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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.—AGRICULTURE.

Position of the Farmer.

Mr. Editor: It being near the close of the year, I offer some reflections and suggestions that should be pondered upon by all who have a home among the hills and valleys, where want and want misery seldom come.

The year that is about closing upon us has been to the farmer about an average one in the products of the earth: some good, others fair, and a few of the less necessary; poor; prices have been somewhat affected, but not so much as in other branches of business. We live first ourselves, let the price be what it may, and then if we have more than we want, we sell to those who will purchase. Our rents are small compared with those in cities, as a farm worth \$5000 is no more per year than a small merchant or clerk pays for an ordinary house in Boston or vicinity; and while we get our rent, we also obtain free our fuel, grain, pork, butter, milk, eggs, fruit and vegetables in abundance, together with a horse and carriage to ride when and where we please, without extra expense, and with ordinary management sell from \$500 to \$1000 worth besides; and this ought to be observed; we do not sell, or have in trade, our farm or stock; but the products only. What we lose, is quite likely to be by investing in stocks, &c., off the farm, which investment seems to have the fatality of growing beautifully less every year; better invest at home upon the farm, by reclaiming swamp lands, setting out forest trees upon sandy plains and steep declivities, draining, &c.

To a layman or boy the farm is a hateful place, and my advice to him is to leave it, for God's sunshine is better than the shadow of such persons. Lending has become a science, one of the fine arts; labor is considered ungentle by too many. Some prefer to beg or rob, while others prefer to be hungry—anything but work; but there are as many to feed to-day, as yesterday, or a year ago; population and immigration continue to fill the country at a rapid rate; consumption increases, and the ability to supply scarcely keeps pace with the demand. The rush to cities to trade and live generally has been a curse to the country, draining the farm to fill the cities, and if the general crash shall change the tide and establish more contentment on the farm, than we shall have gained by the sad lesson.

Now is the time to review the past, and, if any of us have been bitten by the various delusions of the day, to draw from them lessons of wisdom, and learn, henceforth, to shun the rock upon which so many have dashed their hard earnings, as well as fond hopes. It is but a poor consolation, that others are in the same difficulty with ourselves. Let us strive to lend aid, not require it.

Farmers cannot afford to "look at the elephant" often, and when they have once seen the curiosity, it should suffice, remembering that it is the same, whether its Chin Chin fowls at \$50 a pair, Chinese yams or sugar cane, or humping up a nice, easy and genteel business, where a person with \$25 capital can obtain \$100 per month, &c. This is a fast age, and if we appropriate the good things of this world for our comfort and convenience, and use them wisely, as God intended we should, a long and happy life awaits the honest sons of the farm, such as few others can equal. That they may blend more of the poetry of life with the labor of the hands, thank God and take courage, is the wish of a

BROTHER FARMER.

Concord, Dec., 1857.

Wintering Cattle.

When taken from the dam in the fall, I consider the best feed for them oat meal and sweet apples, about three parts of the former and four parts of the latter, thrice a day. They eat both readily. Don't know as it matters what kind of rack they eat from, but it should be pretty well elevated—about as high as they naturally hold their heads. They should not stand on a floor at all—have a stable with cold foundation, and kept dry with straw, chaff or leaves. Let them run out during pleasant days, or in fact a portion of every day. Continue same feed through the winter, or two quarts of soaked oats three times a day in its place. Try this method and you will be pleased with the appearance of your colts in the spring. A. B. C.

Avon, N. Y.

Colts should not be a mangel, not from a rack, but should have good fine hay free from dew, they should be stabled in cold or stormy weather, and fed with sweet apples, thinly sliced, beginning with a small quantity and keep increasing till you get up to a half peck per day; they will soon learn to eat them without much cutting, and keep in as good condition as when taken from the mares. If apples are not to be had, a quart of oats a day will answer. Colts may stand on the stable floor provided their own dung lies in the stable during the winter, and is leveled off occasionally and some straw sprinkled on the top. A. C. Cicero, N. Y. [Rural N. Yorker.

Prepare comfortable quarters for your animals.

Rust on Grain.—What is it?

It has been supposed by scientific men, who have had powerful microscopes by which they could examine, that the rust on grain was a fungus, or minute plant that vegetated on the stalk of the grain plant and sucked out all the sap for its own nourishment.

At a discussion held at the Illinois State Fair, the subject of rust on grain was started, and elicited remarks from several of the grain growers present.

The various theories brought forward, prove that the minds of farmers are not settled as to the true cause. It is not possible that they can be, until more extended observations shall have been made, and more careful experiments instituted.

The theory of a fungus constituting what we call the rust, has been combated by some on the ground, that, although there is, verily, a fungus there, as shown by the microscope, it is an effect rather than a cause; that the sap vessels of the wheat or other grain plant become distended by too much sap, occasioned by too much food in the soil, which is drawn up too bountifully in consequence of the stimulating warm damp weather, which always precedes the appearance of rust. The sap vessels burst, the sap exudes on the straw, and the seeds of the fungus then attach themselves and flourish, giving the red appearance.

McCord, of Marion county said, I have paid a good deal of attention to this subject having had my attention called to it by a naturalist when I was a boy; have examined it on both wheat and oats in its different stages with a glass. On the first examination it seems to be covered with living animalcules, but a subsequent examination with a seventy-five multiplier glass discloses a putrid excretion covered with minute insects. If you wet the straw, no insects are discernable, but after a dew or rain, they are visible, but only with this powerful glass.

Others attribute the rust to acidity in the soil. Lindley, of Chicago, has experimented and observed relative to this rust fifteen years; thinks it is caused by too much acidity in the soil. He commenced "book farming" fifteen years ago. Prepared his land for potatoes by sowing on ashes, lime and salt before plowing—a light top dressing; planted the potatoes and covered them with two furrows; old farmers sneered at him, but their potatoes rotted and his did not. Experimented otherwise, and believes that the application of alkalis will prevent rust. After dry and hot summer days and cold winters, there is no rust. Believing fall plowing best for oats; spring plowing leaves the ground too mellow. Pack the soil with a roller; it is better for all grains.

McCord—a gentleman in Washington county said to me, "I expect I am the only man in the county that knows how to raise oats. Rust is occasioned by too much acidity in the soil. I neutralize it—let my land lie still a year, cut the weeds and burn them. I plow in the fall and sow upon the smug in March; raised forty-five bushels per acre this year."

In this State, if you want to have rusty grain, sow the seed late on land highly manured with animal manure and you will be sure when dog days set in, and the weather becomes moist and sultry, or "muggy," as it is familiarly called, to have rust to your heart's content. On the contrary, if you sow early on land of good heart, and till, well dressed with mineral manures, such as lime, plaster—phosphate of lime (bone dust)—you will be little, if any, troubled with rust! Now the question occurs, if rust is a fungus, growing from seed attaching itself to the stalk of the grain, why do we not see it on the grain that is growing on soil containing little or no animal manure?

Perhaps it will be said that the seed does attach itself there, but as the stalk is not very succulent, it proves too barren for it, and it will not grow. In regard to the theory of its being caused by acidity in the soil, there is some show of truth, but an objection is raised, as follows:

Rust is generally universal throughout a whole district, and it generally comes on suddenly, sometimes all the fields in a whole district will be struck with rust in a single night. Is it probable that all the fields in the district are surcharged with acidity?

