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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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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.—AGRICOLA.

Top-Dressing.

A correspondent in Gilead, Mr. George Burnham, wishes us to state in these columns, "the best method of composting manure for top-dressing grass land." What we know about the matter and what are our views on the subject we shall most freely state; but we would have no one think we are competent to decide this matter by authority. We have had but little experience in the matter, and that little on a very limited scale. We have had enough, however, to satisfy us, that *semp muck, well decomposed*, is the sheet anchor in top-dressing. There is one thing we find to be indispensable to the highest success, and that is, to have whatever is applied *thoroughly decomposed*—reduced to a fine powder—the finer the better. In this condition, stable manure composted with muck and the scrapings of the chip-yard, make a very efficient manure. The way we should do would be to commence a heap in size proportionate to the amount of material we might have to work up, and begin with a layer of muck or the scrapings of the chip-yard, say one foot thick, then put on a layer of stable manure, and so on alternating with muck and manure, and if straw or other litter is at hand, which you desire to work up, put in every third layer on top of the manure, of such litter. Let it be supplied with water enough to keep it from burning. When thoroughly rotted down, as above indicated, it will make a very effective and cheap top-dressing. If it is desired to improve it still more, and particularly if it is desired to have it concentrated as much as possible, so as to save expense in transportation, it will be well to add, after fermentation has ceased, plaster, wood ashes, bone dust, superphosphate of lime, Guano, or a portion of all of them.

If we were to make a heap to suit us exactly, we should take it after the stable manure and muck had become thoroughly decomposed, and add to it say two bushels unbleached or three bushels bleached ashes to the cord, half a bushel of plaster, and twenty-five pounds of guano or superphosphate of lime, fifteen pounds of bone dust, and a peck of salt, and mix it well together and then apply about one cord to the acre. This would make a most effective dressing for any purpose, particularly to apply to the surface. Such a compost would cost, ready for application, from \$5.50 to \$6.00 per cord, and would probably double the crop on old mowing if not more, and last two or three years, that is, if the land is not wet, so as to wash out.

If it is desired to have the heap take on quick and rapid fermentation, it should not be trodden at all, but be left just as light as possible. If it is desired to retard fermentation, apply water and tread the heap down hard. The more free the access of air to such matters, the more readily do they take on fermentation, as oxygen is essential to this process, and its rapidity is in proportion to the supply of this substance, which is drawn from the atmosphere, the same as in a fire. Fermentation is only a sort of slow combustion, dissolving old forms and making new combinations of the elements of which they are composed.

Should any offensive smell arise from the heap, keep it covered with plaster or coal dust, and these will absorb those gases which are among the most valuable properties of the heap, and save them from waste, to be again mixed with the material of its composition.

Horse Testimony.

We have heard of a horse laugh—horse sense, and a horse Court, but the following is the only instance in which we ever read of horse testimony:

A capital trial recently occurred in North Carolina, in which the instincts of a horse were relied on to furnish the link, necessary to complete the chain of circumstantial evidence, on which the conviction of the accused depended. The question respected the precise point at which the crime charged (a murder) had been committed. The guilt of the prisoner was satisfactorily established, but he was tried before a court whose jurisdiction was limited to the 12th judicial district of North Carolina. The twelfth district was divided from the thirteenth by a road that ran some forty or fifty steps from a tree, at the foot of which the body of the murdered man was found. This tree was in the twelfth district, and within the jurisdiction of the court. Appearance indicated, however, that the body had been dragged from the road to the tree. If that was so, the jurisdiction would be doubtful, and the prisoner must be acquitted. That it was not the case, was proved to the satisfaction of the jury, by the conduct of a very intelligent horse, the property of the murdered man, and which he was riding at the time of the murder. This horse being ridden along the dividing road towards the point opposite the tree mentioned, exhibited every symptom of the greatest fear and excitement, and as it reached it became entirely uncontrollable. Left to himself he would start into the woods towards the tree, would stand pawing the earth on the spot where the body was found, nor leave it until he was forced away. This experiment being tried several times, and the same result following, the jury accepted it as evidence that the murder had been committed at the tree and convicted the prisoner accordingly. [Wool Grower.

From the Boston Journal.

The Astor House Farm.

One of the institutions of New York is the Astor House farm, located in Union, N. J., about seven miles from the city. It is owned by Mr. Develin, the son-in-law of Gen. Stetson, who generously fitted up the farm for the exclusive use of the Astor House, conducted by his father-in-law, convinced that it would pay him well; and the result has more than realized his expectations. The ride to it over the Hoboken ferry is one of the finest in all this region.—The scenery is exquisite—the road is in excellent order. New Jersey is one of the best farming States in the Union, and the evidence of thrift and high culture meets one on all sides. Near the landing at Hoboken is the harbor of the New York Sailing Club. About twenty vessels of the fleet lay here at anchor. So many elegant sailing craft cannot be seen together on the continent elsewhere. The Wanderer, so recently under the seizure of the U. S. officers on the charge of being fitted up for the slave trade, attracts great attention. She is an elegant vessel the fastest sailer in our waters, can accommodate nearly two hundred slaves, and the public suspicion is by no means allayed in regard to her accommodations and destination, though she has been released by the United States Marshal.

In passing on to the farm we traversed the marshes containing thirty thousand acres of land, now a mere swamp. A patch here and there under cultivation indicates what this waste would become under the hand of tillage. The vast tract could now be purchased for fifty dollars an acre. The farmer would soon redeem it from waste. It could be made like a garden; and as it is not four miles from the city, it would afford a supply of all the vegetables for New York. A part of it has been made a nursery by Justin, the planter of the central Park, and his trees flourish like the "green bay" trees of olden time. No "bottom" of the Mississippi can equal this in richness nor will it long remain a waste.

Once on the farm the cattle attract the attention of the visitor. The stable is on a novel plan and ingeniously fitted up for the purpose of its erection. Fifty cows stand before you all in a row, and the repeated taste of the proprietor of the Astor is not lessened by the appearance of the cattle. The stables are sweet and clean as a dairy. These cows are fed on the sweetest hay and best of meal, and are groomed daily as a horse would be, and roam in clover fields all summer. They are fed on cotton meal. By the invention of a gentleman whose name I do not recollect, the fuses has been taken the cotton seed and the meal makes the best food for cows, better than linseed, corn meal, or any other. The cotton meal goes to milk first, then to meat and lastly to fat. From these cows four hundred quarts of milk per day are carried into the Astor for the use of the guests. The cows are milked at three o'clock every morning, and the milk reaches the Astor in the cool of the day, and from the milk taken at night twenty-five quarts of pure cream are sent also for the daily use of the house. An ice house of a novel arrangement, with ventilators and a cooling chamber, receives the meat and vegetables. Milk can be kept sweet a week and fruit for a long time. In these days of milk terror, such a dairy as meets the eye here is a welcome sight.

Next we come to the piggery. An immense building, cruciform in shape, with a cupola like an academy, indicates where the pork of the Astor House is raised. Here six hundred hogs are annually raised for the slaughter. Each hog has his parlor, his yard and sleeping apartment to himself, while being corned and ready for market. Attached to the house are seven acres of land dotted with small houses into which the pigs may run and be safe, and in here the broods luxuriate on hill and dale, in heat and shade. A railroad car runs from the house where the food is cooked to the pens, and the food is trundled in on the track, and by a simple contrivance, all the hogs are compelled to wait till the food is served before they can help themselves. The swill from the Astor House is taken away before daylight each day, so that no one is annoyed, and a cart perfectly tight stands in the yard of the Astor House all day and receives all that is placed in it. Another its fellow complete, is driven in at early morn, all sweet and clean and the full one is taken out and the empty one left in its place. This swill is taken to the farm, and in an immense vat it is cooked for the swine. In the process, all the fat and grease that arises is taken off. Gen. Stetson has kept the Astor twenty-one years next July. The swill from the house has been sold and removed for the sum of \$300 per year. The farm has made this discovery, that the grease which arises from the cooking for the hogs independent of the food, is worth annually and brings the snug little sum of \$3,600. Pigs, noble and pobleian are here; pigs English, pigs Chinese, pigs Siamese. A smoke house completes the porkery of the farm. A man is employed to take care of this department—he does nothing else, and a house and grounds are given to him.

Next we advance to the poultry house, probably the most perfect in the land. The building is 240 feet long, and is of two stories. The "roost" is divided into four apartments; the roost frames are sawn for apart to vent; apartments for laying setting, &c., are in great perfection. A perfect system is adopted; each setting hen is removed, and her nest is cleaned each day, and at regular intervals she is compelled to take an airing. About two hundred eggs per day are ready for the house, and with the system of warming the building, the hens lay in the dead of the winter, and fresh laid eggs can be had at one season of the year as well as another. Attached to the hen house are seven acres of land, carefully enclosed, where the chickens and their associates have the "liberty of the yard." Each hen with a brood has a house in the field exclusively her own, and each day the house is moved, as that removal makes the rate and other vermin think it is a trap and so they keep out of it. Here 30,000 poultry are raised a year. The chicken poultry is under the charge of a gentleman, trained in England under Lord Northrup, and the fifteen years' experience in the old country is well used here. The lofty hall over the roost is devoted to the final feeding of capons for the table. Each of the 2000 fat capons, that are to be honored with a revolution on the spit of the Astor House kitchen have here their final preparation on the "corn of the land." Here also is to be placed an incubator of the newest model, where, by means of hot water, chickens are hatched into life; and after they come out, they are clapped into another machine called "the mother," where for a second time, they are awfully deceived with the idea that they are under the motherly care of an old hen. Six hundred eggs can be hatched at one time, and the total of chickens that will probably see life under this novel method is not far from 12,000 per year.

