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POETRY.

Think of Me.

Go where the water glides ever,
Gleeth through meadows that the greenest be;
Go listen to your own beloved river,
And think of me!

Wander in forests where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree;
Lest to the dim break piping as it playeth,
And think of me!

And when the sky is silver pale at even,
And the wind grieves in the lonely tree,
Go out beneath the solitary heaven,
And think of me!

And when the moon riseth, as if she were dreaming,
And treadeth with white feet the lullied sea,
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,
And think of me!

MISCELLANY.

AN IRISH STORY.

Some time ago I was pleasantly surprised by receiving a visit from Harry Stanley, an old and valued friend of mine, who owns a noble plantation some ten miles distant from my residence. He had ridden across, as country-folk often do, not so much because of any particular business he had with me, as to have a chat about old times, and the crops, and politics, and those lesser matters of common interest to both.

As I had not seen Harry for several months, owing to the illness of Mrs. Stanley, his visit was even more than usually agreeable to me, inasmuch as it proved that my old college chum was still the same frank, easy, warm-hearted fellow as ever. My first question naturally touched upon the health of Mrs. Stanley, which I was gratified to learn had greatly improved of late. Afterwards we fell into a social confab, and when the newer topics of the day were exhausted, Harry strolled with me around the farm, noting with a practiced eye the growing grain, and speculating upon the probabilities of a bountiful harvest. Having extended our walk around the fields, we took to the hills beyond, and at length seated ourselves beneath a fine old chestnut-tree, from whence there was a noble prospect of the surrounding country. Taking a cigar from a case he was accustomed to carry in his pocket, my friend proceeded leisurely to light it; and when this feat was accomplished, and a few whiffs had been taken in silence, all at once, and to my surprise, he suddenly broke out with, "I say, Urian, do you know anything of one Peter Mulrooney?"

"Why do you ask?" said I.

"Oh, nothing; only he claims you as a warm friend of his, and referred me to some respectable self for his character. I didn't want to bother you, however, at the time; but happening just then to need a hand, I loved him at once, and I do assure you his character soon made itself apparent without any further trouble."

"So you know Mr. Urian, Mulrooney?" said I.

"Deed, sir," said he, "us proud I am to say that same; for sure there isn't a dacent jintleman, barrin' it's yerself, in all Ameriky."

"I am happy to hear him so well spoken of; but, if you were so much attached to him, why did you not quit his service?"

"Surra one of me knows," he replied, a little evasively, as I thought. "Ayeh! but 'twas his fault, anyhow."

"I dare say not. But what did you do after you left Mr. Urian?"

"Och, had luck to me, sir, 'twas the foolish thing in the world. I married a widdy, sir."

"And became a householder, eh?"

"Ayeh!" he exclaimed, with an expression of intense disgust, "the house wouldn't hold me long; 'twas too hot for that, I does he think?"

"Humph! You found the widow too fond of having her own way, I suppose?"

"Thrus for you, sir, sir; an' a mighty crooked way it was, that same, an' that's no lie."

"She managed to keep you straight, I dare say."

"Straight! Och, by the powers, Master Stanley, ye may say that! If I'd swallowed a soger's ramrod, 'twas't straighter I'd ha' been."

"And the result was, that, not approving of the widow's discipline, you ran away and left her?"

"Sare, sir, 'twas aiser done nor that. Her first husband, better luck to him I say, saved me the trouble of that."

"Her first husband? What, had she another husband living?"

what I meant, I paid at the time no further attention to it. The conversation which followed immediately after, by one of those singular coincidences which so frequently happen in life, turning upon the subject of horses tended still more to impress me with that belief. Now don't laugh, Urian; for, though I perceive by your quizzical look that you are pretty well acquainted with your Irish friend, even you cannot possibly have any conception of the manner in which the affair terminated."

"It was one egregious blunder, Stanley, I'll be bound. But, pray, proceed with your narrative."

"Peter stood for some time crushing his hat uneasily between his hands, and occasionally shifting the weight of his gaunt person from one foot to another, until I began at length to entertain a faint suspicion that perhaps he had not exactly understood me after all; so I said to him, 'A warm bran mash for the black filly; you will not forget it, I hope, Mulrooney!'"

"Och, 'tis an illigant mimmery I have," said he, "an' niver a word drops from yer honour's lips, but I'll be bound to hold it as fast as the lobster did Neal M'Gowk."

"How was that, Peter?" said I.

"Bard, sir, but 'tis a quare story," said he, "bursting out into one of his rich laughs."

"You see, sir, there was't a handier boy in the mother of horse-flesh in all the County Galway than Neal M'Gowk."

"Ayeh! but 'twas he that had the keen eye for a bit of the red blood!" An' so the rich gentry all the country round patronized him, an' called him Mister M'Gowk, an' trated him to a bit an' a sup; an' maybe they sometimes crossed his hands wid silver and gold beside. 'Deed, sir, 'twas mighty affectionate they were wid him."

"'Twas always 'the top o' the mornin' to ye, Mister Neal,' or 'tis glad I am to see ye, Mister M'Gowk.'" For they entertained a respect for his scientific acquirements in the matter of horses that was beautiful to see. Whenever they wanted to buy a splendid hunter, or a span of fine horses for his lady, or a pony about the size of a month-old calf for the child, who but Neal M'Gowk must ride wid them to the fair, an' discourse upon the qualities of the bastes? By a mysterious gift he could tell their ages, too."

"That is not all difficult," said I, a little contemptuously. "Any fool can tell that by looking at their teeth."

"'Tis of Irish horses I am spakin' yer honour, responded Peter, with an air of the utmost simplicity.

"I know of no difference between Irish and American horses in that respect," said I, laughing.

"Och, but did I ever hear the likes o' that!" exclaimed he. "Sure, ye would be a poor boy to impeach yer honour's larnin'; but—here he cast a queer, sideling glance at me from under his half-closed eyelids—'there isn't an odd mald, mald all her silks, an' her ratons, an' her gold, an' her bright, sparklin' jewels, that does be more fraccious about havin' her age told than an Irish horse.'"

"It was almost impossible to resist this; but I managed to restrain my disposition to burst out into a hearty roar, and merely said, 'Poh! poh! Have done with your nonsense, Mulrooney, and now go on with your story.'"

"Sure enough 'twas by the teeth, sir, that he told the age of a horse; for why would I be tellin' yer honour a lie about it? But 'twas only the coxain' way he had that put the come-together on the jealous baste, and persuaded it to open its mouth."

"Ah, I know, you Irish are famous for blarney."

"Deed, sir, that's true, any way," said Peter.

"Well, Neal was but a poor crayther, after all; for, by reason of the gentry colloquing wid him, he began to turn the coward shoulder to his old friends, an' to brag, an' to boast, as if he hate the world for wisdom. Arrah, where was the use of a decent man demeaning himself in that way!"

"Well, one day he took it into his head to travel to Dublin for divarshin; an' a mighty purty divarshin he made of it sure enough. Och, but 'twas the beauty of a city, that same Dublin, wid its four courts, an' its strates of fine houses, an' its College-green, an' its bridges over the Liffey!"

