

The Oxford Democrat

NEW SERIES, VOL. 5, NO. 49.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1855.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 22, NO. 7.

MISCELLANY.

Cologne Cathedral and its Architect.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PEAN OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Towards the close of the year 1220, a poor architect sat in his own small home in the city of Cologne.

The archbishop, Conrad de Hochstaden, had sent a faithful servant to him that morning, ordering him to furnish forthwith a plan of the finest religious edifice the world had yet seen. "For such a building," said he, "shall rise in Cologne, for the glory of the saints and the honor of Germany."

The poor architect was bewildered at his high commission; not that he misdeceived his own great thoughts, for he felt in himself struggling conceptions of something infinitely glorious, beautiful and harmonious; but he knew better than the archbishop, or anybody else, what would be the difficulty of reducing his ideas to practice, and wished to take counsel with the master spirits of his age.

He returned, therefore, a modest and thoughtful answer, praying that the means of visiting the finest churches of Germany, France and England, might be afforded him, before he gave in his plan, and commenced the work.

The archbishop did not refuse compliance with the reasonable request, stipulating, however, that the architect's wanderings should not, on any account, occupy more than one year.

The allotted time expired; true to his word, the architect returned, and set himself at once to the work of drawing out a plan; but, alas! he found the task harder than even he had supposed. The emblematic character was no doubt fully written in his mind. That there should be two towers, since the earnest Christian raises both his arms in prayer, was a matter of course; also that there should be twelve chapels, to recall the memory of the twelve apostles. Of course, too, it was to take the form of the cross, and the triple glory of God should be shown by three windows lighting the holiest part of the tabernacle. All this was the essential, the inward idea, the soul of the whole; but the body was not yet; it had yet to be formed, indented, shaped out. This day and night, was the theme of the architect's meditations.

Musing constantly upon the enterprise, he wandered one day beyond the city walls, to a spot called the Gate of the Franks, and there, seated on a bench, began tracing with a stick, on the loose sand, outlines of that which was ever in his thought.

At length something very grand and stately began to grow beneath his hand. His eye beheld it with a degree of satisfaction, when a sharp satirical voice behind him exclaimed, "Bravo! my good friend! so, you are drawing the Cathedral of Strasbourg?"

A little, keen-looking old man, of a remarkably disagreeable voice and aspect, presented himself as the speaker. The architect did not feel much pleased by the remark, nor by its utterer, but felt that the verdict was just, and sighing, acknowledged it.

He effaced the work and began again. This time other lines came—a different form altogether.

Again the sharp voice remarked, "Bravo! the Cathedral of Rheims?"

"Alas, yes," said the artist.

Again the picture was rubbed out, and he began anew. This time he worked for nearly a quarter of an hour, encouraged by the plaudits of his neighbor, who whispered several times, "Bravo! Bravo!" But at length the remark came, "You must have traveled far, my friend."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because you have been in England."

"Who told you that?"

"This drawing of Canterbury Cathedral."

The architect uttered a deep groan. It was terrible, but too true. With his foot he effaced all trace of the building, and impatiently turning to the little old man, he put the stick into his hand.

"Here, my master," said he, "such a good critic as you are, cannot you add example to precept, and give me a specimen of what you can do?"

"Willingly," said the old man, with a dry and wicked laugh, and then he began, earnestly, and as if by chance, but with wonderful power, to trace on the sand, lines so bold, so elegant, and so correct, that the architect exclaimed—"Ah! I see we are brothers in art!"

"Should you not say," replied the little old man, again laughing that scornful laugh, "that you are scholar and I master?"

"Truly, perhaps I ought," answered the artist, with the honesty of genius, "if it were not that I have yet to see something more of the fillings up of the sketch."

"Very good, something may be made of you yet," said the little old man, "but I do not choose, just now, to do any more."

"Why not?"

"Because then you would get my plan."

lung at his girdle, displayed a treasury of glittering diamonds.

The architect sighed, for he saw that the man was worth far more than his price; and while sad thoughts grew on him, the master's hand went on tracing grand outlines, such as he had never conceived of. Exasperated and struck with envy, a sudden impulse seized him—he would possess himself of the idea at any rate. He grasped the old man's arm with one hand, and with the other he pointed a dagger to his breast. "Old man," said he, "finish the plan, or die!"

Hardly were the words uttered, when he felt himself seized by a more powerful arm than his own, a knee was pressed on his breast, and his own poniard glittered close to his throat.

"Ah! ah!" said the adversary, "cheat and murderer!" and he laughed again.

"Kill me!" said the artist, "but spare your laughter!"

"What if I do not wish to kill you?"

"Then will you give me your plan?"

"I am ready to do so on one condition. First, however, be so kind as to get up and sit down by me; we are not comfortably placed for conversation."

And the stranger seated himself at one end of the bench, quietly crossing his legs, and looking at the poor builder, who, rising, shook the dust from his knees, and stood still in the same place.

"Well," said the old man, "you see I bear no malice."

"But who are you?" cried the architect.

"Did you ever hear of the Tower of Babel, the Gardens of Semiramis, and the Coliseum?"

"Yes."

"Well, I constructed them."

"You are the Tempter, then?" cried the poor artist, with a violent start.

"The same, at your service," with the everlasting low laugh.

"Get thee behind me!" exclaimed the artist, making the sign of the cross.

The low laugh passed into a gasping of teeth—a flash of lightning above, a yawning chasm beneath his feet—and the Tempter was gone.

CHAPTER II.

THE MONK AND THE ADVERSARY.

The artist went home, and found his poor old mother waiting for him at supper; but he would not sit down at the table, and, taking a pencil, began, inattentive to her remonstrances, to fix some of the fugitive ideas which he had seen traced by the Tempter's hand.

The good woman went to bed weeping; since his return from his travels, she had scarce been able to recognize her son, so possessed was he by the spirit of restlessness and discontent, and so changed towards herself.

The whole night was passed by the artist in drawing lines and effacing them. There had been a fantastic boldness in the mysterious plan he had beheld, to which he could not approach. As the dawn appeared, he threw himself on his bed; but sleep, instead of giving him relief, added to his disturbance. Half awake himself, he awakened, and ran to the Church of St. Gereon, the favorite scene of his devotions.

But he stopped before the portal. St. Gereon is a small Byzantine church, standing on the site of an older still, constructed by the Empress Helena. Nothing could well be in stronger contrast than the heavy, dull mass before him, and the light towers, the airy and yet bold colonnades which had grown beneath the Tempter's hand, in the sketch of the night before. He forgot that he came to pray—he passed, not knowing whether he went, occupied by his single, perpetual thought.