The turkey yard comes next, from which 3,000 turkeys per year come forth. And then an immense tract, five acres, watered by a running brook, eminently suggestive of trout, is called "Duckville," in which the ducks and geese in countless numbers are fattened for the table. Besides, there are acres of strawberries, which are picked at the rate of one cent per basket; and a good picker can realize one dollar per day. All the luxuries of hotbeds, all the flowers, fine herbs, celery, grapes pears and apples that may be needed for the table, with acres of potatoes, corn, beans, and all the roots used for food, grow on the farm. Hay in vast quantities, and beef, fattening in the stable meet the eye.

At the head of this model farm stands Major Forney, who was Kosuth's chief engineer; and the condition of the farm indicates that he is as able in the plow, as in "the tented field." Sixteen men, four horses, two stout mules, an overseer of the poultry, geese, hogs, each man with a house to reside in, a general overseer under Major Forney, comprise the working force of the farm.

It is the centre of general attraction. The setting down among the stall old farmers of Jersey, who for centuries have done their farming after the good old fashion, of such a system of agriculture as the Astor House farm displays, and with such tremendous result—the idea of feeding animals, keeping them warm and clean, not only having good light barns, pens and houses, but actually warming them with coal, so as to be really comfortable for a man, produced at first ridicule, then surprise and astonishment, and then imitation. The farm is visited by all persons for miles around; and when Major Forney shall have had time to perfect his plans, arrange the strawberry set of acres of ground, bring out his fruit, set up his bone mill, and complete fully his various houses and villages in grow fat, it will be one of the great attractions to all who love successful farming, system and beauty in arrangement, and splendid scenery; and as the ride towards it is one of the best in all this region, it will attract great and general attention; and the eminent success of this experiment will probably induce many other hotel keepers to attach a farm to their palace hotels. It costs not far from ten thousand dollars per year to work this farm. The fruits of the farm, at the lowest estimate, are not less than fifty thousand dollars a year, beside the attraction that must attend a hotel in the centre of such a city as New York, that can guarantee to its guests such milk, cream, eggs, poultry, pork and vegetables, that grow under the eye of the host, and are watched as carefully as the ledger or cash in the safe.

Agricultural Education.

It is a great fault of our system of education that no adequate provision is made for the professional education of the farmer, although he needs a special course of study as much as the lawyer or the physician. It is one of the advantages of agriculture, it is true, and a proof of its universal adaptation as a vocation, that a degree of success—renewing harvests, at least—are not dependent on uneducated industry and very moderate mental development; but, at the same time, it is a pursuit in which the highest intellectual powers, the most extensive scientific knowledge, and the profoundest study may be brought into exercise with profit.

Agricultural books are numerous; farm-schools and agricultural lectures are not entirely unknown among us; and the public mind is gradually awakening to the importance of a professional education for the farmer; but much, very much still remains to be done before the vocation of the cultivator of the soil will take its true place, in general estimation, at the head of all human employments.

Among other instrumentalities, we want a good, well-endowed Agricultural College in each State, with experimental farms connected with them. Farmers, will you not agitate the subject? Petition the Legislatures of your respective States, and leave no stone unturned for the promotion of this most desirable object; and in the mean time avail yourselves of all the facilities for gaining a knowledge of the theory as well as the practice of your profession; and, above all, do not neglect to subscribe for, and read one or more good agricultural papers.

[How to do Business.

About "Old Iron."

Messrs. EDS.: A short time since I observed an article in the Rural, entitled "Sham," in which the writer wished to convey the idea that in former times people made iron work and, in fact, every thing else much better than they do now. This may be true; but twenty years' experience teaches me that there is as much bad old iron as good, and the same may be said of all other branches of manufacture. The secret is here;—the smaller a man is in his deal with a mechanic, the poorer his iron, and so with all other things. The close-fisted man might be always complaining of poor iron and always have a sufficient stock to complain about.

We live in a time when men are put up on the scales and weighed—if a man, in all his business transactions, is "good weight" he will generally receive full value for what he pays; but should he, like *Belshazzar*, be found wanting, he will doubtless be heard exclaiming "bad iron!" In the "good old days that are past," the equine and the minister were looked upon by the community as the end of the law, but "think for yourself," and "act for yourself" have put a different aspect upon affairs. If *putty* and *point* does more for selling wares than *durability*, mechanics have found it out, and if a good article is valued at five dollars by the manufacturer, and purchasers will only pay four dollars, they must take such as have defects glossed over and hidden.

When a man orders anything from a mechanic, let him employ one that is honest and upright, telling him that he will pay whatever the article is worth, and I will venture to say that, in nine cases out of ten, he will be satisfied with what he receives. This is the way to get "good iron" to be it "old" or "new."

[Cor. Rural New Yorker.

Underdraining Impervious Clay.

As an editor is presumed to know everything, I would be much obliged if you would solve a question that has occurred to me. I am draining a piece of wet land. At the depth of a foot or less below the surface, I find a solid bed of very pure clay, almost white, with a slight bluish tinge, and so far as I can see, absolutely impervious to water. I cut through this, say two feet, make my drain and fill it up in the usual way. Now I want to know how the surface water is to enter that drain? In a well made drain, to be effectual, the great body of water must enter at the bottom. Here I cannot see that it can enter at all. Will such a drain prove of service? C. W. T.

Draining will be useful on this land, in different ways. The drains having decent shortcuts way down the slope of the land, the water will flow beneath the common soil, over the surface of this impervious sub-soil, (generally only a few yards,) till it finds the drain, when it will be carried off. Without draining, the water would have to flow over this sub-soil surface, the whole breadth of the field before it made its escape, and the soil would thus be loaded with water. By cutting the drains about three feet deep, and afterwards subsiding eighteen inches, this water-tight crust would be rendered porous, the air would probably improve its texture and quality, and the soil could be deepened and rendered dry enough. There are horizontal as well as other seams in this sub-soil; and frequent drains would let off the water from these seams, and prevent its entering them by cutting off any broad flow from above.

[Country Gentleman.

"Stop and Think"

For the last two years we have had among us what was formerly called the "Ohio Fever," but which is now more appropriately called the "Western Fever." It has carried away too many of our young, energetic and enterprising men. We say too many, because the rush into that country will not be profitable to them all.

We are not opposed to a reasonable progress of emigration into new countries. Such movements are useful and necessary, not only to relieve the crowded condition of older communities, but to people new countries, and to spread civilization and the arts more generally abroad. When, however, emigration becomes an epidemic—a fever—it is time to "stop and think."

To think rightly on this subject, we must ask what are the causes of this "fever," and what are to be its results. There are at least, two causes for this rush of our people. 1st. The extraordinary (and we contend unnatural) high prices of breadstuffs, which have stimulated the production of them, and thereby increased the demand for land. 2d. The great flow of emigration from Europe, which also increased the price of land—here arose a sort of "land speculation," and the rush of so many into it. Every Yankee could raise a little money, was anxious to go west, and invest it in lands, with the hope that it would speedily rise, and thereby double and quadruple his funds. Will it not be well, as the prices of breadstuffs are coming down, to "stop and think?"

Think that more new lands have been bought up in this way than can possibly be settled for many years. Think over some of the results of the land speculation in 1835 and '36, and then keep cool about that of 1885.

If you are well situated, keep so. If you are not well situated, see if you cannot make your situation better without the cost and risk of breaking up your family, and separating all the ties of old connections and friendships, and running the risks incident to an emigrant's life. Stop and think calmly and carefully. Settle in your own mind what you want to do and what you can do. Look over the whole ground, and

like a skillful general, make a true estimate of your own power—how to move, and how, in case of failure you can make a safe and honorable retreat.

The true object to be attained is not so much great riches and possessions, as a good living, good society, happy associations, and opportunities to give and receive aid and comfort, as we journey along the pathway of life. Stop and think of all this, and then proceed as prudence shall dictate. [Maine Farmer.

POETRY.

The Wife of Lumley Moore.

BY ALICE CARR.

Have you not seen her many a day,
Leaning out of her door,
Listening and looking far away—
The wife of Lumley Moore?

The leaves of the roof-tree, thick and dim,
Trembling through and through,
And little birds with necks stretched slim,
As if they listened too!

Have you not seen the air a-hush,
And tender with her praise,
And the squirrel hide in his hazel bush
Ashamed of his clumsy ways?

Her timid glances all alert,
As if her peace was gone,
And her step as light as she feared to hurt
The grass she trod upon?

Have you not heard her piteous sighs
That reached to other years,
And seen the light of her sweet eyes
Going out in tears?

Poor lady! when at midnight dark,
The death watch beats his drum,
She turns no more in her bed, to hark
For the feet that do not come.

The brief icy thorns arms all wide
Has thrown across her door,
And the hard slips where lived and died
The wife of Lumley Moore.

MISCELLANY.

THE END OF A WOMAN'S CAPRICES.

A LOVE STORY.

"Men are never so awkward, never so ungrateful, never so disagreeable, as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury, a husband a duty, I suppose; but that intermittent class of human beings denominated 'lovers' are terrible foes. It does very well for women to blush and look flustered now and then, when occasion makes it desirable; but to see a man with his face as red as a ripe cherry, and a real parcel of strong-mindedness, self-reliance, and masculine dignity, done up in broadcloth and starched linen, quaking from the toe of his boot to the top of his shirt collar, his mouth awry, and his tongue twisted into convulsions, in the vain attempt to say something sweet—O gracious!"