"By-a-uy, Neal strolls to the market, Bard, but 'twas his evil janus tuk him there, I does be thinkin'! After admiring the haire of pinnates, and the fashins of bafe, an' muttan, an' other vegetables of a similar character, he comes to a fisherman's stall, where he sees iver so many black things pokin' out their little legs an' drawin' them back again, in a lazy sort of a way."

"What's that?" said Neal to the fisherman.

"Lobsters," sez the man.

"'Tis jokin' ye are," sez Neal. Lobsters are red craythers, as red as sogers' coats; sez he; for Mistress Hoolagan, the housekeeper at Squire Duolin's tool; me ro, she did."

"Mistress Hoolagan is a dacent woman, an' tells the thruth," sez the fisherman. 'Tis the bilin' does it. The hot wather turns 'em."

"Ayeh! but that bates Bannagher!" sez Neal.

"'Tis be blazed to sell ye one, sez the man. 'Tis the illigantest atin'! 'Tis what they feed the great lords and ladies upon."

"So Neal thought what a mighty fine thing it would be to take a lobster home wid him, an' dine, for want in his life, for all the world, like a jintleman."

"Is this baste fit sez Neal, pointin' wid his finger to the biggest fellow on the board?"

"'Tis aisy to see for yerself," sez the fisherman, slyly.

"How will I do that?" sez Neal.

"Hassn't he got two mouths wid teeth in 'em?" sez the fisherman.

"Bard, but that's thrue," sez Neal.

"An', wid that, he lays hold of it, as bould as brass—whin wow! clip goes the claws into his hand."

"Och, murder!" cries Neal, shakin' his hand wid the black lobster clingin' to it, an' heskippin' about like a monkey on a barrel-organ."

"Murder! I'll be killed intirely!" says he. 'Take the baste off, will ye? 'Tis a dead man I am this blessed day! Och! wirra! wirra! what'll become of Biddy an' the childer! Murder! murder! the varmint is suckin' all the blood from my body. 'Tis that makes the lobster so red. Dace I ought to have known it afore."

"Oh, blessed Saint Patrick, what'll do!" Good people, have pity on me! 'Tis a poor devil I am, wid a wife an' six childer down in Galway. Take the baste off, I say! Will any good jintleman cut his head off, or run a knife down his throat!"

"But the crowd they were screchin' wis laughter, an' bouldin' their sides, an' niver a soul of 'em stirred, till a big butcher bruk through 'em wid his cleaver."

"Should yer hand down upon the board," sez he to Neal. And, wid that, he elopt off the claws, an' sez M'Gowk free.

"Now, I'll pay ye for the lobster, if ye please," sez Neal, in a passion, to the fisherman.

"Oh, sez the man, 'if 'tis a batin' ye're after, ye're welcome to it. An' with that, he sams a couple of lobsters by the small of the back, and flourishes them at arms' length. Arrah, come on!" sez he.

"But, as soon as Neal heard the lobsters shakin' and rattlin' near his face, he drops his fists an' runs out of Dublin, wid the people shoutin' at his heels."

"Faix! when he came back to Galway, there wasn't many o' the boys that would enough to ask Neal M'Gowk to tel 'em the age of a lobster by lookin' at his teeth. An' that's the story, sir."

"Very admirably embellished, I dare say. And now, Mulrooney, I can dispense with you for the present; so bear in mind what I told you."

"About the mash, sir?"

"Certainly, about the mash."

Still, Peter unaccountably lingered; and I was about to ask why he waited, when he said softly,

"I beg your pardon, sir; but 'tis bothered intirely I am. Will I give her an odd country mash, or an Ameriky mash?"

"I don't know," said I, of any distinction between them."

"Arrah, 'tis reasonable enough that ye shouldn't," responded Peter.

"Look here, Mulrooney," said I, impatiently. "I want you to put about two double handfuls of bran into a bucket of warm water, and, after stirring the mixture well, to give it to the black filly. That is what we call a bran mash in this country. Now do you perfectly understand me?"

"Good luck to yer honour," replied Peter, looking very much relieved; for the rasical had got the information he was fishing for. "Good luck to yer honour, what'd I be good for if I didn't! Sure, 'tis the odd country mash, sither all."

"Thought as much," said I; "so now away with you, and be sure you make no mistake."

"Tisn't likely I'll do that, sir," said he, looking very confidently. "But about the warm wather, sir?"

"There's plenty to be had in the kitchen."

"An' the naygur! Will I say till her 'tis yer honour's orders!"

"Certainly; she'll make no difficulty."

"Oh, begorra, 'tisn't a tranen I care for that. But will I give her the full of the bucket, sir?"

"I'll do her no harm," said I carelessly. And with that Peter made his beat bow and leaped from the presence."

It might have been some ten minutes after his that Mrs. Stanley entered the room where I was sitting, and, as she was still somewhat of an invalid, I laid down the book I had in my hand, and leading her to the sofa, arranged the pillows for her liking."

"I wish you would go into the kitchen, George," she said, as I was disposing a light shawl about her person.

"I am afraid there is something wrong between that Irishman of yours and Phillis. Both their voices appeared to be a good deal raised as I crossed the hall; and I heard the man say something about some orders you had given him."

"Oh, 'tis nothing, my dear," I said, half laughing. "I understand it all. Mulrooney requires some warm water, which Phillis, who bears him no love, has, I suspect, declined to give him."

"My explanation scarcely satisfied Mrs. Stanley, who seemed to think that the disturbance was greater than would be likely to arise from such a trifle. However, she said nothing more, and I was searching for a passage in my book which I thought would please her, when all at once we were startled by a distant crash of crockery ware—plates and dishes in fact, as I afterwards discovered. To add to our annoyance, this crash was speedily followed by a half suppressed shriek. Mrs. Stanley started up, in alarm."

"Do go and see what is the matter of George," said she. "I told you I was sure it was something dangerous. That Irishman will be the death of Phillis some of these days; they are always quarrelling."

"Scarcely pausing to listen to the closing portion of my wife's speech, I hurried from the room, and soon heard as I passed through the hall, an increasing clamour in the kitchen beyond. First of all came the shrill voice of Phillis."

"Ha! done, I say! I won't hab nuffin to do wid the stuff, nairway!"

"You ugly an' contumacious naygur, don't I tell ye 'tis the master's orders!" I heard Peter respond.

"Taint no such a thing. Go way, you poor white Irish! I tell 'ee I won't. Who ever heard ob a coloured 'ooman taking a bran mash afore, I'd like to know!"

The whole truth of what I had been suspecting for some time flashed upon me at once, and the fan of the thing struck me so irresistibly that I hesitated for a while to break in upon it."

"Arrah, be aisy, can't ye? an' take the dose like a dacent naygur."

"Go way, I tell 'ee!" screamed Phillis. "I'll call missus, dat I will."

"Och, by this by that," said Peter, resolutely, "if 'tis about to frighten the beautiful mistress ye are, an' she sick too at this same time, I will soon put a stop to that."

