

The Oxford Democrat.

TERNS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

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OLD SERIES, VOLUME 24, NO. 36.

Agricultural.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

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

Special Notice.

Agricultural Exchanges and communications for this department, should be directed to "Oxford Democrat," South Paris, Me.

Marine Manures.

We are glad to learn, as we do from one of the Committee of the Board of Agriculture appointed for that purpose, that they are prosecuting their investigations as to the resources and value of the different kinds of manures found on the coast of this State. At the present time the marine mud is securing their special attention. Several farmers, we understand, are experimenting with it the present season, on different crops, distant from the sea-board fifty or more miles. The object of this is not only to test its manurial qualities, but to determine whether it can be made an economical manure to transport inland. The results arrived at are to be embodied in a report which will appear in the Secretary's Report of the current year. This is an important matter, and we hope it may prove that this and other marine substances can be put up and sent into the country with a profit to all parties, for the sea has the manures to make our entire State a garden, if we can only avail ourselves of its riches, and make them of economical value. The sea is the great receptacle of decayed animal and vegetable substances from the entire surface of the globe. Thence it is filtered and assumes new and varied animal and vegetable forms, and is thrown on the shore once more in a state of decomposition, in huge quantities, where it may be had for the labor of digging it, to restore fertility to our exhausted soils.

As to the value of these substances in the sea-board towns, there is no question. This has been settled by years of experiment. The great question to be settled is, whether their manurial value is such and so concentrated that they can be profitably transported into the interior, or if not in their crude state, whether they can be reduced in bulk and weight so that they shall be worth the charge for freight and the expense of putting up and applying. This is an open question, which we hope to see solved and settled by this important committee.

For The Oxford Democrat.

MR. EDITOR.—We have had more thunder showers in this place since the 11th inst., than ever before in the same time. There has been one or two heavy showers every day except one. The heat has been excessive, and the atmosphere highly charged with electricity. The lightning came to the ground in three different places, on the 13th inst., within less than a mile from my house, and struck my barn, entering the ground in four places, shattering the frame and tearing off part of the covering. My cattle and sheep were all in the barn-yard and shed, and four cows, two steers, and nine sheep were killed. The shock was not much felt in the house, which is about eighty feet from the barn. This I believe is the first damage by lightning in this settlement.

There has been no lack of rain in this section the present season. The ground is now fully saturated with water, and there is a good prospect of an abundant harvest.

JOHN M. WILSON.

THURSDAY MORNING, 8, 2, July 21st, 1857.

NOTE. We regret to hear of the above loss by our friend, and trust a generous public will sympathize with him in a substantial manner—feel when feeling is of service to the sufferer.

Deepening the Soil.

To deepening the soil as the efficient means of an increased fertility there are many testimonials. Perhaps the most definite and valuable testimony is that of the Rev. S. Smith, of Louis Woodon, in Northamptonshire. His evidence is valuable, both because it refers to two different kinds of soil, and because it extends over a number of years. We refer to it rather for the purpose of illustrating the principles of tillage than in order to commend any particular mode of farm practice. Having walked over his fields both in winter, when the process was in operation, and in summer, when the results were ripened, we can speak as to the means employed, the soil on which they are employed, and the produce which awards them. Early in July last year, we saw beans and vetches and wheat on a very stiff loam, which had been gradually deepened by means of the fork, latterly indeed by the White Bent Corn, in an adjoining field which had been similarly deepened. There was an abundant crop of wheat. The vetches were luxuriant and healthy, such as are seen ordinarily under good culture in September; the beans were wonderfully plump; and the wheat was the most extraordinary crop of the three. It has been what after wheat on the same soil for a succession of years; triple rows, a foot from one another, being cultivated with three foot intervals; these intervals, forked and cultivated during the growth of the rows on either side, being the site of next year's crop. This alternate crop and fallow, without the use of manure, yields an average of 34 bushels per acre per annum over the whole land so treated; deep and thorough tillage thus proving to be in effect the equivalent of manure. The fact, for so after ten years' observation it may be called, is, that by dint of deep and thorough tillage,

successive corn crops can be grown by bringing the mere life of the seed into connection with the stores of food for it which a tolerably stiff soil and the atmosphere together yield.

But the advantage of a deeper soil on the one hand, and of more thorough tillage on the other, is now everywhere admitted; the more general prevalence of turnip husbandry has contributed greatly to the latter good result; and Mr. Smith's, of Deanston, sub-soil plow, and every instance of cultivation such as that of Louis Woodon on a horticultural scale, and by horticultural means, have contributed to the former. And so we see that cultivators, horse-hoes, and grubbers are taking the place of those imperfect tillage implements—heavy drags and harrows; and plows for deeper work are made and used in large numbers. We do not add here remarks upon the obvious cause of infertility which shallowness of soil is when lying on the rock. Where plants are "starved" because they have no deepness of earth, the remedy is obvious enough, however inapplicable it may be. Pastures upon the chalk, the mountain limestone and millstone grit are often thus burned up in summer, and were it possible so to deepen such land, it would be seen that a couple of farms would be more productive if they could be laid one atop of the other than they now are in their extent and shallowness. [Gardener's London Chronicle.

Practical Value of Science.

Some years since a Professor in the University of Tennessee, was knocking and hammering among the rocks that crop out about Nashville. Some of the people watched him and immediately concluded that he was crazy, and that it was hardly suitable that he should be at large. Tennessee is one of the richest States in this Union, in mineral resources. Her marble is of the finest quality. Some of it is in use at the Capitol at Washington. In Coal and Iron she has a treasure superior to that of California. Her scientific men, discouraged by her State Government, and meeting with a chill reception by her people, slowly but with enthusiastic devotion to the task they are engaged in, are disclosing the almost boundless wealth of the State.

The discovery of the Steam Engine has enabled England, with a population of twenty-five millions, to do work that as many hundred million of men could not have done without; in fact, it works by men who eat nothing, and work night and day. It is thus that science has created the fabulous wealth of that monarchy. She is doing the same at this moment for our own country. Who can tell the value to this nation of the life of such a man as Fulton, with his steamboats, or even above him, our own Franklin, who wrested the lightning from heaven, and sword from the hands of tyrants?

Who can calculate the value of such a man as Professor Morse to the country and to the world?

It. Maury, with painstaking care, addressed himself to the work of bringing order out of the confusion that marked the log books of thousands of voyages. The sea was mapped out, and the track of thousands of vessels defined. From confusion arose order. The paths and currents of the ocean are faintly disclosed, then certainty follows, and the ship's path is found to be as marked as a trail, or even as a great travelled highway, in some parts of the sea. The length of voyages is shortened, and the gain is given to stimulate trade and reward Commerce, and render more endurable the weary ocean life of the mariner and the traveller. It. Hewes discovers a way of dropping the lead at the bottom of the ocean in depths too great to bring up more than a little mud in a quill. But that little quill enables us to demonstrate volumes to the depths and currents and inhabitants of the bottom of the seas, shows us what they are about, and thus enables us to find an undisturbed bed and lay the telegraph cable snug and safe at the bottom of old ocean.

