

The Oxford Democrat.

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

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Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

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

Special Notice.

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

Stock Breeding.

We had purposed to say something on this subject the present week, but the following article from W. H. Sotham, which was published in a late No. of the Country Gentleman, is of a character which induces us to copy it as a preface to what we purpose hereafter to say on this subject. We commend it to the especial attention of all who desire to improve their stock, as the opinions of one of the most experienced breeders in the country. He is the breeder of "Young Silver," which we now own.

The Herefords and In-and-In Breeding.

Messrs. TUCKER & SON—I like the straight forward letter of your correspondent Mr. A. M. Clark, but judging from the description he gives of his Short Horns, I think they are of that class of appearing animals, which make the most money when sold by live weight. I know fifteen to twenty per cent. must be deducted from a Short Horn in comparison to a Hereford, when judged from appearance and by the eye, to bring each of them to their actual weight when in quarters. Many an inexperienced butcher has been much deceived in this comparison; but in England it is now pretty well understood.

Mr. Clark says, "The advantage the Durhams have over the Herefords is, they are much larger cattle at the same age and same keeping." I think he will find himself very much deceived if he will kill one of each, and weigh their meat, hide and tallow, under "the same keeping." I admit, and have always done so, that they have that appearance to those who have not had much true "experience" with both breeds, and which I consider an evil. They generally have larger, longer legs, and are almost invariably paunchy, which fills the "eyes" of their "partial admirers" with their "size," and by which many a man has been much woefully deceived.

Mr. Clark says "his cattle are all fleshy," but does not name the quality of flesh. This may show that all have been well kept, but is far from proving the consumption of food of each animal, to test the "same keeping." They may all live on the same pastures, and wintered on the same feed, but when the amount of it is fully tested, turns the scale in favor of Herefords. This has been admitted whenever such a trial has been made.

Now I hope Mr. Clark will (as he has an excellent opportunity,) come out manfully, and give each breed an impartial trial. I will make the following proposition for an experiment, although the Short Horns have the advantage according to his own statement.

If he can spare the five year old Hereford oxen of which he speaks, after they have done their summer's work, and will put them up to fatten, weighing them and their daily food until sent to market, after one winter's feeding, which is enough for any animal for profit, after three years old, and then treat his favorite yearling Short Horns the same way they have been treated under the yoke, bringing them to the stalls at the same age, I will venture my judgment by saying, the cash balance from the butcher's stall will be in favor of the Herefords, notwithstanding the position Mr. Clark has placed both pairs in his article.

The Herefords he purchased of Mr. Bingham labor under very great disadvantage. At the time the Messrs. Bingham bought a number of Herefords of me, the prevailing opinion among many men was, that in-and-in breeding was the course to adopt; and in this lot were two heifers and two bulls, very closely bred. I think Mr. Clark's bull and heifer were both by the same bull, or half brother and sister, descended from my "in-and-in" family, and had been so bred for two generations. Seeing so many advocates for this course of breeding, and some of whom I then thought substantial, and in whom I had confidence, induced me to pursue it on a limited scale, contrary to the dictates of common sense and my own opinion. If Mr. Clark has not introduced any new blood into his herd, I know that his stock of Herefords has sadly degenerated, and that they have lost both substance and size, judging from my own breeding from the same experimental family, of which I am now clear, and which has taught me a practical lesson I shall never forget.

These two Herefords of Mr. Clark's were as highly bred as any two animals in America, and the bull when bred to a different breed of cows or heifers, would fully develop the good points of the Herefords in the offspring. I have observed this course of breeding to my thorough satisfaction, so as to speak somewhat positively. If I cannot get a Hereford bull unconnected with the pedigree of my females, I will take the course the Short Horn men did before me: get a Scotch, Devon, or a Short Horn cross, with as much Scotch blood in the latter as appearance will indicate, and with a close adherence to the "Scotch coat."

I am fully satisfied from my own experience, that animals bred closely for three or four generations cannot be fully developed, except in very rare individual cases; and when a good one is produced, it is apt to

be an extraordinary one. A few such cases have come under my own observation, and which was an influential spur to my trying the "in-and-in" system on a limited scale. Short Horn breeders have produced in a few instances, a very extra animal by this process, and such animals have gained the gold medals; but while doing this, they have produced fifty to one in the same course, which have much injured their reputation. Still they have the "sagacity" of making the best of such animals when they do get them—and by which they attained their "notoriety." That notoriety has dazzled and excited their advocates beyond control, but it will not bear inspection.

Now, Messrs. Editors, if my name has not found its way too frequently into your paper, and your readers are not satiated with my opinions and practice, I will give you my experience of "in-and-in breeding," by which I have been a great loser.

I will give you an extract from a letter to me, from Mr. Fisher Hobbs of Marks Hall, Essex, England, who has been one of the principal judges of cattle at Smithfield, and the Royal Agricultural Society shows, and whose name you are familiar.

Mr. Hobbs was steward to one of the most prominent noblemen in England, who made Short Horns one of his "prevailing hobbies"—(characteristic of English noblemen.) No expense was spared to bring them to the highest state of perfection. Mr. Hobbs was almost wedded to them, "when his Lordship's purse supplied the provender," but when he came into business for himself as a tenant farmer, found he had to look to profitable stock to meet his rental. He was soon noted as the propagator of the improved Essex hogs, for which his judgment deserves great credit, there being no better breed than that and their kindred Suffolks. He is noted as one of the best breeders and farmers in England; and you, Messrs. Editors, have seen many valuable quotations from his success. The following is an extract from his letter to me:

"I am happy to correspond with you as a breeder of Hereford cattle, and am pleased to find that your views respecting them quite coincide with mine. When I commenced farming, I was an ardent admirer of the Short Horns, and was determined to have a first rate herd of them. I bought a number of first rate animals, as good blood as any in England. At the same sale, (Lord Huntingfield's,) I bought a few Hereford heifers because they sold cheap. I kept these animals together for twelve months, and, to my surprise, the Short Horns could not live with the Herefords; the latter kept their condition and improved, but the former soon began to decline. I therefore, contrary to my own inclination, sold off the Short Horns, and kept to Herefords. I have now for several years, been a breeder of them, and have at different times, gone to great expense in purchasing heifers, and also hiring and purchasing bulls of the best blood."

This statement differs very widely from Mr. Clark's, and why is it that such different statements appear? I have been long trying to get a true position of each of these breeds, and it is by a collision of opinions that truth is elicited. I have taken my stand for the Herefords, and think I can maintain it as long as facts are stated on the other side. Mr. Clark is the first man I ever heard say that Short Horns were more hardy than Herefords.

Household Economies.

Not only the poor, but the rich, feel the need of economy at a time like this—the former that they make their scanty means last as long as possible, and the latter that they may be able to give more to the needy. We Americans have a great deal to learn in the matter of household economy. We have been bred in plenty and consequent wastefulness, and there are very few, even among the poorer classes of our native citizens, who have any idea how cheaply men may be fed, and yet have a sufficiency of wholesome and palatable food. We heard an "entranced woman" say, the other day, that if all the people of Springfield would live for a whole year upon Indian meal and potatoes they would be better off at the end of the year than they are now. There is no doubt that under such a diet they would become more "spiritual," perhaps a considerable portion of them would be altogether delivered from the body under this regime—but we doubt whether it would keep them in the best possible condition for the various duties of active life. There is no question, however, that a simpler and more inexpensive style of living would be of great advantage to the health of many families, and that there are opportunities for very great economies at our tables.

