whose warring is to close the lordly La Plata), now opens from the Atlantic to the borders of Peru the great water route, which is available for sea-going steamers, through Peru, to within 90 leagues of the Pacific.

VALUE OF A TRADE.

Stephen Girard once had a clerk who pleased him every way, and whom he determined to assist. But, before rendering him any assistance, he required him to learn the trade of a cooper. When the clerk had acquired the trade he sought the advice of Girard, who ordered three barrels. The barrels were made and wheeled to his employer, and when the bill was presented, the clerk received a check for \$20,000, accompanied with the memorable words:—"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living at all times."

John Van Buren once won a suit, at which the opposite party was so much enraged that he declared that whenever he met "Prince John," he would pitch into him. They encountered each other at an oyster counter. The man at once addressed him: "Mr. Van Buren, is there a cause so bad or an individual so infamous that your services cannot be obtained?"

"I cannot say," said John, swallowing another oyster, and stooping over, he asked in an undertone that everybody could hear: "What have you been doing?"

A drunken lawyer, going into church, was observed by the minister, who said to him: "Sir, I will bear witness against you at the day of judgment." The lawyer, shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied: "I have practiced twenty-five years at the bar, and always found the greatest rascal the first to turn States' evidence."

An editor, speaking of complaints of readers that he doesn't publish all the local items they desire to see, justly observes that it is often their own fault in not sending the facts. He says he doesn't like to publish a marriage after the honey-moon is over, or the death of a man after his widow is married again.

An Amherst correspondent of the Monmouth Inquirer says: "I have it from a good source that one of our oldest Democrats went to Trenton, not long ago, to recover the pensions of two uncles killed during the Revolution. After a long search the names were found among the list of killed—but on the wrong side. They were Hessians."

Wit will never make a rich man, but there are places where riches will always make a wit.

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, SEPT. 20, 1867.

The Election, its Results and Causes.

A strange hallucination seems to have taken possession of our democratic friends. They are firing guns, shouting at the top of their voices, bragging, wasting any quantity of printer's ink upon staring capitals in their newspapers, and rejoicing generally over what they call their political victory at the recent election. A victory!—Just look at the figures and footings and see what kind of a victory they are achieved. The gallant Chamberlain is re-elected Governor by about twelve thousand majority. The Republicans have elected twenty-five Senators out of thirty-one, and more than two thirds of all the Representatives to the House. They have elected their county officers in every county but three, and that too with no effort on their part; against the most vigilant, strenuous efforts of the third of the Copperheads. At least one third of their Representatives have slipped in through the divisions in the Republican ranks, and not on account of their numerical strength. This a victory? A man must be a monomaniac to call it by any such name. The truth is, it was a grand republican triumph—one of the series of victories that have followed the Union flag in Maine successively for the last twelve years. But say the so-called democrats, we have reduced the republican majority largely from last year. That is true, but how did you do it? That is a question we propose briefly to consider.

I. These democratic gains did not arise from genuine changes from the republican, to the democratic party. There were no real conversions to copperhead doctrines, or principles. But a democrat at our elbow, with an air of apparent triumph inquires—“did not men who voted with the republicans last year, vote with the democratic party this year?” Answer yes, in a few instances they did, but in nearly all such cases they were men who never had any sympathy with the republicans, but came into the party as kind of float wood, or as political adventurers, to see what they could get. If a man in the republican ranks loves whiskey better than he does his country, of course when the terrible “Constitution” was held up before his face, he would go over to the party that rides the whiskey hobby. That is perfectly natural. —“birds of a feather flock together”. A man by such an act does not change, he merely goes where he belongs. The truth is, the republican party has never been benefited by a certain class of men who joined it for the sake of office and the spoils; they are more shuffling demagogues, never reliable only so long as they are fed and clothed by the party, and those of this class who left in the last election, have only “gone to their own place.”