The discoveries and investigations of Liebig have increased the production and value of all the farms in England, by applying the principles of analytic chemistry to soils, manures, and agricultural results generally. He has been worth millions of bushels of wheat already to Europe. A better understanding of the laws of health and the causes of disease, has lengthened life, in spite of the obstacles presented by the careless and reckless disregard of the simplest rules, that we all evince in our everyday life. So these instances might be indefinitely multiplied, and it might be shown that investigations in moral and intellectual science are also doing their work, in exposing sham, unveiling delusion, and teaching correct views. [Rochester American.

EXPERIENCE IN GROWING CORN-FODDER. I procured in Boston last May, a quantity of the White Bent Corn, and sowed in drills for the purpose of securing sufficient fodder for my stock for the coming winter. My anticipations were fully realized in the crop. I cut it, let it remain on the ground two or three days, then bound it up and set it up in shocks of about 8 bundles, and let it remain till snow fell. It being in complete order I supposed it safe now to put up in stacks, which I did around a pole set in the centre. In January I was surprised to discover my corn-fodder all on fire to appearance; smoke or steam arose several feet above the stacks, and the stacks began to settle. On examination I found my excellent corn-fodder was ruined entirely. I put about four tons into the barn, which proved to be the best fodder I ever fed to cattle. I consider it the cheapest fodder I can raise.

A. WILLARD, JR.
Hartford, Washington Co., N. Y.
[Country Gentleman.

MISCELLANY.

THE MASTER THIEF.

A NORSE FOLK-TALE.

Once upon a time there was a poor cottager who had three sons. He had nothing to leave them when he died, and no money with which to put them to any trade, so that he did not know what to make of them. At last he said he would give them leave to take to anything each liked best, and to go whithersoever they pleased, and he would go with them a bit of the way; and so he did. He went with them till they came to a place where three roads met, and there each of them chose a road, and their father bade them good bye, and went back home. I have never heard tell what became of the two elder; but as for the youngest, he went both far and long, as you shall hear.

So it fell out one night as he was going through a great wood that such bad weather overtook him. It blew and drizzled so that he could scarce keep his eyes open; and in a trice, before he knew how it was, he got bewildered, and could not find either road or path. But as he went on and on, at last he saw a glimmering of light far, far off in the wood. So he thought he would try and get to the light; and after a time he did reach it. There it was in a large house, and the fire was blazing so brightly inside that he could tell the folk had not yet gone to bed; so he went in and saw an old dame bustling about and minding the house.

"Good evening," said the youth.

"Good evening," said the old dame.

"Hutetu! It's such foul weather out of doors to-night," said she.

"So it is," said she.

"Can I get leave to have a bed and shelter here to-night?" asked the youth.

"You'll get no good by sleeping here," said the old dame; "for if the folk come home and find you here, they'll kill both me and you."

"What sort of folk, then, are they who live here?" asked the youth.

"Oh, robbers! And such a bad lot of them too," said the old dame. "They stole me away when I was little, and have kept me as their housekeeper ever since."

"Well, for all that, I'll just go to bed," said the youth.

"Come what may, I'll not stir out at night in such weather," said the old dame.

"Very well," said the old dame; "but if you stay it will be the worse for you."

With that the youth got into a bed which stood there, but he dared not go to sleep, and very soon after in came the robbers; so the old dame told them how a stranger fellow had come in, whom she had not been able to get out of the house again.

"Did you see if he had any money?" said the robbers.

"Such a one as he money!" said the old dame. "The trumper! Why, if he had clothes to his back, it was as much as he had."

Then the robbers began to talk among themselves what they should do with him; if they should kill him outright, or what else they should do. Meanwhile the youth got up and began to talk to them, and to ask if they did not want a servant, for it might be that he would be glad to enter into their service.

"Oh," said they, "if you have a mind to follow the trade that we follow, you can very well get a place here."

"It's all one to me what trade I follow," said the youth; "for when I left home, father gave me leave to take to any trade I chose."

"Well, have you a mind to steal?" asked the robbers.

"I don't care," said the youth, "for I thought it would not take long to learn that trade."

Now there lived a man a little way off who had three oxen. One of these he was to take to the town to sell, and the robbers had heard what he was going to do, so they said to the youth, that if he were good to steal the ox from the man by the way without his knowing it, and without doing him any harm, they would give him leave to be their serving man.

Well! the youth set off, and took with him a pretty shoe with a silver buckle on it, which by about the house; and he put the shoe in the road along which the man was going with his ox; and when he had done that, he went into the wood and hid himself under a bush. So when the man came by he saw the shoe at once.

"That's a nice shoe," said he. "If I only had the fellow to it, I'd take it home with me, and perhaps I'd put my old dame into a good humor for once." For you must know that he had an old wife, so cross and snappish that it was not long between each time that she boxed his ears. But then he thought him that he could do nothing with the old shoe unless he had the fellow to it; so he went on his way and let the shoe lie on the road.

Then the youth took up the shoe, and made all the haste he could to get before the man by a short cut through the wood, and had it down before him in the road again. When the man came along with his ox, he got quite angry with himself for being so stupid as to leave the fellow to the shoe lying in the road instead of taking it with him; so he tied the ox to the fence, and said to himself, "I may just as well run back and pick up the other, and then I'll have a pair of good shoes for my old dame, and so, perhaps, I'll get a kind word from her for once."

So he set off, and hunted up and down for the shoe, but no shoe did he find; and at length he had to go back with the one he had. But, meanwhile, the youth had taken the ox and gone off with it; and when the man came and saw that his ox was gone, he began to cry and bewail, for he was afraid that his old dame would kill him outright when she came to know that the ox was lost. But just then it came across his mind that he would go home and take the second ox, and drive it to the town, and not let the old dame know anything about the matter. So he did this, and went home and took the ox without his dame's knowing it, and set off with it to the town. But the robbers knew all about it, and they said to the youth, that if he could steal this ox as he had stolen the other two, then he should be master over the whole band. Well, the youth set off and ran into the wood; and as the man came by with his ox he set up a dreadful bellowing, just like a great ox in the wood. When the man heard that, you can't think how glad he was, for it seemed to him that he knew the voice of his big bullock, and he thought that now he should find both of them again; so he tied up the third ox, and ran off from the road to look for them in the wood; but meantime the youth went off with the third ox. Now when the man came back and found he had lost this ox too, he was so wild that there was no end to his grief. He cried, and roared, and beat his breast, and, to tell the truth, it was many days before he dared go home; for he was afraid lest his old dame should kill him outright on the spot.