So said saucy Sophie Lynn aloud to herself, as she sat swinging backwards and forwards before the window, half buried in the cushions of a luxurious arm-chair, and playing with a delicate ivory fan which lay upon her lap.

"It also seems so strange, not to say tiresome," she continued, with a running musical laugh, "after one has waltzed and sung, quoted poetry, and talked nonsense, with anybody, till one is puzzled to know which of the two is most heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come down plump on the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such insipid acquaintance! For my part, I never had a lover (here Sophie fluttered her fan and looked pleased, for she had more than one) that I was not sick of after he proposed. There was Capt. Morris; I thought him the handsomest man in the whole circle of my acquaintance, until he went on his knees to me, and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow, he always looked a fright to me afterwards. Then there was Dr. Wilkins; he was really agreeable, and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—what long-winded adjective? and how the poor fellow blushed, puffed, and perspired! He called me an 'adorable creature,' and hiccupped in the middle of 'adorable.' Horrors! I have hated him ever since. Then there was a—"

Here Sophie started. She heard the door-bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before her mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a taste truly comical. "It won't do to seem interested," she said, as she took a finishing survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump, jewelled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back to her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as before that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face. "Tell him I will be down presently," she said.

The girl disappeared, and Sophie flung open the window, that the cool fresh air might fan away the extra rosiest from her complexion. Then she went again to the mirror, and, after composing her bright, eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descended into the parlor. A smile broke over her features, and she reached out both hands to the guest; but as if suddenly recollecting herself, she drew them back again, and, with a formal bow of recognition, she passed him, and seated herself in a further corner of the room.

It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind either not to be pleased, or not to please. Could it be that she had foreseen what was coming? That a presentiment of

that visit and its result had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half hour had not elapsed before Harry Ainslee's hand and fortune— which latter, by the way, was nothing wonderful—were in the same place where Capt. Morris and Dr. Wilkins had been before them.

"The first man that I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie emphatically from behind her fan, as she sat blushing and evidently gratified, without deigning any reply to the gallant, straightforward speech in which her lover had risked his all of hope.

"He ought to do penance for the pretty way in which he manages his tongue. He's altogether too calm to suit me." And Sophie shook her curly head meaningly, biding her hand before her a screen— did she forget what she had been saying? "I wonder if I could snore the way old Uncle Jones used to in church?" she soliloquized. "Wouldn't it be fun? And wouldn't it plague Harry if he thought I had been asleep all the while he was talking?"

Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three heavy breathings, and followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox deacon. It was well done, and theatrically done; and poor Harry sprang bolt upright—surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of triumphant laughter.

"You little witch—you mischief—you spirit of evil!" exclaimed the relieved Harry as he sprang to her side, and caught her by the arm with a grip that made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then, lowering his voice, he added, gravely:

"Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me, can you not be generous enough to tell me so? And if you do not, am I not at least worthy of a candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, and made her lover's heart bound with rapture, for the whole details of her being were stirred and drawn towards him as they never before had been towards any man.

But she could not quite give up her railway then. She would go one step further from him, ere she laid her hand in his, and told him he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue, and flinging off his grasp, with a mocking gesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself; she ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignant words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length as she paused from sheer exhaustion. "Is it generous, is it just, to trifle with me so? To turn into ridicule emotions of a heart that offers to you the most reverent affections?"

"I have loved you, because, beneath this volatile surface character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity, purity of soul, and a warm current of tender, womanly feelings, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was so fortunate as to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat my suit so scornfully, you are less the noble woman than I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands, as though it were but dross, staking it all upon an idle caprice?

When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquettish smile breathed from her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, there's Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attention to her Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement; possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashed in a fierce torrent over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast, as if to keep his heart from bursting with uprising indignation—his compressed lips, and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You added one drop too much to your cruel sarcasm. You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared, had you known his proud and sensitive nature.

Not till he had gone—gone without a single word of expostulation, leaving only a grave "good-bye"—and the memory of his pale face to plead for him—did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have had him beside her one short moment longer.

"Pshaw! what am I afraid of? He will be back again within twenty-four hours, and as importunate as ever," she muttered to herself, as the street door closed after him! yet a sigh that was half a sob followed the words; and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went along the street, or the bright face that leaned away out through

the parted blinds, with such a wistful look, as he disappeared, it might have been his turn to triumph.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring back Harry. Days matured into weeks, and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr, and acted accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any heroine would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Mariana began to suggest the delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate. "The poor dear child was getting so thin." In vain Sophie protested that she had no appetite.

In vain papa brought dainty gifts and piled up costly dresses before his pet. A faint smile or abstracted "thank you" was the only recompense. If sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any manner connected with her altered demeanor Sophie would toss her ringleted head with an air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie; Sophie among the rest.

Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate, who had come so near the solution of the true mystery, should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps she could advise her what to do, for to give Harry up forever seemed every day more and more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice of her sister, one day about a month after her trouble with Harry. "I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden paths, as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and, flinging herself down on a low seat, buried her head among the cool vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and an arm was twined tenderly about her waist, and a warm hand was laid caressingly on her drooping head.

"O, Kate, Kate!" she cried, in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched. You don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I!"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle, soothing motion.

"Harry and I!"—another sob—"was quarrelled two or three weeks ago. I was wild and rude, just as it was natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive me, for he hasn't been here since."

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure Kate pitied her.

"I would not have owned it to anybody, if it had not been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hands into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as I do you and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head and tumbled hair as she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued, "asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a manly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that, and I answered him as I should not. He thought it was because he was poor and I was rich; and all the time I was thinking I would rather live in a cottage with him than in the grandest palace in the world with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, Kate; you are much better than I am, and you never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't." And poor Sophie wept again.

"Look up, dear, and I'll tell you."

Sophie did look up, with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream leaped into the arms—not of sister Kate, but Harry Ainslee!

Sophie declared to this day that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Ainslee nearly two years.

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE. Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffold, constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the ground. One of them was so intent upon his work, that he became wholly absorbed in admiration, and stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backwards slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he neared the very edge of the plank upon which he stood.

At this critical moment, his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him it was certain death—if he held his peace, it was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and, seizing a wet brush, he flung it against the wall, splattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations, but, startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of his danger, looked shudderingly over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

So, we sometimes get absorbed in looking upon the world, and in contemplating it, step backwards, unconscious of our peril when the Almighty dashes out the image, and we spring forward—to lament their destruction—into the outstretched arms of Mercy, and are saved. [Boecher

The Oxford Democrat

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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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Book and Job Printing PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

LOCAL AGENTS.

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HENRY UPTON, Paris, Me.
JOHN BENNETT, Paris, Me.
DAVID THOMAS, Paris, Me.
M. N. MAYNARD, Paris, Me.
C. D. STACY, Paris, Me.
J. S. POWERS, Paris, Me.
S. R. BEAN, Paris, Me.
C. E. BARNES, Paris, Me.
H. W. WOODMAN, Paris, Me.
THOMAS PARSONS, Paris, Me.
JOSEPH BARRETT, Paris, Me.

Election, Monday, Sept. 13th.

Republican Nomination.

LOT M. MORRILL,
OF AUGUSTA.

The Difference.

One of the unfortunate men now in jail at Auburn, in this State, under sentence of death for wilful murder upon the high seas, is a negro. The offence charged against him and of which he has been proved guilty by a jury of the country, was a heinous one. The manner in which it was committed, makes it an exceedingly aggravated case, one in which there is scarcely a mitigating circumstance.

This negro and his confederate were brought into Portland to be tried. In that city they were in a land of strangers, poor, defenceless, and without a relative or person whom they had a right to call friend. Notwithstanding all this, through the great economy of our laws, they had every right secured them at their trial, that could have been obtained if they had been worth their thousands. The United States, their prosecutor was bound by the laws to summon and secure the attendance of such witnesses as they desired in making a defence, at the public expense. The court assigned them able and efficient counsel, who did everything in their power, by way of a legal defence. To the rulings of Judge Ware they excepted, and the whole matter went before Judge Clifford for his supervision, and it was not until every measure had been taken and legal objection exhausted, that these murderers received their sentence. We have before remarked, one of these men was a negro, and this is the humane manner in which he has been treated as a wilful murderer.

Now let us reverse the picture. Supposing this same negro had been sold into slavery in the South, and been abused and maltreated as many of the slaves are in that region. Suppose he had never committed any offence against the laws, or been guilty in any manner as a legal transgressor, but fumbling something of the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and fancying he had a natural, inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, he had fled from oppression, and travelling over the underground railroad, had brought up in Portland. His owner finds his "chattel" personal" had gone. He secures the services of some miserable vagabond, makes out the papers to prove ownership, hands them to his agent, and with him sends another vagabond on to Portland to recover his slave. These two man-stealers appear in the giddy city of Portland in search for their victim. They are themselves with bludgeons and pistols, and patrol the streets in search of whom, a thief, a murderer, a burglar? No; none of these. The man they are pursuing has committed no offence against the laws of God or man. He is only in pursuit of a natural, God-given right, liberty. The shades of evening hang over the "Forest City," and they meet their victim in a back street, they knock him down with a bludgeon; he recovers, runs from his pursuers; they then shoot him down and capture him. What next? He is hurried off clandestinely and carried before some Judge Loring, a U. S. Commissioner. The agent of his master here produces the papers, duly authenticated, proving him the owner of a certain slave. With no friends, money or counsel, the wounded slave lies before the Commissioner, manacled and not allowed to open his mouth. The examination proceeds. Vagabond No. 2, is put upon the witness stand and swears to the identity of the negro, when in fact over word he utters a lie. The poor slave begs for an opportunity to consult a friend, if one can be found; but is met with the stern reply from the Commissioner, that proceeding under the fugitive slave law are "summary." The case is made out, the poor slave doubly ironed, is hurried off, placed on board a ship, the sails furled, and he is on his way back to a southern hell. The U. S. Treasury is plundered to pay the bills, the Commissioner pockets his ten dollars, and the tragedy is ended. This is Cox, the panting fugitive slave, innocent of any crime—the other picture is Cox, the murderer, with hands still reeking with the blood of his murdered victim. Reader, look at this picture and then at that. One process is under the humane laws handed down to us from our English ancestors—the other under the barbarous, fendish "Fugitive Slave Act," the legitimate child of modern democracy. Can any honest man sanction such an act, or the party that supports it? We leave every one to answer for himself.

