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POETRY.

Oh, Comrades, Fill no Glass for Me.

Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me
To drown my soul in liquid flame;
For if I drink, the toast should be
To blighted fortune, health and fame.
Yet, though I long to quell the strife
That passion holds against my life,
Still honest companions may be,
But, comrades, fill no glass for me.
I know a breast that once was light,
Whose patient sufferings need my care—
I know a heart that once was bright,
But drooping hopes have nestled there.
Then, while the tear drops nightly swell
From wounded hearts that I should heal,
Though honest companions ye may be,
Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me.

MISCELLANY.

THE RICHEST COURT SCENE OUT.

The following amusing case was tried at the recent term of the Orange County Court, and we find it reported in the Newburg Telegraph.

The People vs. JAMES ALLINGTON.
District Attorney for the people, Prisoner in Person.

This was one of the most amusing trials ever witnessed by bench or jury in this county. The prisoner was indicted for an assault and battery upon a man by the name of Dodder.

It seems that a plank road had just been laid in the town of Minisk, running through the lands of said Dodder, and that Allington is the talk-gatherer, and that the gatehouse is built upon, or adjoining the lands of Dodder. The other facts will appear in evidence.

The case was duly opened by the District Attorney, when his Honor, the Judge, no need the defendant sitting with the bar, with pencil in hand, ready to take down evidence, without counsel.

"Have you no counsel, Mr. Allington?" inquired the judge.

"No, sir."

"There are plenty of gentlemen around you who would assist you."

"Well, your honor, I have feed one and engaged another, and they both turn up missing, and therefore I have concluded to try the case myself."

"Very well, sir."

The district attorney, after stating the case to the jury, called the complainant, Mr. Dodder upon the stand, who testified as follows:

"I know the defendant; he is a neighbor of mine. I was driving his cows off my land, when he came out and stoned me. He sent as many as a dozen at me, and the last one struck me on the back of the neck. It hurt me considerably; not very much, however, as the rim of my hat hung down, and it and the coat collar prevented."

"You can examine him now, Mr. Allington," said the district attorney.

"His eyes were now turned upon the defendant. There he sat, busily engaged in taking notes, a little, short, red-headed Yankee, with his feet resting on the lower round of the chair, and his body bent forward at an angle of forty-five degrees."

At that remark he snatched his head back like a blade in a jack-knife, his eyes twinkled, and in a very shrill, loud voice, he commenced—

"Have you been on good terms with the defendant—I mean me, Mr. Dodder?" Dodder hesitated.

"Come, Mr. Dodder, have we been on good terms?"

"I can't say," replied Dodder.

"Well, recollect, Mr. Dodder, that you must say."

"Say yes or no," interposed his honor.

"Yes or no," responded the defendant.

"I can't say that we are on speaking terms," answered Dodder.

"Well, Mr. Dodder, you say that I struck you with a stone. Will you please to state to the jury whether it was the first stone that struck you?"

"No, sir."

"Did it not go fifteen feet to the right?"

"About that."

"Well, was it the second?"

"No, sir."

"Did not that go three feet over your head?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you not running after my cow with a stake sharpened at one end? and did you not knock her down? and was it not because you would not stop that I sent another stone after you?"

"Well, sir, I must explain."

"None of your rignaroles here, Mr. Dodder."

"No explanations, sir—yes or no, sir."

"I can't answer."

"You must answer. Come, sir, yes or no."

"It was a stake, it was a stake."

"Yes, two and a half inches at the butt and 12 feet long."

"No, sir, one inch across and tapering to the end."

"You knocked the cow down, sir, didn't you?"

"I struck at her—I can't say I struck her."

"Didn't she fall?"

"Can't say."

"Well, Mr. Dodder, you were chasing her, were you not?"

"I was in the road, sir, and she was on the side."

"Was it icy?"
"Yes."
"Snow deep?"
"Yes."
"Now, will you say upon your oath, Mr. Dodder, that you did not strike her?"
Witness hesitating.
"I will not be positive."
"Well, Mr. Dodder, were you not coming toward me?"
"Yes, sir."
"You were coming up the road and I was going down?"
"Yes, sir."
"You did not run back, did you?"
"No, sir."
"You are sure you did not look or go back, are you?"
"Certainly I am."
"Are you as positive of that as you are of all the rest you have sworn to?"
"I am, sir."
"Well, sir, will you then please to inform this jury and myself how that stone came to strike you on the back of the neck?"
Witness was evidently nonplussed, and a roar of laughter burst from bench, bar and jury, as well as the spectators.

"I am not done with you yet," exclaimed the defendant, as Mr. Dodder seemed rather uneasy and inclined to vacate the chair.

"Whose house do I live in, Mr. Dodder?"
"I consider it mine."

"Did you serve a notice on me not to use the rooms, the garret or the cellar, when I was moving in it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was there anything else to use, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Who built the house?"

"The Plank Road Company."

"In whose possession is it?"

"Plank Road Company."

"How did you come to say the house was yours, when the company have it in their possession and built it?"

Another burst of laughter followed this question, and poor Dodder looked as if he was sitting upon a hotbed. Dodder gave no reply.

"Now, Mr. Dodder, have you not been trying to get me out of that house, that you might get your son in my place? And have you not been to the Directors' and have you not applied to them for your son and have you not told them things derogatory to my character?"

"None of your long preambles, Mr. Dodder; you know it is so, and I am going to prove it, too. Yes or no?"

"I can't answer—I must explain."

"No explanation, sir, yes or no."

"No."

"Did you not go to three of the Directors?"

"Yes."

"Did you not order a window put in the cellar of the house, when building, and say you wanted it there for your son's accommodation?"

"I might have done it."

"Did you not want to get a warrant for me before I was bound over to appear here?"

"Yes."

"Did you not then swear that I had only assaulted you by throwing stones, but did not hit you?"

Dodder was completely staggered again—he changed all manner of colors, and moved about very uneasily in his chair.

"Come, Mr. Dodder, answer," exclaimed the defendant.

"I can't remember."

"Yes, you do—did you then swear I hit you at all, sir?"

"I might not."

"How comes it that you remember it now, three months after, and could not then?"

