

The Oxford Democrat

NEW SERIES, VOL. 5, NO. 39.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1854.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 21, NO. 49.

MISCELLANY.

ANNIE LIVINGSTONE.

Not far from the straggling village of Nathan Foot in Clydesdale, stood, many years ago, a small cottage inhabited by a widow and her two daughters. Their poverty and misfortunes secured for them a certain degree of interest among their neighbors; but the peculiarities of the widow prevented much intercourse between the family and the inhabitants of the district.

In her youth "daff Jeanie," as she was called in the village, had been the belle of Nathan Foot; but by coquetry and love of admiration, she had excited great jealousy among the girls of the country side; and her success in securing the hand of a man in the place as her husband had not intended to increase her popularity.

Those days, however, had long passed away. A terrible calamity had befallen her; and one single night had deprived her of once of home and husband. A sudden flood, or "sweep," of the river had inundated their cottage; and in their endeavor to save the wreck of their furniture from destruction, her husband had lost his life, and her eldest daughter received such injuries as to leave her a helpless cripple for the rest of her days.

Jeanie, never very strong minded, broke down completely under these accumulated misfortunes; and though her bodily health was restored after the fever which followed, she rose up from her sick bed an idiot, or rather what is called in Scotland, "daff,"—or that peculiar state of mind between idiosyncrasy and mania.

The charity of a neighboring proprietor gave her a cottage rent free, the Nathan Foot people gave her what help they could in furnishing it, but they were themselves too poor to do more, so that the whole support of her helpless mother and sister devolved on Annie Livingstone, the younger daughter, a handsome girl of fifteen years of age.

It is only by living among the peasantry of Scotland that we learn fully to appreciate the warm heart and heroic self-sacrifices which are often concealed under their calm exterior and apparent coldness of manner; and no one unacquainted with her previous history could have guessed that Annie Livingstone, the blithest haymaker, the best reaper, the hardest worker in the field or house, the most smiling, cheerful, and best conducted girl in the valley of the Nathan had some sorrows which fell to the lot of a few in this world. Day after day she had to leave her bedridden sister alone and intended to seek a scanty means of subsistence for the family in out-of-door labor; while more than half of her hours of rest and refreshment were occupied in mending down the cottage to see that Marian required nothing, that her mother had remembered to take the porridge, or having done so, had given Marian her share instead of devouring it all herself.

But a want of care of her helpless daughter was not the only thing Annie had to deal with—"daff Jeanie."

The peculiar temper and disposition of her girlhood subsisted still, and no longer kept in check by intellect, displayed themselves in a thousand vagaries, which rendered her the laughing stock of the village, and caused butter-misconduct to her daughter. Once or twice Annie had ventured to interfere with her mother's mode of proceeding, but instead of doing good by her endeavors, she not only brought upon herself reproaches, curses, even blows, but by exciting the revengeful cunning of madones, occasioned the perpetration of malicious tricks, which added to her previous annoyances.

It was wonderful that in such circumstances the young girl contrived to keep her temper and good spirits; but she was well-principled and strong-minded, and as the sometimes said when the neighbors pined her for what she had to bear—"Eh, woman, but the lack is made for the burden; and He that has seen fit to give me heavy trials has given me a stout heart and broad shoulders to bear them.

And better than all, He has given me my sin dear Mari's to be a help and comfort to me in all my difficulties."

"A help lassie! A hindrance you mean."

"No, woman, a help. Gude ken my spirit would fall me out and out if I had no Mari's to keep me up—for to ken me out of the Lord's love is to ken I am no a great scold myself—and to learn me homie psalms and hymns to sing when I am dowie (disheartened)."

The picture displayed by these simple words was a touching one; but much more touching was the reality of Annie's devotion to Marian.

When her day's labor was over, she hurried back to her poverty-stricken home, and, having swept out and dusted the kitchen, and set on the kettle for tea—an indulgence which she labored hard to afford the invalid—she would creep up the ladder-like stair to the loft, which was her sister's sleeping chamber, and, wrapping her in an old shawl, would carry her carefully down stairs, place her in her own peculiar chair, and wait upon her with the tenderness of a sister and the watchfulness of a slave.

When tea was over, the open Bible was laid on the table; a splinter of the clear canal coal of the country, which the very poor of the district frequently used instead of candles, was set on the upper bar of the grate; and by its flickering light the two sisters would spend the evening together, the younger employed in darning and patching their well-worn garments, the elder in reading to her from the holy volume.

Meanwhile "daff Jeanie" would wander in and out, backward and forward, sometimes amusing herself with playing spiteful tricks on Annie—to whom as years rolled by, she seemed to take a strange antipathy—sometimes sitting covered up on the hearth, musing and moaning, and in spite of her efforts to the contrary, producing the most depressing effect upon her daughter's spirits. At such times it was useless to try to induce her to go to bed; her natural perversity seemed to find pleasure in refusing to do so, till Annie, worn out by her hard day's work, was ready to fall asleep in her chair, and was yet unable to go to bed till she had seen her mother safely to rest.

In spite of these disadvantages, however, Annie grew up a handsome, cheerful girl, respected by all who knew her, and dearly loved by those who were intimate with her. But she had very few intimates. She had no leisure to waste in idle gossip; she could not spend an evening hour in rambling by the sparkling Nethan water, or by the banks of the stately Clyde; no one ever found her loitering in the hay-field after the sun went down; no one ever met her at a kirk (harvest home) or other rural gaiety; and even on "Saturday at e'en" she would hurry home to Marian, rather than join the group of merry lads and lassies gathered round the village wells.

Marian, was her one engrossing thought—to be with her, her greatest happiness; and no holiday pleasure could in her eyes equal the delight she felt when, on a summer Sabbath afternoon, she carried her helpless charge in her arms to the top of Dykebunt's field, and let her look at the trees, the sky, and the rushing water, listen to the song of the lark as it flattered in the blue ether above them, or to the mavis singing in the old apple tree that hung its branches so temptingly over the orchard wall.

But a time came when what had hitherto been Annie's greatest pleasure, was put in competition with one far greater: when the heart that had lavished so much affection on her crippled sister, and had stood steadily in filial duty to a selfish and a lunatic mother, was subject to a trying ordeal.

One eventful year, when an early spring and intensely hot summer had caused the cornfields of Blinkbonnie to ripen with such unexampled rapidity, that the Irish reapers had not yet made their appearance in the neighborhood, it was announced throughout the vale of Nathan, that if every man, woman and child in the district did not aid in the harvest, half the crop would be lost. Now, as David Caldwell, the tenant of Blinkbonnie farm, was a great favorite in the neighborhood, everybody who could handle the sickle responded to his appeal, and made quite a "pleg" (fete) of going to shear at Blinkbonnie.

Marian Livingstone had been so great a sufferer that season, that Annie had given up farm-labor for "sowing work," as she called embroidery, that she might be at home with her sister, and secure a larger income; but sedentary employments were so repugnant to her naturally active habits, that she rejoiced at the necessity which forced her to join the reapers, for David Caldwell himself had been too steadily kind to Marian for her to refuse such a request, even had she wished it. But she did not wish it; and she was among the first of the reapers who appeared at the farm.

Blinkbonnie was, as its name suggests, a very pretty place. Situated on the slope of a gentle hill that faced the south, it was the earliest farm in that part of Clydesdale; and as the winding river bathed the foot of the hill, and the woods of Craignethan clothed the opposite bank, it was also a favorite resort of the young people of the neighborhood, who found a drink of May Caldwell's butter-milk, or a bite of her pease-meal scones, a very pleasant conclusion to their evening strolls.

In short Blinkbonnie was as popular a place as the Caldwell's were popular people, and everybody did their utmost to get the corn in quickly. As we have said, Annie Livingstone was a good hand at the "hook," or sickle; it was therefore natural that the best "handster," or binder of sheaves, should be selected for the part of the field where she was; and much rural mirth and wit was thrown in the endeavors of two different parties to secure this honorable title, and its attendant position.

They were Alick Caldwell, the farmer's brother, a journeyman carpenter of Nathan Foot, and Jamie Ross, the blacksmith, who had been friendly rivals all their lives, and were so in the present instance; but Annie was by general vote chosen umpire between them, and she gave her judgment in Alick's favor.

In those days the Clydesdale lassie wore the old Scottish peasant-dress of the short gown and petticoat, one which we fear almost exploded, but which was as becoming as it was convenient. In it many a girl who would have looked common-place in modern costume, appeared piquant, if not pretty; and to Annie Livingstone it was peculiarly suited. Her broad but sloping shoulder, and her rounded waist, showed to great advantage in the close-fitting short-gown, whose clear pink color, contrasting with the deep of the linsey-woolsey petticoat, gave a look of freshness and cleanliness to her whole appearance, which was enhanced by the spotless purity of her neckhandkerchief, and the snowy whiteness of her throat. In short, with her well-knit figure, her rasy cheeks, her smoothly smoothed hair, her dark eyes, and her "wee bit mooth" as sweet and bonnie, Annie was altogether a very comely lassie; and when she blushed and looked down, as Alick thought her for the judgment given in his favor, he thought her so very pretty, that he was strongly tempted to catch her in his arms and give her a pretty kiss—a mode of expressing admiration, at which many girls in their primitive district might have been flattered than annoyed; but there was something in Annie Livingstone's whole manner and conduct which made it impossible to take such a liberty with her.

Nevertheless, when the reapers returned that night, Alick refused his brother's invitation to remain at Blinkbonnie, and he not only contrived to keep near Annie all the way home, but was waiting for her next morning at the end of Dykebunt's field to escort her to the farm, and hear himself agreeable to show her where she could find some wild flower roots, which Marian had long wished to have transplanted to their little garden.

"It is a pity Annie that you do not turn this half-yard of yours to better account," Alick said that evening, when, on the plea of carrying the roots for her, he accompanied her down to the cottage; "it would make a pleasant change for Marian."

Annie blushed.

"Maybe so," she said, ingeniously, "but I have no time for garden-work. I wish whiles that I had, for Marian is terrible fond of flowers."

The hint, so unintentionally given, was seized with avidity, and from that time forward many of Alick's leisure hours were devoted to Annie's garden, and not a Sunday passed over without a visit from him to "daff Jeanie's" cottage to bring a nosegay for Marian. Such considerations affected Annie very much; but Alick's weekly visits, after a time, gave her almost as much pain as pleasure.

