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POETRY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

High hopes that burned like stars sublime,
Go down! to the heavens of fate;
And true hearts perish in the time
We live in! Let them be!
But never sit down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness today,
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming;
Yet life beats in the frozen ground,
And freedom's spring is coming!
And freedom's day is near at hand,
Though we may stand in sorrow;
And our good back, ground to-day,
Shall stand again to-morrow.

Through all the long dark night of years
The people's cry ascends,
And earth is wet with tears and tears:
But our meek suffering ends!
The few shall not forever sorrow,
The many shall be free;
The powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall break to-morrow.

Through hearts broad o'er the past, our eyes,
With smiling faces gleam;
For, lo! our day bursts up the skies:
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her glory;
Keep heart! who bears the cross to-day,
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

O youth! flame earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal;
To many a heaven of desire,
Our yearning opens a portal;
And though we see the way, and
And hearts break in the future,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheaf of wheat,
Ready to flash out at the call,
O champions of labor!
Triumph and toil are twins; and aye
Just such the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the harvest to-day,
Brings victory to-morrow.

AGRICULTURAL.

Pasture Lands—Different Grasses.

The months of August and September usually offer opportunities to the farmer to make substantial improvements in his fences, drains, roads, and pastures, by clearing fields of stones and brush, and supplying water for all the purposes for which it is desired. But there is nothing among them all that enhances the value of the farm more than a good pasture.

Every farmer should be a stock-raiser, so far, at least, as the circumstances under which he exists will admit, as it is only by this means that he can sustain the fertility of his fields, and realize remunerating crops from his arable lands through a succession of years. By consuming the hay and grain of the household on the premises, a large quantity of valuable manure will be accumulated, whereas the selling off the products, and their consumption remote from the premises—unless their place be supplied by extraneous matter, will tend directly to impoverish the fields, and render the labors of the husbandman unprofitable and irksome in the extreme.

In the management of pasture grounds, great care should be taken to keep down bushes, weeds, and indeed every species of spurious vegetation, by which lands devoted to this purpose are so frequently infested and overrun.

The fern and the brake, as well as many perennial plants, find a ready footing and ample aliment in most pasture lands, and should be exterminated at once.

By permitting the weeds to vegetate and spread unmolested, not only are the vegetable resources of the soil essentially diminished, but toleration affords time for a more general dissemination of the pests, and renders the labor of eradication far more onerous and perplexing when it is attempted.

Fern may be easily destroyed in the Spring when the surface of the soil has just commenced thawing, by means of the heavy hoe, formed in the shape of an alve, with a wide sharp bit, and a substantial handle. With an instrument of this description an industrious man will go over a large area in a short time, unless the bushes be very dense, and perform the work of extrication in a manner at once thorough and effectual.

Other bushes of a similar description may also be eradicated in the same way. In stocking down pasture lands, there should be a mixture of seeds, and a most liberal quantity; it is poor policy to sow but one sort. By having a variety of grasses, we secure a much greater amount of fodder than where we sow but one kind.

Where sheep and cows, oxen and horses are permitted to run together, this method will be found especially beneficial. We are often surprised by the neglect manifested by some stockmen in the management of their pasture lands. No section of the farm should receive more systematic and careful attention. If the ground is low and wet, it should be drained, and the native grasses which are commonly found vegetating with great luxuriance in such soils, and which are nearly worthless, supplanted by more nutritious and valuable kinds.

The improvement of low ground pasture is a matter which has already awakened the attention of some of our farmers, and will, in time, produce valuable results.

On this subject we find some excellent practical remarks in an Address by A. D. Dickinson, before the Tioga County (Pa.) Agricultural Society.

"The red clover is the only kind of grass that the grower should cultivate, and it is the very kind the grower does not want except to sow mixed with his blue grass, timothy and red top. All these are slow to start and mature, while the clover starts quick, and protects not only the soil, but the other grasses until they mature and spread, and run out the clover. But one word on the importance of having all the different kinds of grasses mixed which grow well on your soil. We all know when any kind is green and fresh, cattle do better than when ripe and dried up. The kinds I have named come in order. Timothy is first and blue grass last to mature, and by having the mixtures you have fresh pasture through the season. One word on the subject of preparing your field for sowing the grass seed. Though ordinarily you have not much trouble in this respect, in this immediate vicinity, there are occasionally some of the seeds which do not catch. The remedy for all this is, on your dry land where your seed would not be so likely to grow, have your soil well prepared early in the Spring, and sow it with spring rye. On the first dragging let a man follow the drag with four quarts to the acre, of each kind of seed, timothy, red clover and red-top. Then cross sow it with two quarts each of white clover and blue grass, rolled in plaster; then

