

The Oxford Democrat.

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

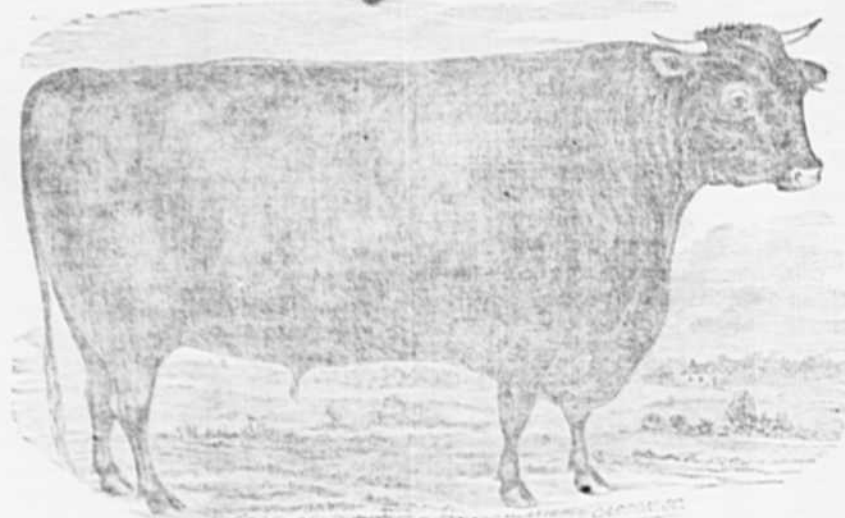
NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, NO. 27.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1857.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 24, NO. 37.



DEVON BULL PURITAN, (283.)

Agricultural.

"FEED THE FLOCK."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

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

Special Notice.

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

NEW ARITHMETIC. To the making of books there is no end, and especially school books, and that for the very reason that man's works are imperfect, and they have constant need of improvement. We have just received a circular from our young friends, Brown, Taggart & Chase, No. 21 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., announcing a new Arithmetic by J. S. Eaton, teacher in Phillips' Academy, Andover, Mass. We hope it will prove an advance on all its predecessors, and be what our schools need, for, manifestly, something needs to be done to diminish the time now devoted to this branch, which is out of all sort of proportion to that devoted to other studies. All of common Arithmetic necessary for the transaction of ordinary business, ought to be acquired in one-fourth the time it now is, and be better learned, too—learned to be of every more practical utility. We are utterly out of patience with seeing boys driving over this branch year after year, as the looking thing in school, and then not know anything about it as a science and a practical thing—not so much as they ought to learn in two terms—to the utter neglect of other studies designed to give breadth to their minds and views, and comprehensive view to their understandings.

THE MASSACHUSETTS JOURNAL. We have received the second number of the fourth volume of this monthly. As its title indicates, it is devoted to the Masonic fraternity. It is published, and we deem it worthy the support of the craft. Published at Haverhill, Mass., by G. W. Chase, at 50 cents per annum. Published Monthly.

MEDEICAL SCHOOL. We have received the Annual Announcement of the Medical Department at Harvard University, for 1857-58. The course of lectures commences on the first Wednesday in November next. There are now facilities for the acquisition of medical knowledge afforded at this school, especially of a practical character, the student receiving instruction in practical medicine and surgery at the bedside of the sick in the Massachusetts General Hospital.

WORKING FARMER. The number for August is at hand, and needs only to be read and understood to be appreciated.

For the Oxford Democrat.

New York Trees.

Mr. Forbes.—Reading in your paper of the 17th inst., the article headed, "New York Trees," I thought it might be due to Mr. Chase to say a word in regard to the New York trees in Hartford. In the fall of 1856, I, as well as many of my townspeople, contracted with Mr. C. for New York apple trees, said trees to be received in the spring of '57. They came according to agreement. I had seventy-four trees, 40 Baldwin, 10 Russett, the others a variety of early fruit. Not being versed in setting trees, I employed an experienced hand to assist me. My trees were set in deep rich soil. In setting I used, in addition to the soil taken from the hole, about one bushel of rich loam to the tree. But for the result. My trees all lived, through the summer and grew finely, new limbs growing from three to fifteen inches in length. In the fall I used one bushel more of loam around each tree, thinking it might prevent the ground from freezing to so great a depth, also to guard against the mice. Having, as I thought, done my part, and my trees looking so well, I could almost see in the mind's eye a noble orchard with wide-spreading branches, laden with a rich variety of golden fruit. But alas for bright visions, they pass away like a summer cloud. Winter passed, spring came again, and Nature, wishing to draw herself in her most lovely hour, called for the tender bud to shoot forth into the green leaf. But the New York trees had not her call. They stood in dumb silence in the wildest scene of the town. The result of my tree is as follows: 41 Baldwin, 4 Russett, 1 of the early variety, making 46 dead trees—leaving 28 for next winter's consumption, dead being already pictured on their countenances.

The above is about a fair average of the trees set in Hartford, from the New York

Devon Bull Puritan (283). Remembering the old adage, "If you don't at first succeed, try, try again," and being determined to have an orchard of fruit trees, I have set a few trees, not of New York, but of native fruit. I should like to learn through your paper the best time for setting. Would you cut off the top and graft the stump, or, as some propose, wait till the limbs are sufficiently large to graft?

A FRIEND OF MR. CHASE.

HARTFORD, July 29, 1857.

NOTE. The best time, undoubtedly, to set grafts is in the spring. In our climate probably the last of April and first of May is as good as any. Our judgment is, that it is best to graft in the limbs, after the top is formed. Experience, so far as we can learn, indicates this as the safest and surest of success, if the work is well done.

Save and Use Everything that will Fertilize.

Many men slow in learning this lesson, and therefore it may be repeated a great many times without any fear of its inutility or inapplicability. This may probably come under the eye of many of some few at least—who never attempt to make the best possible use of several sources of fertility around them. Are there not a great many who, for example, never save or use their manure? Are there not a great many who leave their stable and yard manure to be blown more than one-half, by being left exposed to the inclement winds? Why does this negligence so extensively prevail? In some, probably, from a fear of trouble, from a large disinclination to do anything that can be let alone. In most, perhaps, from some vague idea that it will not pay, or from the want of a clear and fixed impression of the actual value of what they are allowing to go to waste. Every cultivator of the soil knows that the markets of the world, and the wants of the inhabitants of the world, are scarcely ever supplied to the full, and that they may add to their supplies and to the comfort of many, as well as to his own pecuniary income, by almost every addition to the crops which he can procure by means of manuring and extra cultivation of all kinds. With such inducements before him—adding to the great heap from which all draw their supplies, helping to save some from suffering from want, and increasing the comfort of others, and at the same time augmenting his own pecuniary resources—let some that cultivators of the soil can be negligent only from not having given their attention to these considerations.

