

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, NO. 38.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1855.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 22, NO. 48.

Agricultural.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

Study of Agriculture.

We are glad to learn that a department of Agriculture is to be attached to Amherst College, in Massachusetts. It is a movement of the College faculty themselves. Why will not one or both of our Colleges follow the noble example thus set them? It will be for their own interests to do so, as well as rendering an important service to the State, which will not be forgotten or go unrewarded. Which of our Colleges will lead in this matter?

Farmers should take some time to read and to think. There is no employment that requires so much thought as that of agriculture. There is such a diversity in soil, and the circumstances under which its cultivation is pursued, that not only is a great amount of knowledge necessary, but much thought to adapt this knowledge to the case in hand, so as to secure the largest results at the least cost. The great thing to be urged on farmers at the present day, under present circumstances is, *think*.

A Mellow Soil vs. Drouth.

One of the most effectual preventives of the effects of dry weather upon the crops, is a fresh and mellow state of the soil in which they are growing. This can be obtained perfectly but in one way—by frequent stirring and cultivation—but it can be greatly promoted by a proper preparation of the ground before the crop is sown upon it. If land is deeply plowed and thoroughly pulverized, and at the same time prepared, either by the nature of the subsoil or artificial drainage, for the ready passage of the water, it will remain for a long time in a mellow state. But shallow plowed land with a retentive subsoil, is always found soon to become comparatively sterile under the influence of dry weather. A heavy rain falls, completely saturating the mellow portion of the soil, and the surplus water cannot sink away into the drains or porous subsoil, but must pass away by evaporation, and the surface becomes baked and hard under the process. But those considerations are somewhat foreign to our present purpose, which is to urge the importance of keeping the soil fresh and mellow by frequent cultivation, in all crops in which such treatment can readily be applied.

All practical gardeners and most farmers know the great benefit of frequent hoeing and cultivation—especially in seasons of drouth. In reply to the question, "What is the best method of guarding against the effects of drouth?" addressed last season by the Mass. Board of Agriculture, to prominent farmers throughout the State, the respondents, in nine cases out of ten, recommended among other things, *frequent stirring of the soil*. "Use the cultivator and hoe frequently," says one; another, "keep the land light and free from weeds." It is true that the evaporation of moisture is the greatest from a light soil, but it is also true that it receives moisture more readily and largely, from all the sources which supply it. There is little or no dew upon the beaten path, when the grass at its side is dripping wet. The fresh turned earth receives a much larger supply than that upon which a hard crust has formed—it penetrates much farther, and hence passes off with less rapidity. This is true also of light showers.

"There can be no greater mistake," remarks Prof. Flint, "than to fear to injure the crops by the evaporation gained by mellowing the soil. Plants never suffer so much as when the surface becomes a little hard and forms a thin crust, which cuts off all communication with the air. But when this crust is broken, and the earth is loosened, the dew reach the roots of plants, and are often sufficient to support vegetation a long time without rain." All who have experimented upon the subject, are satisfied that all crops which will admit of summer cultivation, are largely benefited by it. And the best crops of corn and roots, of fruits and vines, are invariably those which receive frequent, clean and thorough hoeing and culture. We have observed this fact, particularly, in all reports of large corn crops, in every mention of productive and thrifty orchards, in accounts of the best and most profitable vegetable gardens—all were grown on a mellow, clean, and frequently stirred soil. Indeed, many have gone so far as to say that frequent cultivation would almost supply the want of manure, and we know it will go far in that direction, especially in the early stages of vegetation.

It is a matter of much importance to a growing plant whether it has the whole field to itself, or whether weeds surround it, robbing it of the moisture and nourishment which should go to its support. It is the poorest policy in the world, to manure and plant a field, and then leave it to spread a large share of its strength in the production of useless vegetation. It is also of great importance that it have a deep and mellow soil—that the roots as well as leaves can feel the influence of air and moisture, and that it possess a monopoly of all the benignant influences of nature. A fresh, clean, and mellow soil, is the best remedy against drouth, and the best preparation for good crops, whatever the character of the weather granted to the husbandman.

[Rural New Yorker.]

The apple crop in this county is very large.

Improvements.

The investment of capital in permanent improvements, is much more common in England than in this country. In the Mark-Lane Express of April 10th, there is a report of a speech by Mr. Mechi of Tip-top Hall, in which that gentleman is represented to have said, that he had, on a farm of one hundred and seventy acres, nearly or quite two miles of iron pipe, for the distribution of liquid manures. The apparatus for applying this manure, including a steam engine, tanks, iron pipes and gutta percha hose, cost him about twenty-one dollars per acre. This investment he considers a profitable one—yielding him larger returns than the same amount of capital invested in public funds. He considers the application of liquid manure to lands of all description, much more economical than that of the solid excrements of animals. By this process of manual irrigation, the excreta of the animals produced to-day, were conveyed into the tanks to-morrow, conveyed immediately to the land, and the soil saturated with it to the depth required; whereas, when the solid matters were applied, the cost of transportation, spreading, &c., not only proved a matter of considerable expense, but there was also much time lost, oftentimes, in waiting for rain to wash the fertilizing particles into the soil, and then when it came, the quantity was not sufficient to carry them to the required depth. The actual cost of applying the urine and other liquid matters made in his establishments—an equal distribution over all his fields being secured—did not exceed three cents per ton! His estimate of the actual augmentation of produce, in consequence of this irrigating process, is, that it amounts to more than double the ordinary—*or about one hundred per cent.* Now why is it that our farmers who are by no means deficient in enterprise in other matters, do not imitate their English friends in this great matter? Why do they, in view of such facts and examples as these set before them in the speech of Mr. Mechi, still blindly persist in suffering the annual waste of the most valuable portions of their manure, and this, too, while they are actually stunting us with their dolorous and countless complaints against short crops and exhausted soils. Farmers should reflect upon this subject. It is one of the very first importance, and we trust will no longer be treated with neglect.

[N. E. Farmer.]

Hearing of Animals.

