

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GETTING TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 11, NO. 15.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1860.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 27, NO. 25.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

Land Drainage.

Wet weather at this season affords a favorable opportunity in the field, of estimating the efficiency of drainage. Public lectures and discussions at our club meetings and scientific institutions, &c., are invaluable as a means to an end; but as the author of the "Book of the Farm" lately told us, more progress must yet be made in the field before either science or practice can safely arrive at satisfactory conclusions; for these facts speak for themselves, proving beyond doubt that the most fruitful source of divided opinion amongst us arises from inattention to what they say.

The questions we have just raised may, perhaps, be better understood if stated in other words: thus: What is the amount of drainage required to produce the greatest effect upon a given field? The field has been drained according to certain specifications; required to know, experimentally, if the greatest effect has been produced? Would a less amount of drainage have proved equally effective? or would an increase add to the amount of produce in harvest? There is a second field adjoining, equal in every respect, geologically, geographically, and agriculturally. Double the amount of drainage, or a drain between every two, has doubled the increase of produce, and upwards. Would a similar increase double the amount of produce in the one at issue?

The question, it will thus be seen, is purely a practical one, such as can only be answered by experiment. Logic is excluded, with the long list of opinions so common in drainage controversy. Rain, for example, has been falling freely yesterday and to-day on a grass field of 20 acres in front of the house in which we are writing. The actual quantity which has fallen we cannot tell, not having a rain-gauge, which alone can answer the question practically as required. The field is not drained artificially; but being incumbent on a gravelly bottom, at least for the most part, it is drained to the ditch at the bottom, so that little water is to be seen flowing on the surface. Were the rain, however, to continue for another day, it would doubtless then, as it has often done before now, appear on the surface, as it is not being removed from the field so fast as it is falling. When dry weather shall succeed the present wet, the water will nevertheless continue to flow for several days, as it has hitherto done, the stream gradually growing less and less. Now the facts here are manifest; but not being ascertained (i. e., no steps having been taken to make certain the quantities of water,) no practical conclusions can be drawn. We may suppose so-and-so; but hypothetical deductions cannot be received by Experimental Science, nor even close approximations to the truth, nothing being admitted by her but fact.

It is therefore no easy matter complying with the demands of modern agricultural science so as to furnish an accurate record of the facts of the case, in a field naturally but imperfectly drained by means of a gravelly bottom, the gravel being partially mixed with soil, and even tenacious clay, in some parts; and if we drain the field artificially, by means of parallel drains, the number of facts will multiply upon our hands, and the task of recording them increase accordingly.

In order to exemplify this, let us suppose the field in question drained—the pipes at the depth of 4 feet below the surface, the drains 60 feet asunder, and the field 500 yards long. Now, under such conditions, the rain gauge would indicate the rain-fall as formerly; but the quantities of water in the other cases would be very different, while new circumstances would demand consideration. Enumerating them, we would have—1, the rain-fall as indicated by the rain-gauge; 2, the quantity of water which falls on an area of 10,000 yards, removed by each drain, 5,000 being on each side; 3, the different quantities of water which flow through different parts of each drain, the greatest quantity being at the bottom of the field, and the least at the top; 4, the size of the drain or pipe; 5, the discharge; 6, the percolation of the water to the drains; 7, the hygrometrical state of the soil at different periods; and 8, increase of produce.

Now a very cursory review of these, separately, will show their importance, and the necessity of attending them experimentally in the field, in the operation of drainage.

1. In order to remove rain-water by means of under-ground drains, provision must be made for the greatest rain-fall. Scientifically, this is as self-evident as to require no amplification, much less proof; but practically, in plastic tenacious clay soils, although the truth of the proposition is unquestionable, its reduction to practice is what few yet have succeeded in accomplishing, the affinity of such soils for water being greater than its force of gravitation through them, as will be shown under the sixth head. In the field before us, drains 60 feet apart remove the water, according to hypothesis, as fast as it falls. This hypothesis, we must observe, however, is far from correct; for although this distance asunder would require six times the amount of drainage, and not be so effectually dried when done.

2. Under this head the field before us is regularly inclined plane, so that with the drains running directly up the incline, 5,000 yards on each side would thus be drained by each pipe; but when the surface is not regular, which is more frequently the rule than the exception in many undulating

districts, how difficult is this position of the drain to be complied with! and how seldom, on this account, is it attended to!

3. When drains run from end to end of the field, and when they are of considerable length, pipes of different diameters should be used; the greatest diameter being placed at the bottom, where they discharge themselves into the main drains. It frequently occurs, too, that the lower part of the field is more level than the top; a circumstance which demands a large sized pipe, because the velocity is less, but the discharge equal. By inattention to these facts, we have seen numerous instances where the water rose to the surface, and even flowed in the furrows towards the bottom, when the opposite end of the field was comparatively well drained. To relieve the small drains, when of equal diameter throughout their length, cross-main drains are commonly used; but the expediency of the practice may be queried in some soils, either where the water is liable to sink in crossing any part of the field, or where the parallel drains are liable to slip up for the want of a sufficient flow of water in them.

4. The depth of the drain is the diameter of the pipe; the depth of the soil above it forming part of the length of the drain. Now, the actual size of the pipe in every part of the drain should be such as to pass freely the greatest rainfall through it. At the mouth, for example, it should discharge all the water without being entirely full; so as not to counteract percolation, subsequently noticed; and at the middle, or half the length of the field, that from 5,000 yards. On lands nearly level the diameter will require to be greater than on those of considerable inclination, for reasons already given. This is a practical question of far greater importance than is often attended to; for in not a few cases the same size of pipe is used for all inclinations!

5. The discharge, both when the rain begins to fall and after it is fair, will depend upon the affinity of the soil for water. In some cases the drains begin to flow nearly as soon as the rain begins to fall, and ceases to run immediately on its becoming fair; whereas, in other cases, the soil will contain several hours or even days' rain-fall, thus protracting the flow at the commencement, but lengthening it out for several days, it may be, after the weather has become dry. Great caution, therefore, is necessary to hasty conclusions as to the amount of rain-fall from actual discharges at any given time, or vice versa to measure the discharge by the rain-gauge.

6. The percolation of water through the soil is the most important branch of our subject, and probably also the most difficult to investigate. From being in a great measure beyond the reach of observation. From the great diversity of soils, its comprehensiveness is far beyond the limits of a single paragraph; so that all we shall attempt at present is to notice a few heads postposit, in consideration of the body of the subject to another opportunity.

Soils, as to drainage quality, may be divided into three classes—First, those which water percolates freely. Rain, for example, falls in drops, and these percolate to the drains without interruption, the one drop following the other in succession. The rain drops now falling on our window furnish an apt and convincing illustration of this fact. Second, soils which part with their water on the principle of a sponge, so to speak. In other words, they are capable of retaining in their pores a certain quantity of water; add a drop more at the top, and you destroy the equilibrium, when they part with a drop at the bottom to the drain, to restore the balance. In this manner drop after drop is given to the drain or some larger drop leading to it, as drop after drop falls upon the surface. And third, impervious clay soils, whose affinity for water is greater than its force of gravitation through them. During the winter months they absorb a large quantity of water, become soft, often approaching to a semi-fluid state, and only part with it by means of evaporation, becoming rent by fissures and baked into bricks, under the solar influence of spring and summer, when exposed to it.

