

The Oxford Democrat.

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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OLD SERIES, VOL. 23, NO. 5.

Agricultural.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—Agriculture.

Special Notice.

Agricultural Exchanges and communications for this department, should be directed to "Oxford Democrat," South Paris, Me.

Bro. True's Farm.

We have been to Bethel, have had a nice visit with Bro. True, and now we mean to take our revenge for what we saw some time since about us.

We begin by assuring our readers that he has a farm of *fact*, had not only so, but an orchard and a garden too. And more than this—has chosen fruit, as we can attest—a thing he could not affirm of us! These Yellow Bellflowers! It makes our mouth water to think of them. We have a very nice tooth in the way of fruit, and are sure we shall be picking our nose up north again by and by, to see if we cannot snuff out something else in that line that is nice. So look out Bro. True, and all the rest of the brethren up there.

Bro. True's farm is situated at the end of the main street, and from his house you look right in among the business of the city. And when he gets up his new house, there he will stand looking all the world and the "rest of mankind" in the face. Now he has a garden there among the trees, like the garden in the city, so you would not see him unless you looked sharp. But if you get round behind him, there you will find his farm, which consists of a very large ridge of land partly covered with wood and the rest in a field with an orchard and garden. The orchard is at the north of his house, and the garden at the south of his house, and the street is between them. Back of this to the west is his garden, which is filled with pear, plum, and cherry trees, his deep-fountain, mixed in with beautiful and flourishing maple.

Verily, his lot is cast in a pleasant place. There is no spot we saw in the town more pleasant than the one possessed by Bro. True, if only his retirement and quietude and peace. It is a retired and quiet spot, almost in the midst of the bustle of an ever-tossing apple-bush business village. And we must be permitted to say that we regard Bethel as one of the very pleasantest and most flourishing towns in this country, if not in the State.

In regard to Bro. True, his nice little farm is not all there is of him. He has the Good Land under his care, which is in a very flourishing condition. Every where we could see the mark of his hand about the building. The neat and tidy rooms, the large and well-arranged collection of animals, and other fixtures and arrangements, all attest his industry, skill and good taste. Judging from all we could see, we hardly know which is the most fortunate, the one in obtaining such a man, or the one in obtaining such a situation.

GIVE ANIMALS A WARM PLACE TO LIVE IN. The importance of this is seldom appreciated by those who have the care of animals. We have always understood something of this, and governed ourselves accordingly as far as in our power; but we have lately had its truth more strongly impressed on our mind than ever before, and that too in a practical way. From necessity we have been compelled to keep our pigs in a cold pen up to within a week. Since then they have been transferred to their new house, made as tight and warm as boards and battens can make it, with the addition of the heat from the furnace for the cooking of their food. Already it requires more than twice the amount of food demanded before to satisfy them. We feel confident that the change of quarters will lessen the expense of keeping them not less than one third.

CAREFUL AND OATS. It may be remembered by our readers that some time since we printed an article on feeding hogs with carrots and oats. This winter we have tried this feed on our hogs, and are fully convinced that it is the cheapest and best feed we ever used. We fed our hogs about half a peck of carrots with two quarts of oats in the morning, and she has done quite as well as we gave her six quarts of oats per day. We should like to have such of our readers as have carrots, try this feed on their hogs, and see how they like it.

BETHEL FARMER'S CLUB. We had the pleasure of visiting this institution on Wednesday evening last, and we assure our readers, that the impressions they must have received, in relation to the men composing it, are short of the reality. Nowhere have we met a body of men more intelligent and interested in agriculture, than we found here. And not only are the men intelligent and interested, but the women equally so. If there are not raised in this town, some wives for farmers, that are worth having, the daughters will not be like the mothers.

This club has a small library of very choice books on Agriculture, Horticulture, and the kindred sciences. Every farmer in the town ought to be connected with it, and contribute his mite to increase the library. And such an association ought to be formed in every town in the country, and every tiller of the soil should be connected with them.

A COFFEE POT. The coffee pot that is broadest at bottom, and narrowest at top, will infallibly make the best coffee.

For the Democrat.

Bethel Farmer's Club.

