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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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OLD SERIES, VOLUME 25, NO. 11.

## 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.—A. W. R. C.

### Special Notice.

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

### Board of Agriculture.

[CONCISELY.]

**BANGOR HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.** Albion Noyes. Twelve years ago, little or no fruit was raised in our region. About that time I commenced my fruit garden by setting out a few apple, pear and plum trees. In five years I had a fine crop of plums, of over fifteen bushels. My apples and cherries began to bear, and produced enough to show their character and quality; but the severity of some winters following, destroyed most of my trees. I commenced anew, and added to my trees the smaller kinds of fruit, such as strawberries, gooseberries, currants, etc. I have no trouble with mildew, and but little from the curculio. Nothing was seen of the curculio till after the year 1848. I keep my gooseberries well thinned out, and train them in tree form, allowing no suckers to grow. The soil and climate seem to be best adapted to the production of stone fruit, particularly the plum; but the tender kinds are apt to fail. My trees are now just beginning to bear. They produced a few specimens this year, which were fine.

**CUMBERLAND SOCIETY.** J. F. Anderson. I am a new member of our Society, having had nothing to do with it till three years ago. I am, therefore, not so well posted in relation to its past doings as some others. I can, however, say, I can see there has been a marked improvement in the quality of stock in our county since I have been connected with the Society. Farmers take much greater interest in this matter than formerly. The same is true with reference to farm improvements and all matters pertaining to agriculture. But I will not prolong my remarks, and call on Mr. Perley, who is an old and well tried member.

**S. F. Perley, of the Maine State Society,** responded. I am hardly prepared to make a statement of the present state of the affairs of our Society. A few years ago it was nearly run down. Very few took any interest in the matter, until a crisis in its affairs arrived. The question was fairly before us, whether to stand still and die, or rouse ourselves and give it some sort of vitality. This last was determined on. A few took the matter in hand, made a rally, and now the Society is in good standing, and is doing a good work for the agricultural interests of the county.

The improvements going on in agricultural operations among us are very marked. Much attention is now given to under-draining, especially in the lower parts of the county, on the coast. Several persons are making experiments in under-draining, from which we expect to hear in due time.

In the loamy parts of the county, the soil is stony, but strong and well adapted to orcharding, to which increased attention is given of late. Also, attention is turned to the improvement of stock, and some full blood animals are found among us. All this, I think, is to be traced to the influence of the Society's efforts.

I know the labor of the farm is hard. It requires diligence and perseverance. We become weary when night arrives, and many are ready to ask, does it all pay? I think it does. If we are weary at night, we can rest, and amid the rural scenery, and the social enjoyments of home, we have our reward. Our agricultural efforts, through our associations, help their enjoyments. It helps to make men more social, and brings them together as brethren. It pays in this view, even were this all. So much do I value this benefit of our agricultural associations, that I would be unwilling to live in a community where no such association exists.

**EAST SOMERSET.** W. M. Palmer. Our society has been recently formed, and we have done but little. We intend to make greater exertions. But short as has been our existence, we already see the effects of its influence in the improvement of our stock and the increase of the manure. Stock has doubled in value. Manure is also produced in double the quantity it formerly was.

**FRANKLIN COUNTY.** H. Ross. I do not know where to begin. A few years ago our society was divided, and another one formed in the northern part of the county. It rather declined for a time, but rallied again. Held shows at Farmington Hill, Farmington Falls, and Wilton. Gained members and strength, although not so large as before the division; but what we had was good. We now have voted to locate, the result of which is a division among us. I think a part of the society will leave in consequence.

But notwithstanding all our trials, great improvements have been made in our agriculture, especially in stock. Wheat is not much cultivated; but there is great improvement in the cultivation of corn, apples, and pears. But from the present position of our affairs, I fear we shall go back instead of forward. We are at a trying point, but will hope for the best.

**LINCOLN SOCIETY.** Mr. Avery. I represent the oldest county in the State, and al-

most the youngest Society. Agriculture has not been much attended to in our county. Commerce and ship building have absorbed the attention of our people to the neglect of agriculture. Five years ago we organized our Society, and held our Fair at Wiscasset. A few persons had all the work to do; but their efforts have been attended with great success. Stock has improved in quality from forty to fifty per cent., and every branch of agriculture is in the same proportion. Public attention is now being very strongly turned to under-draining, and other measures of improvement. This change is to be attributed to the influence of the Society's operations. The subject of a division of the Society is now talked of, so as to better secure the general accommodation of the people. It is thought that this will do good, by inducing greater activity of a greater number of people. We find that rivalry between the different towns, to see who will make the most improvement, is one very important element in our Society's success.

**MAINE POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.** D. A. Fairbanks. This Society was formed eleven years ago. The main object was to seek out the best native fruit, and have it cultivated in different parts of the State. It has already had under consideration over forty varieties, some of which are of the first quality. Its Show was merged in the State Show, at the first exhibition of that body, at Gardiner, where the display of fruit was very fair. Its Shows have improved annually, and so continue. The Show at Bangor was excellent, especially that of grapes. There is greater interest in this matter now than heretofore.

**NORTH ANSON COUNTY.** Hiram Stevens. Our society was incorporated in 1850, and our first show was held in the fall of 1851. The result of its efforts and influence has been a most marked improvement in stock. The effort now is to see who will excel in breeding the best cows, steers, and oxen. Some full blood animals have been introduced into the county. A Durham bull and a Hereford bull and heifer were introduced into our county some years since, which have greatly improved our stock, as any one will see in passing through the county. Last spring a full blood North Devon was introduced, but I cannot say much in his favor. There is still much need of improvement, especially in our agricultural operations. There is an enormous waste of manure. No care at all is taken of it by the most of our farmers.

In traveling through the county, you will see the droppings of the stock thrown out of the windows on the south side of the barn, to be moulded by the rains and droppings from the eaves, and bleached by the sun; and then it lays through the whole season, unsightly, and in the way. And even those who take any tolerable care of the droppings, use no means to preserve the liquid manure from their animals. They use no absorbents, and consequently, this most valuable half of the manures of the barn is utterly lost.

I think the construction of vaults under the stables to receive the liquid manure, well supplied with absorbents, the best method of preserving this part of manure. By this means alone, I think the value of stable manure may be increased one hundred per cent.

Another means of improvement is furnishing our cattle with warm shelter. The importance of this as a matter of economy, can hardly be over-estimated.

The Editor of the Horticulturalist gives the following list of facts which we commend to our readers especial attention:

**EXTRA EARLY TURNIP, or BASSANO.** The earliest of all sorts. Flavor, sweet and good. Texture, crisp and tender. Color, yellowish pink, striped transversely.

**EARLY BLOOD TURNIP.** The best for all purposes after the first sowing, where the turnip-rooted form is preferred. Flavor, good. Texture, solid and crisp. Color, light blood crimson.

**LONG SMOOTH BLOOD.** If a large long and well formed root is preferred, this is the kind, but there is no advantage, excepting in quality, in a large beet for the table. Flavor, good. Texture, solid and coarse grained. Color, dark crimson.

