

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

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Farmers' Department.

"FEED THE FLOCK."

All the news and notices pertaining to life, are given together, and are intimately connected with the agriculture—*AGRICULTURE*.

Cranberry Culture.

The following remarks in relation to the culture of the cranberry, were made at the recent session of the Maine State Board of Agriculture:

"Mr. Dill said he had a small bog, in which there was a constant warfare between a species of laurel and cranberries. He cuts up the laurel, and uses it for banking to his house. After skimming off the surface, and carrying it away, he puts on sand. In the fall he flows, to defend from frost, and to keep the plants from being thrown out, and from a worm that infests them. He had procured plants from wild meadows, and from West Bridgewater, the Bell and the Cherry cranberry. He keeps the plants as carefully weeded as he does plants in his garden. He had tried carefully a few patches of the Bell that had produced at the rate of 150 bushels to the acre. He had the Eagle from Minnesota. He thinks pure river sand, the best article to use. The new had better be two feet apart. They will not bear well till well matted. There is a finely bearing cranberry bed on a high, dry knoll near him. His natives do not do as well as those from Massachusetts and Wells. There is a high-bush cranberry growing near him, of two kinds; one is well known, and the other is not. The latter is a few inches in height, and very pleasant to the taste. Some of these are now transplanted, to test the value for cultivation.

Mr. True had watched the cranberry culture closely. He had not felt till this fall when obliged to sell to the western part of Oxford for cranberries, when he had everywhere plenty of bogs suitable for their culture. He spoke of a case where a man arranged a bog by plowing, &c., and then said to the bog and grass, 'Go it, and see which will beat.' He examined it at the time of fruiting, and he thought, without any culture, a pint bowl would cover enough to fill it. He knew of another place in Kennebec county, where less pains were taken, and greater success followed. Dr. T. obtained vines, and set them out, not in a suitable place, and in space of frost, many of them were doing well. There are hosts of farmers in Maine whose bogs might be mines of wealth in this respect."

From the American Agriculturist.

Forward Spring Work Now.

"Take time by the forelock," is as good a maxim for farmers as for others. While there are some kinds of labor that can only be performed at particular seasons, there are others that can be done at any time, when the weather favors out-door operations. The spring, in all the northern part of our country, is a very brief season, and upon the farm, it is usually overcrowded with work. Slack farmers especially, leave everything to this season. The manure is not carted until the ground is settled; the plowing is put off until May, and the planting until June; the potatoes and oats that flourish best in cool weather, are forced to mature in the heat of dog days, and rot, rust and mold, are often the result of the late sowing and planting.

Something can be done even at this season, to help on the spring work. The wood house is, or ought to be, already filled, so that the axe will not need to be lifted to prepare fuel from March to December. A good part of the manure can be carted now much better than in planting time. It will be a much less tax upon the strength of a team to draw a hundred loads of manure now, than to do it when the team is pressed with plowing and other farm work. It is pretty well established now, that yard manure prepared in the usual way with manure and dung, does not lose much of its value when piled up in winter in large heaps in the field where it is to be used. From our own experience we do not think green stable manure to be injured by the same treatment, if it were well mixed in the field with manure or pot. The piles should be made long, narrow, and high, say five or six feet, so as to shed a part of the rain.

If any of the meadows are to be dressed with fine compost, there is no better time than the present to do it. The second will be cut up, and the warm spring rains will carry down the fertilizing properties of the manure to the roots of plants. This must not be done, however, on rolling land, or on steep hill sides, where the rains would wash off part of the manure before the frost comes out of the ground.

A large portion of the spring work can be anticipated before winter breaks up, and then the farmer can seize upon the best time to plant and sow, and drive his work all through the season, instead of being driven.

UNDERDRAINING. A correspondent of the New England Farmer, writing from Springfield, Vt., gives the following as the result of underdraining:

"In the fall of 1858, I underdrained about two acres of cold, stony upland, at a cost of about \$20 per acre. A part of the drains were made of stone, which were plenty upon the ground, and a part of drain tile manufactured in our town. The crop of 1858 consisted of two small loads of bracks, with a little grass, and would hardly pay for cutting and taxes. I do not

mention interest, as land that pays nothing is worth nothing.

Last spring I broke it, manured lightly, and planted to potatoes, corn and beans. The crops did well, and at harvest were worth, in our market, about \$100, which paid the \$20 invested for underdraining, and \$40 for labor. The land is now worth, at least, \$50 per acre."

From the Working Farmer.

Wood Ashes from Air-tight Stoves.

From the peculiar construction of these stoves, the ashes are continually being reduced in bulk, the lighter portion being carried into the chimney, together with all the volatile matter, and thus the less volatile portions, composed chiefly of potash, are aggregated. In the ashes left in the stove. Indeed, most of the air-tight stoves do not necessarily call for the removal of any ashes during the whole season, at the end of which, the ashes are nearly pure potash. We believe that ashes from such stoves are frequently worth a dollar a bushel for agricultural purposes. It should not be carried directly to the land, however, but should find its way there through the compost heap, and if this mass of manure is continually being formed in so fully charged with potash, that when pumped back on the heap it has the power of decomposing the woody fiber, and developing most perfectly all the inorganic materials of value it contains; even the silica is rendered soluble by the presence of potash. Such ashes should never be sold, but should always be used by the farmer.

The amount of phosphates found in many ashes is very great. Thus hemlock spruce contains nearly 17 per cent of phosphate of lime, and nearly 10 per cent of phosphate of magnesia. American chestnut 17 per cent of phosphate of lime, and water oak 14 1/2 per cent of phosphate of lime and magnesia; white hickory 11 1/2. Black birch contains 15 1/2 per cent of phosphate of lime. Black cherry 13 per cent, and red birch over 17 per cent. These it will readily be perceived, that these ashes have a high value. Prof. Emmons claims, that of the phosphates, of per cent of iron, of lime, and of magnesia, the American white oak, in its ash, yields as follows: the sapwood, 32 1/4 per cent, the heartwood, 13 1/2, the twigs 23 6/10, the bark 10 per cent, and the bark of the twigs 23 per cent.

