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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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OLD SERIES, VOLUME 26, NO 51:

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

On the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are carefully taken together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—A. B. COLA.

Farmers' Clubs.

The season is at hand when a good Farmer's Club should be organized. The plan adopted, in many places, which has proved quite successful, is to meet at the houses of the members alternately, each member carrying his wife, if he have the good fortune to possess one. The ladies have the sitting room and the farmers the kitchen. After the discussion of the evening is closed, the sexes meet to have a social chat, and discuss the merits of the best apple or best corn produce. This manner of uniting business and pleasure, makes the meeting one which is always looked forward to with interest.

The advantages have often been enumerated, so that repetition of the arguments is not needed. We submit what seems to be a good form for a

CONSTITUTION.

ART. 1. This Association shall be styled The Farmers' Club.

ART. 2. Its officers shall be a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall be chosen annually by ballot.

ART. 3. The President shall preside in all meetings of the Club, with power to proscribe order, appoint Committees, and assign topics for discussion.

ART. 4. In the absence of the President, all his powers shall be exercised by the Vice President.

ART. 5. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of each meeting, which shall be read by him at the next subsequent meeting. He shall preserve all reports of Committees, and conduct whatever correspondence shall be ordered by the Club.

ART. 6. There shall be at each meeting a discussion upon a topic previously announced, which shall be commenced by four members designated at the preceding meeting by the presiding officer; and such other exercises as the Club shall deem proper.

ART. 7. There shall be in the Club twelve Standing Committees: One on Manure; Grass Crops; Root Crops; Grain Crops; Hoad Crops; Live Stock; Farm Buildings and Fences; Farming Tools; Reclaiming Waste Lands; Garden Fruits; Ornamental Gardening; Fruit and Ornamental Trees.

ART. 8. Select Committees may be appointed as the exigencies of the Club may require.

ART. 9. Each Committee shall make report in writing, from time to time, as the Club may order, and the reports so made shall be at the disposal of the Club.

ART. 10. Any person may become a member of this Club by paying one dollar to the Treasurer.

ART. 11. The Annual Meeting of the Club shall be held on the first Monday of November of each year, for the election of officers; and all officers to hold over until new officers are elected.

In the leading article in the November number of the Working Farmer, we find the following valuable suggestions, as to the management of the discussions:

How SHOULD THEY BE CONDUCTED?

"In the first place, they never should resolve themselves into debating societies; for the very moment that one member has a right to dispute the views of another, his personal pride, indeed the pride of each, will cause any two to occupy the time of the meeting for its whole session. There, here, debate should be avoided; and the principle on which they should be conducted may be thus understood—A hundred men are called together to give the result of their reading and experience for twenty years on some special subject, and not to discuss it, but simply that each may state such facts as he may know in relation thereto, without an opinion, so that every person present may know all the facts that all may be possessed of; thus to avoid debate, should be a leading feature.

"It is practically impossible for a hundred men to meet together, and to state all the facts each may know in reference to any one subject, without every man present being wiser than every man at the time the meeting convened; we refer, of course, to wisdom relating to the subject under discussion. This class of meetings was first commenced by the Mechanics Institute in the City of New York. It found many opponents, the majority believing that discussion and debate were the only means by which improvement could occur.

"At the first meeting of this kind, one of those who was opposed to the project, determined to kill it, and when the presiding officer asked, 'What shall be the subject for the evening?' this individual proposed the subject of 'Wood,' and leaning toward a friend on his left, whispered, rather audibly, 'I think that will be dry enough to kill the whole project.' The motion was seconded and carried. The chairman then asked, 'Can any gentleman give us information on the subject of wood?' all were silent. 'Has any gentleman a question to ask on the subject of wood?' One member arose, and said, 'Mr. Chairman—Wood burns; I should like to know why it burns.' Another member gave the whole theory of combustion, and many a man in that room learned for the first time why wood could be burned. When this portion of the subject was exhausted, another said, 'Wood rots; why is it?' Another rose and said that the sap of wood contained a

large amount of vegetable albumen, and that this would readily undergo decomposition, forming acetic acid, causing the rotting of the mass. Many asked, 'Is there any remedy for the rotting of wood?' and many rose and replied. One member stated that vegetable albumen, when coagulated by corrosive sublimate, ceased to swell when wetted; that vegetable albumen when dried and placed in a cavity in cast iron and wetted, and then confined to its position by a screw tap, would swell with force enough to rend apart the iron; that when vegetable albumen exuded from wood in rains, and was then dried, it broke with a shell like fracture, usually known as a conchoidal fracture, but if once wetted with a dilute solution of corrosive sublimate, that it would never again swell from being wetted.

"As a log of wood dries, the vegetable albumen retires toward the center, being held in solution by the remaining portion of water held in the sap of the capillary tubes, all the centers or heart becomes filled, and there the vegetable albumen dries, the medullary rays of the wood becoming inert as active organs; any damping or wetting of the albumen contained in the heart will cause a swelling, which necessarily causes a log to crack at the periphery.

"Another member asked 'Why particular kinds of wood were suited to the hubs of wheels, while others were preferred for fellows?' Another answered, 'I am a wheelwright; the kinds used for hubs would stand a large amount of pressure on the side of the grain without crushing, while those used for fellows, chief handles, etc., will stand abrasion and impact on the end of the grain without becoming a break.' Next followed various questions as to what kind of wood was suitable for masts and spars of ships, etc., all of which were in turn answered; and at the hour for adjournment the chairman asked, 'What shall be our subject at the next conversational meeting?' all answered 'wood,' and this subject continued many nights with increased interest. The Legislature of the State published eighty thousand copies of the report of these meetings, and to this day it is the best digest on the subject of wood ever published. The opponents, however, of the system, proposed at the very next meeting after the subject of wood had been disposed of, the subject of 'Stained Glass.' Every one supposed that they knew that the art had been lost; that a few cathedral windows in Europe were the only monuments of the lost art; but let us see what occurred at this meeting, and let our former friends remember that the hundred men present, know nothing, as they supposed, of the subject of staining glass, and that it was particularly the property of the ancients. The president asked, as usual, 'Can any one give us information on the subject of staining glass?' No one answered. 'Can any one tell us what will cause glass to become red?' One member said, 'I am an enameling jeweler, and in enameling glass to imitate rubies and garnets, as a red enamel, I use muric acid of gold, and it never fails.' The chairman asked, 'What do you use to produce a green?' the enameler replied 'nickel,' and it was then asked 'What will give a purple?' An iron founder present replied, 'I have often found a purple slag when emptying out my furnaces after a heavy blast, and this always occurs when the black oxide of manganese has been present.' Thus passed on the evening, and one fact after another was elicited. Mr. Harrington, present, finding that an entire pallet had been described, immediately commenced experiments on the staining of glass. In thirty days after this meeting a stained glass lantern was exhibited at Florence's Oyster Saloon, Corner of Park Place and Broadway, which distinctly beat the brilliancy, in colors, of any cathedral window in all Europe; and from that day New York has been supplied with stained glass of every hue, and the processes elicited at that meeting have since become the common property of the world, and that single evening revived or reinvented the art of glass staining. We then determined that this method of instruction was superior to all others; that if you could make the members believe that they were instructing others instead of receiving instruction, that their industry would be without parallel.