It was delightful, certainly, to see how happy they made Marian; and to herself, personally, they were in every way gratifying; she did so like to hear her sister and Alick talk together, to listen to their remarks on the looks they had read, and the thoughts they had thought; and to feel that, unknown as she was, she could appreciate the intellectual gifts which both possessed, and which they had the power of giving forth so well; but she soon found that to her mother Alick's presence was very distasteful. So long as he was there, she kept tolerably quiet—a stranger's presence generally has a certain restraining effect upon persons afflicted as she was; but the moment he quitted the house, she identified herself for her enforced good behavior and quiet conduct by increased restlessness and ill-temper. She abused Alick in no measured terms, ill-treated Annie worse than ever, and made Marian suffer in consequence. And yet it was impossible to put an end to Alick's visits.

If Annie told him not to come to the cottage, he said with a smile, "that he would not, if she forbade him, come ben the house; but he could not leave the garden secured for, nor could he do without seeing her and Marian on Sabbath in Dykebunt's field. Marian would miss him if he did not come and bring a nosegay, and carry her down to the water-side, or to the bonnie firswood on the Lanark road; it was so dull for her poor body to spend like Sabbath in Dykebunt's field. Besides Marian liked him to come, whatever Annie did."

Annie's heart beat fast.

"Oh Alick!" she began, but suddenly recollecting herself, she stopped abruptly and no persuasions could induce her to finish her sentence.

She felt intuitively that it was not only to talk to Marian that Alick came so often. She was conscious that it was not Marian's eyes he sought when he spoke those beautiful words which caused her heart to glow, and which seemed to shed an earth and tree, and sky, a glory they had never known till now. But she felt, also, that this ought not to be, that in her peculiar situation, she was not entitled to encourage such attentions; and yet, alas! she could not be so unwomanly as to tell him plainly that she understood why he lavished so much kindness and time on her sister. No, she had nothing for it but to let things take their course, and strive to guard her own heart against him. She no longer, therefore, interdicted his visits, but she took every opportunity that offered to leave him alone with Marian, and steal out, meanwhile, to the most sequestered spots near at hand, where she might commune with her own heart and seek from heaven the strength necessary to scotch her own hopes of happiness to the claims of duty, and the comfort of her helpless charges.

This time stole on, till one of these lonely strolls, she chanced to meet some of her acquaintances walking along the road in the Craignethan direction. They greeted her, and asked whether she would come with them to the preaching.

"The preaching!" she said. "What preaching?"

"Eh, lassie, did you no hear that Mr. Cameron, of Cambus, is to preach the night in the Campfield? He is a real grand preacher. You had best come."

Now this invitation was very tempting to Annie, for she could not afford to go more than once a fortnight to church at Lanark, seven miles distant, and she liked nothing better than a "grand preacher," while enough of the old imaginative Camerona temperament remained in her to make an open-air service more agreeable in her eyes than in a church.

"You see Annie," her friends continued, "the day's preaching is a kind of trial, to see if the folk care for good doctrine; and if they come, we hear tell that Mr. Cameron will preach there ilk other Sabbath. So, come awa, like a good lassie. Marian can well spare you for a time."

"Maybe she can spare me the day," Annie answered, "for Alick's down by yonder the now, so she will no be wearin' for want of me. Just hide a minute till I see."

And away she flew to make the proposal to Marian. She gave her unqualified approbation to Annie's going; but a shadow passed over Alick's face, even while he volunteered a promise to remain with Marian during the sister's absence, and added, with a laugh, which somehow had little mirth in it, that had just been telling Marian that he thought he must set on the kettle himself the night he was to get his tea with them, for Annie seemed to have forgotten them altogether.

"Oh, no, I'll sort the kettle, Annie said, nervously, as she lifted it from the crook, and proceeded to fill it with water at the well; but Alick took it from her, saying at the same time that "it would set her better if she gied her to the farm, and make herself braw for the preaching."

The touch of bitterness in his tone as he said this, brought the tears to Annie's eyes. He little guessed how willingly she would have given up the preaching, anything to spend an hour in his company, if it had been right; but she felt that it was not so for either of their sakes, so she brushed away her tears, smoothed her glossy hair, put a silk handkerchief he had given her round her neck; and having seen that Marian had everything she required and that her mother was quietly asleep in her chair, she hurried to join her friends.

It was a lovely September evening. The leaves were bright with the tints of early autumn; the apple-trees for which Clydesdale is famous, laden with golden fruit, hung temptingly over the orchard walls; and the high road, passing through a gently undulating country, abounded in charming peeps of the ever-flowing Clyde, whose varied banks, some time rich in wood, sometimes hemmed in by massive rocks, and skirted by a gently sloping and extensive meadows, comprised some of the fairest scenery in Scotland.

Annie, however, walked forward with a heavy heart. What was it to her that the sky was bright, and the sun brilliant? that the soft, fleecy clouds piled themselves up in fantastic forms round the horizon, and that all nature seemed happy and joyous? There was an oppression on her spirits she could not shake off—a feeling that some crisis of her fate was at hand which she had no power to avert, but whose consequences would she the life from her heart, the glory from her sun and sky. Alick had spoken to her as he had never done before, as if she could care for any one thing or person in comparison with him, and when she tried to fix her thoughts on the place to which she was going, and for what purpose, Alick's voice rang in her ear—Alick's disappointed look haunted her memory; and she recoiled her destination long before she reached her composure.

The Campfield was a small hollow washed by the Nathan Water, which making a sudden whirl at that point, surrounded it on three sides, while the fourth was bounded by a wooded hill, which separated it from the village of Craignethan. It was a tradition in the country that the spot had been a camp of the Covenanters, in the days of Claverhouse, and that a band of Royalists had been defeated there before the great battle of Bothwell Bridge. The people of the district still point out the path by which the Covenanters gained the hill that commanded Craignethan Castle, and allege that, for a time at least, the Royalist fortress was in their hands. At all events, the place has been associated in popular minds with the days of the Covenant, that it is a favorite site for a field preaching, and nothing can be more picturesque than the scene it presents under such an aspect.

The steep hill-side, the murmuring water, the soft thymus turf, the crowd of listeners, in every attitude of earnest attention, hanging on the eloquent words of the preacher, take one back to the old times when, in caves and dolfs, and bleak moorlands, the stern men of the Solemn League and Covenant listened to the truth at the risk of their own lives, and those of their nearest and dearest. Just such a preacher as might have led these warlike and determined men was Mr. Cameron, of Cambus. He was old in years, with silver hair and wrinkled brow; but he had a clear, penetrating eye, and that look of power mingled with gentleness, that uncompromising love of right and truth, which stride conviction to every heart, and rouse men's souls to do or die.

At any other time Annie Livingstone would have listened to the preacher with a kindling eye and glowing cheek, but today she sat there, pale and cold, struggling to quell the tempest that whirled in her to forsake her natural duties for the love of one who was becoming dearer to her than all the world beside. She fixed her eyes on the minister—he endeavored to follow his words, but the prayer fell unheeded on her ear, and when the full swell of the psalm, preceding the sermon, rose into the air, her voice, generally the clearest and sweetest of the congregation quivered and was silent. But the music was not wholly without influence on her tortured heart, and when they resumed their places to give ear to the sermon, her spirit felt more attuned to the duties of the hour.

The text given out was this:—"No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." Annie started as the words were uttered, and as she listened to the doctrines which Mr. Cameron deduced from them, she felt as if she must have known her inner thoughts, so forcibly did he warn his hearers of the sin of forsaking the true and narrow path of duty, to follow the devices of their own hearts, so powerfully did he press upon them the necessity of sacrificing all that was most dear to them, even if it threatened to interfere with the appointed course of life which God had traced out for them. Annie's heart beat painfully for she knew too well that he spoke the truth. She felt that if she became Alick Caldwell's wife she could not then perform, as she now did, those filial and sisterly offices which had been hers from childhood, and which would be mean and criminal to forsake. When she rose to receive the old minister's blessing, she vowed with a sad heart, but a steadfast spirit that, come what would, she would abide by her duty. Poor girl! she little thought how near and severe a test awaited her.

"Annie," said a voice at her ear, as she turned to leave the Campfield, "did you no ken I was so near you?"

Alick need not have asked the question, for the sudden flush of the cheek, and the quick bright flash of the eye, were enough to show her previous ignorance.

"Marian bade me follow you, lassie. She said she did not like the look of the sky, and would feel mair at ease if I conveyed you home."

"Hout," said Annie hastily, "what makes Mair's sue timorous? The sky is blue and bright, and even if it should bewet, what does a drop of rain signify?"

"I thought you would have liked me to come, Annie," was Alick's simple answer.

Annie turned away her head to conceal how much his sorrowful tone affected her.

"Ay, so I do," she said with assumed cheerfulness, "but I diana like Marian being left alone, so we had better walk fast home," and she quickened her pace. As they did so, a distant muttering of thunder was heard, and Annie added, "Marian was right, after all. It is wonderful how she guesses some things, Alick. She is like the birds and the beasts that get restless and uncomfortable before a storm, although there is not a sign of it in the heavens bigger than a man's hand."

"That one is bigger," Alick said, pointing to a mass of threatening cloud which was rapidly covering the sky, "and if you would take my advice, Annie, you would wait, and hide these till the storm is past."

"No, no," said she, "I'm a man gang home to Marian, and my mother, poor body."

Alick remonstrated no further, but silently followed her, as she flew rather than ran in the direction of Nathan Foot. It was growing very dark, and the rest of the congregation, having no such call as Annie's to hurry home, had already taken shelter in the cottages near Campfield, advising her as they did so, to follow their example.

"I cannot," she said, "I must get home, I must!" and striking off from the high road, she hurried along the by-path by the Nathan Water. The evening grew darker and darker, it seemed as if the twilight had been forgotten, and the bright day had suddenly been merged in night. The thunder began every moment louder, and the lightning flashed through the trees with fearful brilliancy. The river roared along its banks, and as they approached the spot of the Nathan's confluence with the Clyde, even Annie's brave spirit trembled. She wondered whether they could cross the stepping stones in such a flood and in such darkness. But she had a strong will, the stones to trust by night as by day; and besides, the storm had so lately begun, that the Nathan, she thought could not have risen very much. So she hurried forward still faster, and her foot was already on the overhanging bank, when Alick drew her forcibly back.

"Are you mad, Annie, he cried, to try the stepping stones in such a spect?" (loud.) And he threw his strong arm round her.

"Let me go, Alick! I must get home to Marian," she said, struggling to get free, and she might have succeeded in doing so, for she was nearly his equal in physical strength, had not a vivid flash lighted up the scene at the moment, and shown her the peril which awaited her. The generally calm Nathan Water was seething like a cauldron, and careering down to the Clyde with uncontrollable force. As if a thick curtain had been withdrawn by the flash, she saw the banks giving way before her eyes, and the trees that grew on them nodding to the fall. It was a glorious but terrific picture, as the whole bend of the river illuminated by that fearful light, shone out for one single instant, then disappeared in the darkness. But short as that glance had been it had shown her that had not Alick pulled her back, she must have been engulfed in the waters, and no mortal power could have brought her to shore alive. The immminence of the danger from which she had been saved overcame her with a sudden weakness; she trembled; her struggles ceased, her head dropped on Alick's shoulder, and she burst into tears.