The Color of Flowers Promoted by Charcoal.

A French amateur, in the Paris Horticultural Review, states: "About a year ago, I made a bargain for a rose-bush of magnificent growth, and full of buds. I waited for them to bloom, and I expected roses worthy of such a noble plant, and all the praise bestowed upon it by the vendor. At length, when it bloomed, all my hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded color, and I discovered that I had only a middling *multiflora*, stale-colored enough. I therefore resolved to sacrifice it to some experiments which I had in view. My attention had been captivated by the effects of charcoal, as stated in some English publications. I then covered the earth (in the pot in which my rose bush was) about half an inch deep with pulverized charcoal. Some days after, I was astonished to see the roses which bloomed, of as fine a lively rose color as I could wish. I determined to repeat the experiment; and, therefore, when the rose bush had put forth new growth, I took off the charcoal and dug fresh earth on the pot. You may conceive that I waited for the next spring impatiently, to see the result of this experiment. When it bloomed, the roses were, as at first, pale and discolored; but by applying the charcoal as before, they soon resumed their rosy-red color. I tried the powdered charcoal likewise in large quantities upon my petunias, and found that both the white and the violet flowers were equally sensible to its action. It always gave great vigor to the red or violet colors of the flowers, and the white petals became veined with red or violet tints. The violets (color?) became covered with irregular spots of a bluish or almost black tint. Many persons who admired them thought that they were new varieties from seed. Yellow flowers are, as I have proved, insensible to the influence of the charcoal." [Cottage Gardener.]

From the Massachusetts Ploughman.

Carding Cattle.

Carding in winter has long been recommended by writers of good standing in the farming community. Doubts have been expressed by other farmers, on the plea that the hair of animals was given to keep them warm; and that by carding we strip them of a portion of the winter coat which was given them for warmth.

It is true that by carding we rob them of some portion of their coats, yet we do them a service which more than balances the loss of hair. All animals require rubbing, and when the card is not used cattle rub themselves against posts and other fixtures in the barn yard.

The circulation of the blood is promoted by friction of the skin, and all the old animals are particularly benefited by carding. They are always thankful for the operation when they are tied in launders where they have not the means of carding themselves.

Young cattle that lie loose under sheds have not the same need of carding. Still we think it a good practice to card all, old and young.

The circulation of the blood is now an important consideration, since it has been discovered that it does circulate in all animals of which we have any knowledge.

How odd that the Romans knew nothing of the circulation of the blood!

But most cattle should be handled and made tame. All kinds are fond of being carded as soon as they understand what the operation means. The keeper is forced to be more kind and gentle in his treatment when he finds this is the best way to make them docile.

Cattle soon show their willingness to be carded—and instead of any necessity of cornering them to make them stand quietly, they will come to the keeper and invite his attention.

As soon as any vermin are discovered on young cattle they should be killed at once. It is unpardonable to permit the flies to get their living out of the poorest cattle, as they will if they are not watched. For vermin are enfeebled on the backs of fat cattle. Only matter kills them.

Old Fashioned Comforts.

The following graphic picture of some of the old fashioned comforts of New England farmers is given by the *Exeter News Letter*, and its truthfulness will be recognized by thousands of New England homes:

"Our ancestors were a frugal, self-denying people, inured to hardship from the cradle—they were content to be without almost all the luxuries of life, but they enjoyed some of its comforts to which many of us are strangers, old fashioned comforts, we may term them, and among these the old fire place, as it used to be termed, held no mean rank. How vividly the picture of one of those spacious kitchens of the olden time comes to our mind with its plain furniture, and simple floor of such a material, you become weak and timid; you lose even the sentiment of your personal dignity, and salute at a distance, and respectfully, the most clownish of burgomasters.

One night, having not a *sew* in my pocket, and being threatened with a prison by the worthy master, I laid down on my trundle-bed, and gave myself up to reflection. The thought of suicide entered my head; and the more I reflected, the more desirable such an exit from my troubles appeared to my mind. So numerous and convincing were the arguments in its favor which thronged upon me, that I dared not look upon my razor, lest the irresistible force of logic should compel me to commit *suicide* by cutting my throat.

At length I blew out my candle, and threw myself on the bed, with a determination to come to a decision the next day. My dreams were usually of the abominable Rapp; my one desire, to get money that I might rid myself of his odious presence. But this night a singular revelation took place in my mind. In about an hour I rose, and wrapping myself in an old gray coat, I began to trace on paper a rapid sketch in the Dutch style—something strange, fantastic, quite apart from my habitual conceptions.

Imagine to yourself a scabrous coat, inclosed by high dilapidated walls. These walls, garnished with hooks seven or eight feet from the ground, suggest at once a slaughter-house. On the left through a trellis-work of laths, you discern a quartered ox, suspended by strong pulleys from the ceiling; drops of blood trickling from its collar in a gutter obstructed by the refuse of the shambles. The light in the court comes from above, where chimneys, and weather-vanes, and stunted roofs of houses, are relieved against an angle of the sky. At the extremity is a shed, beneath it a woodpile, upon which is a ladder, and scattering around are seen ropes, bundles of straw, a rabbit-but, and hen-coops, past services.

How did these heterogeneous details come into my head? I cannot tell. I had no remembrance of any such place and yet every stroke of the pencil seemed by its very truthfulness an exact copy. Nothing was wanting.

But on the right, a corner of the sketch remained bare. I did not know what to put there; but I was disgusted, agitated, as I looked upon it. Suddenly I saw a foot but it was in a reverse position, and detached from the ground, spite of its improbability, I followed the inspiration, and sketched it without stopping to account for my fancy. Then the leg appeared, and a portion of the dress. At length the whole figure—an old woman, haggard, was, dithered, thrown down on the edge of a wall struggling against a strong hand, which grasped her throat.