This was too much for poor Dodder. He looked appealingly around for relief. Nothing met his gaze but a room convulsed with laughter.

His legs seemed to be under magnetic influence, and in great desire to try their powers of locomotion. At last the defendant told him to go.

"That will do, Mr. Dodder—I grieve you are through with you for the present." And off he shot as if death was behind him; while the whole bar fairly screamed, as he made awful strides down the aisle, and the Court buried their faces in their handkerchiefs and shook convulsively.

Dodder No. 2 was then called—son of the old Dodder—who testified as follows:

"I was in the house; heard a noise; saw father driving cows; saw defendant come out of his house and throw stones; I ran out, and a hill was between me and them, and when I got out all was over. Saw defendant throw three stones."

Cross-examined by defendant.

"You were in the house, you say?"

"Yes."

"Is there not a hill twenty feet high between your house and where I was?"

"About that."

"How many stone walls were they—about four?"

"About that."

"How many plank fences or slab fences—two?"

"Only one, I think."

"Well, sir, how could you see through four stone walls, one slab fence, and a hill twenty feet high? That will do, sir; you can go."

And without waiting for a reply, off went Dodder No. 2.

District Attorney, on the part of the people, here rested.

The defendant then, with all the gravity becoming such an important occasion, untwisted his legs from the rounds of the chair, and with more than usual dignity walked out in front of the jury, and offered his defense as follows:

"If you please, your Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury—I am a green hand at this

'ere bizzness. I am ashamed that such a little concern should ever come before an Orange County Jury.

It was not my wish, I am sure. I was taken up once before, and then he only swore to an assault! but three months' thinking has put the battery to it. I acknowledge the assault, but I am justified, for he was assaulting my cow. He has tried to pick a quarrel with me ever since I went to the gate. He stoness my cows, my chickens, and I can't stand it. I threw the stones; I admit it—first fifteen feet to the right, then over his head, and when I saw the cow fall as he knocked her down, then I did shove him, but I didn't hit him, and that ain't all, I'll prove it, and I ask you farmers, if you would not do the same thing? I can prove that he knocked her down by my brother.

Defendant's brother was then called, and stated that it was Sunday when the occurrence happened; saw complainant, Dodder, running after and striking at defendant's cows; saw him strike, and one fall; can't say if he struck her; defendant three stones; none hit him; I went out, and when I came up to Dodder, he said defendant had thrown stones at him, but he managed by jumping and dodging not to have any of them hit him.

The testimony here closed.

The defendant then proceeded to sum up the case. His Honor dropped his pen, the jury leaned forward, the members of the bar were winking and nodding across to one another, and a universal uttering pervaded the room. He commenced, and his sharp, shrill voice drowned all else:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: This is the first time I ever was in such a pickle—never did I before appear before a jury of my country. This Mr. Dodder has brought me here, and I have to appeal to you, not knowing whether you are Woolly Heads, Silver Greys, Hard Shells or Soft Shells."

Yet I think this Dodder will find out before I am through that I am a harder shell than he imagined.

You know, gentlemen, that I am in the employ of the Mongaup Valley, Forrestburgh and Port Jervis Plankroad Company, as a gatekeeper. This company, it seems, had sufficient confidence in my integrity and honesty to place me in that important station; and even if I should receive \$3,000 and steal \$1,500 of it, that's between me and the Company, and its none of Dodder's business. Now when the Company sent me up along this road to collect tolls, this Dodder was one of the inhabitants I found there in the woods, and I will say for him that he is a very fair specimen of the rest of the population. But there isn't any of them that seem to appreciate the benefits of this Plankroad.

It let out to civilization a class of people who never before had the idea that there was such a thing as civilized life, and this Dodder is one of them. It is a fact that soon after I moved up there, a young woman, sixteen years old, came down out of the mountains on the plank road one day, and she had never been out before. She fairly seemed surprised to see a white man, and after asking a few questions went back into the woods. This Dodder was my nearest neighbor, and a good deal nearer than I wanted him, and I hadn't been there long before I heard that he had been lying about me to one of the directors, and I soon found out that he wanted to get his son, who was sworn here against me, in my place. But he hasn't done it yet, and if you don't convict me I reckon he won't very soon.

It won't take long to dispose of Dodder No. 2. He testifies that he saw me throw three stones at his father, and saw the "old man dodge." On cross examination he says that he was in his own house in the woods, and that he had to look over a hill twenty feet high, and also over three slab fences and two stone walls. Well? if he tells the truth, all I wish is that I had young Dodder's eyes. He is certainly a remarkable boy and can't deny his "father."

I am willing to admit that I did wrong in throwing stones at Dodder, and I apologize to all the world, and this county particularly for it. The doctors tell us that there are two causes for all diseases, predisposition and excitability. I think it was the latter cause that moved me to stone Dodder.

I therefore confess myself guilty of the assault, but the battery I deny! and if you find me guilty of the battery, I will appeal to the decision of the Court of High Heaven itself, before I will submit to it.

Now, gentlemen, you saw Mr. Dodder and heard him swear upon me. I asked him great many questions, and I was sorry to hear him answer as he did. I might have asked him if he didn't kill my cat, and if he didn't stone my chickens, because they trespassed in his woods, where actually the rocks are so thick that the rats can't find their way up through them, but then I knew he would deny it, and it would grieve me to hear him.

He admits that he was driving my three cows up the road and that he struck one of them, but says it was with a small switch. I have proved this switch was a pole about ten feet long, and about two inches across the butt end and I have also proved that when he struck the cow fell. It is true my witness could not swear that the stick hit her, he was so far off, but take the blow and the fall together, and we can guess the rest. If you gentlemen should see me point a gun at a man, and pull the trigger, see the flash and hear the report, and at the same time see the man drop, I think you would say that I shot him, although you might not see the ball strike him.