All day long did he wander thus, towards evening, without design or knowledge of the way he was taking, he found himself again at the Gate of the Franks, on the terrace and near the bench he occupied before. It was now night-fall, the promenade was deserted, and one solitary man alone beside himself remained outside the walls.

That man was the stranger. In a moment the artist knew and approached him.

He stood before the rampart, drawing on the wall with a metal style or pencil, and, as he drew, every line, which at first appeared as if traced in characters of fire, faded away, so that in proportion as the magnificent plan grew, the earlier drawn part grew pale and faint, and gradually disappeared; and thereby could not at any one time follow the new lines and recall the old. Thus the artist saw, pass before him the vision, even to the minutest and fullest details, of a phosphoric cathedral, lost in a moment in darkness, not to be recalled or reproduced by possibility.

He sighed sadly.

"Ah, is it you?" exclaimed the old man, turning round, "I expected you."

"I am come."

"Well, I knew we had not quarrelled. Look, I have retouched my plan. What say you to my portal?"

"Magnificent!" exclaimed the artist, with undiminished enthusiasm.

"And my tower?"

"Splendid."

"And my nave?"

"Wonderful!"

"Well, you may have it all, if you wish it."

"And what do you ask in exchange?"

"Your signature."

"And then will you give me your plan?"

"Certainly, complete in all points."

He rose and retired to his room; his mother dared not follow, but seated herself on the threshold, ready to answer at his call.

For some time she heard him utter sighs and prayers; this did not arouse her anxiety sufficiently to make her think it right to enter. Then she heard him lie down—long turnings and tossings followed—then a few moments of rest, then groans and cries. At length it seemed to her that some one was disquieting with him, there was a sound as of a wrestle and a fall, and she heard a cry for help. Then she could not but open the door, but he was alone and in a dream, crying with all his might, "Avaunt, Tempter! thou shalt not have my soul!"

"Tempter! Satan!" the case was plain; the poor mother made the sign of the cross over the disturbed brow of the sleeper, which calmed him in a measure, and then she knelt down and prayed at the foot of the bed, looking up at a beautiful picture of the Madonna, given her son by a pilgrim from Constantinople.

As the prayer proceeded, the artist's sleep became easier; and by the time it was over, his breath was gentle and calm as an infant's. In the morning he rose in a tranquil state of mind, and, placing himself at the window to breathe the early air, caught sight of his mother, who was going out clad in mourning. She saw him and stopped.

"Mother, where are you going? why are you in mourning?"

"To-day is the anniversary of your father's death, dear son, and I am going to St. Gereon to order a mass for souls in purgatory."

"Alas, alas!" muttered the artist, "neither mass nor prayers can bring my soul out of the abyss into which it must go."

"Will you not come with me!" said the mother.

"No, mother; only, should you see old Father Clement, send him to me. He is a holy man, and I want to consult him in a case of conscience."

"The saints keep you in such a pious frame, my son; for, unless I am much deceived, the enemy of souls is seeking to surround you with his toils."

"Well, mother, go quickly."

The good woman went, and the architect leaned thoughtfully out of the window. Presently he saw old Father Clement turning the street corner and advancing towards him. He closed the window and waited.

The good old monk entered, a sage, experienced, pious man. The moment he looked at the artist he exclaimed, "O, my son, you have evil thoughts within."

"Yes, indeed, my father, many evil thoughts; and that is why I have called on you to help me."

"Tell me your story, son."

"Father, you know that our Lord Archbishop has given me the task of building our cathedral."

"Yes, I know it, and believe he could not have applied to a better architect."

"There you are wrong, father; I have drawn plan upon plan—possibly some of my plans may be worthy of inferior towns, such as Dusseldorf, or Worms, or Coblenz—but none who has framed a plan for a cathedral worthy of Cologne, is not your penitent, father."

"No," said the monk, "and cannot we buy his plan for gold?"

"I have offered him all I have, and he has shown me a purse full of precious stones."

"Can we not get it by force?" for his experience for the honor of Cologne and the Church, drew the monk somewhat beyond the bounds of justice and Christian charity.

"I would have used force," answered the brave artist.

"Will he yield to no condition?"

"Yes, but only to one, father."

"What can that be?"

"I must sign away my soul."

"The saints preserve us, it is Satan himself."

"No doubt."

The monk took the matter very quietly indeed.

"Well, my son, beware of pride, for it is that only which endangers thy soul."

"And is it possible," exclaimed the artist, "that I can get the plan and not lose my soul?"

"Perhaps it is possible."

"You forget the seventh sin, my son, that of pride; it is that which has ruined angels, and it may ruin you."

"I will watch over it, father, and you will be my helper."

"The saints guard and bless you, my dear son."

"Amen!" said the artist, and retired to his house, where he passed the remainder of the day in prayer.

At the hour appointed, he went to the place of meeting; but the walk was deserted there was neither old man, nor woman, nor child.

The architect walked alone for a few moments, fearing the Tempter might fail of his word. Twelve o'clock, however, struck, and at the very last stroke

"Here I am," said a loud and full voice behind the lines of thought.

He turned, trembling, for he did not recognize the familiar voice; and indeed a change had come over voice, and form, and figure. It was not the little old man with piercing eyes, pointed beard, and black vesture; he saw a fine young man of from twenty to twenty-five years of age, of a striking figure, with large and pale forehead, furrowed, as it were, by the lines of thought.

In one hand he held the plan, in the other the compass. The artist could not but recoil a step or two, so dazzled was he by the image of this infernal beauty.

"Ah! now," said he, "this once I know you, and you need not tell your name; you are indeed the very Lucifer, the Demon of Pride."

"Well," said the Tempter, "I have not deceived you, are you ready?"

"Yes; but, before I sign, show me the plan."

"I pay dear enough to ensure me a sight of my purchase."

"That is fair—look!" and, unrolling the plan, he held it out, but without leaving hold himself.

The architect did as the monk had desired. He took the parchment by one corner while the Tempter spread it out, and while by the light of the moon he devoured it with his eyes, he slipped his other arm below, and touched with the sacred relic the hand which the Devil held the plan.

A great cry followed; burst to the bone, the Tempter bounded up and left the plan in the architect's possession.

"In the name of the saints," cried the artist, marking the sign of the cross with the relic, "depart Satan."

The Tempter uttered a terrible loud cry of rage.

"I know who taught you that; it is a trick of some priest."

Again the artist invoked the holy name, and waved the relic before him.

Then the Tempter betook himself to his first form.

"I am conquered, but mark me, this church of which I am robbed, thou shalt never finish; and by name, for which thou dostest immortal renown, shall be forgotten and unknown. Adieu! take care lest I surprise thee in deadly sin."

And, with one bound, he sprang into the Rhine, whose waters closed over him, hissing as if he enclosed a red-hot iron.