2. We do not agree with some of our friends in the idea advanced—that the “acts” of the last Legislature relating to the enforcement of the Liquor Laws of this State lost the republicans many votes. Some of the class above described of course went out from among us; but the great mass of voters in the republican party, whether they agree to the liquor law amendments of last winter or not are willing to give them a fair trial, and then judge of them by their operation. Some very good republicans doubted the expediency of passing these additional enactments, yet as reasonable men, they are willing to have them fairly tried. We can hardly conceive how any man of principle could leave the republican party, on account of the Liquor Law amendments of last winter, and we really don't believe they did.

3. The republicans did comparatively nothing in the campaign, while the democrats were active. The apathy of the former, left at home thousands upon thousands of republican voters; while the activity of the latter brought nearly their whole strength to the polls. This single fact explains in a great measure, the difference between the votes of last year and this. The copperheads worked very hard this year in a bad cause, while the republicans in a very good cause, let the election take care of itself, and the wonder is, that the republicans come out so well as they did.

4. The republican party while it is patriotic, loyal and right in all its fundamental principles, has in its ranks certain men who profess to lead; who are not altogether practical upon the great questions connected with a rigid economy in the administration of government affairs. The war has left us an unprofitable legacy upon this question. The wild extravagancies of war times must be curtailed; our public expenditures must be largely reduced; all doubtful appropriation of money must be stopped; and public officers must hereafter be content to live upon reasonable salaries.

There are a great many of our best republicans who are not satisfied with the financial management of certain leaders in the republican party, hence they have not worked as in former times, and many of them stand away from the polls on this account. It is of no use for certain chiefs in the republican party to play any “dodges” upon this question, the people understand the whole thing, and hereafter, if we expect to hold our old majorities, a rigid public economy must not only be carried upon our banners, but practically written in good faith in the administration of both national and State governments.

5. There has been too great a disposition on the part of many in the republican party to ignore the old soldiers in the republican ranks, and not treat them fairly in

the distribution of the offices. “Soldiers of fortune” (and by this we do not mean soldiers in the war of the rebellion) have been assigned to many of the most honorable, and best paying public positions; to the exclusion of men who fought the great battle of republican ideas and bore the burden in the heat of the day. A political party, to keep its majorities, must be honest, and deal fairly with the men who stood by it in its early struggles.

6. After the Lincoln re-election, the men who controlled the federal appointments in Maine, adopted the policy of retaining all the men who had held office under his first four years; which policy when carried out, gave all the offices for eight years to one class of appointees, to the exclusion of every body else. This “rule” gave great dissatisfaction in the party. The “outs” simply asked that their claims be placed upon an equal footing with the “ins”, but they were summarily told that the “policy” of those who controlled these appointments, settled the case against them, and that was the end of it. Offices in this country are not “life estates”, and the people know it. There should be a fair and equal distribution in these matters, and unless it is done, how can any party expect to keep up its majorities? We would like to pursue this subject further, but this article is already long enough. We have only time to add that whatever may be the faults or failings of the republican party, no man who dislikes them can find any improvement in the democratic party. That party is full of political depravity, and can never be safely trusted with power. Let us all stick to the old republican ship, and if we have political Jonahs in our ranks throw them overboard—Inher for reforms wherever we need them, correct our own errors and mistakes, and if honestly persevered in every thing will come out right in the end.

The Next Legislature.

The Portland Evening Star speculates as follows upon the members elect of the next Legislature, and the qualifications of some of its members for presiding offices:

“The next Senate will only contain some ten members of the Senate of last year. The President of that body, will, naturally, be elected from those. Prominent among them for that position, will be Col. Robie of Cumberland, Hon. Messrs. Fairbanks of Franklin and Crosby of Penobscot, either of whom would make an admirable officer in this position.”

“In the House there are several gentlemen of experience and eminent capacity to preside. Messrs. Dingley of Lewiston, Woodman of Bucksport, Porter of Bar Harbor, Fessenden of Auburn, Hale of Ellsworth and perhaps some others, will be looked upon as the conspicuous gentlemen from whom the selection must be made. Mr. Dingley was Speaker for two years, and but for his declination would have been elected again. Being an industrious and influential member, a pleasant speaker and ready debater, we fear from his former action that he may prefer a seat on the floor, to the chair. He has never been surpassed as a presiding officer in the Legislature of the State. Perfectly familiar with parliamentary proceedings, of keen and ready perception, fearless and impartial in decision of all who were in a situation to witness or be interested in his efficiency, faithfulness and impartiality.”