Among mammals, the formation of the ear varies in many cases, according to the habits and peculiar nature of the animal. The portion of the ear of the mole assigned for the organ of hearing is passing in the air, is low perfect than those which, deeper seated, receive the impression of any sound of vibration from the earth. The beaver has the power, when diving, to fold its ears backward on its head; and the water-shrew, for the same purpose, has three distinct flaps, which close the orifice, in the same manner that many diving and burrowing animals are furnished with flaps to the nose, by which they close the entrance to all inferior holes. The hippopotamus remains for long periods beneath the surface of the water, and is provided with a valve-like apparatus. Hares and rabbits, which squat close on the ground, and which might be more readily discovered were any projecting point of their bodies to be visible, fold their ears flat backward. In all, this sense is remarkably keen, and with hares it is only exceeded by that of the owl, they hear sounds and are restless long before the rider can perceive an animal or a human being in the distance. The carrier-horses in Switzerland hear the fall of an avalanche, and warn their masters of the danger by their terror, and by refusing to advance, and even by turning in an opposite direction. The acute sensibility of this organ is somewhat obstructed by the bushy hairs which grow in the outer sheath; and thus horse-dealers cut them out from horses they have for sale, in order that sounds, striking on the nerves with greater force, may, by exciting the animals, give them a more lively appearance.

The flight of the bat, like that of the owl, is perfectly noiseless; and its ear, equally acute, detects the slightest humming of an insect, at a distance of several feet; and while it catches such as are in flight, touches none which have settled or are silent.

[Religious Herald.]

STATE AND GRANITE. The Rutland Herald, published in Rutland, Vermont, says that Rutland County can supply slate enough for all the roofing wanted in the United States for the next fifty years.

A New Hampshire paper adds that New Hampshire can furnish granite enough to last all Christendom a thousand years.

Now that is pretty loud talk, but is nothing to what Maine can do. She has slate enough to last the United States a century, and roof Vermont and New Hampshire all over to boot, and granite enough to supply all creation and the rest of mankind forever. She has 'pon honor.

[Maine Farmer.]

THE FLOUR AND GRAIN EXCITEMENT. The breadstuffs speculation continues to excite remark. A reaction has followed the excitement witnessed in the grain market, a few days past. To sell wheat in any considerable quantities, holders have to concede ten to fifteen cents a bushel. Corn is rather better, owing to the light supplies on hand. Flour is from one to two shillings lower. The purchases for export have ceased, for the present. The operators in wheat have retired from the market all of a sudden.

[New York Express.]

The Thriftless Farmer.

"Stop them hogs—what in the— the reason you didn't patch up that fence better when you were about it? 'Stu-boy,' 'stubby'—yank 'em, Tiger, I'll learn 'em to keep them hogs out, or you'll catch it."

Such were the ejaculations of *Primer Trotter*, on a bright May morning, when the hogs and hens for the hundredth time had broken into the miserable garden, but he had uttered these words many times before, and the scene did not disturb his equanimity so much that he resumed his seat under the dilapidated porch, and began to charge his old pipe with a new fill of tobacco. But his poor wife, whose sweet looks and sweet temper had been sorely tried by the confusion which had reigned supreme about her for many years, could not look on undisturbed. She loved order and quiet, and her meek and gentle spirit must soon leave the reek of creaking hinges and flapping doors, and all the wild disorder about her, for the undisturbed realms of the peaceful and quiet grave. Her last earthly fall-upon the ear of *Farmer Thriftless* like water upon the flinty rock. Young Hercules with his club, and Tom Careless with his hammer, were despatched in the words with which we commenced, to rout the enemy and repair damages.

Now, reader, behold them. First, the house, the *Farmer*, and his poor, over-worked, heart-broken wife, the patched hen, the downy, the waterworn and the roof; the stacks, horse and cattle mingled in with broken wheels and other trumpery. Then in the foreground see the fighting cocks, the skeletons of deceased cows and hogs! See Tom cock his eye and scratch his head in beholding the youthful Hercules break the ribs of the hungry pigs, and put the fowls in a tremendous flutter. There is a life and truthfulness in the scene too sad for mirth, ludicrous as it is. Will any of our friends confess that they sat for the picture? We have endeavored to improve a little upon the suggestion of our excellent brother of the Pennsylvania Farm Journal, and hope to receive his approval. The *Fort Wayne Times* comes to our aid, too, in the life-like portrait before us. Now look on this picture and then on that! which we shall give next week, and judge for yourselves of the merits of each.

The thriftless farmer provides no shelter for his cattle during the inclemency of the winter; but permits them to stand shivering by the side of a fence, or in the snow, as best suits them.

He throws their fodder on the ground, or in the mud, and not unfrequently in the highway; by which a large portion of it, and all the manure is wasted.

He grazes his meadows in fall and spring, by which they are gradually exhausted and finally ruined.

His fences are old and poor—just such as let his neighbor's cattle break into his field, and teach his own to be unruly and spoil his crop.

He neglects to keep the manure from around the silks of his barn—if he has one—by which they are prematurely rotted, and his barn destroyed.

He tills or skims over the surface of his land, until it is exhausted, but never thinks it worth while to manure or clover it. For the last he has no time, for the last he "is not able."

He has a place for nothing, and nothing in its place. He consequently wants a hoe or a rake, or a hammer, but knows not where to find them, and thus loses much time.

He loiters away stormy days and evenings when he should be repairing his utensils, or improving his mind by reading useful books or newspapers.

He spends much time in town, at the corner of the street, or in the "snake holes," complaining of hard times, and goes home in the evening "pretty well worn."

He has no shed for his fire wood—consequently his wife is out of humor, and his meals out of season.

He plants a few fruit trees, and his cattle forthwith destroy them. He "has no luck in raising fruit."

"One half the little he raises is destroyed by his own or his neighbor's cattle."

His plow, drag, and other implements, lie all winter in the field where last used; and just as he is getting in a hurry the next season, his plow breaks, because it was not housed and properly cared for.

Somebody's hogs break in, and destroy his garden, because he has not stopped a hole in the fence, that he had been intending to stop for a week.

He is often in a great hurry, but will stop and talk as long as he can find any one to talk with.

He has, of course, little money, and when he must raise some to pay his taxes, &c., he raises it at a great sacrifice, in some way or other, by paying an enormous share, or by selling his scanty crop when prices are low.