These contradictory statements and views prove the unsettled state of the question, and the necessity of more careful, exact and minute investigations in regard to the subject. It is one of no small importance, as it involves the supply of breadstuffs, and consequently the welfare, comfort, and even lives of the people.

CARE OF YOUNG STOCK. Some farmers have advanced the opinion, and even practiced upon it, that to have hardy stock they must be exposed to the weather and stunted in food while young; or, in other words, that a calf or a colt, well fed and cared for, will be tender, and must be so fed through life to be kept in good condition. This is not so, in the first instance, for stock half kept while young, can never recover from the injury thus received, and no after care in feeding can make as good an animal as would have been produced by proper treatment in early life. To keep stock profitably they should always be kept in thriving condition, receiving extra attention while young and growing, especially during the winter and spring. Good shelter, and a plenty to eat and drink are particularly necessary at this season of the year to all colts and calves which we desire to become valuable horses and cattle hereafter. [Wool Grower.

Fruits in France.

Bro. Howard of the Boston Cultivator, who is now on a visit for Agricultural purposes in Europe, writes from Paris under date of August 28th, in relation to Fruits, and the Chinese Sugar Cane, as follows:

The abundance and cheapness of fruits in Paris, is worthy of note. Not only in the markets are they plenty, but they are carried about the streets in carts drawn by donkeys, and by men and women. I enquired prices, at retail. A pound of fine white Sweet-water grapes were bought for four cents; a pound of good white Chasselas grapes for sixteen cents; three fine, well-flavored peaches for two cents; twenty-six fine Green-gage plums for three cents. This latter fruit, as well as all kinds of plums, is particularly plenty in France. The plum-tree wart, which is so injurious in America, and the destructive curculion, seem to be unknown here—at least I have seen nothing of them.

Grapes are cultivated extensively in some districts through which I have passed. The vines are trained on stakes about four feet high, the spaces between them four to five feet. The vineyards present a rich and inviting appearance at this time, as the crop is beginning to ripen. The vine disease—a fungus which has for several years occasioned much injury to the grape crop—is much less prevalent this season. The difference, it is said, will be an immense advantage to the people. The failure in the grape crop from this cause in past years, has given rise to various substitutes for the purpose of distillation—the production of sugar, raised the price of the latter article, and induced extensive speculations in Europe and America. The Chinese Sugar Cane came in as another substitute, and statements confirm what I had previously heard, that it is for distillation that this plant is chiefly cultivated here. Messrs. Valmorin, Andrews & Co. inform me, that the difficulty of obtaining sugar from it is so great, that the plant will not be grown in France for that purpose, though they think it will be profitable for making alcohol.

WINTER CARE OF LAMBS. About the middle of December, or before, the feed should be somewhat changed, by mixing with the oats a portion of pea-meal or wheat shorts or meal of some sort, for, in order to induce them to eat potatoes, it may be necessary to cut them into small pieces and sprinkle meal well over them. Beets and ruta bags may be substituted for the potatoes. Half a tubful of potatoes, given at intervals of twice a week will be the right quantity, sprinkled with meal as well as with a small quantity of salt. On other days the pea-meal and oats may be fed. The hay given them should be of fine stalk and the best quality; but in its place may be substituted, once or twice a week, for a single feeding, oat or barley straw. Thus treated, and with warm shelter, they will thrive well. [Country Gent.

FRUIT GROWING. At the New Hampshire State Fair in Dover, Mr. A. Wiggins of Stratham said that in Stratham there had been 10,000 barrels of Baldwin apples raised in a year, which yielded \$15,000. Baldwin was the variety generally cultivated. But the Roxbury Russets, Rhode Island Greening, and other standard varieties received a good degree of attention. He had found that five barrels of Baldwins could be raised with as cheap as one barrel of Spitzenbergs, or Newton Pippins. The Baldwins succeeded invariably on their light sandy soils, where the Northern Spy failed. He gave it as his opinion, that a barrel of Bartlett or Louise Bonne d' Jersey Pears could be raised as cheap as a barrel of Baldwin. His opinion was that we should cultivate but a few of the leading varieties for profit, having regard to the selection to the aptitude of the fruit for particular soils and locations. He cited several striking instances of the profits of pear culture, showing that a good Dix or Bourne Diel tree had yielded \$100 per annum.

A VERY CROOKED RIVER.

Speaking of the Rio Grande, a writer says: "Imagine one of the crookedest things in the world, then imagine one twice as crooked, and imagine to yourself a large river three times as crooked as all these put together, and you have a faint idea of the crooked disposition of this crooked river. There is no drift-wood in it, from the fact that it is so crooked that timber cannot find its way far down enough to lodge two sticks together; but few snakes, because it is not straight enough to swim in; and the fish are all in whirlpools in the bends, because they cannot find their way out. Birds frequently attempt to fly across the river, but alight on the same side they start from—being deceived by the crook. Indeed, you may be deceived when you think you see across it; and some of the boys say it is so twisting there is but one side to it."

VANILLA. The Vanilla, so much prized for its delicious flavor, is the product of a vine which grows to the top of the loftiest trees. Its leaves somewhat resemble those of the grape. The flowers are red and yellow, and when they fall off are succeeded by the pods, which grow in clusters, like our ordinary beans; green at first, they change to yellow, and finally to a dark brown. To be preserved, they are gathered when yellow, and put in heaps for a few days, to ferment. They are afterwards placed in the sun to dry, fastened by the hand, and carefully rubbed with cocoa-nut oil, and then packed in dry plantain leaves, so as to confine their powerful aromatic odor. The Vanilla bean is the article used to scent snuff, flavor ice creams, jellies, &c. The plant grows in Central America and other hot countries.

Comforts of a Small House.

We confess to a liking for small houses and small women. Touching the former, we will here give seven good, and as we think, sufficient reasons for our preference. In the first place, they imply small, cozy rooms. Not cramped, but measurable. So small that the light and heat are reflected and radiated from all parts. Family comfort cannot thrive in a hall or a field. I imagine that the boy who did not feel sufficiently acquainted with his father to ask him for a new exp, lived in a "palatial residence." I doubt not, for the same reason, people living among mountains are more sociable than those who live on plains. Affection, like a smile, dies unless it is reflected. Secondly, we like small houses because they look paid for, and a small house paid for holds more happiness and real friends than a large one unpaid. To an honest man, debts are demons, and an indebted house a haunted house, full of creeping horrors and disquietudes as those described by Flood. Thirdly, we like small houses, because they look sympathizing. They are like people not over-dressed, more ready to make acquaintance. A big house is like a big man—unapproachable. Stately porticoes and lordly halls are like the titles D. D., LL. D., etc.—imposing, distant, and inclined to be repellent. In the fourth place, we like a small house, because it excites no envy. It matters not how elegantly it is furnished, how tastefully surrounded and adorned by shrubbery and flowers, its observers are its admirers and friends. It does not fall under the "evil eye," and no man who has a soul would wish even his house—his home—the abode of his wife and children—to be an object of envy. Everybody can say, and is encouraged to say, "I can build such a house"—which words are equivalent to a blessing. Fifthly, we like a small house, because it must always remain the people's house. The industrious mechanic can earn such a house. The diligent laborer can own, by patient industry, such a house. The widow can live in such a house; and what a rich, rational comfort it is to live in such accommodations as of necessity must be the dwelling-places of nine-tenths of the race? Sixthly, we like small houses, because in such most of us begin life. It is with small houses that the affections of young couples, the first care and joys of married life, are mostly associated. Most of us begin life "in a small way."

