

# The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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## Farmers' Department.

### "SPEED THE PLOW."

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

### How much Pork will a Bushel of Corn make?

The following valuable facts are from the Valley Farmer: Upon the question of "how much pork will a bushel of corn make?" Mr. Richard Thatcher, of Pennsylvania, gives, in the New York Tribune, the result of his feeding of corn and pork. The result of one trial gave sixteen and one-half pounds of pork for each bushel of fifty-six pounds of meal fed out. In another instance, seventeen and nearly one-half pounds was the gain from a bushel. The breed of hogs experimented upon was the "Chester" (county, Pa.) white, which we regard as among the best breeds now in the country. We have recently seen accounts of several other experiments of feeding hogs in the same way, with similar results, while the same breed of hogs fed in the ordinary way, upon dry corn, in the ear, gave a return of but about one-third of the weight compared with those fed on the cooked meal.

The experiments of Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, as detailed in the December number of the Valley Farmer for 1856, afford conclusive evidence of the advantages of feeding cooked over raw food. In the experiments on the same animals, it was proved that dry corn would afford a gain of about five and three-quarters pounds of pork to each bushel consumed, but when changed to food prepared by grinding and cooking, gave a return of from fifteen to nearly eighteen pounds of flesh for each bushel of corn fed out. These various experiments demonstrate facts worthy of the consideration of farmers, and especially when the price of corn and pork is constantly advancing.

With care in breeding from a good stock of hogs, and with their proper management throughout, keeping the hogs constantly thriving, at least an average of fifteen pounds of flesh may be received from every bushel of corn consumed. A few well conducted experiments in feeding, with appropriate apparatus for preparing the food, compared with facts determining the amount of gain from the ordinary method of feeding would forever settle the question and lead to valuable improvements in this most important interest to Western farmers.

**A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.** The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—that he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence, not easily misled by any other source. He feels, other things being equal—more strongly than another the character of a man as a man of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof that shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He spent in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the fields lays the path to the village school of his earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell, which called his fathers to the house of God, and near at hand is the place where his parent laid down to rest, and where, when the time has come he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest recesses of the human heart; they are lifelines of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character.

**HOBBS, THE LOCKSMITH, RETURNING.** In 1851, during the Exhibition of Industry of all nations in London, our countryman, Hobbs, astonished the cockneys by picking Bramah's and all the most famous English locks which had been represented as burglar proof; while at the same time, not one of their locksmiths were able to pick Newall's American lock. These incidents were the means of making Mr. Hobbs and the locks which he took to London quite popular, so that a very promising field was presented for their manufacture in England, and he, in company with an English capitalist, entered upon its occupancy. A large factory was soon erected in the vicinity of London, and Mr. Hobbs had several ingenious machines constructed to fabricate several parts of locks which had previously been executed solely by hand-labor in England. His lock factory became the first in that country; he beat all opponents, and succeeded in his efforts. After a residence of nine years in England, we learn from London Mechanics' Magazine that he has returned from business, and is about to return permanently to America with his family. During his residence in London he has won respect, and his workpeople seem to have been greatly attached to him. They have presented him with a handsome

parting testimonial, and an address couched in very affectionate language.

From the Lewiston Falls Journal.

### Compost Manure.

Among the methods of making compost submitted by the farmers of this county at the late Androscoggin Fair, Messrs. I. Gilbert and son, of Greene, gentlemen who make agriculture a study, gave the following:

The leanto in which our cattle are tied is constructed with a water-tight trench behind the cattle 2 1/2 feet wide and 3 inches deep. The cattle have been stabled nights during the whole season; and into this trench has been thrown a quantity of muck equal to about 3-4 of a bushel to an animal, or enough to soak up the liquid droppings of the cattle. The droppings, both liquid and solid, fall immediately upon the muck, and after receiving them for one night the whole is turned through scuttles in the trench to the cellar below; this operation completely mixing the whole mass. In the cellar it is allowed to remain in as light a condition as possible where decomposition immediately commences. In this manner we have manufactured a large quantity of the richest quality.

We have also 6 or 8 cords composted in the following manner:

The stalls in which our horses were kept were supplied with a liberal share of bedding consisting of brakes (ferns). The manure and saturated bedding was passed through the scuttles into the cellar beneath. Every few days this heap was forked over and a quantity of muck equal to the manure carefully and equally mixed with it—the muck preventing that excessive fermentation which would otherwise immediately take place. In the month of June this heap was forked over and left as light as possible so the air could permeate the whole heap, and thereby hasten decomposition. The muck used was thrown from the pit into heaps in the summer of 1859, and when hauled it became thoroughly pulverized. From experiments conducted through a series of years on almost all kinds of crops, it has been found that this compost is of the richest quality, and produces the most satisfactory results.

**WHIPPING OXEN.** It is a cruel and generally a useless act of barbarism to whip oxen. The best drivers use the lash the least. Upon this point hear what the editor of the Massachusetts Plowman says. It is good sense, and every farmer should think of it.

"Thoughtless men will whip, whip, whip. They do it from habit—a very bad habit; and we find it difficult to correct that habit. They are trying to teach our hired men better manners than to put the whip on before giving an invitation to the brute animals to go. We have often that will 'go' as soon as they are invited, without the intervention of the whip. Yet we find it a difficult matter to control the whip. It is surely a savage practice to apply the lash before inviting the animals to move by the proper words. Yet we see that this is a very common practice of those who are not the owners of the cattle. When the common whip lash is not thought to be hard enough for the backs and noses of oxen, to make them back a load up hill, before the cattle have ever been taught to back an empty cart down hill.

"Cattle must be made to obey—and the common lash, or a switch stick, will be sufficient for breaking in. But we ask for mercy on all cattle that are willing to do right as soon as the right is pointed out. Many drivers of oxen put the lash on first, before asking their patient teams to move. This is a species of barbarism which all owners of cattle ought to prohibit. It is so natural for people whom we hire from the interior, to use force in the first instance, and gentleness afterward, if at all, that particular care should be exerted in regard to the treatment of their cattle. Proper driving is an important item in husbandry. So many farmers now depend upon their hired help to do the main work, it is important for them to see that the work is properly done. The merciful man is merciful to his beast."

**COLORING OF LEAVES.** A writer in an exchange, says the beautiful colors assumed by our autumn leaves, is due to the ripening of the leaf. The flower leaf has its more peculiar color, matures and decays early in the season. It is succeeded by the fruit, which assumes its proper color, at maturity, and later the leaf of the tree changes. Of course this theory ignores the action of the frost, which is generally understood to give this exquisite coloring. The writer seems to have forgotten that it is only in North America, that these effects are witnessed. If it be really a maturity of the leaf there can be no reason for its being confined to this country.

Mr. Holley, in a communication to the New York Times states that "the cost of hauling a passenger or a ton of goods a mile on an English railroad is about one-half of what it is in America." The reason of this is that English roads are better constructed and require less power to do the work.

We believe that thousands of infants have been hurried into eternity by the use of arrow root as an aliment; and if they have escaped an early death it has only been to wear out an unsatisfactory life for the want of the early formation of the proper organization. [Working Farmer.]

**ADVANTAGES OF DRAINING.** There has been a severe drought in Texas, during the past summer, and the editor of the Working Farmer calls the attention of cultivators to one of the advantages of draining, as follows:

We hope our Texan friends will observe post holes, and spots where deep tap roots have been taken from the soil, and see whether those spots are not less severely affected by the drought than others. We have seen in a grass field during drought, green tufts existing only where an old fence had been, and the deep post holes had filled up by washings, leaving the loose earth in which the air could enter, and deposit moisture; and this, too, long after the removal of the old fences.

**CURE FOR LOCKJAW.** A young lady ran a nail into her foot recently. The injury produced lockjaw of such a malignant character that her physicians pronounced her recovery hopeless. An old nurse then took her in hand, and applied pounded beet roots to her foot, removing them as often as they became dry. The result was a complete and astonishing cure. Such a simple remedy should be borne in mind.