Immediately afterwards, I heard the sound of his heavy step across the kitchen floor, and then came a short scuffle and a stifled scream. Concluding that it was now time for me to interfere, I moved quickly on, and, just as the scuffling gave way to another scold and broken ejaculations, I flung open the door and looked in. The first thing that caught my eye was Phillis seated in a chair, sputtering and gasping; while Mulrooney, holding her head under his left arm, was employing his right hand in conveying a tin cup of bran mash from the bucket at his side to her upturned mouth."

"What in the name of all that is good, are you doing now, Mulrooney?" said I.

"Sare, sir," said he, "what'd I do but give black Phillis the warm mash, accordin' to yer honour's orders! Agh, the hay-then! 'Had 'coos to her! 'tis thruble enough I'd had to make her reasonable and obedient, an' that's no lie—the stupid old thafe of a naygur!"

"My dear, Urian, you may imagine the finish to so rich a scene; even Mrs. Stanley caught the infection, and laughed heartily. As for Peter, the last I heard of him was his muttering, 'Ayeh! why didn't he tell me! If they call naygurs fillys, and horses fillys, how the devil should I know the differ!'"

From Peterson's National Magazine.

A Mistake: And What Came of it.

BY ELA ROUMAN.

Aunt Higbee and cousin Silas, travelling to the city together.

Aunt Higbee who was somewhat deaf, although she never would admit it, and the organs of understanding pertaining to Silas Overing were like the mirrors that present everything in a distorted shape. These, with the noisy engine, were materials enough for even greater mistakes than that which ensued. Their conversation was conducted in a sort of suppressed screech, owing to the noise of the cars, and much more than was intelligible reached the public ear."

"Have you seen the Squire's new parlor?" commenced Silas, thinking it incumbent upon him to entertain his neighbor.

"Trainford's, you mean?" screamed back Aunt Higbee, "no, I ain't bin there sence the wing was put on. But what on airth can he want of a new parlor? I should think he needed a wife a great deal more."

Silas was just preparing to scream "What!" in his highest key, but having caught the word "wife," he concluded he had heard aright, and went on with:

"That's just what I was sayin'—there is a wife in the case you may depend on't!"

"Eh!" said Aunt Higbee, following the precept of doing as she would be done by, and screaming so that all the passengers around her started.

"I say," repeated Silas, in a voice that left not a chance of his not being heard, "that Squire Trainford is going to be married!"

This assertion was accompanied by a series of winks and knowing looks, meant to arouse his companion to a conviction of his shrewdness in guessing; but Aunt Higbee was obtuse, and, far from giving Silas any particular credit thought this merely the *cor populi* speaking through a single mouth."

"Well, I declare!" said she, meditatively, her fingers busy with the black bag which she always carried, "I hadn't even heard of their bein' engaged!"

"Engaged!" repeated Silas, "I thought that was! Who did you say, the Squire?" was engaged to?" he continued, bending eagerly toward his companion.

Aunt Higbee, however, thought this question merely a ruse to entrap her into a display of ignorance; and determined not to let Silas have the pleasure of supposing that she considered him at all overstocked with information, she answered quite tartly.

"To whom should he be engaged but Mary Infield! Don't all the village know that?"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Silas delighted with this unexpected intelligence. "Well, I'm really glad of it—Mary's a nice girl."

"Yes," replied Aunt Higbee, who had heard only the latter part, "she's almost past bein' a girl, now—but I can very well remember when she was the beauty of the place. That was just after her father died."

"Gracious!" continued Silas, reflectively, "how I used to set in church watchin' them eyes of hers, and thinkin' that they looked as though she'd bin polisher of 'em up with a piece of soft velvet, or somethin'! They ain't so bright, now-a-days."

"Poor thing!" said Aunt Higbee, commiseratively, "but even now," she continued, "she's got a kind of look about her—not proud

exactly either—but then, somehow or other I never could take the liberty of asking her if she was engaged to Squire Trainford."

"Well," said Silas, "I think that all things considered, she has done pretty well for herself, and Squire Trainford will get a good wife. But they might just as well have done it years ago."

Aunt Higbee made no reply, and after a while her companion relapsed into silence.

The truth is the old lady was anything but pleased that Silas should have gained this information before her—she who so particularly prided herself upon knowing just what was going on among her neighbors, and who, as she often informed them, could "put that and that together." Now, too, she could take no pleasure in her trip to the city, so anxious was she to get home and inquire into particulars. She loved to make a prominent figure in every occurrence; and after pondering over the matter a long time, she determined to signalize herself in a manner that will transpire hereafter.

Those who have undertaken to converse in cars under the disadvantages before mentioned, will not be surprised at the fabulous nature of the communications given and received; for, although Aunt Higbee would have sworn in any court of law, that Silas Overing had told her of Mary Infield's engagement to Squire Trainford, and Silas stoutly maintained that Aunt Higbee, herself, informed him, the truth of the matter was that neither had told the other anything of the kind, and that there was nothing of the kind to tell."

But while Aunt Higbee and Silas go their different ways from the car station, we may as well look in upon the parties most interesting.

A little way off from the village, as though too aristocratic to mingle with the residences around, stood the dwelling known as Squire Trainford's. It was beautifully situated on a piece of rising ground, and elapsed in from the outer world by tall trees that in summer time made an almost perpetual twilight."

Having entered the immense hall, which looked like a room itself, visitors were shown into a parlor that seemed exactly in keeping with the rest of the place. The cane-bottomed sofa and chairs looked light and summer-like—the large flower-pot in the hearth of the great Franklin was always arranged with particular care—and the asparagus-tops over the looking-glass nodded complacently in the summer breeze that came in through the open windows. Bright rays of sunshine shanted down on the grass without; and the wind murmured among the pines like a tired child singing itself to sleep."

This was Mary's favorite room; and although with her taste for the refinements of life she would have liked pictures on the walls, and books and bronzes scattered around the "Squire," who pretended to despise everything that was not meant solely for use.

"The Squire," as he was called, from deference probably to his superior position, was one of the sunniest-tempered, most generous-minded, self-forgetting men that ever reached the age of forty-five in a state of single blessedness. He was proud of his farm, and liked to have it praised; but his neighbors were quite welcome to the benefit of all his new improvements, and he really enjoyed giving away his possessions. Notwithstanding his disposition, he continued a rich man and everything prospered with him. His farm was one of the most beautiful in the country; his oxen always looked so sleek and well-fed; his hired hands so diligent, and his barns and storehouses so bursting with plenty."

A custom ten years' standing had rendered it the most natural thing in the world for Mary Infield to keep house for him; and yet the neighbors could well remember the time when they considered her abode there something strange and new. The orphan child of a ruined city merchant, who, when dying, had no nearer friend than Edward Trainford, Mary was taken at once to his house, and placed under the care of his maiden sister. But after a few years the sister departed to a home of her own; and Mary remained as before, except that she now took the whole charge of the household, and ordered things entirely her own way. This "way" never failed to please her guardian—an office which boasted only a name—but Mary would not have acknowledged to herself, or to herself, that this result was premeditated.

