

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 9, NO. 28.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1858.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE!

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 25, NO. 38.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

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

The Value of Hay Caps.

Hay caps, made of stout cotton cloth, have been extensively introduced into use in many sections of the country, within a few years past, and judging from the best sources of information within our reach, we know they are generally approved of, on the score of economy, by those who have given them a fair trial.

In the autumn of 1856, Mr. Flint, Secretary of the Mass. Board of Agriculture, directed to one or more farmers in every town in the State, a circular containing a series of questions pertaining to the farm. The tenth question was, "Have you used hay caps? and if so, with what result in point of economy? How were they made, and at what cost?"

To the above questions he received numerous replies, and in almost every case the use of hay caps was highly approved. A practical farmer of Hampshire county says:

"In reply to your question as to the utility of hay caps, it gives me pleasure to say, that after using them constantly for the last seven years, I consider them of the first importance in the most critical branch of farming."

"I can safely affirm that my hay has been intrinsically worth on an average, one or two dollars a ton more than my neighbors, which has been proved by the remarkable health of my animals. * * * Having these covers always at hand, it has been my practice to mow my grass when it was ready, without consulting the almanac or waiting for a change of the moon, and the result has been, I have had more than my share of good luck in this important branch of business."

"They are also very useful as a protection against heavy dews, and as a cover for coarse clover and timothy, I consider them indispensable."

A Worcester county farmer says:

"I have one hundred, made of cotton sheeting, two yards square; the hundred cost me just forty dollars. I think they have saved me twenty dollars this year. I had at one time this season, one hundred and thirty cocks standing out in a six days storm. One hundred were covered—none having caps on, thirty were left uncovered. The uncovered were worth but little, while the covered was passable hay. I stooked some oats, which I capped—they stood a two days rain without injury."

Recently a New-Hampshire farmer, Mr. W., informed us that he procured one hundred, two yard square caps, at the cost of forty cents each, and he thinks that he more than saved the cost of them in the protection they afforded his hay the last unusually wet season. He cut about eighty tons, a large portion of it clover and herdsgrass.

We could cite numerous other similar statements in favor of the utility of hay-caps, but think it unnecessary. There are some farmers, however, who object to their use. A farmer of Middlesex county, in a letter to Mr. Flint, says:

"I have never used hay-caps, not having faith enough in them to give them a trial. My objections are that they cannot be of any use as a permanent shelter, but only in a sudden shower, and then we have no time to put them on. We can save more hay by putting it in cocks and trimming well, than by covering with canvas cloth. In fair weather the cap would be decidedly injurious, as it would prevent the escape of vapor or steam. Cocks of hay that are left to stand in the field over the Sabbath, are often dried enough in the upper half. But in case caps were put on for Saturday night, the drying would not advance on Sunday, unless you should make it a business to remove them on Sunday forenoon."

Perhaps if this Middlesex farmer was to make use of hay-caps for one season, especially as catching as was the last season, he might somewhat modify his opinions in this matter.

Believing that there is frequently a great saving to farmers, that have a supply of hay-caps on hand during the busy season of haying and harvesting, we thus early refer to the subject for the purpose of calling the attention of farmers, who are not provided with hay-caps, to the consideration of the question at this comparatively leisure season of the year. If any shall determine to provide against "a rainy day," in hay time, by procuring a supply of caps, we will just suggest to them that in this matter it is better to procure them a few weeks before needed for use, than to be a single day too late.

Farmers differ somewhat as to the proper size of hay-caps. We have seen them in sizes ranging all the way from one yard to two yards square. We think 4 1/2 feet square is as small as any should be made, but should prefer those two yards square. Several methods have been practiced to secure them upon the cocks of hay: some recommend sewing in each corner a stone weighing one or two pounds each; others have eyelet holes in the corners, through which they thrust small pins of 18 or 20 inches in length into the cocks of hay; others attach to each corner a loop of strong twine 12 or 18 inches long, and make use of ash or other hard wood pins, eighteen inches long. The pins are about one inch square at the top end, near which they have

cut into them a "hooked notch" for connecting them to the twine loop. The lower end of the pin is tapered to a point, so as to easily penetrate the ground. With two yard square caps, the corners of them can be spread out beyond the base of the cocks, so as to carry the rain beyond the hay, which would not be the case with small sized caps. A canvas bag is very convenient for depositing the pins when the caps are removed from the cocks. Some, however, make use of a small bag for this purpose.

In a somewhat extensive drive over a farming section of country, last September, we saw hundreds of hay-caps on stocks of corn and cornstalks, as also upon stocks of beans. We have also frequently seen them used as a temporary covering for stocks of wheat, oats, and other grain.

EDITORIAL NOTE. The above article on hay-caps we think will be well appreciated at this time in connection with the experience of the present season. We have used caps the three last hay seasons, and had as they have been, we have not lost two hundred dollars of hay all told. We have had hay stand under them fourteen days, and through two severe rains in the time of some twelve hours each, without damage. If hay is dry enough to prevent heating, it will stand almost any time without damage. It will not get damaged from water through the caps, let it rain as long and as hard as it may.

From the Country Gentleman.

A Bad Farmer Put to a Good Use.