He is a year behind, instead of being a year ahead of his business—and always will be.

When he pays a debt, it is at the end of an execution; consequently his credit is at a low ebb.

He buys entirely on credit, and merchants and all others with whom he deals, charge him twice or thrice the profit they charge prompt pay masters, and are unwilling to sell him goods at any cost. He has to beg and promise, and promise and beg, to get them on any terms. The merchants dread to see his wife come into their stores, and the poor woman feels depressed and degraded.

The smoke begins to come out of his chimney late of a winter's morning, while the cattle are suffering for their morning's feed. Manure lies in heaps in his stable; his horses are rough and uncured, and his harness rot under their feet.

His bars and gates are broken, his buildings unpainted, and boards and shingles falling off—he has no time to replace them—the glass is out of the windows, and the holes stopped with rags and old hats.

He is a great borrower of his thrifty neighbor's implements, but never returns the borrowed article, and when it is sent for, it can't be found.

He is, in person, a great sloven, and never attends public worship, or if he does occasionally do so, he comes sneaking in when the service is half over.

He neglects his accounts, and when his neighbor calls to settle with him, has something else to attend to.

Take him all in all, he is a poor farmer, a poor husband, a poor father, a poor neighbor, and a poor Christian.

Plowing—Amount of Travel.

The amount of work required on a given surface varies, of course, with the condition of the soil. Certain parts of the work may, however, be accurately calculated. The number of furrows, of a given width, the length of furrow traveled within given dimensions, &c., can be told by an ordinary school-boy. In the Soil of the South, a table is given, showing the space traveled in plowing an acre, with a given width for the furrow. These calculations are approximations to the truth, but not quite accurate. In plowing a field 500 feet square, more than 500 feet must be "traveled" in by the team, or even by the plowman. The team must travel at least ten feet at each end, beyond the termination of the furrow. Taking this estimate as accurate, and supposing the field to be square, (for, with the shape of the field, the number of furrows and the "space traveled," will be materially changed,) and the breadth of the furrow seven inches, the distance traveled by the team in plowing one acre, will be about 15.3 miles, instead of 14.18 as in the table. With a "furrow slice 14 inches," the travel will not be, of course, "seven miles," as given in the table, but something more than 7.12 and so on. The calculations, thus corrected, may be of some interest. The table, as given by our Southern friends, is as follows:

Breadth of furrow	Space traveled in plowing an acre.
7 inches.	14.18 miles.
8 "	12.14 "
9 "	11 "
10 "	9.10 "
11 "	9 "
12 "	8.14 "
13 "	7.12 "

By this rate of calculation, a furrow once in 1.12 feet, 3.14 miles.

By this rate of calculation, a furrow once in	3.14 miles.
1.12 feet,	3.14 miles.
3 "	2.54 "

Antipathy to Spiders.

Few people like spiders. No doubt these insects must have their merits and their uses, since none of God's creatures are made in vain; all living things are endowed with instinct more or less admirable; but the spider's plotting, creeping ways, and a sort of wicked expression about him, leads one to dislike him as a near neighbor. In a battle between a spider and a fly, one always sides with the fly; and yet of the two the last is the most troublesome to man.

But the fly is frank and free in all his doings; he seeks his food openly; suspicious of others, or covert designs against them, are quite unknown to him, and there is something almost confiding in the way he sails around you, when a single stroke of your hand might destroy him. The spider, on the contrary, lives by snares and plots; he is at the same time very designing and very suspicious, both cowardly and fierce; he always moves stealthily, and if among enemies, retreating before the least appearance of danger, solitary and morose, holding no communion with his fellows. His whole appearance corresponds with his character, and that while it is more mischievous to us than the spider, we yet look upon the first with more favor than the last; for it is a natural impulse of the human heart to prefer that which is witty and unassuming, even in the brute creation. The cunning and designing man himself will, at times, find a feeling of respect and regard for the guileless and generous stealing over him; his heart, as it were, giving the lie to his life. [Miss Cooper's Rural Hours.]

THE WEeping WILLOW. I presume that it is known to few that, for the weeping willows that hang their pensive boughs beautifully over the hallowed graves of the dead, England and America are indebted to the distinguished Lady Mary Montague.

It is said that while at Constantinople, whose husband at that time occupied the embassy, she sent, in a basket of figs, home to her intimate friend, the poet Pope, a sprig of the Asiatic willow. He set it out in his garden, and from that twig has come all the weeping willows in England and America.

Lady Mary Montague was born about the year 1690, in Nottinghamshire, England; she was one of the finest and most accomplished scholars of her age; was contemporary and on terms of intimacy with Hannah More, Addison, Pope, Steele, Bishop Burnet, &c.; was the wife of the accomplished Charles Montague for nearly fifty years; at the court of George I. for some four years; resided upwards of twenty years in Italy and its neighborhood; lived to the advanced age of seventy-three, and died August 21, 1762.

To Lady Mary, also, it is said, belongs the honor of introducing inoculation for the small pox, a practice which has annually saved many lives.

R. H. HOWARD.
[N. E. Farmer.]

The best cough-mixture that has been made consists of a pair of thick boots, taken out of a pair of air and plenty of exercise. People who hug the stove and grow lean, will please take notice.

POETRY.

Pride.

BY JOHN G. FAYE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on 'feed'
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is the pride of birth,
Among our 'ferre democracy'
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to ever'th from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, sneers and jeers,
Is American Aristocracy!

Depend upon it my sordid friend,
Your family thrust you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it vexed at the other end
By some plebeian vocation!

Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a hop of stronger wine
That plagued some worthy relation!

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes;
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation!

MISCELLANY.

HOME SCENES—THE FAMILY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'll not live in this way!" exclaimed Mrs. Lyon, passionately. "Such disorders, straggling and irregularity, rob me of peace, and make the house a hell, instead of a quiet home. 'Tom'!" she spoke sharply to a bright little fellow, who was pounding away with a wooden hammer on a chair, and making a most intolerable din, "stop that noise this instant! And you, Em, not a word more from your lips. If you can't live in peace with your sister, I'll separate you. Dye hear? hush! this instant!"

"Then make Jule give me my pin-cushion. She's got it in her pocket."

