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POSSIBLE.

The following extract from Mr. PARK BENJAMIN'S metrical lecture on "Modern Society," delivered at the Temple street Chapel, last evening, will prove acceptable to our readers.—*Portland Advertiser.*

A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

From scenes by night, with all their glittering glare,
Turn we awhile to those in sunshine rare.
Behold the pageant, as it sweeps along,
Where Broadway pines a never-ending throng;
Not on a week-day, with its noise and crash,
Where noon and rumpus follow and dash,
But Sunday morning, when all the town,
Silence, like snow-fall, settles softly down,
Gaze on yon edifice of marble and steel,
How fair its walls! too beautiful to feel,
See what fine people through its portals crowd,
Smiling and laughing, talking and loud,
What is it? surely not a gay excursion,
Where wit and beauty social joys arrange;
Not a grand show, where late Parisian styles,
Attire rich buyers from a thousand miles;
But step within: no need of further search—
Behold, admire a fashionable church!

Look, how its iron window glaze and gleam!
What tinted light magnificently streams,
On the proud pulpit, carved with quaint device,
Where velvet cushions, exquisitely nice,
Presses by the polished preacher's dainty hands,
Hold a huge volume, clasped by gold bands,
No fingers' end its sacred pages display;
"It is never used on any other day."
It never suffers an apostrophe to be,
The text keeps it in a reverent awe;
In previous texts are read with loving tongue,
Half-drawn, half-unrolled, upon half-hung,
While all around the congregation choir,
Their gentle eyes in elegant repose.
A moral essay, common-place and vain,
Succumbs the thunder of a full-chorded psalm;
For what the sermon lacks, the organ lends,
Great noise for diffuse and makes amends,
But then the music's splendid!—grant it not;
The Doctor's position, and he ought to note;
When last to Kismet, he was led, for he said,
He heard the organ and felt its steady tread.
His choir is perfect and they ought to be—
His song at times two nights out of three,
His praise done to one credit; pray,
In any other church to find his aid!
His vocal beauty, her bewitching air,
Fill the pews here and cause the leaves there,
When from her lips the thrilling words flow,
Dance and dance ceaselessly to the show,
And when she quavers to her vocal power,
A something—some like ill-remembered prayer,
While the pompous pastor placidly sings,
His people's backs all turned to greet the sign,
He or she, or he, or she, or she, or she,
And secretly would, were they to chat about,
But hurries forward quickly as he can—
Mild, easy, pleasant, soft, considerate soul!
Full fifteen minutes, by the clock, he does
His drowsy doctrine to somnolent souls,
Why, will you wonder, when the blessing's o'er,
Still to be met outside through the pious door,
And in the street their smiles and dress display
As if God's Sabbath were a gala day!

"PRESS ON!"

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Press on! there's no such word as fail!
Press on! on! the goal is near—
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward—never fail!
Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven smiles above,
Though storm and vapor intervene;
That sun shines on, whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed way.

Press on! surmount the rocky steep—
Clash boldly o'er the torrent's arch—
He falls alone who feebly creeps,
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Trump on eternal snows of Night,
And through the elms walk of Day,
How down a passage unto Day.

Press on! if sure and true thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dares to try,
Danger and Death, they're sure to fly.
To onward ranks the better speed,
While on their breasts who never yield,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage like a coat of mail.

Press on! if fortune play thee false
To-day, tomorrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks she soon exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for future pain and gloom—
To weakness strength—success—press on!
From fruitless strength—press on! press on!

Press on! what though upon the ground
Thy feet have been poured out like rain!
Thou hast a crown that's never lost,
Thou hast a crown that's never lost.
Oh! 'mid the forest's deepest gloom,
And in the darkest desert bloom,
A never-dying rose for thee.

Therefore, press on! and reach the goal
And win the prize and wear the crown;
Faint not! for the steadfast soul
Come wealth and honor and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from sleep;
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
An heavenly harvest for thy toil!

I wish I had a little wife,
A little stove and fire,
I'd long her like a lamp of gold;
And let no one come nigh her;
I'd spend my days in happiness,
I'd vegetate in clover,
And when I died I'd shut my eyes,
Lay down and rest right over.

SUGGESTED PAGE.

[From Sartain's Magazine.]

THE DISCOVERY;
OR PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

Kate Carlton was something of a coquette, and her lover, Frank Ingley, very jealous, which, of course, he had no reason to be, for he knew perfectly well that there was no one so dear to the heart of Kate, as he was himself, and that although she walked with one, rode with a second, danced with a third, and chatted like a magpie with all the beaux of the village, yet, after all, when her eyes met his, it was a loving glance—such as she bestowed on no one else—and with a smile reserved for him alone. No, he had no right to be jealous; but as he was so, he should have kept it to himself, and not been continually upbraiding poor Kate until he had the cruel satisfaction of bringing tears to her beautiful eyes. For, to do her justice, she had no intention of being a coquette. She was a sprightly, good-tempered little soul, and it was natural for her to do all she could to make people happy around her, as it is for a bird to sing in the spring-time. Yet sometimes, when she least expected it, when, in the immensity of her heart, she was laughing and chatting with careless freedom, to make the moments pass pleasantly, to some chance visitor from village or town—she would all of a sudden find Frank's eyes darting around and reproach into her very heart. And then there was always sure to be a scene, as the French say. Frank would upbraid—Kate would smile sweetly, and try to reason—the idea of such a thing, reason with a jealous man—well, Kate was young! Then Frank would work himself quite into a passion, and call her a flirt—at which Kate would pout, while her little foot beat time to the throbbing of her heart—still Frank would persist in his reproaches, and then Kate would begin to weep, which was sure to bring Frank plump down on his knees! Ah, now it was Kate's turn to rule, setting up so dignified, with her little hand turned scornfully on one side, while Frank begged, like a sinner as he was, for forgiveness. No—she would not forgive him—not she, indeed!—he was very cruel—of all things she despised jealousy—she had given him no reason to say what he had!

