

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD

IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND

FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

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Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

Chester County Hogs.

Mr. Aug. Shriver, a respectable planter of Maryland, thus speaks in the American Farmer of this excellent breed of hogs:

You say "you would like to know from farmers who have had this stock for several years, how they compare with other breeds?"

In answer thereto, I propose giving the result of my own experience with them. I have had the Chester County breed for about nine years, and have had many opportunities of comparing them with the ordinary stock, and also the old Berkshires, and have found them in all cases, under the same treatment, to maintain their superiority in an eminent degree. I am no fancy farmer, and do not keep any stock for ornament but bring it down to the practical point of dollars and cents. It is therefore enough for me to say that I consider the Chester County breed as the most profitable under all circumstances, both as a pen hog and as a grazer, of all the different breeds that I have ever owned.

They possess in an eminent degree the very desirable qualities of early maturity and fattening at an early age, which latter quality with me is the most important, as I am thereby enabled to put my spring pigs into the market at ten months old, weighing at that age from two to two hundred and fifty pounds. This weight is produced, of course, by good feeding and proper attention. My fall litters, which I keep over winter, are turned out early in the spring on clover, and seldom receive any other food than the run of the wheat stubble until they are put up for fattening, when I usually have them to weigh from three to four hundred pounds at about fourteen or fifteen months old. A trend of nine has now a lot of six, which he is keeping in high condition, which he expects to make average five hundred pounds at eighteen months old and I have no doubt they will do it.

I wish it understood that in giving my views of the above hogs, I am disinterested, having none for sale, nor have I ever offered them for sale, though the effect of my success with them has led to their general introduction, and they are gradually superseding all other breeds in my neighborhood, where the farmers are noted for their practicality and aversion to all humbugs.

From The Maine Farmer.

Fattening Animals—Stalls and Sheds.

In Scotland, where everything in farming is reduced to system, several experiments have been made in order to ascertain the relative value of the two modes of fattening cattle, above named. The animals were in one instance selected and divided as near as possible in regard to weight, &c.; five of them were placed in an enclosure well sheltered, and allowed a sufficient amount of room, and the other five were placed in boxes or stalls. At the commencement of October, it was ascertained that those in the sheltered enclosure eat, daily, one hundred and thirty-four pounds, while those in the boxes or stalls consumed but one hundred and thirty-four pounds, while those in the boxes or stalls consumed but one hundred and twelve pounds, thus demonstrating the doctrine of Professor Liebig that warmth is an equivalent for food.

Towards the end of April—the experiment having occupied seven months—the animals were all slaughtered, and the following results were noted down:

Cattle fed in boxes, beef, 3,462 lbs. tallow, 376 lbs.
Cattle fed in yards, beef, 3,210 lbs. tallow, 301 lbs.

The present is an appropriate time for the farmer to give attention to this matter, and we hope experiments similar to the above will be made, and the results made public.

TOMATOES. This is one of the most healthful as well as the most universally liked of all vegetables; its healthful qualities do not depend on its mode of preparation for the table; it may be eaten thrice a day, cold or hot, cooked or raw, alone or with salt, pepper or vinegar, or all together, to a like advantage and to the utmost that can be taken with an appetite. Its healthful quality arises from its slight acidity, in this, making it as valuable perhaps as berries, cherries, currants, and similar articles; it is also highly nutritious, but its chief virtue consists in its tendency to keep the bowels free, owing to the seeds which it contains, they acting as mechanical irritants to the inner coating of the bowels, causing them to throw out a larger amount of fluid matter than would otherwise have been done, to the effect of keeping the mucous surfaces lubricated and securing a greater solubility of the intestinal contents, precisely on the principle that figs and white mustard seeds are so frequently efficient in removing constipation in certain forms of disease. The tomato season ends with the frost. If the vines are pulled up before frost comes, and are hung up in a well-ventilated cellar with the tomatoes covered on them, the "Love-Apple" will continue ripening until Christmas. The cellar should not be too dry nor too warm. The knowledge of this may be improved to great practical advantage for the benefit of many who are invalids and who are fond of the tomato.

[Hall's Journal of Health.

State Fair, at Portland, next week.

Preserving Fruit.

Eds. Rural New Yorker: Herewith I send you my experience in sealing up fruit, not only strawberries, but peaches, cherries, raspberries, pine-apples, &c. For four seasons I have sealed up fruit with perfect success, without losing a single jar and the flavor of each has been preserved as perfectly as possible after going through the process of heating.

I use self sealing glass jars, and my method is this: I put fruit into my porcelain preserving kettle, enough to fill two quart jars; sprinkle over it about one-quarter of a pound of sugar; place it over a slow fire and let it very gradually heat through. (The secret is in having the fruit thoroughly heated, though not cooked.) While the fruit is heating, I keep the jars filled with hot water till the fruit is ready, which, of course, prevents them from cracking. Fill up to the brim, with hot fruit and seal tight. As it cools, a sufficient vacuum is formed in the jar to prevent bursting. In this way fruit of every kind will retain its flavor. My strawberries taste precisely like those picked from the vines, sprinkled with sugar, and set away long enough to let the sugar melt. There is no mistake in preserving fresh fruit in this way. Sometimes a thick, leathery mould forms on the top,—if so, all the better.

Mrs. J. P. W.

TOMATO CATERPILLAR. As the time is at hand for enjoying this favorite sauce, the following is a very good receipt for preparing it for future table use: To a half bushel of skinned tomatoes add one quart of good vinegar, one pound of salt, a quarter of a pound of black pepper, two ounces of African cayenne, a quarter of a pound of allspice, six good onions, one ounce of cloves, and two pounds of brown sugar. Boil this mass for three hours, constantly stirring it to keep it from burning. When cool, strain it through a fine sieve, or coarse cloth, and bottle for use. Many persons omit the vinegar in this preparation.

THE HARVEST.

The Chicago Press of the 27th inst. states that:

"From all parts of this State, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, we continue to receive most favorable accounts of the crops—especially corn, wheat, oats and barley. In the central part of Illinois the corn is high enough to cover the horses while plowing, and the spring wheat in many places is already headed out. Winter wheat is being harvested, and from the accounts received, there is no doubt whatever about the yield being light, although the quality is good. The farmers having their crops all secured in the ground, have made free deliveries of grain, especially corn, the receipts of which at this point during the week, amount to 704,000 bushels—the heaviest of the season."

TO KEEP POTATOES IN THE CELLAR. A correspondent of the New England Farmer says: "Put them in a pile as deep as you can conveniently. He has for three or four years noticed that where they were deepest they kept the best. Last autumn he put out 125 bushels in one bin, and filled them 2 and 1-2 or three feet deep. They have decayed but little, and he found more rotten ones near the top than anywhere else."

SAVING SEEDS. Farmers and gardeners should be very careful to save the best seed of their crops for planting, and see that their seed grains are free of the seeds of all noxious vegetation. They should not fail to select their seed corn when it is gathered, choosing only such ears as are best filled out at the tips.

