

# The Oxford Democrat.

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, NO. 43.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1856.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 24, NO. 1.

## Agricultural.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—AGRICULTURE.

### Special Notice.

Agricultural Exchanges and communications for this department, should be directed to "Oxford Democrat," South Paris, Me.

### Care of Animals.

The season has now arrived when animals should be housed, and every man who has any humanity in his breast, will endeavor to make his animals comfortable. A proper regard for his own interests demands this. A warm and comfortable stable will make a great saving of food. And deficiency of requisite warmth in a stable has to be made up by increased quantities of food as fuel to keep them from freezing. A good supply of bedding will not only help make animals more comfortable, but it will serve to increase the quantity and improve the quality of manure.

But while farmers are building and making their barns and stables more tight, so as to exclude the cold air, they must not forget that animals need pure air. They should see to it, that proper arrangements for the thorough ventilation of their buildings are made. The want of this in many of the new barns, made as tight as barrels, clapboards and shingles can make them, will prove a fruitful source of disease among animals kept in them. We know of several instances of this, last winter. Farmers come now having some of their most valuable animals in consequence of the bad air of their stables, and all the while were wondering what could cause the trouble.

The best way to ventilate a barn or stable is through the roof, either by one ventilator, or a number of them extending directly from the stalls out of the roof in the form of chimneys. The last is undoubtedly the best and most thorough, if the tubes are from the heads of the animals. We commend this matter to the special and serious attention of farmers. Let them make their barns and stables as tight and warm as possible. This is true economy. But let them not forget that animals breathe, and that pure air as well as pure water, and an abundance of both are essential to their health. Without this, disease, deformity and unprofitableness will be the fruit of their designs.

### American Grape Wine.

Our attention has been called to this article, and so well satisfied are we of its purity and its value for medicinal purposes, we cannot refrain to call the attention of the public to it. All who have occasion for the use of wine, whether Physicians or others, would do well to procure this article and try it. We are sure they will get a pure article—the real juice of the grape, instead of the filthy compounds usually sold under the name of wine of different sorts. The following is the manufacturers' advertisement, which we cheerfully give an insertion, as a matter of public benefit:

The subscribers having been awarded a Silver Medal at the last Exhibition of the Charitable Mechanics' Association of Massachusetts, now offer their Wine confidently to the public, the Committee by whom the premium was awarded being composed of several of our best Chemists and Physicians. This wine is made from the Native Grape of New England, after the most approved French process of making Wine, and was very favorably noticed in the Report of the Committee, which may be found below:

E. FAIRBANK & CO.,  
No. 41 and 42 North Market St.

[REPORT—NOV. 20, 1856.]

SPECIMENS OF AMERICAN GRAPE WINE. E. FAIRBANK & CO., BOSTON. This is the product of the fermentation of the Native Grapes, without the addition of alcoholic spirit. This manufacture is becoming greatly extended in various parts of the country, and the doubt which may have been entertained respecting its success, has been dispelled by the energy and intelligence enlisted. The Manufacturers of this Wine have made themselves acquainted with the method and process pursued by the manufacturers abroad, from personal observation, and have made important improvements since the specimens here exhibited were manufactured.

Their samples are excellent Fruit Wines, containing little alcohol, therefore more wholesome and desirable than many imported compounds, which owe their popularity to the absence, rather than the presence, of all that renders a Wine valuable. Denouncing the introduction of this manufacture as of great value and importance, the Committee awarded a SILVER MEDAL.

DR. A. A. HAYES,  
DR. A. A. GOULD,  
JOHN B. BLAKE,  
WILLIAM A. BREWER.

### Profitable Sheep.

We have received a statement in relation to the income of a flock of 124 sheep, owned by Mr. George Cushman, of Woodstock, that shows what may be done here in Old Oxford. If there is not profit in such a business as this, we would like to know how it can be made. The lambs raised from this flock were 134.

Sale of Wool, \$181.00  
Sale of Lambs, 238.25  
\$419.25

Who has beat this the present year, and who will beat it next year?

### Dr. True's Address.

Have all our subscribers read Dr. True's Address? If they have not, we advise them to hunt up the papers containing it, and give it a careful perusal. It will bear reading a great many times. Yet it ought to be studied, too. It is full of valuable, yet invaluable practical suggestions and statements of facts which every farmer ought to heed and remember.

### Reading.

The harvest is now gathered, and the season for farm work is done. There are long evenings and days when not much outdoor work can be done. Now is the time for our farmers to read and lay their plans for their next year's operations. We propose to add another column to our agricultural matter for the special benefit of our farmers. We purpose to select some of the choicest articles on practical subjects that we can find. There are a great many subjects which our farmers ought to look into. Among these are draining and the care of manures, and the management of animals and feeding. We have some choice articles on these subjects, a foretaste of which we print this week. We hope these articles will be carefully read and studied. What is more, we hope the farmers will remember and give our publishers a little help in the way of additions to their subscription list. We mean to make our department of practical value to the farmers, second to few agricultural papers. Indeed, very few such papers have a larger amount of agricultural matter than is afforded by our department of the Democrat.

### Damp Stables.

There is a valuable hint contained in the following experience of an extensive stock farmer, writing to the Boston Cultivator.

"When I first came to the farm which I now hold by purchase, I found the stable built under large trees and near a spring of water, with a northern aspect. My horses were soon in poor condition, with long and rough coats and almost always lay in their stalls out of the roof in the form of chimneys. The last is undoubtedly the best and most thorough, if the tubes are from the heads of the animals. We commend this matter to the special and serious attention of farmers. Let them make their barns and stables as tight and warm as possible. This is true economy. But let them not forget that animals breathe, and that pure air as well as pure water, and an abundance of both are essential to their health. Without this, disease, deformity and unprofitableness will be the fruit of their designs."

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### Hereford Cattle.

MISSISSIPPI. As agricultural papers frequently contain the praises of Short-horn cattle, and exhibit portraits showing enormous size, allow me to send you the actual weight of some of the prize Herefords, and prizes obtained for them. The following is an extract from a letter to me from Wm. Heath, Esq., Ludham Hall, Eng., dated March 10th, 1856, the well-known winner of prizes at Smithfield and Birmingham cattle shows:

"Since receiving your letter I have been staying in Shropshire and Herefordshire, so I thought I would put off writing to you until my return. You wished to know the weight of some of my prize Herefords. Two years and ten months' steer (four quarters, beef only), weighed 92 stones (1,280 lbs., 14 to the stone), winner of the gold medal given for any breed of all ages in London, 1850. A four year and eight months old ox, 134 stones (1,876 lbs.), winner of £20 in London, 1851. One three years and nine months' old, 120 stones (1,680 lbs.) winner of second prize of £15. The next Hereford I showed was at Birmingham, 1853, two years and eleven months' old, winner of the gold medal and £20. I brought him home again, and showed him the following year in London; he won the prize of £25, and had he had justice done, he would have won the gold medal, 1854. I showed at Birmingham a Hereford the same year, winner of the gold medal, and £20. This is very singular. The two animals were two bred by Mr. Thomas Carter, Dodmore, Ludlow; the former weighed 120 stones (1,680 lbs.) the latter, 133 stones (1,862 lbs.) their ages when killed, were three years and eleven months. I bought them the end of October for £50, sold them, December, 1855, for £120. They won no money £75, and the two medals are worth £40 for gold. The two Herefords made me in all, £214. I showed a heifer, winner of first prize of £10 at Birmingham, four years and ten months old, weighed 96 stones (1,344 lbs.). I showed in London this year, winner of first prize of £25, sold him for £55, three years and eleven months, weighed 128 stones (1,792 lbs.). A steer which I showed in the young class in London, 1854; he had not a prize awarded him, which, in my opinion, he should have had; so I had him brought home again, though blamed by several people, but I said if he was not a good one I could not get one. I showed him this year at Birmingham, won the gold medal and £20; sold him for £98 10s.; he weighed 129 stones (1,806 lbs.)—was three years and eleven months old. You see he was a good one at last. It is no use having an opinion if you do not back it. I am not a breeder myself, but buy every year from four to five hundred beasts to graze, so I have a chance of picking out some good ones. About 250 of these are Herefords, the rest Devons and Scots. I do not like Short-horns; they are tender and large consumers, want to be kept high and warm, do not pay so much money. The weights are all for beef only, and 14 lbs. to the stone."

"I keep 430 South Down ewes; they have just finished lambing; very good look they have more than 650 lambs, lost only four ewes, and a few lambs. The weather is fine and nice for them; and every appearance of an early spring. Write me when you receive this, and at any time I can give you any information, will willingly do so."

WILLIAM HEATH.