In the last place, we prefer the small house, because it is not so far removed from our last narrow home. Only a few steps down, and our weary feet are there; but from the large palace to the narrow grave, the change is too abrupt. I've grown sober over these orders of architecture, and will stop. [Ohio Farmer.

WEALTH IS NOT ALL. Are you a rich man or woman? Or, in other words, have you thousands of dollars invested, drawing an interest more than sufficient for all your necessities or wishes? Is your home pleasant, tidy, cheerful, comfortable? If not, why do you rush and scramble to accumulate wealth, to the utter exclusion of every rational, healthful recreation and amusement? Suppose you do not make money so fast, and while you are making it, you allow your family and yourself to enjoy life as it passes away. What if you should relax a few days from your business, and spend them with your family and friends—take a short trip away from your cares, leaving them all behind—take your wife, or sister, or mother, or friend—what would you lose by it? What if you go back and forth from your place of business, day after day, for years, with knit brows or forbidding mien, and your fortune swells higher and higher—what have you gained? For whom or for what are you thus sacrificing all the noblest interests, the truest happiness of which human beings are capable? It is well to acquire an independence—good to have an abundance of wherewithal to eat and drink and wear, but to have these is necessary we give up everything else?

NEW AND INTERESTING.

There is perhaps no more perplexing situation for a young man, and modest within, than that in which he finds himself when unable to determine whether the "young and rosy maiden" who begins to appear to him in dreams is already engaged, or occupies neutral ground. The ladies have resorted to various expedients, such as wearing a ring on a particular finger, etc., to make known to their friends and acquaintances the important fact that they are about to merge their individuality in that of some favored one of the sterner sex; but these expedients have not fully answered the purpose, and it was necessary to devise some new method. The world moves; Atlantic cables are laid; wonderful inventions crowd upon each other in startling rapidity; the power of the press is daily augmented, and its uses extend; progress is written on the hands of Time, and the following advertisement appears in the St. Louis Republican:

ENGAGED. Miss Anna Gould to John Candali, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth K. T.

From this time, henceforth and forever (until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow,) young gentlemen are requested to withdraw their "particular attentions." [Kx.

MOLES. We never see an account of a "new mole trap" without wishing the inventor might get his own fingers caught in it. It is a great pity that farmers cannot learn that moles are one of the good things that Providence has bestowed upon them—that they do not destroy seeds and plants, but the insects that are great pests to the farm and garden.

MISCELLANY.

THE TIMELY WARNING.

A THRILLING STORY.

My father, after an absence of three years returned to the house so dear to him. He had made his last voyage, and rejoiced to have reached a haven of rest from perils of the sea. During his absence I had grown from a child and baby of my mother's—into a man and a young man—into a rough, careless and headstrong boy. Her gentle voice no longer restrained me. I was often wilful, and sometimes disobedient. I thought it indicated manly superiority to be independent of a woman's influence. My father's return was a fortunate circumstance for me, he soon perceived the spirit of insubordination stirring within me. I saw by his manner that it displeased him, although for a few days he said nothing to me about it.

It was an afternoon in October, bright and golden, that my father told me to get my hat and take a walk with him. We turned down a narrow lane into a fine open field—a favorite playground for the children in the neighborhood. After talking cheerfully on different topics for a while, my father asked me if I observed that huge shadow thrown by a mass of rocks that stood in the middle of the field. I replied that I did.

"My father owned this land," said he. "It was my play-ground when a boy. That rock stood there then. To me it is a beacon, and whenever I look at it I recall a dark spot in my life—an event so painful to dwell upon, that if it were not as a warning to you, I should not speak of it. Listen, then, my dear boy, and learn wisdom from your father's errors."

My father died when I was a mere child. I was the only son. My mother was a gentle loving woman, devoted to her children and beloved by everybody. I remember her pale, beautiful face, her sweet, affectionate smile, her kind and tender voice. In my childhood I loved her intensely. I was never happy apart from her; and she, fearing I was becoming too much of a baby sent me to the high school in the village. After associating a time with rude rough boys, I lost, in a measure, my fondness for home and my reverence for my mother; and it became more and more difficult for her to restrain my impetuous nature. I thought it indicated a want of manliness to yield to her authority or to appear penitent although I knew that my conduct pained her. The epithet I most dreaded was *girl* boy. I could not bear to hear it said by my companions that I was tied to my mother's apron strings. From a quiet home-loving child, I soon became a wild, boisterous boy. My dear mother used every persuasion to induce me to seek happiness within the precincts of home. She exerted herself to make our fireside attractive, and my sister, following her self-sacrificing example, sought to entice me by planning games and diversions for my entertainment. I saw all this, but did not heed it.

It was one afternoon like this, that I was about leaving the dining table, to spend the intermission between morning and evening school in the streets as usual, my mother laid her hand on my shoulder, and said mildly but firmly, "My son, I wish you to come with me." I would have rebelled, but something in her manner awed me. She put on her bonnet, and said to me, "We will take a little walk together." I followed her in silence; and as I was passing out of the door, I observed one of my rude companions skulking about the house and I knew he was waiting for me. He answered as I went past him. My pride was wounded to the quick. He was a very bad boy, but being some years older than myself, he exercised a great influence over me. I followed my mother sulkingly, till we reached the spot where we now stand, beneath the shadow of this huge rock. O, my boy! could that hour be blotted from my memory which has cast a shadow over my whole life, gladly would I exchange all that the world can offer me for the quiet peace of mind I should enjoy. But no! like this huge, unsightly pile stands the monument of my guilt forever!

My mother, being feeble in health, sat down, and beckoned me to sit beside her. Her look so full of tender sorrow, is present to me now. I would not sit but continued standing sullenly beside her. "Alfred, my dear son said she, "have you lost all love for your mother?" I did not reply. "I fear you have," she continued; "and may God help you to see your own heart, and me to do my duty!" She then talked to me of my misdeeds—of the dreadful consequences of the course I was pursuing. By tears and entreaties, and prayers, she tried to make an impression on me. She placed before me the lives and examples of great and good men; she sought to stimulate my ambition. I was moved but too proud to show it, and remained standing in dogged silence beside her. I thought, "What will my companions say, if after all my boasting, I should yield at last, and submit to be led by a woman?"

What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered failed to move me! She rose to go home and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till we reached our own door.

"It is school time now," said she. "Go my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said." "I shan't go to school," said I. She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly, "Certainly you will go Alfred, I command you." "I will not," said I, with a tone of defiance.

"One of the two things you must do, Alfred, either go to school this moment, or I

will lock you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future."

"I dare you to do it I said I; you can't get me up stairs."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, as she laid her hand on my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me I will kick you," said I in a terrible rage. God knows I knew what I said.

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No!" I replied, but quailed before her eyes.

