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TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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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.—AGRICOLA.

Winter Care of Cattle.

A writer to the Germantown Telegraph gives the following as his mode of wintering stock:

How many farmers there are who, towards the close of winter, complain of being short of fodder and are compelled to purchase hay at high prices to carry their stock until pasture time. I know from experience what this is, and find it does not pay. There are two causes and also two remedies for this state of things, viz:—Too heavy a stock and too wasteful feeding. For the former the remedy is obvious; for the latter, a great many farmers have not yet discovered a preventive; but go on in the old way of feeding in common square racks in the yard, either corn-fodder, straw or hay. Here is where the loss occurs, and did every farmer know the great gain there would be in cutting up everything he feeds, instead of feeding it whole, there would be no more complaints of "short of fodder." I have tried it and find I can winter ten head of cattle on cut fodder, where I only wintered five head last year, and what is more, keep them in better order! I feed in the yard, in troughs six feet long, eighteen inches deep and two feet wide at the top, sloping to one foot at the bottom. My cattle eat all the corn—hard butts, stalks and all; and one ordinary bundle of fodder,—such as would be generally given to a steer at one meal,—lasts an animal a whole day.

Another advantage is, my manure is all short, easily handled in the spring when I heap it up under the sheds, and I am not bothered by the long corn stalks all through it. Cattle prefer their fodder cut, and will eat it more quietly. The same saving may be accomplished in the stable, by cutting hay fed to horses, cows, &c. They soon learn to like it better than whole hay, and then they can waste none. Let every farmer who has not tried it, and who has been worried to know how to get his cattle through the winter rightly without buying hay, try this plan, and if he does it right, he will never regret the outlay for the out-let.

BIRDS' SENSE OF DANGER. The power of judging of actual danger, and the free and easy boldness which results from it, are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a most correct notion of a gun's range, and while scrupulously careful to keep beyond it, confine their care to this caution, though the most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, which they do not choose to do. And they sometimes appear to make even an ostentatious use of their power, fairly putting their wit and cleverness in antagonism to that of man, for the benefit of their fellows. I lately read an account, by a naturalist in Brazil, of an expedition he made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoonbills, pines, and other of the magnificent gallinular birds, which were most abundant there. His design was completely baffled, however, by a wretched little sandpiper that preceded him, continually uttering his tell-tale cry, which aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day did this individual bird continue its self-imposed duty of sentinel of others, effectually preventing the approach of the fowler to the game, and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.

[Gosse's Romance of Natural History.]

Salt and its Offices.

Some modern agricultural writers have doubted the necessity of giving animals salt. The following remarks as to the effect of salt upon health, by Professor Johnston, may be relied upon by those who still put salt in their own puddings, and allow their cattle a little now and then:

"The wild buffalo frequents the salt licks of Northwestern America; the wild animal in the central parts of South Africa are a sure prey to the hunter who condescends himself behind a salt spring; and our domestic cattle run peacefully to the hand that offers them a taste of this delicious luxury. From time immemorial, it has been known that, without salt, man would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times. Maggots and corruption are spoken of by ancient writers as the distressing symptoms which saltless food engenders; but no ancient or unchemical modern could explain how such sufferings arose. Now we know why the animal craves salt—why it suffers discomfort, and why it ultimately falls into disease if salt is for a time withheld. Upwards of half the saline matter of the blood (75 per cent.) consists of common salt, and as this is partially discharged every day through the skin and the kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Stint the supply of salt, therefore, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist the digestion, nor allow the cartilages to be built up again as fast as they naturally waste.

He who receives a good turn, should never forget it—who does one, should never remember it.

MISCELLANY.

AUNT BETSEY'S NEW BONNET.

BY CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

"DEAR LIZZIE—My troubles increase, and the crisis seems to be near at hand. Do come and see me. I need you more than words can express. I cannot tell you about it now, but I must see you. Do not delay. Your unhappy friend,
JENNIE BRADSHAW."

This appeal it is needless to say, touched my feelings. Jennie Bradshaw was my particular friend, and the story of her troubles, with which I was pretty well acquainted, aroused my indignation.

Jennie Bradshaw was an orphan, and had been from infancy the especial charge of Miss Betsey Smith, the eldest sister of Jennie's mother. To the trials and vexations which had all along beset the poor girl's pathway, I was no stranger, and now, at last, it seemed as if the crowning, culminating point of these distresses had been reached.

Jennie had, soon after leaving school, fallen in love with a very accomplished and gentlemanly, but poor young man, a clerk in the only store of her native village. I suppose for the sake of propriety, and my heroine's good name, I should have said that James Grayson, or "Jim," as he was often called, had fallen in love with her; but in truth I think it would have been difficult to decide to which belonged the preference in the case. It seemed to be pretty nearly a case of mutual "love at first sight." But the lot of true love was not wanting, and trials arose in the pathway of this devoted couple only too soon. Aunt Betsey had a nephew, who was par excellence Jennie's cousin, with whom Jennie was to be joint heir of Aunt Betsey's small patrimony; and, of course, the lady had set her heart upon seeing the two young people united.

Jennie Bradshaw, my handsome, stylish, accomplished, friend, Jennie, marry Joe Lathrop! It was preposterous, as any lady would have seen at once.

Various were the quarrels and embarrassments which had arisen out of this state of affairs. Of course, Aunt Betsey "fairly hated the sight of that pizen 'Jim Grayson,'" called him "stuck-up," and disrespectful to his betters; and as for Jennie Bradshaw ever marrying him, she never thought.

Jim, meantime, didn't care for the woman or her dimes. Marry Jennie he would, if he died in the cause. Of course he made it in his way to meet Joe as often as possible, and to put on airs, and talk about towards whenever he did meet him; while Joe grinned, and chuckled, and said, "They'll see who was who in the long run," and Jennie cried, and pouted, and was humble and downcast, and independent and spunky by turns.

Upon reaching Fair Haven, I found, to my dismay, that Joe and Aunt Betsey, or rather Aunt Betsey and Joe, for the lady was certainly at the head of affairs, had insisted upon an immediate consummation of the marriage. Joe would be twenty-one in a month, and, on that day, Aunt Betsey had decreed that Jennie should bestow upon him her hand, or forever leave the protection of her aunt, who "could, on no account, think of harboring such an obstinate, undutiful creature another minute." Everybody knows that the complication of family affairs can never be described, and there were reasons in this case which not only made the execution of the old lady's threat certain, but also involved Jennie in indescribable embarrassment.

"It would seem so unfeeling, you know," said Jennie, "after all she has done for me, to leave her now, just when she is beginning to feel most heavily the infirmities of age. I think it would kill her to be left to the care of a stranger."

"Never fear," said I; "she has too much spirit to die of heart-break, even if she had any heart, which I think exceedingly doubtful. It must have withered away from disuse long ago."

"No," said Jennie, firmly, "aunt Betsey has always been kind enough to me, as kind as I had any right to expect, except in this one matter, and, even here, I think she means to do what is for my good; only you see Lizzie, she don't know anything about love, or rightly about James. But this I do know, I never will marry Joe Lathrop."

It was the twilight of a warm summer evening, and we were sitting in the still unlighted parlors, when we heard the click of the gate-latch, and soon after the trotting tread of Aunt Betsey upon the walk. She was accompanied by Joe Lathrop, who however, at the door resigned into her hand a bonnet-box which he had been carrying, and left her to enter the house alone.

"Now, Jennie," said Aunt Betsey as she seated herself by the window which overlooked the garden, "just see here what that dear child has been getting for me. There never was another boy so mindful of an old aunt as he is of me, I do believe. Just look at that now, and see if you ever did see the beater o' that bonnet."

So saying she drew from the depths of the bonnet-box in her hand, the most singular piece of millinery which it was ever my fortune to behold. It consisted of a large open-work straw hat, about the size and shape of a coal-scuttle, trimmed in the most fantastic fashion imaginable, with pink and blue ribbons. Inside was a plaited ruche, which greatly resembled the cap-border of a newly-landed "emigrant," in which were stuck some gaudy artificial flowers.

