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NEW SERIES, VOL. 18, NO. 41.

PARIS, MAINE, FRIDAY,

NOVEMBER 1, 1867.

OLD SERIES,

VOLUME 34, NO. 51.

THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
WM. A. PIDGIN & CO.
PROPRIETORS.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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MISCELLANY.

CONQUERING A SEA DOG.

Some years ago, when the old ship
"Lightheart" was new and staunch, and
when I had command of her, there hap-
pened on board an incident, over which I
have laughed many a time, when memory
has brought it back to me. I loaded at
Mobile with cotton and ran to Liverpool.
Among my crew was a young man named
Rannot—Sam we always called him. He
was then one of the largest formed men
I ever saw, and came from somewhere in
New England. He stood six feet and five
inches in his bare feet, and was stout and
bulky in proportion. He had one fault,
and that was an inordinate pride of strength.
He was not quarrelsome, nor had he a re-
vengeful point in his character, and yet he
was continually annoying and pestering the
crew. Hardly a day passed that he did not
give one or more of them bodily pain by
his freaks. He would catch a poor fellow
by the legs, and swing him over his head,
at the imminent risk of smashing his brains
out against the mast or bulwarks, and then
he would laugh hugely at the poor man's
fright. Sometimes he would seize a man
by the arms and lay him upon the deck,
and in no easy manner, either. It was no
use for a man to remonstrate for he would
be sure to punish him in some way.

Of course I forbade Sam from doing
such things, but he could not remember my
orders over night. The love of "fun" as
he called it, was fixed too strongly upon
him and it could not be taken out of him.
He did not realize how unpleasant his
pranks were, nor did he know that the rest
of the crew had grown to dislike him. They
had adopted many expedients to cure him,
but they all failed, and though he had often
been made the butt of practical jokes—
such as sudden drenching in cold sea wa-
ter while he slept and other things equally
unpleasant—yet he always paid his tor-
mentors off with interest. He was in fact
the worst practical joker I ever saw, and
not a whit did he care, so long as he ex-
hibited his herculean strength and broke no
bones.

When my ship arrived at Mobile, on her
return voyage, another cargo of cotton was
ready for me, and I was ordered to load
and be off as quickly as possible. But no
sooner was the ship cleared than my men—
all but Sam Rannot—came and informed
me that they could not go with me again
unless Sam was discharged. I was not
prepared for this. In heavy work Sam was
worth any other three men on board, and
always willing and ready. Yet I knew how
the crew suffered from his thoughtless
pranks, and could not blame them. I told
the men to come to me on the following
day and I would give them an answer.

At first I thought of promising them that
I would see that the old sea dog would not
annoy them any more, but I soon became
convinced myself that that would be of no
use.—Sam would cut up his capers when I
could not see him, and the men would not
report him every time he hurt them. But
soon a new idea entered my head. I had a
brother who owned a large cotton planta-
tion on the Chickasaw. His place was not
over fifteen miles from Mobile, and he had
just the man I wanted. His big arms were
like iron, and his breast and shoulders like
a large bundle of wire done up in raw ox
hide.

I banded my brother to let me have
Cato for one or two voyages.

On the third day out we got every thing
snug and trim, save clearing and covering
the long boat; and now the crew could
find time to snooze by daylight. It was in
the afternoon, the wind was from the South-
ward and Westward, and we had it upon
the starboard beam, the ship bowing along
at a rate of about six knots. Cato sat up-
on the combing of the main hatch, and
Sam was slowly approaching him, not very
unlike as a dog sometimes approaches a
smaller animal which it never saw before.

"Say, blackey, get up," ordered Sam
with a grin, at the same time looking
around to see if the rest of the crew were
ready to enjoy the sport.
"A-yah—yah—wouldn't make a poor
fellow 'tist now eh?"
"Yes, get up."
"Don't."
"I say—git up."
"Wha' for?"
"Fun."
"Now you jes look heah, Sam; you
fool wid dis chile, eh? If you do, it's all
right—But I s'pects you'll git hurt, and
den you'll git mad, eh?"

This was spoken with the most impertu-
rable gravity, and the negro slowly rose
while he spoke looking as demure as a
child.

"Who'll get hurt?" asked Sam, with a
flourish.
"I s'pects you."
"How?"
"Foolin' wid me."
"Now you jes set right down on them
com'in's agin" uttered Sam, at the same
time laying both his hands on Cato's
shoulders.

The negro's brown eyes sparkled, and
a broad grin broke over his face as he felt
Sam's hands upon him; but without speak-
ing he placed one of his huge paws upon
the joker's collar, and with the other he
seized him by the seat of his trousers.
One deep breath came from Cato's throat
like the puff of a locomotive—then the great
curbs of his neck and arms started out like
hawsers, and when he lifted him up, the
giant form of Sam Rannot was swayed
aloft above his woolly head. A moment he
looked about him, and saw the long boat
behind him, nearly half full of rain water.

"A-yah—yah, Ma's Sam. Cool um off!"
And as he spoke he damped the astonished
giant over into the long boat, and as he let
go his hold, the massive body splashed in
the deep dirty water.

All the night before it had rained hard,
and as the large boat had been uncovered
and the plug in, she was of course well
filled. At any rate, there was enough wa-
ter to completely submerge the victim. In
an instant all hands gathered about the
boat, myself among the rest. First we
heard a terrible spluttering and puffing and
blowing like a hippopotamus just coming to
land, and in a moment more, Sam's sandy
head, all dripping and soaked, appeared
above the rail. He saw us all standing
there with convulsions of restrained mirth
upon our faces, and for some seconds they
moved not a hair. Never before did I see
such utter misery, such unmitigated woe as
dwelt upon that face. Edwin Forrest's
"Farewell! Othello's occupation gone!"
is nothing to it. Most truly had Sam lost
all his "pride, pomp and circumstances."
"Spect! I didn't hurt you much, eh?"
uttered Cato with becoming gravity.