Some of the Philadelphia papers have devoted themselves recently to the minute discussion of this subject, giving detailed accounts from their correspondents of successful and unsuccessful experiments at table retrenchment to suit the temper of the times. Many of these experiences come from mechanics and mechanics' wives, who find their resources either entirely cut off or greatly diminished, and feel it necessary to abandon the luxurious style of living which has been common in all classes of society in this country. One woman reports that she has been able, much to her surprise, to bring down the cost of provisions for her family to an average of fifty cents per week for each person. This is the lowest point reached by any of the experimenters. They generally average about a dollar a week to each member of the family. Some think they live with great simplicity whose provision bills average \$2.50 per week to each person—this for the raw materials alone. The experiments are instructive as showing the wide differences of opinion among those of the same means of living, as to what con-

stitutes economy at the table. Provisions generally at Philadelphia are from 15 to 20 per cent. cheaper than at Boston or Springfield, and we presume that 50 cents per week to each person for the raw materials, is as low a point as can be reached here, with the most rigid economy consistent with health and comfort—in fact few will be able to come down to that.

There is great room for economy in the adoption of a simpler style of cooking. And there can be no doubt that the health of the people would be greatly promoted by it. As much may be saved in this particular at many tables as in the cost of materials. But there is great difference in the cost of the various substantial articles with which our tables are supplied. Not many years ago half the bread eaten in New England was made of corn and rye meal; now the majority of families see nothing but wheat bread, except on very rare occasions, from one year to another. The farmers of the West and the planters of the South live on corn bread, and sell their wheat to us, because corn bread costs only half, or less than half as much as wheat bread. Yet there are thousands of poor families in New England, who do not know one week where the next week's supplies are to come from, who would feed a sort of degradation in living on corn bread, and if they resort to it occasionally, eat slyly and by stealth, that it may not be known that they are so poor as to live on Indian meal.

There is a mistake in this. There is nothing more palatable than corn meal properly cooked. There are a variety of articles for the table that may be prepared from it, that are highly toothsome, and will be preferred to anything else by many people, almost universally by the children. Here is an opportunity for considerable economy, and one at the same time productive of health. Let Indian meal be partially substituted for flour, and the expenses of the table can be very considerably reduced by this one change. There are various other economies in the purchase of meats and vegetables, and their preparation for the table, which those who superintend the kitchen can easily get at by a little observation and experiment. We throw out these hints loosely only by way of suggestion to those who supply our tables, and who have it in their power to lighten very much the present burden upon their husbands and the community by feasible and judicious economies in the means of living. [Springfield Republican.]

The Double Plow.

This is classed by many as a "new contrivance," but it is figured in the English books of a half a century ago, though perhaps, not then used for anything except opening drains and the like. For turning over soil, to be immediately sown again with grass seed where the land is tolerably smooth, there is nothing equal to the double plow. Apply all your manure in fine compost to the furrow, and harrow it in. The deeper you plow the better, provided you have manure enough to enrich the stratum of soil brought to the surface. A good deep plowing of arable land, with the double plow, will do more to till with grass than any other operation. Where I plowed last year, at Chester, on a piece of hard land swarded with grass, we found on cross plowing this year that a large portion of the roots had been smothered to death. Naturally the roots of this grass run near the surface, not usually more than four inches deep, and trenching them in notwithstanding the stories about their vitality is sure death to them. By common plowing, they are cut in pieces, and thus multiplied, and worked deeper into the soil than they would naturally strike.

If some of the Bay State farmers will plow an old meadow of witch grass a foot deep with the double plow, next May, harrow it, roll it with a heavy roller and plant immediately, I have no doubt they will confirm this my apparent theory, about this plant which is at once one of our best grasses, and most troublesome weeds. [N. E. Farmer.]

BOXES VERSUS BUGS. I cover my cucumber and squash plants with boxes covered with gauze, which I find effectual to keep off the striped bugs. The Maine Farmer declares that the gauze is a work of supererogation, and that a fence made of cloth or wood, six inches high round each hill is just as good without a covering. I know of no better authority than the Maine farmer, and as soon as I read the article, I took off the gauze from several boxes with a view to test the matter, but have not yet become satisfied whether our friend is correct or not, or whether his theory as to how that kind of bugs fly, will answer without a slight variation for this latitude. So far as I could observe, I was inclined to the opinion, that our bugs had not read the Maine Farmer!

OLD VIRGINY NEEBKE TIRE. If the scene of the following item, from the Wheeling Intelligencer, were located anywhere save in Virginia, we should doubt its truth. As it is credited the tale fully. The Intelligencer says:

"We saw yesterday, going up towards the upper ferry, a team of four animals—a horse, a pony, a mule and a bull. The horse had the harness, the pony was blind, the mule was lame, and the bull had no provision for fly time. In the wagon which was an ordinary one, there sat a white man a crippled nigger, and a tame skunk frantically bawling with a wisp of straw. The white man held the lines, the team held its own and the nigger held the skunk, and they all moved forward. To make this worthy of its place, it is essential to say that it is true."

From the Maine Farmer.

Planting Potatoes Early.

The results of experiments by Dr. Barber and others, seem to demonstrate the fact that the best method hitherto tried to prevent potato rot is, to plant them as early as the season will in any way allow. They will thus mature in the cooler part of the season, and the tops ripen off, so as not to afford, as Dr. B. supposes, a proper field for the mildew, when it comes, to live in. This theory appears plausible. If it be true, that the mildew is a minute vegetable, the invisible seeds, or "spores" of which at a certain time in the summer attach themselves to the stalks of the potato, and not only absorb the saps of them into their own systems but also leave a poison which prevents the potato from maturing and causes it to decay, then certainly, if you can, mature the stalks before the particular time at which the mildew seeds are spread abroad you steer the potato clear of the evil. We believe all agree that whatever may be the cause of the rot, it does not attack a perfectly developed and thoroughly matured potato. It is true that potatoes often rot after being dug and packed away in the cellar, indeed, sometimes they do not appear affected until Spring. But we believe that potatoes so affected, were never thoroughly ripened. We want more systematic observation and experiment on this point. It has also been found that in addition to early planting, it was best to use little or no dressing of the animal origin—that such dressing seems to prepare the potato for the rot. Instead of using it therefore, many farmers have done applying any at all to their crops, contenting themselves with a smaller crop of sound potatoes, rather than run the risk of obtaining a greater crop which would be liable to rot.

We have heard of but little potato rot this spring among those kept over. We infer from this that the seed to be planted will be of a good character, and hope the suggestions here given to plant early will lead to good results in regard to the crop.

PROGRESSIVE AGRICULTURE.

The New York Observer says the following good things of progressive agriculture:

"Under its influence spring up tasty and convenient dwellings, adorned with shrubs and flowers, and beautiful within the smiles of happy wives, tidy children in the lap of thoughtful age, broad hearths, and acts as well as words of welcome. Progressive agriculture builds barns, and puts gutters on them; builds stables for cattle, and raises roots to feed them. It grates wild apple trees by the meadow with peppins or greenings; it sets out new orchards, and takes care of the old ones."