It was a murder that I was sketching! The crayon fell from my hands. The old woman—her face contracted by terror, her form bent over the margin of the wall, both hands grasping the arm of her murderer—terrified me—I dared not look at her. But the man—the murderer—to whom the arm belonged? I could not see him. It was impossible to finish my sketch.

The sweat drops stood upon my brow. "I am fatigued," I said. "But little time remains to be added. I will complete it to-morrow!" and terrified by the vision, I lay down again upon the bed, and in five minutes slept profoundly.

The next day, as I was about to resume my work, a knock resounded at the door. "Come in," I called out; and a man, somewhat advanced in years, tall, thin, and dressed in black appeared upon the threshold. The whole physiognomy of the man—his closely approximating eyes, his large aquiline nose, his lofty, broad, and bony brow had something severe and imposing. He saluted me gravely.

"M. Christian Venius, the artist," he said.

MISCELLANY.

THE MYSTERIOUS SKETCH.

Translated from the French for the *Hans Journal*. At the corner of the Rue des Trévans, opposite the chapel of Saint Sabid, in Nuremberg, there stands a little inn, tall and narrow, with notched gables, and dim window-panes, and its roof surmounted by a plaster virgin. In this inn I passed the saddest days of my life. I had gone to Nuremberg to study the old German masters, but the want of money had compelled me to have recourse to painting portraits—and such portraits! Fat gossips, with their cats on their knees, aldermen in perukes, burgomasters in three-cornered hats, etc., all brilliant with ocher and varnished. From portraits I descended to sketches, then to profiles; at last even these failed me.

There is nothing more pitiable than to have constantly at your heels a landlord with thin lips, a screaming voice, and an impatient air, who never loses a chance to call out—"Are you going to pay me soon, monsieur? Do you know how much your bill amounts to? Oh, no! of course this does not trouble you. Monsieur eats drinks, and sleeps quietly. The good Lord takes care of the little sparrows. Monsieur only owes two hundred florins and ten kreutzers. A more trifling sum, worth the trouble of mentioning.

Those who have never heard this gamut sounding in their ears, can form no idea of the horror of it. The love of art, imagination, the lofty enthusiasm for the beautiful—whether at the very breath of such a reality. You become weak and timid; you lose even the sentiment of your personal dignity, and salute at a distance, and respectfully, the most clownish of burgomasters.

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The apparition in my poor garret of this rich amateur, judge of the criminal court, impressed me strongly. I throw a glance upon my worn eaten furniture, tattered draperies, and dirty floor, and felt humiliated; but Van Speckdal, apparently to pay no attention to these details.

"Master Venius," he resumed, "I have come—"

But at this moment his eyes were arrested by the unfinished sketch, and he stopped.

"Are you the author of this sketch?" he asked after a moment's pause.

"Yes, sir."

"What is the price of it?"

"I do not sell my sketches. It is a design for a picture."

"As!" said he, and lifting the paper with his long, yellow fingers, he took an eye-glass from his waistcoat pocket, and began to study it attentively. The silence was so great, that I heard distinctly the plaintive buzzing of a fly caught in a spider's web.

"And what will be the dimensions of the picture, Master Venius?" he said at length, without looking at me.

"Three feet by four."

"And the price?"

"Fifty Ducats."

Van Speckdal laid the sketch down upon the table, and drawing from his pocket a long purse made of green silk, began to slip the rings along. "Fifty ducats," he said, and counting them out; "here they are."

He rose, saluted me, and departed, while I sat stupefied, listening to the click of his money-bag as he went down the stairs.

When I had recovered from my stupefaction I set down to finish my sketch. A few strokes of the pencil, and it would be finished. But these few strokes were out of my power. The inspiration was over. The mysterious murderer would not disengage himself from the convolutions of my brain. I tried again and again. I forced myself to draw; but the results were as discordant as a figure of Raphael in a Dutch inn of Timbers.

At this moment, Rapp, according to his praiseworthy custom, opened the door without knocking. His eyes fell upon the pile of ducats, and he shrieked!

"Ah, ah! I have caught you, Monsieur painter! You pretended you had no money!" and he extended his crooked fingers with that nervous trembling which the sight of gold always produces in a miser.

The remembrance of all the insults I had suffered from him exasperated me. With a single bound, I seized him, and, thrusting him over the threshold, flung him now with the door. The old miser shrieked!

"My money! thief! robber! my money!" till every lodger in the house ran out asking, "What is the matter?" I opened the door quickly, and with a single stroke of the foot sent master Rapp rolling down the staircase.

"That is the matter," I said; and closing the door, I doubled-lock it, while the shouts of laughter from the neighbors saluted the old miser on his progress down stairs.

This adventure had inspired me, and I resumed my work with some prospect of success, but an unaccounted noise soon interrupted my labors. It was the click of arms, and the tramp of men ascending the staircase. A cold chill ran over me. Can I have broken that rascal's neck? and are they coming to seize me? There was a knock at the door, and a rough voice said:

"In the name of the law, open!"

I thought of escaping by the window over the roof, but a vertigo seized me at a mere glance at the dizzy height. Again the summons came.

"Open, or we will break down the door!"

I turned the key, and saw the chief of police.

"I arrest you," he said and made a sign to two men, who seized me by the collar while the others rummaged my garret. "March" was the next order, and I descended the staircase supported under each arm, like a consumptive in his third stage of illness.

They put me into a hackney coach. I asked what I had done, but they only exchanged significant smiles. Soon a deep shadow enveloped us; the steps of the horses resounded under a vault. We had entered the prison. The jailer shut me up in a cell as tranquilly as if he had been putting a pair of stockings in a drawer, thinking all the time of something else. I looked around my cell. It had been newly whitewashed, and there was nothing upon the walls but a rude sketch of a gibbet, drawn by an apprentice nine or ten feet from the floor, and the furniture consisted of a heap of straw. I sat down upon the straw, with my hands around my knees, and gave myself up to despair. I had killed Rapp, he had denounced me before dying. I should be hung as his murderer. I started up exclaiming as if the hempen cravat already pressed my throat.

