

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, NO. 24.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1857.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 24, NO. 34.

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.—AGRICOLA.

Special Notice.

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

New York Trees Once More.

Our worthy friend from Buckfield is very prompt to defend those trees, and we have no doubt what he says of his experience is very different from the majority of the immense numbers of purchasers, not only in this State, but all over New England, as we know. So generally have these trees proved bad, that the sale of them is done with where they are known to any extent. This we know, and we presume those engaged in their sale are quite as well satisfied on this subject as we are. We have no doubt the nursery men in New York are quite sensible of this fact, from the great falling off of their sales the last of the present year.

In relation to our own experience with them, we wish our friend Chase would come and examine our premises and see how things are for himself, and then explain to us why there has been such destruction of those trees, whilst in the same row, and side by side, the Baldwins from Saxo have lived, and are now living and growing well, tender as they confessedly are. We want him to explain this.

We know that he quite plainly intimates that the trouble is, that either we do not properly set the trees, properly care for them, or the land is unsuitable for the trees, or something else beside the trees themselves. This might be so; but it does not explain why the trees from New York should nearly all die, even those of the tenderest sorts. We want him to settle this point, and we press it on him. Why do almost all the New York trees of every sort perish, while almost every tree from other sources, even those proverbially tender, live and flourish, and that, too, under precisely the same circumstances? There is where the force of his logic is wanted.

It will not do to attribute it to any bad setting, bad treatment or bad soil, because back on the same soil, were set by the same hands, and had precisely the same treatment. And we profess to know as well as any other common body how to set a tree and how to take care of it. And we have attended to all this matter in person. Every tree in our orchard has been set with our own hands, and cared for by us in person, and the result, so far as life and vigor are concerned, we have stated, and we want Bro. Chase to explain to us why the result is so different with the trees from different sources, and propagated in different ways, if the trouble is not with the trees themselves. This he is under obligation to both us and the public to do, after what has been said, and we shall insist on his doing it or to give up his position.

There is one other view of this matter which we wish to present. Bro. C. proclaims his defense of the root-grafted trees entirely on the present condition of things in a few instances. Now we maintain that these instances are an exception to the general result. So far as we know, more than fifty, if not more than one hundred, instances of failure can be produced for every instance of success with these trees;—and these from all sorts of soil and all parts of New England and in the hands of our best as well as worst of cultivators. And we are suspicious that the reason why they have succeeded is that they have come through his hands, and he has taken good care to get a very different article from what is generally sold about the country, and of a very different sort of the root-grafted, too. This may afford a very good reason why people should buy their trees of Bro. C., but it is a very poor general defense of New York root-grafted trees, for if ninety-nine out of every hundred perish that are sold in New England, as we believe is the fact, it is rather perilous business to adventure on those trees, unless the purchaser should happen to know Bro. C. and the "immortal vigor" he infuses into the New York root-grafted trees. We are certainly very glad to know, both for his and the public's sake, that the trees coming through his hands have succeeded so well, and can only wish that everybody that has had such trees had procured them of him, our humble self among the rest, for it would have been more than three hundred dollars in our pocket, during the next five years, to say nothing of the positive loss we have suffered in money and labor. It will be from three to five years later before we shall get our whole orchard in bearing, in consequence of having those trees. This, we conceive, is reason enough for our hostility to such trees, except such as, by their passage through our friend's hands, have imbued an "immortal vigor." To such trees we have no hostility; and we wish he would replace some of our dead New Yorkers with those vitalized ones, that we may have the privilege of watching their marvelous and vigorous development.

In regard to the proposed experiment, we leave that to be made by nurserymen and dealers in trees. We have no interest in the nursery business whatever, either directly or indirectly, and therefore are in no condition to enter into any such experiment; but we hope the offer will be accepted by some of our nurserymen, that the public may have the benefit thereof.

The following article we copy from the N. E. Farmer, where we find it copied from the American Farmer, written with reference to the editorial article, in the first named paper. The facts which have come under our observation, incline us very strongly to the views presented in this article. The fact that the constituent elements of white clover and sorrel are identical, with the exception of the acid in the sorrel, and in precisely the same proportion, would lead us to expect that they would interchange with each other. [Ed. Dem.]

FREE ACIDS IN SOILS. Some months since we gave an article on this subject, in which we pretty strongly expressed our views in relation to it, and which we find the Editor of the American Farmer, published at Baltimore, does not agree with. This paper is one of the most critical and able of the agricultural journals of the country, and we take pleasure in laying the opinions of its editor before our readers.

"The writer has a direct personal acquaintance with this plant, (the sorrel,) from the days that he rolled on the green sward, and ate grass like Nebuchadnezzar; showing up with a gusto the little pointed, pleasantly acid leaves of this 'sheep sorrel,' as he always called it. When he commenced reading agricultural publications he imbibed these theories about 'free acids,' and the necessity of neutralizing them, and practiced upon them to his cost; and now, after many years of experience in the cultivation of such soils, he not only thinks but knows that the 'red sorrel' is not an indication of 'free acids,' as they are called, or that if it is, then these 'free acids' are no impediment whatever to the most successful cultivation and improvement."

He has now in cultivation a considerable body of land, not very long since taken out of the woods. He verily thinks that there is not one foot of this land which, if plowed and thrown out without being cultivated, but would produce sorrel in luxuriance. He can point out at this moment a piece of sward thoroughly 'set' with white clover and Timothy, and a sprig of 'sorrel' apparent, and a part of it, plowed up during the last summer, cultivated in turnips, and not yet plowed again, which is covered with a growth of 'sorrel,' now in full bloom. There they stand, the sorrel showing to the line the ground which was broken up the past season, and the white clover and Timothy turf along side, showing as distinctly that the lurking enemy had no power to hurt them.

"Immediately adjoining this is a lot of fifteen acres of clover, which has just been harvested, and which justifies fully the remark of the worthy manager who superintended it, that he 'don't reckon clover ever grows much heavier than that.' Take the lot through, it was a specimen of luxuriant growth which we do not recollect to have seen surpassed. Now, as we have said, we know that every foot of this ground, if merely plowed and left alone, would produce 'sorrel' luxuriantly. If the 'sorrel' indicates 'free acid,' and the 'free acid' is 'an insuperable barrier to successful culture,' how could such a crop of clover grow? But mark, the clover is classed in the books as a fine plant; that is, one of a class of plants to which an abundance of lime is essential. But acid plants and 'free acids' show a deficiency of lime; then where did such a crop of clover get its supply of lime?"

"But there are two exceptions to the general character of this crop of clover: on a steep knoll, where there was little depth of soil, the clover failed and the sorrel had possession. On the spots upon which the grain was shocked and the clover smothered out, the sorrel appeared. At the foot of a tree, where the plow and the hoe failed of a thorough cultivation, sorrel abounded. On a spot where the water failed to get easily away, and a portion of the clover was winter-killed, there the sorrel grew."