“Mr. Woodman was the unsuccessful candidate for speaker last winter. He is an honorable, high-minded gentleman, eminently worthy of his place. Messrs. Fessenden and Hale are well-known throughout the State as able, accomplished and cultivated lawyers, worthy of any place they will consent to accept. Mr. Porter is a practical, common-sense man, a legislator of much experience, and has in several trials proved himself a most superior presiding officer, equalled in that position by few and surpassed by none of his years and parliamentary experience. Should Mr. Porter decline to be a candidate, Mr. Porter probably be elected and we are sure that no better nomination could be made. He presides with dignity and grace, has a pleasant and agreeable manner and is universally popular in the chair.”

“We do not desire to forestall any political action, but only give our impressions and put our tribute to these leading men of our coming legislature. We are sure that our impressions and opinions are largely shared by the people of the State and they will ardently support either of the gentlemen named. It is however a source of regret that the apportionment and party custom was such as to render it necessary to return other gentlemen in place of Hon. Messrs. Burpee of the Senate and Barker of the House, who presided so well and gave so universal satisfaction as they did last winter. But we are sure of no ordinary officers to fill their places.”

The N. Y. Evening Post has the following remarks, which concur with our own observations:

“Many of the ablest journals in the country who have hitherto advised against impeachment, and who still oppose it on the grounds brought forward by Mr. Ashley and others, now begin to urge it upon the general ground that the President obstructs the operation of the laws, and seeks to do his own individual will, in opposition to that of the nation, as represented in Congress; and that in such circumstances it is useless and probably mischievous to attempt to hamper and check him by laws, which he will manage to evade and pick holes in; but that in such a case the wisest course is to use the power of impeachment and removal provided in the Constitution. The language of the press, East and West, shows that this opinion is gaining ground among the most thoughtful exponents of public opinion.”

We learn from the Gospel Banner that the annual meeting of the Oxford Universalist Association will be held at Bryant's pond, on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 25th and 26th.

We learn that Rev. Mr. Carlton, formerly pastor of the Baptist church in Bucksport, has removed to Massachusetts, and that the church is now without a pastor,

Murrain in Summer.

Capt. Joseph Field of East Sumner, informs us that he has lost this season six head of neat stock, from murrain. In the first one was attacked in June, and died in four or five days. The others were attacked subsequently, at different periods, and with one exception died in a short time. One steer was bled and treated with a decoction of sweet flag and horse radish and was apparently cured. For two weeks he appeared bright, and grew, then drooped and died after less than one day's illness.

Two cows were sold from the herd previous to the breaking out of the disease; and each of the animals have been attacked and died. In the herd where one ran, two others have been attacked. Mr. Goodale Sec'y of the Board of Agriculture, has been summoned to give these cases an examination.

The principal symptoms are a watery discharge from the nose, in the early stages of the disease, drooping of the ears, and trembling and shivering of the shoulders and flanks. Later the discharge becomes thick yellow matter. One case was examined, and the lungs found to contain considerable thick yellow matter.

About eleven years ago, the herd of Mr. Soule of Hartford was attacked in a similar manner, and some ten or twelve animals died.

Mr. Field would like to have some one familiar with the disease, inform the public whether the disease is contagious, and whether it can be cured.

Dedication at Hebron.

The dedicatory services of the chapel at Hebron Academy, on Tuesday last passed off very happily. After singing by the choir, the exercises opened by the reading of Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Gurney. The Address, by Rev. Dr. Champlin of Waterville, was then delivered. His subject was “Effects of Education on the Mind; its Fruits in the Soul”. It was a very interesting discourse, and well adapted to the occasion. The Dedicatory Prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Bailey of Monson. Remarks were made by Messrs. Herrick, Millet, Elder, Bailey and others.