A GREAT OLD TEAM. One of the chief attractions at the Springfield Horse Show, last week, was a four horse team, which aggregate 107 years! "This team," says a correspondent, "trotted their mile inside of four minutes, Thursday; trotted last year in 3:15, and can repeat it to-day. One of the leaders, whose age is 35 years, was at one time turned out by his owner to die. This statement I have from the owner, Mr. L. B. Brown. He says this same horse can go his hundred miles with greater ease and speed than the majority of roadsters."

[Rural New Yorker.

WINTERING DAHLIAS. Take up the tubers soon after the frost has killed the tops; do not separate them, but pack them away in a dry cellar in dry loam, out of reach of the frost, till wanted for propagation in the spring.

FRUIT. Everything in contact with fruit should be clean and sweet, and the vessel in which it is placed should be dry and tight. Old flour barrels should not be used, unless well washed and dried, as the particles of flour left in the barrel will mould and impart to the fruit an unpleasant odor and flavor. Old lime barrels, it is said are excellent for this purpose—the lime absorbing the vapor and gases. If this is so, a little fresh slaked lime scattered on the bottom, sides, and top of the barrel, would be beneficial.

It is the belief of Mr. Fuller, the Brooklyn Horticulturalist, that the Isabella and Catawba grapes are "running out"—and that new varieties must be sought. He speaks highly of the "Hartford Prolifer," as an excellent and early fruit.

The Maine Pomological Society, and the Portland Horticultural Society have been invited by the Trustees of the Maine State Agricultural Society, to unite with them in their annual Exhibition on the 25th.

A Canine Boarding House.

The establishment of which we are about to speak is not in New York, but New Jersey, being situated four miles from Jersey City, on the old turnpike road toward Newark. The place is called the Halfway House, and the land-lord thereof is named Oscar Sanford. And Oscar takes the dogs to board, and Oscar, moreover, makes a good thing of it, sometimes as many as thirty regular canine boarders assembling round his quadruple canine table. It is by no means a new fangled notion, for Oscar has himself been in the business for more than 20 years. He is a short small man, clad in sturdy fashion; has a keen observing eye, and sports a huge mustache. His manner is pleasant, and he impresses the observer as being a man of kindly heart, and the natural inference is that his hairy boarders are well taken care of.

The style of dogs at Mr. Sanford's establishment is elevated—no curs of low degree being tolerated. All his dogs are hunting dogs, highly prized by their owners, and some of them held at prices so high as to astound people who have imbibed the notion that dogs are not property. Several of them are worth \$50 each, and none fall below \$15. Mr. Sanford once sold a setter for \$75, and no sooner was the bargain consummated than an enthusiastic sportsman offered the buyer \$200 for his purchase, which offer was refused. One animal of unusual sagacity and wisdom was held by his owner at \$400, but at this moderate figure buyers were not plenty. Mr. Sanford gives his personal attention to the canine kitchen, and the food for his four-legged guests is dished up in the highest style of the art by his own experienced hands. The routine is as follows:

As soon as they wake from their peaceful slumbers, which they generally do at an early hour, say 5 A. M., they are turned loose in a small park of three quarters of an acre, when they are permitted to run and romp for half an hour, being incited to active exercise by the exertions of a small boy, who also has his instructions to allow no unfriendly fighting among his little flock. They are then brought in to partake of a plentiful breakfast consisting of mush and milk, of which they have all they choose to eat. In fact, this homely but wholesome dish is the staple of their food.

In summer they have no meat whatever as it has been found to make them feverish and cause the loss of their keenness of scent but in the colder season, they are carnivorous indulged, and have meat once a day, at night. In summer they breakfast at 6:15, in winter at 8. They are allowed all the water they want. After breakfast they are permitted to romp about till noon at close quarters—at noon they are fed again, after which they have an hour's run over the fields, always under the supervision of the attendant. At sundown they are fed again, after which they retire to their various beds and forget the world until morning.

The terms are 50 cents a week for board, washing, lodging, and attendance, and of course the high price secures only the attendance of those animals who hold an aristocratic rank in the world, common curs not being able to stand the pecuniary pressure. The elect and chosen ones of the canine society of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, are here, together with New Orleans. Political differences are comparatively unknown. North and South dwell amicably together—the most perfect freedom of bark is tolerated, and as yet there has been no instance of the untimely slaughter of a northern dog for the utterance of a Lincoln and Hamlin yelp, nor has any Southern animal come to sudden grief by reason of a Breckinridge howl.

In addition to his other cares, Mr. Sanford undertakes the physician's duty, and is responsible for the health of his interesting family. He has never had a dog go mad in all his 20 years experience, and he will undertake to cure any dog of the mange, and guarantee a perfect restoration of his hair.

With a concluding remark, we leave the subject. The final touch of the perfect work which Mr. Sanford makes of the education of his beloved pupils is to make them recognize the one only rule of honor that obtains among canine aristocrats. Thus it runs: When two dogs range a field, and one makes a point, the other should instantly stop in his tracks and back his ally, that is, point in the same direction. Should the second dog range ahead and flush the birds his coadjutor had first pointed, he would cover himself with merited disgrace and remain a dishonored dog forever. To thoroughly impress upon the minds of his pupils, this fact, and so save them from humiliating perditions, by so outrageous a breach of canine courtesy, is the crowning care of Prof. Sanford of the Dog Academy, Halfway House, Jersey. [Tribune.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY. By a careful examination of the geography of the world, it has been ascertained that the great artesian bore at Columbus, Ohio, will, on passing through the opposite side of the globe, come out exactly fifteen miles from the great China wall, and about 350 miles from Peking. This is a discovery of importance and must vastly encourage the people of our capital city. If they do not succeed in obtaining water, they intend, we are told, to pass a telegraph through, so as to bring Columbus into direct communication with the Celestial empire. [Columbus paper.

The State of Ohio has purchased nearly two thousand copies of Flint's treatise on the Grasses, for the public schools and libraries in that State.

MISCELLANY.

LOVE AND POLITICS.

"Anything but a female politician!" said Judge Compton, and his masculine lips curled with most dignified contempt, as he threw himself lazily back on the lounge, and unfolded a fresh newspaper.

"And pray, why?" asked Mrs. Smith, looking up from her embroidery, with a look of mischievous inquiry in her merry black eyes.

"I believe, my gallant cousin, that Eva partook of the fruit of the tree of knowledge even before her liege lord and master, and what is to hinder her daughters from studying politics, or ought they may choose?"

"Oh, if you are to commence an argument, Jenny, I yield in advance, for you will be sure to have the last word. You know when the angels threw down twelve baskets full of gold, in the days when the world was young, tradition says that the women took immediate possession of eleven of them."

"Ah, yes, and did you know that whenever a man is outwitted in an argument by some sensible woman, (you needn't laugh, such things have happened,) there is sure to come out that vile slander about our talking? No evasions, sir. Persist!"

"Well, then, if you will permit in taking the matter seriously, there are several reasons why a woman should not be a politician. A woman's sphere is home, and it is hers to make that home a Paradise, if she will, while it is incompatible with her delicacy which is her greatest charm, to mingle with the noisy crowd that fill the dusty political arena. How disgusting!"

"The very ground I expected you to take. Let women say anything about politics, and immediately you men imagine we are possessed with an insane idea of rushing to the ballot box forthwith. No true woman desires that, and you know it, or ought to, but she may keep herself informed concerning the state of affairs, or even appreciate a great political speech, without that."

