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OLD SERIES, VOLUME 24, NO. 49.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

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

Special Notice.

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

READ THIS!!!

REAR HENCKLES.—We have now had this bull two years. His stock is now before the public, and we think we can safely say, it cannot be surpassed by any stock not only in this county, but in the State, for its good points. We now have his stock to breed from, and must change, and of course sell him. We think he ought not to go out of this county. We have a sort of County pride in this matter, and after getting a good stock animal, we are unwilling to have him go away. For this reason, we now say to the farmers of Oxford, we will keep him here or not. He is wanted in several localities out of this county; but we will hold on for this space of time and give the preference to any parties in Oxford County, who may come forward to purchase him. If he is not taken during this time, he will go out of the County. This is a settled matter, beyond a peradventure.

Our Journey.

The next place in order on our road is Kendall's Mills, in the southeast part of the town of Fairfield, three miles from the east village in Waterville. This is a lumber manufacturing village of some eight hundred or a thousand inhabitants. It is quite a brisk business place, and is doing at the present time a good business considering the business condition of the country. The mills are all in operation, and during the past season, a considerable portion of the work has been on contract. A better idea of the place and its business will be found by a statement of the numbers of its shops, trading-houses, manufacturing and public edifices.

In the mills there are ten single and one set of gang saws, three clapboard, several lath and shingle machines, four planing machines, two sugar-box machines, one match-box machine, one curtain-stick machine, one factory of agricultural implements, one foundry, one carriage shop, two blacksmiths, two boat and shoe manufacturers, two drapers and tailors, and two stores. Of public buildings, there are two churches, with the usual complement of school-houses which are a credit to the place. There are also two well kept hotels. The Newhall House, near the Railroad station, kept by J. F. Moore, who is an old and experienced caterer for the public, for some years the proprietor of the Alhambra Eating Saloon, Boston. The Fairfield House, is on the lower and main street, but a short distance from the Railroad station, and is kept by Capt. Barker, an old and experienced hotel keeper, who knows how to make his guests at home and comfortable. Both these houses are as good houses for the traveler as can well be desired. Few better are to be found in the country.

The town of Fairfield contains two other small manufacturing villages, where small quantities of lumber are manufactured. It is also an excellent agricultural town, where is to be found some of the first farms and stock in the State, and none better can be found anywhere than in this State of Maine. The farmers are a little national, and so do not do themselves justice in the agricultural shows; but when they wish to make a display of their products, they just get up a show show, and make a good time for one day.

The next town, as we go up the river on the west side is Bloomfield. This is a fine agricultural town and well farmed. It has a very considerable village at Skowhegan Falls, where is a small business done in the manufacture of lumber.

On the opposite side of the river is the village of Skowhegan, which is the present terminus of the Somerset Railroad. This is a very flourishing village, containing a population of some nine or ten hundred people, and is a very brisk business place. It has grown up during the last thirty years. Among its manufacturing stands prominent its flour mill, which is said to be one of the best in the country. Two papers are published here, the Chron and Telegraph, and there are two banks. There are two hotels, one of which is kept by our old friend, S. W. Turner and lady. And a better kept house is not to be found on the river. It is quiet, orderly, and all that can be desired as a trader's house, and we are glad to know it is well patronized, and hope they will do more than get a living, as they deserve.

Skowhegan is a good agricultural town, with quite a diversity in its soil. It has considerable light soil, which is of fine texture and production, though better for the grains than the grasses. The portions of clay loam are particularly favorable for grass. The same thing may be said of Madison and Solon, though the former is more clay loam than the latter. Madison is exclusively an agricultural town, it having no village of any magnitude, and no central point of trade. There is a small village on the river known as Madison Bridge, where is a small amount of lumber manufactured. Madison and Solon are both large and wealthy farming towns. The village of Solon has grown up within a few years and is a place of considerable business.

Bingham, the *ultima thule* of our journey, in this direction, is a good township, though the east part is hilly. On the river are some fine intervals farms. The village, which is not large, is the centre of business

for the larger portions of the towns of Moscow, Concord and Embden, which are fine growing towns. The cattle show and fair, held at this place, which it was our object to attend, was a decided success. The display of stock was not only large, but it was of a very superior quality, and the attendance of people was also large. Both days were pleasant, except the first which was rainy towards night.

The display of ladies' manufactures, in the shape of quilts, counterpanes, comforters, rugs, cloths of various kinds, mittens, gloves, stockings, yarn, butter, cheese, embroidery, paintings, etc., etc., was very fine. Of really useful articles in this line, there was the greatest and best display we have anywhere seen. Among the rest there were two pieces of domestic flannel and dressed cloth, which was superior in quality to any thing we ever saw anywhere. It was made by two different ladies and dressed in the mill at Solon. Of undressed cloth, there was a very large quantity, and of excellent quality, showing that North Somerset abounds in wool, instead of those of the flannel, flitting things, fit for nothing but to be stuck up in a niche in the wall, as a show, or a reel on which to display the wares of a dry goods store or milliner's shop.

From what we have seen during this tour through Somerset County, we are of the opinion that the next stock of this County as a whole, is superior to that of any other County in the State. Every where there is a uniformity of character in the stock, on every farm, we have found no where else. In other counties there is as good, and in some respects better stock than here; but it is found side by side with some as mean as the world can produce. But here it all seems to be alike and of a superior make.

This state of things is to be traced to the efforts of Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia, one of the original proprietors of this region of country. Many years ago, he imported two superior bulls of the Durham breed, and sent into this county under the care of his agent. These bulls were moved from our central point in the County to another, until they were within the reach of all the farms within its borders. The descendants of these animals now constitute the entire stock of the County, which leaves but little to be desired in this direction. A slight infusion of the Hereford blood would add some desirable qualities to this stock, and make it all that can be desired, as we think.

Somerset County has passed through the crisis of emigration, and is now rallying in population, under the invigorating influence of the Railroad on its borders. The agricultural interests have suffered badly from the lumbering business; but that thing is pretty near an end, and agriculture is every where looking up. Many of the men who have depended on lumbering for a living, and neglected the acres they held in fee simple, have lost years of labor by the failure of their employers, and now have learned to their interest in occupying and tilling those acres; the consequences of which is that agriculture is every where looking up within its borders.

On our return, we turned aside from our direct route to visit Norridgewock, where we formerly resided, and to look in on divers old friends. We tarried at the old Danforth stand on the north side of the river, with our maiden and bachelor friends, where order, quiet, neatness and good cheer are always to be found. There is another hotel in the place kept by our friend Bates, which we have no doubt is well kept, though we have never stepped with him; but we doubt whether he can do better than our old friends, or make a more desirable home for travelers.

Norridgewock is the shire town of Somerset County. It is memorable as the location of the celebrated Indian village where Father Rade was killed and the Norridgewock exterminated. A village was early commenced on the north side of the river, which is the site of the County buildings. At one time it was a flourishing business place, but in consequence of the unwise management of the landholders in the days of its prosperity, mechanics and artisans were prevented from becoming holders of real property and having a place they could call home, and of course driven away, so that the village never attained the only class of population that can sustain a village—industrious mechanics and artisans. Now the business of the place is all gone, stores are closed, and a large share of the buildings are going to decay. Its glory is departed in every respect, except that from its majestic old trees, with which its streets are lined. There they stand uniting decay and desolation with beauty, and making that inviting and interesting, which otherwise would be uninteresting if not forbidding.