"Annie," he said soothingly, "dinna greet for you see I couldna let you drown yourself, afore my een, and no't try to save you; and the stalwart man that had lately so stoutly opposed her will, now folded her in a close embrace.

"Oh, Alick," she replied with her usual simple truthfulness, "it's no't that gars me greet, but the thought that my willfulness might ha cost your life as well as my ain."

He stooped down and pressed a first kiss on the brow that still rested on his shoulder.

"Annie, my own Annie," he whispered, "what would life be to me wantin' you?"

"Dinna say that, Alick, she said hurriedly—and rousing herself from the momentary yielding to her softer feelings, "this is neither a time nor a place to think of such things." A man's gang home to Mair."

It was impossible for Annie after that Sabbath adventure, to conceal either from herself or Alick, that they loved each other dearly, but no persuasions could induce her to consent to be his wife. In vain he represented that he could consider Marian's presence in his household as a blessing, and that he had been so long accustomed to her mother's ways that he could find no difficulty in accommodating himself to them.

"It was true that Mrs. Livingstone was a little afraid of him, but it was so much the better, as it evidently kept her in check," Annie shook her head.

"She knew better what her mother really was, and to what she would expose them both and she loved Alick too dearly to inflict such anxiety upon him."

"Then could she not remain in her present home and have a lassie to wait on her?" Alick asked. He was well-to-do in the world he could easily afford the expense, and that would make all straight.

"Well, well, Annie," Alick said with a faint smile, a willful wife mair ha's her way. He that will to Couper man to Couper, but if Annie Livingstone is no't to be my wife, de'il tak' me if any other shall have me."

And he marched out of the cottage.

The tears sprang to Annie's eyes—they came there very often now—but she wiped them away, and said—

"Ay, ay he thinks so now; but men canna wait as women do, hoping and hoping when the heart is sick and the spirit faint. He will marry some day; and if it be for his happiness I will be thankful."

Still it was very hard for her to be thankful when year by year, she saw him courted by the bonniest lassies of Clydesdale; on learning that Alick Caldwell had been the blithest singer at the Hogmanay (last night of the year) at Blinkbonnie, or that every one suspected that the fine valentine Ellen Lynder got on St. Valentine's day from "Bonnie Alick." At length the report of his engagement to Ellen became so prevalent, that even Marian believed it; and one fine day, when returning from Lanark, where she had been to carry home her "sowing work," Annie herself met Alick and Ellen walking together in the fir-wood. A pang went through her heart at this confirmation of all she had heard and she was startled to find from it how little belief she had hitherto had in the truth of the story. Yet it was only natural and right that it should be true. It was now three years since she had refused Alick, and very few men would have waited for her so long.

Thus thinking she was a little surprised to see him come to the cottage as usual, and bring with him Marian's nosegay, and some numbers of a periodical, with which he had supplied her regularly since its commencement. But though he had not forgotten to be kind to Marian, Annie, feared that he looked less cheerful than he generally did; and, with the view of putting him at ease, she took courage to congratulate him on his marriage to Ellen, and to wish him every happiness.

He got up and advancing straight to the place where she stood, he took her two hands in his, and said solemnly—

"Annie, do you mean what you say? Do you really believe that I love, or, rather, that I mean to marry Ellen, while you are still Annie Livingstone?"

The color came and went in Annie's cheek and her eyes fell under his steady glance; but she answered faintly—

"I did mean it, Alick; and I think you would only do what is right and prudent if you married her."

"And you Marian," he said, turning to the poor cripple. "What do you think?"

"That a man is the better of a wife," she said quietly, "and that as you will never get Annie, you might just as well take Ellen."

Alick looked distressed and muttered—

"For if we forsaken me, Marian, I'll tak' up wi' Jean."

That is what the said sang of the Edinburgh lassie. "I ken that," he added; "but it is not my doctrine, Marian. I consider marriage a higher and holier light; and if Annie refuses me, I must e'en rest as I am. So now you have my thoughts on the matter, and you must never again insult me by believing the nonsense of the Nathan Foot chattering."

And thus things went on, month after month and year after year; and the only comfort poor Annie had in her life of trial was the conviction that she was doing her duty. As age advanced on daff Jeanie, she became more unmanageable, and all the exertions her daughter could make were scarcely sufficient to keep her eccentricities within bounds, and to support her and Marian. But Annie contrived it somehow; and not even Alick guessed the bitter struggles, the personal sacrifices, the weariness and the starvation she endured to keep her poor mother from the parish, and to provide for Marian the little luxuries which in her position were actually necessary.

The end, however, came at length, and when it was least expected. "Daff Jeanie" took a fever and died, and Annie's toils were comparatively light, thenceforward; but in one particular it seemed as if the release had come too late, for Alick, weary of waiting as many years as Jacob served for Leah, had quitted Nathan Foot a few months previously. Some said he had gone to Edinburgh, some said to London; but, at all events, he had disappeared entirely from the neighborhood; and in those days of heavy postage, so little was the intercourse kept up between distant friends, that even his brother at Blinkbonnie only wrote to him at long intervals. Thus it happened that nearly a whole year elapsed ere Alick learned "that daff Jeanie" was gone at last, and at the folk thought poor Annie had a good riddance of her; but nevertheless she looked mair ill and pale than she had ever done before.

The news caused Alick to hurry back to Nathan-Foot, and one beautiful spring afternoon he reached the home of his childhood. He had walked from Lanark; and, somewhat overcome by heat and fatigue, he passed under the shadow of the firwood to collect his thoughts ere he re-entered Annie's cottage. He looked down on the Clyde and its rolling waters, on the green grass fields, on the apple orchards, white with blossoms; and as he recalled the many trifling incidents which connected Annie with these familiar objects, he pictured how she would greet him now.

Would not her eyes light up, as they used to do long ago, when he chanced to come on her suddenly? her cheeks brighten, and her lips smile upon him? and would she not speak to him as she had spoken on that eventful night, in that sweet, touching, fearful voice that still rang in his ear? The very thought made his heart bound within his breast, and caused him to quicken his pace as he took the cottage. To his surprise he found several groups of people gathered round the door; and there was something in their strange way of looking at him, as he advanced, that sent a

chill through his veins he scarce knew why. "How is Annie?" he asked abruptly of an acquaintance who stood in the doorway.

"Gang in yourself and see," was the enigmatical answer; "her troubles are past to my thinkin'."

What did the man mean? Alick had not the courage to ask the question in words; but on entering the kitchen, he turned white and faint, as the mourning groups standing round seemed to give a dreadful confirmation to his fears.

"Annie, Annie!" he exclaimed, as he darted forward toward the inner room, "I must see my Annie once again."

He redly thrust aside those who strove to prevent his entrance into the chamber where the corpse lay.

"She's there Alick," they whispered, "but you mairn gang in."

Alick made no answer, but pushed open the half closed door. On the rough kitchen table stood the open coffin; men and women were gathered around it; and the expression of deep grief that clouded their faces destroyed the last glimmer of hope that lingered in his breast, and for an instant he stood powerless. But the noise he had made on entering had caused the mourners to turn toward the door, and one of them, with a shrill cry, sprang toward him, and flung herself into his arms.

"Alick, dear Alick, are you come at last! She said you would come, and that none but Alick Caldwell should lay Marian Livingstone's head in the grave. And you are come! His name be praised!"

That night Annie Livingstone spent alone in her desolate cottage; but a little time afterward she quitted Nathan-Foot as Alick Caldwell's wife; and her after life gave proof that a good sister and dutiful daughter are sure to make a good wife and a good mother.

From Chamber's Journal.

Visit to a Turkish Castle.

We started at ten o'clock one fine morning a small party of four, for a stroll through the woods to the castle of Pacha Sherif, a venerable-looking old gentleman, whose acquaintance we had previously made, and who had promised to show us his farm when next we honored him with a visit. We provided ourselves with sundry bottles of Tenedos wine, of cognac, some kid-pies, reindeer tongues &c., and we took our guns and servants, intending to bivouac under the shade of the tall trees during the heat of the day.

We shot a fine hare, several head of game and a brown bird very much resembling a bird of paradise, here called *poa poa*, which was stuffed on our return to our ship. But shooting is thirsty work, and we looked in vain for a stream of water to cool our wine in; so we thought it our best plan to proceed at once to the pacha's castle, and ask for a jar of water—the urgency of the case being a fair excuse for breaking the monody repose of the inhabitants. On arriving there, we knocked and shouted very unceremoniously, considering it was at the castle-gate of one of the nobles of the land; but Englishmen do strange things in strange countries. At length the pacha himself answered our summons. Instead of the rich and picturesque vestments in which he had formerly seen him, he now descended in a morning dress of white linen, and demanded in a surly tone the cause of our intrusion. It was evident that he did not at first recognize me in my shooting-jacket and broad brimmed sombrero, but he recovered his composure on being reminded of our former visit, his own hospitality, and the portrait we had sketched of himself and his pretty little daughter Fatima. He then disappeared, and to our great surprise, returned speedily in full costume—a gorgeous silk dress, with a scarlet sash, a splendid diamond ring, &c. Going through the ceremonies of a courteous reception he invited us to go in and see the "castello."

In we went, accordingly, and all over it he took us. No sign of life was in it at all. He took us into one room full of magnificent Turkish saddlery, and there into another in which he kept his arms, and then into some beautiful Turkish cimeters in silver scabbards, with such razor-like blades that I felt as if my head was off while looking at them. There were also some pistols of rich and curious workmanship, and before the door, in each room, hung a verse of the Koran. We ascended by a dark and narrow staircase, to the top of the castle, which commanded a fine view of the Dardanelles, and the forts of Sestos and Abydos, so famous in classic story. Upon examination, we saw that we were in a stronghold, a sort of Bala Bead's Castle, which idea was rather increased by the report of one of the servants who had been sent down a trap-door to draw water out of the well, which was in the center of the building—that "it smelt as if half a dozen dead bodies were down there!" And there was a strange, distrustful tone about the whole place. There were iron doors to some of the rooms, into which our host did not introduce us, and these, we concluded, were the doors of the harem. The entrance door was in the center of the building, some twenty feet from the ground, and the only way to reach it was by passing over a narrow bridge. When this was out of the place was inaccessible, for all the windows were small, and iron bars crossed them in every direction.