"Did you ever see the beater o' that?" asked Aunt Betsey, as she triumphantly exhibited

this grand climax of the millinery art.

I could conscientiously aver that I never had.

"I did think," said the lady, with a snigger, "that it was a little too gay for me; but Miss Judkins said that the pink was very genteel, and the blue subdued it—yes, subdued it, them was her very words, and the color is so fashionable, you know, Miss Judkins said twas, and then, mind all the rest, it was Joe's taste. And really I don't think its onbecomin' to me."

"Joe's taste was tried on. Such a spectacle as it was, mounted upon the shrunken head, overshadowing the shriveled features, and the yellow frizzed hair! Jennie groaned in secret. 'Foolish! frightful! ridiculous!' rose to my lips; for my life, or rather for the sake of Jennie's peace, I dared not speak. 'Joe is very liberal,' said Jennie at length.

"Oh yes," groaned Aunt Betsey, in a resigned way, "there ain't nothing that dear child wouldn't do for me. He's a perfect

—"

A scream interrupted Aunt Betsey's laudations, and we never knew the full extent of Joe's perfections.

"Look-a-there!—look-a-there!" exclaimed Aunt Betsey, hastily dropping her miracle of the millinery upon the window sill, "there's neighbor Godfrey's cattle in my cabbage patch. Lizzie! Lizzie! run," and Aunt Betsey, still adorning the nowhere-to-be-seen Lizzy, hobbled out of the house, and down the garden walk, raising her staff at every step, and screaming to the placid cattle that were still cropping away at the cabbages with that peculiar union of gravity and self-satisfaction, nowhere so strikingly exemplified. We ran out on the doorstep, but before we could reach the scene of action, Lizzy appeared in frantic haste, brandishing a broomstick, and put the army of intruders to rest. But alas! for Aunt Betsey's rheumatism, the excitement of the moment had its necessary reaction, and we were obliged to assist her carefully to her own room and put her immediately to bed.

Jennie, like the dutiful girl she was, offered to remain and nurse her, but Aunt Betsey preferred Lizzy; so Jennie returned to the parlor.

We had scarcely quieted our disturbed sensibilities when a light, quick step sounded in the hall, and in the deepening twilight we recognized Jim Grayson's form as he entered the parlor.

"Good evening, girls," he said, in a low, but cheerful and animated tone. "Neighbor Godfrey's cows have cleared the coast for me, I take it, so here I am. What do you think of my stratagem?"

"Oh! fie, for shame!" exclaimed Jennie, "how could you do so?"

But James with a giddy whirl landed her by his side upon the sofa, where, but a minute before, I had deposited Aunt Betsey's bonnet, which, in the excitement of the cow chase, had been carelessly left in the window. There was a crashing of straw and a crushing of ribbon. Alas! alas! that elegant superstructure, was ruined, and the blame thereof rested upon the devoted head of James Grayson. It was some minutes before James could be made to comprehend the full extent of the calamity; and even then, although his jolly visage was momentarily elongated, he was too happy in the presence of his charmer to be long cast down.

"There," he said, placing the remains of Miss Judkins' masterpiece again upon the window seat, "the damp won't hurt the old nonsense now, I reckon; and if this is to be our last talk, Jennie, we won't have it marred by anything so slight as a trifle of crushed millinery."

But the chapter of accidents so strikingly opened had not yet closed. Scarce five minutes had elapsed till the gate again gave warning of visitors, and Joe Lathrop's heavy stride resounded on the walk.

"Hide, quickly," said Jennie, in terror.

"I'll be hanged if I do," said Jim, valiantly. "Run from him? Catch me."

"But you must," said Jennie, in terror, and our mingled earnest solicitations and entreaties at last prevailed, and Jim allowed himself to be most reluctantly forced into a closet at hand.

"Good evening, Jennie," said Joe, the next instant, at the same time acknowledging my not very welcome presence with a bow. You should have seen him then; tall, lank, and awkward, with straight hair brushed in smooth, oily soap-locks about his temples.

"I say, girls," he said, at length, "ain't it gettin' kind o' cold here? S'pose I shut this window?"

A heavy white curtain hid the bonnet from his view. He touched the spring, and awkwardly letting go the window, it fell with a crash directly upon the devoted bonnet. A simultaneous scream from Jennie and myself, drowned the exclamation of delight which sounded from the closet; and a light being just then brought in by Lizzie, Joe became aware of the mischief of which he innocently supposed himself the author.

He looked upon the crushed remains with a rueful face.

"Well, I never," he exclaimed. "There is three dollars gone. Who'd a thought that Aunt Betsey'd been such a fool as to have left a new bonnet in such a place as that?"

Unfortunately for Joe, Aunt Betsey, roused by the crash to a remembrance of her neglected hat, rushed down stairs regardless of rheumatism, and appeared at the parlor door in a red flannel wrapper, just in time to hear this disrespectful speech.

"Joe Lathrop!" she exclaimed, "you good-for-nothing fellow, to speak in such a

way of your old aunt that brought ye up,

and made ye all ye are.

Whether the weakness was in her rheumatic knees or her rheumatic temper, I do not know; but just at this crisis, Aunt Betsey broke down, that is, she sank helplessly into a chair, and burst into a fit of hysterical crying.

"Oh! dear me! oh! dear me! there ain't no end o' troubles in this world. It wasn't enough that Godfrey's cows got in an' ate up every one of my cabbages; it wasn't enough that I should have a new bonnet spoiled; that cost o'n a most three dollars, but this ungrateful fellow must call me careless afore my face and eyes—I, that have always had the name of being just the carefullest, prudentest, savingest woman in all Fair Haven. Oh! dear me! oh! dear me!"

There are some men whom a woman's tears always subdue; there are others whom they only anger. Joe belonged to the latter class. Moreover Joe was parsimonious in the extreme, and the idea, that he and his aunt between them should have demolished that wonderful structure for which he had actually paid three dollars in hard cash, aroused his deepest sensibilities.

"I tell you what 'tis, Aunt Betsey," said he. "Sniveling won't bring back the bonnet, nor the three dollars neither; you'd better stop crying, and see what can be done. Mar-bet Jennie and Lizzie can fix it up yet. I can't afford to spend three dollars for bonnets every day. A man that's just goin' to get married, and set up house-keepin', can't afford to be extravagant."

As may be imagined Aunt Betsey was by no means pacified, and a storm ensued which transcends my feeble powers of description. It ended, however, disgracefully to Joe, and he left the house, muttering something disrespectful; and Aunt Betsey was put to bed the second time in a far more dilapidated condition than before. Her final expression of opinion, however, as she went up stairs was, "That she'd have another bonnet that should be just twice as handsome as that ere one was, if it cost her all she was worth. She'd let young upstarts know who was who, that she would. Speakin' about gettin' married and settin' up to housekeepin', and neglectin' his old aunt! Pretty times the world was comin' to!"

"Hurrah! girls," exclaimed Jim, as he emerged from his concealment. "Didn't I tell you fortune favors the brave." Sitting down on Aunt Betsey's best bonnet will prove to be the best day's work I've done in a long time. I'll fix it now, see if I don't. All our entreaties, however, were not sufficient to elicit the details of the plan by which Joe was to be "fixed." James only remarked shrewdly that "Judkins was an honest soul, and a good friend of his, and we'd see."

The next morning, Aunt Betsey's chronic ailments—temper included—were greatly aggravated. However, so bent was she upon triumph, that towards evening she put on her calash and hobbled down to Mrs. Judkins' shop to order another "miracle of art."

Unfortunately she! Judkins had just received an order for wedding hats for Lawyer Grimes' family. "Corinthian Ann, the eldest daughter was to be married next week, and all the girls was a comin' out in new bonnets, yellow crapes with roses, six, all just alike! You know Miss Smith," said the obliging Judkins, "I'd accommodate you sooner, a great deal than anybody else I know; but then you see what can't be, can't. Weddin's an funeral's exceptions to the common order o' things and they can't be put off. Besides, Miss Smith, that ere bonnet o' yours was a little uncommon, and I ain't got another left a bit like it, and it's too late in the season to get 'em from the city. So, raly, I'm afeared you'll have to wear your old one a little while longer, and, after all, 'tain't a bad-lookin' bonnet, that o' your'n."