On the evening we spent there, we were told there was a "Stark's Wedding" in progress at the Court House. So we thought to get enlightened as to the significance of that phrase, and accordingly walked over to take an observation. We found the Register of Deeds office filled with people of various ages and both sexes. There sat our friend Bates, invested with the dignity of a judge, and his honor was attended by three gentlemen of the green bag, the sheriff, a prisoner, and a lot of witnesses, all the way from Stark's, bent on the vindication of the insolent majesty of the laws of the State of Maine. It appeared in evidence, that a couple of young men, belonging in the same neighborhood, had been for some time, stirring up bad blood in each other's veins, until one day, as one of the parties was passing the residence of the other, with a kettle of pig-swall, he was assailed with divers amiable words and phrases. Said words and phrases not being particularly agreeable to

the possessor of the said swill, he very ruthlessly proceeded to spill the same on the head of his assailant. The contents of said kettle not proving quite so palatable to the young gentleman as might have been, he proceeded to blacken the eyes of him of the kettle and otherwise disgrace his phiz, to the great scandal of good manners and morals, and contrary to the peace and dignity of the State of Maine, and the statute in such case made and provided. Thereupon, him of the blackened eye, made complaint to the proper authorities, which resulted in a fine of two dollars and costs on the said blacker; and this is what is called a "Stark's Wedding," document and all. But it is understood that there is an unwritten history in connection with this affair, in which a very fair lady plays quite a conspicuous part. So we are assured by our friend the doctor, who is well versed in occult sciences, and well understands the remote causes of things.

Norridgewock is a good farming town, with quite a diversity of soil, from a light sandy through the list down to a stiff clay loam. There are many fine farms and much excellent stock. On the 14th inst., they had a town show, at which were exhibited some three or four hundred head of excellent cattle, besides sheep, swine and horses, with any quantity of the products of the farms and household manufactures. They had a right good time, and went home well satisfied that Norridgewock could do some things if not others.

From Norridgewock, we returned home over the same route that we went. From a careful survey of all the facts that have come under our observation, during this tour, we are satisfied that the interests of agriculture are onward in Maine, and moreover, that railroad communication is indispensable to the full development of our agricultural resources. Every point accessible to railroad influence, is marked by the onward march of improvement, the increase of population, and a rise in the value of real property, while the reverse of this is taking place wherever the influence of railroads does not extend. This is a matter which should receive the most serious consideration of the people of Maine, especially with reference to our public domain.

For The Oxford Democrat.

Potato Crop.

I am gratified to learn that the potato crop in this vicinity is coming in better than has been anticipated. I commenced digging the first instant, at nine o'clock A. M. There was myself, and another very good hand to dig, a boy to pull the vines. At twelve we called to dinner. After dinner we picked up what we had dug, in three hours, and they measured seventy-six bushels. The next forenoon two of us pulled the vines and dug sixty bushels, and finished the patch, making in all 136 bushels which grew on eight rods less than a half acre of land. They were planted, every alternate row 3 1/2 feet apart, the other rows 7 feet apart, and planted with hops. They were long red potatoes, and grew quite large. Some weighed one pound, and some two. One weighed three pounds. The number of hills was 1370. The vines were quite large and green. I weighed them, and the net weight of the 1370 hills was 3500 pounds, or 4 tons and 790 lbs. The ground had for two years been planted with hops. In consequence of the hops being killed out last spring, I spread on eleven loads of new manure, and plowed it in and planted the patch to potatoes, as I have described, about the middle of May. Cultivated them both ways, and hoed them twice, making a large round hill. Who beats this?

G. D. AUSTIN.

Byron, Oct. 21, 1857.

Cultivation of Native Grapes.

Every day brings us fresh evidence of the rapidly increasing love for the delicious fruit of the vine. We hail it as an evidence that men are becoming more refined in their tastes, more delicate in their tastes. Perhaps there is no other fruit so well calculated to give health to the consumer, as the grape.

In France, and on the banks of the Rhine, thousands resort to the vineyards to avail themselves of the luscious vegetable morsel presented, as a reward for the toil of the faithful vigneron. Indeed, the season of plucking the grape and producing wine is one of merry-making, and is looked forward to with greater pleasure than any other event of the year. That certain varieties of the grape luxuriate in our rich soils and fine atmosphere, none can deny; that the flavor of our native fruit is fine, remains undisputed; that a wholesome beverage is made from the juice of this fruit, has been fully proved; that native wines, "sparkling" or "still," are better than the nefarious logwood concoctions of commerce, require no great amount of wisdom to perceive; that they are more healthy than strong liquors, apple-jack or hard-cider, is indisputable; that men will drink more or less exciting beverages is equally true, and therefore at the risk of doing injury to the cause of Temperance, we are constrained to believe that the increased manufacture of native wines would end in a material benefit to the nation; we believe there would be less drunkenness—certainly fewer would be poisoned by drugged liquors. So far as our observation and experience goes—so far as theory leads us—we disbelieve in the use of alcohol in any form, but if men must have it, present it in the most harmless way. We think, however, that due effort should be made to extend the culture of the grape as an article of diet and luxury. It is but a few years since the introduction of grapes into the

New York market as an article of trade, for the supply of a necessity. They have been totally an article of luxury, but now they should be produced in such abundance as to refresh the palate of every citizen. Surely none can deny that grapes are readily cultivated. Although requiring much care, the reward is in proportion. One great feature in favor of grape culture is, that in any suitable exposure a large amount of fruit may be grown on a small space. Along fences, against the ends and sides of buildings, in unoccupied corners of gardens and yards, which would not produce anything else, the grape may be trained. Nearly every family could supply itself with fruit in this way. [Western Farmer.]

CHANGE OF SOIL FOR SEED. Jethro Tall says: "Common barley, sown once in the burning sand at Patney, Wiltshire, will, for many years after, it sows in indifferent warm ground, be ripe two or three weeks earlier than any other which has never been impregnated at Patney; but if sown a degree further north, on cold, clayey land, will in two or three years lose this quality, and become as late ripe as any other. The grains of vegetables are their eggs, and the plants proceeding from them have their virtues and their diseases also; while seeds and their seeds in the fields where they grow naturally, reach perfection without change of soil."

ACCELERATION OF FOOD. A member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, recently stated, at a meeting of the society, that there were only two articles manufactured for food in England, that were not adulterated, viz. common salt and refined lamp sugar.

COTON IN HOBBS. We once had a horse that had caught a bad cold, and coughed so severely that he could be heard half a mile. All sorts of remedies were all rejected, although some might have proved useful, and the following course pursued. The horse was in the first place very carefully and moderately used so as never to produce perspiration. He was carefully blanketed when the weather was cold, (it was about mid-autumn), or when he was in the least degree heated—he was kept constantly on green and succulent food, clover, roots, &c., and was supplied with plenty of the best water at all times. In a few weeks he was perfectly well. It is an old saying that more depends on the nurse than on the physician, which was verified in this instance. [Ex.]