The meeting of this week was held in the vestry, Wednesday evening, Dec. 19th, where a good number met. A practical address was delivered by Darius Forbes, Esq., of Paris, on the subject of underdraining, in which he presented views similar to those recently expressed by him in the Democrat. The idea was advanced that much of our land should be underdrained, which we now suppose not to require it. What is known to be practiced in other States, and particularly in England with most marked benefit to the soil, is very reluctantly adopted in a country comparatively new.

He also introduced the subject of raising fruits, in which a profitable discussion arose among the members. Especially the peculiar places which has destroyed so many trees in this vicinity the last year. The conclusion seemed to be that there was a combination of circumstances, such as the effects of the berry, badly drained grounds and severe pruning, which served to impair the vitality of the tree, and which was then followed by the remarkable extension of frost and cold of the last two years. The remark was repeated that we are too hasty in pruning old trees after grafting.

In connection with this subject, the best methods of preserving fruit were freely discussed. Among the best methods were suggested the giving of light and pure air, and a cold, but uniform temperature, as possible to fruit. Apples will often keep remarkably well in a well finished attic. A little quick lime put into barrels that are to be kept in damp cellars will absorb the moisture and maintain good. The opinion was advanced contrary to generally received opinion, that apples should be well matured before being gathered.

It is known that as early as January apples will not keep long, and that apples gathered late will not undergo so fully the ripening process as those gathered earlier. One member stated a fact confirming this position, as he accidentally left his apples much later on the tree than usual, and they have never kept better than the present winter. It was suggested that further improvement on the members, that a much care should be taken in gathering where apples, as in packing eggs. A braked apple is good for nothing for winter but to aid the others in decaying.

After a full discussion of this subject, an essay was read on the "Use of Seed in Agriculture," when it was voted to take up the Potato as the next subject for discussion, and all persons interested, are requested to bring all the varieties in their possession, in order to settle, if possible, their number, and the names of those referred to next in two weeks. N. T. T.

The Wool Grower and Stock Register for this month is received, and is, as usual, filled with valuable matter for every breeder and grower of stock. Published by D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y.

The LITTLE PHOENIX. We have received the number of this journal, edited by Green Greenwood. Judging from this specimen we think it must be both a valuable and interesting paper for youth.

REMARKS ON FEEDING CATTLE. Stephen, in his "Book of the Farm," gives the following illustration of the necessity of regularity and method in agricultural operations:

"In this minutely detailing the duties of the cattle-man, my object has been to show you rather how the various duties should be distributed relatively than absolutely; but whatever hour and minute the cattle-man finds from his experience, you should see that he performs the same operation at the same time every day. By paying strict attention to this, the cattle will be ready for and expect their usual meals at the appointed hour, and will not complain until they arrive. Complaints from his stock should be distressing to every farmer's ears, for he may be assured they will not complain until they feel hunger, and if allowed to hunger, they will not only lose condition, but render themselves, by discontent, less capable of acquiring it when the food happens to be fully given. Wherever you hear howlings from cattle, you may safely conclude that matters are conducted there in an irregular manner. The cattle-man's rule is a simple one, and easily remembered—Give food and fodder to cattle at fixed times, and discipline them in a fixed routine. I had a had a striking instance of the bad effects of irregular attention to cattle. An old stall laborer was appointed to take charge of cattle, and was quite able and willing to undertake the task. He got his own way at first, as I had observed many laboring men display great ingenuity in arranging their work. Loadings were soon heard from the stock in all quarters, both in and out of doors, which indicated the want of regularity in the cattle man; while the poor creature himself was constantly in a state of bustle and uneasiness. To put an end to this disorderly state of things, I appointed his entire day's work by his own watch; and on implicitly following the plan he not only satisfied the wants of every animal committed to his charge, but had abundant leisure to lend a hand to anything that required his temporary assistance. His old heart overflowed with gratitude when he found the way of making all his creatures happy, and his kindness to them was so unhesitating, he would have done whatever he liked." [Maine Farmer.]

Never let yourself be betrayed into the admiration of a person of high rank, or fortune, whom you would despise if he were your equal in station. None but fools and children are struck with tinsel.

Feeding out Roots.

There is probably a greater crop of roots—such as turnips, ruta bagas, carrots, &c., raised in Maine during the present year, than for any one year previous for some time. These roots will be fed to cattle during the winter, and it may not be amiss to think over the best mode of doing this.

