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Poetry.

For the Democrat.

To —
You make me think of the dead, Lorette,
Of the early land and dead—
Your mother's spirit is living yet,
The soul is in her head.
I see her soul in your glancing eye,
In the changes of your cheek;
And I hear the voice of a life gone by,
Whenever you chance to speak.
It recalls to mind my early life—
Freedom from fear and care;
When I knew as little of worldly strife
As the bird that skims the air.
I can see the dull home by the stone
Where we hid our faces to rest;
Where we played together or played alone
As suited our feelings best.
I look on the tiny spot again
Where we planted our peas and rye;
And covered them well from the sun and rain
For fear they would droop and die.
Our years of childhood soon were o'er,
Life call'd upon every side—
We floated off from the shore'd shore,
And launched on the swelling tide.
For a little time we kept in sight,
While the day was mild and warm—
Our craft was new, the breeze was light,
And we thought not of the storm.
But the voyager over the sea of life
Will surely see the hour,
When winds and waters are in strife,
And himself within their power.
But with her 'twas only a changing breeze—
She saw no tempest from—
Her barge soon rounded on the treacherous seas,
And suddenly went down—
When I turn me back on the past to look
Her face and form I see
Indelibly graven on memory's book
With the scenes of idleness.
And when I see her smile look out
From her youthful daughter's eye,
I feel, at the time, inclined to doubt
That her spirit is in the sky. OTTOMA.

For the Democrat.

A Song of Youth.

I am young, I am young,
My blood boils with life;
I feel in my pulse's swift
Its current quick and strong.
I am young, I am young,
My life is in its spring,
And rainbow-hues appear
On each and every thing.
I am young, I am young,
Bright eyes before me rise,
Of sunny landscapes late,
Of smiling, cloudless skies.
I am young, I am young,
And go would always be;
As happy and as free. P.

Miscellaneous.

From the Boston Traveller.
EDWARD NORTON:
Or the Rich Man's Legacy.

In all the little village of B., not a place was so celebrated for its simple rustic beauty as that belonging to young Edward Norton, the gardener.

He was a precious boy. At eighteen was as advanced in means and station as many a man at thirty; and only elated by his success, he had fallen into the common error of active young men in our country—that of taking upon himself responsibilities beyond his age and capabilities. He had run in debt for a pretty house and a few acres of land, married a young and beautiful girl, and at that period in life when most are asking themselves what they are to do, and to be, the question for him was all settled, and he had, as he often and emphatically said, now only "to make the best of it."

And the "best" he seemed very likely to make; for his wife was industrious, good-tempered, and healthy, as well as young and beautiful, and the little son, who, before many years, added one more to his cares, was a promising and welcome child.

Early in the morning and late at night with sunshine in both their hearts, and of course sunshine around them, they toiled on. The little cottage peeped out from beneath the climbing roses and woodbine. Every spot on the few acres was teeming with the rich produce of scientific cultivation. The debt never heavy excepting when there was nothing in the purse wherewith to defray it, was melting away before their united industry. It was already more than half paid, and life lay stretched out before the young couple like a long, cloudless summer day when a bolt from heaven fell suddenly upon them.

Edward Norton was attacked with typhus fever. He had never before known a sick day; and like other strong constitutions, he felt a rapid and easy prey to the dread disease. One Monday night, he sat with little boy upon his knee, and laughed and frolicked with him as gay and as careless as the child himself; and his wife, with her heart overflowing with joy and silent thankfulness, looked from one to the other, and wondered which was the dearest; and the next Monday night she stood by his bed-side, and with clasped hands and tearful eyes, prayed "God for strength to see that cold, still form borne from her sight forever!" It was past, and the house, and the world, were desolate to her. She sat hour after hour with her little boy in her arms, rocking him to and fro, and mechanically listening to and providing for his wants; but to the kind neighbors, some one of whom never left her, she did not appear to eat or sleep. It was in vain they tried to interest her in things about her; even to the pressing business of the garden, she returned but a slight answer, if any at all. What wonder! A desolate world! What had it

left for her! But just as the patience of those who had nothing to attach them to her other than their own kind feeling and pleasant memories of her happy days, was beginning to be exhausted, she suddenly roused herself, thanked them with touching words for all they had done for her and the dear one who was gone, and said she felt now perfectly able to care for herself and her little garden. How patiently and diligently she toiled. No one saw the tears that fell like rain upon the brown earth, as she handled her spade and hoe just when and where they were most required. No one heard the deep and frequent sighs that waked up the echoes of that silent house; no one but God, and He did not forget her. A gentle and submissive spirit, it was the doom He sent her—and it was heaven's richest gift.

The first year of her widowhood crept slowly by. It seemed to her as if time had been suddenly bereft of his wings or paused in his rapid flight, to look upon the devastation he had wrought. Her little Edward, however, marked his progress by additional height and strength. He was fast losing all his baby wants, but the flash of his eye grew every day more and more like his father's. That peculiar smile which she had loved so much it was not buried in the silent grave. She looked upon it, and felt her heart warmed and gladdened by it, every day of her life.

As he began to talk, he had his father's very trick of tone and manner. Oh, a blessed, dearly prized gift he was to her! A solitary bud, blossoming over the tomb of buried affection and buried memories!

Already a voice from that future which had seemed lost to her began to call in his soft, silvery tones; already his little baby hand began to beckon her on to years to come.

Home was not only his home, who had gone, but to be his who prattled by her side as she toiled on unwearying, though her frame had grown feeble, and the light of health had fled from her race, beneath the overtask which each day required to keep the garden in its proper state. She could not afford to hire assistance, indeed she would not have wished it, if she could. Each mound of earth was hallowed to her, for there he had wrought, and she seemed, as she quietly bent to her task, to be holding unseen communion with him still.

Just as he had done, just so he had strove to do, and many a person stopped, and looked over the garden path, with wonder, that everything could look so well, now Edward Norton was no longer there. They did not know that any appearance of disorder went to his wife's heart, like a reproach for her own neglect. The boy and the home; they were his gifts to her; and this she never ceased to remember.

Before their marriage she had been made but little acquainted with business matters. She knew that the money with which the house and garden was purchased, was hired; but she knew also that the installments and interest had always been regularly paid, and that now the smaller half alone remained to be settled. As soon as it was necessary, she acquainted herself thoroughly with this part of the business, and became convinced that a few years of industrious saving would make the place entirely her own—her own and her son's. After all, life had something worth living for.

One night the Postmaster's boy, from the village, came to her door with a letter. It was a very uncommon occurrence, for her friends were few, knew that she was left, and they said "well off," and therefore troubled themselves very little about her. The letter was large, and the direction it bore was in a business hand. "Mrs. Edward Norton." It was from one then who had known her husband and who knew of his death.

She turned it over and over, many times, without daring to break the seal. It was post marked Boston, and with that indefinable wish which so many have to assure themselves of the contents of a letter, through the envelope, she peeped in under its yellow covering, and felt dashed, pointed, when nothing but blank white paper met her eye. At last she summoned courage to open it. It ran as follows:

Mrs. Norton:—Your late husband, as I suppose you know, hired me to the amount of five hundred dollars, for the purchase of a small house and a few acres of land. He gave me a mortgage on the same, but as he has been punctual in the payment, both of installments and interest, I have had no occasion to demand anything else from him. Now, however, it becomes necessary that the remaining debt, amounting to 204 dollars, should be paid immediately, and as by the terms of my agreement, I have the right after a certain number of years, which have now expired, to the whole, I shall be glad if you can send me the 204 dollars by Monday's mail. If you should not be able to pay me I shall feel it right to foreclose the mortgage, and shall proceed to do so.

J. ALDEN

The letter dropped from the widow's hand. In a moment the whole extent of her danger became known to her. The name and the hand writing was the same as that which appeared in the notes relating to the little property, and in the sudden and explicit business letter, she read the character of the man with whom she had to deal.

From that moment she had no hope but in God. Falling on her knees, she prayed long and earnestly. She had no one earthly friend to lean upon in her extremities, and well for her that she could go to Him as a child to a father. With a steady and tearful eye, she seated herself by her husband's little desk. She had never had occasion to use his pen before, and yet, though she remembered vividly the last time she saw him sitting there, in the pride of his health and strength, not a nerve trembled as she traced the following lines:

"The God of the widow and fatherless forgive me! I cannot pay you. I would faithfully and honestly have remitted all to you, in the same way that it has already been done, but have no friends, no one on earth to help me in this sudden calamity. You must, sir,

do as your heart dictates, for I have no protector but God now.
Respectfully yours,
MARY NORTON."

She walked, herself, to the post office with the letter, but as she dropped it into the box and felt sure that between her and her misfortune there was left no hope, her heart seemed to stop beating, and she sat down upon the first stone to which she came. The past, the present, and the future whirled by her in one tremendous tempest of thought.