SALT AND GUANO. Recent experiments, stated in the Mark Lane Express, go to show that common salt is a valuable addition to all applications of guano to the soil. It not only has a tendency to give strength and hardness to the straw, (which guano weakens), but prevents the loss of ammonia, which is constantly going on even in a dry atmosphere. Mr. Barral, the editor of a French agricultural journal says: "We left in open air, in plates, during 15 days, equal weights of the pure guano and guano previously mixed with salt. At the end of that time we examined anew the amount of nitrogen, and found that the pure guano had lost 11.6 per cent. of nitrogen, while that mixed with salt had lost only 5 per cent." The Express recommends the use of refuse salt from fish packers for this purpose, and any refuse salt would probably answer the purpose.

THE FARMER'S POSITION. Let us not forget that our profession is the foundation of all others; that we are not only to support ourselves and our families, but the whole non-producing portion of the community is dependent on us for the means of subsistence. Our mission is one of benevolence and usefulness. Nearly the whole animal creation is looking to us for the means of life. Do we realize the importance of our position? Let us resolve to be, not only farmers, but men, thinking, acting men, men of knowledge, men of usefulness, men of influence. Away with your drones in this business. Let us press onward till the objects of our wishes are consummated; and the voice of honest industry, and the song of contentment and happiness, shall be heard, ascending, in harmonious notes, from every valley, every hill top and every hamlet in our beloved State. [Han. N. A. Davis.]

TO MEASURE HAY. The editor of the New Jersey Farmer says that he has proved the following rule for finding the number of tons of hay in a given bulk:

"Take a mow of 12 or 15 feet in depth, and which has been filled with hay, as it was drawn from the field, and has been lying till spring, and measure the length, breadth and height in feet—multiply them to get the cubical contents. For instance—the length is 20 feet, breadth 40 feet and height 16 feet—20 times 40 makes 800, multiplied by 16, equal to 12,800 cubic feet, which being divided by 700, the number of feet that makes a ton of 2,000 lbs., will give 18 tons, 200 lbs. The top of a mow, say about one-third, we rate at 800 feet to the ton, the middle 700 feet, and the bottom of the mow at 600—so the whole bulk would average 700 feet. If the mow is 12 or 15 feet deep, but if only 5 or 6 feet deep, count 800 feet for a ton, and so accordingly with other bulks."

AGE OF THE ROSE TREE. Shengel mentions a rose tree, still living, which is upwards of one thousand years old.

Better be the head of the yeomanry than the head of the gentry.

MISCELLANY.

THE STORY OF A HERO Not Mentioned in any History.

Marseilles, in France, is a city of fountains, and has a fine aqueduct, almost entirely subterranean, by which pure water is brought from the little rivers Huesme and Juvet. But this was not always the case. Look back with me many, many years, and I will show you how ill it used to be supplied with water, and how, in the fullness of time, it came to be otherwise.

Once upon a time—I know not the exact date—there dwelt at Marseilles a man named Guyot, with his wife and one son. They were but humble people; and at the time my narrative begins, the child lay sick of a fever, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and his little hot hand pressed to his still hotter forehead, while he ceased not to cry in a plaintive tone for a draught of water.

"Alas! my child," said Madame Guyot, in reply to his moaning, "you know I have told you already that Marseilles is a man named Guyot, with his wife and one son. They were but humble people; and at the time my narrative begins, the child lay sick of a fever, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and his little hot hand pressed to his still hotter forehead, while he ceased not to cry in a plaintive tone for a draught of water."

"But mother it is not like water," replied the boy; "it makes me only the more thirsty, and almost chokes me, it seems so thick; while water is so cold, and refreshes me for a long time. But, alas! you have none to give me. If it would but rain, for I am burning! Oh, if I were rich, I would care little for the finest wines, if I had but plenty of fresh, pure, cold water!"

Madame Guyot, with true maternal love, strove to pacify the young sufferer; and having succeeded in partially relieving his cravings by means of a draught of water, which a kind neighbor, scarcely better off than herself, sent by the hand of her little daughter, he at length slept. Even in his dreams, however, the memory of his feverish longings haunted him; and his plaintive cry for water at off-recurring intervals, brought tears to the mother's eyes, and she tried softly, dreading to awaken the boy, but by so doing, she should also awaken his desire to greater activity, when she knew that she was without the means of satisfying them.

Seven years later, and the fever-stricken boy has grown into a fine, thoughtful youth of sixteen. No longer dependent on his parents, the young Jacques Guyot cheerfully performed his part in gaining a living. One evening, after his return from work, as Madame Guyot was busily engaged in placing the evening meal on the table, she said to her son:

"Jacques, you must be content with less than your usual quantity of water to-night, for again the cistern is nearly dry."

"I am sorry for that, mother," replied Jacques; "but though we have often since been very scarce of water, at least we have never wanted it so badly as when I had the fever."

"Oh, Jacques, can you never forget that?" "Never, mother. No day passes, but the torture I suffered then for a draught of water comes into my mind; and I envy no man his wealth in anything save his more abundant supply of that one good gift. Is there no way of relieving this want, by which the poor of Marseilles suffer so much, and so often?"

"It is just because the poor are those who suffer that they must continue to do so; wealth might remedy the evil," answered his father.

"How so?" asked Jacques.

"Easily enough. Only let an aqueduct be constructed to bring pure water from a distant river."

"And what would that cost, think you, father?"

"More money than you could count, my son," replied the elder Guyot; "so let us to our supper before it is as cold as the water you are always dreaming about."

Next over, Jacques wandered in the garden thoughtful and silent, but not unnoticed by his parents. They conversed together in an undertone about the extraordinary manner in which his mind dwelt on the one night of suffering from thirst so long gone by.

"It is strange," said Madame Guyot, "how the lad is always thinking of it. I quite feared to tell him how little water was left to-night, for it seems to grieve and trouble him so much; not for ourselves alone, but for some unfortunate should have to bear sufferings like those he experienced seven years ago."

"Well," replied the father, "even that is not the chief object of his anxiety."

"Why, surely he does not fancy himself in love yet?" said Madame Guyot in an accent of alarm. "Our neighbor's daughter, Madeline, casts sheep's eyes at him, I know, young as he is, and Jacques often tells her how like a little angel she seemed to him when her mother made her the bearer of that draught of water. But it is doubtless only nonsense, for he is still a boy, and she a full year younger."

"I was not thinking of Madeline, wife," replied Monsieur Guyot. "In my opinion, Jacques loves something else better than all the little damsel in the world—I mean money. He is always hearing every one who can collect, and trying, by all sorts of extra services to earn more than his daily wages; and I almost fear our son will turn miser, since he spends nothing he can avoid."

"Oh, if that be the case, he is doubtless thinking of some girl, and trying to save against the time when he is old enough to marry; but he is a good youth," added Madame Guyot, brushing a tear from her eye at the thought of having a rival in the love of her only child.

"Oh, wife," said her husband, "you are almost jealous of little Madeline; but remember, you cannot expect to keep this one lamb of yours always by your side; and I say, that if the thought of having some day to provide for a wife makes the lad so saving, I for one am well content."

