

# The Oxford Democrat

TER IS TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 10, NO. 7.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1859.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 26, NO. 17.

## 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.—AGRICOLA.

### To Kill Ticks in Sheep.

The following article in the Rural New Yorker, in response to an inquiry for some remedy for this evil, may be of service to some of our readers. The writer warrants it to kill every tick.

For 100 sheep take 6 lbs. good tobacco, or its equivalent in poorer, say 10 pounds, steep it, (not boil.) in a number of waters, until the strength is all out, strain it thro' a fanning mill sieve, and add to it half a pail full of good strong ley, and two quarts of salt. If your tobacco is good, and sheep not very bad, it may do without the last two articles. Now for the operation. Provide yourself with two hands to hold your sheep, by laying them down first on the side, now take an old tin tea-pot, and commence pouring the whole length of the sheep, by parting the wool, taking care to hold up the wool, and rub it in, as to have it find its way nearly all over the skin, without losing your liquid in the wool. It is better to give a little time for it to run in than to hasten the operation. Serve both sides as above, then stand the sheep up, and serve the back the same way, taking particular care not to miss the shoulder, using about one to two quarts on each, according to condition of ticks, and size of sheep. One quart for lambs, if strong liquid and properly applied, will cure, or rather, kill the first time. As dipping in winter, with all the wool on, is rather laborious, and takes too much tobacco, Scotch snuff will prove good, but will not penetrate every part like liquid tobacco. My flock of long wool lambs I found were fast going, and on examination found them perfectly black with ticks—very poor, and three already dead. I prepared myself as above, three days ago, and doctored them, and now I find, where the tobacco was applied, not one live tick to be seen, but all dead,—not having had time even to escape. Three men will doctor, if they work lively, about ten per hour, and do it right. But I consider one cure of prevention better than a pound of cure. Dip your lambs within one or two weeks after shearing, in tobacco water, when the ticks will be on them, and you will not have cause to doctor again, if properly cured for—that is, shelter, bedding, racks, water, and food sufficient.

### WHEAT & OATS FOR SEEDING IN.

MESSES, EDITORS: It is the practice of many of the farmers of this section, to seed their fields to wheat in preference to other grain, especially oats. They aver that oats abstract a greater amount of fertility from the soil than wheat, thereby leaving it in a poorer condition for a grass crop.

The rotation of crops generally followed here is, at the first breaking, oats; second crop potatoes; third, corn; fourth, seeding down in wheat or oats. The latter many object to, "for," they say "oats sap the ground more than wheat." Whether this objection is well founded, I know not, and would like to hear from some of your correspondents on this point. My own observations are not in accordance with this opinion.

In a field the whole of which received the same amount of manure, and the same treatment, one portion was seeded in wheat and the other in oats. On the former, the crop of grass fell short the past season, and it requires breaking again while the latter yielded an average crop.

This year, a neighbor had a field which had been sown to oats the two preceding years, without being manured high; but he thought it "sapped" the ground so badly, corn would yield a poor return. He therefore decided to plant another portion of the field, which immediately joined it and which was planted to potatoes last year and very highly manured. When plowing the field, he encroached a few feet on the stubble ground, on which two rows of corn were planted, receiving the same dressing and care as the rest of the field. At harvest all the sound corn taken from the field was gathered from those two rows planted on the stubble.

G. E. BRACKETT.  
Bellevue, Me., 1858.

### A Big Cow and Calf.

In the yard of Mr. W. H. Kneeland, Sweden, stands a large, brown, long cow, which any person four rods off would take to be an ox. She measures six feet 10 inches in girth. In years past she has been worked considerably, having been first mated with another cow; and afterwards with a stag. By her side is a calf, four months old, that weighs 450 pounds. They are monstrous looking animals. Mr. K. says the cow is good for work and for raising calves, but is worthless for the dairy. The breed is a grade Durham.

### A Profitable Sheep.

Mr. James Evans of the same town has a comet sheep, three years old, that has raised five lambs. When one year old, she dropped two,—both of which were reared as comets. One of them he sold a few days since for \$2.50; and the other is equally good. The second year she produced three lambs, all of which she raised, and they are now noble sheep. This is sheep raising to some advantage.

Our friend Greeley Swan, of Denmark, says that we made his calves draw 100 lbs.—it should have been 800. The calves were four months, and the driver four years old.

CREAM BISCUIT. Four tea cups full of cream, one teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a cupful of milk. Both milk and cream should be sweet, or both sour. Add one egg, if you choose. Mix soft as you can, and not mold it much. Bake in a quick oven.

DISEASE AMONG CATTLE. In looking over your paper of January 8th, I noticed an article headed "Fatal Disease among Cattle." About the year 1850 I lost seven head with this same disorder, and for the benefit of those who may have cattle similarly afflicted, I send the following receipt:

Take 1-2 pint of vinegar, 1 teaspoonful pepper, 1 teaspoonful salt, and mix and stir well together; turn up the head and turn this into the ears. I have never found this to fail if applied in season. I have had several cases since I first adopted this remedy, and have found it a sure cure.

PHILLIP JUDKINS.  
Carthage, Me., Jan. 10, 1859.

[N. E. Farmer.]

MILDEW ON GOOSEBERRIES. In reply to "W. G." we would suggest the only method of preventing mildew on gooseberries which we have found to be effective is, to grow them as trees instead of bushes; thin out the branches so that no two are nearer than five inches, and let the trimming and shortening in consequence be with a view to the full admission of air and sun; keep them well cultivated, and fully manured, with a heavy mulch of salt hay or straw covering the ground. If they still succeed, get new kinds. We have fully succeeded in preventing mildew by the above treatment. [Working Farmer.]

### How to Preserve Your Furs.

Furs, says a writer in one of the New York papers, who seems to be thoroughly familiar with the subject, should never be put away for the summer and forgotten, as they so frequently are; and next to being shut up from the air their greatest enemy is damp. If from the wear being exposed to rain, they become wet, they should always be dried at a moderate distance from the fire immediately; and in warm weather when not required for wear, they should never be shut in a box or other drawer for more than a few days at a time, and every few weeks they should be shaken and beaten.

The more delicate skins require somewhat more delicate treatment. The best plan is, probably, not to pack furs away, but to let them lie in a drawer or wardrobe that is constantly being opened so that they meet the eye frequently, and being thus often in sight, it is easy, at convenient opportunities, to have them taken out and beaten or, at any rate, shaken and tossed, and thoroughly exposed to the air. It is common to hear it remarked, that the moth gets into furs—as if the insect actually migrated from one locality to another; the probability is, however, that furs and woollens are animal substances, endowed with a vital principle, which develops itself into the living organisms through the decay of its material shape. Cleanliness and airing are therefore absolutely essential.

[Rural New Yorker.]

