

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 9, NO. 7.

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OLD SERIES, VOLUME 25, NO. 17.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

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

Special Notice.

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

Aroostook Railroad.

The following is a remonstrance from Portland against the proposed loan of the credit of the State to build a road into Aroostook County:

"The undersigned, citizens of Portland, would respectfully remonstrate against the proposed loan of the State credit in aid of a railroad from Bangor to the county of Aroostook—regarding such a loan unwise and inexpedient in itself, and unjust to every portion of the State save that which is locally interested." Signed by Andrew L. Doie, and thirty-six others.

We have not the pleasure of an acquaintance of these thirty-seven gentlemen, but we will venture to predict that they will find themselves, in the end, in the predicament of the immortal *eighteen* who remonstrated against the credit of Portland being permitted to be loaned to the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad. It seems to us that the same comprehensive and far-seeing wisdom distinguishes both actions.

We notice this remonstrance not so much, however, for the purpose of talking about the fate of the remonstrants, as to call attention to the statement with which it closes, that the proposition is "unjust to every portion of the State, save that which is locally interested." This is a very strange statement to come from the citizens of Portland, and shows an ignorance of the tendencies and laws of business which we surely did not expect in the commercial emporium of Maine; and we must say that, in our judgment, if there are any merchants on that paper, they have studied their profession to little purpose, or have put their names there with little consideration.

It seems to us that every intelligent merchant must see, if he carefully considers the position of things, that Portland, in the long run, as a place of trade and commerce, must be a larger gainer from the opening of that region of country to settlement and trade, than Bangor even. To a certain extent, Bangor will derive the largest immediate benefit from the execution of this scheme. It will increase its local trade, and give a spur to industry; but it is impossible, from the position and circumstances of Portland, but that she shall command the bulk of that trade. The merchants of Bangor, from their very circumstances, will find it impossible to compete with those of Portland in certain departments of trade, and those the most profitable. To-day Portland is taking trade from the very gates of Bangor, and the same great law that does this now, will take trade from beyond. We say distinctly and emphatically, that in our judgment, if there is one spot in all the State that has a deeper local interest in this enterprise than another, Portland is that very place.

But that is a miserably narrow-minded view of things which looks at this matter as local in any sense whatever. In the first place, there are over two million of acres of good farming land as the sun shines upon, belonging to the State, practically more remote from its centre than Minnesota, and from all the great centres of trade and commerce. In consequence of this, it remains unsettled and unimproved, offered at the merely nominal price of fifty cents per acre. Thus it is that this land is almost worthless to the State, as at present situated. Let that region be penetrated with a railroad, and that land will more readily command from \$5 to \$10 per acre, than it now does fifty cents. There is not a man who has made himself acquainted with the facts, who has any doubts on this point. If it be so, is this measure a mere local one?

But there is another view of this subject. Wealth and population is not a matter of mere local importance in a State. Besides, population makes a part, and the most important part of the wealth of a State. When viewed in its relations to the State, the increase of wealth and population in any locality within its territorial borders, if the State maintains its commercial sovereignty over that locality, is a State interest, and the State as a whole is the gainer, not that locality only. So on the other hand, if any section of a State is being depleted of its population and wealth, the whole State is a sufferer by it.

Now what is our condition as a State, in respect to this matter? Not only are vast mineral and agricultural wealth lying undeveloped within our eastern borders, but there has been a perfect stampede of our population for the year past, carrying with them not only millions of money, but what is worse for us, untold millions in productive energy and industry. And this has been going on, not from the least favored portions of the State, so far as natural advantages are concerned, but from those portions where is the richest and most productive soil in all New England. Why? Because they were shut out from the rest of the State and the world, for the want of that ready and rapid communication elsewhere enjoyed. Where railroad communication is enjoyed, there population has increased; where it is not enjoyed it has diminished, no matter how great the natural advantages. While the western and central sections of the State have increased in population during the past year, the State as a whole has diminished in population. It has not only lost its entire natural increase, but from four to ten thousand more! Is this state of things a matter of no concern to the State? Is it a mere matter of local interest? Narrow minded indeed is that man who so regards it.

whole has diminished in population. It has not only lost its entire natural increase, but from four to ten thousand more! Is this state of things a matter of no concern to the State? Is it a mere matter of local interest? Narrow minded indeed is that man who so regards it.

But what is the remedy? The facts themselves indicate the remedy. It is to give these regions railroad communication, and thereby bring the people into close connection with the rest of the State and the world, and maintain our commercial sovereignty over it, which we are now rapidly losing. Commercial sovereignty is the only real sovereignty over any country. All else is merely nominal. Our neighbors are rapidly acquiring this sovereignty. They are constructing a railroad along our borders to absorb all the real value of that vast and fertile region, with all its mineral and agricultural wealth, and leave us with nothing but the shell. This enterprise will annex that whole region of New Brunswick, unless counteracted by a like communication from our own centres of business. Is this a mere matter of local interest? Is it not what concerns the whole State rather?

The present seems to us the opportune moment for action in the premises. Emigration is now checked, and public attention is turned in this direction, and thousands of emigrants from all parts of New England are only waiting to see whether we mean to do anything in opening communication into that territory, to fix on that country as their future homes. When it is once settled in public mind, that we shall put a railroad into Aroostook, the tide of emigration turns in that direction, and before it is completed, its line will be bordered with cultivated fields, and dotted with the buildings of the husbandman.

There are many other things we should like to notice in this connection, which must be deferred.

An Inquiry.

By reference to the Treasurer's Report of the Maine State Agricultural Society in another column, it will be seen that the expense of the show at Bangor exceeded the receipts by the sum of \$592.90. It was understood that there was a guaranty fund subscribed by the citizens of Bangor, pledging the Society receipts equal to their expenditures, or assuring it against pecuniary loss in consequence of having its show in that city. The result shows a loss to the society in consequence of going to that city. As a member of this society, we wish to ask of the Trustees if this guarantee has been honored and the loss made up to the society in conformity with that guarantee. A direct and explicit answer to this question will be gratifying not only to us, but we presume to all the members of the society, and is what they have a right to demand.

THE SOUTHERN PLANTER is received, and well filled with substantial matter. We do not think much, however, of the argument of a correspondent, E. R., which is a mere declaration that the story of Franklin's having anything to do with the introduction of gypsum as a fertilizer into this country is a "lie"—"unfounded and absurd." We think it will require something more than such declarations to disprove the current report in the premises. Let him give facts to show its untruth. This of *captain* manner of treating the matter will not satisfy any body.

BIRDS AS INSECT DESTROYERS. The activity of birds when they have young is most surprising. Dr. Macgillivray records the observations made by a friend on a pair of blue titmice when rearing their young. The parent birds began their labor of love at half-past three o'clock in the morning, and did not leave off till after eight o'clock in the evening, after being almost incessantly engaged for nearly 17 hours. Mr. Weir counted their various returns to the nest, and found them to be 475. Up to 4 o'clock, as a breakfast, they were fed twelve times, between five and six, forty times, flying to and from a plantation more than 150 yards from their nest; between nine and ten, they fed their forty-six times, and they continued at their work till the time specified, sometimes bringing in a single large caterpillar, and at times two or three small ones. The number of destructive insects removed by birds when feeding their young must be astonishing, if they are in any degree as active as the blue titmice, so patiently observed by Mr. Weir, on the 4th of July, 1837. Great as the number of returns to the nest seems to be, it certainly does not exceed that of the common window swallow.

Adam White.