Of the first class a large area requires no artificial draining, and the examples which do so are easily made dry, where there is a proper inclination for the removal of water. The second are also easily drained, generally speaking. Where incumbent on a wet bottom, the drains require to be at as great a depth as possible, and sometimes at no great distance between, in order to counteract capillary action; but when even such is the case, the work of drainage is seldom surrounded with any great difficulty. It is otherwise with the third class, for here perfect work is yet the exception, while practice and opinions are greatly diversified. In those latter we shall not enter at present; suffice it to say, that although naturally impervious, this, by the action of the sun, at moisture, and fissures, is to a certain extent overcome in the generality of cases, especially in our southern provinces, water always finding its way to the drains through the changed soil which these agencies thus give rise to. During the summer, for example, plants strike their roots to a great depth in the fissures of the soil, while the oxygen of the atmosphere reduces the adhesiveness and tenacity of the clay forming their sides; consequently when they close in winter, they form spongy strata (soils of the second class) through which water oozes slowly to the drains. From the passage however being inadequate, the solid portion of which is heavy rain-fall, the greater portion of which is absorbed by the active soil to the depth of the furrow. In autumn this is often an incredibly large quantity; but

as the season advances, this soil becomes more and more consolidated, being frequently by spring nearly as impervious as the sub-soil, consequently it no longer serves as a reservoir to feed the fissure-drains leading to the drains; hence why they discharge less water in spring than in autumn, while a larger quantity is carried off on the surface by means of the furrows.

7. The hygrometrical state of the soil can only be experimentally ascertained by the well-known chemical process of drying—the loss of weight being the degree of moisture. The grand object of draining is to reduce this degree in winter, and increase it in summer. In the former season and in spring, soils requiring draining are generally too full of moisture, to the exclusion of the atmosphere, while evaporation from their surfaces carries off the heat of the sun, thus keeping them at too low a temperature; hence the familiar expression, "wet cold soils." In summer again, they become baked, preventing the free circulation of the moist atmosphere of night, so refreshing to plants in well-drained and pulverized land.

8. Under this head we shall not speculate in a world of opinions, although doubtless the amount of produce might be doubled, and more. The great mistake generally fallen into is to suppose that the mere putting in of drains is all that is necessary; whereas it is only the first step in a long series to that end, the intermediate steps depending upon special circumstances almost exclusively applicable to individual cases.

Such are a few of the facts connected with draining. How simple are they, when examined by themselves! and how important, both in a scientific and practical sense!

[Farmer's Mag.]

MISCELLANY.

A ROYAL WHIM.

We are about to tell a very strange event that occurred in the reign of William I., of Prussia, father of the great Frederick a man generally disliked, on account of his rough and frequently tyrannical manner, who was really one of the best regents of his fatherland, as he alone (and to this and his son afterwards bore testimony) was the real founder of its future greatness.

This extraordinary man, who should be judged by the customs of the age in which he lived, in order to prove him extraordinary both in his errors and his virtues, had one passion which far outweighed all others—namely, love for the chase. We remember reading in his historian, Forster, that within one year, he killed upwards of three thousand partridges with his own gun, without taking the other game into account, in which the queen was the greatest sufferer, as she had to find him according to a marriage contract, in powder and shot game. When there was nothing for him to shoot in his own forests, he never declined the invitations of the landed gentry to pay them a visit.

Thus it happened that—it might be the year 1729—the rich landed proprietor, Von W—, sent his majesty an invitation to a wolf hunt, with the humble request that he would bring his most illustrious consort with him as the nobleman's wife had formerly belonged to her majesty's suite.

On a fine September day, the king and queen, with several officers and ladies of the bedchamber, as well as the court fool, Baron von Gundling, arrived at the nobleman's ancestral chateau. On the very next day the chase commenced, and Von Gundling, who found as little pleasure in the sports of the field as the king did in the arts and sciences, took a solitary walk in the meadows, and lay down to read in the long grass.

But before we hear what happened further, we must give our readers a description of this strange man. He was, as we have already remarked, the king's fool, and had received all imaginable titles and honors, in order to afford the majesty and the court still greater sport. In fact, his Excellency, the Supreme Master of the Ceremonies, Privy Councillor, and President of the Academy of Arts, Baron von Gundling, acquired such arrogance through his titles, that nothing could be more comical than the contrast between these dignities and the indignities he had to suffer daily, even from the youngest lieutenants. His anxiety on such occasions would grow very ugly—the very thing his tormentors wished—and would lay a protest before the king against a man of his rank being so treated which naturally increased the general laughter. Through such scenes, which were in that day considered remarkably comical, our fool had become a necessity for the king and court. Besides, we may add that he was a walking lexicon, and had to give all possible explanations in the daily meetings of the so-called "tabaks collection." His pedantry, in fact was the best thing about him; as for wit, he possessed as little as a mule; but to make up for it, he could be as vicious and obstinate as that aimable animal.

The Baron von Gundling, then, lay at full length in the grass, in his peculiar dress, the chief ornament of it being an immense, full-bottomed wig, and in such a position that only the locks of his peruke could be seen as he moved from side to side. A gentleman who arrived rather late for the chase, happened to notice it, and taking it for some strange animal, fired point-blank at the wig, but very fortunately missed it. His excellency sprang up immediately, in the highest indignation and cried out,—"You vagabond rascal, how dare you—?"

The gentleman, however, when he perceived

the strange animal must necessarily belong to the royal suit, did not wait to reply, but ran off at full speed to the neighboring forest. The baron, however, was not satisfied with this, but as he saw a man plunging at a short distance from him, he called out, in his arrogant manner:—"Come hither, man!"

The reply he received was,—"I have no time or inclination to do so; but if you'll speak civilly I may."

His excellency was not accustomed to such an answer; he therefore walked towards the impudent ploughman, with upraised stick and was about to apply it to his back, when he noticed that it was the clergyman of the village, whom he had seen the preceding evening at the nobleman's chateau. The baron, therefore, lowered his stick, and contented himself by punishing the clergyman with his tongue.

"How can he be such an impudent ass? Does he not know who I am?"

"Oh yes! he's the king's fool."

His excellency trembled with rage and raised his stick again; but on measuring the sturdy pastor from head to foot, and seeing no help near, he let it fall for the second time, and merely uttered the threat,—"Just wait, my fine fellow. I'll tell the king you pretend to be a pastor, and yet go out ploughing!"

The clergyman replied quite calmly,—"My Gracious master will probably remember that Cincinatus ploughed too, and he was a dictator, while I am only a poor village pastor."

"Yes," the baron said after inspecting his coarse dress; "but when Cincinatus ploughed he did not look like a common peasant."

"I am certain he did not look like a fool," the clergyman replied, as he drove his oxen on.

This was too much for the baron, and he rushed away towards a peasant he saw approaching, vowing vengeance on the impudent pastor, whom he determined to ruin on the very spot.

He was very glad, then to find in the peasant a most determined enemy to the clergyman, who complained bitterly of his sternness, and of the fact of his compelling him to make up a quarrel he had carried on very successfully with his wife for several weeks.

Our fool was clever enough to see that this anecdote would not be of any service to him in trying to injure the pastor with the king; he therefore answered most patently,—"But the pastor was perfectly in the right that could do you no harm."