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### Settlement of the Aroostook.

There is no question but public attention is at present largely turned towards the wild lands of Maine, and especially towards those of the Aroostook valley. Multitudes, not only in our own State, but also in the rest of New England and New York, are contemplating availing themselves of the almost unequalled advantages which that grand and fertile region promises to the hardy pioneer. We rejoice that this is so. In each one of our cities and larger villages, how many men, with stout hearts and strong arms, have toiled and labored on, until they have reached the meridian of life, and still find that they have for all their labor, but little ahead on which to depend to supply the wants of their declining years. Many there are who, after a quarter of a century of industrious labor, have not even a home which they can call their own. How gladly would men like these, if they could, give all the labor of their lifetime in exchange for the possession of a farm and a home in Aroostook, which are the fruit of five or six years of well directed effort on the part of a single pioneer. It is a fact which has been most successfully demonstrated, that any man in possession of the strength and vigor of manhood, can, in the course of six years, make himself an independent farmer in Aroostook. Take the young men of our city who are between the ages of 25 and 30 years, who have been industrious and prudent, perhaps, and how many of them can boast of the possession of a property which they would not readily exchange for a farm, which, with their moderate labor upon it, would insure them a comfortable support, and even some of the luxuries of life! Let all such give their attention to this subject. They have yet before them years of toil, but those years may be turned to their advantage and profit. Let them at once make up their minds to go to Aroostook, and bestow their labor where in a few months they cannot fail to have something to show for it. Such have long enough labored for the profit of others; now let them determine to do something for themselves.

That Aroostook possesses, in many respects, decided advantages over the far West, there can be no doubt. A healthier spot probably does not exist on the face of the earth. But in addition to this there is a beautiful and productive soil, all yet in its virgin purity. The winters are indeed long; but their pure and bracing atmosphere gives to the inhabitants a robustness of constitution, and a vigor and vitality which Illinois cannot impart. The summers are short, as they are elsewhere in the greater part of New England, but vegetation progresses rapidly, and the husbandman in Autumn finds his labors rewarded by an abundant crop. Add to this the fact that they are not at all cursed by the yellow fever of the South or the fever and ague of the West.

We therefore urge upon all who propose changing their locality, to go to the Aroostook next spring. Let no man wait a single day for railroad communication. That may, or may not be built at an early day. Its want for a while may deprive the settler of foreign luxuries and compel him to rigid economy, and to look to his own farm for many of those products which money and railroad facilities might procure from abroad. Let the land be possessed for its intrinsic merits, and as it begins "to blossom as the rose," the outside world will not be slow to send the iron horse into its very heart, to bring forth the fruits of the land. [Bangor Democrat.]

BLACK KNOT—A CURE FOR REMEDY. We cannot agree with you on the plum tree, as we can show you trees, worked upon the proper stock, that are thirty years old, bearing profusely every year, and have no "black knot." We have a very simple remedy for the "little Turk," *carulio*, which is to burn old chips of leather under the trees when the plum is of the size of a pea,—one application being sufficient. Plum trees should be worked on plum stocks—not on peach, wild plum, nor suckers from old trees, as these make a sucky tree, good for nothing. C. REAGLES & SON, Sebectady, Nov., 1858.

[Greece Farmer.]

Mr. EDITOR: As there is much said about raising wheat in Aroostook, I here say that I have raised ninety bushels of well filled wheat from two acres, and can give you the names of the men who threshed and measured it. Let the editor of the Clarion find a man in his county, or any in the western part of the State, who can beat this. LEVI BERRY, Sayre, Me., Jan. 21, 1859.

[Aroostook Pioneer.]

A PRETTY CONCERT. We saw yesterday, in the parlor of a friend a very beautiful concert. It is of course the fancy of a lady and consisted of the burr of a pine tree placed in a wine glass half full of water, and from between the different layers of the burr shooting forth green blades, bright, beautiful and refreshing. For a little thing we have seen nothing that so pleased us with its beauty and novelty. And the secret is this: the burr was found dried and opened; the circles were sprinkled with grass seed, and and it was placed in a wine glass, with water as above. In a few days the moisture and nourishment gave the burr life and health, and the different circles closed and buried within themselves the grass seed, and a few days more gave the seed also life, sprout and growth, and now a pyramid of living green, beautifully relieved by the sombre hue of the burr, is the result—a pretty and novel a parlor ornament as we have for a long while seen. [Troy Times.]

### MISCELLANY.

#### FERULING ANNA HAWKES.

"BUZZ—BUZZ—BUZZ!"

"Indeed I cannot stand this. You'll drive me quite crazy with your buzz, buzz, buzz. I must and will have silence. I find that plain pleasant persuasion will not do; I shall be forced to resort to a harsher method. Now, listen one and all, while I assure you that the first young miss or master, young gentleman or lady whom I shall see whispering without leave, I will ferule!"

The teacher, Mr. Arthur Stone, closed his bearded lips firmly, and glanced about the old fashioned school room with a determined expression, as he ceased speaking. He evidently meant just what he had said—meant it in the faces of the stout stalwart young gentleman, and pretty, witching, bright eyed girls about him. For a moment there was a dead silence upon all, while every eye was fixed upon the handsome, resolute face of the teacher. But in the little crowd of upturned faces, there was but one which his eye sought intuitively drawn as it were, by some strange magnetic power. One face and one at that moment which was a pretty piquant beauty, with its sunny inquisitive blue eyes, which met his own fully and daringly; its strawberry red mouth pursed up by the most provoking and daring of smiles, and said as plainly as words could have said—"You won't ferule me, Mr. Stone, if I whisper ever so much!"

A sudden flash of anger reddened up, in to the cheeks of the young man, and shot from the depths of his fine angry eyes, as he said, determinedly, in answer to the smile of the red mouth and blue eyes, and the tone of the dainty head—"I repeat it; I will ferule the first scholar whom I see whispering without leave!"

This time there was no mistaking it! There was a perceptible motion of Anna Hawkes' pretty head, an unmistakable light in her eyes, and a whole unbroken sentence wreathed about the curve of her mouth as she turned eagerly to her books—"You can ferule me if you choose," she said merrily, not believing that he would venture to do it.

"And I certainly will," was the silent reply of the young man, confident the while that she would not allow him an opportunity of putting his threat in execution. But he was ill at ease as he turned moodily to the arithmetic class from which his attention had been drawn by this unusual confusion. Affairs had taken a disagreeable turn, an unexpected course, and what ever he might do he could not better there was but one thing he could do. He must put a stern face upon the matter. He must maintain his dignity as teacher, even if he was obliged to thrust roughly aside his own wishes and inclinations. Anna Hawkes—pleasant, witching, graceful Anna—the one bright star that threw so much light upon his arduous, tiresome duties, the warm hearted girl who had grown nearer and dearer to him as the dull, wintry days went by, till he dared hope silently, yet earnestly, that sometime he might be more to her than any one else in the world, even she must be sacrificed. It was a miserable thought and he greeted it with a long deep-drawn sigh.