Let us take at present the case of manure. Bushels and barrels of it are allowed to go to waste every year. Now we may take for granted that this manure is not but behind gains in real value. If then gains and other fertilizers are freely bought at prices which make such pound of guano, or of an equivalent, cost about three cents in each, why should not every pound of manure be estimated at least two cents? And then, again, if guano when judiciously used, produces a simple return—often from 100 to 200 per cent.—and if there is good reason, as there is, to expect as good returns from manure at the price at which we have just put it, how blind to all considerations which usually stir men to action, must that man be, who allows dollars and dollars' worth of domestic guano to go to waste, when if used it would bring him in more by tens and hundreds of times, than the value in money it put at interest.

The same train of reasoning would lead to similar results in regard to some other neglected sources of fertility. We leave those interested to make their application. Meanwhile, we would draw to a conclusion this appeal to those who have hitherto been thoughtless or neglectful, by reminding them that they may even yet do something to make up for past negligence. For example, the hen manure, which their more careful and thrifty neighbors have swept up every week and put into boxes and barrels, with a sprinkling or layer of charcoal on the top of every fresh sweeping, they may yet save, though in a less valuable condition, and use for the garden or the more remote fields with great advantage to the crops of the season now at hand. A barrel would manure half an acre of corn. It should be mixed with manure or some other fertilizer, as undiluted it would burn the seed as guano does. [Country Gentleman.]

The following sentiment was recently read at a public dinner: "Hope and the Equator—Columbus and the Equinoctial—God bless 'em!" One embraces the earth, and the other the heavens!"

The potato rut has made its appearance in the vicinity of Newburyport. We see it stated that there are signs of it in Maine.

Davy's Devon Horn Book, vol. 11, describes him as calved 8th Dec. 1853, and as from the best prize importations of Col. Lewis G. Morris, of New York, on both sides.

Sire—imported Frank Quartley (205), bred by John Quartley of Molland in England. Grand Sire—Earl of Exeter (38), G. G. Sire—Barnet (6).

Frank Quartley was winner of the first prize as a two-year old, at the New York State Agricultural Show, at Saratoga, in 1855; also, at the American Institute in 1855; first prize as a three-year old, at the New York State Agricultural Show, at New York in 1854; first prize as one of the bulls which shared the laurels of the first prize Herd Premium of the United States Agricultural Society, held at Boston in 1855.

Dam—imported Virtue (439), bred by the Earl of Leicester in England, got by Barton, son of the celebrated bull Hundred Guinea (56) out of Venus (139) by Derby (23),—Virgin (468) by Spencer—Violet (467), bred by the Earl of Leicester.

Puritan (283) was purchased by Hon. John Wentworth, of Chicago, Ill., of Col. Lewis G. Morris, his breeder, and can now be seen at his farm at Summit, Cook Co., Ill.

For The Oxford Democrat.

Fruit Trees Again.

Mr. Forbes.—I wish to have it distinctly understood, that in what I say here, or hereafter, I am not defending New York trees, but only those who may be travelling through the country, imposing upon the people by bringing their poor trees. For such men I have no sympathy, whether they hail from New York or from Maine. But the mode of propagating fruit trees from root-grafting is what I have and still do defend, and maintain as *undoubtedly* the best method of cultivating fruit trees. And, Mr. Editor, although it may be unknown to you, it is nevertheless a fact that this method is being adopted by tree-growers in our own State, and ten years hence, in my opinion, it will be the only method practiced in the State.

You wish me to explain why trees growing side by side with the Saxo trees have died while the Saxo trees are flourishing. Suffer me, sir, to answer in Yankee style. I have native trees set in 1853, and grafted the following spring. During the past winter and spring two-fifths of them died, whilst in the same rows, side by side, root-grafted trees are living, and have the appearance of doing well, and not one in twenty have died, and those were halfwits of the last year's setting.

Such facts may be difficult to explain, but facts they are, nevertheless, although we may not be able to explain them. I could name numerous instances where trees raised in Oxford County have been set side by side with root-grafted trees, with precisely the same result. When you can give a satisfactory reason for this, I will make an effort to give you a more direct answer. Trees removed from a neighboring town, a few miles off, have, in many instances, all winter killed, and in others a large proportion of them have shared the same unhappy fate. There are men in this county who have expended much more for trees than you root-grafted set you, whose trees are not worth a single dollar at this time. And the most of this expenditure was for trees propagated in the same vicinity by budding. One other fact I will state, to show that the trouble is not in the grafting, but the result of some other cause. If you will examine the trees winter killed you will find them perfectly sound at the roots, and soon begin to send forth young twigs. These young twigs, if perfectly cured, will, in most cases, make good trees. A moment's reflection will convince any thinking man that were the fault in the root, it would most certainly perish with the trunk.

You say there are many instances of failure in trees propagated in this manner. I am not disposed to doubt this assertion, although, as far as my knowledge extends, they will compare well with budding trees from our own, or other States. I have travelled somewhat extensively during the present season, which has given me an opportunity to make observation in this direction. One gentleman in Kennebec county, informed me that, within the past few years, he had set from budding nurseries some hundred trees, and they had proved a total failure. I might mention numerous instances of the same kind, as the result of my observation, but I will not multiply them.

Mr. Forbes thinks I have taken care to get a different kind from those generally sold about the country. All I have to say in regard to this matter is that I know of no other method of root-grafting except the one practiced in the nursery from which my trees were taken, and that is, simply uniting a scion with a root, and setting them into the earth. But New York is a great State, and no doubt there are many sound-doers in it who are willing to do anything for the sake of filthy lucre. Many men so light orders and purchase their trees to fill them, and their only object is to purchase them where they can do so to their own personal advantage. They are often raised from the earth in a very careless manner, and the packing done in the same unfaithful manner, and thus sent over the country, and the wonder is that any of them survive. The immortal virtue to which you allude in your article, reminds me of the reply of an old farmer, when asked what luck he had in lambing. "Luck," said he, "there is no such thing as luck: I take care of my sheep." The reader will make his own application.

Thus far I have endeavored to answer such inquiries as you have been pleased to make, and ought, perhaps, to close this article, which is already too lengthy. Still if the reader will indulge me for a moment I wish to make a few general remarks with regard to propagating fruit trees. If we may credit the statement of Bro. Forbes, (and I know of no reason why we may not,) I think we must come to the conclusion that the whole nursery business will prove a failure as far as apple trees are concerned. He says that ninety-nine out of every hundred of the New York trees will prove a failure. I say, as far as my knowledge extends, that budding trees are decidedly a failure. Look at the nursery in Maine, count the trees that died during the past spring; "their name is legion." Go to Kennebec, and look at the trees transplanted from the Westbrook nursery. Possibly you may find one in four covered with foliage; the remainder "gone the way of all the earth." Inquire of Mr. Goodale the amount of loss he has sustained from the severity of the past winter. He will not count by hundreds, but by thousands. See the ravages of the past winter upon the bearing trees in many portions of our State. Well may we make the inquiry what is to be done to retain our trees and make them fruitful. Well may our nurserymen turn their attention to the propagation of native trees, for future grafting, as some of them are already agitating the matter. Still I do not see as this will remedy the trouble. Very many trees grafted in this manner, after having arrived at a bearing state, have perished, whilst others seem to be "on the broad road."