"Then follow me," said she as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—O, my son hear me—I raised my foot, and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my head reels, as the torrent of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother! She staggered back a few steps and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast. "O, Heavenly Father," she cried, "forgive him; he knows not what he does!" The gardener just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale, and almost unable to support herself, he stopped; she beckoned him in. Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his own room," said she, and turned from me. Looking back, as she was entering her room she gave me such a look—it will forever follow me. It was a look of agony, mingled with the intensest love—it was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I could bring myself from the window, and dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose in an instant and bade me not to yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed, and fell asleep. I awoke at midnight stifled by the damp night air, terrified with frightful dreams. I would have sought my mother at that moment, for I trembled with fear, but my door was fast. With the daylight my terrors were dismissed, and I became bold in resisting all good impulses. The servant brought my meals, but I did not taste them. I thought the day would never end. Just at twilight I heard a light footstep approach my door. It was my sister who called me by name.

"What may I tell mother from you?" she asked.

"Nothing!" I replied.

"O, Alfred, for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. See long to forgive you."

"I want to be driven to school against my will," I said.

"But you will go if she wishes it, dear Alfred," said my sister, pleadingly.

"No, I won't," said I, "and you needn't say a word more about it."

"O, brother, you will kill her, and then you can never have a happy moment."

I made no reply to this. My feelings were touched, but I still resisted their influence. My sister called me, but I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself on the bed to pass another wretched and fearful night. O God, how wretched and fearful I did not know.

Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come in? are you sorry for what you have done?" she asked.

I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother that thrilled through me, melted the ice from my elaborate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. No, my boy, I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood beside my bed.

"Get up Alfred! O, don't wait a moment! Get up and come with me. Mother is dying!"

I thought I was dreaming, but I got up mechanically, and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed, but had thrown herself on the bed to rest. Arising to go again to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room.

I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was tenfold more bitter from the fact that she would never know it. I believed myself a murderer.

I fell on the bed beside her—I could not weep; my heart burned in my bosom; my brain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of my mother's hand—her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness but not speech—She looked at me and moved her lips.

I could not understand her words. "Mother, mother," I shrieked say only that you forgive me." She could not say with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin white hands, clasped mine with them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form till my gentle sister removed me. She comforted me for she knew the heavy load of sorrow at my heart; heavier than the grief for the loss of a mother; for it was a load of sorrow for sin. The joy of youth had left me forever.

My son, the suffering such memories

awake must continue as long as life. God

is merciful but the remorse for past misdeeds is a canker-worm in the heart, that preys upon it forever."

My father ceased speaking and buried his face in his hands. He saw and felt the bearing his narrative had upon my character and conduct. I have never forgotten it. Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourself bitter memories for future years.

Though the boy who reads this may not have kicked his mother, yet let him think if he has never given his mother or father some unkind words, or been disobedient to their wishes in many ways. Boys, beware! obey your parents in all things, for God has commanded it; and remember, that disobedience to your parents, is sin against God!

"The French Settlements."

Thirty miles north of Presque Isle on the St. John, is Van Buren plantation, which, together with Malawaska and Hancock plantations, still higher up the river, forms the French settlements, famous in political annals as a locality where the junction to "vote early and often" is practically obeyed. The large number of votes cast in these plantations, whether righteously or wrongfully, and the fact that they generally cast their votes unitedly under the influence of considerations other than those of principle, have made these plantations an easy prey to unscrupulous politicians. The French settlements extend from the southern boundary of Hancock, on the American side of the St. John, and an equal extent on the British side. The population on the American side is estimated at 3000, and on the British side at 1000. The ancestors of these settlers were the French who were expelled from Acadia, in Nova Scotia, by the English about the year 1763. The sweetest story of the expatriation and wanderings of two devoted lovers of their number is beautifully told by Longfellow in his *Evangeline*. "Two or three hundred fled to the St. John near Woodstock, and in 1783 they were again compelled to flee to their present location. On the banks of the St. John they settled, with all the habits and tastes which their fathers brought from France. These habits—the habits of the peasantry of France—they still retain having made scarcely an advance step in civilization since the days of Louis XIV. h.

The French settlers upon the western and southern banks of the St. John were declared citizens of the United States by the treaty of 1842, and by the same instrument a title to the lands on which they were settled was conferred to them. Although they have increased from a population of about 500 to nearly as many thousands, yet they have not gone back from the river. Instead of imitating the enterprise of the Yankee pioneer, by plunging into the forests and clearing new farms, such succeeding generations have divided the land patrimony of their fathers with their children; until nearly every farm has a river front of but a few rods. They are generally ignorant and unambitious,—each generation contenting themselves with simply existing.—They subsist chiefly on pea soup and other vegetable food which is raised on their patches of land. A gentleman who visited them a few years since, informed us that he stopped at a small cabin in which there was but one room, where the happy head of the family could call around him 25 children. He counted fifteen houses near each other, averaging 12 children to each house. They make large quantities of maple sugar, but in general, content themselves with the simple fare of their fathers. The State has made several attempts to educate and civilize them, and in some instances with good results. They are, however, a peculiar people, distinct in tastes, habits and aspirations from the Anglo Saxon race.

[Maine Evangelist.

A GOOD REGULATION. A good regulation is that of the British post office, to wit: Letters badly addressed, the owners of which cannot be found, are taken back to the office whence they were sent, where a list of them is hung up daily; parties writing their address opposite to their names, will receive the letter the following morning. This, it must be self-evident, is a far better mode of treating letters unintelligibly or erroneously directed, or failing of their destination, than the practice hitherto, namely, keeping the letters on hand for the space of one or perhaps three months, and then bundling them off to the General Post Office as being "down among the dead ones."

OPTICAL PHENOMENON. Wise the argument, not long since asserted that on one of his excursions he could see the bottom of rivers, and discern the fishes sporting in the water; which was received with much incredulity. The same fact, however, has been observed by other aeronauts. Mr. H. M. Spencer, who recently ascended from Pittsfield, Mass., in his account of the excursion remarks as a curious fact, that while passing over lakes, the lilies and other water plants were distinctly visible, even to their stems, in the water, when objects very much larger, on land, could not be distinguished.

BAD IS BEST. A friend of ours was travelling lately, while afflicted with a very bad cough. He annoyed his fellow travellers greatly, till one of them remarked in a tone of displeasure—

"Sir, that is a very bad cough of yours."

"True, sir," replied our friend, "but it is the best I've got."

The Oxford Democrat

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Squatter Sovereignty.

In a Republic the people are properly speaking, the sovereigns. They make the government, and they control it, through the ballot-box. This fact throws over the idea of popular power a sort of charm. So when we speak of "popular sovereignty," or "squatter sovereignty," when disconnected from the dignified political partisanship, we recognize the great principles of self-government, inherent in the people.