And Frank confessed it, and swore he would never be so unjust again, if she would only forgive this once—just this once. But no, Kate declared she would never, never. Ah, did you hear that! it was only the adverb out into by two lips!

It was one of these beautiful evenings which seem made for lovers only, that Frank and Kate were strolling thro' the vine-trilled portico surrounding the pleasant little cottage of Mr. Carlton. It was in the rosy month of June, and the fragrance of sweet blossoms seemed floating on the gentle evening breeze; and on the rippling stream which ran softly murmuring at the foot of the terrace, the stars looked out brightly from their azure depths. Mary cast her sweet, gleaming smile upon the gentle Venus, and all the little stars twinkled their bright eyes gaily. As for the moon, she was too busy in her own reflections, to heed the wooings of celestial or terrestrial lovers.

Kate looked up bewitchingly in the face of Frank, said:

"Now, promise me, Frank, that when we are married, you will never be jealous again; for you know that this unfortunate infirmity of yours sometimes makes me fear for our future happiness."

"No, my sweet girl, I cannot doubt you," exclaimed Frank; "you will be my own, my own dear wife, Kate, and never again, I promise you, shall my foolish jealousy cause you regret."

"Ah, it is so mean to be jealous, now is it not, Frank? it is so unworthy of a generous heart; it betrays such a want of confidence in the one you love! Really, Frank, I have been more than once tempted to resign you to some one whom you could put more faith in."

The stars winked at this.

"Why, Kate, dear, is it possible! and yet you have borne my folly so like an angel. I should be a wretch, indeed, if I ever doubted you again!" cried Frank.

"If I did not believe you—if I thought that after we were married, Frank, you would still conjure up your jealous fears, I should be perfectly wretched!" and the tears stood in the fine eyes of Kate as she spoke, which, that they might not be lost, Frank prudently kissed away.

Earth, air and sky united to bless the bridal day; and a bright, beautiful morning, when the leaves danced to the merry song of the birds, Frank and Kate were married, and holding adieu to the dear old family roof-tree, took up their abode in a pretty little cottage, nestling like a dove-cot.

"Down in a dale
Far from resorts of people,"
and all hemmed in by shady trees,
"In which the birds sang many a lovely lay,
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet love to him,
As if an earthly paradise had been."

Ah, what harmony within the cot! what peace! what felicity! Had Frank a hundred eyes he would have failed to discover any fault in Kate, and not all the microscopes in the world could have betrayed a single flaw in Frank. And then such perfect unanimity of opinion! Why, if like Petruchio, Frank had declared the sun to be the moon, Kate, though not the vixen Kate of Padua, would have sworn the same. "They discoursed sweet music," too, for Kate sang like an angel; and if ever angel played the flute, then Frank had certainly got the knack of it, and although music is said to be the food of love, our happy pair pretended to till a little gar-

den where less ethereal viands might be found; the little flower-plats, Kate took under her more especial care, but its roses were no brighter than her eyes.

Now, in the second honeymoon, there came a letter to Kate from a young friend and schoolmate, announcing her intentions of passing a few weeks with the new married pair. Kate really loved Sue, that is, she spared her just as much as could from Frank, you know, yet she almost dreaded the interruption to the charmed life she was leading; and as for Frank, he was so much disturbed at the idea of a third party in love's tete-a-tete, that he was ungallant enough to consign this young lady over to a certain gentlemanly unmentionable.

In due time Susan May arrived, the very personification of love and mischief—a round, merry face, large black eyes, which seemed to have caught their inspiration from the goodness of mirth herself; red, pouting lips, and a little nose—ah! excuse me—the nose, to be sure, is a very striking feature, but has never been immortalized by the poet, I believe, and therefore I will only say of Sue's nose that it turned up a little, just a very little, and seemed a very arch, knowing nose.

Frank and Kate received their visitor as if they were truly delighted to see her, and really undertook to be very agreeable. As she was a stranger, of course it was incumbent on them to invite other guests into their domestic solitude, solely for her amusement, and to say the truth, Susan would have been tired of the cooing of these tender pigeons.

And now a little cloud, a mere speck, "no bigger than a man's hand," arose on love's horizon. Kate was just as bewitching as ever to her old admirer; it seemed so natural to hear her merry laughing laugh, that all paid her the tribute of their gratitude for thus reviving old associations, by bringing her looks, flowers or music; and then as Susan's captivating charms and versatile power of pleasing broke more fully upon them, it followed that the little cottage became quite a scene of gaiety; and Kate, never once dreaming that she was arousing the green-eyed monster, whose approach she had so much dreaded, welcomed and entertained their several guests with her usual sprightly tone and artless manners, yet always happier when she could steal a few moments alone with Frank.

She was one evening singing a merry little song in which Sue and several of the company joined in the chorus, and quite a little knot of listeners were gathered around the piano. Kate played and sang with more than her usual spirit, and as the theme was the misery of a bachelor's life, she laughingly addressed it with her laughing eye, and a nod of her head, to one of the gentlemen present. A general laugh marked the applause of her well-aimed jest. Kate sprang up gaily; as she did so, she saw Frank leaning moodily against the mantel-piece, and ah, the *plague-spot* was on his brow.

Poor Kate! she saw it at a glance, and the tears came flooding up from her innocent heart.

"We have been so happy—but it is all over now!" she mentally exclaimed with a deep-drawn sigh, then quickly forcing a smile, she joined Frank, and looked her arm within his, tried to win him to herself again.