But it was too much for us. Poor Sam's
look at the black conqueror upset the cup,
and we burst. With a deep groan the van-
quished man crawled over on the other
side of the boat and got out, and then
made his way below. Half an hour after-
wards he came on deck with dry clothes on,
and having hung his wet ones in the rig-
ging to dry, he turned to where Cato stood.
He surveyed the nigger from head to foot
several times, and finally he placed his
hands upon the arms that had lifted him so
easily. He felt of their cable-like surface a
moment, and he said, in a sad tone, while
he shook his head dubiously:

"It's no use! You're a great nigger!"
And that was the last of Sam Rannot's
mischief. His pride of physical strength
was broken, for he had found his superior,
and he settled down into a quiet orderly
seaman. I feared at first that he might
seek revenge upon Cato, but he was too
noble for that. He knew that he had in-
vited the attack, and as soon as the first
smart of pain was gone, he and his conquer-
or were fast and firm friends.

Converse not with a liar or swearer, or
a man of obscene, wanton language; for he
will either corrupt you, or at least he will
hazard your reputation to be one of the
like making; and if it doth neither, yet it
will fill your memory with such discourses
that will be troublesome to you in after
time; and the returns of the remembrance
of the passages which you have long since
heard of this nature, will haunt you when
your thoughts should be better employed.

Drinking "Clubs" are called "social clubs"
by the Argus. Thirty men drinks are cal-
culated to produce sociability, assuredly

Counsel to Boys—Education.

No one has ever overstated the value,
the importance of education. It supplies
eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, hands to
the impotent. If a youth were required to
choose between an education without wealth
and wealth without education, he should
not hesitate, but choose education. The
father who gives his child a good education
and nothing else, has richly fitted him for a
useful and happy life. A youth growing
up to manhood untaught, untrained, unedu-
cated, is like a ship drifting at random on a
boiling sea, without rudder, sails or anchor.
The father who from weak fondness or
sheer infirmity of purpose allows his son to
play truant, neglect his lessons, and thus
grow up to manhood in ignorance, is that
son's worst enemy. And the son who, dis-
regarding the efforts, the frugality, the self-
denial, whereby his parents have provided
him an education generous in proportion to
their means, regards his studies as burdens
imposed on him, and seeks to slight his
lessons, devoting most of his time to frolic
and frivolity, is alike ungrateful and foolish.
No one was ever educated too much nor too
well, whether we regard primarily the gen-
eral good or his own.

The prevalent and grave mistake concerns
not the value of education, but its nature
and scope. Half of our intellectual aspiring
boys fancy that to be educated they must
go to college, when, in fact, some of our
best educated men never spent a day in
college, while some who were worse quali-
fied for usefulness or happiness have grad-
uated, and can show (but not read) their
diplomas. Not where you were taught, but
what, is the essential matter.

Academies and colleges have their uses.
To those who are to be clergymen, lawyers,
or doctors, the opportunities they proffer
are valuable, though not indispensable.
But the great majority of our youth are not
needed in professions, and can be far more
useful elsewhere. They can be thus useful
though they never open a Latin Grammar
nor darken a college door. And this is the
truth which I would press home on the ap-
prehensions of boys and their parents
throughout our country.

A poor widow asks me with reference to
my first article—"Do you mean that if I
might borrow the money required to carry
my only son through college I should not
do it?" Yes, madam, I mean exactly that.
I mean that the honorable, manly sense of
independence which your son now feels
would be unwisely exchanged for a college
education which burdened him with a sense
of obligation evermore. I mean that when
you shall have given your son the best edu-
cation that can be paid for with the means
it has pleased God to give you, you have
done your whole duty in the premises, and
may, humbly but trustfully, look for the
Divine blessing on the result. I mean that
the education you can give him while
he remains an inmate of his beloved home,
subject to all its chastening, hallowing influ-
ences, is very likely to be of greater value
than he would acquire by spending four
years even at Harvard or Yale.

Was not Benjamin Franklin educated?
If not, who has ever been? Look around
and see if you cannot instance several who
had no more schooling than Franklin, who
like him abandoned daily study for daily
labor when twelve to fourteen years old,
yet who have ever since been useful, effi-
cient, respected and intelligent? If such
men as Shakespeare, Franklin and Lincoln,
are to be deemed uneducated, who need
fear to be classed with them?

How, then, is a poor boy to acquire
the necessary knowledge? I answer by
diligently improving his opportunities. Hav-
ing learned to read in the common schools
or at his mother's knee, let him thenceforth
devote every leisure hour to study and to
judicious reading. Assume that he must
give sixty hours per week to labor, as many
to rest and other personal needs, there still
remain four hours of each secular day, to
say nothing of Sundays, wherein to increase
his stock of useful knowledge.

If his labor be manual, and especially if
it be prosecuted in the open air and sunshine,
he will need no other muscular exercise;
and he may give twenty-four hours per week
to mental enlargement if he will; and this,
after making due allowance for wholesome
recreation and for interruption by bereave-
ment or other misfortunes, will give him,
at least, ten thousand hours for study and
reading between the age of eleven and
twenty-one. How many, think you, are
better instructed than any farmer's son may
be, who will faithfully devote ten thousand
hours to this end?