"It drains new lands, cuts down bushes, buys a mow, house tools, and wagon; keeps good fences and practices soiling. It makes hens lay, chickens live, and prevents swine from rooting up meadows. Progressive agriculture keeps on hand plenty of dry fuel, and brings in the ovenwood for the women. It plows deeply, sows plentifully, harrows evenly, and prays for the blessing of Heaven. Finally it subscribes for good religious, agricultural, papers and pays for them in advance; advocates free schools and always takes something besides the family to the county fair."

A PROFITABLE PATCH OF LAND. As an illustration of the profits of "a little farm well tilled," we copy the following from one of our exchanges:

From a half acre of land at Farmington Me., Henry Mygatt raised \$100 worth of potatoes, 1500 cabbages, which sold for \$60 and turnips enough to bring the whole crop up to \$200. The cabbages were set out between the rows of potatoes after the last hoeing, and the turnips were sown soon after the potatoes were dug.

THE POTATO ROT. "C. G." of Indiana, wishes farmers to communicate their experience in regard to this subject. In Western New York the rot prevailed generally the past season, and of the same character as that he describes. Early varieties, planted early, were not injured. Late varieties, and all late planted potatoes, were more or less affected—those maturing latest the worst. The rot was first shown by the decay of the vines. On low, wet soils in this neighborhood, nearly all were destroyed; on warm, dry soils, the injury was least.

A HORSE STORY. The New York papers chronicle a feat accomplished by a horse in that city which may take rank with the exploit of the Vermont mare, which our neighbor of the Post was so pleased with as to give his readers twice. On Monday afternoon a runaway horse dashed into the "El Dorado" porter house, in Tyron road, and stumbling against a sofa, fell down and completely destroyed it. He soon rose however, and started toward the bar, but changing his course, rushed against a back window and rearing on his hind legs, dashed through, smashing glass, sash, and every thing in his way. He alighted on the flags below, having fallen about twenty, but was only slightly injured. After some difficulty he was raised from the flags, when he deliberately walked through the entry and up the steps of the oyster saloon into the street, where he was taken to his owner. Crowds of people have been into the El Dorado to see the window, and the leap has been considered marvelous. [Boston Journal.]

SNOREBERRY. When you hear a man insisting upon points of etiquette and fashion wondering for instance how a man can eat with a steel fork and survive it, or what charms existance has for persons who dine at three without soup and fish, be sure that that individual is a snob. [How to Behave.]

POETRY.

Two Kinds of Piety.

The following verses may be objected to by some for a seeming irrelevance of language, but the discerning reader will see that they are far from irrelevant in purpose and spirit. In this respect they remind us of the eccentric methods by which Rev. Rowland Hill and other excellent divines have sometimes inculcated the most sacred lessons of Scripture. The incident on which they are founded is thus related:

From the N. Y. Evening Post.
"A few years since a powerful revival of religion was witnessed at Oldtown, Maine. Among the converts was an Indian of the Penobscot tribe. Soon after his conversion, Peol attended a prayer-meeting, and was called upon to 'tell his experience.' Not exactly understanding the construction of the King's English, Peol expressed himself as follows: 'O glory, me feels pious like hell!'"

The hand of religion is potent to save,
Its value no mortal can praise,
It leads us in safety clear down to the grave,
Then gives us a pass to the skies.
But since the grand choice in the garden was given,
Since Adam from paradise fell,
Full many are found to be pious like Heaven,
While many are "pious like Hell."

I once was an orphan-boy, mortgaged and leased,
And served without hope of a fee,
For one who was leading the Lord what she pleased,
From the girl in the kitchen and me.
'Twas a day or two since that I gazed on the face
Of the girl, the once Madeleine,
And thought, though she bragged of "abounding in grace,"
That she, too, was "pious like Hell."

But tares in the wheat, and the counterfeit coin
Should rob us of some of our rest;
Let this be our motto while journeying on—
"God orders all things for the best."
And mind you, no knowledge to mortal is given,
By which that fall mortal can tell,
Except by the fruits, who is pious like Heaven,
Or as Peol was, "pious like Hell."

MISCELLANY.

A LEAF FROM PIONEER LIFE.

BY CAPT. M. D. ALEXANDER, U. S. A.

Lionel Gardiner started, sometime in the year of 1840, from the State of New York, to find a home on the western frontier. He had heard much of the beauties of the western forests, of the prolific qualities of the broad prairies, of its placid lakes and fertilizing rivers; and won by the accounts to make the journey himself, he finally persuaded his wife to give her consent to a removal. They had but two children at the time, the eldest of whom, a boy, was to remain at the east until his education was somewhat more advanced.

One bright and cloudless morning in May, the wagon of our emigrant halted beside the Missouri in what is now called Nebraska. A mild face was thrust out upon him from the curtains, and a gentle voice inquired: "Are we to stop here, Lionel?" "Well, wife," was the reply, "perhaps we might as well. This seems to be a fine country, and as the old adage runs, we might go further and fare worse. So pass out the pony, and let her run round a little. The poor thing must be awfully cramped by this time. Twelve hours riding is not very refreshing. Come, pass!"

Hereupon a sweet little girl of about ten summers appeared in front of the wagon, and shaking the sunny locks back from her sparkling face, sprang into the arms of her fond father.

"Oh, what a pretty place," she cried, with glee, as her proud father lowered her from his arms. "Come, mamma, come out here and see how beautifully the sun shines on the river, and see the fish darting all around, catching the flies. Come, pretty little dear, pussy will feed the little darlings." This was said to the fish. Soon she was busied in finding worms and other food for them, while she clasped her hands in wild mentiment to see the speckled beauties dart to the surface, and sometimes beyond it, to catch the tempting morsels.

Mrs. Gardiner stood for a moment gazing upon her child, partly in admiration of her beauty, and partly in pity at her condition.

"Poor Amy!" she thought, "you are too frail a flower to transplant to the wilderness; but there is no help for it now. We must have the best of the portion that Heaven designs for us."

She was soon busied in removing some of the utensils from the wagon, and preparing her first meal in their new home. Meanwhile Mr. Gardiner had surveyed the spot, selected a site for the erection of their cabin, and struck the first blow of his axe into the bark of an old towering denizen of the forest. The sound awoke strange echoes. As they listened to the reverberations a feeling of awe crept over them. They were miles away from their kindred, perhaps from their race—alone with each other in the deep solitude of nature's rural home. As the smoke of the first fire ascended cloudward, the venturesome pioneer, taking a hand of wife and child in either of his own, knelt upon the rich soil, and implored protection and happiness from Him who guides our destinies in the palace or hut, populous city or silent wilderness.

Here, then, it was decided that they should remain. Here would be their future home! In a few days a log cabin was reared for their occupancy. This seemed to be the very height of little Amy's ambition. She had roared of "roughing it in the bush," of log cabins and forest life, and this was the realization of the dreams she had formed of it. Then she assisted her father in planting—carrying the seed for him, and in a dozen ways making herself indispensable and her parent happy.

"Ah, puss!" he would say, "you are a little jewel!" and would coo "mamma and I do without you?" "I am sure I don't know! perhaps you would send for brother. Then you wouldn't miss me much."

"Should harm come to you, dearest—but of course it will not! Are not your parents watching over you?"

"But if harm should come to me, would you feel very—very bad?" she enquired with a smile.

Mr. Gardiner clasped the sweet child in his arms and imprinted kisses upon her cherry lips. Tears stole unbidden to his eyes.