When Mary Infield first went to live with the Trainfords, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and accustomed to every luxury and indulgence, she had, without knowing it, a haughtiness of manner that effectually distanced her humble-minded guardian; who, neither surprised nor angry that she should, as he imagined, look down upon him, meekly worshipped his divinity at a respectful distance."

Very beautiful was this haughty idol; eyes that, though generally cast down, when lifted from this drooping attitude, seemed almost to search any pair detected in the net of watching them—arms borrowed from one of those wonderful statues that we gaze on in a shaded room hung with crimson drapery—and features moulded after those classic faces that captivated Greek and Roman warriors."

Sometimes, when the "Squire" sat in the shade of a butternut tree, during haying seasons, Mary would trip off to him with a picher of fresh water; and the good man, who was more familiar with his Bible than with any of the modern romances, thought as he marked the curve of those beautiful arms in ballance the picher on her head, and the wealth of rich, dark hair of Rebecca at the well; and then he imagined himself fastening a gold bracelet on his snowy wrist, until he was aroused from his reverie by Mary's laughing remonstrance, and perhaps a dash of cold water.

At first the city-bred belle had imagined herself in love with one of the "airy nothings" who had hovered around her as moths seek a blaze; but as time passed, and he who had sworn "fidelity until death," departed with her other friends, Mary began to smile at her past life and gradually dawned upon her conviction the noble qualities of her so-called guardian. Indomitable pride was the prominent feature in Mary's character; and the idea of bestowing an encouraging look upon any man who was not on her knees was a monstrosity, not at once to be thought of.

When the young beauty first blazed upon his sight, the kind-hearted "Squire," chilled by her proud bearing, had said to himself that it would not be generous to tell her of his feelings then, for it would seem to imply that she was not welcome to a home there upon any other terms; and as years passed, he made up his mind that it would be an utter impossibility for Mary ever to love him, and magnanimously resolved not to let her even suspect his folly. And Mary did not suspect it; though whether she would have called it "fidelity" remains to be decided."

In the years that had passed, Mary had become a thoughtful woman; and a long communion with Nature had imbued her with a reverential admiration for the good and noble. She beheld Edward Trainford without the trappings of artificial life, and without the polish of artificial society; and felt that, had she given vent to the constant murmur in her heart it would have been: "Whither thou goest, I will go."

And so matters stood; another proof that the world is full of paper walls.

A cloudless June sun had dawned upon Mary Infield's thirtieth birthday, and the first grey hair lay like a thread of silver amid her clustering braids. She leaned against the window, and her still beautiful cheek was wet with tears."

Mrs. Trainford rallied her upon her depression at the breakfast table; and her lip curled with something of its old scorn, as she proudly determined that he should not suspect the cause.

It was a weary day, one of the longest that she had ever known; and in the evening, Mary sat leaning her head sadly on her hand, thinking over all those past years, while Edward Trainford under the pretence of his newspaper was watching her by the soft light of the shaded lamp. The curve of that beautiful lip seemed engraved upon his heart; and he half trembled lest she should raise her eyes suddenly and flash upon him the full light of their scorn."

One of the house servants entered the room and deposited a large box directed to "Miss Mary Infield."

"The Squire" started up, glad of an excuse for conversation.

"May I open it, Mary? You look so tired. Mary gave a faint assent and yet she could feel a little natural curiosity to know what it contained. Several wrappers were removed, and a large cake, with a great deal of pretension in the frosting was discovered. Mary looked at her guardian in surprise, and he looked at her."

"Well," exclaimed the "Squire," with his pleasant laugh, "this looks as though you were a little girl at hearing school, and your friends were afraid of your being starved out. It is very kind of them certainly."

But Mary was not to be put off so. The "Squire" reserved his search, and soon brought to light a letter which Mary carelessly requested him to read. It was from Aunt Higbee and ran thus:

"My Dear Mary—You've bin most awful sly, but a little bird has whispered in my ear that you're goin' to be married to Squire Trainford, and hopin' that I'm not to late, I've taken the liberty of makin' you a weddin' cake. I had grate work with the top part to make it stick, but if you are right, keep it, I think it'll last sometime. You might just as well have got married years ago, but I suppose you both took time to consider of it. Give my respects to the Squire and do not forget my invite."

Aunt Higbee considered this a very creditable performance, having "squared herself out" for some hours to accomplish her task, and little dreamed of the reception it was doomed to meet with.

Edward Trainford read on to the end in a state of complete amazement; and when it finished Mary burst into tears. Indignation, shame, and every other emotion seemed struggling together; but the "Squire," poor man! was terribly alarmed lest she should suspect him of spreading the report, and in his consternation he exclaimed:

"I didn't do it, Mary! I would not, for worlds, have said such a thing!"

"I fully believe you, sir!" said Mary, and she looked at him with a steady gaze.

Her words fell upon him like a thunderbolt and hastily seizing his hat, he commenced pacing the piazza in a state of desperation. He did not possess the power of saying precisely the right thing at the right moment, and he did not dare to look towards the parlor, or he might have seen Mary on her knees beside the table, sobbing as though her heart would break."

"Well, Squire!" exclaimed Silas Overing

Our Banner—Our Principles and Measures.

This morning the anniversary of our National Independence, we find in the breeze in front of our office, a large and beautiful American flag, on which are the following inscriptions:—

RESTITUTION OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

TRIAL BY JURY FOR ALLEGED FUGITIVE SLAVES.

"I DO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES LEAD."

The recent repeal of the Missouri Compromise, after the atrocious Fugitive Slave Law was carried through Congress under the pledge of its friends to the North that that Act was to be regarded by the interest as a "final settlement of all questions of Slavery," has conclusively demonstrated to every true patriot in the Union that the Slave Power is utterly destitute of honor and principle; that they value the American Union only as a power to protect and perpetuate Negro Slavery; that they will resort to any means, however dishonest to abrogate all compacts in favor of Freedom and to secure the enactment of all measures for the perpetration and extension of Slavery; and also the fact that the only practical means for the North to wipe out the recent disgrace, and to turn the tide of Freedom, is to demand absolutely not only a restoration of the Missouri Compromise, but the right of the trial by jury for alleged fugitive slaves. "Democratic principles lead" to the adoption of these measures, and for their adoption we go uncompromisingly henceforth until they are adopted. The emancipating Slave Power, having secured this last triumph, do not expect the North to approve of this measure; they only ask acquiescence, (such as was accorded to the Fugitive Slave Law,) a refusal to propose and insist upon any measures to get back the rights which they have so ruthlessly wrested from Freedom. The time is past for the North to submit to legislation like that which now disgraces the Statute books, and belies the Declaration of Independence. Submission—acquiescence,—is only to encourage the Slave Power to make further aggressions. They flatter themselves that their recent flagrant act will be acquiesced in like the one which immediately preceded it, and that their next act of aggression will also and in like manner, be acquiesced in. He is utterly unworthy the name of freedom who acquiesces longer.