**THE STEAM PLOW.** The new steam plow invented by Robert I. Stein of Hannibal Mo., was tried at St. Louis during the Fair. It carried a gang plow with six blades, and rolling cutters. After turning up the earth for the distance of five hundred feet, it turned round and moved back to the starting place, working steadily, and laying straight furrows. The trial was witnessed by a large number of persons who are interested in plowing, and the general opinion expressed was in favor of the plow. The crowd gave three cheers for the inventor.

The last number of the North British Review contains an article on meteorology, in which severe winters are stated to be connected with the appearance of spots on the sun. If the writer's theory be correct, the next winter should be a very cold one.

**ACTION OF FROST UPON SOILS.** The soluble part of the soil is the inorganic food of the plant. Rain water cannot come in contact with the soil, or even with a gravel heap, without dissolving some of it. Gravel about any stone, or handful of gravel washed clean, to the action of a quart or so of rain water for several days, and upon evaporating the water, poured off carefully from the stones, it will be seen from the whitish residue left that a portion had been dissolved. Now let these same stones be exposed, covered or partly covered with water, in a saucer, or in a box, or two, setting them out to doors for frost or freezing cold nights, taking care that they stay by day. Pour off the water rising with fresh, and evaporate as above, and it will be seen that a very much larger quantity has come into solution. The reason is, that a very much larger quantity has come into solution. The reason is, that all stones, being somewhat porous, by the action of the frost their outer portion is broken up, scaled and fissured, and a vasty greater surface is exposed to the action of the water, even though this fissuring is not visible to the eye.

**Application.** When land is exposed to alternate freezing and thawing, the same effects must take place; and when it is thrown into ridges, in the fall, these effects are produced more conveniently than in any other way.

Snow will be unthawed between the ridges during a cold winter, and the tops of the ridges will, unless the fall of snow is very heavy, be exposed to the sun, and will thaw by day. Thus a considerable portion of the soil during a greater part of the winter, will be alternately frozen and thawed daily. This effect on many soils especially those of a heavy clay or gravelly nature will be equal to a dressing of manure. [Homestead.]

**MAGENTA AND SULFURIC COLORS.** French chemists, with the enthusiasm of their countrymen for the glory of France, have lately given the above names to two famous battles (wherein the Gauls armies were victorious) to two new and beautiful colors that have been recently manufactured from aniline coal tar products. The "Magenta" is a deep crimson, the "Sulferino" is a nearly red. The coloring product is applied in the liquid state to silk without any previous preparation, and the colors have become quite fashionable in ribbons and scarfs.

**BURN ITCH.** This disorder is a troublesome and unsightly difficulty, and one which is very liable to run through a herd of cattle to the serious detriment of the appearance of the stock. The remedy is a very simple one, and, as we are informed by Paul Lathrop, Esq., of Hadley Falls, Mass., a very efficacious one. Take a cob and rub the affected part until the surface is smooth, and then apply grease as an emollient.

Progress is the touchstone of revolutions; but it does not accomplish its work in a day, nor dart forth as the lightning which illuminates space. Nations gain freedom by degrees. Liberty widens and progress extends in proportion to the spread of intelligence. Every evolution of humanity brings out a new idea and consecrates new rights, each has its destiny to fulfill.

Words are little things, but they strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitted spoken they fall like the sunshine, the dew, and the drizzling rain—but when unfitted; like the frost, the hail, and the desolating tempest.

## MISCELLANY.

### ONLY WORDS.

Two women, a mother and her daughter, sat together in a small room, meagerly furnished. They had on mourning garments, but the bloom of their habiliments was not deeper than the gloom on their faces.

"What shall we do, Alice?" said the mother, breaking in upon the silence.

"If we were only back again in dear Westbrook," fell longingly from the daughter's lips.

"Yes, it is—but Westbrook lies more than a thousand miles distant. It was a sad day for us, for my child, when we left there. We have had nothing since but sorrow and trouble."

Tears flowed silently over the mother's face.

"If I could only get something to do," said Alice, "how willingly would I work. But no one wants the service here that I can give."

"We shall starve at this rate," spoke out the mother in a wild kind of a way, as if fear had grown suddenly desperate.

Alice did not reply, but sat very still, in an abstracted way, like one whose thoughts have grown weary in some fruitless effort.

"I dreamed last night," said she, looking up after a while, "that we were back in Westbrook, and in our old home! How plainly I saw everything! I sat at the window, looking out upon the little garden in front, from which the air came in filled with the odor of flowers, and as I sat there Mr. Fleetwood came by, just as it used to be; and he stopped and said, 'Good morning, Alice,' in that kind way in which he always spoke to me. I cried, when I awoke, to find it was only a dream."

"Ah, if there was a Mr. Fleetwood here!" sighed the mother.

"Suppose you write to him," suggested Alice. "The thought comes this moment into my mind. I am sure he would help you. You know an excellent man he is."

"I will do it this very day," replied the mother, with hope and confidence in her voice. "Isn't it strange that he was not thought of before? Some good spirit gave you that dream, Alice."

And the letter was written. It was as follows:

Dear Sir:—I write to you under circumstances of great anxiety. Since we left Westbrook for this distant region we have known only trouble. Distress and losses met us on the very threshold of our new home; and death came at last to complete the work of sorrow and disaster. Six months ago my husband died, leaving me with three children and in circumstances of great extremity. How we have managed to live since that time, I can hardly tell. We have suffered many privations, but worst of all, we are approaching. We have no friends here. None to help, advise, or care for us. Alice—you remember my daughter Alice—has tried to get something to do. She is willing to work at anything to which her strength is equal. But so far she has been unsuccessful. What are we to do? It looks as if actual starvation was coming. I write to you remembering your kindly nature, your warm and humane heart. Oh, sir, can you help us? It is the voice of the widow and fatherless that cries unto you. Alice dreamed of you last night, and we have taken it as a suggestion and an omen. Forgive me for this freedom, but when imminent danger threatens we stretch out our hands for succor in any direction towards which hopes point us. I shall wait in trembling eagerness your reply.

Yours, in sorrow and hope,  
ALICE MAYNARD.

Let us follow this letter to Westbrook, and note the manner in which it was received. We find it in the hands of Mr. Fleetwood, who has read it through, and is sitting with a troubled look on his face.

"There is no help in me," he says at length, folding up the letter and laying it aside. "Poor Mrs. Maynard! Is it the day indeed so dark? God knows how willingly I would help you if it were in my power. But misfortune has not come to you alone. It has passed my threshold also, and the threshold of thousands besides. Westbrook has seen some sad changes since you went away."

"Dreamed of me?" he goes on after a pause; "and you have taken the dream as a suggestion and an omen. Some spirit has mocked you with a delusive dream. There is no help in me. None—none! For I am staggering under my own burthens; I am in fear all the day long lest the evil that threatens my home should fall upon it. May God help and comfort you! I cannot."

Mr. Fleetwood took the letter from the table on which he had placed it, and laid it in a drawer. "Poor Alice Maynard!" he sighed as he shut the drawer and turned away. All day long the thought of that letter troubled him. How could he answer it? What could he say? It was an eager expectation cry for help; but he had no help to give. The widowed mother had asked him for bread; and how could he offer her mere words in return—cold, disappointing words!

For two days the letter remained in the drawer where he had placed it.

"It is of no use," he would say, as the thought of it now and again intruded. "I cannot bring myself to write an answer. Say what I will, and the language must seem to her but heartless sentences. She cannot understand how greatly things have changed with me since she went out with Westbrook. If she does not hear from me she may think her letter was misdirected. She, like the rest of us, is in God's hands,

and He will take care of her. We are of more value than the sparrows."

But this could not satisfy Mr. Fleetwood. He had a conscience, and it would not let him omit a plain duty without reproach.

"If you have no money to give, offer her kind, hopeful words," said the inward monitor. "Even the cup of cold water must not be withheld."

Unable to make peace with himself, Mr. Fleetwood at last sat down to answer the widow's letter. He wrote a brief, kind, suggestive note; but after reading it over twice, tore it up, saying as he did so:

"It reads like mockery. She asked me for bread, and it seems like giving her a stone."

Then he tried it again, but not much more to his satisfaction. This answer he was also about destroying, but he checked himself with the words:

"I might pen forty letters, and the last would read no better than the first. Let this one go."

