

The Oxford Democrat.

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POETRY.

Perseverance.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Take the spade of Perseverance;
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside;
Every stubborn weed of Error,
Every weed that hinders the soil,
Tares, whose very growth is terror—
Dig them out, what'er the toil.
Give the stream of Education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of Perseverance
Out, where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength in self-exertion;
Work, and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to fortune;
Make the road to home straight!
Men are agents for the future!
As they work so ages win;
Either harvest of advancement,
Or the product of the sin!
Follow out true cultivation—
Widen Education's plan;
From the majesty of Nature
Teach the majesty of man!

MISCELLANY.

LAST MOMENTS OF WASHINGTON.

On Thursday, December 12th, the General rode out to his farms about ten o'clock, and did not return home till past three. Soon after he went out, the weather became very bad; rain, hail and snow falling alternately, with a cold wind. When he came in, I carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the Post Office. He franked the letters, but said the weather was too bad to send a servant to the office that evening. I observed to him that I was afraid he had got wet; he said, no—his great coat had kept him dry; but his neck appeared to be wet—the snow was hanging on his hair.

He came to dinner without changing his dress. In the evening he appeared as well as usual. A heavy fall of snow took place on Friday, which prevented the General from riding out as usual. He had taken cold undoubtedly from being so much exposed the day before, and complained of having a sore throat; he had a hoarseness, which increased in the evening, but he made light of it, as he would never take anything to carry off a cold, always observing—"let it go as it came." In the evening, the papers having come from the Post Office, he sat in the room with Mrs. Washington and myself, reading them, till about nine o'clock; and when he met with anything which he thought diverting or interesting, he would read it aloud. He desired me to read to him the debates of the Virginia assembly, on the election of a Senator and Governor, which I did. On his retiring to bed, he appeared to be in perfect health, except the cold which he considered as trifling; he had been remarkably cheerful all the evening.

About two or three o'clock on Saturday morning, he awoke Mrs. Washington, and informed her that he was very unwell, and had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak, and breathed with difficulty, and she wished to get up and call a servant; but the General would not permit her, lest she should take cold. As soon as the day appeared, the woman Caroline went into the room to make a fire, and she desired that Mr. Rawlins, one of the overseers, who was used to bleeding the people, might be sent for to bleed him before the doctor could arrive. I was sent for—went to the General's chamber, where Mrs. Washington was up, and related to me his being taken ill between two and three o'clock, as before stated. I found him breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. I went out instantly and wrote a line to Dr. Plask, and sent it with all speed. Immediately I returned to the General's chamber, where I found him in the same condition I had left him. A mixture of molasses, vinegar and butter, was prepared, but he could not swallow a drop; whenever he attempted, he was distressed, convulsed, and almost suffocated.

Mr. Rawlins came in soon after sunrise, and prepared to bleed him; when the arm was ready the General observing Rawlins, appeared agitated, said with difficulty, "don't be afraid!" and after the incision was made, he observed, the officer was not large enough—however, the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington not knowing whether bleeding was proper in the General's situation, begged that it might not be taken from him, and desired me to stop it. When I was about to unite the string, the General put up his hand to prevent it, and as soon as he could speak, said "more."

Mrs. Washington, still uneasy lest too much blood should be taken, it was stopped after a half a pint had been taken. Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding, and that nothing could be swallowed, I proposed bathing the throat externally with sal volatile, which was done, a piece of flannel was then put round his neck. His feet were also soaked in warm water, but gave no relief. By Mrs. Washington's request, I despatched a messenger for Dr. Brown, at Fort Tabasco. About nine o'clock Dr. Craik arrived, and put a blister of cantharides on the throat of the General, and took more blood, and had some vinegar and hot water set in a tea-pot for him to draw the steam from the nose.

He also had some sage tea and vinegar mixed and used as a gargle, but when he held back his head to let it run down, it almost produced suffocation. When the mixture came out of his mouth some phlegm followed it, and he would attempt to cough, which the doctor encouraged, but without effect. About eleven o'clock, Dr. Dick was sent for. Dr. Craik bled the General again, no effect was produced, and he continued in the same state, unable to swallow anything. Dr. Dick came in about three o'clock, and Dr. Brown

arrived soon after, when, after consultation, the General was bled again; the blood ran slowly, appeared very thick, and did not produce any symptoms of fainting. At four o'clock the General could swallow a little. Calomel and tartar emetic were administered without effect.

About half past four o'clock, he desired me to ask Mrs. Washington to come to his bedside, when he desired her to go down to his room, and take from his desk two wills which she would find there, and bring them to him, which she did; upon looking at one, which he observed was useless, he desired her to burn it, which she did and then took the other and put it away. After this was done, I returned again to his bedside, and took his hand. He said to me, "I find I am going—my breath cannot continue long. I believed from the first attack it would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my military letters and papers; arrange accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else; and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun."

He asked when Mr. Lewis and Washington would return. I told him, I believed about the 20th of the month. He made no reply to it. The physicians again came in (between five and six o'clock), and when they came to his bedside, Dr. Craik asked him if he would sit up in the bed; he held out his hand to me and was up, when he said to the physicians: "I feel myself going; you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly, I cannot last long." They found what had been done was without effect; he laid down again, and they retired, excepting Dr. Craik. He then said to him: "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my first attack I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long." The Doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word; he retired from the bedside and sat by the fire, absorbed in grief.

About eight o'clock, the physicians again came into the room, and applied blisters to his legs, but went out with a ray of hope. From this time he appeared to breathe with less difficulty than he had done; but was restless, continually changing his position, to endeavor to get ease. I aided him all in my power, and was gratified in believing he felt it, for he would look upon me with eyes speaking gratitude, but unable to utter a word without great distress.

About ten o'clock, he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it; at length he said—"I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead." I bowed assent. He looked at me again and said—"Do you understand me?" I replied—"yes, sir." "This well," he said.

About ten minutes before he expired, his breathing became much easier—he lay quietly—he withdrew his hand from mind and felt his own pulse. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire; he came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist; I took it in mine and placed it on my breast. Doctor Craik placed his hands over his eyes; and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington asked in a firm and collected voice—"Is he gone?" and thus closed the earthly career of one of God's noblest creations.

From Swedenborg's "Conjugal Love."

A Marriage of Angels.

AS WITNESSED BY EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.
Towards evening there came a footman, clothed in linen, to the ten strangers who attended the angel, and invited them to nuptials to be celebrated the next day; and the strangers were much rejoiced that they were about nuptials in heaven. After this they were conducted to one of the chief councillors, and were united with him, and after supper they returned, and retired each to his own bed-chamber, and slept till morning; and when they awoke, they heard the singing of the virgins and young girls, from the houses round the places of the public resort, mentioned above; the affection of conjugal love was sung at that time, by the sweetness of which, being deeply affected and moved, they perceived a blessed gladness infused into their joys, which exalted and renewed them. At the hour appointed, the angel said, "Arise, and put on the garments of heaven which our Prince has sent you;" and they put them on, and behold! the garments shone as with flaming light; and they asked the angel, "Whence is this?" He replied, "It is because you are going to nuptials, and then our garments always become luminous, and are nuptial garments."