"It is no such thing I have not," retorted Jule.

"You have, I say."

"I tell you I haven't."

"Will you hush?" The face of Mrs. Lyon was fiery red, and she stamped upon the floor, as she spoke.

"I want my pin-cushion. Make Jule give me my pin-cushion."

Irritated beyond control, Mrs. Lyon caught Jule by the arm, and thrusting her hand in her pocket, drew out a thimble, a piece of lace and a pen knife.

"I told you it wasn't there. Couldn't you believe me?"

This impertinence was more than the mother could endure, and, acting upon her indignant impulses, she boxed the ears of Jule soundly, conscious at the same time, that Emily was chiefly to blame for all this trouble, by a wrong accusation of her sister.

She turned upon her, also, administering an equal punishment. Frightened by all this, the younger children whose pensive noise, for the last hour, had contributed to the overthrow of their mother's temper, became suddenly quiet, and skulked away into corners, and the baby, that was seated on the floor, between two pillows, ceased her quivering lips, and glanced furtively up to the distorted face in which she had been used to see the love light that made her heaven.

A deep quiet followed this burst of passion like the hush which succeeds the storm. Alas, for the evil traces that were left behind. Alas, for the repulsive image of that mother, degenerated in an instant on the memory of her children, and never to be effaced. How many, many times, in after years, will not a sigh leave their bosoms, as that painful reflection looks out upon them from amid the dearer remembrances of childhood.

A woman with good impulses, but with scarcely any control, was Mrs. Lyon. She loved her children, and desired their good. That they showed so little forbearance, one with the other, manifested so little fraternal affection grieved her deeply.

"My whole life is made unhappy by it!" she would often say. "What is to be done? It is dreadful to think of a family growing up in discord and dissension. Sister at variance with sister, and brother lifting his hand against brother."

As was usual after an ebullition of passion, Mrs. Lyon, deeply depressed in spirits as well as discouraged, retired from her family to grieve and weep. Lifting the frightened baby from the floor, she drew it to her tenderly against her bosom, and leaving the nursery sought the quiet of her own room. There in repentance and humiliation, she recalled the stormy scene through which she had just passed, and blamed herself for yielding blindly to passion, instead of meeting the trouble among her children with a quiet discrimination.

To weeping, calmness succeeded. Still, she was perplexed in mind, as well as grieved at her own want of self-control. What was to be done with her children? How were they to be governed aright? Painfully did she feel her own unfitness for the task. By this time the baby was asleep, and the mother felt something of that tranquil peace that every true mother knows, when a young babe is slumbering on her bosom. A book lay on a shelf near where she was sitting, and Mrs. Lyon, scarcely conscious of the act, reached out her hand for the volume. She opened it without feeling any interest in its contents, but she had read only a few sentences when this remark arrested her attention.

"All right government of children begins with self-government."

The words seemed written for her, and the truth expressed was elevated instantly into perception. She saw it in the clearest light, and closed the book and bowed her head in sad acknowledgment of her own errors. Thus for some time, she had been sitting, when the murmur of voices from below grew more and more distinct, and she was soon aroused to the painful fact, that, as usual when left alone, the children were wrangling among themselves. Various noises, as of pounding on, and throwing about chairs, and other pieces of furniture were heard, and at length a loud scream, mingled with angry vociferations smote upon her ears.

Indignation swelled instantly in the heart of Mrs. Lyon, and hurriedly placing the sleeping babe in its crib, she started for the scene of disorder, moved by an impulse to punish severely the young rebels against her authority, and was half way down the stairs, when her feet were checked by a remembrance of the sentiment: "All right government of children begins with self-government."

"Will anger subdue anger? When storm meets storm, is the tempest stilled?" These were questions asked of herself, almost involuntarily. "This is no spirit in which to meet my children. It never has, never will enforce order and obedience," she added, as she stood upon the stairs, struggling with herself, and striving for the victory. From the nursery came louder sounds of disorder. How weak the mother felt! Yet in this very weakness was strength.

"I must not stand idly by," she said as a sharper cry of anguish smote her ears, and so she moved on quickly, and opening the nursery door, stood revealed to her children. Julia had just raised her hand to strike Emily, who stood confronting her with a fiery face. Both were startled at their mother's sudden appearance, and both expecting the storm which usually came at such times, began to assume the defiant, stubborn air with which her intemperate reproaches were always met.

A few moments did Mrs. Lyon stand looking at her children—grief, not anger, upon her pale countenance. How still, all became. What a look of wonder came gradually into the children's faces, as they glanced one at the other. Something of shame was next visible. And now the mother was conscious of a new power over the young rebels of her household.

"Emily," said she, speaking mildly, and yet with a touch of sorrow in her voice she could not subdue, "I wish you would go up into my room, and sit with Mary while she sleeps."

Without a sign of opposition, or even of reluctance, Emily went quietly from the nursery, in obedience to her mother's desires.

"This room is very much in disorder, Julia."

Many times Mrs. Lyon said, under like circumstances, "why don't you put things to rights? or I never saw such girls!" If all in the room was topsy turvy, and the floor an inch thick with dirt, you'd never turn over a hand to put things to order, or, "go and get the broom, this minute, and sweep up the room. You're the laziest girl ever lived!" Many, many times as we have said, had such language been addressed by Mrs. Lyon, upon like circumstances to Julia and her sisters, without producing anything better than a grumble, partial execution of her wishes. But now the mild intimation that the room was in disorder, produced all the effects desired. Julia went quickly about the work of restoring things to their right places, and in a few minutes, order was apparently where confusion reigned before.

Little Tommy, whose love of hammering was an incessant annoyance to his mother, ceased his din on her sudden appearance, and for a few moments stood in expectation of a boxed ear; for a time he was puzzled to understand the new aspect of affairs. Finding that he was not under the ban, as usual, he commenced slapping a stick over the top of an old table, making a most ear-piercing noise. Instantly Julia said in a low voice to him—

"Don't, Tommy, don't do that. You know it makes mother's head ache."

"Does it make your head ache mother?" asked the child, curiously, and with a pitying tone in his voice, as he came creeping up to his mother's side, and looked at her as if in doubt whether he would be repulsed or not.