"We shall never forget the evening when the tempering of steel was the subject. A few particular individuals occupied their fifteen minutes in talking about the Damascus sword blade; the sword with which Saladin severed the Siken Seal, and the two handed sword of Richard Coeur de Lion, with which he cut in two the inch bar of iron; Japanese sword blades were extolled; the difficulty of tempering watch springs was referred to, and even the hardening of a cannie needle. But there were many edge tool makers present, and mechanics engaged in the manufacture of various kinds of machinery; and when all came to state their facts, there was not an individual in that room who was not capable of instructing one skilled in metallurgy, to temper anything, from a cannie needle to a Damascus sword blade.

"We claim that such meetings, properly conducted, instruct those who are executive engaged, and thus that the knowledge elicited is rendered immediately and directly available, instead of having to pass through the slow alchemy of a college, to be developed by the future generation, rendered timid in its exercise for want of practical energy. Give us that method which will do for the plowman in science, what the poetry of Burns did for him in imagination; turn his physique into a mental organ to develop all that his powers of observation can embrace.

"A Farmer's Club fairly organized and strictly held to the rules of order we have

suggested, will surpass in usefulness an Agricultural College, with a faculty, smiling on by the legislative patronage of a State, and supinely endorsing blockheads who have merely the endorsement of classic authors, and whose natural powers to observe have never been developed."

From the New England Farmer.

Why Don't My Orchard Produce Better?

The above inquiry is often made, and with some, at least, I apprehend, without much investigation to ascertain for themselves the cause, which, in most cases, to a close observer and a rational thinker, would be found so plain as to need no reply.

I will instance one case of a similar inquiry, out of many of a similar character, that might be added. A neighbor, pointing to his orchard, wished to know what I thought could be the reason that his trees, which used to bear so finely, and which were not old, had for several years become so barren? I asked him how long it had been mowed without manure? His reply was, sixteen or seventeen years. I asked him how long he thought his cornfield would produce under similar treatment? Well, he supposed it wouldn't do very well; but he didn't know but apple trees would bear without manure. Such are the limited views of some, but it is probable there are but few farmers, or fruit cultivators, but that would reason very differently.

I visited another orchard in Nova Scotia of about two hundred trees; the ground was in a good state of cultivation, and the trees and fruit showed a very striking contrast to the one alluded to above, and the results much more satisfactory. The proprietor informed me that he sold his apples the preceding fall for \$1200, and he thought his present crop would be five hundred barrels, worth two dollars per barrel, giving him \$2200 for two years.

It is an old, and I think, true maxim, that what is worth doing is worth well doing; and as it has been proved beyond question, that no part of farming will reward the husbandman equal to fruit raising, it often looks strange to me that so large a majority of orchards should be left to take care of themselves, and then charged with blame for unfruitfulness, when it belongs to the owner. D. TARKER, Vassalboro', 1859.

COFFEE. The Maine Farmer publishes the following opinion, in regard to the bean which has been cultivated to some extent, recently, under the name of Java Coffee:

"It appears to be a variety of the Windsor bean, English bean, as it is sometimes called, (from fact of the beanets). There are several varieties of this bean, some of them much larger than those sent us. They are extensively raised in England, and used, when ground, for food for horses and cattle. It has been thought by English farmers who have fed them to dairy cows, that it is productive of more butter than any thing else they can feed to the Yankers. As proved by our correspondent, have discovered another good property, and are making excellent Java coffee of it.

We have no doubt it is an excellent substitute for that article. It has never been cultivated in this country as a field crop, because it is thought Indian corn was much preferable to it for all the purposes to which it is put in England. Recently some of the farmers of Canada and New York have tried it as a field crop, and think highly of it."

VEGETABLE LEATHER. Messrs Spill & Co., the well known army contractors, are issuing from their works at Stepton, portions, as samples, of a novel material intended to take the place of leather. It is a very economical fabric, or rather series of fabrics, cemented together with casein, and is wholly odorless, and of amazing strength and tenacity. It assumes a polish like leather, is marked in some instances, like morocco, bears a beautiful enamel, is susceptible of the most delicate embossing, resists the stains to which leather is subject, damp does not affect it, and the application of a sponge removes all dirt and restores it at once to its pristine character. It is being already applied to countess purposes, and may be ranked amongst the most valuable of casematerials has conferred upon civilized humanity. [Globe.

SOAP SUDS FOR CURRANT BUSHES. A correspondent of the Indiana Farmer says: "I have found the cultivation of currants to be very profitable. By care and attention I greatly increased the size of the bushes and the quality of the fruit. My bushes are now about six or eight feet in height, and are remarkably thrifty. The cause of the large growth I attribute in a great measure to the fact that I have been in the habit of pouring soap suds and chamber lye around their roots, during the summer season. I am satisfied from my own experience and that of some of my neighbors, that this treatment will produce a most astonishing effect upon the growth and product of the bushes, and would advise others to give it a trial."

ONIONS. We wish all our subscribers could at this time visit our farm. We have a bed of White Portugal onions, which a Committee of the American Institute have decided to equal a thousand bushels per acre.

These are raised on land previously underdrained and thoroughly subsoiled, with six hundred pounds of Nitrogenized Super-phosphate of Lime per acre.

(Working Farmer.

MISCELLANY.

TOM ROCKET.

Tom Rocket was a highwayman. For six years he was the most famous thief in the Midland counties and for six years no one knew what he was like. He was a lanky fellow was Tom; he never came out except when there was a good prize to be picked up, and he had his scouts and his spies all over the place to give him information about booty, and warn him of danger. But to judge by what people said he was "on the road" at half a dozen different places at once every day of his life.

My father was a Gloucester man. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and measured thirty six inches across his chest. He could double up a half crown between his thumb and finger, and was as brave as a lion. So many a time and oft, when any one talked of the dangers of the road, he would set his great teeth to gether, shake his head, and say that he should like to see the man that could rob him on the highway; and, as I said before he did see him, and it was Tom Rocket.

My father was a lawyer, and was at the time I have mentioned, engaged in a great time case that was to be tried at Warwick Spring Assizes. So, shortly before Christmas, he had to go over to look up evidence. There was no cross county coach, so he rode, and being a brave man, he rode alone. He transacted his business; and my poor mother being ill, and not liking to leave her alone longer than he could help, he set out to ride home again about half past nine o'clock that same evening. It was a beautiful winter's night as ever you were out in. His nag was a first rate hunter, as docile as a dog, and fit to carry even his weight over, or pass anything. He had a brace of excellent pistols in his holsters; and he juggled along, humming a merry tune, neither thinking nor caring for any robber under the sun. All of a sudden it struck him that the pretty maid of an inn just out of Warwick town, where he had stopped to have a drink that he had broken patched together, had been very busy with those two same pistols; and suspecting that she might have been tampering with them, he drew the charges and reloaded them, carelessly. This done, he joggled on again as before.

He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge that there was in those days over the Avon. Just beyond it rose a stiff hill, at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. Just as my father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled round upon him, and bade him "Stand and deliver." It was Tom Rocket! In a second my father's pistols were out, cocked, and snapped within a yard of the highwayman's chest; but, one after the other, they missed fire. The pretty maid—a special friend of Tom's—was too sharp to rely upon the old dodge of drawing the balls, or dumping the charge; she thrust a pin into each touchhole, and then broke it short off.