After this the angel conducted them to the house of the nuptials, and the porter opened the door; and presently they were received within the threshold, and saluted by an angel sent from the bridegroom, and introduced and led to seats appointed for them; and soon after they were invited into an ante-room of the marriage-chamber, where they saw in the middle a table, on which was placed a magnificent candlestick, with seven branches and scences of gold; and against the table hung lamps of silver, which being lighted, the atmosphere appeared as if golden; and they observed on each side of the candlestick two tables, on which were loaves, in triple order and tables also at the four corners of the room on which were cups of crystal. Whilst they were examining these things, a door opened from an apartment next the marriage-chamber and they saw six virgins come out, and after them the bridegroom and bride, holding each other by the hand, and leading each other to a seat opposite to the candlestick, on which they placed themselves, the bridegroom on the left hand and the bride on the right; and the six virgins stood at the side of the seat, near the bride. The bridegroom was clad in

a robe of luminous purple, and a tonic of fine shining linen, with an ephod, upon which was a golden plate, set round with diamonds, and on the plate was engraved a young eagle, the marriage ensign of that heavenly society; on his head he wore a mitre; but the bride was clad in a crimson robe, and beneath a garment of fine needlework, reaching from her neck to her feet, and beneath her bosom she wore a golden girdle; and on her head a crown of gold set with rubies. When they were thus seated, the bridegroom turned himself to the bride, and placed upon her finger a golden ring, and drew forth armlets and a collar of pearls, and tied the armlets about her arms, and the collar around her neck, and said, "Accept these pledges," and as she accepted them, he kissed her, and said, "Now thou art mine; and he called her his wife. When this was done, all the guests exclaimed, A blessing be upon you! This was first said by each separately, and then by all together; one sent by the Prince, as his representative joined in the acclaim, and at that instant ante-room was filled with an aromatic smoke, which was a sign of blessing from heaven; and then the servants in waiting took loaves from the two tables near the candlestick, and cups, now filled with wine from the tables at the corners of the room, and gave to each of the guests his loaf and his cup, and they ate and drank. After these things, the husband and his wife rose up, the six virgins attending them, with the silver lamps now lighted in their hands, as far as the threshold, and the servants entered the bed chamber; and the door was shut.

Afterwards the conducting angel spoke to the guests concerning his ten companions, saying that he, by command, had introduced them and shown them the magnificent things of the Prince's palace, and the wonders there; and that they had denied at table with him; and afterwards they had conversed with the wife of the society; and he said, May they converse also with you; and they approached and addressed them; and one of the marriage guests, who was wise, said: Do you understand what the things signify which you have seen? They replied, that they understood a little of them; and then they asked him: Why was the bridegroom, now the husband, clad in such vesture? He answered, that the bridegroom now the husband represented the Lord, and the bride, now the wife, represented the church; because nuptials in heaven represent the marriage of the Lord with the church; thence it is that upon his head there was a mitre, and that he was clad in a robe, a coat, and an ephod, like Aaron, and that the bride had a crown on her head, and was clad in a long robe like a queen; but to marry will be clothed differently, because this representation lasts no longer than to day. They asked further: Since he represented the Lord and she the church, why did she sit on his right hand? the wise person replied, because there are two which make the marriage of the Lord and the church, love and wisdom, and the Lord is love and the church is wisdom, and wisdom is the right hand of love, for the man of the church is wise as of himself, and as he grows wise he receives love from the Lord; the right hand also signifies power, and love has its power through wisdom; but, as was said before, after the nuptials the representation is changed, for then the husband represents wisdom and the wife the love of his wisdom; this love is not primary love, but secondary love, which is from the Lord to the wife, through the wisdom of the husband; the love of the Lord, which is primary love, is the love of growing wise in the husband; wherefore, after the nuptials, both together, the husband and his wife, represent the church. They asked again: Why did not you men stand beside the bridegroom, now the husband as the six virgins stood beside the bride, now the wife? The wise person answered: Because we to-day are numbered amongst virgins, and the number six signifies all and complete. But they said: How is this? He replied: Virgins signify the church, and the church is of both sexes; and wherefore also we, as regards the church, are virgins; that this is so is evidently from these words in the Revelation: These were they which were not defiled with women for they are virgins and follow the Lamb whosoever he goeth, XIV. 4. And because virgins signify the church, therefore the Lord liketh it to ten virgins invited to a marriage. Matt. XXV. And because by Israel, Zion and Jerusalem is signified the church, therefore mention is so often made in the Word of the virgin and daughter of Israel, or Zion and of Jerusalem. The Lord also describes the church with the church in these words: O my right hand did stand the queen in fine gold of Ophir, her clothing is of gold, the shield be brought unto the king in RAIMENT OF NEEDLEWORK; THE VIRGINS, her companions that follow her shall enter into the King's palace. Psalm XLV. 9 to 16. Afterwards they said: Is it not proper that a priest be present and minister at these things? The wise person answered: This is proper on the earth, but not in the heavens, on account of the representation of the Lord himself and the church; this they do not know on the earth; but still, with us, a priest ministers at the betrothments and hears, receives, confirms and consecrates the consent; consent is the essential of marriage, and all other succeeding ceremonies are its formalities.

After this the conducting angel went to the six virgins, and gave them also an account of his companions, and requested that they would honor them with their company; and they approached; but when they were near, they suddenly retired, and entered the women's apartment, where were also virgins their companions. On seeing this, the conducting angel followed them, and asked why they retired so suddenly without speaking with them? They replied: We could not approach. And he said, Why is this? And they answered, We do not know, but we perceived some thing which repelled and drove us back again; we hope they will excuse us. And the angel returned to his companions, and told them what the virgins had said, and added, I infer that your love of the sex is not chaste; in heaven we love virgins for their beauty and the elegance of their manners, and we love them intensely, but chastely. At this his companions smiled, and said, You conjecture rightly; who can behold such beauties near, and not feel some desire.

After this festive intercourse, all those who were invited to the nuptials departed, and also these ten men, with their angel; and the evening being far advanced, they returned to rest. The three novitiates, on hearing this, asked Is there a similar love between consorts in the heavens and in the earth? And the two angelic spirits replied, that it was altogether similar; and that they perceived that similar ultimate delights there, they said that they were altogether similar, but much more blessed, because angelic perception and sensation are much more exquisite than human perception or sensation; and what is the life of that love unless derived from a vein of potency? When this potency fails must not the love itself fail and grow cold? Is not this virtue the very measure, the very degree, and the very basis of that love? Is it not its beginning, its firmament, and its complement? It is a universal law that things primary exist, and persist by ultimate; thus also that love; wherefore, unless they were ultimate delights, there would be no delights of conjugal love. The novitiates wished to know whether there were lights of that love any offspring were born there; and if not, of what use were they?

The angelic spirits answered, that there were not any natural offspring; and the novitiates asked, What are spiritual offspring? They replied, Two consorts by ultimate delights more united in the marriage of good and truth and the marriage of good and truth is the marriage of love and wisdom, and love and wisdom are the offspring which are born from that marriage; and because the husband there is wisdom, and the wife is the love thereof, and both also are spiritual, therefore no other than spiritual offspring can be there conceived and brought forth. Hence it is that the angels, after delights, do not become sad, as some on earth, but cheerful, and this is in consequence of a continual influx of fresh powers succeeding the former, which renovate and at the same time illustrate them; for all who come into heaven return into their vernal youth and into the powers of that age, and they remain to eternity. The three novitiates on hearing this said, Is it not written in the Word, that in heaven they are not given in marriage, because they are angels? To which the angelic spirits replied: Look up into heaven, and it will be answered to you; and they asked why they were to look up into heaven; they said, Because we have heard all interpretations of the Word; the words are inwardly spiritual, and the angels, because they are spiritual, will teach the spiritual understanding of it. And after some delay, heaven was opened over their heads, and two angels came in sight, and said, Nuptials are given in the heavens, as in the earth, but to none others there than those who are in the marriage of good and truth, nor are there any other angels; wherefore spiritual nuptials which relate to the marriage of good and truth, are there understood; these are given in the earth, but not after death, thus in the heavens; as it is said of the five foolish virgins, who were also invited to the nuptials that they could not enter, because they were not in the marriage of good and truth, for they had no oil, but only lamps; by oil is understood good, and by lamps truth; and to be given in marriage is to enter into heaven, where that marriage is. The three novitiates were made glad with this intelligence, and full of the desire of heaven and the hope of nuptials there, said, We will study morality, and a becoming conduct of life, that we may have what we desire.