I think few boys, who have enjoyed and
improved common school advantages, need
give many hours thereafter to the more
complete mastery of the ordinary branches
or sciences therein taught. What a youth
just fresh from common school needs to ac-
quire next, is an elementary knowledge of
Nature and of natural forces—that is, of
Chemistry, Geology, Botany, etc. To the
acquisition of this knowledge, I would
postpone, in read measure, History, Post-

ry, and Literature generally. I would fix
my attention steadily on the great truths of
natural science, and keep it there, until I
had made those truths thoroughly my own.

More than forty years have passed since
I left my father's house to learn the printer's
art; and those years have been full of effort
and trial. They have made urgent de-
mands on whatever ability and knowledge I
possessed, and even more. I traversed
two continents—to Venice on the east and
San Francisco on the west—and found
many abundant reasons to regret the de-
ficiencies of my youthful education. I have
been engaged in enterprises, and subject to
responsibilities which imperatively required
the possession of a wide and varied knowl-
edge, a ripe and thorough culture; yet no
other deficiencies of my school boy learn-
ing have so often confronted me as has my
inability to read intelligently the history of
our Earth, as it is graven on her rocks,
buried in her soils, and planted in living
green on her plants and forests. A boulder
like a tea-kettle, dug from a depth of
several feet on the summit of a hill, where
it had lain undisturbed for a thousand years,
yet washed and worn to the smoothness of
a lap-stone by ages of rolling and chaffing
in the surf of some ancient ocean, is to me
an object of abiding interest; and I would
keenly enjoy a geologist's life of tramping
and camping, mainly in regions new to civil-
ized man, but revealing to instructed eyes
the proofs of an antiquity to which China is
novel, and Egypt an upstart of yesterday.

Young friend! what is best for you is
always attainable; what is essential is ever
near. I would dissuade no one from ac-
cepting and profiting by the closest aids to
mental improvement, provided they in-
volve no obligation save to parents, no in-
curance of debt. I insist only that a boun-
tiful Providence has not restricted the bless-
ings of a good education to those who can
afford to spend four years at college. I
hold that any lad of fair capacity and reso-
lute application can educate himself, at
least up to the standard of Franklin or
Lincoln, and so qualify himself for a life
of eminent usefulness and honor, by steadily,
persistently improving his opportunities,
though he should never have a day's school-
ing after his fourteenth year, and though
he be required to labor not only for his
own daily bread, but that of a portionless,
widowed mother and her younger children.
I exhort you to realize that a good, practi-
cal education is the birthright of every
American youth, and that only by your
own indolence or dissipation can you fail to
secure its inestimable blessing, to yourself
first, and then to your country.

[Horace Greeley]

A WARNING TO EARLY RISERS. The
recent life of Josiah Quincy has the follow-
ing good anecdote: "One day Mr. John
Quincy Adams, who was addicted to the
same vice of intemperance early rising, with
much the same consequences, was visiting
my father who invited him to go into Judge
Story's lecture room, and hear his lecture
to his lay class. Now Judge Story did
not accept the philosophy of his two friends
in this particular, and would insist that it
was a more excellent way to take out one's
allowance of sleep in bed, and be wide
awake when out of it—which he himself
most assuredly always was. The Judge
received the two Presidents gladly, and
placed them in the seat of honor, on the
dais by his side, fronting the class, and pro-
ceeded with his lecture. It was not long
before, glancing his eye aside to see how
his guests were impressed by his doctrine,
he saw they were both of them sound asleep,
and he saw that the class saw it, too.
Pausing a moment in his swift career of
speech, he pointed to the two sleeping
figures, and uttered these words of warn-
ing: 'Gentlemen, you see before you a
melancholy example of the effects of early
rising!' The shout of laughter with
which this judicial obiter dictum was re-
ceived effectually aroused the sleepers,
and it is to be hoped that they heard and
profited by the remainder of the discourse."

Jones was travelling with his wife, and
was so gallant in his behavior to his wife
upon that madam became uneasy, and re-
monstrated against his attentions as too
marked for public observation.

"The deuce," said Jones; "we're mar-
ried, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the lady, "but judging by
your deportment, folks will think we are
not!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, not much to you!" said the
careful dame. "You are a man, but we
women have our characters to take care of."

Imitators for the most part are shams. If
there is not strength in a man to be original
and himself, his show in a counterfeit shape
will be poor and paltry indeed. Men are
bad imitators; women worse still. Men
have more face, women more art; but as face
on man is more powerful than art in woman,
the former succeed oftener than the latter.

BREVITIES.

The national game—confidence.

It is an excellent time to read the book
of Nature when Autumn turns the leaves.

Martyrs to the steak—People who go to
cheap eating houses; and sometimes to
those not so cheap.

It is said that the prettiest girls in Salt
Lake City usually marry young.

A Western editor, in one of his papers
says: "For the effect of intemperance
see our inside."

About 1600 yards of water proof cloak-
ing are manufactured per week at Dixfield,
Oxford Co.

The Administrator of President Lincoln's
estate estimates its value at \$110,000.

Love is the shadow of the morning,
which decreases as the day advances—
Friendship is the shadow of the evening,
which strengthens with the setting sun of
life.

Lady Wallace sent a very civil message
to Mr. Harris, the Patentee of Convent
Garden Theater, offering him her comedy
for nothing. Mr. Harris observed that her
ladyship knew the exact value of it.

An old lady announced in Court at At-
lanta, that she "had no counsel," that
"God was her lawyer." "My dear mad-
am," replied the Judge, "He does not
practice in this Court."

A western editor, describing the effect o
a squall on a canal boat, says: "When
the gale was the highest the unfortunate
craft keeled to leeward, and the captain
and another cask of whiskey rolled over-
board."

"I hate to hear people talk behind one's
back," as the rubber said when the consti-
ble chasing him was crying. "Stop that!"