"What good will it do her when she has done all that?"

"What good? If her mind will not be as much improved by such a course of reading as by silly romances and sentimental poetry, I am mistaken. But how much of such knowledge would your highness allow us?"

"Oh, I have no objection to your knowing who is President, or Governor of your State, if you wish it."

"Thank you! How generous!"

"Seriously, Jenny, you know as well as I that woman's sphere is not a political one, and she had best let such things alone."

"Yes, sir, I think you make a similar remark not long since. Woman's sphere? That means she is to stay at home and administer to the wants of some meek creature of masculine indolence, and self-complacency, like yourself, for instance!" and Jenny hastened from the room in answer to a call from the nursery, while the Judge turned for consolation to his cigar.

Why Judge Compton was an old bachelor, was a question often asked without a satisfactory answer being received, but he was in a confirmed state of single blessedness, was beyond a doubt. Nevertheless, forty summers had rested lightly on his head, for not a thread of silver gleamed in his brown hair, and his keen eyes had a ray of mischief lurking in them, that betokened an unfailing fount of good nature in his capacious heart.

A gallant man was the Judge, yet withal somewhat fastidious in his notions of female propriety, and dressing a strong minded woman as if she were the Arch Enemy in disguise. At present, he was rusticated for a few weeks at the pleasant country home of his relatives, where he was gladly welcomed, as indeed he was everywhere.

The quiet of Maple Glen was broken shortly after the above conversation, by the advent of Miss Maude Latimer, a ward of Mr. Smith and who had just finished at a fashionable boarding school. Though Cousin Jenny had much to say to our gallant hero concerning her darling Maude, yet he paid very little attention to it, not having, in fact, much opinion of the intellectual abilities of boarding school misses, as he was pleased to term them. Still, as his cousin's guest, he was prepared to receive her with deference, though it must be confessed his anticipations were not of the most pleasing nature. It was late one evening when Maude arrived, and he only caught a glimpse of a slight figure in a sober, gray travelling dress, which figure was rapturously seized and embraced by Jenny.

The next morning at the breakfast table they were ceremoniously introduced, and even the Judge's critical eye was at fault as he scanned the little, slender form before him, the clear, dark, grey eyes, and the brown hair lying smoothly above the high, white brow. No sickly sentimentalism was there, but an earnest, true soul had stamped its impress on every feature. It would be needless to state all the incidents that marked the progress of the friendship that sprang up between the Judge and Maude, and she looked down quickly, while a faint flush crept over her white brow.

Then there were long rides, taken thro' the winding woodland roads and along the rocky banks of the picturesque river that wound around Maple Glen, and sails on the crystal lake embosomed in green hills that fed its clear waters. There were gorgeous sunsets to be admired together, when the dying day drew around him all his royal drapery of crimson, purple and gold, and died in a blaze of glory—calm solemn moonlight evenings, whose perfect beauty filled the heart too deep for words, and sometimes, yes, often, there were times when they watched the sun lift its head above the eastern hills, and saw the earth glorified with a fresh baptism of loveliness.

Yes the Judge and Maude got along amazingly well together, and cousin Jenny smiled to herself as she saw it, but like a prudent woman as she was, she kept her own counsel and said nothing.

One morning he entered the library in search of some book he wished to consult, and discovered Maude engaged in the perusal of something very interesting evidently, for his entrance failed to attract her attention. He watched her for a moment and then said:

"May I ask what has the honor of absorbing your thoughts so completely this morning, Miss Maude?"

"The started slightly, and laughed, as she answered—

"Oh, Seward's last speech! It's grand, isn't it?"

Imagine his feelings, especially when it is taken into consideration that the Judge was a Democrat of the most ardent stamp and consequently entertained about the same affection for Seward and his speeches that rabid dogs might be supposed to have for a stream of water. He made a very face in spite of himself, and Maude, looking up, caught him in the act.

"Why, Judge," said she smiling, "you are not a Democrat I hope!"

"I am happy to say I am," replied he rather stiffly.

"I am sorry for you, my friend, I must say," said Maude, while her eyes danced with mirth to see how shocked the Judge looked.

"And are you—"

"A Republican of the blackest dye to be sure."

"Well, every one to their taste," and Maude was alone again.

What Judge Compton's meditations were it would be difficult to say, but that night he dreamed that Maude was President of the United States, and in the act of giving her hand to Seward, who was a big negro with intensified woolly hair and thick lips, and Henry Ward Beecher was performing the marriage ceremony. He was rather shy of Maude for a day or two but gradually affairs returned to their old channel.

One quiet afternoon Jenny and Maude were alone together, the gentlemen being absent on some business or other. They were seated on the piazza with their sewing conversing on various feminine topics, or passing to admire the quiet beauty of the blue sky gleaming through the heavy foliage of the trees, or of the golden bars of sunlight that lay upon the thick green grass.

At length Maude made some remark that had a tinge of her political opinions in it and Jenny laughed lightly said:

"Now, Maude, what's the use of talking in that style? You'll marry a Democrat some day, and then what will become of your politics?"

"But I shan't, though," said Maude earnestly, "I would marry Saint Paul himself, if I knew he were a Democrat!"

"Why Maude," said Jenny, her black eyes enlarging themselves considerably, "you really look in earnest. What are your reasons, may I ask?"

"Because I should fear a man whose principles would allow him to support such a system of fraud, oppression and wrong, would make a poor husband."

"Nevertheless, I'll wager my pet cameo pin against your new riding hat, that you will not only receive an offer from a Democrat, within two weeks, but will accept him!"

"I accept the wager and refuse the man in advance," said Maude, bending over her work that her companion might not see the blushes that mantled her cheek and brow; so you may consider your cameo as good as mine."

"We shall see," answered Jenny gaily, as she turned to welcome her husband who entered just then.

Judge Compton was to leave Maple Glen in a few days, and the final catastrophe came at last. It happened in this way. The purple gloom of the dying twilight had just melted away in silver beams of the rising moon that threw dancing shadows of tree and flower, on the velvet lawn, when Maude and the Judge returned from a ride and sat down on the vine-wreathed piazza. Maude's eyes had a sober, dreamy look in their deep depths, and perhaps the mystic beauty of the night had cast a spell over them, for both were silent. At length she looked up but for an instant, for the Judge was gazing upon her face with an intense gaze, as if he would read her very soul, and she looked down quickly, while a faint flush crept over her white brow.

"Maude, I love you; will you be my wife?"

"Only this: I made a solemn promise long since, never to marry a person of your peculiar political faith."

"Maude, this is no time for trifling. It may be nothing to you, but it is more than life or death to me. I am serious in this matter."

"So am I."

"And this is all for which you reject me?"

"All."

"I have been mistaken in you, Maude! I imagined you had a heart."

Another moment and she was alone. The moon peeped in between the waving sprays of the vine just then, saw something very much like a tear in Maude's eye, as with troubled face she entered the house, and made her way to her cousin's quiet room, according to her usual habit.

"Jennie, I've done it!"

"Done what?"

"Refused the Judge."

"How and where? Tell me all about it."