As for the robbers, they were not very well pleased either, when they had to own that the youth was master over the whole band. So one day they thought they would try their hands at something which he was not man enough to do; and they set off all together, every man Jack of them, and left him alone at home. Now, the first thing that he did when they were all well clear of the house, was to drive the oxen out to the road, so that they might run back to the man from whom he had stolen them; and right glad was he to see them, as you may fancy. Next he took all the horses which the robbers had, and loaded them with the best things he could lay his hands on—gold and silver, and clothes and other fine things; and then he bade the old dame to greet the robbers when they came back, and to thank them for him, and to say that now he was setting off on his travels; and that they would have hard work to find him again; and with that, off he started.

After a good bit he came to the road along which he was going when he fell among the robbers; and when he got near home, and could see his father's cottage, he put on a uniform which he had found among the clothes he had taken from the robbers, and which was made just like a general's. So he drove up to the door as if he were any other great man. After that he went in and asked if he could have a lodging? No; that he couldn't at any price.

"How ever should I be able," said the man, "to make room in my house for such a fine gentleman—I who scarce have a rag to be upon, and miserable rags too?"

"You were always a stingy old hunk," said the youth, "and so you are still, when you won't take your own son in."

"What, you my son?" said the man.

"Don't you know me again?" said the youth. Well, after a little while, he did know him again.

But what have you been turning your hand to, that you have made yourself so great a man in such haste?" asked the man. "Oh, I'll soon tell you," said the youth. "You said I might take to any trade I chose, and so I bound myself apprentice to some thieves and robbers, and now I've served my time out, and am become a Master Thief."

Now there lived a Squire close by to his father's cottage, and he had such a great house, and such heaps of money, that he could not tell how much he had. He had a daughter too, and a smart and pretty girl she was. So the Master Thief set his heart upon having her to wife; and he told his father to go to the Squire and ask for his daughter for him.

"If he asks by what trade I get my living you can say I am a Master Thief," said the man. "I think you've lost your wits," said the youth, "for you can't be in your right mind when you think of such nonsense."

"No! he had not lost his wits; his father must and should go up to the Squire and ask for his daughter."

"Yes, there was no help for it, said the Master Thief; he should go whether he would or no; and if he did not go by fair means, he would soon make him go by foul."

But the man was still loth to go; so he stepped after him, and rubbed him down with a good birch cudgel, and kept on till the man came crying and sobbing inside the Squire's door.

"How now, my man? What ails you?" said the Squire.

So he told him the whole story; how he had three sons who set off one day, and how he had given them leave to go whithersoever they would, and to follow whatever calling they chose. "And here now is the youngest come home, and has beaten me till he has made me come to you and ask for your daughter for him to wife; and he bids me say, besides, that he is a Master Thief."

"Never mind, my man," said the Squire, laughing; "just go back and tell him for me that he must prove his skill first. If he can steal the roast from the spit in the kitchen on Sunday, while all the household are looking after it, he shall have my daughter. Just go and tell him that."

So he went back and told the youth, who thought it would be an easy job. So he set out and caught three horses alive, and put them into a bag, and dressed himself in some old rags, until he looked so poor and filthy that it made one's heart bleed to see him; and then he sneaked into the passage at the back-door of the Squire's house on the Sunday afternoon, with his bag, just like any other beggar-boy. But the Squire himself and all his household were in the kitchen watching the roast. Just as they were doing this, the youth let one horse go, and it set off and ran round and round the yard in front of the house.

"Oh, just look at that hare!" said the folks in the kitchen, and were all for running out to catch it.

Yes, the Squire saw it running, too. "Oh, let it run," said he; "there is no use in thinking to catch a hare by running after it."

A little while after, the youth let the second horse go, and they saw it in the kitchen, and thought it was the same they had seen before, and still wanted to run out and catch it; but the Squire said again it was no use. It was not long before the youth let the third horse go, and it set off and ran round and round the yard as the others before it. Now, they saw it from the kitchen, and still thought it was the same hare that kept on running about, and were all eager to be after it.

"Well, it is a fine hare," said the Squire, "come, let's see if we can't lay our hands on it."

So out he ran, and the rest with him—away they all went, the hare before, and they after; so that it was rare fun to see. But meantime the youth took the roast and ran off with it; and where the Squire got a roast for dinner that day I don't know; but one thing I know, and that is, that he had no roast hare, though he ran after it till he was both warmed and weary.

Now it chanced that the Priest came to dinner that day, and the Squire told him what he had done, and that he had played him a trick, he made such game of him that there was no end to it.

"For my part," said the Priest, "I don't think now it could ever happen to me to be made such a fool of by a fellow like that."

"Very well—only keep a sharp look out," said the Squire; "maybe he'll come to see you before you know a word of it." But the Priest stuck to his text—that he did, and made game of the Squire because he had been so taken in.

Later in the afternoon came the Master Thief, and wanted to have the Squire's daughter, as he had given his word. But the Squire began to talk him over, and said, "Oh, you must prove your skill a little more; for what you did to day was no great thing after all. Couldn't you now play a good trick on the priest, who is sitting there, and making game of me for letting such a fellow as you twist me round his thumb?"

"Well, as for that it wouldn't be hard," said the Master Thief. So he dressed himself up like a bird, threw a great white sheet over his body, took the wings of a goose and tied them to his back, and so climbed up into a great maple which stood in the Priest's garden. And when the Priest came home in the evening, the youth began to brawl out—

"Father Laurence! Father Laurence!"—for that was the Priest's name.

"Who is that calling me?" said the Priest.

"I am an angel," said the Master Thief, "sent from God to let you know that you shall be taken up alive into heaven for your piety's sake. Next Monday you must hold yourself ready for the journey, for I shall come then to fetch you in a sack; and all your gold and your silver, and all that you have of this world's goods, you must lay together in a heap in your dining-room."

Well, Father Laurence fell on his knees before the angel, and thanked him; and the very next day he preached a farewell sermon, and expounded how there had come down an angel unto the big maple in his garden, who had told him that he was to be taken up alive into heaven for his piety's sake; and he preached and made such a touching discourse, that all who were at church wept, both young and old.

So the Monday after came the Master Thief like an angel again, and the Priest fell on his knees and thanked him before he was put into the sack; but when he had got him well in, the Master Thief drew and dragged him over stocks and stones.

"Ow! ow!" groaned the Priest inside the sack, "wherever are we going?"

"This is the narrow way which leadeth unto the kingdom of heaven," said the Master Thief, who went on dragging him along till he had nearly broken every bone in his body. At last he tumbled him into a goose-house that belonged to the Squire, and the goose began pecking and pinching him with their bills, so that he was more dead than alive.