"Sometimes it does, my son," replied Mrs. Lyon, kindly, "and it is always unpleasant. Won't you try to play without making so much noise?"

"Yes, mother, I'll try," answered the little fellow; cheerfully. "But I'll forget sometimes."

He looked at his mother, as if something more was in his thoughts.

"Well dear, what else?" said she encouragingly.

"When I forget, you'll tell me, won't you?"

"Yes, love."

"And then I'll stop. But don't scold me, mother, for then I can't stop."

Mrs. Lyon's heart was touched. She caught her breath, and bent her face down to conceal its expression, until it rested on the silken hair of the child.

"Be a good boy, Tommy, and mother will never scold you any more," she murmured gently in his ear.

His arms stole upwards, and as they were twined closely about her neck, he pressed his lips tightly against her cheek, thus sealing his part of the contract with a kiss.

How sweet to the mother's taste were those first fruits of self-control. In the effort to govern herself, what a power had she acquired. In stilling the tempest of passion in her bosom, she had poured the

oil of peace over the storm-fretted hearts of her children.

Only the first fruits were there. In all her after days did that mother strive with herself, ere she entered into a contest with the inherited evils of her children, and just so far she was able to overcome evil in them. Often, very often, did she fall back into old states and often, very often, was self-resistance only a slight effort, but the feeble influence for good that flowed from her words or actions whenever this was so, warmed her of her error, and prompted a more vigorous self-control. Need it be said, that she had an abundant reward?

A Serenade.

A daughter of one of our Codfish Aristocracy, visiting a Concert given by Dods-worth's Band, of 44 pieces, being so thoroughly edified by the beauty and excellence of the music that she exclaimed to her beau: "Oh, dear Mr.—, I wish you would engage Dods-worth's Band to play me a serenade to night. It would be so charming to see you stationed under my window with 44 pieces of music, all brass, at your side." Not daring to refuse so modest a request, the unhappy young man promised her he would not fail to do as she desired. Of course, his happiness was gone for that evening, for he was congratulating how he should succeed in paying for a band of 44 pieces without any cash in hand.

The Concert being finished, he conducts the lady home, and hurries to his Club to consult upon the small request of his *Dulcinea*, and see whether he cannot devise the means of furnishing the young lady with her serenade. The Club kindly undertook to assist him in his dilemma and desired him to give himself no further trouble about the matter.

After considerable debate, it was finally concluded that Dods-worth's Band could not be had without pay, and at the suggestion of a young gentleman, of considerable musical taste, it was agreed that four persons should start out in different directions and procure all the hand organs within a mile, and employ them at fifty cents per head to meet at a certain place, at one o'clock in the morning. After a half-hour's absence the four members of the Club returned, with the announcement that sixteen badly bodied Italians had been engaged to appear on a certain corner at the appointed hour. A little before one, the Club was voted closed for the night, and the members who happened to be there that evening made their way to the appointed rendezvous, where they found the serenaders seated on their instruments waiting for the leader of the orchestra. As there were only ten tunes to each barrel, it was a matter of some difficulty to arrange the music; but, after considerable parley with the intelligent musicians, it was agreed that No. 1 should play *Costa Diva*; No. 2, *Vilkins and his Dina*; No. 3, an Irish Jig; No. 4, a Symphony from Beethoven; No. 5,

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, OCTOBER 23, 1855.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

W. A. PIDDGIN & Co.,

PROPRIETORS.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents annually in advance; one dollar and seventy-five cents with the year. Payment for all advertisements is held to be due from the date of the first insertion.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms, the proprietor not being responsible for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. Payment for all advertisements is held to be due from the date of the first insertion.

W. A. PIDDGIN & Co., 10 State St., Boston, and 122 Nassau St., New York, are the only authorized agents for procuring subscriptions, forwarding advertisements, and communications should be directed to "The Oxford Democrat, Paris, Me."

Private letters to the editor should be directed to JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED

Republican Nominations.

FOR GOVERNOR, 1856.

ANSON P. MORRILL.

OF READFIELD.

Subject to the decision of a State Convention.

Franklin Pierce and his Administration

in favor of Disunion.

We have occasionally noticed the false

charge made against the Republican party,

that it favors disunion; that it advocates

measures which tend to produce such a result.

But after so grave a charge has been

made against those with whom we are

politically associated, we are not satisfied with

merely showing it up as a base fabrication;

but justice demands that we go farther, and

"sweep the error into Africa."

We are compelled to admit the fact that

we have disunionists in many of the States;

but none of these traitors are found in the

Republican ranks.

But to prosecute the inquiry as to the

whereabouts of these traitors, we have only

to go into the ranks of the party now sup-

porting the present National Administration;

the party calling itself Democratic to find a

plenty of them.

The great majority of the rank and file of

this party are undoubtedly patriots at heart;

so far as the question of disunion is concerned,

but many of its distinguished leaders are

outspoken disunionists.

Men of intelligence among the masses

judge men according to public positions more

by their acts than their professions; and

this is a safe rule of calculation in all cases.

We are nothing for high sounding professions

of patriotism, or a glorification of the

Union, while the very men who make such

professions, are wilfully committing acts

which give the lie to all their professions.

But we proceed to make the application.

The National Convention which nominated

Franklin Pierce for the Presidency, adopted

the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Democratic party will

not attempt to renew, in Congress or

out, the agitation of the slavery question,

under whatever name or color the attempt

may be made.

Gen. Pierce accepted the nomination, dis-

tinctly approving this Platform. In his

inaugural message and his first message to

Congress, he reiterated the same sentiments

and repeatedly pledged himself to carry out

these principles in his administration. All

this is become fixed in history, and no man

can successfully deny it.

Now, how has he kept his pledges? One

of his first acts was to take into his cabinet

as one of his Constitutional advisers, one of

the most rank, open, uncompromising dis-

unionists in the whole country, in the person

of Jefferson Davis. President Pierce did

this with a full knowledge of the man.

When the Compromise measures of 1850

were before the U. S. Senate, Davis was a

member. He then opposed them with the

greatest violence and fury from beginning

to end. In that body he denounced the Union

as a curse and there stood up, and openly

advocated secession.