Again the jailer appeared, and ordered me to follow him. He conducted me through long galleries to a sombre hall, with benches arranged in a semicircle, opposite which, on an elevated seat, were two persons with their backs to the light, and their faces in the shadow; but as one of them turned to his companion, I recognized the aquiline profile of Van Speckdal. Beneath them, at a low table, was seated a clerk flicking the tip of his ear with the feather of his quill.

"Christian Venius," said Van Speckdal, "where did you get this sketch?" showing me my nocturnal work, of which

they had taken possession at the time of arrest.

"I am the author of it."

There was a long silence. The clerk took down my answer; and as I listened to the scratching of his pen, I wondered what that had to do with the kick I had given to Rapp.

"You are the author of it?" said Van Speckdal; "where did you get the subject?"

"It is a fancy sketch."

"You have not copied the details anywhere?"

"No, sir; I have imagined them all."

"And this woman," pursued the judge, "who is being murdered on the edge of the well; have you imagined her also?"

"Undoubtedly."

"You have never seen her?"

"Never."

Van Speckdal rose, as if indignant, then seating himself, he appeared to consult his colleague in a low voice. Suddenly he said to the jailer:

"Take the prisoner to the carriage. We are going to see the Metzstrasse."

I was placed in a carriage with two policemen. One of them, on the way, offered a pinch of snuff to his comrade. I extended my fingers mechanically to the box. He drew it back quickly. The blood mounted into my face, and I turned away my head to conceal my emotion.

"If you look out of the window," said the man of the snuff-box, "we shall be obliged to put manacles on you."

When the carriage stopped, one of them alighted, while the other held me by the collar; then, seeing his comrade ready to enter me, he pushed me out brokenly. We reentered a narrow alley, with broken, irregular pavement. A yellowish moisture stood on the walls, exhaling a fetid odor. I walked in darkness, with two men behind me. Farther on appeared the light of an inner court.

As I advanced, a feeling of terror took possession of me, like the unnatural horror of a nightmare. I recoiled instinctively.

"Go on!" cried one of the policemen behind me, putting his hand upon my shoulder; march!

My terror was no longer instinctive when I saw before me the court which I had sketched the night before; its walls garnished with hooks, the wood-pile, the ladder, the rabbit-but, the hen-coop, etc. Not a sky-light, great or small, had been omitted. I was thunderstruck at this strange revelation.

Near the wall were the two judges. At their feet was the old woman, lying on her back, her long gray hair straggling over her form, her face livid, her eyes unnaturally wide, her tongue between her teeth. It was a horrible spectacle!

"Well!" said Van Speckdal, in a solemn tone, "what have you to say?"

I was silent.

"Do you confess that you threw this woman, Theresa Decker, into the well, after having strangled her, to steal her money?"

"No," I cried, "no; I do not know this woman. I have never seen her. May God help me!"

"That is enough," he replied, in a dry voice, and departed with his companion. I was carried back to prison in a state of profound stupidity. I knew not what to think. My conscience, even, began to trouble me. I asked myself if I had not really assassinated the old woman. I passed a wretched night of doubt, bewilderment and despair.

With the dawn some of my black thoughts disappeared. I felt more confidence in myself, and, at the same time, a desire to see what was going on in the world without. Other prisoners before me had climbed to the narrow aperture. They had dug holes in the wall, that they might mount more easily. I climbed there in my turn, and when, stretching my neck forward, I saw the crowd, the life, the movement, tears flowed abundantly down my cheeks. I thought no longer of suicide. I experienced the strongest desire to live. They might condemn me to the hardest labor, might attach a cannon-ball to my leg, if they would only let me live; to live was to be happy.

The old market opposite my window, with its roof like an extinguisher resting on heavy pillars, offered a fine spectacle. The old women, seated my their baskets of vegetables, their cages of poultry, and baskets of eggs behind them; the Jews, old clothes dealers, with faces the color of box-wood; the butchers, with naked arms, chopping meat at their stalls; the peasants, with large felt hats planted on the nape of the neck, their hands behind their backs, and smoking tranquilly their pipes; then the noise, the tumult of the crowd, the tones of the voice, the expressive gestures, the unexpected attitudes, which betray at a distance the progress of a dispute, or paint the character of an individual—all this captivated me; and in spite of my sad position, I felt happy to be in the world.

While I was looking on, a man passed, with his back bent, bearing an enormous quarter of beef on his shoulders. His arms were naked, his elbows in the air, and his head inclined on his breast. His floating hair, like that of Salvador's "Sisambre," concealed his face; and yet, at the first glance, a thrill ran through my veins.

"It is he!" I exclaimed.

The blood rushed to my heart. I descended into my cell. My whole frame trembled.

"It is he!" I stammered, with a half-choked voice. "He is there—there—and I am about to die to expiate his crime. What shall I do?"

A sudden thought from heaven inspired me. I put my hand into my pocket—my

crayons were there. Then, springing to the wall, I began to trace the scene of the murder with supernatural energy. No more uncertainty; no more hesitating experiments. I knew the man. I had seen him. I reproduced him before me.

At ten o'clock the jailer appeared in my cell. His owlish stupidity gave place to admiration.

"Is it possible?" he cried, standing on the threshold.

"Go, seek my judges," I said, pursuing my work with increasing exultation.

"They are waiting for you in the criminal hall," he replied.

"I wish to make some revelation," I continued, putting the last touch to the mysterious personage.

In a few minutes the two judges came. They looked at me stupidly. With one hand extended to the picture, and trembling in every limb, I called out:

"There is the assassin!"

Van Speckdal after a moment's silence, asked his name.

"I do not know it," I answered but he is there now in the market, in the third stall at the left, chopping meat."

"What do you think of it?" said he, turning towards his colleague.

"Let them find the man," replied the other in a grave tone.

Some of the keepers went out to obey the order. The judges remained standing, looking at the picture. I sank down upon the straw, with my head between my knees, exhausted with excitement.