"Any more?" Tom inquired, as easily as you please, when my father's second pistol flashed in the pan.

"Yes," shouted my father, in a fury, "one for your nob!" And seizing the weapon last used, by the muzzle, he hurled it with all his might and main at Rocket's head. Tom ducked, the pistol flew over the hedge, and my father, thrown out of balance by his exertion, lost his seat, and fell heavily on the grass by the roadside. In less time than it takes to say so, Tom dismounted, seized my father by the collar and placing a pistol within an inch of his face as he lay, bade him be quiet, or it would be the worse for him.

"You've given me a good deal of trouble," said Tom, "so just hand over your purse without any more ado, or by G—! I'll send a bullet through your skull—just there;" and he laid the cold muzzle of his pistol on my father's forehead just between his eyes.

It is hard enough to have to look down the barrel of loaded firearms upon full cock, with a highwayman's finger upon the trigger, but to have the cold muzzle pressed slowly upon your head—ugh!—it makes me creep to think of it.

My father made a virtue of necessity, and quietly gave up his purse.

"Much good may it do you," he said; "for there's only three and sixpence in it."

"Now for your pocket-book," said Tom, not heeding him.

"Pocket-book?" inquired my father, turning a little pale.

"Ay, pocket-book!" Tom repeated; "a thick black one; it is in the left-hand pocket of your riding coat."

"Here it is," said my father, you know so much about it that perhaps you can tell what its contents are worth?"

"I'll see," Tom replied, quietly taking out and unfolding half-a-dozen legal-looking documents.

"They are law-papers not worth a rush to you or any one else," said my father.

"Then," Tom replied, "I may tear them up," and he made as though he would do so.

"Hold! on your life!" my father shouted struggling hard, but in vain to rise.

"Oh! they are worth something then," said Tom with a grin.

"It would take a deal of trouble to make them out again," my father replied sulkily—"that's all."

"How much trouble?" Tom inquired with a meaning look.

"Well," my father replied, "I suppose I know what you are driving at. Hand me them back and let me go, and I promise to send you a hundred pounds when and where you please."

"You know very well that these papers are worth more than a hundred," said Tom.

"I tell you what it is you scoundrel," cried my father, "I'll stake five hundred against them if you'll loose your hold, and fight me fairly for it."

Tom only chuckled.

"Why what a ninny you must take me for," he said. Why should I bother myself fighting for what I own without?"

"Your a cur, that's what you are," my father shouted in a fury.

"Don't be cross," said Tom. "It don't become you to look red in the face. Now attend to me," he continued in an altered tone. "Do you see that bridge? Well, there's a heap of stones in the centre isn't there? Very good? If you will place five hundred guineas in gold, in a bag in that pile of stones at twelve o'clock at night this day week, you shall find your pocket-book and all its contents in the same place two hours afterwards."

"How am I to know that you will keep your word?" my father replied, a little softened by the hope of regaining, even at so heavy a price, the papers that were invaluable to him.

"I'm Tom Rocket," replied the robber, securing the pocket-book upon his person. "And what I say I stick to. Now get up, and mind," he added, as my father sprang to his feet, "my pistols don't miss fire."

"I shall live to see you hanged!" my father muttered, adjusting his disordered dress.

"Sh! I help you catch your horse?" Tom asked politely.

"I'll never rest till I lodge you in jail," said my father sulkily.

"Give my compliments to your wife," said Tom, mounting his horse.

"Confound your impudence!" howled my father.

"Good night!" said Tom, with a wave of his hand, and turning sharp round, he jumped his horse over the fence, and was out of sight in a moment.

It was not quite fair of my father, but he determined to set a trap for Tom Rocket baited with the five hundred guineas, at the bridge. He posted up to London, saw Bradshaw, a famous Bow Street runner, and arranged that he and his men should come down and help catch Tom; but just at the last moment Bradshaw was detained upon some important government trial, and so another runner, Fraser, a no less celebrated officer, took his place.

It was settled that the runners should come by different roads, and all meet at a way-side inn about five miles from the bridge, about eight o'clock p.m. on the day my father's pocket-book was to be returned. An hour afterwards, they were to join him on the road, three miles further on. Their object you see in taking this roundabout course was to bait Tom's spies and accomplices, and to get securely hid about the appointed spot long before the appointed time.

My father was a little late at the appointed place of meeting, but when he arrived there he could see no one about except a loutish-looking countryman in a smock-frock, who was swinging at a gate hard by.

"Good night, master," said the yokel.

"Good night to you," replied my father.

"Can ye tell me who this yer letter's for?" said the yokel producing a folded paper.

My father saw in a moment that it was his own letter to Bradshaw.

"Where did you get that?" he said quickly.

"Ah!" replied the yokel, replacing it in his pocket, that 'ud be telling. Be yer expecting any body?"

"What's that to you?" said my father.

"Oh, nought," said the yokel "only a gentleman from London."

"Ha!" cried my father; "what gentleman?"

"Will a name beginning with F. suit you?" asked the yokel.

"Fraser?" The word fell involuntarily from my father's lips.

"That's the name," replied the yokel, jumping down from his seat and changing his tone and manner in a moment. "I'm Fraser, Sir, and you're Mr. Sandiger, as has been rabbed of a pocket-book containing valuable papers; and we're going to catch Tom Rocket as has got it—that's our game, Sir. All right, Sir, and now to business."

"But where are your men?" my father asked, when Fraser had explained the reason for his disguise.

"All right again, Sir," said the runner. "They will join us. We have not much time to lose, so please to lead the way."

So my father led the way, followed by Fraser; and by the time that they came in sight of the bridge they had been joined by four London officers, in different disguises, and from different directions. One appeared at a tramp, one as a peddler, another as a gentleman's servant leading a horse, and the fourth as a soldier. No one could have guessed that they had met before, much less that they were engaged together in a preconcerted scheme. My father gave Fraser great credit for the dexterous way in which he had collected his forces.

The bridge upon which the money was to be placed consisted of two arches across the river, and was joined on either side by a long sort of causeway, built upon piles over meadows that in the winter time were generally covered with water. It so happened that the very next morning after the robbery a heavy rain set in, and soon the floods were out, so that there was no way of getting on the bridge but by going along the causeway, which extended a distance of a hundred yards sloping down gradually to the road on each side of the

river. This causeway was built of wood. At some places the timbers were covered with earth and stone, but at others the roadway had worn out and they were bare, so that any one looking up from underneath could see who was passing overhead. Mr. Fraser's sharp eye took in the position in a moment. He got two hurdles out of a field close by, and with some ropes that he had brought for another purpose, fastened them to the piles, so that they hung like shelves between the roadway and the flood, one at each side of the bridge, and about twenty yards from it. This was his plan: two of his men were to lie hidden on each hurdle; while he and my father, in a boat that was concealed beneath the main arch of the bridge, unseen themselves, could watch the heap of stones where the money was to be placed, and the stolen pocket-book left in exchange for it. As soon as Tom Rocket or any of his friends, removed the bag in which the gold was packed, Fraser was to whistle and his men were to climb from their hiding places, and secure whatever it might be. If he leaped over the railing of the causeway, and took to the water, there was the boat in which to follow and capture him.