Mr. Heath breeds early lambs for the London market, feeds the ewes the same year, buying in the fall—a practice with many graziers in England. The following is an extract from another very extensive grazer in England, Richard Rowland, who will never graze any other breed but Herefords, which was the practice of his late uncle, Mr. Westcott, the most successful Hereford grazer. The following is an extract from Mr. Richard Rowland's letter to me:

"I have not shown even of late years; the breeders, in a great measure, have been the exhibitors. I was an exhibitor for some years after I came here, and took three prizes with Hereford Oxen, which weighed from 240 to 270 stones, 8 lbs. to the stone. This was beef, hide, and rough fat, and that was about the weight my late uncle Mr. Westcott's large oxen reach. I enclose the prices of some of his oxen the weight I do not know, except in a few cases."

I chance to have a copy of the weights of Mr. Westcott's Hereford Oxen that took first prize at Smithfield, in 1810 (12-13-14 and 1815, the first four are given as follows; they were all seven years old, quarters, hide and bone tallow included, 247 lbs., 260 lbs., 1953 lbs., 2241 lbs. Those of Mr. Rowland's corresponding from his weight by the stone, are 2480 lbs.—1200 lbs.

An extract of a letter from Edward Price, Esq., Cambridge, Leominster, Herefordshire, England:

"In December last, I sold to the agent of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, 4 one year old Hereford Steers for £120. The weight of my three years and ten months' old Hereford heifer, which took the first prize £10 and £20 extra money, and Gold and Silver Medal at Birmingham, was 18 scores per quarter in her beef, (1,440 lbs.)."

The only reason I give the weights and prices of these Herefords is—the Short-horn breeders have always been boasting of early maturity and great size. I contend that the weight is the proof. Now I want to see Short-horn breeders show such proofs as above. Yours truly,

WILLIAM H. SOTHAM.  
Owego, N. Y., Aug. 50, 1856.

P. S. It will be remembered that where most of the above prizes were taken, Short-horns numerously contended, and these statements are made by graziers and not by breeders, except in the case of Mr. Edward Price's heifer.

Cicero, N. Y. [Rural New Yorker.]

### Unseasoned Fuel.

A few calculations relative to the comparative value of green and seasoned wood for fuel, may serve to remind those interested of the importance of attention to the subject.

Everybody knows that green wood is poor stuff to kindle a fire, though some contend that it will keep up as well as seasoned, if applied constantly, not suffering the heat to go down. That is if you have a good fire to season it in, you can burn green wood as well as dry.

A green stick of wood weighing 100 lbs., when seasoned weighs only 60 lbs., or such is about the average of wood commonly used for fuel. In a seasoned stick you have all the wood—all that will support combustion—you have only got rid of 34 lbs. of water. Now, water will get burnt, and if present in fuel, it has to be converted into steam, at the expense of that fuel, and it will take five times as much heat to make steam of water, as it will simply to bring it to a boiling point. Here is seen at once the poor economy of burning green wood.

We have shown that about two-thirds of the weight of green wood is water—now, how many barrels of water are there in a cord of wood? There are 128 cubic feet of wood, which allowing two-fifths for vacant space between the sticks, leaves 77 feet of solid wood, one-third of which is water—equal to over six barrels of water in every cord of green wood. The heat required to evaporate this water, would bring thirty barrels to the boiling point. And this is not the only expense. If the wood was cut properly, piled and seasoned in the woods, the cost of drawing it would be nearly one-third less. Any way you can look at it—the economy of burning green wood is more than questionable.

Every farmer should look at, and determine to keep a stock of wood on hand, sufficient to last one year, at least. And he may take another look at the difference between wood seasoned just enough, and under cover, and that which has lain out doors until all the sap-wood has become rotten, and one-half its value been lost by exposure to the weather. [E.]

### How to Build an Ice House.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer gives the following directions for building an ice house at a small expense:

"Having a barn unoccupied, I measured off a room 12 feet square, in the Northwest corner. My friend informed me that the bottom should be fixed to let the water drain immediately off, that comes from the ice, hence I put rails down on the ground, there being no floor, and covered them two feet with sawdust, which filled up to the top of the walls; then I put boards on and covered them six inches with sawdust, so that the ice should settle able, and not make vacuum in my pile. Again, air must not be admitted at the bottom; if it is, nothing can keep the ice from melting; so I put the sawdust forming inside walls, on which were nailed small boards, filling the space with sawdust. Height of wall six feet. The roof of the ice house should not be very near the ice, hence I left open up to the roof of the barn, and took the ice out at the top. Having an ice house completed, which took me but two days, with team, I sawdust or spent ten days, and slid it on a sledge, where we left it remain till the water was all frozen that was dripping from it. I drew it to my barn and piled it upon the floor. It being cold weather, I did not pack it away into the ice house till a fortnight later, during which time it became very transparent. I put a course over the bottom, and filled the cracks with ice, and then laid another course, and so on, till my room was filled. Then filled, I covered the top course one foot deep with sawdust, stamped it down, and when the ice was stamped, removed just enough sawdust to take out as much ice as needed. During summer, when the ice melted on the sides, I filled up with sawdust and stamped it down closely. We took ice out every day and sometimes four or five times in a day, and have quite a quantity on hand now. A correspondent of yours says, no one should expect to keep ice unless he puts up a cubic of 12 feet, 1728 solid feet. My pile was 619 solid feet."

WINTERING MILK COWS. A word on feeding cows for milk and butter. I have experimented for the last five years upon different kinds of dry feed—corn, barley, oat and buckwheat meal, fine and coarse middlings, shorts and bran, wet—with straw, hay and stalks. My cows give more milk and make more butter from corn meal, wet, with oat straw, than any other food, by one-third to one-half. It will not do to feed hay or stalks at the same time—it fattens the cows too much. Try four quarters of meal and one bushel of straw, per day—that is, two quarters morning and eight—the straw at noon; they will gain in flesh at that. It is true, as you have remarked, that "corn meal is bad for milk," if it is fed with hay or stalks. Two quarters fed with hay or stalks is first rate for other cattle, or the same amount on straw is cheaper and better than hay and stalks without the meal. Stabling is indispensable in the above feeding.

S. B. BARNARD.

Livonia, N. Y. [Rural New Yorker.]

ROOTS IN WINTER. The Massachusetts Plowman recommends to those who are rearing young animals to feed on roots. They favor the growth rather than the fattening of animals and are therefore more suitable for the young than any kind of grain would be. For this purpose the fat turnip answers well, and as it is often grown with but little trouble, it is worth laying out for young stock. Turnips may be buried under a pile of hay in the barn—or in the barn cellar, without a covering.

### MISCELLANY.

#### MARRYING IN THE DARK.

A TRUE STORY.

In the month of June, 18—, the ship Fame, Captain Jones, arrived in New York from London, and moored at one of the docks in the North River. Her commander, George Jones, an Englishman, whom I will pass over lightly, was rough, untutored, and boorish; yet he was a thoroughbred seaman, and a perfectly fitting man to command the hardy crew under him.

The chief mate, Charles Barton, the hero of the present sketch, was the only and cherished son of a wealthy planter from one of our slave-holding states, then deceased. He had been educated in the most liberal and expensive manner by his father, who spared neither pains nor expense to perfect him in anything he wished to acquire. At an early age, and while at College, Charles acquired—unfortunately, his father thought—a passion for the sea, which grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until it became absolutely too strong for control, and he determined to indulge it, *coste quo costet*. He was of a noble, a high-spirited nature, very handsome for a man, brave and generous to a fault, and withal, his whole existence was made up of a romance. He was never happy, never contented, except when he was engaged in some enterprise in which he would call forth and exercise to the full extent all his power and energies.

He suddenly disappeared from college, and after wandering around the world for three or four years, while his father and friends mourned his loss, returned to his native land, in time to receive his father's forgiveness, and to take possession of his estate and fortune, to the great disappointment of about fifty cousins. His passion for the sea, however, did not leave him; and having received an offer of the berth of chief mate of the Fame, he left all his affairs in the hands of a trusty agent, and again went to sea, and as such we now find him in the port.

The vessel had been in four or five days, and the cargo was nearly discharged. It was a warm, sultry day, and the men who had been at work all the morning, were at their dinner in the fore-cabin. Capt. Jones, was walking backward and forward on the quarter deck, smoking, and Charles was seated without his coat, apparently in deep thought, his eyes fixed on the deck.

"Is the captain on board?" enquired a soft melodious voice, which caused Captain Jones to stop suddenly to turn round and gaze on the quietly, amused, and for a moment utterly paralyzed.