**WHITTE'S DWARF DARK BLOOD, or LONDON DWARF BLOOD.** As a long beet, this is decidedly the best, although it will not produce the same weight on a given space as the last described. Flavor, sweet and nutty. Texture, crisp and tender, even to maturity. Color, blackish crimson, both root and branch. This variety ought always to be grown in preference to all others, where coloring is required for confectionary, &c.

**SILVER, or SEA KALE.** This is fibrous rooted, and the serviceable parts are the leaves, which if cooked in the same manner as asparagus, make a very good accompaniment on the dinner table. Or, the stalks may be stripped and boiled like asparagus, when they are very little inferior to that esteemed vegetable. It is, however, tender, and will not bear much frost or wet.

**GREEN LEAVED KALE.** Another fibrous rooted sort, and only serviceable for flavoring soups, to which the leaves impart a sweetish, pleasant taste. This is considerably harder than the last.

**HOW TO PUT OUT A CHIMNEY ON FIRE.** Continue to sprinkle water on the fire with the hand freely, or pour water through a small tin strainer; by this means, the steam produced will gradually extinguish the burning soot. Keep the doors and windows shut while sprinkling the water on the fire.

### Grafting Apple Trees.

**Mr. Editor:** In a communication to the Democrat of August 7th, "A FRIEND or Mr. CHASE," inquires the best method of grafting apple trees, whether stump or limb grafting is preferable. In answer to his inquiry, I will state a "bit" of my experience in the business.

In the spring of 1850 I set fifty thrifty trees. The spot I selected for an orchard is located on a moderate rise of ground facing the east. The soil is of an excellent quality and well adapted to the growth and sustenance of fruit trees; and the situation in every respect is very eligible for the purpose to which it is applied.

The second spring after setting, the trees being from three-quarters to an inch and a quarter in diameter. In May (between the 10th and 15th I think,) I employed a careful and judicious man to graft them. He cut them off at six or eight inches from the ground, inserting two scions in each stock, taking the usual precautions to preserve them in their positions and exclude all heat and moisture from the top of the stocks. Of these trees, but three are now alive, and but one of these a graft, which is now but about three feet in height, two-thirds of that having grown the past season. The other two were grafted above a thrifty limb, that, in case the scions did not invite, the limbs would form a new top, which they have, making by careful pruning fine looking trees. The scions were procured from Newburyport, Mass., consisting of Baldwin, Russets, Sweetings, and one or two other varieties.

I attribute the failure in part to a want of vitality in the scions. I should be both, with my present experience, to adopt this method again, especially if the scions have been kept any length of time; but if obtainable and clipped but a short time before they are inserted, I think this method may be attended with a good degree of success, providing the trees are not too large, seedlings not over three years old. I have frequently set them in such stock, cutting the scions as they were wanted, even in a careless manner with good success.

But if the trees are larger than above named, my advice would be to select a good healthy branch and insert the scion a few inches above its connection with the trunk; then in case the scions do not connect, the limb would form another top, and thus save the tree. But if the grafts unite readily, and make a good healthy growth, the branch should be taken off, but not before the middle of the third season. In the meantime it should be judiciously pruned so as not to divert the flow of sap from the main direction, and thus prove injurious to the grafts.

C. FRYE, JR.

Andover, Dec. 10th, 1857.

A writer in noticing the formation of a Farmers' Club in Norridgewock, says what we want the Farmers of Oxford to think of.

Farmers of Maine! Do you ever reflect on the vast benefit you might derive from Farmers' Clubs in your own neighborhood? Do you know what a fund of information and pleasure can be gained from weekly or semi-monthly meetings with your brother farmers, to talk over the various improvements in modern farming, or discuss your Farmer's Prosperity always has full barns, sleek cattle, fat calves, pigs and lambs, and is growing wealthy by farming, while his neighbor Shiftless can hardly raise enough on his farm to winter his stock, or supply bread for his family, and is progressing as fast toward the almshouse as his neighbor towards affluence, and all this by farming, too? Do you ever realize the pleasure of making a creditable display of stock or farm products at the annual show of the Club, even though the premiums you may bear away be merely "preferences," instead of money. It must be that the answers to these queries, and many other equally pertinent to the subject, are all in the negative, else should we have in Maine fifty, yes, a hundred Farmers' Clubs, instead of three, or at the most, a half dozen such societies.

We have witnessed the success of one of the first Farmers' Clubs in the State—we have seen the results of the emulation it has awakened among the farmers and gardeners of the vicinity, and the improvements it has led to. Nor, while improving their farms and gardens, have they been forgetful of their intellectual wants; for they have collected and are gradually adding to, a library of useful publications, which is, so far as we know, the only one of the kind in the State, and highly creditable to its originators.

One thing must not be forgotten. The farmers' wives and daughters are as fond of recreation, and need relaxation from household duties as much, as their husbands or brothers. Take them with you, to enlighten your social meetings, and, our word for it, you will find the Farmers' Club a source of pleasure, profit, and information, such as you never before dreamed of.

We wish the Secretaries of the Farmers' Clubs in Maine would furnish us with reports of their meetings. If too lengthy for our columns, we can easily select that portion which will be of most interest to our readers, and we could then gather some important facts from the "talk" at such meetings.

**IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURALISTS.** A gardener at Glasgow practices a mode of destroying caterpillars, which he discovered by accident. A piece of woolen rag had been blown by the wind into a current bush; and when taken out was found covered by the leaf-devouring insects. He immediately placed pieces of woolen cloth in every bush in his garden, and found next day that the caterpillars had universally taken to them for shelter. In this way he destroys many thousands every morning.

### How to Raise Early Melons.

Spring is now pretty close at hand, and in a short time almost every man in Yankee-don, from the owner of the large spacious garden and beautiful domain, down to the proprietor of only the fraction of a rod, will be engaged in the cultivation of that most popular of all summer fruits, the water-melon, and its somewhat distant relative, the muskmelon.

Leaving all controversy as to which are the best varieties, alone, and supposing every cultivator to be himself the best judge as to what sort suits best his own palate, I shall at once proceed with my method of giving them a tolerably early start, and how to protect the young and tender vines of a later planting from the ravages of that little pest, the striped bug.

The melon being of a very cooling and refreshing quality, is needed through all our hottest weather, and at a much earlier date than we frequently find them. A start in a hot-bed, where there is one, would come some advantage; but then comes the transplanting, the change of temperature from the hot-bed to the open bed, the rupture of rootlets, &c., and unless nicely attended to, seem almost to counterbalance the advantage gained. Of course, for a very early crop, nothing can be substituted for the hot-bed and well glazed sashes, but persons possessed of such advantages will rarely need any information I can give.

As we here look on the melon as the workingman's fruit, we must seek appliances that suit the workingman's purse. So then no hoop should now be lost in turning back a heap of good, fresh stable manure, and let it lie until the rankness of the heating is subdued. Early in April, when you intend setting your seeds, take out holes about 2 feet square and 18 or 20 inches deep—a hole for every hill—fill up with the sweetened manure, treading it down as compact as you can; cover over with 8 or 10 inches of good mould; get some rough boards, and make into small frames about 20 inches or 2 feet square; the back side should be 16 or 18 inches high, and sloped away to about 10 inches, giving of course a southern aspect. On the top nail or tack a piece of cotton cloth; give it a coat or two of boiled linseed oil, and you have a miniature frame, and if not glazed, nearly as good. Put these frames over your hills, and as soon as the soil is sufficiently warm, plant your seed. When the plants are up they will require some little attention, such as watering and giving air to prevent their growing too slender. To effect this, trig up at the bottom, and on fine days it may be removed altogether. Those plants will be out of harm's way before Mr. Stripes comes along.

