

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 11, NO. 24.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

PARIS, ME.,

FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1860.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 27, NO. 34.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

Bones for Fertilizing Purposes.

In a communication to the Germantown Telegraph, J. S. Kellett gives the following useful information regarding the value of bones for fertilizing purposes:

"No subject on the farm is less generally understood than the properties of manure, as regards the different soils and crops. As to what kind of manure is best adapted for any particular soil, to produce the best result at the least expense, is an important question, which some might answer by saying, that all manures will answer on all soils, and so they will; but the question is not answered. That some fertilizers will be better suited for some soils and some particular crops, must be evident to all observing farmers. That guano and superphosphates will stimulate the poorest soils to bring a crop, we need no more proof; but I doubt whether they can be applied, to any advantage to the farmer, on land already in tolerably good condition; and at the prices they are offered, it is questionable to warrant the purchase of any; they are one-third too high in price to put on any land. If farmers relied more on their own resources for fertilizers, they could save many dollars that they are paying, while their animals are left to lose all their droppings where they produce nothing.

As a permanent manure, bones are, I believe, acknowledged by all practical and scientific men to be most lasting. I have tested the value of bones to my entire satisfaction. Raw bones, ground, moistened with diluted sulphuric acid, and mixed with Peruvian guano, applied on wheat and rye, have given me excellent results. Mediterranean wheat, weighing 64 lbs. to the bushel, I can boast of last year's produce, on bone-manured land. The same land is now well set in grass, better than it ever was before. Not every farmer can purchase his own bone-mill, but a number can have one on joint stock, attach it to a power, and grind all the bones they could procure, thus enabling them to manufacture one of the most permanent manures we know of, superior, and at less cost than they can purchase fertilizers. By a careful system of sowing, in connection with bone and leather manure, most of our farmers could make a sufficiency of superior manurial matters for all purposes, without paying from \$50 to \$60 per ton for guano and superphosphates.

CATTLE DISEASE. The Executive Council have passed the following ordinance, to prevent the importation of cattle into this State:

Whereas, A contagious and fatal disease is understood to exist among the cattle of a neighboring State which threatens to extend to this State; Therefore, to provide for the security and protection of the cattle of the inhabitants of said town,

Be it Ordained, That all persons are prohibited from driving and transporting any cattle into said town from any place without the limits of this State, without the consent of the Selectmen of said town, before the first day of April next, under a penalty of three hundred dollars for each offense. And said Selectmen may arrest and detain, at the cost of the owners thereof or persons having the same in charge, all cattle found passing in violation of this Ordinance, and may take all other necessary measures for the enforcement of the foregoing provisions.

2. The Selectmen of said town shall immediately after they shall have notice that any cattle in said town are infected with such disease, take possession of such cattle, and have them kept separate and apart from other cattle, for examination, and detain them so long as the existence of such disease renders it necessary.

3. If in the opinion of the said Selectmen the progress of the disease in any other quarters renders it necessary, they are authorized and it shall be their duty, to place sufficient police force upon the public highways leading into said town to prevent the introduction of cattle within its limits.

VALUE OF A LOAD OF HAY. I send you a method by which, with but little time and trouble, one can tell what their load of hay or straw amounts to, by simply taking the weight multiplied by half the price per ton—for example, say 3,300 lbs. of hay at \$18 per ton—3,300 multiplied by half of eighteen, which is nine, gives the amount—so too with fractions. You may know this, but I can find any amount of men that never heard of it. [Country Gentleman.]

SKIMMING MILK. The wise man, in enumerating the times and seasons, made no mention of a time to skim milk; yet nevertheless, there is a time, and a right time too, and that is just as the milk begins to be sour in the pans. Then the cream is all at the surface, and should at once be removed with as little of the milk as possible. If allowed to remain until the acid reaches the cream, or to become thick, it diminishes the cream and impairs it in quality. That housewife or dairy-maid, who thinks to obtain a greater quantity by allowing the milk to stand beyond that time, labors under a most egregious mistake. Any one who doubts this, has only to try it, to prove the truth of this assertion. Milk should be looked to at least three times a day.

Tom Thumb has taken the Show business on his own account.

MISCELLANY.

DAISIES.

"By Jove! Miss Hoyt, if I thought there was such a thing as disinterestedness among women, I should be tempted to commit matrimony. Here I am, thirty-five years old, and still a bachelor. My house and gardens are going to ruin, all for the want of a woman's presence, and I sadly need husband-making. I have witnessed among husband-seeking old maids, marriageable young ladies, managing mammas, and giggling school girls, has put me entirely out of humor with the sex. What do you think of my case, Densy Hoyt?"

"Sad, very, but not hopeless," she replied; "but you have looked only on one picture—you have mingled only with the gay and trifling—the heartless votaries of fashion. You are surrounded with empty pleasures, the glamor of inexperience has passed from your eyes, and you see things as they are. Your pure gold has turned out to be a thin gilding; but I think if you will step aside from your path of worldliness, you will find that there yet live women noble and true hearted enough to suit even your fastidious taste, Mr. Herrick."

"Perhaps so," he replied carelessly, "but I haven't the inclination to hunt them up. Ah, this is a sad weary world. Miss Hoyt, what is your idea of life?"

"It is too solemn a thing to be trifled with," she said looking at him with her earnest, searching eyes. "As you know that I have often wondered that you, with all your wealth and talents, should have accomplished so little for your own good or that of your fellow beings. It is not too late to begin yet, Paul Herrick. Let me tell you the better for your having lived!"

A bright color suffused her auditor's face. "I used to have such dreams when I was a boy," he said, but I have outlived them with my youth. As you say it is not too late to commence living in earnest, and I have half a mind to try. Do you possess a charm Miss Hoyt? I always feel like a new creature when I'm in your neighborhood, and you are so unlike most ladies of your age. You are—how old, Miss Densy?"

"Twenty-nine," she quietly replied. "And you experience no uneasiness at the thought of living a single life have no horror of being called an 'old maid'?"

Densy Hoyt smiled her own peculiar smile. She said—"I long ago came to the conclusion that dame Nature forgot to provide a worse half for me, and moreover, I have learned in whatever state I am, therewith to be contented. In my early days I imbibed a horror of artful, cunning old maids, and then determined to live as a model of what a spinster should be. She added, more seriously, "It is an old fancy of mine that the world takes no thought for the morrow," were especially designed for the pursuit of maiden ladies. Ah, this talking so much thought is the curse of the world."

Mr. Herrick was silent awhile, and Densy plied her needle. At last he spoke:

"You have heard of the old Spaniard who left sunny home to seek in the World the life giving waters of the fountain of youth. He did not find them. Nevertheless, I shall start on a similar tour, though not quite so foolish as his. I shall seek for a wife and happiness. Pray I may be more successful than he."

A half sigh rose to Densy's lips, but she smothered it, and answered in her low voice:

"Ponce de Leon might have found happiness if not youth at home. We often overlook the dear little daisies at our feet, in search of gaudier flowers; but distance lends enchantment to the view, and when we, bruised and weary, reach the objects of our striving, we find them noxious weeds and long for the humble daisy."