Sketch of Omer Pacha.

A German nobleman, who is doing a little amateur soldiering with Omer Pacha, has sent me a graphic sketch of the domestic manners and customs of the Turkish explain. Altho' it may be somewhat damaged by being upset (übersetzt, as the Germans have it) from the original into our vernacular, I send you a translation of this sketch, promising that in its German attire it is singularly showy, which you would never derive from the tawdry frippery in which I have dressed it. My German friend says that when you first get sight of Omer Pacha, having been told that he is only forty-seven years of age, you marvel at his appearance—the forty-seven summers which have rolled over him must have been accompanied by severe winters, whose snows are still unthawed on his beard. Time, it is true, has not thinned the flowing hair of which he has a goodly crop, but it is becoming gradually gray, his beard is already of a snowy whiteness. Nature played the same prank with that less illustrious hero, Charles Philip, who asked Lord Brougham why his hair retained its blackness whilst his whiskers had become gray. Brougham told him it was because his jaws were always at work, whilst his head was ever idle. The same cause cannot be assigned in this instance, however, for Omer is no great "eater of beef," like Sir Toby Belch, but his head is always at work. His features give strong evidence of his low origin, and his brow is deeply furrowed by the traces of the fierce conflict of contending passions. The expression of his countenance is not exactly martial, but it reveals the energy, the indomitable (unbengbarkeit) unbendingness, as the Germans say, of the will which lies hushed in grim repose under that noble and broad, yet very high forehead. His physiognomy, however, receives its expression from the eyes and the thick bushy

eyebrows which overarch them. When the Muechir becomes excited, you can plainly discern the latent fire within glaring through his countenance. His nose is of that form which the French charmingly denominates as "retroussé," which in German degenerates into "stumpfenasse" whilst the only word which our vernacular supplies for the description of such globes—with shame and sorrow do I transcribe it—"snub." His mouth is well formed, and his thick lips are not unfrequently wreathed into a sardonic smile, reminding us of Macbeth, "but when he smiles, he reveals in such a sort," which still, however, smokes two rows of white and regular teeth. Although no one call him exactly handsome, there is something striking about the man. He has a frank and manly carriage, but looks prudent withal, and when lashed into anger his aspect becomes terrible.

His stature is rather below the ordinary height which nature has assigned to us bipeds; however, he is thick set and well built. He has a stiff, soldier like bearing, somewhat haughty withal, acquired by long habits of command—the dangerous knowledge that he is monarch of all he surveys, and that "none but himself can be his parallel."

As you may suppose, his dress is Turkish—that is to say, he wears a fez, and on ordinary occasions the common blue military Turkish frock-coat, which closely resembles the old Prussian cavalry uniform. He wears no epaulettes, though the bands mark their whereabouts on his shoulders. He wears his uniform generally open, simply held together by a single button at the waist, revealing a waistcoat of snowy whiteness, and a shirt and collar of the same pure hue. Lord Cardigan himself will pay a tribute to the cut of the Muechir's trousers, and poor Dr. Orsay would have told you at a glance that his admirably built coat was the chef-d'œuvre of a Vienna tailor.

Thus attired, Omer Pacha looks more like a European than a Turkish general. By the care and attention bestowed by him on his dress, it is evident that he lays much stress on the effect which his appearance may produce on his troops. In the hot summer this dress is changed for one of lighter materials, mackintosh, etc., but then he affects the head-gear of the "Arab Emir of the desert." Under his fez which he makes it cling to his head, he wears a large white gold-embroidered kerchief, which as he dashes forward in his gallop, floats fantastically over his shoulders. Thus, you see, he tries to conciliate all classes by adopting a portion of the costume of each; but he is evidently as proud of his appearance as a young ensign, when he first glitters on parade in his new uniform.

In these trifles you may trace some of the features which lie embedded in the depths of his character; they mark the man. In this language and bearing you can almost detect a certain straining for effect. He is always an actor, with him "life's but a stage;" and assuredly, during the last six months no player has been so much stared at. Your first interview with him leaves a pleasing impression, your second does not destroy the first, but convinces you that he is an excellent actor.

You will find him repining on his divan, or sofa, discarding the tailor, or Turkish fashion, the legs tucked beneath the body, but one leg thrown over the other. The tabouche in his hand, is with him a plaything, whereas with the Turks it is an object of solemn solicitude and respect. On your entrance, he will rise and greet you with European politeness and bid you welcome after a fashion unknown to and unpractised by the Turk. If he wish to do you special honor, he will seat you by his side, and then clapping his hands, the attendants will enter with pipes and coffee. If you decline the former, he will assure you that smoking is indispensable during a campaign. You talk to him of Turkish affairs, and the probable result of the conflict; he smiles ironically, and says all will end well but he fears that all will not go on very smoothly.

Talk to him of the Turkish army, his face lights up at once: it is the object of his parental care and love, for he formed and fashioned it. He likes to talk of Montenegro, for he knows it that his name became historical. But he loves well to talk of the days which he passed as Commander-in-Chief of Bosnia and Bucharest, and the band under his windows has orders to play all those well remembered airs, calling him back to the campaign of 1848, when, side by side with his present foe, Laders, he was the cynosure of every eye in Moldavia. His activity is astounding. You know that on one occasion in the depth of winter, he rode from the mountains in Montenegro to Shumla, in nine days, reconnoitring on his way the whole neighborhood of Sophia. His constitution is so hardened by exposure, that there is no wearing him out. He is seldom or ever ill; cold water is his panacea for everything, and no hydropathist ever used it so successfully. Several pails of cold water are thrown over him, when he rises in the morning, before he commences the important operations of the toilette.

To behold him to advantage, you should see him vault into his saddle. Then all the hero stands confounded before you. He has one strange gift of being able to detect the slightest whisper which has reference to him or his actions—as Byron said of another hero in a smaller way—"He had the skill, when coming's gaze would seek To probe his heart, and watch his changing cheek, And on observer's roll back his scrutiny."

By the way, all his portraits represent him with a telescope in his hand but he never uses it.

Omer Pacha is a man of no ordinary intelligence. He possesses strong powers of reasoning and argumentation, and brings forward his proofs, step by step, till he has firmly established the grounds of his argument. From

the warmth with which he does this, you would suppose it to have been the inspiration of the moment, but it is the result of careful study and preparation.

With respect to his acquirements, his superiority over every other Turkish commander is unquestionable, but when measured by the European standard, they are not remarkable.

His friends admit that he has no pretension to any solid knowledge, beyond that of military matters, which with him is extensive. In another respect he is a striking exception to the Turkish commanders—he is remarkably disinterested—his pay is enormous—he receives about £1,500 sterling per month, but he spends every piaster, and is always slightly in debt—his generosity is unbounded—his hand is ever open as day to melting charity, and what still more redounds to his praise throughout the territory over which his jurisdiction extends, the Paclias are not permitted to indulge in their wonted extortion.

His manner of life is simple, but he can scarcely be called abstemious, he likes a good glass of wine, and indulges more freely in the juice of the grape than becomes a rigid Mahomedan, but in this respect he resembles his colleagues, for there are left few officers, whether in the civil or military service of Turkey, who abstain from the use of wine. Many a Pacha may be found at noon with something more than "just a drapine in his eye," but Omer Pacha never allows himself to be thus "overtaken."

The Oxford Democrat.

SPEECHES AT THE MASS DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Report of this speech, though not as full as might have been desirable, is nevertheless quite satisfactory. The question of "regularity" is quite satisfactorily settled. Judge Lennen, on being called upon, spoke as follows:

Mr. President—
"Whoever speaks in this Hall to-day, does so in the face of the most bitter denunciations that ever emanated from a venal press. The fertility of the English language is inadequate to supply epithets for its use, while hypocrisy, misrepresentation and abuse flow full and free from those panders to the morbid sensibilities of their own corrupting. Before that Spartan band, the only representatives of the Democracy of our Fathers, those epithets have been rung through all the changes of permutation and combination known to their diseased imagination.