Frank had something in his throat to say to Kate the next morning before he went out; he had been trying for a long time to utter it, but he could only *hem*, and choke like a frog with the whooping-cough. At last with a desperate effort—

"I really think, Kate, that for a married woman, you indulge in a little too much levity; I wish you would be more dignified."

Kate had not once thought about the dignity of a married woman of eighteen; therefore the heinousness of this oversight struck her so forcibly that she burst into a merry laugh, at which Frank slammed the door, and Kate's mood changed to weeping.

"Kate, dear, what is the matter with you?" cried Sue, suddenly entering the room, "are you sick? have you heard bad news?"

"Oh, no, nothing of any consequence!" sobbed Kate.

"Kate, you are crying so, I don't believe you; what is it, Kate, do tell me!"

But Kate was a jewel of a little wife and would not expose her husband's folly; however, Sue's great black eyes were turned to nothing, and they looked directly into the business.

"Don't these men! Well, now, I should like to pull Frank's ears, breaking the heart of such a dear little soul as Kate," thought Sue.

Well, it was a pity, but Frank adored his little wife to such a degree that no sooner did he hear the creaking of a pair of boots, or see a gentleman's hat in the hall, than the enemy returned in full force.

No prudent as Kate, however, Frank confided his troubles to Fred Starr.

"Now, I believe on my soul, Frank, you are wrong," said Fred, after listening patiently to the detail of his friend's grievances; "nay, I know you are."

"I will not deny that Kate loves me," returned Frank, "but not as I want to be loved. I would have her smile only on me—think only of me!"

"Nonsense, Frank! I am sure you must make yourself perfectly ridiculous to your wife; you are taking the very measures to bring about what you so much dread. Kate has no fears for Frank, if he be bound, perhaps it would be well if she had."

"No, Frank, some other lady if you please."

"Ah—ha! you are caught in love's net, then, are you, Fred?"

"Fact, Frank!" but I tell you what, if I ever do win Sue, I will give her leave to paint me black as Othello, if I ever make myself so perfectly ridiculous as you do, Frank! There is my sister, Annette; she is just the one for you; and, poor little innocent soul, she will never suspect she is in league against the most charming woman in the world save one!"

"I am going out this evening, Kate," said Frank, carelessly, as he rose from the table.

That was something new, sure.

"Are you, Frank?" asked Kate, looking up in some surprise.

"I have promised Annette Starr I would bring over my flute and play some duets with her; she is a splendid singer."

"Dear Frank, I would go with you, only you know I cannot leave Sue," said Kate, following him to the door, and putting up her tiny little mouth for a kiss.

"O, it is of no consequence at all—don't sit up for me, I may be late," and away swaggered Frank, with the air of one who had done a good thing.

Kate looked a moment, opened her beautiful blue eyes in wonder, and then joined Sue in a stroll through the garden.

The next morning, as Frank took up his hat to go out, Kate said:

"By the way, dear Frank, shall you be at leisure about ten o'clock? we want you to take a ride with us."

"Thank you," he answered, twirling his whiskers with a most provoking air; "I am going to ride with Annette—Miss Starr, I mean."

Kate's color rose, but she answered with her usual pleasant smile.

"Are you? well then, we will defer our drive until after tea."

"O, go this morning by all means, girls, for I shall probably take tea at Mr. Starr's; good-bye."

Kate stooped down, and began to pull the dead leaves from the sweet briar, but Sue saw them as she cast them to the winds.

"Well, Kate is an angel," thought Sue, "and Frank is ——" She did not say what, but she shook her little white hand with an air of defiance at the retreating form of that redoubtable husband.

As for poor Kate, she could not tell what was the matter with her. She never felt so miserable in her life before. She rattled on, and Sue tried to join her, but her heart was heavy, and words of all she should do and think would come.

She took no notice, apparently, and finally going to beguile her thoughts, began reading aloud.

They were soon interrupted, however, by the sound of horses' feet centering up the avenue, and voices in gay conversation, and the next moment, galloping up the shady little path, came Annette Starr, on a beautiful white pony looking most bewitching in her little black riding cap, with long waving plumes, and her dark green habit displaying to so much advantage her fine graceful figure.

Mounted on a noble spirited steed, Frank rode at her side, his fine eyes too much absorbed apparently in the charms of his companion to heed the pale face of Kate at the window above.

"Dear me, Mrs. Ingley, how can you stay in the house such a fine morning as this!" cried Annette, snapping off the top of a beautiful rose with her riding whip as she spoke; "it is lovely—why don't you ride!"

Kate answered in the same gay tone, and then bending still further from the window, began to praise the beauty of the animal Frank rode.

He made her some careless reply, and at the same moment Annette, said, with a merry laugh, as she turned her horse's head:

"Now, Mrs. Ingley, you must not be jealous, and think I am running away with your husband."

"No, I am running away with you—*oh-oh-oh!*" said Frank, gaily. And with a slight wave of the hand to Kate, off they galloped, the sound of their happy voices ringing thro' the shady grove like a knell to the heart of Kate.

Jealous! ah, that was it. Now Kate knew what ailed her. Jealous; yes, that was it. Could it be that she was really jealous of her dear Frank? Poor Kate! many bitter tears she shed silently and alone, but making no complaint, and appearing just as kind and gentle as ever to her more than half repentant husband.

One morning Kate was found by Fred Starr sitting in the summer house bathed in tears.

Fred knew in a moment what the matter was, and felt as though he ought to be hung for being instrumental in causing them. He was determined to make a clean breast of it.

"Mr. Ingley—ahem—Kate!"

"Mr. Starr," exclaimed Kate, rising quickly to make her escape and to hide her tears.