Every man should be a Politician.

Some men profess to have a great hatred for politics and almost everything connected with party organizations. They would have us believe that to engage in any of the great party conflicts of the day, is almost a crime. Men of this stamp frequently exclaim, "I will have nothing to do with politics; I have more important matters to attend to." Under our republican institutions the people themselves govern, through the ballot-box. In order to have a good government, and have placed upon our Statute Books good and wholesome laws, those who elect law-makers should be sufficiently informed to act understandingly. Every man who votes should have a personal knowledge of the matter to be affected by his ballot. Every ballot deposited in the ballot-box has its influence in some way. Jefferson once said, that "virtue and intelligence among the people are the only safeguards in a free government." If a man is corrupt and dishonest, he will be very likely to carry his dishonesty to the ballot-box. But much of the wickedness here developed is the direct result of ignorance. Men vote either as they choose themselves, or as other people choose for them. When a man surrenders his personal independence at the polls, he loses his political identity; instead of representing himself, he represents another. It is a humiliating fact, that we have not a few persons, (for we cannot call them men,) that must be placed in this class. They allow themselves to become merely tools in the hands of demagogues. Ignorance is the great cause of all, or nearly all of this. In consequence of their ignorance, lose their independence. If they had sufficient intelligence to investigate for themselves, they would act for themselves. These remarks apply not only to many native-born citizens, but to the great mass of foreigners. These individuals come to our country ignorant of our laws, our form of government and institutions. A large majority of them never make any effort to acquaint themselves with the institutions of their adopted country; and in exercising the right of suffrage, they are led up to the polls like cattle to their stalls. It is a fact too well known to be denied, that the foreign vote in our cities is given to the black democracy. The leaders of that party negotiate with some of the controlling spirits among the Catholics, who are always willing for a consideration, to sell the Irish vote, which is under their control. It is one of the leading features in our government, to entrust political power in the hands of the many, and just in proportion as citizens, whether native or adopted, are politically educated, just in the same proportion are the chances of perpetuating our free form of government. Therefore we repeat, it is the duty of every man to be a politician,—to study with care the theory of government,—to make himself familiar with political parties and party platforms. It is only by this course that a man can act with a mainly independence. Otherwise he cannot trust himself, but will be liable to become the dupe of every designing, dishonest politician that comes in his way.

The Black Democracy on State Issues.

The black democracy have been laboring to divert public attention from the great National questions legitimately involved in the coming campaign, and to make the people believe that certain State issues were coming up, which ought to supersede all matters of a national character. In the first place they began their talk about the Liquor Law, and made a feeble attempt to play over the old John Robbins farce. Free rum and license was the word. But this miserable attempt at pandering to the passions and appetites of wicked men, disgusted many of the best men in their party, many of whom have like Ex-Governor Dunlap, come out in favor of enforcing the Law of the People, adopted by them in June last. They still harp upon the liquor law, but it finds no favor except with three peculiar classes, unprincipled demagogues, beastly drunkards and debauched rascals. This conventional tri-recho the miserable staff that emanates from the Argus and kindred papers, but all decent men even in their own party, turn away from it with perfect loathing.

Coupled with their "sighing" over the Liquor Law has been their anguish caused by a prospective abatement of "houses of ill fame" and "grog shops," declared "unlawful" by a recent act of our State Legislature. These institutions they seem to consider very important requisites for the permanent growth and prosperity of Leocompton democracy. The audacity and shamelessness of the leaders of a political party, in advocating "license" for such abominations in a civilized community, instead of helping their sinking fortunes has only served to fill the members of their own party with shame and disgust. The depravity of the proposition is not only a burning disgrace to its advocates but a burlesque on civilization.

Their next attempt at "State issue," was a hue and cry against Gov. Morrill's administration, on account of its alleged extravagance in the management of financial matters. To this proposition there was not a Republican paper in the State, that was not ready to "join issue." We had only to go back to the Wells Dynasty, and compare notes to put to eternal silence, the baseless charges against the Republican party. The black democracy have just got to expunge their own record under the Wells Administration, before they can open their mouths about State economy. Upon that record stands the most damning proof of their own shameful profligacy, their squandering of the people's money by thousands and tens of thousands, without the authority of law; their rewarding of corrupt demagogues and unprincipled politicians, out of the State Treasury solely for party services; the payment of salaries to public functionaries when no service had been rendered; and various other acts in which the public treasury was robbed of thousands of dollars, not only without authority, but against law. A few broadsides from the Republican artillery have already silenced their batteries upon this groundless assumption. But as they have opened the door, we are now bound not only to act on the defensive, but to "carry the war into Africa," and shall in our next issue give some facts and figures fortifying the positions above taken.

Finding themselves bankrupt in argument and driven from every "State issue" raised, the black democracy have at last fallen back upon a Law upon our Statute books against killing certain harmless birds, including the "woodpecker." They now think this "woodpecker" idea is the great question in issue, one which in importance will completely override everything else. The black (crow) democrats are now "pecking" away upon this mighty question and loudly calling upon the people to rise in their might and expunge the unconstitutional woodpecker proviso from the Statute book, in order that the "peckers" can make a general rush upon the Woodpeckers. What are all the great questions of freedom, State sovereignty or popular sovereignty, when compared with the woodpecker question? What a discovery?

The Vice President Speaks.

Mr. Vice President Breckinridge, who all through the Leocompton struggle has managed to keep out of sight, and thus pass muster with all the elites within his party organization, has at last been forced to take the stump in Kentucky, and define to the world, his position. His declaration of principles is read with great interest, as from present indications he bids fair to be one of the most prominent competitors "Old Buck" will have, for the honor of the nomination of his party, for the Presidency in 1860. He has not identified himself publicly with the policy of the administration heretofore, but his speech shows him to be the most fiery southern of them all. In his speech he comes to the defence of the financial management of the administration, and attempts to charge the fault of increased expenditures upon the Republicans. He forgets, however, to state that the Republicans never had the control for a single moment, and consequently are entirely free from this responsibility. He thinks the Republicans were to blame for not increasing the rates of postage,—never telling his audience that the Republican States, more than paid their bills at present rates, while the South run into debt. He complains because the Republicans are committed to the French Spoilation bill,—an eminently just measure, which has passed a democratic Congress, and would have become a law, but for President Pierce's veto, who could not bear to see just deeds of the Government paid, when the money would come into the Free States. He endorses the Leocompton swindle, declares that the Convention was legally called, and denied that any frauds had been committed, and stated that the people had a perfectly fair opportunity to vote on the act.

He declared his solemn belief that every step taken to procure the sense of the people regarding the state constitution, the act calling the convention, the vote of the people on the act, the registration of voters and the election of delegates, all these steps were legal, regular, orderly, fair, and taken in the only way that they legally could be taken.

He spurned the idea that a Constitution need be submitted to the people. Congress had no authority to order such a submission.

The closing portion of the speech is a very sensible piece of advice, and as true as it is sensible. It was well for his party friends, especially those in the Northern States, who are boasting of success, to mark his words. He said:

"The Republican party, is the strongest organization in the Union, unless the Democratic party is stronger. It is the only great living organization that has or can withstand the Democratic party. It is a powerful, compact, hopeful organization."

Republicans don't mean to change their name or their issues; they are too strong, too powerful, too confident for that, and yet you are invited by some Kentuckians to go in with them and form a People's party.

Don't depreciate the strength of the Republican party. Its principles are deeper and broader, and its purposes more resolute than anything on the surface would indicate. Don't underrate their power."

Pacific Railroad—Note from Benton.

The demand for a National railroad from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific coast, has been so strong as to force the government to take the preliminary steps of examining the several routes, supposed to be feasible. Some three or four routes have been reconnoitered, and large quarto volumes giving maps of all the sections, profusely illustrated with engravings of the inhabitants, scenery, and objects of interest along two of the routes have been published. But when those were finished, the bill authorizing the printing of the other volumes, containing the report on the northern route was repealed. This excited much attention at the time, and was at first set down as a petty means, adopted by the democratic majority, of expressing its hatred of the North. Recently, however, there has been published a letter from Senator Benton, which casts a different light upon this subject, and shows most clearly the design of the Southern manoeuvres. They are determined to have the most Southern route selected, and equally determined that it shall never reach California. The letter of the veteran Statesman possesses the almost sacred character of a death-bed testimony:

"A LAST WORD."