"Well, perhaps I shall stumble on my daisy, yet," she said gaily; "and now I'm off for the country. I'm tired of city life and feel a desire for green fields and fresh air. Adieu!" and he was gone.

Densy Hoyt checked another sigh, and laying aside her work, sought her room with a book. I fancy she did not read much, and I fancy also, that avowed old maid as she was, despite her faults, cherished something more than mere friendly feeling for Paul Herrick in her maidenly heart.

And Paul—as for him, he had overlooked his daisy already. The evening train bore him from the city, and ere midnight he reposed. He "weary pilgrim limbs" beneath the friendly roof of the only hotel which the village of F— afforded. The next day at an unfashionably early hour he strolled forth to enjoy the morning beauties of his stopping place. "I wonder what Densy would think of this," he soliloquized, as he stretched himself on the downy greenward, (a very imprudent performance,) and enjoyed the songs of the birds and the smell of the flowering grasses. "I know she would say that the country is the only place where one can truly live." Perhaps Densy would and perhaps she would not have said so. Be that as it may, I am sure of one thing, that Mr. Paul Herrick acquired a most outrageous appetite for his breakfast, as his lady had testified to this day.

Time passed on, and our friend became more and more delighted with his surroundings—especially as his hostess had kindly introduced him to all the village maidens, and he had found one, who he thought, was all his "fancy painted her."

There's no denying the fact that Jenny Page was pretty, but she possessed a shrewdness our Paul little dreamed of; she read his well, and behaved accordingly. A

more demure, artless lassie would be hard to find. Yes, Jenny Page with her bright curls and laughing—blue eyes, and dimpled white shoulders—Jenny in her simple white dress—had fairly danced into the bachelor's heart that had withstood the attacks of troops of beautiful ladies clad in gold and velvet.

Such walks, in the moonlight; such sails on the river, the delightful picnics; and rambles in the woods, Paul Herrick had never experienced before, and consequently imagined he dwelt in fairy-land; while Jenny, a dutiful girl, grew tired of the "sweetest long drawn out," and began to wonder if "he was ever going to propose."

Paul wrote once to Densy—"I have found my daisy, dear Densy, and a veritable little country daisy it is, quite unpretending enough to suit even you. Think you my blossom will bear transplanting to city soil? or will our scorching sun wilt its tiny white leaves? But I am foolish to talk so, as I have not as yet breathed aught of love in Jenny's ear. Isn't it a pretty name? The owner is pretty, too, I assure you," and here followed a catalogue of Jenny's charms, quite interesting to lovers, no doubt, but not so to my reader, who if he be a lover also, thinks his own Jenny the very prettiest and best in the world.

A few tear drops from Densy's eyes blotted this same letter, but what caused them I don't pretend to say—perhaps a friendly solicitude for the happiness of the writer. Her answer was brief.

"I rejoice that you have at last found your daisy, Paul Herrick, but you had better make haste, or other hands may gather it. God bless you."

Paul, also, thought he had better come to an understanding at once with the fair Jenny. He thus made up his mind as he lay in the clover reading Densy's letter. "She is right," he soliloquized, folding it up—"some one else may carry off my daisy—and here Paul Herrick came to the conclusion that such a procedure would kill him. "I could never bear it," he continued. "I'm sure I never could recover from the blow." Just then he heard voices—Jenny's among the rest.

"I should like to know what he means, Jen, hanging around all summer, and not a word of love, although his plain to be seen that he is smitten."

"Yes, I have him sure enough," said Jenny, "but then he is so provokingly slow about proposing. But when I'm once married to him, I'll get out to pay for being so outrageously prim the summer."

"Ah how I envy you, Jenny," said another girlish voice. "They say he is immensely rich, and you'll live in such style—have your carriage—fine house—and servants, and such dresses! Oh my!"

"Don't feel bad, Sue, I'll hunt you up a rich husband in the city. Yes, I'll live in style, girls. You may believe I'll make my money fly when I get hold of his purse strings," and laughing and chattering gaily, the girls tripped away.

Paul was thunder struck; for a moment the field and sky fairly spun around, and he could not have told whether he was himself or a bunch of clover. After an immoderate rubbing of his eyes he came to the conclusion that he was still alive.

"And I was sure it would kill me to lose my daisy," he murmured, "and I believe it would, had it been a true flower. But as it is—why I suppose it's better as it is, with a sigh he arose. An hour later, and he had packed his trunk, and also penned a note to Miss Page, wherein she was informed that Mr. Herrick regretted that he could not afford the pleasure of making his money fly, but he preferred handling his own purse strings. By the time she received the billet he was whirling away from the village of F— to return "never more."

Mr. Herrick talked to himself something after this wise: "I don't think I have loved her so very much after all, for I don't feel anything like committing suicide. And Densy—here the calm, sweet face of Densy Hoyt rose vividly before him—"and Densy I know she will be sorry for me. Perhaps—but the rest of the sentence could not be heard for the ringing of the bells as the train neared the city."

The next morning when Densy awoke, she found a vase of white daisies on her table, and upon questioning Betty obtained a knowing nod of the head with only this answer—"I put them there cording to instructions, Miss Nebby; you don't know who sent them."

Densy did not shed any tears over her flowers, but she had a strange feeling in her heart. While it was yet altogether too early for fashionable calls, there was a ring at the door-bell, and Betty ushered Mr. Paul Herrick into the cozy little drawing room, and Densy received him in her old cordial way.

"I did not expect you back yet awhile," she said after the usual greetings had taken place. "Have you come to prepare a soil for your daisy?"

"Yes," he replied, his face fairly shining; "I have come to make ready my garden. And, by the way, it must be a fancy-like enclosure, full of rare flowers, and singing birds, and silvery fountains. I cannot get too nice a place for my daisy Densy."

"Surely not," she answered wondering why he never saw him so moved before.

"I haven't told you how that would be daisy in the country turned out to be no daisy at all, have I?"

"No," with an astonished look. "Well, I found out by chance that it would only flourish in a golden soil, and that wouldn't suit me, you understand, Densy? It was nothing but a weed, after all, not worth the plucking—I have come to gather the true blossom. Am I too late?"

There was no misunderstanding him now and Densy with trembling fingers picked one of the pure white blossoms in the wickow, and gave it to him. He eagerly grasped the little hand and flowers, both, exclaiming:

"Densy—my own Daisy!" and—and—indeed, dear reader, I dare not tell any more of that scene. It is sufficient to say, they were married soon after, and to the wonderment of her friends, in addition to her simple snowy robe, the bride wore a wreath of white daisies. But she vouches no explanation, and Paul highly approved her bridal gear.

It was then that Paul Herrick began to live in earnest. It was hard, at first, to cast aside his indolent nature, but with Densy as his encourager, counsellor and loving guide, he has gloriously succeeded, and I think the world is the better, for his having lived.

One word, dear reader,—don't overlook the daisies.

Stealing Water-Melons.