"Stop a moment—ahem—Mrs. Ingley, it's only a joke."

"What is a joke? I don't understand you," answered Kate, still averting her face.

"Why, Frank and—Annette."

"Indeed I must go; indeed I must, Mr. Starr," said Kate.

"Now, I'll be hanged if you do!" answered Fred, "you must hear me, my dear Mrs. Ingley; I tell you it's all a joke—I am with you; excuse me; it is only a plot to make you jealous, because the foolish dog thinks you don't love him well enough."

"To make me jealous! ah, is it really so?"

"Yes, it is really so; and I am one of the greatest rascals in the world to connive at such a deception. There is one comfort, however, Frank has suffered as much as you."

At the dinner table, Sue announced her intention of leaving her friends the next day; it was very sudden, to be sure; but something important called her away.

Frank's heart leaped with joy at this, for now Kate would be all his own again; still he managed very politely to make a thousand regrets; they should miss her exceedingly, &c.

"Yes," said Kate, looking very sorrowful, "I don't know what I shall do without you."

"Why don't you invite Miss Starr to pass a few weeks with you?" asked Sue as demure as a kitten; "Frank is so fond of her, too!"

"Shall I, dear Frank? I will if you say; for it will be very pleasant to have her with us," said Kate.

"Yes," added Sue, "and you can practice your duets, here, you know, just as well; why it will be delightful!"

Frank looked from one to the other, but there was such an air of native innocence about that he could not for a moment imagine that anything more was intended than met the ear.

The next morning the stage was early at the door. Kate and Sue took an affectionate leave of each other; and then after a privileged kiss upon her tempting lips, Frank handed Sue into the stage.

"And now," said he, as it turned from the door, folding Kate to his bosom, and forgetting Annette, "now we are once more by ourselves, how happy we shall be!"

"Yes, perhaps so," answered Kate with provoking coolness; but I shall be so lonely; heigh ho, I don't know what I shall do!"

Frank was angry, and turning on his heel, walked off. Kate ran after him with a bunch of flowers.

"Here, Frank, will you give these to Annette?"

Frank muttered something in connection with Miss Starr's name, which did not sound very polite, and unheeding Kate's request, tossed the flowers over the fence.

Frank went home to dinner with a light heart; for he had made up his mind, like a sensible man, to confess his folly to Kate, and vow, as he had done a hundred times, never to indulge in jealousy again. As he sprang up the parlor, he was surprised to hear the voice of Kate laughing and chatting gaily.

"Now I wonder what company Kate has got!" and Frank walked leisurely through the hall, keeping his eye on the half-opened door of the parlor, to ascertain that question.

Ah! it is no wonder that the blood flew into his temples, for there, on the sofa, just think of it, with her arm around Kate's waist, and one hand playing with her long glossy ringlets, sat a very handsome young gentleman!

"Frank, is that you? Won't you come in!" cried Kate.

And then, as Frank rather awkwardly made his entrance, she exclaimed, "Cousin Harry! Harry! my husband, Harry!"

The young gentleman, shook the unwilling hand of Frank very cordially, vowed he was particularly glad to see him, and said several very pert, comical things, twined a very fine pair of whiskers, and glanced at the mirror with a very self-satisfied air.

"Never was there anything so fortunate, Frank!" was thinking how very looesome I should be, when who should arrive but dear cousin Harry!" and saying this, Kate looked so tenderly upon the youth at her side, as made Frank jump up from his chair and bounce out of the room.

At the dinner table poor Frank was but a secondary object. All Kate's attention was given to cousin Harry, who seemed to take it quite coolly, as a matter of course.

"All mere pretence! He has never rode with Annette but once; and as for the walks, bless your soul, they have been confined within the range of his study."

It was now Kate's time to laugh, and she did, so merrily, too, that the little swallow sitting on her nest within the summer-house, put out her head to see what the matter was; and the robins, and the blue-birds, fitting about the old elm tree, joined in the laugh with a burst of bird-like glee.

Away skipped Kate into the house, and bounding into the sitting-room, where Sue sat snugly ensconced upon the sofa enjoying her favorite author, she threw her arms around her neck; and, for the first time, spoke in her present joy of her past unhappiness, and then gaily told the discovery she had just made of Frank's plot against her.

Sue laughed right merrily at the joke; and now if we look upon the picture which the artist has given us of the scene, I think we can detect in her arch face as she listens to Kate, that she is already devising some coun- ter-plot to revenge her friend. Kate, too, seems ready for any mischief, although there is a slight shadow on her lovely countenance, as if she felt somewhat grieved after all by Frank's suspicion.

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At the dinner table poor Frank was but a secondary object. All Kate's attention was given to cousin Harry, who seemed to take it quite coolly, as a matter of course.

"You used to like this dish, Harry," or "Pray, dear cousin, let me send you this," or "Do, Harry take this jam—it is my own make; do Harry."

And cousin Harry made himself perfectly at home; called Frank, "Ingley," and then as soon as they rose from the desert, twined Kate round into the parlor, and opening the piano, begged her to sing one of their old songs. So Kate, putting on a very sentimental face, sang, "I never loved but thee!"

"Um, this is really pretty doings!" exclaimed Frank, aloud, and rising to leave the room.

"O, stop a moment, Frank, will you!" cried Kate, looking over one shoulder; "I want to ask if you have any objections to taking tea with Annette, Miss Starr, I mean, for I have promised cousin Harry I will take a ride with him. It will be such a fine moon-light night, we may be late; don't sit up for me, Frank."

Two or three weeks passed on. Frank was miserable at home, and could not endure to stay there either; for still Cousin Harry haunted his thoughts. Kate, meanwhile seemed perfectly happy; she rode, walked, sang, and flirted with Cousin Harry; in short, gave him the oracle of all her plans.

