

# The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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## POLITICAL.

### Mr. Wilmet's Letter of Acceptance.

TOWANDA, April 12, 1857.

GENTLEMEN: On my return here, after an absence of two weeks, I found your communication informing me of my nomination as a candidate for the office of Governor, by a Convention of the Free-men of Pennsylvania, held at the State Capital on the 25th ultimo, together with a copy of the declaration of principles adopted by that convention. I accept the position to which I am called by the unsolicited suffrage of the body whom you are; and am profoundly grateful for so distinguished a mark of the confidence of fellow citizens, yet painfully sensible of my inability properly to meet its responsible obligations.

The approaching election is one of no ordinary interest. Important questions of State policy, affecting the public welfare and prosperity, are not alone involved in the issues presented. As one of the largest and most powerful of the sovereign States of our confederate Republic, the honor and interests of Pennsylvania are deeply concerned in the principles that animate our National Government. She cannot, with safety to our independence and the liberties of our people, be indifferent to the momentous questions of national import in progress of settlement—questions touching constitutional powers of the Federal Government, and vitally affecting the dignity and rights of free labor. Nor can she without dishonor withhold her protest against the wrongs inflicted upon her sons in a distant Territory, under the license of Federal authority. The dearest rights of freemen, secured by plain constitutional guarantees, are ruthlessly violated on the soil of our national domain. American citizens are made the victims of a tyranny unknown in the despotism of the Old World. The annals of civilized and Christian nations furnish no example of cruelty and outrage on the part of a Government toward its people, such as has been endured by the people of Kansas; unless they be found in persecutions of the Huguenots under Louis XIV., of France, and of the Protestants of the Netherlands, by the Duke of Alva, under Philip II., King of Spain. Indeed, the barbarities to which the people of Kansas have been exposed, were of a character so inhuman as to provoke incredulity in the minds of a large portion of our citizens. Thousands have been deceived into the belief that, for partisan purposes, fictions were substituted for facts; although no events in American history are better authenticated than are the murders, robberies, arson, and lawless rapacity inflicted upon the free settlers of Kansas.

These outrages had for their object the subjugation of that Territory to the curse of Slavery. We speak of quiet being restored to Kansas, because armed bands of lawless men do not to-day infest her highways and plunder her people—because her towns are not sacked, and the cabins of her settlers in flames. The peace is deceptive and insecure. I will not belabor the moment that the people of Kansas make a vigorous effort to recover their rights, of which they have been fraudulently and violently deprived. The purpose of her enslavement is inexorably pushed forward. A system of ingeniously devised fraud, kindred to that employed in the usurpation under which she now groans, is being carried out for the consummation of the great wrong. To this end, also, the power of the Federal Government is being prostituted. We are given words of fairness, but persistence in support of the wrong. Every appointee of the President in Kansas is an active co-worker in the scheme of her enslavement. Principles of eternal truth and justice, which lie at the foundation of a Christian civilization, and upon which repose the rights of humanity, are defiantly assailed by the power that controls in our National Government. Those truths, declaratory of the natural and inalienable rights of man, contained in the great charter of our liberties, are condemned by our highest judicial authority as unmeaning and false. The sanctuary of our Courts of Justice is closed against an entire race of men. The poor and down-trodden are not allowed to petition for a redress of their wrongs to those tribunals of American government that should most nearly represent the beneficent attributes of the Creator and final Judge of all men. In view of these monstrous facts—the wrong perpetrated against the rights of American citizenship, and the dangers to which our liberties are exposed, thus presented in its true aspect—the contest before us assumes a dignity rarely given to human affairs, and imposes duties upon our citizens as high and solemn as ever appealed to the hearts and consciences of men. The question is before us—from its demands there is no escape. Decide we must, either for the right or for the wrong. Sooner or later the verdict of this great Commonwealth must be pronounced upon the issues forced upon the country by the advocates of human bondage. History will record that verdict to her enduring honor, or to her everlasting shame. The repeal of the Missouri Restriction, and the attempt to force slavery upon Kansas by fraud and violence, precipitated upon the country a conflict between the antagonistic systems of free and servile labor. In the issue of this conflict is involved the Democratic character of our institutions of Government, and the independence, dignity and rights of the free white laboring man and his posterity. Slavery is the deadly enemy of free labor. The two cannot co-exist in the same field of enterprise. Either labor will labor to vindicate its right to freedom, or it will sink into dependence and dishonor. Free labor is clothed with intelligence and power. It

## The Progress of Luxury.

Our advance—continual and rapid—in taste for splendor and extravagance of expenditure is universally admitted. The West has become Oriental. The graces of Persia have given up their hair-binding nets of gold; silver battle-axes have disappeared from the plains of Tartary; the ivory-wristed maidens of Cressna no longer deck themselves in celestial rosy red; but, as the East grows dull, our own horizon brightens. Are not our ceilings frescoed and the ornaments of buried cities on our walls? Do we not outvie Hindoo magnificence, and attire ourselves with splendor? Is not our gold double gilded? Are not our lilies painted so richly that they mock the descriptions of poets? We are a violet-bordered, saffron-mantled, rose-crowned, golden-zoned, imperaled, pink and azure people. Language fails to express our gorgeousness. We walk in shawls from the looms of the Indies. We have

basques and bretelles of gold and pearl-embroidered lace; we dine in dove-colored tuffa, with five rows of flowers; have Raphael bodies and Greek sleeves, emerge from ball-rooms in mantles of ermine or ruby velvet, bordered with silk and silver, lined with white plush or costly fur, and trimmed with fringe that might purchase a farm. Our embroideries on rich fabrics are like rivers of pearls, or clustering bouquets of rubies, sapphires and emeralds. Our bonnets are a cloud of gold and silver tissues, embracing glowing wreaths or rich pendants of flowers. Silver rainbows encircle our necks, and a golden serpent, with eyes of flashing rubies, guards the tresses on our wrists. Our belts, who assert their sisterhood to the Graces, wear African jewels and Assyrian drapery; why not also the golden bells of Arabia, and the mirrors of Barbary, and the robes of Faristan? In the Malayan, the same term is used for a woman and a flower; here the whole floral kingdom would not be her match; Titan in Venice would not have found colors enough to reflect her in full dress.