And as Maude, in a word, told what had passed, Jennie's gay laugh rang out as she exclaimed, "Good! I wish I could have seen his Highness' face when he found that one woman had read politics to some purpose. What a tear in your eye, Puss? Don't feel bad, we shall see what we shall see, and if the Judge is not contented, why— you will have vindicated your principles, at least. I don't think Maude was much comforted."

Like most others of his party, Judge Compton's knowledge of Republicanism was confined to the application of a few choice epithets to it, and the general idea that its followers were the embodiment of fanaticism and violence while of its real character and workings, he was woefully ignorant. He left Maple Glen the following day, and Maude saw him no more. It may have been an accident; but some weeks after he was actually surprised reading a Republican paper. What the result was, can only be surmised from a short correspondence that took place between our hero and heroines, some months later. It ran thus:

DEAR MAUDE: One of the best Republicans you ever knew, wishes to see you. May he come? COMPTON.

DEAR JUDGE: Come. MAUDE.

There was a merry wedding at Maple Glen before Autumn had donned her robes of scarlet and gold, and the fair face that the misty folds of the bridal veil enveloped, was none other than that of Maude.

Judge Compton stamps his state for Lincoln and Hamlin this fall, and rumors say that Maude will be a Senator's lady before many years are past. Reader, if you are a Democrat, go and do likewise.

From the Lewiston Journal.

A Visit to the "Shakers."

Ascending a steep hill on the road leading from West Poland, we suddenly came in sight of a cluster of plain yellow buildings standing on a high elevation, which we at once recognized as the residence of the Upper family of Poland and New Gloucester Shakers. The day was an unusually fine one, even for July. The light breeze which had softened down the intensity of the sun's rays all day, became stronger and more refreshing as we approached the extreme height of land where Shaker industry and neatness had displayed their fruits. Drawing up in front of a one story building labeled "Office," we proceeded to the open door, where we inquired of a middle-aged woman in an immaculate cap and innocent of hoops, who appeared to be scouring the already faultlessly clean floor, if Mr. Wentworth (the layman in the family) was in the office. "No," was the explicit and unadorned reply. "Is he about the premises?" we inquired. "Isiah is in the field," was her solemn response, without having once raised her head or turned her face towards us. Proceeding at once to a load of hay was unloading, we met Mr. Isiah Wentworth, one of the Trustees of the family, who heartily welcomed us in his sincere and off-hand manner, and very kindly responded to our inquiries, and showed us what was to be seen.

There are two families of Shakers now located in this State—one at this point in the town of Poland, known as the "Upper Family," and the other about half a mile below here in New Gloucester, known as the "Lower Family." The affairs of the two families are conducted entirely apart, but their lands (about 2700 acres) are owned in common, with a division line recognized by themselves. The Lower Family settled here about 1784, and the Upper Family removed from Gorham to this point about 1820. The Upper Family numbers about 36 persons, 16 males and 20 females and children; the Lower Family 60 or 70 persons, about half of whom are males. The latter own a fine grist mill, which was constructed six or seven years since, and is doing a very flourishing business in grinding grain for a circuit of fifteen miles, and what they purchase at the West. This enterprise is something we should not have expected from the Shakers, but they have gone into it with a spirit and a tact which shows them to be business men of no ordinary stamp. They make most excellent flour. Their water power is harnessed by flowing a bog of some two hundred acres. This water is let off into a lower and much smaller bog as occasion requires, and thence upon a water wheel thirty feet in diameter, which moves with a regularity and a power that characterizes the movements of the spheres. This mighty wheel carries several pairs of millstones, a carding machine, circular saws and other machinery. This

building is very spacious and under its roof witnessed a busy scene. One would hardly suppose that the little brook that trickles away from under the mill and down into that beautiful sheet of water—Sabbath day Pond, could have done so good service, but so it is. This water power is indeed a valuable one, and nobody but the Shakers would have made so good use of it. So little water does this great wheel require that there is always power enough to move it even in the driest season.

The Lower Family also devote much attention to raising and putting up garden seeds and herbs which are sold all over the State, besides cultivating whatever else is needed for their own purposes.

The Upper Family raise broom corn and manufacture brooms, which are noted for their excellence. They also manufacture wooden-ware, and raise some garden seeds. We noticed about an eighth of an acre of carrots in flower, which we were informed would produce about \$350 worth of seed. Everything about this garden is managed so orderly and kept so neat that it does one good to examine it. Mr. Wentworth, however, prides himself on his neat stock, and devotes his attention to improving their quality. His stock is of the Devon breed, the most beautifully formed and colored creatures that we ever saw, who have always taken the first premiums at all the County and State Fairs where they have been exhibited. The family now have about 30 head of Devon stock, 17 of which are cows. Mr. Wentworth informed us that he made his first purchase of Devon stock in 1856, paying \$2480 for 31 head. Since that time he has devoted much attention to improving his stock by keeping only the very best calves. He was recently offered, and refused \$500 for a cow and bull that the family own.

Both of these families (and is the case with the Shakers everywhere) skillfully cultivate the soil and consequently obtain large returns for their labor. They afford the farmer evidence of the important fact that one acre well-tilled yields larger profits than five acres half cultivated. The great drawback in farming in this State is the tendency to cultivate the soil in the cheapest way. No business affords so good returns for generous expenditure of time and money as farming. Let us learn wisdom from the Shakers.

The buildings belonging to the Shaker families are generally painted yellow, and kept scrupulously clean. The central building is used as a house of worship. It is constructed of granite, is several stories high, and presents a really fine appearance. Some of the buildings are used for workshops, some for store-houses, and others for domestic purposes. The female and male occupy separate buildings, but all take their meals at one table. They do not eat pork or drink coffee or tea, or make use of any of the luxuries which they cannot raise themselves. Carpets they have none. They are very strict in all their regulations, enforcing temperance in all things, and sternly setting their faces against all innovation. Among the regulations posted up in the office, we noticed one providing that married people visiting the family should occupy separate apartments; another enjoining visitors not to leave any food upon their plates to be wasted; and still another informing the public that they considered no vice less objectionable because it was fashionable.

What the Republicans will do when they get the Power to do it.

Senator Chase, of Ohio, is conceded to be one of the most uncompromising of Republicans. What he expects this Republican party to do when the federal government is transferred to its care may be considered as the highest expression of its revolutionary purposes. What that highest expression may be gathered from the following passage, taken from a speech recently delivered by him to the Republicans of Ohio:

"And when we succeed, what then? Shall we return evil for the injuries and calamity to which the Republicans have been so continually subjected? No, gentlemen, no! We will try to prove that the success of the whole people; that the triumph of our cause is compatible with the best interests of the whole country; our triumph will prove as just to every portion of it, and generous to every person who bears the name of an American citizen. Shall we invade, in the spirit of sectionalism, the rights of any State? No Republican dreams of it."

"We shall stay the extension of slavery, certainly, but we shall respect the constitution and every constitutional obligation. And when this intent shall become apparent—when the bugbear of federal interference with the internal concerns of the states shall be expelled from the public mind by an honest and patriotic republican administration—who can doubt—I certainly do not—that the days of our old concord and mutual good will will return, and that under the constitution we shall find tranquility, liberty and union. In bringing about such happy results you may rest assured of my earnest co-operation. In such a noble work I am ready to go with you as far as the farthest."