The sketch of stealing peaches in a late "Drawer," has induced a correspondent to send us for preservation in the same capacious receptacle, a somewhat kindred story of "Stealing Water-Melons," which he cut from a newspaper many years ago. It was of a man who took great pleasure in having a neat garden. He had all kinds of vegetables and fruits earlier than his neighbors. But thieving boys in the neighborhood annoyed him, damaged his trees, trampled down his flowers, and he took his choicest fruit. His trial various ways to protect his garden; but his watch-dogs were poisoned, and his set-traps caught nothing but his fattest fowl or his most favorite cat.

One afternoon, however, just at twilight he overheard a couple of mischievous boys talking together, when one of them says: "What do you say, Joe?—shall we come the grab over them melons to night? Old Swipes will be snoring like a ten men before twelve o'clock."

The other objected, as there was a high wall to get over. "Oh, Pahaw!" was the reply; "I know a place where you can get over just as easy—know it like a book. Come, Joe, let's go."

The owner of the melon-patch didn't like the idea of being an eaves-dropper; but the conversation so nearly concerned his melons which he had taken so much pains to raise that he kept quiet, and listened to the whole plan of the young rascals, so that he might make it somewhat bothersome for them.

Now he proposed to get over the wall on the south side, by the great pear tree, and go directly across to the summer-house, just north of which were the melons.

Joe was a clever fellow, and was loved good friend exceedingly, and was as obstinate as a mule. Get him once started to do a thing, and he would stick to it like a mud-turtle to a negro's tail. The other didn't care so much for the melons as for the fun of getting them.

Now hear the owner's story: "I made all needful preparations for the visit; put in brads pretty thick in the scuttling along the wall where they intended to get over; uncovered a large water-vat that had been filled for some time, from which, in dry weather, I was accustomed to water my garden; dug a trench a foot deep or so, and placed slender boards over it, which were slightly covered with dirt, and just beyond them some little cords fastened tightly some eight inches from the ground. I picked all the melons I cared to preserve, leaving pumpkins and squashes, about the size and shape of melons, in their places."

The boys were quite right in supposing it would be dark, but they missed it as they called in, "Old Swipes," as they called him, would be in bed. The old man liked a little fun as well as they; and when the time came, from his hiding-place he listened.

"What, Joe! don't you hear something?" I think that very probably they did; for hardly were the words uttered than there came a sound of forcibly tearing fustian.

"Get off my coat tail!" whispered Joe.

"There goes one flap, as sure as a gun! Why get off, Ned?"

And Ned was off, and one leg of his breeches broke; and then he was "ah!"ing and "oh!"ing, and telling Joe that he believed there were nails in the side of the wall; for something had scratched him tremendously, and tore his breeches all to pieces!

Joe sympathized with him, for he said, "half his coat was hanging up there somewhere!"

They now started on, hand-in-hand, for Ned believed that he "knew the way." They had arrived a little beyond the trees, when something went swish! swash! into the water-vat.

A sneeze ensued; then the exclamation: "Thunder! that water smells rather old!"

Ned wanted to go home at once, but Joe was too much excited to listen for a moment to such a proposition.

"Never heard of anything about that cised before; the old fellow must have fixed it on purpose to drown people in. Curious, though, that we should both fall into it!" They now pushed on again for the melons. Presently they were caught by the cords, and heading they went into a heap of brambles and thistles, and the like, which were placed there for their express accommodation.

"Such a gettin' up stairs!" muttered one.

"Nettles and thistles? how they prick!"

They now determined to go on more cautiously. At length they arrived at "the patch."

"How thick they are, Joe! Come here! There's more than a dozen fat ones right here!"

And down they sat in the midst of them, and seemed to conclude that they were amply rewarded for all their mishaps.

"Here, Joe," said Ned, "take this muskmelon; isn't it a rouser? Slash into it!"

"It cuts tremendous hard Ned—Ned it's a squash!"

"No, it isn't, I tell you; it's a new kind. Old Swipes sent to Rhode Island for the seed last Spring."

"Well then, all I've got to say is, that the old fellow got sucked in—that's all!"

"I'm going to gouge into this water-melon; hallo! there goes a half dollar! I have broke my knife! If I didn't know it was a water-melon, I should say it was a pumpkin. Fact is, I believe it is a pumpkin!"

What "the boys" did besides, while the owner went to his stable, and unmuzzled the dog and led him into the garden, he couldn't say. That they took long steps, the onion and flower beds fully revealed in the morning.

They paid pretty dear for the whistle. They had not tasted of a single melon; they had got scratched, and torn their clothes; they were as wet as drowned rats, and half scared out of their wits by the ravenous dog, and the apprehension of being discovered.

The next night the owner of the melon patch invited all the boys of the village, including Ned and Joe, to a feast of melons, on the principle of "returning good for evil." This circumstance changed the "boys' opinion of old Swipes," and his melons were never disturbed.

POLITICAL.

From the Rochester Journal.

Smart's Accusation against Senator Hamlin.—An Appeal to the Record.

In his speech at Portland, accepting the gubernatorial nomination, Mr. Smart preferred a serious, and as the record shows, a totally false accusation against Senator Hamlin. Referring to the memorial of the citizens of Bangor some years since for aid to the Bangor and North American Railroad, Mr. Smart said:

"A bill was introduced into the House of Representatives at Washington by Mr. Bennett of New York, granting land grants for railroads in the several States, including 900,000 acres for Maine which we hoped to obtain for the North American and European Railway."

The bill was considered in the House, and during the session of the 32d Congress, I voted nine times on the yeas and nays directly or indirectly to sustain it. It finally passed the House by a vote of 99 to 28. It went to the Senate and was referred to the Committee on public lands. On the 14th of August the Committee reported adversely to the bill, and to the petition of the citizens of Bangor. On the 28th of the same month the subject was again considered in the Senate. Mr. Fish of New York moved to postpone the appropriation bills so as to take up Bennett's bill and pass it. The vote stood 22 in favor of taking up the bill to 23 against it. Among the nays I find the name of Senator Hamlin. The friends of Mr. Hamlin may object to a full statement of his feelings, but while I entertain no unkind feeling for that gentleman, I shall say just what I please on any stump in Maine. I have been put upon the stump to do so, and there are no considerations which will deter me. The change of a single vote would have taken up the bill and put it on its passage. Senator Hamlin had that vote in his own keeping. But his vote was the death blow to the grant of 900,000 acres of Western land to Maine, and the death blow to our great enterprise. Had that bill passed, the North American and European Railway would have been a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to the children of the old world desiring to travel across the great continent of America—it would have been a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to the children of the new world desiring to visit the far off land of their forefathers. But Mr. President I always wish to be fair and to withhold no word that may be due to my competitor. Mr. Washburn voted as I did in the House. He also introduced a separate bill and made an able speech."