I walked timidly into the porch, and was quite overwhelmed with awe when I looked up through the vastness of the nave, to the slanting sunlight which brightened the stained glass in the distance. I was soon at the summit of all conceivable dignity, for a kind-hearted verger marshalled me with his golden wand to a prebendal stall, or throne, rather, as I fancied it. Then came in the chorists—

I had never seen a surplice before—making me think that it was all intended for a symbol, and moreover a very beautiful one, of the white-robed ones in heaven.

There was one of the canons, too, or elders, as I thought him, of whom the Revolution speaks, who struck me very much by his hoarse dead solemnity; I felt a strange interest in him at the very first glance, just outside the organ screen, when he handed a lady to one of the vergers for a seat. The whole service was an endless theme for mysticism, since it was quite meaningless to me in itself. At last it ended; I watched the chorists' delicate past me, and saw the tiny congregation disappear; and as I was going out, the old canon of whom I spoke came up leaning on the lady's arm. She smiled on me as she passed by, and made me, oh! so happy, for I had never seen any so beautiful before, and I had hitherto believed what my mother had told me, that fair faces were snares of the devil. But I could not believe this now; the devil would not let his children go to a "little heaven below."

I thought, and look so sweet on a stranger-boy.

The next day I went again, telling no one lest I should be prohibited. There were, as before, the chorists, the psalmists of the organ, the white vestments of the clergyman; but none of these had any charms for me, compared with the lady who had smiled on me. I looked at her again and again—she was exactly opposite—completely fascinated by her fairness, which indeed was white as the whitest marble, only mellowed by the flesh-tint of life. And when her voice was wafted to me as she stood up to sing, I could think of nothing else but one of Eng. Angelo's angels which I had seen.

"Her sister angels," said I to myself, "are surely watching her!" but at first I did not have the courage to look up; and when I did look up, behold, on the corbel-stone was a seraph with folded arms, gazing up to God. The sunlight just then fell upon his countenance, and I felt that it was the own home of her guardian. Day after day I saw the same beautiful face and the same seraph-observer, but I was rather shocked once to see an officer with my lady, and to hear afterwards that he had been for some months her husband. I was soon reconciled to this, however, for she oftenest came alone. Oh! it was so beautiful to see her when alone, for she was quite unearthly in her loveliness, as she floated down the nave with the organ-music floating behind her. She always smiled on me, and at last spoke. I used to anticipate with greater delight than the service itself, the walk with her over the very yards of turf which separated the canopy from the cathedral; she would ask me of my parents, and of my sisters,

### MISCELLANY.

#### CATHEDRAL ANGELS.

My father was a solicitor, with small practice, in a cathedral city; I was the eldest of four children, whom he contrived, by dint of self-denial and frugality, to keep respectable. I was banded from school to school, with margins of leisure time until I was eight years old, and then I left off schooling altogether for a while. This was my golden age; I roamed over the country in the majesty of a boy's loneliness, debating perpetually with myself whether I would be lord chancellor or lord mayor, and feeling immeasurably superior to the thousands who passed by me to their obscurity.

I was somewhat of a mystic even then, and this may perhaps explain in part my vanity, for all mystics seem to despise other people; indeed, as far as my memory is correct, my first conceit was given when no one could tell me the connection between the pure blue infinite sky and the eternity which the Bible calls God's home. I used to fancy one was the same as the other, and to say my prayers always in the open air, thinking that God could hear me better in His own palace. No one else seemed to understand this; my father wanted to know "what foolish question I should ask him next?" when I propounded the difficulties of the subject to him. My mother told me to "read, and be wiser!" whereas, for my own part, I had an idea that they would have told me if they had known, and the pride of my genius consequently flourished more than ever. They were dissenters—unfolding, stern upholders of Nonconformity and Voluntarism, and I could not presume as yet to question their infallibility.

I passed by the grand old cathedral day after day, with their prejudices strong upon me; even though the sun seemed to set behind it on summer evenings and make the red tints of its turrets unearthly in their magnificence, I dared hardly admire, much less enter it. But one bright fresh morning I ventured into the close on its north side to gather daisies for my sister, and heard the echoes of the organ coming from the long aisles through the open window. It was so unlike all the chapel-organs which I had heard, and moreover so infinitely more soul-thrilling, that I stayed listening to it for nearly an hour. I was very seldom at the foot of the day, keeping my new-found treasure from even my sister, but finally resolving to hear it again on the morrow. I was awake half the night, wondering if the people who went up to God such beautiful music were, after all, so wicked as I had been told; I nestled at last they were not, and that I would go inside and look at them in the morning. I walked timidly into the porch, and was quite overwhelmed with awe when I looked up through the vastness of the nave, to the slanting sunlight which brightened the stained glass in the distance. I was soon at the summit of all conceivable dignity, for a kind-hearted verger marshalled me with his golden wand to a prebendal stall, or throne, rather, as I fancied it. Then came in the chorists—

I had never seen a surplice before—making me think that it was all intended for a symbol, and moreover a very beautiful one, of the white-robed ones in heaven.

There was one of the canons, too, or elders, as I thought him, of whom the Revolution speaks, who struck me very much by his hoarse dead solemnity; I felt a strange interest in him at the very first glance, just outside the organ screen, when he handed a lady to one of the vergers for a seat. The whole service was an endless theme for mysticism, since it was quite meaningless to me in itself. At last it ended; I watched the chorists' delicate past me, and saw the tiny congregation disappear; and as I was going out, the old canon of whom I spoke came up leaning on the lady's arm. She smiled on me as she passed by, and made me, oh! so happy, for I had never seen any so beautiful before, and I had hitherto believed what my mother had told me, that fair faces were snares of the devil. But I could not believe this now; the devil would not let his children go to a "little heaven below."

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The next day I went again, telling no one lest I should be prohibited. There were, as before, the chorists, the psalmists of the organ, the white vestments of the clergyman; but none of these had any charms for me, compared with the lady who had smiled on me. I looked at her again and again—she was exactly opposite—completely fascinated by her fairness, which indeed was white as the whitest marble, only mellowed by the flesh-tint of life. And when her voice was wafted to me as she stood up to sing, I could think of nothing else but one of Eng. Angelo's angels which I had seen.

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and of my fondness for flowers, and of my likings for holy music.

All this went on while summer lasted, and one bright autumn afternoon, I remember well, as a crimson glow suddenly streamed from beneath a cloud, seeming to mingle with the gold tint of her golden hair, and to veil her face with a robe of the sun's own weaving, she asked me if I should like to be a chorist. This was exactly what I wished for myself, and I coveted it just now much more than my prospective chancellorship; so I looked up in wild worship of her beauty and told her all my heart.