What, then, is to be done? Shall we abandon the fruit business? By no means. "Try again," should be our motto. The few past winters have been exceedingly severe, and the last the severest of them all. I believe it to be something of a risk to transport trees from any nursery into the northern portion of our State. Still I think it worth a fair trial. We shall not probably have another winter equal to the last in severity for the next half century.

THOMAS CHASE.

Hair and Feathers.

Hair is the dry, round, elastic fibers or filaments that arise from the skin, and are fed by the medullary juices. It is found on the mammalia tribe, and on every part of the body except on the soles of the feet and palms of the hands; and in the shape of hair, bristles, wool, scales, and spines, is found much diffused over the animal creation. Hair grows in vascular pulps, with the roots enclosed in bulb-shaped capsules, situated within the skin. It is of a horny nature, and composed of a smooth lamella placed over each other like zones, which increase by thrusting the parts forward as in nails, and not by a liquor flowing along the tubes as in plants. The folding property is owing to this quality in hair; and in bristles and other hairs the horny substances are arranged in fibers like the woolly fibers of a cane. Hair burned to ashes has given iron and manganese, phosphate, sulphate, and carbonate of lime, muriate of soda, and a considerable portion of silica. Gelatine is produced by boiling it, and imparts the flexibility and toughness; continued boiling dissolves the gelatine, and the remains are brittle, crumble to pieces between the fingers, and resemble coagulated albumen in being insoluble in water. While hair yields magnesia, which is wanting in other colors; and red hair contains less iron and manganese. The ashes do not exceed 615 parts of the hair. Hair is composed of—1. Animal matter, chiefly; 2. White solid oil, small quantity; 3. Greyish green oil, more abundant; 4. Iron; 5. Oxide of manganese; 6. Phosphate of lime; 7. Carbonate of lime, very scanty; 8. Silica; 9. Sulphur. The animal matters are principally gelatine and albumen, and a substance resembling both; and the operation of hair as a manure is similar to bones and horn shavings. It has been sold at 16. 61 per bushel, and thirty bushels have been applied to an acre, and may be covered in the land with one plowing, or mixed with earth in composts.

Feathers are the covering or plumage on birds, and consist chiefly of impenetrable albumen, with a very minute portion of gelatine—so very small that a quill freed from adhering oil may be boiled many days in water without any apparent alteration; and the liquor does not acquire any sensitive properties. In general properties feathers resemble hair, nails, cuticle, and cuticular shell, and owe their color to thin layers of colored matter covering the white substances of which they are principally formed. The layers may be separated by scraping from the white ground on which they had been originally spread. The lateral fibers two minutes to admit of this separation; but when viewed with a microscope they are seen to resemble the feathers in form. It is probable that the colors in them arise from similar matter and conformation. Feathers in an old state are generally dotted and packed, and have been sold at 15. 61 per bushel, and applied at the rate of 20 to 30 bushels on an acre. It has been related that ten bushels per acre of old feathers plowed in our wheat land nearly doubled the produce; and covering with the seed-furrow of a corn crop seems the best mode of application in securing unimpaired the future decomposition, or the feathers may be rooted in earth and similar substances.

[Mark Lane Express.]

Sometimes there are living beings in nature as beautiful as in romance. Reality surpasses imagination; and we see something, brightening, and moving before our eyes, brighter dearer to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.

MISCELLANY.

HOW I WAS CURED OF THE BLUES.

It was ten in the morning, and I had just risen when Dr. Elliot entered my apartment. "Ah! Doctor," said I, in a feeble voice, "you see before you a young man who is fast going to the grave. I am surrounded by everything that wealth can purchase, but, at twenty-five years of age, have lost all sense of enjoyment. My existence is a burden, and I only desire death. I have consulted the most eminent physicians in London, but they can do nothing for me."

"They were right," replied the Doctor, abruptly. "Then I must die!" "Yes, undoubtedly, when you are eighty years old."

"Heavens! do you know a remedy?" "Perhaps, perhaps. Let me see, Sir Thomas, have you abused the pleasures which youth and fortune have procured for you?"

"I have used them, but never abused them."

"What are your first thoughts upon awakening?" "Vague and undefined."

"Have you ever been in love?" "Alas! I have no strength to love or hate."

"Do you like the theatre?" "It is a bore."

"Do you like the pleasures of the table?" "I have no appetite."

"Do you enjoy the beauties of nature?" "I see only clouds and shadows."

"You are very sick, but not incurable." "Do you believe it?" "I know it; but you must make a great sacrifice."

"What is that?" "You must renounce your country, your friends, and the use of your fortune. You must go to Switzerland, taking with you only a hundred guineas—to buy some goats and a little cabin. You must live there for a year breathing the pure mountain air, and laboring with the sweat of your brow to gain an existence which all the diamonds of the Indies cannot purchase."

"You forget, I cannot travel—I have no strength."

"It will return. There exists in society a class of men among whom your malady is extremely rare. These are the poor; in their ranks you must mingle. Depart, then, as soon as possible; understand, Sir Thomas, as soon as possible. Return in a year, and you will return cured. There is but one plank between you and shipwreck; renounce it and you are a dead man."

So saying, he took his hat and politely wished me a pleasant journey, departed. I deliberated upon his advice, and concluded to follow it. To my steward I gave directions concerning my affairs, and the next day embarked from Dover, without acquainting a person with the object of my journey or my destination.

I supported the fatigue of my travel better than I anticipated, although I gave up all hopes of ever looking upon my country or kindred again.

to the foot of a high hill, whose summit was covered with ice.

All at once they started and rushed at full speed up the slippery eminence. They seemed like a troop of angels ascending to heaven. But what was my terror when they began to descend in the same rapid and perilous manner. With great speed they came springing down the declivity, with their hair unbound and floating in the wind, while their lovers stood at the base of the hill, with their arms extended, to receive them with innumerable kisses.

"Happy shepherds!" I exclaimed, "how I envy you!" Upon arriving at the house I learned that my guide had purchased for me a flock of a dozen goats, and a little cabin upon one of the neighboring mountains. This transaction had consumed almost all my money, and if I wished to live, I must labor with my companions, no richer than any of them. My dwelling was neat, and furnished with everything necessary for comfort; a bench, a table, a bed, a little hard to be sure, but soft enough for the robust limbs of a tired shepherd.

My first few days were frightful. The isolation in which I lived, the coarse fare, to which I was unaccustomed, the violent exercises in following my goats over steep rocks and precipices, all combined to drive me to despair. Soon I had not strength to leave my cabin; a burning fever consumed me, and my senses were lost in delirium. I remained ten days hovering between life and death. Sometimes believing myself in my own country; sometimes on a desert land, pursuing phantoms that fled before me. Sometimes I seemed to see at my bedside the young girl who I met at the church; but her sweet face was soon obliterated by others.

Finally after a lethargic sleep my reason returned. I inquired, "Where am I?" A voice replied, "He is cured." I opened my eyes and perceived two females, one of middle age, who had uttered the exclamation; but the other, fresh as spring, and beautiful as a new born flower, gazed at me in silence. "These are the two angels," I said, in my own language, "that have saved my life." My words they could not understand, but my sentiment I am sure they did.