Frank thought he was, without exception, the most consummate fox he had ever met with, such an off hand air of impudence, why, hang the fellow, Frank was provoked beyond all patience, and one day took the liberty

Extraordinary Fertility.—Wheat.

Bladup Holliday, residing in Utah Territory, on South Cottonwood Creek, about ten miles south of the Great Salt Lake City, raised, from one bushel sowing, one hundred and eighty bushels of the choicest and clearest wheat, measured up, and it weighed plump sixty pounds to the bushel. This bushel was sowed in drills upon three or four acres of ground, and seasonally irrigated. This same gentleman informed us that his wheat was better this last season than it was the year previous, and he felt confident that a portion of his last crop would produce two hundred bushels from one bushel sowing, though not then threshed out. That is truly a great country for wheat, but it requires much labor and attention during the season of irrigation; and connected with this operation, there are many little things to be observed, or you will ruin your crop. Every new settler can learn them all from the experience of those who were there before him. No country that we ever saw can equal it for vines, and vegetables of all kinds. Melons in great abundance are produced there, of the largest size and richest quality that we ever saw. It is not natural for Indian corn, yet it is grown freely, and the land has been made to produce fifty bushels to the acre, though this is an uncommon yield.

Farmers begin to sow wheat there in August, and continue to sow every month, and perhaps every week, when frost does not prevent, until the next June; and about the 20th of June they begin to harvest, and continue harvesting their wheat until the following November. We went there on the 1st of October, and the ones were as green as Summer, and many pieces of wheat were not harvested, but were just turning white; and we said, surely this is the country where "the plowmen overtake the reapers."

In this country, when wheat is ripe, it has to be harvested or the crop is lost. Not so there. It may stand in the field a month after it is ripe and take no harm. It is a different sort of wheat from ours. When early wheat is harvested in that country, by irrigating the stubble ground, a second growth springs out from the roots of the stubble and out from the seed, and often comes to maturity the same year. This is usually the case with oats.—*Frontier Guardian*, 25th.

The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1851.

J. B. POTTENGER, No. 10 STATE ST., (Journal Building) Boston, is authorized agent for procuring subscriptions, forwarding advertisements, &c.

The Portland Advertiser Again.

In our last issue in reply to the Portland Advertiser, we affirmed that Mr. Leggett did not belong to the abolition party, and in proof, made the following quotation from a former article in that paper, omitting the first three words: "At that time he was no professed abolitionist." We had no connection with them as a class." The editor complains of this omission, and informs us that, by that time, he referred to 1834, when Mr. Leggett opposed the mobs raised to put down abolitionists, and this does not contradict what he said of his being an abolitionist in 1837.—8.

We simply made the omission, because the definite time would not appear unless we took in the connection; and we supposed that Mr. Leggett was as much opposed to slavery "at that time," and at the time he opposed the Post Office riot in 1835, in Charleston, S. C., relative to incendiary papers, as he ever was. The editor of the Advertiser, referred to these facts to prove Mr. Leggett's Anti-slavery sentiments "at first time," and said, in substance, that for these sentiments he was treated with an intolerant spirit by the democratic press and party; and even now he continues to show, by a quotation, that in 1835, Mr. Leggett, after reading an Anti-slavery address, "rose up from his examination as an abolitionist." But now the editor says, "We had expressly stated that at that time he had no connection with them as a class, and in fact we suppose he had then given the subject but little thought." Is it not a little strange that he was opposed and deserted by the Democratic party "at that time," if he had "given the subject of slavery but little thought," and of course had said less?

But we still contend that Mr. Leggett did not belong to the abolition party. True, as stated by the Advertiser, Mr. Leggett, when his friends in 1838, endeavored to secure his nomination as a candidate for Congress, might have feared that his "advocates and champions," who were democrats and not abolitionists, "would seek to recommend him to popular support, by representing him as not an abolitionist," when he was one, that is in the same sense that democrats in the free States are generally, opposed to slavery in all its forms, just as we have always admitted. But "he had no connection with them as a class" or party, for he was not in favor of a secession, or organization, or offering a political party, based upon the single question of slavery, knowing, as he did, that the two great leading parties were whig and democratic, and that the members of these parties at the South would differ from the members of the same parties at the North, upon this question. Consequently he always remained with the democratic party, and advocated its principles, and none the less because he rebuked the wrongs of individual members.

In the Fall of 1836, Mr. L. relinquished his interest in the N. Y. Evening Post, and proposed publishing a weekly political paper to be called "the Plain Dealer." This proposition was encouraged by the democratic press, generally, and he was highly complimentary for his faithful and untiring industry in the cause of political truth, and righteous legislation. In January 1837, we believe, he commenced his publication. It was highly approved as a democratic paper, advocating the measures of the national democratic administration; it depended upon the democratic party for its support, and its editor was declared the honest, talented and fearless champion of equal rights; and while neither him self nor his paper was claimed by the abolition party, all democrats, with few exceptions, if any, wished him ample success in his new enterprise. In 1838 a strong effort was made by the democrats to nominate Mr. Leggett as a candidate for Congress, and in 1839, he was offered by our government the employment of confidential agent to Central America, which was approved by the Democratic party almost universally, and he was about

making arrangements for his voyage to that country, when an attack of his old complaint, of greater violence than usual, supervened and put an end to his life. These facts show that he always had the confidence of the Democratic party, and yet the editor of the Advertiser would have his readers believe that Mr. L. was murdered by the intolerance of that party.

But suppose Mr. Leggett belonged to the Abolitionist party, as asserted in the Advertiser, the editor fails to make out his case.—The question between us is, "whether Leggett was deserted by his party on account of his anti-slavery sentiments." We said that he was not, although he might have been opposed by a few individuals, and the foregoing facts prove that we were right.