SCID-MOILING VS. DROUTH. The Secretary of the Queens County (N. Y.) Agricultural Society, Mr. John Harold, in his report in his report in the Transactions of our State Society, mentions the following fact in regard to scid-moiling:

"During the month of August we were invited by one of our members to go over his growing corn and take note of his method. The land had been sub-soiled, and although the drouth was severe, the leaves were a fine dark green and the silk luxuriant. In the adjoining lot, only separated by a post and rail fence, the stalk was drying up and the ears small and poorly filled. A spade was procured, a hole dug; about eight inches deep we came to a hard pan, and with considerable labor broke through it. Below the earth was as dry as ashes. The sub-soiled lot of our friend was then tried; the spade went down into a mellow soil, and at two spades' depth it was moist and mellow. No wonder his corn looked flourishing." [Working Farmer.]

Maine Pomological Society.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON FRUIT. For the best collection of apples, consisting of eleven varieties, we have awarded the Society's 1st premium—\$100, to Hiram Russ, of Farmington; the 2d premium—75c, to F. Glazier, Jr., of Hallowell.

For best half-bushel of apples, we have awarded the 1st premium—75c, to a basket of Yellow Bellflowers, the property of F. Glazier, Jr., Hallowell; the 2d premium—50c, to a bushel of Baldwins, presented by the same.

To the following specimens we award premiums as follows—Best dish of Baldwins, F. Glazier, Jr., Hallowell, 25c; do. R. I. Greenings, W. Percival, Winslow, 25c; do. Roxbury Russett, F. Glazier, Jr., Hallowell, 25c; do. Yellow Bellflower, same, 25c; do. Sweet, D. M. Watson, Fayette, 25c; do. Native, Hiram Russ, Farmington, 37c.

The following gratuities were also awarded to the fruit man.

Best dish of Ribston Pippin, F. Glazier, Jr., Hallowell, 25c; do. Blue Pearmain, Hiram Russ, Farmington, 25c; do. Hubbardston Nonpareil, D. M. Watson, Fayette, 25c; American Golden Russet, N. Foster, Gardiner, 34c.

The committee regret there was not a larger collection of fruit, and from a wider region of country. All the specimens were from only some four or five persons. Considering the season, and the circumstances of the case, the specimens were very good; some of them splendid; especially those from Franklin County, which was peculiarly favored this year in regard to fruit.

The committee would suggest whether something might not be done to enlist a more general interest in this show. The time at which it is held seems peculiarly favorable for obtaining samples of fruit from all parts of the State, if public attention were directed to the matter at a period sufficiently early. The presence of the Legislature, and the Board of Agriculture, ought, and we believe, might be made, to secure a general representation of the fruits of our State, if the officers of the society would take efficient measures to secure this end. Their very special attention is hereby called to this matter, with the hope that it may secure efficient action in the premises.

DARIUS FORBES, Chairman.

Barley a Good Crop for Maine Farmers.

The destruction of our wheat crop so often, by the *midger*, or wheat fly, at one time induced our farmers to cultivate barley more extensively than they were in the habit of doing before the *midger* or weevil came among us. The cultivation of it, however, has again fallen off. We somewhat wonder at this, for it may be considered a valuable crop to the farmers, for more uses than it has hitherto been put to.

The greatest use made of it is the very worst; viz: that of making beer. A writer (John Johnson), in the Country Gentleman, for Dec. 3, has some good remarks upon this subject, and his experience enables him to speak understandingly upon it. "Almost all western New York," he says is going to sow barley this spring. I suppose it will pay them better than wheat, but will raising grain to be made into a drink to stupify a portion of the community, ever be profitable in the end? I think not. Barley will and does make excellent beef, mutton and pork, but in beer it is worse than wasted. There is no difficulty in making a two year old steer weigh from 1100 to 1200 lbs live weight, by feeding from 15 to 15 bushels of barley meal, from a calf a week old till he is two years old, with good pasture in summer, and clover hay the next winter, with about ten bushels of the meal, which is much better than making beer; and nothing is better than barley to fatten sheep."

Here we have good authority for some of the good properties of this crop, a crop which at the present time is raised for little else than to make beer. We can testify to the good properties of barley for making pork. We once fattened a hog with boiled barley, and it made excellent pork. We would recommend that more of it be raised in Maine, and suggest also, that in obtaining seed to sow, you get that which is as free from oats and other seeds as possible. It is most generally mixed in with oats. When oats get in they will generally gain upon the barley, and render in time the crop you rear less valuable. [Farmer.]

REARING CALVES. I will give you the method I pursued with the two first calves which I raised. I let them suck from three to four weeks; then put them in a good pasture, and gave them as much milk as they could drink, for a couple of weeks, adding a handful of meal when I diminished the quantity of milk. In the beginning of winter I feed hay, with a little meal now and then, and finished the winter (being short of hay) on good straw; and I turned out two as fine calves of our small breed of cattle, as you could have seen. This winter I have six calves; the two youngest—one of four and the other three months old—are fine looking. Morning and evening they get clover, (the second crop,) which is tender; and at noon cut turnips and straw. Three times a week the quantities of turnips are diminished, and replaced with two handfuls of oil cake and corn or oat meal. N.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN has again made its appearance on our table regularly, and we think it has never been so well conducted as thus far the present volume. We have not seen their Annual Register this year.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST. The March number of this paper is at hand. It fully sustains its past high reputation.

Agriculture in Common Schools.

Some think that agriculture should not be taught in our common schools. We say, unhesitatingly, that it should be taught in schools as soon as anything is taught in them. As soon as a child ought to learn, b-a-b-a, k-e-r ker, baker, he should be told *how* it comes that he has bread, potatoes, and apples to eat. He need not, thus early, learn this from books; the teacher ought to tell it to him.

Is there a more important science than agriculture? One, an acquaintance with which more promotes the interests of man? Then, teach children, according as their minds are fitted to receive the knowledge, the conditions necessary for the healthy, vigorous growth of the corn, grain, vegetables, and fruit which they so relish. Leave them not to suppose farming a mere hazardous affair, or a fixed routine of processes which may or may not reward the farmer, according to the predetermination of destiny.

Let them understand that its success depends on the correct application of specific knowledge gained from books and actual experiments.

When text-books on this subject shall be, by a permanent law, introduced into the common schools, agriculture will have made a long and necessary stride on the road of progress. The step ought to be taken at once.

The *Homestead* recommends, as a text-book on this subject, "The Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology," by the late Prof. Johnston, of Edinburgh. The late Prof. Norton, of Yale College, gave our American farmers an edition of it, with an introduction by himself.

Farmers! see that your sons and daughters are taught, in the common schools, the first, most important of sciences, as well as grammar and arithmetic. [L. B. Illustrated.]

CUTTING POTATOES. The practice of cutting potatoes, is adopted by many as a matter of economy. Experience, however, seems to have established, that the practice has an injurious influence upon the crop, especially when the planting is early, and the soil and weather cold. Last season, in order to test the thing, I tried several experiments, the results of which were in every case in favor of the uncut seed. The method adopted was as follows: Two rows of cut potatoes were planted in the centre of a piece, the tubers being divided as nearly in the centre as practicable, and two pieces allowed to each hill. This was tried on four different pieces of the vegetable, and each piece in a different field. On digging the roots, it was found that the yield of the cut rows was less by one-tenth by weight than that of the uncut ones, and in point of size, there was a still more marked difference. I never plant the smallest or the largest potatoes, but select those of medium size, and allow two potatoes to the hill.