The happy architect returned to the city and his home, where he found his mother and Father Clement engaged in prayer for him. He told them all that had passed. The poor woman wept, crossing herself; the monk rubbed his hands, applauding his own cleverness. The artist told him the last words of the Tempter.

"Well," said the monk, "he is more fair than I thought, since he forewarns you; now it is yours to keep on your guard, and to avoid all occasion for mortal sin. Once more beware of pride."

The architect promised watchfulness, and the monk returned to the convent, leaving him the happiest man possible. His mother also left him, not above half understanding what had passed, but happy because her son was so.

Left alone, the artist, without leaving hold his men's work himself, in order to be sure of scrupulous fidelity to his plans; but one night one his dwelling was attacked by robbers, who, ignorant of his regular habits of paying his men, thought they should find a rich harvest of money near him, instead of which, there was not more than a sash in the house then; angry at their disappointment, they pillaged his wardrobe, leaving him not a single garment to put on next morning. He went for the tailor, who promised to equip him afresh that very evening, but kept him waiting for three days, all which time the artist was forced to stay in bed. At length, when, after this time, no delay, the tailor appeared with the clothes, he could, he could not but reproach him, yet he did it with the moderation of a calm and equable man, and thus escaped the sin of anger.

The rumor of a new wonder of the world began to be spread abroad. Already it was easy to perceive, by what was done, what it would be when it was finished; and many came on pilgrimage to see it, from France, Germany and Flanders.

Often, after seeing the edifice, these pilgrims were curious to see the builder, so that in his way home from the cathedral, it was not uncommon for him to meet groups of strangers wailing him, in order to note what sort of a person this was, who had had the boldness and genius to carry out such an undertaking. Among the pilgrims were some of the female sex, and one of these fell so desperately in love with our architect that she hired a house in the street by which he passed to his work, so that, go or come when he might, he was sure to see her at the window, smiling and following him with her bright eyes; and sometimes she threw nosegays down to him, and once she let fall her handkerchief, which he picked up, and, without thinking of evil, carried it up the stairs, and gave it to her own hand, while she

remained alone as usual, for, as we have said, he was always the last there.

The sun went down in kindly splendor; now throwing light on the most elevated spots. Soon the river and the city were whelmed plunged into deep shadow, but for some time yet the tower, though it had not attained more than one-third of its destined height, remained light, and the artist swimming, as it were, in the glory, promptly thought to himself that when it was finished, this high tower would look like an illuminated beacon in the evening. At length the sun slowly abandoned the mountain of stone, and the architect thought it was time to descend. But he looked for the ladder, behold it was gone!

This was nothing very extraordinary; one of the workmen, supposing the architect to have left the place, might easily have moved the ladder away; yet under the circumstances, the architect felt his mind disturbed. In the first place, he had, as was often the case, breakfasted very lightly, and having been

trembled and blushed, and, at last, made known to him, without reserve, her affection for him; but he gravely and earnestly repelled her advances, telling her how needful it was to guard against temptation, and left her in innocence. Thus he was proof against impurity.

Six months now passed away. Every day the number of curious spectators increased; for the portal was finished, and so were many of the arches; and though one of the towers had only attained the height of 21 feet, the other had risen already more than 140, and displayed very clearly what the effect would be when its entire altitude of 300 feet should be attained; still more the work grew, the more the idea that it would never be finished, and that his name would remain forgotten and unknown, tormented the artist, and it was in order to put that last evil out of his question, that the idea came into his mind of working the letters of his name into the balustrade which was to surround the platform of the tower. By this means, that name would strike all eyes so long as the monument lasted—they would live together. This resolution, however, he became more and more in mind, and settled it with himself to put his design in execution on the morrow.

At the moment of commencing, however, the archbishop sent for him, to allow him, he said, some precious relics which he had just received.

The architect came down from the tower, and found his lordship in great delight. From Milan, he had just been sent the heads of the three Mari, Gaspard, Molchior, and Balthezar, with their precious crowns of gold, adorned with diamonds and pearls. The architect knelt devoutly down at sight of these sacred relics, uttered his prayer, and, rising, congratulated the archbishop on the rich and rare gift.

"Well," replied the bishop, "I have had something more valuable, still, than this, from the Emperor at Constantinople."

"Indeed! can it be a fragment of the true cross, found by the Empress Helena?"

"Better still!"

"Can it be the crown of thorns pledged by the Emperor Baldwin?"

"Something worth more still!"

"What can it be?"

"The plan of the finest edifice that ever was built!"

"Oh! indeed," exclaimed the artist, with a smile of disdain.

"A plan which leaves as far behind all other plans, as the sun outshines the stars—seeing that other plans are the work of men—this is the work of Heaven itself, sent by an angel to King Solomon."

"You have, then, the plan of the Temple of Jerusalem?" cried the architect.

"Yes."

"Oh, let me see it!"

"Lift up that curtain," said the archbishop, pointing with his finger to a tapestry, covering a kind of frame.

The artist very eagerly obeyed, and found himself standing face to face with the heavenly model, and with one glance he took in all its details.

"Well," said the archbishop, "what do you say to that?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the artist, "I like mine better!"

Instantly a burst of infernal laughter sounded in his ears; too surely he recognized the well-known sound; after having escaped the six other deadly sins, he had fallen into that of pride.

He made but one bound from the spot to the church of St. Gereon, where he hoped to find Father Clement; but the father had that night been seized with apoplexy, and dead. And at that moment when this stunning information reached his ears, again there came the burst of Satanic laughter, and a cold chill passed to his very heart.

Yet he summoned all his presence of mind, and, feeling as yet no physical pain, took courage by degrees, and resolved to return to the cathedral, hoping that the enthusiasm always sure to be awakened at sight of his beloved, would drive away the remnant of fear from his heart.

And he tried to lose himself in the mazes of his own church; but, alas! soon he found a wast of air, and a sense of subjection, as if it was a sepulchre.

To escape from this he mounted the steps leading to the platform, when there, he still continued the ascent by means of the scaffolding; at the top of the scaffolding was a ladder, reaching the summit of the tower—this was the most advanced part of the works and that from which the artist could most readily survey all the rest.

Nothing appeared altered; every one in his place, and all remained assiduously laboring there till the usual hour of departure. The clock gave notice of that hour, as daylight began to fall.

The artist heard the workman retire singing, pleased with their day's work. Then he remained alone as usual, for, as we have said, he was always the last there.

The sun went down in kindly splendor; now throwing light on the most elevated spots. Soon the river and the city were whelmed plunged into deep shadow, but for some time yet the tower, though it had not attained more than one-third of its destined height, remained light, and the artist swimming, as it were, in the glory, promptly thought to himself that when it was finished, this high tower would look like an illuminated beacon in the evening. At length the sun slowly abandoned the mountain of stone, and the architect thought it was time to descend. But he looked for the ladder, behold it was gone!