Having obtained a supply of water and a vessel for cooling our wine, we proposed adjourning to the fields to discuss our provisions. We asked our friend the pacha to accompany us, and he promised to join us as soon as we had finished our meal. Under the shade of a broad spreading oak-tree, we arranged our feast, the bread-bags in which we had brought it serving for a tablecloth. As we were reclining upon the grass, the pacha's two wives closely veiled, and his two children, passed before us, attended by several black slaves, in a sort of procession. They were either going to or returning from the bath. Shortly after

we saw the old pacha himself, with his son, a fine boy of about eight years of age, his little daughter Fatima on a donkey, and a retinue of blackies crossing the fields and coming to camp.

He joined our little party, and sat cross-legged by my side, with the little Fatima and his son. Fatima was a lovely creature; she was not in the least shy; she only smiled, and looking inquiringly at me with her large dark eyes like eyes when I took her little hand in mine to examine the coloring of her arms, with which according to the custom of her country her fingers were deeply stained. Her eyebrows were made to meet with something that had very much the appearance of a corn.

She had been decorated for the occasion with a turban, in addition to her usual costume. The little boy was clad in richly embroidered silk; and altogether, I think we must have formed a very picturesque group, with our background of palm-like trees and woodland slopes.

We offered wine to our guest which he smelt, and then, shaking his head, said, with evident disgust: "Sensational, signore, the Prophet has denied it; the Mussulman may not taste of the juice of the grape." But when we offered him brandy, his eyes sparkled, and he tossed off about half a tumbler of it; and then he took another, and another, and another, until he had finished the bottle—a feat he accomplished before he had been cross-legged an hour and a half. Of course he became very "rational" and very amusing. In a short time the staidness of the old Turk had quite departed. He sang and danced, slapped me repeatedly on the thigh, which he made to sound again, and which seemed a favorite amusement with him; then, all at once making a dash at me, he would have bestowed on me a most affectionate kiss, had I not cried out for help, exclaiming: "Take him off!" upon which he turned his polite attention to another of our party, who, however, pulled the old pacha's beard so hard that he lost his temper. The old Turk had been a soldier in his youth; and military glory "the ralling passion strong in blood," returning upon him, he seized a loaded gun which lay beside us, began to figure away with it. But when he came to the word "present," I made a rush and dispossessed it of its cap and then I did not care, but "fell in" with him, with my stick shouldered; and we marched up and down together, calling out our different words of command, to the amusement of our friends.

But the scene began to get low in the sky, and little Fatima grew tired, and cried to go home; so I took hold of one of the old pacha's arms, my friend seized the other, and between us we almost carried the old ruffian home, for walk he could not. He would have inflicted on me another drunken kiss, but being a little man, could not reach me, and I was easily able to ward off his polite intentions in that way. Arrived at the castle gate, he shouted loudly, and out came slaves, black and white, and children too, and much they marvelled to see the old Turk drag us all after him into the old den again—Turemans being very tenacious of admitting strangers under the same roof with their wives. The Gians were wicked enough to wish to see these ruffians and presently, while the pacha was grinding away on the stairs upon a broken-winded old hand-organ of singular construction, with an attempt at a song, two very pretty heads were thrust out at the iron door we had before noticed. Very young and very beautiful were they, but they quickly disappeared; and when the youngest and most indiscreet of our party with boy-like curiosity tried to peep through the keyhole, in order to get another glimpse of the fair inmates of the iron-door chamber, the little Mussulman, who as I said before, was a fine boy of about eight years old, placed himself before it, and shook his fist most vehemently: nor would he move away from the place he had taken upon himself to protect. As Mrs. Blue Beard and Sister Anne appeared no more, and their drunken lord did not seem inclined to introduce us to the ladies, we at length beat our retreat amidst his repeated shouts of "Bravo! bravo! Inglesi! bravo! bravo!"

Reflections upon the Conduct of Officers and Crew of the Arctic.

It is perhaps too soon to comment upon the conduct of the officers and crew in their behaviour under such trying circumstances, before more authentic accounts can be received; but we cannot forbear the remark that there is too much reason to fear that hundreds of lives of our most estimable fellow-countrymen and women have been needlessly sacrificed by the wicked and culpable inhumanity of the crew, foremen and subordinate officers of the unfortunate Arctic.

Sudden and terrible as must have been the collision, yet we cannot forbear thinking that had the discipline on board of the Arctic been what we had a right to expect in such a vessel, many valuable lives might have been saved. The women and children, at least, ought to have had the preference, but when it was apparent that the vessel must sink, all was uproar and confusion. How sadly such a state of things compares with the self-sacrificing heroism displayed on board the British war steamer Birkenhead, which struck a rock on the South coast of Africa a few years since! The order was given to save all the women and children, and they were all saved, while over 400 men sunk and perished in the wreck. Discipline saved them. [Boston Atlas.]

The rescue of thirty-one more sailors—taken in connection with the prolonged disappearance of these passengers—impels us at length to break through the reserve we yesterday thought fit to keep on the subject of the conduct of the crew of the Arctic. There is a limit to the forbearance which charity suggests, and we have reached it. It is time that the world should know that while the water was pouring through the seams in the bow of the Arctic and death advanced with fearful strides, the men composing the crew of that vessel, including seamen, engineers and firemen, were, with one or two exceptions, engaged in providing for their own safety, to the utter disregard of that of the lives entrusted to their charge.

They who were strongest—who knew best how to escape the danger—who were best accustomed to affront death in this shape—who were most familiar with the boats and their tackle, and who were best fitted to combat with the perils now threatening men—women

and children alike, were the first to yield to selfishness and cowardice—the first to save themselves at the expense of those they were bound to rescue at all costs. They have succeeded; thirty-one more seamen have been brought ashore, but not one passenger. It was not for want of example they failed in their duty as men and sailors. Captain Luce was there to teach them all how to die. Young Collins was there, setting a gallant example of self-denial and courage. The brave Durian was there, full of energy and devotion. But these recreant sailors were blind alike to the example of their officers and the clear dictates of duty.

Nor must we be confined to the seamen. How does it happen that the Arctic went to sea with four hundred souls on board while her six boats could not contain half the number? Mr. George H. Burns states that the boat in which he was saved, and which contained some twenty-two persons, was so crowded that the bodies of those on board were bruised by the close contact with each other. Even if we allow that each of the six boats could carry thirty persons that would only amount to one hundred and eighty, while the Arctic contained four hundred and one persons.

Again how is it that whenever a shipwreck takes place we hear that the tackles of the boats have given way, and they have proved useless? We are told that they break in consequence of the unusual weight then placed in the boats; but what are they put there for if it is not to sustain this very unusual weight? It is time that both the number of the boats of every sea-going vessel, their capacity and tackle, were inspected by some public officer appointed for the purpose.

Finally, some thought must be bestowed on this practice of running at full speed through a dense fog, a practice steadily pursued by all the ocean steamers. That it must increase the chances of collision everybody must see; but no one can openly object to it. Every year one or more vessels are run off the Banks and their crews lost. Only a few years ago the Charles Bartlett was run over by the Europa, and one hundred and forty-two persons drowned. The Arctic has now been run down. What is to be done? Shall the steamers be compelled to slacken speed in the fog? Who will consent to wait three more days for news? But, at all events, some means might be taken to warn vessels of the approach of these steamers; the steam whistle might be kept going incessantly. Anything to prevent such disasters as that of the Arctic.

[N. Y. Herald.]

Mr. Burke and the Know Nothings.

While the Administration and all its followers are either secretly or openly opposed to that Party called the Know Nothings, many old and tried democrats look upon it as a necessary agent in restoring American politics to the true American basis. They know better than others can know the schemes to which foreign Catholics have been parties in the late political movements of this government. Hon. Edmund Burke, who was one of the proprietors of the Washington Union, and Commissioner of Patents during the administration of Polk, and is a democrat of the old stamp, says:

"Now, we are free to say that we are not in favor of proscribing any class of men on account of their place of birth, their politics, or their religion. We would hold out the right hand of fellowship and fraternity to every man coming from a foreign country to seek an asylum in this, who comes with the purpose of emerging his original nationality in American citizenship. But if he comes here with the design of planting upon our soil the traditions, the sentiments, and the claims of his native land we are opposed to him. Unfortunately one class of foreigners, to say the least, we mean the Irish—have forgotten when they came here, that they were in America and not Ireland. They still continue Irishmen, and refuse to become Americans. They herd together socially as Irishmen. They form Irish military companies. Bishop Hughes organizes and controls them as Irish Catholics. He teaches them to adhere to the Pope, and acknowledge his supremacy even above the sovereignty of the very government under whose aegis they have sought protection. He teaches them to demand Catholic schools, and to become the adherents and advocates of the absolutism of Europe, instead of sympathizing with the people struggling to be free, and desiring the success of republicanism. But this is not all. Political demagogues appeal to our naturalized citizens, not as Americans, but as Europeans. And, in consequence of the court and flattery paid to them by politicians, they demand considerations and privileges which American citizens native born do not think of demanding. Now these are evils which have grown upon the country rapidly within the last twenty years. No intelligent man can deny their existence or their evil tendency. If we have any correct conception of the objects and purposes of Know-Nothingism, they are to correct these evils, to put an end to the perpetual Europeanism of immigrants, to learn them to drop their respective nationalities and become American citizens, and to arrest bishop Hughes in his pernicious and treasonable instructions to Irishmen and Catholics, to defeat the purposes of political demagogues who foster this foreign anti-American feeling among the immigrant population—in short to effect a very desirable and salutary reform."

ELLSWORTH RIOTERS. We understand that the Grand Jury now in session at Ellsworth, declined to find bills against the persons who were engaged in the outrage upon Rev. Mr. Bapat. The Attorney General, E. S. S. says a stronger case was never presented. Seven of the jury were in favor of finding a bill, nine opposed. It needs twelve to find a bill. [Bangor Mercury.]

ARREST FOR MURDER. The supposed murderer of the man found dead in the woods at South Berwick several weeks since, whose body was afterwards identified as that of Mr. Charles Brewster of Barrington, N. H., was a few days ago arrested in Brunswick, Vt., and carried to South Berwick. The arrested individual calls his name William Smith. We learn that suspicion has rested on him since he left South Berwick, and that these suspicions were confirmed by the fact of his wearing the identical pants and vest of the murdered man. He was taken through Portland Friday. [Advertiser.]

The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, Me., NOVEMBER 3, 1854.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

NOAH PRINCE,

THOMAS H. BROWN, Editor.

TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents yearly in advance; one dollar and seventy-five cents with six months; and two dollars at the end of the year. To which fifty cents will be added for every year which payment is delayed.

ADVERTISING.—Inserted on reasonable terms the proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., 10 State St., Boston, and 122 Nassau St., New York, are our only authorized agents for procuring subscriptions, forwarding advertisements.

Payment for all advertisements is held to be due from the date of the first insertion.

Communications should be directed to "The Oxford Democrat," Paris, Me.

Book and Job Printing PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED

Politico-Religionists.

There is a class of men in the community distinguished for political loquacity, but as a general thing, not remarkable for piety, who are always on the lookout for something to turn up for their benefit—for the benefit of their party. To such a tar and feathering of a Jesuit—some accidental or deserved punishment of a Roman Catholic, are regular dogmas. The cry is forthwith set up "religious intolerance!" and demagogues appeal to poetry, prejudice and sympathy to raise the wind—lubricate the wheels of party and proselyte the community.

What is particularly unfortunate in the policy of this class, is the fact that they never look at the sensible, the general or the rational, in regard to questions of this nature; but always locate the blame where it will best suit their purposes—where it will generate the most sympathy—stir up the most noise; and where it will probably produce the greatest reaction. The idea is, "somebody is hurt—there is a glorious cause for sympathy—let us improve it." For this reason, politico-religionists will seize upon the slightest circumstance to condemn whole classes of their fellow citizens without a shadow of reason, without a why or a wherefore.

Where this class see members of a Protestant procession, as in Newark, New Jersey, of late, shot down by persons asserted to be a Catholic Church, we hear no cry of religious intolerance. When these men see Americans knocked down at the polls, as was recently done at St. Louis, we hear no cry of politico-religious persecution. When they see Constitutions amended and certain American features stricken out—then referred to the people and finally defeated by a corrupt bargain with Jesuit, political priests and foreigners, there is nothing in that to disturb the equanimity of these pious souls. When, too, they know both by confession and history that there are a professedly religious class amongst us whose objects and aims are secret; and who, though professing to be naturalized citizens, have never renounced, and never can renounce their absolute allegiance to a foreign prince, there is no word of censure for these notoriously wicked and secret societies—not for this unwarrantable hypocrisy.

When, finally, they see political demagogues appealing to these secret societies of foreigners—to their religious prejudices, and to their ignorance, to perpetrate the wrongs of society or to prevent or overthrow the improvements established or contemplated by the people, we hear from this class no voice of warning—no sound of danger.

When such things as these can take place in an American community, without receiving the condemnation of every true Republican, depend upon it there is something wrong. Either there is a morbid insensibility or indifference pervading the hearts and consciences of those who thus act and think; or there is a perversion and corruption of sentiment, engendered by thoughtlessness and inattention. In either case it is high time that the American people should learn to respect their own government, their own religion and laws, in order that they may insure firmness and durability.

The spirit of Protestantism is the spirit of Freedom. This sentiment has already been enshrouded in the American bosom. At this time of the Christian Era there is no better established moral or religious sentiment. If there are exceptions, it only proves the rule. If there are misanthropies, misapprehensions or heresies in relation to it, it is not responsible for them. The more, therefore, of Protestantism we have, the more Freedom; the less we have, the less of freedom. Protestantism would give all mankind the Bible. It would learn all mankind to read it. In its true essence it would seek to cultivate the mind—teach the intellect and improve the heart.

It would seek to promote the true interests of mankind by a strict regard to truth; by a right use of the principles of reciprocity—and by a noble and rational benevolence. It seeks to investigate, to liberalize, to improve. Its principles are open to all—it gives to all who ask—and it demands no return. It is the spirit of Protestantism which distinguished the early colonists of this country—the Framers of all Constitutions, and it is the distinguishing feature of the present American race. It contains, therefore, the elements of all good—religious and political freedom, diffusion of knowledge, progress, elevation, reform.

Catholicism, Jesuitism, Popery, is the antipode of Protestantism. These two isms have nothing in common. They cannot mix more than oil and water. They are incompatible. The aims of Catholicism are temporal as well as spiritual dominion. Its spirit is despotism. It aims to rule. It desires and enforces secrecy. It contains secret organizations within its boundaries—subjects them to its control and compels them to subserve its interests, political and spiritual, under the direct curses and penalties. It declares the Bible to be the mass of the people; and punishes those who would attempt to understand and interpret its doctrines. It enjoins the worship of idols. It fetters the mind—chains the understanding; and confines all improvement to a select class, who by rank, birth, education or interest are devoted to its purposes. It is essentially an institution of darkness in matters of religion; and is calculated, if not intended to begot and perpetuate

the worst forms of priestcraft and superstition. Its claim to infallibility, is blasphemous; while its exercise of temporal authority asserted by reason of a transfer of such authority from the Savior (which by the way the Savior never claimed) is simply preposterous.

Catholicism and its synonyms, therefore, per se, are opposed to Freedom—opposed to progress—opposed to a general diffusion of knowledge; and is essentially despotic in its aims and secret in its designs. Its march has been characterized by ignorance and superstition. Its peculiar institutions are the rack—the convent—the dungeon—the Auto de Fe—and the Inquisition.

Where there is free moral, religious and political light—where truth is left free to combat error, the people will be quite sure to adopt those truths which will promote their freedom and their intellectual advancement. In order, however, that they may embrace the right and reject the wrong—promote freedom of thought and general intelligence, it is highly necessary that they should go back to first principles—to discriminate thoroughly between the actions, designs and aims of those who may pretend to belong to one or the other of these classes; and ascertain, if possible, what tends to freedom and elevation and what to Despotism and darkness.

When, therefore, among the actions and events of the day, we see personal violence committed upon our own and foreign citizens or allies, it affords no good reason why a bad religion or good politics should be condemned. Nor do such events occurring in particular localities from peculiar causes of temperament, or prejudices, or personal dislike, give even the least plausible pretext for general denunciation of classes and parties.

To illustrate this idea, we may assert that Protestantism wants no political power. As a religion, it simply desires freedom of the citizen, and universal toleration. If, therefore, a man or class, claiming to be Protestant, from prejudice or any other cause, condemns Catholicism or imposes illegal burdens upon its followers, it affords no ground why the Catholic religion, with its inherent iniquities, should become the pet of pseudo priests; and of those politico-religionists whose party would never reach the surface, were it not for pitch and quills—or some special unctious, derivable chiefly from the hope, that appeals to religious intolerance might open the gate to some political paradise.

There is no fact more true or more dangerous to the American people, than the one which has become more and more demonstrable for the last ten years;—that the Foreign and Catholic vote has become a source of bitter animosity politico-religionists. For this reason Catholics and their religion are hated—not for their religion, but for their votes and political influence. Let a word derogatory of a Catholic and his temporal power, uttered by some poor American wight and what is now the result? Why "you are persecuting the Pope's subjects, no, our naturalized citizens!" "You are violating the principles of religious toleration!" The truth is, therefore, that the religion of the Pontiff is the best protected of any in the country; and his followers who cannot and never have renounced their allegiance to him, are counted as the special National democrats of the country by these politico-religionists. Will any man undertake to say that this is not true? There is not a doubt of it. The Catholic vote now holds the balance of power in this nation. They can give between 300,000 and 400,000 votes.

They, differing from all other religious sects in the nation, claim offices and power. They claimed a Cabinet office in the present Administration and their claim was allowed. They voted for President Pierce; but how could they after they had been told by his opponent that he "loved that rich Irish brogue?" Nobody, it seems can be President without the Catholic vote and its share in the government. Constitutions cannot be amended or adopted without their consent; for that of Massachusetts was rejected by their barrier and connivance. Gov. Hubbard could not be regularly nominated in '52, and elected because 200 Irish Catholics here—300 there and 400 somewhere else would not vote for him. What a beautiful fact! This was the argument of a politico-religionist, and was sufficient to cause him to leave his party because he could not get the Catholic Irish to vote with him for Hubbard. And yet, these Irish could not read or write—a great part were not naturalized; and the whole of them could have been made to vote any where through the influence of the Priest. Who can wonder that such men should fly to the succor of the injured Catholics on any pretext and act the Samaritan, especially where they are so ready to become packhorses for political aspirants?

Let not the Democratic Republicans be deceived by the miserable and sham cry of "political intolerance." Let every man respect the religion and religious rights of all. Let every Protestant be guided by truth and not prejudice in the support of American interests. And above all, let no class of Americans attempt to gain power through the influence of Priests—religious sect or Foreign dictation. Let it be remembered that there cannot be a more dangerous or a more insidious element of political mischief, than the admission of sect to place and power. When such danger is both seen and felt—and when a religious sect, notorious for its ambition, claims power and place and receives it on claim, in accordance with bargains duly entered into by Priests and politico-religionists, American citizens, without the least feeling of religious intolerance—without the remotest religious prejudice should so act as to purge the Government of all sectarianism or politico-religious influence.

Apples are very abundant in this region, and of good quality, consisting of such standard fruits as the Greening, Baldwin, and Roxbury Russet. A small portion have been sold for \$1.25 per barrel, but far the larger portion remains on hand. A good market with fair prices is desirable.

HINTS TO PHYSICIANS. The Eastport Sentinel says:—"The physicians hereabouts need a severe rebuke for their abominably extortionate fees; and farther that 'they don't know but they shall be called upon to administer dose to them.'"

Q. R. Philander Doesticks, P. B.

This is a new character among the prolific imaginings of modern times. If we mistake not, he is one of the most musical, witty, mirthful satirists now extant. He is a character, who writes from New York to the Detroit Advertiser, accompanied by two friends—queer beings—named Dampfool and Bull Dogge—he seems to be on a voyage of attraction in Gotham, and he takes pains to put down all he sees, in a style and temper of great peculiarity.

The following is a part of his description of a half day spent at church.

"Pretty soon, music—organ—sometimes grand and solemn, but generally fast and lively enough for a contra dance. (B. D. said the player got a big salary to show off the organ, and draw a big house.) He commenced to play Old Hundred, (Dampfool suggests Ancient Century.) At first, majestic as it should be, but soon his left hand began to get unruly among the bass notes, and then the right cut up a few monkey shins in the treble; left threw in a large assortment of quavers, right led off with a grand flourish and a few dozen variations; left struggled manfully to keep up, but soon gave out, dead beat, and after that went back to first principles, and hammered away religiously at Old Hundred in spite of the antics of its fellow; right struck up a march, maddled into a quick step, and quickened into a gallop; left still kept at Old Hundred; right put in all sorts of fantastic extras to entice the left from its sense of propriety; left still unmoved—right puts in a few bars of popular waltz; left wavers a little; right strikes up a favorite polka; left evidently yielding; right dashes into a jig; left now fairly deserts its colors and goes over to the enemy, and both commence an animated hornpipe, leaving Old Hundred to take care of itself. At length, with a crash, a rush, a roar, a reeling, and an expiring groan, the overture concluded and service began."