The person who asked the question, yet unanswered, was a girl apparently about eighteen, handsomely clad, but of a beauty and loveliness that baffles my powers of description. Her hair, which was small, but half concealed the finest head of glossy jet black hair in the world, which played in wavy ringlets over a neck and shoulders of surpassing beauty and whiteness. Her forehead was high and white, and smooth as Parian marble. Her eyes were large and dark, and they shot forth an expression which could not or cannot be described by me. It was so wild, so singular, yet so fascinating, so appealing, that one could not look upon her or them without feeling an emotion of pity and almost reverence.

"Is the captain on board?" repeated the young lady, as the captain and his officer in silence fastened their eyes upon her charms. "Yes, ma'am," blantly and half rudely replied Capt. Jones, puffing his cigar, and walking close to her with a loud air. "They call me captain for want of a better."

"Will you marry me, sir?" inquired the lady.

"Well, I'm d—d if that ain't a good one. Marry you? Why, my dear, my wife is in Liverpool now, and I don't know how many children; so I can't marry for good, but I have no objection to marry you while we stay here."

The proud lip of the fair girl curled with prouder scorn, and her bright eyes flashed with resplendent brilliancy, as she glared for one single instant upon the rude boor. She caught her feelings, and turned from him with an expression on her bright and beautiful face that made him puff his cigar with redoubled fervor and to hide his shame he retired to the cabin.

She turned to Charles. He was standing near her, his bright and intelligent eyes fixed intently upon her. She saw he was no second Jones.

"Will you marry me, sir?" she asked with a firm, steady voice, but downcast eyes.

The sound of her voice aroused him from the statue-like posture he had fallen into on first seeing her. He paused—beamed upon the lovely being who stood before him proffering this singular request, but his lips refused to utter one word.

"Must I go farther, or will you marry me? O God! there is no hope!" and the lady buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Charles felt he was himself at once. He felt his spirit of gallantry and romance rising strong within him. A thousand ill-defined thoughts rushed through his head, but he felt that he was a man, and a lovely young woman was before him. Perhaps before he had time to form another opinion, the lady half turned to leave the vessel.

"Stop, my lady. Your request is very singular—very. Let me ask you one question. Are you in distress?"

"Talk not to me of repenting, sir, and do not waste any time. Now it is precious. You can only serve me by marrying me. Will you do so?"

"By heaven, I will!" exclaimed Charles enthusiastically. "There is that about you that tells me, I, at least, shall never rue it. I am ready. Wait but a moment."

Charles went into the cabin and put on his jacket, which he had taken off while working, and in a moment he was by her side. "Come then, lady. Whoever you may be, I will abide the result."

He took her on shore, placed her in a coach, which was standing near, and drove off to a friend's house. He was shown into a room. The door was locked, and the lady threw herself into a chair.

She did not weep or sob, nor did she appear to be in the least affected by the novelty of her situation.

"Sir," said she, rising, "whatever you are I can trust you. You are no common sailor, nor am I what I seem. I now have no time to waste in words, I will explain all in a few hours. Trust me, believe me, serve me, and you shall never repent it. What is to be done, must be done at once. I have but a few hours to spare, and if I am discovered before they expire I shall be wretched indeed. Here, sir, is money. Go and purchase all you wish. Be quick and do not delay now," and she proffered him a roll of bills.

"Thank you, lady, I do not need it. I am not what I seem. But here until I return. You are safe in this house. I will return in a few moments. Do not be alarmed."

Charles went out and left her alone. He went to a fashionable tailor in Broadway; and in ten minutes he was changed from a rough, dirty looking sailor, to a fine, manly, handsome fellow, and his dress set off to advantage his fine figure. He returned instantly to the lady, and when he entered the room where he had left her, he found her walking backwards and forwards, but not in the least agitated. She had evidently steeled herself to the worst, and was prepared for anything.

"My name, sir, is Ellen Moran. Let that suffice for the present. Are you ready?" said she firmly without betraying any emotion.

"I am, lady."

They went again into the carriage, and drove to the Mayor's, and in a few moments were man and wife. When they left the Mayor's house, Mrs. Moran gave orders to the coachman herself, but in a voice whose tones were not heard by her husband.

"Will you return with me?" inquired Mr. Barton, as his wife entered the coach.

"No, sir. We are going to your house, where your presence will be required."

Mr. Barton looked very steadily at his wife for a moment as she uttered those words, and for the first time began to think that he had entered upon a very silly scrape. The idea even entered his head that she might be a little out of trim still, and did not make him feel very comfortable.

The door was closed and the coach was off. A note was spoken on either side, during the whole drive, which was very long—at least it seemed so to him. Charles was intently thinking upon her conduct, and was half inclined to regret his harshness; but one glance at his sweet, new-married wife, settled that point.

The carriage stopped at the door of a house of an elegant exterior in one of the most fashionable streets in the city. He alighted first, and handed out his wife in silence. They ascended the steps and she rang the bell. The door was opened by a servant in livery. "Is my uncle at home yet?"

"No, Miss, he is out," replied the man, respectfully bowing.

Mr. Barton cast a furtive glance about him. Everything was arranged in the most *richeste* style, and with the most lavish expense. She led him into a parlor sumptuously furnished.

"All that you behold," said Mrs. Barton, as the door closed, "are mine, sir. They are now your own. Believe me, sir, I speak the truth. Remember that as the master of this house, and all in it. And, whatever may occur, do not forget your own rights. Trust me, sir, try me, believe me, I will tell you now all I can—all I have time to tell. Four years ago my father, one of the wealthiest merchants in this city, died and left me all his property. My uncle, who will soon be here, was made my guardian until I should marry, and he had charge of the estate left by my father until that should occur. As he had nothing of his own to support himself, he has kept me secluded from the world, and in confinement almost closely since my poor father's death, will knowing that on my marriage the property would pass from his hands. His conduct at times has been harsh, cruel, and particularly late. Today I found means to escape from the house unseen. The rest you know."

She then arose and rang the bell. A servant came to the door. "John," said she, "send every servant in the house up here."

Mr. Barton sat perfectly still, and said nothing, and he was mentally resolving how to act, and was more than half inclined to consider his wife a lunatic. The servants came up and stood in the parlor awaiting orders.

"Mr. Barton," said his wife, "these are your servants. Everything you see around you was mine—all is yours. You hear me," addressing the servants, "this gentleman is my husband and your master. Obey him as such. And now, sir, all I have to request of you is, that you will assume and maintain your rights."

Further she could not say, for the parlor door was suddenly and violently thrown open, and an elderly, hard featured, coarse looking man entered and stood for a moment, gazing alternately at the lady and Mr. Barton.

"What is your business here?" demanded the austerity of Mr. Barton, who as he entered had seated himself and returned look for look. Mr. Barton made no reply.

"Miss Moran," said he, turning to Mrs. Barton, "can you explain why this man is here?"

"She need not take that trouble, sir," replied Barton, rising. "This lady is my wife, and I am master of the house. And allow me now to ask, sir, what is your business here?"

"Your wife! your house! Upon my word—ha! ha! ha!" and Mr. Moran scolded himself and laughed heartily and scornfully.

"Come, sir," said Barton, "your presence is disagreeable. If you have any business to transact, finish it quickly. We wish to be alone."

"Why, you impudent scoundrel!"

The word was not fully uttered. Mr. Barton caught him by the collar, and shook him till he was black in the face. "Scoundrel you would have said, you lying, cheating old villain. If you were not so old and so contemptible, I would not leave a whole bone in your carcass. I know you, and if you are here one hour from this time, and I see you, I will have you sent to the police office, where you may be fished to make some disagreeable confession; so now be off and pack up," and Mr. Barton looked at his hold of the terrified old man.

Mr. Moran, for he it was, seated himself to gain breath. "Do you mean to say that you are married to that man, Ellen?" said he contemptuously.

She did not deign him a reply, but sat in silence, awaiting the issue, and he turned to Barton for further explanation.

"Don't look at me, sir. That lady, God bless her, is my wife. She has told me all your villainous conduct, and the sooner you quit this house the better it may be for you."

"And who in the devil are you, sir?" demanded Mr. Moran, arising and coming close up to Charles.

"Mr. Charles Barton, at your service, sir. The son of a better man than yourself, and one who will love, honor and protect this lady, my wife. So be warned in time. I have said my say, and now be off at once."

Mr. Moran rose and moved towards the bell rope. No one attempted to stop him. He rang it, and the servants, who had expected a scene, came in.

"Turn this fellow out of doors at once," said he, half choked with rage, pointing to Mr. Barton, who stood unmoved. No one stirred to execute the mandate.

"John," said Mr. Barton to one of them, "go into Mr. Moran's room and pack up everything there and have it sent according to his directions. Be quick, too."



was no particular attraction for Ellen here, her husband easily induced her to go to the South with him. They are residing with some distant relations of Mr. Barton's, and it is said by all who have seen them, that they are the handsomest and happiest couple ever seen in that State.