"Oh! shame, papa!" she cried, "there's a tear! you know you used to tell brother that it was not manly to weep. So I've caught you. But I must go and feed my fish, they will all be waiting for their meal. You don't like to be kept waiting, nor do they."

Away she bounded, merrily laughing and tossing her ringlets in the air, the very embodiment of a happy soul.

Under the care of the laborious farmer, the crops progressed favorably, and promised a fair return. The household economy under the skillful conduct of his wife was quite as prosperous. The little stock in poultry and swine that had been brought with them flourished finely, and altogether their prospects were flattering. It one day occurred to Mr. Gardiner that it would be well for him to ride some little distance up the river with a view to ascertain whether there might not be some one residing near there, designing to make a similar excursion down the stream at some future time for the same purpose. As there was no pressing work upon his little farm that needed immediate attention, he departed on his errand, promising to return before nightfall.

He rode some dozen miles over the broad prairie, still keeping to the river's bank, until he espied a small column of smoke, somewhat inland, arising perpendicularly to the clouds. Supposing this to be an evidence of civilization, or at least a proof that he was not alone in the wilderness, he urged his horse towards it. Hardly, however, had he proceeded a mile, ere a loud yell, as if from the throats of a dozen wild devils, smote his ear. In a moment after, uprising from the long grass where they had lain concealed, there rushed towards him five mounted Indians, waving over their heads the terrible tomahawk, and seemed intent on his destruction. With the rapidity of lightning he raised and discharged his gun. One of the red butchers fell from his horse lifeless. He managed, during the pause that ensued, to reload, and as they again rushed towards him, shot another in mid career. There was now but three, and they came upon him with such speed that he was forced to sling his rifle across his shoulder and turn to flee.

The race was an animated one; the Indians were all mounted on swift Mustangs. Mr. Gardiner's horse was not a slow one, and wildly the whole party flew over the prairie. There was one advantage possessed by the horses of the Indians, they were used to travelling amid the long grass, and, having this fact in their favor, it was not astonishing that they gained slowly on the pursued.

Supposing that a demonstration made with his rifle, might stop them, Mr. Gardiner pointed it full at the breast of the foremost warrior. He was not mistaken. The moment that they perceived the weapon pointed towards them, they checked their speed, and with a wild yell darted in another direction across the prairie. Seeing their apparent change of purpose, the farmer now permitted his horse to walk, supposing of course, that he would not be again interrupted.

"I had no idea those redskins were hereabouts," he soliloquized. "Where can they have come from. And what can be their business. I am sorry that I was compelled to shoot any of their number, but better so, than that wife and Amy should have lost their protector."

He patted his horse's neck and spoke words of cheer to him. It now occurred to him to load his rifle, as he might possibly need it again. He did so.

"Come, Bluebird!" he said to the faithful animal, "we must push ahead to get home. We will be looked for anxiously. Who knows but what these unfeeling wretches may be prowling around our own house."

These thoughts seemed to hurry him on. Again they were in swift motion towards the clearing. He soon struck into the woods, and rapidly left the prairie behind. As he came in sight of his home, he discovered his wife some distance on the road towards him, gesticulating violently, and beckoning him onward. His heart almost sank within him as he observed her.

"What is the matter, wife?" he asked with terrible apprehension.

"Amy is gone! She has been stolen!" answered the wretched wife, down whose cheeks tears of agony were coursing their rapid way.

"By whom?" he asked; but his heart told him already. He had arrived too late. "I know not by whom," she replied. "She was there in front of the cabin a few moments since. I heard her scream, and rushed out to save her, but she was gone. I looked everywhere, but without success. Quick, husband, dismount! I will lead Bluebird to the stable. Strike into the forest here. They cannot have gone far—Oh! my child! my child!"

Mrs. Gardiner could speak no consoling words, nor dare he tell her what he feared. He said, "Go back to the house, wife; load the other gun, and keep watch and ward over every door and window. Suffer no one to enter. Shoot them down if they attempt it! I will seek for her in the woods."

During these directions, he had thrown himself from his horse, and started at once in pursuit. He was convinced that who ever the perpetrators of the outrage might

be, they were on foot, as that part of the forest was too dense to permit of the passage of a horse. Apprehension lent speed to his footsteps. He thought that the captor of his child would naturally be impeded in his progress, and that if he could succeed in outstripping him, he might yet save her.

He pressed on at the very top of his speed for some thirty minutes, until he reached an opening, the existence of which he had heretofore been ignorant of. He saw at once that this would be the only means of escape from the woods. It was bounded on either side by a deep marsh, through which no one could pass. Here, then, he determined to post himself, and wait for a time, trusting to the appearance of the abductor. That he might be himself safe from observation, he climbed into a tree, and waited with beating heart and almost crazed brain, for what might occur.

Not long did he have to wait. With the stealthy crawl of the panther, thrusting aside the underwood, and carefully surveying every inch of ground before him, a still warier Indian, bearing the now unrecognizing form of the fair Amy, made his appearance. He deposited the child among some tangled vines, directly under the tree where the father was stationed, and then skirting the clearing, passed along to the other side, with the probable intention of summoning some of his fellows. Mr. Gardiner waited until the Indian had disappeared, then sliding down from his position, he seized his child, and whispered in her ear:

"Make no outcry, but rouse! It is your father, Amy."

The words seemed to recall her to life. She had evidently lost her consciousness through terror. But now that a familiar voice fell upon her ear, she came to herself, and clung tightly to her parent.

"Quick, this way, dearest! That bad man will soon return, and perhaps with aid. We must endeavor to reach the cabin before they reach us."

They now commenced their return. They had not proceeded far, however, ere they heard the Indians' cry of disappointment ring through the solitude, and awaken the echoes of the forest.

"They have discovered your escape, and will soon be upon us. We must press on, Amy, or we shall be lost. Take courage, pussy, lean on my arm!"

Again was that terrible cry repeated.

"Ah, they near us. Well, we must turn upon them. I have it—you must start at once for the cabin. You can find it, even you too? Tell your mother to bring the gun and all the ammunition to this spot. I will stay and keep the villains at bay."

Amy started off as directed, while her father placed himself behind a tree to watch for the approach of the enemy.

The night was coming on apace, the thick foliage of the trees making it still darker. Soon at his very side stood one of the dark-skinned thieves. Gardiner's knife was in his hand in a moment—not a sound or sigh escaped the victim. The only sound was that caused by the heavy falling of the dead man. But even this was heard by his companions, who now advanced and perceived the white man and his victim at his feet. Quicker than thought a tomahawk was thrown at him, which, had he not dodged it, would have cleft his brain. The steady aim of Gardiner sent a bullet through the heart of the red man. Now had arrived the time for action. He could not reload his weapon. His assailants were pressing too closely upon him for that. The only thing he could do was to elude his rifle and keep them at bay as best he might, until his wife's arrival might create some diversion. In this way he managed to retreat a short distance. Unfortunately his heel caught upon a fallen limb, and he was thrown forcibly upon his back.