[Cor. of Germantown Telegraph.]

Number of Trees on an Acre.

Table showing the number of Trees required to plant an acre of ground, from 1 to 50 feet apart.

FEET.	TREES PER ACRE.	TREES.
1	43,560	26
2	10,890	27
3	4,840	28
4	2,722	29
5	1,742	30
6	1,210	31
7	880	32
8	680	33
9	537	34
10	435	35
11	360	36
12	302	37
13	253	38
14	212	39
15	174	40
16	144	41
17	119	42
18	98	43
19	81	44
20	68	45
21	58	46
22	50	47
23	43	48
24	37	49
25	32	50

RATS AND THEIR LOVE OF WATER. When rats have once found their way into a ship, they are secure as long as the cargo is on board, provided they can command the great necessary—water. If this is well guarded, they will resort to extraordinary expedients to procure it. In a rainy night they will come on deck to drink, and will ascend the rigging to sip the moisture which lies in the folds of the sails. When reduced to extremities they will attack the spirit casks, and get so drunk that they are unable to walk home. The land rat, will in like manner, gnaw the metal tubes which, in public houses, lead from the spirit store to the tap, and as is conversant on these occasions as his nautical relation. The entire race have a quick ear for running liquid, and they constantly eat into leaden pipes, and, much to their astonishment, receive a douche bath in consequence.

STREET EDUCATION. A city missionary visited an unhappy man in his jail, awaiting his trial for a State prison crime. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education; it was my street education that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer. O, sir, it is in the street the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young!"

UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY, for JANUARY, is before us, and filled with very able articles. We think the denomination whose interests it represents, will sustain it well, if it has any self-respect or regard for its own interests.

MISCELLANY.

A STRANGE STORY.

Loudly the tempest raged over mountain and valley, forest and plain. The wind rushed and roared through the tall and gloomy firs, as though the spirits of the storm were playing their maddest music, in wild joy that the earth had become, as it were, the field of their boisterous sports. On flew the gale over the dark and dreary country, now whirling through the streets of a busy town, now scaring some peaceful village, howling in the chimneys, screaming among the queer old gables, and making the rusty weather-cocks creak again. Eolus had it all his own way, and was beside himself with turbulence.

Far different was the scene in the comfortable study of the worthy pastor Barrenkamp, where he sat with his wife, the good Frau pasturin, and two of his old friends—the schoolmaster and the steward of the manor. A quiet conversation was going on, interrupted from time to time by the whiffs from three pipes, and the tips which the smokers took from the tankards of warm beer that stood on the massive oaken table. The fire blazed brightly on the hearth, and except when a fiercer blast or heavier gust of rain shook the window, the talk went on as though the party sought to forget the tempestuous weather outside.

It was during a pause, while the pastor rose, and, drawing aside the curtain, peered out into the darkness, that the steward said:

"You did quite right, Frau pasturin, in being a little out of the common way to-day, and taking up your quarters in this snug apartment, for the great room is anything but comfortable for such weather. Yet it is worse outside, and at times one cannot help fancying that strange words and spoken tones are heard in the howling wind—I should not like to cross the churchyard to-night."

"Not cross the churchyard?" replied the pastor, with a smile, as he returned from the window, "what are you afraid of, friend steward? Ha, ha, a man of your years—"

"My best Herr pastor," rejoined the steward, shifting his feet and thither on his seat, "with me it is not a question of fear, I am not a wicked man myself, and I do not believe in ghosts, why then should I be afraid? Yet—"

"Yet," said the pastor laughing, with a playful glance at the speaker, "yet, our good steward leaves a bad door open."

"Nay," was the answer, "I meant only with respect to the churchyard. I know as well as any other that the dead rest quietly there below, without coming up at night to sit upon the cold mounds, and play at hide and seek behind the white tomb-stones; but I purposely avoid any useless excitement, which always causes me a headache and discomfort afterwards. There is something disagreeable to fancy that you see forms in white garments, flitting about among the waving willows and shrubs in the dim twilight, and that every minute somebody is coming behind you. For the same reason I do not like to sit alone in a room at night with my back towards a half-open door. I know well enough that no one is in the other room, and that no one can come to me from thence, and yet, strange to say, I cannot rest until I either turn myself round, or shut the door."

As was to be expected, this turn in the conversation on such a night led to the supernatural. If the pastor attributed phantoms to the workings of a lively imagination, the schoolmaster on the contrary declared, his belief in forebodings and warnings; and one of the other had some fearful mystery to relate, or some plausible explanation to offer. The steward had once encountered a phantom on the skirts of a forest, which was there very easy reason to believe was that of his brother, who, when a soldier, had been killed and buried on the spot where the shadow had disappeared; and the schoolmaster harrowed the feelings of his auditors by an account of what befel a gay lieutenant, who one night called on his image to step forth from a large looking-glass before which he stood in a lonely room. In one of the pauses the good Frau started up, pale with alarm, declaring that she heard a faint cry for help at a distance; the schoolmaster tried to persuade her it was but the over excitement of the imagination, and the pastor looked again out of the window, but saw nothing except the rudely shaken branches of trees in the dismal darkness.

Presently the guests departed, resting all inducements to pass the night at the parsonage, on account of the weather; the wife began to remove the drinking vessels from the table, suddenly she uttered an exclamation of terror, and, one of the jugs falling from her hand, broke into shivers on the floor.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the pastor, turning hastily round to his wife, who stood ashy pale, listening with intense attention towards the window. Nothing, however, was to be heard outside but the wind, and occasional gusts of rain from the driving clouds.

"It was again that same cry for help," she replied, in a hollow whisper, "the same tone and Heinrich, as I hope for Heaven's aid in my last need, it sounded exactly like my father's voice." She hid her face in her hands, and a shudder ran through her whole frame.

But the pastor's feelings had been too much worked up to be quieted by soothing words. "I feel," she said, "the schoolmaster is quite right, there are supernatural powers; it cannot be otherwise. For when we know that the smallest drop of water is inhabited by innumerable living creatures, how dare we presume that the illimitable ether-space, which surrounds the universe, is hollow and empty. No, it is not possible; round about, within and above us, something moves and works. Distant objects affect us but little, perhaps because our nerves are not sufficiently delicate to become sensible of them; I can scarcely describe my idea, but it seems to me that some are in closer affinity between us—perhaps magnetic—than others, and to act upon us as foreboding consciousness."

"I cannot comprehend you at all," replied the pastor with a smile.

"It is now the third night," continued his wife, "that I have felt this same anxious unrest. You know that on the first evening, just before bed-time, I received that letter from home, telling us of my father's illness."

"Only an obstinate cold, as your mother stated, which probably has quite left him by this time."

"No, not a cold, Heinrich; it is a worse case than that, or why did she send the letter by express, or why her subsequent silence? The intelligence could have been here in nine hours by railway."

"Come child," retorted Barrenkamp, "let us go to bed, and to-morrow we will talk quietly over the matter. See, the wind at last has swept the sky clear, and the moon shines with friendly light in at the window, when the storm abates we shall have fine weather. Come little one, be my brave wife; you surely are not terrified at ghost stories?"

"No, Heinrich, not at ghost stories," whispered the Frau, staring with almost lustreless eyes into the corner of the room, now scarcely illuminated by the dimming lamp—certainly not afraid of tales, I have already nearly forgotten what the steward and schoolmaster related, but it is in myself, and I feel that now, at this very moment, something is taking place among my friends. However much I resist, still I cannot get the image of my father out of my mind. I see him continually, with pale and mournful face, in his green dressing-gown, and black cap, pass and repass before me, twirling his steel watch-chain, which he did only when sick or suffering; and so plainly do I hear the gentle clink, that I have looked behind me many times to see what could be the cause; but it sounds only in my ear—you—the others have not perceived it."