The noise of steps beneath the resounding arches of the corridor aroused me. The man entered. Van Speckdal pointed in silence to the picture. He looked at it a moment, turned pale, then with a roar which chilled us with terror, he struck out his enormous arms, and with one bound was out of the door. There was a fearful content in the corridor. We heard the panting respiration of the butcher, low imprecations, brief words, and the sound of struggling feet. It was over. The man reentered. His head was bowed; his eyes bloodshot, his hands bowed behind his back. He fixed his gaze once more upon the picture, appeared to reflect, then, in a voice as if he was speaking to himself, he said:

"Who could have seen me?—at midnight!"

I was saved!

Many years have passed since this terrible adventure. I no longer cut profiles, or paint pictures of burgomasters. By dint of labor and perseverance, with the blessing of God, I gain an honorable subsistence

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PROPRIETORS.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

Resolutions adopted by them before leaving Washington, which were on Friday last presented to the House by Mr. Carter of N. Y. Mr. Seward has introduced a bill for the admission of Kansas under the Wyandotte Constitution into the Senate and will speak upon it on Wednesday next. There will be a great rush to hear the great author of the "irrepressible conflict," who has thus far since his return from Europe maintained a studied silence upon the great questions now now agitating the public mind. The Committee on territories in the House have already instructed Mr. Grow their Chairman to report to the House at the earliest practicable moment a bill for the admission of Kansas in accordance with the memorial and Constitution sent to the House from the Wyandotte Convention.

She will be admitted by a fair majority in the House, but the fate of the bill in the Senate is uncertain. The pro-slavery democracy will urge two objections to her admission. 1st, that no census has been taken in accordance with the terms of the English Bill. 2d, on account of her boundaries as established by the Wyandotte Convention. As to the first objection, it can be answered by saying that Kansas has a much larger population than she had when the slave power undertook to force the Lecompton scheme—that the last Congress made no appropriation for taking a census and that there is the best evidence in the world to show that Kansas really has a population of more than a hundred thousand. As to the question of boundaries, the Wyandotte Convention makes a State larger than all New England put together—larger than New York and Pennsylvania combined—that the Pike's Peak Territory has no material connection with the State of Kansas, that there is a great national division between the two, formed by nature, and that the Territory outside of Kansas proper have already established a territorial government and do not desire to be included in the limits of the proper State. The whole thing on the part of the pro-slavery democracy is a clumsy, miserable pretext to keep Kansas out of the Union to punish her for not adopting the Lecompton fraud, and prevent her from participating in the next Presidential election. But if the slave power aided by northern dough-faces tried to put this issue into the next Presidential canvass, they can refuse to admit her and it will go there, and the voice of an indignant people will pass sentence upon their acts and it needs no prophetic pen to write out their verdict.

Hon. Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, a few days since, paid his respects to the Maryland Legislature, who had passed a vote censuring him for his vote for Gov. Pennington for Speaker, in a speech of great power and eloquence, which was listened to with intense interest, by men of all parties in the House, while the galleries were crowded with attentive hearers. It was one of the most stirring rebukes that was ever administered to a body of time-serving demagogues. With a single exception, every opposition paper in Maryland sustains Mr. Davis in his vote; and meetings are now being called, in different parts of the State, applauding his course. There is no doubt but his immediate constituents in Baltimore, will sustain his course with an unbounded enthusiasm; and it is the general remark in Washington circles that Henry Winter Davis occupies the most enviable position of any man in Congress.

There is no doubt at all but Mr. Howard of Michigan will make out a complete vindication of his claim to the seat in the House now held by Mr. Coover. The testimony is printed and shows that Cooper holds his seat by votes cast by men living in Canada, who were citizens of the U. S. Frank Blair will also bring before the Committee on elections astounding proof of frauds in his district, which will show him fairly and constitutionally entitled to the seat now occupied by Mr. Barrett. The same may be said of the contested seat now held by Mr. McKim of N. Y., and claimed by Mr. Williams. The Committee on elections at the head of which is Mr. Gilmer of N. C., are hard at work on these cases and they will be brought before the House at an early day. It is now generally believed that the Mexican Treaty will be rejected in the Senate. There is more about this matter than appears upon the surface. The Republicans in that body now number more than one third, hence they have it in their power to reject any treaty they get up by the Administration to get territory to build up and strengthen the slave power. The cry of disunion which came dancing upon every Southern breeze during the early part of the session, and which rendered both branches of Congress hideous for seven weeks is fast dying out. The lion is growing exceedingly lamb like. The terrible record the democracy made for themselves during the contest for the Speaker's chair, begins to trouble the sachems of the party. It is there and cannot be blotted out; it is there and will be used with great effect both North and South in the next Presidential election. It brands the democracy as the disunion party of the Country. They have made the issue and upon that issue the party has got to be tried. The "receptions" at the White House during the session thus far have been tame affairs. Comparatively few members of Congress have attended there. But few honor the Presidential mansion with their visits, and the still old Wheatland Bachelor has the "House he lives in" all to himself, save here and there a passing stranger and the Peter Funk patriots who fawn around begging for Treasury pay and the "old clothes" the President is casting off preparatory to leaving the shady retreats of the White House forever.

Editorial Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27, 1860.

The question of printer to the House still hangs undissolved. Mr. DeLoe of Indiana was nominated for the place, by a majority of one in a republican caucus, after six successive ballottings, in which Mr. Mitchell of St. Louis, his principal competitor, stood within a single vote of a nomination on three trials. Mr. Adams of Mass. refused to vote for Mr. DeLoe in the House, and although he twice came within one vote of an election his friends became satisfied he could not succeed, and on Wednesday he was withdrawn from the field. The republicans after a few trials concentrated their strength on the Hon. Edward Ball, an Ex-member of Congress from Ohio, and he too came within a single vote of an election. On Saturday last the republicans held a conference, but made no nomination, then agreeing to go into the House today and take the candidate receiving a plurality at the first trial. It is ardently hoped this vexatious matter will be settled to-day and no longer stand in the way of other business.