"It grew everywhere in the absence of the clover, it grew where when the clover flourished. Wherever the clover failed, it was readily accounted for by an accidental cause, entirely independent of the 'sorrel' or the 'acid,' and notwithstanding the universal prevalence of this same condition, the clover failed nowhere when the other necessary conditions were present, viz: thorough cultivation, and a freedom from accidental obstructions. It is a common thing in passing a field where the clover has failed and the sorrel has possession, to say that the sorrel has overrun the clover—that the land is full of acid and wants lime."

"Now, so far from overrunning, the sorrel only grows where the fastidious clover refuses to grow. The clover requires a close, thorough cultivation; any accidental cause which prevents this, or any general cause, as an excess of vegetable matter not well decomposed, will cause a failure. The 'sorrel' is a natural growth, not requiring the same conditions, and will flourish where clover will not. It takes possession, therefore, as a matter of course, when the clover fails from other causes, but is not the cause of that failure."

"Now as to lime, it is known to be upon some soils an exceedingly valuable manure. It is an essential constituent of a fertile soil, and if absent or deficient, must be applied. Its absence or deficiency is not indicated by a growth of acid plants, such as 'sorrel,' because if so, it would be impossible, without an artificial supply where such plants grow, to produce abundant crops of wheat, corn, clover, &c., such as we know are constantly made upon some such soils. Lime is not necessary upon all soils which produce them—not because these acid plants grow, but because there is a real deficiency which experience testifies to."

"But an application of lime may be useful, when it is not necessary. In the writer's experience he finds that his soil contains

quite lime enough for the purpose of feeding all plants. But the action of lime goes beyond the mere supply of that which goes into the plant consumption. It has a powerful agency in decomposition, and in preparing other material for use. And the question here arises,—how far it may be useful for this purpose, and what expense would be justified in procuring it? He has thus far found it unnecessary for this purpose, on his land, and not likely to justify any expense. He finds the 'sorrel' perfectly under the control of active, thorough cultivation, or to speak more correctly, he finds a deep, thorough and cleansing cultivation produces that condition of soil, which fits it for the growth of clover, wheat, &c., to which the 'sorrel,' under such circumstances, always gives way. For him, therefore, and for such soils as his, lime is not necessary as the food of plants, because the natural supply is sufficient, and its agency in decomposition, &c., would not pay the cost of the application. He finds a more economical agency in the use of the plow and the action of the atmosphere."

"But it by no means follows, that what is true for some circumstances is true for all; a sufficiency of lime for the supply of the plant food must be present, either naturally or by application, in all productive soils; and the propriety of the application for other purposes must depend upon circumstances, of which every man must judge for himself. There are regions of country where the effect is so striking, that no one can hesitate to use it at almost any cost. In other sections the good effect is less apparent, yet a less price may amply justify its use. In other sections, again, while it may not be without good effect in preparing the food of plants, yet if this same action is brought about by ordinary methods of tillage, and the influence of the atmosphere, his labor and expense are lost. In this, as in every question of practice, let the farmer learn to exercise sound discretion, untrammelled by fashionable theories. Let each man, while he makes himself acquainted with the best opinions of others, make careful note and observation of the circumstances under which he is operating, and guide his own action by his own judgment."

THE FRUIT CROP. We think we are destined the present year to have another short crop of fruit. We find everywhere that the fruit is blighting and falling off. Our trees blossomed full, and the fruit set very well, but from some cause or other it early began to wither and fall off. What the cause is we know. We see this falling off, in some of the Massachusetts papers, is attributed to the Cornelia, or influenza of the corn. He had after a cold who had worked in this. We have examined very carefully the fallen fruit, but can find no trace of the operations of any insect whatever. We would suggest whether it is not caused by that exhaustion of the vital forces, which might be produced in withstanding the last severe winter.

With the present prospect, it behooves every farmer to be very choice of his fruit, and to suffer none of it to be lost for want care.

THE STATE OF MAINE. Through the kindness of the Senior Editor and Publisher, John A. Poor, Esq., we have been favored with the perusal of the Daily State of Maine, for the last two months, which we have done with much interest and pleasure. This paper has greatly changed our estimate of the value of this sheet. It is much more ably conducted than we had supposed, and we must express it as our deliberate opinion, and with due regard for others, that it is the most ably conducted commercial and business paper in the State. There have appeared in its columns some of the most ably written and comprehensive articles, in principle and view, on business and financial matters, and the true business policy of the State, we have any where seen. We certainly think, as at present conducted, this paper has great claims on the citizens of Maine for a most liberal patronage, which we hope it enjoys. It is published daily, semi-weekly and weekly, in the city of Portland, No. 109 Middle Street.

DESTRUCTION OF TREES. Within a few days we have been in the country on a sea-board, and we were surprised to find such destruction caused on fruit trees by the past winter. Whole orchards are utterly ruined. We find the same is the case in Bridgton, and are told the same is the case about the large bodies of water in that vicinity, and indeed throughout Cumberland county. In Bridgton, not only fruit trees, but large tracts of forest trees were utterly killed, or nearly so, as we saw. This destruction appears to be confined to the vicinity of large bodies of water. Away from such bodies of water trees do not appear to have suffered so much as a year ago. It is so with our trees, of all kinds. Our trees never were doing better, or stood a winter with less harm than last winter.

PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE. We have received from the publishers, Higgins, Bradley & Dayton, 29 Washington St., Boston, a circular describing this work; but not having seen it, we cannot tell our readers anything about it.

MODERN HOUSE-BUILDER. On the same sheet there is an advertisement of such a work, but it is in the same condition as the one before, and we have nothing to say.

HAY-CARS. Every farmer should have a good supply of these. They will pay for themselves every year in the raising of hay. The best size, we find from experience, is two yards square. We make ours in the same manner as is described in another column.

HAYING. It seems to us that the most of farmers have been too much in a hurry about beginning to cut their hay. June grass and early clover, and grass of all kinds that has fallen down, was well cut the first of this week; but those who go into their general haying before the first of next, we think will commit a small mistake, and very considerably lessen the value of their hay crop.

WHEEL HOES. These are very useful instruments for those who have carrots to weed. It does its work much better than can be done with a common hoe, and one man can do more work with it than three men can do with common hoes, and do it better. These implements are manufactured by A. Hayford, in Canton. We think he would do well to let the public know what he is doing, and have some of his hoes for sale in this town.

WAKEFIELD'S CORN-PLANTER. We have used this implement this year and planted all our corn with it. The more we use it the better we like it. We planted three acres with it in one day. Never could corn come better than it has, notwithstanding the season has been so unpropitious in this regard.

UTILITY OF HAY CAPS. Some thousands of tons of hay might be saved and much hard work and vexation prevented, if all the farmers would provide themselves with hay caps before commencing their haying. Now is the time to provide them, and nothing can be more simple. All that is wanted is as many pieces of cotton sheeting, two yards square, as you will be likely to have cocks of hay at any one time, liable to be caught in a shower. The corners of the cloths should have loops to pin them to the hay by long wooden pins, made of hard wood, or any other smooth sticks, which are preferred to stones in the corners. As to the usefulness, profitability and convenience of hay caps, there can be no longer any room for dispute; the thing has been proved by thousands—proved that no farmer in America can afford to do without hay caps; because they will generally pay for their cost every year, and some seasons those who have used them assert that they have paid their cost more than twice over.