The great abstract principle of squatter sovereignty, we believe in, but from some of the humbugs got up under its name, we wendly dissent. In 1858, Gen. Cass, desired a nomination for the Presidency; and to obtain aid in Southern localities, he wrote his celebrated Nicholson letter, in which he denied the power of Congress to legislate upon the subject of slavery, and contended that such power belonged exclusively to the people of the territories, while in their incipient condition. This was the origin of an idea which has been much harped upon, ever since, and known in party parlance as "squatter sovereignty." Judge Douglas proposed to incorporate this principle into the Kansas-Nebraska bill; and it has been urged by some of his special friends as the great excuse for breaking down the Missouri restriction and exposing the territories of Kansas and Nebraska to the influx of chattel slavery. When the doctrine of squatter sovereignty was first promulgated, by its professed friends as one of the main planks in the democratic platform, it was made applicable to the people of a territory during their whole territorial existence. In other words, it was contended by the Northern wing of the party that the people of a territory, through their Legislature, had a right, under the Constitution, to establish or abolish slavery, by passing laws protecting or prohibiting it. It conceded the power to the people of a territory to deal with slaves with any other question, of rightful legislation. This was the construction put upon the doctrine in the free States, by its professed advocates. Southern democrats, as we have had occasion frequently to remark, never have conceded this power to the people of a territory, but denominated it then as they have ever since, as a humbug.

The last Cincinnati Convention put a new phase entirely upon this question. That Convention understood, substantially to declare against the whole doctrine, as it had been previously explained, and to this end, Kansas, that the people of a territory possessed the power only in the performance of a single act—that when they formed a constitution, prior to being admitted as a State, they could settle the question whether they should be admitted as a free or a slave State—whether or not their new State Constitution should admit or prohibit African Slavery.

Northern democrats at this time do not pretend that the people of a territory have any power, under the Constitution, to prohibit slavery therein; and the adoption of a party doctrine of the dictum of the U. S. Court, in the Dred Scott case,—that the constitution establishes slavery in the territories,—entirely negatives the idea that they have any power to interfere with it.

This gives us a pretty good idea of what pro-slavery democrats mean when they talk about "squatter sovereignty." But supposing we admit this principle to be a correct one; that it is right for the people of a territory to settle the question for themselves when they come to frame a State Constitution—that it is right for them to decide between slavery and freedom, and so make their fundamental law, there is another idea connected with the matter against which we most solemnly protest. It is this: It is now contended by Douglas and his special followers, that after the people have settled the question, whether they will or will not have slavery, and presented that Constitution to Congress, asking admission under it, Congress has no discretionary power over the question; but shall admit. Now we consider this idea a gross absurdity. Let us examine the question. Art. IV, Sec. 3, of the Constitution declares that "New States MAY be admitted by Congress into this Union." There is no ambiguity about this language. It shows clearly that the power to admit new States is, by the Constitution vested in Congress,—not in the people of a territory,—hence, upon every application of this kind, it is for Congress to determine whether or not such application shall be granted.

This new democratic humbug, that Congress has no supervisory power to admit or reject new States; and that its members are to be obliged to vote yes or no, just as a few quibblers may dictate, is the height of absurdity.

We believe the people of a territory have a right to make their own Constitution and we endorse the doctrine to the fullest extent that in all cases such constitution should be submitted to a popular vote, before being presented to Congress. We despise all sorts of Lecomptonism, and all attempts to force a Constitution upon the people of a territory, that is not framed in accordance with the popular will.

But while we admit these rights on the part of the people of a territory, we believe Congress has the right and the power to admit or reject the application of a new State for admission into the Union. We have special reasons in support of these opinions. It may be said, even by Republicans, that the doctrine of squatter sovereignty, in its practical operation, will work out freedom in every territory now belonging to the Union. It may be so. Suppose the Republican party should adopt as an article of faith, the Douglas doctrine of squatter sovereignty—that the people of each territory should hereafter make their own Constitution, allowing or prohibiting slavery, and that Congress should be pledged in advance to grant every application for a new State, slave or free; and then the black democracy, under the dictation of the slave power, should purchase Cuba, for the sole purpose of extending and perpetuating slavery? Where would the party then find itself? Round hand and foot to sanction and endorse the treason of the slave propagandists. We are not prepared to say that a contingency might not arise under which another slave State should be admitted to the Union; but we can conceive of no combination of circumstances that would induce us to vote for the admission of another slave State. We believe the doctrine that the Constitution carries slavery into the territories, to be downright heresy; that slavery can only exist by the operation of local law; hence, that every foot of territory outside the States, is free.

If the territories are now free, why not keep them so? If the doctrine of Jefferson and the fathers, that Congress should interfere with slavery in the territories, be correct, (and we endorse it in its whole length and breadth,) why should its advocates be guilty of the inconsistency of abandoning it when such territories apply for admission as States. Does not the argument that we should have free territories apply with equal force to the same communities when incorporated into States?

The Republican party declares slavery to be a great social, moral and political evil, and that it should not be extended. So long as they hold this great truth, how can its members and advocates consent to the admission of any more slave States. Such a course, on their part, would make them party to the wrong. Slavery is now sufficiently strong, through the agency of the democratic party, to control the government, and we can conceive of no reason for a Republican to strengthen it by the admission of more slave States. The political contest in this country is distinctly between slave labor and free labor—between slave territory and free territory—between a free government and a slave despotism. It is a contest of principle, vital to the perpetuity of our free institutions, and will admit of no compromise.

THE ELECTIONS.
Great Republican Triumphs!
The elections on Tuesday resulted in a triumph of Republican principles, as complete as could wish. The contest was a severe one,—just such an one as is required to try the metal of true Republicans. The victory is a glorious one, better, indeed, than we have dared to hope for, though our confidence in the triumph of the right, has been so strong as to give us little fear for the result.

MASSACHUSETTS. The old Bay State, ever true in the maintenance of freedom, has re-elected Gov. Banks by near 30,000 majority. He elected a Republican Legislature,—thus securing the return of Henry Wilson to the Senate,—all the County officers, and an unbroken Republican delegation in Congress. In the 4th and 5th districts a terrible fight has been made, but Burlingame and Rice are elected. Their defeat would have been a national disgrace. The delegation is as follows:

1st Dist., Thomas D. Eliot, New Bedford.
2d " Jas. Buffinton, Fall River.
3d " Charles Francis Adams, Quincy.
4th " Alexander H. Rice, Boston.
5th " Anson Burlingame, Cambridge.
6th " John B. Alley, Lynn.
7th " Daniel W. Gooch, Salem.
8th " Charles B. Train, Framingham.
9th " Eli Traver, Worcester.
10th " Charles Delano, Northampton.
11th " H. L. Dawes, North Adams.

NEW YORK. The returns received when we went to press, indicated the election of Hon. E. D. Morgan, Republican, for Governor, by 20,000 majority. A dispatch says the Albany Argus claimed five representatives to Congress.—New York sends 33, of whom 12 of the present members were elected as democrats.

MICHIGAN. The telegraph reports that the Republicans have swept the whole State. No figures are given.

NEW JERSEY. This State is conceded to the Republicans. All the Congressional districts have been carried. This State has in the present Congress three democrats to two Republicans.

ILLINOIS. We have nothing definite from this State. A dispatch says that Chicago gave 1000 republican majority.

The Republican American candidate for Congress in the first district in New York, was LUTHER C. CARTER, a native of Bethel, in this State, and brother to the late Hon. T. J. Carter, of Paris. The Tribune expressed confidence in his election; but we have no returns from his district.

Will our friends bear in mind, that to secure early attention, their favors should be sent directly to this office, and not to the editor. Address, always, Publishers of "The Oxford Democrat, Paris," on all matters pertaining to the paper.