Live as long as you may, the first twenty
years form the greater part of your life.
They appear so when they are passing;
they seem to have been so when we look
back to them; and they take up more room
in our memory than all the years that suc-
ceed them.

LUTE TAYLOR. Last winter, Lute Tay-
lor, editor of the Prescott (Ill.) Journal,
was travelling in the stage with a party of
gentlemen, among whom was a noted de-
mocratic politician from Minnesota, now a
candidate for State office. The day was
intensely cold and the company were
obliged to stop occasionally to warm up.
Halting at a little inn by the roadside,
the democrat invited Lute up to take a
drink of whiskey, to which he readily as-
sented, and as Lute was both dry and cold
he turned out a pretty stiff "horn," swal-
lowed it instantly and repaired at once to
the stove to thaw out. Lute's free and
easy style suited the democrat to a dot,
and after freely imbibing himself, he walk-
ed up to Lute and said:

"I'll bet any man ten dollars that you
are a good democrat."

As Lute is an awful radical, this touched
his pride, and he replied in his usual
stammering style:

"I advise you n-not to bet more
m-money than you wish to lose. I ac-
knowledge I h-have all the symptoms, but
not the d-d-disease." [Bibleford Journal.]

WHAT A GOOD NEWSPAPER MAY DO.
Show us an intelligent family of boys
and girls, and we will show you a family
where newspapers and periodicals are plenty.
Nobody who has been without these
silent private tutors can know their edu-
cating powers for good or evil. Have you
ever thought of the innumerable topics of
discussion which they suggest at the break-
fast table; the important public measures
with which, thus early, our children be-
come acquainted; great philanthropic ques-
tions of the day, to which unconsciously their
attention is awakened and the general
spirit of intelligence which is invoked by
these quiet visitors? Anything that makes
home pleasant cheerful and chatty, thins
the haunts of vice and the thousand and
one avenues of temptation should cer-
tainly be regarded, when we consider its
influence on the minds of the young, as a
great moral and social light.

Fanny Fern thinks it ought to be consid-
ered a disgrace to be sick, confidentially
adding: "I am fifty-five, and I feel half
the time as if I was just made. To be sure,
I was born in Maine, where the timber
and the human race last; but I don't eat
pastry, nor candy, nor ice-cream. I own
about boots—pretty ones, too. I have a
water proof cloak, and no diamonds. I like
a nice bit of beef steak and a glass of ale,
and anybody else who wants it may eat
papp. I go to bed at ten and get up at six.
I dash out in the rain because it feels good
on my face. I don't care for my clothes,
but I will be well; and after I am buried, I
warn you, don't let any fresh air or sunlight
down on my coffin, if you don't want me to
get up."

The Republican Party, Compromising With the Enemy.

With the political records of the past before us, it is strange that men of principle will be afraid to do right; and it is equally strange, that at this late day, we find men willing to trample principle in the dust, to gain a miserable power. As a party man, we have always stood by the republican party from its earliest organization to the present day; and we stand by it now, and shall continue according to the best of our ability to fight in its ranks, against its enemies, come from whatever quarter they may. While we say this we never shall agree to endorse everything that the party does, and when it takes a position that we honestly believe wrong, we shall fall back upon our "reserved right," to say so, whenever we think the exigencies of the case demand it.

The republican party has always claimed to be a party of "moral ideas," that in building its party platform, it has recognized moral accountability to the Great God, who reigns and rules over all. While the democratic party has been catering to the debased appetites of men, and making appeals to their depraved nature, by openly opposing good and wholesome laws against intoxicating drinks, the republican party has not lent itself to such base uses. While the democratic party has been in times past the unblushing advocate and apologist of African slavery, and by party action done what it could to spread it over free territory, the republican organization has adopted the "moral idea," that both slavery and slavery extension were wrong. When all through the war, the democratic party opposed every movement that favored the emancipation of the slaves, the republican party stood manfully by President Lincoln and the friends of freedom, and vindicated the right.

Notwithstanding all this, there has been within a few months past, some very plain indications in some of the States, that the republican party was disposed to show the "white flag," when facing its enemies. In old Massachusetts, where the republican party is "forty thousand strong," at their State convention, they attempted to dodge a great moral issue forced upon them by the democratic party. This last named party has dragged the temperance question into politics. It has arrayed itself as a political organization against the prohibitory laws of that State, and for the sake of the chances of political success, has prostituted the whole party, by assuming the cause of the infamous and debauched trafficking in intoxicating drinks, and pledging itself to open the flood gates of destruction and ruin upon the community, provided it gets into power. When a great political organization, like the democratic party, plants itself boldly against the safe and wholesome restraints embodied in the prohibitory laws of a State, thereby forcing the settlement of the question at the polls, the issue should be met by their opponents with a bold uncompromising front. Instead of doing this, our friends in Massachusetts bowed their heads before the storm raised by the ungodly rum power in that State, and in their State convention, ignored the issue. They did this because they were afraid they should lose votes. As in Maine, so it is in the old Bay State,—the temperance men who favor prohibition, make up an overwhelming majority of the party, and when you undertake to hit them in the face to please the faction of the party known as the rum element you array the party against a majority of its best men, who fight your battles, and win your victories. The republicans of Massachusetts will not gain, but lose votes, by the time saving policy they have adopted. All national issues in this canvass are completely ignored; and the republican party will be compelled to fight on the battle on the line chosen by their enemies—prohibition or license.

In New York, the republicans have made a still more serious mistake. In their State convention they passed the following resolution: "Resolved, that no person should by law be deprived of the right to public or private recreation or pastime, on any day of the week, provided that no person in exercising this right shall violate public order or decorum, or the proper respect due to public worship; and that the excise law, and other existing laws shall be amended accordingly."