Mr. Fraser was very particular to practice his allies in springing quickly from their place of concealment, and in impressing upon them and my father the necessity of acting together, keeping careful watch, and strict silence. "And now sir," he said to my father, as a distant clock chimed a quarter to twelve, "it's time to get to our hiding places and bait the trap, so please to hand me the bag that I may mark it, and some of the coins, so as to be able to identify them at the trial." He had made up his mind, you see to nail Master Tom this time.

My father gave him the bag, saw him write upon it and make some scratches on about a dozen of the guineas, and then my father let himself down into the boat, in which he was immediately joined by the runner.

"It's all right," said Fraser, in a low tone.

"Do you think he will come?" whispered my father.

"Certain," replied Fraser; "but, hush! we must not talk, Sir, woe's me!"

For three mortal hours did my father sit in that boat, and the runners lay stretched out on the broad of their backs upon those hurdles watching for Tom Rocket to come for his money; and for three mortal hours not a soul approached the bridge, not a sound but the wash of the swollen river was heard. By the time that the clock struck three, my father, who had been nodding for the last twenty minutes, fell fast asleep as he sat covered up in his cloak, for it was a bitter cold night; but was very speedily aroused by hearing Fraser cry out that we were a drift.

Adrift they were, sure enough. The rope that held them had been gnawed against the sharp corner of a pile (so Mr. Fraser explained) till it broke, and away went the boat, whirling round and round in the eddies of the river, fit to make any one giddy who sat upon it. So strong was the stream that they were carried a mile and a half down it before they could get ashore. My father was for returning directly to the bridge, and so was Fraser; but some how or other they lost each other in the dark; and when my father arrived there, having run nearly all the way, he found, to his great surprise, that the officers had left. He rushed to the heap of stones, and there the first thing that caught his eye was his pocket-book—the money was gone!

Lord, how he did swear!

Determining to have it out with the runners for deserting their posts, he hurried on to the inn where they had met and were to pass the night. He knocked at the door. No answer. He was not in the very best of tempers, as you may guess; so he gave the door a big kick. In it flew, and a sight met his view that fairly took away his breath. Tied into five chairs, hand and foot, trussed up like so many Christmas turkeys, with five gags in their five mouths, and their pair of eyes glaring at him, evilly, sat the real Mr. Fraser and his four Bow Street runners. Tom Rocket had managed the business at the bridge himself!

How he managed to get scent of the plot, and to seize the officers, all together, just at the nick of time, my father never could find out, and no one knows to this day.

Upon examining his pocket-book my father found all his documents, and a paper on which was written these words:

"By destroying these writings I could have ruined you. In doing so, I should have injured your client, whom I respect. For his sake I keep my word, though you have played me false."

TOM ROCKET."

As for Tom, after having been tried three times and getting off upon some law quibble on each occasion, he—who had robbed the worth of thousands of pounds, and escaped—was executed at Nottingham for stealing an old bridle! (Harper's Weekly.

"Mrs. Jones," said a gentleman, one day last summer, when railway accidents were so numerous, to a lady whose husband was a brakeman. "Mrs. Jones, do you not feel worried about Mr. Jones while he is on the cars, in view of the many accidents that are now daily occurring?" "Well, I do—not at all," replied the contented lady, "for, d'ye see, if he is killed I know I shall be paid for it, because Mr. Williams got \$40 for his cow that was run over by the cars a few days since!"

The most economical time to buy cider is when it is not very clear; for then it will settle for itself.

John Q. Adams and the Sabbath.

At a meeting recently held in Washington, Pa., to raise the efforts now making to overthrow the Christian Sabbath, the Rev. Dr. Wines made the following interesting statement:

Since he had come into the house, he had recalled an anecdote related by John Quincy Adams. That learned and eminent statesman had, at one period of his life, been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the courts of Holland, and on repairing thither, found an association of learned diplomats, who, like himself, returned foreign countries, and who had organized themselves into an association for social intercourse and mutual improvement. Of this society Mr. Adams became a member, and being a man of highly cultivated mind, he, although one of the youngest, at once took a rank among the dignitaries by whom he was surrounded. It was the custom of the association to hold its meetings on the evening of a week day, and Mr. Adams was punctual in his attendance. On one occasion, however, it adjourned to meet on the evening of the Sabbath, and when the time came, Mr. Adams, although he had never been known to miss a meeting before, was found absent. His absence was noticed and regretted by his fellow-members, who had been charmed by his social intercourse. An adjournment took place to another Sabbath evening, and Mr. Adams still failed to attend. So the matter continued until, perhaps, a third meeting on the Sabbath, Mr. Adams still not being in attendance. Surprise was expressed by the members that he who had been so punctual should absent himself from three meetings in succession. On returning to the week-day meetings, however, he was promptly found in his place, and met the warm greetings of his associates, who remarked to him that the duties of his office had been such as to interfere with his attendance. He at once informed them that he had not been prevented from attending by business engagements; but the reason he had not attended was because they had met on the Lord's day. He also assured them that he had been raised where it was the custom to observe the Sabbath strictly—that he had watched closely the effects of its observance, and had found them to be salutary—his own experience and observation had taught him the unspeakable advantages arising from a faithful observance of the day. Here was a true instance of the moral sublime; and in the whole course of that eminent man's career, he had never occupied a prouder position than when assigning to his fellow diplomats the reason for his course on that occasion.

LONG DRESSES. The Auditor of the Atlantic Monthly threw out the following:

"But confound the make believe women we have turned loose in our streets; where do they come from? Why, there isn't a beast or a bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses. Because a queen or a duchess wears long robes on great occasions, a maid of all work, or a factory girl, thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing through the street, picking up and carrying about with her—ah! that's what I call getting vulgar into your bones and marrow. Making believe what you are not, is the essence of vulgarity.

Show, or dirt is the one attribute of vulgar people. If any man can walk behind one of those women, and see what she takes up as she goes, and not feel squeamish, he has got a tough stomach. I wouldn't let one of them into my room without scolding them as David did Saul at the cave in the wilderness—out off his skirts!"

Don't tell me that a true lady, ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all around her sweet and clean, to the wish of making a vulgar show. I won't believe it of a lady. There are some things which no fashion has any right to touch, and cleanliness is one of these things.

If a woman wishes to show that her husband or her father has got money, which she wants and means to spend, but doesn't know how, let her buy a yard or two of silk and pin it to her dress when she goes out to walk, but let her unpin it before she goes into the house; there may be some poor women that will think it worth disinfecting.

It is an insult to a respectable laundress to carry such things into a house for her to deal with.

THE MUSICAL PASTOR. The Rev. Dr. Buckminster, of Portsmouth, N. H., was a fine singer, and on one occasion he used his vocal talents with admirable effect. The whole choir

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, NOV. 11, 1859.

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Triumph of Freedom in Kansas—Will She be Admitted into the Union?