But who are those sons of Proteus, assuming the dictation of our political faith? They call themselves regulars, and I rejoice that the term "regular" has been so well defined by the Hon. gentleman who preceded me. But how regular? Not Regular in holding uniform opinions, open practices in relation to Democracy and democratic faith.

Mr. President you cannot afford me time to relate all my remembrance of the past, but starting with the proposition that no nominations are or can be regular that do not reflect the will of the people, we will inquire who are in regular standing at this time. Overlooking the regular repudiation of the people's nomination of Governor Dunlap, by a portion of now regulars, we remember at a Convention in Oxford Congressional District the nomination of N. S. Littlefield was deemed entirely irregular, because, as it was said, it did not reflect the will of the people. We remember the charges made by "regulars" and the successful means used to prevent the election of the nominee, until the regulars consented. We do not forget the indignation meetings or of the fact of the election on a third trial, by a less number of votes than were polled for the whig candidate on the first ballot, thus throwing that strong hold of democracy into the power of the whig party. All this was deemed very regular, both then and now, and I refer to it as the origin of regularity in Oxford County.

In the year 1847, Gov. Dana, then the view of the people and exponent of their views said: "The sentiment of the free States is profound, sincere, and almost universal; that the influence of slavery upon productive energy, is like the blight of mildew—that it is a moral and social evil, that it does violence to the rights of man as a thinking, reasoning and responsible being, that its existence will shut out free labor, because the free man will not submit himself to the degradation, which attacks to labor where slavery exists. Influenced by such considerations the free States will oppose the introduction of slavery into the territory which may be acquired."

The right of the slave-holder to his slave "is an unnatural, an artificial, a statute right—and when he voluntarily passes with his slave to a free territory that right ceases to exist. The slave becomes a free man, with just as much right to claim the master, as the master to claim the slave."

This is Gov. Dana and this was Democracy, "regular" democracy in 1847. It was popular will, too, and it is now; and it is democracy now but not regular. And who have bolted this democracy? Not the people, not the representatives in this hall to-day.

At the opening of the session of the Legislature of 1850, Gov. Dana returned to that body a bill, passed at its former session, "in relation to common sellers of intoxicating liquors." The elections of the next year manifested the popular will and a more stringent one received the sanction of Gov. Hubbard. June following there met in this city from all parts of the State a band of men, who resolved to regulate the democracy of the State by new tests; and machinery was invented, if not patented for the application of those tests. Opposition to the Maine Law became the base upon which a varied course of action might be traced as localities would best sustain.

On the renomination of Gov. Hubbard, this

new machinery gave discordant notes, and according to its voice the owners left the Hall of the House of Representatives before the final vote of nomination was taken.

Was that "bolting" or was that "regular" democracy? Upon this came a call for a Mass Convention to nominate a candidate for Gov. to save the party, the leaders professing to have gone behind the oracle and to have found the sibylline leaves responsive to the call. Another new test of democracy now rolled over the wheel, and all who opposed the call, sustained Hubbard, were proscribed; and the new party styled themselves the "liberal party," claimed to dictate Democracy in opposing the Maine Law and bolting the nomination of every Democrat who sustained it. This was "regular" democracy then and the antecedent of "regular" democracy now.

The nomination of Mr. Pillsbury removed all doubt that this appendix had become an article and in fact the leading article in the creed, when those who held the faith in its pristine purity, could no longer "law down in the house of Rimmon, the idol," but placed in the hands of the nominee of this Convention, the standard under which they had long rallied and whose inscriptions have been preserved unsullied, while under his care.

On rolled this new machine and its wires answered to the touch in every County and town throughout the State; and so ingenious and perfect was the operation that when the people overpowered its action in their primary meetings, in the choice of delegates, a double set at once rolled out and thus in convention the fraud was consummated. Such was "regular" democracy, in opposition to democracy itself. Next came the "National" attachment, by the Washington Union, and regulated by the Secretary of the Treasury. The Liberal Press did not readily adopt this appendage, though like blind birds they opened their mouths on the arrival of every messenger from Washington, until by supplementary wadding, they were able to swallow Nebraska and Kansas, thus becoming thoroughly Nationalized. Such is "National Democracy" made "regular."

Around me in this Hall to-day, are those, who, when first I entered the arena of political action, were acknowledged leaders and oracles of democracy. Steering my frail bark in your wake, it never occurred to me that tempests, rocks or shoals would arrest my course. You have continued to receive the confidence and honors of the people in the exercise of high and important offices of trust, and you come here to-day to assert and endeavor to maintain the same principles in the support of which you earned that confidence and received those honors, and confidently may we look to the source of that confidence to repel the sneers heaped upon us as the eleven thousand party.

"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump" and instead of discouragement in view of eleven thousand we only wonder that so many were then found who would not "how the knee to Baal." It required courage then to act, as each one knew not but he was acting alone. There was no time for concert while to the new fangled notions of "liberal" democracy, eleven thousand spontaneously answered, No. We now understand each other, have now laid a common platform in the resolutions of to-day. If these resolves find response in but 11,000 hearts, we may well despair. But not so. Three times eleven thousand to your nomination to-day will answer—aye—so we will have it; and the hills and mountain tops will resound in answering echo to the plains below—ANSON P. MORRILL for Governor.

Gird on the armor of liberty, equal rights, justice, temperance and humanity and when you see whose bright reluctant rays are just now bursting from his cloudy seat shall throw its diffuse light over your dwellings on the second Monday of September next, remember the motto of the great Nelson flung to breeze on the morning of his last renowned battle, substituting Maine for England—"Maine expects every man to do his duty."

Mr. President, we have this day resolved "that we are willing that the South shall have every right they can fairly claim under the Constitution. But when they demand that slavery shall be installed over freedom and insist upon falsifying the democratic creed, abrogating the acknowledged principles of the constitution and reversing the settled principles of the government for the sole purpose of extending the area of slavery, so as to establish and perpetuate its supremacy, we should be false to the principles of freedom if we did not meet it with determined opposition.

Will not this resolves meet the unqualified approbation of every man in New England—in the free States, even? Such has been the voice of Maine. Such is her voice now. Gov. Dana, her organ said so. And no less to-day, then in 1847, yes much more, "the sentiment of the free States is profound, sincere, and almost universal, that the influence of slavery upon productive energy is like the blight of mildew, that it is a moral and social evil, that it does violence to the rights of man as a thinking, reasoning and responsible being." This is the voice of Maine, yea of New England, now. The expression of that sentiment is unmistakable, and met with but slight opposition in the last Legislature of this State, its opponents in numerical strength, being but the same that the power of darkness had in Mary Magdalene. Should we not then meet the enactments of hostility to those sentiments in the Nebraska and Kansas bill "with determined opposition."

Those territories are a portion of our wide domain, made forever free, by the compromise of 1820. Shall we submit to the demand that "slavery be installed over freedom in those territories. Shall we submit to the unblushing falsification of the democratic creed for the sole purpose of extending the area of

slavery." Freedom of Maine, it remains to be seen whether those inherent principles of democratic faith, so long cherished as the dearest rights, shall be trampled under foot for the purpose of perpetrating the great Jeffersonian crime, in view of which the great Jefferson trembled "in the remembrance that God is just."

The following article could not find place in the Maine Democrat. We insert it for the benefit of Nebraska readers.

To the Editor of the Maine Democrat.