This was nothing very extraordinary; one of the workmen, supposing the architect to have left the place, might easily have moved the ladder away; yet under the circumstances, the architect felt his mind disturbed. In the first place, he had, as was often the case, breakfasted very lightly, and having been

called down to the archbishop about two o'clock, had completely forgotten his dinner. Thus hunger now began to assail him: besides, being in the month of October, the nights had lately been cold. He tried, therefore, in every way he could think of to get down from his post; but skillful as he might be, it was an absolute impossibility. Then he tried to call out, but as, before doing so, he had waited nearly an hour in fruitless efforts, the streets were almost deserted, and his voice being heard in this manner, and really having taken a tone of great suffering, it so happened that the very few passers-by whom it might faintly reach, instead of stopping to inquire whence it came, quickened their steps, frightened by these strange nocturnal sounds.

So it was that the poor architect had to resign himself to his lot: great resolution was necessary. This tower now presented only a bare, unadorned surface, and, to make the matter worse, toward eleven o'clock, a terrible storm seemed to be gathering up over the heavens. There was no possibility of sleeping, and the artist kept a reeling posture, for, from time to time such gusts passed by, that in standing, as there was no parapet, he would certainly have been carried away; and still the storm came nearer.

About half-past eleven it seemed to halt just over the city of Cologne, and the first bursts of thunder were heard. From time to time a flash which seemed to open the deepest depths of the heavens, cut asunder the heavy sea of clouds above, and, for an instant, lighted up the river and the town with a fantastic light. The architect fancied, seen in this manner, that the town took the form of a lion, the cloud that of an eagle, and the river that of a serpent.

At a quarter before twelve, the whole ocean of clouds seemed to gather up to a point above the cathedral, as sometimes they do towards a mountain's summit. Then the architect found himself in the middle of the tempest—the thunder growled in his ear, the lightning wound itself about him.

Twelve o'clock struck: a strange murmur accompanied every stroke, and at last came that horrid, well-known laugh, just behind the artist. He turned, and found himself face to face with the Adversary. This time it was his turn to be in his enemy's power.

The architect understood that he was lost; that there was no refuge in flight; and yet, as the Tempter stretched out his hand towards him, he made one backward step, gaining time to utter a prayer.

Satan beheld him, and seeing that the soul was going to escape a second time, made a sudden bound towards him, and precipitated him from the top of the tower.

Rapid as the movement had been, the power of prayer had been quicker still. It had reached the throne of Mercy, and when the enemy darted after his victim to bear the spirit into hell, he found him in the arms of two angels carrying him up to heaven.

For a moment the Devil was stupefied, then, darting after the celestial messengers, he passed them rapidly as a whirlwind, hurling at the poor soul that word which had so tormented it when in the body. What was that one word?

"I know—! I know—!"

And indeed, think as we may of the preceding narrative, the prophecy is fulfilled. Centuries have passed away, and the name of the architect is as yet undiscovered.

So we cannot but believe that the poor soul knows, even in heaven, that it is forgotten on earth, and that, thus, even there, there is room for the everlasting rebuke of Peter.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Gentlemen of the Senate and of the House of Representatives:

In entering upon the important duties assigned us by the people of this Commonwealth may we humbly ask wisdom of Him, who is the source of all light and knowledge, that we may be enabled to discharge those duties in a way best to promote the happiness and prosperity of our constituents, and that when we shall have closed the labors of the session, we may in returning to our homes, carry with us an abiding assurance that we have been faithful

in the great question which must decide the future of our State and nation, but has usually constituted a legislative majority, and it is reasonable to anticipate such harmonious action and despatch in the legitimate business for which we are assembled, as will insure a prudent and economical session, and an early recess.

Invigorate the information of the condition of the State, as required by the constitution, I regret to be unable to present some of her great interests in a perspective as bright as it would be desirable to do.

The early spring of the past season opened with unusual promise in the husbandman, but a premature and almost unpropitious drought blasted the prospect of an abundant harvest, and caused the products of the farm generally to be light. The same cause has operated injuriously upon the lumbering interests of the State, preventing an immense amount of lumber from going to market, where a ready sale and high prices awaited it. The shipping interest in which our people are so largely engaged, has received a severe check by the sudden fall and depression of tonnage and freight.

These casualties have operated severely upon persons engaged in those important pursuits, and necessarily involved a scarcity of money which has been felt by all branches of industry throughout the State; still I am happy to believe that the resources of the business community are such that these difficulties, which have been unexpectedly encountered, will cause only a temporary embarrassment, and will wholly disappear with the opening of the approaching season. Notwithstanding these serious misfortunes to which I have alluded, our State is enjoying a goodly measure of prosperity.

The facilities afforded by our Railways are being felt, giving life and energy to business, opening new avenues of trade, bringing interior portions of the State into proximity with the coast, giving value to property and location which had been valueless for want of a proper channel through which to reach a market. Maine has about 100 miles of Railway in successful operation, with a constantly increasing business, which must at an early day, make them good paying roads. Every interest of the State is favorably affected by these great improvements, and we cannot easily over estimate the benefit and substantial wealth they are destined to afford the community.

For want of opportunity to examine the reports from the treasury and other departments I must refer you to those reports, which will be laid before you, for the information you will desire.

As the resources of our State are being developed, calling forth and employing mechanical skill in the various departments of trade, it is important that a deeper interest should be felt for the advancement of agriculture. Maine with a soil sufficiently rich and fertile, under a proper husbandry to produce the necessary staple articles of consumption for her population in any abundance, should not pay such large sums of money to other States for corn, flour, pork, and other products, as she is paying from year to year. There should be no necessity for this outlay. We should produce our own supply of these important articles of food, besides many others for which for which we get abroad. The lumbermen, whose extensive operations are rapidly turning our vast forest timber into market, draw their supplies very largely from other States.

The men who fill our shipyards to an extent that makes Maine the first State in the Union in point of ship building, are not supplied with the products of your own soil, their tables are furnished not by our farmers. So with all branches of manufactures, and extensive Railway improvements carried on in this State, the operators and laborers, in a very great degree, are fed on foreign products.

The very large amount of money thus sent out of the State, should be distributed among our farming community—until this is done the agricultural interests of the State will flourish but poorly. Unless that interest become prosperous, although our State be rich in resources, and manufacturers and commerce increase, the masses of the people will be poor and dependent. The cities and towns may grow in wealth, but the rural districts will lack those elements of affluence and independence, which should ever distinguish the young man of a Republic. All branches of industry and classes of citizens are directly interested in the prosperity of agricultural pursuits, and whatever can properly be done, permanently to benefit that interest, I shall be happy to unite with you in doing.