That is the question. The war of the slave power upon the unflinching citizens of Kansas territory for the purpose of forcing slavery into the territory, and making it the end state slave State, has no prototype in the history of the world. It was, from the beginning to the end, one of the most atrocious, cold blooded conspiracies against freedom, that ever entered the heads of hearts of tyrants and despots. Its whole history will be read hereafter with wonder and astonishment. The efforts of George III. to coerce the colonies into subjection, and crush out liberty from among them, will not compare in wickedness, with the forays, butcheries and infamous villainies, practiced upon the poor settlers of Kansas, the three first years after the organization of the territory,—by the slave oligarchy.

Their cities were beleaguered, their houses sacked, their towns ravaged, their highways lined with murderers and robbers—men butchered in cold blood, in the presence of their wives and children; their fields were laid waste, their property stolen and carried away,—they were repeatedly driven by drunken mobs from the polls, and their election rights trampled in the dust, by lawless rascals from Missouri,—the general government, through the agency of Pierce and Buchanan, kept in the territory a pack of villains for rulers, who under the forms of law, committed crimes that should have sent them to the gallows,—a set of wretches framed a slave constitution, and Buchanan and the slave democracy exerted the whole power of the government to force it upon the people against their will and authority,—and yet in spite of all, the right has triumphed and Kansas is free. The war on Kansas is the second war of the revolution, and it will be so accounted in ages to come.

After having rejected the infamous Lecompton constitution, and hurled back the base insult into the face of the tyrant who offered it, in the person of James Buchanan,—the people of Kansas have, like sensible men, gone to work and framed for themselves a free State constitution, under which they will soon ask to be admitted into the Union. That constitution has been submitted to the people and by them ratified. A special dispatch to the St. Louis Republican, gives the official vote as follows:

For the constitution, 10,419
 Against the constitution, 5,530
 For the Homestead Law, 8,758
 Against the Homestead Law, 4,772

Under this constitution, so harmoniously ratified by the people themselves, the good citizens of Kansas will next winter knock at the doors of Congress, and demand admittance to the Union.

Will the slave democracy vote to let her in, or will there be another attempt on their part to insult her people, and deprive her of her legitimate rights and privileges? We shall see. What valid objections can be raised against her admission? Her proceedings in framing her new constitution, have all been in strict conformity to law. If the slave democracy fall back on the English swindle, and contend she ought not to come in because it does not appear she has 93,000 inhabitants; an answer is at hand. 1st. The English swindle was the branding of the slave power, and has no binding effect upon a succeeding Congress. 2d. Kansas undoubtedly has more than that number of inhabitants. 3d. The last Congress having failed to make any appropriation by which a census could be taken, the people of the territory are thereby excused from the performance of the duty, put out of their power by the general government.

There can be no valid reason why Kansas should not be promptly admitted into the Union under her new constitution. But in our judgment she will only come in after a violent struggle, and perhaps not come in at all in the next Congress. The Senate can keep her out, and pill do it if it have the courage. Should this be done, the republicans will carry the issue to the people in the Presidential election of 1860.

Should Kansas be admitted, it will give us two new republican United States Senators, an additional member in the House, and three electoral votes in the next Presidential election. Kansas is free, thank Heaven, and she will ere long be numbered among the free States of the Union,—not a young stripling in the confederacy, but a young giant,—going forward with majestic strides, strong in her might, powerful in

her influence in the cause of freedom,—and rising in battling down the bulwarks of slavery.

The Harper's Ferry Affair.

It is really laughable to listen to the walling of the black democracy, over the Harper's Ferry insurrection, led on by Gen. Brown. Having been beaten to death in every Free State election, with the exception of California, and all out of capital for the drumming up of recruits for the coming campaign, they have seized upon this matter, and really think they can make something out of it for the benefit of black Locofisecism. The Argus, and kindred prints, allege it to be a Republican plot, concocted by the leaders of the party, to bring about the "irrepressible conflict," which seems to haunt them continually. Their lamentations are really heart rending.

But what is there of this Harper's Ferry affair? Only this: Ossawatimie Brown, laboring under the insane delusion that he had been commissioned from Heaven to liberate the slave, and restore freedom to the captive, laid his plans for an insurrection of the slave population in Maryland and Virginia. With only about twenty men, he actually conquered a town containing two thousand inhabitants, took possession of the national armory, made prisoners of the principal citizens, and was not arrested until the forces of Maryland and Virginia were on the ground, with a body of Marines from Washington. Old Brown fought like a fanatic, and so did some of his followers, while a complete panic seems to have seized the people of the place. It was a scheme of his own, conceived in consequence of the injuries that he had suffered at the hands of the slave power, and matured by himself. The Republican party of the United States had not the most remote connection with it in any way: neither had any of its leading men anything to do with it. Although a carpet-bag full of letters was found in Brown's house, there is nothing in one of them in any way implicating the party, or any of its members. Old Brown never belonged to the Republican party, or even had any connection with it.

When in Kansas, after having two sons brutally murdered, he swore vengeance upon the slave power, and upon this subject is clearly a monomaniac. He was the terror of the Kansas invaders, fighting with great coolness and bravery. At one time six ruffians undertook to murder him in his own camp, yet history says none of them have since been heard from. If he had not put them out of the way, they would have done that very thing to him; hence, under the circumstances, the community will render the verdict, served him right. Though brave, he is not cruel.

Another thing about this affair is ludicrous. No sooner did Gen. Brown get his "expedition" under way, and his immense army of fourteen whites and five negroes in the field, than there was a tremendous flourishing of trumpets. The U. S. Marines—the troops of old Virginia, and the troops of Maryland, by hundreds, were sent by special trains to the battle field to put down fourteen whites and five negroes. The President of the United States "acted promptly" in the matter. Gov. Wise went post haste to the ground. War! was borne upon every passing breeze—the Union was in danger—fourteen whites and five negroes were ravaging the whole South—"irrepressible conflict" had come in good earnest. And then comes the "finish" of the whole affair. Disgraced Senators and Representatives are on the ground. They visit the wounded, dying prisoners, and while the last side of life was ebbing out, and some of the poor deluded men were passing away to the spirit world, these Union loving functionaries were disturbing their last hours with "trying questions," evidently intended to implicate men who had nothing to do with the matter, and manufacture party capital out of the agonies of death.

Pair Old Brown, mangled and wounded from head to foot, was dragged into Court on his cot, and forced to an immediate trial, with no time to get the counsel of his choice or prepare his defense. The slave power thrives for his blood. The old man understands it. He has met these summary proceedings like a brave man. He hides them defiance—says he is ready to die. Whether his trial will be hereafter ranked a tragedy or farce, remains to be written. No doubt "Old Brown" will be shuffled off to the gallows and executed, and then, perhaps, the slave power will breathe easier.

There is another chapter in this affair hereafter to be written out, and while we most unqualifiedly condemn all concerned in this matter, still we must sincerely declare, it was no worse than some of the Administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, under the mock authority of law; and if Old Brown deserves the gallows, more than one public functionary under these men, not only deserved the same fate, but ought to swing high as Haman.

PRINTING PRESS MOBBED. The office of The Free South, at Newport, Kentucky, was destroyed by a mob, last week. It will be recalled that this paper has been printed and published by Mr. W. S. Bailey, with only the assistance of his own family; and has been sustained with the greatest self-denial. Mr. B. has had his property destroyed several times before; for his opposition to slavery. We hear of no interposition of government in his behalf, in any manner, as would have been promptly rendered, had his property been of a different character.