At that moment, and before he could recover, a huge body fell upon him! Now came the struggle! Two powerful men grasping each other with the might of madmen, knowing that life or death would be the result! They rolled over together—they tore at each other's flesh with nails and teeth, more resembling wild animals than human beings. It was a matter of doubt who would be the conqueror! In one of the short pauses of the struggle, Gardiner's quick ear detected the sound of an approaching step. He turned and saw his wife with the musket in its rest. The Indians also saw her, and fearing that a number of the white man's friends had arrived, those who could turned and fled. The one with whom Gardiner was struggling now endeavored to free himself, but in vain. He was held in a vice-like embrace.

"Quick, wife, fire! Hit this villain!" Amy carefully approached her father, and drawing his knife from his belt placed it in his hand.

The contest now became a short one. Filled with wounds and bleeding profusely, the savage relaxed his hold, and fell lifeless beside him. It has taken some moments to describe, but the battle lasted hardly as long.

Relieved of their last foe, the farmer and his wife, with the child who had so fortunately been rescued from a fate worse than death, returned to their humble home grateful and joyful. They were not again troubled by the Camanches. In a few years, at the present day, a thriving town occupies the sight of Mr. Gardiner's hut, and his son and daughter, married and happy, are respected citizens of that place. Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner are still residents of the town, and upon my recent visit there, entertained me with true hospitality. From them I obtained the events above given.

The reason James carried his father with such ease was because he had Troy weight upon his back instead of avoirdupois.

The Oxford Democrat

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CLIPPING.

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

Our copy of The Oxford Democrat, and the Atlantic Monthly, one year, for \$3.50
One copy of The Oxford Democrat, and Harper's Magazine, one year, for \$3.50
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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.

Demoralizing Influence of Slavery.

Twenty years ago, Southern men seldom contended that slavery was, in any respect, right. They would rather excuse themselves, as not being responsible for its introduction into this country—at the same time admitting it to be an evil, and one they would gladly free themselves from, if in their power. Such was the common sentiment of slaveholders in times past. But the South, within a few years, has changed front upon this question, and a majority of slaveholders, and those under their influence, now contend stoutly, that slavery is right; that it is justified by the Bible; that it is the best and happiest condition of the African. In a word, that it is the chief corner-stone, both of the Church and the State. How is this change to be accounted for? Others may think differently, but we believe it has been brought about by the demoralizing influence of slavery upon the slaveholders themselves. A slaveholder may be a good man—a Christian—a philanthropist, but slavery never made him so. On the other hand, if he gains this moral elevation, he will do it in spite of slavery. That great Christian statesman, John Wesley, never said a truer thing, than when he uttered the memorable words, that "slavery was the sum of all villainies."

We are not speaking of the demoralizing influence of slavery upon the African race, but upon the Anglo-Saxon. Jefferson, in his writings, portrays the influence of the accursed system in words that burn, in letters of living light.

Take that part of the system, which abrogates the marriage relations among the blacks, which puts every female slave at the mercy of a debased master, and what can be more debasing and corrupting to the morals of a community? The slaveholding portion of the South is one great brothel house, and when we consider this, who can wonder that men and their sons grow up depraved under its influence? You meet with a Southern locality, but what you meet with at almost every step living evidences of human depravity among the masters in the light-skinned and American features of the slaves.

The brutality and cruelty exercised toward the slave population, by their masters, tends to blunt the sensibility, wear the conscience and harden the heart.

The system is completely calculated to destroy all religious susceptibilities. It leads men to hold in contempt the authority of God—it makes men infidels, and scoffs at every thing good and virtuous. But over and above all, it makes men hypocrites of the basest sort in the sight of their Maker. Ministers, deacons, class leaders, and other church officials go from their knees to the auction block and whipping post, instead of fleeing from these places to the closet to ask forgiveness for a rank offense against high Heaven. One moment they mock God with lip service, the next, deliberately murder a human being by inches, for some imaginary offence. Slavery has such a hardening, brutalizing influence upon the human heart, that it makes demons of men and transforms whole communities into Sodoms. Its operation upon the slaveholders is such that with perfect impunity they will violate every command in the decalogue, and then turn round and thank God they are so much better than others. Just in proportion as African slavery extends over the country, just in the same proportion will religion and morality recede before it. The two cannot exist together. There is a great moral element involved in the controversy now raging in this country. In its importance and magnitude, it towers far above political considerations. Slavery not only deprives personal rights, political rights, and every right that is worth preserving under a free government, but it blots out the sun in the moral heavens, shuts out the benign light of Christianity from the public gaze, and draws the curtain of Egyptian night over the civilization of the nineteenth century.

FOUND.—A small key, having the appearance of belonging to a box in the Post-Office. The owner can have the same by calling at this office.

Afraid to Trust the People.

From the course pursued by the black democracy, it is very evident that they are afraid of the people. Ever since the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, their great argument has been to "leave the people perfectly free" to make their own constitutions and their own laws. To use a common expression, this has been their great "knock down argument," in all the free States. "The people! the people! leave the people to act for themselves," has been their morning and evening song.

With this specious argument, carrying upon its face apparent fairness, they have induced thousands upon thousands to hang on to the old democratic organization, and vote with that party. This argument carried the Buchanan electors in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Illinois, Indiana, and California, and thus decided the presidential contest. These pledges to the people made Buchanan President. Now how have they been redeemed. The Lecompton Constitution was framed by a banditti of usurpers, elected by fraud and villainy. The instrument itself was the quintessence of despotism—a monster, hideous and infernal, framed to curtail African slavery upon Kansas, in total defiance of the known and often expressed will of the people of that territory. The people of Kansas ought to have hung every scoundrel in that Convention, and then burned its ashes to the wind. But through their forbearance, one John Calhoun was suffered to depart from the territory with the Lecompton swindle in his pocket, together with the returns of the territorial election in that same despotism.

The monster was presented to Congress. And now it is interesting to look over the course of the administration and the black democracy, upon the great question of popular rights, involved in this bill of abominations. The support of the fraudulent measure, was an open, shameless abandonment of every principle of popular sovereignty. This will appear from the fact that the Lecompton Constitution was never submitted to the vote of the people of the territory, and another fact that every man in Congress knew that it was not the embodiment of their will. Yet the whole force of the administration was brought to bear to cram the monster down the throats of the people of Kansas, against their expressed will, and in this despotism, tyrannical act the democratic party joined the President.

Such a total, wanton disregard of the sovereignty of the people never was before known since the government was founded. The authors of the Lecompton fraud were afraid to submit it to the people, for the reason that they knew it would be rejected. But how stands the record in Congress? Mr. Crittenden's amendment, in the Senate, admitted Kansas as a State, and provided that the Lecompton Constitution should be submitted to the people for a vote at the polls; and if rejected, made provision for a new constitutional convention, who should submit their doings to a popular vote. Against this the party in the Senate, with three exceptions, voted. In the House, (the Douglas faction excepted,) the whole party voted the same way. What an outrage for a party, headed by the National Administration, to attempt to force a State into the Union with slavery against the expressed will of an overwhelming majority of the people! Such open, unblinking contempt for the will of the people never before was manifested by a political party since the formation of the government.

The black democracy are now laboring to subvert the rights belonging to the people, to withdraw from them all sovereignty, and centralize the whole power in Congress.

The black democracy seem of late to have a supreme contempt for the people, and this may in part account for the fact that the people have a contempt for them. As a party they deny, in all their legislative and executive action, the right of the people to be heard upon any question involving their dearest interests and liberties.