For the purpose of awakening a deeper interest in farming, of connecting science with practical economy, introducing the most improved breeds of cattle and other domestic animals, producing the choicest kinds of grain, and valuable and rare seeds, testing their qualities and adaptation to our soil and climate, and bringing them to the notice and within the reach of every farmer in the State; for these and other valuable purposes, it is believed that an Experimental Farm, under the care and patronage of the State, would be of essential service. The only way would be but trading compared with the amount of good that might reasonably be anticipated by the movement, and the people would cheerfully sustain such an establishment, if economically and properly conducted.

The subject of agricultural chemistry is attracting much attention, and there appears to be a very strong desire with our most intelligent agriculturists, to have the elements of agriculture taught in our common schools, and as a science, constitute a permanent feature in the Educational system of the State. This subject has been urged upon the Legislature by the Board of Agriculture for the last two years, but has not received that attention which I think is imperative demands. Believing it unnecessary for me to elaborate a subject, the utility of which must be so apparent to all who give it that consideration, which that great interest of our State demands.

The main pillars of our free institutions rest upon the intelligence of the people. The only true ground of hope that this Republic will survive the lapse of ages, and be perpetuated from generation following not in the downward course of those republics which have disintegrated from the governments of the earth, is that knowledge in this country is more universally diffused among the people, and that they know their political rights,

and knowing, will insist on having those rights as intelligent freemen. Of what avail will it be, ere another century shall have elapsed, that we have a constitution, our people in its provisions and principles, our other laws written by men, if the people are not imbued with the spirit of liberty, and enjoy such means of education as shall qualify them to assert their political rights at the polls and in the halls of legislation?

No subject can be urged upon your attention, more important to the vital interests of your constituents and country, than that of education. Educate the people and they become really, what without education they are but nominally, sovereign. I am aware that there is a sentiment prevailing the community to some extent, that the State has already been very liberal in donations to the different institutions of learning, and that it is time to narrow or suspend further appropriations. Treat the State has been measurably liberal in aiding our colleges and seminaries, and it is equally true that for no purpose would the money thus expended, have been appropriated with results more honorable and beneficial to the State.

Our common schools have also, from time to time, received the munificence of the State, and an enlightened policy dictates that they be additionally fostered, as the indispensable nurseries of education. Their improvement cannot be too earnestly urged upon your attention.

The purchase of land of Massachusetts made by this State, has added almost a million acres to our domain, for which, in due time, provisions must be made. However, that purchase may be considered, as a commercial transaction, in involving the question of immediate loss or gain, it was certainly very desirable to divest Massachusetts of the title to those lands, even if it be found advisable to sell them again, as fair prices can be had, and the wants of the Treasury may demand.

By extinguishing her title, we dissolved connection with a continent who had interests not felt to be in common with ours, and therefore would bear none of the burdens of building roads and bridges in the territory owned in common, and by the act of Separation, Maine could, tax no lands owned by Massachusetts, for any purposes whatever. It was an object then of considerable importance to have the fee pass from that State, that those lands might ultimately be held liable to taxation for the usual purposes for which other lands are assessed in this State.

I have no doubt it is for the interest of the State to continue to sell her timber lands, as fair prices can be obtained for them, especially those lying on the upper waters of the St. John, Allegash, and Penobscot rivers. These lands are not so situated as to make it desirable that they be kept for selling purposes. They are exposed to trespass, and must be protected at considerable expense annually, and the Treasury will need the proceeds to pay the indebtedness created by the purchase of Massachusetts. I would not however recommend the sale of any lands belonging to the State, for the present, or until money shall have become very much easier with the community generally. The lands of the State in the valley of the Androscoggin, and on the St. John, included mostly in the six eastern ranges of townships, are generally good settling lands—many of them superior,—but still much more timber may be found on nearly all of these townships, and if the State desires to keep the greater portion of this territory intact in order to promote the settlement of the country, it would be well, and I think it important, for the interest of the State, to authorize permits to be granted to cut timber annually, in a prudent manner, on those tracts, until they are occupied by actual settlers. If permits are not granted, the timber will be cut by trespass, and under a judicious system of permitting, much may be realized to the Treasury, and the lands not be so far stripped but that an abundance of suitable timber will remain for all purposes of building by settlers.

The law for the suppression of drinking houses and tipping shops has been very fully discussed by the people of this State, and become a question of prominence and deep interest in our elections. The result proves conclusively that the people are by a very large majority in favor of sustaining that law—happily variant for the cause of humanity throughout the land. Had Maine declared against the law, her decision would have been felt most dolefully by other communities, where strong efforts are being made to obtain similar legislation. That any law which human wisdom can devise, will at once rid the public of an evil so vast and deep seated as intemperance, should not be expected; but that the traffic which produces it, can be circumscribed and controlled by penal enactments, as truly and as legitimately as by other means, there can be no reasonable doubt. And it is equally clear that the people are determined to pursue the effort faithfully, and give the law a fair trial. They see and feel the terrible ravages that traffic in intoxicating drinks has made on society and its best interests. They feel deeply the loss of many valued citizens, who are constantly being hurried to the insatiable grave. They fully realize that the sale and use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage, are in direct conflict with the health, morals, industry, peace and happiness of society, and that this fact is so apparent, that these individuals who insist on selling in violation of law should be made to feel its consequences. It is too late to plead that making men inebriated, or giving them the facilities to become such, is no crime; none but the more depraved or reckless will support a doctrine so pernicious and absurd; and it is believed that few are now engaged in the traffic, in this State, except those persons who are alike indifferent to public sentiment, the demands of humanity, and their own best interests. Persevering efforts having been exhausted on this class of men, the law should be enforced in protection of society and in mercy to the offender. This important statute has not had a fair trial. Executive officers have been culpably negligent in seeing it enforced. Too often has the officer, whose duty it was to honor and execute it as the law of the Commonwealth, been found more willing to compromise the offender than to bring him to justice. Such official dereliction of duty emboldened violators of the law to repeated offenses, which they would not have committed, with the full assurance that the law was to be

faithfully administered. This error must be corrected, the law must be faithfully enforced. The people demand that gentlemen should, whether found in saloons and taverns, or in the most alluring form, or in the filthy cellar, or den, where poor, degraded humanity, is made loathsome to the last degree.

No man sells ardent spirits in violation of the law through the promptings of patriotism or humanity; he has no higher motive than a reckless or sordid love of gain; he should be held strictly accountable for the mischief his traffic produces. Let this be done, and none will continue in the business, except such as are madly bent on suicide. I would suggest the importance of an amending the law as to impose imprisonment for the first offense. The penalty for the first conviction is trifling, and the schemes devised to avoid detection are as numerous as the men who sell, undoubtedly, realize large amounts from the business before a conviction is had.