A NOBLE SENTIMENT. In Alexander Hamilton's first political speech, occur these words:

"The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rumaged for among old parchments or musty records; they are written on a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power."

The Oxford Democrat

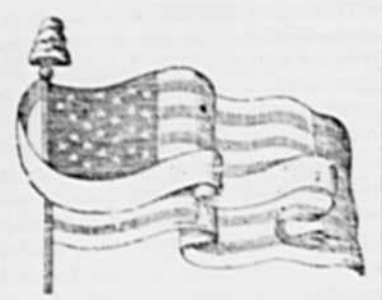
PARIS, MAINE SEPTEMBER 21, 1860.

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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

LOCAL AGENTS.

W. B. LAFAN, M. D. BRYAN'S Pond.
AMERICA RIVER, North Paris.
HENRY UPTON, Norway.
W. F. DAVIS, Hiram.
DAVID DUNN, Hiram.
G. G. STACY, Porter.
S. B. BARN, Fryburg.
Col. E. B. BARNER, Broadfield.
J. S. POWERS, Sweden.
J. W. WOODBURY, Sweden.
JOSEPH BARNES, Hiram.
CHARLES MARON, Bethel.
J. BARTLEY, Locke's Mills.
C. A. KINSELL, Hiram.
A. K. KNAPP, Hiram.
DAVID KNAPP, E. Rindford.



Republican Nominations.

Presidential Election, Tuesday, November 6.
FOR PRESIDENT.ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
OF ILLINOIS.FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HANNIBAL HAMLIN,
OF MAINE.

FOR ELECTORS.

At Large—WILLIAM WILLIS,
ABNER COBURN.

First District, LOUIS O. COWAN,
2d " DANIEL HOWES,
4th " WM. M. REED,
6th " ANDREW PETERS.

The Election Returns.

The Age has returns from nearly the entire State. The aggregate vote so far is divided as follows:

| | |
|----------------------|---------|
| Washburn, | 69,985 |
| Smart, | 51,011 |
| Barnes, | 1,709 |
| Total vote, | 123,205 |
| Washburn over Smart, | 18,374 |
| Washburn over all, | 16,993 |

OXFORD COUNTY.

| | 1856 | 1852 | 1848 | 1844 |
|----------------|------|------|------|------|
| Albany, | 87 | 77 | 93 | 88 |
| Andover, | 92 | 61 | 93 | 59 |
| Bethel, | 299 | 227 | 222 | 217 |
| Broadfield, | 135 | 138 | 140 | 165 |
| Buckfield, | 201 | 187 | 212 | 202 |
| Byron, | 24 | 29 | 24 | 25 |
| Canton, | 118 | 111 | 133 | 125 |
| Danville, | 103 | 114 | 112 | 131 |
| Deerfield, | 119 | 140 | 121 | 161 |
| Fryburg, | 121 | 142 | 217 | 199 |
| Gilead, | 44 | 29 | 46 | 28 |
| Grafton, | 15 | 18 | 12 | 21 |
| Greenwood, | 101 | 87 | 102 | 103 |
| Hartford, | 30 | 28 | 25 | 31 |
| Hiram, | 136 | 90 | 109 | 116 |
| Hebron, | 151 | 63 | 105 | 61 |
| Heron, | 165 | 123 | 161 | 149 |
| Levi, | 125 | 133 | 161 | 118 |
| Mason, | 24 | 1 | 25 | 5 |
| Morris, | 66 | 48 | 77 | 44 |
| Norway, | 38 | 76 | 29 | 71 |
| Norway, | 244 | 187 | 270 | 203 |
| Oxford, | 133 | 121 | 158 | 162 |
| Paris, | 409 | 240 | 419 | 292 |
| Penn, | 165 | 162 | 155 | 162 |
| Porter, | 128 | 147 | 112 | 99 |
| Roxbury, | 13 | 23 | 13 | 35 |
| Rumford, | 181 | 96 | 215 | 103 |
| Stow, | 54 | 57 | 58 | 62 |
| Sumner, | 44 | 52 | 65 | 39 |
| Sumner, | 143 | 81 | 143 | 110 |
| Sweden, | 105 | 67 | 112 | 63 |
| Watford, | 159 | 129 | 177 | 143 |
| Woodstock, | 156 | 64 | 172 | 73 |
| And. N. Sur., | 4 | 2 | 6 | 1 |
| Franklin Pl., | 11 | 38 | 11 | 53 |
| Fr. Ac. Grant, | 8 | 4 | 7 | |
| Hamlin's Gr., | 12 | 13 | 6 | |
| Upton, | 17 | 24 | 12 | 21 |
| Milton Pl., | 24 | 22 | 33 | 27 |
| Kiley Pl., | 5 | 8 | 8 | 12 |
| Ingall's Pl., | 5 | 1 | 6 | 12 |
| Total, | 4217 | 3170 | 4580 | 3696 |

Senators Elected.

First District, (York)—Nathaniel G. Marshall, John H. Goodnow, Leonard Andrews.

Second District, (Cumberland)—N. J. Miller, Sewall N. Gross, Nathaniel Poole, Warren H. Vinton.

Third District, (Lincoln, &c.)—Jesse S. Lyford, Rufus Sylvester, Robert E. Rider, Henry Kennedy.

Fourth District, (Kennebec)—Calvin Perkins, James A. Bicknell, Warren Pettiball.

Fifth District, (Waldo)—Otis Kaler, Nathan Pierce, Amos Pitcher.

Sixth District, (Hancock)—John Bridges, J. M. Noyes.

Seventh District, (Washington)—Joseph Granger, T. Redman.

Eighth District, (Aroostook)—Jotham Donnell.

Ninth District, (Penobscot)—John Benson, William C. Humeatt, James True.

Tenth District, (Franklin)—Phineas Tolman.

Eleventh District, (Somerset)—Hiram C. Warren, Nathan F. Blunt.

Twelfth District, (Piscataquis)—Z. Morton Vaughan.

Thirteenth District, (Oxford)—John P. Hubbard, E. G. Harlow.

All Republicans.

The Second District!

The Second District maintains her position bravely, by giving Charles W. Walton, Esq., a majority of about 3000. We think he can hardly ask a larger one.

REPRESENTATIVES ELECTED. The Age reports 123 Republicans and 19 democrats elected, as far as heard from.

Old Oxford Forever.

How proud we are of glorious old Oxford. How gallantly she has sustained herself in the late contest. As Daniel Webster once said of Massachusetts, "There she stands—look at her." When previous to the election, we called upon the "Bears" to come out of their dens and give one tremendous "growl," we felt assured they would do it. And they have done it. Only think of it. Both Senators, every Representative to the Legislature, Judge and Register of Probate, Sheriff, County Commissioner and Treasurer, all elected by about nine hundred majority. That is glory enough for one day.