Aunt Betsey was a spectacle of wrath when she returned from Judkins'. To hear her rail about the young folks in general, and young folks who contemplated matrimony in particular, made one doubt whether the institution had smiled on her.

For some reason or other we had an unusual number of callers that day, and the story of Aunt Betsey's misfortunes was repeated to every guest, each time with such additions and aggravations as her excited imagination could furnish; and, before night, she had fairly wrought herself into the belief that she was the most outraged—she certainly was the most indignant—female in the community.

On the third morning a wonderful event startled our usually quiet household. When Lizzie opened the outside door she discovered on the door-step a neat hand-box, bearing the inscription "Miss Betsey Smith," written in a rather elaborate, manly hand. Aunt Betsey was duly summoned; at first she was inclined to be cross, but, when the box was opened, and a handsome straw hat, of the fashion which Aunt Betsey usually affected, trimmed with white ribbon, and pink roses, and green leaves, was triumphantly drawn from its depths, the shadow of a smile flitted across her wan and faded visage. But when upon the bottom of the box a note was found—the contents of which I transcribe—who shall paint her emotions?

"Most DEAR AND RESPECTED MADAM—Lurking clandestinely about your house, which has long been the temple of my worship, but alas! unhappy worship, I witnessed with sincere grief, your misfortunes of Monday eve. Alas! that I should confess it, but my intense sympathy with the trials of her who has long reigned supreme in my heart constrained me to become conversant even of the undutiful behavior of your unworthy nephew."

I assure you, my dear madam, I longed to inflict a summary punishment upon him, which nothing but a feeling of unworthiness to expose so noble a cause restrained me. I have endeavored, however, to make such slight amends as were within my power, and I hope the accompanying tribute may not be the less acceptable for having been ordered from town. If you forgive my temerity, and condescend to accept the trifle, I shall be supremely blest. Ah! most inexorable of your sex, you little know the sleepless nights I pass on your account, or the hours which I spend in watching your window for one glimpse of your face. But I forbear, and hasten to subscribe myself
A MOST UNFORTUNATE LOVER."

It was wonderful, the blandness of Aunt Betsey's physiognomy. With a pensive air she ejaculated, "Who'd a thought it?" The note had elapsed the bonnet, and I was obliged, for fear of the consequences of this unlooked for fit of sentiment, to urge the latter upon her attention. "Yes, my dear, (the idea of her calling me a dear!) it is very handsome, and to think of his calling it a 'tribute' too! I wonder who it can be?"

"Aunt Betsey," said I—I own it was wicked, but I have no tender mercies: "he seems to be in a very sad state of mind. Suppose you leave a note upon the gatepost him for to-night. He will be sure to find it, and it will comfort him so."

"So I will," she ejaculated, earnestly. "I never thought of that."

After carefully trying on the "bonnet," and venting her delight in several very extraordinary phrases, and declaring emphatically that she'd show Joe Lathrop yet, which solemn hint I construed into a threat to marry and disinherit him, she withdrew to her own room, and there, in solemn and mysterious state, connected the note, which was to gladden the heart of the "unhappy lover." That afternoon I found the rough draft of it, which, with many erasures and underlinings, reads thus:

"Sir—(Excuse me for not saying 'dear sir,' but a fine woman like myself cannot be too careful about propriety.) Your beautiful present was duly received. Allow me to thank you a thousand times for your delicate." (the first draft read *delightful*).

"Kindness and consideration. No one could appreciate it but a lone woman like myself. My dear sir," (here the epistle had evidently been transported by her feelings beyond the remembrance of the petty details of decorum) "I fear you have not read my heart aright. I am far from being *incurable*. Indeed no one can possess a more tender and susceptible heart than myself. But forgive me; I meant only to thank you for your kindness in sympathizing with the *deplorable condition* of an unfortunate individual like myself. Your kindness touches my sensibilities. I walk frequently in my garden at twilight; if, on passing, you should ever see me there, I beg you will announce your proximity by some signal, say a whistle. I should like to thank you in person for your goodness; and if there is any favor which I can bestow upon you, you may command me. I am sure, sir, after your delicate generosity, I could refuse you nothing. Your lonely and unhappy friend,
BETSEY SMITH."

The note was duly deposited upon the gatepost, and the next morning had disappeared.

At twilight of that day, Aunt Betsey arrayed in a snuff-colored muslin, with her hair most becomingly frizzed, and wearing her most bewitching cap, might have been seen walking leisurely, and with a face of grave and solemn import, down the garden path. A thin cambric handkerchief, doubled cornerwise, and spread carefully over her head, was her only protection from the damp night air, and Jennie watched her from our chamber window with real solicitude. Presently the slender form of our romantic aunt Betsey was lost in a clump of lilacs, and at that instant Jim Grayson rushed into the house, accompanied by a minister and exclaimed:

"Come down, girls, quickly, and let's have the job done at once. I've carte blanche from Aunt Betsey, and here's the minister."

Jennie flew down stairs to expostulate, but almost amid her gestures the minister commenced the ceremony, and in less time than it takes to tell it the twin were made one flesh. Jennie always declared that she shook her head negatively, instead of saying "yes," but James insists that, as a woman's "no" always means "yes," she was all the more surely married. The newly-married couple proceeded at once to the garden bower, and, I accepting the offered arm of the minister, followed.

To say that Aunt Betsey's reverie was not rudely disturbed would be a misstatement of facts; but Jim, in a gallant, off-hand way, announced himself as the "unhappy lover, alias the donor of the hat;" said so many gracious, complimentary, and impudent things all in one breath, that the long cherished animosity gave way, and she declared that she was only too happy to add her blessings to the match, and that the man, Mr. Grayson, was a very worthy young man, and had been most shamefully misled by that good-for-nothing, ungrateful, careless Joe Lathrop.

In due course of time justice was done to Joe in the matter of the bonnet, but the feud was never healed.

Aunt Betsey's rheumatism took a very severe turn, in consequence of her undue exposure in the garden; but she still lives to bless her great niece and nephews.

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POLITICAL.

SPEECH OF HON. C. F. ADAMS.

Mr. Speaker: In this hour of inexpressible import to the fate of unborn millions, I would that I could clear from my eyes the film of all human passions, to see the truth and the right in their naked living reality, and with their aid to rise to the grandeur of the opportunity to do good to my fellow men. There have been occasions when the fitting words, uttered in the true place, helped to right the scale when wavering towards the ruin of a nation. At no time have they been more necessary than now. At no place more requisite than here. The most magnificent example of self government known to history is in imminent danger of suffering an abrupt mutilation by reason of the precipitate violence of a few desperate men. I propose to discuss briefly, and I trust with proper calmness, the cause and the effect of this proceeding, as well as the duty it entails upon us.

On the 6th of November the people of the United States were called for the 19th time to give in their votes for the election of the two highest officers known to the Constitution. Nothing marked the proceeding with any unusual features. No reluctance has been manifested in any quarter to fulfill the duty, the proof of which is that no more full expression of opinion was ever made. No complaint of unfairness or fraud was heard. No contested question sprang up. With the single exception of the State of Virginia, not a doubt was entertained of the true reflection of the popular sense in designating the election whose province it was to complete the process. Not a soul has been bold enough to deny the fact, that from the origin of the Government not a single election, which had been disputed at all, was ever more fairly conducted or more unequivocally determined. Yet no sooner was the result positively ascertained than the people of one of the States even while engaged in performing the common duty as faithfully as all the rest, and without the intervention of a single new disturbing cause, suddenly broke out into violent remonstrances, and dashed into immediate efforts to annul all the obligations of the Constitution. Such a step had never before been taken in any quarter. The same spirit directly manifested itself in the region round about, and it has continued ever since to spread until it has more or less affected the loyalty of ten or twelve of the States. At the precise period of this

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, FEB. 15, 1861.