There are two modes generally adopted for doing this. The easy man chops up a pint or two every day with his sickle or a barn shovel, and throws them over to the cattle "bit or nibble," and lets them eat them so. In the spring he looks at his cattle and says, "I don't think roots are any great shakes" to feed cattle with. The careful man purchases a root cutter, passes them through it in sufficient quantities to give his bullock a full meal, sometimes, if he be extra careful, he cooks them and feeds them out in that way. In the spring he looks at his cattle and says, "Roots are excellent for cattle in the winter, but it requires a good many of them and a good deal of care in feeding them out. So does anything. The question with him will next be, how can I economize this business so as to make the roots do the most good?"

On this point many good farmers have often queried, and many experiments have been tried. We have found some thoughts and experiments upon this subject in a late English paper. Mr. Lawrence, of Gloucester, has made some experiments in feeding turnips to cattle in winter. We will condense his observations for the benefit of our readers.

It seems, from his observations, that to give a bullock a full feed of roots alone, is not so good as to give a less quantity with cut hay, or straw, (chaff, as they call it in England.)

When I commenced feeding bullocks some years ago, says he, I was in the habit of cutting down the allowance of the different kinds of food recommended in the agricultural papers, and by men of reputed experience in such matters. The quantity of roots recommended were from 1 to 1 1/2 cwt. per day, for large bullocks, (this would be a bushel and a half of ruta bagas per day,) and that without admixture.

He then goes on to say—"Now what is the object we propose to accomplish? It may be assumed for our present purpose we are dealing with animals at maturity in point of growth, that the skeleton is fully developed, and that we have only to accumulate flesh and fat. It must ever be in mind that it is not the quantity of food put in the stomach of the animal which accomplishes the object in view, but that which is thoroughly digested and assimilated by the healthy action of the viscera. Therefore before a bullock had a cwt. of roots afterwards its allowance of more solid and nutritious food, and repeating the feed of roots in the evening, appeared to me as an irrational proceeding, and on the other hand, that a due mixture of the solid and feed foods would probably aid the proper digestion of each. I resolved therefore to diminish the quantity of roots which I had generally used recommended, say half, viz. from 70 to 80 pounds per day, according to the size of the animal, and to give a portion of those with each feed, as indicated in the paragraph as might be practicable with the more solid food. With this view I substituted Mowbray's cutter, which cuts the roots into thin ribbons, which we turn over amongst the chaff, so that the animals cannot avoid eating them together. I observed that the animals under the change to which I have alluded, those faster and were kept longer by clean with one third less litter, by weight, than we had found necessary on the former mode of feeding." [Maine Farmer.]

N. T. T.

Butter—The Price and Supply. "Butter is so very high—don't you think it will be cheaper soon?" "No, no, no, we do not." "Do not, why, what in the world is the reason?" "It was not so high last year." "We know it, and the reason is simply because there was more for sale and less money to buy it. The depression of business and want of employment rendered many persons unable to buy butter; but they were not all; there was probably ten per cent more butter made last year than this, and that, by one of the most unerring laws—the law of demand and supply—must make the article advance in price. Then the demand is ten per cent better, with money plenteous, and thus the two causes combined must raise the price."

"But will it keep up?" "Yes, because the supply is short." "Pray, tell us how that happens." I thought there was a great dearth and scarcity of feed in 1854, and a great dearth and abundance in 1855. The latter should have produced the most butter."

"There you are mistaken. A dry season always produces the most and best butter. But there is another reason why 1855 has not been productive; a legitimate product of the drought of the previous year is a short supply of milk cows this year."

Such is the substance of a conversation upon this important subject. We continue our remarks.

Many farmers sold their cows last Fall to the butchers, while many cows that went into Winter quarters never came out. Five thousand were reported dead last Spring in one county in Ohio. Many that barely lived through the winter have been nearly worthless for milk during the summer. The grass in a wet season is watery but not buttery. The consequence is that good butter has been scarce all Summer in our market, and has sold at unprecedented high prices, and now the wholesale rate is about fifteen or twenty per cent, or four cents a pound higher than it was a year ago; that is, it

sold last Fall at from twenty-one to twenty-five cents a pound, and now sells from twenty-six to thirty-six cents; and, as we believe, will continue to sell at an advance upon last Winter's prices, for the reason we have stated.