"I was breaking down under the terrible attack which kept me, for two weeks, face to face with death, when I was writing this Examination, and had to break off abruptly, leaving two heads untouched, and not even alluded to. Besides these two entire heads, now postponed, there was another which I wished to bring before the American people, to wit: The conduct of an Administration and a Senate (called Democratic) which has done, and is doing, what no former Administration and Senate (whether Whig, Federal, Democratic or Republican) ever did; that is to say, suppressing and concealing the evidence of a foreign negotiation, after the negotiation is all over and done with; which negotiation is surrounded by circumstances which connect it with a scheme to bring on a separation of the Slave from the Free States. I speak of the Gadsden negotiation, and of fifty millions was authorized to give for a broad side of Mexico, with a port on the Gulf of California, and a railway to it, to wit the United States South after the separation; to which point all the schemes for a Southern Pacific Railroad tend, while the credulous public are made to believe they are hunting the best way to California, where they mean it shall never go, because California rejects slavery. Every Union loving State Legislature should post its Senators under instructions to bring those hidden negotiations to public view, though with but little prospect

of getting the whole truth after so many years' suppression—the same reasons which have induced suppression thus far, being equally strong to make it perpetual; so that much may be gone past recovery."

T. H. BENTON.
"Washington City, September, 1857."

The Gold Mines.

The California papers received by the last steamer, are filled with the details of the great gold discoveries, on Fraser's River; and the Exodus from the California mines, to the new diggings. Every Steamer and sailing craft that could be chartered, has been pressed into the service, and all go out from San Francisco, literally black with passengers. The effect upon all kinds of trade, except in miner's supplies is very disastrous. Some of the towns in the upper parts of the State are almost depopulated. In one County casting 4500 votes, 2000 had gone to Fraser river.

Of the richness of the new mines the reports are very indefinite. Stories are told of great wealth,—but the gold is fine, and experienced men say that the reports cannot be reliable. Strikes are never made in such localities. The miners were impatiently waiting for the fall of the water, expecting to find rich deposits on the bars. The river would be low enough for these operations about the first of August. The Alta California of the 5th ult., says that mining reports continue as favorable as ever; none are contradictory; all tell the same story. Bellingham bay and Victoria are building up rapidly; choice lots bring enormous prices. Twenty-nine boats and canoes left the former place on the 28th, bound for the mines.

As will be seen by the various letters, "high water" on Fraser river is still the cry, and all are idling away their time waiting for the river to fall, which, it appears, will not take place for several weeks yet, by which time the greater part of the summer will have passed. Let all who intend rushing heading to these yet unknown mines, look well before they start.

We learn by a private letter received to-day that rich diggings have been discovered at Seneca. On the 21st, while a party of men were engaged in excavating for a bakery they found signs of gold. On washing, it paid two and three bits to the pan. Though endeavors were made to keep it still, the news became known, and before the next morning claims were staked off for a distance of over two miles. The same letter states that in consequence of a heavy rain occurring the next day, people were prevented from working.

The Chinese in California, do not go to Fraser River, but as the whites leave the mines, stand ready to take up the abandoned claims.

Dispatches from Washington state that the British government has sent out instructions to allow Americans to dig, on favorable terms. Some disputes had occurred about the prices of licences. Provisions of all sorts command the almost fabulous prices obtained in California some years since.

THE SOUTH PARKS BAND visited our village on Tuesday evening last, and exhibited to our citizens their musical skill, in the form of serenades. At several places refreshments were offered, and others would have been pleased to have extended the same hospitality had they not been taken completely by surprise. It was our misfortune to be absent on that evening; but we are assured that the pieces were finely executed, and that the gratuitous "out-door" concert was highly appreciated.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT. The August term will commence at this place on Tuesday next.

Our subscribers are reminded that an excellent opportunity will be afforded most of them to send to this office the amount due on the account of the Democrat. Those who are indebted will confer a favor upon us by attending to the matter at this time, and save us the unpleasant necessity of "dunning" them in person.

COMMENCEMENT AT WATERVILLE. It will be seen by notice in another column that an extra train, with reduced fare, is to be run on the Androscoggin & Kennebec R. R. on the 11th, for the accommodation of those wishing to attend the Commencement exercises at Waterville. Passengers may leave Paris by the 6 A. M. train, and get back to Danville Junction in season to return in the evening train.

UNIVERSALIST MEETINGS. Rev. Dr. Whittemore is to preach at the Universalist Church in Norway, next Sabbath.

It is expected that Rev. Mr. Moore, of Portland, will preach to the Universalist Society in this place on the succeeding Sabbath,—August 15th.

PLUMBAGO. A correspondent of the Argus states that an extensive mine of plumbago, (black lead,) has been opened in Newry. Several tons of the mineral have already been taken out. The supply is stated to be very large. Specimens have been found, as we are informed, in several places in this County, heretofore.

The Salem faction in Oregon have carried the election. The following are the officers on the general ticket:

Governor, John Whitaker; Congressmen, Lafayette Grover; Secretary of State, L. Heath; State Treasurer, J. D. Boon; State Printer, Ashbel Bush.

Mr. Grover is one of the bears who strayed away some years since, and arrived in Oregon, with a five dollar bill in his pocket. He went to work at his profession, has earned a good reputation, has filled several offices at home, and now comes back as the first Representative to Congress, from the new State. We like the grit and perseverance of the man despite his politics. We learn that he is soon expected, on a visit to his native hills.

REV. MR. KALLOCH. The Baptist Society, worshipping at the Tremont Temple, have extended an invitation to Rev. Mr. Kalloch to resume the charge of that church, and the invitation has been accepted. He will commence his labors on the 1st of September. The vote in his favor was nearly unanimous.

Supreme Judicial Court—Law Term.

Opinions in the following cases in this County, were given on Thursday morning last:

Benjamin Pratt vs. Polly Churchill et al. Defendants defaulted.

Elisha Woodman, in Equity, vs. Alpheus Spring. Exceptions overruled. Judgment on the award.

Nathaniel Taylor vs. Ebenezer R. Holmes. To be dismissed, if papers are not furnished to the court within 90 days.

Benajah Pratt, Jr. vs. Atlantic & St. Lawrence R. R. Co. Defendants defaulted. Damages to be assessed by a member of this court.

George Hopkins vs. Cyrus Thompson. Defendant defaulted. Damages one dollar.

Inhabitants of Oxford, Petitioners for Certiorari, vs. Commissioners of Oxford County. Dismissed from Law Docket.

Isaac Chase vs. Albert D. White. Exceptions overruled.

Charles Decker vs. Inhabitants of Backfield. Exceptions overruled.

Wm. C. Whitney vs. Moses Hammond et al. Exceptions sustained.

Charles Decker vs. James M. Gammon. Exceptions overruled.

I. S. Andrews vs. G. E. Andrews et al. Exceptions overruled.

Oliver S. Davis, Petitioner for review vs. Willard W. Davis. Exceptions overruled.

CANADIAN MINISTRY. The Government was defeated last week on the change of the seat of government, to Ottawa, and resigned. The new cabinet is composed as follows:

Premier and Inspector General, George Brown; Attorney General for Canada West, Hon. S. McDoull; Attorney General for Canada East, Hon. Mr. Drummond; Provincial Secretary, Mr. Mowatt; Speaker of the Council, Hon. Mr. Morris; Postmaster General, Mr. Foley; Solicitor General for Canada West, Dr. Connor; Solicitor General for Canada East, Mr. Laberge; Commissioner of the Crown, Mr. Morrison; Commissioner of Public Works, Mr. Holton; Receiver General, Hon. Mr. Lemieux; President of the Council and Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Thibaudeau.

A motion declaring want of confidence in the new ministry was carried in the Upper House, on Monday, by 8 majority.

THE REASON WHY IT BREAKS. It is stated as a discouraging feature of the telegraphic enterprise, that it cannot be ascertained what caused the breaking of the wire. The account of the first trial states that during the severe storm encountered by the Agamemnon, everything on board was displaced and thrown violently from one side of the vessel to the other. The coil of cable on the lower deck moved with each plunge of the vessel, and some fifty miles of the cable was knotted in inextricable tangles, resembling a large mass of cells. It would seem to be the judgment of a landsman, to say the least that when such cable was paid out, the reason of the "loss of continuity," would be self-evident. When we consider that the Agamemnon has started again, without shifting her cable, the result of the second expedition may, as we believe, be easily calculated. We should certainly hope to be found in error, in this opinion, but can see but little reason for forming any other.

Tuesday evening, an intemperate man by the name of Royal W. Lucas of Brownfield, while returning with a friend from Gorham, where they had been at work, fell backward upon his scythe and severed the scythe out, making a horrid gash, and let him for dead. Two ladies soon came along and found the wounded man. They rubbed the sand and gravel of the road into the terrible wound and wheeled him home on a barrow. The Doctor says he may possibly recover, but will never be fit for anything, as the severed cords are drawn in so far that they can never be made to meet again."

The above item is clipped from the Boston Journal, of Saturday. We are inclined to set it down as "mum news," not believing it possible that a wounded man should have received such treatment in any civilized community.

SHED OPERATION. By the speech of Senator Wilson, it appears that the Custom House at Wiscasset under the direction of Hon. John Balson, collects annually \$130 of revenue. To do this large amount of business requires eight men at an aggregate salary of \$7,000. This is not quite so close financiering as was witnessed in the gun-house speculation, when it will be recollected the honorable Collector made the receipts exactly offset the expenditures.

READFIELD SEMINARY. The ceremony of laying the "Corner Stone" of the new edifice will be performed on Tuesday, August 10th. An extra train will be run on that day from Portland.