And he folded, sealed and directed it. The next mail that left Westbrook bore it away for its remote destination. Let us return to Mrs. Maynard.

"We should have had an answer from Mr. Fleetwood two days ago, Alice?"

The daughter sighed but did not answer.

"What time does the mail from the East come in, Alice?"

"At four o'clock."

"And it is five now?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Won't you put on your bonnet and step over to the post office?"

Alice went, but returned, as on the previous days, with nothing in her hand.

"No letter?" said Mrs. Maynard, as she came in.

"None," was the reply.

"Oh, why has he not written? It helps me not from Mr. Fleetwood, there is no help for us in this world."

Another day of waiting, in which that trembled hope which maketh the heart sick trembled like the light of a taper flickering in the wind, passed wearily away. At five o'clock Alice was at the post-office again. And now a letter was placed in her hand, directed to her mother, and on the envelope she read with a heart-bound, the word "Westbrook." Not faster than her steps was the wind, as she ran back home.

"A letter, and from Westbrook!" she cried out eagerly, as she entered the room where her mother sat anxiously awaiting her.

The hands of Mrs. Maynard shook as she opened and unfolded the long hoped for answer. It was brief, and its contents fully understood in a few moments. Alice, whose eyes were fixed eagerly upon her mother while she read in silence; saw her countenance change, grow pale, and the look of hopeful expectation died out utterly. Then as the letter dropped to the floor, her hands were held up against her face as to hide it from view, and she sat with the stillness of one who had been paralyzed. Taking up the letter, Alice read:

"MY DEAR MADAM—Your letter has troubled me deeply; and the more so, because it finds me wholly unable to give that help of which you stand so much in need. Since you left Westbrook things have changed with me and many others. I have lost nearly all my property, and find myself in straightened circumstances. It pains me to write this; not so much on my account as on yours; for it will come to you with a chill of disappointment. But you and I and all of us are in the hands and under the care of One who knoweth our wants, and who heareth even the young ravens when they cry. You have a Father in heaven, dear Madam, and a Father who has not forgotten you. Look to Him, and hope in Him. He will not forsake you in this great extremity. The earth is His and the fullness thereof. All hearts are His, and I am sure He will turn some hearts to your kindness. There is no night without a succeeding day. The morning cometh as sure as the evening. Look and trust in God. He has something for all His children to do; something for you to do, and your hands will find the work. It may now be lying all unseen around you."

"It is in my heart to offer deeds instead of words; but I can only give what I possess. May the widow's Husband and the orphan's Father succor you in the hour of peril!"

Your friend at heart,  
EDWARD FLEETWOOD.

"He writes kindly," said Alice, as she finished reading the letter, "and there is comfort even in words when they come from the lips of a friend."

"Words do not feed the hungry nor clothe the naked," answered Mrs. Maynard, in some bitterness of tone.

She had scarcely said this when the door of the room in which they were sitting was pushed open, and a boy about ten years old, barefooted and meekly clad, came in with a pitcher in one hand and a small basket in the other.

"Mother sent these, Mrs. Maynard," he said, with a pleased smile on his face. The pitcher was filled with new milk, and there was a loaf of bread in the basket. "She says, please accept them."

"Your mother is very kind, Henry," replied Mrs. Maynard. "Tell her I am very much obliged to her."

"And she is very much obliged to you," said the boy.

"For what, Henry?"

"Don't you know?" And the boy looked at her in a pleasant way.

Mrs. Maynard shook her head.

"Don't you remember, one day, when I was over here, that you asked me if I could read?"

"I've forgotten."

"We haven't then, mother and I. You asked me if I could read, and I said no. Then you told me that I must learn right away; and you got a book and showed me my A B C's; making me go over them a good many times until I knew them all by heart. Then you gave me the book. I have studied it almost every day, and now I can spell in two syllables."

"And this is why your mother sent me such a nice loaf of bread and pitcher of new milk?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You can't read yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then you must bring your book over, and let me give you another lesson."

"Oh, will you?" A light like sunshine came into the boy's face.

"Yes, Harry, and with pleasure. You may come every day if you will."

"May I? Oh, that will be good! And Mrs. Maynard—Harry checked himself. He evidently wished to go a little further."

"What is it, Harry?" said Mrs. Maynard encouragingly.

"May I bring Kate along sometimes? She wants to learn so badly. She almost knows her letters."

"Why yes, Henry. Bring Katy by all means. Alice will teach her."

Henry glanced toward Alice, as if not fully satisfied in regard to her view of the case. But she gave him an assuring smile and word, and the boy ran home with light feet to tell the news.

"What does this mean, Alice?" said Mrs. Maynard, looking at her daughter with a countenance through which a dim light seemed breaking.

"It may be true what Mr. Fleetwood says," replied Alice; "the work that God has for us to do may now be lying, all unseen, around us."

"This is no mere chance," remarked Mrs. Maynard, in a thoughtful way.

"Don't you remember," said Alice, "how often dear father used to say that there was no such thing as chance? I felt, while reading Mr. Fleetwood's letter, as if it was father who was speaking to us."

Mrs. Maynard shut her eyes and sat very still for many minutes; then she opened the letter which she held in her hand, and read it through slowly.

"It reads differently now. I am sorry for Mr. Fleetwood. It is hard, when years lay upon us their long accumulating burdens, to find earthly prospects suddenly removed. Poor man! It seems as if he ought to be spared. What he had to give he has given freely, and I thank him with grateful feelings. Yes, I have a Father in Heaven, and I will look up to Him in these days of darkness. He will show us the way. Who knows but the path is open before us?"

"My own thoughts, mother. There are more than forty children in this town who are growing up in as much ignorance as Henry Audling and his sister. Their parents will not, or cannot send them to school. These children have immortal souls, and almost infinite capacities that will be developed for good or evil. They are God's children. Let us take the loaf of bread and pitcher of milk, as the sign of God's providence towards us. I feel, dear mother, that such trust will not be in vain. Mr. Fleetwood's letter has turned the channel of my thoughts in a new direction. May God reward him for all he has said to us in this our time of need, and said so kindly and wisely!"

The daughter's hope and faith flowed into the mother's heart. They were not indolent, self-indulgent women. All they asked was to be shown their work; and now, in their eyes, it seemed to be lying all around them.

The next day Henry Audling came over with his sister Katy and received the promised lesson.

"Do you know any other little boys and girls who wish to know how to read?" asked Mrs. Maynard, as the children were going away.

"Oh, yes, I know a good many," replied Henry, and then stood waiting to see what would come next.

"Bring them along with you when you come to-morrow," said Mrs. Maynard. "It will be as easy to teach half a dozen as two."

"Won't Tom Jones be glad, though?" he heard Henry say to his sister, as they went out through the gate.

Three months went by and yet Mr. Fleetwood received no response to the answer which he had given to Mrs. Maynard's impetuous letter. He did not remember distinctly what he had written. He only knew that he had sent her mere words when she asked for deeds. He never thought of her without a troubled feeling.

"How cold and heartless that letter must have seemed!" he would say to himself sometimes. "Ah, if she really knew how it was with me! If she could see into my breast, poor woman! But she is in the hands of God, and he is a friend who sticks closer than a brother."

At last there came a reply to his words of encouragement and hope, which, though dwelling warm from his heart, seemed to grow so cold in the utterance.

Mrs. Maynard wrote:

"MY DEAR SIR—More than four months ago you wrote me, 'You have a Father in heaven, dear Madam, and a Father who has not forgotten you. Look to Him and hope in Him.' And you said also, 'He has something for all of His children to do; something for you to do, and your hands will find the work. It may now be lying all unseen, around you.' My heart blesses you, sir, for these hopeful, suggestive words. Yes, God had work for me to do—and it was, even when I wrote to you in my fear

and despair, all around me, though unseen by my dull eyes. Like apples of gold in pictures of silver were your fifty spoken words. I had taught a child his letters, and his poor but grateful mother sent me in return a loaf of bread and a pitcher of milk for my children. Your letter and this offering in God's providence came together. I had the text and illustration side by side. There were many ignorant children in our town, said Alice and I, one to another, and they are God's children. Let us teach more of them, as we taught this child, taking that loaf of bread and offering of milk as a sign that God will provide for us in the work. We did not hesitate, but acted on the suggestion at once. And now, we have over thirty poor children under our care, and we have not paid for bread, some in provisions, and some do nothing in return. But we take all children who come. Yesterday, we had notice from the town council that an appropriation of one hundred dollars a year had been made out of the public funds for the support of our school! Does not the hand of a wise and good Providence appear in all this? Oh, sir! I cannot too warmly thank you for the wise words of that timely letter. God bless you for having spoken them.