As for what is said about "wilful petty misrepresentation," "ignorance" and the like, we leave them where they belong, in the columns of the Advertiser. We wish that paper no harm, and shall ever be glad to learn, for its reader's sake, that it has a "true Editor."

If the Editor of the Advertiser would like a specimen of intolerance to abolitionists, we would cite him to the following from a leading Whig Journal in a free State.

"If Abolitionism,—or in other words treason,—treats to the Union of the states in its most odious form,—had not raised its hideous head among us, we might proclaim with certainty, that WILLIAM H. SEWARD is elected Governor. But the knaves who seek the abolition of slavery without regard to the Constitution and institutions of the country, have for a moment seduced honest and high-minded men into their toils, and have thus given themselves a political importance which is as transient as it is contemptible."

We shall not again request the editor of the Advertiser to define his position, because on account of his frequent changes, we think it impossible for him to do it. So far as we can learn, he appears in as many different positions, as "Mr. Finis" used to appear in different books. And on this hangs the story of the old lady that thought more of the number of books she had read through, than how well she understood the contents; and always finding at the end of all the books of her time the word Finis, and not understanding the idea for that word was only the sign, presuming it must be the same worthy patron, or celebrated author. One day as she folded together a book, she had just been reading, she exclaimed, with much self-approbation, "Let what a great man this Mr. Finis must be, I find his name in all the books I read." So, if this old lady could find all the positions of the Advertiser editor, she might think him "a great man," and say with the men of more truth than poetry,

He were it, and were not,
And leave a body still in doubt,
Whether the snake that made the track
Was going South or coming back.

Toasts by the Trade.

At the New England celebration at Mill-wake, the Secretary read the list of professional toasts which follows, and which were received with uproarious applause.

By a Baker.—The storm of liberty.—It rages in the east—may it continue to give its light till it has covered the whole world, and prepared it for the last great day.

By a Hatter.—Our Country—may its rim be ocean-bound, and its land kept tightly buckled; and may it never be subject to a crown, and always mindful of the glories of its—Gown.

By a Dry Goods Merchant.—Our National Flag—may we never measure it by yard, nor sell it without a reasonable advance on its first cost, adding transportation and insurance.

By a School Master.—The old Puritan discipline—may its use never be perverted by, nor its benefits reduced to a cypher.

By a Lawyer.—The "Beech Seal"—Its application to the early Yankees by the Green Mountain Boys dispensed with the necessity of putting a comb on their hair.

By a Painter.—Plymouth Rock.—The *Independence Stone*—may the form of our liberties was made up; may it be a type of their perpetuity.

By a Tailor.—The American Union.—*Buttressed up* by the patriotism of our ancestors—may its mantle of virtuous indignation prick the goose that attempts to rip its seams asunder.

By a Miller.—The Mayflower.—Ground from the *Grant of oppression*, it turned out no *Shocks*.

By a Forwarder.—The Boston Tea Party—may its memory be stored away as a warning to all who attempt to exact an illegal contribution.

By a Banker.—The Pilgrim Stock.—Above *par* in every market.

By a Blacksmith.—Cuff had been out with the cart and oxen, and returning, his master asked what was the trouble.

"Why, massa, de wheel is broke."

"Is that all, Cuff?"

"No, massa, de tongue broke, too."

"What! did the oxen run away?"

"Yes, massa, and kill de nigh ox."

"Is it possible, Cuff?"

"And de ox, too, massa."

"So, you broke rascal! you have made a perfect smash up, and that is the reason why you came back; why didn't you tell me so?"

"Why, massa, I s'pose dat one wheel broke de ficient of itself, individually, widout proceeding into de entire argument of de cart and oxen."

A man who had climbed a cypress tree, had by carelessness missed his hold of one of the branches, and fell to the ground with such violence as to break one of his ribs.

A neighbor, coming to his assistance, remarked to him dryly, "that had he followed his rule in these cases, he would have avoided this accident."

"What rule did you mean?" asked the other.

"This," replied the philosopher, "never to come down a place faster than you go up."

A Negro Meeting has been held in Sacramento, California, petitioning the Legislature for equal rights with the whites.

John Thomas, the murderer of a soldier named Stevens, near Jefferson Barracks, was hung at St. Louis on the 14th inst. Thomas had served long in the Mexican war, and has relations, it is said, in Boston. He killed Stevens in order to possess himself of a small sum of money.



FESTIVAL

OF THE SONS OF OXFORD IN THE QUEEN CITY.

OLD OXFORD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SONS OF OXFORD IN BANGOR.

TEXT.—The Poets.

There is a land of noble fame—
Our border is the West—
Where basins thrive—the handmaid,
The loveliest, and best,
O, tell us of the Oxford girls,
Whoever we may stray:
'Twill give delight
To our dreams by night,
And to our thoughts by day.

This is the land where the Bears,
The Bears so bold and strong,
Who, from their own granite hills,
Will never yield to wrong—
Then here, O, tell us of the Oxford Bears,
And Oxford girls, so gay,
Who give delight
To our dreams by night,
And to our thoughts by day.

This is the land where sacred names
To California's shores,
When her Peon and Mexico
Yield up their jewel stores:
Bad luck to California mines
When Oxford girls so gay,
Do give delight
To our dreams by night,
And to our thoughts by day.

This is the land where Paris styles,
And Canton Nobles are known,
As useful as in other lands,
While they are all her own;
Then here, O, tell us of the Oxford girls,
Of Oxford girls, so gay,
Who give delight
To our dreams by night,
And to our thoughts by day.