It will be recalled that Gen. Foster was

his colleague from Mississippi, and that he

took a very prominent position in favor of

the Compromise Bill in opposition to Davis.

The bill passed, and both these gentlemen

appealed to the people of Mississippi, left

their places in the Senate, accepted the gen-

eralist nominations tendered them by their

respective friends; Foster being the

candidate of the Union party, and Davis of

the Secessionists or nullifiers. Gen. Davis

stamped the State upon this issue, preach-

ing the rankest rascals all over the State;

but Foster was elected by a small majority.

Jefferson Davis, after having been rejected

by the people of his State, for his treason to

the Union, was immediately taken up by

Pierce, and put into the Cabinet as Secretary

of War. George Washington might with

equal propriety, when making up his first

Cabinet, have appointed Benedict Arnold to

the same place. Davis has not only been

one of Pierce's confidential advisers, but he

has been the ruling spirit in the Cabinet.

The whole policy of the National Adminis-

tration has been shaped by his traitorous

hands, aided by that old cast off, federal

rogue, Caleb Cushing.

But we will go back to Pierce. His ad-

ministration was scarcely inaugurated, and

the whole country was looking forward to

a quiet and peaceful Administration at his

hands, when, like a maniac or a villain, he

turned his back upon his former friends,

wickedly falsified all his pledges, and opened

upon the whole country the most dangerous

slavery agitation that ever distributed it.

The repeal of the Missouri Compromise

was an original disunion measure, it origi-

nated with traitors, and was a plan conceived

by Southern secessionists and their Northern

allies, to force slavery upon all free territory

and in the end dissolve the Union.

If this Union is to be preserved, it can

only be done, by one portion of the confeder-

acy maintaining good faith with the other.

It is with nations as it is with States, towns,

neighborhoods and families, if you would

maintain peace and preserve peace, compacts

and contracts fairly entered into must be

faithfully preserved, and honorably fulfilled.

Otherwise there can be no union or harmon-

iousness. No one act could have been done so

dangerous to the perpetuity of the Union as the perfidious repeal of this old time honored compact. After all parts of the confederacy had solemnly agreed to the compact, after they had ratified it, and most religiously lived up to it for thirty-four years; and after the South had received the full consideration assigned her in the contract, to then turn round like a black hearted villain, and with the aid of Northern traitors, repudiate the whole thing and swindle the North out of all the consideration assigned her in the compromise; why, it destroyed all confidence in the integrity, or fair dealing of one portion of the Union with the other.

Let a few more such acts as the repeal of the Missouri Compromise be perfidiously carried out, and they will result in repudiating the Union. Franklin Pierce has already being instrumental in doing more which in the end will produce the dissolution of the Union than all the Tories and traitors that have ever lived before him. The Nebraska talk about the disunion sentiments of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker, but when compared with Franklin Pierce, Jefferson Davis and Stephen Arnold Douglas, the former rank as much higher than the latter, as Heaven is above the lowest regions in the infernal pit—Franklin Pierce and his party repeal the Missouri Compromise; Franklin Pierce and his party send slavery into Kansas; Franklin Pierce and his party send over an army of drunken, murderous ruffians, to conquer Kansas and crush out the spirit of liberty in that infant territory.

Franklin Pierce at the command of Jefferson Davis removed Gen. Reeder, because he tried to protect the defenseless settlers of Kansas, against the Gallas and Vandals of slavery, sent there by Pierce, Davis, Atchison and Stringfellow. Franklin Pierce appointed Wilson Shannon as Reeder's successor, and sent him to Kansas with instructions to establish slavery in that territory.

Franklin Pierce is at this day sitting at the very foot of the leading disunionists in this country, ready and willing to carry in to operation any treasonable act they may set on foot, for the express purpose of re-doing this glorious Union into a thousand fragments.

Yet, with a full knowledge of all these facts, the leaders of the democratic party endorse and sustain the President; thereby making themselves a party to all the treasonable acts and perfidious doings of both him and his Administration.

The democratic party at the head of which now stands Franklin Pierce is a purely sectional party. This party controls nearly every Southern State. Their only platform is slavery extension; they are for the Union only when it can be used as an instrument in their hands to carry forward their damnable schemes of human oppression and tyranny, but when it fails to accomplish this, they seek to destroy it, and would reduce it to atoms.

The democracy of the North stand upon the same platform with the democracy of the South. They claim to be but one party, all engaged in an unholy crusade against the Union and the spirit of liberty.

Our heroic forefathers for seven long years fought for liberty, and transmitted the right legacy to their posterity. They gave us a Constitution as a chart of equal rights and privileges and the glorious Union by their bequest to us as can only be preserved by maintaining in their party the letter and spirit of the great principles of human rights and national freedom.

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The democratic party are now in hostile array against the only principle that can give vitality or life to the federal government, and unless they either change their position or are defeated in traitorous schemes, the Union itself will serve but a few more rude shocks at the hands of its worst enemies.

A New Temperance Party.

It is really amusing to read the long yarns, spun out in the rum organs of Maine, since election, upon the temperance question. There is not a newspaper scribbler in all their ranks, who is not highly charged with temperance; and week after week they are delivered of learned disquisitions upon this all important subject. These learned commentators upon the rum question are exhorting themselves, and wearing out their mental energies in devising some plan by which the people can have free rum and still be strictly temperate. A majority of their number are decidedly of the opinion, that the Maine Law ought to be unconditionally repealed, that all efficient legal restraints upon the unlawful traffic in intoxicating drinks should be entirely removed. They have come to the conclusion that licensed grog shops, with the privilege on the part of their tenders, to sell, so as not to conflict with the great principles of "liberty," would give the temperance reform a wonderful start. They would not have the people obliged to buy of "legally authorized agents," but would "see them and their liquor stand in the ground," and go in for rum and liberty, now and forever.

The principle the Anti-Morrill party are now contending for, and which they would see incorporated into a new Liquor Law is this, that it is necessary in order to keep young men from vicious habits to place temptation before them. They would do this for the purpose of trying the experiment, to see whether they can resist them or not. They go in for allowing Tippling Shops to be placed in the way of the unfortunate man, who has an inordinate thirst for Liquor, in order to keep him temperate.