Gratefully yours,  
ALICE MAYNARD.

"Only words," said Mr. Fleetwood, as he followed the letter, with moist eyes. "Only words! They seemed such a cold and heartless return for the good deeds, asked pleadingly and in tears, that I had to compel myself to write them. Yet see the fruit! If we cannot do, let us speak kindly and hopefully at least. I will not forget the lesson." [Harper's Monthly Magazine.]

**DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.** The young Prince, who has just left our shores, carries with him indubitable evidence of a rare and judicious cultivation. It is infinitely to his honor, and to the credit of those who have moulded him, that not one single instance has been recorded of a breach on his part of the courtesies of life, or of the slightest display of unbecoming temper to any one. His demeanor throughout has been completely reformed, the fair flower of the state. Cheerful, affable, modest, and quiet, he has, nevertheless, exhibited all the main qualities of a cavalier. A superb horseman, he outstripped his companions in his Canadian gallops; a good shot, he bagged more prairie chickens than the messengers of his suite; enthusiastic in the ball room, he was the admiration of all the votaries of Terpsichore who were witnesses of his boyish but well regulated delight; princely in his liberality, he always did the right thing at the proper time, and left everywhere, where humble service was required, striking proofs of a thoughtful magnificence.

In no part of the civilized world has Queen Victoria been held in such profound respect as in the United States of America, where a regard for the virtues which adorn the female character rises paramount to all political prejudice. We did not believe it possible that the British sovereign could have increased the admiration with which she is everywhere regarded in the New World. But the bearing of her son has proved that we had not taken the full measure of her worth. The Queen has governed her family as admirably as she has governed her kingdom, and of the heir to the British crown we may now say, with propriety, "England did never own so sweet a hope."

[N. Y. Evening Post.]

**THE PARSON'S REPLY.** A lady in Vermont writes to a newspaper—ladies are fond of good things—why don't they send us more like the following, and better?

"The Post office in our village was kept in the bar-room of the tavern, a great resort for loungers. An old chap, more remarkable for his coarseness and idleness, than for his good manners, was



## The Oxford Democrat

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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

## LOCAL AGENTS.

W. R. LAFAN, M. D. Bryant's Pond.  
AMERICA BAKER, North Paris.  
HENRY UPTON, Norway.  
WM. F. DAVIS, Deeset.  
DAVID DUGGS, Hiram.  
G. G. STACY, Porter.  
J. S. POWERS, Fryeburg.  
S. B. BEAR, Brownfield.  
C. J. FARRER, Lovell.  
R. E. W. WOODBURY, Sweden.  
FRAN. FARRINGTON, Stow.  
JOSEPH BARRON, Hallowell.  
CHARLES MARSON, Bethel.  
J. BARTLETT, Locke's Mills.  
A. K. KNAPP, Hallowell.  
DAVID KNAPP, E. Hallowell.

## The Election.

The returns already received settle the question as to the Presidency. Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin have been elected President and Vice President of the United States for four years from the 4th of March, 1861. Several things connected with the late contest are worthy of notice. 1st. It was a fight conducted, on the part of the Republicans, upon a square, unqualified platform of principle. The Chicago Convention sent out to the country and the world its principles and doctrines in language too plain to be misunderstood. This platform embodied the republican idea, and enunciated the principles upon which the government is to be administered by Mr. Lincoln. There was on the part of the Republicans no attempt at concealment—no attempt to cheat the people, or to deceive any one as to their true position as a party. With their true doctrines emblazoned upon every banner, the Republican party entered the field, fought the battle, and won the victory.

2d. The Republicans have conducted the campaign upon high and honorable grounds. None but fair and honorable means have been resorted to. It has been to the judgment, conscience, and understanding of men that appeals have been made, and not their prejudice, passions, or ignorance.

3d. It has been a vigorous campaign. The Republicans, at the commencement of the canvass, like wise and prudent men, looked over the whole ground. They surveyed the wide field to be occupied as the great battle ground, and then made their preparations accordingly. In no previous Presidential campaign has so much truth and light been sent abroad to the people. It has been seen broadcast all over the country. In the press, the greatest questions of the day have been discussed with a vigor and power never before witnessed. From the staid Republican doctrines have been dispensed, like showers of rain, upon the just and the unjust. While truth and righteousness have been held up to the view, error and political wickedness have been attacked in all their strongholds. Greater numbers have been brought within the influence of the means used, than in any prior campaign.

4th. It has been a fight in which the good old doctrines of the Fathers have been presented just as they were handed down to their posterity. These have been met and combated by the modern heresies of the slave oligarchy. On the one hand, Republicans have stood just exactly where Washington, and Franklin, and Jefferson, and Madison, and all the early statesmen stood; on the other, the combined elements of despotism have waged a war on all these time honored principles, with a view to their final and complete overthrow. This has been the real issue—a question whether we are to stand by the wisdom of the past, or repudiate it forever, for the wild and treasonable vagaries of a great monopoly, in the sinews and bones, souls and bodies of men and women made in the image of God.

5th. The campaign has been distinguished for the reason that it has characterized the opposing forces of Republicanism. The Republican party has not only had to contend against the sham democracy, but two powerful organizations claiming that name, with a third claiming the Union and the Constitution as their special property. It has not only had to meet these powerful parties in the field, but all these parties combined—used into one organization. With these opponents all principle has been publicly abandoned, thrown to the winds. Fire-eaters and Union-savers, Know Nothings and foreigners, old federalists and young filibusters, squatter sovereignty blowers and slave code advocates have all ignored every principle they have heretofore professed, and gone into combinations and trades to beat the Republicans. All these antagonistic elements have been thrown into common stock, to be traded off just as it would best subserve the interests of a set of political blacklegs. "Any thing to beat Lincoln," has been the cry. Such a system of bargaining among stock jobbing politicians never before disgraced a Presidential campaign.

6th. The campaign has presented the anomaly of a new party, not half a dozen years old, entering the field and whipping out all other political organizations in the country. The recent victory is the death and burial of both the old political parties. The old whig party is no more thoroughly dead than is the old democratic party. Both have gone down, down, down into the very depths of the sea of oblivion, never more to rise.

7th. The election of Lincoln shows the independence, courage and patriotism of the people. The fact that a majority among the masses in this great nation have broken away from old party ties and old party associates, and come together, into a new party, for the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union, is the best evidence in the world that the people are honest, and love their country better than they love party. Amidst the taunts and jeers, threats and denunciations of traitors, disunionists and political scoundrels, the people have acted squarely up to their convictions of duty, and with an independence worthy of

all praise, exercised a freeman's right in a manner and way worthy the name of freeman.

8th. The people of the United States have done their duty at the ballot-box, while their opponents have made themselves hoarse with their mad howlings about disunion. Southern fire-eaters and northern dough-faces have both undertaken the gracious task of instructing the people how to vote, while threats of civil war, blood and thunder have been poured out in torrents as the consequences of a non-compliance with the demands of the nigger-drivers. Yet, nobody imbued with true Republican doctrines, have been afraid. Like their heroic fathers, they "seemed to be slaves," and treated with merited contempt the attempt of a slave oligarchy to "oversee" them at the ballot-box.

9th. The election of Lincoln will be the downfall of the disunionists. Union and disunion were live issues in the late contest. The Republican party was the only true Union party in the field. Their success will be the ultimate end of disunion movements for long years to come. The rant of the traitors who now madly threaten will soon come to an end.