If the rage for extravagance ever subsides, our ladies, perhaps, will study taste more and more, fashion less; will cease to emulate the Indian lady who imprisoned a thousand fire-flies in her gauze skirt, and will let the needle do something in their own hands. What affinity have real grace and refinement with all this lacing, and flouncing, and feathering, this confusion of capotes and gold buttons, and velvet, and tuffa, and glace, and the decorations now deemed essential to the making up of a fine lady?

[N. Y. Express.]

## First and Last.

BY GEORGE W. DEWEY.

When first we met the blushing rose

Was on her modest cheek—

Her heart was trembling at the close

Of words she heard me speak:

I held her plighted hand in mine,

And kissed the red velvet

That kept her words "forever thine,"

Within her willing lips.

When last we met, the vintage blessed

Another lip than mine—

The purple cluster has been pressed

Of all their life's sweet wine:

I held her passive hand in mine,

A last kiss on her cheek,

In death she said "forever thine,"

And so had gone to rest.

## A Reflection at Sea.

BY MOORE.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,

Yon little billow heaves its breast,

And looms and sparkles for awhile—

Then anon merges into rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,

Rises on Time's eventful sea;

And, having swelled a moment there,

Thus melts into eternity!

## Beauty.

BY BYRON.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay

To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?

Who doth not feel, with his failing sight

Faints into dimness with its own delight?

His changing cheek, his sinking hair confides

The night—the majesty of Loveliness!

ATTENDING MEETINGS. The question has often been suggested, whether a pastor is under greater obligation to attend punctually religious meetings of the church and society with which he is connected than the people themselves. Doubtless some of our readers have heard this hinted at by their pastors. A correspondent of the True Union relates a case where the matter was brought to a practical issue. He says:

"A certain church, of my acquaintance, had agreed in mid-summer, to hold their meetings for the Lord's day at 4 P. M. rather than at night on account of the shortness of the night. Very soon it was found that not more than half the members were present at 4, while at 11 A. M. the house was crowded. After complaining several times of this afternoon defection, the Pastor, who as some thought was rather a queer genius, resorted to the following method of removing the evil. On a certain Lord's day afternoon, when the clock struck 4, to the surprise of those assembled in the church, the Pastor was absent. After waiting a short time, two of the Deacons, (the other five being at home,) went to his residence, apprehending that he was sick. They found him in his study, lying on a lounge, reading. On their inquiry why he was not at church, the Pastor gravely replied, that having eaten a bountiful dinner, and the weather being very hot, he did not feel like going to church; and as a large number of the brethren seemed to take it by turns to stay at home, he thought it his turn to stay at home this afternoon."

## MISCELLANY.

### A Model Wife.

A pleasant little Florentine story reached us the other day. One of our famous American sculptors, residing in that delightful city, whither all the genius of England and America seems to tend, was one day seated in his studio at work on Apollo—by which the way, he might stand as model himself—when his attention was attracted by a tremendous tramping of horses in his court yard. He looked out the window and beheld a magnificent carriage, with octobers, drawn up before his door. Presently a gentleman claimed admission to his studio, and announced himself as the Prince de B—.

He came to give the sculptor a large commission. His daughter, who had been struck by some statues of the American bust, she had seen, wished to sit to him for her bust. She was then, below in the carriage. Was the sculptor at leisure? Price was no object; all that was necessary was to gratify his daughter, who was an invalid. The sculptor expressed his willingness to begin the work instantly; and the Prince making a sign to his lackeys from the window, they proceeded to lift a lovely girl, who seemed about eighteen, out of the carriage, and bore her in their arms carefully up the stairs to the artist's studio. The sculptor could not repress a look of surprise at the curious mode of locomotion, particularly as the lady did not bear the slightest trace of illness in her countenance. The Prince interpreted his glance and replied to him:

"My daughter has been paralyzed in all her limbs," he said, "for the last two months. It is a sad thing. She has had all the medical aid in Florence, but without avail."

The sculptor looked again at the invalid. Nothing more beautiful in face nor form could have been dreamed of by Phidias. A face like Cenci's before it was clouded with the memory of crime; masses of rich, lustrous auburn hair, framing a clear pale face, with deep blue eyes swimming beneath a fringe of the silkiest black lashes. Through her delicate muslin robe the contour of a divinely moulded form was indicated, and when the young Signorina sat upon the sculptor's rapid glance, cast as starlight, piercing as electric fire, he felt his heart leap with a mysterious premonition of some indecible catastrophe.

She sat. The sculptor worked at his model like one inspired, and a pang struck his heart as the hour for retiring came. The Prince and his lackeys bore her again down stairs in their arms. The carriage door closed on her, the horses except through the gate. The sculptor did no more work that day.

To-morrow she was to come again. He lay awake all night dreaming of her. Then he would shudder, and say to himself, "It is not love, but pity that I feel. She is a paralytic!"

The next day the same scene was repeated; with this difference, that the Prince, having seen his daughter poised by the artist, excused himself, on the plea of a business engagement, saying that he would return in time to conduct his daughter home. Poor girl, although the sculptor was a model of manly beauty, her deplorable condition was in her father's opinion, a safeguard against any of the dangers which he might otherwise have anticipated. He left the room, and drove away in his carriage. A silence ensued. The sculptor dared not look at his model, but worked away on his clay image without raising his eyes. Still a silence. Then it seemed as if a slight rustle had filled the room. A small white hand stole across his forehead. With almost a shriek he leaped to his feet, and there, with blushes crimsoning her pale cheeks and alabaster neck, knelt the paralytic girl, with her beautiful eyes imploring pardon.

"I saw you a long time ago," she said, (an Italian woman when she loves knows no half measures) "and I loved you. My father was very strict with me. I could not move without being watched. It was impossible for me to meet you or see you. I feigned paralysis. For two months I have scarcely moved. In his pity for my condition, my father relaxed his surveillance of my motions. He gratified every wish; and as an invalid, I excited no suspicion by desiring to become your sister. I have said that I love you. If you do not return my love I can only die."