Marie and Laura, as they were called in the valley, were loved by the inhabitants of Lauterbrun. They delighted in good deeds, and often climbed the mountains to carry assistance to sick cottagers. Their dwelling was not far from mine, and as soon as they had heard of my illness they hastened to tend upon me. Thanks to their care, I recovered, and became a frequent visitor at their cottage. Gratitude made it a duty and love made it a necessity.

I applied myself diligently to the study of their language, and with Marie and Laura for instructors, I soon acquired great proficiency in it, and could converse freely with the shepherds upon the mountains. Obligated like them to earn my living, I soon began to value my hard earned necessities, and to forget the excesses of luxury. After a hard day's work I thoroughly enjoyed my evening meal of coarse bread and goat's milk. My sleep was peaceful, and visions of Laura danced through my dreams.

I supposed that Marie and Laura were natives of Lauterbrun. They wore the costumes and spoke the language of the country, but I could not but observe a marked difference between their manners and those of the simple Swiss shepherds. The latter possessed a charming naturalness, and at the same time an air of rusticity. Marie and Laura possessed the same naturalness, but a high bred refinement and cultivation were mingled with it. They were calculated to adorn any station, however exalted.

In the meantime activity and the pure air of the mountains accomplished miracles in my behalf. I pursued the chamois into almost inaccessible retreats, and leaping down a chasm was more amusement. After being so feeble I rejoiced in my strength, and acquired a wonderful vitality and energy.

One day I reached the summit of the Schönbühl, and contemplated the vast scene around me,—high rocks, steep precipices, and apparently bottomless abysses, while far, far beneath me lay, in miniature, the smiling valleys of Lauterbrun and Grindelwald. A few light clouds hovered above the horizon, and looked like floating mountains.

I was lost in admiration of the glowing scene, when suddenly a terrible noise like thunder reverberated through the mountains. This fearful sound increased, and a thousand echoes repeated it. I, safely out of the reach of the avalanches, began to descend with great rapidity, when I heard a piercing cry, and saw upon a neighboring eminence a young woman stretching her arms beseechingly towards me. I flew towards her and received the unfortunate girl fainting in my arms. I bore her from the dangerous spot. One moment more, and I should have been too late. It was Laura, and no other than Laura, whom I had rescued from death. I felt myself endowed with a new strength, and carried her in my arms without perceiving the weight of my precious burthen. I dashed down the mountain with the agility of a chamois, never stopping to breathe until I reached the dwelling of Marie.

Laura, tempted by the serenity of the atmosphere, had ventured upon the mountain, to collect some plants, and was surprised by the avalanche in the midst of her occupation. After this day I assumed the entire charge of Marie and Laura. On Sundays and festive days I escorted them to the village, and joined in the dance with the young people upon the green. These were the happiest moments of my life. I asked of Heaven no greater felicity than that of seeing Laura every day. In the meantime my exile had nearly expired.

My health was nearly reestablished, and my expectations of death had succeeded all the hopes of friendship and love. I thought of leaving a country to which I was indebted for the greatest of all benefits, health; and how could I abandon Laura? I could more easily have renounced life.

The principal events of our existence are independent of our will. Our designs are at the mercy of circumstances, like a leaf at the sport of the wind. I entered one evening the cottage of my neighbors, and found them both in tears, Marie weeping in the arms of Laura and saying, "O! my daughter, what will become of us? where shall we take refuge? If I were alone I could drag through the few days remaining to me, but I cannot see you suffer."

"Do not despair, my dear mother," said Laura, "I am well and can work and support us both until that happy day shall come which will restore us to our country and rights. Be consoled, then, and do not be unhappy about my welfare."

This scene made so deep an impression upon me, that I was no longer master of myself, and entreated them to acquaint me with their misfortunes, and I would shed my last drop of blood in their cause.

Laura burst into tears and exclaimed, "soon we must part forever."

"Forever, Laura? ah, I would rather die a hundred times. No, I will only abandon you with my life."

"It is necessary," she continued, "Heaven and man have decided that we must separate. We are compelled to fly from the peaceful country where I had just begun to know happiness. I confess it before God you are the only person here I regret leaving."

At these words I fell on my knees before her and pressing her hand to my lips exclaimed, not knowing what I said, "Laura, I will follow you everywhere; your destiny shall be mine. I swear to love you eternally."

"Stop," said Marie, stepping between us. "Tom, my daughter can never be yours. The rank our family occupied in France forbids it. Would to Heaven we had been born in this smiling valley, where the same fortune, the same education would have made us equal. But it is not so. Laura is daughter of Count de Blauville. The blood which flows in her veins is illustrious. She cannot dishonor it by allying herself to a poor shepherd. Misfortune upon a terrible revolution have expatriated us and deprived us of our estate. M. de Blauville was massacred before my eyes and I escaped from France—not that I cared for my own life, but to save my daughter from the axe of the executioner. I believed that in this retired part of Switzerland I had secured a peaceful retreat, where the storm could no longer break upon us—but I was deceived. A decree from the republic of Bern commands all French emigrants to quit Switzerland, and allows them but three days to seek another asylum. Alas! in what part of the world can we find shelter from our persecutors?"

At these words she burst into a torrent of tears, and I approached her respectfully and said—

"The poor Tom is not worthy of being the husband of Laura, but whatever may be the place of your new exile, do not forget one who will never forget you."

I left the cottage, not trusting myself to look again at Laura. The next morning at sunrise I started for Bern, where business detained me for two days. Immediately upon my return I called at the cottage of Madame de Blauville, to renew my offers of assistance and to say farewell.

Laura looked pale and sad, but her mother was radiant with joy, and showed me a letter just received from Bern, it was as follows:—

MADAME.—A man to whom you have unconsciously rendered a most important service, has just become apprised of your cruel situation. Permit him to offer you an asylum in his country. Depart at once for London, inquire there for the residence of Sir Thomas Wentworth. His house is at your service and you will there receive every attention and respect that a son can offer to the dearest of parents.

I am, Madame, very respectfully,
THOMAS WENTWORTH.

"It is from Heaven," cried Madame de Blauville. "How could I ever doubt the goodness of Providence? I have tried in vain to recall this Sir Thomas Wentworth, and I am sure this is the first time I ever heard his name. There is something very extraordinary about it. What do you think of it, Tom? What do you advise us to do?"

"If you would deign, Madame, to take the advice of a shepherd, you will accept the offer of Sir Thomas Wentworth. Circumstances are pressing and require it. He can have no motive for deceiving you, and I believe him an honest man always regards his promises."

"But we do not know him."

"When you see him you may recognize him, and if you have forgotten the service you have rendered him, it is very plain that he has not."

The Oxford Democrat

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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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The Communications should be directed to "The Oxford Democrat, Paris, Me."

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 in York town and Town of York, are hereby notified that they are requested to meet in Convention, at South Paris, on

Wednesday, August 19th, 1857.

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

The order of business will be as follows:—

Each town and plantation will be entitled to one delegate; each town having 50 voters for the Republican candidate for Governor in 1856, two delegates; and one for every additional 50 voters; and by a fraction above 25, will be allowed one delegate.