[Exchange.]

GAMERS. A correspondent of the New England Farmer, states that he has found that Acemite is an excellent and effectual remedy for Garget, or inflamed ulcer in the rectum. He had after a cold who had worked in this. We have examined very carefully the fallen fruit, but can find no trace of the operations of any insect whatever. We would suggest whether it is not caused by that exhaustion of the vital forces, which might be produced in withstanding the last severe winter.

An exchange says that an excellent compound for covering hay caps may be made by adding to a gallon of linseed oil, 4 pounds of beeswax and a quart of kerosene. Stir till of the consistency of lard. Spread this on one side of the cloth only. Caps prepared in this manner do not need hemming.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker says that he raised, last year, one hundred and seventy bushels of English turnips, from three-fourths of an acre of ground. This crop was sold for table use, and brought him \$80, cash; the whole expense of fitting the ground, sowing, pulling, cutting and marketing, did not exceed \$18, leaving him \$62 net profit. He calls this profitable farming.

For The Oxford Democrat.

MILK. Mr. Winslow Haywood, of this place, has a cow which gave 25 1/4 lbs. of milk in six days, or a fraction less than 20 lbs. a day. She had no food but grass, and her pasture was an indifferent one. She is eight years old, and has a calf three weeks old. He has another, with a calf three months old, that gave over forty pounds per day.

What say, gentlemen farmers, are you beat? BETHEL.

BETHEL, July 6, 1857.

MILDEN ON GOOSEBERRIES. Of late, very general complaints have been made that this fruit is injured and often ruined by mildew—a disease which attacks the bushes, causing the foliage to wither and curl, and the fruit to puff up and fall. I am persuaded that in very many, perhaps in most cases, this evil is the result of careless management. We generally find the gooseberry set in a shady place, or by the side of a fence or building, where it is completely stifled for want of a free circulation of air; often under old trees which prevent the access of sunlight, and where the most healthy shrubs might, with reason, be expected to die. Now, if an open situation be allowed the gooseberry and not too close an arrangement in the lines, and if common hay wet with salt water or pickle, be spread around the roots, these preventives, with careful pruning, will in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, prevent the evil complained of. Grass, trash, weeds from the avenues in the garden, or grass and weeds taken from the beds, with cornstalks, or any vegetable matter, we have found equally efficacious. The gooseberry is too valuable a fruit to be renounced, and we had better exert ourselves somewhat, rather than allow its destruction, an evil as easily obviated as the mildew has been found to be.—TRUCKMAN, in the Germantown Telegraph.

The exportation of palm oil from Liberia has risen from 1000 barrels per year to more than 1,000,000 within the administration of one President.

MISCELLANY.

Lieut. Jack Ricketts and the Widow.

CHAPTER IV.

"Hawks abroad! we must cut our sticks, or have another taste of the mill," said Spragg to his master, whom he met at Mrs. Harley's door.

"How? what?" exclaimed Augustus, somewhat alarmed—"Are the police awake?"

"Vorse nor that. There's that there lady as you gallivanted with at Harrowgate—just afore we were nabbed—I've seen her with my own eyes—She has been for a whole hour this very day with your sweetheart—the devil take all hedication, say I!"

"But why? who is it?"—poh! man, never mind. Do you see this little packet tied with his beautiful red tape? This puts me in possession of the widow's fortune, and as to herself—"

"Her fortune, did you say?" cried the other with glistering eyes. "That's the main chance. As to all other matters, I suppose there are better widys in plenty."

"Oh yes—but at the same time, Spragg, for two days more, we must be wide awake. Keep that lady, if you possibly can, from having a minute's conversation with Mrs. Harley. As for me, I will keep as much as possible out of the way. I am just on my road to old Jones, the money-lender, to get a few guineas he owes me; and to-night I am in for a go at hazard with a few good fellows to pluck a pigeon—a Captain Linlayson."

"O curse all dice and cards! You're throwing away all your talents and all the lessons I gave you in the mumping line. There never was no fellow with a neater finger for a snuff-box, and now—"

"Well Spragg, patience only for two days, after that you shall have your share; but don't set on me now."

Before he had time to part from his confederate, the very individual of whom he was in search came up and joined them.

"Your honorable worship's most subservient—I was just going to present myself to your honor."

"The devil you were—and fifty guineas to boot, I hope."

"Your worship is too good. The contents of the purse were a hundred and nine pounds; whereas fifty for money advanced—ten for interest."

"Well, fork out the odd forty-nine."—"Your honor will excuse me; but when I saw how like a noble lady your noble lady behaved I recollected some friends of mine who would be glad to be paid!"

"You were infernally kind to your friends. You went and told all my creditors to come and make their demands immediately?"

"Far from it, your nobleness—I went to stop them from coming, for in truth I have bought up all their accounts—I have got them all receipted."

"What have you done, you d—d old extortioner?"

"Please your worship, will you pay me just now, or must I apply to the noble lady?"

"How much do you want?" said Augustus, biting his lips.

"Why, there is your tailor's bill—twas a hundred twenty, but as I got it at a bargain I can let you have it for sixty-five—your confectioner, wine merchant, washwoman, shoemaker, lodging, jeweller, the whole lot will not cost the noble lady above four hundred and fifty pounds—Is she at home just now?"

"Can't you wait for two days? I tell you I shall be married by that time, and every thing shall be paid?"

"Oh! please your honor, she will never grudge such a paltry sum—I can't wait without security."

"What the devil's to be done now?—Here, take my servant here, I'll pawn him till the money's paid—look him up till the last farthing is settled."

"You're cursed polite," interposed the domestic, "we have both on us had enough of looking up—why don't you knock the old Jew into the gutter and run for it?"

"Away from the Widow's fortune? No, no, I've a trick worth two of that."

"But think of the pleasure of flooring the hound willin'."

"Here, old skindint," at last said Augustus, "you say you won't wait without security; here's the marriage contract, all properly attested, will that content you?"

"Oh! certainly, your honorable worship, you shall have it again on payment of these bills."

"Yes; but I want a little money in the mean time, give me the odd fifty, and the contract shall be good for five hundred."

This was very civilly advanced by the usurer, and even Spragg, in spite of the apparition of Mrs. Linlayson, began to think that everything was secure.

In the mean time the confederates in the interest of my friend Jack had not been idle. Mrs. Linlayson had satisfied herself of the identity of the fascinating Augustus with the adventurer of Harrowgate; and, besides the satisfaction of aiding her cousin, had now the additional motive of saving her friend from the certainty of disgrace. She had taken her measures well; but after the specimen she had seen of the Widow's wilful blindness, she was not without some apprehension that her efforts to open her eyes would be unavailing. Linlayson had introduced himself to the *coterie* of one of the gambling houses, and had arranged to join the party that evening, being assured at the same time that Augustus would not be absent. Jack, who really loved the Widow, was lamenting all day that the character of his rival prevented him from settling the business in a more summary manner, and contented to accompany his friend Linlayson

to the table, though determined to take no active part in the game. When all their plans were properly arranged, the lady betook herself to the house of Mrs. Harley, and the gentlemen to the Crookford's of Bath.