**Coming Events Casting their Shadows.**  
[From the Richmond Enquirer (organ of Henry A. Wise and James Buchanan) Nov. 11, 1856.]

#### The True Seat of Intellect.

For fifty years past, arguments, and facts, and authorities, have in vain been addressed, to the brains of Englishmen, Frenchmen and Yankees, to prove the rightfulness and expediency of negro slavery. But at last, quite of a sudden, the products of slave labor become scarce, and rise in price, in consequence of negro emancipation. The arguments, facts and authorities, address themselves to the sensitive and sensible pocket, and carry conviction along with them. The Jamaica negroes won't work—nor the St. Domingue, nor Mexican, nor South American free negroes. Just as sugar, and coffee, and rice, and tobacco, and cotton, have come into universal use, and become necessary, even with the poor—just as the demand for them increases, the supply diminishes and their prices rise.

Rice and sugar, and coffee, and cotton, and tobacco, and iron, and steel, and all the other commodities of the South and New England in the face. The supply of food must increase, or continual famine will be the consequence. Already their lands are incapable of producing substitutes for the products of negro slave-labor which they consume, and of raising other necessary articles of food and clothing. But the pocket—the true seat of intellect and Yankee intellect—sees, feels and understands all this, and promptly applies the remedy. Slavery must be extended. The heathen must be taught, tamed, set to work and Christianized. Walker must be encouraged. New York must send him thousands of gallant volunteers. And Boston and New York must visit each other in fitting out slave ships for Asia and Africa.

The African slave-trade is about to become as popular as it was a century ago. The New England clergy and the Catholic priesthood will again engage in it with zealous zeal, as the only sure and effectual means of converting the Pagan. Under its revivifying influence Central America, Mexico and South America, now lying torpid and barbarous, will start into life. Cotton, and sugar, and coffee, and rice, and molasses, and cigars, and tobacco, and pineapples and oranges and lemons, and all tropical fruits, will be cheap as dirt. An insatiable market will be opened to the commerce and manufactures, and mechanical skill of the North and of Western Europe. The white laborer will have constant employment, high wages, plenty of money, and the necessities and luxuries of life dirt cheap.

We have given the affirmative proof, we will now give the negative.

The African slave-trade, beginning with the first of the 16th century, had enriched the West Indies and North and South America with slaves, about the time of the American revolution. The products of slave-labor exceeded the demand for them. Sugar, cotton, coffee, tobacco, rice and other slave and tropical products, had not come into general use with all classes in Europe. Watts had not invented the steam-iron mill, nor was the cotton-gin in operation. Negro men sold for two hundred dollars a head and negroes to families became expensive. The pocket felt it, told it to the conscience, and conscience told the slaveholder, Clarkson and Wilberforce and French Jacobins, were listened to and admired, because they promised to save men's souls, and better their fortunes by ridding them of troublesome and expensive negroes.

But it was the sensible and sagacious pocket, not Wilberforce and Clarkson, that arrested the slave-trade and begot abolition. Whenever negro men fall to two hundred dollars a head, and negroes become in the mass rather burdensome than profitable—whenever the supply of slaves exceeds the demand—the pocket will find it out, and use such silly instruments as Clarkson and Wilberforce to check the trade. Whenever negroes rise, as now, to seven hundred dollars a head, the slave-trade will be carried on with renewed vigor, energy and success, despite all the laws, all the treaties, all the fleets and all the whining Abolitionists in the world, for the pocket is the seat of power as well as of intellect.

It has been alleged that Fremont was tendered the honor of a nomination by the Democracy. This has been denied. Speaker Banks, at the late meeting in Freeport, Ill., referring to this matter said—according to the Chicago Democrat:

Why do you speak of Fremont as "light metal"? Because he repelled their pre-slavery overtures. (A voice—"That's denied.") It cannot be—the overture fell on those ears. (Loud cheers.) A prominent Southern man in my presence, asked his opinion on the slavery question, in reference to becoming a candidate for the Presidency, and he replied—"Presidency or no Presidency, living or dying, I am opposed to the extension of slavery." (Prolonged cheering.)

**THE HEIGHT OF FELICITY.** Henry says that the height of felicity is riding on the outside of a downcast stage coach, between two pretty girls, and having both one and of grace gum for the three.

**VERY UNGRATEFUL.** The Post grows because negroes voted the Republican ticket in Ohio. We should like to ask the Post where James Buchanan would have been but for the three-fifths vote allowed for the blacks of the South? [Atlas.]

Messrs. Roe & Co. have just shipped, on board the packet ship Southampton, for London, to sail on the 27th, another of their mammoth steamers. His men go out to put it up. It weighs 17 tons, and the freight money on this beautiful piece of machinery amounts to about £50.

The Republicans of New Hampshire regard the recent Presidential vote as the "informal ballot" in a State Convention. Hence they are already for 1860.

## The Oxford Democrat

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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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1860.

In the border ruffian newspapers we occasionally see the remark that "the recent Presidential election will be an end of the Republican party." The man who records such an idea is either a dunce, or some pro-slavery doubleface who is ready to sell his soul to the negro-drivers for the sake of a few groats into the public treasury. Talk about the "end" of a party which has just polled a clean majority of the votes of the country—a party that stands upon the platform of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence—a party that in less than a single year has risen up and demolished both the old parties that have ruled the country for fifty years. Nonsense. The old saying is true, that "revolutions never go backwards." So it will be with the rise and progress of the great Republican party. It is the embodiment of every public sentiment, which is destined to overcome and control every adverse element. If the pro-slavery doubleface in the North, who are just at this particular time engaged in getting up drunken carousals and riotous demonstrations, in honor of Buchanan's election, fancy for a moment that Republicanism is dead or about to die, they are grossly mistaken. Neither the party or its principles are dead, and the American Republic is dead, for the latter never can long survive the former. The pro-slavery democracy may depend upon another thing, they will find this party at their heels for the next four years. The men, who, in the recent election, have enrolled themselves in the army of freedom and supported Fremont and Dayton, have enrolled for the war. They have not entered the ranks for a single campaign, but enlisted for life if the conflict between freedom and slavery shall last long. The election of Buchanan is but a temporary defeat. Like the patriots who fought at Bunker Hill, the Republicans only fall back to reorganize for more vigorous and successful operations. The army of freedom is no where disbanded. So far from this they are in the field, and their ranks are daily swelling with new recruits.

Buchanan, with his pro-slavery confederates, will find the Republican host upon their track. Take any course they will, they will find a rugged and difficult path. With internal quarrels and contentions to annoy them within, and a determined foe harassing both front and rear, they will drag through a four years administration only to sink into utter obscurity and contempt. But the Republican party can look far enough into the future to behold the ultimate triumph of their principles and party in 1860. "Yorktown" looms up in full view. The day that will witness the final downfall of the slave power in this country is already within hailing distance. *Eighteen hundred and sixty will usher in a new era—the flag of freedom will then be unfurled upon the capital of the nation, and liberty be proclaimed throughout the land.*

With the rank and file of freedom's army, we run up the "stars and stripes" and unfurl our waving banners to the breeze, and hurrah for the campaign of 1860. There is to be no halting or going into quarters in this fight. "War, my lord," is the cry. No compromise, and "death or victory" is upon every tongue.

"Stand! the ground's your own my leaves, Will I give it up to slaves? Will I look for greater graves? Will I more children What the money doctors feel? How it is your cannon's peal, Ah, it is who will."

In the recent election slavery may have gained a partial triumph, but God still reigns, and a temporary defeat cannot diminish the truth, *Magna est Veritas et prevalebit.* We camp upon the united field. We rally at the early roll call of liberty's drum. We keep our armor on, while our camp fires light up the very skies from every field of conflict. On, then, patriots of '56, you will yet "Light your torch."

"At slavery's funeral pyre."

**DISSENTION AND FERGUSY.** In conversation with a Republican before our State election, a Burham Democrat declared "that he would vote the Democratic ticket if slavery was extended all over the country, and he and everybody else went to hell." This is a selfish democracy. Party first, country last, and principle and conscience nowhere. This ferocity was not confined to Maine as may be seen by the following from the Tribune:

"As an evidence of the ferocity of the Democrats in the late Massachusetts election, the Boston correspondent of The Evening Post mentions that one of them told him just before the election: 'that he was willing to go to the devil to secure the defeat of Banks.' Undoubtedly, many of the Massachusetts Democrats are, or were, very desperate fellows, and would have been willing to risk their souls as well as their bodies and purses to have defeated Banks and Burlingame. But as to this particular fellow, we do not look upon his offer in the light of the Post's correspondent. What was there so very spunky in being willing to go, for the accomplishment of a favorite object, where, in all probability, he was booked to go at all events?"