One of our Agents in a Western State, in a recent letter, writes as follows:—"In calling around for the purpose of giving the farmers of the township a chance to subscribe for your publications, I became acquainted with some facts in regard to the farming of two near neighbors, which were so surprising as to set me to thinking and inquiring about them, until I could explain them somewhat to my own satisfaction. As the facts which appeared to me so strange, and the inquiries and reflections to which they led me, have been the means of impressing very deeply, perhaps indelibly upon my own mind until I had arrived at a knowledge of the circumstances which explained and fully accounted for them, were these:—On two farms of similar soil and situation, adjoining each other, the occupier of one complained bitterly of 'the poorest luck in the world,' of very scanty crops, and of sundry mishaps, which had made him so poor that he could not possibly be said to have a dollar for the Cultivator, even though I assured him that he would find in its columns somewhere, during the year, a sovereign remedy for bad luck, and an infallible method of securing good luck while the occupier of the other was surrounded with abundant evidences of large crops, general prosperity, and the very best of luck. Upon inquiry, I learned that upon the same land, his last crop of wheat was 25 bushels per acre, while that of his neighbor was somewhat under 10 bushels and that the difference between their crops of corn and some other things was about in the same proportion. I was informed that the soil of the two farms was originally very much the same, and as this difference in crops and luck was a matter about which neither of the parties seemed very willing to talk, or to explain, I had to depart with my curiosity very thoroughly aroused but with nothing to satisfy it."

Having very little acquaintance with the parties, as they lived in a remote part of the town, I embraced the first opportunity of being again in the neighborhood, to make some inquiries in regard to the modes of management of these two farmers, so far as these might throw any light upon the widely different results of their farming. I learned that the one who had such a superabundance of 'bad luck,' was slack and slovenly in all his movements and operations that he never, for example, had more than one day's wood chopped at a time; and that he kept but very little stock, and had of course but very little manure to draw out upon his fields. The more lucky of these settlers, upon the same quarter-section of land, was remarkably energetic—all the more so probably from his disgust with the slovenliness and slackness of his neighbor,—and was his exact opposite in almost every trait of character, and every point of conduct and mode of management. One of their neighbors declared that he verily believed the good and prosperous farmer had become so, more by the example of the poor and unlucky one acting as a continual spur and warning, than by any extraordinary energy or good judgment of his own. The latter had used the former as a beacon, and had thus avoided the rocks upon which his neighbor was suffering an ever-recurring shipwreck.

As to their farming operations, there seemed to be so far as I could ascertain, no point in which they differed so much as in the quantity of stock which they differed so much as in the quantity of stock which they kept and their care of the manure. Both had 80 acres a-piece, and the improved portion of each covered about 50 acres, but while the one was wintering only an old horse, a yoke of oxen, two cows, a calf, a yearling and 16 sheep, the other was wintering, after having sold off several animals in prime fat condition in the fall,—two horses, two colts, five cows, with young cattle and sheep enough to make the whole stock (reckoned as head of neat cattle) equal to one cow, and one yearling and one calf as equal to one cow, &c.,) just five times the amount kept by the other. Of course he has five times as much manure and by hauling dry, well seasoned muck to his barn-cellar every year to mix with his manure, he had, it might be said to say from ten to twenty times as much fertilizing matter to put upon his land yearly, as his neighbor.

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less neighbor. This I considered a full explanation of the facts which had seemed so strange, so here I ended my inquiries, as I now do my letter.

Underdraining—Its Advantages and Methods.

Masses. EDITORS: Your readers have had very good opportunities during the last two or three years to become acquainted with both the advantages and the methods of underdraining. From time to time there have appeared in your columns articles which set forth and illustrated these advantages and methods separately; and, in one case as your more attentive readers may recollect, an excellent summary of the several advantages of underdraining gave an opportunity to those interested of taking a comprehensive view of the whole of the beneficial consequences which usually result from this most important agent in the amelioration or improvement of several kinds of soils, and of three-fourths of our farms. * If these several articles were collected together, or condensed and arranged in order, they would form a treatise on the subject of draining which would furnish reasons sufficient to persuade hundreds to adopt this means of improving their lands and crops, and information sufficient to enable those who had formed a resolution to drain their farms to do so in the most approved and most economical manner. If underdraining really is the fountain of benefits and improvements, which those best acquainted with it claim that it is, then would it be a very important contribution to the interests of the agricultural community, if some one would make just such a collection and condensation of all that has appeared of late years in scattered and separate articles in agricultural journals, on the advantages and methods of this important operation. Now, something of this kind has been done; and as the public money was employed in procuring the doing of it, we think that the public at large are entitled to all the benefits which they can derive from it. The synopsis view of the advantages and methods of underdraining to which we refer, is that furnished to the Commissioner of Patents by Mr. Henry F. French, and printed in the Agricultural Report for 1856.

For several reasons we think you would confer on the great bulk of your readers an important benefit, if you would lay this excellent paper, or an extract of it, before them in your columns. One of these reasons is: Many might be persuaded to adopt this great improvement if the numerous advantages resulting from it could be all presented to them at once, or in a succession of articles weekly, who would fail of being so persuaded if these advantages were laid before them separately and at considerable intervals. Another reason is this: Many of your readers will never have an opportunity of perusing Mr. French's paper in the Patent Office Report.

For these and other reasons, I think you would do a good service to many if you would give Mr. French's paper, or an abstract of it, in your columns. A. B. A.