But the black democracy, not only in matters involving the question of slavery, but in other things, repudiate the sovereignty of the people. We have a striking exhibition of this feeling in their opposition to a submission of the liquor question to a vote of the people. They know that the course pursued by the Republicans in the last Legislature, in referring the new and old liquor laws to the vote of the people, will result in the settlement of this exciting question. But they fear the people; fear to trust them, or to allow them an opportunity to express their opinion upon a great and vital issue, affecting the dearest interests of the whole State. This distrust, on the part of the black democracy, of the popular will; this contempt for the sovereignty of the people is unmistakable proof that they are wrong, and feel their own criminality and guilt.

In a republican form of government, no party can long exist unless it has a strong hold upon the affections of the masses; and just in proportion as it shows a want of confidence in the people, just in the same proportion will it grow weaker and weaker, until it is numbered with the things that were. Under our form of government the people are the sovereigns, and they will overthrow any party which disregards and holds in contempt their opinions, and ruthlessly attempts to usurp their rights and destroy their liberties.

BETHEL FARMERS' CLUB. We learn from the Farmer, that the last meeting of this society for the season, was held at the residence of Amos Merrill. From the reports which have been furnished the Farmer, we should think the discussions of the Club, during the winter, must have resulted in the dissemination of much practical information. Now is the time to commence observations, and lay in a store of facts for next winter, as well as to improve the suggestions already offered.

A PLEASANT VISIT. The students of Lowell High School, recently paid a visit to Rev. Mr. Libby, pastor of the Methodist Church in that village. They carried with them a barrel of flour, which was presented to the Rev. gentleman, in a neat and appropriate speech by Miss Gustie Barker. Other presents, to the value of about \$30 were also left behind. The occasion was one of great interest, to the pastor and people.

The "Hand Writing on the Wall."

It is related that Balshazar, at his feast, was in exceeding good spirits, until he saw the hand writing upon the wall. His knees then began to smite one against the other, and in a short time his kingdom was in ruins. Buchanan, at the commencement of the present session of Congress, doubtless, fancied he could buy up enough men in the House of Representatives to put through legislation, that would place the black democracy of the North have, in times past, sent enough of these craven-hearted traitors to the House to sell out freedom, so he thought it would be again. He has threatened, flattered, and even cried over the Douglas democrats, to start them from their integrity, but thank Heaven they have stood firm. While he has been laboring to corrupt, degenerate, and totally debauch the legislation of Congress, he has had only to turn his head to the sturdy hills of New England, to behold the "hand writing upon the wall."

It has been the hand of the people, writing the ignominious destiny of his treasonable administration. First, the Old Granite State, at her recent State election, thundered out her denunciations against the Buchanan despotism, and planted the ensign of a Republican victory upon her capital.

It was another regular "dole" storm, pelting the black democracy to death. This insures a good and true United States Senator from New Hampshire for another six years, and we trust the noble-hearted, talented, heroic John P. Hale, will be the man.

Since that time, Connecticut and Rhode Island have spoken, the former, sweeping black Lecompton locofocoism into the dead sea, giving a Republican majority in both the districts now represented in Congress by the two Lecompton doughfaces from that State, and the latter, ("Little Rhody,") rooting up almost every vestige of black fanaticism, and insuring the return of a Republican to the Senate of the United States, in place of that tool of the slave oligarchy, Philip Allen. It will be remembered that he voted with the traitors for Lecompton through all its stages, in defiance of his instructions. All these States have gone Republican by largely increased majorities. These victories foreshadow to Buchanan his doom. They are the "hand-writing upon the wall." The Benedict Arnolds at Washington probably begin to understand, by this time, that the people, the sovereign people are after them, and they only wait for an opportunity to hurl them from power and place in their stead, men who will regard their wishes and administer the government upon the great fundamental principles of constitutional liberty.

LECOMPTON AND THE BLACK DEMOCRACY BURIED IN THE SAME SEPULCHRE.

Most gloriously have the people triumphed in the final defeat of the most stupendous fraud that ever found its way into the Hall of Congress.

On Thursday last, the combined Anti Lecompton forces in the House laid Lecompton in an ignominious grave—buried it so deep that no trump of resurrection will ever herald its resurrection. By a vote of 119 to 111, the House adhered to its former vote, passing the Bill as amended, and that is the last action under the rules of the House that can ever be taken upon the matter.

Let the people raise a shout all over the country. Such a triumph over the slave democracy never has been achieved since the election of Speaker Banks.

All honor to the patriotic, brave men, who have stood firm in this contest. All honor to the gallant republicans who have stood shoulder to shoulder in this fight; to the brave and honest Douglas men, who have stood up manfully against executive corruption, threats, and offers of reward; to that little band of South Americans, who have, by their independent, manly course, shown the North, that the South has yet some patriotic sons, ready to stand by the Union, and the whole country to the last. Where is the President now, and how does he stand? In reality, nowhere. He and his cabinet, and all who have been engaged in this wicked, diabolical conspiracy against their country are sunk in infamy, forever disgraced in the opinions of all honorable, patriotic men. Yes, this villainous administration is "dead as Nimrod," and every one who loves his country, can, with the greatest propriety raise a shout of triumph over their grave. Where are the doughfaces in the North, who have advocated this fanatical scheme of treason, now? Down in their native dirt—the scorn and derision of the people they have insulted, and whose dearest interests they have labored to betray. Again we say, let the people shout. In the significant words of our brother of the Portland Advertiser, "LET THE AMERICAN EAGLE SCREAM!" The tyrants have been crushed, freedom has triumphed, and victory! victory! again perches upon the proud banner of the free.

JEVENS SINGING. We were highly pleased, Saturday evening, with the performance of the singing class of Mr. W. W. DAVIS, at the Academy. It was the last evening of the school which has been in operation during the winter, and the parents and those interested were invited to be present to judge of the proficiency of the scholars.

The manner in which the little folks performed their parts gave general satisfaction. Mr. Davis thoroughly understands the principles of music, and seems to have a rare faculty of imparting instruction, especially to the little ones, who exhibited a thoroughness of training not often seen.

ADMITTED TO THE BAR. At the March Term of the Supreme Judicial Court, at Augusta, on motion of Josiah H. Drummond, Esq., REuben Foster, was admitted to the practice of law in the Courts of this State.

Mr. Foster is a native of Hanover, in this County. We learn that it is his design to enter into practice, at Waterville.

A NEW BOOK, BY BEECHER. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., announce that they will issue, on the 15th inst., a new work, by Henry Ward Beecher, entitled "Life Thoughts." The volume will contain 300 pages. Price \$1.00.

Death of Senator Benton.

Hon. Thomas Hart Benton died in Washington, on Saturday, April 5th, at half past seven o'clock in the morning, of cancer in the bowels. His remains were carried West for burial.

Col. Benton was born in Orange County, North Carolina, March 14, 1782. He entered the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, but left before graduating, and entered upon the study of law at William and Mary College, Virginia. During the unsettled condition of affairs in 1810, he entered the army; but the next year quit the military profession, and commenced the practice of law at Nashville, Tenn. The tide of emigration soon after turned his attention to the West, and he moved to Missouri Territory. On his arrival, he became the editor of a newspaper, and afterward resumed the practice of law. In 1820, on the formation of a State Constitution, after a five years residence in the Territory, he was elected one of the Senators, though he did not obtain a seat until a year after his election. His course was such that he was retained in the Senate for thirty consecutive years, the longest term ever awarded to a public man in this country. Since he returned from the Senate, he served one term in the Missouri House of Representatives, and was once run as a candidate for Governor.