Poor, young thing! Life had dealt but hardly with her, and no wonder that at last she fainted by the way.

Now she could not longer to retrace her steps to that dear spot, no longer home. She wished she was sleeping quietly—ah! so sweetly—by the grass grown grave. But how mercifully, even in our times of sorest need, some tie binds us to earth! God knows the wants of our soul, and not those he loveth most does he chasten, without remembering that the mortal has not yet put on immortality.

"Ma'ma, dear ma'ma!" said little Edward's baby voice, and she took the child in her arms, and bent her solitary steps toward the garden and the house.

She did not look up as she approached them; she could not trust herself; but she went in and quietly resumed her usual tasks. There were three days before Monday, and much remained to be done.

The way in which a trial is met and borne, is often considered as development of character, but it is more properly its birth day. Germs hidden within the soul, which require some extraordinary event to bring them forth to life and strength. We start up from the pressure of a heavy calamity, if it is well and nobly suffered, new beings, and so now Mrs. Norton meekly and submissively, again bent her "neck to the yoke," and when the sun rose clear and bright, upon the last Monday morning that she should ever watch it steal through those climbing roses, and light up so pleasantly that little bridal home—she has no murmur at the heart to subdue, nothing but a cold, dead feeling.

Another letter from Mr. Alden, in reply to hers, had informed her that he was on occasion to alter his plans, and should be down from the city at ten on this Monday morning to take possession.

Before ten the last preparation was made, the last loved spot visited and wept over, and holding little Edward fast by the hand, she seated herself to await the coming of the new owner of the home.

Mr. Alden was a punctual business man, so she had not long to wait. The sound of coming wheels—then a cloud of dust, and finally an elegant city house and buggy, containing a gentleman and a little child, came driving rapidly down the street, and stopped before the door. There was an evident embarrassment, for a moment, in Mr. Alden's face, as he saw the widow sitting so quietly on the step of the door, with her trunk locked and standing beside her; but he was too much a man of the world to allow it to be long apparent, and lifting the child, a little boy not much older than Edward, from the carriage, he approached Mrs. Norton, and so easily and pleasantly introduced himself, that a stranger would have thought he came upon business of a most agreeable nature. He was profuse in his compliments upon the improvement of the place since it had come into Mrs. Norton's possession, and said so easily from these, to regret for the necessity which made him appear a land creditor, that those who were accustomed to his brief, business habits, when in the counting room, would have found much difficulty in recognizing the man.

In truth, the whole affair, had taken him rather by surprise. He was an extensive merchant whose gains had been slow, but large. He had lost his wife early in their married life, and had had no domestic expenses but for the one little boy whom he had brought with him. This child he idolized, but it was the only thing he loved beside his business. So excepting this one spot, his heart had turned to stone. He might as well have been an automaton, or a bronze statue; chained to his desk, for all the good he did or impression he produced upon the great living world around him.

Business was business, nothing more, and surely nothing less; and when he heard of Mr. Norton's death he looked upon the five hundred dollars lent him as money surely invested, and ready to be called in at any moment's notice. He had intended to do this when the time for the first quarterly payment should arrive; but as he punctually received it he determined to wait a year, and then, before the widow should have had time to put the property into the possession of another husband, to reclaim it. He took no trouble to acquaint himself with any of the particulars of the case. He wrote to Mrs. Norton, and read her answer with that feeling of mute surprise at the sorrow which it evinced, with which a man without a heart is apt to recognize the existence of it in some other individual. There was something about it which made him uncomfortable. He did not trouble himself to discover what; much less did he wish he had left the widow unmolested; but he noticed it as rather an unusual fact, that the drive into the country, and the taking possession of that bit of a house and land was quite an event to him.

Therefore, now, as he stood talking with Mrs. Norton he made more of an exertion than he had ever been known to make before at reconciliation. Her manner, however, was brief and cold. So had the dread of him filled her mind that she hardly expected to see a being in human form. She felt as if there must surely be something deformed or uncouth in his personal appearance—that moral defects must produce personal. And his fine person and bland manners were the more repellent because so unexpected. She kept repeating to herself what she heard a few Sabbath before from the pulpit, that "the devil

oftentimes makes his appearance in the guise of an angel of light." She glanced down at his polished boots stealthily, and drew little Edward closer to his side.

The longer Mr. Alden conversed with her and received those absent replies, the more uneasy he also became. And, at last, dropping all attempt at courtesy, he briefly and almost sharply informed her that he had already sold the house, and would refund to her what was her due at any time or place she may appoint.

The sum he named fell far short of what was really owing her, but this did not surprise Mrs. Norton; she had hardly expected any return, and was ready to begin the world anew.

It was strange to see those children, as so differently circumstanced in life, they stood looking at each other, with no feeling of participation in the events transpiring around them. Rufus Alden was tall and stout for his age, very much resembling his father in his personal appearance. He was dressed in fine, though simple, clothes, and, altogether, looked as he was, the representative of wealth and station.

Edward Norton had mean but clean clothes, awkward and very shy manners, but there was soul in his eye and heart in his smile. For the one, the battle of life had been already fought; for the other, hour by hour, and day by day, the armor had been forging; he had yet to put it on and test his own strength in the battle. But what was all this future to the boys then. They were now wholly wrapt up. Rufus, in the spell of the money, happy heart, which beamed forth from Edward's blue eyes; and Edward in the bright buttons, and tasseled cap, of the little gentleman. Had the children been left alone together, the sympathy which attracts the whole class, one toward the other, might have induced them to speak, but they are generally good tests of the feelings of those who naturally exert an influence over them. Subtle and unseen thoughts and emotions run along the chords of the affections, and while we think they are hidden within our own breasts, they start up before us, strong in life and youth, from the children who are sitting at our feet. So now these boys, belonging to the same child-world, were yet as disinterested as their parents.

"I will take all that remains to me now," said Mrs. Norton at last, extending her hand. "Our paths in life lie in very different directions. We shall never meet again."

Without delay Mr. Alden took out to her the sum he had named. She hesitated to put her hand to the paper, while she lost all title to the home, but one glance in his face was enough. There was still no hope.

As he folded the paper and put it carelessly back in his pocket, his conscience, a part of him which had never before for years given a thought, which told of life, asked suddenly from its long trance, but it was faint and ghost-like, and he laid it perturbed spirit very easily to rest.

"Is that boy motherless?" asked the low, smothered voice of Mrs. Norton, as she turned to go.

"Yes. Why do you ask?" answered Mr. Alden quickly.

"Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me," said Mrs. Norton, slowly and solemnly. "God avert the curse from this poor boy."

"Woman, you drive!" said Mr. Alden angrily; and with long strides he turned hastily from the house, leaving his child with him, and when the sound of his carriage wheels had once more died upon the air, Mrs. Norton threw herself upon her knees, and in that last fervent prayer did not forget the "motherless boy."

Years passed by, and life's work went forward with both. Mr. Alden had gone on amassing wealth until the very success which attended all his undertakings became a proverb. "As lucky as Alden," was to be a favored one, and many a large fortune had been made and lost, while without one single failure that was ever known, Mr. Alden had heaped up the shining gold. Rufus had grown to be a man, and no son could have more perfectly realized all of a parent's fondest wishes. He was better educated, and therefore perhaps more shrewd, calculating, and of unflinching judgment than his father. It seemed as if in the matters of dollars and cents he was gifted with double sight, and could discern the rise and fall in market, with that unerring taste which in a better cause would have made him great. As it was now, he was only another counting house machine—an improved kind, warranted to do business in half the time, doubtless as well as his father, and very worthy of taking out a patent from the sage office. He possessed, however, one trait which his father did not—worldly pride that would have distinguished life itself before it would bear a stain upon it. In many respects this was a safeguard to him. It kept him from innumerable little meannesses and acts of dishonesty of which his father had been guilty, and really obliged him, when the time came in which it seemed necessary and proper to marry, to select for himself a wife whose beauty of person and gentle winning manners made her universally loved.

To her he gave as much heart as he had to give. But before the close of the first year of her married life, her warm affections had been chilled until the very life of their life seemed frozen up, and after a few years more did the birth of a little girl have the power to call them back. The mother's heart had died with the wife's and she saw the child grow singularly lovely, as she would have watched the unfolding of a rare rosebud in the conservatory of a friend. A dead heart! It followed naturally in the train of evils springing from a hard, worldly life, and like many others, led to untold and fatal consequences.

When Laura, the darling child of father and grandfather, entered upon her sixth year, she, too, was motherless. Not by the stroke of

death; that would have been far easier, to have borne; but the dead heart had suddenly awakened to another love—the husband and child were forsaken!