Old Oxford was for many years the Gibraltar of democracy in Maine. She could give twenty or twenty-five hundred majority for that party whenever occasion required. What has become of that once powerful party in this county? What has brought them into their present forlorn condition, into a minority of nine hundred? What do the men who yelled and howled at midnight in the 8th of July Convention, at Paris Hill in 1852, think now? Do they remember how they scoffed and sneered when a Resolution was offered to support Dr. Hubbard, and how they trampled it under foot and cried "Nigger?" Do they remember how they laughed at the "Yellow Bills," and boasted they would crush to death the men in the party who would not submit to their domineering dictation? Where are those old democratic leaders now? Banished from place and power, long ago, by an insulted people; driven into perpetual retirement; landed clean up at the head waters of Salt River, there to remain forever. It was in Old Oxford the Republican ball was first set in motion. It was here the war against the corruption and despotism of the old democracy was first raised. It was here the Republican flag was first unfurled; and it was here the first victory was achieved. Nine cheers for the brave and victorious Republicans of Old Oxford. As they have been in the past, so they will be in the future, the vanguard in the great army of freedom, battling like their Fathers for Liberty, the Constitution and the Union.

A Lament for Ephraim!

Down, down in the very depths of that sea of political oblivion, whose shores are lined with the bleaching bones of departed politicians, hath Ephraim fallen. Yes, Ephraim, that complacent, self-conceited man, who but a short time ago, like a warrior, war veteran, traveled round from place to place showing his "scars," boasting of his gigantic exploits and recommending his good looks and "masterly State policy" to the people of Maine—Ephraim, who advised all the girls to "cut stick" with their lovers unless they would "vote for Smart," has like the corruptions of a June bug, disappeared in murky darkness.

"The departed! The departed!"
"They visit us in dreams!"
"Like shadows over streams!"

"Ye who who have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now; we come not to praise Caesar, but to bury him." In recounting his wondrous deeds, who does not remember how valiantly he fought, how he spread himself like an eagle soaring aloft in the ethereal regions of an upper sky? Who does not remember with what fervid zeal and impassioned oratory he pecked away at the Republican party.

"Like the old speckled wood pecker, that pecked on the tree!"
And yet, how solemn to reflect; as for Ephraim, he has "pecked his last peck." "He has pecked his last farrow and sowed his last grain."

His candle has been blown out by the breath of the people. His great "State policy" expired before its birth.
"Full many a flower has blossomed to bluish unseen, And sped its sweetness on the desert air."
When will another political light of equal magnitude dawn upon the benighted people of Maine? and when will they ever listen to the profound teachings of another political Solomon? "Sic transit gloria mundi."

Rum for the Democracy.

That a large quantity of rum was sent into Oxford and Cumberland counties before election, to influence votes, is a matter susceptible of the best evidence in the world. It was a part of the programme of the party, and this was one of the agencies used to debilitate Washburn. A miserable, poisonous compound, labelled "Medford Rum," was brought all the way from Massachusetts to Maine, and then after being landed at certain depots on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway, under fictitious names, was carried off in the darkness of the night to some democratic head quarters, there to be distributed to crazy men's brains and fit them to carry the democratic ticket. The leaders of the democracy in their last desperate attempts to louse upon the people of Maine a dynasty of corruption, under the lead of Ephraim K. Smart, had recourse to this meanest of all mean agencies ever used by any party—Medford Rum. Notwithstanding the strength of habit and the warring of passion among the unfortunate victims of inebriety, enough could not be found to sell their souls for rum, to prevent the destruction of a desperate, unprincipled party. This was the last desperate strike of a party given over to defeat. And it is from no virtue in its leaders that it did not succeed. They had the criminal talent and only failed because the virtue and intelligence of the people proved more than a match for them.

Mr. Ottendorfer, a German editor, was placed on the mongrel Douglas-Bell-Everett electoral ticket, in New York. He insisted on knowing whether the ten Bell-Everett men were to vote for Bell or for Douglas; but his most persistent inquiries resulted in shedding no light upon the question. Finally he tendered his resignation, which, after than tear the veil from the ticket was accepted. So the public are not to be informed whether the decoys are real ducks or wooden ones.

In the city election in New Haven, the Republicans had a majority over the combined Douglas and Breckinridge vote.

Douglas on the Union.

"Give the old Gentleman—his due." Is an old maxim, often quoted, and we would not withhold even from Judge Douglas his due, when we find anything that entitles him to credit or praise.

In a speech at Norfolk, Va., a few days since, he came out distinctly in reply to an interrogatory, and declared that if Lincoln should be elected President it would be no cause for disunion, and all sections of the Union ought to submit and if they did not, then give them hemp. That is the substance of what he then said. Now that is a noble sentiment, a sentiment replete with patriotism, a sentiment which should find a lodgment in the heart of every friend of his country.

The amount of credit Douglas should receive for the utterance of this sentiment is quite another question. In order to defend himself and the people who follow his waning fortunes, he has taken the ground that the Breckinridge wing is a disunion party. Of course he takes issue with them in self defence; and when the question is put home to him he has no escape; his answer must be like that at Norfolk. His Northern friends would be obliged to desert him at once, did he not stand squarely up to this doctrine. But whether the filibustering fire eaters at the South who give him their support will swallow down this idea without any wince is very doubtful. Douglas went against Leconte as a matter of self preservation at home, to save himself from defeat in his Illinois canvass for the Senate; not because he cared whether it was voted up or voted down. As it was, he would have cared on the English Bill had not the gallant Broderick threatened to denounce him in the Senate if he did it. Sam Cox very recently in his Ohio canvass has said Douglas advised him to go in for the English Swindle. This all goes to show the reckless character of Judge Douglas as a politician. It is in keeping with what he said in one of his speeches in the Senate, that he "did not care whether slavery was voted up or voted down." If he thought now it was for his interest to threaten rebellion in case Lincoln shall be elected, we verily believe he would do it. Such is the character of the man. It is his own elevation and aggrandizement he is after; and in the means to be used for the accomplishment of these ends, he is entirely unscrupulous.

Moral Depravity of the Sham Democracy.

That there are good, respectable and loyal citizens, men of high moral tone, possessors of genuine christianity in the democratic party, we do not deny. We know many good citizens, good neighbors, men of truth and honesty in the democratic organization, and stand ready to testify to the fact here and everywhere. But while we do this, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that a large proportion of the disolute, immoral and unprincipled part of the community, are found in the democratic ranks and vote the democratic ticket. Where are the rum sellers, a class of men who are spreading death and destruction in every direction? Why, naturally, with the party that favors their side of the question, the party which rides the "free rum" hobby, every time it gets a chance. Where are the habitually inebriated but with the party that gives them the greater facilities to obtain the deadly poison? All this is legitimate and natural. Where are the poor who have been made so by their own dissipation, idleness and immorality? Nowhere but with the party that stands ready to license sin in the shape of grog shops and tipping houses.

Go into the different towns in Maine on the day of election and note the men as they go up to the polls. While you will find many very respectable citizens voting the democratic ticket, you could not fail to discern that the beer-eyed, the red nosed, the noisy, profane and rowdy class, almost to a man going the straight democratic ticket. We appeal to honest men of all parties if it is not so? In one of the towns in this county the democracy sent as a delegate to one of their Conventions, a hardened old rum seller, who served out a sentence of sixty days imprisonment in the county jail, for violating the laws of the State, not one year ago. Another man in the same town who had been a State Prison convict three years, for adultery, came fifteen miles to vote for Smart and the democratic ticket; and to show his democracy sometimes carries a Douglas flag in his horse's bridle.