Since escaping the cares of public service, he has devoted his attention to a preparation of his "Thirty Years in the Senate;" and later to his abridgment of the Debates of Congress, which he completed to 1850, the limit fixed by him, the day previous to his death. He also prepared last year, an able review of the "Dred Scott" decision. His labors on these works, have been performed under a vast amount of physical suffering, under which any but a mind as patriotic and determined would have sunk.

His Congressional career has been one of extraordinary influence. His industry was without parallel, and in his researches he stored his retentive mind with rich knowledge upon almost every subject, and was ready to speak upon every point, and he will be found to be intimately concerned in the advocacy or unwearied opposition to almost every prominent measure which was before Congress, for thirty years. His skill, experience, and ability, made it no easy matter to carry a measure against him.

The most prominent measures upon which he was engaged, are the slavery controversy of 1830; the crusade of Andrew Jackson against the United States Bank, wherein he counselled the removal of the deposits; the carrying of the vote to expunge the resolution of censure; the crushing of the South Carolina Nullifiers; the Annexation of Texas; the Compromise of 1850; and an opposition to the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, on the eve of the expiration of his official term of service.

The course of Col. Benton, in these measures, is well known. On the measures, purely political, he defended democratic principles, and in the sectional controversies his course was dictated by a patriotic love of the Union. He opposed the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise; and the evil results of that act, which he as well as others predicted, were earnestly deplored by him.

He died as he lived. A few days before his death he dispatched a note to members of Congress, requesting that no official notice should be taken of his death. He gave directions concerning his affairs with the same coolness and deliberation as though he were on the point of commencing a journey. On Saturday morning he expired.

A grateful country will ever bear in mind his eminent public services, in connection with the memories of the eminent man who were in the Senate with him.

FRENCH LESSONS. MONS. LEON, a native French teacher, now resident in Portland, is at present in this village, and will give lessons here, at Norway and South Paris, in classes of sufficient size are immediately formed. Mr. Leon was born and educated in the French capital. Since his residence in this State, he has given his whole attention to instruction in his native tongue, establishing a good reputation wherever he has had classes. He is the only Parisian teacher in the State.

CONVENTION OF NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS. The Lewiston Journal suggests a union of action on the part of newspaper publishers in regard to their interests, as involved in the present system, or want of system, of advertising. We fully concur with the view taken by our contemporary upon the subject, and second his motion that the publishers of the Age and Journal of this city be a committee to call a convention of the members of the craft in Maine to take the subject into consideration. [Goepel Banner.]

We would concur in the recommendations of the Journal and Banner, in relation to a convention; but we believe there are more important matters to consider than Boston newspaper agencies.

THE CHALLENGE REPEATED. The Norway people, with the assistance, it is said, of several of the adjoining towns, visited So. Paris, last Saturday, with two hundred and seven horses, and moved that it be called a "drawn game." The Paris boys, though hardly anticipating in the beginning that they were to be pitted against the whole Western part of the County, are still confident of giving them a checkmate, in one or two moves. Paris moves her knights again on Saturday.

A writer in the Argus asserts that Hale, who was recently sentenced to State's Prison, for larceny, in this county, is at large, and gives the impression that he was let out by the collusion of the officers of the Prison. There has been a rumor current in this vicinity that Hale was at large; and the details of the escape are given. The reports were so inconsistent that we gave them no heed, and do not now believe that he is out of prison.

FAST DAY. To enable our workmen to observe the recommendations of the Governor's proclamation, we put our paper to press this week one day earlier than usual.

A Democratic State Convention for the nomination of a Candidate for Governor will be held in the City of Augusta on Wednesday, the Thirtieth day of June next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

BIOGRAPHY OF ELISHA KANE. By William Elder. Philadelphia. Childs & Peterson. 1 vol. 8vo.

Few men of his age, in any period of the world have enlisted a larger or more hearty sympathy than Dr. Kane. He seems to have been born for a brilliant career; and events conspired to enable him to fulfill the object of his destiny. His reputation, submitted to the severest test, is such as to outlive all the shafts of envy or rivalry. He was a hero among heroes—a general among chiefs, and a scientific benefactor among the literati of the country. His fame was world-wide; and grateful Governments as well as individuals acknowledge his accomplishments and his worth.

In Dr. Elder, the biographer of this memoir has found a faithful biographer and historian. He brings to the work enthusiasm, love of his subject, and above all a love of truth. In this biography the reader will find a full and impartial account of the life, character, incidents and services of the youthful Kane; and how he exhibited in boyhood the eccentricities as well as the power and inventiveness of genius.

Dr. Kane's boyhood was one of singularity. He did not follow any beaten path of juvenility. His originality and force of character led him to form his own opinions and act upon them. At school he was too independent and mischievous to be called a "good boy." His fellows found him to possess more nerve and decision than fell to the lot of common boys. Rebukes and ferules had no fear for him. All arbitrary authority he abhorred; and did not scruple to offer combat, at this early period, when it conflicted with his sense of justice. This disposition was once displayed at school where he had the charge of a younger brother. The teacher had called out his brother to be whipped. This struck Elisha's notions of justice as being wrong. He felt that his duty as guardian required an effort at protection; and leaping from his seat he exclaimed, "Don't whip him, he is such a little fellow! Whip me!" The teacher considering this rebellion, answered, "I'll whip you too, sir!" "Strang for endurance," says Dr. Elder, "the sense of injustice changed his mood to defiance, and such fight as he was able to make quickly converted the discipline into a fracas, and Elisha left the school with marks which required explanation."

Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition—the motives which led to it—the escape he effected, and the discoveries he made, were the crowning acts of his brief but brilliant career. That expedition added a new map to the new world; and gave a new leaf as well as a new impulse to science. That expedition will render the name of Kane immortal; and inscribe it high on the scroll of fame.

The publishers, Messrs. Childs & Peterson, have made an elegant volume of this work, containing several illustrations, among which is a fine engraving of Dr. Kane. Our countrymen should see to it, that both publishers and author are generously rewarded.

President Buchanan's home organ, the Pennsylvania, announces that "Senator Douglas can never more belong to the Democratic party. Grace and pardon will be extended to the rank and file which have been seduced." They may return, but "the head conspirator" never.

The New York Courier and Enquirer says that Lieut. Mowrey, the delegate elect from Arizona, has received letters from Tucson and Fort Buchanan, describing in glowing terms new gold placers discovered in the vicinity of those points. The dust yields 43 carats to the pan of dirt. Particles of the gold were sent in the letters.

Wilkie Collins, author of the "Dead Secret," is the author of the story entitled "Who is the Thief?" in the April number of the Atlantic Monthly.

There is a man in Bath whose nose is so long that he is obliged to blow it with gunpowder. Three cent's worth blows it twice.

When General Jackson was President he several times took very bold and untrod ground, and his leading friends often hesitated to follow him, but one remarkable fact should be remembered: the people were with him. It was only the politicians who hesitated through timidity. Where the people will follow it is safe to lead.

[People's Organ.]

In the House of Representatives, last week, Mr. Gilman, of the 2d District in Maine, took occasion to inform the House that he was prepared to speak, but in view of the short time allowed and the large number who were desirous to be heard, he should take another opportunity to express his opinions in relation to several propositions in the President's annual and Lecompton messages. This will be Mr. Gilman's maiden effort, and it is looked forward to by his friends with interest.