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JOHN J. PERRY, EDITOR.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per
year, in advance; Two Dollars, at the end of the
year.Clipping. We would respectfully call the
attention of such as are disposed to lend their aid
in extending the circulation of a home paper to the
following offer:We will send
10 Copies, for one year, for 12.50
20 Copies, for one year, for 20.00And one copy to the person getting up the club.
The money must accompany the order.C. F. S. M. Perry & Co., 10 Nassau Street,
Boston, and 122 Nassau Street, New York, are
our authorized agents.

JOB PRINTING neatly executed.

Editorial Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11, 1861.

This city is filling up with strangers, many of whom are brought here by the Peace Convention now holding its session in Willard's Hall. A large number of the States are represented in this convention—some fifteen or more. This meeting was first recommended by Virginia. The Legislature of Maine, by resolution, appointed her delegation in Congress to represent her in said convention, and they were notified, on Friday, by telegraph from Gov. Washburn.

Many distinguished men, from all sections of the country, are members of the Convention. Ex-President Tyler is its permanent President. Such men as Wm. C. Rives, of Virginia; Messrs. Guthrie, Wickliffe and Morehead, of Kentucky; Commodore Stockton and Gov. Olden, of New Jersey; Greene C. Bronson, Erastus Corning, and Wm. M. Everts, of New York; Tom Ewing and Governor Chase, of Ohio; Gov. Pollock and David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania; Judge Rufin and Gov. Morehead, of North Carolina, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, are the men who will take the lead in bringing forward and perfecting any plan of adjustment that may be adopted by the Convention. Its proposals thus far have been private, no reports, or persons not members being allowed to be present. What it will do, by way of settling the troubles that distract the country, we are unable to say. One thing we do know, that there are extreme men from both sections in that convention; whether these extreme men will put upon any plan of compromise that will be satisfactory to the North and South, remains to be seen. Everything thus far has been conducted harmoniously.

Last week was spent in discussing the questions involved in the report of the committee of thirty-three—we mean so far as the House was concerned. Several able speeches were made. The best one in the lot was from Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland. This gentleman, although a young man, has a national reputation. His speech was listened to by crowded galleries, while a large number of the members from the Peace Congress, were admitted by courtesy to the floor of the House. The position assumed by Mr. Davis was patriotic and statesmanlike. He administered to the disunionists a terrible castigation; his argument in favor of force on the part of the government to protect its property and enforce its laws, was admirable. His tone was bold and defiant. Upon several occasions he was loudly applauded by the galleries.

In the Senate, Senator Johnson, from Tennessee, made another speech, occupying a portion of two days. It will be recollected at an early part of the session he was the first man in the Senate who took strong ground against the disunionists. He then made a strong speech in favor of coercion. For this he has been everywhere abused by the traitors. So far as place and an iron will are concerned, Senator Johnson is a second Jackson. His last speech was a bold, eloquent, scathing attack upon the traitors and their treason. He depicted the consequences of disunion in glowing, terrific colors, and raising himself up in an attitude of bold defiance, in the very face of treason, he denounced secession as "hell born and hell bound." Gov. Johnson's speech was terribly annoying to the fire-eaters, especially Joe Lane and Wigfall. The latter made a long rambling reply on Thursday, in which he tried to be very severe upon Johnson, who, during its delivery, sat apparently indifferent as to what might come from the notable Texan Senator.

Judge Kellogg, of Illinois, made a speech on Friday, in support of the measures of compromise introduced by him, which proposition re-enacts the Missouri Compromise line—making all north of it free, and all south slave territory. We believe he has but few Republican supporters or sympathizers in this proposition to legalize and perpetuate slavery in the territories of the United States.

Mr. Colfax's bill, giving the Postmaster General authority to discontinue all post routes and post-offices in the seceding States, passed the House by an overwhelming majority. This is an excellent measure, for it is a great piece of forbearance on the part of the Government, to accommodate the rebel States with postal service, at an extra expense of two millions per annum, especially when the traitors take upon themselves the liberty to rifle the mail bags and steal their contents. Other bills will be passed before the adjournment of this Congress, to meet the exigencies of the times, and enable the General Government to enforce the law and protect its property.

The Virginia election last week was a crusher to the traitors. By an overwhelming majority of at least fifty thousand in the popular vote, the people of the Old Dominion decided in favor of the Union. This will put an end to the movements of the secessionists in the border States, at least until after Lincoln's inauguration. It will be recollected that the two Senators and eight Representatives from Virginia, just before this election, issued a manifesto in favor of immediate secession, Messrs.

Milison, Clements, Bosteler, and Harris took a firm stand for the Union, and it must now be exceedingly gratifying to these gentlemen to receive such an endorsement from the people of their State.

It is gratifying to know that disunion and treason are, in this city, growing more and more unpopular every day. The terrible condition to which the people in the seceding States have already been reduced by the madness and fanaticism of their traitorous leaders, is having its effect in opening the eyes of the people, all over the country, to the awful consequences that must follow those who trust their interests to traitors and demagogues. And bad as are the fearful results that are now cursing the people of South Carolina and Georgia, and the other seceding States, it is only the "beginning of the end."

Mr. Lincoln is expected here before the 25th inst. His cabinet will then be agreed upon, and his policy fore-shadowed.

The friends of Governor Chase of Ohio, and of Mr. Colfax of Indiana, are urging their claims to cabinet appointments—the former for the Treasury Department, and the latter for Postmaster General. Two more fitting appointments cannot be made. They would add greatly to the strength and influence of the incoming administration.

Judge Black, now at the head of the State Department has been nominated for Judge in the place of Judge Daniels, deceased, but will probably not be confirmed. All the members of the House and Senate from the seceding States, have left Congress, except Mr. Bouquie, of Louisiana, who is a strong Union man, and declares he will stand by the flag of his country, and resign whenever he is officially notified of the desire of his State that he should vacate his seat.

Nothing new with regard to the relations existing between the government and the Tyeon of South Carolina.

Movements of Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln left Springfield, en route for Washington, on Monday morning. At the station were assembled an immense concourse of his friends and neighbors. After taking many by the hand, he bade them all adieu as follows. He said:

"No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel in parting. A duty devolves upon me which, perhaps, is greater than has devolved upon any other since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded but for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied."

"I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid that sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support. I hope you, my friends, will pray for me as I pray for you."

The President-elect evinced great emotion, and his old neighbors were affected to tears.

He reached Cincinnati, Tuesday, where he was welcomed by the Mayor, and was escorted to the Barnett House, amid the wildest excitement. On his arrival he addressed the citizens briefly, as follows:

"I have spoken but once before in Cincinnati, and that was the year previous to the Presidential election; on that occasion in a playful manner, but with sincere words, I addressed much of what I said to the Kentuckians. I gave it as my opinion that we, as Republicans, would ultimately beat them as Democrats, but they could postpone that result longer by nominating Senator Douglas for the Presidency. They did not in any true sense nominate him, and the result has come certainly as soon as I expected. I also told them how I expected they would be treated after they should have been beaten, and I now wish to call their attention to what I then said. I said when we do as we say we will, beat you so far as degenerate men can, if we have degenerated any, according to the example of those noble fathers. We mean to remember that you are as good as we are; that there is no difference between us other than a difference of circumstances. We mean to recognize and bear in mind always that you have as good parts in your bosoms as other people, or as we claim to have, and treat you accordingly. Fellow citizens of Kentucky—friends and brethren may I not call you—in my new position I see no occasion and feel no inclination to retract a word of this. If it shall not be made good, be assured the fault shall not be mine."

Great enthusiasm was manifested during the delivery of this short address.

OUR YEAR—A child's book in prose and verse, by the author of John Halifax, gentleman. Harper and Brothers, New York.

This is a little work, designed by the fair authoress, to amuse and instruct children. It contains articles in prose and poetry; and adapted to each month in the year. Its poetry is suggestive, natural and pleasing. Its prose is familiar, instructive and entertaining; and there is an overflow of social sentiment and cheerfulness, of virtue and domestic felicity which should commend it to every parent.