LL. D. Hon. Jonas Cutting, of Bangor, one of the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, had the degree of LL. D. conferred upon him at the recent commencement of Harvard College.

Congress once appropriated \$150,000 to build a steam revenue cutter to enforce the payment of duties, and carry sugar and relief to distressed vessels arriving upon the coast. So the "Harriet Lane" was constructed. In a late disaster on Squam Beach she was wanted, but was—where? carrying a troop of secretaries and officials, with ladies, on a free tour, along the old Virginia shore. [Advertiser.]

This "free tour" cost the country the trifling sum of \$6000 besides the country cutter out of reach when her services were needed. We suppose it's all of no account, however.

A & St. L. R. R. At the Annual Meeting held in Portland on Tuesday, the following Board of directors was chosen:

St. John Smith, John B. Brown, Charles E. Barrett, Phineas Barnes, John M. Wood, Geo. F. Shepley, Rufus E. Wood, Solomon H. Chandler, James L. Farmer.

The Nineteenth Century says that Rev. E. Martin, Methodist, preached at East Hallow, Sabbath before last, and after the forenoon service was closed, he administered Baptism to seventeen new converts. It was expected that he would baptize about 20 persons at Welchville last Sabbath.

[From the Daily Advertiser]

Does "Bion" own the "Little Nigger" still or has he sold him to Another Office Seeker.

The following good story is told by the Boston correspondent of the New York Tribune, and is a very fair illustration of the devotion to the "peculiar institution" which has been ever consistently manifested by the gentleman who aspires to represent the sixth District in the next Congress:

"It is said that one of the Custom-House officers who went on from here to Washington, to get Mr. Howland appointed Collector, thought it prudent in order to make known his zeal in the service of Slavery, to purchase a 'nigger.' So he bought, not a 'low-priced baby,' as Mr. Sawin proposed, but a small boy to wait upon him. It is furthermore hinted that when he left Washington, he sold his 'little nigger' to a well known politician of Maine, who was then trying to get or keep an office, and who is now trying to get into Congress from that State."

The interesting query now is what did Bion do with the "little nigger"? Does he own him still? or after his failure to retain the Eastport Collectorship did he sell him in disgust? It is suggested that Barnes bought two "niggers"—one of them a big one—and in this way manifested a still larger devotion to the interests of the South than that displayed by Bradbury. Some such supposition as this is necessary to account for that astonishing defeat of Bion by his Deputy, after he had expended all his well known skill and played his very last card to retain his hold upon the customs of Passamaquoddy. If ownership in niggers is to become an essential aid to New Englanders in their applications for federal offices at the hands of a Democratic Administration we would suggest to them as a measure of economy that they form a joint stock company for the purchase of a good number of likely "human chattels." The members of the Association could use them in turn and the plan would prove decidedly cheaper than for each applicant to provide a "little nigger" for himself as Bion was compelled to do, according to the story we have quoted! With such a record it will be idle to assail the "nationality" of Bion's political views.

A PETIT LARCENY COUNTENANCE. A good story is told at the expense of Mr. English, author of the "English Bill." It will be remembered that his portrait was published in Harpers' Weekly, some time since. A lot of the papers were sent home to English's father, and the old man presented a copy to an illiterate, hard-headed old Democrat, peculiarly remarking that there was the picture of the President. The old fellow scanned the picture carefully for several minutes, and then, with his eyes still riveted upon it, and with an energy of utterance that showed conclusively that his remarks were the result of thorough conviction, he said: "I don't like that countenance. A Mr. English, as sure as there's a God in heaven, that man will steal!" Of course the hopeful father fainted away. [Exchange.]

DEMOCRATS NOW AND THEN. Tickets to the Dinner of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Boston on the 5th, were ten dollars a plate. Rufus Choate was the "democratic" orator for the day.

In old democratic and whig times the Boston Post and other democratic organs used to reproach the aristocratic, Rufus Choate, silk stocking, cotton Whigs on the anti-Republican tendencies of their ten dollar festivals. Such festivals were "exclusive," "anti-Republican," and "unapproachable to the masses of the people." Now we find the Post and the leaders of its modern Democratic Party feasting at ten dollar dinners got up by a young men's democratic Club with Rufus Choate for their spokesman, and the "fossil remains" of old silver-grey, aristocratic, cotton Whigs for their companions! [Jeffersonian.]

TROUBLE WITH THE MACKEREL FISHERMEN. A letter to the Courier du Canada, written from Percy on the 11th ult., complains that fifty-one American schooners employed in mackerel fishing, had anchored on the 9th ult. in Percy Bay, within two cable-lengths of the shore, among the nets of the Canadian fishermen, causing them infinite damage. Not content with this, their crews paraded the streets of the village in a drunken and disorderly condition, attacking and beating in a most cruel manner the unoffensive fishermen. The Courier is of opinion that an official statement of these facts should at once be laid before his Excellency, and that the Imperial executive should immediately apply to the American government for redress.

GOVERNMENT FOUNDRY IN NORTH CAROLINA. The Secretary of the Navy has designated a commission consisting of Captain Wilkes, Chief Engineer Martin L. Hunt, and Naval Constructor Poole, with instructions to examine thoroughly the coal and lumber lands of the Deep River County in North Carolina, and to report upon the expediency of establishing at some point in that State workshops for the construction of engines, boilers, &c., for naval vessels. This is in pursuance of a resolution of Congress. [Richmond Dispatch.]

The Tribune's correspondent says: "There is no intention whatever of withdrawing the ten million loan advertised by Secretary Cobb, as absurdly reported by a blundering newsman. The Treasury wants every dollar which it can beg or borrow, and the present epidemic improvement in the customs revenue is not expected to continue beyond the present fall imports."

A prominent Western politician is about to make a full and clear exposure of the secret appliances and inducements employed by Mr. Buchanan and his agents to carry the English Kansas bill. He knows whereof he affirms, and will place not only the Administration but its congressional converts from anti-Leocomptonism especially the Ohio gentleman in a most unenviable light. It is not think he can now be silenced—it is too late."

Billy Bowlegs has arrived at his new home in the Indian Territory. He expresses himself well pleased with the location.

ECONOMY OF WOOD ON RAILROADS. We learn that an experiment was made on the Androscoggin Railroad a short time since to test the quantity of wood consumed in the movement of trains. On each of three successive days the engine, by accurate measurement, moved an ordinary train at the usual speed, one hundred and eighteen miles with one cord of wood. The greatest economy of fuel ever before attained that we have heard of, was 110 miles to the cord. The ordinary consumption is one cord to from 35 to 40 miles to the cord. The result of this experiment seems to indicate a point to which attention in railroad economy may well be directed. The running expenses of railroads are so large that every opportunity for economy should be carefully studied and every practicable mode for lessening them should be adopted. We are informed that the average consumption of wood on the above road has been for weeks only one cord to some eighty miles of trains run. [Portland Argus.]

THE APPROPRIATIONS. The following is

the official table of the appropriations of the last Congress:

APPROPRIATIONS MADE DURING THE FIRST SESSION OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

Payable from the Treasury of the United States.

For what purpose. of the United States.

Treasury note issues \$20,000 00

Manufacture of arms 350,000 00

Pensions for the year 1859 769,500 00

Investigating committees 47,000 00

Treaty with Denmark 408,731 44

Deficiency printing, 33d and 34th Congresses 347,189 58

Deficiencies general, for the year 1858 9,704,209 89

Indian regular, for the year 1859 1,338,104 49

Military Academy, for the year 1859 189,801 00

Marine Hospital, California Compensation of stenographers for committees do.

Deaf, dumb and blind, District of Columbia 3,000 00

Legislative, Executive and Judicial

REPUBLICAN
Congressional Convention!

SECOND DISTRICT.
The Republicans of the Second Congressional District are requested to meet at Auburn Hall, at Auburn, on

Thursday, August 10, 1858.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Representative to Congress, and of transacting such other business as may come before said Convention.

The ratio of representation will be as follows:
Every town and plantation will be entitled to one delegate; every town that gave 50 or more votes for the Republican candidate for Governor in 1857, two; for every additional 100 Republican votes, one additional delegate; and for an additional fraction of 25 Republican votes or upwards after the first 50, one delegate. To wit:

OXFORD COUNTY.

Forty-two towns and plantations.

Albany	3	Lovell	2
Amherst	3	Norway	2
Berkshire	3	Paris	4
Blackburn	4	Peru	2
Blackfield	4	Porter	2
Blackton	4	South Paris	2
Blackwell	4	Sumner	2
Blackton	4	Swanton	2
Blackwell	4	Watford	2
Blackton	4	Woodstock	2
Blackwell	4		

And 17 other towns and plantations, 1 each—in all, 119 delegates.

Part of Andover Co., 7 towns, 44 delegates.
Part of Cumberland County, 18 towns, 77 delegates.
Franklin County, 23 towns and plantations, 60 delegates.

C. W. GODDARD, Chair. Dist. Com.

Republican Senatorial Convention.

The Republican voters in the several towns and plantations comprising the 12th Senatorial District, are requested to meet in Convention,

At Paris Hill, Friday, August 20th.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., to nominate candidates for a County Commissioner, a County Treasurer, a County Attorney, a Clerk of Courts, a Sheriff.

And to transact such other business as may come before the Convention.

The house will be the same as for the Congressional Convention.

BENJ. FREEMAN, Chairman.

Senatorial Committee.

Republican County Convention.

The Republican voters in the several towns and plantations in Oxford County, are requested to meet in Convention,

At Paris Hill, on Friday, August 20th.