Let the prison be opened for their reception and reformation, as it is for offenders of less magnitude, even the unhappy victims of their traffic, and he saved its prospective, chastening influences will be felt more restrainingly, than merely taking fine, from the pockets of the delinquents, a trifling part of the money the business had given them. The willingness of rascals in other States to supply those in the same business and the facilities afforded by steamboats and other common carriers to bring liquors into this State for unlawful purposes, call for such improvement in the law as shall meet this prolific source of evil, and cut off a great artery which is pouring the poisonous liquid into this State. Other amendments may be desirable to give efficiency to the law and meet the modes of evasion which the ingenuity and cupidity of determined violators have invented.

I would direct your attention to the subject of extending the elective franchise to certain offices that are now filled by executive appointment or Legislative election. If reform of this kind be desirable it will be necessary to submit the question to the people for an amendment of the Constitution.

From various portions of the State much dissatisfaction is expressed with our present Judiciary system. Under its operation it is contended that justice is not, and cannot be promptly and economically administered. If these serious charges be well founded, a change is undoubtedly demanded. The subject is one of very great importance, and the present system having been so recently established, wisdom dictates that no new system be substituted without mature deliberation.

A people possessing a democratic form of government cannot too highly regard the sacredness and importance of the right of suffrage. There can be no doubt that in the later history of the country this right has been often slightly estimated and debased to mercenary and immoral purposes. The abuse of this inestimable privilege of freemen by many of our population but recently emigrated from the Old World, has given occasion for a strong movement, calling for the amendment or radical change of our naturalization laws. While the genius of our institutions and the policy of our fathers lead us to give the hand of welcome to persons from other countries, who come to secure freedom and homes in our midst, we are bound to be vigilant against all evils that may assail our political system through the influence of such immigration. It will hardly be questioned that men who recently arrived on our shores, and wholly unacquainted with the principles and operation of our government, degraded more or less by the vices of monarchical institutions, are unprepared to wield the potent agency of the ballot. The founders of our government wisely instituted laws by which a residence of five years at least, in the country, is a requisite of citizenship, and to certain important offices no citizen of foreign birth can be eligible. That the letter and spirit of the law conferring citizenship has been often and grossly violated, is a matter of the fullest publicity. Whether new legislative provisions are necessary to preserve the sacredness of the elective franchise, and guard the purity of our institutions, may be worthy of your investigation.

As one of the sovereign States constituting this great confederacy, we have a deep interest in every important act of the Federal government. We can but look to its policy, foreign and domestic, with the deepest solicitude. Millions are being added to our population, almost annually, and State after State, in rapid succession, is coming into the Union. Annexation having extended our borders until States are springing into existence on the shores of the Pacific, the islands of that Ocean are asking that annexation may bring them under the protection of our government and to the enjoyment of our institutions.

Progress is stamped on every feature of our country; and where the extended boundaries of the Republic shall be finally fixed, Infinite Wisdom can alone determine. With this increase of population, enlargement of territory and addition of States, must come a corresponding responsibility on those who administer the government; thereby increasing the responsibility of the millions whose free suffrages must determine on whom shall rest the honors and weight of official power. And while we are called upon, as men true to our country and the Union, to sustain the honest efforts of those entrusted with that power, to promote the best interests of the entire confederacy, we are under the strongest obligations to oppose any and all action of public men which has the remotest tendency to undermine the free institutions of this Republic by giving such construction to the Constitution as shall permit the institution of Slavery, with its withering and increasing evil, to spread over our territories and to extend such controlling influence over this government as shall finally install it over Freedom throughout the Union. However desirable a large portion of the people of the North have been to forbear to discuss or agitate the question of Slavery, lest such agitation might impair the permanency of the Union, to which they have ever shown a most devoted attachment, it is evident that the time has arrived when that question must be met and discussed in our national and State councils, and in primary meetings of the people with the same freedom with which other grave questions are wont to be considered.

This question is one of too much importance to the whole country, to the North as well as the South, to suppress discussion only when it is moved by the friends of Slavery in order to extend its jurisdiction, or obtain for the institution some new advantage over freedom.

That the North has been too willingly hushed into silence on this great question by the menaces of the South, cannot be denied, and the unanimity into which the two great political parties acquiesced in the extraordinary Compromise of 1850, shows anything but a disposition on the part of the free States to continue the agitation of which the South so loudly complained.

Notwithstanding that most exceptional and as is believed unconstitutional law for the rendition of fugitive slaves, forced upon the North, compelling freemen to aid, in their person, in seizing and returning to captivity persons who are guilty of no crime known to the Constitution of the United States; and struggling only for the rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," the free States were still disposed to resist a renewal of that agitation which as was contended threatened a dismemberment of the Union—while this feeling pervaded the North, the call for organizing the territories of Nebraska and Kansas was brought before Congress connected with a scheme to extend slavery over that vast region of country north of 36 deg. 30 min. which had been solemnly dedicated to Freedom by the compact of 1820. This aggressive movement carried through Congress, aided by a few Northern politicians, who have been foremost in denouncing agitation and the loudest advocates of Compromise, has again forced upon the country the consideration of the question of negro slavery.

To attempt now to smother the sentiment of the North or to put down free speaking and independent action, would not only be an unavailing effort, but any attempt to turn the public mind away from the fullest contemplation of the subject and the most searching investigation into it, in its largest national aspect, its relation to the whole country, socially, morally, and politically, would be an affront to the intelligence of the people.

The universal sentiment of the nation in its early history was hostile to the existence of slavery, regarding it as incompatible with justice and dangerous to the spirit of freedom. The policy of the country was to inhibit slavery directly and absolutely in the territories, the express and declared object being to prevent the extension of that institution.

This common abhorrence of slavery distinctly shows itself in the early legislation of the country, and the distinguished men of the nation of all parties looked forward to the time when the system itself should become extinct. This national sentiment pervading the slave, as it did the free States, has come to be reversed by the South, and in its place has sprung up an attachment and devotion to slavery which is made paramount to the provision of the Federal constitution; and a dismemberment of the Union even is treated as a matter to be invoked rather than its perpetuity should present a barrier to the spread of that local institution, for which its friends claim the right under the Constitution, beyond the power of Congress to plant it in any and all the territories of the government. This new and startling doctrine is sought to be established as the judgment of the people of this country. It cannot be doubted that Congress in its recent action on the bill referred to for the organization of Nebraska and Kansas, favored such extraordinary assumption. And what renders this aggressive the more alarming is the evident complexity of the Chief Magistrate of the country, in open disregard and direct violation of a voluntary assurance—given to the people who had elevated him to that high position, that no movement of that character should "shock the repose of the country, if in his power to avert it, during his official term."