THE "AMERICAN MEDICAL TIMES" is a Medical Journal published in New York, by Bailliere Brothers. The second volume commenced in January. It is issued weekly, each number containing eighteen pages, large octavo, in double columns. This journal is conducted with marked ability, and contains contributions from the most eminent professors and medical men of New York. In its reports of Lectures and Cliniques it gives an admirable digest of the practice of the present day. Containing, as it does, Lectures on Diphtheria, by Prof. Clark; on Military Surgery, by Professor Hamilton; on Surgery, by Prof. Wood; and on Diseases of Women by Prof. Barker, it is of the greatest value to the Practitioner. Price, \$3.00 per annum.

Mr. John Mann, with the exception of Hon. John Prentiss, the oldest printer and editor in N. H., died at Dover, on the 23d inst., in the 73d year of his age. He was engaged in the publication of a newspaper in 1812. The Enquirer says: "He was an intelligent and well-informed editor, an accurate printer, and an honest, kind-hearted man."

Two engines, on the Androscoggin road, were somewhat damaged, by collision, on Monday. The two were running in the same direction, when the one in front being thrown from the track, was run down before an alarm could be given to the other. Damage about \$200.

Temperance Lectures.

Dr. B. Colby agent of the State Temperance Association and of the Grand Division of the State, will lecture in Oxford County as follows. Will the friends of temperance in each of the places so that arrangements are made and due notice given:

Sweden, Saturday eve, Feb. 16.
Lovell, Sunday eve, Feb. 17.
North Fryeburg Monday eve, Feb. 18.
Fryeburg, Tuesday eve, Feb. 19.
Bridgton, Wednesday eve, Feb. 20.
Hiram, Thursday eve, Feb. 21.
Denmark, Friday eve, Feb. 22.
Bridgton, Saturday eve, Feb. 23.
North Bridgton, Sunday eve, Feb. 24.
Harrison, Monday eve, Feb. 25.
Bolster's Mills, Tuesday eve, Feb. 26.
Oxford, Wednesday eve, Feb. 27.

Two Salmon, the first of the season, were taken at Bangor, last week. They weighed, respectively, 15 and 20 pounds.

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND. A gentleman, who has had much experience in teaching the blind, and who is familiar with most of the institutions for this class of pupils in the country, writes as follows, in allusion to an article, on this subject, published in the Democrat, two weeks since:

"I am glad to see by the last issue of the Democrat that it opposes the withdrawing of funds from the Boston institution. Unless Maine takes hold of the matter as a thing to be thoroughly and resolutely carried out, giving to each blind child in the State, a free education, and that she will not do it, it is more nonsense to think of collecting at Unity a number of blind children to be educated, so long as the Boston institution is well managed, and open to scholars from Maine. To give such a school proper efficiency, 70 or 100 pupils should be constantly under instruction. Then you obtain suitable classification, good chairs, &c., and consequently a degree of interest among the pupils that cannot be had otherwise. But that involves large and expensive buildings, an able Superintendent, numerous teachers, and large outlay, for books, apparatus, &c. Maine does not furnish the requisite number of pupils for a first-class institution, and therefore should send her pupils to Massachusetts."

HOLMES, THE MURDERER, PARDONED!

About a year since, in an article showing the contrast between rich villains and poor ones, suggested by the commutation of the sentence of Holmes, we predicted that the next act in the farce would be his unconditional pardon, and that it would not be long delayed. We have now the intelligence that the President has granted him a full pardon. And so the gallows is fairly cleared of its victim; because he had rich relations. As was abundantly proved in the case of Cox and Williams, had he been a poor culprit, he must have long as high as Haman. More complete evidence that a man's guilt is estimated by the depth of his purse, cannot be produced. The farce has secured him from the reach of Judge Lynch, proving a blessing to him, rather than a punishment.

LEGISLATIVE VISIT. The Governor and Council, with both branches of the Legislature, visited Portland, last Friday, by invitation of the city authorities. After examining the new city building, the members were furnished with dinners at the several hotels, returning to Augusta, by special train, in the afternoon.

We observe that a bill has been introduced, and ordered to be printed, providing for holding the next session of the Legislature in Portland. The conditions are that the city shall give a perpetual lease of such rooms as may be necessary, shall furnish them as the Governor may direct, and remove to Portland, free from charge to the State, such public property as shall be required. When these conditions are fulfilled, if the Act shall pass the Legislature, the Governor is required to issue his proclamation, convening the next Legislature in Portland.

Dr. Colby's lecture, at this place, on Sunday evening, drew out quite a large audience. Dr. C. spoke for something more than an hour, in his usually interesting manner, appealing particularly to the people to save the boys from temptation, that the present generation might not fill up the ranks of the present army of drunkards. Those who are now confirmed drunkards, ten years hence, will be either dead or reformed. It was as necessary to stop making new drunkards as to reform old ones. He urged that the sentiment which has lately been formed, that it was no harm to indulge in cider, ale and wine, was becoming the greatest drawback against which the friends of temperance had to contend. The appetite formed for these drinks would never rest content without something stronger.

ANOTHER "COLD FRIDAY." The sudden change from moderate weather to Arctic temperature, almost entitles last Friday to be classed with the "cold Friday," of 1816, which it nearly approached in severity. The thermometer measured as low as 37 below zero, in this town, and ranged from 28 to 33 in most of the towns where observations were recorded. The furious gale, accompanying, seems to have extended from Maryland, where it was most severe on Thursday. North. Chimneys were blown down, trees uprooted, and houses unroofed, in all its course, so far North as Massachusetts. The snow became so densely packed that railway communication became almost entirely checked. The train from Island Pond, Friday morning, did not reach Portland till 7 o'clock, Saturday night. From Toronto, the road was completely blocked up. Other roads met with the same experience.

The weather moderated somewhat on Saturday; and Monday, the sun made the first decided impression observed this winter. On Tuesday, a rain caused the body of snow to settle nearly one-half.

Two engines, on the Androscoggin road, were somewhat damaged, by collision, on Monday. The two were running in the same direction, when the one in front being thrown from the track, was run down before an alarm could be given to the other. Damage about \$200.

A SENSIBLE VIEW. The Raleigh (No. Carolina) Standard, closes an article on the bills of the secession movement, and the war likely to grow out of it, with the following truthful paragraph:

"Heavy taxes will result from these wars. Three taxes must be paid mainly out of slave labor. Strong governments will be established, and will bear heavily on the masses. The masses will at length rise up and destroy everything in their way. State bonds will be repudiated. Banks will break. Widows and orphans will be reduced to beggary. The sword will wave everywhere paramount to all law. The whole world outside the slaveholding States, with slight exceptions, is opposed to slavery; and the whole world, with slave labor thus rendered insecure and comparatively valueless, will take sides with the North against us. The end will be—Abolition!"

The people at Savannah have been indulging in the luxury of investing an English captain in a coat of tar and feathers. The offence was that he allowed his negro steward to sit at table with him. Those fellows will probably find that it costs more to insult an English citizen than to insult, maim, or hang a citizen of the United States. Other governments do not follow our example of abandoning citizens to the tender mercies of a mob.

A LOWER DEPTH. The following amiable paragraph reveals the fact that "Friar's Point, Miss.," is a point that the infernal regions cannot hold a candle to. Give it a low berth:

"The vigilance committee have sworn to hang every Northern man who comes here from this time until the 4th of March, and all such had better be in—than Friar's Point."—SAMUEL J. HALL.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE. We have a new visitor, the present year, in this excellent Magazine, published by Messrs. T. S. Arthur & Co., of Philadelphia. Though less pretentious in form and price, than the other monthlies, we find it to be filled with fine engravings, with a good variety of interesting and excellent articles. The price, two dollars, with discount to clubs, is so low that all can afford to read it.

SCHOOL EXHIBITION. We have an anonymous notice of an exhibition at the close of a district school, in Shelburne, N. H. The school has been under the charge of Mr. A. Chandler, Jr., of Bethel, whose assiduous efforts have resulted in a profitable term, and a highly successful exhibition.

Alfred three, on the Worcester Bank, Mass., are in circulation in Mass. Altered from another plate, and so poorly done as to be easily detected.