10th. The late contest will be an era upon the page of our country's history. It is a revolution, not carried on with powder and balls, spear and helmet, but through the more potent agency of the ballot-box. It is the complete overturning of a corrupt dynasty, driving from power a set of traitorous despots; a restoration of the government to the great principles which inaugurated it; a coming back to the true doctrines of the Constitution and the Union.

## Disunion—The Threatened Smash-Up.

"Old Abe is elected and the Union is smashed into pi," is now the song of the southern fire-eaters and northern dough-faces. Political fortune hunters in the cotton States, just as they have always done before at Presidential elections, have been howling disunion, secession and rebellion. Their noisy threats have passed unheeded; the people have treated them with scorn and *ridiculed* as they pleased.

And now, after the election is over, what do we hear? Civil war, disunion, and secession comes up all seething hot from the cotton-fields and rice-swamps of niggerdom. What is the occasion of all these threats and bragadoos? Oh, nothing! Only the people, in a legal constitutional way, have elected the man of their choice for President of the United States, for the next four years. Well, we thank Heaven this is as it should be. We have had threats enough in times past, and now we want the secessionists to meet these boasts in the way they think best. If they want to break up the government let them try their hand at it. If this government can only be perpetuated by placing the people of the free States under Southern dures at the ballot-box; if Northern freemen are to be led up to the polls like abject slaves, and there compelled to vote to please Southern slave-drivers, then let it be blown to the third Heaven, it is not worth preserving; a single moment.

If the slaveholders in South Carolina want to secede from the Union, let them go and try an independent government. So far as the free States are concerned, they would be infinitely better off without them than with them. Let them go, and then we shall see how long they can take care of their niggers with no Federal Government to protect them from domestic strife and insurrection. And then if Georgia, Mississippi, and Alabama want to follow suit, let them go, too, and after they get fairly out, let them set up four nigger despots, or one, just as they may prefer.

We have heard enough of this disunion rant. We want it settled now one way or the other. Let these States either go out or forever afterwards hold their peace. We shall have some respect for the fire-eaters if they will only stand up to the rack, but we have only loathing and disgust for their northern allies who are now blubbering about the streets like so many whipped hounds, trying to get up a panic and frighten somebody. Who is afraid?

Let the crisis come; the people want no delay, they have said so by their votes. If the cotton States are to march out of the Union, we hope they will start before the next session of Congress, and not send their members to represent them in a Foreign government.

After all, we believe the whole thing will end in smoke. South Carolina and the other cotton States will rant and bluster, and that will be the end of it. It will turn out a great farce. They are only driving the host bargain they can with the incoming President. But we hope there will be no backing down on the part of Old Abe, and we firmly believe there will be none.

We are in favor of granting the South every right she has under the Constitution, and we know Mr. Lincoln will deal fairly with every section of the Union. The people want no compromises involving a surrender of principles. They want the next administration to be just what they have been promised it should be. This is what they demand, and what we believe they will get.

But while we repudiate the idea of actual secession or a disruption of the government, we promptly admit there is a large body of men in the United States laboring to bring about disunion. These men are reckless, unprincipled, and full of treason, and would seize upon any pretext to precipitate a revolution or civil war upon the country. Our strong hope against the traitorous designs of these modern Catalines lies in the fact that the people are not with them, either North or South. But we shall see. The lines in the South are to be drawn. The issue is made direct. The question is now being put to Southern men, where do you stand? for the Union or against it? It is put in such a way there can be no dodging it. We predict that southern men, friends of the Union in the slave States, will take care of the traitors, without aid from the North. Away, then, with the disunion humbug. "The Union must and shall be preserved." Old Hickory said it, and the people will see it done.

On Tuesday, 6th inst., was the greatest display of Northern Lights ever seen.

## Change of Time in holding our State Elections.

Our State Constitution was framed in 1849—more than forty years ago. Article 2, section 4, provides that "the election for Governor, Senators and Representatives shall be on the 21st Monday of September, annually, forever." Since the adoption of this constitution the "world has not stood still," changes have been going on. These changes have affected our State. Many things that were all well enough forty years ago are very inconvenient now.

Ought the time of holding our annual State elections to be changed? That is a question we propose briefly to answer. And to begin, we respond Yes; and our reasons are as follows:—It is a change to be made we propose the first Tuesday of November, annually. Every fourth year our people are called out to vote for Presidential Election upon this day. If our State elections come off at the same time, it would save the one hundred and twenty thousand citizens, who go to the polls, a day's work every four years.

Again, the modes adopted by political parties, in this State, in conducting a political canvass, have been entirely changed within the last forty years. Then, canvassing was carried on in a very quiet way. No political gatherings to hear political questions discussed were held. Candidates, (if they took the field at all) travelled in private, and if they met the people at all, it was a meeting in some secluded spot, away from the public gaze. Now, the stamping system is all the go. It has become a settled "institution" with all parties. All parties have their great and their small gatherings—their public meetings for discussion and debate. Candidates now have to "face the music." The people expect them to come out and "show their hand upon the stump."

This being the recognized policy of all parties, in conducting their campaigns, a great inconvenience is now experienced for want of proper time to carry through the canvass. As it now is, our conventions have to be held in the hay and grain season; our primary meetings, to select delegates to these conventions, are also held in the most busy season of the year—right in the very midst of the hay season. The consequence is a small attendance, and a good opportunity for demagogues to pack *crises* and cheat the people. This has been done over and over again; and so long as the people are compelled to hold their caucuses when everybody but loafers and politicians are busily engaged, just so long it will be practiced to a greater or less extent.

Just let the election be postponed till the first of November, and then the people will find ample time for all their political meetings. Again, the long evenings of October would be just the time to hold meetings for political discussions. We maintain that the more extensive political questions are discussed before the people, the more likely the people will be to act right at the polls.

We could pursue this subject further, but our object now is not so much to present arguments in favor of a change, as to call the attention of the people to the subject. We trust the next Legislature will take up the matter and submit the question of a change of the constitution to the people. With a proper presentation of the subject, we have no doubt a large majority would vote for the change.

To this end we hope the press will discuss the question, invite arguments—pro and con,—let the whole thing be talked over in public and private, then give the people a chance to rate upon the matter, and with their verdict, whatever it might be, we promise to be content.

## The Result.

There seems to be no doubt that the States have chosen Presidential electors as follows:

LINCOLN AND HAMLIN.	
Maine,	8
New Hampshire,	5
Vermont,	5
Massachusetts,	13
Rhode Island,	4
Connecticut,	6
New York,	35
Pennsylvania,	27
Ohio,	23
Michigan,	6
Indiana,	13
Illinois,	11
Iowa,	4
Wisconsin,	5
Minnesota,	4
New Jersey,	4
173	
DOUGLAS AND JOHNSON.	
New Jersey,	3
BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE.	
Delaware,	3
Virginia,	15
North Carolina,	10
South Carolina,	8
Louisiana,	6
Alabama,	7
Florida,	3
Mississippi,	9
Arkansas,	4
Texas,	68
123	
BELL AND EVERETT.	
Kentucky,	12
Missouri,	9
Tennessee,	12
33	

DOUBTFUL—Claimed by both Bell and Breckinridge.

NOT HEARD FROM.	
Maryland,	8
California,	4
Oregon,	3

MASONIC. At the annual meeting of the Oriental Lodge, Bridgton, Oct. 29th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Nath'l Pease, W. M.; A. M. Savage, S. W.; Augustine Chaplin, I. W.; David Fowler, Tr.; Geo. Pierce, Sec'y; George Small, S. D.; Washington Chaplin, J. D.; James Chute, S. S.; James Chapin, J. S.; Wm. S. Potter, Chap.; Washington Bray, M.; D. D. Torrey, Ty.

EX-GOVERNOR WISE SNEERED BY GOV. LETCHER. It is reported that Gov. Letcher has addressed a note to Ex-Governor Wise relative to his activity in forming corps of minute men. He intimates that the latter is not Governor now, and that his successor is able to look after the public interest of the State.

## Supreme Judicial Court.

The November Term opened on Tuesday. Chief Justice TENNEY, present.

The following is the list of Jurors in attendance.