Now it is very evident from the signs of the times, and from the learned and transcendental expositions we so pompously paraded in the columns of the Maine Expositor, Eastern Argus, Norway Advertiser, State of Maine, Free Press, and other temperance papers in Maine, that we are soon to have ushered in one grand universal temperance Millennium. The universal reign of liberty and rum is to commence, when there shall be "no more war" between the Holy "Alliance;" but the "cats and the coons" shall both "lie down together" (in the same ditch), neither shall they learn any more.

We are soon to have at the hands of their new Mormon Prophets, a Law so powerfully stringent, yet wonderfully liberal, so beautifully adapted in its details to the capacities and wants of the dry and the unfortunate; so primarily democratic in its conceptions, yet so harmless in its subsequent growth and developments; so lenient to the seller, yet convenient and accommodating to the purchaser; that the whole moral world will be thunder struck, and look on with perfect wonder and amazement.

This new Liquor Law which is to be framed and put in operation by the Liquor men of Maine, will put Solomon and Iyegurgus, and all other distinguished Lawgivers, of both ancient and modern times, far back in to the shade.

As the natural sun warms the natural world and gives heat to all around, so this

Slavery Propagandism—Corruption of the National Administration.

The New York Post, one of the oldest as well as the most of the Northern Democratic Presses, has, at last, become entirely satisfied, that a radical reform is needed in the administration of the General Government. Like various other presses, all over the country, it is becoming better and better convinced that reform is utterly impossible under the old party organizations; and that a new party, professing and acting upon the correct principles of the Constitution, must be formed.

The following extract taken from a recent issue of the Post, is worthy the highest consideration of every citizen; and it is a true history of the conduct of the two old Parties during the last twelve years. The Galphins, Laves, Pierces, Gardiners and Fillmores are severely but justly handled. The Galphin Commissioner, Hon. Geo. Evans, of this State, and Farley his associate in Slavery legislation are not alluded to; nor are McDonald, Clifford and Wells, who are now and have been willing instruments and the fast friends of Southern capitalists. The first has gone over to the Slavery Democracy, where he, by his sentiments and acts, proves that he ought always to have been. But here is the extract and we hope every reader will ponder it well:

"So long as the patronage of the Executive is at the disposal of Southern capitalists, so long the free states will be at the mercy of demagogues and time-servers, who are willing to earn their bread by misrepresenting their own and their constituents' convictions, and so long corruption in every part of the government will increase. A glance at the history of our country during the last three or four administrations will demonstrate this."

It is twelve years since the modern doctrine of slavery propagandism obtained a controlling influence over the Executive branch of the national government. From the same period may be dated the most disgraceful chapter in the financial history of the country, a chapter in which are recorded a series of transactions on the part of the Executive and his advisers, which, for their corruption and their gross indecency, may pass any thing ever charged or ever imagined by the most malignant foe of any previous national administration.

President Polk was the first of the Propaganda elevated to the Chief Magistracy by the popular votes. He it was through whose fraudulent agency Texas was annexed to the United States as a slave state. He it was who, after the annexation, sent Senator Sill to Mexico armed with claims to the amount of \$8,000,000 to buy, and \$25,000,000 in money to bribe the Mexicans to sell us California and New Mexico; and when the Mexican government would neither be bribed nor bribed, he it was who proceeded to take those territories by force at an expense of more than \$15,000,000. It was he who denied the power of Congress to exclude slavery from Oregon and California, but did not doubt his own power, nor scruple to use \$100,000,000 to Spain for Cuba. It was during his administration, too, that the system of giving bounties to mail steamers was introduced into our government, of which the earliest beneficiaries were George Law and Edwin Croswell, whose services in sowing the seeds of disunion among the democrats of New York, and in marshalling votes against the Wilcox Provision in Congress, were rewarded by their southern employers with a contract from which both have realized large fortunes. It was Mr. Polk, too, who introduced the practice of indemnifying members of Congress for the loss of their political characters and influence in the service of slavery, by giving them foreign missions. Of this species of political simony, Hannegan's appointment to Berlin was a notorious specimen.

Mr. Fillmore's concessions to slavery as far exceeded those of his predecessor as did the profligacy and corruption of his administration. He was the man who signed the Fugitive Slave Law, and it was during his rule as Vice-President and President that the Galphin claim was negotiated through Congress by one member of the Cabinet, the Gardner claim by another, and the public money was for the first time clandestinely taken from the Assistant Treasury and loaned to political friends in Wall street. It was also under his administration that Mr. Collins, Chairman of the Union Safety Committee organized, as our readers may remember, to reconcile the people of the North with the Fugitive Slave Law, was rewarded by Congress with an annual gratuity of about \$400,000, in addition to an equal sum which he was receiving under a grant made during the administration of Mr. Polk.

But had as have been the fruits of this unholy alliance between Slavery and Corruption during the two or three administrations which preceded that of President Pierce, they have already been thrown into comparative obscurity by the monstrous growth which has succeeded them.

President Pierce was hardly warm in his seat before he sent Mr. Soule, a pro-slavery disunionist, to Madrid, to offer the Spanish government \$200,000,000 for Cuba, an island occupied by foreign races, accustomed to different institutions from ours, and commended to us only as material for more slave states and slave representation.

About the same time he sent another pro-slavery disunionist from South Carolina to Mexico, with instructions to offer Santa Anna \$50,000,000 for the Mesilla Valley, which recent travellers pronounce a barren desert without an acre of arable land suitable for cultivation owing to the scarcity of water, and throughout the whole of which there are but three insignificant settlements. But valuable as this territory is for all purposes of occupation and culture, its ownership was supposed by Mr. Pierce's Secretary of War, and others of his school who yet have dreams of a Southern Confederacy, to give to the southern route for the Pacific railroad such an advantage over the others as to secure to the slave states the western terminus of that great channel of continental travel, if one should ever be opened, and to slaveholders the privilege of expending a large share of the money that must be spent in building it.