"Now you are in the flames of purgatory, to be cleansed and purified for life everlasting," said the Master Thief; and with that he went his way, and took all the gold and silver, and all the fine things which the priest had laid out together in his dining-room. The next morning, when the goose-girl came to let the geese out, she heard how the priest lay in the sack and bemoaned himself in the goose-house.

"In heaven's name, who's there, and what ails you?" she cried.

"Oh! said the Priest, "if you are an angel from heaven, do let me out, and let me return again to earth, for it were here than in hell. The little fiends keep on pinching me with tongues."

"God help us, I am no angel at all," said the girl as she helped the Priest out of the sack; "I only look after the Squire's geese, and like enough they are the little fiends which have pinched your reverence."

"Oh!" groaned the Priest, "this is all that Master Thief's doing. Ah! my gold and my silver, and my fine clothes!" And he beat his breast and hobbled home at such a rate that the girl thought he had lost his wits all at once.

Now, when the Squire came to hear how it had gone with the Priest, and how he had been along the narrow way, and into purgatory, he laughed till he well nigh split his sides. But when the Master Thief came and asked for his daughter, as he had promised, the Squire put him off again, and said:

"You must do one masterpiece better still, that I may see plainly what you are fit for. Now I have twelve horses in my stable, and on them I will put twelve grooms, one on each. If you are so good a thief as to steal the horses from under them, I'll see what I can do for you."

"Very well, I dare say I can do it," said the Master Thief; "but shall I really have your daughter if I can?"

"Yes, if you can, I will do my best for you," said the Squire.

So the Master Thief set off to a shop, and bought brandy enough to fill two pocket-flasks, and into one of them he put a sleepy drink, and into the other only brandy. After that he hired eleven men to lie in wait at night, behind the Squire's stable-yard; and last of all, for fair words and a good bit of money, he borrowed a ragged gown and cloak from an old woman; and so, with a staff in his hand and a bundle at his back, he slipped off, as evening drew on, towards the Squire's stable.

Just as he got there they were watering the horses for the night, and their hands full of work.

"What the devil do you want?" said one of the grooms to the old woman.

"Oh, oh! hutetu! it is so cold," said she; and shivered, and shook, and made wry faces.

"Hutetu! it is so cold, a poor wretch may easily freeze to death; and with that she fell to shivering and shaking again.

"Oh! for the love of heaven, can I get leave to stay here awhile, and sit inside the stable door?"

"To the devil with your leave," said one. "Pack yourself off this minute, for if the Squire sets his eyes on you, he'll lead us a pretty dance."

"Oh! the poor old bag of bones," said another, who seemed to take pity on her, "the old hag may sit inside and welcome; such a one as she can do no harm."

And the rest said, some that she should stay, and some that she shouldn't; but while they were quarreling and minding the horses, she crept further and further into the stable, till at last she sat herself down behind the door; and when she had got so far, no one gave any more heed to her.

As the night wore on, the men found it rather cold work sit so still and quiet on horseback.

"Hutetu! it is so devilish cold," said one, and beat his arms crosswise.

"That it is," said another, "I freeze so my teeth chatter."

"If I only had a quid to chew," said a third.

Well there was one who had an ounce or two, so they shared it between them, though it wasn't chewed and spat, and spat; and

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"Oh!" groaned the Priest, "this is all that Master Thief's doing. Ah! my gold and my silver, and my fine clothes!" And he beat his breast and hobbled home at such a rate that the girl thought he had lost his wits all at once.

Now, when the Squire came to hear how it had gone with the Priest, and how he had been along the narrow way, and into purgatory, he laughed till he well nigh split his sides. But when the Master Thief came and asked for his daughter, as he had promised, the Squire put him off again, and said:

"You must do one masterpiece better still, that I may see plainly what you are fit for. Now I have twelve horses in my stable, and on them I will put twelve grooms, one on each. If you are so good a thief as to steal the horses from under them, I'll see what I can do for you."

"Very well, I dare say I can do it," said the Master Thief; "but shall I really have your daughter if I can?"

"Yes, if you can, I will do my best for you," said the Squire.

So the Master Thief set off to a shop, and bought brandy enough to fill two pocket-flasks, and into one of them he put a sleepy drink, and into the other only brandy. After that he hired eleven men to lie in wait at night, behind the Squire's stable-yard; and last of all, for fair words and a good bit of money, he borrowed a ragged gown and cloak from an old woman; and so, with a staff in his hand and a bundle at his back, he slipped off, as evening drew on, towards the Squire's stable.

Just as he got there they were watering the horses for the night, and their hands full of work.

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, JULY 31, 1857.

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Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR.

HON. LOT M. MORRILL,
OF AUGUSTA.

Republican Senatorial and County Conventions.

The Republican voters in the several towns and plantations in Oxford County, and the towns of Turner and Livermore in Androscoggin County, are requested to meet in Convention, at South Paris, on

Wednesday, August 10th, 1857.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of nominating two Senators to represent them in the Senate of this State; also to nominate a candidate for Register of Deeds for each of the Registry Districts in Oxford County; a County Commissioner, and a County Treasurer; and to transact such other business as may properly come before them.

The ratio of representation will be as follows: Each town and plantation will be entitled to send one delegate, each casting 50 votes for the Republican candidate for Senator in 1856, two delegates, and one for every additional 50 votes, and for a fraction thereof 25, will be allowed one delegate.

By Order,
BENJ. FREEMAN, Ch. Sec. Com.

The Old Parties—Where are They?

The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and other encroachments of the slave power upon the free States, has worked out a complete revolution of political parties in this country. The old whig party was killed in the house of its friends—it died by its own hand. The circumstances attending its violent death are well known. When the Nebraska bill was pending, nearly all the Southern members of Congress, belonging to the Whig party, went into secret caucus, and by formal vote, deserted their political friends in the free States—resolved to ally themselves with the Southern democracy, and by this sectional coalition form a new party, which, by the aid of the Pierce Administration, forced the Bill through. From that moment the whig party was as "dead as Julius Caesar," and it as never had the breath of life in it since. Some of the flag ends of that once great and powerful party have, since that time, collected together in little squads, in some of the States, but they have been in all cases, merely counterfeits or representations of the old organizations and generally faded out by formally going over to the pro-slavery democracy. Now the old whig party has not even a name in a single State in this Union.