When the fact became incontrovertible proved, it was vain to attempt to describe the rage and mortification which swallowed up every other feeling in the husband's soul. For two days he shut himself up in his room, refusing to answer even the child-voice that called so lovingly to him through its closed door. Through every hour of those long, dreary nights, his father sat, with strained nerves, in the room beneath and watched those measured footsteps, up and down, and up, even the soft velvet carpeting giving back the sound, as if it contained too much mental agony to be withheld.

Suddenly, there was a pause—a silence of a few moments. Then out on that still house there came a sharp, quick sound, a heavy fall,—and springing to his feet Mr. Alden almost shrieked, "The curse! the curse! It has come at last!"

The doors of his son's room were immediately forced open. His fears and anxieties had been but too well founded. He knew his son, and he knew also, that a blow which would fall powerless upon him through his best affection would crush him through his pride.

"So many years," he said, as he stood beside the lifeless form, "I have tried to forget it. I have fancied that he had forgotten it; but it has come at last—" The sin of the fathers upon the children!" and he never did such a thing. He was always honest, always true for my sin he died!"

But it was too late now! Tears of bitter repentance fell upon the coffin, but they could not bring the dead back to life; and Mr. Alden found himself alone, beginning to descend the hill of life, and the strong staff, which he had hoped to grasp so firmly, lay broken at his feet; only that one frail, beautiful little flower remained; a flower in the path of such a man—what could it matter to him? But matter indeed it did, for before he was conscious of what was taking place, little Laura had learned to wander away from her grandfather's house, and coming so softly in after him that he never heard her light footsteps, to climb upon the empty stool so suddenly vacated, and sit with her large wondering eyes fixed upon him, while almost mechanically he went over that long list of figures, for the first time deprived to him of some part of their interest. Day after day the child was there. At first amazed by the novelty of the place, the old fashioned writing-desks, with their various compartments, their small drawers and their mysterious looking little sliding doors; then, the bundles of paper, all tied with red tape, and those large books, without even a title upon their backs. There was at first a world of amusement and novelty to her, in trying to imagine of what and for what they were; and she never asked a question, and if the long accounts could have held the attention of the merchant, they might have done so, for all the disturbance Laura ever made. When her mind had exhausted its probabilities as to the designs of what she found there, she began to bring first her books, which she silently perused, then her toys, and at last, when Mr. Alden glanced up to assure himself that the child was there, he found not only Laura, but also her large waxen doll, the last gift of her father. At his accustomed hour for returning home, he would take the child's hand, and a little while pressure would send to mind and hope once more to the bowed down old man. Such her presence began to be a necessity, whether at home, in his counting room, or abroad; though he spoke but seldom to her, he felt as if an important part of his comfort was lost if the fairy figure was not at his side. And Laura, with no one else but the common servants of the family to speak to, soon became as fond of the stern and silent grandfather.

Impreparately, the interest of life began anew to cluster around her. That hoarded gold, cherished idol of youth and manhood, how it would deck this young and beautiful thing! how he would bind her to himself through that old age, which was creeping slowly upon him, by golden chains or hung with every costly gem. Neither was her life to be haunted as that of his son's had been for so many years, by the memory of that fatal curse. In his sudden and awful death, all of sin, or guilt, in his own past life, had been fully expiated, and this pet lamb of all the flesh should never be offered as a sacrifice. The heavy cloud of memory lay darkly over the past, but for the future, there, along the rainbow, glowing with hope's brightest colors.

"Grand-papa," said little Laura one day, laying at the same time her burning hands in his, "dear grand-papa! I feel sick."

Mr. Alden might have known this, long before, had he ever been accustomed to observe children; for months, the child had been dropping. She had needed a mother's care, at her tender age, and now, when she uttered her first complaint, the disease, already lurking when most silently borne, had made rapid and fatal strides. It was as useless as painful to linger over the events of the next few months. Mr. Alden, at first unbelievingly, sending one medical man after another, as they uttered the fatal name of the disease, angrily away, and then, as the wasting form and pallid cheek convinced him that it was only too true, summoning them back and begging them, in tones of desperation, to save the only tie left to him, in life, and when at last the brief dream of the child's existence was past, and he laid her, a pale and wasted maid, beside her father, again from his lips burst forth the agonizing words—

"The curse! the curse! Unto the third and fourth generation of those that hate me!"

The gardener's cottage in the little village of B. passed into many different hands.

Strangers to Mr. and Mrs. Norton, for the most part occupied it, and every thing, which had once added to its beauty and elegance, now, overgrown and untrimmed, gave to it a greater appearance of desolation and neglect. Some few of the villagers, as they passed, looked toward it with a feeling of regret, but with far the greater part, the widow and her son were forgotten. At length a new candidate was recommended to them to settle as minister over their vacant church. He was spoken of as a young man of uncommon promise, gentle and lovely in his traits of character, active and strong in those of his mind. Mr. Norton—they heard the name without remembering that they had ever known it before—and it was not until the new minister, his mother and bride had reached the village, that they knew him as the son of the gardener.

It was surprising how quickly their presence among them refreshed their sleeping memories and how many in very truth did recognize in the son the face and form of the dead father.

It was no difficult business to hire the little desolate cottage, but a much more difficult one awaited them in their endeavors to restore it to anything like its former beauty and neatness. But bright in the memory of the widow, undimmed by the passage of years of toil and self-sacrifice necessary to secure the education of her boy, was pictured each loved spot around that home of her hapless days. Patiently and perseveringly she began to restore each thing to its own place. Day after day she trimmed and trained the massive woodbine and ill shaped rose bushes, until she found a rest for her longing heart; until, once more, they looked as they did then—at that far back period in her life which now seemed every day to be coming nearer, and yet nearer to her.

The extremes of life were fast meeting for her; and that which a short time since had been in the past, he that chance which comes so often to the aged, was before her. The husband of her youth still young, still living, was awaiting her only a little further on in the pilgrimage of life—not left behind at its beginning. She thought more of meetings than of partings, and sometimes, as she bent over her labor of love, almost fancied she must hear the familiar voice calling to her as of old.

There was too much heart in the work for it to linger long. Again the passers by stopped to admire the lovely cottage and garden, and the whole village of B. recognized in its intellectual and moral growth, the presence of intellect and refined taste allied to goodness, in the gardener's son.

Little feet began to walk up and down the trim paths—little hands to pluck "grand-mamma's roses"—when one morning, through the same post office another letter reached Mrs. Norton.

It was directed in a manner and hand-writing similar to the one which had come as so sudden a calamity years before. Though she looked at this time through her spectacles she had an difficulty, so indelibly had every character impressed itself upon her memory, in recognizing the writing; and a paler shade overpread her face, while her hands trembled with uncontrollable agitation as she broke the seal.

It read thus—every letter being formed clearly and distinctly, in the same bold, business hand as before—

Mrs. Norton:—Madam,—It is now forty-five years to-day since I rudely and unjustly deprived you of a little cottage, which had become very much endeared to you. When I left you, you repeated the curse which God pronounced upon all such sin. For years I forgot it. Life was very prosperous to me. Everything I touched succeeded. If I ever remembered you or it, it was only to assure myself how strong an impression of fatality may often prove false, and how many different meanings the Bible may be made to have.

But when not a wish in life remained unfulfilled the curse came. I am now an old man; and under all God's heaven there does not live a more hopeless or desolate being. I can think of but one thing remaining for me to do, and that is this act of reparation.

I have been at much pains to inquire you. I find your son is still living, respected and beloved, a minister of God, while mine, but no matter. I have made my will, leaving all my property, with the exception of some few annual legacies, to you and your heirs.

This letter will be sent you immediately after my death, by my solicitor, whose card I enclose. By addressing him, your son will immediately be put in possession of my property, and may the curse no longer be part of it!

News of the good fortune which had fallen to the minister, flew quickly around the little village; and perhaps never, was deeper a moral impression produced upon the community, than on the next Sabbath, when closing a long and eloquent sermon on "hereditary sin," he bade them one and all remember that a sin ends not with its commission. That the immediate consequences were but the first of a long series, and that often upon those who were least guilty, fell the heaviest portion of the punishment. Not with ourselves does the good or the evil of our lives. Each thought, each word, each act, shall live on, and on, long after our part in the drama is ended. They are indeed the only legacies we can surely call our own; and bequeath them we must, even "to the third and fourth generation."

It is said the skull of Voltaire has been recently exhumed and examined, and it is proved, not only that his head was small, but that he had the organ of generation developed to a very extraordinary degree.

An orator holding forth in favor of woman—dear, divine woman, concludes thus:—
"Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife!"
"I beg your pardon," said one of the audience, "a bad husband does."