"You are excited to-night, child, that is the sole cause," answered the pastor, soothingly; "come, once more, to bed; it is late, and I am tired; besides the lamp will go out—all the oil seems to be gone."

As he ceased, a low plaintive tone was heard, which sounded like a distant cry of distress—whether from the court-yard or the house itself, was difficult to decide—in the noise of the yet violent wind. Suddenly, too, the flame of the lamp expired, and the pastor, who in consequence of his wife's alarm, could not himself repress an uneasy feeling, was about to fetch a candle that stood in the adjoining chamber, when the Frau seized him hastily and convulsively by the arm, and, with a voice half choked by terror, whispered, while pointing to the door with outstretched arm—"See, see there!"

The two were standing in the shadow of the wall in the now darkened room, while a single moon ray fell on the opposite staircase door; but, dimmed by a thin curtain, the objects on which it shone were confused and indistinct. Nevertheless, the pastor and his wife saw the polished latch lift up, and the usually creaking door open slowly without any noise, and a form glide in, whose aspect made the blood in their veins stand still—there was the green dressing gown, the black cap, the tall pale figure. The pastor stood, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, her mouth half open, her arm still outstretched towards the spectre, while her husband, no longer able to dispute the evidence of his own eyes, remained transfixed in bewildered surprise.

In another moment, the hitherto motionless form moved slowly across the dark side of the room, and a sound was heard like the clink of steel against steel. Barrenkamp felt a tighter grasp on his arm, and, possessed by a vague terror, scarcely knew whether to stand still or rush forwards. Then his wife's hold slackened, and she would have fallen but for his ready support.

When he turned again towards the apparition it had disappeared, and the moon shone calmly into the quiet room.

and the mysterious apparition was still unaccounted for.

As soon as daylight appeared, and his wife had sunk into a quiet and refreshing sleep, he shut himself up in his study the whole forenoon, to arrange and seal various papers and writings. Shortly after dinner the postman brought a letter. Barrenkamp tore it open, looked at the signature—it was from his sister-in-law, and, with glistering eyes, read the hastily written and scarcely legible lines:

Dear Brother-in-law, Providence visited us yesternow in a melancholy and terrible manner. Between ten and half past my dear father died, apparently from a ruptured blood vessel. Impart the awful news to Eliza with caution. Ah, his last earnest desire was to see her once more before his end. Come over here if possible, but Eliza will hardly be able as yet to endure your absence. I write in the night, and send the letter by a railway conductor for expedition, that you may receive it to-day. Comfort my poor sister.

Yours, REGINE.

Two months went by; the cold and bare dreariness of winter had given place to the soft breath and lovely green of early spring. It was pleasant and cheerful in the parsonage garden, where, under a sweet blooming apple tree, sat the pastor and his wife, the latter but just arisen from a long and severe illness. Her strength of constitution had at last conquered the burning fever, and her feeble look revived at the sight of the active and glorious world. But the melancholy of the convalescent, her heavy hour-long dreaming and brooding, the terror which seized her if left alone for a minute in the evenings, all too plainly showed she had not forgotten the fearful hour of terror, but that the painful recollection yet remained and preyed upon her.

This care and anxiety troubled Barrenkamp's heart, as he sat holding his wife's thin hand, and looking sorrowfully on her pale features, at the same time abstaining carefully from any remark which might renew her anguish. He had acquainted no one with the events of that dreaded night, except his old friend, the schoolmaster, who now behaved more firmly than ever in warnings and omens.

The worthy couple were sitting in silence when the lower garden gate opened, and Munzer, the aged sexton, came with the schoolmaster along the broad central path, and both, on their approach, cordially congratulated the patient on her first appearance out of doors after her convalescence, while the old grave-digger delivered a letter to the pastor which required immediate attention. The good man perused it hastily, and then said, as he rose from his seat and turned towards the house:

"I shall have the answer ready in a few minutes, Munzer, and you can take it back with you at once. Stay both of you for a little while with my wife, and help her to pass the time; she will like to hear the village gossip again."

"How do you do, Sexton?" said the pastor, holding out her white and shrunken hand—"you look well; this spring weather seems to agree with you. Sit down by me, and you schoolmaster, pray take a seat—how does the garden come on, your cow, and your little field? We have not seen one another for a long time."

"Ah, best Frau pasturin," replied the gray haired sexton, taking the offered hand, "not for eight whole weeks, not since that night when the storm tore up the old lind tree in the churchyard by the roots; and blew down Nubbeek's chimney-stack, yonder in the village, which came near falling on his youngest child. That was an awful night, in all respects, and for my part I shall never forget it as long as I live. You, Frau pasturin, felt it then, and were obliged to lay by. I remember quite well how on the next morning, but good heaven, is anything the matter with you?"

"After all, it is rather too cool for you out here, Frau pasturin," interrupted the schoolmaster, quickly, wishing to cut such a tendency. "You would be better in doors, in your warm room. Perhaps I may lead you in."

"Thank you, thank you, Herr schoolmaster," answered the invalid, holding her handkerchief for a few moments to her eyes. It was the first time, since her father's death, that the fatal evening had been mentioned in her presence, and she was unwilling that the emotions thereby excited should be noticed. "It was only a passing faintness," she said, with a half smile; "my former strength has not yet come back; it will soon be over. But do not be uneasy Munzer, you said that night was an awful one, did you—did anything happen to you that you will not be able to forget it?"

"Do not talk of that night, best Frau pasturin," entreated the schoolmaster, "it is long past, why go back to it? Munzer can tell you a welcome bit of news; his landlord has doubled the field which he has so long rented, and promised him a supply of potatoes for seed."

But the Frau kept her eyes inquiringly on the sexton; something, it was evident, held possession of his thoughts, for although his long cherished wish had been gratified in the fact related by the schoolmaster, he disregarded it: something else was in his mind, and relating to that mysterious night, and the pastor, in her excited condition, seized on it eagerly.

"What happened to you, Munzer, she whispered, and took the old man by the arm; "what was it—tell me—what about that night?"

"Not exactly happened to me, Frau pasturin," replied the sexton, grinding his heel into the gravel in embarrassment; "nothing happened at all, but, if you will know it and won't laugh at me—I saw an apparition."

"Munzer! cried the schoolmaster re-

proachfully, and now to his terror the old man became aware, as he raised his eyes, of the impression his words had made.

"You saw—you saw my father!" exclaimed the Frau, with a hoarse, scarcely audible voice, "confess it only—confess, Manner; that evening you saw my father?"

The invalid's excitement was alarming, and the sexton would have given anything to have kept the matter to himself—but too late. Just then the pastor came back into the house, and though shocked at the unfortunate blunder, he found it impossible to divert his wife from her purpose. Hear she would, from the sexton's own mouth, what he had seen; she would know for a certainty that her father had called her, "and then—then," she said, putting the hair from her pale, damp forehead—"she would be calmer—better."

There was no alternative, and at last the pastor enjoined the sexton to relate what he knew, but, as he hoped for salvation, to state nothing false or exaggerated.

"The figure," repeated the pastor, scarcely conscious, "where was it—what was it like?"