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drag it all in well. Then put on a good heavy roller; and a failure will never happen if the seed is good. Sow one bushel of plaster to the acre when the rye is a few inches high. This course is only necessary in extreme cases. The reason that rye is better to seed after than any other crops that I have tried is, it grows tall and without leaves at the bottom, while oats and other crops grow thick at the bottom and smother the young grass.

To Make Yellow Butter.

In an article relative to making yellow butter by the addition of the yolk of eggs, found on page 200 of the *Agriculturist*, I noticed an inquiry to those who have "recently tried it," whether the yolk of eggs, mingled with butter, really improves its rich flavor, &c. I have not repeatedly tried it, once trying being sufficient for my purpose. It is true, the yolk of eggs added to a batch of white butter, produced a tolerable fair specimen to the eye. I caught the idea from an article in its journal in the papers some two or three years since, but did not succeed in mixing it so as to make what we call very fine butter, when it came to be tasted by the palate; and particularly so, after it had been kept a few weeks. Indeed, we would prefer the eggs on one plate, and the butter on another. The best method we have found to make yellow butter in winter is as follows:

We keep our cream in a stone jar, and although it is believed best to keep the cream or milk as near as possible to a temperature of about 60 to 62 or 65 degrees, yet as we are in a log cabin, without the convenience of a good cellar, we take no particular pains to prevent its freezing. When we are ready for churning, no matter how cold the weather may be, even if the cream is frozen solid down to the zero point, we set the jar in a kettle on the stove, with water outside the cream within. The jar should be put in before the water becomes so hot as to endanger cracking it. The cream should be kept stirring to prevent any portion of it from becoming too hot, before the whole reaches the desired temperature of 62 or 63 degrees; it is then introduced to the churn. With this preparation of the cream, the butter will come about as readily, and with properly washing and working out all the butter-cream, will compare favorably in color, richness and keeping qualities, with that made at any other season of the year. It is believed that the yellow color, as well as much of the richness of a large portion of the butter made in winter, is destroyed, not by freezing, but by over-heating the cream previous to churning.

We find the double-bottomed butter churn very convenient, both in winter and summer.—*American Agriculturist*.

Cut the tops off Potatoes.

We find the following in the *Ohio Farmer*:—
Few people have an idea as to the amount of nourishment that is required to perfect fruit. More is required to give the fruit perfection, than in giving full growth to the plant.

To those raising flowers, this is important, as the plant then requires its greatest amount of nourishment to give to the flower its greatest beauty. An abundance of water, manure and charcoal is required to give full growth and beauty to the blossoms. If these are not furnished, most draw on the roots, perfecting of seed, by a crop of potatoes. On one part of the crop let the blossoms remain, and the apples ripen, and the stalks will die early, and the tubers be small. From the balance of the crop, cut the blossoms off, and the stalks will keep green till time for digging the potatoes, and the tubers will be far larger.

The whole potato top may be removed, and the plant, by selecting a hot sunny day, that the ends of the stalks, when cut, may dry soon, and prevent bleeding. The tops, thus cut off, may be cured like hay, and furnish excellent fodder for cattle.

By adopting this mode, our farmers can get a good crop of potatoes, and more fodder from the same ground, than they will get from an ordinary meadow. By allowing the blossoms to remain on the stalks, the stalks, whether for manure or food for cattle is lost.

All this is true, but will the tubers be healthy? Is not the gain in the size of the tuber, a loss in its perfection as a potato?—And is not this change in the nature of the potato, by cutting off its tops, a change to disease? The circulation of the blood of the potato is stopped in its natural course, and instead of coming to the tubers, it is forced to remain in the stalks, and the tubers are confined to the tuber, deprived of a natural element, and thus confined, produces an unnatural state in the tuber—it becomes a large potato, but not a natural one.

It eats finely—produces well—but does it produce a healthy perfect potato? Is not rather an unhealthy and diseased potato? Certainly it is a monster, a detestable monster, the cause of the disease in the potato? It matters but little how the branches and leaves, the lungs of vegetables are removed, the effect is the same, disease or death follows.