THE GOOSEBERRY. The gooseberry is propagated by cuttings. The soil should be strong loam, and made unusually deep by trenching, to secure the bushes from drought. It should be kept fertile by manure. The pruning should be freely performed as soon as the leaves are off, by a thorough thinning out of the branches. . . . The growth and ripening of the fruit depend wholly on the admission of light and air to the leaves, and on their full and healthy development.

Houghton's Seedling is probably the best variety of the gooseberry ever cultivated in this country. It is a cross between our native gooseberry and some foreign kind. The berry is rather small, oval, with skin thin, reddish brown, the flesh fine, very tender, sweet, and a fine delicious flavor. It is a very superior gooseberry for the desert, it is also excellent for cooking, and it is in good condition for this purpose for about four weeks.

As a grower, it excels by far all other kinds that we have cultivated; and as to the bearing every season, nearly all the growth of the previous year is covered with fruit. One or two quarts of fruit have been grown on bushes set the previous year. A plant well set in the spring, in a good soil, will make a large growth the first year, and the next year will be loaded with fruit.

This variety not only excels in growth, bearing and quality, but it is free from blight which is the destruction of almost every foreign kind cultivated in the country. Some gardeners, after having become acquainted with Houghton's Seedling, have excluded every other variety from their grounds. We regard it as not only superior to any kind of foreign gooseberry, but worth far more than all of them for this country of hot summers.

[New England Cultivator.]

SETTING FRUIT TREES. This question has been very broadly discussed this fall, whether autumnal or spring transplanting of fruit trees is best. The subject has been introduced into nearly all our agricultural exchanges, and we find them generally agreeing—

1. That no tree should be set where standing water will cover its roots through a considerable portion of the winter or spring—leaving the inference that the first important operation in planting an orchard is thorough draining, if the ground requires it.

2. That trees may be transplanted with the best success while in a state of repose, that is, from the time when the leaves have fallen to that when the ground begins to freeze, and that if left until spring, they must be taken up before the sap is in motion.

3. That more depends upon the manner in which the work is done, than upon the particular season. [N. E. Farmer.]

A HINT TO FARMERS. Mr. Sanders, the American Consul at London, in a letter published in the New York Herald, says:

"Finally, our farmers should sow plenty of spring wheat, and plant any quantity of Indian corn. The Baltic and Black seas will certainly be closed for at least a twelve month. England and Western and Southern continental Europe will have to look to the United States alone for a supply of breadstuffs, little else obtained from those seas."

Our farmers will do well to act upon this suggestion. There will, undoubtedly, be a demand for all the surplus breadstuffs we can raise, perhaps for several years to come, and farming will be one of the safest and most profitable branches of industry.

WEAR AND TEAR OF BANK BILLS. Under the head of "Wear and Tear of Bank Bills," the Illinois Register speaks out the following:

"The State Bank of Indiana recently addressed circulars to the various banks of the country, to ascertain as near as possible, the gain to banks of issue by the loss of circulating notes through a series of years. No very satisfactory returns were made, but in two instances they elicited the following facts: The Catskill Bank, in thirty years, with an average circulation of \$200,000, gained \$15,000; as this amount has been returned in ten years. The Merchants' Bank, of Baltimore, in forty-seven years, with a circulation ranging from \$300,000 to \$600,000 averaged about \$125,000. Bills issued between the years 1805 and 1839, have now outstanding, after a lapse of at least ten years, \$36,100, being an annual average of \$800. The large average, however, was caused by the loss at one time of \$15,000 in notes." The Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank, of Albany, N. Y., has made by "wear and tear," within the past fifteen years, over 100,000. By the sinking of a steamer on Lake Erie, in 1830, it made \$92,000 in less than fifteen minutes.

A SPIRIT PERVERSED. Medium. All is now ready; what question do you wish to put? Widow. Why, ma'am, I must explain that I gave to my dear departed one (he was many years younger than myself) two hundred pounds, to pay off a claim; and now he's gone, they've had the audacity to apply again for the money! Pray, therefore, ask my dear Augustus what he did with the receipt! [Diogenes.]

"My good friend," said Lord Kames to a farmer, "such are the wonderful discoveries in science, that I should not be surprised if, at some future time, we might be able to carry the compost of an acre of land to the field in our pocket." "Very possible," replied the farmer, "but in that case, I suspect you would be able to bring back the crop in your waistcoat pocket."

Practice flows from principle; for as a man thinks so will he act.

The thinking man has wings; the acting man has only feet and hands.

Happiness is promised not to the learned, but to the good.

The Oxford Democrat.

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Political Ethics.

An open, frank, generous and decided course in relation to politics is just as necessary, as expedient and praiseworthy as is similar conduct in relation to any of the ordinary business affairs of life. Every intelligent man, be he of one political sect or another, will acquiesce in this proposition. Its justice, truth and practicability cannot be doubted by any honest man. It is one of those self-evident propositions, the more statement of which will commend itself to the great mass of the community.

Are the leaders of parties and the political writers of the day actuated by these sentiments? Do they discuss questions of a political nature with frankness, firmness and generosity? Do they present the issues of the day in such a manner as to enlighten the public judgment, and free that judgment from prejudice, passion, and misapprehension? The answer to these questions, we fear, must be in the negative.

Take some examples. Let a man—a consistent, honest politician, oppose the recent proposition to repeal the Missouri compromise. Let him do it fairly, openly, sincerely. Let him do it, because, right, the constitution of his country, and the dictates of humanity all demand it. Let him do it, because he believes it will secure the peace and quietness of the nation, and because it is in agreement with his former acts, principles, and pledges. Let him do it not so much because he believes it will alter the decrees of destiny or change the results of freedom as because it will carry out the intentions of our forefathers and the peaceful settlement of an empire, and in many cases what will be the result? What will be the treatment? What is the treatment? Why, "you are an abolitionist." "You are a nigger." "You are a sectionalist." "You are a disunionist." &c. This is the clap net of certain political writers, adopted to poison the popular judgment and prejudice the minds of the people. There is neither honor or fairness, generosity or frankness, in such a course. It is simply a mean and ignominious attempt to force down what cannot be done by argument.

Again, let a man support the principle of temperance or total abstinence from the use of alcoholic drinks as just—let him openly advocate the wisdom and propriety of restraining their abuse in the community—let him reiterate and obey the laws in relation to them—and what is the result? How is he treated? Do his opponents and those who differ from him meet him in argument? Far from it. They cry "Bogus," "Rumored," "Bogus," "Rumored," as if by these undefined and indefinite slang names, they would frighten the people from all fair investigation. Say to these opponents, self-styled "liberals"—come, let us reason together. The answer is, "No, you are a Rumored," "you are a Bogus." Say to these political, "liberal" writers, you are doing injustice to the great mass of the people who desire to circumvent as far as is reasonable the great sources of poverty, misery, taxation and crime, by calling them such unmeaning epithets. Still the answer is, "you are a Bogus," "you are a Rumored."

Such are in too many cases, the political ethics of the day, and such are the characteristics of certain political writers. Such epithets have given rise to those of an opposite character which are equally injurious to good morals. All such epithets, the result of prejudice or hatred, have a tendency to corrupt the manners and alienate the kind feelings of friends, neighbors, and citizens. Like the disseminators of falsehood and misrepresentation, the originators of all such scandalous slang names are not aware of the deep and lasting wounds which they inflict upon society. For if they were, they would abandon a practice so detrimental to public morality. We have never resorted to the use of these epithets but to condemn them.

What the people want at the present time—a time of all others in any age or nation, when the newspaper has become a mentor for every man, woman, and child—what the people want is plain facts and arguments—plain, unvarnished truth, in relation to politics. They can draw their own conclusions; only present the facts. There are no intelligent men who can be so easily influenced simply by names and epithets. They cannot be called by the name of Democrat, and follow like sheep, when they know the pretended democratic shepherd is an aristocrat and a despot at heart and in principle. Nor can they be frightened by the old cry of Federalist, Bogus, Nigger, Rumored; and be made to abandon the measures their judgments approve by such shallow and contemptible devices. Neither can the cry of "liberal, liberal" assured for the single purpose of gratifying themselves in the exercise of Democracy when their corps of employees shout, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" howl down the understanding, corrupt and control the appetite or enslave the heart of a virtuous, intelligent and independent people.