At 10 o'clock, P. M., to nominate candidates for a County Commissioner, a County Treasurer, a County Attorney, a Clerk of Courts, a Sheriff.

And to transact such other business as may come before the Convention.

The house will be the same as for the Congressional Convention.

E. M. CARTER, Chairman.

Republican County Committee.

SINGULAR DEATH OF A CHILD.

"The Times" of Aug. 10. About 9 1/2 o'clock yesterday morning a child 3 years of age, named George Primmer, residing with his parents at the corner of Division Avenue and the Myrtle Avenue plank road, was found dead in a chest or trunk in a chamber at his father's house. He had been missing since last Friday, and search was diligently made for him, but without success. Yesterday morning, perceiving an unpleasant smell in the room, search was made, and on the trunk being opened the dead body of the boy was found therein. It is supposed that he hid himself away in the trunk from some unexplained cause, and the lid falling, the lock being a spring lock, he was fastened in and died from suffocation.

(New York Tribune, 27th.)

Rev Dr Francis Vinton of Brooklyn, N. Y., has week left and fractured his right leg while frolicking with the juvenile members of his family at the family homestead in Pomfrit Hill, Conn.

Rev H. D. Moore's society in Portland has voted to raise \$2,500 in aid of the Theological Seminary in Bangor.

The N. Y. Times says that \$200 counterfeits on the Waterville Bank, Waterville, Me., have made their appearance in that City. The counterfeit is well executed. On the left of the bill is a representation of three females; on the right, a milkmaid; on the top, a steamboat; on the bottom, a train of cars.

The gold on Fraser River was first discovered by an American named Charles Adams, who fell a martyr to the discovery having been shot by his partner, Charles McDonald, in a controversy about the gold.

The Farmington (Me.) Chronicle says that Rundlett the desperado whose arrest was recently announced is simulating insanity, but his mimicry is too poor to deceive anybody.

The Salem Observer states that a white robin, something new under the sun, was observed recently on two or three successive days in a garden in that city.

Mr. Franklin Holman was instantly killed in a planing mill at Bangor, on Friday, from some cause several of the knives were broken from the cylinder of the machine while it was revolving with tremendous velocity, and two of them struck Mr. Holman.

Some of the telegraph stations in Newfoundland are twenty miles from any habitable place and the operators live in a state of original simplicity. They are well posted however, in the news of the day, and know all about the prices of cotton.

The Advertiser of Wednesday, says:—"Hon. Eliphaz Greeley, President of the Cacao Bank, and formerly Mayor of Portland, died at 10 o'clock last night. Mr. Greeley has been in feeble health for some months past."

A Crystal Palace is in progress of construction at Toronto, for the use of the Provincial Agricultural Society. It will be completed on the 1st of September.

The Free Lovers who have recently commenced a colony at Berlin Heights, Ohio, where they were enjoying the very perfection of sensual pleasure, are breaking up the establishment. The reason is that they have been frequently disturbed, and are fearful of meeting with violence if they remain.

The managers of the Great Eastern state that she can be fitted up to receive the Atlantic cable, at a cost of \$300,000. The expenses of the Niagara, in this expedition, will not fall short of a million.

The Vicksburg Whig recommends to duellists that hereafter all difficulties should be brought before a court of honor; the court deciding in favor of a fight, the parties to be compelled to fire till one is killed and then the other to be arrested and hung for murder.

The Administration is bringing the head of every Illinois office holder promptly to the block who betrays the least sympathy for Douglas. The Chicago Times states that Wm. Fitch, a clerk in the Post office of that city, was discharged merely because he spoke to Senator Douglas.

Three of the five Republican members of Congress from Indiana have been nominated for re-election, viz: Messrs. Wilson, Pettit and Colfax. The other two, Messrs. Kilgore and Cass, will probably also be re-nominated. It is thought that Indiana will return six Republicans and two anti-Lecomptonites. She has now in Congress six Democrats and five Republicans.

The dinner to Hon. John J. Crittenden, by the citizens of Woodford county, Ky., took place on Tuesday last week, and is described in the local prints as one of the largest and most enthusiastic political demonstrations ever witnessed in the State.

The famous "log cabin" of Gen. Harrison was burned to the ground, last week. Many valuable papers left by the General, were destroyed.

Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, has consented to allow his name to be used by the Republicans as candidate for Congress from the seventh district.

English has managed to be re-nominated by means of a packed Convention. He cannot pack the ballot-boxes.

A story is in circulation that John A. Washington intended to remove the remains of Washington before Mr. Vernon passed from his hands. This is incorrect, as a special provision was made in the contract that they should never be removed.

The directors of the LaCrosse and Milwaukee Railroad are inviting the members of the Wisconsin State government and others who received "corruption bonds," to return to the company. They give a sort of intimation that the holders may be compelled to disgorge if they do not respond willingly.

Mrs. Cunningham denies the rumor that she is married to Mr. Eckel, and states that he has not visited the house since the trial.

A colored clergyman comes down on the hoops in the following style: "My brethren, de scription say straight am de gate and narrow be de way to salvation; how den going to walk dare what wear de hoops?"

The admission of Minnesota into the Union has increased the number of electoral votes which are cast by all the States from 296 to 300.

It is understood that the Executive Committee of the United States Agricultural Society have invited Gen. Caleb Cushing to deliver the address before the society at the approaching annual meeting at Richmond, Va.

Foreign Intelligence.

The Persia, at St. Johns, New Foundland brings news from Europe three days later. The Niagara passed Cape Clear on the morning of the 18th, and the Agamemnon was off Kinsale the same forenoon.

An interesting debate in the House of Lords on the Jewish massacre occurred in the course of which Malmesbury said all necessary steps had been taken to demand immediate redress from Turkey, but there was no intention of occupying Mecca.

The attempt to raise funds for the completion of the steamship Great Eastern had failed, and it is now proposed to raise a new company to purchase her.

The challenge of the Americans backing Paul Murphy against Stanton, the English champion chess player for a thousand guineas, has been accepted by the latter. The contest will commence in September.

A motion against renewing the privileges of the Hudson's Bay Co. was discussed and afterwards withdrawn.

The visit of Victoria to Berlin is to be a quiet one, without fetes or receptions. Rumors of the ill health of the princess are current.

The funeral of Napoleon is being refitted, preparatory to its presentation to the French Government.

Harvesting is going on actively in France, and a heavy fall in broad strips is anticipated.

The following telegraphic despatch was received at the British Foreign Office July 23d:

Somerset Candia arrived at Suva on the 17th with dates from Calcutta of June 19th Madras 3th, Galle 29th, Hong Kong 7th, and Aden July 11th.

The forces under Sir Hugh Rose attacked and retook Gwalior on the 20th of June; after a severe fight of four hours.

The forts at the mouth of the River Prehio, China, mounting 138 guns, backed by a large body of troops, were attacked by the English. The Chinese stood to their guns very fairly. On the 22d the forces commenced advancing up the river the weather was cool, and the squadron in good health and spirits.

Six thousand French troops originally destined to Cochin, China, are on the way to Pechella.

At Canton on the 23d of June, an ineffectual attempt was made to rout the brave of the mountains in the vicinity.

Traveling a few days in Missouri, in sections where the cows have a wide range, we heard of a new enticement to bring the cows home regular at eve. That was, feeding them with sugar the same as you would with salt. A little handful at eve, at the same time of day, would bring them back to the gate with a regularity as unfailing as the sun. After they were well trained in sugar eating, it may be omitted every other night. A half-dozen notable house-wives assured me that the fact was well worth knowing. [Ohio Farmer.]

The Chicago Tribune says that the gathering of such an immense crowd to hear Senator Douglas at Chicago the other day was occasioned by the fact that "he had the small of Free Soil on his garments," and the people were anxious to hear from his lips an Anti-Slavery sentiment. The Tribune declares that in this they were cheated, and that that crowd could never be called together to hear Douglas.

ALMOST AN ACCIDENT AT NIAGARA. On Thursday last M. G. Palmer and C. K. Babb of Portland, Me., were viewing the falls from a point half a mile below, on the American side, a rifle ball whistled past about breast high, within two feet of them, over the very ground they had just left. They subsequently ascertained that some reckless chaps were amusing themselves with target shooting.

Brighton Market.

At market 1500 head cattle, 30 Working Oxen, 100 Cows and Calves, 4800 Sheep, 525 Hogs, and 200 Fat Hogs.

Prices—Beef Cattle—Extra, \$7 25 a 8 00; first quality \$7 25 a 7 50; second quality, 6 00 a 6 75; third 5 00 a 6 00; ordinary 9 00 a 10 00.

Working Oxen—No sales noticed.
Cows and Calves—\$20, 28, 38, a 56.
Sheep and Lambs—Sales of small lots, 2 00, 2 25 a 4 00 a 4 50.

Fat Hogs—5 1 2 a 5 3 4.
Hens—All at market from Spring pigs; sales 5 1 2 a 6 3 4. At retail, from 7 to 9.

Republican Caucus.

The Republican caucus of Paris, is requested to meet at the Town House, in Paris, on Saturday, August 14th, at 4 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting eight delegates to represent them at the Congressional District Convention to be held at Auburn on the 19th inst.; also to select eight delegates to attend the County and Senatorial Conventions to be held at Paris on the 21st inst.; and to attend to any other business that may come before them.