Not once during the forenoon did he venture to look towards Anna's seat, or allow himself to pass anywhere in her vicinity. For fear his eyes might be greeted by a provoking odious whisper. Not once I say, but I must except the long recess, during which he watched her eagerly, as she bent over her algebra problems, apparently lost in everything about her. Two or three times he half started from his seat to go to her assistance, as she knit her brows perplexed, but a strange feeling like pride kept him back. He thought he had never seen her look half so lovable or pretty as then, as she sat there bending thoughtfully over her book, with one white hand running rapidly and gracefully over her slate. Her dress of dark crimson cloth, with its full sleeves confined at the wrists by black velvet bands, fashioned high in the neck but in such a manner as to display her full white throat, was strangely becoming to her. He had never thought of it before, but there was a certain refinement in her taste that was truly pleasing. It was visible in everything she wore—the dainty cambric collar confined at the throat with a small cameo brooch; the knots of black velvet ribbon fastened about her luxuriant soft brown braids;—the petite black silk apron with its girle of silk cord, and full large drooping tassels, and even the slender shining little kid boots that peeped daintily out from the folds of her ample skirt. In all his life Arthur Stone had never looked upon a face or figure so pleasant or captivating. But as he watched her she raised her eyes to his face. In a moment that pretty seriousness which had rested so becomingly upon her rosy mouth, and went with a sudden rush of triumph over her whole face, dilating her finely curved nostrils and sweeping like very sunshine over the blue of her eyes, making such rare glimpses about her chin, as one might have been fitted by the cunning forger of Cupid himself.

Arthur Stone was vexed, but he was too much a man of the world to allow the young girl to know how much she was capable of annoying him, and so after the first flame of anger had died out from his cheeks and forehead, he said a voice the coolness of which even surprised himself:—"Can I be of any assistance to you Miss Hawkes?"

"None, sir, thank you. I have quite conquered my exercises alone to-day."

Foolish fellow! The very coolness of his manner betrayed the secret which he strove to hide. There was little need of covert if there was nothing to conceal,—and so it was that the forenoon slipped unpleasantly away and the afternoon came in its stead. The teachers rule so far was a good one. The school was remarkable for its quietude. If Anna Hawkes had not been present, Mr. Stone would have counted it a success, but as it was, he was in a constant tremor of fear.

A raised hand in the neighborhood of her seat, and a timid application for assistance was met with something like an unreasonable frown. In a hurried nervous way he proceeded to explain away the difficulty to the timid applicant, anxious to be free from such dangerous surroundings. Just as he was congratulating himself upon his success, and about turning away, a rapid whispered volley of words rattled past his ears. There was no avoiding it. He knew the source from whence they came as well as every scholar that heard them. He could not pass thoughtlessly along.

The dread alarm had come with such sudden distinctness as to surprise him into an involuntary start. Every pair of eyes in the schoolroom were turned inquiringly and curiously to his face. He was forced into doing his duty. The heavy burden about his mouth was friendly to him then, for it covered a suspicious pallor that settled there as he turned about and rested his eyes upon the blushing, piquant face of Anna Hawkes. It was the picture of innocence just then, with her brown lashes drooping low upon her cheeks, and the pearly white teeth crushed cruelly down upon the crimson of her lips.

"Miss Hawkes, can you tell me who whispered a moment since?"

"Yes, sir." The white lids were thrown wide open, and the clear eye fixed frankly upon his own.

"Who?"

"I, sir."

"Will you oblige me by stepping this way a moment?" He led the way out into the floor.

"Yes, sir, certainly." She followed him promptly, pausing beside the desk and resting one hand prettily upon its top.

"I suppose you listened to my rule of this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"You understood it too, doubtless?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly."

"Understanding it perfectly, then, you have been pleased to break it. Can you name my duty?"

It does not admit of a question. Ferule me, sir." She commenced drawing a slender gold ring from her left hand. This hand she suddenly asked, looking up into his face.

"We have plenty of time, Miss Hawkes; do not hurry," he said, evading her question. "I have something to say to you."

She leaned her elbow upon the desk, and her burning face upon her hand. "I shall be happy to listen to you," she said.

"I will not trouble you but a moment, only to say that I regret more than I am able to express, that a scholar whom I have endeavored to treat with uniform courtesy and respect, and in whose advancement I had felt a lively interest, should by so glaring a misdemeanor, such an utter contempt of my wishes, show a disregard for me as a teacher and friend. Such a display is unpleasant enough if a mere child willfully breaks the rule of a school, but when, instead, a young gentleman or lady so far forgets him or herself, it is intensely painful. I assure you that I deeply regret this."

Anna bowed gracefully as Mr. Stone ceased speaking. Again her white teeth were bared in her lip, while the brown lashes trembled close upon the deep burning of her red cheeks.

"Your hand, if you please."

The little white hand was reached forth as though it were to receive a caress instead of a blow. As it lay so tender and trustingly upon the broad palm of the teacher he inwardly cursed his stars. He called himself a brute, a tyrant, a monster. He had a mind to get down upon his knees and pray for a big mouthed earthquake to come and swallow him; for a sudden flash of lightning (in the winter time) to melt him into nonentity; for a whirlwind to sweep him from the face of the earth. Strike that little dimpled hand with a cruel two inch rule?—He had rather cover, say, bluster it with kisses, instead. It trembled within his grasp, and about the mouth of the owner a little white line was indicating the redness of her lips. For a moment he thought he'd kneel before her, and ask her to give the pale prisoner entirely to him. It would be his hand then, and no one could blame him for not wishing to injure his own property. A thought struck him. He might strike his hand instead of Anna's. He could shield her and take the blow himself. The idea was a rare one. He was in a mood for cracking every knuckle that he owned. He raised his ruler. Anna raised her eyes to his face. His fixed, determined expression started her. She would bear his blow without shrinking, without starting, she thought, but O, she would hate him, hate him, hate him, so long as she lived! As the thought passed through her mind, a gay, dashing looking sleigh, driven by a pair of fine horses came rapidly up to the school house door.

Lucky, lucky, Mr. Stone, the rule fell harmlessly upon the fair rosy palm of Anna, as he turned his eyes towards the window, and exclaimed hurriedly:—"The committee, Miss Hawkes. You can take your seat now, but remain to-night after school. Even for this interruption I should feel justified in letting the affair pass."