On Friday evening the people of Hebron called upon Mr. Herrick to offer their congratulations upon his election as Representative.

The Academy opened the first week, with above a hundred students.

Five persons were baptized last Sabbath, by Rev. L. P. Gurney, pastor of the Baptist church. Six were added to the church in the afternoon.

On Friday last week, the students of the Academy organized a base ball club.

Apples are somewhat scarce, yet there will be quite a quantity gathered in the town this year. The Baldwin trees, in many orchards are doing quite well, which is an exceptional case.

Bethel Items.

Dr. J. A. Morton has taken the place of the late Dr. Collins in the practice of medicine.

Some half dozen physicians have recently looked at Bethel as a place of residence, and Dr. Goddard, our undertaker, says he must buy a thousand boards extra.

Mr. Charles Merrill has sold out his carriage shop to Mr. Geo. Plaisted.

Mr. Hiram Young has transferred his harness shop to Mr. Albert Child of Portland, who will continue the business.

The top raisers are selling their crops at from 45 to 50 cts. a pound. The crop is a fine one.

The summer travel has been greater this season than ever before.

A daily stage now runs from Bethel to the Lakes which greatly facilitates travel in that direction.

Mr. Marsh who has been preaching for the Congregational society a few Sabbaths past, has accepted a call to settle, from the Congregational society in Rochester, N. H.

Base Ball.

The match game between the Ticonic and Pennessewassee clubs, was played on Saturday afternoon last. The game lasted five hours, and was well contested. The Pennessewassee were declared the winners by a score of 59 to 43.

The umpire was Robinson Williams of Portland. Scorers, Messrs. Howe and Bolster.

The playing was good on both sides and hotly contested by the Ticonics. No accident or dispute of any kind occurred to mar the enjoyment of the game. The Ticonics at the close of the game extended to the Pennessewassee a generous invitation to dine with them, at the Engine Hall, So. Paris, which was readily accepted.

The tables were bountifully spread with inviting refreshments. The ladies were present and with bright and cheerful countenances said, welcome.

The Pennessewassee departed for their homes after a social and friendly time, hoping that whatever might be the feeling out side, that nothing would ever occur to mar the then good feeling existing between the clubs.

This is as it should be, and may they long continue to be firm and lasting friends is the wish of the Pennessewassee. P. NORWAY, SEPT. 16th, 1867.

The second game will be played on Saturday, at 1 o'clock.

The Norway post office has been made a money order office,—the only one in this county. Some time since it was announced that South Paris had been designated, but the arrangement was never carried into effect.

Oxford Items.

The Oxford village corporation has just completed a beautiful engine house in Oxford village costing about \$1000. It is an ornament to the village.

Mr. T. L. Wardwell has just opened a High School at Oxford village, with flattering prospects of success. It now numbers about seventy-five scholars.

The two Sabbath schools in the village connected with the Congregational and Methodist churches, together with the schools connected with the Methodist, Baptist and Congregational churches at Mechanic Falls (who came by invitation) last Saturday, held a very interesting picnic festival in “Jones’ grove”, consisting of a collation, short speeches from pastors and teachers, and interesting exercises on the part of the scholars from the several schools.

Mr. E. G. Coy has just put a grist mill into a part of his new building on the lower falls.

Mr. John Harper's Woollen Mill at Welchville is now in successful operation, doing a good business.

Some three or four fine dwelling houses are in process of erection at the village.

Edward Manchester has purchased of Mr. Tracy the “Wolcott place”.

The Methodist society at Welchville are intending the present fall, to erect in their village, a chapel for religious meetings and other purposes. Such a building is needed by the people of the place.

There is a flourishing Lodge of Good Templars in Oxford village, which is doing an excellent work in the temperance cause.

The Keoka Base Ball club of Oxford played a friendly game with the Star club of Poland on Saturday, Sept. 7th. The score standing at the end of the game—Keoka, 68; Star, 25.