"Well that's very true," the peasant replied, especially as he's getting old, and can't carry on as he used; but I'm sure when his son takes his place—a fellow like a church steeple—he will break all our bones for us. For that reason, if the matter was left to me, I wouldn't choose him for our clergyman; for if the patron is to beat us on work-days, and the pastor play the same game on Sunday, when will our backs find time to get well?"

Gundling now listened attentively, and his plan was soon formed, when he learned that the pastor's son would return from Halle in a few days, to preach his trial sermon on the next Sunday, as the patron had promised him his father's living. He therefore quitted the peasant with a mocking smile and making some pretext for visiting the sexton, to make further inquiries into the matter. The latter confirmed the story, and gave his opinion that the young master be at least six feet two inches in height, and full as straight as a poplar tree.

"Wait!" Gundling murmured between his teeth, as soon as he again reached the street; he went to a blue coat on the young fellow, and that will annoy the vagabond preacher." He therefore returned to the chateau, where he looked up a captain of his acquaintance, whom he took on one side with the hurried question,—"How many fellows have you already got?"

To understand this question, our readers must know, that the king at every review, requested each commander of a company to present his new recruits to him. If the poor gentleman had less than three he fell into partial disgrace, and so each captain about review time, which was close at hand, tried to procure a few young men, by any method, legal or illegal, but especially those particularly tall, for the king had a peculiar delight in such soldiers.

"Woe is me! I have but one," the officer replied, "and he's only a journeyman tailor."

"Well then," Gundling replied, "you can get a journeyman clergyman of six feet two."

"Well that's no tremendous height, but still it's better than nothing."

The captain then requested an explanation, and both discussed the measures by which to get hold of the clergyman's son. They soon agreed that the officer should feign illness when the king departed. Gundling would remain with him as company; a few soldiers would be secretly procured from a neighboring town, and the young candidate taken *volens volens* by the ears, and transported to the next garrison.

In the meantime, the king and his suite followed the chase on the next day, with their usual ardor. It so happened that two ladies in attendance on the queen, followed the windings of the stream, which led them from the nobleman's garden into the open fields. One of them, Wilhelmine von B—, was a young and charming creature, and was evidently attempting to cheer her companion, who was silent, and not nearly so charming. In consequence there was a

deal of laughing, which might have been heard at some distance off, and might have led to the conclusion that the old, though ever new subject of marriage and love was being discussed by the ladies. They had gradually wandered some quarter of a mile from the village, when a wolf probably disturbed by the hunters, and which they at first took for a dog, ran towards them, regarding them with a look which they interpreted, "This little darling I'll make my breakfast of, and the other little darling I'll leave on that bed of forget-me-nots till supper time."

The poor girls had not expected such a bridegroom, and stood petrified with fear as soon as they recognized the animal for the possibly did not know that a wolf in the summer or autumn would attack nobody, and that the legend who fascinated their eyes was, probably, as much afraid of them as they were of him. The silent young lady sobbed out a masculine name—we presume that of her lover—while the charming one, after recovering from her first terror, looked round on all sides for assistance.

Suddenly a carriage made its appearance from a branch road, drawn by two horses, in which a young and handsome man was sitting. Both ladies cried out together in joyful surprise, when they perceived this unexpected assistance, and the wolf immediately ran off, and took up his station some distance from them. "You have saved us from death," the charming Wilhelmine said, as she approached the young man, who immediately ordered the coachman to stop, and leaped from the carriage. After begging, in the style of French gallantry, to have his doubts cleared up as to whether he looked upon nymphs or actual mortals, and all possible explanations had been furnished him, he presented himself to the ladies as the son of the old pastor, and just arrived from Halle, in order to act as curate to his father. The young man, whom we will call, then invited the ladies to take seats in his vehicle, and thus return to the chateau.

The ladies quickly accepted this invitation and Carl had the pleasure of lifting them into the lofty carriage, in which he also took his seat, exactly opposite the fair Wilhelmine, who, however, was cruel enough to look every way but at him. At length, when he began to speak of Halle, where he had been several years "Famulus" at the house of Freylinghausen, she turned her eyes with pleasure toward him, for she was well acquainted with this post, and because so eloquent that her companion blushed, nudged her repeatedly, and at length whispered in her ear, "Ah, he is not a nobleman." Wilhelmine, however, paid no attention to her, and as the young man was very well read, and recited several of Freylinghausen's newest poems, the time passed so quickly, that they stopped before the rectory almost without perceiving it. Here all the family assembled round the carriage and wished to embrace their dear relative; but this he declined, and first presented his fair companions, who were invited into the rectory, where the silent one at first declined, but the other immediately accepted.

After the first stormy salutation the old clergyman clasped his hands, and commenced the hymn, "Praise God for all his gifts!" in which the whole family joined; among them our friend Carl, with such a splendid tenor voice, that the young lady could not refrain from saying, after the hymn was ended—

"If you would do me a real favor, you would sing me that song of Freylinghausen's which you recited to us on the road here."

This request was so flattering, that Carl could not refuse to comply with it. He therefore sang, as solo, the song, "My heart should feel contented," without the least idea that in a very short time, not merely all his consolation, but all his good fortune would originate from this song.

The charming Wilhelmine was highly delighted when he had finished the song; and the two ladies took their leave on the earnest persuasion of the silent one of the two. Carl politely accompanied them to the neighboring gate of the chateau, where they parted with mutual compliments.

The young man felt for the first day or two as though he had lost something necessary to his existence; but as the difference of rank between himself and a lady of the royal suite, appeared an insurmountable obstacle, he soon forgot the strange adventure, in which he was materially assisted by his trial sermon, which he was to preach on the next Sunday before his patron and the congregation. In the meantime, however, the king and his suite had returned to Berlin, while Gundling and his captain remained behind to carry out their treacherous scheme. The captain pretended to be suffering from a frightful attack of gout, and had secretly ordered a corporal and six men to come on the ensuing Sunday night from the neighboring garrison of G—, as he had learned that their kind host intended to pay a visit at a gentleman's house some thirty miles off, as soon as the candidate's sermon was ended, and would be expected to leave. During that time, they returned for a week. The young recruit would be securely hidden away, that any reclamation would be unavailing; and besides, the king's adjutant, who attended to all military affairs, was the captain's cousin. Gundling, after his usual fashion, rubbed his stomach with both hands, as he thought of the pastor's terrible despair at the thought of the loss of his beloved son.

As soon as the anxiously desired Sunday arrived both Gundling and the over-crowded church; the captain, as he hypo-

critically told his host, to return thanks for his sudden and fortunate recovery, but in truth to have a nearer look at his young recruit, whose height he was delighted with, and paid Gundling repeated compliments for his discrimination. The poor young man gained complete approbation from his patron and the whole parish, and even Gundling, after the service was over, approached the pastor, and treacherously praised his good fortune in having such a son. We must say, that the captain, to his credit, was not guilty of such hypocrisy in this case.

At a late hour in the evening, which was both stormy and cold, the sound of arms and a loud knocking was heard at the door of the parsonage. The door was at length opened by the unfortunate Carl, with the words,

"Who are you and what do you want, at this unreasonable hour of the night?"

"We want you!" the captain exclaimed, as he sprang forward, and seized the young man by the arm. "You must come with us, and change your black coat for a blue one."