#### Broke Jail.

Two prisoners confined at this place, broke jail and escaped on Saturday night last. One was an old offender, by the name of Hale, 65 years of age, awaiting his trial for stealing a horse. The other was a young man by the name of Chandler, committed also for stealing.

The circumstances of the escape were as follows: On Saturday morning Hale complained of sickness and declined eating. The jailer called a physician to examine into his case. He was found to be suffering from quite severe indigestion, as evidenced by a coated tongue, frequent pale, pale skin, and inequality of temperature. The patient declared that he had a severe headache, various pains in other parts of the system, and that he could not eat, or sit up; but as those symptoms and declarations were suspected to be feigned they were not taken into consideration. Inasmuch as there were strong evidences that he was suffering from disease; and inasmuch as he could not be sick with any prospect of recovery, or convenience of attendance, in the cell where he was confined, the sheriff, jailer, and physician agreed in the opinion that humanity required that he should be removed to a larger room. He was accordingly transferred to an upper room in the jail, and Mr. Chandler, who occupied a lower cell, was appointed to attend him. The change was made Saturday afternoon. On Sabbath morning both had escaped.

The escape was effected through the window on the west side of the room. One of the bars of iron, fastened by bolts at each end, upon the outside of the wall was battered off, a rope was then attached to another bar by which they let themselves down to the ground. The yard fence was then scaled by breaking away a flight of stairs which led to the upper story of the jail and turning it towards the fence, and by throwing the bed clothes over the spikes.

Both of these prisoners were to have had their trial at the November term of the Supreme Court, now in session at this place. Their escape defeats the objects of justice, and adds another to their crimes; but whether they will gain anything by the operation remains to be seen.

#### Very Pious, Very.

The democratic press of the country have suddenly been taken with a fit of piety of a very extraordinary character, from the Washington Union all the way down to the Norway Advertiser. In view of their past characters, one might well exclaim, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" These surely can no longer have any doubt about special grace and miraculous conversions, for in no case was it ever more needed. But then, like new converts generally, they have a sort of morbid sensitiveness about them, which makes them feel a pious horror so deep and pungent, at the very seeming of sin, that they write in terrible agony at the first glances of it. It is very terrible to see how they suffer, especially in view of the sins of the clergyman of the free States. Such distress as they exhibit at the thought that ministers should turn politicians and preach political sermons, is enough to make the very stones weep in compassion. But there is one thing very extraordinary about this matter, and that is, that all their distress is expended on the miserable offenders who happen to be opposed to slaveholding, slave territory, negro-catchers, and border-ruffians, and who say so in their sermons; but those who preach that slavery is a most godly, pious, christian, divine, holy, and soul-saving institution, and border-ruffianism a special means of grace, they are the very patrons of democratic orthodoxy, without a smell of politics about their garments! Such men are not political priests in the eyes of these pattern saints of this nineteenth century! But the poor souls who happen to think religion has some humanity in it, and demands justice, and right of governments, and that it demands some sort of honesty and fairness in politics, and moral decency in men's lives and political action, and say so in their sermons, they are political priests—recruit to all their duties as clergymen, false to religion and false to—the democratic party! This is the sum of all villainies in the eyes of these saints of the year of our Lord 1856.

#### Progressive Republicanism.

"The future of Kansas no one can absolutely predict." [Argos of Nov. 1856.] "We have no idea that Kansas will be a slave State." [Argos of 1854.] This is a fair and true exhibition of Argos pro-slavery democracy, and its progress towards a general slaveocracy. Two years ago that Buchanan told said, "We have no idea that Kansas will be a slave State." In two years the same progressive sheet declares that "The future of Kansas no one can predict!" Instead of saying now that it has "no idea that Kansas will be a slave State," it doubts, and hesitate and says it "can't predict its future." That veracious sheet, sworn in '54, that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was effected to carry slavery to Kansas, and that slavery had been established there by corruption and violence, and still it can't predict its "future."

On this slavery issue the Argos shows all the weakness and pusillanimity of inordinate ambition. It first objects, then pities, then endorses slavery; and, by following the same steps, will soon embrace and defend it like its southern confederates—the Richmond Enquirer. When the slave trade has been opened, Kansas made a slave State, Cuba annexed, and the Gulf of Mexico swarms with cargoes of Africans on their way to the Atlantic coast to be christianized, then that journal will plausibly exclaim, "We had no idea that liberty was so universal!" Its future we cannot absolutely predict!

A Good Hrr. One of the most active of the sham democracy, in the town of Paris, took occasion to rally a lad about ten years of age, on the result of the election. "Well, my little fellow, Buchanan is elected President, and you must go up Salt River." "Well," says the little fellow, "I suppose we must, to keep out of bad company." This was an actual occurrence, and ended the political talk for that time.

A nugget of pure gold, weighing fifty-four pounds, worth \$13,824, was recently found at Geelong, Australia.

#### [Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

Buchanan Pledges for Freedom in Kansas—The South Settling him Right—His Expected Submission to the Slaveholders.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 17th 1856. "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote for John Charles Fremont," said a democrat who had voted for Jackson, Harrison and Taylor, when they were candidates for the Presidency of the United States. "Previous to the last election, the 'fable' Mr. Buchanan promised to his friends in this city, Chester, Lancaster and York counties, in particular, through his intimate and personal friends, George Pitt, John W. Forney and William Rice, to make Kansas a free state. It is said in many instances he personally made the promise to do so, when they were personally desired to vote for him. The South, it appears, has now heard of these pledges, and it is not satisfied. The Charleston Mercury, and other southern papers, are growling at this state of things and have applied to him for a pledge to make Kansas, if possible, a slave state, and acquire Cuba by force if it cannot be obtained by treaty or purchase.

"On the first Wednesday, in December the electors are to meet in their respective colleges, and cast their votes for President and Vice President, and it will be easy for two or three southern states to change their votes and go for some southern man, and thereby throw the election into the House! This fact has alarmed the camp at Washington City, and this morning our city was favored by the presence of John Oakland and other clerks from the department, all on their way to Wheeling, to see Mr. Buchanan on this all-important matter; for it is certain he cannot, under any threat, serve two masters—the north and the South. One of the gentlemen from Washington allowed this sentiment to leak out: 'Let Mr. Buchanan give the writer a pledge to suit the South, and then turn tail upon them.' This appears to be understood, and the 'fable' statesman is the very man for the occasion.

Charles S. C. Richmond, Va., New Orleans, Louisville, Ky., are all under a state of great excitement, and will continue to be so until this matter is finally settled. It is supposed by the office-holders under the present administration, that party drill and promise of the spoils can make it all right for Buchanan; and when once proclaimed President and safe in the chair of state, he can manage the South. But this is a great mistake; the plant and weak-minded Mr. Buchanan will never have the nerve and energy to act as General Jackson did, or as Colonel Fremont would. The attempt to extend slavery into territory now free shows the great error of the great democratic party; breakers are already about, and a President, although a legal one by the laws of the country, and a minority one, is attempted to be controlled and swayed or pledged before he has taken the oath of office! The American people have made a great mistake in this electing James Buchanan; neither honor his friends are fit for the emergency—for the crisis at hand. The South are both to turn a man from a free state, especially on whose friends have been electing him as one in favor of free Kansas and freedom in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois—face for freedom at the North and for slavery at the South.

#### PATRICK HENRY.

So it seems that Mr. Buchanan is not out of the woods yet, for two or three Southern States may change and how their electoral votes for some one else, and it is seen that they will do it if all the Cincinnati pledges are not fulfilled. We and Shields and South Carolina are jealous of Buchanan since some of his prominent friends have insisted upon Kansas being a free State. But it is no matter what the South demands or what the North desires or what freedom is entitled to, the South is the Democratic Party and will have its way. Kansas must be a Slave State with or without Buchanan's and or the South is cheated and Buchanan is a Benedict Arnold, to his eternal and all-outraged friends. But let Buchanan do what he may, he is between two fires and must look out for a scorching.

#### Mr. Forbes' Horse Burned.

The smoke, in a southerly direction, seen by many people in this vicinity, on Sunday afternoon, proceeded from the residence of Mr. Forbes, editor of our Agricultural Department. The fire took, probably, from the chimney, in the roof, and was burning fiercely when first discovered. All the family but Mr. F. and daughter, as well as the nearest neighbors, were at church, and all the assistance that could be procured was that rendered by Mr. Cooper and sons. They were enabled to save most of the valuable articles on the first floor, although their piano, carpets, table linen, bedsteads &c., were burned. In the attic were stored many articles of valuable furniture, together with all their winter bedding and nearly the whole of his library—about fifteen hundred volumes. This is the greatest loss of all. It was without doubt the most extensive, as well as the best selected and most costly library in Oxford County and contained several volumes which he had imported. It was the labor of his lifetime to make the collection, and the loss is one that he cannot well repair.