"It would be like heaven," I said, "to sing in a white robe morning after morning, and evening after evening; isn't it what the angels do?" She seemed to like my fancy, and smiled; oh! such a smile! Her gaze has shone upon me ever since with the spirit-like loveliness with which one day, I hope, it shall shine upon me again!

All the next week was too rainy for me to be allowed out of doors, and when I went to the cathedral again, she whom I adored was no longer there. Week after week, as often as I dared, I continued my search for her, through the cold frost and over the dreary snow; the winds came sometime to join in the worship, and the sun stole stealthily through the cheerless windows; and then again the little snowdrifts near the south buttresses came to solace me, and the jubilant chimers rang out clearly through the clear sky of early spring; but still the guardian seraph on the corbel-stone watched in patience, for I now noticed the folded arms more than the glistening eye; and I, too, watched in patience, like the carved angel, though my vigil seemed a weary one. I was once, however, walking rather gloomily up the aisle, when the old canon, advancing with the short, quick steps of age, overtook me, and said:

"I have something to tell you, my little man, when the service is ended."

Of course I heard not a word of the music or the prayers, in an agony of impatience as to what the news might be; ages seemed to elapse before the brazen gates were flung back, and it was time for my wonderment to cease.

"I have heard your voice sometimes in the chants," he said, "and if your father likes, you may be a singing-boy."

I rushed home in a flush of joyous impetuosity, to tell my father for the first time of my passionate love for the cathedral, and to ask his leave to be a chorist.

"Minister of Satan, rather," he thundered out at my last word. "Go and say, that, thank God, I am able to support my children without their entering into the service of the state establishment."

No weeping, no entreaties could prevail upon him to relent; this, and no other, was the message I must bear. The same afternoon, with a heavy heart and saddened look, I skulked into the mysterious twilight of the nave, and before long the old canon passed me. I told my tale as he walked hurriedly on; but he seemed to be in haste, for all that he had time to say when he reached the sacristy door was: "Well, well; God bless you." I was disappointed again, but I lingered for some moments near the organ-screen, to see if my angel's angel was watching still, and then hid myself in the gloom of the aisle, for I saw that there were many people coming up the nave. They went into a side chapel, and soon I stole there too. I saw the old canon in his robes, but I did not so much as notice him, nor yet the circle of tapers which hung like a coronal over his head, nor yet the group of ladies, nor yet the few chorists who knelt round the font; for she whom I worshipped was standing there; and on her breast was the loveliest baby that the sun has ever shone upon. It was her babe, I knew, for it was like her in being so wonderfully fair, and besides, when she smiled upon it she looked as only a mother knows how to look, half weeping with holy ecstasy. It was right, I thought, that in thus coming to me, as it were, from the tomb, she should bring with her a lily of Paradise. And the baptism went on, and the baby lay in the old man's arms; and the name was whispered out: "Celeste."

And the mother blushed as it was uttered, and lifted her eyes to heaven. I crept away noiselessly, and all my sorrows were forgotten.

I was too much ashamed of the message I had borne to venture near the cathedral again; all that I could do was to make a cathedral for myself in the woods, rehearsing the service as well as I could remember it. But after all, my father's refusal of the choristship has been the most fortunate circumstance that has ever happened to me; I might have been a singing-man there still, if I had accepted it. As it was my father removed in a few months to another town, where he heard of an opening for his practice, and by a strange coincidence, within a week of our arriving there a vacancy arose on the foundation of the grammar school, which I was able to fill up. I rose rapidly in the school, working with all my might, and my father's practice also improving, he was able to keep me there. When I was fifteen, I was invited to spend my summer holidays in our old city. I went gladly, and as the memory of what had happened years ago was by no means effaced, I paid an early visit to the cathedral. There was neither the old canon, nor the chorists I had known, nor the incarnate angel whom I still adored; there was only her guardian on the corbel-stone, but whether it watched, or whether it had ceased its watching, I knew not. I paced the lawn for a long time when the service concluded, thinking of her words there, and at last tried to fix upon the very spot where she had last smiled upon me in that golden autumn sunset.

I came to where I thought it was without much difficulty, for I remembered the spire between the towers, and then I saw a grave-stone, some three years old, perhaps. I knew all about it before I read the inscription; it was the grave of the old canon, and of "Emily Celeste, his niece, who died in giving birth to her second child, a son, who survives her." The sky was too beautiful for me to indulge in sadness. I was very happy in that bright summer weather, even though I was standing at her tomb—I had only this one thought, that an angel had gone back to God.

Years rolled on, not robbing me wholly of my memories, and yet clothing them in some of the mist which wraps every golden age, until at length I gained a scholarship, and was able to proceed to college. I passed through the course with credit, and at its termination sought for a tutorship, until I was ready for holy orders. An advertisement in the Times roundly exacted to suit me. A retired alderman, on the south coast, offered a liberal salary, and a comfortable residence. I found, by letter, that the chief pupil was to be his son, a boy of fourteen, whose lessons would be shared by a young lady, about two years older; and I was delighted when my testimonials procured for me the engagement. My boy-pupil came with his father to take me from the railway station to Ravensthorpe, where he lived; but I arrived too late to see any one else that night. The next morning, at breakfast—a morning which I can never forget—I first met Miss Wilton. If I were to say that she was fair or beautiful, I should not tell half the truth; she was far more, she was angelic. In her pure white morning-dress, in that sweet dawn sunlight, she filled me with ecstasy unutterable; if she had been only a tithe so lovely in face, in language, in expression, I could have loved her with my whole soul; but as it was, I could merely look up to her as Dante did to Beatrice in heaven, feeling that she was heavenly and I was earthly, and not daring to trespass on holy ground. Nor did the adoration of that first morning diminish when I knew her more; she was a mystic, I found, as I had been, and the phantoms of my own youth seemed perpetually to spring to birth again in her. I remembered well her surprise when she found that I liked her fanes, and that I could follow out their meaning.

"What are the waves doing, Mr. Eliaby?" she asked of me one day, not long after my arrival, as we walked along the shore.

"Trying to say their prayers," I answered, with a smile.

Oh! how she looked on me then, as she told me of her delight in having met with one who could share her own beloved mysticism. "It is just what I thought of them myself," she said. "There is some one at last to understand me!"

From that day forth we did but little study together, for we could talk of nothing but wild fancies of the earth and sky, and waves and flowers. Her name struck me sometimes, "Celeste," I had heard it, I thought, before, but I had forgotten exactly when; I only began to have a glimmering of the truth, when I found that the present Mrs. Wilton was the admiral's second wife. I learned the reality by degrees; Celeste's mother had the same name, she had died when my boy-pupil was born, she had been so weak by the cold damp of a cathedral. The visions of my youth came crowding on me then with all their magnificent paganism of ceremonial services, and autumn mists, and cathedral angels. But this was just as the period of my tutorship expired. I went along the shore for the last time with Miss Wilton, and would have told her all my conjectures, if I could have summoned up courage enough. We were very near the house when I asked her:

"What is the last thing—the greatest thing—that I can do for you?"