We may easily imagine the terror of the wretched man, who, only partly dressed, was standing speechless before them, when old father, who had heard this conversation rushed out of bed and interposed between them. He, too, was unable at first to speak through terror, when he perceived in the midnight soldiers, and among them Gundling who burst into a loud laugh on seeing the father's agony. This insult restored the old man to consciousness, and crying, "You Judas!" he rushed with clenched fists at the baron. Carl, however, interposed; but as the old man could not become general, for the mother and sisters had joined them, the young man repeatedly begged to be allowed to speak, and when he gained permission he addressed the following question to his father:—"Do you believe that our heavenly Father is aware of my fate, or not?"

At this all were silent; but when the question was repeated, the old man replied:—"Why do you ask such a question? How should He, who knows everything, not be aware of your fate?"

"Well, then," the son calmly replied, "if you believe that, you must not forget that all things work together for good to those who love God. I love Him, and willingly yield to my fate; I will only dress myself, and then be ready to follow the captain."

"No!" the latter replied, you must come directly. *Adieu—march!*"

All ran after the unfortunate man, crying to him, and striving to retain him, but in vain. Father, mother and sisters were driven back by the butt end of the muskets.

"He will not be frozen," the captain cried, "before getting out of the village, and then he'll put on his accoutrements." We will not attempt to give any description of the condition of the sorrowing family, as a soldier's life in that day was not merely the most disgraceful, but also the most wretched, on earth; and many a father, had the choice been left him, would sooner have seen his son in his coffin than in the colored coat.

The unhappy father waited in vain for a letter from his son from one week—from one month to another. The captain had taken all necessary precautions to cut off every opportunity for communication. No one knew what had become of him, and although it was so very difficult, on this very account it alarmed him, still both pastor and patron attempted it, though as may be easily imagined, in vain. After repeated petitions to his royal majesty, they at length received a very harsh reply from the minister of war himself; that they made a most insane request in asking them to look for a recruit in the ranks of the whole Prussian army, when no one, not even themselves, knew where he was; and he must be getting on well, or else he would have written to them.

Two years thus elapsed, without the disconsolate father, who had long before received a young curate to assist him, hearing the least news about his son, and therefore supposed that he had died through the cold on that frightful evening or else at the halberds.

At length when the second year had just ended he received a message from the neighboring town, to say that his son was in good health, and intended to visit him that same evening, in company with the lady of the Dean of P—. When their joy at this unexpected news, which appeared to the old man almost fabulous, was moderated, and a thousand questions asked of the messenger, no one could furnish any explanation, as to his strange companion; but this was their least anxiety. "The dean's lady," the old mother gave it as her opinion, "will soon be tired of us." And long before evening the whole family set out to welcome their Joseph, as the old man called him. They had just arrived at the cross-road we have already visited, when a carriage drove up, out of the window of which a charming little white hand was stretched, and the silvery voice uttered the words, "Yes, yes, dear Carl, here it was that you saved me from the wolf!" At the moment he looked out he recognized his parents. A cry of joy burst from him, which was echoed by the whole family. The coachman was bidden to stop, the lady and gentleman sprang out, and it was some time before the old father could say, "Now then tell us all, boy: you caused us so much grief by not writing a single word."

"I could not, I dared not," Carl replied. "The captain made me pledge my honor that I would not send you any news of my place of abode. If I kept my word he promised to give me my liberty at the end of

three years."

"And the worthy captain set you free at the expiration of two," his father exclaimed.

"Not he," Carl replied. "Death alone could have saved me from his clutches. I owe my liberty to our glorious king."

"Tell us—tell us how," all cried: "let the carriage drive home."

"Yes," the patron cried: who had come to share in the general joy, "send the carriage away. I must know all about it. We will take our seats on this bank."

All—among them the dean's lady, to whom no one had yet paid any attention—seated themselves on the grassy couch, and kept their eyes fixed on the young man, who wiped away his tears, and then commenced thus:

"How badly I fared, and how grieved I was, at not being able to send any news to my dear parents and sisters I need not tell you. My only trust was in God; for had I not had him to support me, I should have acted like a hundred others—either deserted, or put an end to my life. But my faith, which daily found nourishment in the beautiful text with which I quitted you on that night of terror, 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God,' supported me in all my necessities."

"Thus it happened that, just fourteen days ago, I stood as sentinel in the grand corridor of the royal palace at Berlin. I was thinking, as usual, of home, and as I felt very low spirited, and besides, fancied the neighboring apartments unoccupied, I began singing that sweet song of Freylinghausen, 'My heart should feel contented,' when I was singing the third verse a door opened, to my great embarrassment, and I saw this lady's head."

"Ah! the dean's lady," the old pastor said, as he bowed to her. "Now I begin to see more clearly into matters." And he straightway poured forth a multitude of apologies, for not having noticed her before, through his immoderate joy at his son's return.

"But, father," the son inquired, "do you not recognize the lady?"

The old man, however, and his wife, had long forgotten the features. One of Carl's sisters at length said:

"That must be the young lady, if I am not mistaken, whom you saved from the wolf?"

"Certainly," Carl replied; and at this very spot where we are now sitting so happily together."

But as all began crying, "Proceed with your story," he continued it in the following fashion:

"I could scarce believe my ears when I heard that voice, but my eyes cannot deceive me. Surely you are the son of the clergyman of H—, who saved me from the wolf two years ago?"

"I am that unhappy man," I said to her; and then proceeded to tell her what a frightful revenge Gundling had taken. Her eyes filled with tears, and she seemed to me like a good angel sent from on high to comfort me.

"You saved me from a wolf," she exclaimed; "and I will now do as much for you; and then hurried back into the room. I stood there with a beating heart, till a page approached me with these words:

"Sentinel, as soon as you are released from duty you must go through that door, and present yourself to her majesty, the queen."

"I need not say with what anxiety I waited for the hour."

"At length I was relieved, and trembling I entered the queen's apartments. She asked my history very graciously, and when I had finished it, she added:—

"I can do nothing for you, my son, but I will beg the general to see you, you are on duty here to-morrow morning between eleven and twelve, the hour at which the king pays a visit. Then sing, with your clear voice, that pleased me so much, any verse you like of his majesty's favorite."

"Who puts his trust in God shall be saved," I will then sing what I can do for you."

"With those words her majesty dismissed me, and without the door I met this lady, who whispered to me, 'Courage, I trust all will be well.'"

"As I expected, I was placed on duty before the queen's apartments the next morning, at eleven o'clock. As soon as I heard voices within I commenced singing a verse of the hymn that had been demanded. However, I expected in vain to be summoned again. The hour passed, and I fancied no attention had been paid to me; and I despaired for I did not dare to sing another verse."

"And yet," the young lady here interrupted the narrator, "all proper attention had been paid to your hymn, and I may be permitted to give an account of it, as Carl has already become my dear husband."

Another cry of astonishment was here raised. "What! what! your husband?" all exclaimed. "I fancied you were a dean's wife," the old pastor remarked. "I never heard such a thing," the patron murmured, for he knew the lady was of very old family, and both he and the pastor seemed scarce to know whether they were awake or dreaming.

"You must then hear my story," the young lady remarked with a smile: "The voice delighted both of their majesties greatly, and as soon as I perceived this I began saying everything I could in favor of the young man without, till the king laughed and said:—

"Why she must be in love with the fellow."