The mode of redress—of recovering the lost rights of Freedom, and securing the country from further aggressions of this kind, is for every voter to make a solemn pledge, and keep it—to vote for no man for Congress or any other office, who will not pledge himself—and who has not a character as an earnest of the pledge—to give his vote and influence in every practicable way to secure a RESTORATION OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE, AND THE RIGHT OF TRIAL BY JURY FOR ALLEGED FUGITIVE SLAVES.

Every man and every press in the North, and many in the South, who are not in the pay of the pro-Slavery Administration at Washington and who are not confidently expecting bribes from that source, are fully ripe for these issues, and should, if they have not already, take the pledge to that effect. Let them do so and the glorious work will be done, the Slave Power and its minions in Washington will take warning and will hereafter be more concerned about measures to save themselves as they are, than about the means of advancing further upon free soil, cursing that soil "as with the blight of mideworm."

With honest faith, and true patriotism, irrespective of former political alliances, will not be proud to stand upon it, and act upon it with scrupulous fidelity at the polls? Not one.

A great body of those who approved of the Compromise, of which the Fugitive Slave Law was a part, are now ready to act with those who never approved of that measure, for the restoration of the violated Missouri Compromise, and either for a repeal of the Fugitive act, or a modification of it, to restore the trial by jury. When the Fugitive Slave Bill was under discussion, D. Webster said in the U. S. Senate, "I yield the right of trial by jury with great reluctance," and Lewis Cass voted against that bill because it denied the right of such a trial.

The propagandists of Slavery have formed a coalition, in solid columns, without respect to former political alliances, to spread insidious servitude over all the free soil in the Union, and are as yet successful in their efforts; let now all friends of Freedom and Republican principles unite with equal zeal and determination, and the black flag of Slavery will trail in the dust and those who have upheld it be routed and divided for the last time. [Jeffersonian.]

THE UNIVERSALISTS OF MAINE. Held their Annual Convention at Norway, June 27th, 28th, and 29th and it was well attended by clergyman and laity. The following resolutions, reported to the Convention by the Business Committee, were passed without opposition.

SLAVERY.

Resolved, That our religious faith as Universalists affirms and teaches that "God has made of one blood all nations of men," that He has given equal rights to all the human race; that Humanity is one and indivisible, and alike precious in His regard—that our Lord Jesus Christ gave His gospel, His prayers, and His blood for all men as his brethren, and the offspring of our God; therefore, as true disciples of our Faith, we are ever opposed to oppression in all its forms, especially to the system of American Slavery, with its dark catalogue of vices and crimes.

Resolved, That faithfulness to our religious principles and profession, the spirit of freedom, and a just regard for the dignity and welfare of our country demand that we should look upon the advances and outrages of the slave power in this nation with alarm, as dangerous to all the true interests of the American people, and at war with the letter and spirit of Christian civilization.

Resolved, That the late legislation of the Congress of the United States repealing the Missouri compromise and enacting the infamous Kansas and the Nebraska bill, is an insupportable outrage upon the equal rights of American citizens—a gross insult to the friends of religion and humanity—a sad development of human depravity—a bold defiance of the God of the oppressed; therefore we demand, and pledge ourselves to labor for its repeal.

Resolved, That the "Fugitive Slave Act" of 1850 is in direct opposition to our religious

faith, in open war with the laws of God and Humanity, a burning shame upon the American nation, contains the worst elements of barbarism and can never receive the countenance of Christian freemen; therefore we demand, and pledge ourselves to labor for its repeal.

TEMPERANCE.

Resolved, That this Convention re-affirm the resolution passed by this body one year since, that the Universalists of Maine should express their earnest and continued thanks to Heaven for the progress which the Temperance Reformation thus far has made—that a wise and judicious Temperance Law is now on the statute books of the State—and that our ministers, societies, and churches should continue to give their prayers and efforts to keep that law secure, and to keep on the temperance course to its final triumph.

THE "KNOW-NOTHINGS." Well, our election day has passed, and the new and mysterious power which has prevailed at all the municipal elections that have taken place throughout the country the present year, the "Know-Nothings" have triumphed here also. They have by a decisive majority elected their candidate for Mayor, beating the most excellent and efficient gentleman who has filled the office with such general satisfaction during the past year—yet, electing his predecessor—a gentleman no less esteemed in the community, and who had also discharged the duties of his office with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the public. It is evident that this mysterious organization, so potent for good or for evil, is totally unconnected with party politics; and that it is as liable to be affected by appeals to the party prejudices of its members as the rock of Gibraltar to be blown into the sea by a puff of wind.

The batteries of four journals, three democratic and one independent, in this vicinity, were opened upon it, and poured in an incessant storm of denunciation, day after day for weeks; but it only added fuel to the flame, which was sweeping all before it, or rather, it only drew closer the bands of the mysterious union which mocked and defied their efforts. [Norfolk Herald.]

OCCUPATION OF KANSAS. An Association has been incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, under the name of the "Emigrant Aid Society." Its Capital is \$50,000,000, in Shares of \$100. It is proposed to hold from holding more than \$20,000 in real estate in Massachusetts, or to assess more than \$4 on each share, in 1854, or more than \$10 in any year thereafter. Its plan is to contract forthwith with the Transportation Lines for the conveyance of 20,000 emigrants; giving the advantage of the reduced fare to the emigrants. To erect immediately a large Receiving Establishment in Kansas, where the emigrants may be accommodated until they have time to settle themselves. To send out and set in operation steam saw mills, grist mills, and such necessities of civilization as require capital, with the apparatus for a weekly newspaper.

DANIEL WEBSTER. Account of an interview with him after the Baltimore Convention by his friend, Charles A. Stetson, Astor House.

"When he, [Mr. Webster] came down from Washington, after the Baltimore Convention, I thought him feeble and very unwell; several gentlemen called to see him, and with him to see him in relation to his personal matters and the condition of politics," I left him. Later in the day, as I came round the corner of the entry-way near his room, he was standing alone. I walked up to him, I put my hand upon his breast, and said to him, "I hope you are all right here."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I am too near God to have a single heart-burning against a human creature on earth, but I have a chagrin as profound as my entire nature, and it is, that after having performed my duty to my southern brethren, they had neither the courage or kindness to place me on the record of that convention; I do not say I did not want the nomination but I would rather have had their record than the nomination." I was struck very forcibly with the manner and feeling with which he uttered these words.

How it can be done! Hon. John P. Hale said he could tell us how we could get the very next Congress to restore the 8th sec. of the Missouri Compromise, with the concurrence of the present Senate, and the approval of Franklin Pierce. And he would risk whatever reputation he had on its success. Just let the House of Representatives put this provision into the appropriation bill, and make it stick—and insist upon it as their fixed and unalterable determination. This was the course pursued by the English House of Commons, and was perfectly just and proper. And from all his knowledge of our national legislature, and the influences that control it, he felt sure that when the President and the Senate found there was no other way to get the people's money but to restore this compact for freedom, they would yield. Let us then demand this of every candidate for Congress—that he will pledge himself not to vote for the appropriation of another dollar of the people's money till that act of freedom for the territories is restored! [Progressive Age.]