Reference is here made to a statement made by the Committee on Draining, in their Report to the State Ag. Society (N.Y.) in 1848, in these words: "There is not one farm out of every seventy-five in this State, but needs draining—yes, much draining—to bring it into high cultivation."

[Country Gentleman.]

Loss of Trees—Planting Orchards.

LEARN COL. HARRIS.—I notice in the Ohio Cultivator of October 1st, a piece headed "Good and Bad Luck in Planting Trees." I believe there is a good deal of truth in Mr. Batesham's remarks, for careless planting will have its effect, as well as dry seasons. Trees barely stuck into the ground, and left to take care of themselves, will not do. I recollect in the spring of 1842, I entrusted the planting of 32 thirty young apple trees, to an employed hand, and that summer they nearly all died. Whereas, of 44 trees that I planted with my own hands, with my usual care, not one died. I afterwards discovered that the employed hand had dug a very shallow, narrow hole, and thrust the roots of the trees down in a compressed, injured manner, with no depth of earth to shield them from the summer heat. But again, I have noticed that not only careless planting will cause trees to die, but careless plowing and working an orchard, has a tendency to help on the injury and death of trees. And in like manner the letting stock of any and all kinds run in a young orchard for the greed of getting a little pasture, has had the tendency to destroy many young orchards that would have soon been valuable, if care had been taken of them. Again, I have noticed that not only in our own county, but elsewhere all abroad where I have been, that numbers of young, thrifty apple and plum trees, have died within the last two years, that I suppose might have been planted ten or fifteen years, more or less. This has been attributed to the severity of the winters and the severe drouth of two summers. I also notice that the forest trees of all sorts have suffered, no doubt from the same cause.

The fall season is considered by many fruit growers to be the best time for planting an orchard. In the first place, the ground before planting should be sufficiently moist, by rain, or be made so by sprinkling the earth, as it is put in around the trees, taking care to shake the loose soil or dirt well around the roots, and packing the same down tight around the tree with the feet. And in the second place, to save ground, lay it off in squares each 40 feet, and set a tree in the middle of each square, then the first row will contain ten trees, and the second row, and so on. In the third place, the trees selected from the nursery should neither be too young nor too old, but of a thrifty growth. The holes for setting the trees in, should be wide and deep enough to

admit some loose rich dirt to be thrown in the bottom of the hole, before the tree is set in. After the tree is set, before the dirt is tramped down, the tree should be leaned toward the southwest, and staked so as to retain that direction. There has been a great deal written and said concerning the planting of fruit trees, but the setting the trees with a sufficient leaning towards the south-west, is of great importance to keep the sun from scorching and thereby killing the bark, by which means the worms are in, and the tree ruined. The wind has a tendency to incline trees of a young orchard eastward, even when the trees have been several years set. Trees thus inclined should be wrenched back at a proper time, when the ground is sufficiently wet, so as to reverse the direction to an opposite one. And if this cannot be done, a thin light board should be nailed on the south-west side of each tree liable to be injured by the scorching rays of the summer sun, with a couple of four penny nails, which board and nails will not injure the tree, but prove a protection.

ROBERT A. SHERBARD.

[Ohio Cultivator.]

TURNIPS. The idea of sowing turnip seed in June and July, is, doubtless, borrowed from England, our farmers overlooking the important fact that the atmosphere of England is humid—which is so essential to growth—while our climate is just the opposite, and during these months with us the soil is generally parched, &c. I have experimented for the last two or three years, and I discover by sowing the seed about the 10th of August, in a bed prepared as for tobacco, and then transplanting the plants as for cabbage—about twelve inches apart, about the 1st of September, with the proper cultivation, success is the result. By this method, I have succeeded when others failed, and can produce more on one acre than is generally raised on three. Turnips, to be brought to perfection, require, like any other roots, work. [Rural New Yorker.]

SHEEP VS. DOGS. "A subscriber," whose sheep-fold has been often visited by prowling dogs, wishes to know how he can protect his flock. With pleasure we give the following prescription:

Beef Steak 16 ounces.
Strychnia 4 scruples.

Directions. Divide the beef steak or tit-bit into sixteen parts; take a sharp knife, and make an incision into each one of them, and insert one-sixteenth of the above quantity (which should be 5 grains,) drop a few of these medicated "tit-bits" around your sheep-pen, and have a few in your coat pocket, so that when you come across an ugly cur of a dog or perfect Nephelium Sabidum, just come the "Rarcy" over him—make his acquaintance, coax him to stay long enough, while you draw forth just one morsel. In the name of *matron* let the medicine be given. [Dodd's Veterinary Journal.]

SAYE THE FRUITS. The present is the season when fruits are abundant, and therefore not valued as they will be by and by, in the coming winter, when the apple will be the only kind that can be preserved. Nothing is so convenient to the household and so satisfactory and healthful to the family as a good supply of fruit of all kinds for use during the winter and spring. A good stock of preserved fruit will save the meat barrel, lessen the butcher's bill, and, perhaps, the doctor's, and make many a choice meal, that visitors and the family will be delighted with, out of almost nothing. So, save the fruit, and let none be wasted. Preserve it in sugar in the old way, if you can do no better; but it is better to dry it, or preserve in bottles or jars, with only enough sugar to make it palatable.