This fact producers may as well know at once, and consumers may quietly make up their minds to submit to the necessity, or else eat their bread unuttered. What we desire is that the four cents advance upon every pound of butter that will be sold in this city the present Winter shall go into the pockets of those who do the work and not those who do the trading.

[N. Y. Tribune.]

Brilliant Whitewash.

Many have heard of the brilliant streaks whitewash on the east end of the President's house at Washington. The following is a recipe for it as gleaned from the National Intelligencer, with some additional improvements learned by experiment. Take half a bushel of nice unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water, over it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer and add to it a pack of salt, previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste, and stirred in boiling hot; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glass, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire, in a small kettle within a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from the dirt.

It should be put on right hot, for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house if properly applied. Brushes made of horse hair may be used according to the nature of the job required. It answers as well at oil paint for wood, brick, or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls.

Coloring matter may be put in and made of any shade you like. Spanish brown stirred in will make red pink, more or less deep according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown make a reddish stone color. Yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow ochre, but changes color further, and makes ochre generally esteemed prettier. In all these cases the darkness of the shades of color is determined by the quantity of coloring used. It is difficult to make rich warm tones; and it would be best to try experiments on a shingle and let it dry. We have been told that green must not be mixed with lime. This green discolors the color, and the color has an effect on the whiteness, which makes it crack and peel. When walls have been badly smothered and you wish to have them a clean white, it is well to square ridges plentifully through a bag into the water you use, before it is stirred in the whole mixture. If a large quantity than five gallons be wanted, the same proportion should be observed.

GRASS OATS. A late number of the American Veterinary Journal contains the following article on the value of ground oats which we deem of sufficient interest to transfer to our columns.

Ground oats furnish more nutriment, and keep the bowels in better condition, than when served out whole. By grinding the oats we separate them into a myriad of particles, and present them to the gastric solvents in a form calculated to secure their speedy digestion—in fact, they are in a condition favorable to speedy assimilation.

Ground oats are more nutritious than whole, for the same reason that flour is more so than unground wheat. Ground oats contain more of the nitrogenous, or flesh-making principle, than any other kind of horse feed; at the same time they furnish a mixture of coarse and fine feed—the husks of the oats constitute the first, and meal the latter. The coarse material serves to keep the bowels in a soluble condition—stimulate and excite the mucous coat, and thus obviate the necessity for drastic medicine. This kind of feed is decidedly the healthiest for working horses. They require, however, a certain quantity of sweet hay, in view of dislodging the stomach to a healthy capacity.

MANURE HEAPS. If your compost heaps are under sheds and refuse to heat either turn them in mild weather to encourage fermentation, or make holes in the top of the heap with a crowbar, and pour in large quantities of boiling water or boiling spent lye. The covering up of a few heated bricks in a manure heap, will often engender fermentation; or the burying a lump of unslacked lime in a compost heap, will cause fermentation, from the amount of latent heat rendered present during the slacking of the lime. If a compost is dry, add water, and the mass will soon be in a fair heat; indeed, the pile should never be too dry, or the contents will freeze, and thus much of its value be dissipated.

[Working Farmer.]

TO PREVENT COWS HOLDING UP THEIR MILK. Mr. Editor—In looking at one of the Farmers (a back number) I saw a remark relating to cows holding up their milk. I have tried the experiment myself, and have found that as long as you continue to feed them they will give down their milk freely, but if you omit feeding, while milking it will be impossible to get any from them. I think it is best always to feed them while being milked. [Cor. Maine Farmer.]

MISCELLANY.

THE VIRGIN OF VESTA.

BY AUGUSTUS HUGANNE.

The Tiber was gleaming in the light of its illuminated banks. Far down the Palatine Hill, from the Imperial Palace, flashed forth a long line of radiance upon the Via Sacra. And across the clear water, from the marble court of Apollo's Temple, came the evening chant of the priests, and the sound of music, as if their God had struck his sculptured harp.

The temple of Vesta, alone, upon the southern slope of the hill, was lit by the rich moonbeams, that clothed with a rich lustre its marble portico, and glittering through the thick foliage of the sacred oaks which embosomed it.

Naught burned there but the pure fire of the altar, around which, now a circle of white-robed virgins bent in their evening orisons.