"I can't say distinctly," stammered the sexton in reply, while he looked over his shoulder as though the thought made him fearful, even in the glad sunlight, "however, it will, perhaps, be the best to tell you the whole in a few words. On that evening, then, I had gone to bed early, much earlier than usual; the weather was stormy, and my old rheumatism plagued me beyond the common; but as soon as I had tried to sleep, there began a dismal creaking noise, which I soon found came from the shutters of the vestry, which had been left unfastened. Now it would have been easy for me to go across and fasten them; it's not far to go now, from the back door of my little room, and I was afraid the wind might break them off their hinges—but I had left the keys in master's study—"

Here the schoolmaster looked up, and gazed intently at the speaker. The sexton continued: "I felt shy of going up to disturb him, so I laid still till half-past ten; but the noise grew worse, and at last I was pretty certain everybody was in bed—for I can see plainly on the lime-tree in front of my window if there is a light still in the study—as I put on my little shoes and morning gown, and crept softly up the steps—"

"What, were you in my room that evening?" cried the pastor, while his lips parted with astonishment and surprise.

"It seemed unkind upon the stairs," continued the sexton, paying no heed to the question, "the stormy wind roaring outside sounded in the confined space like whispering and hissing, and I opened the door hastily and stepped towards the well-known spot, where the Herr pastor always put the keys in the evening, so that I may get them early next morning. I had just got them in my hand when a faint streak of moonlight fell across the room, and—it makes me blood freeze even now to think of it—and then I heard a faint groan, and turning my head suddenly round, saw a figure all in white, which seemed to stretch out its arms towards me. I was struck dumb and stood motionless, but presently, when I saw that the apparition really moved, when I heard the rustling of the grave-clothes, I can't at all tell how I got out of the room. I only remember flying down stairs, rushing into my chamber, fastening the door, and getting into bed, where I covered my self all over with the clothes, and prayed fervently to God that he would turn away all evil from myself and from this house."

"And what became of the shutters?" asked the schoolmaster, as with a laugh he took the pastor by the hand.

"The wind soon went down," rejoined the sexton, "and so the creaking ceased; but had it been ever so stormy, ten horses would not have dragged me to the vestry that night."

"Eh! said the pastor, and passing an arm round the waist of his pale and trembling wife, he drew her gently towards himself; she hesitated a moment, casting her eyes downward with a doubting, shuddering look, and then sobbing loudly, hid her face on her husband's breast.

"My good Frau pastorin!" supplicated the old grave-digger, in consternation.

"Hearken, old friend," spoke the schoolmaster, taking the sexton's arm within his own, "you have this day done the wisest thing ever thought of; but come, my noble apparition, here is your document, you shall go home and dine with me."

"But Herr schoolmaster, I don't comprehend—"

"Neither is it necessary, my beauty, it is not at all necessary; old homes grow lively at times. Hurrah! sexton, I am so springy, I think I could dance a minuet, and whistle the tune myself." And without giving the old man time to address a word to the weeping pastorin, the schoolmaster drew him along the path, and both disappeared through the gate.

And the Frau?

A few weeks have passed since the eventful morning, and there is no longer an invalid at the parsonage. The pastor's brave wife, although still somewhat pale and weak, again conducts her household affairs as promptly as ever. The schoolmaster and steward also come in, in the evenings, as was the custom, and chat for an hour or so—but ghost stories are no longer told—and the sexton now takes the vestry keys into his own room at night, so that the old man no more needs to mount the stairs to fetch them when he gets up in the morning.

Errors. The steamer North America, from Liverpool, 3d inst., arrived at Portland, Monday night. Her dates are four days later.

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, MARCH 19, 1858.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
WM. A. PIDGIN & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms; the proprietors not being responsible for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.

S. M. PLETTENBELL & CO., 10 State St., Boston, and 122 Nassau St., New York, are our duly authorized agents for procuring subscriptions, forwarding advertisements.

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Book and Job Printing PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

LOCAL AGENTS.

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JOSEPH DENNETT, Denmark, Me.
DAVID THOMAS, Hiram, Me.
MR. S. STACY, Porter, Me.
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C. E. BARKER, Stow, Me.
THOS. FARRINGTON, Stow, Me.
JOSEPH BARROWS, Hallowell, Me.

CLUBBING.

The Publishers of The Oxford Democrat have made arrangements to furnish to their subscribers, in connection with their Journal, the following periodicals:

One copy of The Oxford Democrat, and the Atlantic Monthly, one year, 3.50
One copy of The Oxford Democrat, and Harper's Magazine, one year, 3.50
Oxford Democrat and Life Illustrated, for one year, 2.00
Oxford Democrat and Phenological Journal, one year, 1.50
Oxford Democrat and Water Cure Journal, one year, 1.50

Payment must be made in advance, in all cases. We are also prepared to receive subscriptions to Emerson's Magazine. See advertisement in another column.

The Plantation Democracy declaring all Free White Laborers Slaves.

In a recent speech delivered in the United States Senate, a leading member of the democratic party, we refer to Mr. Hammond, the new senator from South Carolina, used the following language:

"The man who lives by daily labor, and who has to put out his labor in the market and take the best he can get for it, in short, your whole class of manual laborers and operatives of the North, are SLAVES. The difference between us is that our slaves are hired for life, and well compensated; while your slaves are hired by the day, not cared for, and poorly compensated."

"Our slaves are black, of another and inferior race. * * * Your slaves are white, of your own race; you are brothers of one blood."

This is modern, James Buchanan, border ruffian democracy. The plantation democracy as a party, both North and South, are trying to drag down the white laborer of the Northern States, to the degraded, servile condition of the enslaved African. Here a distinguished leader of the black democracy, in the highest legislative body in the world, denounces the "whole class of manual laborers and operators of the North SLAVES."

Now a party that holds to such principles and ideas as these is a pretty party to be supported by laboring men in the free States. The support of the black democracy, at whose head stands James Buchanan, is the degradation of free white labor. As you elevate the one, you degrade and disgrace the other.

One great, living element in the issues now dividing the Republican party from the black democracy, is an attempt on the part of the latter to bring free white labor in competition with slave labor—in other words, to bring the millions in the free States, who gain their bread by the sweat of their brow, and labor with their hands, down to the abject condition of slavery. Millions in the free States have no capital but their labor, and you strike down this and they are comparatively penniless.

You rob a laboring man of a fair equivalent for his labor, and you take from him his independence of character, and his only means of support, both for himself and his family. Now this is what the black democracy, not only in South Carolina, but in Maine, are engaged in doing. Every man who votes with and for that party in Maine, votes to strike down free labor, and rob the honest operative of our own State of his honest, hard-earned gains. Black democracy is not only laboring to plant slavery in Kansas, but in Maine and every free State in the Union. Let that party go on in its mad political career, and it will do it. Suffer it to go on, and the free white laborer of the North will be dragged down to the low and miserable condition of the southern slaves. The only hope of the free laborer of the North or South is the ultimate triumph of Republicanism over despotism. There is no middle ground in this contest. Every man who goes to the ballot-box, either votes for free labor or slave labor—for freedom or slavery.

ADMITTED TO THE BAR. At the March Term of the S. J. Court, now in session at Paris, on Thursday the 11th, on motion of D. R. Hastings, Esq., Enoch Knight of Lowell, was admitted to the practice of law in all the courts in this State.

A THAW. The warm weather for a few days back has melted away the snow at an almost unprecedented rate. The roads in this vicinity are getting quite bare. We should think, however, from the stock laid in during the month of February, that our friends in the Western part of the County, would find sleighing for some time to come.