Sir:—In your paper of the 9th, 16th and 23d of May, you undertook to favor your readers with a history of the Cary and Morrill parties, or rather, as you are pleased to have it, "two factions." If they are so, however, they are not so identical in principle as not to be easily distinguished from each other. The former, going for the repeal of the liquor law, and for a sort of plunder of the public lands; the latter, for sustaining the law and opposed to plunder. But notwithstanding you know this, and notwithstanding you profess partiality to the law and the temperance cause, and your deep concern for the public interests, you treat these "two factions" with the same degree of indignity, and most furiously denounce them both, as "freedomers, stockholders, jockeys, demagogues, jacks and asses," and say they are induced only by "base designs, and sinister motives." These disparaging epithets thus strung together, are your own dignified language; words with which you have so plentifully interlarded your strictures on the alleged sections of the democratic party. And why? Merely because they have seen fit to break from the thralldom of caucus and convention systems, as of late conducted, and set up for themselves, as independent republicans. Not content with your sweeping and wholesale denunciations of them, as factionists, you have unnecessarily singled out an individual of one of the parties, and slandered him, because as Chairman of the State Committee of the Morrill party, he had appended his name to a notice for a Mass meeting to nominate a candidate for Governor. That man is your friend and neighbor, James M. Deering, Esq. Sir, to what length have you not carried your violence?

In passing along, you incidentally allude to the Chandler faction of 1852, the first born of old Maine's democracy's family of factions. It is not forgotten that in its birth you pronounced it illegitimate, unscrupulous, refractory and deserving no favor; but now this unscrupulous and factious banding has become your great favorite, as well as of your associate leaders. I shall not pretend to give your precise language in your kind remarks respecting the Chandler party, but generally the substance. You say then that they were but temporarily deluded—that they soon recovered their senses, became clothed in their right mind, repented of their evil, and returned to the true democracy. That after all they were good temperance men, "honest in their intentions, and entitled to respectful consideration," that they meant no harm—merely "thought the law was an obstacle to temperance, contrary to right, and worthy of immediate expulsion from the statute book. These, sir, are your own words, though not thus italicized in the original. When you penned them, you must have known that there was not a semblance of truth in what you wrote. You know that that party or faction was made up of moderate drinkers and confirmed drunkards from the two great political parties. Such men, the friends of temperance, and opposed to a temperance law, only because they believe it to be an "obstacle" in the way of temperance! Such men oppose Gov. Hubbard, the regular democratic candidate for re-election, for no other reason than his opposing the law, and thereby his self becoming an "obstacle" to the progress of temperance! Sir, if you really believe this, "in my own words," put on long ears, and be an "Ass" yourself. We say that because for this would be in perfect keeping with your vacillating course on the temperance question. Moreover, you say that the leaders, "the Generals, Captains, and drill sergeants" of the Chandler speakers, who with their 20,000 men marched out of the democratic camp, and then, after one campaign, marched back again, are in very different employment now. True, sir, nothing more so. Your Generals, Captains, &c., though still at enmity with the law, have resumed to the camp of the "regulars." Yes those prodigal sons have returned and for them there is music and dancing, and the fatted calf. Instead of leading a faction, we find those illustrious Generals, Captains and drill sergeants, now employed in the Custom House, as Collectors, Deputy Collectors, Inspectors, Tide waiters, and the like. Some as Deputy Postmasters, and Postmasters' Clerks, and numerous others variously employed under the patronage of the General Government. Who wouldn't be a rebel, a factionist, and then return for so much soap? And all this has been effected, too, by the recommendation of the immediate leaders of the democratic party.

They pretend to be great sticklers for regular nominations, and great admirers of those who invariably and consistently support them—whether the nominee be devil or angel. Yet we find those same leaders recommending for office Chandler bolters, to the exclusive of others, who sought appointments to the same offices, and who had hitherto never wavered from regular nominations. And why this preference of the leaders on the one side for Chandler bolters and anti-law men, and their repudiation on the other hand of more consistent democrats? Evidently because said leaders were, and still are opposed to no man for office, who is not himself opposed. This is the criterion of their likes and dislikes, their true line of demarcation in political matters. Is it said this is not true?—Then look at your town elections, at your appointments, (in this County, I speak of more particularly now) at your town elections, County and State Conventions; who swims most buoyantly there, and who sinks to the bottom? The regular nomination candidates, who applied for office in the service of the United States failed because they were Cary men. So it is in your packed caucuses and conventions. Gloom it, as you please, such are the facts, Mr. Democrat.

The pure and patriotic leaders of the democratic party prefer both the treason and the traitor, provided he be an anti-law man, to the more consistent and regular democrat, who does not fully sympathize with them. Mr. Maine Democrat, is it a wonder that under the leadership of such men, the democratic party in this County and the State should become dismembered and severed into fragments? But I can go no farther at present.

The Oxford Democrat.

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Book and Job Printing

ROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED

Democratic Republican Nominations

FOR GOVERNOR.

ANSON P. MORRILL,

OF READFIELD.

For Representative to Congress,

Second Dist. JOHN J. PERRY.

For Senators,

JOB PRINCE, of Turner.

TIMOTHY WALKER, of Rumford.

For Co. Commissioners,

AMERICA BARTLETT,

For Co. Treasurer,

ALVA SHURTLEFF, Jr.

The "Regular" State Convention.

NEW SECRET SOCIETY.

Alas! Has the Regular Democratic organization—once the bold advocate of democratic principles, and the noble pioneer in the cause of liberty, denied its right and come to this? Has it denied its birthright, and abandoned its distinctive features? Has it forsaken all principle and trusted in a name? Has it resolved to adopt a policy which it once condemned in the "Tip and Ty" campaign; and preferred to rise to power now by neutrality, rather than on principle? True, "it is a pity; but pity is its lot."

Since the Convention of last year, it has been quite certain that the incoherent elements composing the Democratic platform, could no longer hold the brethren together. The Resolutions then passed were essentially Aristocratic; and no Democrat could for a moment sustain them. They violated the plainest principle of Popular Government—the right of free suffrage. A terrible retribution awaited the authors of that outrage and a marked overthrow was the consequence.

Now what do these men, composed of "Regulars," Mass Conventionists, Chandlerites, Liberals, Proslaverys, Abolitionists, Non-Associates, Agitationists, Nebraskaites, Douglassites, and Slavery propagandists, after such a defeat, propose to do? Do they propose what would be most proper and natural under the circumstances—to revise the Democratic Platform; and infuse into it the measures and the principles suited to the times and the real condition of the Country? Do they propose to lay hold, strong and permanent foundation for a true Democratic Party? Do they propose to exist in the cause of the Constitution, of the Union and of the measures of liberty which are characteristic of the old Apostles of Democracy? Oh no. That would not do. The glittering spoils had too great a power of cohesion for that; and this little body of almost self constituted delegates—little exceeding 500 in number—forgot the Administration—forgot the Nebraska Bill—forgot the Union, forgot the State of Maine, forgot all the principles which are held dear by Freemen—initiated the Mass Convention system of nominating a candidate by acclamation; and then like dumb, tongueless, eyeless, soulless, vacant patriots, adjourned without a principle, a reason, a why or a wherefore.

Well, this "New Secret Society" has put a "Tip and Ty" Candidate on the track; and its members boast that he "never was and never can be beat." This is a laughing matter, commenced in good season—in good earnest; and the probability is that it will be persevered in till some morning in September, when this New Institution of practical "Know Nothings" will find to their astonishment that the people of Maine are capable of self government; and that they believe in popular sovereignty on principle. They will teach these noisy blusters that run together "Tip and Ty" and "Candidate" as just "Three is the armed house cause is just." They will teach them that things are to be judged as well as names; and that invincibility, the world over, has thus far ultimately lying on right and not on power, prejudice or deception. Napoleon was thought to be invincible. He finally had his Waterloo. Other invincibles may take warning by his example.