"The last committee man on earth that I would care to see!" exclaimed Mr. Stone to himself, as he bowed low before the pompous young gentleman, known by the cognomen of Dr. Wesley Barker, who rapped with his whip upon the door—said young gentleman being one of wealth and education. But the teacher did not care a fig for his wealth—he did not envy him—or anything for his education—his own was quite equal to it. But what he did care for was, that Dr. Barker was a great admirer of Anna Hawkes, and in the present state of affairs he did not care about having rivals around. Everything went along smoothly during school hours, as it always did during the visits of the several committees, but the moment school was dismissed, Dr. Barker stalked across the school room floor and up to Anna Hawkes' seat. Mr. Stone bit his lips with vexation. His rival made his appearance in the nick of time. He despised meanness, heartily denounced it, but now in spite of himself, he stood and listened eagerly to catch a few words that dropped from Dr. Barker's and Anna's lips.

"I'll ask Mr. Stone to excuse me," he heard Anna say.

"Which of course he will do," replied Dr. Barker.

"I am not certain," was the smiling reply, as she started towards his desk.

"I hope you will pardon me for daring to ask such a thing, but Dr. Barker wishes me to drive with him in his new sleigh, which I am very anxious to do, and so I'd like to be excused from remaining to-night to take my feruling, promising to come early to-morrow morning."

Mr. Stone bowed, and said "very well," though the words quite choked him. He secretly wished Dr. Barker and his new sleigh in China, and himself free from the vexation of school teaching. He thought, as he stood moodily by his desk, watching Anna Hawkes' pin her plaid shawl closely about her throat, and tie under her chin the blue ribbons of her quilted hood, preparing to her drive with Dr. Barker, that he was the most miserable man in existence, and that he would do anything, rather than teach another school. He had engaged already to take charge of the village academy the following spring, but now he resolved that he would not do it—he would throw up the engagement at once.

"No doubt she thinks me a very brute," he said to himself, as the gray equine went dashing down the street. Perhaps, after all, she had not meditated that ruthless attack upon his dignity and patience. Indeed, now he thought of it again, the whisper was more like a sudden exclamation than anything else. Yet he had not given her the slightest chance for an explanation, but, like the executioner who loved his occupation, hurried her forward to a punishment—the dolt, that he called himself. He had a very poor opinion of Arthur Stone just at that moment. He was sure he would like to horsewhip him.

A fair counterpart of the pupil's thoughts and feelings were those of the teacher. It was a dull, dreary drive, that Anna Hawkes took with Dr. Barker. She hadn't a heart to enjoy it, after the folly of the afternoon.

"He thinks that I do not care for, nor respect him," was the thought uppermost in her mind. "And this is the return I am making him for all his kindness to me—all the interest he has taken in my studies both in and out of school. O, if he could but know the truth!"

The truth! The young girl startled herself by the words. And what was the truth? She buried her burning face in her hands as she asked the question. It was this. She loved Arthur Stone—loved him better than life itself! A cry of pain went down her lips, as the knowledge slowly settled down upon her heart. But what proof had she given him of this? What proof that she was any other than a vain, selfish, unwomanly thing? None, alas, none! Like any woman who is conscious of her power, she gloried in hers over Arthur Stone. But how was he to know that it was any but the glory of a selfish, heartless coquette, rather than that of a strong, loving, true-hearted woman, who makes her power a golden chain about the heart of the man she loves, by which she draws him tenderly and gently towards her? How, O, how was he to know this? This thought was agonizing to her.

She resolved at last to go to him in the morning and confess her fault, humbling as it was. He should know, at least, that she held his feelings too sacred to wound them wantonly. But in the morning she was sick and feverish, scarcely able to lift her head from the pillows. She could not see Arthur that day, and so she must contentedly wait for the next. Against her wishes Dr. Barker was summoned, who croaked daintily of a fever which was hanging about her. She must be careful, very quiet, and follow his directions, he said, and he would come again in the afternoon to learn how she was getting along. He came in the afternoon, but at an unlucky hour. Anna sat leaning back in the rocking chair by the window, looking eagerly up at her street. But while he prated learnedly at her pride, he saw a rapid red stain through the whiteness of her cheek, and an eager light break out from the clear blue of her eyes. Arthur Stone was passing by the house, and viewing with a scornful curl of the lip, and handsome equipments of Dr. Barker. He did not look beyond it, to the pale face bent so earnestly towards him, but turned his head coldly away, and walked haughtily down the street, while Anna sank back with a sigh into the softly cushioned chair.

The next morning she refused to remain away from school another day. Arthur Stone would say she was cowardly, that she feared a feruling, because of the understanding of Tuesday afternoon, which she was too guilty to face again. She would go to school, though she dropped fainting on her way. She could not rest until her weary mind was unburdened of this heavy load. So she went, pale and trembling, at an early hour, to the school house.

"How he scorns me—how he hates me," she thought, as Mr. Stone quietly raised his eyes to her face, and bowed a silent good morning as she entered the room. How could she ever face that stern, cold gaze, and make her excuses for not keeping her appointment of the previous morning?

"I was too ill to come out yesterday morning," she said, in a trembling voice, "or I should not have broken my promise. Will this morning do as well?"

Mr. Stone glanced keenly into her face. The blanching cheeks and white quivering lips testified to the truth of what she said. "Are you able to be here now?" he asked, in a tone of voice that had more of tenderness than might be expected from him.

"Hardly. You can ferule me, and I will go home," she said, while her cheeks crimsoned with shame.

Mr. Stone bit his lips to keep back a reply which rose involuntarily to them. Again was that tender, white hand before him, waiting meekly for its punishment, now trembling from illness. Did she think him a brute? Quite evidently, from her action.

"I—I—regret that I wounded your feelings on Tuesday," she said, raising her eyes to his face. "I am thoughtful, I hope not heartless. Will you pardon me?" The question was asked in a low, quivering voice, half choked with tears.

"Pardon you?" Mr. Stone repeated the words slowly, in a clear, emphatic tone. "Is it too much to ask? You will not refuse me—you could not refuse me if you knew?"

"What?"

"How utterly miserable I am. I cannot stay here—here's my hand—be quick—let me go home!"

With a quick rapid movement, the teacher grasped the little feverish hand that was outstretched to him, and covered it over and over with fervent passionate kisses.

"Forgive you," he said, while his fine eyes grew deep and tender in their expression. "Forgive you, yes, a thousand times, and then not be able to show you a millionth part of the love which I bear for you. Forgive you—but I'll dare ask more than you care to hope—that you will love me; that you will place yourself and this dimmed against, abused little hand in my keeping. Tell me, Anna, have I asked too much?"

The answer was faint and low that came from Anna Hawkes' lips, but nevertheless it was a satisfactory one, for the sweet little mouth from whence it came, took immediate reward in kisses.