Now the fact is, gentlemen, that on Sunday I was lying on my lounge in my house, when my wife said that Dodder was chasing my cows. I jumped up and pulled on my boots and went out of doors, and saw Dodder and the cows coming up the road. It is true he says he wasn't driving them, but says he and the cows were both going along the road in one direction, and this was as near as I could get him to the cows or the truth, but it is proved that the cows were going along the road, striking at them with his little switch, ten feet long and two inches across the butt, and I reckon you'll think he was "driving" them. I sung out to him, "Dodder stop!" but he didn't mind my order, and I pitched a stone in that direction, which went about fifteen feet over his head, at the same time going toward him. He paid no attention and I sung out again, "Dodder stop!" Still he didn't mind me, and then I just threw another stone, but on he came and on I went, and I threw the third stone, which he saw hit him on the back of the neck, but what I think is rather strange, as we were going toward each other as fast as we could go, but we never slackened up, and by this time we were in about eight feet of each other. I halted, and halted at the top of my voice, "Dodder, why in h— don't you stop?" About then he did stop, and raised his ten-foot switch, as if to strike me. I sang out, Mr. Dodder, look out! You may wallopp my cows, but if you wallopp me with that switch, you'll wallopp an animal that'll look!" [Here the orator made an appropriate gesture of the head, as if in the act of looking, which was followed by tumultuous shouts and laughter, that continued several minutes.]

Now gentlemen if you convict me, this Court can fine me \$250 and jug me six months, and if you really think I ought to be convicted of this assault, say so, for I am a lover of living up to the laws, as long as they are laws, whether it is the Fugitive Slave Law, the Nebraska Bill, or the Excise laws. I will read you a little law, however, which I have just seen in a book I found here—(the speaker picked up a law book and read as follows:—"Every man has a right to defend himself from personal violence." Now I don't know whether that is law or not, but I find it in a law book. [A veteran member of the bar who was sitting near the speaker, remarked to him that it was a good law.] Well gentlemen, here is an old man who looks as if he might know something, and he says "if you do," and this Court fines me \$250, I shall "re-pulse," because I can't pay. And if I'm judged for six months, why then Dodder will have it all their own way up there. But notwithstanding all this, I am willing to risk myself in your hands; and if you think I ought to have stood by and not done anything when I saw Dodder hammering my cows why then I am "gone in" till-gate adieu.

It is true; I am a poor man, but not a mean one. The name of Allington can be traced to the May Flower. When she sailed the passengers on Plymouth Rock, among the passengers was a widow, Mary Allington, with four fatherless children, and I am descended from that Puritan stock; and from that day to this there has never lived an Allington who hadn't Yankee spirit enough to stone a Dodder for poling his cows. I'm done.

Reurs of laughter during which the defendant took his seat. After a few words from his Honor the Jury retired, and in a few moments returned with a verdict of Not Guilty.

Old Dodder and Dodder No. 2 were at that instant seen plunging down the stairs leading to the court-yard with unbounded powers of locomotion; and when the yard was gained they fairly ran, and it is supposed never stopped until the deep woods of Minisk hid them from the gaze of men.

Attorney here the verdict with the sang froid of a philosopher. No emotion, other than the turning of his head to look at his mouth and an extra squirt of juice was observable. It may be as well to remark, that the District Attorney refused to be puffed against his eloquent opponent, and let the cause go by default, as he said out a word in reply to the speech of his opponent. The District Attorney was in tight place, and took the wisest course to get out. It is not often he meets with formidable prisoners.

An exchange records the following particulars of the melancholy end of one W. Lung-staff Pass, Esq., who committed suicide in Hyde Co., Ill.

"He had been paying his addresses to a young lady of rare beauty and accomplishments—had been accepted, and the wedding day was fixed. The happy expectant bridegroom had purchased himself a wedding suit at the cost of seventy-five dollars, when lo and behold, the day before he was to have been married, his dream of bliss was cut short by the hideous fact that his faithful first one had eloped with a fellow named Kazort. The disappointment and expense was too much for him to bear, so he sought oblivion in an ounce of laudanum. Poor Pass! You furnish another melancholy instance of "one who loved not wisely, but too well." Rest quiet eat, in peace."

Good Hexon. Good humor is a bright color in the web of life; but self-denial only can make it a fast color. A person who is the slave of selfishness has so many wants of his own to support and defend, that he has no leisure to study the wants and interests of others. It is impossible that he should be happy himself, or make others around him happy.

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The Turkish Baths. I must not close these rambling remarks without attempting some description of one of my first adventures in Bucharest, with a sense of gratitude that I am alive to tell the tale. One morning I awoke after a night of profound sleep, and rubbing my eyes, bethought myself that a bath would not be amiss. I went forth to inquire for one. The Turkish and Wallachian baths are both patronized here, and as I had heard the latter highly extolled, I determined to test them. They are situated in a disagreeable quarter of the city called Leipsikani; the building which incloses them resembles an immense beehive, and I walked three times around it without finding the entrance. A kind of trap-door was then discovered by the friend who accompanied me, similar to those by which cellars are protected in country towns. Having raised it, we descended eight steps, and found ourselves in the center of a round hall, perhaps a hundred feet in circumference. The walls were of rose colored marble, spotted with blue, its pure white pavement was also of marble, and the whole area was surrounded with a kind of diwan comfortably cushioned. The light dimmed by the thick vapor through which it passes, is only admitted by a circular window, about a foot in diameter of convex and concave glass, inserted in the freestone dome. This is supported by eight granite pillars, each of them containing tubes through which the water of as many different degrees of heat falls into the same number of marble basins. I also discovered more than "seven sleepers" stretched around apparently as if profound a slumber as is generally ascribed to those mythical personages.

After silence reigned over the luxurious scene, and I was inquiring of myself if we had not wandered into the kingdom of the gnomes, when my companion clapped his hands, and immediately there appeared before us, as if he had sprung out of the earth at our feet, a little figure, crooked as a hoop, bearded like a friar, and covered with the most curious habiliments. Again I appealed to myself, with a little prospect of a satisfactory reply, if this was not one of the geni of the Thousand and One Nights.

"Silence, silence," said the strange figure, (which being interpreted as I salute you,) bowing his odd little form to the ground very good humoredly.