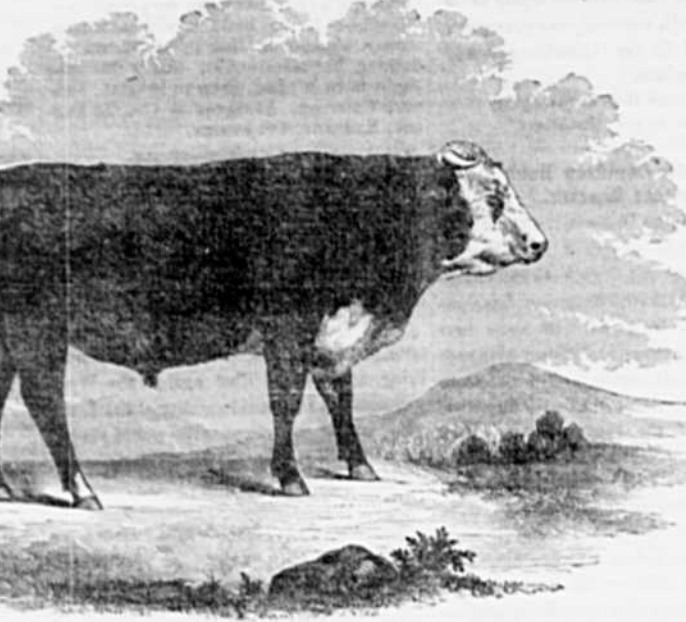
For the best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of Peas, at the least cost, on not less than one-fourth an acre, 2.00  
Second do. 1.00  
For the best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of field Beans, at the least cost, on not less than one-fourth an acre, 5.00  
Second do. 3.00  
Third do. 2.00  
For best specimen of Sweet Wheat, 1.00  
" " " Corn, 1.00  
" " " Barley, 1.00  
" " " Rye, 1.00  
" " " Oats, 1.00  
" " " Sheep Corn, 1.00  
" " " Peas, 1.00  
" " " Beans, 1.00  
[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

Oxford County Agricultural Society. The Fifteenth Annual Exhibition will be held on the grounds of the Society, between South Paris and Norway Village, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th, 1857. The Society offer the following premiums:

Division 1.—Live Stock. All competitors for premiums under this division are required to answer the questions on the blanks which may be obtained by applying to the Secretary of the Society. For the best Stallion kept in this County the present season, for all work, endurance, docility and pedigree considered, \$10.00  
Second do. 5.00  
Third do. 3.00  
For the best Mare, 5.00  
Second do. 3.00  
Third do. 2.00  
For the best Colt of any age, 3.00  
Second do. 2.00  
For best Trotting Horse, 5.00  
Second do. 3.00  
Third do. 2.00  
For best yoke of Working Oxen, 3.00  
Second do. 2.00  
Third do. 1.00  
For best team of working oxen, of not less than ten yoke, 15.00  
Second do. 10.00  
Third do. 5.00  
For best Stock Cow, 5.00  
Second do. 4.00  
Third do. 3.00  
For best Hereford Bull not less than 3 years old, 5.00  
Second best Grade do. 3.00  
For best Grade do. 2.00  
For best Hereford Bull not less than 2 years old, 5.00  
Second best Grade do. 3.00  
For best Grade do. 2.00  
For best Devon Bull not less than 1 year old, 5.00  
Second best Grade do. 3.00  
For best Grade do. 2.00  
For best Durham Bull not less than 2 years old, 5.00  
Second best Grade do. 3.00  
For best Grade do. 2.00  
For best Durham Bull not less than 1 year old, 5.00  
Second best Grade do. 3.00  
For best Grade do. 2.00  
For best yoke of 2 years old Steers, 3.00  
Second do. 2.00  
Third do. 1.00  
For best yoke of yearling Steers, 2.50  
Second do. 1.50  
Third do. 1.00  
For best 3 years old Heifer, 3.00  
Second do. 2.00  
Third do. 1.00  
For best two years old Heifer, 3.00  
Second do. 2.00  
Third do. 1.00  
For best yearling Heifer, 2.00  
Second do. 1.00  
Third do. .50  
For best milk Cow of any breed, 5.00  
Second do. 3.00  
Third do. 2.00  
For best herd of cattle, from one farm, not less than ten in number, 10.00  
Second do. 5.00  
For best flock of Sheep, not less than 15 in number, three-fourths ewes, 5.00  
Second do. 3.00  
Third do. 2.00  
For best Buck, 2.00  
Second do. 1.00  
For best Suffolk Boar, 3.00  
Second do. 2.00  
For best Boar of any breed, 3.00  
Second do. 2.00  
For best Sow, of any breed, with no less than four pigs, 5.00  
Second do. 3.00  
For best Pigs not over 7 months old, 2.00  
Second do. 1.00

## Division 2.—Crops.

All competitors for premiums under this division are required by law to answer all questions on the blanks, which may be obtained by applying to the Secretary of this Society. For the best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of Wheat at the least cost, on not less than half an acre, \$5.00  
Second do. 3.00  
Third do. 2.00  
For the best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of Indian Corn, at the least cost, on not less than half an acre, 10.00  
Second do. 8.00  
Third do. 5.00  
For the best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of Barley, at the least cost, on not less than half an acre, 3.00  
Second do. 2.00  
Third do. 1.00  
For the best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of Rye, at the least cost, on not less than half an acre, 2.00  
Second do. 1.00  
Third do. .50  
For the best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of Oats, at the least cost, on not less than half an acre, 3.00  
Second do. 2.00  
Third do. 1.00  
For the best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of Mixed Grains, at the least cost, on not less than half an acre, 3.00  
Second do. 2.00  
Third do. 1.00



GRADE HEREFORD BULL, "HERCULES."

## Agricultural.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

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

### Special Notice.

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

We insert again the cut of our Bull, Hercules. In consequence of our Power Press not being in perfect working order, the printing did him no sort of justice. We therefore give the cut another insertion, together with the description of him.

The above cut was described from an Ambrotype likeness of a bull owned by the Editor of this paper, taken by Mr. Crockett, of Norway. It is by no means flatter the original. It was taken when he was twenty-two months old. He then girthed five feet and eleven and one-half inches, and weighed eleven hundred pounds. We think there never were a finer lot of calves in the town of Paris than his stock proves to be. Those who wish to see his stock are referred to J. K. Hammond, Paris Hill; Abijah Hall, So. Paris, and to our own stock.