WONDERFUL SOAP. The citizens of Columbus, Ga., have been visited by a vendor of patent nostrums, who among other articles, has an extraordinary kind of soap, which is thus noticed by the Sun: "Of the wonderful qualities of his commodities, it may not be amiss to say a few words in order to help the worthy brother along. His creative soap is certainly one of the seven wonders of the world, being all-healing, all-purifying, never-failing, incomparable, incorruptible, unapproachable, unobtainable, magical, irrefragable, and infallible in its effects, removing grease from your clothes, corns from your toes, and blossoms from your nose, purifying the conscience and the skin, and washing out all spots from the character and clothes. His recent will make a preacher stick to his text, a lawyer and an editor to the truth, a flirt to her sweetheart, a temperance lecturer to his pledge, and the idler to his business."

H. W. BEECHER ON THE PRESS. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent meeting, speaking of the influence of the secular press in the late religious revival, gave an account of the labors of a clergyman in New York, now long dead, who many years ago introduced the innovation of reporting religious news in the papers, which had never before been heard of. He went to the leading dailies and hired a column for two or three months to fill with items of religious news; finally the journals found it for their interest to admit such matters gratuitously, and now they pay largely for it. Mr. Beecher said he thought the secular papers of New York exerted a better influence than the professedly religious ones; these latter engrossed all the quarrelling, they were bulls of Bashan which had to be shut up in a pasture by themselves.

An editor out west says, "if time is money," he would like to exchange a little of his for the "hard."

MISCELLANY.

From the German.

Beethoven and the Blind Girl.

Some months ago, I was at Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven. I met there an old musician, who had known the illustrious composer intimately; and from him I received the following anecdote: You know, said he, that Beethoven was born in a house in the Rhein Strasse (Rhinestreet), but at the time I became acquainted with him he lodged over an humble little shop in Roemerplatz. He was then very poor, so poor that he only went out to walk at night, because of the dilapidated state of his clothing. Nevertheless, he had a piano, pens, paper, ink and books; and notwithstanding his privations, he passed some happy moments there. He was not yet dead, and could at least enjoy the harmony of his own compositions. In later years, even this consolation was denied him.

One winter evening I called upon him, hoping to persuade him to take a walk, and return with me to supper. I found him sitting at the window, in the moonlight, without fire or candle, his face concealed by his hands, and his whole frame shivering with cold, for it was freezing hard. By slow degrees I drew him from his lethargy, persuaded him to accompany me, and exhorted him to shake off his sadness. He came out with me, but was dark and despairing at that evening, and refused all consolation. "I hate the world," said he with a passion. "I hate myself. No one understands me or cares about me; I have genius, and am treated like a pariah; I have a heart and no one to love. I am completely miserable."

I made no reply. It was useless to dispute with Beethoven, and I let him continue in the same strain. He did not cease till we re-entered the city, and then he relapsed into a sad silence. We crossed a dark, narrow street, near the gate of Coblenz. All at once he stopped.

"Hush!" said he, "what is that noise?" I listened, and heard the faint tones of an old piano issuing from some house at a little distance. It was a plaintive melody in triple time, and, notwithstanding the poverty of the instrument, the performer gave to this piece, great tenderness of expression.

Beethoven looked at me with sparkling eyes. "It is taken from my symphony in F," said he; "here is the house. Listen; how well it is played."

The house was poor and humble, and a light glimmered through the chinks of the shutter. He stooped to listen. In the middle of the finale there was a sudden interruption, silence for a moment, then a stifled voice was heard.

"I cannot go on," said a female voice. "I can go no farther this evening, Frederick."

"Why, sister?"

"I scarcely know, unless it is because the composition is so beautiful, that I feel incapable of doing justice to it. I am so fond of music. Oh! what would I not give to hear that piece played by some one who could do it justice!"

"Ah, dear sister, said Frederick, sighing, 'one must be quick to procure that enjoyment. What is the use of regretting when there is no help for it? We can scarcely pay our rent; why think of things far beyond our reach?'"

"You are right, Frederick; and yet when I am playing I long once in my life to hear good music well executed. But it is useless; it is useless!"

There was something singularly touching in the tone and repetition of the last words. Beethoven looked at me. "Let us enter," said he, abruptly.

"Enter!" said I, "why should we enter?"

"I will play to her," replied he, with vivacity. "She has feeling, genius, intelligence; I will play to her, and she will appreciate me." And before I could prevent him, his hand was on the door. It was not locked, and opened immediately. I followed him across a dark corridor, towards a half-open door at the right. He pushed it, and we found ourselves in a poor destitute room, with a little stove at one end, and some coarse furniture. A pale young man was seated at a table, working a shoe. Near him, bending in a melancholy manner over an old piano, was a young girl. Both were cleanly, but very poorly dressed; they rose and turned towards us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, somewhat embarrassed, "but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician!"

The girl blushed, and the young man assumed a grave, almost severe manner.

"I heard also some of your words," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is you would like—in short, would you like me to play to you?"

There was something so strange, so abrupt, so comical, in the whole affair, and something so agreeable and eccentric in the manner of him who had spoken, that the ice was broken in an instant, and all involuntarily smiled.

"Thank you," said the young shoemaker, but our piano is bad, and then we have no music!"

"No music!" repeated my friend: "how then did Mademoiselle—" He stopped and colored; for the young girl had just turned towards him, and by her sad veiled eyes he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat you to pardon me," stammered he; "but I did not remark at first. You play then from memory?"