As another example wherein the people desire an open, frank and honest declaration of principle, we may mention the subject of agitation of slavery or other questions. Much is said about agitation. The democratic cause have gone so far as to say, "We will 'raise' all agitation everywhere on the subject of slavery." Others solemnly 'rejoice' that all slavery questions were settled, and that the people were forever freed from all factitious excitement on these questions. The

people acquiesced in this somewhat singular inconsistency to a free government, and elected a President on the express stipulation that he should "repeal all agitation." What is the result? Is it honest, frank adherence to this doctrine of non-agitation? So far as the President is concerned we suppose it is. But let the reader turn for a moment to the conduct of a part of those who acquiesced, yes, and "initiated" into this doctrine. See Mr. Cushing's letter. See the columns of the "Liberal" or "fair excellence democratic journal" of this State. See the original, unnecessary, uncalled for proposition of Judge Douglas to repeal the Missouri compromise. These men and journals had no sooner got into power on the principle of "hands off" on the slavery question, than they commenced agitating and "crushing out" what they in their magnanimity were pleased to call abolitionism.

New, what does all this mean? The people are entitled to know the meaning. It simply means that the privileged democrats may "agitate" for the extinction of slavery; but that those who fully acquiesced in the non-agitation of slavery, or those who agitate for freedom shall be "crushed out." This is neither morally right or politically honorable. It is calculated to destroy the confidence of the people in their leaders, and to break up the foundation of all honorable party antagonism. Better have no platform than make one, and then violate it and send it to pieces. Parties cannot be kept together when the people are told by the politicians that they will do this to-day, and the opposite to-morrow. It is not the nature of the human mind to follow such leadership.

We beseech all true democrats to stick to the platform on which we elected General Pierce, and to advocate honestly, openly and fairly the true principles of democracy. Let us "repeal" this new and uncalled for agitation—the repeal of the Missouri compromise—introduced by Judge Douglas, who against his recently expressed opinion, has responded, in a new and extraordinary manner, this great question. But above all we beseech all democrats—all true citizens who do, and who ought to repudiate and disavow all the silly, frivolous and miserable subtleties of fiction such as the mean inventions of families and demagogues—the epithets of "liberal, bogus, nigger, rumored, abolitionist and disunionist"—things without sense or meaning. Regardless of names we ask you to look at things—to free from shadows to substance—and to once more come together on the principles of true democracy—the sentiments of true liberty and the general welfare. Let us do this in honor, confidence and fairness, and a confident and virtuous people will flock to the standard from all quarters, and our fellow citizens will again see the right prevail, and true democracy triumphant. You, fellow citizens, have been enough of contemptible falsehood, misrepresentation, abuse and blustering. You—the source of all authority have the power to say it shall exist no longer. Forget the past—form the resolution to find the right, and, without prejudice, follow it to the end.

Mr. Douglas's Letter.

A very New Hampshire Reporter came to us a few days ago containing a long letter from Mr. Burke to Mr. Douglas in relation to the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise. New Hampshire Democrats, like those in this State and some others are in a transition state, and the assertion of the Democratic papers, friendly to Mr. Douglas, that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise would establish slavery in Kansas and Nebraska was calculated to excite the complacency of the author of the Bill. He accordingly, as the State election was about to take place, writes a letter to the Reporter which evades the question at issue; but accuses the Reporter for his dulness and asserts that slavery is neither legislated into, or out of the Territories by his Bill.

Mr. Burke answers this letter—disproves its assertions and demolishes its arguments; and while he contends for the Bill, honestly avows that slavery thereby extended by it. The Editor of the Reporter, Mr. Burton, understands the same views. He says if the people are in favor of the Bill, they ought not to be deceived by its friends or authors. He boldly and honestly asserts his friendship for the measures while he nobly and honestly avows that it is a fraud and a cheat for Mr. Douglas or any other man to say that the Bill does not, by repealing the Missouri Compromise extend, admit and establish slavery in Nebraska. It is a disgrace to the Northern Press that in its advocacy of this Bill—and its renewal of this slavery agitation, it does not, like Mr. Burton and Mr. Burke acquit the people with its true and legitimate effect.

The following are the remarks of Mr. Burton who openly avows Mr. Douglas's Bill; but who honestly maintains at the same time that its effect will be to extend slavery. "We cannot deceive the people. He says: 'We call the situation of our readers to the letter of Hon. Edmund Burke to Hon. S. A. Douglas, contained in this paper, and we ask for it an attentive perusal. Unless we greatly mistake, it will be found a triumphant vindication of the writer, against the false charges, false inferences and false conclusions of the honorable Senator's commination, and a conclusive answer to his sophistries and special pleadings.'

We understand that, by this Bill, slavery is permitted, to say the least, to go into Nebraska and Kansas, where it is now prohibited by the Missouri Compromise, and where it must remain, protected by the Fugitive Slave Law, until the people of those territories, by their own action, shall expel it from them. Mr. Douglas neither can nor dare deny. He does not deny it; but he attempts to evade and dodge the issue he has himself raised, by declaring that his bill does not legislate slavery into any State or Territory, nor exclude it therefrom. Very true; but the effect is, to allow slavery to go into those territories and there remain, protected by the Fugitive Slave Law, so long as the country shall remain territories, to be affirmed or excluded when State Constitutions shall be formed. Under this Bill the people of the Slave States may emigrate to Nebraska and Kansas, carrying there as many slaves as they please. That these Territories will be thrown open to slavery, no one can or dare deny. That it will remain open to slavery, until the people there shall expel it, is just as certain. What matters it then, whether we say that

slavery is "legislated into" those territories, or whether we say that, by Mr. Douglas's bill, the doors are thrown wide open to slavery, and the slaveholders invited with their slave property to enter and occupy? With this understanding of the effect of Mr. Douglas's bill, we have supported it—but we will not be made the instruments of fraud and a cheat upon the people of this State. We will not be made to say that it matters not whether slavery is permitted to go there or not, on the ground that it cannot exist there; for we believe no such thing. We will not be made to say that by this Bill, slavery is not "legislated" into the territories; for such an assertion we believe to be a cheat and humbug, so far as the real effects of the bill are concerned. But we desire that the people shall fully understand the imports and effects of the measure—effects that are sure to follow—and then, if it commends itself to their patriotism, their judgment and their consciences, they will approve of it—if otherwise, they ought not to be cheated into its support by pretending that it means one thing, when it really means another."

Whig origin of the Nebraska Bill.

As an article published in the New York Tribune, it is shown that the Nebraska Bill, and its Southern construction, has a Whig origin. The Portland Advertiser and Kennebec Journal claim for it the same paternity. The article revealing this plot was first entitled "a plot exposed." It will be a relief to all true Democrats to know the origin of this plot, for they will now understand that all who support it are supporting a Whig measure. The following is the pith of the disclosure:

"It has been quite impossible to account for the nimble-footed alibi with which southern whig senators have rushed forth to become confederates of Douglas in this enormity. It has been equally difficult to see why Douglas has shifted his position so often, and from first proposing to leave the Missouri compromise untouched, has gone through the whole gamut of tergiversation, till at length he came out flat-footed for its repeal. But now the mystery is solved, the plot is unravelled. It now turns out that those two brothers of agitation, adulation and miracle, Messrs. Toombs and Stephens, of Georgia, are the men who have investigated, nourished, and finally matured this nefarious scheme; and that Douglas is but a confederate in the plot. The whole movement has been veiled in obscurity, from the fact that Douglas has been made to assume the position of leader in the treason. Both he and Mr. Pierce have been led into their willing apostasy by the abject arts of these professors of political machief."

Mr. Douglas appears to have been only a Whig agent in the management of this bill. This would seem to be true from two facts. 1. Because in his report he asserted that the Missouri Compromise was not to be disturbed; but soon afterwards introduced a section for its repeal. 2. Because every southern Whig except one voted for the bill.

The Tribune would convey the idea that Gen. Pierce was a confederate with Douglas in assisting the Whigs to perpetrate this wrong upon the nation. But considering the pledges of the President, such a thing is impossible.

Dr. Charles A. Gardner.

History scarcely furnishes a case of greater audacity and moral turpitude than that of Dr. Charles A. Gardner. His case is briefly this. Immediately after the Mexican War, Dr. Gardner presented himself before the Mexican Commissioners, claiming to have lost immense treasure in Mexico in consequence of the war. The treasure consisted, as he alleged, of a silver mine of great value, located in Potosi. His claim was so well substantiated that the Commissioners of which Hon. George Evans was one—judged it to be valid; and allowed him the enormous sum of \$420,000.

Subsequently doubts were entertained by the Government into the validity of the claim. Suspicious having been raised, several competent men were sent to Mexico to find the silver mine, the benefits of which Dr. Gardner alleged he had been deprived by the war. These persons returned without being able to discover any such mine. The belief therefore, became prevalent that the Government had been hoodwinked and swindled. The fraud being of such magnitude, could not be passed in silence. The Government therefore, presented the case to the Grand Jury in the D. C. where Dr. G. was indicted for feigning. He was arrested, and after a protracted trial, less than a year ago, he escaped conviction by the disagreement of the Jury.

