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## Poetry.

### Going Up and Coming Down.

This is a simple thing, 'tis true,

And songs like these are never new;

And yet we'll try and enter through

A pinch or two of good advice.

Then listen, pompous friend, and learn

Never to boast of much renown;

For fortune's wheel is on the turn,

And some go up and some come down.

We know a vast amount of stocks,

A vast amount of pride insures;

But Fate has picked so many locks,

We wouldn't like to warrant yours.

Remember, then, and never scorn

The one whose hand is hard and brown;

For he is likely to go up,

And you are likely to come down.

Our lives are full of chance and change,

And chance, you know, is never sure;

And 'twere a doctrine new and strange

That places high are most secure.

And though the fickle God may smile,

And wield the sceptre and the crown,

'Tis only for a little while.

Then B goes up and A comes down!

The world, for you and me, my friend,

Has something more than pounds and pence;

Then let us humbly recommend

A little use of common sense.

Thus lay all pride of place aside,

And have a care on whom you frown,

For fear you'll see him going up

When you are only coming down.

## Select Story.

### From the Maine Farmer.

#### HETTY ALLEN'S STORY.

At the age of seventeen, I made up my mind never to fall in love. No matter how good, or how many, or how handsome, or how everything else fascinating a man might be, I resolved not to be fascinated and never, under any circumstances imaginable, never to be married.

Do you wonder very much that one should arrive at such a determination? Considering what poor specimens of conjugal bliss may be found by thousands, I think it is not at all strange that we young people look upon married folks rather as beacon lights to warn us off from the rock on which they split, than as pleasant reminders for us to go and do likewise.

Indeed, I had no chance for falling in love, even had I been so disposed, for we lived in an exceedingly out of the way place. Our house was a large, rambling farm house, over-looking a part of the broad river which formed the eastern boundary of our possessions. I loved every inch of that old farm, I loved the river, and when I was a child I believed it to be haunted, and many a time have I thought the sail boats, gliding to and fro, were so many uneasy ghosts, and I have looked in vain for the stains of blood on their clothing, which I supposed all ghosts carried about with them continually. I liked the woods, liked to be out of doors in the fresh air and was happy as I was, but father and mother were unaccountably anxious that I should be married, and one noon when I was in the kitchen washing dishes, father opened the subject or the hundredth time.

"Hetty, how old is thee?"

"Seventeen, father."

"Seventeen? Is thee? How time passes! It seems but a little while ago there was a little baby. There is almost old enough to get married. Has thee thought of it?"

"I have not," I answered.

"Thy mother was only sixteen when I married her. Well child," and father coughed, "allow his nose, crossed his legs, coughed again, and continued: "What I was going to say is, Josiah Langton had a long talk with me yesterday, and he wishes thee for his wife, and I gave him reason to think thee would make no objection."

O, how angry I was then! What right had father to speak thus? How I hated to be bargained for in that way.

"Indeed," I answered as calmly as possible. "You are mistaken. If I wanted to be married very much, which I am sure I do not, Josiah Langton is the last man I should think of having."

"Hetty, thee forgettest thyself," said my mother. "Thy speech was very disrespectful. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the earth."

"Stop Sarah. Youth is apt to be hasty, and reason is better than correction some times. What objection has thee to him, child?"

"I dislike him,"

"Thine is very unreasonable. He is one of the godliest young men in the society. He is very kind to his mother, and I know he would be the same to his wife; and then his prospects are good, better than mine were, when I married thy mother. I had not a penny, and Josiah has the farm his grandfather left him, and money in the bank besides. Surely thee can find naught to object in him."

"Father, I dislike him thoroughly. I like him well enough for an acquaintance, but as for being his wife, I'd rather be excused, with many thanks to him for the compliment of preference, if it is any compliment, which I doubt."

"Who would thee like to marry, then?"

"Nobody."

"There is speaking like a foolish girl, as thee is. It is the lot of woman to marry, and I think thee shows a very rebellious and unsatisfactory spirit in not according to thy father's wishes. These know we have always planned for thee to be his

wife. Hetty, I am afraid thee is looking for a man of more polish and ease. I am afraid the world has too many attractions for thee. Thee is gay and fickle. Think carefully of what I have said, and see it is not true, and remember what I say, don't thee throw away an honest man's love, or thee may live to repent it."