Thus as you approach Mount Washington you are pleased with the tall, stately spruce, everywhere to be seen in the dark valleys. As you ascend the mountain, the spruce grows smaller, its branches and leaves, its lungs are less and less. It becomes timothy and red top. At length you come to where the spruce merely trails upon the ground, and where by all its effort, it merely throws up from its stalk a few sickly, straggling lungs to mark its position; dig away the polar mass, and you will find a lot of tubers "at random sowing" upon attenuated roots. The tall majestic spruce that would have been with branches and leaves flaunting in a healthy atmosphere, has exhaled all of its health and strength upon a cluster of tubers! So it is with the potato, deprived of its lungs, the tuber is enlarged—but unnatural and diseased.

The Lampas.

The correspondent of the *New York Spirit of the Times* inquires as to burning for the Lampas, and whether that is the only cure for it. With the hope that we may save one horse from the unnecessary and terrible torture of the burning iron, we attempt to reply.

Burning for the Lampas is as good and as humane a remedy, as is suffocation between two feather beds for the hydrophobia;—both have been practised by the ignorant, and both are effectual. The horse, to

be sure, survives the infliction, while the feather bed patient is bound to die. But both of these barbarous remedies (f) have long been discarded by civilized and intelligent men.

We have occasionally had cases of this complaint in our stable; and have always attributed it to over feeding. But in no single case, however bad, within our knowledge and experience as an amateur V. S., has it resisted a course of bran mash, continued for a day or two; with the addition, in one or two instances, of a purgative of salts or aloes. (The first thought of our farm hands always was,—take the animal to the blacksmith's to be burned.)

Yonast says, "The bars occasionally swell, and rise to a level with, and even beyond the edge of, the teeth. They are very sore, and the horse feels badly on account of the pain he suffers, from the pressure of the food on them. This is called the Lampas. It may arise from inflammation of the gums, protruding the bars, when the horse is shedding his teeth, and young horses are more subject to it than others—or from some slight febrile tendency in the constitution generally; as when a young horse has lately been taken up from grass; and has been over-fed, or not sufficiently exercised. At times it appears in aged horses, for the progress of growth in the teeth of the horse is continued during the whole life of the animal.

In a majority of cases, the swelling will subside without medical treatment, or a few mashes and gentle alternatives will relieve the animal. A few slight incisions across the bars with a lancet or a penknife, will relieve the inflammation, and cause the swelling to subside; indeed this sacrifice of the bars in Lampas will seldom do harm, although it is far from so necessary as is supposed. The brutal custom of the farrier, of using a red hot iron, is most objectionable. It is torturing the horse to no purpose, and rendering that part callous, on the delicate sensibility of which all the pleasure and safety of riding and driving depend. It may be prudent, in case of Lampas, to examine the grinder, and more particularly the tushes, in order to ascertain whether either of them is making its way through the gum, or if two incisions across each other should be made on the tooth, and the horse will experience immediate relief."

In lancing the gum, for a coming tooth, it is much better to nick the gum at the side, rather than upon the edge above the advancing tooth. This is practised with young children, by most physicians. Any one troubled with a tender and swollen instep can comprehend the rationale of this. He cuts his foot upon the point of pressure. But when he makes a more incision on either side of the foot, near the sole, the pressure ceases, and his instep is at once relieved.—*Practical Farmer*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FAMILY vs. COMPANY;

OR FOUR KINDS OF CAKE.

CHAPTER I.

"It is all folly, wife!" exclaimed Mr. John Smith, a matter-of-fact, plain-spoken sort of a man, to his better half—"There you have got no less than four kinds of cake, three kinds of pies, two kinds of preserves to say nothing of knick-knacks and gimcracks."

The fact was Mrs. Smith was having the minister, his wife and two grown up daughters to take tea with her. She had been engaged for three days in the preparations, and such a display of nice things was calculated to astonish the minister and his family—to give them a two fold surprise first at the variety and extent of her culinary resources, and secondly at her folly in attempting to make a display beyond her means.

The Smiths were in comfortable circumstances. Mr. Smith was a farmer, and probably his income might have amounted to four hundred dollars per year. Mrs. Smith was a prudent, careful housewife, who wasted no more of her skill upon her own family than was absolutely necessary. But she delighted in making a grand appearance when he had company. Mrs. Smith and the boys were sometimes so ill-natured as to growl at her careful catering, when the house contained no company; and it cut them to the bone to see such extraordinary preparations for the neighbors. It was "kiss the cook" when they were alone, but the board groined with plenty when there were guests present.