The So. Carolina Commissioners have arrived in Paris. They were courteously received, but no encouragements were given that they would be recognized. Napoleon is reported to have declared that if cotton is king, it has not yet been crowned.

TRADE IN NEW YORK. The proverb "it is all wind that blows no good," finds especial application at the present time, in New York City. The Southern troubles have nearly closed all the Southern ports, and are turning trade into new channels, nearly all coming to New York. The cotton crop of the South, and the pork and wheat crop of the West, instead of finding outlet in New Orleans, are forwarded by rail to New York, where the vessels that are to transport those supplies, must land their goods, furnishing return freights for the lengthened trains. This new trade is giving an immense impetus to the business of the city, exceeding that of any previous season.

FIRE. The paper mill of Messrs. A. C. Denison & Co., at Mechanic Falls, was somewhat damaged by fire, on Sunday week. By the aid of their fire pump it was extinguished very soon after being discovered. Supposed to have caught from a stove, in which a fire had been kindled to prevent the freezing of the pulp. Damage about \$300, which is covered by insurance.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION. The Hon. Neal Dow is announced as one of the speakers at the Temperance Convention, at Bethel, on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. We are informed that the Association will hold another Convention, at South Paris, or Norway, in about two weeks, at which Mr. Dow will be present.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, intimates that the Tribune will not support Mr. Lincoln's administration, but will rally a new party for the abolition of slavery in all the States where it now exists.

The Bethel Courier says it is estimated that 88 inches of snow has fallen, in that vicinity, this winter—a larger quantity than has been on the ground at one time since 1851.

The bill of indictment against ex-Secretary Floyd, found in pursuance of the presentment of the grand jury of the District of Columbia, charges him with having accepted Russell's drafts, without requiring an equivalent in service, to the amount of over \$7,000,000.

NEW BOOKS. Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston, have just issued two works of great interest to the religious community. They are, "The Life of Trust; a Narrative of the Dealings of God with George Muller," and "The Year of Grace, a history of the Great Revival in Ireland, in 1859—by Rev. William Gibson." The title of the latter explains itself. The former comprises the history of an orphan asylum established by George Muller, at Bristol, with no means, which has grown from a small beginning to become a very extensive establishment.

This work has been sustained without organization or agencies; but simply by the means voluntarily furnished in answer to prayer and implicit trust in God. It is pronounced a most remarkable narrative. The publishers will forward either book on the receipt of the price, \$1.25.

BRYANT'S FOND.

We have been having a slight touch of cold weather during the past week, which we presume was not limited to our locality. On Thursday evening the mercury suddenly fell from 23° above to 10° below zero, with a high wind from the northwest. Friday morning the mercury registered 33° below and did not rise above 18° below for the whole day. The snow is now about six feet deep in the woods.

Diphtheritis is making sad havoc among the children in some of the families in this town. At North Woodstock there have been seven deaths within a few days. In one family of six children, the four oldest have fallen victims to this awful disease and the other two are not expected to recover. This evening I understand it is breaking out in the south part of the town. In a family of three children, one died to-day, one is dying, and the other cannot live. Thus far we have had no marked cases of it in our village; but parents are very solicitous for the safety of their children, and are hourly expecting an attack.

An accident happened a short way from here, a few days ago, which should warn people to remove the accumulated snow from their buildings. Mr. Hiram Day had a shed and granary, extending from his house to his barn, a distance of ninety feet; but the weight of snow upon the roof caused the building to spread so that it all went to the ground together, a heap of ruins. There was about a hundred and fifty bushels of corn, fifty of wheat, and some other grain, which was more or less damaged by being buried under the snow. Mr. Day's little boy had just been sent out for wood which was in the shed, but thought he would take one slide before doing it; and that slide probably saved his life.

LEGISLATIVE. On Monday Dr. Howe, of the Mass. Blind Asylum gave an interesting exhibition in the Representative's Hall by some of his pupils.

A bill was reported for raising a regiment of 1000 men to be prepared for call by National government. Ordered to be printed.

Bill incorporating Maine Temperance Association was read and assigned.

An Act, fixing the place of meeting of Legislature of 1862, was ordered to be printed.

The committee on federal relations reported a resolve appointing Commissioners.

Resolve removing objectionable requirements, in the bill granting aid to the Maine Medical School, was passed.

Mr. Harlow introduced a bill to incorporate East Oxford Agricultural Society. Referred to Committee on Judiciary. The same Senator also introduced a bill to establish a bank at Canton.

A bill in relation to Grand Jurors was referred.

FROZEN TO DEATH. Mr. Thomas Townsend of this town met with a shocking death on Friday last. He went to drive his cattle to water some thirty rods from his house, and being absent longer than was thought necessary for that purpose, he was searched for by his family, and found in the snow frozen to death. Mr. Townsend was about seventy years of age, and among our most respected citizens. Friday was considered here by the "oldest inhabitants" the coldest day within their recollection since "the cold Friday."

Dixfield, Feb. 11, 1861.

Gov. Washburn has directed the Maine delegation in Congress to represent the State in the "Peace Congress" now assembled in Washington.

Gen. Wool who is a member of this convention, demands at the outset, a guaranty from the Border States, that the Federal Capital shall not be attacked.

The official Custom-House report of So. Carolina, shows that the shipping, from Dec. 29, 1859, to Jan. 31, 1861, was only 141; against 269 same period in the preceding year; the cash duties received at the port declined from \$60,000 to \$14,000, and the value of foreign export from \$3,000,000 to \$900,000! The publication of this fearful state of things, and the melancholy letter of Mr. Colcock, the Collector of the rebellious port have produced the utmost consternation. Several of the corn factors propose to remove their business to another port.

THE FIGHT POSTPONED. The forces before Fort Pickens has been withdrawn. The State troops are said to be afraid the Brooklyn and Wyandott would fire into them. The time for an attack upon Sumter has been postponed from time to time; and it is now asserted that the question has been referred to the Montgomery Convention. Gov. Pickens does not wish to take the responsibility. Arrangements have been made to promptly reinforce Sumter should an attack be made.

The bondsmen of Peck, for 1858, have sent a memorial to the Legislature, asking that a speedy settlement may be effected. They wish a case made up for the Courts; or offer to refer the matter to referees outside the State.

FATAL ACCIDENT. Capt. John Kelsey died at his residence in Mexico on Sunday morning the 10th inst., aged about 65 years. This sudden death was under circumstances peculiarly distressing to his friends. On Friday evening, the 8th inst., Mr. K. was passing through his sitting room in the dark. A door opens out of this room to the cellar kitchen in the basement. This door was open, and Mr. K. fell down the stairs, severely fracturing his skull, and entirely injuring him. He was taken up outside helpless and speechless, in which condition he remained till his death.

PREPARING FOR DEFENSE. The women and children from Fort Sumter, arrived in New York, on Wednesday of last week. They report the garrison in good health and spirits, and determined to defend the fortress to the last; and they are confident in their ability to hold it against all the force that can be brought against them.

For The Oxford Democrat.

Shall we have a Union and a Constitution?

In the articles which have preceded, I have endeavored to give the reasons of the statesmen in the southern portion of the nation for secession or rebellion. Various reasons have been given for such a course; and among the strongest that have been offered is the one that secession was a premeditated act, existing and gaining force a "long series of years."

But I apprehend the real reasons have been concealed. They have not been named by secessionists. Decency has compelled southern men to be silent on such vital points. The true reasons cannot be those alleged—such as abolitionism, slavery restriction, tariff, navigation laws, fishing bounties, the admission of California and Oregon, John Brown's raid, &c., &c., for the South and the whole country have prospered under and in spite of all these, although secession has been brewing for more than a quarter of a century. Something more important, more vital, more consonant with southern character is at the bottom of disunion and rebellion. That something must be looked for not in civil management, not in any measures which have passed the Congress; not in any error in the Constitution; but in ambition, personal glory and conquest. It partakes of the enterprise of Peter the Hermit, the vows of Hannibal, the stupendous glory of Alexander, and the brilliant display of Napoleon.