He now clasped his misshapen hands, accompanying the motion with a chuckling sound. Two servants answered his summons, their skins were yellow and dry as parchment, their eyes were dull and deep set, they were dressed like pugilists, and appeared, large, strong, and young enough to sustain the character. Our presence was a sufficient explanation of our wishes, and without a word, one hand was laid upon our nose, and in a twinkling we were divested of every article of clothing by the other. One of them then placed wooden slippers, about six inches in height, upon our feet, while the other wound three or four yards of grey cloth about our forms, turbans completed our equipment for the bath.

We were now conducted to a small arched closet, the temperature of which was a little more than tepid. The water flowed over the warm pavement from every side, and escaped by a channel in the wall. We remained here but about two minutes, and were then taken to an apartment a little larger than the first, arched in the same manner, and furnished with three large scolloped shells, each supplied with water still warmer than the other from tubes continually overflowing the receptacles, and filling the space with so condensing and penetrating an odor, that I nearly fainted.

At the end of ten minutes, which appeared like so many ages, one of the servants opened the door of a third apartment, larger than either of the two preceding ones, in the midst of which I was thrust, without the slightest explanation from our silent attendants, my companion also submitted with martyr-like composure to the same fate. I immediately came to the conclusion that this was a furnace where people were burned alive. I made an effort to remonstrate, but in vain, my voice was lost in my throat, my knees trembled, my head swam, and I sank down in utter helplessness. In a few seconds my chest dilated and natural respiration was resumed. I opened my eyes to ascertain my true position. In the midst of the apartment, which was a vast amphitheater with vaulted arches so skillfully cemented that they seemed cut from the solid granite, was a large circular basin which represented a wheel, the water spouting from the center and divisions, formed a fountain of distinct compartments, furnished by eight brass tubes with mouths of ginsol—a gem resembling the opal. Four of these compartments were occupied by bathers, whose purple visages were expressive of the most beautiful beatitude. Wishing to share their enjoyment, I looked round, and finding that the attendants had disappeared, like a child in the absence of his master, I darted with one bound into the delectable fountain. Fatal imprudence! I paid dearly for my impatient curiosity.

These compartments are heated by subterranean conduits, the temperature of the water varying in each. In my precipitation, ignorant that it was necessary to pass from one to the other of the graduated baths, I had plunged my limbs into the hottest basin, the temperature of which was sixty-four degrees Reaumur, only six less than the spring of Neidubrum, in which the villagers boil eggs.

It is useless to say that I sprang out quite as soon as I had sprang in, with an exclamation that excited the hilarity of my fellow-bathers, whose mirth was only increased by the sight of my legs, which were as red as boiled lobsters.

Quite infuriated I called my attendant, no sound answered my voice save a sad and hoarse echo. I attempted to escape, notwithstanding my ridiculous figure, but the door

was firmly clasped. My strength had returned after a few moments of faintness, but it was now again deserting me, and though I was not frightened, these transitions were certainly far from agreeable. Firmly persuaded that twenty-four hours of this discipline would reduce a man to his original elements, I attentively examined my companion and he seemed to me gradually shriveling up in the misty atmosphere which enveloped them. Yet I could not but admit that their silence appeared to proceed from their ecstatic enjoyment. I came to the conclusion that the ineffable delights of this voluptuous bath could only be enjoyed after long experience.

My meditations were however interrupted by the opening of the door and the reappearance of the bathes or servants. One of them bore a bowl of clay, in which he dissolved some rose perfumed soap, the other untied a package of course cloth. The latter made a sign expressive of his desire for me to extend myself upon a marble table, and I obeyed with the utmost docility, for I assure you I had been thoroughly subdued, he then dipped his cloth in the soapy water, and with it rubbed my face and the entire surface of my body. The second bathes now seized me firmly by the neck and legs in order to prevent me from kicking, while the other rubbed my back and breast with hair gloves, then lifting me up as if I had been a feather, he laid me at full length in the first compartment of the fountain. After being thoroughly rinsed in this from the soap with which I was pasted from head to foot, I passed successively through the seven others, until I reached the one where I had been so cruelly scalded. It was now quite as endurable as the others, though its temperature remained the same.

I was then again stretched on the table for the purpose, as it seemed to me, of having all the bones of my body dislocated. To crown the tortures to which I was doomed, one of my executioners turning my face down upon the table, now leaped upon me, and applied his feet with vigorous kicks to my back and loins.

I presume many of these details will seem incredible to you, but you may be assured that I am a faithful chronicler, except that my description must fall short of the reality. For about three minutes I was perfectly convinced that every vertebra in my spine was being broken, my terror nearly bereft me of my senses, but upon returning to full consciousness I found the other bathes vigorously rubbing the soles of my feet with pumice stone.

From the Detroit Advertiser.
Doesticks Invents a Patent Medicine.
New York, Nov. 6, 1854.
701 N. 10th street.

Congratulate me—my fortune is made—I am immortalized, and I've done it myself. I have gone into the patent medicine business. My name will be handed down to posterity as that of a universal benefactor. The hand which hereafter writes upon the record of Fame the names of Ayrer, Sander, Townsend, Moffat, Harrison and Brandreth, must also inscribe, side by side with these distinguished appellations, the no less brilliant cognomen of the undying Doesticks. Emulous of the deathless notoriety which has been acquired by the medical worthies just mentioned, I also resolved to achieve a name and fortune in the same reputable and honest manner. Bought a gallon of tar, a cask of kerosene and a firkin of lard, and in twenty-one hours I presented to the world the first bottle of Doesticks' Patent-Self-Acting-Four-Horse-Power-Balsam, designed to cure all diseases of mind, body or estate, to give strength to the weak, money to the poor, bread and butter to the hungry, boots to the bare-foot, decency to blackguards, and common sense to the Know-Nothing. It acts physically, morally, mentally, psychologically, physiologically and geologically, and it is intended to make our sublunary sphere a blissful paradise, to which Heaven itself shall be but a side-show.

I have not yet brought it to absolute perfection, but even now it acts with unexampled force as you will perceive by the accompanying testimonials and records of my own individual experience. You will observe that I have not resorted in the usual manner of preparing certificates—such as, to be certain that all those intended for eastern circulation shall seem to come from some formerly unheard-of place in the west, while those sent to the east shall be dated at some place fifty miles east of sunrise. But I send to you, as representing the western country, a certificate from an Oregon farmer.