H. E. HAMMOND, Chairman Town Com.

It has been said of old—"This is a world of wonder"—and to the observer is daily presented something new and wonderful, both in nature and art. Men of genius and skill are constantly engaged in seeking out that which may become valuable to the public, and a living emblem to science, and from all these wonders which have been brought before the world, and particularly our medical Faculty, there has been nothing as yet surpassed Perry Davis' Pain Killer, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use, for many internal and external complaints that flesh is heir to. To convince you of the fact, you have but to call at the drug store, where you can get a bottle—from 25 cents to \$1. [Tennessee Organ.]

THE PAIN KILLER. As a means of removing pain from the body no medicine has ever acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain Killer. The sale of this article has exceeded all belief. It has a real merit, and that is sufficient.

[Newport & Corvinton (Ky.) News.]

H. H. HAY & Co., Portland, and E. J. SMITH Hallowell, Wholesale Agents. 2-27

To the suffering community Helmholtz's Genuine Preparation of Fluid Extract Bile is offered as a specific. Read this advertisement headed "Helmholtz's Genuine Preparation." 2-21

H. H. HAY & Co., Portland, State Agents.

MARRIED.

In Lewiston, 29th ult., Charles B. Stetson, Esq., editor of the Democratic Advocate, to Miss Maria L. Stetson, of Auburn.

AND KEN. RAIL ROAD.

Commencement at Waterville, AUGUST 11th, 1858.

AN EXCURSION TRAIN AT REDUCED PRICES.

FAIRIE, will run between Portland and Waterville, on Wednesday, Aug. 11th, leaving Portland at 6 A. M.—(Portland Journal)—at 7 15 A. M. for Waterville, and arrive at 9 30 A. M. Returning, will leave Waterville at 3 45 P. M., and arrive at Portland at 6 P. M. and Portland at 7 P. M. Tickets for the round trip to Waterville and back, \$1 25; to Waterville and back, \$1 75.

EDWIN NOYES, Sup't.

NEW FLOUR MILL.

The Subscribers having built at SOUTH PARIS, Maine,

A Flouring and Grist Mill,

And furnished the same with all the modern conveniences and improvements, are prepared to execute all kinds of custom grinding in a superior manner and with despatch; and they believe their facilities for doing this cannot be surpassed.

They devote attention to the manufacture of Flour for the Wholesale and Retail Trade, and invite attention to their different brands of Flour, such as Double Extra, Extra, Family, Superior, &c., which they believe superior to any other similar brand in the market.

They also have a supply of the different grades of Canada Flour for those who prefer a lower priced article than the Flour manufactured at home.

They will keep on hand at all times a full supply of Corn, Rye, Corn Meal, Shorts, &c., which will be sold at the lowest market rates.

The subscribers have on hand and receiving from time to time consignments of Hard Wood and Pine Lumber, to which the attention of those wanting anything in this line is invited.

Wanted—to contract for the manufacture of 5000 FLOUR BARRELS.

To be delivered at the mill, and to be packed in barrels, delivered at the mill, for which cash will be paid.

For a COOPER, wishing to establish himself in business, this is a good location, and water power sufficient for his business will be furnished by the subscribers at a reasonable price. They desire FOR SALE, good privileges, located at this place, for a Machine Shop, Saw and Shingle Mill, or Sash, Door and Blind Factory.

WOODMAN, PHELPS & CO., SOUTH PARIS, August 4, 1858. 27

TRUMPHANT SUCCESS OF BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE!

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY FOR Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Consumption!

Another Great and Permanent Cure of Scurvy Consumption!

To Dr. D. F. BRADLEY, Dear Sir: In compliance with your request, I cheerfully give my recommendation of the Hungarian Balsam. I have been afflicted for nearly two years, with a severe inflammation of the Lungs, attended with a hard, dry cough, acute pains in the side, loss of appetite, and increasing debility, which brought me into a very feeble and dangerous condition. Several physicians whom I consulted, declared that I was in a deep consumption, and that a cure of my case was almost impossible. I tried several popular medicines without receiving any essential relief, until I took the Hungarian Balsam. This medicine relieved me at once, and in a few days changed my whole condition for the better. My cough is now checked, the pain in my side is gone, my appetite has improved, and I consider myself in a fair way to recover my former health and strength. My complaint was caused, at first, by severe colds, and by the dust of a paper mill in which I was employed.

OCTAVIAN HOOGE.

This may certify that I am acquainted with Octavian Hooge, and was one of the subscribers who have received from him one of Buchanan's Balsam. I have also used this medicine in my own family with great benefit.

Sole Proprietor, DAVID F. BRADLEY, Waterville, Me., to whom all orders should be addressed. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine in every town in the United States and British Provinces. 1-27

W. A. RUST, Agent, South Paris.

NEW
Express Arrangements!

THANKFUL for the liberal patronage, hitherto extended to him, the undersigned would inform the public that he has made arrangements with the BRITISH & AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.

To forward all sorts of Goods and Merchandise, Money, Bills for Collection, Notes, Drafts, Checks and the transmission of all kinds of Express Business to and from all parts of the world.

United States and Canada.

At same rates from Paris Hill, as from St. Paris. I shall run regularly to connect with the morning train, so that orders to Portland may be answered in about 8 or 9 hours. A special Express Messenger goes with every regular passenger train. In connection with the Express, I still run a Coach to and from the several passenger trains, leaving Paris Hill at 5-50, 8-30, 10-50 A. M., 2-30 P. M., and returning leave South Paris on the arrival of the trains, 6-15, 9-30, 11-55 A. M., and 3-30 P. M.

All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. Orders received at my office at Paris Hill, and at the Post Office, South Paris. Terms, cash on delivery of all Express parcels.

J. H. HAWSON.

Paris, July 19, 1858. 25

CHARLES STONE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, SOUTH PARIS, Maine.

Special attention given to the collection of demands.

W. H. VINTON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.

Corner of Exchange and Federal Sts., PORTLAND.

April 7, 1858. 10

M. T. LUDDEN, Counsellor and Attorney at Law, TURNER VILLAGE, Me.

At the office recently occupied by Timothy Ludden. The business of the late firm of T. & M. T. Ludden will be prosecuted and settled by M. T. Ludden.

French Language by Conversation.

Practical and Theoretical Course.

PARISIAN PRONUNCIATION.

M. LEON will commence his Fall term of instruction in French, at the Paris Hill Academy, early in September. Classes for beginners and also for more advanced pupils, will be formed. He would also inform the citizens of Bethel, that he will form a class at that place, at the same time, if sufficient encouragement is offered. He may be addressed, for information in regard to his course, at Paris, Me.

JOSEPH ROWE.

Witness: JOEL PERHAM, Jr. 2-21

WOODSTOCK, July 12, 1858.

Freedom Notice.

THIS certifies, that I have this day given to my son, Charles D. Rowe, a minor, his time to act and trade for himself. I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

JOSEPH ROWE.

Witness: JOEL PERHAM, Jr. 2-21

WOODSTOCK, July 12, 1858.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of executor of the last will and testament of

JOHN BARKER, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to him without delay.

SAMUEL BARKER.

June 15, 1858. 22

WHITNEY'S SUPERIOR MELODEONS!

UNRIVALLED For their Richness and Purity of Tone, DELICACY OF ACTION, Elegance and Durability.

Every style and variety of these

SPLENDID INSTRUMENTS!

INCLUDING DOUBLE REED, AND DOUBLE BANK REED ORGANS!

Manufactured by H. A. WHITNEY, No. 96 Middle Street, (OPPOSITE CASCO BANK), PORTLAND, MAINE.

Every Melodeon FULLY WARRANTED.

Circulars of prices and terms sent to any address on application to the manufacturer.

Instruments neatly packed and sent to any part of the country with safety.

May 10, 1858. 15

PAINTS, OILS, DRUGS AND DYE-STUFFS.

John W. Perkins & Co., 147 Commercial Street - Portland.

Wholesale Dealers in LINSEED OIL, SPIRITS TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, JAPAN, White Lead, French Zinc, Painters' Materials, and Colors

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Together with a general assortment of

And Standard Patent Medicines!! CAMPHENE & BURNING FLUID.

Agents for the HAMPDEN PAINT COMPANY, Portland, May, 1857. 15

J. W. PERKINS & CO., Dealers in all kinds of Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods, CARPETS, FEATHERS AND MATTRESSES, MAIN STREET, LEWISTON, - - - MAINE.

JOHN W. PERKINS, JOSEPH W. PERKINS. [6-12-20]

JOHN W. PERKINS, JOSEPH W. PERKINS. [6-12-20]

DENNETT & CLARK,

Have just opened the largest and BEST STOCK OF GOODS!!

Ever offered in Oxford County.

Our stock consists in part of LATEST STYLE PRINTS, 2000 YDS. D. LAINES, 800 YDS. SILKS OF ALL PATTERNS,

Moire Antique, Satins, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Dressings, Tulle, all wool Delaines, Plaid, rich Crapes

SEALED, Cashmere, Bay State, Misses and Childrens.

Linen, Ladies and Gent's Linen

A large assortment of HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

NECK SCARFS, Ladies and Gent's Cuffs, Chemises, Talleys, Bonnets, Ribbons and Trimmings, and a general assortment of

COTTON CLOTHS, bleached and unbleached.

CUTLERY AND HARD WARE, Glass and Crockery Ware, And all things usually kept in a Country Store.

W. I. Goods and Groceries!

What should not be forgotten, CLARK'S BEST BOOTS!

Are constantly manufactured to order here, pegged or sewed, French or American Calf, thick or thin.

Also, Ladies', Misses and Children's Boots and Shoes, and all the varieties usually kept in a city