"I felt that I had blushed at this remark, but still answered boldly:—

"Yes your majesty, for he saved me, two years ago, from a frightful wolf."

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, MAY 11, 1860.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

WM. A. PIDGIN & Co.,

PROPRIETORS.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

Terms.—One Dollar and Fifty cents per year in advance; Two Dollars at the end of the year.

Circulation.—To accommodate such as are willing to aid in extending the circulation of a home paper, we will send the money accompanying the order, we will send 10 Copies, for one year, for \$12.50.

S. R. NILES, No. 1 South St., Boston, Mass., is authorized to receive advertisements for this paper, at the same rates required by us.

S. M. PIERCE & Co., 10 State St., Boston, and 122 Nassau St., New York, are our authorized agents for procuring subscriptions and forwarding advertisements.

Communications should be directed to "The Oxford Democrat," Paris, Me.

Book and Job Printing

ROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

The Republican National Convention.

A National Republican Convention will meet at Chicago, on Wednesday, the 16th day of May, at 12 o'clock (noon), for the purpose of nominating a candidate to be supported for President and Vice President at the next election.

The Republican electors of the several States, the members of the People's party of Pennsylvania, and of the Opposition party of New Jersey, and all others who are willing to co-operate with them in support of the candidates who shall there be nominated, and who are opposed to the policy of the present Administration; to the Federal Convention; to the extension of Slavery into the Territories; to the new and dangerous political doctrine that the Constitution, of the United States, and the principles of the African race; to the inequality of rights among citizens; and who are in favor of the immediate admission of Kansas into the Union under the Constitution recently adopted by its people; of restoring the Federal Administration to a system of rigid economy; and to the principles of Washington and Jefferson; of maintaining inviolable rights of the States, and of the soil of every State and Territory from lawless invasion; and of preserving the integrity of this Union, and the supremacy of the Constitution and laws passed in pursuance thereof, against the conspiracy of the leaders of a sectional party to resist the majority principle as established in this Government at the expense of its existence, are invited to send from their respective States, and from every Congressional District and four delegates at large to the Convention.

EDWIN D. MORGAN, New-York. JOHN BARTLETT, Maine. GEORGE G. FOGG, N. H. LAMAR, N. C. JOHN T. GOODRICH, Vt. WM. M. CHACE, Rhode Island. GIDEON WELLS, Connecticut. THOMAS W. HARRIS, Maryland. ALFRED CALDWELL, Virginia. THOMAS SPOONER, Ohio. JAMES RITCHIE, Indiana. NORMAN B. JUDD, Illinois. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, Mich. JOHN H. TWEED, Wisconsin. ALFRED H. RANSBY, Miss. ANDREW J. STEVENS, Iowa. ASA S. JONES, Missouri. MARTIN F. CONWAY, Kansas. LEWIS CLIFANE, D. C.

Among other qualities the man to be selected for a candidate should be a good public speaker. He should be a man that can stump the state with credit to himself and honor to his friends. Undoubtedly the person to be selected by the democrats will do that very thing. We must have a man to meet him, or at least to spend a liberal portion of his time before election in publicly canvassing the State. Mr. Washburn is the man for that duty. He is one of the best "stumpers" in Maine. The day has gone by for conducting a political canvass in this State upon the old practices. The candidates must meet the people face to face upon the stump. The people expect it, and demand it. Then again, Mr. Washburn is a popular man with the people. They know him like a book. His congressional record will be a platform, around which the masses will rally with unbounded enthusiasm. More than this, he will make a "right down good Governor." He has the general tact and abilities which will enable him to discharge the duties most admirably. No one who knows him as we do will doubt this for a moment.

Our friends may fancy an easy fight in our next State election; if so they will be disappointed. We shall have a spirited canvass; hence we want a strong man for a standard bearer. Mr. Washburn will answer the public demand in this respect.

Furthermore, we urge his nomination because he is allied to no cliques or factions in the party. He has always kept himself clear of all such connections or combinations.

We hereby briefly urge the nomination of Mr. Washburn for the reasons above given; and equally weighty might be given. We call upon our friends in all parts of the State to give him an impartial consideration. The good of the State and the party should be paramount to personal considerations. It is no time now to worship men, whether they live in Somerset, Kennebec, Penobscot or any other place. It is no time to get up programmes for the benefit of personal friends. The public good is a consideration towering high above all personal or party considerations. The "irrepressible conflict" now raging demands not only sound doctrines, but a sound policy to go with them.

CIRCULATE THE LOCAL PAPERS. Mr. E. O. Wentworth, associate editor, with C. H. Paine, of the Lincoln Advertiser, announces his resignation of his editorial duties, which is caused by a want of sufficient patronage for the paper by the Republicans in that locality. In his valedictory he says:

Republicans follow a false policy—if they desire success in their campaigns—in the course they pursue towards their party organs. They can lavish their support upon papers published at a distance, which exert no local influence, but they do not realize the importance of sustaining their home organs. This is their vulnerable point, and by it they very often suffer defeat. In order to have an interesting, and consequently influential paper, the friends of the cause to which it is devoted should secure for it a good list, and each subscriber should promptly settle for his paper in advance.

BAPTISM. The rite of baptism was administered to two candidates, on Sunday, last, by the pastor of the Baptist church in Paris.

The Republican National Convention.

The Republicans of Maine will meet in Convention in Newburgh, N. Y., on Thursday, the seventh day of June next, at ten o'clock, A. M., to nominate a candidate for Governor, two candidates for Electors at large, and to transact any other business that may properly come before the Convention. The basis of representation will be as follows:

Each city, town and plantation shall be entitled to one delegate. Each city and plantation that send seven or more votes for the Republican candidate for Governor in 1859, shall be entitled to an additional delegate, and one delegate to every additional vote for said candidate in 1859, above seven.

The State Committee will be in session at the Bangor House, the evening before the Convention. JOSEPH H. BRADY, Secy. LEONARD ANDREWS, FREDERICK ROBBE, JESSE S. LAYFORD, JOHN B. MARRON, HANNAH H. CHER, EDWIN BLYE, JAMES S. PIKE, WM. M. RUST, A. C. WELCH, GOING HATHORN, COM. JOHN PICKARD, AMOS H. RICE, S. F. BROWN, ELBRIDGE G. DUNN, April 6, 1860.

Maine Delegates to the Republican National Convention.

At Large—George F. Talbot, of Machias; Wm. H. McGrillis, of Bangor; John L. Stevens, of Augusta; Rensselaer Cram, of Portland.

Substitutes—Arthur F. Drinkwater, of Ellsworth; Truman Harmon, of Thomdike; Thos. W. Herrick, of Waterville.

First District—Mark F. Wentworth, of Kittery; Leonard Andrews, of Biddeford.

Substitutes—Albert H. Estes, of Portland; Jno. H. Goodenow, of Alfred.

Second District—Charles J. Gilman, of Brunswick; Seward Dill, of Phillips.

Substitutes—C. W. Walton, of Auburn; J. W. Porter, of Strong.

Third District—Nathan G. Hieborn, of Stockton; George W. Lawrence, of Warren.

Substitutes—Isaac Woodman, of Seaboard; George Scott, of Wiscasset.

Fourth District—C. A. Wing, of Winthrop; J. S. Baker, of Bath.

Substitutes—Noah Woods, of Gardiner; C. H. Lindsey, of Noddigewock.