CONNECTICUT. The Legislature of this State has passed the following acts: To amend the constitution so as to allow colored men the rights of suffrage, and also to deny the right of suffrage to persons who cannot read. The Senate, by a party vote, has passed a bill providing that no jail, court-house, or other public buildings belonging to the State shall be used for the custody of fugitive slaves. A bill is now before the Senate which imposes a fine of \$5000 upon every claimant of a fugitive slave who shall prove his claim good. The Speaker of the House has been authorized to issue colored preachers in common with white clergymen, to open his sitting with prayer. Compare these times with the times of Miss Randall's school and tell us which was in progress in Connecticut! [Conn. Journal.]

"THEIR CHEATING AT THIS TABLE." Judge Metcalf, in charging the jury in a case at Lowell last week, said, Gentlemen, this case has developed some of the most painful manifestations of depravity which it has ever been my lot to witness. God only knows who he is—but somebody does!"

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.

JOHN PRINCE, of Turner.

TIMOTHY WALKER, of Randolph.

For Co. Commissioner.

AMERICA BARTLETT.

For Co. Treasurer.

ALVA SHURTLEFF, Jr.

Slavery Universal.

A Convention for the suppression of the Slave Trade on the Coast of Africa has existed for several years. The parties to it were England, France and the United States. Each of these Nations by this Treaty agreed to keep a Naval Squadron on the Coast of Africa to prevent Slave vessels from transporting slaves.

A motion has now been introduced into Congress by Mr. Slidell to give the proper notice for the abrogation of this Treaty and the withdrawal of the U. S. Squadron. The whole question of reopening the slave Trade is now before Congress.

The reopening of this Foreign Trade is the next step in the Nebraska track. The Nebraska bill was got up to make room for slaves—the reopening of the Foreign Trade is to supply the slaves themselves. And why not? If Slavery is the best and most natural condition of society; and is allowed between the different states and is to be practically extended to all the new and old states, why not reopen the Foreign Trade? It is absurd not to do it.

The following article from a Southern Journal of great political influence tells the whole truth about this matter. It talks the southern mind straight out, and like a noble hearted man permits everybody to know just where the south is. It says Slavery is the best of institutions and the more we have of it the better.

"The Charleston Standard, of June 21st, says:

"We have no sympathy in the purposes of this convention," that is, the treaty with France and England by which we are bound to keep a naval force upon the African coast to suppress its trade, and we think the time has come to speak out upon the subject. To practice slavery, and yet suppress the slave trade—to contend that slavery is an advantage to the masses which cannot in existence, and yet resist the efforts by which the advantage is extended—to urge that the union of unequal races is necessary to the progress of human society, and yet resist the means by which union is effected is a contradiction which human ingenuity can never reconcile, and yet to such a contradiction the southern section of this country is compelled in every effort which looks to the discontinuance and discouragement of the traffic with the coast of Africa, by which the limits of the institution are extended.

That there is no moral wrong in slavery is an assumption which lies at the very base of that institution. It is the principle upon which we justify its practice. In fact the intelligent mind of the South, is fast approaching the conclusion that slavery—the union of unequal races in the constitution of an unequal system—is the normal condition of human society. It is fast becoming the feeling that to advance, society must be composed of two classes—the one to direct, and the other to labor."

The writer appeals to facts in proof of his doctrine. He says, "no nation on earth has been so favored as have been the people of these Southern States. None has been so free from domestic broils and civil commotion. In none has the laboring class been so happy and so free from physical suffering."

This is the doctrine to which the country is verging; and it is the policy which has been inaugurated by the Nebraska outrage. It is to open the slave trade—purchase or seize Cuba and extend Slavery every where on the American Continent. Here the issue is fairly presented.

Fellow citizens, people of Maine are you prepared for this issue? Are you prepared to vote for it? If you are, vote for the dumb Candidate, and your object will be one step in progress. And he, when he has been elected—if such a calamity should befall the people of Maine—in his first message, in the most courtly language declare; after a proper introduction:

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives,

It was well understood when I was nominated to the important office of Governor of Maine that I and those who sought to place me here were identified with the policy and principles of the present Federal Administration. It gives me pleasure to say that the great principle of "popular sovereignty" as incorporated into the territorial Bills recently passed by Congress, is the distinguishing feature of this Administration. It has, according to the Bulletins which have emanated from various sources, become the great and indispensable test of National Democracy.

It will therefore be not less your duty than your pleasure to incorporate this test into your creed and make it the great polar star of American policy and American Liberty.

erty." What will dumb Anti-Nebraskaites think of this? Washington warns the people of this country against forming parties on geographical lines, such as Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western. We think Washington's advice ought to be followed. The advice is good, safe and judicious. But if the South with a few at the North will not heed this advice, but will force upon the people this new test, what then? We say let the American people both North and South unite to Nationalize Freedom. Let the Democracy of numbers assume the power of the nation and like true Americans install the principles of Liberty.

Public Meeting in Kansas.

SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY AND SLAVEHOLDERS' RIGHTS. A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, residing near Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, writes, under date of July 10, as follows:

"To-day a large number of highly respectable citizens of Kansas Territory and of the State of Missouri, assembled here for the purpose of organizing a 'Claim Association,' to protest their right, as squatters on the soil of said Territory.

"The first resolution adopted by the meeting, declares in favor of bona fide squatter sovereignty, and acknowledges the right of any citizen of the United States to make a claim in Kansas Territory, with the ultimate view of accepting it.

The eighth resolution declares as follows, viz: That we will afford protection to no Abolitionists as settlers in Kansas Territory. And the ninth declares, 'That we recognize the institution of slavery as already existing in this territory, and recommend slaveholders to introduce their property as early as possible.'

According to these resolutions, free-soilers and abolitionists would do well not to stop in Kansas territory, but keep on up the Missouri river till they reach Nebraska territory, where they can peacefully make claims and establish their abolitionist and free soil notions, for if they do, they will be respectfully notified that but one day's grace will be allowed for them to take up their bed and baggage and walk.

It is estimated that some two thousand claims have already been made within fifteen miles of the military reserve, and in another week's time double that number will be made.

The above is from a Southern man, to a Southern Journal; and it plainly shows that the right is to argue slavery into Kansas, now that Toombs and Douglas' bill has prepared the way.

The assumption that slavery can never go into these territories is false. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the peculiar phraseology of the bill was intended to effect this object. The people in that region know it, and thus give forth their threats. The lash and the rifle will first establish it there as it did in Texas, Florida and the Old Colonies; and then legislation will step in to legalize it. Had the true principle of popular sovereignty been incorporated into the bill, as proposed by Mr. Fuller of Maine, the people of the territories could have shot it out, but now the establishment of slavery in Kansas is as certain as any future event.

Free-men of the North! you who love Liberty and equality! shall this source of weakness, degradation and crime, be extended by your votes?

The People are Coming! Waldo Erect!