The old democratic party is virtually dead as the old whig party, and died by the same suicidal course of policy. We have a political organization in the country which rallies under the old name of democracy, but it sails under false colors. It is not the old democratic party, nor the representative of that party. It ignores every single idea that that old organization held fundamental in its creed. The present so-called democratic party occasionally resolves and re-resolves some of the old issues that are now obsolete ideas; but this is only done for political effect. The party and its leaders well know that these questions have long since been finally settled. Upon all the living issues now before the country, the sham democracy stand in a hostile position to what was, in years gone by, the democratic party. Jefferson, the founder of the party, was opposed to slavery extension, and openly in favor of its total abolition everywhere. Madison, and Gerry, and Langdon, and all the great chiefs who aided in laying the foundation of the party, entertain the same opinions.

The National democracy, as a party, up to 1844, was committed against slavery extension. More than this, the democracy of the North held on to the same position upon this question, up to the time of the passage of the Kansas Nebraska bill. Since this flagrant outrage, the work of treason has been going on until the old democratic party has really become extinct. This party, which calls itself a "democratic," is entirely and completely a new political organization. It is made up of slavery propagandists from both sections of the Union. It is composed of men who formerly belonged both to the whig and democratic parties. Its whole object and aim is to spread slavery, strengthen the slave power, pervert and misconstrue the constitution, and build up a great slave despotism upon the ruins of the Republic. It is a sectional party under the lead and control of nullifiers and disunionists. Its final triumph would be the death knell of the Union—its overthrow, its salvation from the misrule of tyrants and despots.

THE INSTITUTE. In another column will be found the announcement of the Teachers' Institute for Oxford County, which is to be held at Bethel. General experience, in this State, demonstrates the importance of these Conventions, when properly conducted, as an aid to our teachers in gaining practical knowledge in regard to their profession, affording them opportunity of acquiring new ideas, and of learning to apply those already obtained. There is every inducement for the friends of education to testify their appreciation of the benefits thus conferred by coming out in large numbers to attend the meetings. The place is easy of access, the teachers are men of eminence in their profession, board is placed at a low price, and the time to be spent is not long. We hope to hear of such a gathering as "Old Oxford" has not yet seen.

Consumption, the great scourge by which so many are doomed to a premature grave, could in many cases be effectually cured by simple remedies, if taken in season. Winsor's Cherry Balm has cured hundreds within a few years.

Leavelle Fowler of Augusta has been appointed Route Agent on the Kennebec and Portland Railroad, vice Gilman Smith, removed.

"The Constitution."

Nothing is more common than to hear knaves boasting of their honesty, liars talking of the vital importance of truthfulness, slanderers declaiming against scandal and abuse of character and reputation. Upon the same principle we hear a great deal said by the black democracy about the love of the Constitution, and a failure, on the part of the Republicans, to come up to its requirements and obligations. Probably a great portion of these "black" political hypocrites never read the constitution in their lives and really know nothing about its provisions. Instead of reading the great fundamental law of the land for themselves, they substitute certain cant phrases about "the constitution" which they find stereotyped in the slavery journals which are put into their hands to enlighten them upon their constitutional duties as citizens.

These black democrats within a few years have made some wonderful constitutional discoveries. The negro-drivers and slave-traders of the South have so sharpened up the eye sight of Northern doughfaces, who now call themselves democrats, that they no longer "see through a glass darkly, but they do see." They have really found out that "the constitution," as explained by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and all its founders, is unconstitutional; that those old veterans who made it, after all, did not know what it meant.

The sham democracy have found out that the framers of the constitution were too ignorant to understand the uses of language; hence, when they declare that it was ordained "to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity," they did not mean "liberty," but slavery—being very unfortunate in the use of terms. Again, when it is declared that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law," that, too, means no such thing. Those who formed the Constitution simply intended to say that no person has any natural, inherent right to liberty, and that one person has a legal right to enslave another, provided he possesses sufficient brute force to do it. This party and its leaders now construct liberty entirely out of the constitution. By endorsing the "Dred Scott" decision, they make it a fundamental law, not of freedom, but slavery—that it carries and establishes chattel slavery into every State and territory in the Union, and that neither the people of a State or territory have any right, through their Legislatures or otherwise, to prohibit slavery into any territory.

This construction of the constitution is a forced one; a fair construction of the language employed can never convey such an idea or sentiment. The pro-slavery democracy can see nothing but slavery written upon every line of this sacred instrument; they read it only to find arguments in favor of this "sum of all villainies," and can discover in every article and section nothing but whipping-posts, chains, auction blocks, and slave pens.

And now, because the Republicans defend the constitution against these treasonable constructions; because they stand by the opinions of those who instituted our government; because they reverence the doctrines of those illustrious men who, by their noble deeds, gave us a name and standing among the nations of the earth, they are denounced by the black democracy from one end of the country to the other, with a want of fidelity to the Constitution.

In this connection we cannot forbear to mention the significant fact that the pro-slavery democracy not only would enslave the African race and degrade them below the brute creation, but they turn servile themselves, surrender their own independence, and acknowledge themselves incapable of independent thought or action. This we see manifested in their zeal to adopt every humbug and absurdity which the slave oligarchy demand. Thus in the Dred Scott case, the pro-slavery of the North surrender their own opinions, and without rhyme or reason adopt those promulgated by the "five slaveholders." The so-called democratic party in the free States really and truly profess to have no opinions of their own; like the slaves themselves, they march and countermarch to Southern dictation. The constitution means anything that Southern fanatics and free-traders say it means. The only commentary on the constitution which Northern doughfaces consult, is the latest revised and improved edition of "The Slave-driver's Manual," published by Atchison, Stringfellow & Co. How unlike the immortal Jackson and the democracy of his day; when reminded of the opinions of the Supreme Court, Old Hickory declared himself capable of construing the constitution without any of its help, just as he understood it, and he was everywhere lauded for his firmness and independence.

Now the very party men who profess to be the followers of Jackson, sear-like how down on their knees before "five slaveholders," and like so many whipped spaniels lick the very dust from the soles of their feet. This is democracy in 1857. Yet these party serviles lead down the Republicans with their vile slang and abuse, because they refuse submission to the demand of slave despots.

No party that ever existed was more loyal to the Constitution than is the Republican party of the present day. And this party will continue to stand by it, amid the scoffs of Southern disunionists, and sneers of Northern doughfaces. If the rights guaranteed by this sacred instrument are ever preserved to the American people, it will be through the agency of the Republican party. Republicanism is the only hope of the country—all that will save it from despot rule, anarchy, and disunion.

INSURRECTION IN EUROPE. The late arrivals from Europe announce the discovery of an extensive revolutionary scheme at Paris. The plans were extensive, and but for their early discovery would have caused the existing European government, much trouble, if not an utter overthrow. Europe is not now in the condition to quell an insurrection that she was in 1848, yet the people seem to be in the same feverish state, and awaiting only the kindling of the flame to cause a general conflagration. Perhaps the vigilance of the government may prevent, for many years, any outbreaks of importance, yet we cannot fail to regard their tenure as exceedingly insecure.