And now the mystic rites are ended, and the solemn chant of the vestal train, as they slowly retired through the dim aisles, sounds faintly in the distance. One is left—the virgin, who through the still night, shall watch the sacred altar-flame, and offer to the spotless goddess a prayer from her favorite shrine. Why gazes she so fixedly at the departed sisters? Why casts she an anxious glance around the lonely court?

A shadow stole across the marble pavement, and the figure of a man stood forth in the moonlight. The maiden drew to meet him.

"My brother! thou art here! O, how happy!"

"But; they seek my life!" said the young man, casting an anxious glance around.

"My brother! what meanest thou?"

"Germanicus is slain!" said the brother in a stifled voice.

The maiden gazed into the youth's face, as if she would find real there the confirmation of his words; but she saw that his features were deadly pale. "Ah, my brother," she murmured, "it is not so—O say not that your benefactor is—"

"Thy true—seen at the banquet, I stood beside him—I held his cup. Scjanus, the tyrant filled from his own, and my master fell dead at my feet. I escaped, but the slaves of Scjanus follow me."

"And him—Germanicus—he is no more," cried the sister.

"Ay, Livia—poisoned by the wretch who aims at the imperial purple! Germanicus is dead, Livia! but hark! they come—I hear the tramp of their feet within—"

"They will not harm thee here, my brother—they dare not tear thee from the shrine of Vesta!"

"And what is Vesta to Scjanus?" cried a voice as a band of soldiers entered the temple gates. "Drag the slave away! 'tis the emperor's will!"

"Rescue!" cried Livia, as snatching a torch from the altar, she sprang to her brother's side. "Rescue ere the infuriated gods shall smite her shrine! Back, back, ye vile men! hands on him who claims the aid of Vesta!"

The sister stood by her brother's side like the very goddess whom she served. The rules and superstitions of the vestal train trembled before the Mars of the virgin's eye. But their leader's voice aroused them.

"It is!" cried he, "as you be harked by a woman!" and he grasped the maiden's arm.

The crowd of the brother circled round the sister's head, and the bright torches hung on his iron helmet. But ere the blow could be repeated, lights gleamed along the corridors, and the high priestesses broke the silence.

"What means this?" said she, "this clash of steel? Is the shrine of Vesta violated? Is Rome so sunk in crime that the temple of her is not revered? Speak, Livia, why are these bold men here?"

"A stranger sought the protection of our altar. He is the freedman of Germanicus, whom they have murdered. These men would drag him to a cruel death. O, save him, he is my brother!" And the spirit that upheld her guiding way, she sank trembling at the feet of the priestesses.

"Fear not, Livia! Tiberius himself dare not desecrate the shrine of our goddess. Return!" said the high priestess to the soldiers, "and say to Scjanus that the priestesses of Vesta protect her servants."

"Advance!" said the centurion. "Pluck him even from the altar's foot. Think ye that the vengeance of the gods is more terrible than the wrath of Scjanus? Advance upon the slave!"

The soldiers, accustomed to obey without longer. Throwing themselves together upon the freedman, who grasping his sword had the interference of the priestesses, they wrested the weapon from his grasp, and dragged him from the temple court.

Livia lay senseless at the foot of the altar. But the high priestess heeded her not. Her own proud heart was swelled at the thought of her infuriated goddess. The sanctuary violated! sacrilege at the very altar! "Tremble," she cried, as the cohorts of the treating soldiers flashed in the blaze that streamed from the imperial palace—"Tremble, Scjanus? thy fate is sealed. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad!"

Scjanus reclined at the banquet. Rival of his master in dissimulation he knew how to preserve in public an austerity that effectually hid the grossness of his sensuality. He was at the pitch of the enervating pleasures of Tiberius, sunk in the enervating pleasures of his Capreae palace had apparently resigned all care of government into the hands of his favorite. The word Scjanus was law in Rome.

Yet his ambition still looked higher, and already the imperial crown seemed within his grasp. The children of the elder Germanicus were banished. Drusus had drank

the poison of his host. What was now to prevent the attainment of his vast ambition—the empire of Rome?

A messenger appeared.

"The freedman of Germanicus is taken."

"To the dungeon with him! Yet stay—guard him hither!"

Herman entered between the soldiers who advanced towards Scjanus. But the cautious tyrant staid their approach.

"And thinkest thou, tyrant, I stay at the banquet?" cried the bold freedman.

"Ha, slave! are we braved?—a worthy cub of thy master thou art. Methinks reasoning lath grown bold? where found'st thou him?"