"Entirely."

"And where have you heard this music before?"

"I heard a lady who was a neighbor at

Bonn, two years ago. During the summer evenings her window was always open, and I walked before the house to hear her."

"And you have never heard any other music?"

"Never, excepting the music in the streets." She seemed frightened; so Beethoven did not add another word but quietly seated himself at the instrument, and commenced to play. He had not touched many notes when I guessed what would follow, and how sublime he would be that evening; and I was not deceived. Never, never, during the many years I knew him, did I hear him play as on this day for the young blind girl and brother. Never did I hear such energy, such passionate tenderness, such gradations of melody and modulation. From the moment his fingers commenced to move over the piano, the tones of the instrument seemed to soften and become more equal.

We remained sitting, listening to him breathlessly. The brother and sister were dumb with astonishment, as if paralyzed. The former had laid aside his work; the latter, her head slightly inclined, had approached the instrument, her two hands were clasped on her breast, as if she feared beating of her heart might interrupt those accents of magic sweetness. It seemed as if we were the subjects of a strange dream, and our only fear was to wake too soon.

Suddenly the flame of the solitary candle flickered, the wick, consumed to the end, fell and was extinguished. Beethoven stopped; I opened the shutters to let in the rays of the moon. It became almost as light as before in the room, and the radiance fell more strongly on the musician and the instrument.

But this incident seemed to have broken the chain of Beethoven's ideas. His head dropped on his breast, his hands rested on his knees, he appeared plunged into a profound meditation.

He remained so for some time. At last the young shoemaker rose, approached him, and said in a low, respectful voice, "Wonderful man, who are you then?"

Beethoven raised his head, and looked at him abstractedly, as if he had not comprehended the meaning of his words.

The young man repeated the question.

The composer smiled as only he could smile, such sweetness and kindly benevolence.

"Listen," said he. And he played the first movement in the F Symphony.

A cry of joy escaped from the lips of the brother and sister. They recognized him, and cried with emotion, "You are then Beethoven!"

He rose to go, but our entreaties succeeded in detaining him.

"Play to us once more, just once more."

He allowed himself to be led to the instrument. The brilliant light of the moon entered the curtainless window, and lighted up his expansive, earnest forehead.

"I am going to improvise a sonata to the moonlight," said he playfully. He contemplated for some minutes the sky sprinkled with stars; then his fingers rested on the piano, and he commenced to play in a low, sad, but wonderfully sweet strain. The harmony issued from the instrument, sweet and even as the rays of the moon spread over the shadows on the ground. This delicious overture was followed by a piece in triple time, lively, light, capricious, a sort of intermediate burlesque, like a dance of fairies at midnight on the grass. Then came a rapid *agitato furioso*—a breathless movement, trembling, hurrying, describing flight and uncertainty, inspiring vague and indistinct terror, which bore us onward on its shuddering wings, and left us at last quite agitated with surprise and moved to tears.

"Adieu," said Beethoven, abruptly pushing back his chair, and advancing to the door—"Adieu!"

"You will come again?" asked both at the same time.

He stopped, and regarded the young blind girl with an air of compassion.

"Yes, yes," said he hurriedly. "I will come again and give some lessons to Mademoiselle. Farewell, I will soon come again."

They followed us to the door in silence more expressive than words, and remained standing on the threshold till we were out of sight.

"Let us hasten home," said Beethoven to me in the street. "Let us hasten, that I may note down this sonata while it is in my memory."

He entered his room, and wrote till nearly daybreak.

I still sat in a listening attitude after the old musician had finished speaking.

"And did Beethoven give lessons afterwards to the blind girl asked I at length."

He smiled and shook his head sadly. "Beethoven never entered that humble house again. With the excitement of the moment, his interest in the blind girl also passed away; and though the brother and sister long and patiently waited his coming, he thought no more of them."

And is it not too often so in life?

DESPERATE UNDERTAKING. There is a divine out west trying to persuade girls to forego marriage. He might as well try to persuade ducks that they could find a substitute for water, or rosebuds that there is something better for their complexion than sunshine. The only convert he has made is single lady, aged sixty.

An editor tells one of his poetical correspondents—"Your lines entitled 'Sympathy,' are respectfully declined. The sentiment is excellent, but the rhythm sounds like rolling frozen pumpkins on a barn floor, and the measure is not what it should be."

Daniel Webster's Letter on Sunday Schools.

MARSHFIELD, June 15, 1852.

Prof. Pease—Dear Sir: I have received your very able and interesting annual report of the condition of the New York Sabbath School Association, and read it with great pleasure and instruction. It is gratifying, very gratifying to learn, that in "a city where vice and immorality run riot with impunity," a few humble Christians have devoted their time and energies to the cause of religion, and I fervently pray that your labors may be crowned with success.

The Sabbath school is one of the great institutions of the day. It leads our youth in the path of truth and morality, and makes them good men and useful citizens. As a school of religious instruction it is of inestimable value; as a civil institution it is priceless, and has done more to preserve our liberties than grave statesmen and armed soldiers. Let it not be fostered and preserved until the end of time!

I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial, I asked him what could induce him to stain his hands with the blood of a fellow-being. Turning his blood-shot eyes full upon me, he replied, in a voice of despair, "Mr. Webster, in my youth I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements, instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise." Could we go back to the early years of all hardened criminals, I believe, yes, firmly believe, that their first departure from the path of morality was when they abandoned the Sabbath School, and their subsequent crimes might thus be traced back to the neglect of youthful religious instruction.