The house was old and out of repair, and would probably have been rebuilt in a few years, yet it is not at all pleasant at this season to be turned out of doors. His Yankee fertility of genius was prompt in the emergency, and when visited him, on Monday morning, he had already carpenters at work finishing up a suite of rooms on the first floor of his granary, where he intended to exercise his own talent at masonry, and domicile himself for the winter.

There is a small insurance upon the property, but the loss will amount to about \$2000, in addition. We hope his friends, in this disaster, will heed the scriptural injunction: "Beware ye another's burdens."

GOREY'S LADY'S BOOK for December is just received. It contains a variety of excellent things, among which is a splendid engraving entitled "Separation of the Apostles." A Fashion Plate; a fine Wood Cut; "Christ's Morning;" a piece of Music set in song "It Snows;" and other pretty things too numerous to mention. We continue to furnish The Democrat and Lady's Book for \$5.50 per year, in advance.

#### From our Occasional Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 9, 1856.

I have devoted a part of a day to visiting the Congressional Burying Ground, which is one of the objects of interest in Washington.

The disposition to visit graveyards, cemeteries, and other resting places of the dead, is universal, and is in itself an intrinsic, internal evidence of our own immortality, or at least of our convictions of a future existence. It is not the mere indulgence of a romantic fancy, or the effects of a morbid sensibility that impels us to visit these cities of the dead, though it is, perhaps, natural enough that we should cherish the spot where repose all that was mortal of our loved and lost ones, and to this last named cause must we look to find the reason why almost all classes of men are incessantly led to wander among the habitations of the departed.

The Congressional Burying at Washington, does not compare with cemeteries of note in other parts of the country. In fact, considering its character and location, I think it extremely plain. It has none of that diversity of hill and dale, and variegated scenery, which so much distinguish Mount Auburn and Greenwood. It lies a mile and a half east of the Capitol, on the eastern branch of the Potomac, and contains about ten acres of ground. Its surface is conveniently arranged for burial purposes, and it has the merit of a sequestered location, rendering any future disturbance of its sleeping tenants improbable.

The Statesman, who, during his lifetime had successfully struggled with clubs, caucuses, juries, regents and elections, here rests in peace; and the repose of the sleeping warrior is never disturbed by the roar of battle or the terrors of the wreck.

I believe that every man who dies a member of either House of Congress, has a monument erected to his memory at the public expense.

In many instances the remains of the honored ones are not beneath the marble that cherishes their memory, as in the cases of Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, and many others; but in most instances the graves have not been disturbed since the remains of the great men of the country who have died on the post of duty, were deposited there.

The low, plain obelisks, commemorating congressmen, are arranged in double rows, and number one hundred and thirty. The inscriptions on these obelisks are uniform and give simply the names of the dead, the States they represented, and the dates of their birth and death. But very many, besides legislators, both public and private characters, have a resting-place here.

I shall have space to notice a few of the most striking monuments and interesting inscriptions, and will do so briefly.

The monument to WILLIAM WHEAT, is a very attractive one. It is of white marble, with an entrance in the massive base, and a heavy, though beautiful, shaft above. There is very little ornament about it, and but few inscriptions. He was born in 1772 and died in 1834—was Attorney General of the United States from 1817 to 1829—three full terms.

Perhaps the most beautiful monument in the ground is the tall spire of beautifully carved marble, slender and tapering like Giotto's needle, erected to the memory of JOHN W. MARY, formerly mayor of this city, who died some two years since. The inscription, which is said to have been well merited, is brief, beautiful, and expressive. It is as follows: "His character was blended with all that can elevate or adorn, and his life was a bright example of the nobility and power of virtue."

The monument to the family of JACOB GIBBS, is a very elaborate one. Each of the four corners of the enclosure are occupied, respectively, by representatives of contemplation, hope, charity and divine love. In the centre is a graceful shaft of marble, with the inscription, "to my wife," and below is a large daguerotype set in the marble. The design seems appropriate and the effect is very pleasing.

To the memory of LIEUT. MCLELLAN, is erected an inverted cannon, resting on three balls, on a pedestal, (all of marble.) The design is unique, modest, and appropriate, for a military man.

A plain but graceful granite shaft marks the resting-place of "A. USHER," formerly Secretary of State and of the Navy, who was killed in 1844, by the bursting of the great gun on board of the Princeton.

An appropriate and very pretty design is that erected to Lieut. BACON, and companions of the Coast Survey, who perished in the brig Washington, which was lost in the Gulf Stream, in 1846. It is a representation of the broken mast of a vessel, and the sculptor has beautifully imitated the splinters of the timber.

To GEORGE CLINTON, Vice President of the United States, is erected a massive pedestal and obelisk, surmounted by an iron torch-holder, the taste of which is doubtful.

Four members have died, from the "Pine Tree State." THOMAS J. CARTER and JOHN CHILLEY, in 1838, CHARLES ANDREWS, in 1853, members of the House, and Gov. JOHN FAIRFIELD, of the Senate, in 1847.

There may be others who have died while in office, from Maine, but I am not aware of any.

LESLIE GREEN, formerly Vice President, who died in 1844, at the age of seventy, went on his way to Washington to take his seat as Vice President, has a rich monument in the old style, erected by Congress. He realized his own memorable words, which constitute his epitaph, "It is the duty of every citizen, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that to his country."

Glorious old JOHN QUINCY ADAMS died in Washington, a member of the House. All that one can learn from the monument of the ex-President is that he was a representative from Massachusetts, and died in 1847, at the age of seventy-nine.

Near the close of his services he was one day attacked by a severe cold, by Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, and Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, thinking, in modern phraseology, to "crush out" and "subdue" him, but they were uselessly discomfited, and never again made a similar attempt. In one of his replies, alluding to his assailants, the "old man eloquent" says: "If the genealogy of these gentlemen should ever be

traced, I doubt not they will be found to be lineal descendants and true heirs at law of Gen. Tom Thumb and Jack the giant-killer."

At the southern extremity of the ground, almost on the brink of the Potomac's bank, looking quietly on the peaceful waters of the east branch, is the tomb of JOHN C. RIVES, printer of the official proceedings of Congress. It is, like himself, plain, solid, work, without any pretensions to beauty, where, I suppose, his huge, burly figure will finally repose.

Some of the stones, on family lots, contain no names. But the epitaph on such is oftentimes exceedingly beautiful and affecting. Among others, I noticed, "My wife and children." (This plain but graceful little spire, ornamented with doves and roses, contains six simple names, and tells the melancholy tale of some husband and father's terrible bereavement. Underneath the last name, latest date, is, "the last link is broken.") "My dear wife," is several times repeated. "My Husband," "Our Boy," "Our Baby Boy," "Our Darling Boy," "Our Mother," "Our Father," is repeated in different parts of the ground, and on one slab the single word, "Willie," stands alone. On another, "his sun went down while it was yet day." Some of the inscriptions are as suggestive as beautiful. To a Russian lady, "She lived to see trouble, she died to comprehend God and Eternity."

But to me, perhaps, the most interesting scene I accidentally came upon, during my few hours' stroll in these grounds, was the following. In a retired spot a narrow space is entirely surrounded by a high brick wall, the enclosure grown up to well bushes, showing that no care has been bestowed upon it for years. There is scarcely any mound inside, and a few untrimmed, straggling rose bushes have been suffered to grow in either corner. Against one side of the wall, as if carelessly thrown down there, is a small slab, on the upper portion of which, in small capitals, is the single word, "Gentle." Beneath it, is the following: "The cup of life just to his lips he pressed, found the taste bitter, and declined the rest."

This is a strange record; and I could have mused beside it for hours, and found have recreated many a romantic history, but speculation was in vain; and the approaching shades of evening warned me that I must leave these quiet abodes of the dead, these tents of dust returning from whence it came, to mingle again with the passions and duties of the living, who might be wiser and better if they would do as I have done, spend an occasional few hours in the Congressional Cemetery.