Dr. LATHAM will call on our subscribers in Rumford and Andover next week. We hope all will be prepared to see him, and furnish him with a supply of the "Needful."

STATE OF MAINE.
BY THE GOVERNOR.
A PROCLAMATION
FOR A DAY OF

Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

With the advice of the Executive Council, I appoint THURSDAY, the twenty-fifth day of November next as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

The continual bounties and manifold mercies of a superintending and all-wise Providence call for expressions of grateful gratitude and devout praise. The infinite Father, eternal source of all good, hath crowned the year with abundant; let every heart glow with fervent love. A God of love the fountain of all mercies, hath averted the causes of public distress; let all unite in songs of adoration.

All nature proclaims the goodness and glory of God, maker of heaven and earth; how fit that that His intelligent offspring should acknowledge Him in thanksgiving and Praise, as the Author of all needful blessings, and their dependence on His forbearance and loving kindness.

Especially doth it become us as a people to join in public celebration of the divine goodness for the innumerable blessings vouchsafed at every period of our national existence; for since in the struggle of our fathers for independence, for guidance in laying the foundation of free institutions; for fostering care in their infancy; for preservation amid perils internal and external, and for that paternal favor which has attended our country's progress from weakness and dependence to prosperity and power; and to render thanks moreover, to the great Ruler of the earth, for the precious boon of civil and religious liberty, for the multiplied agencies of social and political amelioration, and the means of spiritual improvement.

Given at the Council Chamber, at Augusta, this fifteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-third.

LOT M. MORRILL.
By the Governor:
NOAH SMITH, JR., Secretary of State.

The Oxford Democrat talks about big potatoes which only require thirty to fill a half-bushel. We wish our Oxford contemporaries could see such exhibited in our office so large as to require siding down to get them up the stairway! [Both Times.]

We really wish we could; but will comfort ourselves with the reflection that such "praties" are not there. But why does our Bath friend cut down our story. The thirty filled a bushel,—nothing less.

Matteson has joined the Democrats.
Orasmus B. Matteson has done the most creditable and consistent thing of his life. He has taken himself out of the Republican party, and has joined the democracy, among whom men of his stamp find more true associations than with the Republicans. The Union Herald says he is now boisterous against the Republican party and in favor of democracy. [Kennebec Journal.]

STATE REFORM SCHOOL. Dr. William A. Root, of South Paris, has been reappointed by the Governor and Council a Trustee of the State reform School, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Hon. Seth Scammon of Saco, who was recently elected Superintendent of the Institution.

Mr. A. B. Lary of Gilead, has this year raised on two acres of ground, two hundred and forty bushels of ears of good sound corn. Mr. Lary is a subscriber to the Democrat, and promptly pays for it, which accounts to some extent for his success in farming. The kind of corn planted was the Farmington twelve rowed, which is said to be earlier than most kinds.

FOR THE AROOSTOOK. Messrs. Warren and Joseph Bradbury of Paris, started on Thursday morning, for the Aroostook regions, with the intention of making for themselves a permanent home, if they can locate on desirable lots,—of which there are many there. Success to them.

C. C. COURT. An adjourned session of the County Commissioners' Court will be held at the Treasurer's Office, on the 16th of November inst.

The Supreme Judicial Court will commence its session in Paris next Tuesday.

An Exchange says that a bridge across the Androscoggin river at Livermore falls is about to be erected—a much needed improvement.

Wm. D. Washburne, brother of the three distinguished representatives in Congress of that name is, we perceive, elected to the Legislature of Minnesota.

Bayard Taylor has returned from Europe and designs to spend the winter in lecturing. He brings with him his German bride and infant child.

The "Reveries of a Bachelor," new series, edited by James Buchanan, and to be published in serial form, by Wendell & Co., Washington City, through the columns of the official paper. [Baltimore Patriot.]

The Calais Advertiser of last week says that two men were immediately killed, and two others had their legs broken or cut off by an accident on the St. Andrews Railroad.

"FAILURE OF DANIEL E. SOMES." A large draught is suddenly made on the sympathies of the Argus. What with the case of the "shipmasters," and that of our member of Congress elect, we fear the Argus must fail to furnish the necessary demand. But for the relief of the Argus, we learn that attachments have recently been made on Mr. Somes' property for claims already abundantly secured, that recipients are or are about to be given, and that his business will go on as usual. [Advertiser.]

ADMITTED TO THE BAR. Yesterday on motion of E. A. Harding, Esq., Charles Hamlin, of Hampden, was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court. [Times.]

The New York Times has the following comments upon the late elections:

TWENTY FOR ONE. In the recent elections the Opposition took a sweeping revenge for the loss of Francis P. Blair, Jr. On his political grave twenty Democratic victims have bled. Thirteen Lecompton ghosts crossed the Styx from Pennsylvania, four from Ohio, and three from Indiana. Well may the wrathful shade of Blair be appeased.

Aroostook.

The few statements which have appeared in the Democrat within the past three or four weeks respecting the agricultural capacities of that portion of northern Maine, now including the county of Aroostook, were necessarily loosely thrown together and calculated to convey but a very indefinite idea of the natural resources of that country. Nor could it be expected that notes, many of which were taken when we were in transit, and others hastily penned during our brief stops, could do anything like justice to so important a subject. I am aware that candor and truthfulness should characterize all statements thrown before the public with regard to this matter, for however much the members of our party might have been delighted with the new and interesting, and to many novel scenes which were opened to them in their hasty journeyings through these primeval forests, it is quite a different thing, and under quite different circumstances for a person to take his family, and bidding friends and neighbors adieu, to seek his fortune and a future home in the wilderness. It is a thing which should not be hastily undertaken, and in no case should a person change his place of residence without a fair prospect of bettering his condition. Many are forced to depend altogether upon what they read for their knowledge of this at present almost isolated country, and whoever, through the press or otherwise, knowingly misrepresents or over-estimates its capabilities and natural resources is guilty of a great wrong. Emigrants on their arrival should find just what they were led to expect to find, and nothing less. There are at present several interests which are operating in various ways to induce emigration eastward, but in this matter the true interest of the individuals most directly concerned, and of the State, should be of most of all regarded.

I propose, in a manner not to occupy too much space, to look carefully over the ground, and give, in brief, my views respecting the soil, climate and agricultural capacities of this portion of our State domain.

Doubtless there are many who have preconceived ideas respecting the appearance of the country and its present condition and adaptation to farming purposes, the same as I myself had before seeing it for myself. But my preconceived ideas proved to be all wrong. I knew of it only as a great lumbering country, and supposed the land to be of that character known as "pine plain" covered plentifully with pine stumps and bushes. I was surprised then to find such a deep rich soil, and covered with such extensive forests of hard wood. Instead of the sandy silicious soil which I had anticipated, I found one rich in all the essential elements of a first rate soil.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Aroostook county is about one hundred and thirty miles long by forty wide, containing about five thousand square miles. It is bounded north by the St. John's river, west by Penobscot county, east by New Brunswick, the line running on an average about six miles from and nearly parallel with the St. John's river; and south by the county of Washington. The northern and southeastern parts of the county are drained by streams emptying into the St. John's river, while other portions are drained by streams flowing into the Penobscot. The land from the south line of the county rises in gentle swells and undulations, until it attains a height of about four hundred feet above the sea level, the highest land being in No. 14, about fifteen miles north of Presque Isle; from this point it inclines to the north and east, to the valley of the St. John's. It is plentifully supplied with water throughout its whole extent, from the numerous tributaries of the St. John and Penobscot rivers. The water, too, is very clear and pure. There are no elevations which in northern Oxford would be dignified with the name of mountain, though Katahdin, the second mountain in height in New England, and others of the same chain extending northward are seen from many points in the county. Mars Hill, so intimately connected with the settlement of our northeastern boundary, is about as high as any elevation which I noticed,—though there may be some higher points in the county further north,—and this is only a moderate elevation covered with a dense forest.