By this resolution, the republican party stand pledged to repeal the excise laws of New York, which shut up the grog shops on the Sabbath day. The law has been enforced in New York city and other large places, with the happiest effect upon the whole community. The rum and lager beer shops, which before the passage of those laws, were kept open upon the Sabbath day, and made places of public resort and recreation for the degraded, licentious, infidel hordes that frequent the large cities, have been under the law closed. This resolution was passed to catch the votes of the foreign population of the large cities in that State, who neither "fear God nor regard man," who are not satisfied with keeping in full blast these "breathing holes of hell," but they must keep them open upon the Sabbath day; and not satisfied with this, they demand the right to make them public places of amusement and carousal, where all kinds of licentious debauchery can be practiced with impunity. A contemporary very justly remarks that "when the convention passed this resolution, they ran up the white flag to the enemies of God and

surrendered without a blow to infidelity, to drunkenness, and to unparalleled brutality which has made this influence a terror, not only in New York, but in all the towns and villages lying adjacent thereto on the borders of the river, or on the lines of the railway.

It is a resolution virtually abolishing the Sabbath, and when "the excise law and all the existing laws," in the way of this crusade against christian civilization shall be "amended accordingly," then there remains but one more step to be taken, and that is, to re-adopt the resolution of the Infidels of France in the days of the revolution, and declare "there is no God." Had this resolution been passed in a democratic convention, it would have excited no surprise, but for the party which "calls itself the party of moral ideas," to be guilty of such an act, is astonishing. If the republican party can stand without abolishing the Sabbath, and removing all legal restraints restraints against making God's holy day a day of vicious amusements and drunken carousals, then let it go down, the sooner the better. It never was organized for any such infamous mission, and never can stand upon any such rotten basis.

JOHN HALE. The Waterford correspondent of the Lewiston Journal gives the following information concerning this veteran thief, since he was pardoned last spring.

"He closed his last term this spring, and has passed the summer at the residence of a wealthy sister in Waterford, his native place. A few weeks ago he began to give evidence that his "horse-stealing" was beginning to rage, by a nervous and exceeding restlessness. Finally one day he disappeared, and the next known of him was by bills received in town, advertising a horse and wagon stolen in Freedom, N. H., which had been seen in the possession of an old man with a long white beard, &c., answering the description of the poor old man who has had horse on the brain all his life. That horse has probably been disposed of as another has been announced as "turning up missing" in Porter, Maine."

Last Sunday morning, (20th) about one o'clock, the perturbed spirit of the old man took him to Waterford, for what purpose no one knows. He drove his horse under the shed of Mr. Robinson's store and then began to "show foot" among the neighbors. That fact is known, for in his place a few gentlemen he strolled into the yard of Mr. George Kimball, whose daughter happened to be up, and recognizing him, alarmed her father. Mr. Kimball raised the window and asked him what he was prowling about there for at that time of night. The old man stated in answer that he had disturbed no one and immediately left, went under the shed, which was the next building, backed his horse out and hurriedly drove off. Sunday the town was pretty thoroughly secured for honest John but he has probably "left for parts unknown."

Hale was arrested in Hopkinton, N. H., on Tuesday.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. For 1868. The Publishers present an imposing array of attractions to readers of "Our Young Folks" for 1868. Charles Dickens has written expressly for this Magazine "A Holiday Romance," which will appear in early numbers, with illustrations by the greatest of English designers, John Gilbert. Dr. Hayes will finish his capital story, "Cast Away in the Cold." Mrs. Stowe will continue to write sketches. The Author of "The Seven Little Sisters," one of the most charming of children's books, will tell "Dame Nature's Stories," explaining many curious facts of animal and vegetable life. And hosts of other good writers will help make "Our Young Folks" constantly attractive and useful. As the Publishers say: "It will be seen that Our Young Folks for 1868 has something for its patrons in every juvenile department; Romance, History, Fiction, Fact, Poetry, Prose, Fancy, Science, Music, Art, and Amusement, and it must continue to be, as it now is, A Household Necessity and Delight." It is only \$2.00 a year. Clubs get it at reduced rates, and Premiums are offered for new Subscribers. Sent to Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Dr. W. H. Gray, of Bethel, who is now assistant surgeon at the Freedman Bureau's Hospital in New Orleans, writes home that the ravages of the yellow fever and cholera have been fearful there. Ten persons composed their mass in the Hospital, of which six had been taken down with the fever. He had kept his trunk packed, and his horse and physician engaged for several weeks, expecting at any time to be taken down with it, but thus far has escaped. He had on several occasions taken those down with the fever to his own room, and given them his special care and saved them. A successful method of curing the cholera was adopted by giving the patient a teaspoonful of chloroform every fifteen minutes as long as the cramp lasted, and when that subsided the patient would usually recover.

John T. Abbott of Bethel died of yellow fever on board the U. S. Steamer, Mahaska, Aug. 30th, aged 22 years. He had but six days more to serve at the time of his death. In a letter received from him by his parents a few days previous to his death, he says, "you may well imagine how happy I shall feel when a free man." He was a young man highly beloved by his mates, and especially respected by his officers.

The Press says the horses of Dr. Tewksbury took fright one day last week, and threw from the carriage Mrs. Tewksbury and two friends who were riding with her. They were slightly bruised. One horse had a shoulder broken, and the carriage and harnesses were almost entirely demolished.

David McWain.