So it all ended. And a few weeks after, Anna Haw



## The Oxford Democrat

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**Book and Job Printing**  
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED

## LOCAL AGENTS.

WM. B. LAPHAM, M.D.,  
AMERICA BIRKEN,  
HENRY UPTON,  
WM. F. DAVIS,  
DAVID DUNN,  
M. K. MAYNARD,  
G. G. STACY,  
J. S. POWERS,  
S. B. HEAL,  
Col. E. W. BARNETT,  
J. W. WOODBURY,  
GEO. FARRINGTON,  
JOSEPH BARROWS,  
CHARLES WARD,  
J. BARTLEY,  
C. A. KIRKALL,  
DAVID KNAPP.

In Hancock, Mr. Dickey, a custom House officer, examines the votes and fixes them to his liking. In Madawaska, Mr. Madigan, a Custom House officer from Houlton, stands all day over the ballot box, and declares the votes. In Van Buren, the voters were expelled from the voting room while the votes were being counted, and Mr. Hammond, an alien, aids in counting and declaring the votes.

5. In clear violation of law, all the democratic votes bore a distinguished mark, being printed on blue paper, for the purpose, it is believed, of carrying out the fraudulent contracts for the purchase of the votes.

6. The return of between two and three hundred illegal votes, principally from Hancock plantation.

7. The disobedience of all legal requirements in the manner of conducting the elections in relation to the list of voters, receiving votes, and checking the same, &c.

Several important facts appear in Mr. Pike's report. All the democratic votes were upon blue paper. This was done in order to know every man voted. Another fact appears in the report worthy of note, the ignorance of the French population in Aroostook county. Mr. Pike says:

"On entering the French district at the point where it is in most immediate contact with a different population having connections with the other portions of our State; I endeavored to ascertain by habitual inquiry of every man I met who could speak English, who could tell me who was President or Governor, and after prosecuting my inquiries till I became fully convinced of their uselessness, I gave up the attempt, for I found not one. No man of whom I asked the question knew who was President or Governor. Yet it is of course the most intelligent who speak English. I inquired at Van Buren how many of the whole eight hundred French voters probably knew this fact, and was answered, not ten." I inquired again at Madawaska, and the reply was, "there may be some know—but may be not." And again I received for an answer "I do not know who in this plantation, knows who is either President or Governor, and I know all the voters." In the upper plantation of Hancock, the reply was similar.

But the most interesting part of the report, is that portion detailing the interference of the Federal office holders, with these elections. The tools of James Buchanan were scattered over this benighted region, into the different plantations, and these bought up the voters like cattle in the market. But they did not stop here. Illegal votes were by hundreds hustled into the ballot box, and then bogus returns made up, to send to Augusta. In order to let democracy have its full development, rum was furnished these ignoramus in any quantity, and these plantation elections, were so many basely, drunken rows. Mr. Pike further says:

"At the late election in Madawaska, Mr. J. C. Madigan of the town of Houlton, (a place over 100 miles distant,) an active politician and an officer in the revenue service of the United States, officiated in counting the votes of that plantation. And Mr. Cook Hammond, another volunteer in the same service, did the same thing at Van Buren. At both these places colored ballots were systematically received in direct violation of the law.

Aside from the extra-official service of Mr. Madigan, the voting in Madawaska was done under the immediate surveillance of four or five other distinguished politicians from distant parts of the State sent thither especially for this service. Each of these performed his allotted task, while the revenue officer from Houlton, Mr. Madigan, taking his stand at the polling place, by the side of the window through which the votes were deposited, inflexibly maintained his position throughout the entire time of balloting. Here he could deliberately inspect every voters ticket and from this inspection no man did or could escape. The pencil tallies, upon the sill of that window do, to this day, to the number of 45, attest the industry and thrift with which Mr. Madigan drove his business transactions on that day. There is reason to believe that each of these tallies represents the federal sum of one dollar and fifty cents."

In order to give our readers some idea as to the manner of conducting these elections, under the immediate inspection of Buchanan office holders, we make certain extracts from the evidence taken during the investigation. Francis Thibodeau, a resident of Madawaska plantation, in his sworn deposition, says in answer to the following question, respecting the election in that plantation:

"Question.—Who was here on the last election day acting at the election who did not belong here?

Answer.—Mr. Madigan, Mr. Carpenter and his son from Houlton, Lawyer Peters of Bangor, and others I do not remember. Mr. Hackett and Mr. Pattee also. Mr. Madigan paid my friends to keep still and not work for me. He gave money to the women. Mr. Madigan stood at the voting place all day, at the window, very near to. He paid Michael Martin and Solomon D'Aigle a dollar and a half apiece for their day. He paid them all; could not get one without pay. Some told me he got half a dollar, and some dollar and a half. Mr. Madigan had a bad effect on people here; learn them to take money for their votes. Some would vote the other way but for the money. Mr. Dickey paid Marcel Thibodeau four dollars in one bill. Marcel showed it to me and told me so. Mr. Madigan called on Marcel Thibodeau's wife and asked if her husband was a republican. She said he was a republican Democrat. He asked her how much would buy him over, if five dollars would. She said sometimes it did not take so much. He gave her five dollars and asked her if that was enough? She said it was. This is what she told me. Madigan paid a great deal of money. I think he paid one thousand dollars in Madawaska. I changed some votes for Madigan. He only cared about Bradbury. I got for Bradbury's name on the Republican ticket one dollar and a half a vote. I think I changed ten tickets. I could tell the democratic vote by the looks of it; it was on blue paper could not tell the mixed vote. Bradbury's name was put

on white paper ticket when the vote was mixed. Mr. Madigan counted the votes in this plantation on election day."

Of the election in Hancock Plantation, William H. Conliff testifies as follows:

"I am Clerk of Hancock Plantation. I do not know who are voters in this plantation and who are not. I do not know anything about the rules for receiving votes. There is no regularity about them. I do not know whether any names are ever handed in to our assessors, to be put on our voting list. At the last election here, everything was in a hubbub. I could not check the names on our list, or do anything else. The Frenchmen were all drunk election day. I got to the polls soon after 12, at any rate before the time—but the polls had been opened some time. The damned critters were all drunk. I tried to keep a check list, but it might as well be thrown to the devil. . . . Dickey came and got the plantation books from my wife, while I was gone away, some time before the election, and I never have seen them since. They had a check list when I got to the polls—it was kept by a Frenchman, and Eaton, Dickey's clerk. . . . The people voted so fast it was impossible to check them. They piled over one another, like a flock of sheep. The names were kept on a separate paper in a book, by a Frenchman. It was all hubbub—the devil to pay. Some names were added to the regular voting list—a few. I do not know where the bounds of this plantation are. All the inhabitants above come down to vote here. We had some voters down from Little Black river. There would be no difficulty with the check-list if the voters would let rum alone. I should like to see an election without rum, once. Mr. Hinnewell and Mr. Dickey sorted the votes and counted them, and I counted them after them. I have been here only a year and a half or two years. I don't know half the voters I don't think there is a tenth of them can read or write. I don't think half the men of 25 years old have ever been below the Grand Falls. I don't think any list of the voters can be kept where every man's name is not checked as fast as he votes. They must go at it. Their leading men here have the reins in their own hands, and want to make things look as well as they can for their own side. Mr. Pike was the only republican about the polls election day, and they drove him off. The way they abused the old gentleman was ridiculous; it was too bad. He is a very nice man and a good citizen. I did not see the names in the Frenchman's book added to the list. I don't know what was done with the list of voters; I do not know whether it was sent to the Secretary of State or not; I did not see it after the election. The account of the vote was sealed up in meeting after we had done voting and the votes were counted. I said up some of them myself. Dickey did most of the work. He is lawyer, doctor, and most anything. He knows more law and gospel than most anybody here. He told me at the close: "My God WE HAVE VOTED LIKE BELL. I HAVE NOT WORKED SO LONG FOR NOTHING." I voted for Dickey."

The same witness, in further testifying says:

"The Frenchmen have somebody to furnish liquor for them in election day. At the last election, a few of them stripped themselves naked and jumped right up and down. I saw one fellow stark-naked, with no shirt on, and his drawers down round his feet, jumping right up and down. Several French women were looking at him. I never saw people act so bad as they do; they don't act like human beings at all. They don't know anything about our politics good, bad or indifferent. I don't think there is one in fifty of them that can read or write."

Charles McPherson a constable in his deposition says:

"Have resided in this plantation 30 years. I was called on by Mr. David Page and Mr. Joseph Nadeau on election day, to keep the peace, the people being very riotous. I tried to preserve order but could do nothing; the people at the polls acted as bad as they knew how. They were drunk, and came up to me and asked me what business I had to interfere. I was damned and threatened, and found I could do nothing with them, and had to back out. I was again called for, being the only constable present, to come and stand by the polls. I remained a while, but I could not stand the noise. I cannot compare it to anything but Indian whoops."

There is much other evidence in the report, of the same character—but we think the above extracts are sufficient to show the base and infamous means resorted to, by the black democracy in our own State, to carry the elections.

It is high time these villainies carried on by the office holders, under this contemptible National administration, were brought to light. Let it be remembered, that these things were done in 1858, in our own State; that the pro slavery democracy is the party guilty of these frauds; that they are sanctioned by James Buchanan, who keeps the very men in office, mainly instrumental in perpetrating them; that it is a part and parcel of modern democracy, to corrupt the ballot box—buy up voters as you would buy an old horse—with Custom House money and rum. Did a political party ever before exist, so degraded and infamous; so lost to all self respect, decency or common honesty?

EXCHANGED. Ex-Gov. Hubbard has received the appointment of Fishery Commissioner, vice Benj. Wiggins, rejected. Wiggins has been appointed to the office of inspector of Custom Houses, vice Hubbard, promoted. The Bangor Courier intimates that the duties of the latter office, principally, are to see that the officers draw their salaries and pay over their assessments regularly.

An official exhibit just prepared, shows that the P. O. Department is in debt to the amount of \$5,000,000. A plan has been proposed to issue certificates of indebtedness to contractors, which might be used as currency—they to look to Congress alone for the pay.

It is stated that an extra session has been determined upon,—time not yet fixed.

## Old Oxford in the Legislature.

In addition to our own delegation in the Legislature, Oxford is ably represented in the different departments of the government of the State.

Hon. E. L. Hamlin, one of the oldest and ablest Senators, is a native of Paris.

W. H. McCullis of Bangor, one of the best lawyers, and an able debater in the House, was born in western Oxford.

A. G. Lebrooke of Foxcroft, acknowledged to be one of the most eloquent speakers in the State, was also a Paris boy.

Rev. H. C. Estes of Trenton, the House chairman of the committee on education, undoubtedly the best educated man in the Legislature, and a finished writer and speaker, is a native of Bethel. Mr. H. E. Prentiss of Bangor, was born in Paris. Mr. Hayford is a native of Hartford.

Aroostook is also ably represented in the Executive Council, in the person of Washington Long, a native of Buckfield.

Joseph B. Hall, Esq., Secretary of the Senate, also claims Old Oxford as his alma mater.

Town Officers, HERRON, Moderator, S. Tutwiler.

Clerk, Ziboon L. Packard.

Selectmen, Sam'l R. Bradford, C. C. Cushman, Robert Glover.

Agent, George Cobb.

Treasurer, Ziboon L. Packard.

Superintendent of Schools, Stephen D. Richardson.

All Republicans of the first stamp.

In the list of officers, last week, we stated that Norway officers were all Republicans. They were all elected by Republicans, but one of the Selectmen, F. H. Whitman, Esq., is a democrat.

In the municipal elections in Bangor and Augusta, the Republicans have elected their candidates by handsome majorities.

CONCERT. Mr. Farrington will close his Singing School at South Paris with a Concert, at the Congregational Church, this evening. The class numbers about one hundred; and we learn that great progress has been made during the term. We are assured that a rich entertainment may be expected.

ESTES & LIBBY. The card of this firm may be found in our advertising columns. Mr. A. H. Estes, the senior member of the firm, is the same who was formerly in trade at Bryant's Pond; and represented the Woodstock District in the last Legislature. We can confidently refer such of our friends as may have business in the city to this firm.

SENATE COMMITTEES. In making up its new Committees, the Senate placed Mr. Hamlin at that of Commerce and the District of Columbia; and Mr. Fessenden at that of Finance and the Library.

The Manchester American says that 160 towns in New Hampshire show a majority for Goodwin of 3750. A dispatch from Concord Thursday night, puts Goodwin's majority at 3400.

ADMITTED TO THE BAR. On Wednesday, of last week, on motion of W. W. BOLSTER, Esq., HENRY F. BLANCHARD, of Mexico, was admitted to the practice of law, in all the Courts of this State.

DISTRESSING SUCIDE. On Friday evening, says the Melrose correspondent of the Boston Journal, as the quarter past 7 o'clock train from Boston was passing through this place, Miss Julia Palmer, a young lady from Waterford, Me., visiting at the house of Mr. Stone, a relative, ran out upon the track, and threw herself immediately under the cars, which passed over and killed her instantly. Her head was not noticed severed from her body. She was not quietly on the track at the time, but was discovered dead, by a passenger leaving the station. She is supposed to have been deranged.