"Kept as cool as I could, but could not help looking round now and then to see the show. Elderly lady on my right, very devout, glittered prayer book, gold-covered fan, feathers in her bonnet, rings on her fingers, and for all I know, 'bells on her toes.' Antiquated gentleman in same slip, well preserved, but somewhat wrinkled, smells of Wall Street, gold spectacles, gold-headed cane, put three cents in the plate. Fashionable little girl on the left—two flounces on her pantaloons, and a diamond ring over her glove.

"Young America looking boy, four years old, patent leather boots, standing collar, gloves, cane, and cigar case in his pocket. Poppish young man, with adolescent simoniac, pumps, leys a la spermatici candles, shirt front embroidered a la 210 rice house, cravat a la Julien, vest a la pumpkin pie, hair a la soft soap, coat-tails a la boot-jack, which when parted discovered a view of the Crystal Palace by gas-light, on the rear of his pantaloons, wristbands a la stove-pipe, hat a la wild Irishman, cane to correspond, total effect a la Shanghai.

"Artificial young lady, extreme of fashion; can't properly describe her, but here goes: whalebone, cotton, paint and whitewash, clipper a la Ellis, feet a la Japanese, dress a la Paris, shawl a la eleven hundred dollars, parasol a la mushroom, ringlets a la corker, arms a la broomstick, bonnets a la corker, gal, (Bull Dogge says the boy without buttons on him, brought it in a teaspoon fifteen minutes after she entered the house,) neck a la serag of mutton, bosom a la bar-bones, complexion a la mother of pearl, (Dampfool says she bought it at Phalon's) appearance generally handsome. (Bull Dogge offers to bet his hat she don't know a cabbage from a new cheese, and can't tell whether a salmon steak is beef, chicken, fish or fish.)

"At length with another variation upon the organ, and all the concentrated praise and thanksgiving of the congregation, sung by four people up stairs, the service concluded. I thought from the manner of this last performance, each member of the choir imagined the songs of praise would never get to heaven if he did not give them a personal boost, in the shape of an extra yell."

PROGRESS AND PREJUDICE, by Mrs. Gore. Price 50 cents. De Witt and Davenport, New York.

To convey lessons of sound morality through the medium of a novel needs a high degree of knowledge of human nature. This talent is possessed by the author of "Progress and Prejudice;" and we therefore, find in this work the finely drawn characters of Lady Meadows—the affectionate Amy, and the indolent Edward Hargood. The parts assigned each of these personages are performed with such facility to nature, that the whole, when blended together, forms a unity of purpose not conceived of by the reader until he has given the whole work a thorough perusal. The productions of Mrs. Gore have an elevating moral tendency, and the publishers deserve the extensive patronage they are constantly receiving for their efforts to improve and refine the general tone of Society.

OLD FUSIONISM IN A QUANDARY. The old leaders of Nationality—broken, despised and violated Nationalists and finally—are very busy just at this time in surmising who will be next land-agent—What Journal will be State paper—and what will be the course of the next Administration? These poor disappointed people have always managed the wires before hand—and cooked and dried all the political dishes which have been voluntarily or involuntarily swallowed by the people of Maine, are very uneasy and restive, because they cannot learn what will take place in the future.

We are happy to inform these impatient brethren, that about Christmas or a little subsequent to that time the people's Representatives will meet at Augusta, when, without any unusual formality, they will see that the State of Maine shall receive no detriment. Before that time, we would recommend patience on the part of the defeated isms.

ACCIDENT. The Lewiston Falls Advocate learns that Col. John Abbott, late editor of the Democratic Advocate, of Nebraska, and "perdition" memory, "was swept in turning a corner," while making a tour in the town of Green, for the purpose of securing subscribers to the [South Carolina] Union. We are happy to learn that the Colonel was not seriously injured.

Constitution of the Carson League.

PREAMBLE. We the inhabitants of Paris and vicinity, feeling that our duties as men, our obligation as parents and citizens, and our responsibilities as Christians, imperiously demand, that effective measures be taken to suppress the traffic of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; and also, that a line of demarcation be drawn, so definite and so plain, that the community may know who are decided active temperance men, and who are not, and believing that the time has arrived when such measures should be adopted and prosecuted, do therefore,

Resolve, That we organize a Mutual Protective Association, which shall be entitled the Paris Carson League, whose mode of operation shall be as follows:

Its first object will be the establishment of a fund of ten thousand dollars, or upwards which shall consist of equal shares of twenty dollars each.

To raise this sum every person becoming a member shall give his or her note for one share or more without interest. The sum thus raised shall be subject to an equal taxation, sufficient to defray expenses for the faithful execution of the Maine Law.

We agree to be governed by the following

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. This association shall be entitled the Paris Carson League, and any person may become a member of the same, by taking one or more shares of the capital stock.

ART. II. The business of the Association shall be conducted by a Board of Directors, consisting of seven. The Directors shall be annually elected, and hold their offices until superseded by a new appointment. Three members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ART. III. The Board shall appoint a President, Vice President, and an Executive Committee, consisting of three members, from their own number, a Treasurer, and Secretary, and also a General Agent, whose duty it shall be to attend to the prosecutions under the direction of the Executive Committee, and also to perform any other duties that they may assign to him to accomplish the objects of the Association.

They shall determine from time to time the necessary assessments to the stock notes to defray the expenses of the League and have power to make their own by-laws, fill vacancies in the Board, make arrangements for the annual meeting of the League, and take such measures as they may deem expedient to promote the interests and accomplish the objects of the Association.

ART. IV. Upon the decease of any stockholder of this association from the town, his or her Stock Note, held by the League, shall be annulled; and any member may have their notes returned or cancelled at any time, by paying their dues.

ART. V. This Constitution may be altered or amended at any meeting of the League, previous notice having been given of the same or having been recommended by the Board of Directors.

Among the last Kansas party from Boston were Hon. E. M. Thurston, formerly Secretary of the Board of Education, and Rev. Mr. Gilpatrick, a Baptist clergyman from Maine. He had resolved to make Kansas his future home and to go out on his own expense, but a Baptist Missionary Association learning his intention, appointed him agent of the society for Kansas, and have paid all his expenses to the new territory.

WHO CAN BEAT THIS? Mr. E. B. Sweet of Rockfield, has a Lamb less than 6 months old, which weighs 105 lbs. He thinks there are few in this County, who can produce anything to beat this.

DIPLOMATIC CONFERENCE. The London Globe says: "A conference is assembled on the Continent which is without precedent as far as we understand it, under directions of the President of the United States. The Ambassadors of that country are assembled to exchange information, to consult and report to their government on the state of affairs on the Continent. American trade is carried to every part of the world, and the conference has in view the due protection and advancement of those interests in any new arrangement of treaties that may be made in Europe. Mr. Buchanan left London on Saturday, and he has already been met by the American Ministers from Paris and Madrid."

ARRANGEMENT FOR MURDER. William B. Smith, the murderer of Brewster, at South Berwick, Me., was arraigned yesterday before Abner Oakes, Esq., at Central Hall, South Berwick. Counsel for Government, John N. Goodwin; for Prisoner, Hiram H. Hobbs. The counsel for Government having important witnesses out of the State, who could not be summoned at once, the trial was postponed to November 7th. Smith pleaded not guilty, and was remanded back to jail to await his examination, for which he says he is prepared. [Boston Journal.]

Mount Hood in Oregon, has now been ascertained, by actual measurement, to be full eighteen thousand three hundred and sixty-one feet in height. This is the highest peak on the American continent, and one of the highest in the world. From its summit mountains 500 miles distant are distinctly seen. The mountain is volcanic, smoke being seen to issue from the summit.

[Home Journal.]

A BEAR HUNT. In Concord, Vermont, on the 14th inst., a large number of citizens turned out with guns, and formed a ring around a tract of forest, gradually closed up until six or seven bears became visible within it. A part of the hunters became impatient at the sight, and rushing in broke the circle so that the bears, with but one exception, escaped. A fine deer was driven out by the party, and killed by a man who was standing on one side to see the fun.

A SINGULAR COALITION OF FORCES. A letter from China of the date of July 18th, says that a naval force consisting of French, Portuguese and American vessels, had attacked a fleet of sixteen piratical junks in that sea. Two of the pirate vessels, after a severe fight, were captured and the rest dispersed. The name of the American vessel engaged in this battle is not mentioned, but it was probably the brig of war Porpoise.

THE FRANKFORD HOMICIDE. Dr. Thayer indicted for causing the death of Leason at Frankfort on the 14th of July last, has been found guilty at Belfast of assault and battery only, the jury believing that in the deceased, death was caused by weakness induced by liquor and drugs. It will be recollected, that Leason, former husband of Mrs. Thayer, was travelling the part of a physician in a party of 4th of July marauders, separated from his party, came to Thayer's house and was holding communication with his children when the Doctor struck him, or pulled him from his horse, and soon after Leason died.

But Leason had been dissipated in the last degree for a long time before his death. He had drunk much liquor—such as is sold. It had used the stamina of his system, and the jury found the murder long anterior to Dr. Thayer's assault. Murder was sold to him by the glass.

Some time since a coronor's inquest was held on a confirmed inebriate found dead in this city. We learn from the physician into whose hands he remains fell, that his ribs at the time of his death were so brittle that they snapped in the fingers like a pipe-stem. The fall from a chair, in the physician's opinion, might have cost him his life, to such straits had strong drink reduced his system. [Mercury.]

THE REFORM SCHOOL. This institution, which has now been in operation a little less than a year, having been opened Nov. 1853, appears to be in a flourishing condition, and we have no doubt that it will prove immense benefit to the state. We find in the Portland Argus some interesting items of information respecting this School, which we copy—

Since the time of its opening, ninety-five boys have been received, and one discharged. There now remain ninety-four. The health of the boys is perfect, and the Argus understands that not a single case of sickness has occurred since the opening of the School.

The different Counties in the State have contributed pupils as follows:—

Kennebec, 25; Cumberland 23; Penobscot 22; York, 8; Sagadahoc, 7; Oxford, 4; Washington, 3; Franklin, 2; Hancock, 1; Waldo, 1; Somerset, 1; total, 95.

They were committed for the following offences:— For larceny, 74; for common runaways, 9; for truants, 4; for malicious mischief, 4; for assault, 3; for committing a trespass, 1; for cheating by false pretences, 1; total 95.