A New Gourd. It has just come to light, that at the last Congress a bill was worked through, appropriating the sum of \$75,000 for procuring from the tropics, a cargo of fine sugar cane cuttings. The design of this is to afford to the planters at the South, a choice quality of cane cuttings, from which this staple is cultivated, for the regeneration of their worn out stocks. This, as a means of adding to the material wealth of the country, could not be objected to; but it is not so. It is simply a method the shrewd, but unenterprising planters have taken to sponge out of government what they lack the spirit to obtain for themselves. It has long been the habit with a large proportion of the cultivators, to reserve for planting, instead of the fresh and vigorous joints, near the root, which are not only not fully matured, but deficient in the quantity of sap necessary to nourish and sustain the young plant. In other instances the slender and supple stalks are selected. This has been done until the whole stock has become so degenerated, as to seriously affect the crop; and for no other reason than that they would not make the sacrifice of saving good plants to grow from. Government has made arrangements to send a vessel to the tropics to procure a cargo of cuttings to be used in improving the crop; and for a time save the expense of gathering their own seed. We at the North are in the habit of saving our finest specimens of grains, &c., for seed; and it may be a matter of surprise to many to know that a system so contrary to all principles of good husbandry, has been carried to such an extent as to call in the aid of Government at the South.

CHATELAIN REASONING. The Union and American of Nashville, Tennessee, says that the recent Presidential canvass has had a deleterious effect on the slave population. The negroes manifested unusual interest in the result, and attended the political meetings of the whites in large numbers. It was not what the friends of Fremont advocated which has produced this effect; for it is well known that no Fremont meetings have been allowed in that section. But the Democratic orators have drawn very vivid pictures of the horrors which, they alleged, would result from the election of Fremont, the insecurity of slave property, &c. The "chattel" have ears, into which these remarks have found admission, and they have, probably, been talked over on the plantations, until the slaves have been led to hope that their slavery will not endure forever. For this, the slaveholders have no one to blame but themselves. If they will re-open, or countenance the re-opening of the slavery question, and wage so bitter a war upon those at the North who desire to maintain the compromises intact—if they will misrepresent and abuse those who simply oppose the extension of slavery, they must expect to reap the natural consequences.

(Boston Journal.)

A LIE OR A MISTAKE. The Belfast (Me.) Journal of a late date says:

"The California papers come to us with the name of Herbert, the murderer of Keating, at the head of the Know Nothing electoral ticket. We make this announcement as truth, fully and frankly as we told the Irish we thought Herbert a Democrat. He is no Democrat; he does not support Mr. Buchanan; he would not vote with the Democratic party in Maine next Monday."

This will be news to the politicians of California, to "crush out" and "subdue" him, but they were uselessly discomfited, and never again made a similar attempt. In one of his replies, alluding to his assailants, the "old man eloquent" says: "If the genealogy of these gentlemen should ever be

traced, I doubt not they will be found to be lineal descendants and true heirs at law of Gen. Tom Thumb and Jack the giant-killer."

At the southern extremity of the ground, almost on the brink of the Potomac's bank, looking quietly on the peaceful waters of the east branch, is the tomb of JOHN C. RIVES, printer of the official proceedings of Congress. It is, like himself, plain, solid, work, without any pretensions to beauty, where, I suppose, his huge, burly figure will finally repose.

Some of the stones, on family lots, contain no names. But the epitaph on such is oftentimes exceedingly beautiful and affecting. Among others, I noticed, "My wife and children." (This plain but graceful little spire, ornamented with doves and roses, contains six simple names, and tells the melancholy tale of some husband and father's terrible bereavement. Underneath the last name, latest date, is, "the last link is broken.") "My dear wife," is several times repeated. "My Husband," "Our Boy," "Our Baby Boy," "Our Darling Boy," "Our Mother," "Our Father," is repeated in different parts of the ground, and on one slab the single word, "Willie," stands alone. On another, "his sun went down while it was yet day." Some of the inscriptions are as suggestive as beautiful. To a Russian lady, "She lived to see trouble, she died to comprehend God and Eternity."

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

## Beauties of the Deep.

If more beauty of appearance, says the British Quarterly Review, is the question, the waters need not yield the palm of loveliness to the land. The deep has its beauties as well as the air. Fire-flies flit through its billows, as their terrestrial representatives dance and gleam amidst the foliage of a tropical forest. Little living lamps are hung in the waves, and pour out their silvery radiance from vital urns which are replenished as fast as exhausted. The transparency of some of the inhabitants of the waters gives them an appearance of fairy workmanship which is perfectly enchanting. The Globe Bore (Cydippe pinnata) resembles a little sphere of the purest ice, about the size of a nutmeg. It is furnished with two long, slender, curving tentacles, each of which bears a number of filaments, twisted in a spiral form along one of its sides. Eight bands are seen to traverse the surface of this animate orb, running from pole to pole, like lines of longitude on a terrestrial globe. To these bands are attached a number of little plates, which serve the purpose of paddles, for the creature can work them so as to propel itself through the waters, and either proceed in a straight line, or like a steamboat, turn in any direction, or, unlike that vessel, whirl round on its axis and shoot downwards with infinite grace and facility. But, not to dwell upon the mechanism, is there not something fascinating in the idea of crystalline creatures? Suppose we had transparent horses, or diaphanous dogs, or cats with a glass exterior which would permit the circulation of the blood and the working of the organs to be distinctly seen.

## A Good Story.

We are kindly permitted to copy the following good anecdote from a private letter just received by a gentleman of this city, from a brother now in Nebraska. The Yankee referred to is the right kind of a man to deal with the "border ruffians" in Kansas. We do not hesitate to have seen this story in print. Here it is:

You know the test to which the Missourians subject all travelers who make their appearance at any of their forries, and ask to be crossed into Kansas. Some days since a half-breed Yankee arrived at one of the Northern Missouri landings, with a long train of plunder of various sorts. By way of testing him, the ferryman asked him what stock he had.

"Well," says the Yankee, "I've got two horses, a yoke of oxen, and two cows."

"That's enough," replied the ferryman, "you can't cross here."

"Why not?" inquired the Yankee.

The ferryman told him that his instructions were not to cross anybody that could not pronounce the word cow.

"But I said cow," persisted the Yankee.

"Well, you can't cross here," rather gruffly replied Charon.

"But I have got tickets entitling me to cross," urged the Yankee.

The ferryman replied that he did not know of anybody who had a right to sell him tickets.

"But I've got them, any way."

The ferryman demanded a sight of the tickets, whereupon Mr. Yankee stepped back a little, hauled out a revolver in each hand, crying—"Them's the tickets, and I'm bound to cross this ferry, now or never!"

And he crossed. [Marquette Journal.]

Obeying Orders. A certain general of the United States army, supposing his favorite horse was dead, ordered an Irishman to go and skin him.

"What, is Silvertail dead?" asked Pat.

"What's that to you?" replied the officer: "do as I bid you, and ask no questions."

Pat went about his business, and in an hour or two returned.

"Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" asked the general.

"Skinning the horse, your honor."

"Does it take nearly two hours to perform the operation?"

"No, yer honor, but then you see it took 'bout half an hour to catch him."

"Catch him? fire and furies, was he alive?"

"Yes, yer honor; and you know I could not skin him alive."

"And you killed him?"

"To be sure I did; you know I must obey orders, without asking any questions."

Anecdote of the Giraffe. The New Orleans Sun relates a humorous story of a very well-dressed man and genteel-looking person who was so curious to see the giraffe, and who stepped up to the man "not" to receive the money with—

"Is the giraffe to be seen here?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want to see him."

"Very well, sir."

"It's fifty cents, isn't it?"

"One dollar, sir. Fifty cents for servants."

"Well, I'm a servant."

"You a servant?"

"Yes, sir."

"The devil! Whom?"

"Yours, sir; your humble servant."

"Walk in and take a seat."

The joke was well worth the price of admission.

**PREVENTS.** A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls with nothing on them; for pictures are loquacious of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful, and perhaps idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Is it winter in your world?—perhaps it is summer in the picture; and that charming momentary change and contrast! And thus pictures are considerers of loneliness; they are a relief to the jaundiced mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

**A BIT OF ADVICE.** Have you enemies? Go straight on and don't mind them. If they get in your way, walk around them, regardless of their spite. A man that has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which if you do not blow, will go out themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction, if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

**POPULAR PREJUDICES.** That a man can write a readable article before he understands grammar, punctuation, or the art of preparing MS. for the press. That he elevates himself by attempting to bring down and deprecate those who are above us. That other people and their private affairs ever form the great staple of conversation among refined and properly educated people.

That a girl of fifteen can make up for her general ignorance by incessant gabble.

That the having made a fortune is enough to entitle a man to respect.

That it is in good taste to wear jewelry in profusion at breakfast or dinner.

That a mustache indicates a want of brains.

That the greatest talkers are the greatest thinkers.

A witty druggist, on a cold night last winter was woken up by a terrible rapping at his door. Going down he found a poor fellow who wanted to purchase a dose of salts. The shop was entered, the dose prepared, and a half dime put in the drawer.