"Love me!" she replied, to my utter bewilderment, and then parted from me.

I only saw her once again before leaving Ravensthorpe, but in spite of her command I could do little else than adore her.

I heard no more of her for some years; the memory of her and her mother was a beautiful picture in the distant past—I knew not whether it might not be as beautiful in the future. I still loved the old cathedral city, and even after my ordination I still went to it occasionally. I had not been there for a long time, however, when on one glorious autumn day, as much for the associations as the beauty of the place, I attended afternoon service. I looked up for a moment from the stall where I was sitting, and behold! right in front of me, where I had first seen her mother, was Celeste Wilton, in deep mourning—with more bareheadedness than ever in her face, and with her mother's angel lit up by the red sunlight on its countenance, still watching for corbel-stone. I was half-frenzied in my ecstasy of joy. We met when the service ended, and as we passed through the porch, she said:

"This is my mother's birthday—in heaven; here is where she lies."

I could not help bursting out:

"And here is where I last spoke to her, twenty long years ago!"

Her mother's smile was on her face as the sunlight glowed over it, and I told her all I knew. The duskiness of evening came on before I finished, and I then pressed her hand to leave her, uttering a hope that I should soon see her again. She looked bitterly sad as she said:

"I am an orphan now—papa has gone too—and will you love me? Come with me, and you shall be with me, and I will be with you, always."

That moment was the bridal of our souls, and an angel looked down from heaven to seal it.

Thou art gone away, Celeste, but thou art with me still! Would that I were with thee!



## The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, FEB. 5, 1858.

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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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## LOCAL AGENTS.

WM. B. LAFRAN, M.D., Bryant's Pond.  
HENRY UPTON, Norway.

## CLIPPING.

The Publishers of The Oxford Democrat have made arrangements to furnish to their subscribers, in connection with their journal, the following periodicals:

One copy of The Oxford Democrat, and the Atlantic Monthly, one year, 3.50  
One copy of The Oxford Democrat, and Harper's Magazine, one year, 3.50  
Oxford Democrat and Life Illustrated, for one year, 2.00  
Oxford Democrat and Philosophical Journal, one year, 1.50  
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Postage must be made in advance, in all cases.

We are also prepared to receive subscriptions to "Democrat's Magazine." See advertisement in another column.

## Maine Legislation and Revised Statutes.

One of the evils of the people of Maine have had to endure for years, has been too much legislation. Past Legislatures have tried to do much. All laws, in order to be fairly understood, must remain long enough upon the statute books to receive a judicial construction, and in order to be fairly tested, should not, (unless palpably wrong) be altered or repealed until they have been tried and found wrong. These general principles apply to all legislation. But in legislating in this State, but little attention has apparently been paid to them. We have had a continual stream of enacting, amending and repealing our public laws, going on from year to year, until scarcely any body could tell what was, or was not law.

At a great expense, we have had our public code revised, and it has been done with great care by men competent to the task. Our new revised statutes have just come into force, and are now the law of the State. Those who examined them have been hoping and praying that the present Legislature would let them alone, give the people an opportunity to try the new code, and then when they found something wrong, correct it by subsequent legislation. But we fear the people are to find themselves mistaken in their hopes and expectations. There seems to be in our Legislature a disposition to go back to a patchwork version of the revised statutes. Order upon order, has been introduced to "inquire into the expediency of amending this, that, and the other chapter and section of the revised statutes." Now if any of our friends desire to do a little something for "Bancroft" and take this method to accomplish it, we don't object, but if they really are in earnest in their attempts to "chop up" the new statutes, we must respectfully protest against it. But there is an inconvenience in this thing after all, for all these "orders" have to go to committees and be acted upon, and this takes up time and requires labor. In these remarks we would not have it understood that we belong to the "stand still" party of progress, who would carry a grist in one end of the bag, and a stone in the other, because our Fathers done it. We go for progress, improvement and manifest destiny, but not for playing the fool with the serious and dignified matters of State Legislation.

We would most respectfully pray our worthy Legislators to let us have the revised code, at least, one short year, and then if it is found to contain withered or disfigured branches, put the pruning knife into it. Just let the people have a little time and opportunity to look over this new and beautiful book, and determine for themselves whether they want it stand as it is, or be interpolated by the hand of legislation. Hold on, gentlemen, give the revised statutes a chance for its life, put it on probation awhile, before you undertake to "cut and shear" it up, as you would the mane and tail of an old horse.

## What will become of Douglas?

We are heartily sorry that Douglas has made a fool of himself by going in for Fillmore. He has done this to conciliate the South, as many imagine, he has committed a great mistake. The South like the idea of Fillmore, as long as they can force some advantage to themselves; but what do they care about Bill Walker and the poor rascals crew that have followed at his heels, when compared with the great question of negro slavery.

The slaveholders of the South are the Alpha and Omega of the democratic party of the present day, and with them Douglas is a dead cock in the pit already. He is already kicked out of the ring, and do what he will he can never get back again into their confidence. He may go to fill-buster but it will do him no good South, and in the North it will tend to kill him as a politician. This last move has placed him between the upper and the nether millstone. Where will he get? Will he attempt to form a new party? Perhaps so, for from the best information we can get, the large democracy of the great North West, a large majority of their use with him. And he would have money and a very respectable show in Pennsylvania. But other Free States he would divert of large numbers into his ranks. If the President and his "radical" masters can force the Leecompton issue through Congress, it will, as a matter of probability, however severe the trial cord that now holds the Little Giant in the ranks of the black democracy, and he

would be compelled to cast anchor upon some other mooring ground. But if Douglas should be fairly driven out of the black political organization to which he now clings, and should head off a new democratic party, how will that affect present parties? It would finish up what remains of the present border-ruffian, negro-driving, man-stealing black democracy, that has its figure head in the White House. It would kill it dead as Nimrod in every free State, and some three reform slave States. The new party could do nothing alone. It could not go back to the old hive, and from the force of circumstances, would be obliged, in the end, to affiliate with the Republican party. This new party can and (if it should be formed) doubtless will find a common platform in which it can stand with the Republicans in the next Presidential election. In that event, victory for the right will be a certain thing. Let Douglas take whatever course he may, his course, and more especially the infamous, suicidal course of the Administration will work out a victory for the friends of freedom in 1860. The thing we consider settled, almost beyond doubt or controversy.

## Hang the Scoundrels High as Haman.

We publish below the Proclamation of Gov. Denver, which will explain itself:

Proclamation.  
In accordance with the provisions of an act entitled "An act submitting the constitution framed at Leecompton under the act of the legislative assembly of Kansas territory, entitled 'an act to provide for taking a census and election of delegates to a convention,' passed February 19, A. D. 1857," the undersigned announces the following as the official vote of the people of Kansas territory on the question as therein submitted on the 4th day of January, 1858:

	For the Leecompton Constitution without Slavery.	For the Leecompton Constitution with Slavery.
Against Leecompton Constitution.		
Leavenworth, 1907	10	3
Atchison, 536	4	—
Dominion, 561	1	2
Brown, 187	2	—
Nemaha, 238	1	—
Marshall, 66	—	—
Riley, 287	7	—
Potawatomie, 297	2	—
Calhoun, 749	—	—
Johnson, 377	1	—
Johnson, 392	2	1
Lykins, 338	1	1
Lincoln, 510	1	3
Bourbon, 298	33	—
Douglas, 1647	21	2
Franklin, 304	—	—
Anderson, 171	—	—
Allen, 101	1	4
Shawnee, 822	28	3
Woodson, 463	—	—
Woodson, 50	—	—
Richards, 177	—	1
Brookridge, 191	—	—
Madison, 40	—	—
Davis, 21	—	—
Total,	10,225	138

Some precincts have not yet sent in their returns; but the above is the complete vote received to date.