"I have no desire to throw away an honest man's love. As for Josiah Langton, I don't believe he is any more capable of loving than a mill stone; and if he likes anybody it is because he hasn't strength of mind enough to hate them. I don't want any such husband as he would make. I don't want any at all. I'm sick of married folks."

"Hetty," said my mother, warningly. "Let her go on Sarah. Respect for parents doesn't belong to this age. Has thee finished, Hetty?"

"I have."

"Thy presence is not desired here any longer. Leave the room, and pray for that grace of woman, a calm and obedient spirit."

I seized my sun-bonnet and rushed out of doors, running against Josiah, who was just entering. I never spoke to him, but, calling my dog Rover, walked rapidly off to the woods, and after wading through dried leaves, ankle deep, seated myself in a large cleft of a huge rock, picturesque and imposing for the throne of a queen. But I did not go to pray, as father recommended. I wasn't much given to prayer in those days.

"The idea of marrying Josiah Langton," I said alone to myself, "is awful. The very touch of his hand when he shakes hands with me makes my flesh creep, and then how he always sits with his fingers locked in front of him, and twirls one thumb over the other. If it was any one else but he, it would be a little better. He always talks so provokingly cool and knowing, as if he thought he was Solomon II, and he is little better than an idiot, and to think that father wants me to marry him; but I vow I will not."

I heard some one shuffling through the leaves in the path. There, he's coming. Now Josiah Langton, we'll have this matter settled. I've rejected you three times already, and now you have asked father, and here you are coming again, and you shall have no mercy from me. I have been as polite as I could, but if you can't understand a civil refusal, I'll try an uncivil one."

Rover barked and growled savagely as the steps came nearer. I looked up as they stopped in front of me, when, lo! it was not Josiah, but a stranger.

He lifted his hat and I noticed at a glance that he was not exactly handsome. He had a manly, independent air and natural unaffected manners that made me think he was used to the city, perhaps, and somehow, I had confidence in him before he had spoken half a dozen words.

"I hope I am not so disagreeable to you as your dog seems to consider me," he said. "This is Miss Allen, I think."

"Yes," I replied, blushing and trembling, hardly knowing what to say, and despising myself for being thrown off my equilibrium so completely by a stranger.

"I met you as I was coming home from church last Sunday. My name is Merrill, I board with Mrs. Hutton in the village."

"Yes, I remember, Mrs. Hutton told us you were boarding with her. You are an artist, I think she said. Have you been sketching some of these old trees here?"

"An artist! She is altogether mistaken. She never asked me what my business was, and I never felt called upon to tell her of course. I am not an artist, but work in a more matter of fact place than an artist's studio—a mill in the village. I do sketch a little, it is true, but I never thought that a picture in my room of a tree and a large rock and four or five cattle, would give me the reputation of an artist."

Then we both laughed at Mrs. Hutton's mistake, so the ice was broken, and we talked of other things. He did not say very much, but made some remark that drew me out and made me talk without an effort.

You see what is coming, of course. I grew to liking him better than any one else, and when he told me that he wanted me to be his wife, and asked me if I cared for him, or something like that, it all came over me that I did, considerable; so I said, yes, and we were engaged.

But the course of true love never runs smooth. Father and mother wanted me to marry Josiah, and did not want me marry Arthur because he was an Episcopalian, and came from the city, proof positive in their eyes that he was a villain. I would not marry Josiah and I didn't want to marry Arthur, unless they were willing. I told Arthur so, but I thought in a few months or a year, they would see differently, and then mother was very feeble and no one understood her wants so well as I, and so I could not leave her yet. He looked at me so sadly and never spoke for a long time, it seemed to me, then he put his arm around me, drew me to him and said: "I don't know but you are right, Hetty. But I wanted you to go back with me. I must leave this afternoon, three weeks earlier than I thought, but you will write to me, you know, and I shall come out to see you. Good bye, Hetty," and he lifted my face, kissed me and he was gone.

The house seemed like a tomb after he went. It was so lonely I thought I should scream with agony, but I did my duty as well as I could in waiting upon

mother, and it was no easy task, for she was very sick. In three days I was to have a letter. At the end of that time, I went to the Post Office, and sure enough there was the letter I expected. I carried it in my hand and hurried to my room. There were two sheets closely written, a longer letter than I had ever received before, for I wasn't much used to writing, and a love letter I never had before. It commenced "My dear Hetty," and closed, "Yours, lovingly, Arthur."