It is pretended that this nomination was unanimous and that Cary and Wells and Pillsbury and their friends were all satisfied. This is mere pretence. The last of these candidates may have been satisfied. So may his friends. But the large number who were originally in favor of Cary and Wells, are dissatisfied. They were taken by storm. They were forced to yield. The candidates last named and their friends were thrust aside, ignored, slighted and crowded out. AAvailability on principle was the ruling spirit of the occasion. To say that the convention was unanimous or that the people will acquiesce in our course, and adopt its candidate platform is neither true or reasonable. The Democracy of numbers—the bone and sinew of the State, will not submit to be thus treated. They ask for principles, not men; and principles they will have. This Convention is in all respects the prototype of the Bangor Convention, both as to principles and results—both as to men and measures; and if the people felt any interest in repudiating the former, they should feel the same interest in rejecting the latter.

Fellow-citizens—true Democrats—what is your duty? You see who are the men that have nominated Mr. Parris. You see they have no principles. You see they are like Free Mason's Lodges and other secret societies who dare not openly avow what they believe, or what they want, or what they will do. You know these men first disorganized the Democratic Party. You know they have twice thrown the State into Whig hands. You know they have coalesced with the Whigs to defeat the best Democrats in the State. You know they are led on by those who have denied the people the right of free suffrage. You know that the majority of them are Nebraska men—in favor of the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the abolition of free labor and Freedom in Missouri Territory—once solemnly granted to Liberty forever. You know that if Mr. Parris is elected, he will be guided by their councils; and that their principles—the most odious to freemen—will become the adopted principles of the State. What, therefore, is your duty?

Your duty is plain. You have a candidate who is worthy of your suffrages. His principles are open to the inspection of the whole community. They are right and just in themselves. His qualifications are not inferior to any candidate in the field. He is willing to obey the principle of true Republicanism which admits of rotation in office. He claims no life tenure in office. He asks for no hereditary descent of office to this or that family, from this or any former time, down to the latest age of their posterity. He is a democrat in principle and in action. His integrity, firmness and ability are known and read of all men. It is your duty therefore to support him by every means within your power. There cannot be a doubt that Mr. Morrill will be elected if those men will support him whose principles accord with those of true Democracy.

Democrats be not deceived. Let the character of the nominee of the 21st, be what it may—let it be as patriotic as is claimed—let him have served his country in the most acceptable manner by supporting the War of '12—by supporting Andrew Jackson and the "Hard Cider" candidate of '40, it is principle that the Democrat is after, not men alone. Most of you who claim to be Democrats can boast of a record as democrats on these great questions, except the last as this new candidate. Remember in whose keeping you find this candidate. Recall to mind those who first overthrew the party in this County and State; and who have fully resolved to keep the party as select as possible throughout the State, in order that there may be as small a number of men as possible from whom the South may hereafter select collectors, Post Masters, Light House keepers and Commissioners.

Remember this one fact, and ponder it well. Let this candidate assume the reins of power and for all practical purposes the Government will be as completely and fully in the hands of the original coalitionists, as it would be, were it controlled wholly by James Walker, John J. Holman, Abner Grover of Hastings Strickland.

A crisis has actually arisen in the politics of this State. Great principles are now to be or ought to be decided on their merits. The people should discriminate and select. This last effort, this sinister scheme of a new secret society with no principles for the people is about to be defeated. It is simply another plot to roll back the tide of Liberty and just government to the embrace of slavery Propagandism; and to fasten upon the country the most odious measure that ever was sprung upon a free people—we mean the re-education of the Missouri Compact. The people can easily defeat this plot and re-instate the democracy of the land. They owe it to their intelligence and to their sense of justice to do it. They will do it. Let the candidate opposed to them, Liberty and to the right, be General Washington himself with all his great name and deeds, he could not command the suffrages of the people for such purposes.

This nomination was just what was expected. It was expected under the circumstances that all the host of political aspirants would quietly abandon the field and unite upon some relic of democracy to restore their last and sinking fortunes and enable them to escape with good grace, from a sad dilemma. On ordinary occasions, such a scheme might have been acceptable. But at the present time, names have lost their power unless coupled with living principles and measures. The people honor good principles and good men; but they will overthrow and cast off those of an opposite character.

Democrats reflect upon these important matters and as you prepare your minds to vote, remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty" and that you are not for one moment safe in your rights, while voting, or supporting a dumb Candidate, or a dumb Party.

MAINE FREE PRESS. The first number of a Journal of the above name, published at Belfast, Waldo Co. has just made its appearance. It is a large sheet, published on good paper, with good type. Mr. Levi R. Wing is publisher. No editor is named. This first number gives promise of ability, industry and integrity.

The people of Waldo used a Democratic Paper. The probability now is that their opinions may be reflected, their measures advocated and their true position fairly presented. The people of that County are among the most patriotic in the State. They have one noble democratic desire heretofore and with this new aid of the right stamp and character, they will do so again. There is yet hope for bleeding Waldo. She will yet purge herself of the parasites who now claim the divine right to control her; and in spite of mercenary avarice her true character. Success to the new star in the East.

ADDRESS OF THE ANTI-NEBRASKA MEMBERS OF CONGRESS. An address, setting forth the character and consequences of the Nebraska Bill and the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise has been issued—endorsed by every member opposed to the Repeal. The Address recommends "restoration." We will publish it next week.

GREEN PEAS. Mr. Joseph Staples of this place, brought to market this week, green peas, gathered on the 29th, the product of his own cultivation.

The Portland Argus and Democracy.

The Argus, in giving an account of the Democratic Mass Convention enumerated a number of offices, and Ex-officio holders present; and stigmatized it as being an office holder's Convention. This was done to take off the cause of the Convention of self styled Regulars and not because there was any force in the assertion. One little Caucus to select Delegates, it seems, contained about as many office holders as the whole Mass Convention. The following from the Argus will abundantly prove this fact. It lists the reader see some things which he will do well to remember:

"The democratic voters of Ward 4, were notified to meet in the Municipal Court room, No meeting was held there. This Ward, last spring, gave a majority of sixty-two votes against Neal Doe for mayor. It polls some 231 of democratic votes. No meeting being held at the place designated, some of the office holders congregated a force in the Cumberland Law Library. Fourteen persons in all were present. Their names and the offices they held, and the salaries they receive are as follows:—

N. L. Woodbury, Post Master, salary and perquisites, \$2500 per annum.

B. Larabee, 2d Inspector of Customs, salary \$1095.

Cushman Hall, ditto, \$1095.

James Harris, one of the principal clerks of Post Master Woodbury in the city post office, salary \$500.

J. H. Hanson, mail agent between Portland and Boston salary \$800.

John, Ayres, superintendent and door keeper of the Custom House, \$365 per annum salary.

Besides these six, the following persons made up the whole meeting, viz:—

Charles Varney, Mark E. Jose, Peter G. Winslow, James D. Seavy, Z. K. Harmon, Josiah Spafford, N. Littlefield, and F. W. Nichols."

"Our readers will recognize in the name of Peter G. Winslow, one of the prominent actors in the mass convention of the 15th which nominated Hon. Shepard Cary for Governor. Also, the name of F. W. Nichols, one of the editors and publishers of this paper.

The chairman of the meeting was the above named Custom House Inspector, Mr. B. Larabee, 2d.

The preliminary action was moved by Mr. Post Master Woodbury, to reject the meeting of Mr. F. W. Nichols to vote in the meeting—being a publisher of the Argus, and a friend of Mr. Cary. This motion was to carry out the programme of proscription, marked out by the Argus in the morning. It led to some spirited discussion, but of course, in a purely democratic caucus, made up of six principal office holders under the federal government, in an aggregate of fourteen, all told, it was carried, and Mr. Nichols' head was off, as a "patriotic disorganizer"—the exact title under which the Washington Union has cut off the head of the Augusta Age!

Seeing so large a ward of the city represented by only fourteen persons, and six of them office holders, and one of the two delegates elected, Mr. Elijah Williams, being principle job prior to the Argus, a monopoly of office and government patronage, it is not difficult to recall the lamented Senator Grundy's remark upon such interference of government officers with the popular elections.