THE FIRST SETTLER OF WATERFORD, ME.
Among those whose name and memory still linger among the people, is that of David McWain, the first settler of Waterford. Unlike most men, who are seeking a new home, and take with them a wife as an almost indispensable appendage to his new home, McWain shouldered his axe, camp kettle, and such food as he could carry, and wended his way from Boston, Mass., to what is now known as McWain's Hill in the eastern part of the town of Waterford, near Norway line. This was in the year 1775. There was no settlement nearer than Bridgton, twelve miles distant, and a few persons had been through the woods to the "Scoggins" country, and built a grist-mill, and dwelling house at Bethel, the year before. This was twenty-two miles farther north than McWain's Hill.

Two others started from Massachusetts with McWain to make a settlement, but they were all three arrested as deserters, and had some difficulty in proving their innocence. The other two were discouraged and returned to Massachusetts, leaving McWain to pursue his journey alone. The lot of land on which he was to settle was given to him by the Governor of Massachusetts on consideration that he should commence a settlement, and encourage others to move into this part of the country.

Thus entirely alone, McWain shouldered his axe, camp kettle and provisions, and walked through the pathless forest to the spot selected by him for a settlement. Here he commenced to fell the trees where-with to build himself a camp. It was not long before he heard, to his surprise, the crowing of a rooster, which led him to suspect there was an Indian family near, and soon after he heard a voice, and saw an Indian woman who exclaimed, "Me found you now." An Indian family, probably of the Pequaket tribe, had their home on Crooked river near by. The Indians came to his camp and begged for salt. It was a long time before he could understand what they wanted, but when they had obtained the desired article, they swallowed it with the greatest avidity. He was invited to go to their camp when the sun was so high, meaning midday, and not daring to refuse, he went as desired, when he took dinner with them served up in Indian dishes with all sorts of savory herbs, but which required a good deal of courage for him to swallow. He had no trouble with them afterwards, except that they would come to his camp and steal his money if he had any, but would not touch anything else. He afterwards kept his money in the hollow of a tree which was shown to visitors for many years afterwards.

McWain lived here eleven years before any other settler came into the place. He cleared up his farm, and at last, among others four brothers, moved into the town, by the name of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America Hamlin. Ex-vice President Hamlin is a grandson of Europe.

McWain afterwards built a small frame house, and a large two-story house. The windows are so high that one cannot sit in a chair and look out of doors. It still remains in that condition. Mr. McWain was an eccentric man. He never married. He kept a large dairy, and gave the milk to his hogs just as it came from the cows. He was always kind to his workmen. He was at last persuaded to have a housekeeper, whom he found in the person of a Miss Stewart, who faithfully took care of him for seven or eight years. He was at last induced to offer his hand to her in marriage, but she refused the offer, and he remained single to the end of his life. A story is told of one of his trades with his Indian neighbors. After he had succeeded in raising a crop of potatoes, the Indians brought a hen to sell him, for which he agreed to pay him a bushel of potatoes and a handful of salt. The Indian carried off his potatoes and salt, but the next day the old squaw came back and claimed the hen as hers, and so he could settle with her only by giving her a bushel of potatoes and a handful of salt. He had no further trouble with them in that trade.

As he advanced in years strangers frequently visited him, and he would at first show himself very cold towards them, but his cordiality gradually increased, and he would bring along half a bushel of his best fruit and invite them to partake of it. It is a tradition that some one asked him why he built his windows so high, when he joyously said that he was afraid the children would fall out; but his obvious reason was, that his horses, of which he kept a number which ran at large around his house, would break through the windows with their heads.

He died about sixty-two years ago, at the age of about 75 years, the exact dates of which are not in the possession of the writer.

McWain's Hill is still a place of resort for its sightly location and romantic position.

Waterford was incorporated in 1797, and has been remarkable for the large number of prominent men who have originated there, but McWain's Hill will always remain to be pointed out where its first settler made his home.

The Old Farmers Almanac for 1868, is upon our table, with the compliments of Bailey & Noyes, Portland. The reception of this little annual is a forcible reminder of the rapid flight of time; and we would recommend slow people to purchase immediately.

The West Paris Sabbath School will give an exhibition at the church, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 12th. All friends of Sabbath Schools are invited to be present.

Norway Savings Bank.

ED. DEMOCRAT. The officers of this institution have so far adjusted its accounts as to decide the amount now in the bank belonging to depositors, and the percent of loss by the burglars. They have determined to go on with the business of the bank, and hope by the assistance of the present depositors, and the confidence of the public, to make good in time, what the robbers took from them. That the people may feel secure in trusting the bank with their money, a burglar proof safe has been purchased at an expense of \$800, which will be placed in a fire proof vault, and well guarded. The trustees believe that henceforth the funds of the bank will be secure against burglars, and every other contingency, save an earthquake or a flood.

With this provision for the safety of the funds, the trustees feel that they may call upon the people of this county to trust their money with the Norway Savings Bank, promising them that every thing that can be done by the officers, shall be done to make their deposits pay good dividends.

The bank will receive bonds, or other valuable papers for safe keeping, at a small percentage. The vault and safe will be ready for use in about four weeks, and the public is invited to call and examine them. Deposits will be received at the bank on Wednesday and Saturday, P. M. of each week.

N. GUNNISON, President.

In the case of Conductor Stowe, tried at Mechanic Falls, Saturday, a very curious decision was made. The magistrate decided that the conductor was justified in putting his passenger off the train, for attempting to ride on the overdue ticket, and refusing to pay the fare. It appeared in evidence that after being put off the passenger immediately stopped upon the platform, saying "I go as passenger from this station." Mr. Stowe would not allow him to go upon the train without paying for his whole ride; and for this second refusal, the justice fined him \$5.00 and cost. If the tickets were not good, as the justice decided, of course he had obtained his passage for a short distance fraudulently, and the conductor was manifestly right in refusing to allow him to go, he promising to pay for the remainder of the journey. It would be an admission that there was a sufficient value in the ticket to take him thus far; and if at end of four days it was good for that, it was good for that it was for all. Mr. Stowe entered an appeal.