The Herfords are superior to all other breeds of stock for our climate. They are hardy, good feeders, take fat easily, fair milkers as to quantity, and very superior in quality, especially for butter, and their beef is of the finest quality. They attain a greater dead weight than the Durhams, have less offal, and on much less and poorer feed. In form they are compact, round and deep, with smooth, clean limbs—As working oxen they stand unrivaled—being tough and very active and quick, and exceedingly intelligent, docile and kind. They have a very hard, round foot, which make them very desirable for teams that travel much on the road, and to work on logs and those places which try oxen's feet. Full blooded always have white faces, and the color of their bodies are usually a dark chestnut; and generally the grades have more or less white on their faces. The white face is the characteristic of the breed. Any person having stock without a white face, which they purchased for Herford, have been grossly imposed upon; and any man presumes to offer for sale any animal without a white face, as a Herford, has either been grossly deceived, or he is a most wicked deceiver, for no such thing exists on earth as a Herford without a white face. This is their diploma.

For the Oxford Democrat.

### Letters to a Young Farmer. No. 4.

RESPECTED FRIEND: A great deal has been wisely written, and, perhaps, as much foolishly, respecting the analysis of soils. The expectations of farmers have been raised too high by reports of analysis from distinguished chemists. It is important that the popular mind should be set right on this matter. There are cases where special analyses are beneficial, but the more general benefits are given in a much more general manner than is wont to be estimated. The astronomer predicts the rise and fall of tides at any given time and place, and the navigator is benefited thereby, but they may be modified in time and brought by the prevailing winds and other causes; just so with the analyses. It would require but few analyses for all the soils in Maine in a general manner, as I shall hereafter show you, but every field, and every part of a field, will furnish a different result all over the State.

Every practical farmer is a practical chemist, to a certain extent. You cannot cheat a shrewd farmer by carrying him onto a barren piece of ground, and tell him it is very fruitful. Although he cannot tell the name of a single element, his practiced eye will detect its good qualities by its color, friability, location, and a dozen other circumstances. In this sense he is a chemist, and a good one, too. He learns to judge of the soil, to a certain extent, exactly as the chemist would do so. The farmer is performing a chemical analysis in his own way when he sows a piece of wheat on land that has been manured in a particular manner. If experiment he is led to infer, or rather positively decide, what will benefit his soils, and what will not be of service to them. I was brought up on a farm which, after a few years' cultivation, would not produce wheat. What was the trouble? Potash,

lime, and phosphorus were sadly deficient, probably the latter element more than anything else.

In soils derived from a granite formation the mineral elements are usually in the right proportion. The only difficulty is the fact that such soils are often very coarse, and not in a soluble condition as food for plants. If we suffer the granite soil to be washed out it will give rise to other soils, such as sand, in which most of the essential elements will be largely deficient. The decomposition of clay and other slates, gives rise to a soil sometimes of nearly pure clay. On the Aramoostook River the soil abounds largely in lime, while on some portions of the Connecticut River, and in Nova Scotia, oxide of iron is found in excess, from the decomposition of red sandstone, thus giving a dark red color to the soil. In the clay-banks on our sea coast soda and magnesia, in combination with chlorine, abound. Such lands are usually productive of oats, potatoes and grass. In our swamps and meadows carbon, or the vegetable fibre of plants, is in excess. On the intervals of our rivers, where they are annually overflowed, may be found all these elements in a highly divided state, and well adapted to render the soil productive.

Such is an outline of the general features of our soils. Please study this short communication carefully, and you may the better comprehend what I have to say in my next.

N. T. T.

BETHEL, May 1st, 1857.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST. The May No. of the Monthly is before us. It is a very valuable number, filled with the most reasonable and practical matter. Published by Orange Judd, 191 Water street, N. Y. Terms \$1.00 per year.

### Experimenting on Milk.

MR. ENRON.—Noticing the experimenting on milk, described in your paper, I was induced to weigh the milk a cow of mine gave; and the result was, an average of 26 pounds per day, with dry hay for feed. Now, the question arises, whether I have the best cow or the poorest; for the poorest milk weighs more than the best, as any one will find by testing. T. C. CUSHMAN.

No. Paris, Apr. 24, 1857.

NOTE. The question as to the quality of the milk can be tested by finding how much butter a pound of milk will yield. Let us know about that, and we will tell you of that in relation to ours, in a few weeks.

### Principles of Manuring.

The great fundamental principle on which a manure is employed depends upon the fact that every plant during its growth accumulates in its system a certain quantity of matter essential to its existence, which it derives partly from the soil, and partly from the air. From the former it extracts the fixed mineral matters which exist there, and there only; while from both it obtains supplies of its organic food, that is of the water, carbonic acid, ammonia, and nitric acid, required to build up that greatly preponderating portion of its mass which is combustible. Plants grow naturally without cultivation, because the soil and the air always contain a certain quantity of the elements they require; and as they either die in the spot where they grew, or are consumed by wild animals, these substances sooner or later find their way back to the soil, there to commence a new cycle of similar changes, so that a certain moderate production continues from year to year. But when agriculture comes into operation these conditions are changed; the crop is removed from the soil and consumed elsewhere, and though the air will still afford the elements which are derived from it as abundantly as before, the next generation of plants must find in the soil a diminished supply of the substances it obtains from thence. The necessary consequence is, that if the cultivation of plants be continued, the quantity of valuable matters in the soil becomes less and less, until at length they are so much reduced as to be no longer sufficient to maintain the growth of plants, and the soil is then said to be exhausted.

To restore the fertility of such an exhausted soil, vegetable matters or the dung of animals, which consists to a large extent of partially decomposed vegetable matters, must be returned to the soil; and herein lies the simplest, the oldest, and the most generally-employed method of manuring, and the only one possible, so long as the principles on which a manure acts were unknown. But now that the progress of scientific knowledge has enabled us, in place of considering farm-yard manure as a whole,

to estimate the advantages derived from each of its numerous constituents, we have come to see that it may not in all cases be an indispensable manure, but may to a certain extent be replaced by other substances. In fact, when we inquire more minutely into the cause of the diminished fertility of a soil from which a succession of crops has been removed, it is found rarely to depend on the general exhaustion of all the requisite elements, but most commonly on the deficiency of one or more substances which have been removed by a certain number of crops, while the others still remain in sufficient abundance. And hence the fertility depends not so much on those substances which are abundant, as in those which are most deficient, and the absence of which renders the others useless, because the plants cannot grow without an adequate supply of all their constituents. A soil in this condition does not absolutely require farm-yard manure, but may be again made to produce abundant crops by the application of the one deficient substance, which is then called a special manure. When so treated, a soil will retain this renewed fertility for a certain time, but at length becomes again infertile, even under a continued application of this manure, which is then said, in ordinary language, to have lost its effect, although the real reason is that the supply of a second constituent has been exhausted, and it also must be supplied in the form of a manure.