"I am glad you have come," said the Widow very coldly, "that I may tell you that your suspicions are unfounded, and that Augustus Frederick Fitz-Oswald is as pure and honorable a gentleman as—"

"As Valerian Sidney Howard," replied the other, "I saw him, my dear friend—it is the same."

"Impossible. You told me that the person you talk of paid you attention; that he flattered you, and then that he was found out. How do I know that your account of him may not be slightly colored by your disappointment? What if his theft consisted of a heart, and the despairing maiden visited her spleen in calling him a swindler?"

"But, my dear Julia," said Mrs. Linlayson, a little nettled at the insinuations of her friend, "the jailer was never flattered, and he will tell you the same story—the flatterer of the law who whipped him (for he was sentenced also to a public flogging) never listened to his compliments, and he will give you the same information."

"Mrs. Linlayson—madam!" exclaimed the widow, "you wish me to believe that Mr. Fitz-Oswald is a wretch who has been branded as a felon. To this felon I have signed this very day my contract of marriage."

"I know it," replied the other; "but you will never marry him."

"Then, do you fancy, madam, I believe your preposterous stories? Your version of the very variable letter he received this morning from the celebrated philosopher, Dr. Bonnes, puts me on my guard against any interpretation you may offer of his character or conduct. We were once friends, but now, madam—"

"We shall be greater friends than ever. Dear Julia, don't fly into a passion. Everything will be settled delightfully. You don't care for this superficial impostor, I know you don't. Confess that, if you were fully convinced of his infamy, you could whistle him down the wind without a pang."

"Certainly, if I were convinced."

"And that you shall most assuredly be. Your own eyes, your own ears, shall be witnesses. Are you afraid to run the chance?"

"Of what?—of discovering my Augustus to be a villain?"

"Even so," replied Mrs. Linlayson.

"Not in the least; if you will let him explain whatever may appear odd in his behavior, I confess, till I heard his explanation of Dr. Bonnes's letter, I was a little alarmed; and if he had not named the two gentlemen he introduced to me, I should have thought them from their appearance, very different characters from Dr. Buckland and Sir Hans Shance—but scientific people are generally very odd and a word from Augustus explained every difficulty."

"We shall see. Come with me this very moment, I will take you to a house where you will see him shaking his elbow in good earnest."

"A concert—oh, I shall be delighted to hear him play."

"You shall see him play; he is quite a master of the dice-box."

"See him gamble!—play!—dice!—lose money!—Oh, that may be only once. The quietest men in the world occasionally gamble a little with their friends."

"Ay—but this is at a public table; we are to see the party through a glass door. Linlayson has bribed the keeper of the house to let us peep. Come on; by this time they are all assembled."

"There you are mistaken," said the widow proudly; "for this very night he is deeply engaged along with a great botanist from Dublin, Mr. McKay, classifying some plants."

"Yes; he is no doubt very busy culling simples; for I believe at this very hour he is endeavoring to pillage Captain Linlayson."

"Is he also of the party? Then it can't be so very bad."

"Yes he is there—Mr. Ricketts is there. Come, quickly, Julia, or we shall be too late."

After a few more attempts at procrastination, the Widow allowed herself to be prevailed on. The ladies wrapt themselves closely up in their cloaks; and as it was not very far from the Crescent to the gambling-house, they walked in silence to the place, were received by Linlayson at the door, and smuggled into the room where, through a small pane of glass, they could see everything that was going on.

Many people were gathered round a table—a man sitting on a lofty seat, armed with a slight cane, shaped like a spoon at the extremity, seemed to direct the proceedings, crying out, "Make your game, gentlemen, make your game!"

"Wait a moment!" exclaimed a voice, which made Mrs. Harley jump—"What's become of your friend, Mr. Ricketts? He has not gone off, I hope, without giving me my revenge?"

But his further speech was broken off by the return of Linlayson to his chair.

"Make your game, gentlemen!" cried the croupier.

"Here," said Augustus, taking the box. "here's all I've got in the world—last covered!"

"Covered!" said Captain Linlayson, laying down the same amount that Augustus had placed before him.

"Seven's the main," said Augustus, and threw the dice.

"Crabs!" cried the croupier, and pushed all the money of Augustus to Captain Linlayson.

The other gamblers had left off the game, the battle had become so embittered between these two.

"What's to be done now?" exclaimed Augustus, with an oath. "You've cleaned me out—I will give you paper—L. O. U."

"No paper," said the Captain. "I hate it like crow-pies. But you've surely something about you—a man in your situation so soon to be married!"

"Yes, but I haven't fingered the cash; yet. The widow is a d—d sly bird—the deuce a thing has she given me yet but a score or two of letters."

"Well, they're good for something," said the Captain.

"What! are you serious? How much will you stake against each of them?"

"Ten guineas," replied Linlayson.

"No mistake!" exclaimed Augustus.

"Why you are a trump of a fellow—here they are—one, two, three, four, five. There they lie, loving, civil, romantic, moral, religious—cover them with fifty, and give me the box."

"Ten my soul," interrupted Jack Ricketts—"it is too bad—I will not allow a lady's letters to be so publicly—"

"What the devil have you to say to it, eh? Are you going to marry the widow?" said Augustus, blustering.

"Marry or not, I won't allow a swindling scoundrel like you to profane her name before these gentlemen. Pocket those letters directly, or I'll kick you out of this room." Jack grinned his teeth as he spoke.

"Why, what do you mean, sir?" replied Augustus, greatly abashed by the determined tone of Jack Ricketts. "I can't see what business you have to interfere between this gentleman and me. He chooses to take these letters as equivalent to so much—"

"I will take them at the same price," said Jack, magnanimously. "But I give my honor at the same time I shall never look at their contents, but restore them uninjured to the lady they belong to. Here are fifty guineas, sir."

"But here are ten or twelve more, sir," said Augustus—"you may as well buy the whole batch."

Before, however, Jack had time to pull out the requisite funds, Mrs. Harley, whose indignation got the better of every other consideration, rushed into the room. The gamblers, scared by the sudden movement, evacuated the room, leaving only Linlayson, Jack Ricketts, Augustus, and the two ladies, of whom Mrs. Linlayson retained the veil.

"Give me the letters," said Mrs. Harley.

"You are discovered, sir. Our acquaintance is at an end!"

"My Julia! so unkind! I confess, indeed, that appearances are against me. I have been inveigled, for the first time in my life, into a place of this sort by my friend Ricketts."

"How dare you call me your friend, you scoundrel?" said Jack, breathing fire.

"You take advantage of the presence of these ladies," replied Augustus, very coolly.</

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, JULY 17, 1857.

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

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents strictly in advance; one dollar and seventy-five cents within six months; two dollars at the end of the year. To which fifty cents will be added for every year which payment is delayed.

Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms; the proprietors not being responsible for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.

228 S. M. PERRY & CO., 10 State St., Boston, and 122 Nassau St., New York, are our only authorized agents for procuring subscriptions, forwarding a certificate.