"DEAR SIR:—The land composing my farm has hitherto been so poor that a Southern farmer could not get his living off it, and so store that we had to sell our potatoes and plant them sideways; but hearing of your Balsam, I put some on the corner of a two-acre lot, surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found the rocks had entirely disappeared, and a neat stone wall enclosed the field, and the rest were split into even wood and piled up symmetrically in my back yard. Put half an ounce into the middle of a huckleberry swamp in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and had a row of peach trees in full bloom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would state that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest daughter—drew my youngest boy out of the mill pond—drew a blister all over his stomach—drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars in the State Lottery. And the effect upon the inhabitants hereabouts has been so wonderful, that they have opened their eyes to the good of the country, and are determined to vote for a governor who is opposed to freest in the middle of June, and who will make a positive law against freshets, bad storms, and the seven-year locusts."

There, isn't that "some?" But I give you more from a number of the elder class in a western college, who, although misguided, neglected and ignorant, are undoubtedly as honest and sincere as his Provisional education will admit of. I have corrected the orthography and revised some grammatical inaccuracies; but, besides attending to these trifles, inserting marks of punctuation, and putting the capitals in the right places, I assure you I have made no alteration.

SALL HARRIS, June 31, 1854.
My Dear Doctor:—(You know I attended medical lectures half a winter, and once assisted in getting a crooked needle out of a baby's leg; so I understand perfectly well the theory and practice of medicine, and the doctor is perfectly legitimate under the Prussian system.) By the incessant study required in this establishment I had become worn down so that I had to put on an overcoat to rest a shadow—but not feeling of leaving of your balsam, I obtained a quantity, and in obedience to the homoeopathic principle of this institution, took six infinitesimal doses only; and in four days I measured one hundred and eighty-two inches around the waist—could chop eleven cords of hickory wood in two hours and a half; and on a bed earned a yoke of oxen two miles and half in my left hand, my right being tied behind me; and if any one doubts the fact the oxen are still to be seen.

"About two weeks after this, had the pleasure of participating in a grand powder explosion, on which occasion my arms and legs were scattered over the village, and my mangled remains pretty equally distributed throughout the entire country. Under these circumstances my life was despaired of, and my class mates had bought a pine coffin, and borrowed white shirts to attend the funeral in; when the invincible power of your four-horse power balsam (which I happened to have in my vest pocket) suddenly brought together the scattered pieces of my body—collected my limbs from the rural districts—put new life into my shattered frame, and I was restored, uninjured to my friends, with a new set of double teeth. I have preserved the label which enveloped the bottle, and have sewed it into the seat of my pantaloons, and I now bid grim death defiance, for I am henceforth unkillable, and in fact I am now generally designated the Great Western Achilles."

Yours, entirely, SALL HARRIS.
Our whole Empire City is entirely changed by the miraculous power of Doesticks' Patent-Self-Acting-Four-Horse-Power-Balsam. The gas is lighted on the dark nights instead of on the moonlight evenings—there are no more highway robberies in the streets, or if there are, the offenders, when arrested, are instantly discharged by the police magistrate. No more building materials on the side walk, no more midnight murders; no more Sunday rows; no more dirty streets; no more duels in Hoboken, and no more lies in the newspapers. Broadway is swept and garnished, the M. P.'s are civil; and the boys don't steal any more dogs. In fact, so well content are we now with our city, that we feel as the Hebrew poet so beautifully says:

"O, if there be an Elysium on Earth,
It is this—it is this."

Orders for my Balsam, accompanied by the money, will be immediately attended to; otherwise not—for my partner and I have resolved to sell for cash only, feeling as did Dr. Young, who appropriately and feelingly remarks—
"We take no note on Time."
Triumphantly yours,
R. Q. K. PHILADELPHIA DOESTICKS, P.D., M.D.

The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, No. DECEMBER 1, 1854.

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THOMAS H. BROWN, Editor.

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Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED

Coming Events cast their shadows before.

The recent elections in several of the states disclose one very prominent fact; which is, that the people as in Jefferson's and Jackson's time are asserting their intention and capacity to rule.

"Leaders," as they are often called, having proved treacherous to their principles and platforms are being discarded. The sober second thought has seized the masses; and they have acted on their own responsibility; and seeking the ends of true patriotism, which are few and simple, they have executed their designs with straight forward independence.

What has produced this result? Party leaders, say, Know Nothingism has done it. But the truth is, a violation of platforms and a departure from some of the fundamental objects of our fathers has done it. Yet these leaders—the dupes, the slaves, the lackeys, the interested enablers, courtiers, sycophants and protectors of party; who mainly mole hills into mountains, who stick to every party prejudice, who elevate party above patriotism—politics, above morals—would find the people believe that they are incapable of self-government, by asserting that Know Nothingism had produced this Revolution in party; and that this was equivalent to persecution and religious intolerance. Thus as soon as old Partyism, with its "leaders" for their acts of hostility to Freedom Compromises, is repudiated and rejected by the popular voice, we see the central organ of Government bringing forward its "representatives of what Know Nothingism is—a more honest of state—and placing these "representatives" prominently before the public gaze and denouncing them as unconstitutional, dishonest, dishonorable, disgraceful and dangerous. And to add still more to the absurdity of these party bulls and anathemas, the moment the note of the central organ was struck, all the lesser satellites, like obedient followers, producing the music with one unvarying, belabored, degraded "amen."

Before denouncing Know Nothingism as one of the greatest evils, it would be proper for those who are so eager to secure the integrity of men, Party, to afford the public what it is. When these affectionate patriots and distinguished party managers have done this, there will be an opportunity for the people to judge of what is right and true. But until they do this, it is as reasonable to weep over a fiction, as to feed the wailing of those who are so fruitful in sorrows.

What Know Nothingism is, we only know by some of its practical developments—Some assert that it is a secret society for the promotion of religious intolerance. This may be so; but no fact in the open or secret acts of the organization, proves such a principle. The same persons assert that by its emigration is to be introduced. They further assert that foreigners, of those of foreign birth, are, by it, excluded from office. This assertion is proved to be false, because William Acknowledged candidate of this order for Governor of N. Y., was a person of foreign birth. The same persons assert that the object is the propagation of Slavery by the institution of an order, similar to the Union Saving Castle Garden Committee of N. Y. If so, it is singular that so many Anti-Slavery men are presumed to be in its secrets. The same men further assert that the object is the promotion of freedom and legence. If that really be so, who can object?