"In the temple of Vesta he had taken sanctuary."

"Sanctuary! 'tis well. Rome has yet to learn that Scjanus is her master. Had he powers?"

"He has destroyed them."

"Ha!" cried Scjanus, "hear him to the dungeon. The torture shall be thine on the morrow, O, fearless despoiler of tyrants!"

The priestess and Livia both knelt at the altar! Together they hung the sacred garlands upon the shrine—together watched the holy fire. Suddenly the virgin paused—she threw herself at the feet of the priestesses.

"Can we save him?" she murmured—

"My brother—my only brother!"

"Livia!" said the calm voice of the priestess, "I knew not thou hadst a brother. Where dwelt he when Germanicus assigned you to my care?"

"He was his freedman—we were once the children of his enemy, for our father's sister was Thumelida, the wife of the bold Arminius. At the dark defeat, when Varus sunk before the power of the German leader, my father fell. Thumelida saved us, till she herself became a captive, and then the generous hand of Germanicus procured the offspring of Livia. My own became his freedman, and I, at his own desire, (which our goddess proper to) became the child of Vesta. Thou hast heard my story."

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Slavery, if she applied for admission with a

Constitution allowing it; and that he would

not vote to restore the Missouri Compromise

line. This explains why Southern K. N.

have been for several days voting for him.

Upon making this admission all Northern

men, but four or five Know Nothing doug-

fess deserted him. Fuller is politically

damned and ought to be, both here and at

home, and must be added to the long list of

Northern traitors which deserve a political

gallows high as Haman's.

To-day but one vote was taken for Speak-

er, with the same result as before—Banks

wanting only seven votes of an election. The

remainder of the time has been taken up in

Southern trash. McMullen of Virginia made

a long, frothy speech, lugging in the old

threat to dissolve the Union.

Others spoke in the same strain, alternately

amusing and then disgusting all their

hearers. The Republicans did not deem any

reply at this time necessary or called for; and

left the whole field to the Nebraska Demo-

crats and Know Nothings, to fight and woo

each other, according to the tastes and dis-

position of the several speakers.

When the House will be organized no one

can tell. The matter now looks dark.

Banks could now be chosen at any trial by

a majority vote, provided the anti-Nebraska

impracticables would vote for him instead of

scattering their votes. Upon the heads of

these recent men now rests the responsibility.

A Battalion of Infantry, numbering about

150 men known as the *Amoskeag Veterans*

from Manchester, N. H., were here a few

days since in full uniform, accompanied by

a Band. They were on their way to visit

Mount Vernon. Their uniform is the same

as that worn by the Patriots of the Revolution,

and decidedly rich and imposing. They were

a noble looking set of men, scarcely

any of their number being less than six feet

high. Several of them were in the war of

1812, and none looked as though gunpowder

or balls would frighten them. They dined

with the President, and as they paraded the

streets, every where received marked atten-

tion. They have now returned to New

Hampshire.

Horace Greeley is here with his old "white

coat." Last Sabbath evening he delivered

a temperance lecture to a large audience at

the Hall of the Sons of Temperance.

The weather is remarkably fine, and with

the exception of a few very days, has resem-

bled our Indian summers at the North.

Until within a few days members from all

sections have kept remarkably cool and good

natured, but the exciting debates which are

now going on are having their effect; and

if an organization is not soon effected, we

shall have stormy times. But we hope for

the best and still have faith to believe Banks

will be Speaker, but how it is to be done,

we cannot now exactly tell. Time can only

determine the question.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23, 1855.

No vote for Speaker has been taken to-

day. This morning Mr. Bennett of Missis-

sippi, made an ultra Southern speech, occu-

pying an hour.

A Resolution was then adopted limiting

all Speakers to fifteen minutes. Mr. Stan-

ton of Ohio then offered a Resolution to

adopt the plurality rule in electing a Speak-

er. This was voted down by a small ma-

jority. The Nebraska members, Southern K.

N., and impracticables voting against it.

We then offered a Resolution to proceed

to the election of Speaker *vice versa*, and that

from and after Monday, all debate should

be declared out of order until a Speaker

should be chosen. Upon the suggestion of

several members that the Resolution should

be so framed as to allow of an adjournment

Buchananism in Maine and Elsewhere.