J. W. DAVEN, Secretary and Acting Governor.

C. W. BARCK, President of the Council.

G. W. DITZLER, Speaker House of Representatives.  
January 26, 1858.

From this official document coming from the Administration Governor in Kansas, it appears there was at this election a clear majority of ten thousand and sixty-four votes against the Leecompton Constitution. At the election held the 21st of December, under the submission ordered by the usurpers who composed the Leecompton Convention, the vote stood as follows:

For the Leecompton Constitution with Slavery.	6,143
For the Leecompton Constitution without Slavery.	509
Total vote,	6,712

Of this number three thousand one hundred and twelve were thrown at Kickapoo, Shawnee and Oxford, and according to Gov. Walker and Stanton, they are false, fraudulent returns. Deducting them from the votes in favor of the Constitution with Slavery, and you have about thirty-seven hundred votes in favor of the Leecompton Constitution, and over ten thousand against it.

At the election held on the 4th of State officers under the Leecompton Constitution in which a portion of the Free State party participated, the following has been announced as the result:

Governor—Geo. W. Smith,	6,875
At. Governor—Wm. Y. Roberts,	6,947
Secretary of State—Phillip C. Schuyler,	6,867
Treasurer—Andrew J. Mead,	6,853
Auditor—J. K. Goodin,	6,812
Member of Congress—Marcus J. Parrott,	7,290

## DEMOCRATIC.

Governor—Frank J. Marshall,	5,545
At. Governor—Wm. J. Mathias,	6,840
Secretary of State—Wm. T. Spiegle,	6,566
Treasurer—T. J. B. Cramer,	6,514
Auditor—Blake Little,	6,509
Member of Congress—J. B. Carr,	6,574
Free State Members—Smith, 330; Roberts, 301; Schuyler, 301; Mead, 371; Goodin, 301; Parrott, 606.	

The Legislature has been announced to stand as follows:

Senate—Free State, 13	Pro-Slavery, 6
House—Free State, 29	Pro-Slavery, 13

This result is reached by the usurper Calhoun, and the prevailing officers of the Legislature which were requested to assist in making the count. It is now said upon pretty good authority that since the above count, Calhoun had admitted a lot of bogus returns, cast sheer frauds, and that he is prepared in case the Leecompton Constitution can be swindled through Congress, to declare a majority of the State Legislature, Border Ruffian Democrats, and give them certificates of election. By this villainy, two of the greatest scoundrels that can be found among the border ruffian traitors in Kansas will be smuggled into the United States Senate, and any one who knows the composition of that body will at once perceive that the majority will keep them there, right or wrong. Now if Calhoun and his associates attempt to put in execution this last named villainous scheme, there is but just one effectual remedy left the people, and that is to catch Calhoun and all engaged in the conspiracy, and hang every mother's son of them by the neck until they are DEAD, DEAD, DEAD. This would be just the entertainment to which we would like to see these traitors invited. There is a lot of debauched mercenaries now in Kansas, a set of contemptible, government pimps and spies,

who have already polluted the soil of that Territory too long. They ought to have stood on nothing under a gallows long ago. After all, the halter is too good for the man they ought to hang upon gibbets, spectacles to the whole world, to show the depths of degradation to which "modern democracy" will bring a man.

We hope if our Free State friends in Kansas are obliged to go into this business of hanging the Tories, they will follow the example of the heroes of the Revolution, and let the whole lot know by blessed experience the virtue there is in being, and never relieve the executioner from his duty, so long as there is a scalp left upon the iniquitous head of a live border ruffian traitor in Kansas.

## National Democracy!!

Howell Cobb said in his Portland speech, previous to the last Presidential election, that democracy in Maine was just the same as it was in Georgia or Mississippi, and that a democrat in Maine was on the same platform with a democrat in Georgia or any other Southern State—this made it national, eminently so.

One of the leaders of the democratic party in the United States, who happens to be now in the House of Representatives, a few days since made a speech explaining the Union saving principles of that party. The Telegraph reports him as follows:

"Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, said that the threats made by gentlemen of the North against the South were held in contempt. The South expect a conflict at a period not far distant, and, come when it might, they would be found ready to meet it. If the North should invade the South, let them do it in open day, and not in the night. Whenever a single drop of blood shall be shed there by way of coercing them to submit to injustice and wrong, it would be followed by a stream of fire into the North. They would find an army marching from the South with the sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, scattering desolation in their path! The South had borne with patience the attacks made on them, because they loved the Union; but they will not much longer submit. He had more respect for the Abolitionists than for the Free-Soilers, on the principle that the assassin meets his victim in open day, while the other robs him while asleep. The only difference exists in the fact that one is a greater robber than the other."

Here is a specimen of the whole party. It is true all its members don't speak out like this Mr. Davis, they don't have the manliness to do it. We see clearly shadowed forth the awful catastrophe which is coming. In order to save the Union, there is to be war, and to spread the benign and heavenly principles of democracy, the negro-drivers are one day to start in solid column "an army marching from the South with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other, scattering desolation in their path."

After crossing Mason's and Dixon's line they will be reinforced by all that portion of the dough-faces who have been faithful to the "Compromises of the Constitution," and these power-noised patriots will then be promoted to high and important military honors, such as holding the stirrups for their masters when mounting their fiery steeds, blacking their boots, &c. When these national fighting demagogues shall come among us, "scattering desolation," spreading the area of freedom and illustrating the fundamental of popular sovereignty, it probably will bring to the minds of the Northern tanatics the words of an old poet:

"The like may of the knight be said,  
Courage and terror there are bred,  
All those whose hearts are honest and low  
Start if they hear his hoarse roar;  
And mighty victory their fear is,  
For soon as noise of combat near is,  
Their hearts descending to their breeches,  
Must give their stomachs cruel twitches."

## Black Democratic Treachery.

As we are about to go to press, news comes that the President has sent the fraudulent Leecompton Constitution to Congress, fully endorsing and recommending its provisions; and that as an administration, democratic measure, he is now determined to admit Minnesota and Kansas together—making the admission of one depend on the other—the former a free, the latter a slave State.

Before Buchanan's election, the democrats here said, that "Any man who asserted that the democratic party was in favor of slavery, was a liar." The head of the party now deliberately recommends and insists that Kansas shall be a slave state. Who now is the liar, he who says Democracy is in favor of slavery, or he who says it is not? Such treachery elected Buchanan; and now he reigns a despot over the American people, and the country suffering under the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—the Kansas-Nebraska Act; and a standing Army is in greater danger of civil discord and disunion than ever before.