Let us briefly recapitulate the facts connected with this matter, as shown by official records. When the bill reached the Senate it was referred to the Committee on Public Lands. That Committee was then composed of three North-Western Democrats and two Southern Whigs, viz: Felch of Michigan, Shields of Illinois, Dodge of Iowa, Underwood of Kentucky, and Pratt of Maryland. The North-Western Democratic being at all times hostile to the just treatment of the East, this Committee reported adversely to the bill. Shields was at that time the colleague of Douglas; Dodge of Iowa, and Felch of Michigan, were prominent among his blowers, as the former is to this day. Douglas could have controlled the fate of the bill, for Underwood and Pratt were both in favor of it, and one vote more on the Committee would have procured a Report recommending its passage, and that vote was withheld by Gen. Shields, the colleague and follower of Douglas. After an adverse report on the bill, with the known hostility of Douglas and Case to its passage, it was simply impossible for it to pass in the Democratic Senate, so largely controlled at that time by the Democratic leaders from the North-West. Accordingly, when it was called up, there was no hope for it—it was called up in advance by Douglas and his followers. Mr. Fish made his motion to take up merely with the view of "getting the sense of the Senate upon the Bill," and without intimating any hope of a favorable result. His

motion too, was made at nearly midnight on Saturday, August 28 1852, and Congress was to adjourn on the following Tuesday at noon—thus leaving but a day and a half for the consideration of all the Appropriation Bills, Civil, Diplomatic, Army and Navy, for the Post Road Bill, for the Light House Bill and for the bill for the Relief of the Indigent Insane. With this pressure of business upon the Senate, absolutely necessary to be considered, what was the use to consume time in discussing a bill whose fate was sealed in advance? The following is the whole record in the Congressional Globe touching the matter. See Globe, Vol. 24, Part 3, page 2153:

LAND DISTRIBUTION BILL.

Mr. Fish. I move to postpone the previous orders for the purpose of taking up the bill from the House of Representatives, "making grants of land to aid in the construction of railroads, and for other purposes," commonly known in Bennett's land distribution bill.

Mr. Hunter. I hope the Senator from N. Y. will permit us to go on with the appropriation bills and dispose of them.

Mr. Fish. I would be very willing to give way to the Senator from Virginia, if I thought there would be another opportunity of getting up this bill. I have been trying for the last ten or twelve days to get an opportunity to call it up. I have yielded from day to day in order to allow the appropriation bills to pass, but discussions of all kinds have kept it till this late hour of the session, and now when I have an opportunity of taking the sense of the Senate, I really do not feel justified in yielding that opportunity.

Mr. Shields. At this late hour on Saturday night, to take up a bill that will be discussed until the end of the session, is, I think, a most extraordinary proceeding.

Mr. Pratt. Who will discuss it until the end of the session?

Mr. Shields. I am prepared to enter into its discussion if it should be taken up. Mr. Fish called for the yeas any yeas on his motion, and they were ordered; and being taken, resulted—yeas 22, nays 23, as follows:

YEAS.—Messrs. Brooks, Clarke, Davis, Dawson, Downs, Fish, Foster, Hale, James, James of Iowa, Mallory, Mangum, Morton, Pratt, Seward, Smith, Sprague, Stockton, Underwood, Wade, and Waller—22.

NAYS.—Messrs. Brooks, Bradley, Bright, Brodhead, Charlton, Chase, DeBussars, Dodge of Iowa, Felch, Gwin, Hamlin, Houston, Hunter, King, Mason, Meriwether, Norris, Rusk, Shields, Soule, Sumner, Towner, and Walker—23.

So the motion was agreed to.

It will be seen that Mr. Bradley of this State, the President of the Convention that nominated Smart, and which Smart was then addressing, voted with Mr. Hamlin against taking up. It will be seen, also, that Senator Shields, the colleague and follower of Douglas, threatened to consume the whole remainder of the session in discussing the bill, if it should be taken up; thus rendering a vote upon it impossible, and factually hindering all the regular business of Congress. It will finally be seen that Smart confesses that Mr. Washburn did all he could for the bill in the House, and that therefore no accusation, either feigned or real, lies against him. In view of these facts, we ask if the defeat of the bill, and the refusal to give Maine her share of the lands does not lie at the door of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, before all other men? The vote of his colleague would have secured a favorable report, and the adverse report was what killed the bill. So much for Smart's first effort to pervert the Record.

In the Democratic State Convention of Georgia held at Milledgeville on the 4th ult., Mr. Herschel V. Johnson, now the Speaker of the Georgia Legislature, introduced the following resolutions:

"First, That the citizens of the United States have an equal right to settle within their property of any kind, in the organized Territory of the United States, and that under the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Dred Scott, which we recognize as the correct exposition of the Constitution in this particular, slave property stands on the same footing as all other descriptions of property, and that neither the General Government, nor any Territorial Government, can destroy or impair the right to slave property in the common territories, any more than the right to any other description of property; that property of all kinds, slaves as well as any other species of property, in the Territories, stands upon the same equal and broad Constitutional basis, and subject to like principles of recognition and protection in the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive departments of the Government."

"Second, That we will support any man who may be nominated by the Baltimore Convention for the Presidency, who holds the principles set forth in the foregoing proposition, and who will give them his endorsement, and that we will not hold ourselves bound to support any man who may be the nominee, who entertains principles inconsistent with those set forth in the above propositions, or who denies that slave property in the Territories does stand on an equal footing, and on the same Constitutional basis of other descriptions of property."

From the Rochester Union, June 25.

The nomination for Vice President is one most eminently fit to be made. Benjamin Fitzpatrick is one of the ablest statesmen in the South, and by a service of ten or twelve years in the United States Senate has attained a national reputation and standing. His peculiar fitness for the duties of Vice President, and his personal popularity among his colleagues, are shown by the fact that since his entrance into the Senate he has been invariably chosen President pro tem. at every session of Congress.

From the Rochester Union, June 27.

The declaration of Fitzpatrick, and the substitution of Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia for Vice President, produce a most salutary change in the Democratic ticket. Fitzpatrick voted for the Jeff. Davis resolution; and he should never have been placed upon the same ticket with Stephen A. Douglas. But the Alabama delegation wanted him; and they were gratified at the expense of consistency and propriety. His declaration makes everything right again.

Seeing a cellar nearly finished, a waggish fellow remarked that it was an excellent foundation for a story.

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Promptly and Neatly Executed.

Republican Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN,

OF MAINE.

FOR CONGRESS.

ISRAEL WASHBURN, JR.,

OF OREGON.

Oxford County Republican

Convention.

The Republicans of Oxford County will
meet in Convention, at the Court House,
Paris Hill, on

Wednesday August 8th, 1860.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., to nominate a candi-
date for Judge of Probate, Register of Pro-
bate, Sheriff, County Commissioner, and
County Treasurer; and transact any other
business that may properly come before
them.The basis of representation will be as
follows: each town and plantation will be
entitled to one delegate; to every town that
cast 50 votes for the Republican candidate
for Governor in 1858, an additional delegate;
and for every 50 additional votes an addi-
tional delegate; and the same for a fraction
more than 25 and less than 50, to wit: Ad-
ams; 2; Andover; 3; Bethel; 7; Brownfield;
4; Buckfield; 5; Canton; 4; Denmark; 3;
Dixfield; 3; Fryburg; 3; Greenwood; 3;
Hartford; 4; Hebron; 4; Hiram; 4; Lovell;
4; Mexico; 2; Norway; 6; Oxford; 4; Par-
is; 3; Peru; 4; Porter; 4; Rumford; 3; Sum-
ner; 4; Sweden; 3; Watford; 4; Woodstock;
4; and all other towns and plantations in
the County, one each. Per Order.