Last Saturday the former club played a match game with the Little Androscoggin of Welchville, winning the game as per following score—Keoka, 57; Little Androscoggin, 50.

THE WEST OXFORD AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will hold its seventeenth annual Fair and Cattle Show, at its grounds in Fryeburg, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 7th and 8th. The society has succeeded in cancelling their debt, and this year have begun to offer extra inducements to exhibitors (the first step in the right direction) by advancing the premium list. Those living in the border towns of New Hampshire can become exhibitors. All interested will please bear this in mind.

Last week, Mr. Hiram H. Briggs, who has been suffering from a sore on his leg, caused by poisoning with ivy, had the misfortune while chasing some cattle in a pasture, to stick a stub into the affected part. A terrible wound was made, cutting off an artery, which bled profusely. He is now much better and is able to be about.

Quite a severe frost occurred in this county on Saturday morning last. While some localities escaped with little damage, in others the vines were killed, and the corn, some of which had not fully matured, was spoiled. A gentleman from Gilead informs us that he saw ice formed to the thickness of a quarter of an inch.

The morning express train from Montreal has been discontinued. The local train leaves So. Paris for Portland at 5:45; and Portland for So. Paris at 7:00 A. M. The mixed train for Portland passes the afternoon up train at So. Paris, and arrives in Portland at 7:45. Tickets to Portland and back, now good for two days by any train, are sold for \$2.60.

IN ENRON. From the returns received before going to press last week, we supposed Mr. Shaw was elected in the Waterford district. Full returns show the election of John B. Rand, democrat, making our delegation stand 5 to 4.

TALL CORN. Mr. John W. Deming sent to this office, last week, a stalk of corn measuring 11 feet 3 inches. Two ears of corn were set, but not filled out when the stalk was cut.

MASSACHUSETTS. At the annual election of Oxford Lodge, No. 18, Thursday Eve., Sept. 19th, the following officers were chosen:

Wor. L. B. Weeks, M.
A. Oscar Noyes, S. W.
A. G. Charles, J. W.
Ceylon Watson, Treas.
C. E. Evans, Secy.
H. D. Smith, S. D.
P. Frost, J. D.
J. Roberts, S. S.
Wm. Hillier, J. S.
J. F. Fitz, M.
E. P. Fitz, T.

We learn that Rev. Wm. V. Jordan, pastor of the Congregational church in Andover has closed his pastoral relation with the Society. He is now visiting friends in Franklin County.

Large numbers of Apple trees have been set out in Oxford County during the last spring, and thus far they are looking remarkably well. Many of them are small and when exposed to snow drifts in winter should be fastened to a stake before winter sets in.

The Portland Glass works were consumed by fire on Tuesday evening last. Loss about \$100,000, on which was an insurance of \$50,000. About 100 persons are thrown out of employment by this calamity, just as the inclement season is approaching.

Supreme Judicial Court.

The September session for this County commenced on Tuesday of this week, Edward Kent, Justice, present.

The following is a list of the jurors in attendance:

GRAND JURY.

Andover, L. R. Hall.
Rumford, John Swain.
Canton, C. M. Holland.
Paris, John Oldham.
Paris, Henry N. Hall.
Buckfield, V. Deconster.
Hartford, Franklin Bradford.
Sumner, John M. Lane.
Bethel, Hiram Young.
Norway, David Frost.
Roxbury, George P. Whitney.
Gilead, Samuel Richardson.
Stonham, Sewall Butters.
Waterford, Chas. T. Howe.
Lovell, John G. Hamblen.
Porter, Gilman J. Norton.
Fryeburg, Jos. S. Walker.

FIRST PANEL.

Mexico, D. B. Austin.
Buckfield, W. W. Bacon.
Woolstock, Augustus Billings.
Rumford, Thomas J. Bisbee.
Upton, D. C. Brooks.
Bethel, B. Brown.
Albany, Wesley B. Coburn.
Lovell, Daniel Coffin.
Stonham, Mich. A. Dresser.
Oxford, S. H. France.
Sumner, Jos. Field.
Sweden, Lewis Frost.