"When I see," said he, in the United States Senate, "men holding office, planning and interfering with popular elections, I cannot but believe they are thinking of their bread!"

Now do democrats in this State, need more evidence of the farcical condition to which the old party has been, and is now reduced, when such a system of reading out of the party, is being played, back and forth on all sides. The Union reads the Age out of the party. The Age, in turn, denounces the Union as no longer apostolic. The Argus reads Anson P. Morrill out—then Shepard Cary out, all done by the dash of a pen! Then comes Post Master of Portland, with his clerks, and four more office holding lackies, and of course such bringing a man with him, makes up twelve in a great caucus of fourteen, and these "giants in the land" assume also the business of reading Mr. Nichols out of the party! And this in a city where of eighteen delegates to the convention to be held on Wednesday, five—more than one fourth—are open, determined advocates of Shepard Cary's nomination!"

This shows the spirit of "Regular" Democracy. It is getting very regular. If this is a specimen of one little caucus what shall be thought of the whole Convention!

The Argus farther said that the Convention of June 7th said nothing "against the old enemy—the Whigs." This we thought was a grave charge; and one that would almost condemn our friends to everlasting infamy. A charge of such awful import—such significant meaning—of such weighty consideration—coming from such a source—from the Argus, the Boston Post of Maine, it was believed would consign all the actors in that Convention to oblivion. Such being the case we supposed the Argus and its Convention when it came off would actually and literally riddle the Whig Party from stem to stern, from top to bottom, and from head to heels—so that there would not be a fragment of it left sufficiently large to know that it had ever existed. But the Convention to annihilate the Whigs has come. It organized and chose a Committee to report its principles and fulminate anathemas against its enemies—the Whigs. The mountain labored and the following was the whole achievement—product—"Resolved, that the Convention do now adjourn to meet their fellow Democrats at the Polls, and elect Hon. A. K. Parris Governor of this State for the ensuing political year."

Is there anything about the Whigs or their principles in that? If there is, where is it? Who knows but what the Whigs would triumph in that election? Who can say that on the election of Hon. A. K. Parris, Whig principles are not to bear rule? Is there any thing in this Platform inconsistent with such a conclusion. If Democracy or Whiggery is founded on principles there is Nothing—absolutely nothing. If there is a man in the State who either with or without a magnifying glass can discover anything "against the Whigs" in this Platform as promulgated by the Argus, he will be the greatest curiosity either natural or artificial that ever existed in Maine; and we should advise some strong minded "Popular sovereignty" nebraskite to seek his fortune by exhibiting him to the public as a rare show, or a merry Andrew.

The change begun. True National Democrats, calm, cool and collected are beginning to forsake the "secret organization"—the vacuity Democracy, so often and so vehemently condemned by the very men who now set it in motion. "A Democrat" in the Portland Advertiser thus remarks in relation to the Convention of the 21st: "If Albion K. Parris is presented to me as a candidate entitled to my respect and confidence on account of his sentiments and views, how do I know that I am not asked to vote for an opponent? Has he, or have those who recommended him to me as an entertaining view with themselves, and thus entitled to my confidence, expressed a word as to the character of those views? It is no answer to say that he was nominated by men who are everywhere regarded as sterling and true democrats, and therefore his views are undoubted; for if that be so, then he must be a concentration of moral views from each other—and if he be a combination of them all, I fear me much that he may prove true to neither.

I have always since I have become a voter in 1840, voted for the regular democratic candidate for President, Governor, and all the various minor offices of Government, and through all the convulsions and excitements of the times, I have adhered to the regular nominations. I voted for John Hubbard when sustained by the temperance party, and also the next year voted for Albert Pillsbury, when sustained by the "liberals," and I did it because I consider them to be the regular nominees of the party. I have never voted the whig ticket, I do not promise to do so now; but one thing is certain, like many others who I know entertain the same views, I shall never throw my vote for a man who is not willing to express his views on the Nebraska bill and other subjects which are agitating the community. And were I to-day placed in a position where I was called upon to vote for a democrat who was "mum," or a whig who had expressed himself as opposed to the Nebraska scheme, I should without hesitation and as a matter of duty and conscience, throw my vote for the whig.

Do not believe me an abolitionist, for I detest a "nigger," and believe in the right of each State to regulate the matter of Slavery, but rather than vote again for one who would turn traitor to the wishes and interests of his constituents as he knew them to be, and for the truckling to power becoming a mere lickspittle and tool of ambitious men, I would discard all party considerations and organizations and feel compelled to vote for a MAN—one, who in trying emergencies, if he could not consistently carry out the wishes of his constituents, could at least, so conduct as to be able to return to them with unblemished honor.

And if Mr. Parris should conclude that the wisest policy is to keep the people in ignorance of his views on these matters, I fear that they will be led to think they have no guarantee that he is not a sympathizer with them, and instead of losing one or a few votes only he will find himself defeated in some thousands which he would have gained by adopting an honorable and fair expression of his sentiments.

A DEMOCRAT.

The Explanation.

Amidst a half a column of the silliest humbug, in the Republican Journal, there is found the following explanation of the ridiculous charge made by its editor that he saw rum in Mr. Morrill's room at Bangor; that saw one in Mr. Pillsbury's. It is muddy enough to blind a bat. Here it is:—

"Now the facts are that we never saw Mr. Morrill three seconds, that we know of, and do not know him at all. We never accepted his hospitality; and we utterly deny that in his room we acted the host, or are responsible for the procurement of liquor there in the manner stated. What may have been said, or what may have passed a bell cord, a person must have a sharp recollection to tell. But we very well remember that we considered ourselves a guest in the room, and conducted ourselves as a guest, and we know what belongs to good manners as well as another."

Is the charge here retracted or sustained? No. It is simply dodged. The editor says he said nothing about it at first; but simply amused himself with the remarks of the Morrill Press. It must be fine amusement to assert a falsehood and then dodge it. It would have been better to have kept silence, same as the irresponsible conductors of the Norway Advertiser have done in respect to similar falsehoods uttered in relation to the editor of this paper. They asserted in the streets and in their paper, "that he sold a pint of wine for 85 cents costing one dollar a gallon—that he sold it to a Swift innkeeper to get drunk on—that he sold it to everybody that could pay for it"—all absolute falsehoods. Such is some of the "regular" Democracy here. It seems that Waldo has some of the same sort. These charges come with a good grace when we contemplate what might, with truth be said of their authors.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF BURNS' RETURN. The decision in the case of Burns, the Fugitive at Boston, has awakened the community to the iniquitous effects of the Fugitive slave Law. An alibi was so fully proved in that case that every looker on supposed the Commissioner would acquit the Fugitive; but the evidence of one Virginian outweighed that of six Bostonians. The result is that 5000 persons have signed a petition to the Merchant's Exchange, Boston, for the unconditional Repeal of the Fugitive Law. It is headed by Pearson who furnished the vessel to carry off Sims.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY. This Institution is in a highly flourishing condition. A neat and elegant Catalogue, 1853-4, just issued from the Press of Russell Eaton. Augusta, gives unmistakable evidence of its prosperity. This Seminary has a course of study in both the English and Classical Departments—each occupying three years.—There are two terms of 15 weeks in each year. The average attendance for the past year was 172 students, male and female, for each term. H. P. Torrey, A. M. an enterprising and accomplished Teacher, Principal of the Institution.

Proceedings of the State Convention of the 21st.

To show who were honored on the occasion, we give the following: Temporary Chairman, Joseph Tobin, Esq. Paris. Charles B. Merrill, Esq., Portland and Capt. Andrew T. Palmer, Belfast, were appointed Secretaries.

Permanent organization, Luther S. Moore, Esq., York. President—with Vice Presidents, Secretaries, Moses B. Bartlett Esq. and the two appointed temporally.

Hon. A. K. Parris was then nominated with tremendous noise as stated by the Argus. Then according to the same authority the following cheers:—

"Three tremendous cheers were then given for ALBERT PILLSBURY—and three more for Albion K. Parris.