Sweden, June 23, 1860.

Republican Senatorial Convention.

OXFORD DISTRICT.

The Republicans of the XIIIth Senatorial
District, will meet in Convention, at Paris
Hill, on

Wednesday August 8th, 1860.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., to nominate two candi-
dates for Senators, and transact any other
business that may come before them.

Basis same as County Convention.

Per Order.

Sweden, June 23, 1860.

REPUBLICAN

CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION.

Second District.

The Republicans of the Second Congres-
sional District are requested to meet in Auburn
Hall, in Auburn, on

Tuesday, August 7th, 1860.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of
nominating a candidate for Representative
to Congress, and of transacting such other
business as may come before said Con-
vention.The ratio of representation will be as
follows: Each town and plantation will be
entitled to one delegate; every town that
gave 50 or more votes for the Republican
candidate for Governor in 1859, two; for
every additional 50 votes an additional
delegate; and for an additional fraction of
25 votes, one delegate.Oxford County, forty-two towns and
plantations.—122 delegates.

H. G. RISS, District.

W. KILBURN, District.

J. W. FAIRBANKS, Committee.

The Kennebec Journal is in error in its
statement that Hon. Hannibal Hamlin and
Hon. Israel Washburn Jr., were born in the
same house. On the removal of Dr. Ham-
lin to Paris, the house he formerly occupied
passed into the possession of the Washburn
family. Dr. Hamlin had then three chil-
dren. The three younger, one of which
is our candidate for Vice President, were
born in the house on Paris Hill, by the
Common, where the meeting was held on
Tuesday.Hon John F. Potter, passed through this
town on Tuesday. Though urged to pre-
sented to attend the Mass Meeting, he de-
clined, on account of his desire to be on his
way home. His family were with him.The Machias Republican states that in
that county the criminal costs of the April
Term were \$751.82, and the fines received
by the County Treasurer were \$901.88.Wm. Penas, of Lovell, returned from
Aroostook county, on Thursday. He had
a heavy load to Presque Isle, and brought
a load of shingles, back to Bangor, and
made the trip in 18 days. The distance
travelled is 650 miles.LEWISTON REPUBLICAN. This is the title
of a paper just started at Lewiston. It is
edited and published by H. C. Johnson, and
is Republican in politics. We do not un-
derstand the motive for establishing a new
paper at this time; but to us, it looks like
a difficult matter to compete, successfully,
with so large and ably conducted a paper
as the Journal. The work is a good one,
and we welcome all new laborers.Messrs. Denison & Co., at Mechanic
Falls are erecting another large Paper Mill,
near the "Eagle Mill." It will employ
about 20 hands.Treason Punished.—Douglas Going to
his Own Place.A little more than six years ago Stephen
Arnold Douglas, for the purpose of advanc-
ing his own interest, laid his sacrilegious
hand upon the Missouri Compromise, and
led the demoralized forces which broke down
the line which had stood as a wall of fire
against the inroads of slavery into the
broad and spacious fields of Kansas and Ne-
braska.The old whig party reeling under the rude
shock, went down into the dark sea of ob-
livion to rise no more forever. The demo-
cratic party in this North was rent in frag-
ments, and at every succeeding election be-
came less powerful, more corrupt and more
demoralized. The cryen song of "popular
sovereignty," upon the lips of demagogues
and dough-faces, for a season deceived and
bewildered a portion of the masses. But
the delusion, like every other humbug has
had its day, and it can no longer be off to
cheat the unwary. The mask is off. Both
the Breckinridge and Douglas wings of the
party, charge that the Kansas Nebraska
bill was a cheat, a fraud. Both the North
and the South declare they were swindled
by it, and so they were. It was a case
where political knaves on each side of Ma-
son and Dixon's line attempted to defraud
and entrap each other; and it was in at-
tempting to reconcile the dishonesty that
characterized the whole proceeding, that the
organization went to pieces at Charleston
and Baltimore. But it is the merited fate
of the traitor that planned the treason, and
that we are now tracing out—we mean the
traitor Douglas.The South having used him just as the
British used his namesake—Benedict Ar-
nold—to betray his friends into the hands of
his enemies, now turn round and heap upon
him their loathing and cursing, and today
he is despised and abhorred by both sections
of the Union. Like all other corrupt dem-
agogues, he has at last found the length of
his chain, and he stands before the American
people, a condemned political malefactor.
Those who pretend to shout for him, do it
not out of any respect for him, but from
pure selfish motives, to save a few con-
gressional Districts and themselves from po-
litical annihilation. Deserted and despised
by the South and the honest men North, he
is now at full speed on the high road to an
oblivious political death.After the Presidential election shall have
passed away, but little will ever be heard
of Stephen Arnold Douglas. Like Judas he
will "go to his own place." He will come
out of the contest without a single elec-
toral vote, and that will be the end of
the author of the repeal of the Missouri
Compromise.Although he has been a great political sin-
ner against his country and his God, yet his
punishment will be commensurate with his
heinous offenses. To be branded by the
people, as a traitor to their best interests,
and to go down to his grave followed by
their execrations, will be a punishment
more terrible than even death itself.Aaron Burr, once in his life, came almost
to the Presidential chair. He was a brilliant,
talented man; and at one time in his history
received the plaudits of millions, yet his
memory is embalm in the universal hatred
of the American people. Such is the terri-
ble destiny that will follow the memory of
Stephen Arnold Douglas.How "Non-Intervention" Doctrines
Spread Slavery into Free Territory.
—Douglas Commending it to the
South.We were in the Senate Chamber and
heard Mr. Douglas make the remarks care-
fully below. We ask all our friends carefully
to read them, and then judge for themselves.
And while they do this, we desire they
should also remember that this is the expo-
sition given by Douglas himself, of the prac-
tical workings of the doctrine of non-interven-
tion. It is this doctrine which is now
specially commended to the people of the
free States. "Under this doctrine," (said
Douglas in the speech below,) "they have
converted a tract of free territory into slave
territory, more than five times the size of
the state of New York." What a beautiful
doctrine! What splendid results for free-
dom! Who would not be a Douglas man?
Where is the liberty loving man at the North
who would not go in for non-intervention,
Douglas, and the extension of slavery?
READ![From Mr. Douglas' Speech in the Senate, May
19, 1860.]"But we are told that the necessary re-
sult of this doctrine of non-intervention, which
gentlemen, by way of throwing ridicule
upon, call squatter sovereignty, is to de-
prive the South of all participation in
what they call the common Territories of
the United States. That was the ground on
which the Senator from Mississippi (Mr.
Davis) predicated his opposition to the com-
promise measures of 1850. He regarded a
refusal to repeal the Mexican law as equiv-
alent to the Wilcox proviso; a refusal to