Douglas, in whom freedom has not yet learned to trust, opposes this terrible wrong, insisting upon war to the knife and the knife to the hilt; but he is too small a giant, if never so true, to arrest the despotism he first inaugurated.

Can it be that 10,000 free men, voters in Kansas, must be oppressed, overborne, trodden down and refused the rights of citizenship by 2500 would-be-slaveholders? Buchanan and democracy say "Yes." Will this nation of freemen acquiesce? We shall see.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS. The society at North Waterford, of the organization of which a notice was recently published, is continuing to meet with good success. Their weekly meetings are well attended, and a good degree of interest manifested.

In Denmark Rev. Zenas Thompson delivered a lecture, at the close of which a society was formed. Meetings are now held in the several school districts in the town, which are fully attended by the people, without distinction of party. Some 270 signatures have already been obtained to the pledge. There is a prospect that much good will spring out of the movement. One rumssler has come to the conclusion that he was in a bad business, and has abandoned the traffic.

Much interest is also exhibited in religious matters in the latter town, among all denominations. Quite a number of conversions have been made, while a still larger have expressed the hope of a change.

## Utah Army—Terrible Sufferings.

Every installment of news from this army is filled with details of unusual expense and suffering. The narrative of Col. Cook's march exceeds anything thus far received. He started in command of six companies of Dragoons, from Fort Leavenworth, on the 17th of September, and arrived at Fort Bridger (Rocky Mountains) on the 19th of November. How he and his men fared, a Colonel himself states in his journal, which he has sent to Washington. He says:

"On the 6th of November we found the ground once more white and the snow falling, but then very moderately. I marched as usual. On a four mile hill the north wind and drifting snow became severe; the air seemed turned to frozen fog; nothing could be seen; we were struggling in a freezing cloud. The lofty wall at 'Three Crossings' was a happy relief, but the guide, who had lately passed there, was relentless in pronouncing that there was no grass; the idea of finding and feeding upon grass in that wintry storm, under the deep snow, was hard to entertain, but as he promised grass and other shelter two miles further, we marched on, crossing twice more the rocky stream, half choked with snow and ice; finally he led us behind a great granite rock, but all too small for the promised shelter, only a part of the regiment could huddle there, in the deep snow; while, the long night through, the storm continued, and in fearful eddies from above, before, behind, drove the falling and drifting snow. Thus exposed, for the hope of grass, the poor animals were driven with great distress by the men once more across the stream, and three-quarters of a mile beyond, to the base of a granite ridge, but which almost faced the storm; there the famished mules, crying piteously, did not seek to eat, desperately gathered in a mass, and some horses, escaping the guard, went back to the ford, where the lofty precipice first gave us so pleasant relief and shelter."

"Thus morning light had nothing cheerful to reveal, the air still filled with driven snow—the animals soon came driven in, and mingled in confusion with men, went crutching the snow in the confined and wretched camp, tramping all things in their way. It was not a time to dwell on the fact that from the mountain desert there was no retreat nor any shelter near, but a time for action. But for six hours the frost or frozen fog fell thickly, like snow, and again we marched on as in a cloud."

"The deep snow drifts impeded as much, and in crossing Sweet Water the ice broke in the middle. Marching ten miles only, I got a better camp, and herded the horses on the hills; it was a different road, where a few days before the bodies of three frozen men were found."

On the 8th the thermometer stood 44 deg. below the freezing point. The snow was deep; twenty-three mules gave out, and five wagons were abandoned.

Nine trooper horses were left freezing and dying on the road, and a number of soldiers and teamsters had been frostbitten. It was a desperately cold night; the thermometers were broken, but by comparison must have marked 25 deg. below zero. A bottle of sherry wine froze in a trunk. Having lost about 50 mules in thirty-six hours, the morning of the 11th, on the report of the Quartermaster, I felt bound to leave a wagon in the bushes, filled with seventy-four extra saddles and bridles and some sabres."

Next day the corn gave out, the mules were dying of hunger.

"They gnawed and destroyed four wagon tongues, a number of wagon covers, ate the ropes, and getting loose, ate the sage fuel collected at the tents. Some of these they also attacked. Nine died."

"The fast growing company of dismounted men were marching together as a separate command by day; the morning of the twelfth a number of them were frostbitten from not being in motion, although standing by fires."

"That day eighteen miles were marched to the Big Sandy, where the guide found grass, and fuel with it; so good that the 13th was made a day of rest; the animals were all herded at the grass. Fifty horses had been lost since leaving Laramie."

He closes the report of his march with the following:

"I have 144 horses and have lost 134. Most of the loss has occurred much this side of South Pass, in comparatively moderate weather. It has been of starvation. The earth is a lifeless, leaden, treeless, grassless desert; it contains scarcely a wolf to glut itself on the hundreds of dead and frozen animals, which for thirty miles nearly block the road, with abandoned and shattered property. They mark, perhaps, beyond example in history, the steps of an advancing army."

DIVISION OF TOWNS. We learn that a movement is in progress, in the central portion of this county, for the division of several of the towns. The matter is principally confined, at present, to Waterford, Albany and Stoneham. It is proposed to form a new town, consisting of the four North tiers of lots in Waterford, East Stoneham, and the South part of Albany. This will make a very compact town, having a single convenient business centre at North Waterford, a flourishing village of comparatively recent growth, where will be located the town houses. A large meeting of the proposed new town was held at So. Waterford, on Wednesday last week, to listen to the report of a committee appointed to make a draft of the towns as now situated, when it was voted that a committee be appointed to make a draft of the new town, and circulate a petition for signatures, praying for a division of the above towns, and an act of incorporation for a new town.

The remainder of Waterford and Stoneham will form towns by themselves. It is suggested that the remainder of Albany, with a portion of Bethel and Greenwood, will make a town much better situated than the present town. An effort has heretofore been made to annex the north tier of lots in Albany to Bethel, but without success.

This matter will be presented to the Legislature in a short time. It is a matter of considerable importance, and we understand steps have been taken to have all interests represented before the Legislature.

## For the Oxford Democrat.

## Temperance Meeting in Norway.

The Oxford County Temperance Association, held a meeting at the Universalist Church in Norway, on Wednesday, Jan. 27th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The meeting was called to order by Alden Chase, President of the Association. Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Milliner of Norway.

On motion of Dr. Rust of South Paris, a Committee of three was appointed by the Chair, to report business to the meeting. Hon. S. Perham of Woodstock, P. Jewett of Waterford, and H. G. Cole of Norway, were appointed said Committee, who subsequently reported the following resolution:

Resolved, That while we recognize in the principles of moral suasion, the great reformatory power, on which we must depend to reach the heart and elevate the affections of the unfortunate inebriate, and for the formation of the right public sentiment on this subject, we, at the same time express our approval of the plan now before the Legislature of this State, for the submission of an efficient prohibitory law to the people for their approval or rejection at the earliest practicable time.

Resolution accepted for discussion.

Adjourned one hour.

P. M. Met according to adjournment. The above resolution was taken up and discussed by Messrs. Prince of Bethel, Caldwell of Oxford, Perham of Woodstock, Dannel of Norway, Barrett of Sumner, Rust of South Paris, Ford of Norway, Thompson of Bethel, and Whitney of Oxford.