Fifth District—Samuel F. Hersey, of Bangor; Going Hathorn, of Pittsford.

Substitutes—John Benson, of Newport; C. H. B. Woodbury, of Dover.

Sixth District—John West, of Franklin; Washington Jones, of Fort Fairfield.

Substitutes—James S. Pike, of Calais; Leonard Pierce, of Houlton.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION. According to the Boston Journal, the Chicago Convention will be made up as follows:

"The free states, with one hundred and eighty-three votes, and of the Southern States, Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri and Virginia, with forty-seven votes, and the embryo State of Kansas, with three votes, will be represented at Chicago. The total number of votes in the Convention will be, therefore, two hundred and thirty-three; necessary to a choice, one hundred and seventeen."

The Boston Journal states that its expenditures in procuring the proceedings of the Charleston Convention, amounted to Fifteen Hundred dollars for the nine days. Its reports are the most complete that have been published.

Capt. Charles Westcott, who did in Newburyport last week, was one of the captives of the English during the war of 1812, and was confined in the celebrated Dartmoor prison.

Mr. Fillmore, who ran against the republicans in 1856, will go with them, this year; and it is even said, will stump Pennsylvania for Seward, if he is nominated.

Who Shall be Our next Governor?

Hon. Israel Washburn Jr.

This question is often asked in political circles. The reason is found in the fact that Mr. Morrill absolutely declines a re-election, and the time is near when a State Convention is to determine the question.

The names of some dozen citizens have appeared in our newspaper press, as gentlemen qualified for the position and "spoken of" in that connection. We hold it right to discuss this matter, to allow individuals through the press and otherwise to express their preferences. This can be done in a temper and spirit which will work no injustice to any of the distinguished men in the field. Other papers have expressed their personal predilections on the question—we shall express ours. In our judgment, Hon. Israel Washburn Jr. of Orono is just the man for the occasion. And when we say this, we disclaim any reflection upon any other gentlemen that has been named in connection with the office of Governor.

We will give our reasons, but before we do this, we should say Mr. Washburn has no personal ambition for the place. We very well know that he desires the nomination should fall upon some other person. Upon this we speak advisedly. For the last ten years Mr. Washburn has been in the hands of his friends. They have with great unanimity sent him to Washington where he has served his constituents and the State with great fidelity. No man holds a better position in the House. But while it is right to defer to the personal wishes of public men, as a general rule, there are exceptions. Senator Hamlin personally protested in the strongest terms four years ago against receiving the gubernatorial nomination, yet the people pressed it upon him, and who has at any time since doubted but the people did right. The same reasons—many of them at least—seem to point to Mr. Washburn as the man for our next Candidate.

His locality is right, he lives in the East. Many of our friends claim that a Governor is due to that section. Gov. Hamlin only served in that place a brief nominal term. Since that time all our Governors have come from the center of the State. Both the Morrills and Gov. Williams have come from that locality. The west do not now claim the nomination. The center ought not to do it for reasons above named. Public justice, alike with public policy point to the East. Our friends in that part of the State deserve well of the party and are entitled to be considered in this connection.

Again all our governors since the breaking up of the old parties, have been men of democratic antecedents. A. P. Morrill, Hamlin, Williams and Lot M. Morrill were all formerly democrats. While we are little about what a man has been if he is right now, yet sound policy would seem to dictate the propriety of taking a man of Whig antecedents. At any rate, other things being equal, this is a consideration that is at least entitled to some weight.

Among other qualities the man to be selected for a candidate should be a good public speaker. He should be a man that can stump the state with credit to himself and honor to his friends. Undoubtedly the person to be selected by the democrats will do that very thing. We must have a man to meet him, or at least to spend a liberal portion of his time before election in publicly canvassing the State. Mr. Washburn is the man for that duty. He is one of the best "stumpers" in Maine. The day has gone by for conducting a political canvass in this State upon the old practices. The candidates must meet the people face to face upon the stump. The people expect it, and demand it. Then again, Mr. Washburn is a popular man with the people. They know him like a book. His congressional record will be a platform, around which the masses will rally with unbounded enthusiasm. More than this, he will make a "right down good Governor." He has the general tact and abilities which will enable him to discharge the duties most admirably. No one who knows him as we do will doubt this for a moment.

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BAPTISM. The rite of baptism was administered to two candidates, on Sunday, last, by the pastor of the Baptist church in Paris.

The Charleston Convention—The Denouncement.

This great democratic Convention, like all great institutions, has come to an end. Its whole object and purpose—the nomination of a candidate for President—has been defeated. The great National Democracy of 1860, in contrast with the history of Congress, on a certain occasion, has met, quarrelled, and dispersed. Its hostings of harmony, have been found to be empty ejaculations. Its Union-saving patriotism has burst in rapid declamation. After a session of some ten days, the cohesion of \$100,000,000 could not hold the discordant mass together; and this great body of faithful proslaveryists and doughfaced formed into a double-headed Convention, irreconcilably opposed to each other. Neither body nominated a candidate for President. The sectional Douglas Convention adjourned to meet at Baltimore the 18th of June. The National Union saving Convention adjourned to meet at Richmond on the 20th of June. So the curtain falls, and the battle of the shams is over.

What shall be the final result of this rupture, no one can predict. One thing, however, is perfectly certain. "Good will come out of it." The Belshazzars, who have been trembling on a volcano of expediency and policy, who have been reaping a harvest of gold amid riot, revelry and corruption, who have been forming platforms requiring freedom to pray with closed lips, or not at all, have met in the great Southern metropolis—seen the hand writing on the wall—smote their knees together—divided, and opened the way whereby a dangerous dynasty may be destroyed, and a new one built on its ruins.

The probability now is, that some four Presidential candidates will be placed in the field. It is pretty well settled that the Republicans will have a National candidate, unless Chicago should be transferred to Charleston. The Union-saving, old-line Whig party, it is said will nominate a candidate, at Baltimore. The sectional, Douglas, squatter-sovereignty party will nominate a candidate, at Baltimore. And the Richmond convention, will nominate another. The people, therefore, will have not less than four candidates from which to choose a President.

The Republican candidate, if he be the man he should be, has far the best prestige in this race for the Presidency. He will stand on the platform of Washington, Jefferson, and the fathers. He will believe, as Republicans everywhere do, that every important question may be discussed and settled on its merits, whether it be finance, commerce, manufactures, agriculture, internal improvements, or slavery. Every freeman, every lover of freedom, of every nation, will come heartily up to his support. The Anglo-Saxon race in America, will march in united array for his success. They will all pray for victory, and labor to establish the great cause of patriotism, the Constitution, and right.

The Richmond Convention will probably have its candidate. He may, and probably will be a Northern man with Southern principles. He will be an extreme slavery-extension and slave-trade man. The object of his nomination will be to defeat every other man before the people, and to carry the election to the House. If this Convention, and the Union-saving, old-line Whig Convention at Baltimore, could, would, or should unite on Sam Houston, and Dickinson, of N. Y., for President and Vice President, a ticket would be formed that would receive more votes than any other, except that formed at Chicago.

The old-line Whig convention, is in session in Baltimore, this week. The wireworkers of this edimentary organization, have found their plans deranged by the result at Charleston, and they may adjourn, in a quandary, for consultation. If not, they will probably nominate a ticket, composed of Crittenden and Hunt, subject to further and future contingencies. Such a ticket would secure the enthusiasm of Edward Everett, George Law, John Tyler, and Mrs. Grundy, generally; and would be very strong, where it could get votes enough.