This is the land where Johnny Bull
May Oxford Father find,
And show his thoughts with White-Cap fall,
If he's to show his mind;
And here, O, tell us of the Oxford girls,
As he goes in his way,
Who'll give delight
To his dreams by night,
And to his thoughts by day.

This is the land where Chamberlain
Shot Pango with that gun
That reached from there to yonder
And weighed half a ton;
And here, O, tell us of the Oxford girls,
As he goes in his way,
Who'll give delight
To his dreams by night,
And to his thoughts by day.

This is the land where Chamberlain
Shot Pango with that gun
That reached from there to yonder
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And here, O, tell us of the Oxford girls,
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upon a nobler race than were their sires, and the evening prayer is not said in the Saxon tongue with more devotion than inspired their mother when they brought the blessings of heaven upon their sons.

Our Mothers.—Those yet spared to us we adore—the memory of those who are gone, we venerate.

By a Guest.—
Helen and Fryburg Academies—Founded by the munificence of our fathers, may these institutions never suffer from the want of support from her sons.

By the President.—
Gen. Levi Hubbard.—The first State Senator, the first Captain, the first Colonel, the first Major General and the first Representative to Congress from Oxford County. The remembrance of his many sterling qualities will not soon be forgotten by the Sons of Oxford.

By a Guest.—
The Iron Horse of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad.—Apost to enter that marvelous and romantic country, the Coon, the upper Coon and the Coos above the upper Coos. Who will insure against his capture by flight to parts unknown when he comes to rest within the hearing of any grave of a Hampshire horse-jockey?

By Gen. S. P. Strickland.—
The Sons of Oxford.—May their industry and virtue exalt them to the nobleness of their progenitors.

By D. Norton Esq., Oblivion.—
The Sons of Oxford Abroad.—May they be able to perpetuate the virtue and integrity of their ancestors.

By a Guest.—
The Union.—Our fathers freely perilled their lives to form it—their sons will do no less to defend it.

By G. K. Jewett Esq.—
The Mothers of Oxford.—Grandmothers of the pride and hope of a goodly portion of Penobscot.

By Judge E. G. Rawson.—
The Sons of Oxford.—Taught industry and frugality among their native hills. If true to their early instruction they are successful and prosperous, wherever found.

By a Guest.—
The County of Penobscot.—She gives a hearty welcome to all life emigrants from whatever point of the compass they may come.

By Major Samuel F. Hersey.—
Oxford and Penobscot.—Land of our nativity and land of our adoption. May we show that our principles are as firm as our native hills—our charities as generous as our own noble river.

By Dr. C. A. Jordan.—
The Emigrant Bears.—Wherever they roam they are true to their instincts of energy, patriotism and plunder.

By a Guest.—
The City of Bangor.—The Queen city of the East. The only rivalry between her native and adopted sons is, who shall most promote her honor and her best interests.

By J. T. Clark Esq., of Paris.—
Bangor.—The Queen City of the East—my former home. I love her for the past. I enjoy her at present. May God bless her in the future.

The following was then sung with the spirit and understanding, the bears all rearing upon their hind paws:

"OUR FATHER LAND."

WRITTEN FOR THE SONS OF OXFORD IN BANGOR.

AIR.—And Long Live.

Can we forget our father-land,
Where towers the stately pine,
Beneath whose shade the red men roved
In old long years?
Can we forget its rocky hills,—
Of strength the earthy sign—
The mountain streams—the gushing rills,
Of old long years?

Can we forget its valleys green,
Their wealth of corn and clover,
That, from the hill-tops, we have seen,
In old long years?

Can we forget the glazy lake,
Where first we dropped the line,
The spring that used our thirst to slake
In old long years?

Can we forget the dim green-wood,
Embered by summer's glow,
Where oft, we roved, in merry mood,
In old long years?

And sought the bear and flying deer,
"From morning sun till dew,"
Nor thought of danger or of fear,
In old long years?

Can we forget those stony acres,
With hearts of iron design,
Whose walls gleamed bright with Freedom's fires,
In old long years?

Can we forget those Sunday morn's,
When not they used to join,
And talk about their warlike ways,
In old long years?

Can we forget those stony acres,
With hearts of iron design,
Whose walls gleamed bright with Freedom's fires,
In old long years?

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Board—I am happy to meet you at this hospitable board. The last ten years of my life I have spent in your county, and I claim her as my home by possession. In all the changes of this life may her lofty mountains, her swiftly flowing streams and placid lakes and our Alma Mater be never forgotten.

By Henry E. Prentiss Esq.—
The Union of the States—Too great a blessing to be even hazarded for the poor and unprofitable privilege of meddling with other people's business.

S. P. Dinwiddie, Esq., of the Manery, gave:

Penobscot.—In the lap of the Oxford Bear, she cannot but increase.

John Appleton Esq., prefacing with the remark that although sensible of the pride and joy experienced by those present, he could not regret that he had been born in the old Granite State, to which he felt a strong attachment, gave:

The County of Oxford.—Glorious in the magnificence of her scenery, rich in the productions of her enterprise and industry—richer and more glorious in her sons—at home and abroad.

By Nathan M. Marble, County Treasurer of Oxford.

The Sons of Oxford, who have taken up their residence in Penobscot—their industry and perseverance show them true Sons of whom Old Oxford will ever be proud.

By C. P. Roberts:

Oxford and Penobscot.—Closely united by the amalgamation of their sons and daughters. May those from the former who have been transplanted among us, find here not a barren, but a bearing soil.

By a Lady:

The Mothers and Sisters of Oxford.—They were not permitted to join in the festival, may their clean hearths and bright fireplaces, their frugal industries and temperate habits, not be forgotten by the favored Sons.

By Prof. Locke of Medical College, Cincinnati:

The Constitution and the Union.—Exclusion to him who would violate the one or sever the other.