"How much did you make in that operation?" asked his wife, as he got into bed.

"Four cents," was the reply. "A shame it is," returned the irritated dame, "for a man to disturb your rest just for a dose of salts."

"Read that, my love," said the druggist, "that one dose of salts will disturb the man's rest more than it has mine, and reflect that these little inconveniences always work well in time."

**SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.** We should make it a principle to extend the hand of friendship, to every man who discharges faithfully his daily duties; maintains good order; who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of society; whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swears a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing more distant from all natural rule than the reluctant, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation; the hesitating compliance; the well-off are too apt to manifest to those a little lower down, with whom, in comparison of intellect and virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.

**A RAPID YOUNG MAN.** A young attorney, who is more accustomed to the sight of his friends, than briefs, and who has more arguments with his washerwoman and landlady than with the learned counsel for the defence, who is in the habit of placing over the door the notice—

*Gene to dinner—Back in Five Minutes,* having had unusual luck last week, posted off to a watering place, leaving the following:

*Gene to Newport—Back in Five Minutes.*

It was a slip of the memory, but it has gained him the reputation of being a fast youth.

**MARRIED GENTLEMEN.** Punch is wicked enough to print the following paragraph under the head of "Social Statistics."

"Thirteen married gentlemen, who, within the last week or so, having been convicted of having smoked in their own dining rooms, have been severely fined a new bonnet, and, in default, have been committed to the hard labor of taking out their wives for an afternoon's shopping."

"Is that the second bell?" inquired a gentleman of a stable porter at a country boarding house, the other day. "No, sir," exclaimed the darkey, "dat am the second ringin' of de dust bell—we has but one bell in dis house."

Lord Eglwreth, a Scottish Judge noted for his redundancy in the use of language in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravated the offence thus—"And not only did you murder him, whereby he was deprived of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through the belly band of his regimental breeches, which were his majesty's!"

The only justifiable murder that we know of is killing a calf for its udder.

## Wonderful Testimony of

## HOBENSACK'S MEDICINES.

John Hart, of Carterville, Penn., passed large quantities of Worms and was

Completely Restored to Health.

A child of R. Benson, of Morris River, N. J., after five years' illness,

ENTIRELY REGAINED HIS HEALTH.

By the use of Two Bottles of his Worm Syrup.

Mrs. Haines, of Wilmington, Del., after five years' suffering, gained relief from her LIVER PILLS, which physicians and medicines had entirely failed to afford.

STATE OF MAINE TESTIMONY.

July 11, 1854. Mr. Wm. Macartney, of West Waterville, writes:—"Send me two or three doses of Worm Syrup. It is bound to go here. It is a first rate remedy, and has not failed to give

Complete Satisfaction."

Jan. 21, 1855. He writes:—"Send me three doses of Worm Syrup. It is taking wonderfully here. Not only the worst cases of worms are cured by it, but it is thought to be a most excellent medicine for a variety of OTHER COMPLAINTS."

Have similar letters from more than 50 towns in Maine.

C. W. Atwell, Deering Block, Market Square, Portland, General Agent for Maine.

Sold by Andrews & Bates, Paris Hill; Wm. A. Root, South Paris; E. Atwood & Co., Buckfield; E. C. Shackley and Rodolphus Young, Norway, and by dealers in medicine everywhere.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S**

**SOOTHING SYRUP,**

For Children Teething.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skillful nurses in New England, and has been used with unvarying success, in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels; corrects acidity, and gives tone and vigour to the whole system. It will almost insure sleep.

**GRIPING IN THE BOWELS,**

and excessive constipation, which, if not speedily remedied, and to death.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhea in Children, whether it arises from teething, or from other causes.

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**THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DR. SMITH'S SUGAR COATED PILLS**

And others of great pretensions!

Four great principles involve the action of Dr. Smith's Sugar Coated Pills.

1st, They are purely and promote the regular discharge of urine.

2d, Expectant, and by spitting carry off the phlegm from the lungs.

3d, Soluble, and to ease the pores of the skin.

4th, Cathartic, and carry off the residuum of the natural food, and remove particles of impurities by the stomach and bowels.

What alacrity it is to administer a purgative, which has but one action, namely—a discharge by the bowels.

If the blood becomes impure, it is traced to the source of the natural disease of the system, viz: the lungs, the liver, and the skin.

The blood and intestines must relieve themselves of all their waste particles and poisons by means, which must pass through the elements that nature has designed.

What remedy thus would seem most natural? One that opens all the natural outlets of the system, or, only one!

Dr. Smith's Sugar Coated Pills, which have the natural being, that a medicine having power to remove all the natural outlets is the only one to be relied on.

Dr. Smith's Sugar Coated Pills possess this power in its fullest extent. We present them to the world as the WORLD'S MEDICINE.

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**Vermin, Vermin, Vermin.**

They pollute your food. They destroy your animals. They ruin your property at night, and impoverish you by day.

**WHY WILL YOU SUFFER ALL THIS**

—When a 25 Cent box of—

**PARSONS' CO'S RAT EXTERMINATOR,**

Will insure Permanent Relief.

It acts upon Rats like a Terror. They cannot stay and breathe where it is.

And they never return to the place where it is used.

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**TO THE AFFLICTED**

**DR. POTT'S**

**CANKER BALSAM**

The only Reliable Cure of Canker.

In all its forms, we offer it you the privilege of trying it on one exposure, thus—

USE ONE BOTTLE FAITHFULLY, ACCORDING TO THE DIRECTIONS, and if it AFFORDS NO RELIEF, we will refund the money paid for it, on returning the empty bottle.

**TO PHYSICIANS WE OFFER,**

You may use one bottle in each case of Canker, that occurs in your practice, and if it does not give REASONABLE RELIEF, we will refund the money paid for it.

And all our agents are hereby authorized to act in accordance with this advertisement; for we know it will offer cure after all other remedies have failed.

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**"We know what we have seen, and testify what we have heard."**

Many persons suffer severely by having their EYES WATER, when they go out into the air, and are blinded by the STRONG LIGHT.

Others suffer a burning, smarting sensation, as if dust was in the eye.

Others again are unable to see their eyes at all by GARS OR LAMP LIGHT, owing to the weakness of the eye, and overstraining the optic nerve.

**DR. POTT'S**

**American Eye Salve,**

By restoring to the eye its wasted strength, will save you all these inconveniences.

**BE NOT DECEIVED.**

Dr. Pott's American Eye Salve

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## KENNEDY'S

## Medical Discovery

THE GREATNESS OF THE AGE.

M. E. KENNEDY of Roxbury, has discovered in one of our common pastures a remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two. He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore.

One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two or three bottles will clear the system of blood.

Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst kind of cancer in the mouth and stomach.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst cases of erysipelas.

One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humors of the skin.

Two bottles are warranted to cure running in the ears and blotches in the hair.

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure eczema and running sores.

One bottle will cure all eruptions of the skin.

Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate cases of rheumatism.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.

Eight to ten bottles cure the very worst cases of scrofula.

A benefit is always expected from the first bottle, and perfect cure warranted when the above quantities are used.

Nothing looks so impudently to those who have in vain tried all the wonderful medicines of the day, as that a common weed growing on the pastures, and along old stone walls, should cure every humor, yet it is now a fact. There are no life nor death about it, curing some cases but not others. He has peddled over a thousand bottles of it in the vicinity of Boston, and knows the effect of it in every case.

It has already done some of the greatest cures ever done in Massachusetts. He gave it to children a year old, to old people of sixty; and has seen poor people looking children, whose flesh was scabbed and flabby, restored to a perfect state of health by one bottle.

To those who are troubled with sick headache, one bottle will always cure it. It gives great relief in catarrh of the stomach. Some who have taken it have been cured for years, and have been cured by it. Where the body is sound it works easily, out where there is any derangement of the functions of nature, it will cause very singular feelings, but you must not be alarmed—these always disappear in from four days to a week. There is never a bad result from it—on the contrary when that feeling is gone, you will feel yourself like a new person. I have cured the most extravagant cases of it that man ever listened to.

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

ROXBURY, SEP. 15, 1852.

This is to certify that H. H. HAY, Druggist, Portland, is the only authorized General Agent for my Medical Discovery for the State of Maine, and that he is supplied with the genuine, direct from my Laboratory.

H. H. HAY, Druggist, Portland, the only authorized agent for Maine.

Sold by ANDREWS & BATES, Paris Hill; W. A. Root, South Paris; E. Atwood & Co., Buckfield; E. C. Shackley and Rodolphus Young, Norway, and by dealers in medicine everywhere.

15-50

**THOUSANDS OF LIVING WITNESSES** testify to the efficacy of this medicine, from day to day, the Wonderful