It is plain to be seen, therefore, that the most contradictory assertions and assumptions are made in relation to what is called Know Nothingism; and it is equally plain, that those who have denounced it, must have known least about it; and have simply resorted to themselves ridiculous by a pretension to wisdom which they did not possess.

Know Nothingism as it appears has in it one great central idea; and that is "the voice of the American people shall be heard" in spite of party, Jesuits, foreigners or any other influence. The cry is "patriotism, before leaders"—"sovereignty of the people before party"—"love of country before platforms." In the language of one of the order, "I look upon it simply as a plough to break ground in the disintegration of the old parties."

What religious persecution—what religious intolerance is there in all this?

To hear some some of the old party leaders speak about Know Nothingism, in their daily conversations, one would suppose that the rights of conscience were about to be annihilated; that the spirit of the bloody Mary was about to be let loose upon the American Continent; and that the fires of persecution were again to be lit up, indiscriminately consigning members of religious sects to the faggot and the rack. But what sensible man will give credence to speculations so preposterous, when the fact stands him in the face, that the descendants of those who have ever denounced of both body and mind, with the greatest emphasis and vehemence are found within its precincts? To believe that those who are at all times and under all circumstances the enemies of oppression and persecution—persons who belong to all political parties and all religious sects, have suddenly changed their as-

ture and become demons of political and religious intolerance is neither reasonable, probable or decent.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." Those who construe the signs of the times according to their true interpretation, all over the country, will discover the great truth among the recent events, that the American people have not forgotten the spirit of '76, nor will they, the descendants of men, who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors, to the great cause of liberty, humanity and personal rights, permit the fires of the Revolution to be smothered, and the principles and aims of those great and good men to be buried. No, this cannot be. The lesson lately taught, and now beginning to be learned is one which constitutes a new era in American history. It is one in which the bitterness, recklessness, and tergiversation of party and party "leaders" shall give place to rational liberty and true American popular sovereignty. It is one in which more political tricksters will learn better than to assume the mastery of the people, and looking down upon their supposed official eminence, pour upon them showers of abuse and opprobrious epithets, which have recently been witnessed.

Let those who have devoted themselves soul and body to party, who have for an indefinite period held the reins of power by party management—let them denounce the party—denounce their objects and associations—let them accuse them of all sorts of crimes and infamies—they may yet learn that the people are capable of self government, and that they are as safe depositories of power, as those who have broken their pledges, and violated their most solemn engagements.

The people desire no persecution, no oppression, no intolerance, and if it is in their power to prevent it they will suffer none. They desire to be governed by wholesome laws, and by a policy that shall shield their freedom least, consistent with order, right, and justice. The people are finding their voice. In future that voice, in spite of desperate and selfish party and party "leaders," must and will be heard.

Slavery in Kansas.

The Nebraska Journal of this State which have felt called upon to violate the old democratic platform and reopen the slavery question are found almost daily apologizing for such recklessness and treachery by asserting that "slavery cannot go to Kansas—that it is sure to be a free state, and that the Nebraska Kansas bill was an act of freedom."

Side by side with these platitudes and apologies offered in justification of a flagrant wrong against the expectations and intentions of the originators of that Bill, we now place the personal testimony of an intelligent Georgian, who has taken up his residence in the latter territory. By this it will be seen that slavery is already there; and that Providence designs it for a Slave State.

From the Georgia Examiner.

PLATTE CO., Mo., September 9, 1854.

Dear Brother:—In answer to your inquiries relative to Kansas, Nebraska and this country, for the sake of convenience, I will somewhat transmute your questions, and try to be able to reply more intelligently.

You are doubtless advised of the efforts of the Abolitionists to induce such an emigration of those opposed to slavery as shall exclude it from the territory. These efforts with the usual emigration from the non-slaveholding states, will necessarily throw into the territory a large population opposed to slavery. Should they ever succeed in becoming the majority, I am yet fully convinced that Kansas will be a slave state—slavery does exist there, in fact. The number of slaves is daily increasing. Of those who go from this state, a large number will be either slaveholders, or their children; and, though they may for a time leave their slaves in Missouri, they will not be less the influence their friends and neighbors, who may even in their feelings be inclined against slavery, to oppose exclusion for their sake.

At present the portion of the territory open for settlement is mainly in the possession of those favorable to slavery—they enjoy the larger portion of the territory suitable for small farms and men of limited means. The parts unoccupied are prairies remote from timber, and unfit for settlement by poor men. Could the question be determined at an early period, the character of the population, their superior intelligence, their familiarity with political exercises, their position in the territory, would give those favorable to slavery decided advantage. In addition to all which, there are two causes which will, unless those favorable to slavery should foolishly fear to settle in Kansas, and thus voluntarily give up the territory, finally, certainly determine the condition of the territory as a slaveholding state.

As a matter of law, slavery exists in the territory; it needs no act of any legislation to establish it. It requires an act of competent authority to prohibit it. The territorial legislature is not competent to abolish or exclude it. This is deemed by the best lawyers a matter of uncertainty. It cannot be excluded until the people of the territory form their constitution for a state government. By that time the true value of the territory will be appreciated. It is, without doubt, the best fitted for poor settlers of any territory ever opened—it is well adapted to men of wealth. The absence of timber requires for the making of a farm more means than the Abolitionists possess. The houses must be framed, or of brick. Cattle cannot be built. Fencing must be of plank, or the rails hauled to a great distance. This requires the fields to be large, or the expense is proportionately great. To break prairie, requires a team of not less than six yoke of oxen. There is timber land for cultivation—every foot is required to support the demand for fuel and timber.