HENNON. Moderator, Sam'l Sturtevant. Clerk, Z. L. Packard. Selectmen, Maj. Albert Cushman, S. R. Bradford, Caleb S. Barrows. Agent, George Cobb. Supervisor, Rev. Carleton Parker.

S. J. Court. Oxford County.

GOODNOW, Judge.

No. 2. Eben' G. Woodman vs. Moses Chesley. This was an action of replevin for a cow. It was tried about eleven years ago, by Judge Goodnow, in the old District Court, and a verdict obtained for the Plaintiff. Exceptions were taken by Defendant's Counsel to the ruling of the Judge, and after a great delay, occasioned by the loss of the original papers, the case was argued to the law court—the exceptions sustained, and a new trial granted. The main question involved was the title to the cow, at the time she was taken. This was settled by the jury in the present trial, who rendered a verdict for Defendant. Perry for Deft, Gerry for Plt'f.

—Ephraim Low and a. Lee Strickland. This is an action on the case against a former High Sheriff of Oxford County for an alleged default of Carlton Gardner, one of his Deputies, for not keeping property attached on a writ in favor of the present Plaintiff. The Defendant contends that the Plaintiff approved of the original receipt taken by his Deputy, and that the Plaintiff extended the time of payment, by which the attachment was lost.

Case went to Jury Thursday morning, and verdict not rendered at time of going to press. Ludden for Plaintiff; Howard and Andrews for Defendant.

284. Farnum vs. Thompson et al. Action on note of hand given by Deft to Plt'f. Defence, no consideration, and void from having been delivered on Sunday. Verdict for Plt'f. \$115 damage. Walton for Plt'f, Harlow & Bolster for Deft.

CRIMINAL CASES.

31. State vs. Eugene E. Jones, Larceny. Plea, guilty. Sentenced 2 years in Reform School, or three months in County Jail.

35. State vs. Daniel S. Clements, et al. Larceny. Plea, not guilty. Recognized, for appearance, at next term.

36. State vs. H. W. Davis. Burning. Reported in another column.

38. State vs. Nathaniel Mayberry. Adultery. Plea, not guilty. Recognized, for appearance at next term.

40. State vs. Moses G. Babb, App't. Assault and Battery. Verdict, guilty.

For The Oxford Democrat.

Mr. Editor.—It may not be generally known to your readers that Messrs. Woodman, Phelps & Co., have been fitting up the Woolen Factory for a first class State and Grist Mill. Such is the fact.

Daniel Reedy, Jr., Esq., one of the first millwrights in the country, has superintended the work, which is pronounced by competent judges equal, if not superior, to anything of the kind in New England.

It having been understood that the mill would be ready to operate on Friday last, the people of this village and vicinity, with many from Norway and other towns in the county, made arrangements, after twenty-four hours notice, to assemble at the mill at two o'clock P. M., bringing their refreshments with them, in "picnic" style, to celebrate in a social manner the opening of the establishment, and give what might be appropriately called a "millwarming."

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, some four hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled at the appointed time; and those large tables, loaded with delicacies and substantial, bore witness to the taste and liberality of the ladies of this vicinity.

The South Paris Cornet Band were present with their enlivening music, and contributed much to the interest of the occasion.

Dr. W. A. Rust was called upon to preside, and speeches and sentiments were offered by P. C. Virgin, Esq., of Rumford; Sylvanus Poor, Esq., of Andover; H. G. Cole, Esq., of Norway; and Messrs. Morse, Parsons, Cushman, Hervey, Webber, Killings, and Rev. Mr. Sewall, of South Paris; Hon. A. Bolster, of Rumford, and G. W. Woodman, Esq., of Portland. After two hours spent in this manner, and the refreshment of the "inner man," the machinery was put in motion, and the gentlemanly architect, Mr. Reedy, gave a brief explanation of its working.

In the evening, the young people, to the number of over two hundred, assembled at the same place, and passed several hours in social intercourse and in listening to the music of the Band and the singing of the Quartette Club under the lead of Mr. W. W. Davis.

And thus we inaugurated our new flour mill, of which our village has just reason to be proud, and which must prove of incalculable benefit to this whole region. There would seem to be no necessity, hereafter, for having our flour made in Canada, or the "far West," for we may be sure of the "simon pure" article, made under our own inspection, and at our own door. It is only necessary to "find the wheat," and the flour will certainly be forthcoming.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

SOUTH PARIS, March 15, 1858.

LAND AGENTS ACCOUNT. We publish in another column, the report of the Committee, appointed to examine the accounts of James Walker, formerly of Lovell, Land Agent under the Wells' dynasty. It is a capital commentary on the manner in which business was transacted by the crown-brothers. We shall take occasion to allude to the matter again at a future time.

THE ECLIPSE. Monday morning was very clear, and afforded such were interested in such matters an admirable opportunity to see the eclipse of the sun. Contrary to the rule "in such cases made and provided," the weather has been remarkably warm.

The Lewiston Falls Journal has been considerably enlarged; and has done a new head. We wish our Androscoggin neighbors the best of success.

THE LIGHT GONE OCT. The patriotism of Collector Smart seems to have fallen amazingly, if we may be allowed to judge from appearances: no sooner did he lose his hold upon the Belfast Custom House than his paper was merged in the U. S. Democrat, published at Rockland. The combined journal is called the "Democrat and Free Press."

Report on Accounts of James Walker.

IN SENATE, Feb. 19, 1858.

The Joint Standing Committee on State Lands and State Roads, to which was referred the report of the Land Agent, ask leave to submit the following

REPORT:

The Committee have deemed it to be within the scope of their duty to examine the books and accounts of the Land Agent, and particularly the accounts of James Walker, late Land Agent, which pursuant to an order of the Legislature, were taken from the files in the Secretary of State's Office, and deposited in the Land Office.

It appears from an inspection of the books and accounts in the Land Office, that there was paid into the Land Office, by James Walker, late Land Agent, on the 30th day of December last, the sum of \$8,014.25, as will more fully appear from the sheet annexed, marked A. A considerable portion of this sum appears to have been paid to Mr. Walker after the settlement of his account with the Governor and Council, Dec. 31, 1856, and before the election of his successor. This does not appear to be a new transaction in the Land Office, several former Land Agents, in retiring from office, having retained in their hands, and belonging to the State, and settling for the same afterwards, and in one instance the account is not yet adjusted.

The Committee of opinion, that when the Land Agent retires from office, he has no legal right to retain in his hands any property belonging to the State; but should deliver up the same to his successor, and if any doubt exists upon this subject, some provision should be made, either by inserting an additional clause in the Land Agent's office, or by the passage of an additional law, to remedy the defect.

The State is entitled to interest on those funds, during the time of their abstraction from the Land Office, and if not paid the collection should be enforced by law.

In 1849, the custody of the lands reserved for public uses, was taken from the County Commissioners, and placed in the hands of the Land Agent. The accounts of the Land Agent do not appear to have been properly entered upon the books in the Land Office. They have been kept separate from the ordinary transactions in the office, and the amounts received and paid, at no time appear upon the quarterly trial balances. The improper manner in which these accounts have been kept, has undoubtedly given rise to this mismanagement of the property.

The private account of Mr. Walker, according to the sheet annexed, marked B, appears to have been settled in the usual manner by the Governor and Council, as more fully appears from the certificate of Hastings Strickland, a copy of which accompanies the account.

The compensation provided by law for the Land Agent, at the time of Mr. Walker's service, was as follows:

"The Land Agent shall receive an annual salary of one thousand dollars, to be paid in full compensation for all his services."