On Wednesday last, being the 22d of February, a bronze Statue of Washington cast by Clark Mills was inaugurated with imposing ceremonies. Its location by the act of the last Congress authorizing its purchase, was left to the President, and he decided to place it on a public square in Georgetown about two miles from the Capitol where it now stands. The only excuse I have heard made why it was carried away from the vicinity of the Capitol is that it will raise the value of real estate in Georgetown, a very poor reason in the opinion of many who think these matters of interest should be located where strangers visiting the metropolis can see them without journeying to another city.

This Statue is said to be greatly inferior to the Statue of Gen. Jackson which is on Lafayette square in Washington. The day fixed for these ceremonies was exceedingly unpleasant; the rain came in torrents until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when it partially cleared away. A procession under Gen. Joseph was formed, consisting of a good sprinkling of the military, two or three Companies of Free Masons, and a concourse of citizens, accompanied by several bands of music.

The President, Heads of Department, and such members of Congress as were ambitious to travel two miles through the mud and dirt of Washington joined in the procession at the White House. Hon. T. S. Boock of Va. was the orator for the occasion, who delivered a well written address, to which was added a short speech from the President—then followed the Masonic ceremonies, and the firing of guns and the show was over.

The only striking military feature of the occasion was the celebrated seventh Regiment from N. Y. City, numbering more than seven hundred strong. The Regiment made a very fine military display, but went away greatly disgusted with the want of attention paid them by those who had themselves in charge. This appears from certain

The Franking Privilege.

Senator Hamlin, on the 18th inst., expressed his opinion in favor of the abolishing the franking privilege, and gave his reasons for the opinion. He wished the bill to extend to every class, making no distinction in favor of person or office. He said that the bill would entail upon Senators some expense; but would remove a large amount of responsibility. The balance when struck would not be found to be largely against them.

This would relieve the mails from a large amount of free matter, but would neither increase the revenue to any extent, nor diminish the cost of transportation. If the franking privilege were abolished this million of dollars worth of matter now complained of would not go through the mail to any considerable amount, neither could the cost of transportation be much diminished. If bills were issued for the two classes of service, with or without the franking privilege, not a mill would be discounted by contractors on account of taking out of free matter.

The true cause of the burdens resting upon the Post Office Department is the large amount now expended in transporting the mails over railroads and by steamships. Another evil is the specifying of the character of inland service, without regard to the actual necessity of the route, requiring a stage-coach when a buggy would answer as well.

He said it is hardly good humbling to say that these embarrassments have grown out of the abuse of the franking privilege.

Still he was in favor of making the Department stand upon its own revenue, and would vote for a clean bill abolishing the franking privilege, having no provisions attached, and there leave the matter.

Temperance Lecture.

Dr. B. Colby, will lecture upon the subject of temperance as follows. Will the friends of the cause in each place do him the favor to make the necessary arrangements?

Oxford, Friday evening, March 2.
Norway, Saturday evening, March 3.
No. Paris, Sunday afternoon, March 4.
Paris Hill, Sunday evening, March 4.
Buckfield, Monday evening, March 5.
Canton Mills, Tuesday eve, March 6.
Dixfield, Wednesday, March 7.
Mexico, Thursday, March 8.
East Rensford, Friday evening, March 9.
Rumford Pt., Saturday eve, March 10.
Andover, Sunday afternoon, March 11.
Rumford Pt., Sunday eve, March 11.
Noisy, Monday evening, March 12.
Buckfield, Tuesday evening, March 13.
Lisette's Mills, Wednesday eve, March 14.
Bryant's Pond, Thursday eve, March 15.
North Norway, Friday eve, March 16.
Waterford, Saturday evening, March 17.
Sweden, Sunday afternoon, March 18.
Lovell, Sunday evening, March 18.

The Convention.

The Democratic Convention in this place on Wednesday, was a capital specimen of engineering. It was composed of the most discordant elements, yet passed off without a single ripple upon the surface. The delegates from Franklin and Cumberland, headed respectively by Pillsbury and Record, were Douglas almost to a man; while Old Oxford, which has been the recipient of so many executive favors, was as strongly as management. As Mr. Pillsbury remarked, there was danger of a dilemma. Neither party would endorse the action of the other. An old arrangement was produced by which the Delegates to Charleston belonged to Cumberland, and the elector to Oxford. Were the election of either to be carried into the general convention, a squabble would ensue. Mr. Pillsbury's solution of the difficulty was to have each delegation make its selection, and make their action final; and it was adopted. The Committee on Resolutions seem to have been troubled in the same manner, and settled the thing in the same way. In the first, endorsing the Cincinnati platform, they meet on common ground; in the second, Oxford gets a healing plaster by endorsing Bucke and in the third, the Douglas delegates fancy they are recognized, inasmuch as they confidently anticipate his success. The speakers were taken from the ranks of each faction, alternately.

We have given a brief report of their remarks in another column. It will be seen that they advanced not a solitary principle of their own, but devoted themselves entirely to denouncing their opponents. The whole of their remarks were calculated to excite the attention of the reckless class of men there represented.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY. At the close of Mr. Black's remarks, in the Convention, Wednesday, Mr. C. Record of Auburn, said to be a member of a christian church, stated that he had discovered where some of this money had gone. A Republican at Augustus had stated, substantially as follows:—"The Republicans had paid \$50,000 for a piece of land up in Canada, with a machine on it; and were going there next fall—they and the niggers—to colonize!"

Nearly the honorable gentleman came as near the fact as in his morning speech, where he attributed to Nouns the words spoken by Ruth;—Ruth 1: 16.

We would recommend the Investigating Committee to summon Mr. R. as a witness.

Augustus, (Me.) Feb. 29. The Republican Legislative Convention elected the following delegates at large to the Chicago Convention: George F. Talbot, of Machias; Wm. H. McCrillis, of Bangor; John L. Stevens, of Augusta; R. Cram, of Portland.

Substitutes—Arthur F. Drinkwater, of Ellsworth; True Harrison, of Thorncliffe; Thomas W. Herrick, of Waterville; Thomas as Moulton, of Porter.