The boys enjoy the advantages of a small but well selected library, and also have access to the newspapers that are sent to the School for their benefit. It is hardly necessary to add, says the Argus, that they are under the care of an excellent Superintendent.

[Maine Farmer.]

BREACH OF PROMISE CASE. Miss Elizabeth Green of Oldtown, Me., recently instituted a suit against Mr. DeWolf for 10,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage. Mr. DeWolf argued his own case upon the trial, but his arguments were completely upset by the production of some pieces of very sentimental poetry, which he had addressed to Miss Green; and the jury, shocked at such unparalleled depravity proceeded without delay to heal the lacerated heart of the plaintiff, by returning a verdict of damages in the sum of \$1625.

THE CATHOLIC PRIEST THAT WAS TAKEN AND FETTERED AND RIDEN ON A RAIL. The proof that the outrage is chargeable to the town in its corporate capacity is substantially by the following record of a town meeting, held at Ellsworth, July 26, 1854, in relation to the school controversy, at which Captain Jesse Dutton was chosen Moderator. After the passage of resolutions to sustain the school committee in the controversy pending at law, the following resolution was adopted by the town: "Resolved, That should the said Baptist be found again upon Ellsworth soil, we manifest our gratitude for his kindly interference with our free schools, and attempt to banish the Bible therefrom, by procuring for him, and trying on an entire suit of new clothes, such as cannot be found at the shop of any tailor; and that when thus apparelled, he be removed with a rope tied to leave Ellsworth upon the first railroad operation that may go into effect."

The reading of this resolution was received with shouts of applause, and it was adopted without a dissenting voice or vote.

Voted—That the resolutions adopted by this meeting be published in the Ellsworth Herald and Eastern Freeman. [Mercury.]

MAN DROWNED. At a place called the "Chops," in the Kennebec, near Bath, a boat containing four young men was capsized a few days since, and one of the number named James Farrin of Richmond, Me., was drowned, being drawn into a whirlpool. He was 24 years of age.

THE AUGUSTA HOUSE. Major Baker of the Stanley House has purchased, enlarged and re-fitted the Augusta House in Augusta, near the Capitol, which he will open to the public in a few weeks.

BRIDGE ACCIDENT IN WINDHAM. A stage coach with four horses attached, belonging to the daily stage line between Portland and Windham, while, on Thursday evening, crossing the bridge spanning Pleasant River in Windham, was precipitated into the water (a distance of ten feet), by the breaking of the strings. The driver of the coach, Mr. B. H. Hall (

THE CAMEL IN AMERICA. We understand that a company is now being organized under a State charter, for the importation of an adequate number of the different varieties of the camel, and their employment in the business of transportation of men and heavy burdens across the arid wastes of the West. The merits of this enterprise, showing its superior and peculiar capabilities, are set forth with great completeness in an article written for the June number of Hunt's Magazine, by Mr. Edward Maganum, of New York. It is shown that the domestication of this animal in what may with propriety be called the American camel region, is strongly advocated by recent explorers, and more particularly by Mr. Bartlett in his work, just published here by the Appletons, and also that in view of the inefficiency of the means of transportation now in use, the project receives the sanction of the United States War Department.

On the organization of the Company, it is proposed to enter into a contract with the Department for the transportation of munitions between designated points, and over those stretches of country—such as the table-land of Texas and New Mexico, extending from the Mississippi to the Pacific, in a line nearly direct to San Diego, which from their destination of war and baggage, are fitted for camel-travel. The company will then proceed to import the camels from some accessible region of the Old world—from Algeria, for instance, where, as Mr. Maganum shows, they can easily be procured at moderate prices. It being once admitted that the animal can be acclimated and domesticated in the region for which it is intended, the value of the enterprise, in a commercial point of view, ought to be a matter of easy calculation. Altogether the idea, though novel, may if carefully carried into effect, lead to important national results.

(New York Journal of Commerce.)

THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—A NEW ROYALTY. The Commercial Advertiser of last Monday devoted a column to an exposition of the advantages to be anticipated from the construction of a transatlantic line of telegraph between the American and the Irish coast, a distance of nearly 2,000 miles, and assumes that the practicability of such a work is fully established by the opinions of Dr. Cyprianus Landner and Lieut. Maury. Such a work was deemed practicable some months since and a company was organized in this city of which Peter Cooper is President, to carry it into operation. They had progressed so far as to lay down a portion of the line across Prince Edward's Island and to send agents to Europe to make purchases of the submarine cable, when it was discovered that it would be impossible to construct a battery that would serve a line of more than five or six hundred miles in length. We are not advised of what the precise difficulty was, but it was of an insurmountable character, and hence the negotiations entered into by Mr. Schellenger, the agent of the company, with the respective governments for a right to lay wires from the coast of Norway, by way of the Faroe Islands and Iceland, to the coast of Labrador, by which they escape the necessity of using any cable of more than five hundred miles in length.

This will greatly increase the aggregate length of the cable and the cost of constructing it, but we presume that the company will not be discouraged by that circumstance from prosecuting an enterprise the importance of which, in its consequences, cannot be exaggerated. [N. Y. Post.]

BARNUM GIVES NOTICE that the Baby Show, which was to come off at his Museum in November, "has been postponed until early in June next, in conformity with the wishes of many ladies who do not like to expose their infants to the weather at this season of the year." That will be just nine months hence. [N. Y. Post.]

SURGICAL OPERATION. *Medical Editors:* As we have no Medical Journal in Maine, will you give the following a place in your paper: "On the 23d inst. I was called to see a Mr. Wardwell, of Oisfield, who was confined to his bed from a severe wound inflicted by a pitchfork some two weeks previous. There was a very large diffused aneurism extending from the sternal process of the clavicle or collar bone to the Axilla, or armpit, occasioned by a punctured artery in the Axilla, with the time of the fork. This tumor was so large and firm that its pressure under the shoulder and collar bone elevated them, producing great pain, and numbness in the arm, and hand. Mr. Wardwell had grown very feeble from long continued suffering and it was decided by the Faculty present that there was no possible chance of his recovery, remaining as he was, and that death would very soon terminate his sufferings. An operation of taking up the subclavian artery, above the clavicle, was agreed upon as the only means by which the hemorrhage could be prevented and life prolonged. This, though a difficult operation under the most favorable circumstances, was rendered far more hazardous from the elevation of the shoulder and clavicle, by the upward pressure of the aneurism and the distance from the clavicle to the artery, which is usually an inch, or at half and a half, was now two inches and a half. Dr. Joseph M. Blake, of Bridgton, performed the operation, and used the knife with a firm and skillful hand, evincing a knowledge of his profession, which would do honor to any surgeon.

Five days after the operation, Mr. Wardwell was very comfortable. A slight pulsation had returned in the radial artery, at the wrist, and there seems a fair prospect of his recovery. REUEL BARROWS, Fryeburg, Oct. 20th, 1854. [Portland Adv.]

The stocks of asparagus, now be cut and the bed cleaned off and spread about three inches thick with stable manure. Over this manure may be scattered a thin coat of soil to keep the manure in place and give an appearance of neatness. In the early spring this whole covering should be removed, and the bed receive a sprinkling of salt. [Whig.]

The N. Y. Herald states that the number of the saved from the Arctic was 88, only 22 of whom were passengers. Passengers lost, 212, hands, 110. Among the passengers were 61 women and 16 children, none of whom were saved.

MEMORIAL, A FANCY ARTICLE. In an article recently brought in Massachusetts, against the husband, to recover compensation for the services and medicines, furnished to his wife, Mr. Justice Fletcher says: "A married woman may, in the absence of her husband, procure for herself necessities, and among other things, necessary medicine and medical aid and advice for which the husband will be liable. This is the general rule of law." "The law does not recognize the dreams, visions, or revelations of a woman in a morose sleep, as necessary for a wife, for which the husband, without his consent, can be held to pay. These are fancy articles, which those who have money of their own to dispose of, may purchase if they think proper; but they are not necessities, known to the law, for which the wife can pledge the credit of her absent husband."

ARREST FOR BURNING. Franklin Butterfield was arrested in this town on Wednesday the 20th inst., charged with having two wives. Butterfield has been to California, and said that he had gained the impression that his "old wife" was dead, and married again. Neither the Justice, sheriff, or the "old wife" seemed inclined to believe this story, but Butterfield was set at liberty on his giving the "old wife" a deed of about four hundred dollars worth of real estate in Exeter, Me. [Gl. Falls Journal.]

A CURIOUS ELECTION. A few days ago, the mayor's election took place at Griffin, Georgia. The candidates were W. M. Cline, Democrat, supported generally by Whites; and Judge Holt, Whig, supported by Democrats. The result was 104 for Cline, 20 for Holt, and 126 for Judge Wright who was not a candidate. [Globe.]

The Walker divorce case has been decided by a referee, to whom it was submitted by consent of the parties. The decision is in favor of Mrs. Walker, who is allowed a divorce, with liberty to marry again. She is also allowed the custody of the children, with the privilege to Mr. Walker to visit them once a fortnight. Mr. W., made no defense before the referee.

The Cleveland (Ohio) City Fair says that one of the most pleasing things exhibited at their late County Fair was a lot of brook trout, artificially bred by Drs. Garlick and Akeley, whose labors in this line we have heretofore noticed. They showed several broods of fish, in different stages of growth, and have demonstrated that it is just as easy to grow fish as it is to grow, or any other description of food.

NOTICE. The Sabbath School, connected with the Universalist Society, at Woodstock, will give a public exhibition at Bryant's Pond, on Thursday and Saturday evenings, the 9th and 11th of November, commencing at 6 o'clock. Admission 10 cents.

Let the children be encouraged by a large attendance.

MARRIED.

In Rockfield, 25th inst., Mr. Asa Arnold, of Rockfield, to Miss Augusta, daughter of Mr. Asa Arnold, of Rockfield, by Rev. W. H. Williams, of Portland, Me. Miss Augusta is the daughter of Mr. Asa Arnold, of Rockfield, Me. [N. Y. Post.]

DIED.

In Paris, Oct. 25th, Mrs. Lillian, wife of Mr. Manly Turner, and daughter of Mr. Almon White, formerly of New York, died at 21 years and 9 months.

In Mead, Aug. 26th, Mrs. Asenath, wife of Dr. D. D. Miller, died at 60 years, 10 months, and 24 days.

HAVE YOU READ

"THE NEWSBOY?"

Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas William Turner, of Rockfield, in the County of Oxford, by deed of Mortgage, dated August 19th, A. D. 1853, and recorded with the Register of Deeds, Book 9, Page 165, conveyed to Richard Chaffin, of Portland, in the County of Cumberland, a certain mortgage, in full of the sum of \$100,000, to secure the payment of four certain notes described therein. Whereas the conditions of said mortgage have been broken, the said Richard Chaffin, claims to foreclose the same agreeably to the Statute in such cases provided.