Three accidents of a similar character, have occurred in this vicinity within a few weeks.

Mr. Seth Morse had two ribs broken, by the falling of a cart some weeks ago.

Mr. John J. Hayden, of Norway, was thrown from his wagon last Thursday, while going down the hill on his way home from this village.

Mr. Moses Bradbury of Paris, fell through the scuttle of his barn door, while feeding his cattle, and broke one or two ribs.

The Portland Advertiser learns that Hon. C. W. Goddard is recovering from his attack of fever.

Malignant Lying.

We always knew that certain politicians figuring in the pro slavery democracy would lie, even worse than certain personages mentioned in the New Testament, who were struck dead for the offence; but we never knew such unblushing, unmitigated falsehoods to be uttered by even the most abandoned, as have recently come from the pro slavery press, respecting the Harper's Ferry affair. In detailing the circumstances connected with this matter, they scarcely relate a single fact as it really took place. Everything about it has been overhauled and misrepresented, by a set of political miscreants, who seem to vie with each other in attempts to conceal the truth and propagate falsehoods. No sooner had Old Brown been seized and dragged off to jail, than the valiant citizens of Harper's Ferry, like a set of pious villains, broke into his house, ransacked it from top to bottom,—plundered it of all its contents, and carried them off. Among the contents stolen and logged off, were a lot of private letters, written to Brown while in Kansas. From some of these letters, it appears Brown received aid from certain prominent republicans, when engaged in his warfare on the border ruffians in Kansas.

There is not a single word or line in any of these in any way implicating any member of the republican party, as having any complicity whatever in the Harper's Ferry affair. This is the exact truth about these facts, the pro slavery press from one end of the country to the other, with a few honorable exceptions, are blazoning out in starting capitals the wanton lies—that Seward, Hale, Giddings, Sumner, and other leading republicans, are implicated in this correspondence,—and that the Harper's Ferry insurrection was a plot of the republicans. In addition to this, one Col. Fobes, (as he is dubbed in the New York Herald) publishes in that paper a long correspondence, on one side, with: copies of letters written by him to different leading republicans in the country, in which he insinuates that certain men knew about Brown's movements, and aided him in carrying them forward. This correspondence is seized upon, and another batch of lies manufactured and sent out to the country. This miserable beggar (for he seems to have been nothing else) after having made a fool of himself by publishing his budget of stuff in the Herald, it seems has a little conscience left,—for he publishes a letter in a subsequent number, explicitly denying that in any conference with Senators Hale and Sumner, or in any letters written to or received from them, anything in any way connected with Old Brown or his insurrection, was alluded to. And yet the pro slavery press, after having published extracts from his first letters, and declaring these men were concerned in Brown's Virginia war,—have the meanness to stick to their lies, with the truth staring them full in the face, and not one in ten of their number have the fairness or manliness to publish the letter of Fobes, making the retraction.

It is hard telling whether they are practicing upon the old adage, that "a lie well stuck to is better than the truth," or whether they have got such a habit of lying, that they choose a falsehood when the truth would do better. It is sometimes said, "a lie will travel half round the globe while the truth is putting its boots on," but in this case, truth is close upon the heels of falsehood.

Many will be deceived by the disgraceful course of the slave democracy, in misrepresenting facts and slandering the innocent. But in the end it will avail them nothing. "Truth crushed to earth, will rise again."

The Warning.

It has been already stated, that Secretary Floyd had written intimation of the expected outbreak at Harper's Ferry, in ample season to have nipped the whole thing in the bud. It was in the shape of the following anonymous letter:

CINCINNATI, August 20, 1859.
 SIR—I have lately received information of a movement of so GREAT IMPORTANCE that I feel it to be my duty to impart it to you without delay. I have discovered the existence of a secret association, having for its object THE LIBERATION OF THE SLAVES AT THE SOUTH BY A GENERAL INSURRECTION. The leader of the movement is OLD JOHN BROWN, late of Kansas. He has been in Canada during the winter, drilling the negroes there, and they are only waiting his word to start for the South to assist the slaves. They have one of the leading men, a white man, in an army in Maryland; where it is situated I have not been able to learn. As soon as everything is ready, those of their number who are in the northern States and Canada are to come in small companies to their rendezvous, which is in the mountains in Virginia. They will pass down through Pennsylvania and Maryland, and enter Virginia at HARPER'S FERRY. Brown left the North about three or four weeks ago, and will ARM THE NEGROES and strike the blow in a few weeks, and so that whatever is done must be done at once. They have a large quantity of arms at their rendezvous, and probably distributing them already. As I am not fully in their confidence, I do not sign my name to this, but I trust that you will not disregard the warning on that account.

A matter of so much importance should have been promptly attended to, even though the evidence was not direct. Having disregarded this warning, is there not good reason for the belief that it was allowed to go on, for the purposes of manufacturing political capital?

Massachusetts Election.

On Tuesday, the Old Bay State re-affirmed her attachment to true Republican principles, by re-electing Gov. Banks by a plurality of over 22,000; and a plurality over all of 8800.

She has also elected a Legislature which will have an overwhelming Republican majority; and elected the Republican candidates for Councilors, together with Republican County officers throughout the State. The vote is less than in former years, but the relative loss is on the democratic side.

A DISTRESSING CONGRUENCE causes the friends of the sufferer as much pain as the sufferer himself. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will certainly cure coughs, cold, and consumption, and that speedily. When did it ever fail?

BROWN'S POLITICS. The democracy find hard work in proving that any person connected with the Harper's Ferry affair, be he, even worse than certain personages mentioned in the New Testament, who were struck dead for the offence; but we never knew such unblushing, unmitigated falsehoods to be uttered by even the most abandoned, as have recently come from the pro slavery press, respecting the Harper's Ferry affair. In detailing the circumstances connected with this matter, they scarcely relate a single fact as it really took place.

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Mr. Beecher on the Harper's Ferry Affair.

On the Sabbath evening succeeding the attack on Harper's Ferry, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached an able and eloquent sermon, upon the subject of slavery, having special reference to the recent outbreak, and the constant danger in which slaveholders lived. He deprecated this rash attempt, pointing out the true way to accomplish the overthrow of slavery. The sermon is a grand embodiment of conservative Northern sentiment in relation to the great evil. The description of the panic that these fourteen white men and five slaves created, affords a capital opportunity for the play of his keen satire which he has improved.

The sermon is founded on Jeremiah vi. 12-19. After referring to the pertinence of the text to the time he said:

"I avail myself, this evening, after a long silence upon this subject, in your midst, of the state of the public mind to utter some words of instruction on the present state of our land.

The surprise of the whole nation, at a recent event, is itself the best evidence of the isolation of that event. A burning fragment struck the earth near Harper's Ferry. If the fragment of an exploding aerolite had fallen down out of the air, while the meteor swept on, it would not have been more sudden, or less apparently connected either with a cause or an effect.