In all that precedes, we have supposed it to be required merely to keep up a certain moderate fertility, such an ordinary soil may be supposed to possess in a state of nature. But agriculture does a good deal more than this, and seeks to produce a larger amount of vegetation than the natural soil can do, without extraneous aid—an effect which may manifestly be produced by supplies of farm-yard manure, sufficient to afford a superabundance of all the different constituents of plants. But it is obvious that we may succeed equally well without it, if, as will frequently happen, some of the constituents be abundant, and their utility be limited by the deficiency of only one or two. Thus, for instance, we may conceive a soil containing a superabundance of all the mineral elements of the plant, but no ammonia or other nitrogenous matter, in which case the produce will be limited by the quantity of ammonia which the plants can obtain from the air during the period of growth, and may be greatly increased by a special manure containing nothing but that substance; so, likewise, it may happen that even where farm-yard manure has been applied in very large quantity, the addition of a special manure may still be advantageous; because, as ordinary dung consists of the constituents of plants, minus those substances which have been retained by the animals which fed upon them, it may be desirable to supplement deficiencies so produced; or if the crop to which it is applied happen to require an unusually large quantity of any particular element, it may be advisable to add an extra quantity of that substance, so as to bring out the full effect of its other constituents.

It cannot fail to be observed that, according to the definition now given, there is a very important distinction to be drawn between a general and a special manure. When the former is used, all the constituents of plants are added to the soil; and not only is its fertility maintained, but, if they be used with sufficient liberality, its productive capacity may be materially increased—Whereas, on the other hand, a special manure adds nothing to the permanent fertility of the soil, but only renders its existing constituents more rapidly available, and hastens rather than defers its exhaustion. Such, at least, would be the case if special manures were employed alone, a method rarely practiced, and which, in my opinion, should be scrupulously avoided, except under very special circumstances. But if special manures be employed along with farm-yard manures, the result is different. A given quantity of the latter can, of course, produce a certain amount of crop; but if mixed with a special manure, is more rapidly converted into vegetable matter, and this is advantageous to the farmer. It may be urged that this is a matter of little moment, and that sooner or later the farmer receives back what he has put into the ground. But this is not the case; during six months of the year manure lying in the ground is undergoing decomposition, although there were no plants to make use of it, and the constituents then set free are in part at least washed away and lost. Even if none of it were lost, it would not be altogether a matter of indifference, for, to take an extreme



stands out in the dignity of a true manhood. It sustains by its energies all the noble institutions of a refined and perfectly developed social life. It is the source of our prosperity and national greatness. Slavery is labor in ignorance and chains—a brutalized humanity, stimulated to industry by the lash of a master. It makes the laborer an object of merchandise, without aim and without hope. In the place of an intelligent citizen, ready to defend with his life the honor and interests of his country, Slavery gives to the State an ignorant savage to be held in subjection. It endures the social fabric by converting its elements of strength into an implacable enemy. Never, in the history of partition warfare, were men more unjustly and persistently misrepresented than are the owners of the Extension of Slavery. This arises in part from the intolerant nature of Slavery and the weapons it is necessitated to employ, and partly from the fact, so omnipotent has the Slave Power become to our Government, that support of its every demand is made the single test of party fidelity, and the only road to official preferment.

The citizen who dissents in terms of earnest and manly protest against whatever exactions Slavery makes, becomes thereby, in so far as the National Government can impose disabilities, almost as much an alien and outlaw as is the slave himself. If the freemen of the North consent to occupy such a subordinate position in the government of their country, the spirit of manly independence will be crushed out in their posterity. Our sons will become a submissive and servile race, stripped of manhood and of self-respect. The slaveholder, proprietor of the soil and master of the government, will dominate over them with scarcely less of arrogance and power than he rules over his hereditary bondmen. To this condition are the non-slaveholding whites of the South already reduced. They have today little more of practical power in the formation of public opinion and in the affairs of government than has the slave. The same fate awaits our posterity if slavery is allowed to monopolize the virgin soil of this continent. It is the inevitable retribution of heaven on any people that have not the courage and integrity to maintain their rights. It is charged that the defenders of the rights of free labor seek the elevation of the black race to an equality with the white. They do not propose the emancipation of the slave, but have that question, both as to time and the mode of accomplishment, with the States in which slavery exists. They wish to deal with this great and embarrassing evil in a spirit of friendly forbearance toward those States, but they cannot carry their forbearance so far as to virtually become slaves themselves—as to surrender the soil and government of the nation into the hands of an aristocracy founded upon property in slaves. Free white labor has rights in the soil superior to the pretensions of slavery. The slaveholding capitalists claim that this property being largely invested in slaves, will depreciate, unless the field wherever he can employ it be enlarged. The white laborer, also, has a property in his labor, quite as sacred and worthy of the care of the Government, and where is the field upon which he can employ it? Slavery is profitable to him. If he is free, if slavery shall monopolize the credit and virgin plains of the West, labor is depressed almost to the starving point in the densely populated countries of the Old World, because of the narrow field upon which it is imprisoned. The demand for labor is small, compared with the thousands who have labor to sell. It will be no distant day in this favored land, unless we keep our vast public domain as a sacred inheritance for the free white laboring man and his posterity forever. In the soil of our extended empire, the toiling masses have the only guarantee for their future prosperity and independence. This the cupidity of capital would take from them; and here lies the real issue that the Slave Power has forced upon the country. It is a struggle for land. On the one side stands the owner of slave property, demanding a field on which to employ his servile labor; upon the other side stands Free Labor, claiming the soil as an inheritance for a free posterity. Central and Western Europe, teeming with its millions of population, is not as large as the domain of the American slaveholder. He and his bondmen already occupy by far the most fertile and genial portion of this Continent. Let him rest content with his territorial possessions and power. We do not seek to disturb him. We neither assail nor defend his asserted right to hold this peculiar kind of property. We simply affirm that we have nothing to do with it, and propose to let him have his slaves alone where they are. We make, therefore, no question about the abolition of slavery in the South. We but stand in defense of freedom of this North. Kansas is in the latitude of Pennsylvania. In geographical position it is a Northern Territory. It was dedicated by solemn compact in 1820 to Freedom forever. We claim the fulfillment of the bond. We defend the integrity of Free-Northern soil against the cupid that would subjugate it by violence into a plantation for slaves.