Many years ago I spent a Sabbath with Thomas Jefferson, at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. While engaged in discussing the beauties of the Bible, the sound of a bell broke upon our ears, when, turning to the sage of Monticello, I remarked, "How sweetly, how very sweetly sounds that Sabbath bell!" The distinguished statesman for a moment seemed lost in thought, and then replied: "Yes, my dear Webster, yes, it melts the heart, it calms our passions, and makes us boys again." Here I observed that man was only an animal for religious worship, and that notwithstanding all the splendor of Epicurus, Lucretius, and Voltaire, the Scriptures stood upon a rock as firm, as unmovable as truth itself. That man, in his purer, loftier breathings, turned the mental eyes toward immortality, and that the poet only echoed the general sentiment of our nature in saying, that

"The soul, secure in her existence

Smiles at the dawn daggier, and defies its point."

Mr. Jefferson fully concurred in this opinion, and observed that the tendency of the American mind was in a different direction; and that Sunday schools—(he did not use our more correct term, Sabbath)—presented the only legitimate means, under the constitution, of avoiding the rock on which the French republic was wrecked. "Burke," said he, "never uttered a more important truth than when he exclaimed that 'a religious education was the cheap defense of nations.'" "Raikes," said Mr. Jefferson, "has done more for our country than the present generation will acknowledge; perhaps when I am old he will obtain his reward; I hope so, earnestly hope so; I am considered by many, Mr. Webster, to have little religion, but now is not the time to correct errors of this sort. I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volumes will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands. Of the distinguished Raikes, he was 'dignum et venerabile nomen.'"

I took the liberty of saying that I found more pleasure in Hebrew poetry than in the best productions of Greece and Rome. That "the harp upon the willows by Babylon" had charms for me beyond anything the numbers of the blind man of Smyrna. I then turned to Jeremiah, (there was a fine toll of the Scriptures before me of 1458.) and read aloud some of those sublime passages that used to delight me on my fathers' knee. But I fear my dear friend, I shall tire you with my prolix account of what was a pleasant Sabbath, spent in the company of one who has filled in a very large space in our political and literary annals.

Thanking you for your report, and heartily concurring with you in the truth of your quotation, that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," I remain, with a high regard your friend.

D. WEBSTER.

IS A BAD FIX. The other evening, Mr. Hordrickson, the toll-gate keeper on the Flushing and Jamaica Plank Road, was passing along the road, he came across a large bag and a man lying beside it, apparently dying, the only signs of life being a slight gurgling in the

REPUBLICAN

Congressional Convention

SECOND DISTRICT.

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

Thursday, August 19, 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 order of representation will be as follows: Every town and plantation that gave 50 or more votes for the Republican candidate for Governor in 1857, two; for every additional 30 Republican votes, one additional delegate; and for an additional fraction of 25 Republican votes or upwards after the first 25, one delegate. To wit:

OXFORD COUNTY.	
Forty-two towns and plantations.	
Albany	3
Andover	3
Bethel	4
Bridford	4
Brookfield	4
Canton	4
Denmark	3
Dixfield	3
Frederick	3
Greenwood	3
Hartford	4
Heron	4
Hiram	4
And 17 other towns and plantations, 1 each—in all, 119 delegates.	
Part of Andover, 3; 7 towns, 44 delegates.	
Part of Cumberland County, 16 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 13th Senatorial District, are requested to meet in Convention,

At Paris Hill, Friday, August 20th,

At 10 o'clock, A. M.,

For the purpose of nominating two candidates for Senators to represent them in the Senate of this State, and to transact any business that may come before them.

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

E. M. CARTER, Chairman.
Republican County Committee.

It is stated that Hon. John J. Crittenden

disavows all aspirations for the Presidency. The Republicans of Washington Co., have made up the County ticket as follows: Senators, John T. Harris and Joseph M. Livermore; County Attorney, George F. Talbot; Clerk of the Courts, Chas. W. Porter; Sheriff, B. M. Farrar; Treasurer, Ignatius Sargent; County Commissioner, Hiram Burnham.

The ticket is said to be a strong one, and insures the vote of Washington County against Bion Bradbury.

Mrs. H. Marion Stephens, the well known authoress, is dangerously ill of consumption, at East Hampton, Me.

The Cincinnati Gazette gives a list of sixteen Democratic papers in Illinois which now support the Administration and oppose the re-election of Douglas.

On the first Sabbath in July, at the communion of the Congregational Church in Woodstock, Ct. John McClellan, Esq., was admitted to the church on profession of his faith. He is ninety-three years old—the oldest living graduate of Yale College of the class of 1785. The pulpit was appropriately decked with flowers a beautiful emblem of renewed life and joy.

A musical festival on a monster scale, such being a biennial custom in Switzerland, is now about to come off at Zurich. Ten thousand musicians, vocal and instrumental, are this time to swell the choral anthem and deepen the diapason. A banquet where 12,000 Switzers and their guests are to fraternize under the canopy of the Helvetic sky is part of the announced programme.

A Chicago correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer says that "Judge Douglas will succeed," because "great numbers of Republicans may and can sympathize with and support him in his advocacy of popular sovereignty." "This," says the N. Y. Herald, "is the opinion of a greenhorn in party politics," and we think so, too.