It is next to impossible to procure white laborers in the West; the only laborer who can be hired is slave. The low priced land, the feelings and habits of the people, all conduce to make every man a landholder—to have a farm of his own. This is easy wherever timbered land can be had; there, with his axe and one plough, a man without help can build his cabin, belt his trees, and make his farm. Such land cannot be found in Kansas. In those portions where timber is not abundant, it is all needed for the prairie; not an acre can be wasted. But to the man who has the ability to purchase the timber, to build his houses, and to command the labor to fence and break prairie, the prairie affords to

calculable advantages. A farm is complete in one year; there are neither stumps nor grub; all fresh, ready for the plough. The soil just broken will yield a heavy crop of wheat nearly sufficient to pay the expense of its cultivation. The late breaking will yield a crop of wheat equal to the best of the land. Though it requires capital to make it a prairie farm will pay for itself ten times over before the stumps can be removed from timbered land.

Many emigrants are going to Kansas from Kentucky and other slave states; Missouri will have no stone thrown, even to the at least temporary emigration of half her population, to save it from Abolitionists; and, if the people of the other slave states do justice to themselves, we will secure it for the South.

Slave labor is worth, at this time, more with us than in almost any part of the Union. Negro men hire readily at from \$150 to \$200 per annum; women at from \$80 to \$120. Men sell at from \$1,000 to \$1,200. Our country is as healthy as any fertile land can be; Bains will probably be even healthier; negroes particularly enjoy almost an exemption from disease.

The Vice-President resides at our county seat, and is the most devoted southern man in the Union.

My letter is too long, but I have been fair and candid—I have not written a word that I do not honestly believe. I have not attempted to play false coloring to mislead my friends, but have stated the truth, that they may know the Kansas is peculiarly fitted for slave labor—was intended for a slave state, and will so unless the South keeps on its rights and neglects its duty. My ever affectionate brother,
ED. M. DODSON.

Aspects of the recent Elections.

Under this head, the Northern Home Journal, Gardner, makes the following sensible remarks:

"A more rapid series of disasters than have fallen upon the present administration, since the passage of that bill, was never known in the history of parties in this country. Any rebuke has been almost as great to the other leading party as to the Democrats. The people of the country still remember what party it was that formed the fugitive slave bill. And this feature of a determined stand against the demoralizing influence of slavery attention, has been one of the most conspicuous in the issues. But equal in importance to this is the rebuke of political parties as they have been managed in this country. These have been generally controlled, both in the separate States and in the country generally, by cliques of professional politicians, as truly, though not ostensibly, secret societies are the Know Nothings. 'Leaders' in our party." What a power in this title!

Such men, residing in the various districts of the State, knowing all the party resources in their sections, in the shape of votes and influence, have been in close correspondence with each other, and have managed everything for their own advantage. They have equally controlled the primary caucuses, and cut up the appointments of the general government. The popular caucuses and conventions have been in reality, only meetings to ratify what they have done beforehand. Now we regard the late overwhelming successes of the Know Nothingism as nothing less than the rebellion of the people against the old tyranny of party. The Boston Atlas in an article upon the late election in Massachusetts, asks "what have such men as Walley and Goodrich and some other of the whip party done to deserve such treatment at the hands of the people?" Now we do not look upon the result of the election as a personal matter. It was not the men that were rejected so much as the party represented by those men. They are determined to see if these party lines cannot be broken, and if fresh men will not be more honest in all their service of the people than those who have come to be stereotyped in the ways of party management. The people mean to make themselves more directly felt at local quarters than they could do through the old hucksters who always promise fair, but who find when they arrive at the seat of government, that the flattery of party men and the rules of patronage too strong for them."

Reduction of Governmental Patronage.

One of the brave reforms advocated by some of our Eastern brethren, and especially by the Free Press, of Walla County, is the election of Sheriffs and Registers of Probate by the people. The Press insists that the Sheriff's office is in many cases used to install and perpetuate a petty despotism. It, therefore, demands that a law shall be passed giving this patronage from the Governor and taking it to the people.

The manner in which it should be first attempted according to this journal, is not very well calculated to curtail Executive patronage. For the Press says:

"During the coming year, let the Governor appoint a sheriff in each Representative District, who shall be required to give the usual bond, and serve warrants and precepts for 12 per cent less than their present fees." By such a shift the next executive would find himself incumbent upon himself to appoint some 151 sheriffs instead of the usual number.

If the Press is really so anxious to carry out its favorite project of Sheriffs and Registers by popular election, why stop there? Why make these little petty offices elective while the Land Agent, States Attorney, Police Judges and all the Supreme Judges hold their offices by appointment? We would not object to reform in this matter; but if we must have it, let us not strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

MEDICAL SCHOOL OF MAINE. By the Annual Announcement just issued, all concerned are notified that the course of Medical Lectures for the Session of 1855, at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, will commence on Thursday the eighth of February next. The Lecturers are William Sweetser, M. D., Theory and Practice of Medicine; Charles A. Lee, M. D., Materia Medica; Amos Nurse, M. D., Obstetrics; H. J. Tenny, M. D., Medical Jurisprudence; Edmund R. Peaslee, M. D., Anatomy and Surgery; and Parker Cleveland, M. D., Chemistry and Pharmacy.

NORTH CAROLINA SENATOR David S. Reid, Democrat, has been chosen U. S. Senator by a majority of eleven votes.

Shocking Audacity.

On Thursday night of last week, about 8 o'clock, a pistol ball was fired through a window into a room in the dwelling house of Moses Hammond, Esq., of this place. The Supreme Court was in session, and some ten or more persons, boarders, were in the room at the time the shot was fired. The company heard the report, but some supposed it was a cracker let off in the room, others supposed it was let off outside, near the house—others still supposed that it was the report of a pistol. On looking around a pistol ball was found on the floor; and on examining still further a round hole was discovered in a pane of glass, and a deep indentation made in the plastering, which was hit obliquely by the ball. On tracing the course which the ball pursued, it must have passed very near the head of Seth Sampson, Esq., one of the persons in the room. The flash of the pistol was seen by one person outside; and one person at least was seen to run away at a rapid rate from the house, immediately after. No one has yet been discovered as the author of this outrage. Let any man be as obnoxious as he may, in the sight of another, let him be thought to be as vile or as wretched as he may, no characteristic which he may possess can justify such a deed at any time, at any place, or under any circumstances. Thus to alarm the inmates of a private dwelling, and thus to outrage all the feelings of security, right and humanity, for purposes of revenge, or any other motive, is crime of the deepest dye. Every right minded citizen must sincerely desire that such a person should be brought to justice.