The new City Government in Portland was inaugurated on Monday last.

At the Annual election in Hartford, Ct., the Republicans elected their Mayor by 212 majority. Last year the city was carried by the democrats, by 150 to 500.

Messrs. Powell and McCollough, Commissioners to Utah, started on their journey on the 12th, but when they arrived at the depot, were overtaken by a messenger from the President, with an order to stop.

Gen. Thomas, Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. Marcy, died in Paris, March 20th.

The Calais (Me.) Advertiser says that one James Davis murdered his wife at Howard settlement on Saturday morning.

A correspondent informs us that a temperance society has been formed in the Western portion of Paris, in the Swift and Albino neighborhoods. The meetings are held alternately in districts No. 3 and 4. Wm. E. Libby is President, and S. P. Jones Secretary. Considerable interest is manifested, and a good number of signatures have been obtained on the pledge.

The Richmond South says: "We sometimes think if the whole of Yankee land was cut out like a cancer, we should have a very quiet and prosperous career."

Very likely. So burglars, highwaymen and murderers would enjoy a more "prosperous career" were there no officers of justice. [Advocate.]

For The Oxford Democrat.

Jottings from Bethel.

A frame for a new Sash and Blind Factory is already raised on the spot of the one recently burned. A subscription was opened by the citizens, and five hundred dollars were secured as a present to the sufferers, for the purpose of aiding them in rebuilding.

Several new dwelling houses are already in process of erection, indicating that in spite of hard times there will be more building the present year than ever. While some of our young men are emigrating, others are coming in to fill their places.

There is considerable religious interest in the various religious societies in town. Morning prayer-meetings have been held for three weeks past, in the vestry, which have been fully attended.

Weekly temperance meetings have been held during the winter with unabating interest.

The Farmers' Club has closed a most interesting series of meetings for the season. They have never been so well attended as during the past winter.

The Academy is in a flourishing condition, considering the hard times. Eighty-three students have entered during the present term, and are well characterized by close attention to study, and to the regulations of the institution.

I was just now much pleased in reading in the New York Times the following: "Wanted—By a well-educated Boy, 16 years of age, a situation with a good practical farmer of a good moral character. Address terms to Peter Ward, No. 358 Broome St., New York." A boy that will voluntarily make such a determination to secure a situation with a farmer of a good moral character, will certainly succeed well in the world.

The Surprise Party, at the house of E. A. Buck, was a capital hit. It is a queer sight to look at the heads of a family whose territory is suddenly invaded by an army, entirely unexpected. It did us all good to witness their bewilderment.

RARE DISEASE IN A HEIFER. I lost a half grade Devon heifer this week, under circumstances new to me. There was a sudden stoppage. The animal refused to eat. Physic and clysters were given without effect. She continued ten days in this manner before she died. On a post mortem examination, I was surprised to find the stomach and intestines looking perfectly healthy, and their contents perfectly soluble. A more careful examination brought to light in one of the large intestines a kind of polypus, which completely filled the organ for ten inches in length. No other abnormal condition was noticed, except an enormously distended gall bladder. Is such a case a common one?

THE DIFFERENCE. I bought two pigs a year ago, of the Western breed of hogs, and I don't believe they will ever fatten. A friend positively avers that he can read a palm through one of them, and I won't dispute him. Now had I sent off and bought some of your Suffolks I should have saved twenty dollars in the operation.

MORAL. Be careful what you purchase. N. T. T.

MR. BENTON. The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Enquirer, speaking of the unabated energies of Mr. Benton, even in his dying hours, says: "I have now before me one of his characteristic notes, written only a day or two ago, addressed to a gentleman who furnished him with books to which he wishes to refer. The body of the note evinces his reduced physical condition, but his signature is equal to that of his best days. It reads as follows: "Dear Sir: I am out of material. I want some more volumes. If you have not got them, please come and see me and let us consult together—for I cannot stop."

Yours truly, THOMAS H. BENTON."

Is not this wonderful in a man perpetually conscious that the next breath he draws may be his last?

In his dying hours, Col. Benton had the faithful attendance of his daughter Mrs. Carey Jones, who resided with him in Washington. Another daughter, Mrs. Jacobs of Kentucky, arrived to see him on Thursday. His two remaining children were absent: Mrs. Fremont having gone to California, after parting with him a month ago, not apprehending that he was in a critical condition; and Madame Boileau, being in Calcutta, the wife of the French Consul General there. Mrs. Benton died in 1854, having been struck with paralysis in 1844, and from the time of that calamity her husband was never known to go to any place of festivity or amusement. [Boston Journal.]

Of the seven absentees in the U. S. Senate, two are dangerously ill; one has not been in Washington since his election, and another has been absent three months, from sickness. Mr. Henderson of Texas is far gone in consumption. Mr. Davis of Mississippi is in danger of losing his eyesight. Mr. Bates of Delaware has not been heard of this winter. Mr. Reid of North Carolina left for home about the 1st of January, and was unable to get further than Richmond. Mr. Sumner has never fully recovered from the injuries received in the assault upon him.

GOOD FOR A DOUGHFACE. This is the way Senator Pugh is rewarded by those whom he was so anxious to conciliate. We copy from the Knoxville (Tenn.) Register: "An extract from a private letter to us from Washington, reads as follows: 'All you say of Pugh is so, except his vote. He voted anti-Lecompton, but exerted himself for it—keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope. He is a very immature specimen of the Senator—an unripe fruit that dropped prematurely.'

Some of the Philadelphia hose companies have resolved to open their halls for daily prayer meetings. A new York religious paper says last week there were 17,000 conversions in the Baptist meetings, and 20,000 in the Methodist.

For The Oxford Democrat.

MANHATTAN, K. T., March 22, 1858.

Editor of The Oxford Democrat:

DEAR SIR.—In a former communication upon the comparative condition of the new settlers of the East and the pioneers of the West, I believe I stated that I would, in a future communication, give a comparative view of the costs and profits of agricultural products in the east and the west. I shall give in detail my own experience in this matter, with the statement of other writers added thereto; my own being for the time of three years in the East and three in Kansas.

First—I will take one acre of land in Norway, and one in Kansas, in a state of nature as I find the same:

Cost of plowing one acre,	\$4.00
" " planting, 1 man 1 day,	1.50
" " Hoesing,	2.00
" " Clearing said land of timber,	25.00
" " fitting same for the plow,	50
Cost of Seed Corn,	33.00

Cost of harvesting and husking corn paid by the stalks and husks.

Yield—40 bushels of corn at 83 cents—\$33.20, leaving a balance in favor of the producer of \$18.00 over the cost of cutting, clearing the timber, plowing, planting and gathering the crop off of one acre for the first year.

Second—The cost of plowing one acre of green prairie in Kansas, \$5.00. Planting the same, one man one day, 2.00. Seed Corn, 2.50.

No hoeing of sod corn.

Yield—30 bushels per acre, at 85 cents—\$25.50, leaving a balance in favor of the producer of \$18.00 over the cost of cultivation. I have made no estimate of the amount of beans, pumpkins and squash that may be raised on new land with the corn, considering the two cases nearly equal, of raising the same on the eastern and western new lands.