There are many men who feel great at the South. Who feel that they were born to rule. They feel the Gascon, Galle, and Norman royal blood trickling through their veins. The dull routine of owning plantations, raising cotton, growing rice, carrying forward commerce, and buying and selling slaves, has no charms for such high goods. Such business is too dull and commonplace for greatness, born to rule. It has in it nothing romantic, nothing enterprising, nothing venturesome, and nothing chivalric. Such things can just as well be performed by common Gentiles and Jews, New Yorkers, or even Yankees. They therefore scorn this drudgery, this trifling, this plodding industry, Dutch economy, Saxon parsimony, and all that. Such are the Rhett, the Pickens, the Davies, the Benjamins, the Toombs, and the Yanceys. They are men who look above and beyond such a government as that of the United States, in which to display their powers. They are so celestial in their thoughts, so aspiring in their plans, so comprehensive in their views, that to have equals in their sight or bearing is a perpetual and grievous outrage upon their consciences.

These men have ruled the nation since the time of Jackson. They have done it through the Democratic organization. In every essential measure they have had their way. They have exercised their birth-right, as they demanded. But a change has overtaken them. In the course of Providence, the democratic party, through their own instrumentality, has been divided, demoralized and destroyed. The census has been taken and discloses the lowering fact that population and power are receding from the South, and are passing to the North and West. The band writing on the wall was not more appalling to Balashazar than are these facts to these men. These facts convince them that they cannot rule the nation; that they cannot open the Christian African emigration scheme; the chivalric annexation of the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America; and that they cannot, under the present regime, have among them any titled emperors, kings, lords, knights, barons, nobles, or other chivalric appellations. Something, therefore, must be done; and if that something requires these men to face the cannon's mouth, steel forts, break up the government, secede, or rebel, or scale the battlements of heaven, they are ready for the work, and the word is no quicker given, than the work is done.

Now these men intend to accomplish their purpose in the Union or out of it. They have enjoyed power too long to give it up without a struggle. Their reasoning is plain. So is that of their chivalric allies at the North. "We'll secede. We'll rebel. We'll defy the Government. The Government is more than half with us. We'll preach against coercion. We'll scourge all Northerners who are against us. We'll seize and appropriate the Government property; and we'll utter such threats as will make the whole civilized world tremble." So reasons the South. The fusion party has already met in New York and endorsed this reasoning. And there is not a doubt—there cannot be a doubt that the South at this moment hope to unite with them enough Fusion men in certain States at the North to accomplish its purposes, and then to reconstruct the Government on the principles of the Breckinridge platform. Were it not for a new Administration, which it is to last some four years, entertaining different views of Government, this project would be successful, and the South would gain its ends in the Union. But this obstacle will compel men—all good men, all honorable men, and all patriots to take position for or against their country, and their purposes will either be gained out of the Union or postponed, or abandoned; or, as Caleb Cushing said, be "crushed out."

But let the people of the South entertain their high notions; let them talk chivalry, own negroes, and curse mechanics, I still have an affection for them. They have formed an essential part of our Union. They have grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength. When the Union has been in danger from a foreign foe, the South has been patriotic. When soldiers were wanting the South has freely given them. Her trade has furnished employment for thousands of mechanics and sailors. The free interchange of commodities between the South and North has been mutually advantageous; and there has been so much of national good, pride and greatness arising from the connection of the two regions, that for one I can heartily plead for Union, and sincerely declare that "with all thy faults I love the still."

My voice is for Union, for any fair compromise. Let us yield our Personal Liberty laws—not as Northerners, but as national men; let us secure to freedom the rights

lost by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise let us protect slave States from invasion; let us have the provisions of the Constitution faithfully observed, or changed by deliberate consultation in each section, and all may yet be well.

Men say that they cannot compromise because of this or that party platform. But what has a party platform to do with a nation's weal or woe? Who makes them? A few men meet in primary assemblies and select whoever hopes for or aspires to a custom-house or a Post-Office, for a delegate to a national convention. He with a host of other delegates elected in the same way attend the convention—a body unknown to the constitution or laws. A platform of trilems or "glittering generalities" is written by somebody in the Convention or out of it, and the delegates, without half of them knowing what it is, and without a moment of time for discussion, vote for and adopt this platform as a party creed, amidst loud huzzars. And then, forsooth, the people and country are told that not a word or a phrase of this platform—got up in this way, with no more deliberation than a town or a mass meeting—can be departed from. Such an objection ought not to have the weight of a feather in settling a great national question. Merit, necessity, and expediency are the only elements which should be consulted in such a case. JUSTITIA.

THE VOTE DECLARED. In Joint Convention, on Wednesday, Abraham Lincoln was declared to be constitutionally elected President; and Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President, for the term commencing March 4, 1861. No disturbance occurred.

THE MADNESS OF THE HOUR. The Boston Atlas and Bee has been permitted to make the following extract from a private letter from a gentleman of high social position residing in the central part of Mississippi. He is a slaveholder, and has some sixteen of the "human chattels" employed as daily servants in the household:

"I am doomed to disappoint you again; my arrangements were made to pay you; my money in the hands of as good and prompt men as are in the State, and I felt just as sure of it on the first day of January as man could be. But then came secession, and the result has been to paralyze everything. I cannot collect a dollar—no one pays—all business and collections are at a complete stand. Men that have money and could pay, if so disposed, will not pay. They say they must keep it against the evil days ahead; that they anticipate civil war in our very midst, and then money they must have to protect or remove their families. Our State has seceded—gone out of the Union. She has no credit, must resort to direct taxation, which the people will resist and then comes the dreadful reckoning between them and the base rascals, demagogues and politicians, who have led them on to their ruin. But for my property here I should leave at once. I stay to prevent confiscation, which will be resorted to against all non-resident property holders.

You can form no idea of the madness which prevails here, nor of the distress among our people. Our country is almost destitute of meat and bread, the poor are accumulating upon our hands, and where all this is to end God only knows."

THE GREAT SNOW STORM IN CANADA. The Toronto Globe of Monday says that the heavy snow storm of Friday last caused great detention to the trains. The six o'clock train on the Great Western Railroad, from Hamilton for Toronto, got snowed up within two miles of Wellington square and did not arrive at Toronto until noon on Saturday. The trains were generally twelve and fourteen hours behind time on the Great Western. On the Grand Trunk the rails were covered with ice to the thickness of an inch. East of Kingston the track was hidden by drifts five and eight feet high.

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY has been organized, at Montgomery. Jeff Davis has been elected President, and A. H. Stephens, Vice President. Both gentlemen accept.

An anti-slavery convention was held at Albany, N. Y. last week. Attempts were made to break up the meeting, in imitation of the Boston rowdies. The Mayor of Albany, however, attended, with a large police force, who promptly ejected every person who attempted any disturbance. Free Speech was fully vindicated.

EXPULSION FROM SOUTH CAROLINA. Edward Manchester formerly of

SPEECH OF MR. ADAMS.

(Continued.)

the differences that remain between us, on some fair basis like that proposed by the committee, and then what is to prevent us all who yet believe that the Union must be preserved, from joining heart and hand our common forces to effect it? When the cry goes out that the ship is in danger of sinking, the first duty of every man on board, no matter what his peculiar vocation is, is to lend all the strength he has to the work of keeping her afloat. What! shall it be said that we waver in the view of those who begin by trying to expunge the sacred memory of the 4th of July? Shall we help them to obliterate the associations that cluster around the struggle for Independence, or stultify the labors of the patriots who erected this magnificent political edifice upon the adamant base of human liberty? Shall we surrender the fame of Washington and Laurens, of Gadsden and the Lees, Jefferson and Madison, and of the myriads of heroes whose names are imperishably connected with the memory of a united people? Never! Never!

For myself I can only interpose against what seems to me like the madness of the moon, the barrier of a single feeble remonstrance. But in any event it shall never be said of my share in the action of this hour of danger, that it has been guided by vindictive passions, or narrow considerations of personal or party advantage.