Mr. John Smith had just come from the sitting room where the table with its tempting array of viands was spread. He did not like it a bit, and after raising the time of day with the parson and his family he proceeded to the kitchen where his wife was just taking the biscuit out of the oven. What do you mean by folly, I should like to know?" replied Mrs. John Smith, somewhat tartly.

She was a second wife, and having been redeemed from one of the advanced stages of maidenhood, her temper had grown a little sour, and she became a wife. "The folly of setting out a table as you have," replied the husband. I should think you were going to have the President or the royal family to take tea with you."

"I am going to have the Rev. Mr. Meekie and his family, and I will take care of my business if you will yours," replied the lady slamming the oven door.

"Perhaps it is not my business," "No! I am sure it is not."

"Who pays for all them gewgaws and gimcracks?"

"You do of course."

"But it is none of my business!"

"No! I never thought you were so confounded mean!" said the lady, her face reddening with anger.

"Mean! I am not mean! But when you get viands for your family, you think almost anything is good enough for them. We never see any pies and cake and knick-knacks."

"Do you think I mean to make pies and cake for the men folk to eat every day?" retorted the indignant housekeeper.

"Then don't do it for company. What is good enough for me is as good as I can afford to give my visitors."

"I really believe if you had your own way, you would have me as mean as the Smiths."

"The Smiths are as good folks and as liberal as any in town; and I'll warrant Parson Meekie thinks a heap more of you than he does of you with all your four kinds of cake."

"You're a fool Mr. Smith!"

"I am fool enough to know that folks are not judged by the quantity of sweet cake they put upon the table when they have company. I repeat it; there are no

better people in town than the Smiths."

"I suppose not; but they had nothing but cold biscuit and molasses gingerbread when we took tea there."

"That's as good as they can afford; but it is no better than they have every day, and I admit their independence."

"They're contemptible mean folks, there!"

"Why! Because they do not attempt to make folks believe they live better than they are? For my part I don't think it is any better than hypocrisy to make such a parade of virtuosity as you do, especially when it is hard work for me and the boys to get a decent meal of victuals."

"Did anybody ever hear the like," groaned the lady, who had by this time arrived at the pitch of excitement when tears are more effective than words.

"Perhaps they never did; but if ever I see anything of this sort again, they will be pretty likely to hear of it," replied Mr. Smith, throwing off his blue coat and commencing his preparations for taking tea with the minister.

CHAPTER II.

The plate of hot biscuit was placed in the midst of the profusion of fancy eatables with which the table was crowded. The minister and his family were duly seated and the ceremony was proceeding decently and in order.

Mrs. Smith had not wholly recovered from the excitement of the interview in the kitchen, and her hand trembled slightly as she handed Mrs. Meekie her tea. Mr. Smith had donned his best blue coat with brass buttons, which had done duty as a Sunday garment for fifteen years.

He seemed to be somewhat uneasy, and though he and the minister had always been on the best terms, his answers were too short and crusty for a courteous host.

"Won't you pass the biscuit to Mrs. Meekie, husband!" said Mrs. Smith, with her sweetest smile, albeit not very sweet at that time.

Mr. Smith did pass the biscuit to Mrs. Meekie and she took one; but when he passed them to Mr. Meekie, he smilingly declined.

"No I thank you, Mr. Smith; I never eat hot bread. It does not agree with me," said he.

Mrs. Smith passed the cold bread, thinking all the time how very unwell it was in the parson to refuse the hot biscuit she had taken so much pains to prepare.

But Mr. Meekie was very respectful to his stomach; for he found when insulted and imposed upon, that it was tyrannical and disagreeable; and he paid more deference to his digestive organs than he did to the feelings of his vain parishioners.

"My biscuit are not very nice; I did not have as good luck as I generally do," *212* gested Mrs. Smith, as Mrs. Meekie took a second cake.

"Better!" interposed Mrs. Smith. The lady looked at him with very evident marks of displeasure.

"They are very nice," said the parson's wife.

"Take a little more of this quince preserve, Mrs. Meekie. I dare say it is not so nice as your mother makes; but the truth is—"

"It has stood too long," interrupted Mrs. Smith. "The jar has not been opened since you were here last fall."