Much has been said of the dangers involved in this controversy. We are cautioned to submission, and acquiescence in the wrong, because the wrong-doer threatens greater calamities if we shall dare to defend our rights. Such threats are unbecoming those who make them, and an insult to those upon whose fears they are expected to operate. Great questions of governmental policy, involving the very substance of our liberties, and the happiness of remote generations, are not to be settled by appeals to the fears of any part of the American people. Reason, and the calm judgment of an enlightened public opinion must decide between freedom—there is a terror to slaves. Imaginary dangers become realities to the timid, to the courage they vanish on a nearer approach. So here, the only danger lies in becoming alarmed. The danger is overdone the day it is met with courage and determined purpose. The right must prevail, and the wrong must give way. Upon no other basis can the questions in issue ever be permanently settled. It is no impeachment of the manly qualities of our Southern friends to say that they will and must submit to that which is just

and right, when constitutionally embodied in the legislation of the Government. Let the freemen of the North announce in language firm and unmistakable their purpose to resist the spread of Slavery, and at every cost to preserve the integrity of the Union, and we shall have a lasting peace such as no compromise, having its foundations in wrong, can ever secure to the country.

The position taken by the Convention in its resolve touching the duties and obligations imposed upon those who seek adoption into our great American family of freemen, must meet the approval of every patriotic citizen. We have a right to expect and require a perfect and undivided allegiance from all who are invested with the high prerogatives of citizenship. As the adopted citizen receives in full measure all the rights and immunities of the native born, so ought he to render the like single and unreserved devotion to the country of his adoption. He should acknowledge no earthly power superior to the Constitution and sovereignty of the American people. There is no danger that we shall err in our zealous devotion to our country, and in the cultivation of an intense American nationality.

I have not time to speak of the other topics embraced in the platform of principles adopted by the Convention in a manner their importance deserves. Opportunities will be afforded me hereafter to make my views known on some matters of domestic policy, closely connected, in my judgment, with the growth and prosperity of our great Commonwealth. While the utmost care should be observed not to disturb the vast business interests of a Commonwealth so rich, and of such diversified pursuits as ours, yet it cannot be denied that ours, the richest Commonwealth of its extent in the world, has not kept pace in the development of her resources and in productive industry with her sister States.

We may, therefore, without the charge of rashness, inquire if our policy could not in some respects be made more conformable to the spirit of the age, and more in harmony with the wants of an over-active business enterprise.

In conclusion, gentlemen, permit me to tender my thanks for the very kind and acceptable manner in which you discharged the duty assigned you.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't.

D. WILMOT.

To J. S. BROWN, Wm. D. KELLEY, JOHN R. EDE, G. RUSH SMITH and ROSSELL EVERETT, Committee.

FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD IN A CAVERN. E. G. Spuler's notes on Central America describe a wonderful effusion of a fluid resembling blood near the town of Vitul, in the State of Honduras. It appears that there is continually dripping and oozing from the roof of a cavern there a red liquid, which upon falling coagulates so as to precisely resemble blood. Like blood it coagulates, insects deposit their larvae in it, and dogs and buzzards resort to the cavern to eat it. Attempts have several times been made to obtain some of this liquid for the purpose of analysis, but in all cases without success, in consequence of its rapid decomposition, whereby the bottles containing it were broken.

The small cavern or grotto during the day is visited by buzzards and hawks, and at night by a multitude of vampire bats for the purpose of feeding on the unnatural blood. It is situated on the border of a small flow of the liquid, which has the color, taste and smell of blood. In approaching the grotto, a disagreeable odor is observed, and when it is reached there may be some pools of the apparent blood in a state of coagulation.

The peculiarities of the liquid are considered due to the rapid generation in this grotto of some very prolific species of infusoria. The California State Journal remarking on the above, observes that the cavern of the town of Monterey contains a species of blood red infusoria, (the larvae of water insects) which at certain seasons of the year smell precisely like fresh fish, or on exposure in a vessel, like putrid fish. In some seasons it has been found dried in flakes, and of the intense color of vermilion.

[Scientific American.]

A DEMOCRATIC JOKE. Our adopted fellow citizen, Pat Golden, was at Washington, and was quite a lion there among the office-seekers. He was a candidate for the Consulship at Belfast, Ireland, and it is said, had some first class names and letters for the place. He got access to the President through no one else could; called on Mrs. Douglas, and obtained an excellent letter from Mr. Douglas, requesting Pat's appointment as a personal favor; and Pat would unquestionably have obtained the appointment had not some of the "Democrats" in Washington told the President that his papers were all "a joke," to get rid of his importunities! [Jeffersonian.]

The Boston Journal "hits the nail on the head," when it says—

"Not a tenth part of the local news which transpires in any country town finds its way into the columns of a city newspaper, and he who takes the latter to the exclusion of his own town or county paper, does not fulfill his duties as a citizen. Such a man is unworthy to fill a town office, for he most certainly lacks local pride."

Mayor B. B. French of Washington city, in a letter to the National Era, calls attention to the following resolution which was adopted in committee of the whole, in the convention which framed the federal constitution—

"Resolved, That the right of suffrage in the first branch of the National Legislature ought not to be, according to the rule established in the articles of confederation, but according to some equitable ratio of representation; namely, in proportion to the whole number of white and free citizens, and inhabitants of every age, sex and condition, including persons not comprehended in the foregoing description, except Indians not paying taxes, in each State."

The "other free citizens," Mr. French justly argues, must refer to free colored citizens. There is no escaping this conclusion, and the resolution will be a hard nut for Chief Justice Taney to crack.

## The Oxford Democrat

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**Book and Job Printing**

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

**Stay at Home, Boys!**

To our Maine boys, who are seriously afflicted with a disease sometimes called the "Western fever," we would say, in sober earnest, "stay at home." Now don't you see it is impertinent in giving this advice. There are two sides to almost every question,—shades as well as lights to almost every picture, and the old maxim to "look before you leap" applies well to the subject to which we now call your attention.