DEATH OF PROF. GOODRICH. Professor Clauney A. Goodrich, of Yale College, died on Saturday evening, at the age of 69 years. He graduated at Yale in 1810. He was a Professor in that College for 43 years. Prof. Goodrich married the second daughter of Noah Webster, and was engaged three years in revising and enlarging his dictionary. He was engaged in lexicographical labors until the time of his death.

The Chicago Convention has been changed to May 16.

Democratic District Convention.

The Convention of the 2d District for the selection of delegates to the Charleston Convention; and the nomination of an elector was held at Paris, on Wednesday.

An organization was effected as follows: President, Silas Jones, J. F. Anderson, Vice Presidents, Silas Barnard, James C. Harper, John C. Humphrey, Asa Dillingham.

Secretaries, S. C. Andrews, Buckfield; Walter Higgins, Fryburg; Henry Turner, Turner; L. B. Pillsbury, Kingfield.

A committee on resolutions was chosen as follows:

David, R. Hastings, Lovell; E. F. Pillsbury, Farmington; E. T. Luce, Auburn; A. B. Bradley, Fryburg; J. F. Anderson, Cumberland; Hon. Mr. Holden, John Reed, Mexico.

Alex. R. Bradley, (administration) addressed the Convention in the morning, but we did not hear his remarks.

Mr. C. Record, (Douglas) late editor of the Democratic Advocate, made a heavy speech of considerable length, depicting with great force of imagination the evils of Republicanism. They were at war with the State and National Conventions as well as with those of sister States, and did not even venerate the Sage of Wheatland, nor make obeisance to the U. S. Courts. They sought not only to obtain control of the government but to change its policy. Of course Peck came in for a hearing, and Kallach was remotely alluded to; after which he decently thanked Heaven, that though so many ministers have ruined themselves, they had not injured the Sacred Cause.

He very smoothly stated the little divisions between the two sections of the democracy would not amount to much. They would all come together, saying to each other, with Nouns of old, "Entreat me not to leave thee," etc. The negro question was to be taken out of the present canvass, and the nominees at Charleston would have such a vote as was never before heard of, while it was seriously proposed for the Chicago Convention to adjourn sine die, without making a nomination! He made the broad assertion that the Republican party had declared the constitution of the United States to be "a covenant with hell," and endorsed in full the John Brown raid,—and that nearly the whole press of the north sustained him. Some of the people were with him, and said the man acted in accordance with his belief, and must be backed up!

Mr. Black, (Administration) wanted to explain a few facts. Gov. Morrill had told the people, at the beginning of the session, that there was in the Treasury, \$114,000,—and presented estimates showing that at the end of the year, there should be \$79,000 in the Treasury. But it was found that the divine in charge of the Treasury had stepped out with the treasure. He reiterated his statement made in the Legislature, that by borrowing \$51,000 to pay \$51,000 the people would have to pay \$100,000, setting aside the fact that it was simply a renewal of the public debt. He did not, however, express a willingness to let the State notes go to protest.

The committee on credentials here came in, and reported 61 delegates present. Cumberland delegation full. Franklin, 42—entitled to 45. Oxford, 65—entitled to 81.

Mr. Pillsbury, of Farmington, (Douglas) spoke of a previous arrangement, by which Cumberland would now have the delegates, and Oxford the elector. He said that Franklin had neither delegate or elector, neither had she a public office, as was the case with Oxford, nor was she represented in Washington, by a clerkship, as was Oxford, and were either a delegate or elector tendered her, she would accept it. But Oxford and Cumberland thought it best to keep all they had.

It was arranged that the delegations from the Counties should present their candidates in the afternoon.

Adjourned.

Afternoon.

Mr. Hastings was called upon. He expressed his pleasure in meeting his democratic friends. He did not for a moment suppose but that all present had come from love for their party, and with no object to promote the success of a faction or clique at Charleston. He argued that the Republican party was waning, 1st, from the fact, as he alleged, that they had lacked data from Sherman's nomination. 2d, they had lacked down from Seward's nomination; and 3d, they were growing conservative, for they had relapsed the petition of some Republican clergymen, who asked that they might solemnize marriages without license. [There was but one clergyman; and he was never a Republican.] He thought they might grow so conservative as to think the present government the best they could have.

The chairman of the Cumberland delegation, then reported that they had made choice of C. Record of Auburn, and S. C. Blanchard of Yarmouth, as delegates, and A. B. Thompson of Brunswick, and A. S. Holden of Casco, as substitutes. All Douglas men.

Mr. Pillsbury stated that the action of the delegations should be considered final, for if the question should be brought before the full Convention, they might find themselves in a dilemma, and perhaps another set of men would be selected. This advice was followed.

Mr. Hammons then reported that the Oxford delegation had selected David R. Hastings (administration) as candidate for elector; and this action was considered final.

The following resolutions were then unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Convention renew their satisfaction and hearty approval of the Resolutions of the Cincinnati Convention of 1855.

Resolved, That we have confidence in the integrity, statesmanship and democracy of our honored President, James Buchanan, and that his Administration receives our approval.

Resolved, That we have full confidence in the wise and conservative action of the Democratic National Convention to be held at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 23d of April next, and that we will cordially support the nominees of that Convention.

Mr. Pillsbury being called upon, spoke at some length, in the usual style of such

orators. He endorsed in full the tampering with correspondence practiced by Southern postmasters. He is the old straight-whig Congressional candidate. As might be expected from so new a convert, the theme of his discourse was, "the democracy is, has been, and always will be right." Some new revelation of democracy has evidently been made to him.

Mr. Black continued his morning speech. He had stated that the action of the Legislature would take \$100,000 out of the pockets of the people. He was wrong. The interest was paid semi-annually, and the amount was about \$75,000, so that the people will find themselves saddled with \$130,000, instead of the amount stated in the morning.