The San Francisco Bulletin says that George McAllister was burned to death in a fire at Copperopolis, Sept. 20th. He was a native of Paris, Maine, aged 41 years 2 months, and came here in 1857 from Boston. He had resided in this city many years and left here on Tuesday last to take charge of the machinery of the Union copper mines in Copperopolis. He was employed at the Pacific Iron Works as an engineer, and at the National Flouring Mills two years in the same capacity. He leaves a wife and two children, a boy of 15 years and a girl of five years of age. He was an excellent husband and father, and was much respected by a large circle of acquaintances particularly among the mechanics of this city.

THE YORK SENATORS. The Biddeford Journal says: There were many and gross informalities in our town elections which cannot be overlooked, and the unlawful proceedings of the copperheads in the town of York will undoubtedly cause the certificates of election to be given to the republican nominees. There the copperhead ballot had upon it the political name of the ticket and the date.

The law of Maine says the ballot shall be printed or written on plain white paper, and have nothing upon it but the names of the candidates and the offices to be filled. A few years ago, we printed some ballots on a paper slightly tinted with blue, though such as the law recognizes as white paper. Virgil D. Parris declared them to be illegal; and protested so earnestly that as a matter of safety new ballots were procured after the polls had been opened. It is singular that democrats, who are usually such sticklers for propriety should have committed an act so grossly illegal as that in York.

Gen. Sheridan has visited Maine, this week, and received warm welcome both in Portland and Augusta. He arrived at Portland Monday noon, where he was the guest of the city. He was escorted through the principal streets, then sat down to a good dinner, and danced during the evening. Tuesday morning he went to Augusta by special train, arriving at 10:25 A. M. Here he was met by the State and city officials. A procession was formed under the direction of Gen. Beal. After speeches of welcome from the Governor, and of acknowledgement from Sheridan, the General left at a quarter past 12 for Concord, N. H., where he arrived at 6, leaving the Augusta people to eat their dinner without their chief guest. Somebody blundered most shockingly in getting the arrangements so mixed up.

The Portland Press says that in the United States District Court, Thursday, William W. Virgin, Esq., of Norway, and Sullivan C. Andrews Esq., of Buckfield, were admitted to practice.

Congress will assemble at Washington, on Thursday, November 21st. The Senate will contain 42 Republicans, to 12 opposition. House, 144 Republicans, to 59 opposition. Washington Reports say the proposition to remain in session till the close of Johnson's term, finds favor.

Arrest of one of the Supposed Norway Bank Robbers.

On Sunday night information came to Messrs. Burnham and Sanderson, of Norway, that one of the men supposed to have been engaged in the robbery of the Norway Savings Bank, was on his way to Conway. They at once drove to Gray, taking Mr. Lovejoy, and thence to Buxton, where they met their man, riding with a detective. They followed them to Biddeford, where they stopped at a hotel, when Mr. Sanderson spoke with them, and told his man that he was looking for him. The detective made considerable bluster, but a Biddeford officer made the arrest, and Messrs. Burnham and Sanderson took the man to Portland to jail. The detective claimed to have a requisition for the arrest of the prisoner, and he may yet be taken out of the State, though it is thought he will be brought to Norway for examination on Friday.

We learn from the Lewiston Journal correspondent that Messrs. Libby & Blazo, formerly of Portland in this County, are doing a successful business at Skowhegan, in the manufacture of confectionery. Uniting business integrity with genuine business zeal, their goods make for themselves a ready market in this quarter of the State. They manufacture about 100 lbs. of confectionery daily, employing several hands. They send out two or three teams. If people must gratify a sweet tooth, let them have pure candies. It is said that Maine spends about a million dollars annually in candy and nuts.

A gentleman speared two hundred pounds of trout in Thompson Pond, Poland, this morning. These trout are usually speared at this season and are rarely or never caught with a hook except in winter. They weigh from two to six pounds. [Journal.]

That "gentleman" is liable to pay a fine of \$5 for each and every one of the above-named fish. If somebody down that way don't prosecute him, we hope they may hereafter find "never a bite" when they go a fishing.

OUR WATER POWER. Figures at the Hydrographic Office show that the power at Rumford on the Androscoggin, due to the known height of the falls and the estimate volume of water, is not less than 15,644 horse power at the lowest summer run. There is sufficient power at the Saco Falls in Hiram, to drive all the machinery in Lowell.

A GRAND SURPRISE. The I. O. Good Templars of Norway village gave one of their members, Col. E. Barker, a surprise last Thursday evening. The G. T.'s turned out en masse, and was most cordially received by our brother and his family. The Col. as usual wished all around him to enjoy themselves, and the company were not slow in doing so.

A GOOD TEMPLAR.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE. Messrs. B. B. Russell of Boston has just issued this beautiful engraving, suggestive of Life's journey from childhood to Old Age. It is a group of persons from youth looking eagerly forward from the bow of the boat to pensive age in the stern. Time is represented by a hardy carman. Sold by John Hankerson, 2 Elm St., Portland. Price \$2.00.

Mr. Edward Payson Weston, a young man of 28, left Portland on Tuesday, at noon, with the intention of walking to Chicago, in 30 days. The distance is 1226 miles, and on one day he will be obliged to walk one hundred miles within 24 hours to comply with the terms of his wager. He is not to ride one foot of the way, and will not walk on Sundays.

A. L. Burbank, Esq., late Clerk of the Courts for Oxford County, who has been confined to his room for a year and a half from spinal disease, has so far recovered as to be removed to his home in Bethel, where he is gradually improving, and where he is warmly welcomed by his friends and townsmen.