It then so great a calamity as a division to act to best us, it shall be hastened by no act of mine. It shall come from the willful passions of infuriated men who demand it of us to destroy the great principles for which our fathers struggled in life and in death, to stain our standard with the symbol of human oppression, and to degrade us in the very hour of our victory, before our countrymen and before all the nations of the civilized world and before God. Rather than this, let the heavens fall.

From the Charleston, S. C., Courier, (Dem.)

A Compliment to Mr. Buchanan.

A monkey upon an open popular magazine would represent, with tolerable exactness, the late conduct and present position of the President of the United States.

No great confederacy, or family of states, was ever before cursed with a President so utterly ignorant of the real character of the people and principles he was called on to rule or direct.

The fanatical subjects of King Cotton, if not past all hope, could find something useful to them in the history of Tobacco, which was King before the Revolution, and then was uncrowned, like some other Kings. American tobacco was then in the mouths and nostrils of all men, being a regular monopolist. It was raised nowhere else, and the exportation of the weed was immense. Well, the Revolution came, and the tobacco business was done up; but as the world couldn't get along without its snuff, its ends, and its pipes, men began to meet the demand by cultivating the plant in other countries—in tropical regions, and in several European nations. Our trade in the article never came back, there being no return in such cases. The consumption of tobacco has increased enormously since the time when America was the world's tobacco field, but our exports of the article are not half so great as they were ninety years since. This is a fact which the secessionists can put in their pipes, and smoke it at their leisure, while meditating on the fatality of cotton. [Traveller.]

Old Bundy lived in Alleghany county, and being down in the city some one said to him:

"It is quite a mountainous country you live in, Mr. Bundy, is it not?"

"Why no," said the old man; "it ain't exactly mountainous, but it's rather hilly-tainous country, that's fact."

"How much money have you?" said a rich old cornucopion to a gay young fellow courted by his daughter. "Oh, I haven't much of anything now, but I have a very rich prospect ahead." The wedding occurred, and the old chap learned from his son-in-law that the rich prospect was the prospect of marrying his daughter.

"Didn't you tell me, sir, you could hold the plow?" said a farmer to a green Irishman, whom he had taken on trial. "Arrah, be aisy, now," said Pat. "How the deuce can I hold it, and two horses drawing it away from me! But give it to me in the barn, and be jabsers, I'll hold it with anybody!"

Good Reason. A person meeting an old man with silver hair, and a black bushy beard, asked him how it happened that his beard was not so gray as the hair of his head? "Because," said the old gentleman, "it's twenty years younger!"

"Isaac, can you describe a bat?" "Yes, sir; he's a flying insect, about the size of a shrew, has a dingy-brown wings, and shoe-string tail; he sees with his eyes shut, and bites like the deuce!"

It is related of an elderly dandy, who was more noted for running into debt than for paying his tradesmen, that he made an exception in favor of his wig-maker, that he might be enabled to say that he wore his "own hair."

A would-be wit having fired off all his stale jokes without effect, at last exclaimed, "Why, you never laugh when I say a good thing." "Don't!" retorted Jerrold. "Only try me with one."

At a late public meeting, the following "dry toast" was given (the author of which got "battered" considerably when he reached home):

"The Press—the Pulpit—and Petitioners, the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second spreads morals, and the last spreads considerably."

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

Cure for the sore Throat.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

PRESENT is the public the following testimony: "I have been afflicted with a sore throat, and have tried many remedies, but have not found relief. I have used your 'Cure for the Sore Throat,' and in a few days I am completely cured. I can now eat and drink as usual, and I am very much obliged to you for your kind and timely aid." W. M. DYER.

Waterbury, Jan. 1st, 1860.

To all whom it may concern: I have put up for Rev. T. Hill of Waterville, a bottle of your 'Cure for the Sore Throat,' and have furnished him with material for fifteen hundred more of the same. And I further certify that said remedy has cured the sore throat of the Rev. T. Hill, and of many others, and is a purely vegetable compound.

Rev. T. Hill, Waterville, Me.

Dear Sir: The medicine which you purchased of me for the Rev. T. Hill, is a purely vegetable compound, and is not only simple in nature and use, but is also a powerful and reliable remedy for the cure of the sore throat, and is a purely vegetable compound.

Respectfully Yours, H. H. HAY.

I hereby state that the said Mr. Hill, 7 years ago, was taken with a sore throat, and was confined for 24 hours at intervals; his throat was swollen very much, and he was unable to eat or drink, and he was in great distress. I was called to see him, and I found that he was afflicted with a sore throat, and I gave him your 'Cure for the Sore Throat,' and in a few days he was completely cured.

Waterbury, Jan. 1st, 1861.

This remedy cures the sore throat in a few days, and is a purely vegetable compound, and is not only simple in nature and use, but is also a powerful and reliable remedy for the cure of the sore throat, and is a purely vegetable compound.

Rev. T. Hill, Waterville, Me.

Dear Sir: The medicine which you purchased of me for the Rev. T. Hill, is a purely vegetable compound, and is not only simple in nature and use, but is also a powerful and reliable remedy for the cure of the sore throat, and is a purely vegetable compound.

Waterbury, Dec. 3rd, 1860.

Rev. T. Hill, Waterville, Me.

Dear Sir: The medicine which you purchased of me for the Rev. T. Hill, is a purely vegetable compound, and is not only simple in nature and use, but is also a powerful and reliable remedy for the cure of the sore throat, and is a purely vegetable compound.

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Rev. T. Hill, Waterville, Me.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

THE ANALOGOUS OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and to incorporate them into our own. This is a good thing, for it enriches our language, and gives us the means of expressing our thoughts more fully and more accurately.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.

It is only a fair return for the actual profit from the use of such one of these machines, and for the comfort of the user, we refer to any one of the thousands of persons who use them. They are adapted to every sort of work, fine or coarse, upon silk, cotton, linen and woolen fabrics, also light and heavy leather. They never fail to give satisfaction.

To meet the growing demand for a smaller and more elegant machine for private and domestic use, we have just produced and are ready to receive orders for Singer's

NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

Which is the most compact and beautiful Sewing Machine ever produced. It is ornamented in the highest style of the art, and all who see it are delighted with it. It makes the improved interlocking stitch, and is capable of doing a greater variety of work in better style than any other Sewing Machine ever offered for family purposes.

It is not subject to the objection of using twice as much thread, and making a rattling noise, like the Grover & Baker; nor is it confined in its use to a few simple stitches, as is the case with the Wheeler & Wilson Machine; but is simply sufficient to perform all kinds of family sewing.

Price of Family Sewing Machine with iron table complete for \$100. Larger standard machines from \$125 to \$200. Send for I. M. Singer & Co.'s Catalogue, a beautiful pictorial paper, devoted to Sewing Machines, and containing list of prices, and all other information on the subject. It will be forwarded free of charge.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 438 Broadway, New York.

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Boston Albany Baltimore St. Louis Providence Gloucester Cincinnati St. Orleans N. Haven Rochester Chicago Mobile New York Philadelphia Nashville Paris, France Glasgow Scotland.

Local Agents wanted. 24

New York and Portland SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.

THE first class steamship, CHESAPEAKE, Capt. S. C. SWEET, will sail from New York for Portland, Sept. 1st, 1860, and will return to New York, Sept. 8th, 1860, and will return to New York, Sept. 15th, 1860, and will return to New York, Sept. 22nd, 1860, and will return to New York, Sept. 29th, 1860, and will return to New York, Oct. 6th, 1860, and will return to New York, Oct. 13th, 1860, and will return to New York, Oct. 20th, 1860, and will return to New York, Oct. 27th, 1860, and will return to New York, Nov. 3rd, 1860, and will return to New York, Nov. 10th, 1860, and will return to New York, Nov. 17th, 1860, and will return to New York, Nov. 24th, 1860, and will return to New York, Dec. 1st, 1860, and will return to New York, Dec. 8th, 1860, and will return to New York, Dec. 15th, 1860, and will return to New York, Dec. 22nd, 1860, and will return to New York, Dec. 29th, 1860, and will return to New York, Jan. 5th, 1861, and will return to New York, Jan. 12th, 1861, and will return to New York, Jan. 19th, 1861, and will return to 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