The return of Jacques here stopped the conversation. Hours after his parents were at rest, the youth sat by the lattice in his little chamber. A luxuriant vine hung over the casement, and, waving backwards and forwards in the moonlight, cast fantastic shadows on the wall. Little knew the parents of Jacques by what strong feelings he was actuated, though both were in part right, the father when speaking of his almost miserly habits, the mother in believing that her son loved Madeline.

The youth possessed one of those thoughtful natures which become old too soon; and those who wonder at love in a boy of sixteen, must remember that in southern France the blood runs warm. It was indeed wonderful how he always thought of Madeline in connection with that night of feverish agony—how like a ministering angel the child had seemed in his eyes, when she tripped lightly in with the cooling draught to satisfy his longing. The cup of cold water had worked with a marvellous charm, and the youth regarded the girl with a feeling akin to worship. In the eyes of others, she was just a bright-eyed laughing thing, somewhat wilful and capricious at times, as girls are apt to be; but to poor Jacques she was a being of heavenly beauty.

The recent scarcity of water had again brought the old scene most vividly to his mind, and you might have seen by the moonlight how pale and agitated was his face. After a long vigil, he rose, and taking from a secret repository a sum of money—large for him to possess—he slowly counted it, and then gazing earnestly on his treasures said, softly: "It might be done in a long lifetime; but, oh, Madeline, Madeline!" then with tears streaming down his cheeks, he flung himself on his knees to pray. Poor Jacques! he prayed with such earnest, simple faith, that he rose tranquil, and seeking his couch, soon fell into a sound sleep.

Three more years went by, and still Jacques continually added to his store. So scrupulous was he in denying himself every superfluity, that the neighbors whispered how the young Guyot had become a miser. Some did more than whisper, they spoke openly to his mother respecting this peculiarity in her son. Madame Guyot looked very anxious, and gave mysterious hints about the virtue of sparing one's self to spend on another, planning as she spoke at Jacques and Madeline, who were just visible to the group of gossipers.

Let love be the presumed cause of a man's actions, a woman will hardly ever deem him in the wrong, however extravagant they may be. Even vice in her sight assumes the dignity of virtue, if she can ascribe its commission to the power of love. So it was with the gossip at whose self-constituted tribunal Jacques was tried, and from that time many a sly joke was levelled at Madeline, till the little damsel's head was almost turned with thinking of the—of course much much magnified—riches which were hoarded by her admirer for her to spend some day. She felt she was beloved, for it is not hard to divine when one is the dearest of all earthly objects to a pure and honest heart; but in spite of her convictions in this respect, the conduct of Jacques was a sad puzzle to her.

"He is never so happy as when, by my side," she would often say to her mother; "that any one may see; but I do not think he cares to gain me for a wife." The mother would bid her be patient, and all would in time turn out well; but Madeline thought there should be some limit to the expected patience, so she would pour her cherry lips, and give Jacques short answers. Still, though she evidently succeeded in giving him pain, he seemed as far from declaring his sentiments as ever.

The crisis, however came at last. Madeline had a cousin Marie, who was not only a near neighbor, but also a sort of rival beauty. There had been no slight jealousy between the girls on the subjects of love and marriage; but Marie had at last triumphed, and the day for her own wedding being fixed, she openly twitted Madeline about her laggard lover. This was a sad blow to the vanity of the young girl—Marie's lover came from what was in those days thought a great distance, and neither begrudged spending time nor money in visits to his betrothed; while Madeline, with her lover almost at the door, seemed likely enough to remain single. Oh, it was too much for any maiden's patience!

The wedding-day came, and she, of course, was one of the guests, together with Jacques; and the girl, bent on punishing her tardy admirer, condescended to others by her very side. But she did not stop at enquery only. The brother of the bridegroom, a gay and handsome fellow, now at Marseilles for the first time, was smitten with her charms, and after the wedding, found or made many excuses for visiting the town which contained Madeline. Jacques, it seemed would not be piqued into submission, and she was not inclined either for a spinner's life or a longer silent wooing; so, after some hesitation on the part of her parents, who still leaned to their young neighbor, partly from old association, and still more because of his reputed wealth, Madeline was betrothed to the stranger.

Madame Guyot often sighed, and said in her son's hearing, that it was a pity two of the prettiest maidens in Marseilles should be carried off by strangers; for she had long since made up her mind that, since Jacques would needs marry soon or late, it would be well to have a daughter-in-law

whom she had known from babyhood. All her hints might have been unheard, for any outward effect they produced on her son; but when the marriage day came, he remained shut up in his little chamber. Neither food nor drink passed his lips; but could he have been seen by any one, a mighty mental conflict would have been revealed to the watcher—it was the last great struggle with human passion. The last bar to his devoting himself to one great object was removed.

The gossip who had at first interested themselves so liberally in the affairs of Jacques and Madeline, once more twitted Madame Guyot, saying, it plainly was not love that made her son such a miser in his habits; but she answered them more proudly than ever, that Jacques would now look higher for a wife.

So, first one great lady, then another was said to be the fair object for whom our hero cherished a secret passion, and whom he was trying to equal in wealth. But though Madame Guyot fostered the idea, she, poor soul, knew better; for only a few days after the marriage of his dear love, Jacques had begged her, in a broken voice, to find out whether the little vessel in which Madeline had borne the precious draught of water to his bedside, a dozen long years ago, were still in existence.

"Oh, my son," said Madame Guyot, "since you did so love Madeline, why did you let her go? She would not now be the wife of a stranger, if you had asked her for herself."

"Better as it is, mother," replied Jacques, though his lip quivered while he spoke, and again begged his mother to procure what he had mentioned, at any cost.

Madame Guyot's mission proved successful, though the mother of Madeline marvelled greatly at the request; and both the worthy matrons agreed that the conduct of Jacques was a problem beyond their power to solve. Eagerly was the little vessel sought by him, and after bestowing many grateful thanks on his mother, he conveyed it to his own little room. Could the thing of clay have spoken, it might have told how, when others slept, Jacques spent many an hour in sighs, and even tears. Aye, for every drop of water it had once held, the strong man paid in tears a thousand fold.

Years sped on, and the father and mother of Jacques passed from the earth. The young man had been called a miser, even during his lifetime, but now, indeed he merited that title. Ever craving for money, he added to his store by the strictest parsimony. His clothes were patched by himself, again and again, till no traces of the original stuff remained. Generally his feet were bare, and even when he wore any covering on them, it consisted of old shoes which had been cast away as worthless, and picked up by him in his solitary wanderings through the town. His food was of the coarsest description, and taken simply to sustain life. He no longer occupied the dwelling in which his early days had been spent; his present home was an old and rummy house, built with a degree of strength which defied any attempt at entrance, unsanctioned by the will of its occupant; at least without a degree of force being used, which must inevitably have led to discovery. Here, then, dwelt Jacques Guyot quite alone. But far worse than alone was he when absent from his house, for the evil reputation in which he was held was such, that as he walked, the little children ran shouting after him: "There goes Guyot. See the wretched miser, how thin he is! He grudges himself food to make himself fat, and clothes to cover his lean old body." Then the mischievous urchins would cast stones at Jacques, and load him with insults, unheeded by their parents. But even this was not the worst. One day he met a friend, or at least he had been such in youth, and whom he had not seen for many a long year. For the moment, Jacques forgot his rags and his isolation—it was so long since a kindly word had been bestowed on him, and oh! how he yearned to win it. Eagerly he advanced with an indescribable gleam of joy lighting his pinched features; but his former comrade shrunk back, holding up his hands, as if to forbid his nearer approach, saying as he did so:

"I will not hold communion with a thing like you. Did you not love thy money better than her who ought to be thy wife? but you suffered a stranger to carry her away, and now the accursed thing is dearer to you than yourself, though you have neither child nor kin for whom to leave it. Away! touch me not!"