But the prosecutor, satisfied of the guilt of the prisoner did not stop here. Another trial was had which lasted several weeks and ended on Friday, March 3d. At this trial the Jury agreed upon a verdict of Guilty. Judge Crawford, after some remarks on the character of the crime delivered the following sentence: "That you suffer in the Penitentiary for the District of Columbia, imprisonment and labor for the period of ten years." The prisoner swooned immediately after the sentence was pronounced. He had apprehended his fate; and had swallowed a poison known as Strychnine—the active principle of Nux Vomica—which caused him to swoon and which very soon produced the most violent convulsions. Before he could be removed from the Court room he was a corpse. He died a suicide. Only the day before he was seen, elegantly attired, promenading the streets in company with a young lady whose fortunes were linked with his own by a promise of marriage. Thus has ever closed one of the most remarkable exhibitions of fraud, which has characterized the acts of crime.

We may not agree upon the Territorial question now in agitation, with the Argus, Age, Democratic Advocate, and other Democratic papers in the State.

[Norway Advertiser.]

A man must be in a strange position who cannot agree with the Age, Argus or Democratic Advocate on the Nebraska Bill. The Age is against it—the D. M. Advocate is for it—and the Argus is right of course; and yet this sapient Editor or writer says "we may not agree" with any of these Journals. This is a biguity and shuffling with vergerance.

Signs of the Times.

The Portland Examiner—the anti-liquor law organ of Maine—thus speaks of the next political campaign:

"It now becomes the duty of the people to organize anew, and look to men of true hearts and honest principles, for aid and counsel, if they would obtain their rights, and again enjoy a healthy public sentiment."

At the command of the Examiner the people must "organize anew." Again: "Mass conventions reflect the opinions of the people more faithfully than they can be reflected in any other way, and we are not expressing our individual views, but the views of hundreds with whom we have conversed and corresponded, when we say that mass conventions will be called for and held, not only for the purpose of selecting a candidate for Governor, but for selecting all the candidates which are to come before the people for their suffrages."

So, "Mass Conventions will be called." This, then, is settled.

Again, it would seem by the following that the Bangor Nominee, though his "convictions" were right, was repudiated for not "speaking out." Hear the Examiner:

"At the mass convention held in this city, which put in nomination for Governor, Judge Chandler, a State committee was chosen, which was empowered to call a convention at such time and place as they might deem expedient. That com. have never been called upon to act, suggesting the convention at Bangor would heal all differences, and put before the people a man who was liberal in sentiment, and would be willing to place himself upon record in regard to the leading question upon which that convention was constituted. Although we were satisfied that the nominee of that convention was all we asked, still he declined to speak out boldly upon certain questions, and consequently failed of an election."

The Bangor Convention was therefore constituted on the "leading question" as we have always insisted.

The Examiner thus expounds the expediency of a mass Convention, being called by the Bangor State Committee, which will supersede the necessity of the Chandler Committee doing the same thing:

"At the convention held in Bangor in June, a State committee was appointed for the purpose of calling the next convention to nominate a candidate for Governor. The powers of that committee were not limited. It has the full and unlimited control of the way and time a convention shall be called, and upon what representation the call shall be based. But the committee are bound to call a convention, and the people are determined to have a mass-convention. The question now arises, is it not in the power of that democratic State committee to take the lead in this matter, and call a convention of the masses?"

So let the committee do as they may, the people are determined to have a mass-convention. Here is another Chandler Convention. Mark that.

A correspondent of the Examiner thus remarks:

"Nora Bess. As it is manifest that the constituted, in this State at the present time, are resolved, at all hazards, to rule over their constituents, would it not be right for the people to arise, as a mass, and amend the constitution, abolish or demand the Legislature, and take back their abused, delegated power and government, again into their own hands, for safe keeping, and thus become one pure, simple democracy, and no mistake!"

Revolution is, sometimes, the only political cathartic.

Shade of Cromwell! whither hast thou flown? 'Tis of Jackson! where is the place of the rest?"

Thus it seems that fanaticism has arrived at a climax and the State is threatened with Revolution.

The above sentiments may be deemed a fair expression of the anti-liquor Law fanatics; and this leading organ of liberalism is thus early engaged in preparing the public mind for another campaign on the one idea of anti-liquor Law—assisted no doubt by its original coadjutor the "Norway Advertiser" and the "Liberal" of Bangor. So the matter may be considered as settled, if the organ of the 20,000 liberals in this State can be believed—that a mass convention of liberals will be called by the Chandler State Committee by the Bangor State Committee—either of which are devoted orthodox by the Examiner—and that a Governor will be nominated. If we have any Democrats in Maine, we hope they will "crush out" these fanatics; and discountenance such disorganizing and Revolutionary doctrines.

HARD DEMOCRACY ANALOGUES TO WHIGGERY. Mr. Crittenden, in a dinner speech delivered at Frankfort Ky., thus speaks of the Whig party and its allies:

"It had been said that the Whig party was dead. When did it die? At the last Presidential election! If so, what party died at the election four years before, when the Whigs triumphed? For General Scott, misadvised and subjected to unjust suspicions as he was, more than twelve hundred thousand Whig votes were cast. It was idle to talk of the death of such a party. The Whig party was necessary to the carrying on of the government."

Its principles were of the essence of republicanism and egalitarianism. It could not die and leave the country surviving.

It was true that the partition wall between the two parties was growing thinner every day—especially between the Whigs and the National Democrats; but the reason of it was that National Democrats were becoming more like Whigs every day they lived."

CREDIBLE. The Norway Advertiser in designating the party character of the Town Officers elected in Greenwood, Norway, Oxford, Waterford, Paris, &c., calls them all "Liberal or Bogus." Some Morrill men are called Liberal; and so are some Whigs. That is all right of course. It seems by this that the Norway Advertiser is coming round to the doctrines which gave it birth; and that in its estimation there are no Whigs or Democrats. This aids the Examiner's proposition of a Liberal Party based on the idea of the Repeal of the Liquor Law. It goes farther than that it lays no claim to the name of Democrat or Democracy, which of course will open the eyes of all true Democrats. It is gratifying to see the way opening whereby the Examiner and its illustrations conductors are forming a new copartnership on their original foundation.

SILENCE. From all appearances the Democracy of the present day in the minds of some persons must consist of silence. Not long ago a certain Press said that if the party could not agree upon certain questions they must be left out of its creed. More recently the same Press says the Slavery question is an exciting question; and that the people must be silent, or be very calm or quiet or very cautious about it. This is the old Federal doctrine—"the people can't be trusted." Such croakers are generally what they call others, "old office holding or office seeking, scheming Abolitionists." They think they are the only calm men in the community and have a divine right to agitate what they think is best; but that nobody else must talk without their leave.

We would say to these political school masters who have become Abolitionists by advocating the abolition or Repeal of the Missouri Compromise the public voice is not to be silenced, tampered with, or perverted by such an assumption of authority. We say to them this is their agitation. They have originated it. They have fostered it. They have done it in violation of their solemn pledges and against the pledges of the Democratic Party and this Democratic Administration. It is not their place now to say they will do all the talking and every body else must be silent. With firmness, determination, and unyielding resolution the people should look this new agitation in the face—repeal it—and at all events put no confidence in the authors and abettors of it.

JEFFERSON AN ABOLITIONIST. Dr. Price, an Abolitionist and an English author, published a work on Slavery. In order to learn how it would be received in the United States he asked Mr. Jefferson's opinion by letter. Mr. Jefferson, the great Apostle of Democracy, answered as follows:

"From my acquaintance with that country, I think I am able to judge, with some degree of certainty, of the manner in which it will have been received. Southward of the Chesapeake it will find but few readers concurring with it in sentiment on the subject of slavery."

"From the mouth to the head of the Chesapeake, the bulk of the people will approve it in theory, and it will find a respectable minority ready to adopt it in practice; a minority which, for weight and worth of character, preponderates against the great number, who have not the courage to divest their families of a property which, however, keeps their consciences unquiet."

"Northward of the Chesapeake you may find, here and there, an opponent to your doctrine, as you may find here and there a robber and murderer; but in no greater number. In that part of America, there being but few slaves, they can easily dismember themselves of them. And emancipation is put into such a train, that in a few years there will be no slaves northward of Maryland. In Maryland I do not find such a disposition to begin the redress of this enormity as in Virginia."

Mr. Jefferson wrote to Lafayette, December 20, 1820, as follows:

"With us things are going well. The boisterous sea of liberty, indeed, is never without a wave; and that from Missouri is now rolling towards us. But we shall ride over it as we have done over all others. It is not a moral question, but one merely of power. Its object is to raise a geographical principle for the choice of a President, and the noise will be kept up until that is effected."