The present valuation of Bangor is: resident real estate \$3,006.61; personal estate \$1,266.038; non-resident real estate \$441,590; total \$6,013,709.

The St. Louis Democrat says: "It is rumored that the Hon. E. B. Washburne, the distinguished Representative from the First Congressional District of Illinois, will not be a candidate for re-election. Mr. Washburne is now serving his constituents with eminent and practical ability. While we regret to hear of his retirement, we are pleased to learn that his successor will probably be the Hon. Martin P. Sweet of Freeport."

The election returns from St. Louis show that the administration has carried that State, but the majority is not given. The returns are incomplete.

Hon. F. P. Blair designs to contest the right of Mr. Barritt to his seat in Congress on the ground that he was elected by the most notorious and shameful system of ballot-box stuffing and bribery.

The Hon. John Corvado has been nominated for re-election to Congress from the 19th district of Pennsylvania by the Republicans.

Spare the brook trout at this season. It is their spawning season, and one caught now destroys hundreds of next year's crop. Moreover, the fish do not now have their usual delicate flavor.

It is said that the Sergeant-at-Arms at Washington has had allowances for constructive mileage made him during the last session amounting to \$25,000. He is allowed ten cents a mile for traveling expenses while "suborning witnesses." As interpreted at Washington, he may sit in his office in that city and charge the traveling expenses to every copy of a subpoena he serves out.

At a Republican convention in the second District in Vermont, Hon. J. S. Merrill, was nominated for Congress.

Gov. CUMMINGS' PRAYER. The gentiles in Utah generally agree that the peace made with the Mormons amounts to nothing, and will not last. A private letter from Salt Lake City to a gentleman in St. Louis makes the following statements:

"You will have heard how our corpulent governor has been 'stepped' by the Mormons. He seems to me to be almost insane. He takes pains to quarrel with every gentile within his reach, from Gen. Johnston, the commissioners and Judge Eckles, down to your humble servant, and to affiliate with the worst cut-throats in the whole Mormon community. He is alienating the only true friends he has—the only persons on whom he can expect to lean when he finds that he has been expelled by Brother Brigham.

"The very table on which I am writing has on it evidence of the raciality of the Mormons in respect to the mail. (I am scrawling this to you in the post office.) Directly in front of me is a pile of letters, all of which have been opened by steaming them until the gum on the envelopes ceased to stick, or by cutting open the ends of the envelopes and sticking them carefully together again.

"They call the present condition of affairs 'harmony,' or at least the governor calls it so, but there is not a gentile in the city who does not sleep with a revolver under his pillow. If Gen. Johnston had the supreme civil power of the territory in his hands, as he has the military, we might have a durable peace. As it is, this patched up mess of Gov. Cummings' will cease to stick as soon as it is steamed."

THE SALT LAKE MAIL. St. Louis, Aug. 5. A dispatch from St. Joseph, Aug. 2, says that the Salt Lake mail has arrived, but brings no news of importance. Order and quiet had been restored throughout Utah, and the Mormons expressed themselves highly pleased with the Territorial officers. Upon Gen. Johnston's entrance into the city, the few remaining Mormons fled.

Commissioners Powell and McCulloch having completed the duty assigned them, were passed at Fort Laramie en route for home.

Gen. Johnston had issued a proclamation prohibiting the soldiers and citizens from disturbing the Mormons or their cattle, nor were any troops allowed to enter the city under any pretext.

The rivers on the route are all high. The Indians were quiet.

MAINE BAPTIST ASSOCIATION. The meetings of this Association, during the present and coming months, will be held as follows:—

Cumberland,	Topsham,	Aug. 21
Sao River,	Alfred,	" 31
Damariscotta,	Albina,	Sept. 1
Hancock,	Bluehill (1st ch),	" 7
Pembroke,	Charleston,	" 14
Kennebunk Vill.,	York,	" 8
Bowdoinham,	Fayette,	" 14
Piscataquis,	Parkman,	" 14
Waldo,	Sacramento (1st ch),	" 11
Oxford,	Bryant's Pond,	" 15
Kennebec,	Norridgewock,	" 21
Lincoln,	S. Thomaston Isch.,	" 21
Washington,	E. Harrington,	" 21

From the N. Y. Post.

THE FIRST DISPATCH AT LAST!

The following dispatches are said to have been exchanged to-day by the Queen and President Buchanan, but we do not see how it was possible, as our Halifax correspondent informs us that no dispatches can be transmitted for several days:

WINDSOR CASTLE, Aug. 6, 1858. President Buchanan—Dear Sir: As you will not permit me to "visit" you, allow me to drop you a line. Faithfully yours,

VICTORIA REGINA.

REPLY OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN TO THE QUEEN. WASHINGTON, Aug. 6, 1858. My dear Ma'am: It is my impression that you have dropped enough of your time already, and that you are running the thing into the ground. Yours, faithfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

"Why don't you battle Slavery where it exists? Why don't you preach Abolition where there are slaves to be freed? Ask modern Democracy: we are as much opposed to slavery as you are, but we don't see the use of decrying an evil where it has no existence. Attack Slavery where it is, and we are with you."