Another trial came still later, and it was the hardest of all. A portly dame, elderly, but still fresh and comely-looking, and with a fair daughter by her side, passed leisurely along the streets of Marseilles. They seemed to be new arrivals; but the older one was evidently no stranger, for she pointed out to her daughter various changes which had been made of late. Jacques Guyot looked earnestly at the girl, for her features brought vividly to his mind those of the object of his own love dream, and as he came near, he heard her mother call her Madeline. Another glance, and he recognized the elder female as the Madeline of his youth. Though so many years had gone over his head, his pale face was in a moment flushed. Again he forgot the curses and the stones daily showered around him; the vision of the bright-eyed child with the little treasured pitcher in her hand was before him, and he too was for an instant younger; but for how brief an instant. Madeline, even in her distant home, had heard of the miser Guyot, who heaped up wealth, though with none to share it, and denied even the smallest aid to the miserable, tho' surrounded with gold. Even at that mo-

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Speculators vs. Producers.

An old author has said that "he who causes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, is a public benefactor," and there is more in this idea than one would at first imagine. The whole world is divided into two classes—producers and non-producers. The first class feed the world, and the latter speculate in honest earnings of the first. The person who plants a hill of corn or potatoes, and by his labor causes them to grow and come to maturity and yield a harvest, contributes something to the capital of his country, but he who purchases the corn and potatoes thus raised and then sells them to his neighbor at an advance on what he paid, indirectly takes from the pockets of either the seller or buyer and puts an amount of money in his own pocket which equitably belongs to another.

A farmer raises a yoke of oxen and by so doing contributes something to the common stock, the community is made so much richer by the act. By his industry in this particular he adds so much wealth to the State, but the speculator who buys these oxen for one hundred dollars and then sells them for one hundred and twenty dollars, either purchases them for less than they are really worth or sells them for more than their value.

He who raises a field of wheat is a public benefactor, because he contributes his share towards furnishing food for the millions. But he who purchases that wheat of the producer, at a low price, and then by monopolizing the trade in the article causes the consumer to give an exorbitant price, to go into his pocket is a public curse.

So we might go on, *ad infinitum*, with similar illustrations, to show the relative positions in society of the producer and speculator.

The "kind times," which now have such a cruel grip upon the body politic, have been brought about in a great measure by a system of speculation which seems to have run itself all over the country. We have had too few producers and too many speculators. Still had the speculators kept their shynk hands off of the products of the country, there would have been no high prices, compared with what the people have had to pay for the staple articles of the country.

Take for instance the article of Flour. The crops have been ample to meet the wants of the consumers. There has been no famine, no scarcity, in this great article of consumption; yet the people have had to pay enormous prices; and why? Simply because speculators have managed to corner the flour trade, and thereby keep up prices to line their own pockets at the expense of the poor purchasers. Thus these barbers have been fattening on the life blood of the people, indirectly robbing every man who, to save himself and family from starvation, has had to buy and pay speculators' prices. So it has been with sugar and molasses. Enough of these articles have been raised and made to supply the demand; yet speculators have so managed that they plundered the pockets of the people of millions, to go into their ill-gotten coffer.

For proof of this take the difference in the price of molasses now and a few months ago. Then it was worth about sixty cents per gallon, now about thirty—fallen off one half in the short space of a few weeks. There was about as much molasses in the market when it brought sixty cents, as there is now when it only brings thirty. We are now speaking of wholesale prices as they have appeared in the "prices current," made after the fact. The same remark could be made in truth with regard to the difference in the prices of sugar. To pay speculators' prices, the producers have been growing poor, the community has been robbed of the means it should have had to apply to other purposes, and use. People are now in many instances suffering for the very means that have thus been unjustly taken from them. These wicked combinations to cheat the people, always produce ruin. So it has been with the speculators of iron. They are speaking, they held on with an iron grasp to control the market, until their means failed and then down they went. They at last got their own necks into the noose they had prepared for others, and it is a righteous retribution. But speculators have not been confined to flour, sugar and molasses alone. Far from it. The community has been flooded with speculators—the country has been full of them. Men have in some cases nearly run mad to get rich suddenly, not by honest toil, but by speculation. To labor was too slow a process. The *bona fide* laborers have toiled on in summer's heat and winter's cold, and at every step the speculators have been at their heels. Their corn and wheat and potatoes have scarcely been gathered into their granaries, before these non-producers have carried them off as kind of capital upon which to make money. If the producers get a fair price, the consumers have to pay more than is just, to feed the greedy non-producers. Thus it has been while the honest laborers have been feeding the masses, the speculators have been feeding on the masses. Again, while the farmer and mechanic have labored and toiled early and late to gain a competence for themselves and families, and by so doing have only succeeded in obtaining a moderate allowance of this world's goods, and of the necessities and comforts of life,

the speculator has been amassing his thousands—not earning a cent by any productive employment, but indirectly taking it from the pockets of those who do earn it. A desire to get suddenly rich seems to be the great prevailing mania of the community. Much of the real misery we now witness in the community has been brought upon us by this spirit.

We are too apt to look abroad for causes which are attributed to "hard times," than to look home upon the business world like a "fall of night." Let us in the first place look at home, get a correct view of the evils which lay at our own doors—correct those first, and then whatever evil remains, apply the remedy so far as in our power, in the proper place, and at the right time.

These financial recurrences in the business world are no accidents—they are not the result of the blind goddess of chance. They come upon us in a legitimate way, effect following cause. As in other matters so in this—the old maxim will be found true that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

The late Fall Elections—Who has Lost, and who has Gained.

There has been a great "flourish of trumpets" in the ranks of the black democracy, over the recent elections in the middle and western States, and Territories. One would have thought in reading over the border ruffian papers, to see their stinging capitals and exclamations points, that the Republicans had suffered total annihilation all over the country, and that black, border ruffian democracy was everywhere in the ascendancy. We propose in this article, briefly to look over the ground, compare notes, and see how the case really stands.

First, let us look at PENNSYLVANIA. In the Presidential election last fall this State stood,

Buchanan	220,500
Fremont	117,447
Fillmore	82,122

In the late canvass, Judge Wilnot was nominated and supported as a Republican. He was the first attempt in this State to plant the Anti-Nebraska party upon the Philadelphia Platform. Judge Wilnot entered the field with the enormous majority of 165,282 against him, that being the majority of the Buchanan and Fillmore vote over Fremont.