Seventeen men, white men, without a military base, without supplies, without artillery, without organization more than a squad of militia, attacked a State and undertook to release and lead away an enslaved race! They do not appear to have been called by the sufferers, nor been welcomed by them. They volunteered a grace, and sought to enforce its acceptance. Seventeen white men surrounded two thousand, and held them in duress. They barricaded themselves, and waited until the troops of two States, the employees of a great railway, and a portion of the forces of the Federal Government could, traveling briskly night and day, reach them. Then at one dash they were smothered out!

I do not wonder that Virginians feel a great deal of mortification. It is quite natural that every effort should be made to enlarge the proportions of this escapade, that they may hide their weakness and incompetency behind a smartly upblown horror! No one doubts the bravery of Virginians. It needs no praising. But even brave men have panics. Courage is sometimes caught unawares. Certainly it strikes us at a distance, as a remarkable thing, that prisoners three to one more than their captors, and two thousand citizens should have remained days and nights under the fear and control of seventeen white men. Northern courage has been at a discount in the South hitherto. It ought heretofore to rise in value—at least in Virginia.

The diligence which is now shown, on the part of many public presses, to inflame the public mind, and infect it with fear, is quite foolish. The incantation will not take. The North may not be courageous, but it certainly is not silly. There is an element of the ludicrous in this transaction which will effectually stop all panic.

Seventeen men terrified two thousand brave Virginians into two days' submission—that cannot be got over! The common sense of common people cannot fail to see through all attempts to hide a natural shame by a bungling make-believe that the danger was really greater than it was! The danger was nothing, and the fear very great, and courage none at all. And nothing can now change the facts! All the newspapers on earth will not make this case appear any better. Do what you please; muster a crowd of supposed confederates, call the roll of conspirators, and include the noblest men of these States, and exhibit this imaginary army before the people, and in the end it will appear that seventeen white men, overawed a town of two thousand brave Virginians, and held them captive until the sun had gone, laughing, twice around the globe!

And the attempt to hide the fear of these surrounded men by awakening a larger fear will never do. It is too literal a fulfillment not exactly of prophecy but of fable—not of Isaiah, but Job.

A fox having been caught in a trap, escaped with the loss of his tail. He immediately went to his brother foxes to persuade them that they would all look better if they too, would cut off their caudal appendages. They declined. And our two thousand friends, who lost their courage in the presence of seventeen men, are now making an appeal to this nation to lose its courage, too, that that the cowardice of the few may be hidden in the cowardice of the whole community! It is impossible. We choose to wear our courage for some time longer.

As I shall not recur to this epic in Virginia history again to night, I must say a word in respect to the head and heart of it. For it all stood in the courage of one man.

An old man, kind at heart, industrious, peaceful, went forth, with a large family of children, to seek a new home in Kansas. That infant colony held thousands of souls as noble as liberty ever inspired or religion enriched. A great scowling slave State, its nearest neighbor, sought to tread down this liberty-loving colony, and to drag slavery into it by force of arms. The armed citizens of another State crossed the State lines, destroyed the freedom of the ballot box, prevented a fair expression of public sentiment, corruptly usurped law-making power, and ordained, by fraud, laws as infamous as the sun ever saw, assaulted its infant settlements with armed hordes, ravaged the fields, destroyed harvests and herds, and carried death to a multitude of cabins. The United States government had no marines for this occasion! No Federal troops were posted by sea, night and day, for the poor, the weak, the grossly wronged men in Kansas. There was an army there that unfurled the banner of the Union, but it was on the side of the wrong doers, not on the side of the injured.

It was in this field that Brown received his impulse. A tender father, whose life was in his son's life, he saw his first born seized like a felon, chained, driven across the country, crazed by suffering and heat, beaten by the officer in charge, like a dog,

and long lying at death's door! Another noble boy, without warning, without offense, unarmed, in open day, in the midst of the city, was shot dead! No justice sought out the murderers. No United States Attorney was dispatched in hot haste. No marines or soldiers aided the wronged and weak!

The shot that struck the child's heart, crazed the father's brain. Revolving his deadly system that breeds such contempt of justice and humanity, at length his phantoms assume a slender form, and organize such an enterprise as one might expect from a man whose grief had bereft of good judgment. He goes to the heart of a slave State. One man—and sixteen followers!—he seizes two thousand brave Virginians and holds them in duress.

When a great State attacked a handful of weak colonists, the government and nation were torn, but when seventeen men attacked a sovereign State, then Maryland arms, and Virginia arms, and the United States Government arms, and they three rush against seventeen men!

Travelers tell us that the Geysers of Iceland—those singular boiling springs of the North—may be transported with fury by plucking up a handful of grass or turf, and throwing them into the springs. The hot springs of Virginia are of the same kind! A handful of men was thrown into them, and what a boiling there has been!

But, meanwhile, no one can fail to see that this poor, child-bereft old man, is the manliest of them all. Bold, unflinching, honest, without deceit or dodge, refusing to take technical advantages of any sort; but openly avowing his principles and motives, glorying in them, in danger and death, as much as when in security—that wounded old father is the most remarkable figure in this whole drama. The Governor, the officers of the State, and all the attorneys are pigmies compared to him.

I deplore his misfortunes. I sympathize with his sorrows. I mourn the hiding or obscuring of his reason. I disapprove of his mad and feeble schemes. I shrink from the folly of the bloody foray, and I shrink, likewise, from all the anticipations of that judicial bloodshed which, doubtless, ere long, will follow—for when was cowardice ever magnanimous? They will kill the man, not for treason, but for proving them cowards!

By-and-by, when men look back and see without prejudice that whole scene, they will not be able to avoid saying, "What must be the measure of manhood in a scene where a crazed old man stood head and shoulders above those who had their whole reason? What is average citizenship when a fanatic is a hero?"

One word more, and that is as to the insecurity of those States that carry powder as their chief cargo. Do you suppose that if tidings had come to New York that the United States Army in Springfield had been seized by seventeen men, New Haven, Hartford, and Stamford, and Worcester, and New York, and Boston, and Albany, would have been thrown into a fever and panic in consequence of the event? We scarcely should have read the papers to see what became of it! We should have thought that it was a matter which the Springfield people could manage. The thought of danger would not have entered into our heads. There would not have been any danger. But in a State where there is such inflammable stuff as Slavery, there is danger, and the people of the South know it; and they cannot help it. I do not blame them so much for being afraid—there is cause for fear where they have such a population as they have down at the bottom of society. But what must be the nature of State and domestic institutions which keep brave men at the point of fear all their life long?

Our Democratic friends are not so much troubled by what has been proved in the course of the Harper's Ferry investigation, as by what has not been proved. Brown's carpet-bag, which was to blow the Republican party party sky-high, has been turned wrong side out, without producing the least effect. At first, every prominent name mentioned in Brown's and Forbes' letters was received with a howl of satisfaction by eager Democratic partisans. But as fast as charges emerged to light, denials followed them, conclusive although not needed in some cases. Thus has the Republican party stood as firmly as Wellington's favorite troops at Waterloo, round and round whose compact tiers of bayonets the French cavalry rode, without finding an opening for attack. [Boston Journal.]

The Young Men's Journal, is the title of a neat paper printed at Detroit, Mich., by Messrs Green and Edwards, who we learn are natives of Oxford County. It is a good paper. In its columns we find a notice of another Oxford man as follows: Jacob L. Greene, formerly of Waterville, Me. has commenced the practice of law at Loper. He is deserving of success which it will rejoice his friends to hear he has obtained.