recognize by an act of Congress the right to
carry a slave there as equivalent to the Wil-
cox proviso; a refusal to deny to a Terri-
torial Legislature the right to exclude slavery
as equivalent to an exclusion. He believed
at that time that this doctrine did amount
to a denial of southern rights; and he told
the people of Mississippi so; but they de-
clined it. Now, let us see how far his pre-
dictions and suppositions have been verified.
I infer that he told the people so, for he
makes it a charge in his bill of indictment
against me, that I am hostile to southern
rights, because I gave those votes.Now, what has been the result? My
views were incorporated into the compro-
mise measures of 1850, and he was rejected.
Has the South been excluded from all the
territory acquired from Mexico? What
says the bill from the House of Representa-
tives now on your table, repealing the slave
code in New Mexico, established by the peo-
ple themselves? It is part of the history of
the country that under the doctrine that you
delect to call squatter sovereignty, the people
of New Mexico have introduced and protected
slavery in the whole of that Territory. Un-
der this doctrine, they have converted a tract
of free territory into slave territory, more
than five times the size of the State of New
York. Under this doctrine, slavery has been
extended from the Rio Grande to the Gulf ofCalifornia, and from the line of the Republic
of Mexico, not only up to 36° 30', but up to
38°—giving you a degree and a half more
slave territory than you ever claimed. In
1848 and 1850 you only asked to have
the line of 36° 30'. The Nashville
Convention fixed that as its ultimatum, and
you offered it in the Senate in August, 1848,
and it was adopted here but rejected in the
House of Representatives. You asked only
up to 36° 30', and non-intervention has given
you slave territory up to 38°, a degree and a
half more than you asked, and yet you say
that this is a sacrifice of Southern rights.These are the fruits of this principle
which the Senator from Mississippi regards
as hostile to the rights of the South. Where
did you ever get any other fruits than these
more palatable to your taste or more refresh-
ing to your strength? WHAT OTHER INCH
OF FREE TERRITORY HAS BEEN CONVERTED
TO SLAVE TERRITORY ON THE AMERICAN CON-
TINENT, SINCE THE REVOLUTION, EXCEPT IN NEW
MEXICO AND ARIZONA, UNDER THE PRINCIPLE
OF NON-INTERVENTION AFFIRMED AT CHARLOTTE?
If it be true, that this principle of non-interven-
tion has conferred upon you all that im-
mense territory; has protected slavery in that
comparatively northern and cold region where
you did not expect it to go, cannot you trust
the same principle further South when you
want to acquire additional territory from
Mexico? If it be true this principle of
non-intervention has given to slavery all New
Mexico, which was surrounded on nearly every
side by free territory, will not the same
principle protect you in the northern States of
Mexico when they are acquired, since they are
now surrounded by slave territory; are several
hundred miles further South; have many
degrees of greater heat; and have a climate
and soil adapted to Southern products? Are
you not satisfied with these practical results?
Do you desire to appeal from the people of
the Territories to the Congress of the United
States to settle this question in the Terri-
tories? When you distrust the people and
appeal to Congress, with both Houses largely
against you on this question, what sort
of protection will you get? Whenever you
ask a slave code from Congress to protect
your institutions in a Territory where the
people do not want it, you will get that sort
of protection which the wolf gives to the
lamb; you will get that sort of friendly hug
that the grizzly bear gives to the infant.
Appealing to an anti-slavery Congress to
pass laws of protection, with a view of forc-
ing slavery upon an unwilling and hostile
people! Sir, of all the mad schemes that
ever could be devised by the South, or by
the enemies of the South, that which recog-
nizes the right of Congress to touch the in-
stitution of slavery either in States or Terri-
tories, beyond the single case provided in
the Constitution for the rendition of fugi-
tive slaves, is the most fatal."All Hail Little Franklin!—The Fires
of Freedom burning bright upon all
her Hills, and in all her Valleys.The fourth of July was a great day for
the friends of the Constitution and Union
in Franklin County. Getting relieved
from two or three other partial engagements
upon the day of our nation's jubilee, we
gladly accepted a polite note from the com-
mittee of arrangements and found ourselves
upon the bright morning of the Fourth in
the beautiful village of Farmington. And we
found ourselves surrounded by a great
multitude that had to be counted by thou-
sands, from all parts of the country, and
still they came pouring in like a flood from
the hills and the valleys, men and women,
with bands of music filling the air with
their soul stirring notes, with proud and
gorgeous banners floating in the breeze of
Heaven. Flags, upon which were inscribed
the names of "LINCOLN & HAMLIN,"
poored out from nearly every dwelling on
all Farmington Hill.After marching through the principal
streets, the multitude proceeded by a band
of music marched to a beautiful grove in
the wood belonging to Gen. Belcher where
nature herself had built a spacious Amphi-
theatre just suited to the occasion. The
multitude were then addressed in an able
and eloquent manner by J. G. Blaine Esq.,
of Augusta, until the exercises were inter-
rupted by a national salute at 12 o'clock.They then returned to the shady com-
mon in the village and partook of a substan-
tial dinner. Re-assembled in the grove,
they were addressed by the editor of the
Democrat, Hon. C. J. Gilman and Hon.
Israel Washburn Jr., the Republican nomi-
nee for Governor. The speech of Mr.
Washburn was one of his best efforts, and
that is saying a good deal, for he always
speaks well. Such a gathering was never
before seen in Farmington, and yet there
was no drumming up, or extra effort made
to bring the people out. Filled with a love
of freedom and impelled by the spirit of
patriotism which filled the bosoms of the
heroes of seventy-six, the men and women
of Franklin County came up to pay their vows
and unitedly offer the sacrifices upon free-
dom's glowing altar. It was a great and
glorious day, one that will long be remem-
bered by the patriotic hearts of Franklin
County.SARCA. We have long supposed this
celebrated drug, had come to be an exploded
humbug, but we are assured by those skilled
in the healing art, that not the Sarapilla
itself is to be blamed for this conclusion,
but the miserable worthless preparations
of it, that have been palmed off upon the
community—preparations which contain
about as much of its virtues as they do of
gold dust. It is a commercial fact that
almost all of the Sarapilla gathered in the
world, is consumed in the old countries of
Europe, where the science of medicine, has
reached its highest perfection, and where
they know the best way to employ for the
mastery of disease. Hence we are glad to
find that we are now to have a compound of
this excellent alternative, which can be
relied on, and our community will not need
be assured that anything Doctor AYER
makes is worthy of their confidence. He
has been for years engaged in eliminating
this remedy (see adv'g cols.) designing to make
it his "chef d'œuvre" which should add
the crowning glory to his already enviable
reputation. [American Celt. New York.]

Douglas men are losing their heads.

Post Office Deficiency Bill.