What can honest, christian men think of a party which will make such men their representatives? Is it a wonder that the clergy, almost in a body, flee from it, that the Ladies turn away from it in disgust? The truth is, a party composed of such elements cannot stand. It will die of its own rottenness. And this is one reason why the party at the present time is so far demoralized, so lost to all decency. Another thing, men cannot belong to a political organization which advocates oppression, slavery, polygamy, and the transformation of the bodies and souls of men and women into "chattel personal," by force of barbarism and despotic power, without becoming contaminated with the guilt themselves. The only true course for all good citizens is to leave the old political cart to go down to the bottom. Let the old rotten hull sink into the deep waters of oblivion and go out of sight forever. Join a party that has a soul, a party that stands by the eternal principles of immutable truth, a party that is pledged before the world and high Heaven to the great truths of the Declaration of Independence, a party whose march is onward, and upon whose proud flag is inscribed in capitals of light, LIBERTY, FREEDOM, AND VICTORY.

John Hale, who was sentenced four years in the N. H. State Prison, for horse stealing, escaped on the 4th inst., by scaling the wall of the prison, by means of a plank. He has an unfinished term in the Maine institution, from which he escaped just before his arrest in New Hampshire.

MURDER TRIAL. John Damery, has been on trial, in Portland, for a week past, for the murder of Patrick Cassidy. The jury, on Saturday, brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree.

McDonald's Letter.

The following is the letter to Smart, that he tried to conceal at Augusta, and which called down upon him the derision of the whole audience:

PORTLAND, Aug. 31, 1860.
HON. E. K. SMART—Dear Sir: I fear that I have mislead you, and have done injustice to Senator Hamlin in my letter of the 16th ult. To remedy my wrong, I now send you the result of my examination in the Congressional Globe, of the passage of the resolution of Feb. 27, 1852, extending the time of the Commission under the Convention with Brazil.

On the 18th of February, 1852, the President sent a message to the Senate setting forth the obstacles which impeded the consideration of the business of the Commission for the distribution of the Brazilian Indemnity. This message was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and on the next day Mr. Mason, the Chairman of the Committee reported a joint resolve extending the time nine months.

On Feb. 24th, Mr. Mason asked for the consideration of the resolution, and the Senate amended the same, by giving four months instead of nine.

On the 27th of February the amended resolution passed the House. Under the resolution the Commission for the distribution of the Indemnity expired July 1, 1852. From these dates it is evident that there are statements in my letter of the 6th ult. which are incorrect.

Mr. Hamlin must have filed his argument before the commission was closed, viz, July 1, 1852. I must be in error as to the time I stated he read it to me, as the second session of the 29th Congress did not occur till December 1852.

From memory I should fix the time of meeting Mr. Hamlin on his way to take testimony, in the fall of 1852, but as the evidence would be put in before filing the argument, it must have been the fall of 1851.

If this conclusion is correct, Mr. Hamlin's attorneyship, before the Commission, was ended prior to the passage of the Resolve of Feb. 28, 1852, AND IT WAS UNJUST for me to attribute his efforts for the passage of this Resolution to private interest.

Yours Truly, M. McDONALD.

The Fusion Exploded!

A Free Fight.

We find in the Boston Journal the following account of the failure to procure a fusion in New York.

"The finale of the fusion attempt in New York appears in the shape of the Address of the Breckinridge State Committee to the 'National Democracy' of that State. The writers approach their task with perfect plainness of speech. They say: 'Our object in addressing you at the present time is officially to announce, with unfeigned regret the final and absolute failure of an attempt made by us in good faith to unite the opponents of Republicanism in this State against the election of Lincoln.' The origin and progress of the 'attempt' are then detailed, and the blame of the result is thrown on the Douglas men, who are charged with being 'against any and all fusion or coalition' between the supporters of Breckinridge and themselves. They declare that 'the Douglas organization in New York have determined that the State shall be given to Lincoln.' All true Democrats are accordingly urged to organize and bring out their full strength at the polls. The following significant extract shows the purpose and hopes of the Breckinridge managers, who it seems, are looking beyond the dreary present to the more cheering future:

"The Douglas organization, in rejecting the only means by which the State could be prevented from voting for Lincoln, have reduced a practical question between Democrats of New York in the coming election to one of future organizations only. In determining upon which of the two Democratic candidates they will support, it is necessary for them to decide now upon the principles they are prepared to abide by hereafter. Will National Democrats follow Mr. Douglas, separate themselves politically from the Democratic party of the South and join the Know Nothings of the country? or will they rather continue to march under the old time honored National Democratic banner, which has never been lowered before any foe, and which is the same North and South? If you have not made up your minds to desert the National Democratic party, be careful how you increase the vote of Douglas. By voting for Breckinridge and Lane, National Democrats will not only sustain the principles of their party, and preserve a nucleus around which, in the future, will be formed a great national party in the State, but they will encourage their friends all over the Union, and be received and honored in the Next National Convention of Democrats, instead of being rejected and despised as they most certainly will be—if they present themselves upon the platform of Squatter Sovereignty in company with their new allies."

John Hunt, Democrat, is elected in the Albany District. [Norway Advertiser.] The following is the official vote of the Albany district:

| | | |
|-------------------|----------|-------|
| Mason, | Lovejoy, | Hunt, |
| 25, | 25, | 5 |
| Gilad, | 46, | 28 |
| Albany, | 94, | 81 |
| Watford, | 178, | 182 |
| Stonham, | 65, | 39 |
| Fryburg Ac. Grt., | 4, | |
| Sweden, | 112, | 63 |
| Total, | 594, | 405 |

Lovejoy's majority 119.

A full Republican Electoral ticket has been nominated in Kentucky, which will be published, with an address from the Central Committee in a few days.

Senator Clingman, of North Carolina, has abandoned Douglas. The reason given is that Douglas is pledged to resist all attempts at disunion, in case of the election of Lincoln.

In the new County of Knox, the Democrats have a majority of about 70, and have elected all their County officers. The other Counties are all Republican.

Two of the Arabian horses, presented Gov. Seward, while in Spain, have arrived in Boston. The mare died, six days out.

The Portland papers state that the residence of the late E. L. Cummings has been entered, and clothing, bedding, &c. carried off. A man discovered in the yard was arrested, but no proof being found against him, he was discharged.

Popular Sovereignty Stabbed in the House of its Friends.

The Republicans of North Paris appointed a meeting and announced that Hon. E. W. Woodbury and Hon. Sidney Perham would address the people. The Democrats trotted out Alvah Black, Esq., and Timothy Andrews, Esq., and challenged a discussion. The challenge was accepted, and arrangements were made that Mr. Black should open the discussion in an argument of one half hour, and Mr. Perham reply in the same time; Mr. Andrews one half hour—Mr. Woodbury reply, and a rejoinder of five minutes each. Mr. Black made a candid argument in favor of Popular Sovereignty, and Mr. Perham exposed the fallacy of the doctrine, and of Mr. Douglas's position upon it.

In reply to a question propounded by Mr. Perham, whether he (Mr. Black) believed the people of a territory had a right to prohibit slavery therein, before the formation of a State constitution? Mr. Black stated that he would frankly and unequivocally answer the question—that they had no such right, and Mr. Douglas never contended they had. The answer was entirely satisfactory to the Republicans, but the Democrats were perfectly "dumb founded."