By Charles O. Record:

Ladies of Oxford.—Although not assembled with us this evening, our thoughts still recur to them as the star of our devotion.

Hon. Benjamin Wiggins, answered a call upon him in some very appropriate remarks in which the character of the people of Oxford County were justly eulogized, and gave:

The energy of character and integrity of purpose of the Sons of Oxford.

J. F. Rawson Esq., read several letters and among them some poetical effusions of much merit contributed by the fair daughters of Oxford. In compliment to them he gave:

The Daughters of Oxford, as pure and as fair
As the roses that kiss them in her own mountain air,
From her hill-tops and streams, though far we may roam,
The smiles of their beauty shall beckon us home.

John I. Godfrey, Esq., being called upon, favored the company with a humorous poem in which was interwoven much, well understood and appreciated. He concluded with this sentiment:

The Sons of Oxford and Penobscot.—An enterprise, thrifty, bold of men. They are fond of change, and they get it. Penobscot County has been benefited by their residence in it, and they have been benefited by their residence in Penobscot County. May all future immigration be attended with the same results.

J. S. Sayward Esq., concluded some very appropriate remarks with the following:

The Incas of Bangor.—May every man bring with him the intelligence, patriotism, industry and moral worth of the fathers, and every woman bring with her the gentleness, devotion, faith and humility of the mothers of the places of their nativity; and here, by a union of all these virtues, adorn human life, and reflect back worthy honors upon kindred and home.

Joseph Bartlett, Esq., of the Jeffersonian, was called upon, and in a few neat remarks offered this sentiment:

The Bears.—Though the quadrupeds are fast disappearing before the onward progress of civilization, may the indomitable and fondly loving biped race, such as Old Oxford sires, be perpetuated and increased ad infinitum.

The following sentiments were read from letters received:

By Peter C. Virgin Esq., of Rumford.—
The Sons of Oxford.—Whenever found they are noted for love of liberty, keen sense of justice, enterprise and "gumption"—but never "will."

Hon. Daniel Goodnow of Alfred.—
The Sons of Oxford.—May their fraternal regard be as broad as the constitution and limits of our common country and durable as their own native hills.

By John M. Adams Esq., of Portland.—
The Sons of Good Old Oxford.—May they be like the hills of their native country, always rising upward and her rivers, ever onward.

Dr. Israel B. Bradley of Fryburg.—
The Emigrants of Old Oxford.—May their energy, enterprise and love of adventure be equalled by their integrity, intelligence and worth.

By Dr. Job Holmes of Calais.—
Oxford County.—May her grandsons be an improvement on her sons.

By Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, delegate to Congress from Oregon.—
The Sons of Oxford.—May their acts be as permanent and their principles as firm as are her mountains.

By Hon. R. K. Goodnow:

The Sons of Oxford.—Whenever assembled for pleasure or for toil, socially or publicly, ever aiming to honor their "father land."

By Hon. Elbridge Gerry:

The Mothers of Oxford.—Their virtues only equalled by the enterprise of their sons.

George F. Emery, Esq., of Portland:

The Festival of the Sons of Oxford.—The best native party extant—the happiest "Union Meeting" of the season.

By Zadoc Long, Esq., of Buckfield:

Board—I am happy to meet you at this hospitable board. The last ten years of my life I have spent in your county, and I claim her as my home by possession. In all the changes of this life may her lofty mountains, her swiftly flowing streams and placid lakes and our Alma Mater be never forgotten.

From a letter from Maj. Hastings Strickland, dated "On the Denon Seat in Ragmold Camp, No. 1, Range 14"—regretting his inability to be present:—

The Daughters of Oxford.—May kind Providence bless them with every earthly comfort requisite to their happiness in this life, and grant them its richest blessings in that to come.

The occasion having advanced into the small digits of the morning, the delighted company dispersed. A large amount of material was unexamined, and the only regret seemed to be that the hours were not as long as the enduring conviviality of the company, who provided themselves in this respect every way worthy of the encomiums which had been showered upon them during the evening.

New Hampshire Election.

The election in New Hampshire was held last Tuesday, for members of Congress and State Officers. The unfortunate circumstances under which the Democrats went into the contest, growing out of the strange vacillation of their first candidate for Governor, are familiar to our readers. But New Hampshire is Democratic, and will soon bring back a new party.

Refined from 121 towns, published in the Atlas, gave Dinwiddie, the democratic candidate for Governor, 16,480 votes; Sawyer, w. 12,922; Atwood, 8082. There is, pretty evidently, no chance of Governor by the people. For Congress, Messrs. Peaslee and Hubbard, democrats, are elected. Perkins, whig and free soil, beats Morrison, democrat. Turk may be elected in his district. If we have only carried two members of Congress, we shall still have as many as we elected in the last Congress from that State.

To the House, the Atlas gives the opposition 74 Representatives, Democrats 62. This must be received with some allowance. Nothing from the Senate.

LATER.—The Argus of yesterday morning, says, "We received at 10 o'clock last evening the following telegraphic despatch from the Concord Patriot:

There is no choice of Governor. Returns from three-fourths of the State indicate that Dinwiddie, will lack 2000 to 3000. Dinwiddie and Sawyer, (whig) are the two highest candidates, one of whom must be chosen by the legislature. It is pretty certain that the democrats will have a majority in the legislature. Atwood, the candidate repudiated by the democrats, received the free soil votes and 4 or 5000 democrat and whig votes.—The whole vote will not probably exceed 12,000. Peaslee and Hubbard, (democrat) and Turk and Perkins (free soil whigs) are elected to Congress. It is certain that nearly all of the amended constitution has been rejected.

[Editor of the Patriot.]