Notwithstanding this provision, Mr. Walker presents a claim of one hundred and seventy days extra services, at \$5 per day, amounting in all, to \$850, which was allowed and paid.

Under his salary, the State had a right to all the time of the Land Agent, and if he had a claim to any extra compensation, the Legislature and not the Governor and Council was the proper tribunal, to make the allowance.

Mr. McIntyre, the Land Agent during the Aroostook war, presented no claim for extra compensation before the Governor and Council; but he did before the Legislature, where his account was finally settled.

Your Committee are of opinion that this payment was in violation of law, and against all precedent, except in one or two instances, where the Land Agent had performed certain services in obedience to some special resolve of the Legislature, and had charged a small compensation.

Mr. Walker presents another charge of exchange of 2 1/2 per cent. on \$35,195.27, collected on account of stumpage at St. John, N. B., amounting to \$879.88, which was allowed and paid.

It was the duty of the Land Agent to have caused the funds in payment for stumpage due the State, and if exchange were allowed, it should have been one per cent. only, as that was the usual rate of exchange between St. John and Maine and Massachusetts, during the year 1850. But there was no exchange paid, as the money paid at St. John, was paid either in drafts on Boston, or by cash deposited in the Boston banks, and nothing in any amount, was paid in New Brunswick currency, or in dollars, where the exchange was so valuable as a man for wood's work, or even any other work. We allow him one dollar per day and incidental expenses, which sum would have hired a full grown man, even. The \$507.75 we consider clerk hire, and should have been paid by the clerk, and come out of the \$1,000.00 allowed Land Agent for that purpose.

Which is respectfully submitted.

A. COBURN, Chairman.

IN COUNCIL, Jan. 6, 1858.

Read and accepted by the Council, and by the Governor approved.

Attest A. JACKSON, Sec. of State.

LANDS SOLD IN 1856, by James Walker, Land Agent.

Washington Co.	\$155.00
Public lots sold, 1856.	383.00
On account of public lots sold prior to Jan. 1, 1857.	7738.00
Cash received on Permanent School Fund, up to and incl. Jan. 26, 1857.	5,380.90
	\$8,014.25

The above amount of \$8,014.25—was paid over to the Land Office, Dec. 30, 1857.

STATE OF MAINE.

To James Walker, Land Agent, Dr.

March 10. To expenses from Augusta to Bangor, and returning on business, with William Jameson.	\$14.25
" 16. Paid for stamps.	5.13
" 20. Expenses to Portland, on business with Winslow & Turner.	16.25
" 26. Paid telegraph, on business.	1.27
" 27. Expenses to Bangor, on business.	14.00
April 10. Paid telegraph.	2.10
" 10. Paid express.	5.50
" 10. Paid salary, account of dam commissioners.	15.00
" 26. Going to boom.	4.00
" 26. Paid expressman.	3.50
" 28. Going to boom.	4.00
" 30. Expenses going to Hampden, Orrington & Brewer, to take delivery of animal boards.	10.00

May 1. Going to boom.

" 5. Expenses on J. R. Russell's timber.

" 5. Paid for printing paper.

" 5. Paid for printing paper.

" 7. Paid for stamps.

" 7. Going to boom.

" 9. Going to Sunkahose on business.

" 12. Going to Argyle on Frank Adams' logs.

" 15. Going to Hampden, Orrington & Brewer.

" 15. Paid telegraph.

" 20. Going to boom.

" 24. Going to Augusta to see J. R. Russell's logs.

June 2. Going to boom.

" 10. Expenses going to Franklin and Somerset counties on business.

" 16. Going to boom.

" 20. Going to Bangor to see Bradstreet.

Another account of Mr. Walker appears in the Land Agent's account of the past year, amounting to \$430.94, according to the annexed sheet marked (C.) This account was audited by the late Governor and Council, as appears from the accompanying report, and a large part of the same disallowed.

Had Mr. Walker's account the former year been submitted to the same searching examination, a large portion of the same would undoubtedly have been disallowed. The present system of auditing and settling accounts against the State is very objectionable, and subject to much abuse.

Certain accounts are presented to the Legislature, and the same are referred to and audited by the proper Committees. Certain accounts are also audited by the Governor and Council, and it has often happened that the same accounts have been allowed twice, and paid. And again, the large amount of accounts to be audited and allowed by the Governor and Council, at or near the close of their official duties, does not give them time to attend to the business in a proper manner; hence the accounts are hurried over, the footings taken to be correct, and no real examination made. The Committee are therefore of opinion that the time has arrived when, taking into consideration the increased expenditure of the State, the multiplication of disbursing agents, that some more effective mode than the present should be adopted, for the auditing and settlement of accounts in which the State is a party.

From what attention the Committee have been able to give to this subject, they are satisfied, that the best interests of the State would be promoted, from the establishment of a State Auditor. Such an office was established in Massachusetts in 1849, and has been found to be highly useful, and indeed, at the present time, to be almost indispensable. Such an office has been established in most of the States, and it is believed to have in every case satisfactory results to the people.

They would therefore recommend the passage of a bill to establish the office of auditor of accounts, which is herewith submitted.

E. L. HAMLIN, Chairman.

STATE OF MAINE.

IN COUNCIL, Jan. 5, 1858.

The Committee of the whole Council, to which was referred the annual account of Noah Barker, Land Agent,

REPORT:

That these accounts embrace the one month service of James Walker, late Land Agent, and eleven months of Noah Barker, present Land Agent. That part of the accounts made under said Barker are well vouched and correctly cast, and meet our approbation, (except one charge paid Spencer Arnold, of fifty dollars, was duplicated, of course erroneous, and should be deducted.) and said Barker has credited to the State said error. That part of the accounts made under said Walker, we have allowed the larger part of them, thinking them correct or nearly so, but there are certain other charges, some of them are entirely objectionable, others not sufficiently explicit to warrant their acceptance, viz:

	Am't allowed.	Disal-
A. Woodward's bill for 20 days.	2.50	8.00
James Walker's.	29.25	29.25
Daniel Webster's.	10.00	5.00
Edward Rawson's.	48.00	48.00
Daniel Sanborn's.	22.25	22.25
James P. Walker's.	300.94	154.69
	420.94	162.19

Perhaps a portion of said accounts might be found acceptable, on getting the facts connected with them.

Mr. Walker should have presented his accounts to the Governor and Council, on leaving the office, for their approval, instead of charging them on the books and taking the pay, and never presenting them to be audited; not but that, if he should not be delinquent on the privilege of coming before the Council with such facts as he may present, that they may be properly understood.

The first of said charges, we allow for horse to Oldtown only; the second, we allowed none; the first, going to Bangor twice in the short space of one month, was only going home to his family; the last part may be right, but so indefinite we could not allow it. The third charge we allowed five dollars, the amount usually paid for said service. The fourth charge is probably correct, but we consider it clerk hire, and should come out of the \$1,000.00 allowed him for that purpose. The fifth charge we consider clerk hire, and should have been paid by the clerk, and come out of the \$1,000.00 allowed Land Agent for that purpose.

Which is respectfully submitted.

A. COBURN, Chairman.

IN COUNCIL, Jan. 6, 1858.

Read and accepted by the Council, and by the Governor approved.

Attest A. JACKSON, Sec. of State.

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Cash received on Permanent School Fund, up to and incl	

POETRY.

From the Evening Post.