As an illustration of his skill in driving a bargain, and of that prudence and frugality so much admired at Syracuse, which

the President brought with him from New England, we should add that the President of Mexico had not the face to ask half what our President was ready to give, and Congress finally bought the tract for just half what Santa Anna proposed to sell it for, and only one-fifth what Mr. Pierce offered, for it. Thus for the sum of \$10,000,000 we have finally become proprietors of a large desert somewhere between Texas and the Pacific ocean, of which we know little or nothing, and, probably, will not for a century or two to come, and it does not support enough life to feed the traveller and his horse while journeying over it, and for which we really have no more occasion than for a tract of equal dimensions in one of the most distant planets.

For this we were near being plunged into a debt of \$50,000,000, and but for the refusal of Spain to trade, that debt would have been swollen to the enormous sum of \$250,000,000 and all not to supply to the country any pressing necessity, or to perfect any great public improvement in which the whole nation has a common interest, but simply to deepen and extend the entrenchments of slavery, and increase its ability to battle with what it is pleased to term the prejudices of the free states.

Nor is this all; the whole diplomatic energies of our country are impelled by the same barbarian purpose. No American is permitted to speak for his country in any quarter of the globe without first qualifying himself by joining the Propaganda. Not a word in behalf of freedom is permitted to pass the lips of any diplomatic representative of the only republic in the world which professes to be in the enjoyment of free political institutions. Of all the money which this government expends upon ambassadors, ministers, and consuls, and foreign commissioners and agents, slavery takes its title in one form or another; and when the number of honest and capable instruments of the slave power are exhausted, incompetent ones are selected for the vacant situations, in preference to men, however capable or illustrious, who will not submit their opinions to this humiliating test by which every northern candidate is tried—a test which has driven all our ablest statesmen into obscurity, and discouraged those who might be fitted to succeed them from attempting a sphere of usefulness which cannot be pursued without dishonor.

The same is true of the domestic offices, which absorb some forty or fifty millions of our annual revenue. The only qualification which is insisted upon in a candidate is that he should talk at nothing which tends in any way to fortify and extend the lines of slavery.

It is true Mr. Pierce vetoed the bill giving Mr. Collins nearly twice as much for carrying the New York and Liverpool mail as that gentleman had contracted to do it for, but he did it so amiably, and afterwards, when amended, signed the bill so cheerfully, that his friends doubt even to this day whether he would have vetoed it at all if he had supposed that in doing so he would have presented the appropriation, while no one doubts that, had he exhibited any of that earnestness and dexterity in the use of the only weapons of his office, with which he is conversant, to defeat it, which were employed in opening Kansas to slavery, it would scarcely have friends enough to take it from the table of Congress, much less to pass it.

But what do such cheap exhibitions of official frugality amount to when they are akin to such other profligacy as we have just described? What is the good of saving a few thousand dollars by refusing an appropriation for the improvement of St. Clair falls, and spending more than as many millions in purchasing wildernesses for the propagation of slavery?

It is of just such base frugality as this that the faithless rake may boast who, to pamper a worthless mistress, leaves his lawful wife to freeze and starve. There never was a time during the whole history of this government, previous to the accession of President Polk and the inauguration of the propagandists at Washington, when a proposition to pay two hundred millions of dollars for any territory, however extensive, would not have been deemed a good ground for impeachment. Till then such men as Galphin, and Gardiner, and Law never presumed to have their attorneys in the Cabinet; till then no President was found so wanting in self-respect, or respect for his position, as to impose a test for office which excluded from the public service nearly every candidate from the northern states who was not ready to disguise or abjure the convictions in which he had been educated, and to profess opinions he had been taught to despise.

THE CALIFORNIA ELECTION. The Know Nothings have triumphed in this far off Pacific State, and beaten the sham democracy nearly to death.

We rejoice at almost any agency that will break down and defeat the miserable pro-slavery party in that State, calling itself democratic, and supporting the present corrupt national Administration. This victory will defeat that servile doughface, ex-Senator Gwyn, and give him leave to stay at home. We know not who may be his successor, but we have no fears that any man can be found who will be such sneaking tool of the slave power as he has been during his whole term in the Senate.

This election makes California sure against Pierce or any man who may be put up as his successor for the Presidency in 1856, by the slave oligarchy. The Nebraska slave has always reckoned with great certainty upon all their calculations, and ranges this noble State along side the other free States, which are now certain to triumph in the next Presidential election.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, for November is received. This number contains, besides its usual variety of choice miscellany, the following illustrated articles: Bishop Ames, The Garden of Sir Thomas Moore, Floral Festival at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, Bunyan's River of Life and Meadow of Idleness, The Sabbath, A Winter Piece, The Bat Tribe, Captivity and its Mementoes, and a Chapter on Dells. New York, Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry Street.

The following article was prepared by Mr. Forbes for his department, but did not reach us until the outside had gone to press:

The late Storm.

The details of the disasters produced by this storm have already been published to some extent. It will be seen by an examination of these details, that the centre of the storm was in the valley, and about the head waters of the Kennebec and Sandy Rivers. We were in the town of Phillips at the time of its occurrence. It began to rain on Friday evening, the 12th inst., between four and five o'clock P. M., with a thick mist, which gradually changed into well defined rain drops. About 6 o'clock it fairly commenced to pour down, and so continued through that night, the next day, and until sometime in the next night. On Saturday morning the earth was completely deluged with water. All the low lands were flooded; every stream and rivulet was full and overflowing its banks, and the volume of water continued to increase through the day and was at its height at about 5 o'clock P. M. Such destruction of roads, culverts and bridges we never before saw. Apparently nothing was left which water could wash out. Travel through the valleys was impossible, and nearly as over the hills, they were so badly washed. It was only with extreme difficulty that one could get a carriage in any direction bordering on the nearby river valley. We have seen something of floods in our day, but we never saw a country so badly cut up with water as it was in that region by this storm. The damage to public and private property is immense. Fields of corn cut up and shocked were swept away; acres of potatoes were washed out and carried off, and any quantity of pumpkins floated down stream. Barns were submerged and great quantities of hay destroyed. Many intervals were greatly damaged, and some nearly ruined by being washed away or buried in sand. Also some sheep and cattle were drowned. Indeed, hardly any species of property escaped more or less damage.

Weekly Summary of News.

The gas which had escaped from a leak in the pipes which supply the residence of T. D. Sewall, of Bath, exploded a few