We hear the most cheering news for the cause of true Democracy, from every part of the State. The people are waking to a sense of the true condition of the country; and they are ready and anxious to follow where Democratic principles lead. In all quarters they calmly and boldly advance to the support of Liberty, Temperance, State rights, and free suffrage. Like the old Roman orator, they everywhere exclaim, "O Liberty! sound everywhere to every Roman ear!" once secured, but now trampled upon! They exclaim, "We fight for no party, of whatever name, whose flag trails in the dust. If the name will not speak we cannot hear. We seek a cause which dares inscribe upon its banner, 'Truth, Liberty, Humanity!'"

The Progressive Age says the Independent Democrats in Waldo have held their County and Senatorial Conventions, and nominated Senators and County officers. The Convention was large, and contained many who voted for Pillsbury last year.

The Age says:—"But the statement that 'there were very few who did not vote for Morrill last year,' is a gratuitous 'munder.' Not one-fourth of those acting in the Convention voted for Morrill last year. There were some twelve or thirteen present, who, according to the Free Press, are on the 'regular' democratic town committees. There were many more who have acted in what the Free Press claims as the regular caucuses in this County the present year, and still others who have always voted the 'regular' ticket, even for Mr. Pillsbury, last year. Mr. Clough, the President, over whose departure the Free Press sounds so doleful a requiem, presided over what that paper contends was the only regular democratic Convention of last year—and yet it would foolishly undertake to make its readers believe that it was only an 'abolitionist' convention," composed principally of "men who voted for Mr. Morrill last year."

And not satisfied with this, after publishing sufficient evidence to convince any man of ordinary discernment that Mr. Morrill's strength among the democrats of this County is a hundred per cent greater than last year, it adds:

"In the meantime let not democrats elsewhere be deceived. We assure our friends that Mr. Morrill will get a much less number of democratic votes than he did last year."

We will stake what little reputation we have for sagacity upon the prediction that Mr. Morrill's vote in this county will be more than three times as large as it was last year."

No one should blame these noble Waldo democrats for leaving the National Hard Democratic Party, for they all stood to it as long as there was a single plank for them to stand upon—until it was struck DUMB!"

The Court House in Woodstock, Vermont, was destroyed by fire on the 4th instant, occasioned by an India cracker thrown on the roof.

The Beauties of Dumb Democracy.

All that took place at the so called National Democratic State Convention has never come to light. Much of its intricate machinery remains to be disclosed. That all the motives, reasons and arguments which influenced the conduct of that body will ever see light is not to be expected, because it was the inauguration of a new secret society; and the doings of such societies are never made public. But every day brings something new.

It has been said, and the saying has been trumpeted far and near, that Mr. Parris was nominated unanimously, by acclamation. That this is not true, there is abundant proof. And to set this assumption at rest we hereby introduce to the reader a witness—a regular delegate from Saco, Thomas Dyer, 3d, who acted in that Convention. We clip his testimony, over his own sign manual, from the Expositor:

"After the report of the committee and a permanent organization, it was decided by vote to go into a ballot for a candidate for Governor, and a committee raised for receiving, sorting and counting the same, then so distrustful were the members of one another that a warm contest arose as to the manner of receiving the ballots. Whilst that was going on and a half hour of utter confusion, the grand schemes were connecting a scheme to avoid, if possible, a ballot. At length a treaty was framed between two of the belligerent powers, by convincing one party that by submitting to the imbecility of an old man, it should be across in their favor, and by the pretense of a great sacrifice on their part, and by waking up the clown, and standing him upon one of the seats a sufficient hurrah might be raised to brow-beat down the friends of other candidates, and refusing them an opportunity of making their defense would carry the appearance of harmony where none exists, and accordingly, acclamation was the word, and the case to be decided by rising.

About one-half that stood upon the seats so as to hide as much as possible those sitting. But I happened at that time in the body of the hall, and had an opportunity to witness the many men firmly seated. Next came the fruits of the vast labor of the mountain through the talented committee on resolutions. When that came I was ready to exclaim—what a platform to stand upon these troublous times! I then closed the examination by turning my thoughts to what the democracy of Maine formerly was."

Deception and Hypocrisy.

The true Democrats of Waldo who voted for President Pierce, but who find themselves betrayed into the hands of Southern Federal Centralization have started a Journal to reflect the real sentiments of the people. This no sooner done, than they are falsely accused of being whigs. Here is the charge and retutation.

"THE PROGRESSIVE AGE. This is a campaign paper just started in this city. It styles itself a democratic paper. The establishment is owned by Mr. I. N. Felch, late whig editor of the Signal—and is said to be conducted by whig-abolitionists, and a few gentlemen who propose to join hands with whigs and abolitionists. [Maine Free Press.]

"The Custom House paper is informed that Mr. Felch has no interest whatever in the Progressive Age. Being the owner of a printing office he has hired a man to edit it. The paper is owned by an association of gentlemen, numbering some thirty individuals, not one of whom is a whig, and most of them have always voted with the 'regular' democratic party, till they found that its leaders, 'wildcats' and 'woolheads' alike, were political gamblers, and only differed as to which faction should plunder the pockets of the people. The attempt to make the independent democrats odious by calling them the 'abolition party,' and 'whig abolitionists,' is worthy of those whose agents solicited democrats to subscribe for the Free Press with the promise that it would be an Anti-Nebraska paper. And though the last number says that 'no one has a right to complain that they have not lived up to what they have promised,' we will give the names and dates to prove our statement if it is questioned. [Pro. Age.]

The Liberal's Prophecy.

Mr. Henry B. Brewster writing from Seaweghan remarks as follows in relation to Mr. Cary's nomination and prospects:

"I am of opinion that the regulars treated Mr. Cary and his friends with any kind of decency, he would have declined the nomination of the liberal convention for the sake of the party called democratic! I am satisfied of this from the fact that he held back and never made it known whether he would accept or decline until after the ungenerous and disgusting demonstrations made against him and all his friends, by the ruling spirits in the regular convention. That bad treatment seals their fate! Mr. Cary will now receive ten votes where he would not, probably have received one; and I have no doubt he will receive from 20,000 to 40,000 of the popular vote, and thus defeat the regulars out and out; for no man is in any doubt about Mr. Cary's opinions, all know where he is and what he is—a self-made man, a democrat, anti Maine law, and out-spoken. This is enough for honest men to know, and such men will vote for him instead of a scarecrow or a parrot."

The "Pizen" working in N. Hampshire.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Post, alluding to the new test imposed upon the democratic party by this Administration and its hand organ, the Washington Union reminds his friends of similar advice imposed by Mr. Weller upon his son.

"Take Pizen, Sammy, take Pizen it will be good for ye afterwards." The Son—N. Hampshire—has had the pizen administered and it has operated powerfully. The result is, the Administration has lost its Senators—its test has been repudiated—the representatives and Senators who voted for it have been publicly censured—and those who voted against it commended.

Let us see how the "Pizen" got up by the Washington Union, and administered by Hon. Moses Mc Donald will work on Maine—the second son and brother of New Hampshire.