CLIMATE.

Hitherto I have been accustomed to judge of the temperature of Aroostook only in connection with its high northern latitude, extending as it does beyond the forty-seventh parallel, but there are other modifying influences to which my attention has been recently directed, and which I think are entitled to considerable weight. The Androscoggin river at Bethel is six hundred feet above the sea, and the height is rapidly increased as we advance to the north part of the county; and of course most of the hill farms no farther north than Bethel, are considerably more than six hundred feet above the sea. Now the highest point of what would be regarded as the arable land of Aroostook county, is only elevated four hundred feet above the sea, as before stated, and descends by an easy grade to the coast. This slight elevation and gentle slope towards the sea, as any one will perceive, must have the effect greatly to equalize the temperature through the year. Besides our proximity to the white mountain chain subject us in this county to sudden changes of weather. The cold storms and winds which come down upon us so suddenly from the mountains, changing a pleasant morning into a cold uncomfortable day, or a calm evening into a rough and boisterous night, are familiar to us all. None of these sudden changes are known in Aroostook. So we see that our county, situated a little farther south, and with a higher elevation, possesses no great advantage over Aroostook, with its northern and comparatively low situation. Hence the unreasonableness of those in our section who cry out against Aroostook on account of its cold climate. The snows come on a little earlier and hold on a little later there than they do with us, but all this is so much the better for the farmer. Before the ground freezes to a great depth, the snow is sown broadcast over it, and there it remains, securely protecting grass roots and fruit trees

from frost, and in the spring the sun without and the warm earth within acting upon it, causes it to disappear as suddenly as it comes, and as soon as it is gone the land is all ready for the plow. So the ground is ready to receive the seed as early in Aroostook as it is here.

SOIL.

The soil of Aroostook varies very much in different localities, but in all places, so far as I observed, it possesses rare and peculiar qualities. On the river are broad intervals composed of the richest alluvium. In the vicinity of Houlton the land is lighter and mixed more with sand than in most other places. In but few instances did I see any granite boulders. Scattered through the towns of Smyrna and New Limerick and some other townships in the same region, are just about enough for building purposes; but all of these belong to the drift formation having been brought here from the granite uplands and mountains in the north-west. All the rocks of Aroostook, which are technically termed in place, are slates and limestone. In some places, as on the banks of some of the streams, the slate protrudes through the soil, its strata being tilted up nearly vertical, in the same manner as it is on the Kennebec, and having about the same dip. Many of these slates contain a per cent. of lime, and by their disintegration are continually supplying lime to the soil. Considerable marl beds have been formed in some places by the rapid disintegration of these slates. Fossil remains of existing species of sea shells are found in the interior and on the highest land, showing that this whole country at no very remote period was redeemed from the sea. The luxuriant forests, too, which cover the whole surface, are undoubtedly the "forests primeval," for the ground is almost entirely free from prostrate trees of a former generation.

There are veins of clay in various parts of the country, and at Presque Isle and Houlton, bricks of a superior quality have been manufactured. There is plenty of limestone for all the future wants of the country, and this I regard as a very important thing. If all the lime had to be conveyed from Bangor, with the present mode of conveyance, lime laid walls and lime plastered rooms would be a luxury only to be enjoyed by a few. But now it can be furnished to the inhabitants as low as it can be bought at Bangor.

The question may be asked, if there are no rocks in the soil, of what the fences are to be made? I answer, of cedar. Cedar is abundant here, and what seemed a novelty to me, it grows with the hard wood. It is nothing uncommon to see the sugar maple and cedars in size like the "cedars of Lebanon," growing side by side. There is no lack of them anywhere. It is often difficult for settlers to find stone to wall up their cellars, and here again the cedar makes a very good substitute. Large trees are cut and down square, and with these they make a very good wall.

There is hardly any lot that does not have a sufficiency of pine for the uses of the settler in erecting his buildings. Straggling pines are mixed in here and there with the hard wood, and those found in such places are generally of the best quality. Spruce and hemlock generally grow on the highest lands, and the soil producing them is generally regarded by the settlers as of inferior quality.

The richness of the soil in lime renders it admirably adapted to the production of grain of all kinds, and grasses. Buckwheat, oats, rye, and barley can be produced in the greatest perfection. Wheat grows very stout, and the heads are always long and well filled, but of late years the weevil has attacked it badly, so that the farmers do not sow as much as they formerly did. The past year, however, has been very favorable on account of the weevil, and hopes are entertained that its ravages may soon cease.

Corn is but very little cultivated. The fault however is not in the soil. It always attains a fair growth, but early frosts are very likely to injure it before it comes to maturity. There is a decided improvement in the corn crop, and there can be but little doubt that in a few years when the forests are cleared away and the country becomes older, that corn can be produced here as well as in other parts of the State. Esculent roots are almost indigenous to the soil of Aroostook. A prominent farmer told me that he could raise potatoes for eight cents per bushel. It was generally remarked by our party who attended the Fair at Presque Isle, that all the garden vegetables there exhibited would average better than those usually seen on exhibition at Fairs in the western part of the State. For all farming purposes the land is new, fresh and rich, and needs only to be "tickled with the hoe to laugh with an abundant harvest."

There has always been a good home market for all the products of the soil to the lumbermen who usually carry on extensive operations in the pine districts during the winter, and when the timber shall be exhausted and a home market no longer furnished, it must either be furnished at Bangor, or on the seaboard, by way of the St. John's river. Supplies for settlers on the first ranges of townships are now during the summer season, received by way of this river, as the route to Bangor is long, tedious and expensive. A railroad connecting this great and fertile country with Bangor, and so with Portland the west, would mark a new and important era in the history of our State.

Respecting the several government townships which are now open for settlement, reference can be had to the pamphlet and map lately issued by the land agent. This document contains all the necessary information respecting the public lands. Those to which my attention were more particularly directed in the late excursion, I will here briefly speak of. One of them which is now being surveyed and will be ready for settlers in a few weeks, is

NO. 5, R. 3.

This township lies south of Smyrna, and west of Lunenburg, and from the military road through a portion of Lunenburg, to its east line, the distance is about three miles. This is regarded as one of the best settling townships in this part of the county. It inclines a little to the north, is covered with a fine growth of hard wood, in which the sugar

maple predominates, and is watered by a branch of the Mattawamkeag, called the Skitticook stream. A letter from P. P. Burleigh, Esq., the government surveyor, which I was permitted to see at the land office, describes it as a most beautiful township. There is doubtless a large deposit of iron in a hill at its northern extremity, where, in attempting to run out the lots the needle was drawn round sixty degrees from its due course and the compass rendered useless. A road has been located through this tract, running to Smyrna and connecting with the Aroostook road at Patten. Levi Berry of Smyrna is the government agent for No. 5 in range 3.