If Mr. Jefferson were alive at this moment there is not a doubt that he would write down the same sentiments he did in 1820. The Missouri Compromise was deemed the question to make Presidents with them. The noise is commenced now to effect that object; and will be kept up until it is accomplished.

The Supreme Judicial Court commenced its Session on Tuesday last, Judge Howard on the bench. The following is a list of the Jurors:

First Jury—David Colcord, Foreman, Porter; Abraham Andrews, Fryberg; Freeman Allen, Buckfield; Joel H. Bigelow, Livermore; Eli Bryant, Woodstock; Daniel Beane, Hebron; Caleb Delano, Dixfield; Sumner Evans, Stoneham; Enoch Foster, Newry; Lewis Frost, Sadsen; Simon Frost, Norway; Isaac F. Knight, Greenland.

Second Jury—William K. Ripley, Foreman, Peru; John Kelser, Mexico; Luther H. Ludden, Canton; John M. Lane, Sumner; Job P. Leavitt, Turner; Jeremiah Martin, Rumford; Benjamin T. Royal Paris; David Sawyer, Lovell; James M. Shaw, Waterford; James W. Weeks, Brownfield; Joseph Wilson, Oxford; James Wentworth, Denmark.

Supernumeraries—Eben W. Gregg, Andover; Jonathan M. Bartlett, Bethel.

SHERIFF WHITE has appointed and qualified as deputies the following persons:

E. W. Clark, Paris; Josiah W. Whitten, Buckfield; Wm. W. Hobbs, Norway; Zebulon H. Beare, Turner; Horatio Austin, Canton; Amos M. Merrill, Bethel; Africa Farrar, Hartford; Cyrus Womell, Peru; Sumner Barnham, Harrison; Charles C. Adams, Bridgton; Moses Young, Waterford. Col. Ichabod Bonney, of Turner, has been appointed Crier; and Joseph Tobin is reappointed Jailor.

THE BLACK WARRIOR AFFAIR. A despatch from Washington says that the Cuban governor has apologized for the Black warrior affair. There will be no trouble. The Cuban authorities, it appears, express great regret and offer ample compensation. It is believed that the President will settle the matter without the intervention of Congress.

The Black Warrior was seized by the Cuban authorities for an alleged violation of the revenue laws—there being a quantity of cotton on board which was not on her manifest.

OXFORD NORMAL INSTITUTE. The first of the course of Lectures on Scientific Agriculture, by Rev. Darius Forbes, will be given at the Institute, Tuesday evening the 21st inst. commencing at 7 o'clock precisely. All interested in the noble occupation of Farming are respectfully invited to attend.

Correspondence of the Democrat.

AUGUSTA, March 12th.

Mr. Editor.—During the present session of the Legislature the remark has been frequently made by strangers, upon entering the Representatives' Hall, that the members of that branch were as a body, an intelligent, good-looking set of men. Well, those who are acquainted with the members of the House, almost universally confirm the remark. There is a large amount of working talent in that department of the government.

There are found some of the best parliamentary debaters in New England—men who would make their mark in any legislative body in the world.

Others are there found whose professions and business habits have fitted them to be workers instead of talkers. But perhaps your readers would like an introduction to some of the members of the House, and if so, let me take them down the middle aisle, and seat them in front of the Clerk's desk. First let me direct your attention to a short, thick set man, whom you will always find in his post in one of the front seats to the left of the Speaker's desk. There he stands like an old Roman Sentinel, always on hand, watching with an eagle eye everything that comes up. Now he sits with his old Kosuths canted a little to the left shoulder, with his jolly, good natured face lighted up with the recollection of battles fought, and victories won, in the legislative forum. But hark! a debate springs up. The beaver is doffed—our hero springs to his feet, his shrill, clarion voice rings in merry peals and is heard in every part of the capacious hall. The members lay down their newspapers over which they had been musing, little squads in different parts of the Hall drop their whispering—while all hands prick up their ears and turn their attention to the gentleman who has the floor. Our hero proceeds, lays down his positions with great distinctness, brushes away all the fog and mist that have been thrown round the subject, by those who have preceded him—with a giant's grasp—seizes hold of his adversaries weak and doubtful points and hurls them to the winds—then brings out his "big gun" and storms the castle—while he seldom fails, in "cooquering peace," he is equally sure never to best a retreat. That member is J. B. Hill, Esq., one of the representatives from the Queen City of the East. Mr. Hill is the man of the House. He has thus far been in his seat, not only every day during business hours, but every hour since the present session commenced. He is on more important committees than any other member—for the good reason that he actually does more work than any other member. Nothing goes through the House without his notice, he is among the first to assume his seat in the morning, and the last to leave it after adjournment. He investigates every matter for himself—and always acts from his own conviction of right, rather than from what other people say or think. Mr. Hill framed the liquor law of the last Legislature, and aided very essentially in putting it through. In politics, Mr. Hill is a whig, but he never lets party considerations prevent him from doing what he deems for general welfare and public good. Mr. Hill always goes with his party, so long as he believes it going right; and no man loves a good Maine law whig better than he, but he is death on all "phobes and snazlers," as in duty bound will ever pray.

Further back on the rear of Mr. Hill sits Mr. Ingersoll, his colleague—a man of Roman firmness, good address, and fine personal appearance. He, like his colleague, is a working man, always industriously attending to his duties as a Legislator, vigilantly looking out for the interests of his constituents and the whole State. Mr. Ingersoll, like Mr. Hill is a lawyer by profession, but he seldom mingles in the debates of the House—unless some matter comes up affecting the particular interests of his section of the State. Mr. Ingersoll's remarks in the House always abound with good strong common sense, frequently sprinkled over with wit and humor—he never wears the House with long speeches—but comes direct to the point—and always finishes when he gets done, a virtue that some men do not profess. Mr. Ingersoll is also a good whig, but not of the "Phibe Miles" stripe—and if he and his colleague were at that amount of influence, in certain high quarters out of the legislative department, which is wielded by some of the Pensioners of whigs still they have the satisfaction of knowing that their straight forward high minded course is approved and applauded by a great majority of the sovereign people, not only of Penobscot, but the whole State. Bangor has just reason to be proud of her two Representatives, and may she never send worse men than Messrs. Hill and Ingersoll. I may hereafter give your readers an introduction to other "lions" in the House, for there are a "few more left of the same sort."

MDUFFEE.

VERDICT AGAINST AND DEATH OF GARDNER.

IN our telegraphic report of Friday it was announced, that the verdict of the Jury pronounced Gardner guilty, and that the court passed the highest sentence allowed by the law, that of imprisonment for ten years. We were also informed, that Gardner's counsel filed a bill of exceptions. It is understood that this included twenty-nine counts, and it was supposed that the Circuit Court might have granted a new trial.

The telegraphic dispatches brings us word that Dr. Gardner was found dead in his room. He is supposed to have poisoned himself after his conviction.

On entering the cell where Gardner was confined, he was observed to drink some water, throwing his head back, and it is supposed that he took a strychnine pill. He was seized with convulsions almost immediately. After giving a letter to Charles Gardner, his brother, he remarked that he was going before a Judge who would not pronounce him guilty, and expired in great agony.

He was 36 years old, had the education and manners of a gentleman, and was engaged to be married to a lady in Georgetown.

HEAVY CONTRACT.

The Traveller states that Seth Wilmart, proprietor of the Union Works, South Boston, has closed a contract with the New York and Erie Railroad Company for the building of forty locomotives of the largest class. The first of these machines was completed last week. Mr. Wilmart is to complete one a week during the remainder of the year to fulfill his contract.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Washington March 12.—The majority report of the Senate committee on the Pacific railroad is now in readiness to be laid before the Senate. The bill provides that twenty sections of land to the mile shall be given in the territories, and that the company shall receive at the rate of about \$1000 a mile for carrying the mails, striking from the Mississippi river, and connecting to the Pacific. The contract to remain in force for thirty years. This is calculated will be about two millions of dollars a year, or a bonus of sixty millions for the full period. No particular route is designated. The minority of the committee will report in favour of three routes granting compensation on each, and fair compensation for carrying the mails.

THE MEXICAN TREATY. The treaty negotiated by Col. Gadsden with Mexico, together with the message of the President, proposing certain amendments, have appeared in the New York papers. These documents were communicated confidentially to the Senate, but either one of the members has not considered himself bound by the injunction of privacy, or his pocket has been picked. The New York Times, speaking of the advantages secured by the treaty, says:

"Unless we are much misinformed, the United States has secured a boundary with imposing military salients, capable of defence, and so far in advance of the hostile Indians as to quiet all apprehensions of future savage outbreaks in that quarter. A position or place of deposit is also secured on the Gulf of California, together with the navigation of that gulf for all time to come. The whole eastern valley of the Colorado is obtained, and a practical highway, now much used by our emigrating citizens between the Atlantic States and those on the Pacific, is included in the between thirty and forty millions acres of land gained by the acquisition."