THE LATE ADMINISTRATION AND FILLIBUSTER WALKER—JEFFERSON DAVIS' INTERFERENCE IN FAVOR OF THE FILLIBUSTERS.

The National Intelligencer, of June 17th, has a letter from Gen. Wool, lately commander of the Pacific department, in answer to that of Fillibuster Walker, to the President. Walker asserts that when, in May 1854, a few exiles landed at Realejo, and declared the government a Republic, they at once took all the important places in the State; but, although the masses were friendly to the new movement, it was likely to fail for want of a proper military organization. At this juncture Walker was sent for, at San Francisco, and authorized to raise three hundred men. He would not do without a grant from the Nicaraguan government which would not make him amenable to the laws of the United States. He says:

"Such a grant was obtained, and as soon as I received it I showed it to the United States District Attorney for the Northern District of California, and to the General commanding the Pacific division, who then had special powers and instruction from the President, under the neutrality act of 1818. Both of these officers informed me that I could act under the contract, not only without fear of interference on their part, but with the express assurance that they would do all in their power to forward the enterprise."

It is to the assertions in this paragraph that Gen. Wool replies, and in making the explanation, directly implicates the late administration in connivance to favor Walker in establishing a slave confederacy in Central America.

After enumerating the circumstances under which he received his appointment, he says:

"Accordingly, on the 20th of January, 1854, I set out for the Pacific department, with instructions from the Secretary of War, and a proclamation from the President of the United States, extracts from which are annexed, as follows:

"WAR DEPARTMENT. }
WASHINGTON, JANUARY 12, 1854. }
"Sir: In addition to the ordinary duties of the military command to which you have been assigned, it is deemed proper to direct your attention to certain special duties which will involve on you.

"Among these will be the duty of maintaining our international obligations by preventing unlawful expeditions against the territories of foreign powers. Confidence is felt that you will to the utmost of your ability, use all proper means to detect the fitting out of armed expeditions against countries with which the United States are at peace, and will zealously co-operate with the civil authorities in maintaining the neutrality law."

"The President, in his proclamation, dated the 18th January, 1854, relating to unlawful expeditions being fitted out against the territories of Mexico, calls upon 'all officers of the government, civil and military, to use every effort in their power to arrest for trial and punishment every such offender.'"

"With the foregoing instructions and proclamation, I arrived at San Francisco the 16th February, and on the 17th entered upon the duties assigned me. I was not long in discovering that Col. Watkins and Mr. Emory were engaged in recruiting men to reinforce Col. William Walker, who had taken possession of Lower California, of which he proclaimed himself President. At the same time the Mexican Consul, Del Valle, and the French Consul, Patrice Dillon, were actively engaged in raising an army of three thousand men, principally Frenchmen, to take possession of Sonora, to be commanded by Count de Roussset de Baulbon. Upon the facts which I obtained and presented to the District Attorney, Mr. Inge, Watkins, Emory, the Mexican Consul, and the French Consul were arrested and tried for violating the neutrality laws of the United States, and all convicted save the French Consul. In his case the jury stood ten for conviction and two for acquittal. Had he been tried a second time he would undoubtedly have been convicted."

"Having, by the arrest of Watkins and Emory, prevented men and supplies being sent to Walker, he was compelled to surrender himself and party to the officers of the United States army at San Diego. The commanding officer sent Walker and his party to me at San Francisco, all of whom I turned over to the United States District Attorney and Marshal. Walker was indicted and tried but not convicted."

"About this time I received an extraordinary letter from the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, an extract of which is annexed:

"WAR DEPARTMENT. }
WASHINGTON, 14th April, 1854. }
"Sir: Your remarks in relation to unlawful expeditions sailing from the coast of California, suggest the propriety of referring you to your instructions upon the subject. It was not expected or desired that the military commander should do more than belongs to the ordinary relations of the civil and military power; and, in instructing you to aid the civil authorities, it was not intended that you should originate arrests and prosecutions for civil misdemeanors. You will readily perceive that consequences injurious to the public service would probably follow from such interference by the military with the functions of civil officers."

"This most singular and extraordinary letter was no less a censure for the part I acted in breaking up the filibustering scheme of Walker, Watkins, Emory, and of the French and Mexican consuls, than it nullified the secretary's own instruction, which required me to 'maintain our international obligations by preventing unlawful expeditions against the territories of foreign powers,' and the President's proclamation, which required 'all officers, civil and military, to use every effort which may be in their power to arrest for trial and punishment every such offender.'"

"After receiving this letter, Colonel Walker, apprehensive that I might interfere with his expedition then preparing for Central America, called on me, and, as he said, to satisfy me that he was not engaged in any unlawful or filibustering scheme. I simply remarked, in reply, that, with the instructions which I had recently received from the Secretary of War, whether, or not he was engaged in any such enterprise, I had no authority to interfere with him, certainly not until I was called upon by the civil authorities to aid in suppressing it."

"The above explanation and facts seem to be called for by Wm. Walker's letter to the President, in order to show why it was that I did not interfere to prevent his expedition to Central America, the object of which, as declared by his friends at the time, was to conquer several states in that region, and form them into an independent slave confederacy."

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JOHN E. WOOL."

Kansas—Walker's Address.

On approaching Lawrence, Gov. Walker, issued a long and noisy address to the citizens, stating with great minuteness the enormity of the offense committed in reputation. The address was a mere diatribe against the Border Ruffians and the bogus laws, and attempting to organize a municipal government for themselves. The address was treated with the contempt which an elaborate defense of Border Ruffianism deserved, and its reception gave rise to the following capital burlesque which was circulated in handbill form:

PROCLAMATION—NO. 2.

TO MY REBELLEUS SUBJECTS AT LAWRENCE.
BIO STRANGER 3 A. M., }
JULY 17, 1857. }

I have now approached to within a few miles of your city. Anxious still, if possible, to prevent the effusion of blood, and to win you back to allegiance to the laws of the land, I have commended one more to address you. I am at the head of eight companies of United States troops, and shall soon be in your midst. A scout whom I send out to reconnoitre, informs me that your Mayor and Common Council have already had the audacity to assemble in a private room. Gentlemen, this is the first overt act in your programme of treason. Once more I appeal to you to desist. The Territorial government and laws give you no power to assemble in a private room; and it is evident that if you are allowed thus to proceed, other localities may follow your example, and the Territorial government be overthrown.