GRAND JURY. Caleb P. Holland, Canton, Foreman.  
Christopher Bryant, Woodstock.  
George R. Bean, Denmark.  
Albion H. Blake, Brownfield.  
Aaron H. Elliott, Rumford.  
Sullivan Fuller, Oxford.  
Robert Glover, Hebron.  
Oscar F. Gardner, Buckfield.  
John G. Hamblen, Lovell.  
Merrill Holman, Dixfield.  
Abner F. Jackson, Norway.  
Oliver H. Mason, Bethel.  
Joshua B. Osgood, Fryeburg.  
William P. Philbrick, Porter.  
Orin Robinson, Hartford.  
Marshall Sanderson, Waterford.  
Peleg G. Wadsworth, Hiram.  
Henry R. Webster, Paris.

FIRST PANEL. Samuel R. Holland, Dixfield, Foreman.  
Simon A. Abbott, Andover.  
America Bonney, Sumner.  
Hannibal G. Brown, Paris.  
Dennis F. Bishop, Peru.  
Ansel Dinsmore, Norway.  
Nathan W. Elliott, Rumford.  
Hiram M. Everett, Hebron.  
Daniel Fletcher, Buckfield.  
N. K. Farrington, Fryeburg.  
Stephen B. Foster, Newry.  
Johnston C. Holt, Paris.

SECOND PANEL. Thomas T. Small, Oxford, Foreman.  
Aaron Jones, Sweden.  
Lewis B. Reed, Hartford.  
Lorenzo S. Smith, Bethel.  
Christopher Y. Staples, Roxbury.  
Thomas Sawin, Waterford.  
Josiah Small, Greenwood.  
F. S. Thorn, Buckfield.  
Samuel B. Twitchell, Bethel.  
Wm. T. Taylor, Porter.  
Francis H. Whitman, Norway.  
Alanson M. Whitman, Woodstock.

SIXTY-NINE JURIES. Walter F. Watson, Hiram.  
Joshua Warren, Denmark.  
John Walker, Lovell.  
Jesse Turner, Buckfield, excused.

A pauper case, between Sebago and Denmark is the only one that has been taken up, and this was not concluded when we went to press.

The trial of John B. Coffin, for the murder of McKen, has been assigned for next Tuesday. The case will be managed on the part of the State by the State and County Attorneys, J. H. Drummond, and Wm. Virg. C. W. Walton and D. R. Hastings conduct the defence. It is probable that 24 special jurors will be summoned from which to select a jury for that case.

We understand no civil cases will be taken up after Tuesday.

A dispatch from Springfield, Ill., to the Tribune, states that nothing whatever has transpired, as to the composition of the new cabinet. The news from the South fails to draw out any declaration from Mr. Lincoln, as to his future course. A grand celebration will take place next week at which Mr. Hamlin is to be present.

THE RIGHT. Negro property in South Carolina has fallen THIRTY per cent since her revolutionary schemes have commenced. Her banks have suspended, and the bills have been refused as currency in some of the States. The brokers charge 5 per cent discount on them. To an overtaxed people this condition of affairs cannot be pleasant, and we apprehend they will soon become aware that the Union is worth more South Carolina than South Carolina is to the Union.

EXPRESS SAFE FOUND. On the 16th of April, the safe of the Adams Express Company, containing \$16,000, was lost from the train. No clue to the robbery could be obtained. Recently, a \$500 bill, known to be in the safe, has been traced to a baggage master, who was on that train, and he has been arrested. He has confessed his participation in the affair, and implicates several others. The safe has been found, but no part of the funds recovered.

THE ADVERTISER learns that two cargoes of Oysters,—about 4000 bushels,—were spoiled by the warm weather before they reached Portland. The dealers import them in cold weather, planting out enough to last through the summer. The warm fall, with an unusual demand, drained the market.

At Ocoquan, Va., where the Republicans were not allowed to raise a flagstaff, Lincoln received a larger number of votes than either of the candidates.

The Meganticook Mountain, in which a cave has been discovered, is in Camden, instead of Canada. A narrow opening has been discovered, which opens to several passages of considerable extent, it is supposed.

A GOOD THING. This year Douglas not only lost his State, but the Legislature is Republican, insuring the return of Hon. LYMAN THURMELL to the U. S. Senate. But for the foolish sympathy of the Republicans for Douglas, in 1858, Illinois might have two Republicans in the U. S. Senate, to back up the administration of Mr. Lincoln, instead of being misrepresented by the "Little Giant."

On Tuesday, 6th, a train of fifty-two cars passed up the Grand Trunk Railway, during the forenoon. The up trains that forenoon, contained one hundred and thirty cars. The road has a contract to transport 2000 bales of cotton from Cairo, Ill., to Biddeford and Boston. The business for the last week was \$80,000 against \$60,000 for the corresponding week, last year.

A correspondent of the New York Times says that the census of California will not much exceed 400,000, whereas a year ago, it was supposed that the State contained one-half million people. The population of San Francisco, which has been set down at 80,000, will not much exceed 60,000.

## "FIRES OF FREEDOM BRIGHTLY BURNING."

The enthusiastic Republicans of Old Oxford have been lighting up the hill-tops, about us, this week, in honor of the success of "HONEST OLD ABE," and HANNIBAL HAMLIN. Tuesday evening we observed bonfires, on Straked Mountain, on the hills in Norway, and on the bluff at West Paris. At the latter place the shooting of gaudies and rockets added to the beauty of the display. We could also hear the sharp crack of their small arms, and the report of the "cat head" gotten up for the occasion.

A "cat head" is a new affair to us; and the village blacksmith was the manufacturer, if not the inventor. A piece of cart tire, long enough for a ring three inches in diameter, was welded up. In the ring, the tire was nearly filled with powder, with a fuse attached, and set upright in the ground. It makes a report as loud as a small swivel.

COME TO LIGHT. In 1856 the Republicans of Woodstock were a little premature in bringing out the old iron cannon, and the Democrats glorying over their discomfiture, resolved upon making the piece tell a different story. Whether the old gun got wind of its proceedings is not known; but it disappeared and was not heard from until last week. Search warrants, dog-hooks, and pike poles, have been equally unavailing in revealing its whereabouts. The thing was considered lost, beyond all doubt. Last Tuesday, however, much to the surprise of the people, no sooner had the wires conveyed the welcome intelligence of Lincoln's election, than from the brook, in the Alder Swamp, where it had been for four years quenching the fires of its indignation, came forth the veritable swivel. It discovered itself in good time and has been put to good service, in testifying the devotion of freemen to Freedom's Champions, Lincoln & Hamlin.

HEATS OF BLUEBERRIES. Otis Howe, Jr., of Rumford writes us that the Register on old White Cap, shows that during the past season 500 persons visited the place, carrying away 252 bushels of berries. Mr. H. thinks that not more than half the quantity carried away was registered.

MAJOR TEACHER. The November number of this Monthly is at hand. In the hands of Mr. Weston, it gains rapidly in interest and value. The teachers of the State will do well to give it a generous support. Terms, \$1.00.

PLEASANT WEATHER. Up to the present writing the fine weather is a general topic of conversation. Here we are in the middle of November, with the air as bland and pleasant as Spring. Cattle and sheep get a full living in pasture; and are said to be gaining in condition. This is a saving of a month to the hay mow, which is a blessing in this season of short hay crops.

THE BRECKINRIDGE VOTE. We have seen no late footings of the vote in this State; but presume the result will not be far from 25,000 to 30,000. The Breckinridge party obtained a plurality over the Douglasses, draw out any declaration from Mr. Lincoln, as to his future course. A grand celebration will take place next week at which Mr. Hamlin is to be present.

NEW JERSEY. The Tribune has a letter from New Jersey in which the conviction is expressed that the Fusion ticket is only elected in part. A straight Douglas ticket was run. The three names on this and the Fusion ticket will have a majority, while four of the Lincoln electors have been chosen to complete the ticket.

We regret to learn, as we do from the Farmer, that Daniel T. Pike has retired from the editorial chair of the Age. Though audacious as an editor need be, he is a genial, jovial fellow, whose vitriolic pen will be missed in all quarters.