Salutary and alone, almost, this old champion of freedom conducted the campaign in this State. No one acquainted with all the facts could reasonably expect a Republican victory. Gen. Parker, the pro-slavery candidate, is elected as we supposed he would be; but by a greatly diminished majority from the vote of last year. We have not the full returns from the whole State, but will give the returns from 20 counties as contained in the Philadelphia Bulletin of the 19th inst. These are a fair sample of the whole vote.

President, 1856	Governor, 1857
Buchanan, 118,174	Parker, 34,293
Fremont, 33,280	Wilnot, 66,641
Fillmore, 32,165	Hazlehurst, 22,795

In a much smaller aggregate vote, Parker lost 23,906, and Wilnot gained 13,361. Republican net gain over the border ruffian democracy 37,267. In the same towns Hazlehurst, the American candidate, loses from the Fillmore vote 29,571 while Wilnot's net gain over the American party is 42,732. If there is anything encouraging for the black democracy in this result, they are welcome to it. The old "Key Stone" is coming into line, and will by her electoral vote help swell the grand republican triumph of 1860.

We will next take a look at the giant State of the West, gallant Ohio. In the Presidential contest the vote was as follows:

Fremont	187,497
Buchanan	170,875
Fillmore	28,129

Fremont over Buchanan, 16,623. Buchanan over Fillmore over Fremont, 11,503. From this it will be seen the Republican party came out of that contest in a minority of 11,503; and that Fremont carried the State only by a plurality. In addition to this, it should be remembered that Gov. Chase was two years ago elected by a plurality and not a majority.—Tribune the American candidate receiving some 49,000 votes. From 1838 to 1850, the old Whig and democratic parties alternated at every gubernatorial election in Ohio. The Portland Advertiser in its issue of the 12th inst. truly said:

"In 1838, Wilson Shannon, Democrat, was elected Governor by a large majority. In 1840, Tom Corwin, Whig, was elected over Shannon by a majority of twenty-five thousand. In 1842, Shannon was again elected by a heavy vote, and in 1844, the Whigs regained power and elected Mordecai Bartlett, Governor. In 1846, the Democrats again triumphed and elected William Babb, now of Illinois, to the gubernatorial chair. In 1848, the series of elections was kept up by the Whigs electing Governor Ford over John B. Weller, now of California, and in 1850, the Democrats regained power in the election of Governor Wood."

Gov. Chase being a man of stern integrity, and one of that class who never bend one hair's breadth to court popular favor, is not, nor never has been, in the common acceptance of the phrase, a popular candidate. He always chooses to do what he honestly believes to be right and let consequences take care of themselves. His opponents in the last campaign carried on a perfectly piratical warfare against him and his administration. The most base and infamous measures were by them resorted to, to defeat him. Another thing, the whole border-ruffian-know-nothing element in the State were pitted against him; and in order to insure his defeat, united on a single candidate in the person of the pro-slavery democratic candidate, Payne. Yet in spite of all this, Salmon P. Chase has whipped the whole drive and is elected by about two thousand majority. Glory enough, we say, for one day. By the intrigues and combinations between the know-nothings and black democrats, they have the Legislature by a small majority, but that is a matter of but comparatively little importance, as there is no U. S. Senator to be chosen. Considering all things this is a victory of which the Republicans have reason to be proud.

In CALIFORNIA, John B. Weller, the pro-slavery democratic candidate is elected. His

vote is about 6000, less than was Buchanan, while Howie the American candidate falls behind the Fillmore vote about nineteen thousand. Stanley the Republican candidate, receives about the Fremont vote, thus comparatively giving the Republicans a handsome gain. In San Francisco the Republicans elected their whole ticket and gave the gallant Stanley over eleven hundred majority. This is a victory worth recording. A few such democratic victories as the late California election will make an end of the border ruffians in that State. Know-nothingism has played its last game in that State, having sloughed off into the embraces of the black democracy, for whose benefit it has kept up its dark lantern organization for the last two years.

In Iowa, after all the bragging of the black democracy, the Republicans have probably carried the State. In the Presidential election the vote stood as follows:

Fremont	41,127
Buchanan	35,341
Fillmore	9,444

This shows a majority against Fremont, of 1,558. In the election last spring for Register the slave democracy carried the State by 805 majority. The Chicago Tribune contains the returns received up to the 19th inst. and make a Republican majority of 2817. The papers from Iowa express the belief that the State is safe—that the friends of freedom have elected their governor and a majority in the Legislature which will give us a U. S. Senator in place of Doughless Jones, the man who, acting as the second of the late lamented Jonathan Gilley, consented that the fight should go on until he was deliberately murdered by Graves.

In the special election to fill the vacancy in the tenth congressional District in IOWA, by the death of the lamented Samuel Brenton, Charles Case, the Republican candidate, is elected by 720 majority, where Fremont had but 572 in November last. This looks well.

In this brief review of these several elections we see nothing to discourage the Republicans. By a close canvassing, such as we had in Maine, even Old Pennsylvania could have been carried for Wilnot.

It should be borne in mind that the slave democracy have all the money, by free access to the public chest, as well as the government offices, to aid them in these contests. Another thing, it should be remembered that the Fillmore Americans, in these several States, at the Presidential election were but so many "hubs" to the Buchanan kite and so they have been ever since; and that the late election is the first instance where the Republicans have had to meet their foe combined and united on one ticket.

Another idea worthy of notice is the fact that the slave democrats have seized hold of our present financial troubles to draw off public attention from political subjects, and manufacture capital against the Republicans. This article is already too long, and we must defer our remarks upon the recent elections in Kansas and Minnesota until our next number.

Who will be the Successor of Judge Curtis?

Every friend of his Country, and every lover of justice, must regret the resignation of Judge Curtis, as associate Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court of the United States.

He is a gentleman of eminent legal attainments, is in the prime and vigor of early manhood, and has had the independence, honesty to give his opinions, whether in accordance with the opinions of a majority of the Court or not. His opinion in the Dred Scott case is a masterly embodiment of the great fundamental ideas that constitute a republican form of government, enforced and fortified by an array of eminent authorities too formidable to be overcome by the special pleading of Taney, in his plea in behalf of the slave democracy.

But who is to be his successor? seems to be the question now. At one time it was said that that old silver-gray dogface, Isaac Touney was to be coaxed out of the Cabinet and persuaded to take on the Judicial reins; but he has utterly refused the place. Other rumors place Judge Gilchrist of New Hampshire on the bench; others Caleb Cushing; and still others, our own eminent fellow citizen, Ex-Attorney-General Clifford.

Where is Judge Shepley, why isn't he trotted out? He is head and shoulders above every candidate named, on the score of qualification.—Cushing, perhaps excepted. Are the slave drivers afraid of his not being sound on the "goose"? Some say so. One thing we may all rely upon, none but an incorrigible dogface will be appointed. The Supreme Court of the United States is to be made the great bulwark of Slavery, and no man can get a place upon that bench, who will not endorse the tresspassing doctrines of the Dred Scott case. The black democrats have already soiled the Judicial crumple with party toadyism, and what they have done they will do again.