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

Kansas Affairs—Gov. Walker.

That man never lived who could make as great an use of himself, in the same length of time, as has Robert J. Walker, since his appointment as Governor of Kansas.

In the first place he was selected by the slave propagandists and Buchanan, for this position, because it was thought he was a kind of an *en-fermeur*—a man who could move on his intrigues without being detected; about the people of the territory without being found out, and fasten the fangs of chattel slavery upon the very vitals of Kansas, while pretending to make it a free State. The plot was laid at the White House;—Buchanan only acting as the puppet of the slave drivers who surrounded him. Stanton was sent out to the territory in advance to herald his coming, and prepare the way for the great "Pacificator."

Upon arriving in the territory he issued a pompous, windy proclamation to the people, promising great things. He labored through long columns to show the beauties of popular sovereignty, interlarding it with a great deal of swaggar about the Constitution, the Union, bloody bones and blue ruin. He visited Lawrence and other places, and pledged to the people his aid and co-operation in bringing about an honest and fair expression of the opinions of the bona fide settlers of the territory at the ballot box. The people of the territory, while they had no great faith in his professions, were still willing to give him a fair trial, and not condemn his official acts in advance.

In the mean time the great swindle of making up poll lists in the territory by a set of contemptible pro-slavery tools, appointed for the express purpose of cheating the people, was going on unabated by the new Governor. Then followed the bogus election of delegates to a Convention to form a State Constitution, in which there were only about eleven hundred voters thrown in all, when it was settled that there were twenty thousand legal voters in the territory. The free State men very properly, in our judgment, took no part in this farce. They looked on with contempt. Walker became uneasy under this state of things, and promised the people an opportunity to be heard at the ballot box upon the adoption of the State Constitution.

During all this time this political wriggle was using all his arts to get up and divide the free State men—trying to attract a free State democratic party, which should take a conservative course and bring permanent peace to Kansas, and save the Union from "boistering up." In order to make himself more conspicuous, and get the ears of the Republicans, he carried out with him a little "whisperer" to act as correspondent for the New York Times, while that paper was to publish the wonderful doings of this old Mississippi demagogue.

Notwithstanding the fair promises of Walker, very soon after his arrival in the territory it became apparent that he was "rowing one way and looking another." His recognition of the bogus laws passed by a corrupt border banditti, and his expressed determination to enforce those laws, clearly indicated where he would land at last. The people's Legislature, elected under the Constitution, assembled, and after taking measures preparatory for taking the census, and forming the territory into suitable election districts for the purpose of voting upon the adoption of their Constitution, and perfecting their State Government under the same, adjourned.

No attempt was made by Walker to prevent the sitting of this legislative body. He did not, like one of his predecessors, send a body of U. S. Troops to break them up by violence or force. He feared to do it. But while the things to which we have been alluding were transpiring, suddenly a fire in the rear of the respectable Governor, sprang up in the South. Southern Conventions passed resolutions denouncing Walker. The idea by him expressed to the people of Kansas, that they should have the opportunity afforded them of voting upon the adoption of a State Constitution, was to them perfectly awful. It was anti-democratic, unjust, and dangerous to the "peculiar institution."

More than this, they very broadly intimated that Walker was violating his pledges to make Kansas a slave State *volens volens*. Buchanan was loudly called upon to remove Walker, or make him "too the line."

What was to be done? Instead of standing up like a man, he yielded to Southern clamor, and at once looked about him for the purpose of making a bold stroke to appease the wrath and regain the confidence of the Southern negro traders.

The people of Lawrence had never paid the taxes assessed upon them by the Border Ruffian Legislature, and here the valiant Governor thought he saw a chance to show his authority. So he began to threaten to collect their illegal exactions at the point of the bayonet—make war upon Lawrence unless they submitted. About this time the city of Lawrence, in order to carry out the democratic doctrines contained in the Kansas Nebraska Bill, to "regulate their own affairs in their own way," adopted a city charter of their own, and organized a municipal government under it. Walker seized upon this movement and declared it rebellion. War! War! War! cried Walker. A detachment from the United States army was called in to punish the rebels. Encamping near Lawrence he issued his proclamation, calling upon the rebellious people of Lawrence to longer to endanger the Union by their treasonable acts, &c., &c. This official bluff contained the usual quantum of blood and thunder, gas and wind.

Taken as a whole, this proclamation was one of the most supremely ridiculous concerns that ever came from the pen of even a fanatical mad cap, or crazy swaggerer. There was not a man or boy or even old woman to be found in Lawrence but laughed it to scorn. It could only excite feelings of contempt and derision in the breast of every man not the cringing tool of the usurper.

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Border Ruffians of Maine in Deep Dis-
tress.

The border ruffian democracy of Maine, through its organ, is now howling with perfect desperation from "Kittery Point to Quoddy Head." And what is the cause of this mortal agony? It is all about the liquor question. Some of these Kansas-faced hypocrites are growling, some swaggar, some bawling, some baying, and all joining in one hellish chorus about *opium*. Their cry of distress is truly heart rending, and it is very evident that they will get no permanent relief until the people give them another thrashing like that they had last fall.

They are now howling because the Republicans did not see fit, at their State Convention, to pass such a resolution upon the liquor question as the black democracy dictated. The fact is, the friends of prohibition never brought the temperance question into the political arena; this was originally the idea of the black democracy. They made it a political question, and not the friends of a prohibitory law. This was done at the Chandler Convention in 1852. The friends of temperance then rallied for Gov. Hubbard, who was the regular nominee of the democratic party, and who was opposed solely because he signed the liquor law of 1851. The next year the black democracy at their State Convention endorsed the Chandler movement, put in nomination a man who kept an *open bar* during the sitting of the Convention, and then called upon the party to endorse their disgraceful proceedings. This the friends of the law refused to do. They put in nomination that noble man, Anson P. Morrill, and by acting on the defensive defeated the election of Pillsbury. In 1854, the friends of the law stood their ground. In 1855, the black democracy again came out in their Convention, and made the temperance question the main issue; and by taking advantage of the Portland riot, and singing dirges over the grave of a drunken moderate, who fell while leading a mob—they succeeded. The next winter they overturned the Law and made men of their own. And now, after resolving in their State Convention, (which trotted out one Manasseh H. Smith for Gov.), that they would not *agitate* upon this question, they go through the same old farce they did upon the slavery question, and do little less than their journals but *agitate—agitate—agitate* this liquor question. They say the Republicans have abandoned their old ground and ignored the principle of prohibition; and over this alleged "falling from grace" these black hypocrites are now shedding oceans of crocodile tears, and ranting like so many maniacs. They know their allegations are false; they know they lie—but this neither detracts from their characters for truth and veracity, or disturbs the conscience of such of their party as have any left. The secret

of their whole trouble is this,—they are mad because the Republican party did not place itself in a position, where they could make the liquor question a *monopoly*, upon which they could again ride into power, in this State; hence their fanatical rant—their bitter disappointment and hideous howlings, there is no inconsistency in the course adopted by the Republicans upon this question. They resolved in their State Convention that the present liquor law has proved a failure—and who denies this? Its original failure *does* not do it—they know it is a miserable failure—they know it is a scandal upon the name of a Law—they are ashamed of their own banding and deny the child of their own body. Then again the republicans declared in favor of the great principle of "prohibition," and in favor of a suitable, judicious Law, based upon this principle. In doing this, they neither advance or retrograde—it is the identical position they have always occupied, and these lying black democrats know it.