Payment for all advertisements is held to be due from the date of the first insertion.

Communications should be directed to "The Oxford Democrat, Paris, Me."

Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR.

HON. LOT M. MORRILL,

OF AUGUSTA.

Boston Flunkism.

Among those who took a part in the inauguration of the statue of Gen. Warren, on the 17th of June, was Senator Mason, of Virginia. We have read his remarks upon that occasion, and cannot but feel astonished that a Boston audience could listen to them with marks of approbation or applause.

In the first place, it was nothing short of an insult to all New England to have this arrogant aristocrat invited at all. Those who had the management of this matter cannot have forgotten how he has upon every occasion when speaking of Massachusetts, in the Senate or elsewhere, outrageously insulted her as one of the sovereign States of the Union; and more especially let slip no opportunity to abuse and malign her Senators and Representatives in Congress. We have before us the remarks of this same Senator Mason, made at the close of Senator Sumner's great speech, which will not only show his life at the hands of a Southern ruffian.

We heard those remarks, and never shall forget the haughty air and lordly bearing which accompanied them. He commenced by saying: "The necessity of our political position brings us into relations and associations upon this floor which, in obedience to a common government, we are forced to admit. They bring us into associations and relations which beyond the walls of this chamber we are enabled to avoid; associations here where presence is debarred, and the touch of whose hand would be a disgrace."

In the same speech he subsequently said:—"I have said that the necessity of political position alone brings me into relations with men who elsewhere I cannot acknowledge as possessing manhood in any form." These remarks were intended to apply to the Republican Senators generally, and the Massachusetts Senators in particular.

Remarks more insulting to the dignity and honor of a State could not have been uttered. Yet the people of Boston, the men of Massachusetts whose immediate representatives had been thus insulted; who had been taunted with being "destitute of manhood in any form," and the "touch of whose hand would be a disgrace,"—send down to Virginia, invite their worst slanders and calumnies to Boston, and place him upon the platform to speak over the shoulders of the immortal patriot, WASHINGTON.

We have also read the speech of Senator Mason upon the 17th of June,—it possesses neither eloquence, wit, or appropriateness. It is a compound of bombast and heartless declamation. This same haughty aristocrat brings with him his plantation airs, and in his speech undertakes to lecture the people of Massachusetts upon their constitutional duties, talks flippantly about the Union, its value, perpetuity, &c., &c. Many of those who listened to these insulting remarks, applauded,—so the Boston journals say. This is what we call flunkism in its highest state of perfection. It was the mortifying spectacle of a Boston audience, drinking down their own disgrace, and that to the very dregs.

Were those who listened to this Southern braggart so ignorant they did not know that this same Senator Mason, prior to the last Presidential election, publicly declared the South would not submit to the election of Fremont; but, if necessary, would march out of the Union! It was proper and right that the people of Boston should, in paying homage to the memory of Gen. Warren, invite distinguished gentlemen from other States,—aye, from the South; and, if you please, from old Virginia. But in doing this, they should not have invited nullifiers and disunionists, and especially men who have traduced and insulted the honor and dignity not only of Massachusetts Representatives, but of Massachusetts herself. And it is to be hoped that this is the last exhibition of this kind we shall ever have in New England.

When gentlemen of the South are disposed to meet their brethren of the North upon terms of national equality, and treat them as members of one great federal family; when they will come among us, leaving their "plantation manners" at home; when they will leave off their abuse and insult of the people of the free States, and be invited to meet with us over the graves of our forefathers, and pay honors to their sacred memories, but not to their.

CORRECTION. We were in error, last week, in stating that the Universalists were to have preaching, at the Academy, once in two weeks. The next meeting will be in four weeks from last Sabbath.

A SLIGHT ERROR. A person from the rural districts presented himself to our jailer, the other day, and desired to see the straw which had been made by one of the prisoners! He had carelessly read the paragraph in the Democrat, concerning the ingenious prisoner in Paris, France, and gained the impression that it was an Oxford County wonder, about which he would astonish his neighbors, on his return!

Buchanan and Forney.

It has been generally acknowledged by all, that Mr. Buchanan owes his election to the extraordinary efforts put forth in his behalf by Col. Forney, who was Clerk of the House during the 33d Congress. Without his powerful aid Pennsylvania would have been lost to the sham democracy at the October election, and in that event all would have been lost.

Col. Forney is a skillful politician, a man of great energy of character, and not over and above scrupulous as to the means to be employed to accomplish his ends. When the ranks of the sham democracy began to falter and give way, and defeat seemed almost inevitable in the Keystone State, just prior to the October election, when both parties were looking on from all parts of the Union with feverish anxiety as to the result, John W. Forney threw himself into the breach, and with almost supernatural energy rallied his friends to the final charge, and saved his party from defeat.

Of course Mr. Buchanan knew all this, and he could but feel under the deepest obligations to his personal friend for his powerful and effective aid. A Senator was to be chosen in Pennsylvania in place of Mr. Broadhead. Forney, like men of his stamp, while he had strong friends had at the same time bitter enemies in his own party. While the sham democracy had a majority in both branches of the Legislature, still among the sagacious it was thought his nomination might endanger the success of the party. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Buchanan interfered personally with his party in the Legislature, and principally through his influence Col. Forney was nominated by his party. The result is well known. Gen. Cameron, a strong, decided Republican was elected, and that by the aid of democratic votes. Forney's defeat not only came down with crashing force upon his own head, but it was a perfect bombshell hurled into the ranks of his party.

The leaders of the pro-slavery democracy all over the country became enraged, especially from the South, at this unexpected disaster. Some of them blamed Buchanan, others fell to abusing Forney, while a third class, who lacked the courage to ensure leaders, came down with savage ferocity upon those democrats in the Legislature who refused to vote for the party nominee.

Buchanan saw his personal friend who had, in a critical moment, saved him from political ruin, writhing under the agony of mortifying defeat; he saw that friend cruelly abused, and shamed by those who only a few days before had lauded and praised him; and what did he do? Did he assign him an honorable position, one that he was entitled to both by his eminent services for the party and acknowledged talents of need? Not at all. He virtually deserted him—left him to be slandered by his enemies, and barbed at by every jolting party car that came along. "True, the President has offered Col. Forney two or three ordinary positions, but like a high-minded, honorable man he has turned from them with scorn. This affair is characteristic of James Buchanan. He is a cold-blooded, cold-hearted, selfish man. He uses his friends and then turns the cold shoulder. He has no sympathy for anybody but himself. He has neither gratitude or generous feelings, but is altogether a selfish old dog."

A Word to the Republicans of Oxford County.

The programme laid down by the sham democracy in this State is to make no general fight at the ensuing election; but in such localities as there is some prospect of success, lay in ambush until the proper time, and then take the Republicans by surprise. This arrangement applies to certain counties and Representative Districts in different parts of the State. Whether our political friends are aware of the fact or not, they should know that the sham democracy are maturing their plans with a strong hope of carrying Oxford County at the ensuing election.