We glory in the enterprising spirit of the age; we believe most religiously in the "go-ahead" principle which actuates our citizens; we would put no trigs in the way of the wheels which are rolling along the car of "manifest destiny" to the last station house upon the road. All we have to say to these "fast drivers" is, keep your truck clear and look well to the safety valves.

But to return to our starting point. Our own citizens, by scores and hundreds, are every year leaving our State to join the long train of emigrants that wend their way towards the setting sun. This emigration has taken off many of our most enterprising citizens. It has, in many instances, almost depopulated whole villages. "Western Ho!" is upon the lips of many of our best, most talented, most industrious young men, and away they go, with the snorting steam horse lending them wings, to plant their cabins upon the prairies of the west.

Thus our own State, with "Dirigo" written upon her standard, drags her slow length along, with her rich resources less than half developed. We want our young men at home, we want their labor, their energy and enterprise at home. We need them on our farms, in our workshops, in our counting rooms, and in our merchant vessels. Again, we need their capital.

Say what you will to the contrary, Maine is a good State. She is rich in natural resources, rich in her grand, romantic scenery, rich in her virtuous, intelligent population, not second to any in the Union. Her citizens are industrious, frugal and enterprising,—and though comparatively few grow suddenly rich, yet all who are disposed can accumulate enough of this world's goods to make them and their families comfortable and happy. We have our lofty mountains, beautiful lakes and purring streams, our colleges, our academies and common schools; we have good society and good neighbors, and as for the ladies, (God bless them!) we have the most beautiful, most intelligent, and most virtuous in all creation. And again, we have a healthy climate, one of the best in the world. What more can a reasonable man desire? Why abandon our own mother State? Why go away from home? Why leave father and mother, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors, and wander off into a land of strangers? Why forsake the graves of our fathers and lay our bones in some far forgotten spot, some lonely vale, never to be visited by the loved ones we leave behind us?

Do you go to make money? what good will that do you without health and the necessary comforts of life? Is not the cold bracing air of the North, with an ample competence preferable to the raging fever, the "chills and shakes" of the West with a little bag of gold under your arched head, ready to be snatched by a "calend" ? Doctor the moment you "shake off the mortal coil?" What is a "pile" of money good for when you have obtained it at the expense of almost every comfort we consider of any value? We counsel our young men to think of these things. We have only one life to live here, and that at best is a short one, and why should we spend this in toiling on through needless difficulties, why should we be willing to hazard every comfort for the hope of becoming suddenly rich?

There is no place on the habitable globe where a person can be so happy as in the good old land of the Pilgrims.

"Then bend the tree that strengthen  
O'er his head in hours of grief,  
The silver locks that lengthen  
Joy visits when most loved;  
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?  
Oh! do not wildly roam,  
But seek that hidden treasure  
At home—dear home."

**SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.** The Law term for the Western District, commenced in Portland, on Tuesday. The following Oxford County cases were called:

Ephraim Low vs. John A. Holmes. Dismissed.

Philip C. Mason vs. David Farrar. "Neither party."

William C. Whitney vs. Moses Hammond and al.

Argued by Howard & Strout for Plaintiff and J. C. Woodman for Defendants.

**THE IOWA ELECTION.** The Democrats claim the success of their ticket at the late election in Iowa by 2500 majority; and one of their number, writing from the capital of that State, thus gleefully points the moral—

"The result of this election will do for the first after the Dred Scott case; and you may rest assured that the people of Iowa will sustain the Supreme Court and the Constitution."

Gen. Walker lost two brothers by the Nicaraguan war. L. Naveil Walker was the name of the one who died lately on the steamer Empire City, between Aspinwall and New Orleans.

## Hon. Nathan Clifford.

There is no man in the ranks of the sham democracy of Maine, that has been treated with more neglect and ingratitude, by his own party and friends, than has the distinguished gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article. That Mr. Clifford's present politics are bad enough in all conscience we are free to admit, yet they are as good as will average among the leaders of his party. There is one thing about Mr. Clifford's early history we never shall forget; he was a poor boy, and by his own united exertions and energies he has arrived at the high position he now occupies. Although some of his political friends complain that there is a large amount of vanity mixed up with his ambition, and that he occasionally gets a large quantity of what some people call "highfalutin" into his head, still it cannot be denied that he is a gentleman of high, commanding talents, both as a lawyer and statesman.

Mr. Clifford formerly represented the York district in Congress, and just as soon as he acquired a position to give him an influence with his party, the same party threw him overboard at home, and refused to re-elect him.

Mr. C. has long had an ambition to occupy a seat in the United States Senate; but how has his party treated him in this respect? He was a candidate when the Hon. Reed Williams was elected, and yet he was defeated. In 1853 his party played a double shuffle with him, nominating and electing him in the Senate, at the same time, in order to make his defeat a sure thing, nominating Gov. Dana in the House. Here his party had the power to elect him, but refused to do it. The next winter, at the time the Hon. W. P. Fessenden was elected, his party refused him even the compliment of a caucus nomination.

After Mr. Buchanan was elected, almost everybody supposed Mr. Clifford would have a seat in the Cabinet, especially as it was understood that the most friendly relations existed between him and the President elect. Here again the same party, for which he has for years labored and toiled, threw him overboard, because he was not thought reliable upon the nigger question. In justice to Mr. C. we ought to say no man in Maine, who ever knew anything about his political course, mistreated him on this account.

In addition to all this, a portion of the party are now pitching into Mr. Clifford in regular Tom Hyer style, laying many of the grievances, that now afflict the poor, deluded democracy of Maine, at his own door. This is truly adding insult to injury. The truth is, a portion of the pro-slavery democracy of Maine have always been jealous of Mr. Clifford, and for fear he would eclipse some of the smaller lights, they have managed to ride over him, rough shod. Little law and sixpenny politicians in that party have controlled the card as to keep him under, and their own noses in the public crib.

What is now called the Maine democracy is a miserable, rotten concern; its best men have been for years treated no better than pirates and outlaws. Its affairs have been controlled by a little clique of wire-working demagogues, known as the "board of trade." No man stands any chance unless he pays tribute to this junta. The only way for honest politicians to do, is to get out of the black, baneful concern, and leave it to its own destruction.