LOVELL, Oct. 25, 1857.

To the Editor of the Oxford Democrat:

Mr. Lewis Howe, of Fryeburg, yesterday had his house, shed and barn destroyed by fire. The house was nearly finished, it being a very thoroughly built new house, with a good new shed. The barn was nearly new,—40 by 45 feet,—and filled with hay and grain, and in the shed chamber was about 100 bushels of corn. All his potatoes in his cellar were destroyed. He had \$175 insured on his barn, and \$50 on his hay. He had just applied for insurance on his house and shed. His loss cannot be less than \$1000, and will be severely felt by him, as he depends on all his means in building and his aged father, now very much out of health, and mother are dependent on him for support. He is a very worthy, hard laboring young man, and is now literally "out doors," as we may say. It is to be hoped that a generous public will lend him that substantial aid his necessities so imperatively demand. The fire took in one of the rooms in which the joiners were at work, while they were momentarily absent. The joiners lost all their tools &c.

Yours truly, JAMES HOBBS, Jr.

Returns from 56 counties in Iowa give a Republican majority of 2602.

For the Oxford Democrat.

Debauchery of the Press.

MR. EDITOR: I take no part in the mere political squabbles of the times, as party concerns. To me it makes not a copper's difference which of the sets of men, who are striving against each other for the offices of the State and the nation prevail, only in so far as the election of this or that may effect the interests of the country, with which my own interests are of necessity identified. But wounded pride for the honor of my native town, and horror of the debauchery of the press in that town, moves me to write my moral protest, with an exposure of the deep depravity of that press. The particular matter to which I now refer is an editorial article in a late number of the *Norway Advertiser*, headed "DISUNION OPENLY PROCLAIMED." The article is called forth by the advertisement of a "Disunion Convention," about being held in Cleveland, Ohio, and its object is to abuse the confidence of its partisan readers who know nothing in politics but what they derive from its columns, by giving them the impression that this disunion movement is a movement of the Republican party of the United States. The following is its opening paragraph:

"As black republican abolition fanaticism gains strength in certain sections of the Union, it becomes more and more reckless and defiant in the positions which it assumes."

It then goes on to speak of the Cleveland Disunion Association, and to treat it as the above quotation treats it, as a movement of the Republican party.

Now that editor knows, unless he is as ignorant as he is depraved, that this representation is utterly false. He knows it to be the purpose of the great and powerful Republican party of the United States, the only truly national party, to restore the peace and preserve the union of the States, by restoring the government to its primitive character, and proposes leaving slavery with the States which have it, as a creature of local, municipal State law alone, and such a creature as can have no lawful being out in the free public domain. In short, it proposes to make "freedom national, and slavery sectional." This is its doctrine, proclaimed everywhere, by all its members.

And when the government of the country is settled down upon this principle and policy, Congress will be able to attend to the real interests of the country, and will not be kept in a perpetual ferment by the intrusion of successive nefarious schemes of landlords and tyrants, for extending the area of oppression and the reign of terror.

But it is not the purpose of this letter to argue the Republican doctrine. I designed mainly to expose and reprove the falsehood of the *Advertiser*, and its shameful insult of its readers, by identifying the Republican party with the disunion convention. That is got up and conducted by the Garrisonian party, who are violent in their denunciation of the Republican party as recreant to the principles of genuine anti-slavery. It is composed of a very few people, rather harmless people by the way, and upright in morals, who would scorn to be for a party purpose. They have good aims, but differ from others of equally good aims as to the means for accomplishing the desired goal.

A gentleman called upon me with the paper calling the disunion convention, asking my signature. I told him that I had no sympathy with the movement; that it would require a majority of the people of the free States to separate and form a free Republic, and when we can get that majority to act for right and freedom, we shall need no such disunion, because we shall have control of the government, and confining slavery within its present limits, it will die out in due time in a legitimate and peaceable manner. And in the answer to the disunion petitioner, we uttered Republican doctrine.

The *Advertiser* says below, by a satanic mixture of truth and error, "the leaders in this State have not yet become quite so reckless as to openly avow disunion sentiments." So much is true of the Republicans of Maine; but here again is an implication that they do openly avow such sentiments in other States. Where? But that editor adds, "though the black Republicans vote with and fraternize with that disunion party," another immoral assertion; for he knows that the Garrisonian party never made any nominations, nor had any candidates, for Republicans to vote for. The Republicans have managed their own business in their own way, setting up and voting for such candidates only as would maintain their own doctrines, and not those of Mr. Garrison.

Again, the *Advertiser*, speaking of the participation of "many clergymen" in these disunion conventions, (and here we suppose he means trickishly to confound these conventions with anti-slavery conventions in general, for there had been but one of these disunion conventions when that article was written, and there were not "many clergymen" concerned in that; but he continues:)

"And yet we have little else to expect; for all experience proves that a few of the clergy have always taken the side of tyranny and oppression."

Now this is the meanest and most shameless piece of impudence that I ever witnessed. The action of the clergy of the free States, and of New England in particular, which excites the ire of our border ruffian politicians, is their remonstrance against the removal of the old safeguards of freedom established by our patriot fathers, and the opening of the vast regions of fertile country which these fathers had solemnly and forever consecrated to freedom to the range and ravages of landlith, ruffianism, ignorance, terror, and the direct slavery and oppression. They preferred to see through-out that wide domain civil and religious liberty, free labor, free schools, free churches and free men. And they maintain in general, the doctrines of the American Declaration of Independence, condemning as anti-republican and unchristian all forms of oppression and injustice. And for this their burly neighbor editor impeaches them as "taking sides with tyranny and oppression!" Surely he must regard his patrons and readers as a set of perfect idiots, or he would not dare to so insult their understandings. I am mortified that any considerable portion of the inhabitants of my native town, sons of noble sires, have become so

degenerate, that they can endure a publication as a vintner of their families, which is so reckless of truth and right, so characterized by the lowest cunning, so morally depraved.

That editor has something to say of what anti-slavery men professed thirty years ago. Has he forgotten, or did he never know, that the then Democratic party, not even ten years ago, throughout all the free States held and proclaimed in resolutions, the pro-slavery doctrine of the non-extension of slavery, and its non-existence in the Territories? And further, most of the school boys of our land know, if he does not, that the founders of our government, and the framers of the Federal Constitution, and all the American Statesmen, North and South, down to within half a dozen years, with the single exception of the steel-hearted Calhoun, unitedly and earnestly held the Republican doctrine that freedom was national and slavery sectional. That great statesman and slave-holder by position, Henry Clay, declared in debate in 1850, that the slaveholder had no guaranty in the Constitution of the United States to hold men in chattel slavery in the Territories. "The moment," he said, "that the slaves are taken by their masters over the line into United States Territory, their chains drop off, and they are free." Clay, then, in the senseless gabble of your neighbor editor, was a "black republican abolition fanatic!"