It is true we had a majority of six or seven hundred last fall, but this will avail us nothing if we lose confidence in our numbers and strength here to a state of apathy and inaction. The result of such a state of things would be to wake up and find ourselves beaten. To allow our enemies to triumph over us, under such circumstances, would be disgraceful to us as a party. Our victory in this county last fall was not the result of accident. It was achieved by diffusing correct information among the people; fixing their attention upon the great issues before the country; spreading before them facts; circulating documents, and inviting them to listen to truth from our public speakers upon the stump. Still further, we had a thorough party organization in every town and plantation in the county; and last, though not least, our friends everywhere worked and labored in a manner worthy of themselves and the great cause they advocated. Another thing gave us strength and power at the last election,—it was the spirit of harmony which everywhere prevailed in the Republican party. Now it is plainly to be seen that like causes would again produce like results.

The Republicans of Oxford need no instruction from us as to what they should do in the present contingency of political affairs in this county. We cannot reasonably expect success in any laudable undertaking, unless we use the means for its accomplishment; neither can we reasonably hope for victory unless we work for it. In view of these things, we say to all our friends in "Old Oxford," go to work in every town and plantation in the county; everywhere organize; keep your eyes upon the movements of the enemy, and above all, let there be harmony of feeling in our own ranks. In selecting candidates for office, different individuals have their favorites and friends,—it is natural it should be so, and it is all right and proper. But all cannot expect to be gratified in this respect, some must be disappointed, union, harmony, everything for the cause and nothing for men, should beour watchwords. In those trying times, when so much is depending, men are nothing when compared with principle. In selecting our standard-bearers to lead us in the ensuing contest in this county, we have only to let the people, in the exercise of a sound judgment and discretion, make their own nomi-

nations. Candidates should not be over zealous, while politicians should seek to follow rather than lead public sentiment.

As to the Republicans in Oxford County the ensuing election is an important one. Let everything be conducted with freedom and energy. Victory belongs to us, and it will perch upon our banners the second Monday of September next.

Mayor Wood's Police on Mayor Wood.

Mayor Wood, of New York, has been called the "model Mayor." He is a flaming democrat of the black stamp, and through the City Charter of New York, has wielded a prodigious amount of patronage and power. Under his administration, assisted by the Federal Custom House officers, he has acted the despot with impunity.

The Legislature, last winter, taking into consideration the frequent escape of rogues, incendiaries, murderers, and the frequent election outrages of all sorts, deemed it advisable to clip the authority of this model Mayor. Consequently an act was passed by which the appointment of the police was taken from the Mayor and invested in a Board of Commissioners appointed by the Governor. The act took effect some two months ago, and the new police, called the "Metropolitan Police," in contradistinction to the Municipal police, entered upon the duties of that department.

Mayor Wood would not yield obedience to the new law. He declared it unconstitutional, and placed himself in direct rebellion with the authorities of the State. He retained all his policemen in his service—dismissed those who approved the new law, and appointed new ones—and defied the authority of the State.

While the question of the constitutionality of the new law was under discussion and awaiting the decision of the courts, New York presented the spectacle of two entire hostile bands of policemen—the one headed by the Despot Wood and the other headed by the Police Commissioners under the new law. During this state of things the city of New York every hour was in danger of a civil insurrection, which might drench its streets with blood.

What was particularly remarkable in relation to the case, was the fact that Mayor Wood was sustained in this rebellion by the City Council, by the Federal Custom House officers of New York, and by such patriotic law-abiding journals as the Eastern Argus.

After one terrible riot, resulting in death and numerous wounds, the question of the constitutionality of the new law was successfully decided by the Supreme Court and by the Court of Appeals—the highest court in New York—to be constitutional. The last court stood six to two in favor of its constitutionality, and six of the Judges were Democrats!

Mayor Wood's zealous Captains of Police met in their various wards as soon as the decision was known, and, in contrast to their former zeal, passed the following compliments to the model Mayor:

"2d Ward.—The Municipal Caps unanimously resolved 'that it is the duty of every good citizen to obey the law, and that they tender their services to the Metropolitan Commissioners to put down the Wood rebellion.'"

"4th Ward.—The Municipal Caps support the legislature, and pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to the cause of civil order. They request the post of danger in putting down the usurper Wood."

"5th Ward.—The Municipal Caps in general mass meeting declare that—

"Whereas, the Court of Appeals had pronounced the Metropolitan Police bill constitutional, therefore—

Resolved, that the said bill is in their judgment constitutional, and the Court of Appeals deserves well of the country. Resolved, to call in a body in the Commissioners, and to proffer their aid in support of public order."

"6th Ward.—The Municipal Caps met at the little park opposite the mouth of Murder alley, and passed the following resolutions:

1st. That the rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

2d. That it is the first law of nature for rats to run from a sinking ship.

3d. That iron ships are better than Wood-ships any day.

"12th Ward.—The Municipal Caps met on Kings Bridge and fired a salute of one hundred and ninety-nine guns for the Governor of the State. They passed resolutions denouncing Judge Russell (Wood's convenient Judge) as an old rip,—and appointing a committee of five to procure an effigy of the "model Mayor," to be hung, and burnt in a hay-stack, on the fourth instant."

"In the Twentieth, it was generally rumored that that miserable usurper Wood had swallowed sturgeon; whereupon the Municipal Caps threw up their citizen caps with deafening shouts of applause. They marched in solid phalanx to the residence of D. D. Conover, Esq., the Commissioner of Streets, and gave him three cheers. Mr. Conover being temporarily out of the city, his black Republican cook responded in a neat speech, concluding with the following peroration: "By gorry, Massa King know what he about up dar in Olbany. He's not a gaylin' to have any devil 'bout dese yer streets no how, dat he ain't!"

"An Irish strawberry man got one of the captains in a crowd, and berated him for 'chating' her out of her 'hard airmings.'"

"Oh, you heartless baste, to deceive me and my childer with y'r unholy promises; why didn't you go down on y'r nose to the Court of Appeals before it was too late? Ye're not a penny better than that cold reptile (Mayor Wood) that killed Croft, but look to him, with his middle marship!"

NORWAY LYCEUM. The managers announce that Rev. E. H. CHAPIN will deliver a lecture before the Norway Lyceum, on Saturday evening, 18th. His subject is "Modern Chivalry." Single tickets for the lecture, may be obtained for 15 cents; for gentleman and lady, 25 cents.

Mr. Chapin will preach at the Universalist church on the Sabbath, and deliver a temperance lecture, at the same place, in the evening.

Capt. Rudolf, of the steamer Montreal, has been arrested on a Coroner's warrant.

Improvements in Our Village.

The spirit of improvement, which was roused in our village some two or three years ago, does not slacken, but bids fair to continue until nearly every trace of the corroding effects of time shall have disappeared. During the present season an unusual change has been made.

Mr. E. P. Chase, recently from Portland, has purchased of Mr. J. K. Hammond a tract of land with a street front, sufficient for two building lots. On one of these lots he has just erected a neat two-story house, with ell and stable, making a very pretty, as well as convenient stand. It adds much to the beauty of the village, and speaks well for the taste of the owner.