Adjourned to 6 1/2 o'clock, evening.

On motion of Hon. S. Perham, the resolution as reported by the Committee was unanimously adopted.

During the evening, G. P. Whitney spoke of the evil of publicly reporting, if a member had broken the pledge. He would rather go to him privately, and try to lift him up than to crush him, by making a public report. He would be far more likely to reform him by such a course. Mrs. G. P. Whitney spoke eloquently to an attentive audience, of the sufferings of woman on account of intemperance. Mr. Whitney, and his wife are truly worthy laborers in the cause of temperance. They have spent much of their time in reforming the inebriate, in which they have been very successful. Mr. Whitney has more calls than he can possibly attend, to go into different places and help start the cause of temperance, or to labor with the inebriate. He is entitled to the sympathy, and encouragement of every friend of temperance, and not only this, but he is entitled to some pecuniary consideration for his labors. Messrs. Perham and Thompson addressed the audience, with their well known zeal and ability. Rev. Mr. Richardson, and Deacon Stetson of Norway, spoke earnestly and effectively in support of temperance.

On motion of Rev. Z. Thompson, Voted, That the thanks of this meeting be tendered to the proprietors of the Universalist Church, and also to the inhabitants of Norway village, for the kind entertainment we have received.

Voted, to adjourn to such time and place as the officers of Association may direct. Any persons wishing to have the meeting in their locality, will please notify the officers of such fact.

Voted, That the Secretary send a copy of the doings of this meeting to the Oxford Democrat and Temperance Journal and Inquirer, for publication.

## HENRY UPTON, Secretary.

AN ARTIST MISTAKE. Julia Myers, a Miss of 17, of Portland, strayed into York Co. Saos, and thereabout, where she was found in a most destitute condition about the 1st of December. A Mr. Bickford invited her to his house. He thought she was amiable, honest girl; but soon found several valuable things missing, when she left his house and started for Portland in B's absence. On his return he followed her, and, overtaking her, found a large amount of stolen clothing and a pocket. She then declared that Mr. Bickford had abused her, and charged him with murdering a drunken man at his house, and that she saw him do it. This story was circulated, and on coming to the ears of Mr. B., he had her arrested and lodged in jail at Alfred.

At jail, she won the confidence of the officers by her good conduct. She said on being taken before the Court, that her father and mother were dead, that she had a brother in Portland, and had worked in the factory, before going to Biddeford. Her story was believed, and she was judged to be insane. Accordingly she was brought to Portland on her way to Augusta, where she was lodged in jail over night. The officer accompanying her met Deputy Marshall Ring and told him his business. Mr. Ring told him that the girl's parents were French Canadians, and were both living in Portland. An interview between the parents and the girl took place at the jail. The girl at first talked vehemently in French, telling her father and mother to disown her. She finally acknowledged that they were her parents.

She was taken to the hospital at Augusta; but Thomaston would have been a more appropriate place.

A Spanish Slave, the barque Venus, had been captured at Matanzas, Cuba, with 70 negroes on board. She took in six hundred negroes on the Congo River and landed but two hundred and fifty at Matanzas, the rest having died on the passage.

Insuring lives upon Railroads is becoming a very common business, and companies are being formed for the purpose. Insurance may be had by the trip or any number of trips. One dollar for \$1,000 is the price per trip.

The United States Post-Office Agent Holbrook, on Saturday last, arrested John Miller, baggage-master on the Hartford and Providence Railroad, for robbing the mail.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal says that tuns of smelts are being caught by fishermen stationed within speaking distance, all along the Kennebec river. Nobody else has got the news. It looks like a small fish story.

The dwelling-house of James Kilbreth, Jr., of Livermore, was consumed by fire on the evening of the 14th inst., and Miss Ellen, an only and much beloved daughter, perished in the flames. Two sons narrowly escaped. Mr. and Mrs. K. were absent at the time.

## Maine Legislature.

Augusta, Wednesday, Jan. 27.

The Governor yesterday sent a message to the Legislature, communicating certain documents and papers relating to the claims of the State on the national government, and the action of the Commissioners thereon. The documents were referred to a special Committee having that subject in charge. These claims upon the general government are undoubtedly well founded, but there seems to be a very great difficulty in having them recognized at Washington. The bad name, which New England stands with the "Powers that be," may be one cause for unjustly withholding that which is honestly due to our State.

On motion of Mr. Porter of Solon, Ordered, That the Committee on the Judiciary be, and hereby are, instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending chapter 91 of the Revised Statutes, that provision may be made for operatives in manufacturing establishments to have lien upon manufactured articles upon which they have worked, and to compel the same, and require them to enforce the same, on or before the 15th day of February next, for the purpose of examining into the affairs of said Prison; and report during the session of the Legislature.

In the Senate, a bill to incorporate the Portland School for Medical Instruction, was passed to be engrossed.

The Board of Agriculture will adjourn to-day or to-morrow. The Board has been in session some ten days in all, and their discussions and proceedings have been exceedingly interesting to all who are devoted to agricultural pursuits. Their exhibitions of fruits and some other farm products seem to grow better annually, thus proving that the spirit of emulation aids in developing treasure of the soil not before realized.

Friday, Jan. 29.  
Seth Norcross presented another petition to impeach the County Attorney of Franklin for corruption in office. A former petition was rejected; but as this one only requires or asks the Legislature to investigate the question of corruption in office generally it was received.

In the Senate yesterday sundry petitions were presented for the survey and location of a Railroad route into the Arrostook country. In the same body the following acts were passed to be engrossed: Bill to amend an act to incorporate the Trustees of the Oak Grove Academy, Falmouth; bill to authorize the town of Winthrop to raise money to pay Rev. David Thurston for writing and publishing a history of said town.

In the House, Mr. Prentiss of Bangor, from the Committee on the Judiciary, made a special report, on "The Bill to abolish imprisonment for debt," which, on motion, was read and then laid on the table.

Sundry petitions for alteration in town lines are before the Legislature; the two cases which excite the most feeling are those which propose to re-annex part of Farmington to Gardiner, and to repeal the act incorporating "Stockton," leaving it as of old, a part of Prospect.

Saturday, Jan. 30.  
In the absence of the President of the Senate yesterday, Hon. E. W. Woodbury of Oxford, was elected President pro tem.

The bill to incorporate the medical School of Bangor was passed yesterday, and the following were passed to be engrossed: Bill authorizing the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford, to re-assess certain taxes; bill to incorporate the South Bridgton High School; resolve authorizing the renewal of a portion of the State debt.

The following order was adopted by the Senate on motion of Mr. Berry of Kennebec: Ordered, That the Committee on the Judiciary be requested to inquire whether any further legislation is necessary to secure to persons a lien on all materials or labor, furnished for or on account of any vessel building or undergoing repairs.

On motion of Mr. Weeks, of Vassalboro', Ordered, That the Committee on Education be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law, what books shall be used in our common schools, that there may be a uniform system throughout the State; also, to inquire into the expediency of enacting a law, whereby towns may