We are informed that Capt. Goodnow, whose serious injuries we noted last week is quite comfortable and his wounds doing well. This was his second accident during October, he having been thrown from a wagon on the 8th. In travelling with Mr. Samuel B. Gurney, the horse was frightened by a wheel-barrow standing in the street, and both were thrown out. Mr. Gurney was severely wounded, but was cared for by Mr. Edwin Gibson who took him home.

The farmers of Bethel are making extensive arrangements to enlarge their hop fields another season. The present excellent crop of upland hops has encouraged this, though they should bear in mind that it may be many years before another so good a crop will be raised on the uplands.

Italian affairs grow more stormy. The latest reports show Garibaldi to be on the Roman territory with 15,000 men, and two French fleets about to leave for the defence of the Pope. The Crown Prince had placed himself at the head of the revolutionary force, while the young men of Italy were joining Garibaldi. It was rumored that the King of Italy will abdicate. All attempts to form a new Italian Cabinet had failed.

Gov. Chamberlain has appointed Thursday, November 28th, as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise. The same day has been designated by the President for a National Thanksgiving.

Miss Frances Ellen Tubbs.

One of the most interesting cases of the effects of disease upon the brain and upon the senses may be seen in the person of Frances Ellen Tubbs, daughter of Chas. and Mary F. Tubbs of Bethel.

She was born Jan. 8th, 1846, consequently she is nearly twenty-one years old. She was an infant of usual health and promise till three months old, when she was suddenly seized with fits for three days in succession, when they entirely left her. The head began to enlarge, and continued to do so till she was five years old. So completely detached were the bones that the head and face formed a shapeless mass which could be kept in place only as it was swathed up. As a consequence the bones of the face are now somewhat unsymmetrical, and the teeth do not meet, consequently she has never been able to masticate her food. The rapidity of the growth of the head may be inferred at that time from the fact that it became necessary to let out the bandage one inch every week for several successive weeks. The head did not continue to grow after she was five years old. When she was one year old her head weighed sixteen pounds. Her present weight is 86 pounds. From the tip to tip of the ears over the head, it is fourteen inches. Over the head and under the chin is twenty-nine inches. Around the head and over the forehead it is twenty-eight inches. One may by actual measurement of a healthy female child form a pretty correct comparison and opinion of the size of her head.

She had her sight for a short time after she was sick, but finally became totally blind. Her hearing is remarkably acute. Instead of being blinded by the enormous change in the condition of the brain, she seems to be cognizant of everything that is going on around her. Her sense of taste is good, and she enjoys her food as well as children generally. Her sense of touch does not seem to have been cultivated to any extent. She never ventures to touch anything only with the greatest timidity. She never holds anything in her hands, not even for the purpose of feeding herself as one might suppose, when the conditions of the system are taken into account.

In remarkable contrast with the sense of touch is the exercise of her mental powers. She began to talk at four or five years of age, and could connect words into sentences, between the ages of six and seven years. She has been able to commit to memory pieces of poetry and stories from the common reading books as she heard them repeated by the children in the family. She sung very sweetly and correctly, showing that the sense of hearing was unimpaired, but declined to sing after her younger sister had learned the art, preferring to hear others than to sing herself. She never seemed to be tired of having others read to her, and is especially desirous to have the newspapers read to her.

She remembers a promise made to her and expects it to be fulfilled, while her powers of observation are as great as with most persons. On a certain occasion her mother was setting the table for dinner, when she called her attention to the fact that she had not put the table cloth on. The sound of the dishes on the naked table attracted her attention.

She is very fond of company, asks many questions, and seems reluctant to have those who call to see her, go away. She sits up during the day, reclines her head on bolsters, though she can support her head a short time.

Altogether it is one of the most interesting cases of the ability of the mental powers to withstand the encroachments of disease. There is no doubt that could she have received systematic instruction at an early age, she might have acquired not a little of human learning. How such an enormous distension of the head could be produced without utterly destroying all traces of mental cultivation, is a mystery. The intense feelings, and attention of a mother have been the means of saving her life to the present time. It is rare, and indeed we know of no similar instance where a child has lived to that age, when affected to such a degree, by such a disease. There is no reason why she may not live for years to come. She eats regularly but twice a day, retires early and sleeps well, and to the writer, presents some most interesting traits of character, which through the courtesy of the parents, we have been permitted to put on record. Repeated visits to her for eighteen years have only served to increase our interest in her behalf.

N. T. T.

Bethel, Sept. 25, 1867.

Jesse D. Bright is playing his old role of the traitor in Kentucky. Having been elected to the Legislature of that virtuous State he has made the following declaration of faith in a recent speech. He said "that the war was unconstitutional; Congress was an unconstitutional body; its acts are null and void; the National debt is not binding; Slavery is not abolished; slaves must be returned to their masters; Southern men must be paid for all losses sustained during the war, and they must be governed by the principle of State rights." And he closes by advising the people "not to pay another dollar of taxes to the National Government."

The distance from Philadelphia to San Francisco, by the way of Chicago, is three thousand three hundred miles. If a train should run at the rate of twenty miles per hour, including stoppages—which is perhaps the average rate on railroads in the country it would require little less than seven days to accomplish the distance. As for grades, the traveler will ascend from the level of tide water at Baltimore or San Francisco to a height of eight thousand two hundred and forty-two feet, or over a mile and a half, at Evan's Pass.

Fire. On Thursday, 21st, the dwelling occupied by Mrs. Abby W. Estes, at North Woodstock, was discovered to be on fire. The fire caught in one of the chambers, and before it was extinguished burned through and destroyed a portion of the roof. Damage about \$120.