It may be interesting to our readers es-
pecially mail contractors to know the ex-
act fate of the above bill at the session of
Congress just closed. It will be remem-
bered that the Post Office Appropriation bill
of the last session of the 35th Congress failed
in consequence of the opposition of Sen-
ator Toombs and other democratic senators
the last day of the session.This left contractors without pay. A
Bill from the Committee of Ways and
Means was early reported at the last session
providing the money to pay Mail contrac-
tors, also providing that the mail service dis-
continued by the Post Master General should
be restored, and providing also that in all
cases where Mail contractors had car-
ried the mails on the reduced routes in good
faith they should be paid for such service;
the same as they would have been, had the
service not been reduced. The Senate non-
concurrent in these two last provisions; the
House insisted and the result was four com-
mittees of conference, without an agreement.
This matters stood, on the day of final ad-
justment. Mr. Phelps moved that the
House recede from the two proviso's. The
Post Master General had his agents around,
and in the House, laboring to bring about
a concurrence with the Senate. The strong-
est assurances were given from that Depart-
ment, that if the House would recede from
its position the Post Master General would
restore the mail service wherever the public in-
terest demanded it, as a sufficient amount
of money was appropriated for this purpose
and to pay contractors for carrying the
mails where the service had been suspended.
In all cases where it had been so carried,
enough Republicans were induced to vote
with the Democrats to make a majority in
favor of concurrency with the Senate, and
the bill passed without the proviso's. Now
if the P. M. General carries out his pledges
in good faith in restoring the suspended
mail service, very well, otherwise Congress
will take the matter in hand, and do it at
the next session. Again, as the money is
appropriated to pay contractors for services
actually performed on the suspended routes
the next session of Congress will undoubt-
edly pass a bill giving it this direction; so
that the intentions of a majority of the
House will be in the end substantially car-
ried out. Had the House refused to recede
and concur with the Senate, the bill would
have been lost, and contractors kept out of
their pay for six or eight months longer.
In order that there may be no misunder-
standing as to our real position upon this
bill, we desire to say that we invariably vo-
ted for a restoration of the mail service and
to pay contractors for all service actually
performed, but on the vote to recede, we vo-
ted aye, to give us the right to move a re-
consideration which motion we made and
contended for to the last, but it was voted
down. Those of us who labored for a re-
consideration, tried to get the Ayes and
Noes on the question but in this we failed,
and so the bill finally passed.

Republican Demonstration at Bridgton.

The Republicans of Bridgton raised, on
Friday last, a large and beautiful flag, bear-
ing the names of their candidates, and a
portrait of "Honest Old Abe." Speeches
were made by Gov. Merrill, Hon. M. H.
Dunnell, Mr. Miller of Portland, and Mr.
Knight of Bridgton. It was the most effec-
tive demonstration ever held in that vicinity.The Republicans of Bridgton have labor-
ed nobly to secure the ascendancy in that
town, and their motto is "still onward." They
turned out a noble delegation to our
Mass Meeting on Tuesday, who came in pro-
cession, headed by their band.The flag raised on Friday, is about fifty
feet in length, and is the finest in the State.
It cost about \$150.ACCIDENT. On Saturday, as Mr. S. P.
Maxim, was starting from home, with his
wife and two children in the wagon, his
horse took fright, ran away, and threw them
all out. Mr. Maxim and the oldest child,
a boy of three, escaped with bruises. The
mother was thrown upon the youngest,
a child of about one year, breaking its hip.
She also received severe bruises. Mr. M.
was driving at the time, a young and vi-
cious horse.THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR. The Rail
Chair used on Tuesday, was a present from
the Republicans of Franklin County, who
used it at their great meeting on the 4th.
It is made of cedar rails. The Republicans
here purpose to forward it to the next Coun-
ty Mass Meeting, and to keep it moving until
our candidates are elected.TREMENDOUS ENTHUSIASM! THE DOUGLAS
CAMPAIGN OPENED! We learn that the
great Douglas Ratification Meeting held at
Dixfield last week, was attended by about
two hundred persons. About one third of
this number were Republicans, drawn
thither, from curiosity! Flaming bills
were scattered throughout the County har-
boring a spread eagle with large inscriptions,
and produced the above extraordinary re-
sult.A LITTLE ENTHUSIASM. On Tuesday last
the day on which all the Republicans at-
tended the meeting on the hill, a handful of
Douglas men at So. Paris, raised a Douglas
& Johnson flag. They had considerable
trouble about the matter, probably from
the limited number of hands to man the
rope. Rumor says that the Postmaster,
who declares for Breckinridge, prepared the
flag for them.The Breckinridge men in New Hampshire
propose effecting the organization of a
Breckinridge party in that State.Nearly one hundred Democratic papers
at the North have placed at the head of
their columns the names of Breckinridge
and Lane.Mr. Fitzpatrick supports Mr. Breckin-
ridge. This shows how strong is the pres-
sure at the South against Mr. Douglas.Mr. Redpath states that there is no truth
in the statement that the widow of John
Brown has received \$30,000 from Hayti.
She has not received a dollar from that
country.Great Mass Ratification Meet-
ing at Paris Hill!

THE "OXFORD BEARS" IN COUNCIL!

Hannibal Hamlin at the Place Of
his Nativity.GREAT ENTHUSIASM FOR LIN-
COLN AND HAMLIN!

The Rail Chair and the Wooden Gavel!

GOOD PEOPLE PRESENT!!