So were Washington, Franklin, Adams, Sherman, Jefferson, Madison, and all those statesmen whom all the world but slaveocrats reverse, "black republican abolition fanatics!" What a ridiculous figure does your neighbor editor present, to stand up there mounted on a gill cup, and at every plea against oppression and in behalf of the inalienable birth right of man, to cry out at the top of his voice, "freedom-shriekers," "disunionists," "black republican abolition fanatics," "goosey-goosey-gander;" "how wow-wow!" Surely

"Pigwidge will be pigwidge still,
Though perched on Alps."

NORWEGIAN ABROAD.

Out West—No. 2.

In my last letter to my friends through the columns of the Democrat, a promise was therein made to write again, and to give them some general observations upon the agricultural products and resources of the prairie West. The observations then, which are here made, will, it is thought, apply to Illinois generally, and also, in many respects, to adjoining States. I am here in Earlville, LaSalle Co., Illinois. This is a trim and thriving little village, less compact, but somewhat larger than your own Saint Paris. It is situated midway, in an almost boundless prairie. The Chicago and Burlington Railroad runs through it, passing on to the States of Iowa and Wisconsin. North, South and West is one boundless and uninterrupted view. Nothing seems to obstruct the vision, except toward the North, apparently some ten miles distant, the prairie rises gradually up into an even and magnificently rolling swell, resembling nothing so much as the bold, smooth and steady ground swells of the ocean. On the east of this village a mile or so distant, stands apparently in youth and vigor, an oak grove, gratifying and relieving one tired and weary of gazing too long and constantly out upon the interminable prairie, of which one turns no just idea, cooped up among the hills and mountains of dear "Old Oxford." Earlville is a new place, just in its infancy, only of about four years life and growth.

There are some ten stores doing a large and increasing business, three hotels doing a fair business, three physicians young men in active practice, one, Dr. Wiley, cousin to Dr. Wiley, of Bethel, in our County, grown rich and out of practice. Two lawyers, of whom, A. J. Grover, some four years since from Albany, in our County, is a young man of recognized talent, and has already made his mark in the West and accumulated a handsome property. The people here are full of energy, highly intelligent and civilized, a school-going and church-going people, largely Republican in politics, and S. A. Douglas to the core—rich and getting richer rapidly, most of whom are recently from the East, a fair proportion from our own State. I thus particularize in relation to this village, because if any one desires to go West and settle in Illinois, he could hardly do better, probably than "pitch in," here in Earlville. Perhaps my friends would prefer to have me now redeem my promise by giving an account of the soil and products. The soil is a rich, deep, black prairie, indicating no appearance of deterioration, by reason of continued cultivation and cropping. The farmers do however, many of them, lightly dress their lands. Lands here under cultivation are not much higher in value than in our State.

Wheat and corn are the staple products, the chief crops on which the farmers rely. They never fail. Their crop of wheat and corn is no more than an average this year. Wheat is now cut and either threshed, being threshed, or standing in the stack. The largest portion is now standing unthreshed in the stack, much of which will probably remain so till spring. Grain is threshed in open field with eight horse power with same kind of machine used East. Farmers will thresh 400 bushels per day. Messrs. Hoyt & Stillson have built the past season a large storehouse at a cost of \$15,000. This storehouse is capable of containing in store 100,000 bushels of wheat. The farmers from the County around, are now daily bringing for sale to this firm, or storage to await an anticipated improved market of 5,000 bushels of this wheat pass off per day in cars to Chicago, the greatest grain market in the world. The farmers drive their teams upon the platform beside this storehouse, and pour from sacks, or shovel from wagons into spouts, prepared for the purpose, of this wheat pass off per day in cars to Chicago, the greatest grain market in the world. The farmers drive their teams upon the platform beside this storehouse, and pour from sacks, or shovel from wagons into spouts, prepared for the purpose, of this wheat pass off per day in cars to Chicago, the greatest grain market in the world. The farmers drive their teams upon the platform beside this storehouse, and pour from sacks, or shovel from wagons into spouts, prepared for the purpose, of this wheat pass off per day in cars to Chicago, the greatest grain market in the world.

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arrangement is wonderfully convenient, and

highly creditable to the enterprising builders. There are many store-houses much larger than this, but none in this immediate vicinity.

Good spring wheat on 17th October, was selling in this place at 50c per bushel and marked heavy at that. Many farmers are withholding their wheat from the market—especially those able so to do; and many are hiring money at high rates, to enable them to hold over, for an advance. Ordinary farmers raise from 600 to 2000 bushels of wheat. Corn is raised and traded in about the same way, sold at a low figure if sold at all. I have seen none sold. It is not yet in market. Corn rarely grows here almost spontaneously, grows big and tall. Just now while I write in Bro. Snyder's office, my eye rests upon a large brick school-house, which, when completed, will be a fine and commodious edifice, an honor to the people of any village, East or West. When finished, it will cost \$5000. It costs nearly double to build here, than it costs in our State—materials are double in value. Money is tight. Banks down, and going down; and yet the bills on every bank in Illinois, pass currently, for want of better circulating medium. The people have concluded to take bills on their own State banks, but refuse the bills on all other State banks. The people here locate all the cause of the present crisis in the East. It is quite amusing to hear them reason out and solve the problem. They make the solution as clear as mud. Unfortunately I took only bank bills on our own State banks. So you see I am now at the mercy of my friends. Cannot get home, of course, for my money will not buy me a ticket. Money is loaning at 5 per cent. per month, in small or large sums. Some ask and receive much higher rates of interest. Can dispose of any amount of Illinois money at 2 and 5 per cent. per month, for month or year, on best paper or securities. Still the people are rich, and becoming richer. There are no poor people here. This may seem strange, but is to no very easy explanation. Have no time or space to explain. A man of enterprise can get rich here with less than half the effort put forth by him to remain poor, contented and happy in "Old Oxford." Have seen more money paid in and paid out in this little village for two weeks past, than I ever saw in Maine in the hands of the people. A man is not counted rich and aristocratic because he may perchance have inherited two or three thousand dollars. A word now about how we eat, drink, smoke, sleep and live, and I will relieve my friends until I come again, through my best friend, The Oxford Democrat. I have just as clean and good beds as at home. Water is as good and pure as ever ran from the hills of Maine. Beef, mutton, pork, are sweet, fat and nice. Potatoes are the best I ever saw, just such ones, only a little more so, as were raised on the burnt lands of our country, some fifteen years ago. Butter—well, decidedly poor, for all the world, just like Canada butter, or like much of the stuff made in our dear Old Oxford—half butter and the other half, coarse, black salt. Cooking is good. Mine host is kind and obliging, and seems to anticipate all my wants. And now, if you ask me how I like the West, I answer that I decidedly like the country and the people. The country is magnificent, and the people are generous and wholehearted. The country truly surpasses and all other countries on the globe in natural agricultural resources. My letter, already quite too long, must now come to a close; and in my next, if you read this, shall be given some veritable narrations of my adventures out on the prairie in pursuit of prairie chickens. My experience professionally, in town and county courts, in the west may also be hinted at. My health is good. Just remind our black democratic friends of Oxford, that the election in Kansas is all right. Intend to visit that country before returning to Maine. Will write you from there if I do so. All is well that ends well. God protect and save the noble and struggling true state Republicans of Kansas. You shall hear from me again. J. W. B.

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