Lastly there would be the squatter-sovereignty convention at Baltimore, consisting of that fragment of Douglas' adherents, who, for various important reasons, might be termed the "trembling, hoping and dying" party but who still possess sufficient vitality like their "giant" leader, to struggle, and make a terrific noise. But like the Wild Cat party in this State, under Crosby and Wells, the teeth of this squatter-sovereignty party have been extracted by the Southern political doctors, and let it do what it may, its destiny is practically fixed and settled.

The future therefore is big with presidential events and we must wait patiently for their development.

BEAR KILLED. A bear was killed in Denmark, on Wednesday, 21 inst., by three young men named Lord, Swan and Jones. The bear crossed the road near the blacksmith shop of Wm. E. Swan. The young men advanced immediately gave chase, and with the assistance of a small dog immediately brought him to bay; Jones then fired a small charge of shot which took effect in his side, when he was immediately dispatched by Lord with an axe.

The two men whose mysterious disappearance from Brunswick has caused so much alarm, turn out to be a Mr. Boardman and son. It is stated that the son had committed a forgery; and that they were fleeing investigation. They proceeded to Yarmouth, and took the morning train for Canada.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. An Express train between Portland and Chicago, was put upon this route on Monday. It leaves Portland at 8.40 P. M., or on the arrival of the Boston train, and makes the run in 48 hours. The train from Chicago arrives in Portland at about 8 P. M. The arrangement will be continued through the season.

Lawrence Johnson, the well known Philadelphia type founder, is dead. He was senior proprietor of the first type foundry established in this country. He has left several handsome bequests to benevolent institutions.

Democratic Sentiments gathered from Charleston Correspondents.

On Friday occurred the great speeches of Mr. Yancey of Alabama, and Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, the former representing the southern and the latter the northern interests. Mr. Yancey's speech is considered by those most familiar with his previous efforts to have far exceeded them all. He created a profound sensation. He thoroughly roused the southern feeling, and was rapturously applauded throughout his oration. Handsome, graceful, courteous, brilliant, thoroughly informed upon his subject, and deeply sensible of its importance to the vital interests of his section, he made a magnificent appeal. There was nothing common, nothing personal; there were no taunts, no threats; but from the beginning to the end of his speech he was the gentleman and the scholar.

He was followed by Mr. Pugh, who, in the tenor of his remarks, declined to meet the points urged by Mr. Yancey, and with hardly an attempt to defend popular sovereignty, addressed himself more particularly to the defence of the northern wing of the party from the charges of demoralization from the influences of abolitionists. Mr. Pugh was energetic rather than fervid, he was personal rather than brilliant, and his argument was intended to cover the policy rather than the principle of action.

It is evident that the northern wing of the democracy were profoundly impressed by the speech of Mr. Yancey, as his applause came as frequently from their benches as from those of his own friends. Nor can there be much doubt that the democracy as here represented, would pass the southern platform if they dared to do so. Policy and not principle is the governing force with them. No speaker on that side of the house has had a word to say against the southern platform, except as one on which defeat was certain at the North. One gentleman, Mr. Brent, of Maryland, who spoke on Saturday, did not hesitate to say that, while he approved of the pro-slavery platform, he should vote for the Douglas resolutions as a matter of policy. At heart the democratic party is pro-slavery. They may talk as they may, they are essentially pro-slavery all over the Union—and only hesitate to say so at the North because such a doctrine is not popular.

The most important speeches of Saturday were those of Mr. Samuels, of Iowa, and Mr. Burroughs, of Arkansas. The former took the same ground with Mr. Pugh. He did not attack the principle of the southern resolutions, but only their policy. He implied their propriety, but prognosticated defeat in case of their adoption. He introduced the amended report of the minority (the subject having been recommitted during the morning session), in answer to Mr. Nevery, of N. C., who brought in the southern platform, as chairman of the committee appointed for that purpose. Mr. Samuels' argument was not a strong one. He claimed that the South should surrender what they had pleased to term their vital interests, as a proper reward to the northern democrats who had been turned out of office by the Republicans, but who had worked from "down to dewy eve, and from dark to dawn" to get them back again—no—of the South and the rights of the South.

The speech par excellence, the most flaming and the most original, fell from the lips of the gentleman from Arkansas. The Missouri Compromise and Yankee tin pedlars were strangely mingled with an incomprehensible description of his southern plantation home. He was as fierce as a whirlwind and as rude as a bull. He was silenced in the course of an hour by ironical applause from Douglas benches. At this juncture began the wildest scene possible in a deliberative body, as yet restrained from personal violence. More than half the Convention were upon their feet. Loud cries came from all parts of the house. At least twenty gentlemen were struggling for the floor, shouting at the top of their voices. Members mounted benches calling loudly "question," "question," "order," "order;" hats, papers and handkerchiefs were waved to attract the attention of the chair. The crowd in front of the chair and in the aisles were pushing and struggling in great excitement and complete disorder. Arms were thrown wildly about, heads dodged this way and that, and every face was heated with excitement and distorted with passion. In vain fell the gavel of the President repeatedly. It was scarcely heard amid the tumult. The ladies left the galleries. Disorder was supreme, and for a time anarchy was king. At last, as a momentary remission of the disorder, and the delegates were informed that unless order was preserved the President would leave the chair.

Mr. Boulden of Georgia, was among those who had refused to retire, and he desired to give his reasons. He was a southern states rights and American slave trade man. He believed slavery to be morally, socially and politically right, and that slavery was an institution of civilization; still he believed the doctrine of protection to slavery in the territories a mere abstraction, on which he was not prepared to disintegrate the democratic party. It is no trouble for a man to be a saint in Heaven, but when I look to northern democrats and see them standing up to breast the storm of fanaticism I love them, and will stand by them until the last day of this week, late in the night. He was not willing to cast them into the arms of the Black Republicans. The African slave trader is the true philanthropist. He brings the heathen here to civilize him, and sends him down the stream of time a Christian being. The slave trader of Virginia authorizes the sale of the Christian man, and the separation of the husband and wife, yet rolls up his eyes at the man who brings the heathen here to enjoy the blessings of civilization.

Mr. Boulden continued to speak of the southern slave trade of Virginia. He would like the members of the convention to come down to Georgia with him, and he would show them some slaves he had bought in Maryland, some in Virginia, some in North Carolina, and some in Georgia; but he would show them some direct from Africa, and they were the noblest Romans of them all. Therefore he believed the slave trader the noblest of philanthropists and the most Christian citizen in the world. He loved the democrats of the North, and held them in higher estimation than the parlor democrats of the South.

The Washington correspondence of the New York Tribune contains the following items and speculations relating to political matters:

"Wade is looming up on the Republican side. He seems to be the second choice of both conservatives and radicals. His friends claim that he has the Jackson and Taylor qualities, which would give him great popularity; and that his Homestead leadership in the Senate would make him strong in the Northwest, and with the Germans. Many Pennsylvania members assert that he would carry his State easily."