John Appleton, we just learn, has hasten-

ed home from England thus early to resume

his Argus duties. What is to come of this

return is quite plain, although it has not

yet risen to the surface. Mr. A. is a great

Buchananite as will hereafter appear. He

loves the Pennsylvania Federalist with warm

devotion; and in company with some of his

fanatical confederates hopes to displace Pier-

ce, and elevate this new Northern man with

Southern principles.

At Washington the Buchanan interest is

creating some new movements. The demo-

cratic Federal Senators recently met in cau-

cus to nominate a prior to the Senate.

The majority nominated Forney and Nichol-

son, who are supposed to favor Buchanan.

The minority bolted, and are in favor of

Tucker of the Sentinel. This has created

much excitement and division among the

faithful, and various plans are on embryo

to solve the difficulty. The question has been

postponed for the present.

This Buchanan star as it is seen in the

distance is worthy of an occasional tele-
scopic view; not because of its brilliancy, or

prospects, but on account of its satellites.

Buchanan in 1853 gave the following toast:

"As the Union was preserved by the

Compromise line of 1820; so may it again

be preserved in 1857 by a continuation of

that line to the Pacific."

This prop having been knocked from under

the illustrious Pennsylvanian's feet, by

repeal a new one has been substituted. It

is rumored that a letter from Mr. Buchan-

an brought over the water all the way from

St. James, has been shown privately to the

Southern members, giving his approval of

the Nebraska fraud; and likewise, another

of a somewhat different character has been

submitted to the inspection of the Northern

members of Congress. This method of do-

ing the political business has been quite suc-

cessful. The American people have in all

probability seen enough of such management

to be ashamed of it, and it is to be hoped

for the honor of the nation that they will

rise in their majesty and repudiate and

"crush out" every vestige of caucus man-

agement and intrigue in the next Presidential

election.

Beslobbering Pierce.

One E. K. Smart, formerly a ranting

abolitionist, and who got down on his knees,

and fawned before Pierce to obtain a little

Presidential paper in the Belfast Custom

House is now playing the sycophant in good

earnest. He has recently a long article in

the Free Press, to show that President Pierce

has violated none of his pledges.

This political dunce tries to make it ap-

pear that the President aided in the repeal

of the Missouri Compromise to give the coun-

try repose, and that he is in no way respon-

sible for the agitation which followed this

infamous act.

This Smart has really got to be an object

of pity. Having turned his back upon all

his former friends, his past life and profes-

sion, and sunk himself to the lowest depths

of political degradation, he now shows him-

self, week after week, like a whipped spaniel

cringing at the feet of the President, as

though he would ask the dignified favor of

Frank to allow him to kiss his great toe;

and all the while looking up in his face be-

seemingly to tell him what a stupendous big

game he is, and how all "we country-

men" in Maine, and all over the country,

are in favor of his re-election.

No man, whatever may be his political

opinions can help pitying this fellow, for

certainly he is, politically, the most degraded

specimen of humanity living. If Ephraim

K. Smart is not totally lost to all shame, if

he has left remaining one single spark of

self-respect, he must, upon a review of his

past political life, *despise himself*.

But we ask pardon of our readers for any

further *noticing* at all, in any way, this

political renegade, or any of his false and

imbecile scribbles. He will soon "go to his

own place."

Shannon Backed Out!

The great flurry kicked up in Kansas by

the pro-slavery party has blown over. Atch-

ison & Co., have backed down from their

position. All their loud threats have been

but as the empty wind. Their patriotism

has all died out. In short, after all their

preparations they have turned on their heels

and fled before a little band of resolute Free

State men, armed with *Sharp's Rifles*—the

great "Border Ruffian Pacifiers."

Gov. Shannon demanded of them to give

up their arms and obey the laws. To the

former they replied, NEVER! The latter

they have ever been ready to do, when en-

acted and executed by proper authorities. The

sham Missouri legislature is a nullity. Gov.

Shannon has failed in this most pompous

and ridiculous effort to overawe and sub-

due the patriots who occupy the soil of Kan-

sas. Atchison and Shannon, though back-

ed up by twice the force the Free State men

had, were obliged to make the first advances

and quiet has been restored. All hail! go-

nounce "Squatter Sovereignty."

The St. Louis Democrat (Benton) says—

"The propositions of peace came from

Atchison and Shannon