Senator Gwin, it is said, will move an amendment, for the purchase of Lower California and Sonora. It is also asserted that Col. Gadsden would have obtained a portion of Walker's filibuster enterprise; Santa Ana declaring that he would not negotiate for the sale of any territory under a hostile menace.

RESIGNATION OF JUDGE WELLS. We sincerely regret to learn that Hon. Samuel Wells has sent in his resignation as one of the Judges of the Judicial Court. He is an honor to the Judiciary of Maine, and his retirement from the Bench will be a matter of regret with all who do business in that Court. Judge Wells, we need hardly say, is a thorough Jurist, profoundly versed in the science of his profession, and of the strictest impartiality. His opinions have always been marked for their clearness, sound law, common sense.

We are not advised of his purposes for the future. If he resumes his practice, he will at once step into a business peculiarly much better than that of the Judgeship. But as a democrat, we hope yet to see him filling some post in the public service. Such men honor and strengthen the party to which they belong. [Argus.]

THE MAINE DEMOCRACY. The Boston Times, a clever democratic paper, reviews the history of the divisions among the democracy of Maine, and then administers to them the following advice:—

"Now, as it appears to us, the time has come for those democrats in both branches, who are possessed of common sense, to see if once step into a business peculiarly much better than that of the Judgeship. But as a democrat, we hope yet to see him filling some post in the public service. Such men honor and strengthen the party to which they belong. [Argus.]

John Wheeler said, the other day, in the House of Representatives, that "there was a time in the history of this Government when, to insure the success of a great public measure, it was not necessary to ask: 'Does the President approve of it?' How does Mr. Guthrie feel on this subject?" "Went Jefferson Davis take offense?" "Will Caleb Cushing, independent in nothing but his politics, sanction it?" I say, sir, there was a time when such questions would have been an insult to gentlemen on this floor. That was the golden age of principle—when it was not necessary early to define one's position; when men's principles were embodied in all their acts; when there was no man-worshiping or time-serving—no getting astride of the line waiting the issue of the contest, and then leaping to the side of the victor, and claiming the spoils." (Cries of "Good, Good," etc., in which we cordially join.) [Home Journal.]

Senator Cooper, of Pennsylvania, (who was one of the famous Committee of Thirteen that originated the Compromise measures, of which Mr. Clay was chairman,) states that the question of the effect of these measures upon the Compromise of 1820 came up, and was discussed in that committee, and that every member of it, and Mr. Clay especially, explicitly declared that the proposed Compromise of 1850 did not in any degree affect or impair the legislation of 1820, for no reference was made or intended thereto; and Mr. Clay even went so far as to instance the salutary influence and stable character of the Compromise of 1820, which he declared no one thought of disturbing, as furnishing a happy precedent for the series of measures then under consideration. [Age.]

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VOLTAIC CHAINS.**

CONSTRUCTED to be worn next the skin,
producing a constant current of interrupted
Electro-Magnetics. By being applied to the seat
of the disease, they produce instant relief from
most acute pain, and also effecting a permanent
and speedy cure of

All Nervous Diseases.

Rheumatism, St. Vitus Dance,
Pains in the Joints, Palpitation of the heart,
Periodical Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia,
Sciatic, Bile, Uterine pains, Asthma.

The Electric Chains

Are secured by patent in this country, England, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium—and are available to every hospital in the city of New York, as well as in Europe—are highly effective in the treatment of Prof. and Dr. J. M. L. Harn, Harn, Post, and Carnahan. A pamphlet, containing much valuable information, can be obtained of the Agents, (gratis), who will explain their mode of use. "Price of chain \$3 to \$5." *The principles*—*"Think of chain and power well."* The principles upon which the chains operate is that the chains produce their marvelous cures, are first—that all serious diseases are attended and produced by a deficient supply of nervous fluid, an agent that resembles loosely electricity, or electro magnetism; and 2—

Rheumatism.—The *acute* nature cases of rheumatic character can be cured by wearing the chain or belt, as before. Showering with cold water, until heakiness returns to the skin, should be observed twice daily under all circumstances. The common practice of rubbing on some greasy liniment is always injurious. The most severe acute pain can be instantly relieved by a single application of the chain or belt. During the chronic phase of disease, the

electric chains have proved more effective than any other remedy. In *prodigious* cases they are even more convenient, are more easily applied (weighing but two ounces) than the galvanic current, and are more effective. By attaching one end of the chain upon the abdomen, and the other upon the spine just above the hip, the usual troublesome symptoms of that infrequent complaint are at once relieved. A constant current of electro-magnetism is thus communicated to the spinal system, which acts as a powerful stimulant to the nervous system.

\$5000 will be given to any person who will produce as many well-attested cures of rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, and other diseases, both from intelligent patients and scientific physicians, of nervous diseases, as have been produced by the use of the electro-magnetic Electric Chain within the last year.

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Medical Discovery
OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY of Roxbury, has discovered
in one of our common pastures where a remedy
that cures EVERY CASE OF HUMOR,
from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.
He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and
never failed except in two. He has now in his
possession over two hundred certificates of its val-

One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
Two or three bottles will clear the system of blood.
Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst itching of the mouth and stomach.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst cases of erysipelas.
One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humors of the eyes.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure running in the ears and blotches in the hair.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.
One bottle will cure every eruption of the skin.
Two are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
Three to six bottles are warranted to cure salt

phenomenon. It is eight bottles each the very worst cases of scurvy.

There is always expected from the first bottle, and perfect cure warranted when the above quantity is taken.

Nothing looks so imprudent to those who have in vain tried all the wonderful medicines of the day, as that a man should keep growing in his posture, and losing all stone weight, should cure every humor; yet it is now a fixed fact. If you have a humor it has to show itself. There are no *de novo* humors, except those that are not yours. He has a scurvy, and he has a rheumatism, but he is the victim of the ignorance of those who tell him it is every cure.

It has already done some of the greatest cures ever done in Massachusetts. He gave it to children a year old, to old people of sixty; and has seen positive cures looking children, whose flesh was soft and

To those who are troubled with sick headache, one bottle will always cure it. It gives great relief in catarrh and dizziness. Some who have taken a new home costume for years, and find it wears them down, so that they cannot work at all, or do less than usual, and where there is any derangement of the functions of nature, it will cause very singular feelings, but you must not be alarmed—they always disappear in four days to a week. There is no need to avoid food, but eat what you like.

"When rheumatism is gone, you will feel yourself like a new person. I heard some of the most extravagant crotchets of it that man ever listened to."

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get and enough of it.

Directions for use.—After each meal, take one spoonful of the medicine three times a day, never spending more than five or eight, tenpence. As no directions are given for children, I would advise parents to give

can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough time to operate on the horse twice a day.

H. H. HAY, Drogheda, Fonthill, the only 200 (thousand) acre for Maine.

Sold by **ANDREWS & BATES**, Paris Hill; W. A. RUST, M. D. So. Paris; E. Atwood & Co. Buckfield; Robert Noy, Norway. 1-43

Farm for Sale.

A FARM situated in a very pleasant part of the town of Paris, Oxford County, Me., containing about two hundred acres of land, well divided into mowed pasture and tillage; more than two-thirds of the land can be plowed at a time. The pasturing is equal to any, and is irrigated

good two-story house, two barns and a shed between them thirty feet square; also about four acres of land set with apple-trees which have been grafted within the last fifteen years, and now begin to bear largely. This orchard is the largest I have ever seen, and the yield of fruit is a year—

There is quite a number of pear-trees, some of which have come into bearing, and a few plum-trees, and a nursery-one thousand small trees, part of which were felled last August. Said farm has a good stock of horses, and a few head of cattle, and a few which he breeds for a never-failing spring. Said farm has a good bed of muck and a large quantity of iron ore, some of which has been worked. I would here say that the orchard is second to none in the country, and that the best of fruit is being raised from it. Said farm is about five miles from the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Delta off South Paris, and within two miles of the

court house, and the meeting house which is owned by the Baptist and Universalist societies. There is a wish to lay out a road to cull and view the premises, between now and the first of October next. For further particulars inquire of

ORISON RIPLEY, on the premises.
Paris, Aug. 10, 1852. 27

N. B. There is also sufficient Woodlot for the use of the Farm.

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ARE infusing in the cure of Coughs, Cold, Catarrhs, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty breathing, Incurable Consumption, and diseases of the Lungs. They have no taste of medicine.

Ask for Bryan's Pulmonic Washers—the original and only genuine is stamped "Bryan." Spurious kinds are offered for sale. Twenty-five cents a box. Sold by dealers generally.

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