The venerable Littleton Walker Tazewell formerly U. S. Senator, and ex-Governor of Virginia died at Norfolk, Va., on Sunday, aged 85.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The May number

has the following attractive table of contents:

Instinct, by Leonard A. Jones; My Own Story, by Mrs. R. H. Suddard; The Playmate, by John G. Whittier; The Maroons of Surinam, by Rev. T. W. Higginson; Circumstances, by Harriet E. Frowitt; Urania, by John D. Stockton; Mary Somerville, by Maria Mitchell; Roba di Roma, by W. W. Story; Threnodia, by T. W. Parsons; Gen. Miranda's Expedition, by F. Sheldon; The Professor's Story, by O. W. Holmes; Nathaniel Hawthorne, by E. P. Whipple; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

THE AUBURN CONVENTION. The Republican district Convention, held at Auburn, on Friday last, elected Charles J. Gilman, of Brunswick, and Seward Dill, of Phillips, delegates, and C. W. Walton, of Auburn, and J. W. Porter, of Strong, as substitutes to the same.

AGRICULTURAL FAIR. The Trustees of the Maine State Agricultural Society have voted to hold their annual fair in Portland. The Council of that city has appropriated \$1,000 to defray the expenses of grading and preparing the track.

NORWICH BANK. The bills of this bank are now redeemed at the counter of the Vassal Bank, Bangor.

PORTLAND SAVINGS BANK. The Advertiser learns that the deposits at the Portland Savings Bank amounted to \$277,550.80 on the third day of May. This is an increase of over one hundred thousand dollars during the past year. There are 1601 depositors, being an addition of 500 new ones during the past thirteen months.

The May term of the Probate Court will be held at Paris, next Tuesday.

General Virgin has appointed Francis Fossenden of Portland, as Aid-de-camp of the Third Division, with the rank of Major. Mr. F. is the son of Hon. W. P. Fossenden.

THE PRIZE FIGHT. The great fight between Heenan and Sayers, which was first reported to have been drawn, is not yet settled. The friends of Heenan demanded the silver belt. On its refusal a demand was made for a new trial. Subsequent arrangements, however, give rise to the hope that another fight will not be had.

We learn that a large bear was killed in Woodstock, by the workmen on the quarry, last Wednesday. He weighed between four and five hundred pounds.

THE VIRGINIA REPUBLICAN CONVENTION. The late gathering of the Republicans of Virginia at Wheeling excited a tremendous outburst of "sound and fury" from one of the local Democratic sheets. The editor suggested that it was extremely doubtful whether they would "be suffered to proceed with their sacrilegious work in peace." But the malignant hint was not taken—indeed the meeting was not of the kind with which the mob spirit would not dare to interfere. The Wheeling Intelligencer of May 3 says of it:

"The Convention yesterday was the complete of all complete successes. It surpassed into calm, the most sanguine expectations of its most ardent friends. Every district in the State but one was represented, and in point of number, intelligence, worth enthusiasm, and everything that goes to make up an imposing and respectable assemblage, the Convention of yesterday never was equaled in Western Virginia."

It was a subject of general remark, even by those who were not participants in the Convention, nor in any way identified with it that they had never seen a finer looking body of men assembled than those who sat in the parquette of the Athenaeum building yesterday. The Republican party in Virginia can well afford to feel proud of itself, when it can send up to its first State Convention such an array of men of character, influence and standing as it exhibited yesterday."

LETTER TO CHARLES SUMNER BY ONE OF THE NEW YORK "NATIONALS." Among the letters of a political character received by Senator Sumner, is one, says our Washington correspondent, from a member of a great business house in New York, which struck him by its business like brevity and conciseness, as well as its political significance, so that he obtained permission to make a copy, which follows:—

"SIR, April 30, 1860. I would like to have you send me the speech that caused you to be assailed by Brooks & Co.—if you have it in pamphlet form."

I have heretofore been of the National or Hard Democracy, but we are having too much of the knock-down-and-drag-out argument to exactly suit us."

Respectfully yours, &c."

JUDGE MCLEAN ON SLAVERY. Judge McLean in a letter written in July, 1848, refusing to have his name used at the Buffalo Convention as a candidate for the Presidency, used the following emphatic language:

"Without the sanction of law, slavery can no more exist in a Territory than a man can breathe without air. Slaves are not property where they are not made so by municipal law. The Legislature of a Territory can exercise no power which is not conferred on it by act of Congress."

The Washington correspondence of the New York Tribune contains the following items and speculations relating to political matters:

"Wade is looming up on the Republican side. He seems to be the second choice of both conservatives and radicals. His friends claim that he has the Jackson and Taylor qualities, which would give him great popularity; and that his Homestead leadership in the Senate would make him strong in the Northwest, and with the Germans. Many Pennsylvania members assert that he would carry his State easily."

The venerable Littleton Walker Tazewell formerly U. S. Senator, and ex-Governor of Virginia died at Norfolk, Va., on Sunday, aged 85.

his back, and was badly injured about the heart and lungs. He lived till Friday, 4th inst., in great misery. He leaves a wife and six children. [Advertiser 10th.]

About \$4000 have been contributed towards the erection of a statue of Horace Mann which is intended to be placed on the State House grounds in Boston.

THE subscriber proposes building a small house, on his farm at South Paris, this Spring. It will be 26 by 16 feet, with two rooms below, and two chambers. It is to be rough boarded and battened, and the inside finished in a plain and substantial manner. Proposals are solicited for furnishing all the materials and completing the building fit for occupancy, except painting. For further particulars and proposals address the subscriber at Portland, No. 64 Middle St.

DARIUS FORBES.

Portland, April 2, 1860.

AND FOR SALE LOW, BY
SAMUEL RICHARDS, Jr.
 So. Paris, April, 1860.

Farm for Sale.
 ANY one wishing to buy a good Farm, of 75
 acres of land, for NINE HUNDRED
 dollars, will do well to call on the subscriber,
 H. H. HOBBS.
 Norway, April 17, 1860. 11

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP
The partnership heretofore existing be-
tween the subscribers, under the firm of Knapp
& Putnam, is this day dissolved by mutual con-
sent. All persons that have any demands against
said firm, are requested to present the same to
A. K. Knapp for settlement, and all those that
are indebted to said firm, are requested to make
immediate payment to said Knapp, he being the
only person authorized to settle the affairs of said
firm.
A. K. KNAPP,
P. M. PUTNAM.
Bryant's Pond, April 25, 1860. 14

20 TONS SHORTS!
FOR SALE BY
Woodman, Phelps & Co.
SOUTH PARIS, Oct. 29, 1839. 28

A LARGE VARIETY OF GOODS
Adapted to the country trade.
WOODMAN, PHELPS & CO.
South Paris, Oct. 20, 1859.

Mapes' Sup. Phos. Lime.
THIS valuable manure is for sale at the farm of the subscriber, at the New York price, freight and charges added, which is \$5 per bag.
DARIUS FORBES.
South Paris, April 2, 1860. 10

A cellar walls, after the cellar is dug, to a house, 16 by 26 feet, on the subscriber's farm at South Paris. It is to be on a rough wall, set with rough-hewn stones, and to divide the subscriber at No. 64 Middle St., Portland.

DARIUS FORBES.
Watchdog, April 2, 1880. 10

Watches, Clocks & Jewelry,
REPAIRED as usual, and satisfaction warranted.
S. RICHARDS, Jr.,
So. Paris, April 8, 1880. 10

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. A dark, textured binding edge is visible along the right side of the page.