An Episode.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

A faded flower between the leaves;
One in my heart that will not fade—
Behold the relics of a maid,
With whom I talked on summer eves.

Sweet eyes, when o'er our vessel's lee
We watched the tired sun drop through air,
Dew-drops, until the dew had dried,
Was all that floated on the sea!

Eyes when each wind closed its wing,
And million vapors, large and white,
Came sailing on before the night,
Like veils that marshall their king.

Time when the ocean grew their vest,
When ships like sea-ghosts wandered by,
Until the ash-colored mist
Seemed to find with every cloud and sky.

"Twas when we talked, the maid and I,
In fits and fragments—then our speech
Edged, fluted, and ebbed from each to each,
As how by hour, or when, or where, or why.

We talked of fashions, books and art;
Of voyages to 'tween decks of old;
Of sailors' tales, and of the heart,
Of heroes' pride and women's heart.

We talked of what we met before,
And mutual friends were named and named;
We sought to find some simple word,
And clasp it with the days of yore.

We must have met—oh I had dreamed;
What mattered then the time or place,
Or if it was, or only seemed!

I wish I could, who can blame me?
Love faded to find himself as new,
And changed Time's buried archives through,
To find a language for his flame.

For Love will take a little rest,
And lightly leap from tale to true;
And what we said we wished we knew,
And what we knew was slight indeed!

So soon, and soon, and evening went;
Our vessel left the rumbling water;
And whosoever our path we traced,
God speed! above his name be said!

And underneath we sat, and planned;
Sweet schemes—how deeply we had planned;
And sighed—how deeply we had planned;
The sailor's heart, the land!

We parted. All I ever knew
Was that I found myself alone;
The maid and I—the maid was down—
This look alone told all was true!

A faded flower between the leaves;
One in my heart that will not fade—
Behold the relics of a maid,
With whom I talked on summer eves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TRIFLING REDUCTION. On Tuesday last, the door of our sanctum opened, and presently our eyes fell upon a pedlar crossing the threshold whose features and entire costume proclaimed him of the house of Abraham. Opening a large, oblong paper box, he exposed a countless heap of spectacles and anxiously inquired if we "did not want to buy."

Scarcely glancing at his wares, we replied in the negative, and turned our eyes on a heap of exchanges lying before us, immediately fancying that our reply and manner would serve as a sufficient hint to drive the traveling merchant from our presence. But we were too tardy—the Jew, like all the trafficking tribe, had not the slightest idea of taking no for an answer.

"I offer him you," he said, laying a pair of them before us. "ash low ash three dollars. I must sell a pair—I 'av not no more to-day, and my wife and child 'av got no pred—you will take him?"

We shook our head.

Ab, you will not take him at three dollars? Well, then, you shall 'av him at two dollars—an' seventy-five—my family 'av no pred—I must scurry home."

We looked at him, but were silent.

"Well, then, I split the difference—" "It would make no difference. I have no use for them."

"Well, then, you shall 'av him at two dollars—my wife and child must not starve—take him at two dollars."

"What, when we have no use for them?" "But they are so cheap—take him for a teller and a quarter!" he persisted earnestly. "I cannot let my wife and child die for want of pred!"

We shook our head ominously.

"Well, then, you shall have him at a teller—but the profit wouldn't pay me the crumbs of a shilling cake!" Take him along, you shall 'av him at a teller."

"No!"

"Well, then, you shall give—say quick—you shall 'av him at your own price! Seventy-five shillings?"

"No!" we have already told you we do not want them!"

"Say half a teller! I cannot let my wife and child starve, and I 'av not the first copper to pay them pred. Take them along at half a teller!"

We looked at the spectacle, which, certainly, were got up not to sell—and then we let our eyes upon the Jew.

"Now," said we, "taking a fifty cent piece from our pocket, and laying it temptingly on the table before him, we'll buy those spectacles of you, if you will tell us truly what your profit is upon each pair."

"You give me your word you will pay, if I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Then, so help me God, if I sell him to you at fifty cents, we only profit is thirty six cents and a half."

Nothing is more lovely than the innocent simplicity of children, as manifested before they have learned of their parents and school teachers to lie and dissimulate. Take the following specimen:

"The question at a tea party turning upon the propriety of one's mixing up cakes with a pinch of snuff in the fingers, fearing some might be scattered in the dough, a lad remarked that he had seen his mother mix cakes with a pinch of snuff in her fingers and not scatter a bit. "Why, Billy!" replied the offended lady, "how you do lie!" "Well mother, I don't know but I do," innocently replied the archling; "I don't know but I do scatter it a very little."

The sun is called masculine, from its supporting her the whereof to shine always as she does of a night, and from his being obliged to keep such a family of stars. The moon is feminine, because she is constantly changing. The church is feminine, because she is married to the State; and time is masculine, because he is trifled with by the ladies. [Punch.]

The Veiled Picture.

A story is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. The question which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both, having come to the father, he promised to give his child to the one who could paint best. So each strove for the highest skill his genius could command. One painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it for the father's inspection in a beautiful grove, where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvas of the young painter, and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill, the father declared that no one could triumph over that.

Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, having it veiled.

"Take the veil from your painting," said the old man.

"I leave that to you," said the artist with simplicity.

The father of the young and lovely maid approached the veiled picture, and attempted to uncover it, but imagine his astonishment, when, he found the veil itself to be the picture! We need not say who was the lucky lover; for if the artist who deceived the birds, by skill in painting fruit, manifested great powers of art, he who could so veil canvases with the pencil as to deceive the skillful master, was surely the greatest artist.

INTERPOLATION. The New York Tribune says that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on Sabbath week prefaced his sermon by reading the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians, the thirteenth verse of which is as follows:

"For by one spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, bond or free; and have been all made to drink of one spirit."

Pausing at the words bond and free, the Rev. gentleman said: "How is this? Paul could not have said this; it must be an interpolation. It certainly cannot mean that man with African blood in his veins, and held as an American slave, oppressed by his master, despoiled of his rights and outlawed by our Courts, is baptized into the same spirit with the white man. It cannot mean that a slave is equal to a freeman in the sight of God—a black man to a white one. Yet it certainly seems so; it certainly reads so; and it would appear from this, unless we call it an interpolation, that we are all the children of one common Father, entitled to the same rights, governed by the same principles, alike immortal and precious in his sight. It must be an interpolation."

JUVENILE GRIEVANCE. A farmer in Virginia, who had been digging a well, was called away from home, leaving none but two boys on the premises. During his absence a favorite horse by accident got into the well, which was about twelve feet deep, and of sufficient diameter to allow the horse standing room. The boys set their young brains at work to get him out. Their bill of "ways and means" was almost exhausted, when the youngest, only nine years old, suggested an amendment which was immediately adopted. Large quantities of straw were convenient, which the boys pitched in to fill the well, the prisoner tramping it down until he could walk right out upon straw land.

CLERICAL WIT. On a certain occasion, a noted infidel borrowed a sum of money from the late Rev. Dr. Lathrop, of West Springfield, Mass. When he came to pay it, he thought to pose the Doctor by an argument from the Bible. "You ought not to take interest for this money, for the Jews were forbidden to take usury!" "O no!" said the Doctor, "you forget; the Jews were indeed forbidden to take usury of their own people, but they were allowed to take usury of the heathen!" The application was too direct to be mistaken, and the man was quite willing to drop the argument and pay the money.

A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new kid glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advances at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him ultimately round her finger; whereas the young lady who is hasty, and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her wits at her fingers' end.

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West Sumner, Feb. 18, 1858.

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