The Governor had told them that there was money enough in the Treasury to meet all its liabilities. If the bondsmen of Mr. Peck ever pay their liabilities to the State, it will be done within a year. He was willing to hire a sum for one, two, or three years, to be paid when this money was received. As it is, there will shortly be a surplus of \$100,000 in the Treasury that there will be no use for. But you may depend upon it, not a dollar of this \$100,000 will ever be heard from. If they do not get rid of it in one year they will within seventeen.

He would ask Republicans, while they had seen Peck take \$94,000, some \$10,000, and Dow \$12,000, if they would trust their funds in the hands of any members of their party.

And there is another thing in this matter upon which the people can get no information. He had been in Augusta all winter, and was as much in the dark as any one. They had got what they called an Investigating Committee,—he called it a whitewashing Committee. The Chairmen were two of the most adroit politicians in the State; and had put a seal upon the lips of the rest of the Committee. Nothing was known to the public except what leaked out occasionally. These things were kept back that it was important that the opposition should not know. They had a pretty little show down there. They knew what a witness would say; and when he came before them a few adroit questions were asked him and he was discharged. He said this whole matter would be kept secret till after March election was over, or the Legislature adjourned, and would then be allowed to die out. They had made out to ascertain that \$94,000 was gone from the Treasury. They had ascertained that there was \$70,000 more, termed outside liabilities, but could not track it; nor would they track it because it had gone into the pockets of party favorites. He argued further that this outside liability of \$70,000, which it was proposed to repudiate, the State was as much burdened for as was any person held on for the act of his agent.

He alluded to the action of the Legislature in the Paris and Norway case, and also in that of the County of Knox. The opponents of the latter had asked him to sit still in his seat, because if he (Mr. Black, the representative of the town of Paris) should make any remarks upon the bill, it would be sure to divide its fate!

After choosing a Committee to call Conventions, a motion to adjourn was carried.

PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION.

The Republican State Convention held at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 22d ult., nominated Hon. A. J. Curtin for Governor. A resolution was passed appointing delegates to the National Convention and instructing them to vote as a unit for Gen. Cameron while his name remains before that body.

Mr. Andrew Lanergan, the pyrotechnist was severely injured on the 23d inst., by the discharge of a cannon upon which he was experimenting. He is not expected to live.

CONVINCE YOURSELF. If you have sustained an accident, and are suffering from a wound of any description—a burn, scald, cut, bruise, etc., use Redding's Russia Salve and convince yourself of its powerful healing qualities. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a box.

AN Exchange says: "One hundred years ago York County embraced the whole of Maine. In 1760 two new counties were formed, Cumberland and Lincoln. These three ran from the ocean to Canada; Cumberland the middle, York the Eastern, and Lincoln the Western. In 1791 Kennebec, Hancock and Washington counties were formed out of Lincoln; in 1809 Somerset was formed, in 1816 Penobscot, in 1827 Waldo, &c."

The present Western Registry District, in this County, was a separate District while it was a part of York County. In 1797, a bill was passed setting forth that in consequence of the difficulty of reaching the Registry office, all that part of York County north of the Osippee river should comprise a separate district, with an office at Fryburg, and that the people should elect a Register. The act also required that the Judge of Probate should hold two Courts a year at Fryburg. The territory as far north as Bethel was included in this district. The act was approved June 29, 1797. When that territory became a part of Oxford, the records proceeded without change of books, so that the early volumes in the Western Oxford Registry, are labeled York. It will be seen that these records comprise a period of sixty-seven years. The Oxford Records only cover a period of fifty-six years.

FRANKLIN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. We learn that the annual meeting of this Society, for the choice of officers, will be held at the Franklin School House, at East Sumner, on the second Saturday in March. A full attendance of the friends of the Society is desired.

SIXTH DISTRICT. The Democrats of the Sixth District in this State have selected Delegates to Charleston, in favor of Howell Cobb. They are Winthrop Jones and P. S. J. Talbot.

Some boys killed a seal in Portland last Saturday, on a bank where he was left by the tide. He yielded four gallons of oil.

Remarks of Mr. Holt of Oxford.

In the Senate, February 22, on the bill to set off a part of Norway and annex the same to Paris.

MR. PRESIDENT: You and most of the members at this board, are aware of my course last winter upon this very perplexing question. In both of these villages, Norway and Paris, are many men whom I highly esteem. In both are my constituents. And I have perhaps felt more anxious to be able to determine as nearly as possible the exact merits of this question, than if I had resided far distant from the place of controversy. Thinking perhaps that in my former position I might have erred, and desiring to give the matter a fair and thorough investigation since the subject was before the last Legislature, I have taken occasion to make a personal examination of these premises. Mr. President, I was upon these premises some thirty-two years ago, the village of Norway was then quite large, flourishing, while South Paris was unknown. I have every year at least visited their locality and have been acquainted with their progress and development. Norway has had a slow, steady and healthy growth, and so continuing. It was thus with South Paris until about the time of the building of the great Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad. But how has it been since? Why, sir, Norway continues to grow, and continues to grow from year to year, while South Paris, with the depot of this railroad in its midst, has called in the business of the surrounding towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Fryburg, Lovell, Sweden, Waterford, Sumner, Buckfield and Hebron, has taken down old and erected new buildings, has laid out new streets, built large stores and stately dwelling houses, improved its water power with costly mills, and is vigorously going ahead with a new impetus. During all these thirty-two years past, Norway has built one house on the road leading from Norway to South Paris, north of Maj. Millett's. I think, while the present line was within a few rods of the Paris depot, the line proposed in this bill, will give that village expanding room, at the same time leave Norway space more than it will occupy for several centuries to come unless it grows much faster than it has in the past or is from present indications likely to grow in the future. It seems to me, sir, that in establishing this compromise line we shall really accomplish the purpose of both villages. In yielding to the Parisians the Old French Branch of Paris, and having Norway seem fit to accept it without any contest, I think she would very soon have been convinced that her condition would have been quite as well as if she should succeed in retaining all she has by the present established line, and will be convinced of this fact should the Legislature pass this bill. From these briefly stated reasons and some others, I have been led to conclude that my former position was correct, and shall vote to sustain the report of the committee.