Mrs. Smith looked daggers; but the parson very considerably asking Mr. Smith if he had done planting, just at that moment her anger evaporated without any unpleasant effects.

"Hus-band, won't you pass the cake to Mrs. Meekie?"

"Thank you Mrs. Smith, I never eat cake unless it be something very simple, such as gingerbread or molasses cake."

"What a calamity! Four kinds of cake and the parson won't touch one of them!"

"But you will take one of these jumbles; I made them on purpose for you."

"That's a fact, Mr. Meekie," added Mr. Smith, maliciously.

He would hardly have added that his wife never made cake and pies for her own family, but he was afraid of frightening the parson.

Whittington's cat destroyed. These bones had seen service for the last twelve days. The point of which they were the disintegrating members had graced the table just one fortnight before.

There were sundry articles, antique old-fashioned "it bits," which might have been set before Noah and his friends in the ark. Six long red potatoes, unpeeled, even unpruned, completed the array of edibles, ornamental and substantial.

The farmer's nose contracted as before.

"Where is the meat I sent home?"

"Hanging in the wall."

"Hadn't I better eat it?"

"I want it for company next Sunday."

"The—ahem! Company again?"

"I expect my brother to dine with us then, and I want something fit to set before him."

Mrs. Smith looked sulky.

"And you mean to starve me and the boys in the meantime?"

"I should like to know if there is not enough for you?" said the dame pointing to the table.

Farmer Smith turned up his nose.

"Did I ever refuse to buy victuals when you wanted them? he said rather sternly.

"Not that I know of; but I did not suppose you wanted to buy fresh meat every day," returned the wife sulkily. "I am sure I try to be as economical as I can."

"Four kinds of cake, that nobody would touch, I suppose is prudent, ain't it?"

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Smith, I am glad to see you at home," said Mr. Meekie, walking into the room unannounced.

Good gracious! the minister and with such a table spread for the family! What a commentary on four kinds of cake for company.

Mrs. Smith was all confusion. Though the parson intended to look at the farmer, she could see that more than once his eyes wandered over the table.

Glad to see you parson; sit down and take some dinner with us," said Mrs. Smith, taking the minister by the hand.

"Thank you, I don't care if I do," replied Mr. Meekie, having a long walk to take before I return home.

Farmer Smith was pointing him to a chair when the lady interposed.

"We have got a picked up dinner to-day. Husband sent home a joint of veal, but it didn't get here until after eleven, so I had no time to cook it."

"Got here by eight o'clock," said Farmer Smith; "no fire to the parson."

"But if you will only wait a few minutes I will fry some of the veal."

"Six o'clock parson it is every day fare, but what is good enough for me is good enough for my guests."

"Right Mr. Smith," replied the minister drawing up his chair. "My business relates to the new bell for the meeting-house. I am carrying round a subscription paper."

"I am with you parson."

Farmer Smith was in most malicious good humor, and with a broad grin on his honest face, he opened the paper the minister gave him.

"Twenty dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "I don't think they could afford it."

"He gives his friends nothing but gingerbread, said the farmer. "Put me down thirty; we have four kinds of cake."

The parson consumed one long "red," and one of the vulgar fractions of cold sausage. He preferred the bread to white, and would not touch any of the pie which the prudent housekeeper set before him.

Mrs. Smith was awfully mortified. Her reputation was sacrificed, and Farmer Smith never had occasion to find fault with her for making a vain show of three kinds of pies, two kinds of preserves, and four kinds of cake.

Self-Regulating Windmill.

Daniel Halliday, a mechanic in an obscure country village, Ellington, Connecticut, has done what the world of mechanics have sought for in vain for centuries. He has invented and put in successful operation a windmill with self-regulating sails.

The mill built by him has five feet wings, that is, the diameter of the wind wheel is ten feet, and it has been in operation for six months without a hand being touched to it to regulate the sails. It runs fifteen days at one time without stopping day or night, and it has stood through some hard gales; the beauty of the improvement is, that it does stand still when the wind rages hardest, and the edge of the wings to the wind, as it fills they gradually resume their position for a gentle breeze. It is so contrived that nothing but a squall of great severity falling upon it without a moment's warning can produce damage.