They still further express a wish that this exciting question be taken out of party politics. As before remarked, the friends of prohibition had no agency in giving this matter a political turn in the first place, so far as their party action has been identified with this question, they have always acted on the defensive, and made it a party measure only so far as they have been compelled to by the black democracy. They finally express a willingness to let the whole matter go to the people themselves, for their determination at the ballot-box—disconnected from all party considerations. This the black democracy know is right, but it will be setting the question—and that is what they fear. The black democracy don't want it settled. They desire to ride the ram question a little longer, in order to retrieve, if possible, the fallen fortunes of their corrupt party; hence their distress at the prospect before them.

If the course of the Republicans be inconsistent upon this question, what shall we say of the black democracy? "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the sinner and ungodly appear?" The pro-slavery democracy have always been ready to use the temperance question for party purposes and no other. If getting astride a rum barrel, and flooding the State with what Robert Hall once called "Liquid fire and distilled damnation" would advance their party interests, they have mounted the hobby and shouted for rum and ruin. They have no moral sensibilities upon this question. They are willing men should be turned into demons by the use of strong drink; they are willing peaceful homes should be made desolate; wives made widows and children orphans, if it will only benefit the democratic party. Some of their number would even grin over the new made graves of murdered innocents, or dance like spectral ghosts upon the tombstones of the fallen patriots. And these are the specimens of humanity who are now reading lectures to the men who have through sunshine and storm, through good report and evil report, been laboring for years in the temperance reform.

We want no advice from these soulless hypocrites, no moral lectures from these depraved party tools. Let them wash out their own leprous stains before they talk to us; cleanse themselves from their own political filth, before they accuse us of wearing soiled garments. But the efforts of these heartless demagogues to deceive the people upon this question, will prove abortive. The eyes of the people are upon these wolves in sheep's clothing. The battle is begun which will end not only in the defeat of the black democracy, but they will be completely routed, horse, foot and dragoon.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE IN KENTUCKY. We have before the patriotic efforts of Wm. S. Bailey and his family, to establish and support a daily newspaper, in Kentucky, favorable to freedom and free speech. He has, from the first, met with a most determined and bitter opposition, which has shown itself both in personal violence and the destruction of his property. On the 27th, he went to Alexandria, Ky., to hear a speech from R. P. Sanford, Republican candidate for Congress, in the 10th District. For several hours two or three young men followed him with abuse and profanity, and then commenced pounding him, when the sheriff interfered. Mr. Bailey gives the following account of the residue of their proceedings:

"They afterwards approached us and warned us not to publish their conduct, threatening us with violence if we did—some stated that he would put a ball through our body if we published this. This is going to extremes—for the press to be muzzleed in Kentucky by such threats, would be an injury, even to the parties that demand it, in common with all good citizens of the State. Several eggs were thrown at us as we went to the stable to point out our horse, among others; but we were not hit by any of them. After we got into the buggy, (with a friend who was with us,) to return home, two eggs were thrown at us by young Taylor, striking the carriage, and daubing our clothing. Such were the actions of young men, calling themselves gentlemen, upon the ground that we were an abolitionist, and that we had published some true previous, the actions of one of them, who had been brought before the mayor of this city and fined for assaults, &c., as though we were here to be silent upon the evils of society, and to be ridiculed by good men for not condemning wrong. This abuse upon us at Alexandria satisfied many good citizens of the necessity of a republican party in Kentucky."

In Rio Janeiro, when the male arrive, instead of opening and delivering, as is customary in this country, the postmaster throws the letters in a pile, and lets each person pick for himself. It is stated that, notwithstanding the apparent insecurity of the system, losses seldom occur.

The North American Advocate says there are no less than seven or eight black republicans who "are already moving heaven and earth for the place" of Register of Deeds in Somerset county. [Democrat.]

If the candidates confine their exertions to those two localities, they do not of course expect any aid from the democrats. [Bangor News.]

Oxford County Republican Convention.

Our readers have already observed that the County Committee have called the County and Senatorial Conventions, to be held on the 19th inst., at South Paris. Although it is now, and will be at that time, a busy season of the year, especially among our farmers, we hope every town and plantation in the District and County will be fully represented. And in the selection of delegates we hope the people will take an interest, and see to it, that their interests and the interests of the Republican party are not prejudiced by an unreasonable excitement about men. Let the primary meetings be fully attended; let our friends in every town and plantation meet together in a spirit of harmony and concession, and feel that our future success very much depends upon a prudent course in setting the rival claims of candidates for popular favor. It is all perfectly right for men under the form of government to profess a laudable ambition and even solicit the support of their friends, when desiring a public position; but still, in all such cases, should be tempered with discretion, and personal ambition submit to the higher claims of party principle.

In our judgment the old practice which has so long prevailed in the pro-slavery democracy, of packing caucuses to subvert the interests of particular men, without a proper regard to the issues involved in the canvass, is, to say the least of it, a doubtful expedient, and we do not believe such a course results in the general good. If the people of a town or plantation have a particular choice among the candidates that are to go into the Convention, it is their duty, either directly or indirectly, to make known their wishes to their delegates and they, in return, should feel bound to "obey or resign."

But while this is proper, a suitable discretionary power should always be vested in those representing the people in delegate conventions. In such conventions it is wise to let the respective claims of all persons asking public favor be fairly and impartially canvassed, and then, after public sentiment has so far concentrated as to make a nomination, all should acquiesce in the result. We throw out these suggestions without any particular reference to persons or cases. We have a great many friends in "Old Oxford" who would like to see enjoying the profits and emoluments of office. In the course of events some of them will be successful, while others will meet with disappointment. Let the results be what they may, we have the greatest confidence that all have sufficient patriotism to sacrifice every selfish feeling and personal interest upon the common altar of our country's good. Great principles are at stake; every thing is depending upon the united efforts of the great Republican army. Let us, standing shoulder to shoulder, push on the column to certain victory.

A Woman Fleeing from Slavery with
her Children, Arrested.