One letter a week came after that, and sometimes two, sometimes a paper or a magazine also, and once a pretty little gold pen and pencil case. Father brought the tiny package from the post office, and when he handed it to me his face was very dark, and I knew a storm was coming.

"Hetty, what are thy plans? Does thee intend to marry this man, despite all our warnings?" he demanded sternly.

I wanted to make a soft answer, for since I had known Arthur, it had seemed easy to be religious and I wanted to be good, but I hardly knew what to say, so I simply said, "Father, you know I love Arthur, and Arthur loves me, and I wish that you liked him too. I don't see how you can help it."

Father shook his head and sighed.

"Thou art easily carried away, child. Sarah, can't thee persuade her to think less of this young Episcopalian? They are an ungodly set, and I wish not that one of my children should be yoked with them. Take care child, or he'll prove thy ruin."

My cheeks burned like fire. I don't know what I said, but I poured forth a volley of words, for I had a quick, impulsive temper, despite my Quaker blood, and I was ordered to leave the room.

So it went on for six weeks. The letters were the only bright spots, for I was persecuted continually about Josiah. Then the letters ceased to come. The first week I did not think it very strange, for he might have gone away unexpectedly, and so was unable to write, but two, three, four, five, six, seven weeks, three months passed away, and no letter, and then I gave up looking for any.

It was hard to believe that after all he had been trifling with me, and that he cared for me only while I was in sight, but one evening I argued myself into the belief that father and mother were right, and that he was unworthy of a thought.

They knew I didn't have any more letters, and that I didn't write any more, so they said more than ever about my marrying Josiah. Said we could all live together, and so forth, and at last I yielded, for I didn't care what became of me.

But I never married him, for, two weeks before the day appointed for the wedding, he fell from a ladder and was killed. God forgive me, if for one moment I thought of that I was free!

After that, somehow, mother faded rapidly, and in a week she was dead. Then father was taken very sick. I took turns with Aunt Dorcas and Uncle Lemuel in watching him. One warm afternoon, as I sat by his bedside thinking he was asleep, I glanced at him, and he was looking straight at me.

"Do you want anything, father?" I asked.

His lips quivered and his forehead wrinkled as if in pain. He looked so weak and sad that I involuntarily leaned forward and laying my cheek against his, passed one hand caressingly over his face, as I have sometimes seen one soothe a child, but he motioned me away and said:

"Hetty, we have been hard with thee, poor child!" and then he broke down and sobbed aloud. "We thought it was for your good. We took your letters, yes, took them; O, God, how could we be so mean and cruel! We told the postmaster to let us have them, and he did. But we never read them. They are in the secretary in the center drawer" and he turned appealingly to me. "Hetty, thy old father has been very harsh. Can thee forgive him?"

"I forgive you father," I said.

After a moment's silence, he asked, "Do you know where he is now?"

"O do not, father."

"O, if I could only find him, so as to undo this wrong."

"Don't cry, father. It'll be all right, I know, and you shall come to live with us, and we'll have a nice comfortable time."

I found the letters, five of them, and read them through. Then I knew he was not fickle. I could not think hardly of mother, she was dead, and with father, poor man, I could not be angry.

I was very happy then, for I knew Arthur would come back sometime. I looked for him every day, every moment almost; and one evening when there came a knock at the door, I thought it was he, but it was only a neighbor with the weekly paper. I was terribly disappointed, but I thought as I opened the paper mechanically, he will come to-morrow. I ran my eyes over the columns of news and advertisements and then read what I seldom do read, the Marriages and Deaths, and among the Deaths was the name of Arthur Merrill.

The room swam around and then I knew no more until one bright September afternoon, I awoke and found Aunt Sarah sitting beside me.

Father and mother were both gone. Almost his dying words, they told me, were, "Ask Hetty to forgive her poor old father." They said also a letter had come for me the day before. I broke the

seal and glanced at the signature. Arthur Merrill. What could it mean? Was I dreaming again? I got the meaning of the letter, that he was coming to see me the next day. That would be Thursday, and the day I received it was Wednesday.

Well, all the trouble came together, and now all the joy was coming likewise. I wanted him to find the paper I saw, and when he had found it he handed it to me and I read, "Arthur Merrill, aged 18 years, 5 mos., 3 days." Some one else you see.

I laughed then; I couldn't help it, to think I had been such a fool.

"But how did you happen to come out here just now?" I asked.

"By the merest chance. I saw your brother, and he seemed to understand all about the letters, and told me the whole story."