The mill mentioned has drawn water from a well twenty-eight feet deep, one hundred feet distant, and forced it into a small reservoir in the upper part of the barn, sufficient for all farm purposes, garden irrigation, and "lots to spare." The cost of such a mill will be \$50, and ten pumps and pipes about \$25. It is elevated on a single oak post four feet square, the turn circle being supported by iron braces. The wings are made of one longitudinal iron bar through which run small rods; upon these rods, narrow boards half an inch thick are fitted loose being bored through from edge to edge, and screwed together by nuts or the ends of the rods. This makes strong light sails, but will be seen a single oak post four feet square, the turn circle being supported by iron braces. 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by millions; and are every day increasing their numbers, and extending their field into the wilderness. Under these circumstances, we are bound to be their defenders and protectors, and to keep them from the hands of their oppressors. Are you the sons of men of 1776 or do you lack the manly spirit of 1776?

I would willingly dwell upon this topic and others which are in my mind, but I have already occupied more than my proportion of this debate.

I have pointed out your burden. I have shown you that it is insupportable. I shall be asked, how shall we get rid of it?

I answer it is not for a private individual to point the path which a State is to pursue to cast off an insupportable burden—it belongs to the constituted authorities of that State. But this I will say, that if the people of Massachusetts adopt, in the spirit of their fathers, as one man, solemnly, the resolve that they will no longer submit to this burden, and will call upon the free States to convene in Congress for so much as the burden will carry into effect this resolution the burden will be cast off, and the clause obliterated, not only without the dissolution, but with a newly acquired strength to the Union.

For the Union and Journal.

Mr. Editor:—People who talk in the streets should be careful not to talk too loud or with suspicious persons. Thursday, my attention was called to a conversation going on between several individuals one of them a Senator in our Legislature, and the others "straight out whigs," and I believe, claiming to be Committee men. One of the latter said to the others, after referring to a handbill near by, calling for the friends of Isaac Reed to hold a caucus to nominate a candidate for the Legislature, "I want to see the next Union." We have got him where we will make him show his cloven foot? Can you tell me whose cloven foot is to be shown; or whether our Hon. Senator is fixing things for whigs with whig committees, with the understanding that after proper probation, he is to be taken back into the whig party again?

ANTI-NEBRASKA WHIG.

The wants of these individuals will, we presume, be fully gratified with a perusal of this Union. The questions we cannot answer, but we may be permitted to express a hope that no arrangements will be made to take back the honorable Senator to the whig party, without due consideration. The thing should not be done by a committee.

IOWA ELECTION.

We have before us a liberal assortment of Iowa letters and journals, giving returns of the recent election. Those on our side generally write in a spirit of exultation and gladness which is fully justified by the result. Always beaten hitherto, and only last spring (one State Superintendent or Education) by almost 4,000 majority, it is not natural that the Whigs and other opponents of the Nebraska inquiry should enjoy their present triumph. After New Hampshire and Illinois, this State was probably the hardest of all the Free States to carry for Slavery Restriction and Liquor prohibition; but it has been nobly done, opening the way to a long series of triumphs. And it is the verdict of our Iowa friends that to the exertions of JAMES W. GRIMES the good cause pre-eminently indebted for this triumph. His canvass has been protracted, laborious, earnest and effective, and its fruits are seen not merely in the general result, but in his standing almost uniformly at the head of the poll.

The other candidates on the State Ticket are probably all lost for want of a thorough combination, between the Whigs and the Free Soilers. They might all have been carried as easily as the Governor, but party bigotry and impracticability prevented.

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This is a fair hit. If we recollect right, Daggett failed to sell his cow. "Middling farrow" cows were not wanted, and he was of opinion that the voters of this district will not be satisfied with any "middling farrow" individual, when they come to vote.

LESCIOUS PEACHES. We are indebted to Mr. James Brackett, of Saco, for some very fine Peaches, the best we have seen in the market this year. Mr. Brackett always has his fruit establishment fully supplied with the freshest and finest fruit this or the Boston market affords, of all descriptions, and his shop is thronged with customers.

THE REASONS. The principle reasons which Mr. Wilkinson assigns for his decline in favor of "his friend Wells," are, his attachment to the PRESENT ADMINISTRATION and THE NEBRASKA BILL. Anti-Nebraska Democrats will be at no loss to understand Mr. Wells' position from this.

METHODISTS IN MAINE. There are two Conferences in this State, divided by the Kennebec River, called the Maine and East Maine Conference. There are in each Conference three Districts. In the Maine Conference are 9692 Members, 1576 Preachers, 97 Local Preachers, and 95 Travelling Preachers.