Mr. Andrews attacked the Republican administration—the increased expenditures of the government under a republican administration, and made a personal attack upon Mr. Woodbury.

Mr. Woodbury said he did not rise to defend the Republican party or himself from the charges made by the gentleman who preceded him,—for they were upon the record, and they challenged an investigation. He would set the gentlemen right upon his facts and figures—and proceeded to show by facts and figures that the gentleman was mistaken, as was his great prototype. He explained the Peck defalcation, refuted the charges of increased expenditures and completely vindicated the Republican party.

Some 500 of the people were present and our friends were completely triumphant.

The news from Maine is a crusher to the prospects of Douglas. The great Ox Roasting meeting, in New York, which was attended by both Douglas and Johnson, and was intended as a jubilee over the Maine election, is pronounced a failure by the Journal correspondent. He says: A great multitude was present, but not so many as would go out to see a dog fight—not so many as go out to join a German frolic. The rowdies were there in full force. Men who never saw an ox roasting whole, went to behold what was not scorable. The rowdies had it all to themselves. The prominent New York politicians were not to be seen. Mr. Douglas repeated his thrice-told tale—and Mr. Johnson will never make his fortune at stump oratory. That the Empire state has gone for Lincoln all allow. The only question is as to the numbers. Without fusion, 50,000 is set down; with fusion 100,000. Men don't object to fusion; but the manner and terms of the match is objected to."

AN ERROR. The Tribune is in error in stating that Hon. Anson P. Morrill, Member of Congress elect, is the present Governor of this State. Lot M. Morrill, his brother, is our present Chief Magistrate. Hon. Anson P. Morrill, above referred to, is the gentleman who in 1853, was the first to bolt the corrupt Bangor Convention, and was the first Republican candidate for Governor in Maine. He received 11,000 votes, preventing the election of Pillsbury; and would have been chosen by the Legislature, but for the defection of certain members who had pledged their votes to him. The next year the people set the matter right by giving him a handsome majority. After filling the Executive office for one year he returned to his pleasant home in Readfield, where he has since remained, superintending the factory of the Readfield Woollen Manufacturing Company. He has now been elected to Congress by a very large majority, where his business tact and experience, united with his firmness and energy, will make him an active and influential member.

Mr. Washington put on his White Jacket, during the cold days of last week. Most people in this region were constrained, not only to put on winter clothing, but to kindle winter fires with a big back log to throw out the heat. A smart snow squall would not have greatly disappointed them. This week Old Sol again asserts his supremacy, so that we are in the enjoyment of "the perfection of pleasant autumn weather." This, with golden fruits, so abundant on every hand, gives life and freshness to all who have health for their enjoyment, while a flush of health is added even to the face of the invalid.

P. S. Thursday. The pleasant weather, alluded to above, didn't last. Rains came, with every prospect of more to come.

BRIGHAM YOUNG A DEFAULTER. The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Pennsylvania says that the accounts of Brigham Young, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Utah, have undergone a searching investigation at Washington, and it is ascertained that he is a defaulter to a considerable amount. An agent has been sent to Utah to attempt to collect the money.

WHO OWNS MR. WASHINGTON. A correspondent of the New York World says that Mr. Pingree of Salem, Mass., is the owner of Mr. Washington. The internal iron ore had for a long time prevented a correct survey of the land in that vicinity, but lately with an improved compass Mr. Pingree finds that he is proprietor of the entire mountain.

Baron Renfrew will be in Boston, October 17th. A military review, an afternoon concert, by 1200 children, and a ball at the Boston Theatre are the attractions offered. Friday, he will visit Cambridge, and on Saturday leave for Portland, whence he will embark for England.

A new planet was discovered at the National Observatory, Saturday night.

State Agricultural Society.

The Sixth Annual Show and Fair of the Maine State Agricultural Society, will be held in Portland September 25th to 28th. The following is the substance of the Trustees Circular: The objects of the Society are to bring together the best specimens of stock, and productions household manufactures, and labor-saving machines of all descriptions, and thereby stimulate a laudable emulation to excel in every department of Industry. We see no way of bringing about these desirable results so satisfactorily as by an Exhibition, where the public may freely examine and pass upon the merits of stock or articles exhibited. We believe such exhibitions are the best medium calculated to bring to notice the peculiar merits of farm stock and productions, and the mechanic finds his machine, carriage, or fabric, much better understood than by any other of system of advertising.

The fatal "cattle disease" which has done so much damage in a neighboring State has not visited us, and as our stock breeders can now drive without fear of danger, we hope and trust we shall see a large display of Maine's best stock of all kinds at the Exhibition, and although on account of the severe drouth we have experienced, they may not be in the usual good condition, yet they all have fared alike in that respect.

The new City Buildings with its spacious halls, have been granted to the Society for its use.

Liberal arrangements have been made for the transportation of stock, and articles for exhibition, either one or both ways, free, on presentation of the Secretary's Certificate that such stock or articles have been on exhibition and not changed owners.

The Grand Trunk Railroad will carry passengers and stock at half fares, during the Show.

The former Exhibitions have been of a high order, and productive of much good, and the Trustees hope that a general interest toward the Society and its efforts may still be felt.

The editor of the Bethel Courier undertook to help the "hired men" mow, during haying time. He was somewhat elated because he was in the van of mowers, but he unwittingly dashed his scythe into a hornet's nest and was suddenly seen beating a rapid retreat with a big hornet in the rear of a pair of thin pants. The editor of the Bridgton Reporter says the Doctor had been indulging in a pleasure that left "its sting behind."

MAPLE SUGAR. The process of preparing this article has been so much improved as its manufacture has increased, that at present it will compare well with the cane sugar, for domestic use. A sample of the best we have ever seen, has just been presented by Mrs. Z. B. Whitman, of Hebron. It is well granulated and light colored, closely resembling the best Havana brown; and is as agreeable to the taste as to the eye.

JOHN A. ANDREW IN COLLEGE.—A correspondent of the Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph, who was a fellow-member of Bowdoin College with Mr. Andrew, makes the following pleasant allusions to his popularity during his collegiate life:—

"We knew Mr. Andrew well when in College. In those days he was distinguished for his fine talents, kindness of heart, and genial good humor; and those traits which made him a favorite in College have rendered him dear to a large circle of friends in the city and State of his adoption. We confess to a feeling of State pride in the fact that Massachusetts has passed by a host of her own eminent and deserving sons, and has selected a Maine boy for a Governor. We have another satisfaction in the thought that a distinguished son of Bowdoin College is considered worthy to be placed at the head of the old Bay State. Unquestionably he will make a good canvasser and be triumphantly elected. But we can hardly conceive how the 'merry Andrew' of our College days can 'run well' yet we doubt not he will make good time, and distance all competition."

SMALL POX. We learn that this disease has been confined to the localities, in this county, when it first appeared, and that the number of cases is diminishing. There is a prospect that it will soon disappear.

Frank H. Skillings is now absent, on a two week's tour to the lakes. He has with him his ambrotype apparatus, and proposes taking pictures of some of the magnificent scenery in that region, which he will