From this alarming act of Congress and subversion of men high in official power, we turn with unusual satisfaction to the action of the people of the several States where popular elections have recently taken place, and witness the strong condemnation by the honest and intelligent masses, of that bold attempt to change the original policy of the government, and give nationality to an institution wholly local in its character, and existing only by the power of municipal law.

I would recommend no action, nor would I participate in any movement, that should have the semblance of encroachment on the constitutional rights of the South. But we are unworried by being freemen, if we do not resist the unconstitutional advances of slavery. And as we love the Union, as we wish to perpetuate the blessings of civil liberty, as we desire the prosperity of the whole country we are urged to meet this crisis with manly firmness, that shall say, in the most friendly yet decided manner, we ask nothing but what is right, and shall submit to nothing wrong.

The Constitution of the United States is of itself an absolute law of impartial liberty to the full extent of federal jurisdiction. It authorizes no crime, it permits no oppression, but outside of State limits, solemnly guarantees the security of freedom in all human beings under its exclusive authority. Had this principle always been maintained, our country would have escaped the threatening evils which its surrender has brought upon us. The compromise policy having been repudiated by the slave States, every consideration of honor, humanity and patriotism, demands an immediate return to the Constitution.

Let men who feel and think alike on this paramount political question, be no longer alienated by obsolete issues and antagonistic organizations, but unite under the same banner, and insist that the policy of the government shall be in the future what it was in the beginning, when administered by Washington and those illustrious men who were with him in the field and in the Cabinet.

Let the standing committees be filled on the 10th. The Republicans have nominated Woodbury Davis, of Belfast, for Treasurer. Councillor Weeks of Penobscot declines.

[Portland Adv.]

NORWAY LYCEUM. The next lecture will be on Thursday evening next, by Rev. Henry Giles.

ILLINOIS. Thomas Turner, Anti-Nebraska, has been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives.

THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT. PARIS, Mo., JANUARY 12, 1854. PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY NOAH PRINCE. THOMAS H. BROWN, Editor.

The Oxford Democrat.

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Book and Job Printing PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED

ANSON P. MORRILL, Governor of Maine.

What has been anticipated, and confidently hoped for during the two past years, has at length taken place. Anson P. Morrill—the incorruptible patriot—the honest Statesman—and a high minded man, is Governor of Maine. The sovereigns of the State only failed of electing him of their own free choice by about a thousand votes. The House and Senate have simply given force to their sovereign will—the former having given him 105 out of 147 votes, while the latter gave him their unanimous support. This is a triumph of the people of the true Democracy of the State; and as it has resulted in the complete disruption of the old Fusion Parties, and inaugurated a new era in their history, it is called, in order to distinguish it from them, the "Republican Party." At any rate it is a party of freemen, anxious to support free principles; and in favor of free discussion, free political action—free thought, free speech, liberty and temperance.

Did time and opportunity permit, it would give pleasure to review the past, and weave together the web of facts and incidents which have produced this astounding result—a result gratifying to the people and the patriot, but humiliating to the more partisan and the snapper up of trifles. There is no need of such a review. The story has been often told. It has been proclaimed in every part of the State. It is as familiar as household words. It needs no new relation to stamp it upon the hearts and memory of the people. It is principle and people against party and spoils. It is new Fusion against old Fusion. It can be reduced to a simple statement in the rule of three, viz: As Hubbard and Morrill are the representatives of the sovereigns of the State; as are Broken Platforms, secret pledges, Chandler, Pillsbury, Crosby and Parris to Party. The former can be multiplied together and divided by the sum total of the latter and leave a quotient equal to the divisor.

It would be natural and perhaps proper at this point to indulge in a little local self-laudation. We of this County might justly say, as one of our illustrious statesmen said on a memorable occasion, "Solitary and alone we set this ball in motion." To what section—to what portion of a party this language might apply every one at all acquainted with the circumstances will readily understand; and we only claim, as our part of the Ball that we have kept it in motion—that by their anti-Republican and treacherous course, broken up and disorganized the old Democratic Party. What a desirable service for so despicable a reward! The political principles and sentiments of the Age do not differ essentially from those of the new speaker; and yet he is called "Whig-Republican-Abolition fusion-Know-nothing nominee." This is no reason, however, why that Journal should conceal its prejudices; for it is a fact, that in cases where old partisans differ least like a weak spoke in a wheel, they produce the most noise in making that difference known.

Rate of State Valuation. The following table, prepared with great labor and care, by William Allen, Esq., of Norridgewock, for the Kennebec Journal, exhibits the average amount of property owned by each individual in every county and town in the State. The returns of the census of 1850 are taken as the basis of the calculation. Since then, however, there has been a great increase in the value of property of various cities and towns, as Portland, Bath, Lewiston, &c. An allowance will, therefore have to be made in approximating the present per capita value in these places.

We give the following table for Oxford County:

County	Value
Freeburg	\$182
Waterford	182
Sweden	178
Norway	166
Turner	165
Bathfield	154
Livermore	158
Canton	156
Oxford	145
Somerset	142
Paris	141
Denmark	147
Hebron	144
Lovel and Porter	133
Rumford	137
Hiram	134
Gilead	131
Hartford	130
Dixfield	129
Braintree	129
Mason	129
Mexico	120
Bethel	108
Andover	106
Newry	104
Hannover	104
Stow	92
Albany	90
Penn	83
Woodstock	80
Byron	68
Roxbury	65
Stonham	50

Every cry of a "lee shore" from the true disciples of the old Jeffersonian and Jacksonian party has only increased the frantic rage of these deserted and deserting leaders who have simply crept disbanding by calling to their allegiance those whom they had spent their lives in abusing. Safety like this, purchased at such a price, scarcely postpones utter dissolution; and brings together such antagonistic elements as must eventually burst like a bomb shell. On the other hand the masses—the intelligent patriotic and vigilant masses—regardless of all else but patriotism and principle, regardless of caucus dictation and party allegiance have come together and formed a brotherhood, united and cemented by principle, liberty and love of country.

Should the event prove, in the course of years that the late work is merely the result of popular excitement—without object or principle, then we will acknowledge that we have been misled and mistaken. But, if on the other hand the masses "who think alike" on questions of public policy—both State and national, have come together in the true spirit of devotion to right and principle like true democrats and true Republicans their perpetuity as a party is as certain as any future

event. The National cry will soon be heard; and whether it centre upon "San Jacinto" upon one of the heroes of Buena Vista—upon one of the statesmen of the West, or the East, we hope every true Republican will buckle on his armor and be prepared for the contest. Principles, not men, must be the motto.