Letter E, in the first range, is another good township for settlers. A mill has recently been erected on the Limestone stream, which passes through the township, and but little of the settling land has as yet been taken up. Letter E is separated from Fort Fairfield by Plymouth Grant, and a road from the mills to the St. John's river is only seven or eight miles long.

But it is no use to describe particular localities. Suffice it to say that land can here be found to suit the most fastidious taste, and in almost any part of this vast territory. Level intervals on the streams, or rolling uplands, all having a deep rich soil and producing in abundance, materials for fence and fuel everywhere about. Patient toil, industry and economy practiced upon any of these lands will meet with sure and abundant returns. Let a person labor as diligently in clearing up the Aroostook forests and cultivating the soil, as many of our farmers who delve among the rocks in the rough portions of our country are forced to labor to keep soul and body together, and in a few years he will find himself with a first rate farm, and all the necessary surroundings and comforts of life.

I do not wish to speak disparagingly of the soil and climate of Oxford county. I know that we have much fertile soil and a healthy, bracing climate. We also possess important advantages in the way of schools and religious institutions, and our social relations are certainly more pleasing to us than they can be in a new country for a long time. And it most assuredly is not advisable for any one who is well situated here, with a good home, to exchange it for one in Aroostook or any where else. But to those who are wearing out their lives, and gain a scanty subsistence in trying to cultivate our rough uplands, which are only suitable for grazing, a removal to such a farming region as Aroostook would be an agreeable and profitable change. And to those young men who have the alternative of taking up with the unsettled lands of Oxford county or of emigrating to some other place, and especially to those who have been thinking of going westward, I would say go down to Aroostook, where, within the limits of our own State, and within the pale of our own laws and institutions, so dear to us all, you can find a soil which has "gathered fertility from the repose of ages," a soil equal if not superior to any western soil, a soil still teeming with "primeval forests," a wilderness which needs only the labor which you are willing to bestow, "to make it blossom as the rose." And to those young men who through our larger towns and villages, who have ignored farm labor on account of the many discouragements which oppose themselves to a young man without means to purchase a farm, and who are here exposed to all the temptations incident to a life of idleness, I would say leave your low haunts and dangerous practices, and go down to Aroostook, and take the portion of land which your State offers you almost "without money and without price," and where, freed from the temptations to vice, you may by honest and persevering industry, become in a few years independent lords of the soil.

I have thus given my views in brief respecting the inducements afforded for emigration to the Aroostook lands. In advising persons to emigrate rather than take up with the unsettled lands of Oxford, of course I make no reference to those townships situated in northern Oxford, and which are reported to be good farming townships, but I mean those rough patches scattered all over the country which, during the period of the drift formation were covered over with boulders, and from their uneven and rough nature can be cultivated only with extreme difficulty.

I trust that the efforts which have been made and are still making to spread information among the people respecting our northern eastern lands, with a view to their settlement, will be crowned with success, and that emigration to the west of our young men who constitute the real capital of our State, will thereby be stayed.

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For the Oxford Democrat.

The Oxford Conference of Congregational churches met last week at Norway Village, 19th and 20th. All the orderings of divine providence were peculiarly favorable. The weather was charming, our reception most cordial and hospitable, the services of the attending choir highly entertaining, and the attendance full. All the exercises were marked with that degree of eagerness and union which the heart calls for on such occasions. It is, however, but a shadow and faint echo of the proceedings of these semi-annual gatherings which can be given in a report. They who would enjoy them should attend them. The next Conference is to be at Rumford, on the first Tuesday in June, 1859.
E. A. B., Scribe.

Bethel, Oct. 27th, 1858.

AROOSTOOK AND HAMPTON. Speaking of the comparative merits of these famous localities, the Age says:

"Both unquestionably possess an exceedingly fertile soil; but they differ in this: The fertile soil of Aroostook lies on the surface, while that of Hampton is described as lying several feet below the surface. We go for Aroostook and surface soil."

Bro. Pike should be indicted for exercising cruelty towards the afflicted and persecuted [Hallowell Gazette.]

Henry O'Reilly, the great telegrapher, says that Rochester now probably controls a larger extent of telegraph lines than is controlled by any one of the larger cities of the world.

Sumner and Hartford Cattle Show.

Agreeably to previous notice, the citizens of Sumner, Hartford and vicinity, assembled in large numbers at East Sumner on Friday, the 29th inst., for the purpose of holding a cattle show. The exercises in the forenoon consisted in the examination of stock, and arranging and displaying the town teams. About 75 yoke of oxen were present, besides 70 head of cattle of various kinds, constituting about 220 head. The exhibition of stock was large and fine, and gave great credit to the owners.

The committee on town teams reported the best team from Hartford, 37 yoke; 24 best from Sumner, 28 yoke.

The exercises in the afternoon consisted in the examination of stock, produce, and miscellaneous articles, by the committee; also, hearing the report of the committee.

The want of room will prevent giving a full report, but we will give the most important.

On Horses.—reported by J. T. Stetson. Best 4 years old colt, Stephen C. Heald; best 3 years old colt, S. Robinson, jr.; best 2 years old colt, Francis F. Robinson; best yearling colt, S. R. Bosworth; best sucking colt, J. M. Robinson.

On Oxen.—reported by J. Barrows, jr. Best oxen, J. M. Robinson; best 4 years old do., Benj. Young, jr.

On Milch Cows.—reported by J. Briggs. Best milch cow, B. F. Robinson.

On Steers.—reported by S. C. Heald. Best 3 years old steers, Wm. Irish of Buckfield; 24 best, E. Keen; best 2 years old do., Albion Bonney; best yearling do., J. Barrows, jr.

On Bulls and Heifers.—reported by E. S. Biesee. Best 2 years old bull, J. & W. H. Thompson; best yearling do., W. H. Downs; best bull calf, L. Robinson; best 2 years old heifer, S. C. Heald; best yearling do., Benj. F. Robinson.

On Beef.—reported by B. Richardson. Best oxen, J. M. Robinson; best cow, F. F. Robinson.

On Sheep.—reported by J. Thompson, jr. Best best and lot of sleep, J. & W. H. Thompson.

On Drawing Match.—reported by W. H. Briggs. Best pair oxen, J. M. Robinson; 24 best, E. S. Biesee.

On Fruit.—reported by A. Thompson. Best specimen winter apples, A. Thompson; 24 best, J. & W. H. Thompson. As a member of this committee, we would state that we were delighted at the display of apples. There were many and choice varieties on exhibition, especially those of Leonard Robinson, (21 kinds,) B. W. Briggs, and J. T. Stetson. The display was excellent!

On Vegetables and Produce.—reported by S. M. Stetson. Best corn, A. J. Robinson; 24 best, Capt. H. Biesee. Sixteen lots on exhibition, all very good. Best wheat, Capt. H. Stetson; best rye, G. Chaffin; best pumpkins, Dan'l B. Robinson; 24 best, W. H. Downs; best squash, E. Lawrence; 24 best, A. Keen; best J. S. Robinson; carrots, L. & H. Palmer; also, A. Parlin; potatoes, E. Noyes; 24 J.