The same scout also communicates to me the startling intelligence that from the effects of the intense heat yesterday, a horse dropped dead in your streets, and the owner even gone so far as to order that dead horse to be removed beyond the limits of the city, and has paid a man for performing the work. Here is another act of usurpation which cannot for a moment be tolerated. It is in opposition to the organic act, and to the laws of the Territory. It is easy to see what will be the effect if you are allowed thus to proceed. The weather is extremely hot, and it is likely to do in all the other cities and villages of the Territory. Other localities will follow your example. The removal of dead horses will become a common thing all over the Territory, and for all practical purposes in many important particulars the Territorial Government will be overthrown. The Territory will thus be involved in inextinguishable confusion and litigation; the value of your property will be greatly depreciated; your titles, transfers and transactions to and from the Territory, will all be subjected to dispute and litigation, except the men who are so fortunate as to obtain the jobs of removing the deceased animals.

I appeal once more, as I did day before yesterday, and have done on various occasions, to your reason and patriotism. I ask you in the name of our common Union, in the name of the Constitution and Union, to desist from this rebellion. If dead animals are offensive to you, the ballot box is open for your redress; rally, rally, then my loved fellow citizens, and in a peaceful and legal manner, get rid of them.

But, as all my appeals to you hitherto have been in vain; as you will persist in such infamous acts of open rebellion; as I can reach neither your patriotism nor your love for the Union, I shall soon be in your midst at the head of the troops, and hope that you will be prepared to quarter them upon your claims without money and without price, though in candor I am bound to admit that, under the Constitution of the United States, I have no right to quarter them upon any man's premises without his consent.

Until then, affectionately farewell,
ROBERTUS J. WALKERES.

P. S. Should the weather be as warm to-day as it was yesterday, I shall hasten forward one company in advance, to prevent the recurrence of those acts of treason of which, as I am informed, you were guilty yesterday.

R. J. W.

P. S. No. 2. I am just informed by a messenger who has come from Lawrence with great haste, that, in the infuriated fury of their treasonable designs, your Mayor and Aldermen have resolved upon the enormity of sprinkling Massachusetts streets with water from the Kaw river three times in each day, and that they have already made a contract with a certain drayman for that purpose. I have carefully examined the organic act and the laws of the Territory, and I cannot find that they confer upon you the right to thus appropriate the water of the Kaw river, especially at its present low stage. I have also learned that the Topeka Legislature refuse to allow you to sprinkle Massachusetts streets with water, and I now warn you that if you continue to do so, I shall be obliged to be obliged to arrest your proceedings with my faithful soldiers—if possible without the effusion of blood, but treason must be punished anyhow. I beg you to pause in your mad career. You are endangering the peace of the Union. If your streeted sprinkling, have I not in my inaugural and in my various stump speeches, pointed out to you a peaceful and constitutional method of doing it? By the love you bear your wives and children, cease these treasonable practices!

May that good Providence who sendeth rain upon the just and unjust, upon the rebellious and loyal, upon Lawrence and Leecompton, incline your hearts unto peace and submission.

R. J. W.

IOWA CONVENTION. Both wings of the Iowa Constitutional Convention are still in session. The Republicans have been increased in number to 52, while the democratic faction is reduced to 32. The democrats are still unorganized, and obstinately refuse to join in the Convention. The majority Convention was proceeding to business. A more thorough illustration of the "rule or ruin" policy of the democratic party could hardly be shown than the action of this faction of delegates. Finding themselves in minority, by every principle of Republican government, they should have yielded to the will of the people. But they will do nothing of the kind. It is their design to form a Constitution to be submitted to Congress, and thus endeavor to have that framed by the majority neglected, and by this means allow the greater number to be ruled, as Kansas-like, by the less. The thing is a most contemptible farce, but there is every reason to believe that it may be successful, although the people would not accept such a Constitution. The result would be a long delay before a State Government could be formed.

The very latest style out is—crinoline sleeves. With skirts of such dimensions as we now see, with crinolines sleeves added, we shall have to stand back a row or two, and worship a long way off.

Come Around Right at Last.

Since the defection of Walker and Holman, as Senators from this County in the Legislature of '52, and the general desertion of their followers to the Crosby whig camp, they have always asserted soundly and stoutly that they were still democrats—true Jeffersonian democrats. The assertion has been as often denied by the Republicans of the county; and the wholesale desertion of that party has rendered its position dubious and untenable. All their attempts to sustain themselves only buried their cause deeper and deeper in the old whig organization—an organization which has just been kept alive from their active exertions and patronage. Their organ in this county could not begin to sustain the legitimacy or honor of the old democracy, and instead of making the attempt it fell to abusing and slandering every man who would not desert his principles as they had done.

But now the mask is off. The old line straight-out whiggery of the whole concern sticks out so everybody can see it. A straight-out whig, and not long since a Democratic Sheriff of this County has purchased the mortgage of the Democratic county organ, and virtually has the entire control of its columns. This is no doubt a transaction of policy, and one which will yield its legitimate Democratic fruit, and will ignore the claims of those who have purchased, by adherence to the fortunes of men, a precarious and unprofitable party allegiance by the most degrading political subservience.

Let it be remembered in future, that the organ of the so-called and pretended Democracy of this county is owned and controlled by a whig.

BIRCHMAN YOUNG ON OFFICE-SEEKERS. The Mormon Saint holds forth in the following style, to his pure church:

"Those whom the government sends here are a most miserable set, and, as a general thing, they do not know enough to tell a decent lie. But this is not altogether to be wondered at, for they are under the same difficulty as we are sometimes: it is hard for them to tell a man who has got brains in his head from one who is filled with pudding. If they have not already told every falsehood about us that they can invent, they will be mighty sorry when they think of it, for if they could have told any more they would have done so. They have made and told every lie that they knew how to, and if there is any blame on them for not lying more it must be attributed to their ignorance. Government knows full well the miserable nonsense and the tirade of abuse that is heaped upon us; but what do they care about it? If they had the power of putting such characters on chips, as we do, and carrying them out, perhaps they would never give them off; but they can't do that easily, as we have. We can look men out of our community, and they will run and howl, thinking that their lives are in danger."

A NEW DRESS. The Daily Advertiser came to us on Tuesday morning looking as prim and beautiful as a city belle. We are happy to say, however, that it was not all show, but that its contents were polished as its appearance. The Advertiser is an active and enterprising sheet, the chief of whose good qualities is its staunch republicanism and we wish it a large patronage.

THE WEATHER. Literally we have had a "long spell of weather," and that, too, up to the present week, of the worst sort. So many thunder storms, and so great destruction of both life and property, has rarely been known in a single season. During the rain of last week large quantities of hay in every part of the State suffered great damage. That which was put up without caps was nearly spoiled. This week there is a change for the better, which the farmers are improving with energy; but a heavy shower on Tuesday gave the hay another soaking.