SECOND PANEL.

Hiram, A. R. P. Googins, (ex. 2d day)
Canton, Thomas C. Gurney.
Dixfield, John Hoshier.
Hartford, T. C. Lucas.
Paris, Benj. Lovejoy.
Denmark, H. McKusick.
Roxbury, Mason H. Marshall.
Norway, H. C. Oxnard.
Waterford, D. G. Pridle.
Newry, Levi R. Paine.
Greenwood, Josiah Small.
Paris, A. Hamilton Thayer.
Hebron, Elias Taylor.

SUPPLEMENTARIES.

Bethel, N. T. True.
Fryeburg, C. W. Waterhouse.
Paris, T. Hestey, absent.

No. 154. Hiram Hines vs. Lucius Robinson et al. This is an action of the case brought by the plaintiff to recover damages alleged to have been caused by dft. to his mill, and mill property and rights, situated at Hartford Centre. The questions presented are mostly of law, and not of fact, and the case will probably result in a report, for the consideration of the full court. Bisbee & Harlow for pff.; Black & Virgin for dft.

No. 155. Geo. W. Lunt vs. Tristram N. Washburn appt. This was an appeal from the judgment of a Trial Justice, involving the question whether the action was, or was not prematurely brought. After some hours, the case was withdrawn from the Jury and submitted for the decision of the presiding Judge. Randall & Harlow for pff.; Bolster & Richardson for dft.

ARREST OF BURGLARS. The Press says city Marshal Heald of that city, about two months since became satisfied that the gang of villains who have been committing so many burglaries throughout the State, has its headquarters in Portland. He commenced an investigation, which resulted in the arrest of John White, and two confederates. Last week, White finding that he was in a hard place, owned up and put the officers on the track of a large amount of stolen property, much of which has been recovered. Among other articles was the fine set of jewelry stolen from Miss Lockwood at Lewiston. His last robbery was committed at Bangor, Sept. 6th. The public will be glad to hear that this gang has been broken up.

THE ELECTION. A dispatch from Augusta says: “Official returns received at the Secretary of State's office from four hundred and forty towns gave Chamberlain 56,360; Pihbury 44,702; Chamberlain's majority 11,704. The same towns last year gave Chamberlain 68,025; Pihbury 40,816.”

Time and full returns are correcting many erroneous reports regarding the election. It now appears that instead of electing democratic Senators in York, there is no choice in that County. So that the Republican candidates will be chosen. Mr. Emery, Republican, is chosen Co. Attorney in Hancock, instead of Spofford as first reported. And Arnoostock, reported democratic before a return was received, has gone Republican.

NORWAY BAKERY. We are indebted to W. A. Marston, proprietor of the Norway bakery, for a box containing an assortment of his choice cakes, buns, and crackers. Mr. Marston employs skillful workmen, and uses the best of material, so that his bread is always excellent. He has been making improvements this season to enable him to meet the demands of his increasing business.

LECTURE ON MAX. Dr. N. T. True will give a Lecture on Friday evening, Sept. 20th, at the Court House.

Subject.—The creation of man as revealed by the Science of Geology.

Tickets, 15 cts.

The notice of the Assistant clerk of the Baptist Association printed last week, was not correct. The Minutes of last year show that the Association adjourned to the last Tuesday in September, and the notice first published, that it would be held Sept. 24th, is correct.

Dr. True gave a Lecture on Geology at Norway, on Monday evening last, and arrangements are in progress for a course of Lectures by him in that village.

MAINE ITEMS.

The Portland Argus says District No. 13 of Harrison, have just completed a first class school house costing \$1500.

On the 18th ult. two persons were baptized and received into the fellowship of the Baptist Church in this place.

Mr. John F. Meserve of Richmond, has been exhibiting in Portland a pair of cattle raised by him that weigh 2,240 pounds.

A little son of Jonas Thompson, of Jay, was drowned in the Androscoggin river last Thursday, while in bathing with his playmates.