Well, we've been married twenty six years now, Arthur and I, and I am as happy as,—well, I can't tell how happy, and I am not sorry that I waited for father's consent, for it has rested like a blessing on our married life and, long ago, I changed my mind very much, as you see, about people being married.

[From Arthur's Lady's Home Magazine.]

### A NIGHT AT THE HOME OF MARY A. LIVERMORE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Melrose" shouted the conductor. I was out on the platform in a moment, with the rest of the human packages, staring curiously up and down the quiet old town, which strikes one at first sight as comfortably taking its ease and the world at large in a peaceful, rippling, Winkle sort of atmosphere. Melrose, however, is only seven miles from Boston, and despite the air of serene respectability with which it confronts a stranger, must come in for its share in the seasoning of Attie salt, and no doubt get to the heart of it, it is well tinged with heresies and radicalism. It was the late afternoon of one of those June days Lowell sings about so felicitously, when I made my way through the shadows of the pleasant, dreamy old street to the home across whose threshold I was now to pass for the first time. A soft, poetic sunshine was on leaves and flowers; there were bushes of winds among locusts and maples, and the sweet twitter of robins through the stillness when I found myself at the house where I was to pass the night. A quiet, unpretending New England home stood before me, finished up in brown, even to the blinds, a veranda across the front, and June roses in a very glee and riot of blossoming—the extreme simplicity of the whole in the harmony with the old town and the shadowy street, even though the presiding divinity here was the strong, earnest, intent soul of Mary A. Livermore. I say as well as at this point that, measured by hours and interviews, we were almost strangers to each other. A brief meeting or two, a letter sent me when the heart of the writer was at white heat with the work and the glory of the Chicago Sanitary Fair, comprised our personal acquaintance, yet, despite this fact, I met to night not as strangers do. It one does not feel at home with the first glance at the house, one is certain to the moment he is across the threshold.

The parlor which received me was a place to dream in for a day, with pictures, and engravings, and pretty brackets that gave color, and grace, and a certain effect to the whole room, while that subtle charm of a real home atmosphere brooded over all. I had expected to find in Mrs. Livermore a good housekeeper—in deed, come to think of it, I never knew a literary woman in the highest sense of the term who did not prove herself in her own home a capable domestic manager; and having been in more than one of these homes, I am, despite the traditional blue stocking, entitled to speak ex cathedra on this matter. My own room, too, when I went into it, proved to me the "pink essence" of order and comfort, with pictures and brackets again, and delicate little artistic touches everywhere. I sat down by the window, to content for anything but watching the sunshine in the cherry and locust trees outside, and waited, but not long.

There was a rap at the door—no soft, appealing flutter of fingers, but prompt, strong, decisive—and getting up, I confronted Mrs. Livermore. She was a tall, dignified, matronly presence, an earnest, neat, attractive face, with a smile that comes suddenly and breaks up the gravity with a sweet richness; with a voice full of a clear, ringing helpfulness and decision, and the more you see of her the more you grow into a sense of her reserve force and her wonderful magnetic power, and comprehend what a shrewd physician meant, when he said: "The Lord made you up, Mrs. Livermore, to do a big job in this world."

"I should have come to you at once," she said, with her cordial warmth of speech and manner; "but my husband's congregation at Hingham gave us a reception yesterday, and this morning I was obliged to take the six o'clock train into Boston to attend to the getting out of the paper, so, when I learned you were coming, I primed myself with a couple of hours sleep." We took our supper alone together that night. A silver goblet stood at my plate, and when I had taken my first draught, Mrs. Livermore remarked: "That goblet was given me by the soldiers at the Chicago

Sanitary Fair." Perhaps I was unusually thirsty that night, at any rate, it seemed to me as I drained the goblet that no water had ever tasted so sweet. The silver was simple enough with its chasing and Latin inscriptions, but it spoke to me of weary journeys through days and nights in "mud spankers," over the wide, lonely plains of the Northwest; of burdens under which a strong man might well have faltered, borne with calm, unflinching courage; of wounded men in dreary hospitals starting at the sound of the clear, helpful voice, and glancing up with grateful joy at that woman's shadow tell into their pain and loneliness.

Before we had finished our supper Mr. Livermore entered—a fine-looking, rather portly gentleman, who evidently has a relish for a joke and a profound faith in looking on the bright side of things. He reminded me of some jolly English squire, who would enjoy riding to cover in the dew