CAMP POINT, H. I., July 15.
Last evening our little village was excited by an arrest of a negro woman and three small children, who had escaped from their master living at La Grange, Me. It appears that the poor creature had been lurking in the timber, within half a mile of our place, for two or three days, and had been seen frequently by those who did not view them with any particular interest, and have even been so bold as to call on families living near their retreat for victuals, water, &c. But yesterday a reward of \$1000 was offered for their delivery in LaGrange, when all eyes were open for the apprehension of the fugitives, and in a few minutes a party was formed and the search commenced. All day they were engaged in the stealthy tread, but no slaves were to be found, and the party being weary, returned in the evening to refresh themselves preparatory for another trial at night. The fun was spoiled, however, by a messenger arriving a few minutes after they returned, informing them that the negroes had been decoyed into the house of Mr. James Welsh, who lives at the edge of the timber, in which the unfortunate were concealed. This treachery was performed by the daughter of Mr. Welsh, a young woman, who found the negroes a short distance from the house by telling them that she was a friend to them, and that if they would go with her to the house she would give them something to eat. The crazy mother could not accept this offer for her starving children, and without suspicion went into the house. But before they had time to allay their hunger the side mother and poor little children were surrounded by a dozen stout men all "armed to the teeth." In a few minutes a bark was produced and the poor creatures were fast retreating to their bondage.

We should like to be informed what terms that poor mother had committed, that she should be thus pursued by a band of man-stealers, "armed to the teeth?" The answer of a hunker would be, she had run away from her lawful master, who was reclaiming her under the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law. It is often said by pro-slavery Democrats, "the slaves are better off and more contented than they would be with their liberty." Does not the above fact, with thousands of others of a similar character, stamp all such assumptions with falsehood? This poor mother for the sake of liberty for herself and her three helpless children, was willing to suffer the keen agonies of hunger; was willing to lay in the woods exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, not only by day but by night; and she had just as much right to that liberty, as had the infamous wretch of a "girl" who betrayed her into the hands of her pursuers. We know of no "blessing" withering curse," that would in our opinion be too severe a visitation upon the treacherous Jezebel who betrayed her.

And yet it may be said she was in so doing performing a *lawful* act.

Slaves, when fleeing for their lives and liberty, have a perfect right under every law, human and divine, to strike down their blood human pursuers; and we never hear of an instance where they fought their followers with heroic boldness, but we are rejoiced.

We would have every fugitive slave fight to the death for his liberty. Our fathers did it, and they have the same right. The more of that class of devils in human shape, who make slave hunting a business, they kill, the better. But the fugitive slave law makes us all man-stealers and blood hounds. It was intended to place collars around the necks of every free man all over the country.

It forbids our "feeding the hungry or clothing the naked," it not only forbids our following the teachings of him "who

taught as never man taught," but it enacts fines and penalties, unless we violate those very commands.

This fugitive slave law is also clearly unconstitutional—a disgrace to civilization and the age in which we live, yet the black democracy glorify this barbarous statute, and seem to gloat over its execution with the same fawning satisfaction that the savage exhibits, when he first tortures and then murders his helpless victim. So far as we are concerned we would die before we would aid in any way a Southern or Northern man-stealer in reclaiming a fugitive slave.

We would say to all southern nigger drivers and northern dogfaces, do your own sneaking, dirty work, while if they darkened our doors in pursuit of their victims, we would repel them with the same force and means that we would use upon the person of the thief and burglar.

If this be treason make the most of it.

HOW TO DO BUSINESS: A New Pocket Manual of Practical Affairs, and Guide to Success in Life: FOWLER AND WELLS, Publishers, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y. Price prepaid by mail, 50 cents, paper; 50 cts. cloth.

This is the fourth and last of a series of Hand-books, issued by these enterprising publishers. It contains much information upon almost all kinds of business, and has many valuable hints as to the choice of occupation, business habits, &c. It is a work from which almost every young person will glean sufficient knowledge to pay its cost many times.

"EAGLE PAPER MILL. A week or two since we had occasion to visit this mill at Mechanic Falls, and were politely shown by A. C. Denison, Esq., one of the proprietors, the process of manufacturing paper. This is undoubtedly the best and most expensive mill in the State, and a consequence, furnishes the best article of paper in the market. The manufacturing department is under the superintendence of Mr. George Severns, an experienced and thorough workman. The buildings are admirably arranged for the business for which they are intended, and the machinery is particularly adapted to save the labor of too frequently handling over the raw material. The process of bleaching is unsurpassed, and leaves the paper with hardly a spot or blemish. The paper on which we print the Journal and Evangelist is supplied from this mill, and gives ample evidence of its capacity for the manufacture of a good article.

"The mill and out-buildings have been erected at an expense of about \$10,000, and we are glad to know that its gentlemanly proprietors are doing a profitable business. Indeed, we hardly see how it can be otherwise, as they have wisely availed themselves of all the modern improvements in this description of machinery, and with the enterprise and capacity its proprietors are well-known to possess, it cannot fail of proving a lucrative investment."

[Lewiston Journal.]

The paper on which the Democrat is printed is manufactured at the above mill. The frequent commendations we hear from our readers is a sufficient evidence of its good quality.

"THE DEMOCRATIC SENTIMENT NORTH AND SOUTH."—WHAT PRINCIPLES THE PARTY IS BASED ON. At the late "democratic" State Convention of Mississippi, (Gov. Walker's own State,) at which were five hundred delegates, and candidates for State officers were nominated, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved,—That we heartily respond to the democratic sentiments of the country, whether in the North or the South, which sustain the *unaltered right of the people of the slaveholding States to the protection of THEIR PROPERTY in the States, IN THE TERRITORIES, and in the wilderness* in which territorial governments are yet unorganized; and that THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY is based on the recognition of but one of both of these principles."

We have no where seen the principles of the Pierce-Buchanan Party, more clearly and undisguisedly communicated than in the above. [Jeffersonian.]

The Maine Free Press expresses, in relation to Gov. Hamlin:

"Avaunt! and quit your right! Let earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold. This is well, excellently well. Col. Smart having got into office by being the most devoted attendant of Mr. Hamlin—having for years followed him with more cringing fidelity than a spaniel, now that he can expect no further political aid from his former patron under this administration, turns round and cries, 'quit my right! thy bones are marrowless.' Col. Smart will adhere to his friends and his party just so long as he can suck some marrow from their bones, and not a moment longer. He is just now the noisiest and most vociferous hunker in the state. The only political favor we ask of the administration at Washington is to keep Smart in office. If he be removed, he will be conspiring against his party within twenty-four hours thereafter, and before the end of the further three days of grace he will intrude himself into the republican ranks. From which evil—good Lord deliver us." [Bangor News.]

CURIOUS ARRANGEMENT OF A HOSPITAL. The large city hospital of Chicago has been placed, by the Board of Health, under the charge of two medical boards, one of the allopathic school of medicine, and the other of the homoeopathic. To the latter only about one-fourth of the building has been allotted, but more room will be given if needed. Each patient, on entering, is to choose which school of physicians shall take him in charge. If he is indifferent, or unable to choose, he will be assigned to one or the other schools, according as the week in which he enters may be odd or even, as numbered in the year. Thus the two systems are fairly matched against each other, and a sharp and careful rivalry will be inaugurated in the good work of saving life. The respective boards are to keep records of the symptoms, treatment and result of their cases, a published comparison of which, at the end of the year, would no doubt form an exceedingly interesting study for the profession generally. [Traveller.]

A man without desire and without want, is without invention and without reason.

Weekly Summary of News.

The Methodists are to have a Camp Meeting at the Empire Station of the Grand Trunk Railroad, commencing on the second day of September.