MR. DENNETT IN BOSTON. The Bee, in its notice of the complimentary concert to Madam Biscaccianti, in Boston, Saturday evening, speaks of Mr. DENNETT, as first appearance before a Boston public. He has a fine, full, rich, bass voice, and executes difficult music exceedingly well. As a young artist he gives great promise of future excellence. We were pleased that the audience so readily recognized his talents, and bestowed upon his efforts merited applause.

The Canzone del Porter from "Martha," was warmly encored. Mr. Dennett responded to this compliment by singing Schubert's "Wanderer," with excellent taste and with good command of voice."

The Farmington Chronicle gives the following statistics of the products of the town of Wilton:

10,000 hats a 15 c.	\$1,500
Synthes,	15,000
Iron Bars,	2,000
Straw and Hay Knives,	1,000
Woolen Yarn,	15,000
Total,	34,500

NEW YORK ELECTIONS. The town elections in New York this year, show the following results, as compared with those of 1858:

	Repub.	Amer.	Dem.
1858	455	44	212
1859	480	23	204

A correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser says, "I noticed that a rumor reached the North, that the President would withhold his signature from the navy appropriation bill, on account of his objection to the provision for the payment of the Massachusetts militia claim. It is true that he did declare that he would veto any bill containing that provision, but it came to him in such a shape that he could not do it."

A GREAT SUCCESS. The Atlantic Monthly has reached a circulation of nearly fifty thousand copies. This is a great success; and, we may safely add, it is a great magazine. [Boston Bee.]

## For the Democrat.

## Jottings From the Capitol.

Uniform Text Books.—Westbrook Seminary.—Admission of Attorneys to practice.—Two sessions per day.—Adjournment.—Paris and Norway.—Major General—Portland Society of Natural History.

Mr. Estes of Trenton, by permission, introduced a bill having for its object the use of uniform text books in our common schools. It provides that a commissioner shall be appointed by the Governor, whose duty shall be to select a set of text books in all the branches to be taught in our public schools, and that these shall be used for a certain specified time without change. What favor the proposition will meet with, cannot now be determined. The book publishers already show their interest in the matter, and are taking measures to defeat it.

The resolve granting five thousand dollars to Westbrook Seminary has passed and been signed by the Governor.

The bill providing for the commutation of the sentences of certain prisoners, amended so as to limit it to four years, has passed to be enacted.

Resolve in favor of Arletta A. Brown, granting her a certain sum for injuries received while attending the Kennebec County fair, has been indefinitely postponed.

The bill allowing parties to testify in libel for divorce came up in the House, and after a spirited discussion, was indefinitely postponed. When the same came up for concurrence, the Senate refused to concur, and voted to adhere and appoint conference.

A bill has passed obliging insurance companies in this State to make annual return of their standing to the Secretary of State, to be by him laid before the Legislature, and obliging foreign companies doing business in this State to make like returns, and also to publish a statement showing the condition of the company, in the paper of each County where they have an agency or take risks.

An act providing for one term of the Court at Saco, in York County, passed the House to be engrossed, 42 to 70.

A law providing for the admission of Attorneys at law to practice, after much opposition has finally got through. A commission consisting of three persons learned in the law is to be appointed by the court in each County whose duty it shall be to examine candidates for admission to practice and decide on their fitness, and no person can be admitted who does not first submit himself to examination, and receive a certificate of qualification.

Mr. Stackpole introduced the following order on Friday, which was adopted:

Ordered, That on Saturday next, the House meet at 9 o'clock A. M., and thereafter will hold two sessions a day, the first commencing at 11 A. M., and the second at 2 1/2 P. M.

A committee has been appointed to see when it will be expedient for the present Legislature to adjourn. It is generally supposed that it will adjourn on or about the 28th inst.

The question of setting off land from Farns to Norway, came up in the House on Friday. Mr. Robie offered the same amendment proposed by Mr. Hamlin in the Senate, and spoke at length in its favor. Mr. Prentiss followed at length on the same side. Finally the previous question was moved, and the House refused to adopt the amendment, 74 to 40. The bill was attacked again to-day, and a reconsideration moved by Mr. Prentiss. This brought out the most animated discussion of the session, participated in by Prentiss, Lebrooke, McCullis, Blake, Beece and Gilbert. The House by a decisive vote decided not to reconsider, and the bill was passed. Subsequently it passed the Senate by a silent vote, and went to the Governor. On Monday a message was sent the Governor, requesting the return of this bill, by a vote of 12 to 8. The Secretary of State soon brought it in, when Wednesday was assigned for its further consideration.

A. Burbank has been elected on the part of the House, and W. W. Virgin on the part of the Senate, to the office of Major General of the 6th division of volunteer militia. Thus the matter stands at present.

Passed to be enacted. Bill—an act to punish for intoxication; to incorporate the trustees of West Gardner Academy; to incorporate the Aroostook and St. Andrews Branch Railroad; additional to incorporate the Lowell Bank; regulating actions of foreign attachment; to extend the time for filing location and constructing the York & Cumberland Railroad; to prescribe the time for electing Assessors in the city of Calais; explanatory of an act to incorporate the town of Sumnerville, relating to fish in Kennebec and Somerset Counties; to incorporate the Wilton, Hope and Canaan Mutual Fire Insurance Company; authorizing parties in Vinalhaven to build a bridge; relating to insurance companies; to change the time of holding the courts in Androscoggin County.

Mr. Estes from the committee on education, has reported a resolve in favor of appropriating a half tow ship of land to the Portland Society of Natural History, the name of the Society to be changed to that of "The Maine Institute of Science;" also bill—an act to incorporate the trustees of the Bryant's Pond High School.

When the resolve in favor of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary was under discussion in the House, Mr. Smart spoke against the appropriation. Mr. Blaine replied, and in the course of his remarks, alluded to the fact that Mr. Smart received his education at this institution, and quoted the passage,

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child."

Mr. Smart replied that he had paid his bills at the Institution, and owed it nothing.

Mr. H. C. Estes followed in a speech, which, for beauty and scholarly finish, is unsurpassed by any speech delivered during the session. In answer to Mr. Smart's idea that he owed the Institution nothing, for he had paid his bills, Mr. Estes made use of the following language:

"In reply to this searching reminiscence the gentleman from Camden coolly says that when he was a student there he paid his bills, and if they have any further demands against him he is ready to settle them."