Frank Blair took these people at their word. He is and long has been a slaveholder; he lives and has long lived in a Slave State. Upon full consideration, he judged Free Labor preferable to Slave, and resolved to do his best to substitute the former for the latter. On this issue he fought his last battle; on this issue (through the running of a third candidate) he is beaten.

In politics he is, with his father, of the Jackson-Benton Democratic-Hard-Money school, and a consistent observer of its precepts. Yet he is beaten because he is for Emancipation, and Northern Democracy (of the Sham order) flings up his cap in triumph! Its organs are rejoicing all over the country, at his defeat!—rejoicing that a Pro-Slavery Democrat succeeds him! Which shall be believed, those men's professions or their acts. [New York Tribune.]

Most of the popular Tonic medicines contain more or less Alcoholic Stimulants, which prevents their general use. The Oxygenated Bitters being entirely free from every intoxicating quality, give a healthy tone to the digestive system.

Brighton Market.

THURSDAY, Aug. 5.

At market 1200 head calves, 20 Working Oxen, 100 Cows and Calves, 600 Sheep, 525 Shoats, and 200 Fat Hogs.

Poultry—Beef Cattle—Extra, \$7.25 a \$8.50; first quality, \$6.25 a \$7.25; second quality, \$5.00 a \$6.25; third \$4.50 a \$5.00; ordinary \$3.50 a \$4.50.

Working Oxen—\$100 to \$120.

Cows and Calves—\$18, 21, 28, a 40.

Sheep and Lambs—\$15 a small lot, 1 25, 2 00 a 3 00.

Fat Hogs—5 12 a 5 34.

Shoats—All at market were Spring pigs; sales 5 12 a 6 34. At retail, from 7 to 9.

Republican Causes.

The Republican voters of the town of Paris, are 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 Paris, 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 20th 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 wonders"—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 scientists, and from all these wonders which have been brought before the world, and particularly our medical Faculty, there has been nothing as yet surpassed by 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—under 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. But it has real merit, and that is sufficient.

[Newport & Covington (Ky.) News.]

H. H. HAY & Co., Portland, and E. J. SMITH
Hallowell, Wholesale Agents. 26-27

To the suffering community Hallowell's Genuine Preparation of Fluid Extract Bala is offered as a specific. Read the advertisement headed "Hallowell's Genuine Preparation." 24

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

MARRIED.

In Albany, 25th ult., by Peter E. Mosher, Esq., Mr. Morris Libby to Miss Lydia A. Mosher, both of Albany.

In Waterville, 4th inst., Gen. Charles Zalazas Basil Martineau, Junior, of Waterville County, to Miss Helen Valle, daughter of Mons. Jean Valle, of Montreal.

O. H. DUNHAM,
MACHINIST.

Norway Village, Mo.

WOULD inform his friends and the public, that he has purchased the

TOOLS, PATTERNS, AND MACHINERY,

Recently owned by F. W. Mallett.

And established himself in Norway Village, where he is prepared to make and repair all kinds of machinery which the wants of our community may require; and he hopes by a prompt and faithful attention to business, to merit and receive a generous share of patronage.

DANIELS' & WOODWORTH'S PLANERS;
Rolling, Turning, Bannister and Stretcher Machines; Lathes, Arbers; Sash Sticks; Vice, Clamp and Press Screws, &c.

MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

Particular attention given to repairing.

Norway, Aug. 9, 1858. 28

HIGH SCHOOL at West Sumner.

The Fall Term will commence on MONDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1858, with the following board of instruction:

FREELAND HOWE, Principal.

Miss MARY A. HEALD, Assistant.

Mrs. MARY L. HOWE, Teacher of Music.

TERMS:—Ancient Languages and French, \$4.00; Higher English, \$3.00; Common English, \$2.00; Primary Department, 2.00; Music, (24 lessons with use of Pianos), extra, \$8.00.

The term will continue eleven weeks. Having furnished the hall in Jackson Village for a school room, there is ample convenience for a large number of students; and it is hoped that they may avail themselves of the opportunity to attend to the wants of the mind. Arrangements for board have been made to meet the exigencies of the time, and it is offered to good families, at \$1.00, 1.25 and 1.50, per week. A teacher's class will be formed at the commencement of the term.

N. B.—No deduction will be made for absence unless by previous contract with the Principal. Books will be furnished at Portland prices.

Aug. 12, 1858. 25

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, EDWIN STEPHENS, lately of Oxford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, conveyed to me by his deed of mortgage dated May 11th, 1849, and recorded in the County of Oxford, Book 82, page 223, a certain parcel of land situated in Norway, in said County of Oxford, to secure the payment of certain notes of hand mentioned in said deed, and to which reference may be had for full description of said premises. Now the conditions of said mortgage having been broken, I claim a foreclosure of the same as by law in such cases made and provided.

JOSEPH SHACKLEY.
Paris, Aug. 4, 1858. 28

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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.
[6-10-20]

CHARLES STONE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
SOUTH PARIS,
Oxford County, - - - Maine.

W. H. VINTON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,
Corner of Exchange and Federal Sts.,
PORTLAND.

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

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

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
DRUGS,
And Standard Patent Medicines!!
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Agents for the Hampshire Paint Company.
Portland, May, 1857. 15

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CHAS. F. MANNING. CHAS. D. BROWN.
REFERENCES—J. B. Brown & Son, and S. Brown & Carter, Portland; Brickett, Denison & Co., Boston; W. J. Emmet, New York. 14

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