Making an aggregate in the whole State, of 21,755 Members and Probationers, and 348 Travelling and Local Preachers.

There are in connection with this Society in this State, 200 Sabbath Schools, having 11,854 scholars.

COME OVER AND HELP US. That brilliant sheet, the Democratic Advocate, has also been smitten with the Argus' yearning towards the "straight out" whigs of this district. Listen to the supplication: "The only party nomination is that of Judge Wells, and we trust that nomination will command the firm support of all consistent and candid men of the whig party whose rights have been trampled on by John M. Wood & Company."

Who can resist such an appeal coming from such a pure-hearted fellow? See how delicately it is worded. Judge Wells is no more independent candidate, no people's man—he is the only democratic "party" nomination, and therefore, all "consistent" whigs should give him their support! That is, rather than swerve from party to the people, consistency requires us to join our life's long opponents! Nobody else would have thought of this argument. But it conveys a most touching appeal—with a deficiency of tough equal to a pickpocket's. Let the editor, who is for so much shrewdness keep inside, will certainly give him the clasp in this dry season!

And lastly, a Whig and Free Soil Governor, Legislature, Senator and Congressman in Iowa, where the reign of "Democracy" has hitherto been unbroken. Who will say, after this, that Douglas and Pierce have done nothing for their country?—*Albany Journal*.

On the 15th inst. Mr. Benjamin Bird, a bachelor aged 70 years, was married at the Roman Catholic church on Fifth street, Cincinnati to Miss Julia Chaff, a widow of 30. So the old Bird was caught at last by Chaff.

Mr. Johnson, the justly celebrated scissor and razor grinder, is again here and ready to set the keenest edge upon razors.

PEOPLE'S CAUCUS.

The voters of Saco, opposed to the election of Albion K. Parris, and to the course of the Administration on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, are requested to meet in a People's Caucus, at Temperance Hall, on Friday, Sept. 1st, 1854, at 4 o'clock P. M., to select a candidate for Town Representative to the next Legislature.

S. T. Shannon, Isaac Marshall, John C. Bradbury, Nath'l T. Moulton, T. Souther, James S. Goodwin, A. Cutler, David Thaxby, Andrew Scamman, J. P. Howard, James M. Loring, Oron Edwards, Sam'l Whittemore, Wm Perkins, Horace Thompson, S. V. Loring, John F. Scamman, Tristram Gilman, Oliver Freeman, Elias Claves, William P. Freeman, J. M. Towne, Lewis Houlton, Appleton Mason, Jos. Ois Moulton, Sam'l S. Jordan, C. G. Burleigh, Sam'l D. Chase, C. H. Grainger, Jacob L. Chase, Geo. Leighton, Dan'l M. Owen, John Henderson, John E. Elden, William Cuts, Elias Boardman, O. W. Durell, William Littlefield, O. W. Durell, C. C. Marshall, A. E. Bowditch, A. H. Milliken, Jeremiah Mason, Joseph Hobson, Jr., R. K. Twamby, Jos. F. Deering, Edward A. Stiles, and many others.

WHIG CAUCUS.

The Whigs of Saco, who intend to vote for Hon. Isaac Reed for Governor at the approaching election, are requested to meet at their TOWN HOUSE, on SATURDAY, the second day of September next, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting a candidate to represent them in the next Legislature.

For Order, Isaac Reed, Saco, Aug. 29, 1854.

NOTICE.

The citizens of the town of Buxton, who are opposed to the Kansas and Nebraska measures, and in favor of the combination, between the Whigs and the Free Soilers. They might all have been carried as easily as the Governor, but party bigotry and impracticability prevented.

One of the tricks of the canvass is worth recording. Just before and upon the day of election, the news was sent over the State in extras, despatches and hand-bills, that Congress had passed the *Homestead Bill*, and every equator and thermo pair man reminded that to a Democratic Congress and President they were indebted for this great boon, which would secure them homes for little or nothing. Cool observers judge that not less than One Thousand votes were carried over from Grimes to Bates on the strength of this statement and appeal. Two or three days after the votes had been cast, the truth transpired that Congress had not passed the *Homestead Bill* at all, but on the other hand the President had vetoed the *River and Harbor Bill*, in the passage of which Iowa was deeply interested. But the votes were cast and counted, and indignation could not alter the result.—*New York Tribune*.