These words of the gentleman fell harshly and painfully upon my ear. For they seem to show that he fails entirely to apprehend the true and deep indebtedness of every scholar for his education. Like the greatest works of Art, Painting, Poetry, Sculpture, and Architecture, an educated man is produced only at an immense cost—a cost far greater indeed than the masses apprehend. Every educated man is a debtor for his education, and a debtor to amount vastly greater than he has repaid or than he can repay. Talk of a student's term-bills being an equivalent or a compensation for what he receives from the University that he fondly and gratefully calls his Alma Mater, (dear mother); and for what he receives from accomplished and laborious teachers, from libraries and cabinets that have been accumulating for generations or for ages, and from the use of delicate and costly instruments of observation and experiment in the various sciences! They are, in the comparison, no compensation at all; and educated men understand it to be so. Why, sir, to educate such men as Daniel Webster, Judge Story, Washington Allston, Edward Everett and Professor Agassiz, and give them that wealth of culture with which they bless the world, all ages have to be laid under contribution; and those men feel that from the educational institutions of their country, and from all the past, they have received freely and liberally, and that for what they have received they are debtors. And now, sir, the idea that their payment of their bills at the academy or college is a full discharge of their obligations, would enter the minds of such men no sooner than the idea that a child can repay a father's and mother's love and care, watchings and self-denials, with paltry coins of brass."

Augusta, March 12, 1859.

Reported for The Oxford Democrat.

**Agricultural Meeting at Sumner.**

Agreeably to previous notice, the Agricultural committee, together with a portion of the citizens of Sumner and Hartford, met at the Franklin school house, East Sumner, last Saturday. The meeting was called to order by Capt. J. Barrows, and a permanent organization effected, as follows: President, Gilbert Barret, Esq.; Secretary, Robinson, Jr.; Treasurer, B. W. Briggs; Board of Managers, Ervin Robinson, Esq., J. Barrows, Jr., Benjamin Young, Jr., A. G. Cole, George C. Thompson, J. M. Lane, D. Morrill, Jr., R. Hutchinson, H. Rowe, L. Russell.

It was voted that this society be styled the Franklin Agricultural Society, composed of the citizens of Sumner, Hartford, and Buckfield.

A committee of five, consisting of D. Sewall, William H. Downs, E. Briggs, Jr., Daniel Robinson, and E. S. Bisbee, were chosen to draft a constitution and by-laws. While the committees were out, remarks were made by the chairman, relative to raising potatoes. He was followed by others, who related their experience, in cultivating this well known vegetable. One gentleman very properly called attention to the idea of communicating our experience to our neighbors. If one has been successful, let him impart to others the means of his success. Or if he has encountered failures, let him make known the causes to others. An innumerable amount of benefit might thus be derived.

The meeting was well attended and highly interesting.

The next meeting will be held at East Sumner, on Thursday, the 24th inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M. We hope to have a full house.

S. Robinson, Jr., Secretary.

## Supreme Judicial Court.

## MARCH TERM.

The Grand Jury came in on Thursday, and reported indictments, as follows: Daniel W. Widbur, for Larceny; Farnum Abbott, Common Seller; Osgood Frost, Common Seller; John G. Burns, Common Seller; William Smith, Larceny; Henry Weeks, Assault and Battery; Hannibal Kneeland, Assault and Battery.

## CIVIL ACTIONS.

Bicknell vs. Russell, Malpractice, Referred to Drs. Bates and Brown. After hearing, referees decided that each party pay its own costs.

No. 232. Küllgren vs. Swift, Action of Assumpsit. Referred to presiding Justice, Gibson for plaintiff, Record & Walton for defendant.

No. 311. Inhabitants of Porter vs. William Stanley et al. Action on bond of Collector. Continued on Report. Hammons for plaintiff, Ayer & Wedgwood for defendant.

600. John Jackson vs. Florentine L. Jackson. Libel for divorce. Divorce decreed.

## CRIMINAL ACTIONS.

On Monday, the cases on the criminal docket were called, and disposed of as follows:

State vs. Darius Mitchell.—Assault and Battery. Verdict, guilty.—fined \$10 and costs. Bolster for defendant.

State vs. Daniel W. Widbur. Recognized in \$100 for appearance next term.

State vs. Lawson Whiting, Appellant, not *pro'd*. Littlefield for defendant.

State vs. John G. Burns.—Common Seller. Recognized in \$100 for appearance at next term.

State vs. Henry Weeks.—Assault and Battery. Verdict, guilty. Sentenced 60 days in County jail.

State vs. Hannibal Kneeland.—Assault and Battery. Recognized in \$100 for appearance next term.

## CIVIL ACTIONS.

No. — Lewis Reed vs. John Jackson.—Action for replevin of horse taken by Jackson as Deputy Sheriff. Jury disagreed. Howard and Lawson, Walton and Bolster.

FULLER vs. CLARK. This was an action for replevin of horses, attached by left, as sheriff of Androscoggin Co. Verdict for left. Howard and Ludden for plaintiff, Walton for defendant.

GERRY vs. WHITE. Action for trespass for horses attached by a deputy of defendant. Continued on Report.

On Trial, Thursday noon, Whitney vs. Hammond, in relation to water power at So. Paris.

**Death of Hon. T. Ludden.**

We learn that Hon. Timothy Ludden, died at his residence at Lewiston, Wednesday morning. He was about 57 years of age. Mr. L. was in attendance at Court, at Paris, last week, but was forced to leave on account of illness.

He was for many years a successful practitioner at the Oxford bar; has held the office of Judge of Probate in this County; and was at the time of his death Reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court.

His death was announced to the bar, on Thursday, by Judge Goodenow.

**CROP PROSPECTS.** The New York Commercial Advertiser remarks that it has been feared that the unusual wet weather of last November had destroyed the wheat crop of Illinois, and other parts of the West, but the first indications of the spring are, that the crop gives extraordinary promise. It has failed for two or three years past, but the farmers think they now see a prospect of money to pay debts. The St. Louis and Chicago merchants are charmed with the stories that come in.

Rev. E. A. Buck, of Bethel, has accepted a call to Stattersville, R. I.

The project for uniting the villages of Auburn and Danville, has been defeated. Auburn voted for the union, and Danville against.

A fat candidate for office in Alabama who is said to weigh 375 pounds, asks the people to try him.

Mrs. Sicles has returned to New York, and will reside in a house at Bloomingdale, the use of which is granted to her by Mr. Sicles as long as she remains under her father's protection. Her little daughter will, for the present, remain with her.

The London Times says that a single message over the cable when first opened, by which the embarkation of two regiments in Canada for India was countermanded, saved the government at least \$250,000.

The city Marshal of Augusta says the temperance cause stands better in that city than it has stood before for forty years.

The estimated expenditure of the Province of Canada for 1859 is only \$7,497,000, against an actual expenditure of \$8,943,013 in 1858—a decrease of 1,446,013. The estimated revenue is \$7,734,000 against an actual revenue of \$5,874,089 last year an increase of \$1,859,911.

**FEMALE FANCY MORE FICKLE.** The Parisians notice a curious difference between the males and females of the numerous Chinese who have lately migrated to that gay capital. While the men pertinaciously adhere to their unsuitable and inconvenient costume, the women adopt curls and crinoline, after a very short residence in the strange country. [Science please investigate.]