BIRD DEED. Passing in the vicinity of the garden of J. M. Wood, yesterday, our attention was called to a battle going on, or rather about ended, between two birds of the species known as the red-eyed vireo. Presently one of them flew up into a tree, leaving the other motionless on the ground. We got over the fence and picked up the conquered bird, and found that his neck was broken. We have known severe battles between other species of birds, but had looked upon the vireo as of rather an inoffensive disposition. The red-eyed vireo is one of the finest singers that visit the shade trees and gardens of our cities; his notes are loud, measured, and very regular, and repeated sometimes without cessation by the robin, and are often taken for those of the robin.

[Portland Advertiser.]

AN INCIDENT AT A FIRE. The Memphis News gives the following incident at a recent fire in that city: Several warehouses destroyed were filled with whisky. As soon as the two banks caught fire, there was a stream of whisky, brandy, ale, rum and gin that commenced flowing through the broad gutters towards Main street. The liquid currents caught fire. The blue lambent flames floated down the broad thoroughfares of our city, and were fanned for nearly a mile by the fresh breezes from the southwest. We saw a negro endeavoring to extinguish the flames that he might get a drink. He brushed the floating fire up the stream and dipped into it his flat nose and dense lips; the dam above gave way, and there came a flood of alcohol, his head took fire, and the last we saw of him he was travelling at railroad speed, like a torch-light procession, down Jefferson street.

A FAST DOG. Henry A. Ewers, of this town, left on Friday for Astoria, Wis., where he has purchased a farm. He owned a small dog, which he gave to Henry Briggs before he left. The dog followed Mr. Ewers to the depot in this town, and upon the cars leaving, followed on after, overtaking them at South Deerfield, before they left that station. The distance run by the dog was eight miles, and the time occupied twenty-two minutes, or twenty miles an hour. Mr. Ewers concluded that such a faithful friend was not to be parted with lightly, and took the dog into the cars with him for Wisconsin. [Greenfield Gazette.]

Weekly Summary of News.

The Machias Republican says the crops in Washington county are looking well, and present indications are favorable for an abundant harvest. More wheat was sown this season than in any previous year.

Laurel Wright, son of Horace Wright, of Lewiston, a lad about ten years of age was drowned on Saturday afternoon last, in the river near his father's house. He was playing on some logs near the shore and accidentally slipped in.

The report that the military expedition to Utah has been postponed is unfounded. Gov. Cumming will leave in a few days for Utah, and expects to overtake the troops at Wabash range on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. The Secretary of Utah has not yet been named.

On last Wednesday, in Salem, N. H., Reuben Rich formerly of Oxford, Me., was sun-struck, and after lingering in extreme agony, expired.

The Daily Advertiser learns that the Hon. Edward Everett has accepted an invitation to deliver his Eulogy on Washington, in Portland, on some day of the week after next, probably on the 6th of August.

We see it stated that counterfeit \$2 bills on the Bank of Commerce, Belfast, Maine, are in circulation. They are new, well executed, and calculated to deceive. The word "Two" is printed in red ink in the middle of the bill of that denomination.

The President of the bank states that there are no such counterfeits.

The graduating class at Bowdoin College, numbers 50 students—the largest class ever sent out by that college.

George Mathewson's powder mill in New Durham, N. H., exploded, Thursday, killing John Elderly and Moses Wentworth, two young men employed on the premises.

The store of N. J. & J. E. Gilman, Portland, was robbed, on Thursday night, of plated ware, to the value of \$600.

Wm. F. Gleason writes to the Boston Herald that he has a cow that yielded for seven days, 342 pounds, weighing eight and a half pounds per gallon, which is equal to forty and one-half gallons, or one hundred and sixty-two quarts, and made fourteen and a half pounds of butter. He milks three times a day. Her feed is two quarts of meal per day.

A gentleman in Parsonfield, who planted a half an acre of the Chinese Sugar Cane, says that it succeeds admirably as a forage crop, but will be a failure, as to syrup, in this State.

The annual examination of the Maine Female Seminary, at Gorham, E. P. Weston, Principal, will take place August 3. The graduating class consists of seven, among whom we notice but one from this County—Miss Louise S. Holmes, of Oxford.

The total of contributions to the erection of the Bangor Theological Seminary Chapel is, so far, \$4,099.46.

A monster cask has recently been manufactured in Portland, having a capacity of 2400 gallons. There are but one or two larger ones in this continent.

In the case of State of Maine vs. George Knight, for murder—on application for new trial—argued at the late session of the Supreme Court in Augusta, the decision of that Court was postponed until the August term, to be held in Bangor.

The pearl fishery is prosecuted with great zeal in the vicinity of Columbia, Washington county, and a number of persons in Harrington have obtained a "peck or less" of pearls.

The St. Paul papers tell of a gentleman in that town who had for breakfast some of the freshwater oysters, or *Unio*, common to the Mississippi, in one of which he found a pearl the size of a pea, worth \$2500.

The proprietor of the steamer Vanderbilt has reduced the price of passage from New York to Europe, from \$120 to \$100 in the first cabin, and in the second cabin from \$75 to \$50. His steamers sail to Havre.

Gen. Houston and H. R. Rannels, candidates for the governorship of Texas, are stamping the State.

The salary of the President of the Erie Railroad Company is fixed at \$25,000 a year. We presume that it is expected of him to give his whole time to it.

Professors of the Louisville Journal, attacked the editor of the Courier with a pistol, in the streets, last week. Several shots were fired, but neither were badly injured.

It is now stated that Walker is pursuing his outrageous course towards the people of Kansas as a defense against the strictures on his conduct at the South.

It is rumored in this vicinity that E. W. Clark, Esq., Gov. Wells' Stratford Sheriff, of this town, has purchased the mortgage of the Norway Advertiser.

The democrats of New York are making an effort to raise \$100,000 to endow their organ, the Daily News. With the aid of government advertising it cannot pay expenses.

There will be an Exhibition of the students of Gould's Academy, in Bethel, on Friday Evening, Aug. 7th.

In Cincinnati, last week, a drunken man passed through the streets, scattering poisoned lozenges. Several children were poisoned, and one died. The others will probably recover.

We observed, yesterday, at the Post-Office, in this place, a newspaper bearing the following address: "To His Excellency, Louis Napoleon, Paris, France." It was mailed in Missouri.

On Friday last, a poller, in driving into the stable of the Stage House, was thrown from his carriage, under the horses' feet. One of his thumbs was broken, and he was otherwise badly lamed.

A GOOD YIELD. Hon. Moses Mason measured off sixteen square rods, the present season, and cut the hay, and weighed it after it was well dried, and made at the rate of four tons to the acre. It was heretofore, and was cut before entering into bloom. Could it have been prevented from lodging, and stood ten days later, it would no doubt have weighed five tons. The land was top-dressed with stable manure.