The parsonage—the generous donation of Mr. Thomas Crocker,—of which we have before spoken, has been entirely refitted, both outside and in, in such manner as to make it convenient for the use for which it is designed. The grounds are laid out in good taste, to correspond. We congratulate the society for the promptness with which the spirit of the donation has been carried out.

The stand owned by Simeon Cummings, Esq., and formerly occupied by Mr. J. H. Rawson, has been repaired and thoroughly pointed, outside and in, to keep pace with the improvement at that end of the street.

The grounds of the Academy have at last been properly graded and seeded down, giving an air of finish and completeness to the institution that it did not before possess. In a short time the lot will be enclosed by a neat fence. One of Otis' Patent Insulated Lightning Rods was placed on the building on Saturday. The building is now one of the neatest and most commodious in this section, and the institution offers to students seeking a pleasant resort, inducements of no ordinary character.

Next the Academy, John R. Morrill has commenced to "top-out" his house by adding to it another story. This will increase the imposing appearance of his building, the positions of which now form as great a variety of angles as we to be found in any mathematical work extant.

The stand of the late Alanson Mellan, Esq., now owned by his sons, Messrs. Charles A. & G. L. Mellan, is being entirely remodelled. The roof is changed so that the end is now towards the street. The style is neat and substantial. The ground plan has been changed entirely, and will make it much more convenient and comfortable than before. The change will add much to the beauty of the place.

The building formerly occupied by the Democrat establishment, and Mr. S. D. Weeks, has been purchased by S. R. Carter, Esq., who designs to repair or rebuild it, and to occupy it for a post office. The second floor will be fitted up for a chemical laboratory.

Workmen are now engaged in repairing the Court House. It is to be newly plastered and cleaned up, and some changes are to be made in the furniture. We have not been able to learn how much is to be done to it. It will be finished in season to accommodate the August term of Court.

Mr. J. H. Rawson has purchased the stand next the Stage House, formerly occupied as a shoe store, to which he has attached outbuildings suitable for his stable business. His terms, this season, are in better trim than we have ever before seen them.

The old tannery, occupied for years by Mr. Hutchins, has been purchased by Mr. Hudson, of Portland. He has repaired the house considerably, and much improved the appearance of the place.

The store of Andrews & Bates, and the stable of J. C. Marble, as well as others give evidence of the public spirit of their owners, by making all their operations add to the good appearance of the village.

The Democrat office has been removed to the store of Mr. Moses Hammond. This has been refitted inside, and other improvements are contemplated. Of this we will say more at a future time, if opportunity offers.

So much for changes made. There are others greatly needed. Our Village Cemetery is in a bad condition. The voices of our fathers cry out to us from the ground, not to forsake their last resting place. The fence is so much out of repair that cattle from the adjacent pasture have had free access to it. This has been temporarily remedied; but to keep pace with the improvements elsewhere much needs to be done there.

"Brag is a Good Dog."

It is really amusing to hear the pro-slavery demagogues, through their papers, playing off their old game of "brag." When speaking of the past, they acknowledge that they have been most unmercifully whipped in nearly all the free States; but, as they say, in some of the recent elections in some of these States they discover signs of hope. They are so elated whenever they hear of some little town or parish election where their party has not been completely routed that they shout at the top of their lungs, "reaction! victory!" and the word passes round through all their newspapers and in the mouths of all their party fogies. Like the boy lost in the woods, they whistle to keep their courage up. Well, the Republicans ought not to envy them this little conceit. The whole party, like the children of Israel, are in the "wilderness of sin," with the land of promise so far in the distance that none of their number can ever hope even to get a sight of its extended plains and flowing rivers. Let the poor fellows swagger; they know their destiny; they know they stand not the ghost of chance to carry the election in a single free State where the great issue is fairly presented and met. Were it not for the leaves and fishes dispensed by this miserable National Administration among the Hessians of the North, the pro-slavery democracy could not keep their party together a single week. Plunder and brag keep them formally organized, but these won't last them much longer.

NEW STAGE LINE. Messrs. Ellis & Co., have put a stage upon the route from Canaan to Mechanic Falls, via Hartford, East Sumner, Buckfield and West Minot. It makes three trips per week, leaving Mechanic Falls on the arrival of the morning train, from Portland.

There have been great rejoicings in Honduras over the capitulation of Walker.

For the Democrat.

Our Schools.—No. 3.

What shall be said of the school houses in this town? Not much in their favor as a whole. We have eighteen school houses, only two of which are deserving of the name. The rest may be classed as poor, poorer, poorest,—the last class being the most numerous. These seem to have been modeled after a barn, a porch, or woodshed; or rather they resemble a cross of all three. They are inconvenient, inelegant, and uncomfortable—badly heated and exposed to scorching heat. There is an exception however,—one school house is nearly surrounded by the adjacent woods,—a good situation in cold weather, but in hot weather a favorite resort for mosquitoes, which bite harder than the scholars can study.

Most of our school houses are lacking in room, to say nothing of their being too low in the walls, so that pupils are on a short allowance of air, in fact are forced to submit to a species of atmospheric strangulation, or hanging. Their lungs are not allowed to have a sufficient quantity of pure air, so their brains are sluggish, and still worse than this, mind and body both are very liable to become permanently diseased. Again, the appearance of our school buildings, both outside and inside is such as to hinder, if not absolutely prevent pupils from appreciating an education, certainly from realizing the importance of cultivating ideas that will form good character, as well as refine and elevate the mind. The minds of the young are keenly susceptible to the influence of objects around them. How then can they form pure ideas amid the unseemly, disgraceful ornaments and disfigurements of the old despoiled school room? How can they acquire a delicacy with so many elegant works and words as are almost invariably found deeply cut, carved, indented or written, in and around our school houses? How then can they learn good morals while they are impelled by the bad influences of their surroundings to disfigure or destroy the school house and its outbuildings, especially when they are frequently told by grown up persons that the house ought to be destroyed?

Parents, you must look to the school houses and see that it is all that it should be. Provide structures that are adapted to the educational wants of the times, that shall be large enough every way—well furnished with comfortable seats—neat and attractive—suitably located, not hard upon the highway nor in some remote by way, but in the most pleasant spot in the District, with a large playground attached, no matter if this spot does not happen to be in the exact geographical center of your District. Give your scholars good school houses and then you may be sure that the school money will be profitably expended. The moral influence of an old, dilapidated school is always bad and always growing worse. Give your children such a building as they may well be proud of, and no doubt they will respect it, and themselves all the more.

From the Chicago Tribune, June 25.
Douglas on Utah—His Two Faces.
We invite the attention of our readers to the following extracts from the speeches of Senator Douglas, of Illinois:

FACE NO. 1. From the authorized version of Mr. Douglas' speech in Chicago, in the Springfield Speech, October, 1850, paper 16 printed in the Chicago of the Chicago edition Times, (Douglas' Hand Organ) June 16th 1857.