NEW YORK. The New York Tribune of the 12th, gives the votes for the electors in the State of New York, from the several counties as far as officially returned, and estimating the others. It makes Lincoln's plurality 51,766, and thinks it will not vary much from 50,000.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT. At Saco an unknown man calling himself Graham, entered the office of E. R. Wiggin Friday, and attempted to shoot him, but the pistol fortunately missed fire. No cause is known for the act. He was arrested, and still expresses a determination to murder Mr. Wiggin.

SENATORS RESIGNED. Senators Chestnut, Hammond, Iverson and Clay have resigned their seats in the U. S. Senate.

Judge Magrath, of the U. S. District Court has also resigned. Other South Carolina officers have also tendered their resignations to take effect on the first of March. The Postmaster does not resign. There is a method in this madness, inasmuch as no steps are taken to disturb the privileges of the people under the U. S. Laws.

SHADY TREATMENT OF SENATOR DOUGLAS IN ALABAMA. The Southern Democracy vows for the truth of the following story: "A gentleman, and a member of the Breckinridge party, informs us that he was present when Judge Douglas arrived in Montgomery from Columbus, on the night of the 1st of November. This gentleman says (whose statement has been corroborated by half a dozen eyewitnesses) that when Judge Douglas alighted from the carriage to ascend the steps of the Exchange Hotel, Montgomery, that there were three rotten eggs thrown. The first egg struck Colonel Seibler, editor of the Confederation, the second egg struck Col. Elmore, and the third egg struck the hat of Judge Douglas, burst and discharged its contents in the face of his wife, who stood immediately on his left. These are the facts as detailed to us by several gentlemen who witnessed the disgusting affair. So much for Breckinridge intolerance."

A company of United States Artillery left Fort Hamilton on Saturday for Fayetteville, N. C., to protect the Arsenal in that place.

## From the New York Sun.

## A Memorable Date.

History turns a leaf to-day. The popular will, which to the eyes of cool observers has been slowly and majestically growing for the last two Presidential terms, now definitely asserts and registers itself with the force of law and of destiny. We do not propose to dwell on the singular sublimity of the spectacle, but to take an independent common sense view of the fact, its meaning and its tendency. We compute it as the third of those great risings of the democratic mass which have taken place, thus far in our political history, about once in the life of a generation or one third of a century.

These three movements appear to us to have had the democratic principle for their common impulse, and to have followed each other like successive waves of an advancing tide which bears us on from generation to generation by an irresistible law of our political nature, toward the practical realization of the absolute political equality of all ranks and conditions of men.

The Jeffersonian political revolution was the first victorious movement of the democratic principles against the mixed notions of federalism, centralization, and cautious, conservative restriction of liberty which the first and purest age of the young republic had inherited from the aristocratic colonial period. The democratic idea, was really enthroned by this successful movement, but the aristocracy of capital and culture still held its own so well, that practically the government remained in its hands.

The second, or Jacksonian movement, was a purely practical revolt against this condition of things. The antagonists in this great struggle were not conflicting principles or policies, but rival classes of society contending simply for power. The democracy again triumphed, and swept on to a higher tide-mark than before, demolishing utterly the grand edifice of Capital as a political power, which was the connection of government with the banking and credit system.

The money aristocracy now found a last refuge in the Cotton interest, which at this period began to take the first rank as a commercial power, and by means of its complicity with the system of African slavery, was (nothing less,) thrust by the Abolitionists into a position of no less political importance. Through the corruption of Democratic leaders, who were never sincere men of the people, but merely selfish demagogues, and through the prompt adhesion of thorough-going Southern federalists and anti-Jackson men who saw their opportunity, the Cotton interest was fastened upon the Democratic party organization, and with its natural partners, the free-trade Importing interest, and the powerful financial system which grew up with the growth of the cotton trade, succeeded in obtaining absolute control of the party machine.

The sincere leaders and masses of the Democratic party gradually comprehended the change of management, and began to fall away from the regular organization. Some returned, and others clung obstinately to the party, submitting to the old tyrant in his new disguise, for the sake of party expediency, until the memorably conflict in Congress, over President Buchanan's Kansas policy. That gross outrage upon the democratic principle in the territories, for the benefit of Cotton and Commerce, rent the Democratic party asunder, tearing away the great mass of the sincere democracy, with Douglas at their head, from the embrace and domination of the conglomerated cotton-raising, labor-owning, merchandizing and money-dealing oligarchy which had ruled in the name of the Democratic party, ever since Calhoun, the enemy of Jackson, became one of its leaders.

This was only a finishing stroke. The majority of the people throughout the States in which labor or democracy is a political power, following their unerring democratic instincts, had already moved out of the nominal Democratic fold, and we now see them massed with overwhelming unanimity under the kindred name of "Republicans," in their old attitude of opposition to the moneyed and labor-owning oligarchy of the country. Not a solitary one of their old Democratic principles has been left behind. Examining their views, and scrutinizing their names and antecedents, as they stand now ready once more, to assume control of the Government, we are surprised to recognize both in principle and personality, some old Democratic mass on the one side, opposed to the same set of haughty and privileged class interests and their inveterate hangers-on of the old Whig party, that were arrayed against each other in the decisive political contests of other days.

We have gone over this retrospect, to show what we mean by defining the popular decision which takes form to-day, as the third great wave of democratic progress, which has virtually demolished the latest and the last conceivable entrenchment of oligarchical pretensions in the United States. The official form and name of the democratic party have been corrupted, perverted, deserted by their followers, discarded and overthrown; but the democratic party itself—that is, its people and its principles—still lives, more than ever triumphant and invincible; and to its will we must all bow.

We ought, as individuals, to do this with unfeigned respect, even while preserving our independence of judgement and conduct in the face of it—for no man ought to think himself wiser than a nation of his equals.

We will indulge in only one reflection upon these facts. This movement, like everything else human, has within it abundant corruption for its own ultimate decay and destruction. But in this as in all the previous studies of American Democracy there is a strong and noble element of true Liberty, Equality and Right, which cheers the lover of his country and his race. The freedom and dignity of Labor is here asserted on the broadest scale and with a generous disinterestedness which is characteristic of moral vitality in a people. It implies the recognition of all human rights without selfish or contemptuous exceptions, and secures the preponderance of independent laboring men, who want neither slaves nor masters in any shape, in the future government of this great country and its vast territories.

The only important internal change effected by this revolution will be at the South.

It will not be in the Free States, because here, the democratic principles have become ineradicably incorporated and established in our political and social system. It will not be in the relations between the States, nor in the measures of the Federal Government affecting them; for the Constitution, and the Constitution, and the Democratic policy now firmly established and supported as the result of former conflicts, determines all these questions.

But it will be in the emancipation of the true democrats and friends of the working man in the South, from that despotic terrorism under which they have secretly groined ever since the late absolute ascendancy of the Cotton and Slave-breeding interests were established. They will now breathe freely, think and act openly and begin a democratic movement in the labor-owning States which will ultimately establish free labor as a power to be respected. The equalization of Human Rights, is the distribution of justice, and obedience to the great law of God—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

FIFTH DISTRICT. Stephen Caban, Esq., of Skowhegan, has been elected as Representative to Congress, in the place of Gar. Washburn, whose resignation takes effect January 1st. The Douglas, Breckinridge and Bell parties each had candidates in the field.

VAGRANT. The New York Tribune is having a dispute with Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins, a Wall Street lawyer, formerly of Norway. Mr. H. is administrator of the estate of a painter, whom the Tribune designates as a "vagrant artist;" and he very properly repels the insult. The Tribune sustains itself by maintaining that "vagrant" means simply "wandering, without a home." This may answer its purpose; but the definition is far from that generally accorded to the word, and we think it abuse of Mr. Hawkins, in its poor taste.

GOOD YIELD. Mr. Merrill Holman, of Dixfield, informs us that he raised this year, from four acres of land, ninety-four bushels of wheat. He will not probably be obliged to go to Wisconsin to mill this year.