The citizens of Livermore, E. Livermore and Jay will hold their cattle show and fair at Livermore Falls on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 18, and 19.

More than two hundred sail of fishermen came into Portland harbor Saturday and Sunday. They report mackerel very scarce.

Dr. Jas. H. Thompson of Foxcroft, formerly Surgeon of the 12th Maine Regiment has been appointed Surgeon of the Northwestern Branch Military Asylum, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The Skowhegan Clarion says the Railroad Co. are building a new freight depot at that place, 175 feet in length by 48 feet in width, with a double track through it. The company is also making other improvements.

The Bath Times says Mr. David Makepeace, of Norton, was 100 years of age on Monday, and was visited by a number of friends to congratulate him on the event. He retains his faculties to a remarkable degree.

The Maine Farmer says “We were recently informed by a grand-daughter of John Peabody, one of the early settlers of Bridgton, that when fifty years old he struck the first tree on his farm for a settlement, and set out an orchard, not expecting to live to see any fruit himself; but he did live to make one hundred barrels of cider from that same orchard.”

Capt. Charles Sturdivant of Cumberland, master of the brig Winona died at Pensacola, Florida, of yellow fever on Thursday last, and was buried there. His vessel having sprung a leak, he put in there for repairs and was taken down with the fever. He was about 29 years of age and a much respected citizen.

State Convention of Young Men's Christian Association.

A Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of Lewiston and Auburn, the most active bodies in Maine, after consultation with Committees of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the State, have called a General Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Maine, to meet with the Associations of Lewiston and Auburn, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 16, and 17, proximo, at 10 A. M. All Members of Y. M. C. Associations, Clergymen, and all Evangelical Christians specially interested in the work which our organizations are appointed to do, are invited to join this Convention. All delegates and others, who will give notice of their intention to be present, to Mr. Charles Douglas, Lewiston, on or before October 10, will be entertained.

It is hoped that large delegations from each of the Associations of Maine will be present. Efforts are being made to secure the presence at the Convention of Henry J. Durant, Esq., of Boston, Hon. Henry Wilson and others.

Tickets over the Railroads of Maine, will be furnished at one fare for round trip.

THE DIAMOND DICKENS. Dombey and Son. The diamond edition of Dickens—the happy idea of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields has excited an abundance of competition. But the diamond edition maintains its supremacy, both because it was the first in the field, and because it best fulfills the purpose of a cheap, neat and readable reprint of Dickens' works. The volumes are of such shape that they can be put into the pocket, taken into the car, or carried into the country. The illustrations, too, are fresh and striking. The type is small, but so wonderfully clear, and impressed upon paper of so soft a tone, that he whose eyes are injured thereby, must be already far on the road to blindness. It is no slight satisfaction, moreover, to know that a portion of the proceeds of this edition goes to the author—gives the reader the comfortable feeling that while he is enjoying the writer's merry plot and charming style, he is not at the same time an accomplice in a theft. “Dombey and Son” is the sixth volume of this delightful edition, and is every way equal to its predecessors.

[Hartford Courant.]

The cost of each volume of the beautiful illustrated Diamond Dickens is only \$1.20; plain edition, \$1.25. It can be procured of any bookseller, or will be sent postpaid by the Publishers, Ticknor and Fields, Boston.

FAST TIME. The night express train on the Central road recently made the run from this city to Columbus, a distance of seventy-two miles, in one hour and forty-five minutes, after making seven stoppages. Oscar R. Ford engineered the train on this lightning journey, which although over an hour behind time, made its usual eastern connection at Columbus.

[Piquet, Ohio, Journal.]

A young girl from Philips, by name of Dill, at work in the family of Mr. Weston, at Little Blue, was so badly scalded by stepping backwards and falling into a tub of boiling hot water, last week, that she died on Monday, just one week after the shocking accident.

[Farmington Chronicle.]

RECIPROCITY. We notice that several journals are urging a renewal of the reciprocity treaty with Canada. It is urged that the new government of Canada will be alive to its own interests and will be willing to negotiate a treaty not favorable to one side.