TEACHER'S CONVENTION. We have received a circular, announcing a Teacher's Convention, to be held in Waterville, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday Oct. 16th, 17th, and 18th. Prominent friends of the cause of education have been engaged, so that the exercises will be varied and interesting.

We learn from the Bridgton Reporter that on Thursday afternoon of last week as Mr. T. W. Woodbury was operating his planing mill, in reaching over to brush away the shavings from the cylinder, his foot slipped, and his hand and arm was drawn under it and cut and mangled so badly as to render amputation necessary. But for a timely rescue from his shocking situation, Mr. Woodbury's entire arm would soon have been a mangled mass. As it was, the operators found it necessary to take off the arm a little below the elbow joint.

The announcement of the death of Dr. Turner in our last issue was premature. We now learn that he died on Friday Nov. 4th. He had a paralytic shock some time since, and has been gradually sinking since that time.

Musical Convention at Paris.

The first annual meeting of the "North Oxford County Musical Association," was held at South Paris, commencing on Monday evening, October 24th, and continuing through the week. It was under the direction of E. C. Farrington, of Lewiston, assisted by L. W. Ballard, as pianist.

The name of Farrington is so familiar to the ears of the musical public, that it is, of itself, sufficient guarantee to a musical treat, to call together an assemblage of music lovers at any time; and the large class formed at this session is only another proof of his merited popularity.

Many of the choirs of Oxford County were well represented—particularly the choirs of Bethel. As a whole, this Convention was a capital success, and the days of its duration passed all too quickly. The sessions of each day were enlivened by songs and instrumental pieces from the members of the class. Among those who added much to the interest in this way, we might mention Misses Thompson, Twitcheell, and Chapman, of Bethel, Miss Tewksbury of Oxford, Mr. Littlefield of Auburn, and Mr. Grover of Bethel, all of whom are entitled to a vote of thanks from the Convention.

The course of instruction pursued was thoroughly practical, and will, it is carried out, result in a higher style in the execution of sacred music, than has hitherto existed among our choirs. It was the aim of the director to make the singers feel the sentiment of the words they uttered, and thus delineate more perfectly the true character of words as applied to music. To this end a portion of each day was devoted to the practice of hymn tunes.

On Thursday evening a miscellaneous concert, consisting of

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Appropos of Earthquake.—One touch of Nature makes the whole world rick.

—The man that ran the fork of a road into his eye has died.

—Since the French troops have been stationed in Italy, it is said that more marriages have taken place between them and Italian women, than occurred between the Austrians and Italians in forty-five years of occupation.

—Langlois asks "what a single rose on a lady's forehead indicates." To which the Louisville Journal replies that it "probably means that, if she is kissed, it must be under the rose."

—The man who plants a row of beautiful trees by his dwelling, raises monuments to his taste, that will endure fresh and green, yielding shelter when the most costly mansion he can erect shall have crumbled to dust and been forgotten.

—A pretty woman pleases the eye, a good woman the heart. One is a jewel and the other a treasure.

—Have you any travelling inkstands? asked a lady of a young stationer. "No, ma'am, we have them with feet and legs, but they are not old enough to travel yet."

—Practice does not always make perfect. Curran, when told by his physician that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, replied: "That is old enough for I have practised all night."

—Take your mud modestly at life's banquet, says Kuehl, and ask for nothing not on the bill of fare.

—It is related of Col. Benton, that he once said: "Douglas can never be President, sir! His coat tail is too near the ground, sir."

—A beautiful thought is suggested in the Koran: "Angels in the grave will not question thee as to the amount of wealth thou hast left behind thee, but what good deeds thou hast done while in the world, to entitle thee to a seat among the blest."

—More bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

—Many of our readers probably remember the reply of the philosopher to the monarch, who desired some sentence, easily remembered, that should alleviate the pressure of calamity, and check the exuberance of prosperity. "This too shall pass away," was the chosen motto.

He whose opinion of mankind is not too elevated will always be in the end a realist, because he is not inclined to those errors incidental to human imperfection; to place our nature in too flattering a view, is only to court disappointment and end in misanthropy.

—"Voe wie bit of a boy!" astonished his mother a few days since. She had occasion to chastise him slightly for some offence he had committed. Charley sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterwards, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Mamma, I wish I had got another house-keeper, I've got tired of you."

—The press goes in for the introduction of copper-tubed shoes; there are spots where a shoe of that kind could be introduced with good effect. [Hartford Times.]

—"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another. "They won't weigh much if he does," said the antagonist, easily.

—A queer was used to say, that when he had pudding and milk for supper, he wanted a bowl of it to put upon each broad stair, as it would take that amount to last him up to bed.

U. G. R. We learn from "official sources" that the underground railroad, a big branch of which runs through this city, up to the Canadian frontier, has been doing an unusually large business this year. "Come days to go," "train" takes a date at a time, and the aggregate business of the year is counted by hundreds. One gentleman, who is ranked among the high-toned, conservative Democrats—a sustainer of the fugitive slave law, the Nebraska bill, and the Pierce and Buchanan administrations, on principle—is regularly called on for his subscription when funds are needed. His subscription is invariably in the form of "Give money to help a fugitive slave escape; not a cent's worth of illegal, and against the compromise of the constitution; send him back to Virginia; send him back—and here a V to help pay the expenses of returning him back to his master." [Troy Atlas.]

VERY CONCLUSIVE. "John," inquired a domestic of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nigger?" "A man who makes niggers," replied the pupil, quite readily. "Very good. Now what is a tailor?" "One who makes tails," was the equally quick reply. "Oh, you blockhead," said the domestic, biting his lips, "a man who makes tails, did you ever?" "To be sure," quoth the pupil; "if the tailor didn't put tails to the coats he made, they would all be jackets?" "Ever?" "ah—well—it is to be sure. I didn't think of that. But, Watt's logic! Go to the top of the class, John; you'll be a Member of Congress some day."

WHAT IS FARE? Clerks in Post Offices are generally pretty well posted in political matters, but a case happened recently which is rather amusing. Ex-President Fillmore was stopping at a small place, and had occasion to send a letter by his servant to the village Post Office. It was franked, as all Ex-Presidents have that privilege. The boy dropped it in, but the official caught it up and glancing at the frank, exclaimed: "Who the deuce is M. Fillmore?"

"Why, he's the Ex-President," replied the messenger. "Pray, he is, my friend; but I've voted for all the Presidents since General Jackson, and I'll be hanged if I recollect any such a name. I guess you'll have to try it on at some other place, for we read history down here, we do." What is fare? [Buffalo Rep.]

—The Hon. Thomas H. Brown, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, has been appointed by the Hon. J. H. Eddy, Administrator of the estate of GEORGE CHAPMAN, late of Oxford in said County, deceased, respectively represents that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of five hundred and seventy-five dollars. Your petitioner therefore prays that your Honor would grant him leave to sell at public sale, for private sale, and convey all the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.

ALGERNON S. CHAPMAN. OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, A. D. 1859.

Ordered, That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a public newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of November next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

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THOMAS H. BROWN, Judge. A true copy—Attest: DAVID KNAPP, Register.

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