The State Teachers' Association holds its next session in Portland, Thanksgiving week, commencing on Monday and ending Wednesday noon. A number of distinguished gentlemen are announced to conduct the exercises.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT. In the name of every person accustomed to wait at the telegraph office at South Paris, to receive election news, we wish to tender a particular acknowledgment of the favors received at the hands of the ever-obliging, courteous, and genial operator, HERMAN WATERHOUSE. He is always indefatigable in his efforts to obtain intelligence promptly, and habitually correct in reporting the figures. As his shadow increases,



**THE DEFALCATION IN VERMONT.** The Vermont Phoenix gives some additional particulars of the defalcation of the Treasurer of that State, Henry M. Bates. The announcement of the criminality and flight of Mr. Bates sent a thrill through the House of Representatives. The amount taken so far as ascertained, is \$49,810, principally money borrowed from banks of which no account can be found in the books of his office. But this is not all. The Phoenix says:

"It appears that large balances are due the State from constables in many of the towns. It now turns out that in some of these towns taxes have been paid in full, as receipts in the hands of the constables show, but the amounts received for do not appear to have been credited. The Treasurer had power to borrow money on the credit of the State to an unlimited extent, by merely giving his note as Treasurer. Under those circumstances it will be some time before the full extent of this defalcation will be known. Bottom will not have been reached until those notes come in, and the account of every town in the State is re-adjusted.

If the defalcation commenced, as is believed, several years since and culminated a year or two since, there is reason to think that the State may be able to secure a fair proportion of this unexpected deficit. Where the money has gone to is more than the public will be likely to know at present. Probably a large amount has been sunk in stock speculations, and in fancy stock companies; and it is surmised that Mr. Bates is not the only one on whose account the funds of the State have been used.

The defaulter decamped last Thursday night week, probably for Canada. With him he has disappeared some of the books and papers connected with the office, the absence of which will materially protract the investigations.

**MAJORITY FOR LINCOLN.** The following is the latest reported account of the popular majority in the States carried for Lincoln:

New York,	45,000
Pennsylvania,	60,000
Massachusetts,	40,000
Ohio,	40,000
Maine,	25,000
Vermont,	25,000
Michigan,	25,000
Indiana,	20,000
Illinois,	15,000
Wisconsin,	10,000
Iowa,	No estimate.
New Hampshire,	8,000
Connecticut,	10,000
Minnesota,	No estimate.
Rhode Island,	4,400

We met our Shaker friend, Mr. Pearson, of the Poland Family, who originated the Northern Macedonia Grape. He states that he has sold eight thousand dollars worth of this grape. He has planted a vineyard of three acres, and intends to manufacture wine. He exhibited a very good wine made of this grape. Our opinion is that no better variety has been found for our latitude. [Bethel Courier.]

**Too Good to Be True.** Among the many exciting rumors prevalent at Washington is one to the effect that Secretary Cobb is about to resign his seat in the Cabinet, so decidedly has he been committed to disunionism. But our Washington letter shows this is too good to be true. Mr. Cobb has been the evil genius of President Buchanan's administration, having probably done more than any other member of the Cabinet, to guide into that course which has resulted so disastrously to the Democratic party. He will not resign until the 3d of March next, when the resignation will create no alarm at either North or South. When we recollect what Secretary Cobb is now, compared with what he was in 1850, when he carried the State of Georgia as a Union candidate, it should make the best of us recall the admonition, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

[N. Y. Com. Advertiser.]

**FOREIGN NEWS.** The North American, at Quebec, brings dates to first of Nov. The movements of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, are causing the uneasiness of Europe, considerable uneasiness. Austria has been forced to promise the Hungarians a new Constitution, and now gives notice to the Emperor, that unless the warlike preparations in Piedmont are stopped, and the Hungarian Legion is disbanded he shall commence hostilities. It is reported that Garibaldi was about to bombard Gars.

An engagement took place on the 25th of October, half way between Teano and Soana, between the Piedmontese and the Neapolitans. After a combat of two hours the latter fled, leaving many prisoners.

Capua has been occupied by Garibaldi. A conference of sovereigns is in session at Warsaw. The Emperor of Russia could not restrain his vexation at the disloyalty shown him at Warsaw. In France active measures are in progress. A contract has just been filled for 150 steam gun boats, iron-clad, and mounting each a rifled gun at the bow.

**THE REMEDY OF THE AGE.** Redding's Russia Salve is the acknowledged remedy of the age for cuts, wounds, burns, bruises, scalds, galls, fells, etc. It can be had everywhere for 25 cents a box.

**FOUND AT LAST,** a remedy that not only relieves but cures Consumption and its numerous satellites, which revolve around it in the shape of coughs, colds, influenza, bronchitis, &c. This remedy is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

**CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 14.** The Mercury gives the report of the taking of Fort Moultrie is uncontroverted, and that unless northern journals send out more reliable correspondents, they must expect to have their fancies excited by unfounded apprehensions.

**NOTICE.** The Superintending School Committee of Rockfield, will be in session at the office of S. C. Andrews, on Monday the 26th day of November, at one o'clock, for the purpose of examining persons who intend to teach the present winter.

## AN INTERESTING CASE.

**TO THOSE WHO DUBT.** Mr. Sylvanus L., a well known builder, in the city of New York, a worthy resident of the ninth ward, has been troubled more or less, for fifteen years, with rheumatism—has finally been cured by R. R. Relief. In the month of December 1852, he had a severe attack—was confined to his bed for a week. The R. R. Relief was applied one night, and he was up, about his business the next morning. He continued well until the beginning of April in 1853, when he went to Mamaroneck, to put up some country seats, where by exposure, he was attacked with fever and ague. He was treated according to the old mode of treatment, which made him worse—came back to New York, took the R. R. Relief and Regulators, and it has been 26 hours. On or about the 1st of September, he was again attacked by rheumatism—by the advice of a neighbor tried some home made remedy reckoned by the good housewife a never failing cure, but unfortunately for the worthy builder, it did no good. He lingered in pain until Sunday, Sept. 4th, 6 o'clock, when he determined to give R. R. Relief another trial. Ten minutes past six he was free from pain. On Tuesday morning, the 6th of September, he called at the R. R. Relief office and stated that he was entirely cured, that he would never again throw aside the R. R. Relief. "It has always proved itself a ready relief for all complaints, whether internal or external—whether Rheumatism, Dysentery or Fever and Ague. It has cured me of each."

Let those who doubt the efficacy of R. R. Relief. In a few minutes it will work a great change; it will instantly stop—dissolve it will quickly check, and the causes it will speedily remove. R. R. Relief 62 Fulton-st. New York.

For R. R. Relief, Female Complaints, use R. R. Regulator. For irregularity, use Railway's Regulator.

## THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heart Burn, Water Brash, Stomachic, Jaundice, General Debility, &c., find a great relief and speedy cure in this great remedy. The Oxygenated Bitters are believed by many who have been cured of the above complaints to be the only medicine which the materia medica affords for their infallible cure. It is not an alcoholic preparation, which, while giving a momentary stimulus, reduces the system in the same ratio; but one distinct and different from any medicinal preparation ever compounded, and which will, in most cases, extract the disease by the roots and restore the patient to pristine health. In proof of which, testimony of the very highest and unexceptionable character is presented.

## Reliable Testimony.

We call the attention of the reader to the following letter from President SMITH, of Wesleyan University—

Middlebury, Conn., Feb. 28, 1853.

DEAR MR. FOWLE & CO.,

Gentlemen—I feel made up of the Oxygenated Bitters some seven or eight years since. Having suffered for twenty years from a form of Dyspepsia, which was attended with a nervous headache, on an average of not less than one day in a week. I was induced by the unpretending recommendation of Dr. Fowle, to try one bottle, and it has since been received to discontinue the use of it. The use of one bottle rendered a further trial, to the extent of some three or four, with a careful abstention from the stimulating diet of my system and upon the active energies of the digestive organs. I now deem myself exempt from Dyspepsia as most persons. These Bitters have also been of service to other members of my family. Very respectfully yours,

AUGUSTUS W. SMITH.

Prepared by FOWLE & CO., Boston and for sale by F. B. Bates & Co., Paris; Wm. A. Root, Santa Paris; D. F. Noyes, Norway; E. Atwood & Co., Rockfield; W. S. Chase & Co., Bethel; F. S. Chandler & C. O. H. Mason, Bethel and by dealers everywhere.

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