ROBERT CHAFFIN, By his Attorney, J. V. BROWN.

Rockfield, Oct. 20, 1854.

Commissioner's Notice.

THE undersigned, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioner to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of Zachariah Chaffin, late of Hartford, in said county deceased, represented hereby gives notice that six months from the 21st day of September, A. D. 1854, have been allowed said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that they will attend to the service assigned them, at the office of John M. Deane, Esq., in Canton, on the second Wednesday of November and March next, at ten of the clock A. M., on each of said days.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, Com'r.

JOHN M. DEANE, Esq., Clerk.

Canton, Sept. 22, 1854.

Notice of Insolvency.

ALL persons having claims or demands against the estate of John P. Hall, late of Mexico, in the County of Oxford deceased, are notified that six months are allowed from the fifth day of Sept. A. D. 1854, for them to exhibit their claims or demands to the undersigned, who will attend to the examination of the same on the last Saturday of every month during the said time allowed as above. A. D. 1854, for them to exhibit their claims or demands to the undersigned, who will attend to the examination of the same on the last Saturday of every month during the said time allowed as above.

DR. JOSEPH M. BLAKE, of Bridgton, performed the operation, and used the knife with a firm and skillful hand, evincing a knowledge of his profession, which would do honor to any surgeon.

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The N. Y. Herald states that the number of the saved from the Arctic was 88, only 22 of whom were passengers. Passengers lost, 212, hands, 110. Among the passengers were 61 women and 16 children, none of whom were saved.

FOR SALE!

THAT Farm, well known as the Park Farm, and situated in Woodstock, in Oxford Co. Said farm contains 220 acres of land. It has a house convenient for two families, with Woodshed, Barn 35 by 32 feet, 10 by 12 feet. There is a good well of water on the farm and an abundance to the barn. Upon the farm is a good orchard, mostly engaged fruit and from 1500 to 2000 cords of hardwood, Sawing Lumber and Shingles, with a good road to mill and to market. It cut about 40 tons of hay the past season, has one of the best pastures in the County. The farm will be sold, for \$5000—half cash down, the remainder may be on mortgage a number of years if desirable. The stock and farming tools will be sold with the farm if desired. Immediate possession given. For further information apply to TIMOTHY WALKER, Rockfield, or the subscriber on the premises. SAMUEL BAILEY, No. Woodstock, Sept. 26, 1854. 33

Freedom Notice.

I HAVE sold to my son, D. AUGUSTUS, a minor, under two years of age, his time, until he shall be of full age. I shall claim none of his earnings from this date, nor will pay any debt by him hereafter contracted. ZIBION FIELD, Paris, Sept. 15, 1854. 32

Dissolution of Copartnership. THE Copartnership heretofore existing between JAMES S. CUMMINGS and JAMES IRVING, in this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to call and settle with said JAMES S. CUMMINGS, who is authorized to close up the business of said firm. JAMES S. CUMMINGS, JAMES IRVING. South Paris, October 4, 1854.

Notice of Copartnership.

WE, the subscribers, have this day formed a copartnership, under the name of

CUMMINGS & MURRAY.

For the purpose of carrying on

A General Grocery Business.

Where may be found a general assortment of West India Goods and Groceries, and all other goods usually kept in a country store; and we solicit a call from all persons in want of anything in our line of business.

WANTED.

In exchange for Cattle, Hogs, Wheat, Corn, Rye, and all kinds of Farm Produce, JAMES S. CUMMINGS, WALTER MURRAY. So. Paris, Oct. 4, 1854.

Oxford Normal Institute.

THERE WILL BE A WINTER SESSION, commencing on Wednesday, the 6th day of DECEMBER, next.

For particular information apply to the Principal, at an early day. W. P. HINDS, Principal. So. Paris, 18 Oct. 1854. 37

MARE AND COLT.

CAME INTO THE INCLOS. one of the subscriber, about the 20th inst., a White Mare, lame in both hind legs, with a dark Red COLT, having dark mane and tail. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away. So. Paris, Oct. 18, 1854. 37

PIGS! PIGS!!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS A FINE LOT of PIGS, two months old, just from Suffolk, and two or three Shotts for sale. DARIUS FORBES. So. Paris, Oct. 18, 1854. 37

FOR SALE.

THE STAND now occupied by the subscriber, which is suitable for a Boarding House; or it will rent for two tenements and a store, as it has been before this. The subscriber is desirous of disposing of it, and will sell it for cash, or on credit, and will receive all the business, and requests all those who have indebted accounts or notes, to call and settle them this month, or they may be left for collection. ANSEL FIELD. So. Paris, October 10, 1854. 37

NEW GOODS!

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received a Splendid Assortment of

Cloths and Trimmings,

consisting of

French, German, English & American BROADCLOTHS,

Cassimeres, Dressings, Cashmerettes, Tweeds, &c.

Together with a lot of the latest style & pattern of

VESTINGS.

Consisting of Satin, Silk, &c. All of the above will be sold at the lowest prices, and in all cases.

Warranted to Fit or No Sale.

He will also keep on hand an Assortment of

Ready-made Clothing

AND FURNISHING GOODS,

Which he will sell for cash. E. F. STONE. So. Paris, June 1, 1854.

WANTED.

WANTED, at the above establishment, SIX first rate COAT MAKERS, to whom good pay and constant employment will be given. 12th

MILLINERY!

Invites the attention of

THE LADIES OF PARIS AND VICINITY.

To her New and Extensive assortment of

MILLINERY GOODS,

AT S. M. NEWHALL'S, NEXT DOOR TO THE ATLANTIC HOTEL, SOUTH PARIS.

HER STOCK comprises every thing usually found at similar establishments, among which may be enumerated,

Bonnets of every description,

CHILDREN'S HATS,

Ribbons of every style, Fancy Silks, Embroideries, Morning Gowns, Laces and Lawns, Gloves &c.

Wreaths & Flowers in great variety,

Handkerchiefs, Pins, Needles, Buttons, Braids, &c.

Hatters repaired at short notice. 23 South Paris, May 30, 1854. 13

Boots & Shoes.

THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully inform his friends and patrons that he continues to carry on the

Boot and Shoe Business,

In all its branches, at the OLD STAND, on

PARIS HILL,

Where he has constantly on hand and is constantly manufacturing.

Ladies' Misses' and Children's Gaiters, Ladies' Polka Boots, Shoes, &c.

All of which he will warrant to be of the Latest Styles and Best Material. Also Gents' fine

French & American Gait Boots,

Men's and Boys' Gait, Gait, and Split Shoes Also Ladies' Misses' and Children's Rubber Boots. Also a large assortment of new and fashionable

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Fancy Goods, &c.

Call and see. JOHN DRESSER. 17

S. D. WEEKS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

(AT THE POST OFFICE.)

PARIS HILL.

S. D. W. is prepared to manufacture all kinds of Boots and Shoes in a neat and substantial manner. Particular attention given to making Gents' Fine Gait Boots. Repairing done at short notice.

Important to those wishing to Travel

Every Dollar invested brings \$2.

WANTED, 500 acres, with a capital of from \$25 to \$100, to travel in the State, County, town and village in the United States and British Provinces, in a light, easy and respectable business. Those who are now engaged in the business are making good pay, and are well pleased with the change.

Smart energetic men are warranted to make from two to ten dollars per day, and a return of all money invested every 30 days.

For further particulars inquire personally of J. BRIDGES, in Paris, or of J. BRIDGES, in Me. (Near the Depot.) 1319

Last Chance!

ALL Persons indebted to the firm of S. D. WEEKS & Co., either by note or account, and who would prefer settling the same with us in a call from an attorney, will have an opportunity to do so, until the first day of October, by calling upon S. D. WEEKS, at the Post Office, All accounts remaining unsettled at that time will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. S. D. WEEKS & Co.

200 Doz. Mohair Mitts,

JUST OPENED, and for sale, wholesale and retail, by

JOHNSON, HALL & Co.,

Portland, May 25, 1854. 16

To the Hon. Timothy Ludden, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

NANCY B. WHITMAN, Administratrix of the estate of William H. Whitman, late of Mexico in said County of Oxford, respectfully requests that the personal estate of said deceased be not sufficient to pay the just debts which she owes at the time of his death, by the sum of six hundred and thirty dollars, and that she be allowed to sell said real estate, to satisfy the same. Your petitioner therefore prays that your honor would grant her leave to sell, at public or private sale, and convey the real estate of said deceased, exclusive of the widow's dower therein. NANCY B. WHITMAN.

NOTICE.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-four.

On the foregoing petition:

It is ordered that said Nancy B. Whitman give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in The Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of November next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

TIMOTHY LUDDEN, Judge.

A true copy—attested. W. W. WIRT VIRGIN, Register.

To the Hon. Timothy Ludden, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

HANNAH B. HERSEY, Guardian of Absentees, Hersey and Flora A. Hersey, minor children of Warren Hersey, late of Paris in said County, deceased, respectfully represents, that her said wards are now held in custody of certain real estate, situated at South Paris Village, in said County, consisting of a dwelling-house and the land or lot on which said house is situated, and that she is desirous of disposing of said real estate, and therefore that it would be for the interest of said minors to sell said real estate, and she proceeds on and on interest for the benefit of said minors.

She therefore prays your honor to license her to sell said real estate at public or private sale, for the purposes aforesaid.

HANNAH B. HERSEY.

NOTICE.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, A. D. 1854.

On the foregoing petition:

It is ordered that the said Hannah B. Hersey give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in The Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of November next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

TIMOTHY LUDDEN, Judge.

A true copy—attested. W. W. WIRT VIRGIN, Register.

NOTICE.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, A. D. 1854.

On the petition of GIBSON A. TUTT, Administrator of the estate of JONATHAN PICKETT, late of Woodstock, in said County, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts of said estate, and that he is desirous of disposing of said real estate at public or private sale, and convey all the real estate of said deceased for the payment of all debts and incidental charges.

It is ordered that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in The Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of November next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

TIMOTHY LUDDEN, Judge.

A true copy—attested. W. W. WIRT VIRGIN, Register.

NOTICE.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, A. D. 1854.

On the petition of SARAH DUNHAM, widow of W. R. DUNHAM, late of said Paris, deceased, having personal estate to the amount of twenty dollars, which ought to be administered, and praying that the said Administration may be granted in U. S. Sherry, on said estate.

It is ordered that the said Sarah Dunham give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in The Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of November next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

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