FARMER'S RUCKFIELD MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

A company bearing the above name was incorporated by the last Legislature, and went into operation last Spring. It is a sound and reliable company, and we are informed is doing a good business. It confines its insurance to the agricultural community, entirely, taking no risks in villages; and affords a good opportunity for the Farmers of this county to insure their buildings in a reliable company, at home. The company has sustained no losses up to this time. J. W. BROWN, Esq., President, and H. H. HUTCHINSON, Secretary.

Mr. Elbridge Gray is the Agent for this town.

STORE BREAKING. The store of Messrs. Stevens & Shurtliff was broken into, on the night of the 27th ult., and goods stolen to the amount of one or two hundred dollars. The number of articles taken would give the impression that the fellow was about opening a small sized variety store. A reward of \$100 is offered for information that will bring the perpetrators to justice.

Some lovers of the ardent broke into the town agency at Buckfield on Sunday evening, and decamped with the whole assortment of liquors—winding up the affair doubtless, with a glorious drunk.

For the Democrat.

Mr. Editor:—The members of the first jury of the Supreme Judicial Court, held at Paris, Oxford Co., beg leave to transmit, through the medium of your paper, their thanks to Hon. R. K. Goodenow, for the valuable motion presented by him. To let such marked attention pass unnoticed would wrong not only the gentleman's liberality, but our own feelings, individually.

PEN OXIDE.

In the case of Chapman vs. At. & St. L. Railroad Co., an opinion was delivered last week. The full bench sustained the defendant's position, set aside verdict and grant a new trial.

In the case of Inhabitants of Sumner vs. Co. Commissioners, the petition for certiorari was dismissed.

On the 21st ult., at the Supreme Judicial Court, holden in this town, on motion of Hon. Levi Whidden, M. H. DUNNELL was admitted to practice in all the Courts of this State.

The following is the official vote for Co. Commissioners for this County.

America Bartlett, 3050; William Thompson, 2051; Daniel Cook, 83; John M. Wilson, 62; Scattering, 1.

THE PRESENT AND NEXT CONGRESS. The following table, having been revised by the most recent returns, exhibits the character of the 33d and 34th Congresses:

	33d.	34th.		
	Adv.	Opp.	Adv.	Opp.
California,	2	0	2	0
Missouri,	3	1	5	5
Vermont,	0	3	0	2
Pennsylvania,	16	9	5	20
Ohio,	12	8	0	21
Indiana,	10	1	2	9
Iowa,	2	0	1	1
New York,	22	11	22	31
New Jersey,	3	1	0	4
Illinois,	5	4	3	6
Michigan,	4	0	0	4
Wisconsin,	3	0	0	3
Massachusetts,	2	9	0	11
	55	50	17	118

The latest returns place the Representatives in the Massachusetts legislature as follows:—

	1
Democrat,	1
Whig,	1
Republican,	1
K. N's,	365

NEW YORK. There is now a very little doubt that Clark (Whig and Temperance) is elected Governor of New York. The aggregate vote thrown for Governor appears to have been as follows:

Clark,	157,194
Sevmour,	156,061
Illman,	122,998
Brownson,	33,791
Total vote for Governor, 469,044.	Plurality for Clark, 563.

BODY FOUND. The body of a man was found in the water, Saturday afternoon, near the Verandah in Westbrook. It is judged he had been in the water eight or ten days; is supposed to be about 35 years old,—had lost a front tooth. [Argus.]

Rev. I. H. Kallouk will not go to California but at the urgent solicitation of the Rockland people, has consented to remain with them.

Official Return of Votes.

The following is the official return of votes for members of Congress and Senators:

Congressional Vote.

First District.

Whole number,	15,149
John M. Wood,	9,211
Samuel W. Wall,	6,192
Lorenzo D. Wilkinson,	114
Scattering,	28

Second District.

Whole number,	17,494
John J. Perry,	9,811
Wm. K. Kimball,	7,190
Charles J. Gilman,	1,113
Thos. Chase,	69
Wm. Buxton,	19
Wm. Kimball,	134
Scattering,	35

Third District.

Whole number,	13,745
Eleazer Knowlton,	5,883
Jonathan G. Dickerson,	4,112
E. Wilder Farley,	3,285
Scattering,	94

Fourth District.

Whole number,	15,159
Samuel P. Benson,	11,638
George Rogers,	3,453
Scattering,	57

Fifth District.

Whole number,	16,232
Israel Washburn, Jr.,	10,273
Samuel H. Blake,	5,991
Samuel Blake,	73
Asa Smith,	49
Scattering,	11

Sixth District.

Whole number,	11,696
Thos. J. D. Fuller,	4,713
James A. Millikin,	4,306
N. D. Smith, Jr.,	2,395
T. D. F. Miller,	2
Thos. J. Fuller,	27
James Millikin,	37
Jonathan G. Dickerson,	42
Eleazer Knowlton,	2
James Sten,	1
S. C. Foster,	1

Senatorial Vote.

First District.

Whole number,	9,402
John M. Goodwin,	4,096
John F. Seaton,	4,475
Alexander Bennett,	4,502
Thos. M. Hayes,	4,171
Alexander Jenkins,	2,349
John Kezer,	3,617
Nathan Dane,	1,053
Jarvis Williams,	1,061
Archibald Smith,	1,522
Large number of scattering votes.	

Second District.

Whole number,	12,573
William W. Wills,	7,915
Henry H. Woody,	7,291
Aaron Quimby,	7,640
Nathaniel Pease,	7,730
James T. McCobb,	4,118
Nathaniel S. Littlefield,	4,093
Abner H. Thompson,	3,970
Robert Martin,	3,896
Large number of scattering votes.	

Third District.

Whole number,	11,916
George Thorndike,	8,200
Sewall Watson,	6,888
Thomas Nelson,	2,603
Alfred White,	2,832
Edwin Norton,	2,058
Levi I. Berry,	2,914
John A. Levenheller,	3,

17