Mustering of the Portland Wide
Awakes!Paris Hill never saw a larger or more en-
thusiastic crowd assembled, on its summit,
than was seen on the 10th inst.—Tuesday
last. Early in the morning, might have
been seen in all parts of the country, the
sturdy Republicans with their wives and
children in their carriages, wending their
way to the spot of Hamlin's nativity. From
the North, they came from Andover, the
denizens of Ellis River, from Rumford, Ma-
son, Gilead, Bethel, Hanover, Woodstock,
Peru, Mexico, Dixfield, Greenwood and Al-
bany and from the valley of the Androscog-
gin. From the South, they came from Ox-
ford, Hebron and Norway. The east sup-
plied its noble delegation from Sumner,
Canton and Buckfield. From the West,
they mustered in large numbers, from Hiram,
Brewfield, Denmark, Lovell, Sweden,
Fryburg, Stoneham, Watford and Nor-
way. Besides these delegations from all
these places in Oxford County, we saw men
from Androscoggin and York Counties.
From Old Cumberland there came a noble
band—the Wide Awake club, some three
hundred in number,—in their uniform, fully
equipped, and commanded by that noble
Republican, Granville Chase.At nine o'clock, the Wide Awakes ar-
rived in a special train, from Portland, and
formed behind some one hundred and fifty
wagons loaded, from the West, and from
Norway, when they all formed an escort for
the Hon. Anson Burlingame, under direc-
tion of the chief-marshal, Dr. W. A. Rust.
They then commenced their march for Pa-
ris Hill. It was a sight to do the heart good
to see those noble Republicans,—banners
flying, supported by aged and venerable
Freemen, wending their way to the hallow-
ed spot that gave birth to the next Vice
President of these United States. It seem-
ed as if the cause of Liberty was about to
institute a new era, and that her votaries
were about to ascend the hills and moun-
tains of the Switzerland of America, to lift
their voices, where answering valleys and
hill-tops might echo and re-echo the elo-
quent strains of Freedom until they should
reach the remotest bounds of this wide
spread republic.Between 10 and 11 o'clock the masses of
men had assembled at the place prepared
for their reception, in front of the old home-
stead and birth-place of the Hon. Hannibal
Hamlin.Here a Speaker's stand had been erected,
and seats prepared for three thousand per-
sons, in the shade of the giant elms planted
by his own hands. Two tents were erected
near by, for the accommodation of the
Wide Awakes. Four bands—the Portland
No. 1, Bridgton, Rumford, and So. Paris,
were on the ground to add to the interest,
by the inspiring strains of their music.
The meeting was called to order by Hon.
R. K. Goodenow, on whose motion, Hon.
J. J. Perry was chosen President; Hon. Y.
Hawkins, Esq., John L. Eastman, Esq.,
Thomas Mabry, Esq., Peter C. Virgin, Esq.,
Thomas Chase, Esq., were chosen Vice Presi-
dents. Cheer upon cheer went up, as the
names of the Speakers present were announ-
ced. When the name of Washburn was
heard, as a Son of old Oxford, and when
the names of the Hamlins were called as
natives of the ground on which they stood,
shout upon shout, and cheer upon cheer,
were heard from the masses then assembled.
Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the
scene. It seemed as if the dearest spot on
earth, was the home, "the sweet home,"
of the Tells, the Jeffersons, the Patrick
Henrys, the Washingtons, the Adamses,
the Hamlins who were the advocates of
Freedom.Mr. Washburn was introduced to the au-
dience as one of the Oxford Bears—a native
of Livermore—as an honest, able and up-
right man,—a sincere statesman, and next
Governor of Maine. He was received with
rounds of applause. He congratulated the
audience on the auspiciousness of the day,
and the vastness of the numbers present;
and then confined himself to the business of
answering the great question, "What have
we to do with Slavery?" Like a true state-
man, he argued that we had much to do
with Slavery; and that Slavery had much
to do with us. He said it was Slavery that
was trying to repeal our Fishing Bounties;
that it was exhausting the soils where it
existed; that it was increasing our taxation,
by paying the costs of judges, Courts and
prosecutions, under the Fugitive Slave Law;
that the institution itself was morally
wrong, and could never prosper; that the
Dred Scott decision established Slavery on
every foot of territory in the United States,
and that if that decision was submitted to
by the people, this country was ruled by
nine men,—a majority of whom were slave-
holders,—which for all practical purposes
was a government no better than that by
one man. Thus he continued for an hour
and a half. No description of his remarks
can do them justice; and no attempt will
be made here to give even their substance.In a word, the argument was one from a
vigorous, live intellect, and from a mind
imbued with the spirit of country and lib-
erty. It was one that told upon the masses
present, and was listened to with profound
attention by the vast multitude.At the close of Mr. Washburn's address,
a song was sung, by the Portland Glee Club.
An adjournment then took place for dinner.On re-assembling, the first Speaker called
was the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin. As he
came forward, he was greeted with tremen-
dous applause. As in the case of the Speak-er who preceded him, we will not try to
give the substance.He said every rood of land around him,
far or near, was familiar to him; that the
trees now so high before him, affording so
beautiful a shade, were planted by his own
hand; and that the house in which he drew
his natal air, was by his side. He said this
spot, the home of his childhood and early
years, was hallowed with memories which
were mingled with pleasure and regret,—
with pleasure, as he remembered early as-
sociations; but with regret, when he re-
turned to find it occupied, not by kindred,
but by strangers. He went on to speak of
Liberty, which dwelt among the hills and
valleys of all countries; and the true hearts
which were nurtured in such regions. It
was here and at this point, that a man in
the crowd, an aged as well as a modern so-
called democrat, known by Mr. Hamlin
now, as well as in former years, interrupted
him by saying, "If you were true, why did
you shift?" This remark waked up both
the bear and the lion, in Mr. Hamlin. He
declared he had received his democracy at
the foot of the Sage of Monticello, where he
had learned that personal rights should be
protected before property; and where he
was taught that the Almighty had no attrib-
ute, that could take sides with the slave-
holder, anywhere; and who taught, what
every man, who had the soul of a man in
him knows to be true, that forcing one man
to be the slave of another, was wrong,—
wrong in principle,—wrong in the United
States,—wrong everywhere. He said he had
always been true to these principles, and he
challenged any man to show to the contrary.
He was again interrupted by an un-
intelligible remark from the same source; and
never will one of the audience forget the
glance of the Speaker, when he said, "I
know you,"—followed by the remark,
among others, "I think I know the differ-
ence between principle and party names;
and from a sense of duty and right, I go for
principle. I cannot abandon principle, if
I would; and I would not if I could." Every
man has the principle of liberty if it
were not crowded out by prejudice. That
man, (meaning the one who had interrupted
him,) cannot go home to-night and lay
his head upon his pillow, and reflect care-
fully upon the right and wrong of the great
questions of Liberty and Slavery, without
feeling here, (pointing to his breast,) that
there is a monitor within, telling him that
principle is before prejudice, and that he
should follow right and principle, in spite
of prejudice or party. Mr. Hamlin gave
a most excellent speech. He was listened
to with profound attention, and with the
single exception named, he was only inter-
rupted by the hearty and enthusiastic cheers
of the audience.When he was seated, his brother, the
Hon. Elijah Hamlin was introduced. It is
utterly impossible to give an idea of his re-
marks. He is one of the most genial men
in Maine, and possesses the happy faculty
of provoking the mirthfulness of his audi-
ence. He was never happier in this respect,
than on this occasion. He said he was ten
years older than his brother, and thought it
very strange the Chicago Convention should
have nominated his brother for Vice Presi-
dent, rather than himself. He said he be-
gan to feel slighted, and thought his gray
hairs ought to be respected. He said he had
always fought for Liberty; and never thought
of "change;" and his brother, ten years
younger than himself, had carried off the hon-
ors. Mr. H. continued in this humorous
strain for some time, receiving frequent and
heartily cheers from the audience. He was
at one time interrupted by his brother Han-
nibal, who stepped forward, and said, in a
voice that could be heard by many, that if
he was elected Vice President, he would pay
his brother by appointing him Messenger
of the Senate!

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SOLUTION OF FODDER OF IRON COMBINED.

This well known Remedy has been used extensively and with great success for

DYSPEPSIA,

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OF THE BLOOD;

AND FOR THE TREATMENT OF

ALL FORMS OF DISEASE,

AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE

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The Great Healer of Mankind!

TAKE THEM AND LIVE!

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stems and exotics, their effect on the human

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Acting directly on the blood, glands, solids and fluids

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two doses always cure. In old standing cases, or

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cleanse the system, that good health is the result.

No change in employment or diet is necessary.

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Herick's Great Strengthening Plasters.

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Scrofula, or King's Evil,

Is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the

blood, by which the system is vitiated, and

poor. Being in the circulation it pervades

the whole body, and may burst in disease on

any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks,

nor is there one which it may not destroy. The

scrofula is in its nature a disease of the blood,

and living, disordered and unhealthy food,

improper air, and filthy habits, the depressing

and above all by the venereal infection. What-

ever be its origin, it is an hereditary disease,

transmitted from parents to children, and in-

duced into the third and fourth generation. It

seems to be the end of him who says, "I will

visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their

children."

It effects commerce by depopulation from the

land of corrupt and venereal matters, which, in the

lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tuber-

culation, and in the glands, swellings, and on the an-

terior part of the body, the scrofula is termed the

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