Congress. The day fixed for the adjournment of Congress is the 4th of August.

Mr. Brady's opinion of the Administration.

Hon. James T. Brady of N. Y., is one of the "Hard" Democrats. He is one of those who were grieved because any but "Hards" were appointed to office. He is ultra Southern on slavery, Nigerianism is it called, and Abolitionism. But on this Nebraska measure and the Administration he entertains views which accord with those of the people. In a letter to his fellow Democrats he writes as follows. We think he expresses an opinion entertained by 1,000,000 of men who voted for the present Chief Magistrate. He says:

"It would be tedious to set forth in a letter why, if I had been a member of Congress, I would have deemed it my duty to labor and vote against the Nebraska bill. I would have done so with the fullest assurance that I was representing the real sentiments of my fellow citizens in this city and state, and I also most every you and those with whom you were associated in opposition to the measure the grateful approbation which your course will secure for you amongst the masses of the true Democrats. I regard the consummation of the Nebraska plot as another of the contrivances so numerous in the machinery of President-making.

May it happen, as in former instances, that the engine designed to injure others may destroy only its inventor? Heaven grant that I and I may live to see the Presidential chair filled by some gentleman entirely qualified by intellect and moral character to adorn the station, and that the descending gradation of the incumbents which has for some years injured our national reputation may not be continued by adding to the succession of incompetent and unworthy one whose only reliance for success will be founded on his unscrupulous use of the artificers by which a selfish demagogue elevates himself at the expense of detriment, if not disgrace, to his country."

"Know-Nothing"ism vs. Dumbism.

There is a piece of sacred writ that reads somewhat as follows:

"Blessed is he who condemns not himself in that which he alloweth."

This passage like many passages of Scripture, is of the most searching character. The idea is that a man ought not to censure others for doing what he does himself.

The Coalition, Bogus, Mass Convention organ of this county is fulminating anathemas against Know-Nothingism. At the same time this organ believes in and practices "dumbism," which, in all essential respects, like Know-Nothingism, is secret. The latter has no principles for the public eye. The former is ditto. In these essential particulars they are identical. How a man practicing "Dumbism," can censure those practicing Know-Nothingism, is highly paradoxical. The latter is certainly as good, as fair, as righteous, as noble as the former.

A large State Anti-Nebraska Convention composed of leading Democrats has been held in Indiana. Another of the same stamp has been held in Ohio. Many of the Old Line Democratic Presses in Pennsylvania are strongly opposing the Nebraska swindle. The Montgomery Ledger speaking of the Union's new Test of Democracy says:

"If no votes are desired other than such as endorsed the Nebraska fraud, it will be left in a glorious minority in Pennsylvania. Just how easy it is to vote, and be careful how you apply the lash."

The Port's County Press is emphatic in its denunciation of the Bill.

Let it be remembered, that those by whose means Mr. Parris' nomination by 'acclamation' was effected 'against his will' and against remonstrance, were such bold, successful and stampered as J. G. Dickinson, J. Y. McClinton, G. W. Stanley (Marshall of Maine) Hon. Bradley, John Babson (of Gun House memory) and Isaac Haynes, Post Master of Bangor—men who have belied everything the people wanted, for the last six years.

A congressional convention will meet at Saco, August 17, to nominate a successor to Nebraska Mc Donald. It is to be "Regular."

VERMONT UNION CONVENTION. Montpelier, July 13th. At the Union State Convention, to-day, Hon. Lawrence Brainerd presided—aided by Vice Presidents from the other parties.

Among the resolutions adopted, was one christening the new party as the Republican party.

The convention nominated Gen. E. P. Wallcut of Montpelier for Governor, Ryland Fletcher of Cavendish for Lieutenant Governor and Mr. Bates of Northfield, for Treasurer.

At the close of the proceeding, the Free Democratic and Temperance convention re-assembled, pursuant to resolution, and ratified the nomination of the Union State Convention.

However, no such political renegade and knave as John J. Perry, can be elected to Congress from the second district.

[Dem. Advocate.]

Gen. Perry will be elected to Congress, and he will, moreover, give the Nebraska "particular fit" when he gets there, as he does at home. [Jeffersonian.]

THE SOMERSET DEMOCRATIC SENATORIAL CONVENTION assembled in Skowhegan on the 5th, and voted to adjourn to meet in Mass Convention of all who are opposed to the Nebraska Scheme and in favor of the Maine Law, on the 21th of August next, to nominate candidates for Senators and County officers. The following Resolution was adopted.

Resolved, That this Convention cordially approve the nomination of Hon. A. P. Morrill, and the platform laid down at the Convention, which nominated him; and that we will do all in our power, fairly and honorably to elect the former and sustain the latter.

CONFIRMATIONS. The Hon. John McKoon was confirmed on Monday, as District Attorney of New York, vice Charles O'Connor. The President is understood to have preferred Mr. Westbrook, but was opposed by Mr. Marcy and a majority of the Cabinet. C. J. Weller was confirmed as Post Master at San Francisco.

CONFIRMATIONS. The Hon. John McKoon was confirmed on Monday, as District Attorney of New York, vice Charles O'Connor. The President is understood to have preferred Mr. Westbrook, but was opposed by Mr. Marcy and a majority of the Cabinet. C. J. Weller was confirmed as Post Master at San Francisco.

For the Democrat.

Mr. Editor: There are two great questions which absorb all others viz: Temperance Reform and Slavery Extension. The enemies of Temperance have until of late worked under a mask. They have asserted again and again that they did not expect the temperance law to be repealed—their only object was to have a Democratic Government. But now they have thrown aside this mask and have plainly shown their colors in the Resolutions passed at their Convention in Portland. They say such a law is of doubtful Constitutionality—is hard to be enforced, and call upon the people to repeal it.

How much this call will be heeded, will be shown at the ballot box in September next.

When the Nebraska Bill was first introduced into Congress some of our self-styled old school Democrats declared against it. Their humanity rose a number of degrees above blood heat. One would have supposed by their manuevering that they were about to shoulder their muskets and march to the Capital; and if Congress passed that infamous bill, they would drive the members from their seats. But since the bill passed, their zeal has cooled down to the freezing point. They are now dumb.

Their cry now is "non-agitation—acquiescence—let it alone—it has become a law—let us respect it; and if Congress has committed an error and Slavery has been extended, let that error sink into oblivion, and let slavery extension go on. Who cares?" It may be well for all to respect laws—all laws, but it is neither right or reasonable that the months of American free men should be dumb when the principles of Independence and the Constitution, are trampled in the dust.

But my object in writing is this: There are men in every town whose principles are right and whose votes would count on the right side, could they but know and fully appreciate the principles and character of the present contest. "Eterna Vigilance a price of Liberty;" and every town should have its committees in every town district to circulate the right documents among these men; and secure their attendance at the polls. Our watch-word should be "Morrill, Temperance and Liberty."

The friends of the cause in Sumner are fully awake and ready to do their duty. They will look well to the great issues of