## Stern Realities.

Mankind are prone to speculate, and theorize, and frequently note many things which exist only in the eye of imagination. Evils and sufferings connected with those things often fit before our mental vision, and then pass away as a "tale that is told." We pore over highly wrought works of fiction, and even weep at the imaginary miseries therein portrayed. The ear of fancy listens to distant sounds, to the low murmuring of despair, or the half suppressed sigh of the child of sorrow. We awake from these reveries and remember them only as dreams.

But we are constantly reminded that this world is not all "day dreams," stern realities stare us in the face at almost every step we take in the journey of life. There are sorrows that are not imaginary—sufferings that take hold like a giant's grasp—woes that come home to our very hearth stones.

One of the greatest prevailing evils among us is intemperance. We have no occasion to put in play the imaginations, to see how "Men can put an enemy in Their mouths to steal away their brains."

Living and dying examples are all around us. The victims of strong drink reel along our streets, they meet us almost at every turn and corner, the old and the young are dying—dying from the awful effects of the maddening cup; their bodies are being consumed, burnt up by the fire raging within, fed by the fumes of alcohol. We behold men comparatively young full of

"Maddies that lead to death's grim cave,  
Wrought by intemperance, joint reeking gut,  
Lustre stone, and pining atrophy,  
Chill even when the sun with July heats  
Flies the scorched soil, and drops all about,  
Yet craving liquids."

The consequences of inebriation upon the poor deluded victim are but a small part of the woes in the catalogue of woes that follow the drunkard's footsteps. The imagination of the poet, the inspiration of the pulpit, and the pencil of the painter, all fail in their attempts at describing the awful, fearful realities of intemperance. But we wish to call the attention of our readers to the fearful ravages the monster of intemperance is making in our midst, and not to write out a temperance lecture.

"What can be done to save my four sons from a drunkard's grave?" exclaimed a gentleman to us only a few days since. "For," said he, "in the little village where I reside there are more than twenty places where rum is sold to everybody who can pay for it; two years ago we were not troubled with even one of these breathing holes of destruction, but now our old men and young men are enticed away by these decoy lights of the devil, and already two of my own sons are inebriates." This same father was formerly a "liberal," an open avowed enemy of prohibition. Intemperance is every where, within the limits of our own State, on the increase. How can it be otherwise, with grog shops and tipping houses springing up upon every side, in every village, in

every city all over Maine. That such is the fact, no sane man can deny. What is to be done? We appeal to our fellow citizens, not as politicians, but as men and women as Christians and philanthropists, who would stay the mighty tide of ruin that seems almost ready to overwhelm us. What can be done? Can anything be successfully accomplished so long as the curse remains? Can you make men temperate by placing temptations before them? Is establishing grog shops the way to keep men sober? We most earnestly appeal to men of all political parties to give this subject their candid attention,—at the same time we would as earnestly entreat all, especially our young men, when tempted by the "sparkling bowl," resolutely to declare,

"I will not touch thee, for three clings  
A scorpion to thy side, that stings."

**The Democratic Canldron Bubbling in another Quarter.**

The United States Democrat, a paper published in Rockland—a sort of twin brother to the Saco Democrat, New York Democrat, and Athol's Squatter Sovereign, has come to us this week freighted with some four columns of indignation and lamentation over Buchanan's appointments to office in Lincoln County. The spoils are a great Democratic institution, and the tunes to which they have given rise of late are numerous, dolorous and wolfish. They have been played on all sorts of instruments, intermixed with trills, holds and staccatos. The Lincoln instrument is pitched on a pretty high key, and the chorus with which it ends all its cantos agrees with the Saco Democrat, to wit: "Sold by Ingalls, Babson, Clifford, Appleton & Co., to Farley, Kennedy and others."

The great trouble in this case is a strange one, especially when we take into consideration the marriage, two years ago, of the Whig to the "Democratic organization." At that time each took the other for "better or for worse." Now a Mr. Kennedy, a Whig, has got a little office in a collective district, where, three years ago, there were not enough goods imported to pay the salaries of the officials, and a Democratic indignation meeting is forthwith summoned to see whether the Union and the Democrats of Rockland can possibly continue any longer. We will give our readers a few extracts with appropriate headings:

**WHAT THE DEMOCRATS OF ROCKLAND FOUND.**

The democrats of Rockland found themselves placed in an awkward position—a dilemma, from which there was no honorable escape without taking the course which they adopted. While they would have gladly endorsed the appointment to the collectorship of this district, if they could have done so consistently with their self-respect, they felt constrained by every principle of manhood to meet with becoming spirit what they considered to be an outrage upon the democracy of this district, and to express in a public manner their disapprobation of the appointment of John H. Kennedy. They saw the petition of 2300 good and true democrats—almost the entire strength of the party in the district—the working men, the strong men, the men who have fought the battles of the democracy for years—go up to Washington praying for the appointment of Edwin Rose to the Collectorship of Waldoboro' District; and they saw that petition met and defeated by a counter petition of four hundred whigs—old line whigs, some of them the opponents of Jackson—some of them more than a few months in our ranks, and all of them to us as professedly in virtue of their Whigism.

They saw Edwin Rose, an active, faithful, and trained soldier in the democratic army, discarded, and in his place was taken John H. Kennedy, a whig, a man who never cast but one democratic vote in his life, a politician whose record shows him to have been, till very recently, a strenuous opposer of democratic men and measures, and from whom no public assurance has been received that he is an honest convert to the principles of our party, or that his course will not be anti-democratic when he is removed from official position. They knew that an act of injustice had been done—that the democracy of this district had been insulted—sold—sacrificed to the ambition of a few men who hoped to bind to their own interests the whigs of this State, by making Waldoboro' District the exchange for the democracy of Maine. It was quite evident to them that the thirteen collection districts had been scanned, and that one taken to appease the whigs which seemed to offer the least prospect of resistance and promised to yield least to the disgrace inflicted upon it.

**DEMOCRACY OUT IN THE GOLD.**

In conclusion, it is very plain that in these Rockland appointments the old line democrats of the place are not represented. The deputy is a whig, a member of that party among whom we have found our most bitter opponents till very recently, and by making Waldoboro' District the exchange for the democracy of Maine. It was quite evident to them that the thirteen collection districts had been scanned, and that one taken to appease the whigs which seemed to offer the least prospect of resistance and promised to yield least to the disgrace inflicted upon it.

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