Repeat the organic law of the territory on these measures—California, the ground that they Illinois, Utah and New Mexico are alien enemies and Mexico, I prepared outlaws, unfit to be with my own hands citizens of a territory, and reported from the Utah less ever to be Committee on Territories citizens of one territory as its chair, of the free and inde-man, in the precise glorious confederacy now stand on the to protect them fur-statute book, with one ther in their treason-or two unimportant able, disgusting and a men in terms, for brutal practices,—which I also stated would be a disgrace I therefore held myself to the country—advising you, as grace to humanity—my constituents, for a disgrace to civilization—these measures as they tion, and a disgrace passed. If there is to the spirit of the unyielding wrong in age. Blot it out as they hold me accounts one of the organized side; if there is any territories of the Union, give the credit States—what to those who passed them? It will be by the bill.

These measures 1790, which has ex-are predicated on the clove and sole juris-great, fundamental dictory over all ter-ri-principles that every tyr not incorporated people ought to pander any organic or see the right of former special law. By theing and regulating provisions of this law their own internal all crimes and misde-emancipand domestic memours committed institutions in their on its soil can be tried own way. It was before the legal an-supposed that those thorties of any state of our fellow-citizens or territory to which who emigrated to the the offender shall be shores of the Pacific first brought for trial, and to other territories and punished. Un-rires were as capable der that law persons of self-government as have been arrested in their neighbors and Kansas, Nebraska and kindred whom they other territories prior left behind them; and to their organization there was no reason for their crimes, have lost any of their The law of 1790 has intelligence or patri-otism and exclusive ju-tion by the wayside, radiation where no while crossing the other law of a local istimus or plains."

We know of nothing better than to take the "great statesman" at his word, and hold him accountable. Hereafter, then, when the Times and other organs of the pro-slavery party set up their customary howl over the abominations of Mormonism, it will be well to suggest that they also charge Mr. Douglas with the folly of being the active agent in getting them permission to work those abominations with entire impunity. Without his now abandoned squatter sovereignty—the rankest political humbug upon which a small demagogue was ever wrecked—Mormonism in its present shape would never have been.

There have been great rejoicings in Honduras over the capitulation of Walker.

A MORNING BAPTISM IN HOLYOKE. The Holyoke Mirror says that an individual who appeared in the Fourth of July procession in that town, dressed as an Indian, was a Mormon Elder, who has been doing a large business in proselyting, and is supposed to have come from Shelburne Falls. The following strange and disgusting affair is recorded as a fact:—"On Tuesday evening he was seen, with some half a dozen young women, wandering his way down to the river below the swing ferry. Our informant, alive to the prospect of seeing some fun crawled carefully along, under cover of the bushes, to within a few feet of the party. It soon became evident that the Mormon rite of baptism was there, under the mellow light of the moon, to be administered. After a short prayer, the Elder and his converts entered upon the ceremony before them, by laying off all their garments with the exception of a certain unmentionable nether one, and one after another coming out a dipping at his hands. After coming out of the water, each removed her wet garment, and stood forth in all the unrestrained freedom, if not in the blissful innocence of glorious old Eden. They soon donned again their customary apparel, satisfied, no doubt, that by this time they were far above the liability of committing sin, and that by becoming subsequently 'pickled,' as a Mormon preacher recently said all true followers must, they would be happy forever."

At the Quarterly Meeting of the Division of Sons of Temperance, at Hamford, last week, the attendance was quite large, and the reports of the progress of the order in the State, very encouraging.

A very interesting public meeting was held in the chapel, at the Centre, on Thursday afternoon.

The Jackson (Tenn.) Whig of the 19th ult., chronicles the death, in Henderson County, in that State, of Mr. Miles Darden. The Whig says the deceased was, beyond all question, the largest man in the world. His height was seven feet six inches—two inches higher than Porter, the celebrated Kentucky giant. His weight was a fraction over one thousand pounds! He measured round the waist six feet nine inches.

A COLD WATER ABUTMENT. There was a very spirited meeting at Rockland last week on a cold water question, as we learn from the Gazette. The Rockland Company has recently advanced its rates about 25 per cent, and many of the water drinkers declare they won't stand it. A committee was raised to procure names of those who would refuse to "take." The recusants accuse the company of bad management and injudicious investments. [Courier.]

"DEMOCRACY" IN YORK COUNTY. On the 4th inst., the sham democracy of York County, held a Convention at Alfred, and nominated for Senators, John Keur of Parisfield; Mark T. Goodwin, of South Berwick, and T. K. Lane of Biddeford. For Register of Deeds, Timothy Shaw, Jr., the present incumbent. For County Commissioner, John M. Goodwin, of Dayton. For Co. Treasurer, John M. Stimson of Alfred.

Mr. Morrill's Acceptance.
Hon. Lot M. Morrill has accepted the nomination of the Republican Convention, as candidate for Governor. The following is his letter, written to the President of the Convention, giving official notice of his acceptance.

ALBANY, July 1, 1857.
DEAR SIR—I am honored with your favor of the 29th ult.

I had read the published accounts of the Convention at Bangor, and had observed the spirit of harmony and unanimity which prevailed, and the devotion of its members to the vital political questions of the day, and to the important interests of the State.

In the fullest sympathy with the spirit which governed the Convention and which assumed appropriate expression in the resolutions adopted, I accept the nomination, in the hope, also, that I may be instrumental, in some slight degree, in promoting objects which, in my estimation, are of the highest moment to the country and the State.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully,
Your Obedient Servant,
LOT M. MORRILL.

A THORNY. The brass cannon used to give the starting signal at the regatta on the 4th, was captured by flint. Frolic from the Chinese pirates. [State of Maine.]

A DUCK STORY. On Monday morning Mr. Ward took up his gill net, which had been set on the previous Saturday in twenty fathoms, or one hundred and twenty feet of water, and took therefrom one hundred and fifty ducks. Many will, no doubt, think this a fish story; but it is true, and shows the immense depth which these birds dive in quest of food. [Oakville Sentinel.]

Mr. B. H. Albee, of East Machias, has a cow of the common, or native breed, whose milk for one week, ending June 24th, afforded thirteen pounds of excellent butter. During the time the only feed she had was what she obtained herself from a common pasture. [Machias Union.]

The Daily Advertiser of Thursday, announces the death of Daniel Chaplain, Esq., of Waterford,—a man who has occupied quite a prominent political stand, in that town for many years. He was a man of quiet and unobtrusive habits and winning industry, and won the respect of all with whom he came in contact. His death is a public loss. His age was 64 years, 7 months.

Our California advices announce the safe arrival at Honolulu, from Boston, of the Missionary brig Morning Star.

A large portion of the swamp of Florida is said to be capable of producing 500 bushels of frogs to the acre, with alligators enough for fencing. Besides these, the mosquitoes can present bills enough to drive off all who may venture to dispute the title of the present "aquatic sovereigns" of the place.

The Hallowell Gazette says that nearly all the logs cut on the Kennebec waters last winter are coming down this season—making the largest run for several years.

For sale low; also, Clothing made to order.
Wanted to fit, by STEVENS & CO.
South Paris, Oct. 20, 1856.

**LOCAL & TRAVELLING AGENTS
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