Let us then hope that the Government just inaugurated in our own State may be just to principle; and that it may enlist and secure the cordial support of all the true friends of Liberty and Temperance.

The Speaker of the Present House of Representatives.

One of the most gratifying events which has taken place of late is the election of Sidney Perham, Esq., of Woodstock, Oxford County, to the Speakership of the Maine House of Representatives. In announcing this fact to the public, we take pleasure in saying, that, in our opinion, Mr. Perham will preside over that body with ability, creditable to himself and honorable to the State. Not having been a member of any legislative body heretofore, he may not at first possess that readiness in deciding parliamentary questions which can only be acquired by experience and observation; but he will bring to the office what is most essential, honesty of purpose, firmness and consistency of character, and close application. The possession of these traits will secure approbation and popularity.

Mr. Perham is one of the people—a farmer, born and bred among the hills and mountains of "Old Oxford." He is one of nature's noblemen, reared in the school of toil and self-reliance. He is emphatically a self-made man. He was heir to no great inheritance of wealth, luxury and patrimony; yet, by native good sense and judgment, he has won his way to honor and fame. We rejoice at his success, and can point to it as a triumph of integrity, temperance, perseverance, industry and honor.

The House organized by the election of Sidney Perham, Esq., of Woodstock, Oxford Co., as Speaker, and Henry K. Baker, of Hallowell, as Clerk.

Both gentlemen were the whig-republican-abolition fusion-know-nothing nominees. We know Mr. Perham chiefly as the member of the Board of Agriculture from Oxford County. How he came to distance in the caucus our old and valued friend Hill, of Bangor, our younger, but not less worthy friend Lincoln, of Hallowell, is a matter past our comprehension. We should have attributed it to Know-Nothingism, if our friend from Hallowell was not from the same order. But it may be, he owes his success to the fact that he had attained to a higher degree of feasibility than either of his competitors. Be this as it may, Perham won the race, and he shows symptoms of making a good Speaker.

[Age.] The Augusta Age, which was a few weeks ago, formally read out of the sectional State National Democratic Party—the controllers of which have fused with the old Federal Whig leaders to make Whig Governors, and straight-out Whig Representatives, contains the above piece of gentlemanly political intelligence. The only cause for such zeal on the part of this Journal in sneering at the true Democratic Republicans of old Democratic Oxford must be found in an overwondering desire to renew its lost caste with the Washington Union and its associates who have by their anti-Republican and treacherous course, broken up and disorganized the old Democratic Party. What a desirable service for so despicable a reward! The political principles and sentiments of the Age do not differ essentially from those of the new speaker; and yet he is called "Whig-Republican-Abolition fusion-Know-nothing nominee." This is no reason, however, why that Journal should conceal its prejudices; for it is a fact, that in cases where old partisans differ least like a weak spoke in a wheel, they produce the most noise in making that difference known.

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THE DOMINICAN TREATY. The treaty of amity and commerce has at last been framed and published between the black republic of Dominica and the United States. And how do our readers suppose it was done as to satisfy the scruples of our Southern friends? Consuls are to reside in the principal cities in order to secure the observance of treaties. Black Consuls must be sent from Dominica. What a terrible affliction it would be to see a black Consul at Charleston, Mobile and New Orleans! How it would look to see him attending parties and giving splendid soirées; and to see him traveling the Streets with the insignia of office conspicuously marked upon his coat, and a train of clerks and waiters! How could a treaty be formed so as to avoid all this! It has been done by one of the nearest operations that ever distinguished the diplomacy of this or any other country, viz: by inserting a provision that Consuls from Dominica may reside in those cities "where it is convenient." It will, of course, "never be convenient" to have a Dominican Consul south of Mason's and Dixon's line.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE. To-day we give our readers the Message of Governor Morrill. We hope our patrons will read it attentively; and then say in their hearts whether its principles accord with justice, truth and right. We have no room for remarks upon its main features. We can simply say that it is an open, frank, undisguised expression of the sentiments of a patriotic heart. They will find a response in the breast of every true American bosom.

SLAVERY IN IOWA. Gov. Grimes, in his message to the Legislature, makes the following remarks:

"The removal of that great landmark of freedom, the Missouri Compromise line, when it had been sacredly observed, until slavery had acquired every inch of soil south of it, has presented the aggressive character of that system broadly before the country. It has shown that all compromises with slavery that were designed to favor freedom are mere ropes of sand; to be broken by the first wave of passion or interest that may roll from the South."

It has forced upon the country an issue between free labor, political equality and manhood on the one hand, and on the other slave labor, political degradation and wrong. It becomes the people of the free states to meet that issue resolutely, calmly, and with a sense of the momentous consequences that will flow from its decision. To every elector, in view of that issue, might appropriately be applied the injunction anxiously addressed to the Jewish King. Be strong, and show thyself a man.

It becomes the state of Iowa—the only free child of the Missouri Compromise—to let the world know that she values the blessings that compromise has secured to her, and that she will never consent to become a party in the nationalization of slavery."

MAINE LEGISLATURE.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 3. SENATE. At 10 o'clock, A. M., the Senators elect, appeared in the Senate Chamber, and took their seats.

Mr. Willis of Cumberland, called the Convention to order, and on his recommendation, Mr. Eaton of Kennebec, was chosen Chairman.

The Governor, accompanied by the Executive Council and the Heads of Departments, then came in and administered to the Senators elect, the qualifying oaths. The Governor and suite having retired—

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Cane of Hallowell.

For Secretary of the Senate.

Whole number of votes, 19
Louis O. Cowan had 19

Farm for Sale

about two hundred acres, well divided into mowing pastures, more than two-thirds of the land being passing in regular rotation. The buildings of the dairy, including a large two-story house, two barns about seven hundred and twenty feet square; also about twenty acres of apple-trees which have been planted in the last few years, and a peach orchard will yield annually about one hundred and twenty dollars worth of fruit in the form of apples, and quite a number of pear-trees, some in bearing, and a few peaches, are also a part of the dairy property. Last August farm of about twenty acres of running water at the barn is fed by a never-failing spring. The barn is covered with good feed of muck and a large quantity of hay is raised in the orchard is second to none in the best; there being about fifty acres of hay in this country affords, and a few miles of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. The two barns and the meeting house of the Baptist and Universalist societies atbury are requested to call at the farm, between now and the first of February, for a full description of the property.

JOSEPH RIPLEY, on the

There is also sufficient Wood
the Farm.

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JOHN R. CROFT
Formerly Clerk of the American
and, (Maine,) April 3, 1852.

M. B. BARTLETT,
Counsellor and Attorney at
WATERFORD, (Oxford County)

FOR BOSTON



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