The lightning was very prevalent in Newport and Corinna, on Thursday last, striking in about forty places within a circle of a mile and a half. One house in Corinna was struck, with much damage, however; a horse and a hog were killed, and trees and fences shattered. A barn in Newport was also injured by it.

Prof. Henry, at the head of the Smithsonian Institute, testifies that he knows not one man among the scientific men of the United States who is an infidel.

The Lewiston Journal says that Mary Looney, an Irish girl about 16 years of age, was drowned on Sunday evening in the river, just above the east end of the railroad bridge. She was in a boat with a younger sister, when by some means it was overturned, and both were thrown into the river.

The wife of Mr. G. H. Keene, of Auburn, was severely and probably fatally burned, Thursday, by the bursting of a fluid lamp. Rev. Mr. Ware, pastor of the Unitarian Society in Augusta, has sent in his resignation of the pastoral office, to take effect August 1st. This step is taken on account of the difficulty experienced in raising his salary.

The State of Maine counts up ten Ex-Governors of Maine living at the present time, viz.—Smith, Dunlap, Kent, Anderson, Dana, Hubbard, Crosby, Merrill, Wells, Hamlin.

Governor Wright of Indiana has accepted the appointment of Minister to the Court of Berlin. He will reach his post by the 15th of August.

The anniversary of the birthday of the Rev. Dr. Pond, and of the Bangor Theological Seminary, occurred on the same day. The Dr. has been engaged in that institution for twenty-five years.

The Evangelist learns that the house of Mr. Chandler, of Fryeburg, was struck by lightning on Tuesday night, and somewhat injured. Several other houses in the vicinity were also struck.

The Paris correspondent of the London Court Journal, writes as follows:—"His Excellency Plenipotentiary Mason, having been reprimanded for throwing his arm round the back of the Empress Eugenie's chair, is making up his pack to fly to some retirement, where he means, so says report, to study the alliance, in order to behave better next time."

The Bangor Whig mentions a case of getting married, where the bridegroom came down to Bangor from Carmel and purchased a pair of white silk gloves and two gallons of New England rum to celebrate the nuptial ceremonies.

One night last week, says the Bangor Journal, as the stage from Calais that city was passing along beyond Aurora, a big bear was discovered sitting crossly in the middle of the road—and as he declined to yield the right of way, the driver and passengers turned to and stoned him off the track.

Rev. Dr. Sheldon, of Bath, has finally "defined his position," and in a letter addressed to Rev. Dr. Miles, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, craves a place as a preacher or teacher among that denomination.

The Zion's Advocate learns that Rev. Mr. Knox, pastor of the Baptist church at Lewiston, had the privilege of baptizing seven interesting converts Sabbath before last.

In Fryeburg, twenty persons united with the Congregational church last Sabbath. One entire class of young ladies from the Sabbath school, many of whom attribute their awakening to the faithfulness of their teacher. Eighteen of these twenty were ladies, and all but one were young.

[Evangelist.]

Rev. Thomas N. Lord, late pastor of the Congregational Church at West Auburn, has received and accepted a call from the Congregational Society at Lunenburg, Me.

Jack, the Giant Killer, has long been the wonder of children, but the modern giant, Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer, is always victorious over his great antagonist, pain, in what form soever he may present himself. H. H. Hay & Co. Wholesale Agents, Portland.

The Boston Traveller locates Bowdoin College at Waterville, Me. We have the impression that this institution is situated in a town lower down the river.

The August term of the Supreme Judicial Court will commence on Tuesday next.

Mr. Buchanan, with his family, has arrived at Bedford Springs, to spend a short time.

Wm. B. Lapham Esq., writes the Daily Advertiser, that Ira Andrews is now working a quarry of granite, on land owned by James H. Farnum. The stone is of the first quality, and the supply is inexhaustible.

The Hallowell Gazette says that the printers are proceeding rapidly with the new revision of the Statutes of Maine. The volume will be about the size of the old one, and will appear in neat style of typography and binding.

The year 1862 will complete a thousand years since the foundation of Russia. It is proposed to erect a commemorative statue at Novgorod, the capital of the first Russian ruler. It will be built by a national subscription, under the patronage of the Czar.

A shrewd little fellow, who had begun to read Latin, astonished his maiden instructress who was fast approaching a "certain age," by the following translation—"Vir, a man; gin, a trap; Virgin, a man-trap?"

Readings from Hiawatha.

We understand that a young lady, a native of this State, who has spent some years in the South, under the charge of eminent Elocutionists, proposes, during the ensuing week, to give some readings from Longfellow's famous "Hiawatha." The testimonials in her possession, from those qualified to judge in such matters, indicate that her entertainment will be such as our citizens seldom have presented them.

I, not fearing the axe of the executioner, and desirous of returning as soon as possible, passed directly through France, and was soon in England, and awaiting, with indelible impatience, the moment when I could welcome the two beings so dear to me.

One morning I was alone in my library, thinking of Laura, and bitterly regretting that I had ever lost sight of her, when my servant announced the arrival of two strangers.

When I entered the drawing room, Madame and Mademoiselle de Blainville approached me with grace and dignity. The eyes of Laura were modestly cast down, but I noticed traces of deep sadness upon her brow. Her mother's anxiety of mind, my change of costume, and the luxuries with which I was surrounded, all prevented her recognition of me. She placed in my hands the letter she had received from Berno. I took it, and pretended to read it.

"Yes, Madame, it is I who offer you an asylum. My house, my fortune, my life, all that I possess is yours. I promised you the respect, the attention of a son for the most tender of parents. I will keep my word, even if your daughter should refuse to unite her fate to that of the poor shepherd Tom."

At these words, a vivid blush mantled upon the cheeks of the young girl. She raised her astonished eyes, and cried—

"Good God! it is Tom! Tom himself!" Her surprise, that of Madame Blainville, and my own transports of joy, prevent me from describing the scene that ensued. I can only leave it to the imagination of the reader.

In a few days, Laura became Lady Wentworth, and for three years I have been the happiest of husbands. Everything is bright about me; all nature is smiling, and every day I thank heaven for having preserved an existence so filled with charms. To Dr. Elliott, I am indebted for all my felicity. With agreeable duties and pleasures, my whole time is occupied, and I have experienced a moment of ennui since my departure for Switzerland.

THE CRUISE, A FANTASY TALE. We've talked somewhat and had our say, about those dour the hoppers, that promenade and crowd the streets, just like a band of troopers; but 'tother day we saw a sight we cannot help relating, and so will tell it as it was, without one embellishing. A lady young and full of life, ringed out in fiery gay, was sailing o'er the crowded waters, before the breeze away. It really was a splendid sight, as this she moved along, borne by a stiff, northwestern wind, that blew quite fresh and strong; that blew quite like some proud ship, just at the close of day, moving along, with all sail set, from skyward down to stay. The crowd looked on with wondering eyes, and raised them at the sight, and prayed old Boreas to keep his brow as fair and bright. For such a craft as this they saw, with such a spread of sail, could scarce withstand the howling blast, or 'em this present gale. As though she