Significant enough indeed! Albion K. Parris, second to Pillsbury. Pillsbury first, Parris last. Parris carries Pillsbury; or rather Pillsbury's successor is the link by which Pillsbury himself and his disorganizing forces are to be made first, first, first. Remember that!

The Committee which reported the broad and comprehensive Platform composed of "meet" and "man" was as follows:—

The Chair reported the Committee on Resolutions, viz: Penobscot, W. B. S. Moor; Kennebec, Lot M. Morrill; York, E. R. Wiggins; Cumberland, S. J. Anderson; Lincoln, John Babson; Oxford, Alvah Black; Franklin, John L. Cutler; Piscataquis, A. M. Robinson; Hancock, Arno Wiswell; Washington, James Nichols; Waldo, Joseph Miller; Somerset, Franklin Smith; Arrostook, Leonard Pierce; Sagadahoc, J. T. Gilman; Androscoggin, Charles Millett.

The State Committee was reported as follows:—

Washington, Geo. Walker; Penobscot, Hastings Strickland; Kennebec, Lot M. Morrill; Somerset, Franklin Smith; Hancock, John R. Redman; Franklin, Dairs Howard; Piscataquis, Alex. H. Robinson; Sagadahoc, Oliver Moses; Androscoggin, Alfred Pierce; Cumberland, D. P. Baker, Lincoln, Henry Ingalls; York, L. S. Moore; Waldo, T. B. Gross; Arrostook, B. L. Staples; Oxford, James Walker.

Martyrdom of True Democrats—The Doctrine of Jackson Repudiated!

One of the prominent doctrines of the patriotic Jackson was "no interference in the affairs of the States by the officers of the general Government." Before his election this was an alarming evil. By his patriotic arm it was corrected.

Although we assisted this Administration to power, to keep its pledges on the Slavery question, to preserve the doctrines of State rights and the freedom of opinion and of election, it is not our duty longer to look quietly on, while these pledges and doctrines are wantonly violated, and the old landmarks of the party subverted. While we have a voice to raise and liberty to discuss the policy adopted, we will enter our solemn protest against such wrongs of the central power.

Belief in the Nebraska bill, and consequently in the repeal of the Missouri compact, and the extension of slavery is now the test of orthodoxy on democracy. Those who do not believe this to be, are estranged, benighted, turned out of office and hunted down by the McDonaids, the Tongues, the Douglasses and their associates. The axe has already fallen upon the heads of Messrs. Spinney and Turner, Postmasters of Wiscasset and North Boathay. The following correspondence proves it. The rumor of McDonald's commissions is being realized.

For the Democrat.

ANOTHER TURN OF THE NEBRASKA SCREW. We understand that Mr. Turner of Wiscasset has just been removed from the office of Postmaster, and a Mr. Young appointed in his stead; also that Mr. Spinney, Postmaster of North Boathay has been made to give place to a Mr. Pinkham of that town. Both Turner and Spinney received their appointments under this Administration, but they have presumed, it seems, to have to express independent and honest opinions in regard to the Nebraska swindle, and so off go their heads! We chronicle the fact, not so much for its intrinsic importance, as because it furnishes a beautiful illustration of the "crushing" powers and proclivities of this administration. The edict has gone forth, proclaiming the sovereign will and pleasure of the august powers at Washington, and reads as follows—"Know ye, that we, McDonald, Toombs, Douglass, & Co., autocrats of all the Democrats, hereby ordain and declare, that to discuss and to agitate questions appertaining to slavery is no province alone, and we will have therein no divided sovereignty. To us alone it belongs to establish, and from time to time to amend the democratic creed; and this is that creed as now established: No man professing to be a democrat has any right whatever to think or act for himself. If a member of Congress, the only question he has to ask is what is the President's will, and if a citizen in the charge of some petty post-office, then let him remember and never forget, under penalty of being "crushed," that whatever we decree and our tools in Congress register, is the supreme law of democracy, and you that would commend yourselves to our special favor, and receive our blindest smiles, shout "POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY," at the very top of your lungs."

Was there ever before in this country such a contemptible course of policy pursued as that we are now cursed with? Was there ever before a set of men in power so determinedly bent on their own destruction? To think of frightening intelligent masses of freemen, and converting them into willing slaves, by the exhibition of a few dejected Postmasters! Go on, Mr. Postmaster General, Toombs, Stevens and Douglas, in the laudable and ennobling course you are pursuing. It is opening the eyes of our people to your true character and real purposes as nothing else has or could. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church"—a few more sacrifices on the altar of Nebraska will make easy work for us.

LINCOLN.

This is fine business set up to appease the Moloch of Slavery. Where now is liberty of opinion! The Argus thus endorses Mr. Spinney; yet its power (O, how palied) can do nothing to save its true friend from Martyrdom. Martyrdom for what? For adhering to democratic principles.

The following is the Argus' endorsement of Mr. Spinney. "We notice that some papers are attacking our friend Robert Spinney, Esq., Postmaster of Boathay, on account of a presumed connection with the Morrill movement this year. We know that Mr. Spinney was not at the Convention, though his name was used as one of the officers, without his consent, as was the case with several others named in their programme. There was not a member in that Convention from Boathay. We believe that Mr. Spinney will be found acting with the Old Democratic party this year—and aiding in the election, and voting for Atkinson K. Parris, the Democratic nominee of Wednesday last."

To CORRESPONDENTS. Every publisher of a news paper is gratified to receive communications from intelligent correspondents. It adds interest to the news and gives weight to public opinion. In these times of strong political feeling, it is a pleasure to witness the increased attention given to this mode of imparting to the people both instruction and entertainment. For the benefit and consideration of this class of patrons, whom we wish to encourage, we invite their careful acquiescence in the following rules—the necessity of which will be seen at a glance; and compliance with which is too obvious to require either reason or argument:—

1. Write a plain bold legible hand.
2. Write only on one side of the sheet.
3. Let their be no blots.
4. Be concise and brief as possible.
5. Be sure and punctuate each sentence.
6. Write out fully each word.
7. Send to the Publisher or Editor, the true name of the correspondent.

A correspondent at Woodstock writes that three little boys, a son of C. C. Whitman, aged 6 years, a son of the late Capt. H. Packard, aged 6, and a son of Oliver Robbins, aged 8, while at play on a small raft in the pond, were let into the water by the breaking up of the raft. One of the boys succeeded in gaining the shore, and gave the alarm, when two sons of Mr. Robbins, aged 12 and 14, who were at work near by, swam out and rescued them.

VERIFICATION. We had the temerity to say, one year ago, that those who approved of and voted for the Bangor Platform, would never, in future, own it. Never. This is now, verily. Those who got it up do not dare to own it; but the Convention of the 21st, composed of the authors and accessories of that Platform, are attempting to perpetuate it in disguise. Shall they do it?

Too FAST. The report has been circulated that Mr. Parris was nominated to lead the divisions in Oxford County; and consequently that everybody would vote for him. This is a very curious, singular, extraordinary mistake. Gov. Parris may command nearly all the irregular and truly Bogus vote of '52 in this County; but this is a contest of principle and not of men he can do no more. The whole affair is well understood here. He will receive the same identical strength, press and all, that would have been given to Pillsbury or Chandler.

The Platform is received, with the greatest coldness and not a few have denounced it the most unspurring terms.

MUSICAL ADVERTISER, NEW SHARON.—This is a new Candidate for public favor—a rose of Sharon Published and Edited by Geo. W. Chase Esq. It is devoted to Music and News. We have received No. 2; and give the opinion that Mr. Chase deserves credit for both talent and enterprise.

The last No. contains an account of the Gold "diggings" in Franklin Co. Several companies have been formed, and have already commenced operations at Phillips on the branches of Sandy river. The product has been

